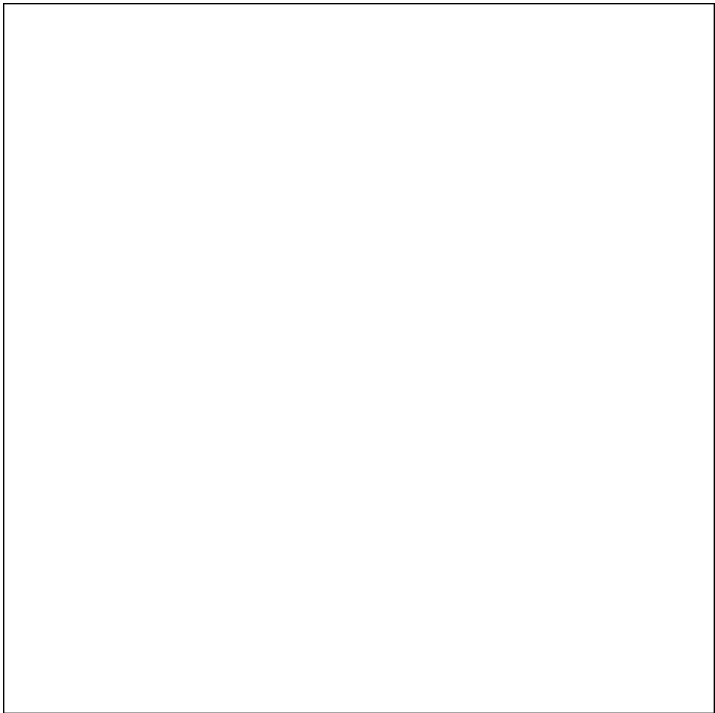




(imageless edition)

✎ Lesley Koyi, Ursula Natula
👤 Brian Wambi
📄 Dawit Girma
💬 Amharic / English
📖 Level 3



The day I left home for the city

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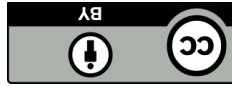
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ከቀዳሜ ወጣቼ ከተማ ስገገ / The day I left
home for the city

Written by: Lesley Koyi, Ursula Natula
Illustrated by: Brian Wambi
Translated by: (am) Dawit Girma

This story originates from the African Storybook
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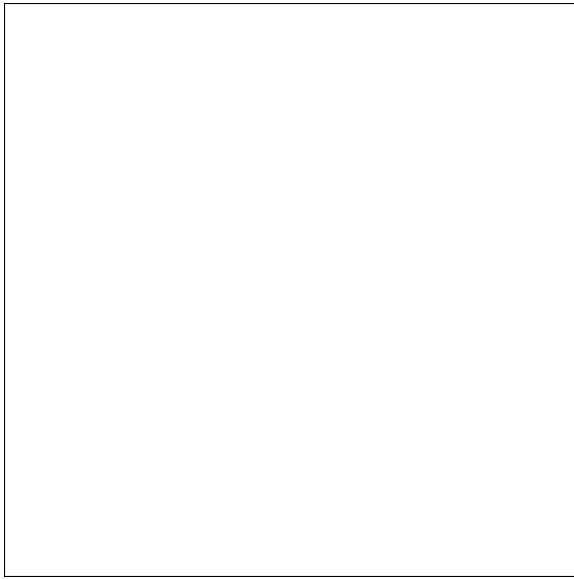




በመንደራችን ያለው መናሐሪያ በሰዎች እና በታጨቁ አውቶብሶች ተጨናንቆ
ነበር። መሬት ላይ ሊጫኑ የተዘጋጁ በርካታ ቁሳቁስ ነበሩ። ረዳቶች
አውቶብሶቻቸው የሚሄድበትን ቦታ በጨካኝ ይጠሩ ነበር።

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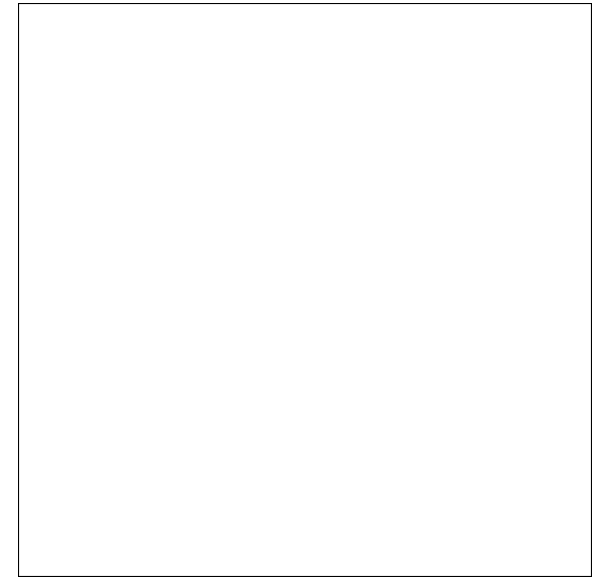
The small bus stop in my village was busy with people
and overloaded buses. On the ground were even more
things to load. Touts were shouting the names where
their buses were going.



የከተማ አውቶብሱ እየሞላ ነው፤ ነገር ግን አሁንም ሌሎች ሰዎች ለመግባት ይጋፋሉ። የተወሰኑት እቃቸውን አውቶብሱ ኪስ ውስጥ ይጭናሉ። ሌሎቹ ደግሞ በአውቶብሱ ውስጥ።

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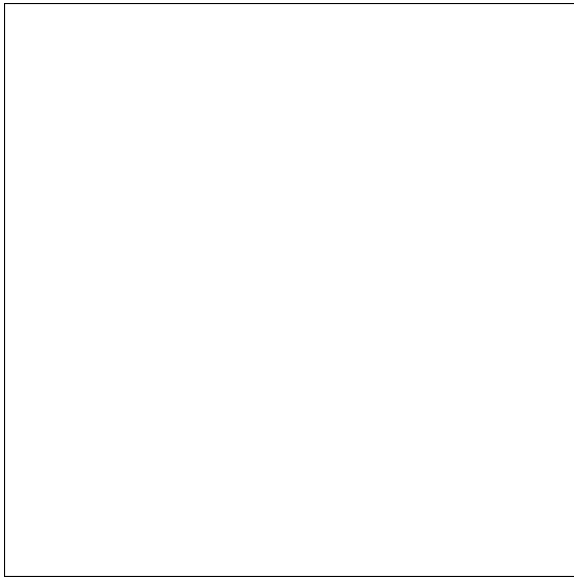
The city bus was almost full, but more people were still pushing to get on. Some packed their luggage under the bus. Others put theirs on the racks inside.



ተመለሹ አውቶብስ በፍጥነት እየሞላ ነው። ወዲያው ፊቱን ወደምስራቅ አዙሮ መመለስ ጀመረ። አሁን ለኔ እጅግ አስፈላጊው ነገር አካቴ የሚኖርበትን ሰፈር ማፈላለግ መጀመር ነው።

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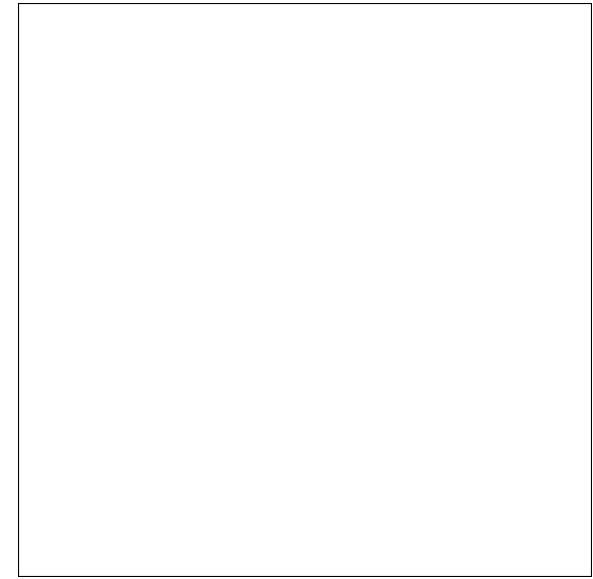
The return bus was filling up quickly. Soon it would make its way back east. The most important thing for me now, was to start looking for my uncle's house.



በመስኮቱ አጠገብ ጥብቆ ገብቼ ተቀመጥኩ። ከኔ አጠገብ የተቀመጠው ሰው አረንጓዴ የላስቲክ ሻንጣ ይዟል። አሮጌ ነጠላ ጫማ ተጫምቷል፤ ልባሽ ኮት ለብሷል፤ የተበሳጩም ይመስላል።

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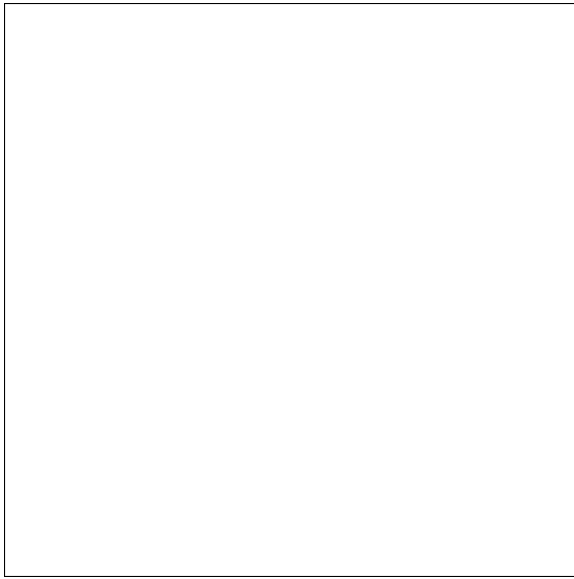
I squeezed in next to a window. The person sitting next to me was holding tightly to a green plastic bag. He wore old sandals, a worn out coat, and he looked nervous.



በመንገዴም አጎቴ በዛ ትልቅ ከተማ የሚኖርበትን ቦታ ስም አስታወስኩ። ሳንቀላፋ ሁሉ ይሄን ስም አነበንባለሁ።

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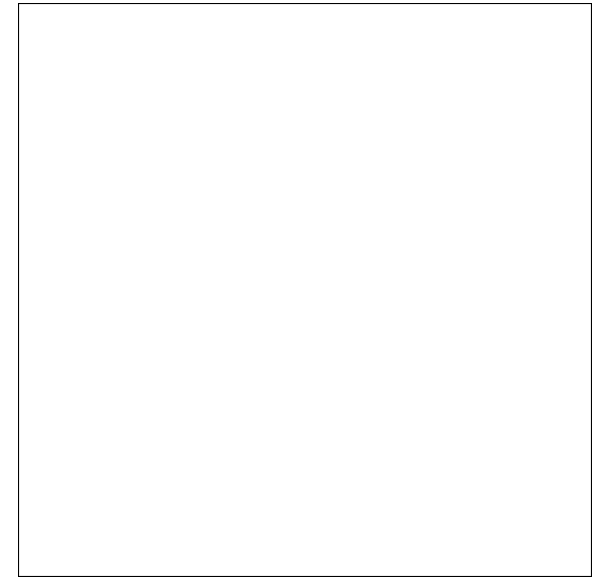
On the way, I memorised the name of the place where my uncle lived in the big city. I was still mumbling it when I fell asleep.



መኪናው ሞልቷል፤ ሁሉም መንገደኞች ቦታ ቦታቸውን ይዘዋል። ሻጮች አሁንም እየተጋፉ ሸቀጦቻቸውን ለመንገደኞች ለመሸጥ ወደ አውቶብሱ ይገባሉ። ሁሉም ሰው የሚገዛው ነገር ፍለጋ ይሄን ስጠኝ ያን ስጠኝ እያለ ይጫጫህ ጀመር። የሚያደርጉት ነገር ሁሉ ግን እኔን ያዝናናኝ ይዟል።

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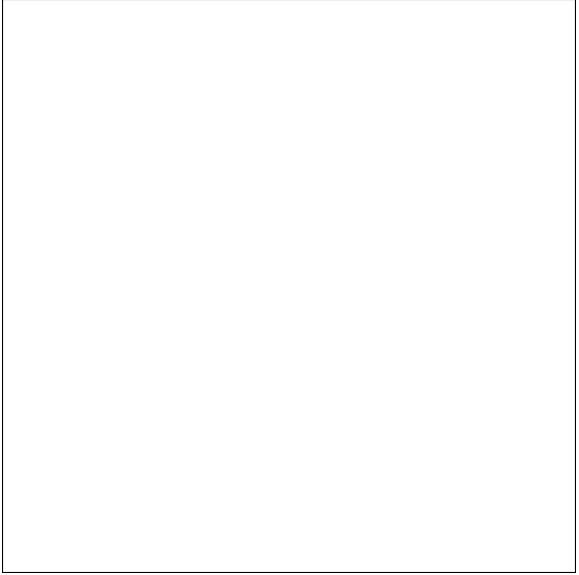
The loading was completed and all passengers were seated. Hawkers still pushed their way into the bus to sell their goods to the passengers. Everyone was shouting the names of what was available for sale. The words sounded funny to me.



መንገድ ላይ እየተጓዝን የአውቶብሱ ውስጥ በጣም ይሞቃል። ለመተኛት አስቤ አይኔን ጨፈንኩ።

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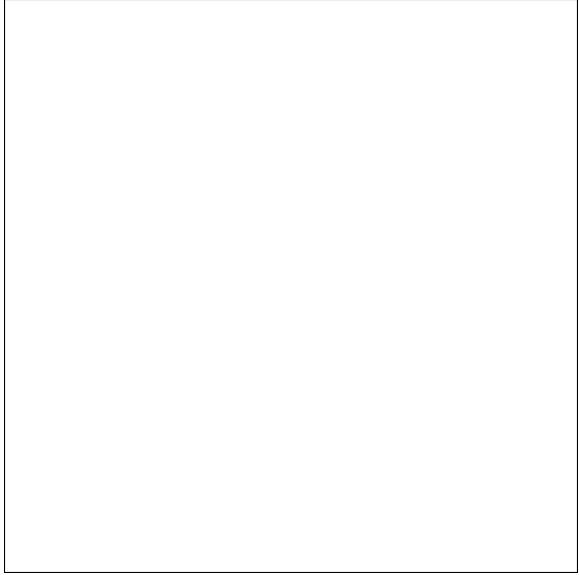
As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.



አንዳንድ ተጽዕኖ ስለሚጠይቁት ሁሉም ሰዎች ለቤት ገቢ እና ለሌሎች የሚጠበቅ ገቢ ሊሆን ይችላል። ሌሎች ገንዘብ ለማግኘት ሌሎች መንገዶችን ይጠቀሙ።

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A few passengers bought drinks, others bought small snacks and began to chew. Those who did not have any money, like me, just watched.



አንዳንድ ሰዎች ለማግኘት ሌሎች መንገዶችን ይጠቀሙ። ሌሎች ገንዘብ ለማግኘት ሌሎች መንገዶችን ይጠቀሙ።

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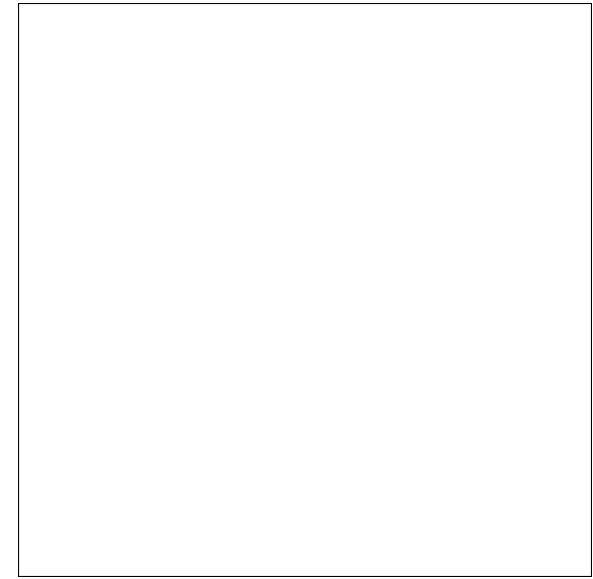
As the bus left the bus stop, I stared out of the window. I wondered if I would ever go back to my village again.



ይህ ሁሉ ድርጊት አውቶብሱ የመነሳት ጨካኝ ሲያሰማ ረገብ ይለል፤ ሻጮችም ለመውጣት እየተጣደፉ እግረ መንገዳቸውን ፈጠን ፈጠን እያሉ እየተጠጠሩ ይሸጣሉ።

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These activities were interrupted by the hooting of the bus, a sign that we were ready to leave. The tout yelled at the hawkers to get out.



ሻጮች ለመውጣት እርስበራሳቸው ይጋፋሉ። አንዳንዶቹ መንገደኞቹን <<አንዴ ልላፍ>> እያሉ ሲወጡ ሌሎች ደግሞ ለመሸጥ የመጨረሻ ሙከራ ያደርጋሉ።

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Hawkers pushed each other to make their way out of the bus. Some gave back change to the travellers. Others made last minute attempts to sell more items.