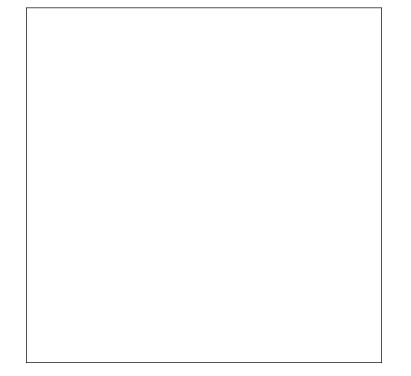
千日枷市放去企室開鹅

The day I left home for the city



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(imageless edition)



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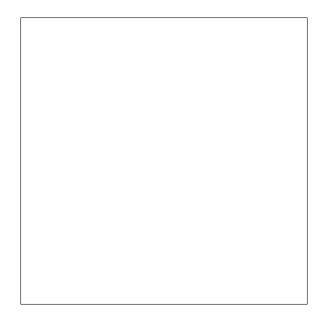
Translated by: (yue) dohliam Illustrated by: Brian Wambi Written by: Lesley Koyi, Ursula Nafula

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我條村有個細細嘅巴士站,嗰度車水馬龍,非常之熱鬧,地 下仲擺滿要搬上車嘅貨物,售票員會將巴士嘅目的地大聲嗌 出嚟。

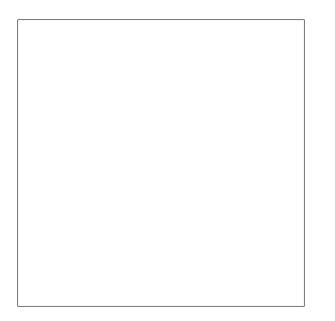
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The small bus stop in my village was busy with people and overloaded buses. On the ground were even more things to load. Touts were shouting the names where their buses were going.

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"City! City! Going west!" I heard a tout shouting. That was the bus I needed to catch.



去城市嘅大巴幾乎坐滿,但係仲有大把人不停噉想擠入嚟。 佢哋就將行李擺喺車頂,仲有啲人將行李擱喺車廂嘅行李架 上面。

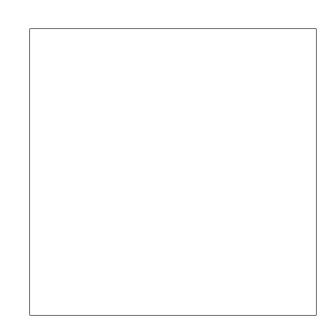
The city bus was almost full, but more people were still pushing to get on. Some packed their luggage under the bus. Others put theirs on the racks inside.

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回程嘅大巴好快就坐滿晒,好快佢就會開返去東邊嘅村莊 喇。對我嚟講,而家最緊要嘅就係要搵我叔叔間屋。

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.

•••



過咗九個鐘,我被售票員嘅叫聲嘈醒,佢喺度嗌要坐車返條 村嘅乘客。我拎返我御袋,跳咗落車。

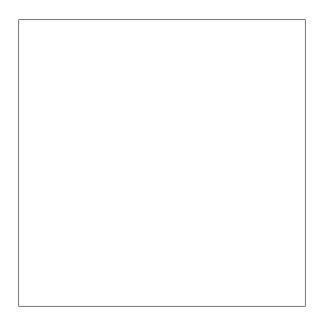
Nine hours later, I woke up with loud banging and calling for passengers going back to my village. I grabbed my small bag and jumped out of the bus.

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young children made them comfortable for the long

Journey.



我就搵到個窗口位擠埋去。隔籬嘅乘客緊緊揸實個綠色膠 袋。佢著住對舊人字拖同埋件霉霉爛爛嘅外套,睇嚟好緊 張。

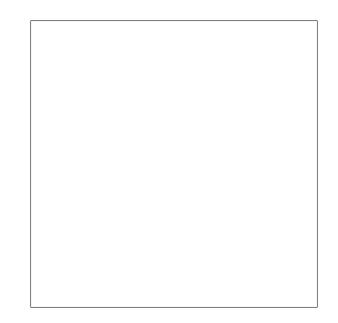
I squeezed in next to a window. The person sitting next to me was holding tightly to a green plastic bag. He wore old sandals, a worn out coat, and he looked nervous.

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喺路上,我努力記住我叔叔住喺城市度嘅地址。我一路迷迷 糊糊噉講住個地址,一路瞓著咗。

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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.



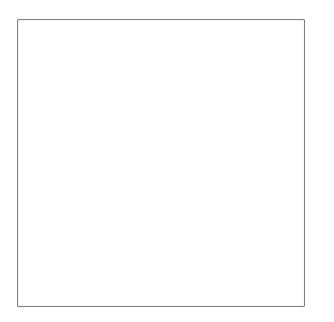
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I looked outside the bus and realised that I was leaving my village, the place where I had grown up. I was going to the big city.

> · 行免卿養我?现全安部安鄉裁我。 公園或边廳諸恩卿我為則 。 (1) · (2) ·

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But my mind drifted back home. Will my mother be safe? Will my rabbits fetch any money? Will my brother remember to water my tree seedlings?



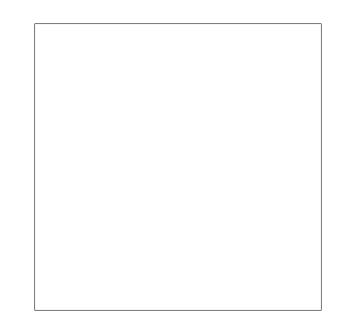
啲貨物終於搬晒上嚟,而乘客亦都坐好晒。有小販仲係噉擠 入架車度,對住乘客大聲叫賣。我覺得佢哋講嗰啲嘢好好笑 ,。

•••

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. 旅程漸漸展開,車入面慢慢熱起上嚟,我瞇埋雙眼想瞌一 陣。

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

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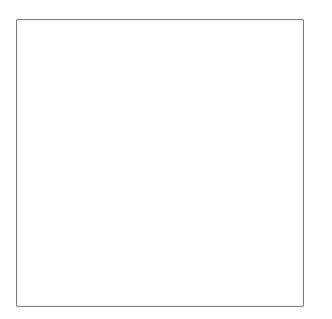


As the bus left the bus stop, I stared out of the window. I wondered if I would ever go back to my village again.

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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.

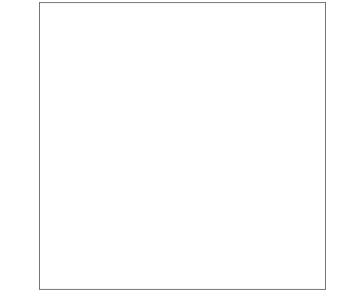
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司機襟咗幾次喇叭,要出發囉。售票員大聲嗌,叫啲小販快 啲落車。

...

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.



班小販推推聓聓噉落車,有啲仲忙住找錢俾人,而有啲就想 把握最後一分鐘做生意。

•••

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.