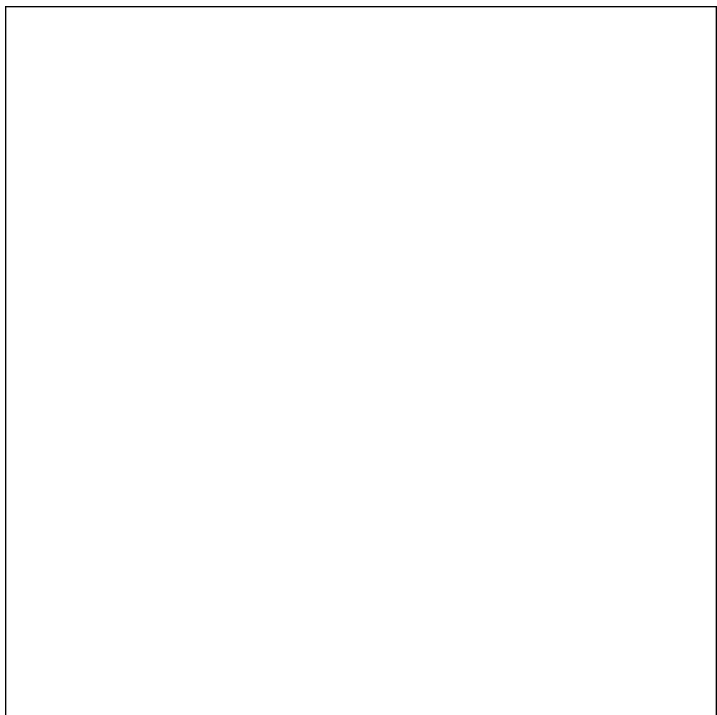




(imageless edition)

Lesley Koyi, Ursula Natula
Brian Wambi
Abdi Muse
Somali / English
Level 3



Maalintii aan ka tagay guriga een magalada
aaday
The day I left home for the city



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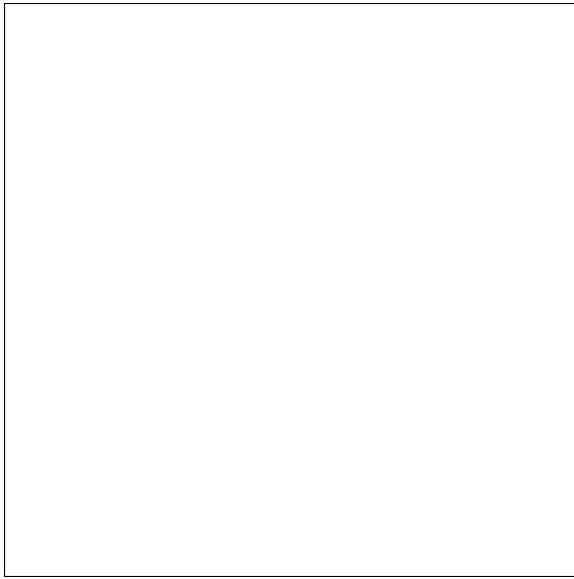
Maalintii aan ka tagay guriga een
magalada aaday / The day I left home for
the city

Written by: Lesley Koyi, Ursula Natula
Illustrated by: Brian Wambi
Translated by: (so) Abdi Muse

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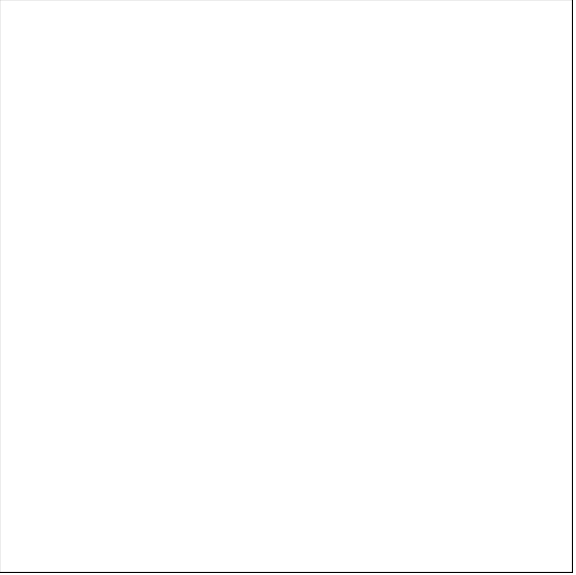
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Boosteejada yar ee tuuladeyna waxa ay aheyd mid mashquulsan dadka awgeed iyo bases la rar dhaafiyay. Dhulka xitaa waxaa yaalay wax badan oo in la raro aheyd. Kirishbooyada ayaa ku dhawaaqayay magacyada meelaha ay basaskooda u socdaan.

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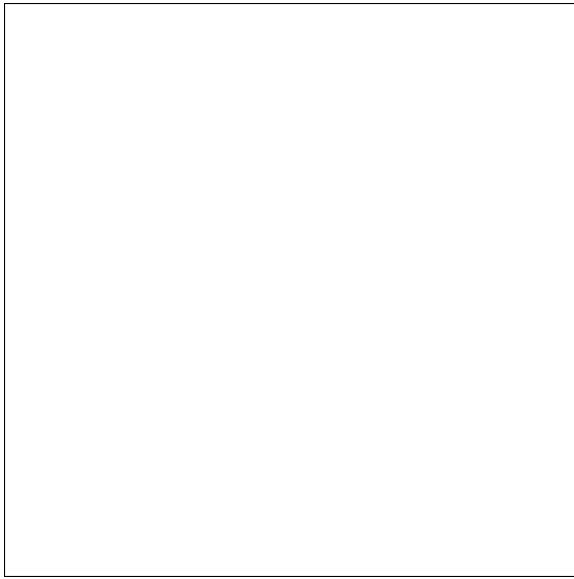
The small bus stop in my village was busy with people and overloaded buses. On the ground were even more things to load. Touts were shouting the names where their buses were going.



“Magaalada, Magaalada, Waxuu u socdaa Galbeedka!”
Ayaan maqalay kirishbooy ku dhawaqaya. Kaasi ayaa
ahaa baskii aan u baahnaa in aan raaco.

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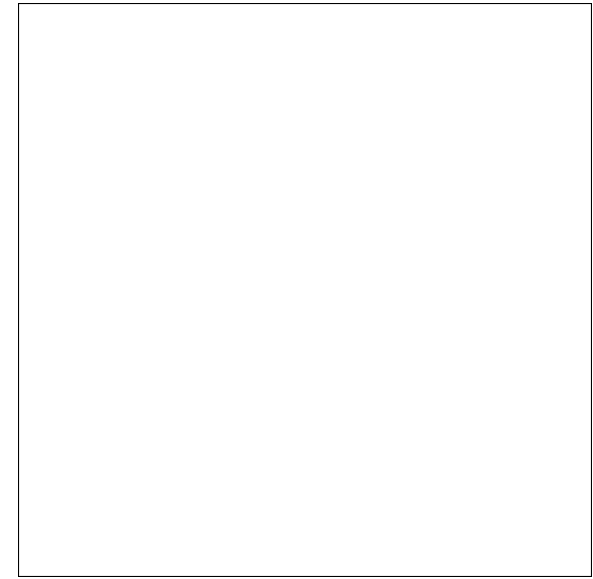
“City! City! Going west!” I heard a tout shouting. That
was the bus I needed to catch.



Baska magaalada ku dhawaad wuu buuxay, laakiin dad badan ayaa wali isku soo riixaayay in ay in koraan. Qaar baa xamuuulkoodi baska hoostiisa gashaday. Qaar kalena waxay dhigteen mesha kabaha lasaaranayay.

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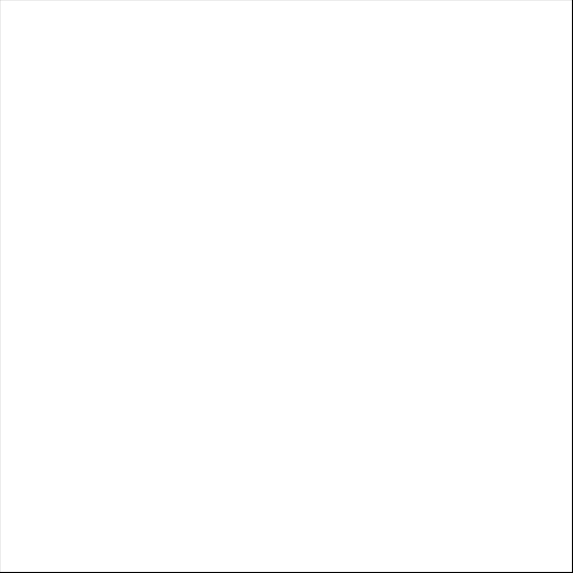
The city bus was almost full, but more people were still pushing to get on. Some packed their luggage under the bus. Others put theirs on the racks inside.



Baski soo noqonayay ayaa si dhakhso ah u buuxsamaayay. Dkakhso waxuu ku laaban doonaa bariga. Hada waxa iigu muhiimsan waxay ahayd inaan bilaabo raadinta guriga adeerkay.

...

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.



Rakaabka cusub ayaa ruxaayay tikidhadooda markay

raadinaayeen meel ay ka fariistaan baska dadku ku

badan yihiin. Dumarka haysta caruurta yaryar waxay ku

raaxaysan hayeen safar ka dheer.

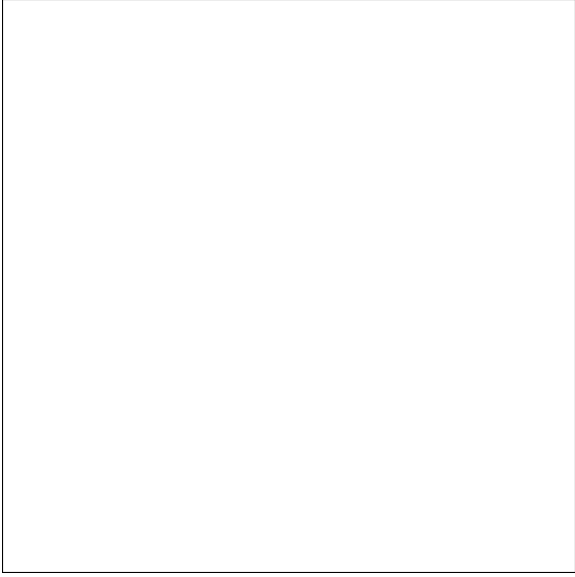
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New passengers clutched their tickets as they looked for

somewhere to sit in the crowded bus. Women with

young children made them comfortable for the long

journey.



Sagaal saacadood kaddib, waxaan ku toosay buuq weyn

iyoo wicitaan ka rakaabki! ku noqonaayay tuuladayda.

Waxaan soo qaatay bacdaydi yarayd waana ka boodey

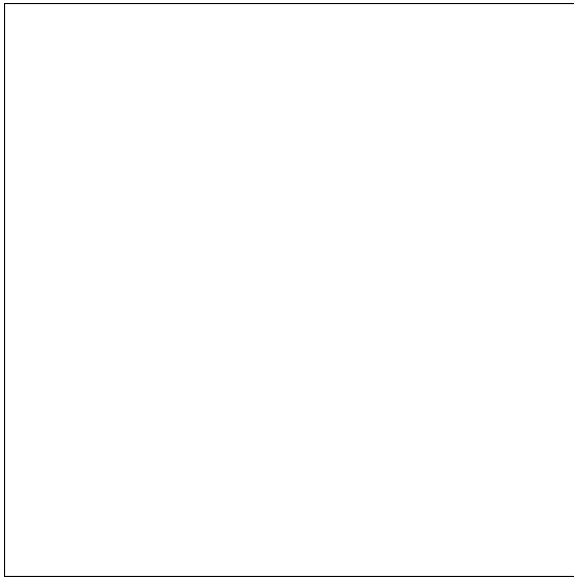
baskii!

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Nine hours later, I woke up with loud banging and calling

for passengers going back to my village. I grabbed my

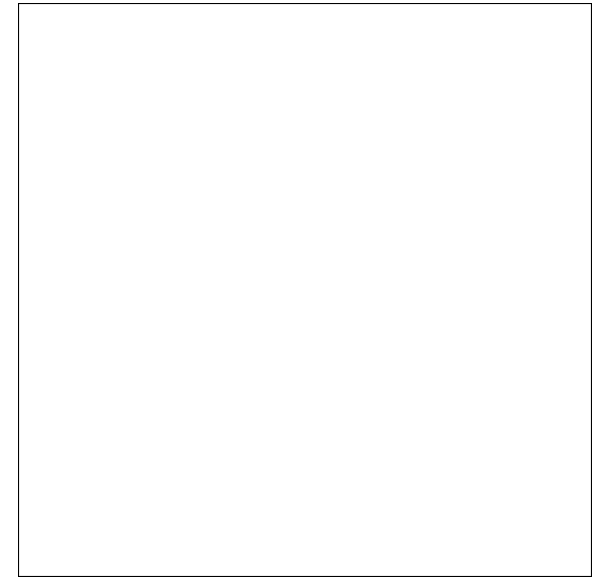
small bag and jumped out of the bus.



Waxaan is ku nabay xaga xigto daaqada. Qofka fadhiyay agtayda waxuu si adag u hayay bac cagaaran. Wuxuu soo xidhay kabo duug ah, jaakad dildilaacsan, wuxuuna u muuqday mid aad u xanaaqsan.

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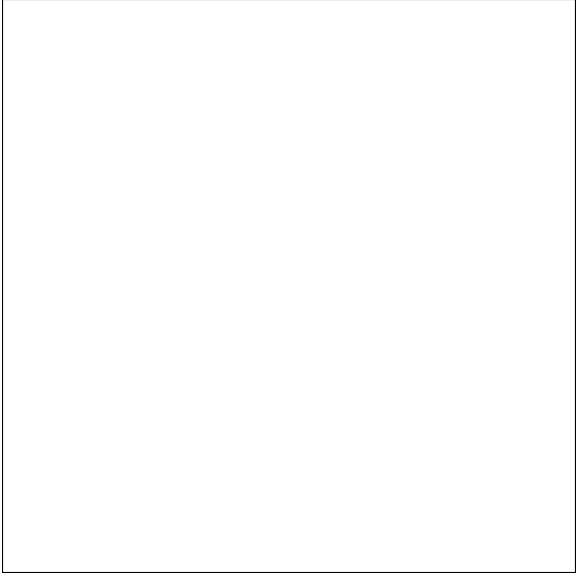
I squeezed in next to a window. The person sitting next to me was holding tightly to a green plastic bag. He wore old sandals, a worn out coat, and he looked nervous.



Markan jidka sii soconay waxaan sii xifdiyay magaca meesha uu adeerkey kaga noolaa magaalada weyn. Waxaan wali si hoose u sii shekeysan hayay markii aan hurday.

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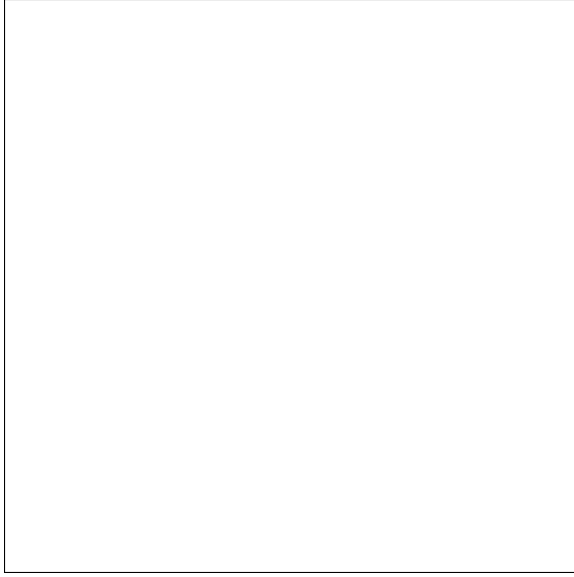
On the way, I memorised the name of the place where my uncle lived in the big city. I was still mumbling it when I fell asleep.



Waxaan fiiriyey banaanka baska oo waxaan ogaaday
inaan ka tagaayo tuuladayda, meeshii aan ku koray.
Waxaan u socday magaalada weyn.

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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.

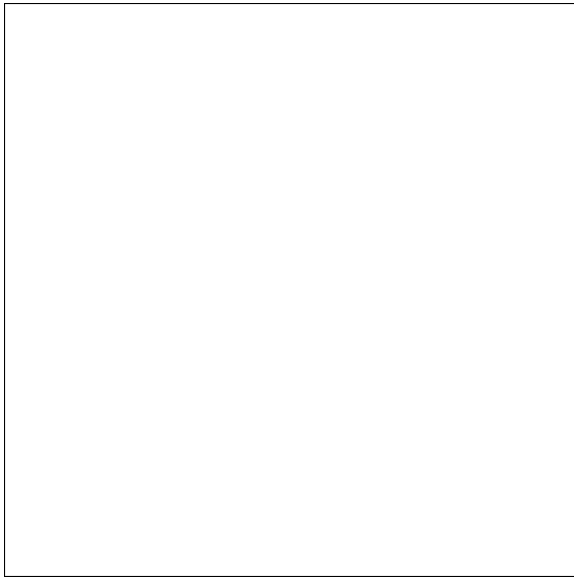


Laakiin maskaxdayda ayaa dib ugu laabatay guriga.
Hooyaday miyay ahaan doontaa? Miyuu

bakaylahaygu ii gali doona wax lacag ah? Walaalkay
miyuu xusuusan doonaa in uu geedahaygi waraabiyoo?

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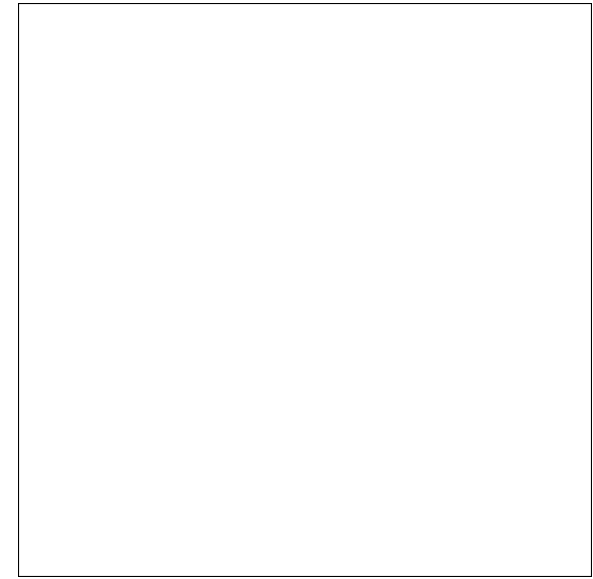
But my mind drifted back home. Will my mother be safe?
Will my rabbits fetch any money? Will my brother
remember to water my tree seedlings?



Raritaankii ayaa la dhameeyey, rakaabkii oo dhanne waa la fadhiisay. Wareejiya yaashii wali waxay is ku soo riixahayeen baska si ay oga iibiyaan alaabadooda rakaabka. Qof kasta wuxuu ku qaylinayay magacyada waxa loo diyaariyey iibka. Ereyada ayaa iila muuqday kuwo cajiib ah.

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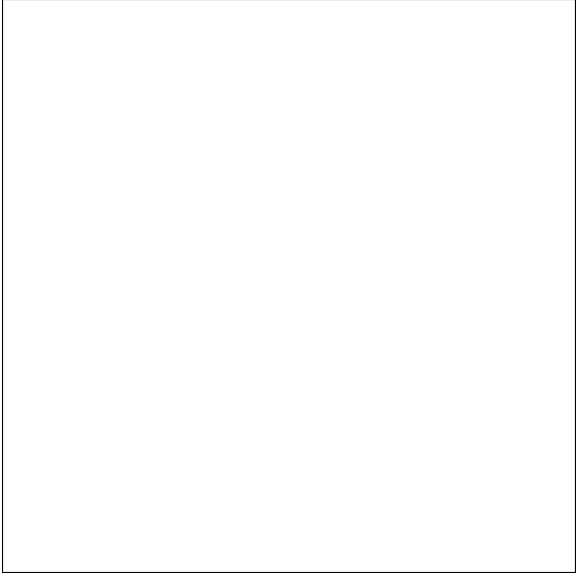
The loading was completed and all passengers were seated. Hawkers still pushed their way into the bus to sell their goods to the passengers. Everyone was shouting the names of what was available for sale. The words sounded funny to me.



Intii safarka sii gudo galnay, gudaha baska ayaa aad u kululaaday. Waxaan is ku xidhay indhaha anigoo rajeynayo in aan seexo.

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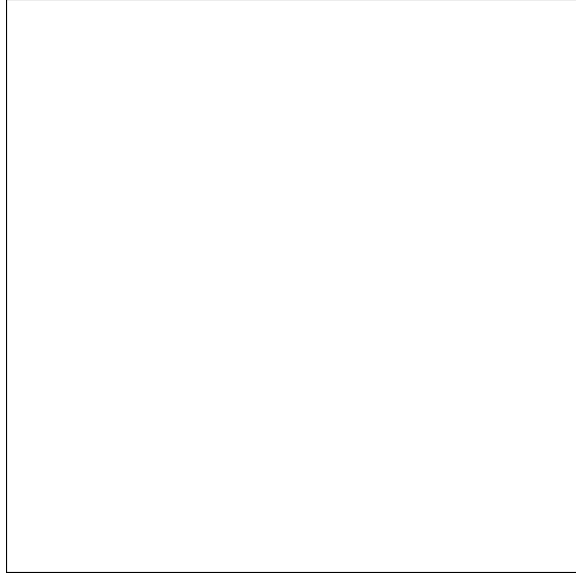
As the journey progressed, the inside of the bus got very hot. I closed my eyes hoping to sleep.



Rakaab yar ayyaa iibsaday cabitaan, qaar kalena waxay iibsadeen cunto fudud oo yar yar waxayna bilaabeen inay calaliyaan. Kuwa aan haysan lacag, sida aniga oo kale, way daawanaayeen.

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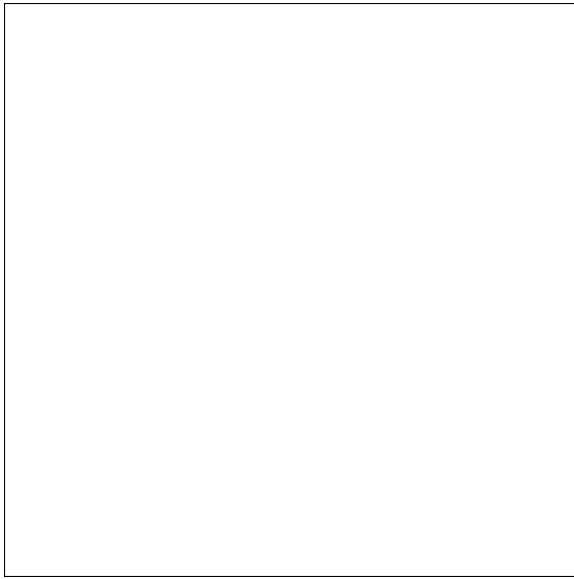
A few passengers bought drinks, others bought small snacks and began to chew. Those who did not have any money, like me, just watched.



Sidaas tuu baska uga dhagaqay boostejada baska, waxaan daaqada ka eegay bananka. Waxaan si la yaab leh uga fikiray in aan abid kuso laaban doonto tuulada.

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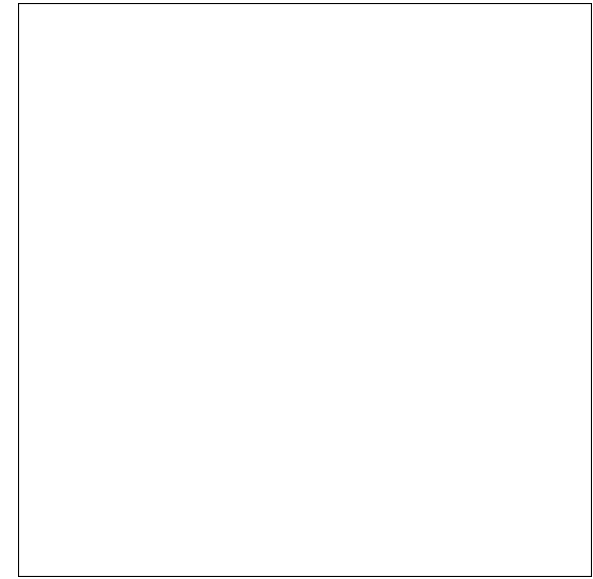
As the bus left the bus stop, I stared out of the window. I wondered if I would ever go back to my village again.



Hawlahani waxaa kala gooyay baska hoonkisa, calaamad muujinayso in aan diyaar u nahay inaan baxno. Rakaabiyihii wuxuu ku qayliyay wareejiya yaashii si ay baska uga dagaan.

...

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.



Wareejiya yaashii ayaa isku riixay si ay uga dagaan baska. Qaarkood waxay sii yeen baaqigoda rakaabkii. Kuwa kale waxay sameeyeen daqiiqadkii ugu dambeeyey ee iibinta alaabooyin badan.

...

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.