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Going to the city

African Storybook
Brian Wambi

English



The bus stop in my town was full of people.



The bus conductor shouted, "Going to the city! Leaving now!"



People pushed to get on the bus.

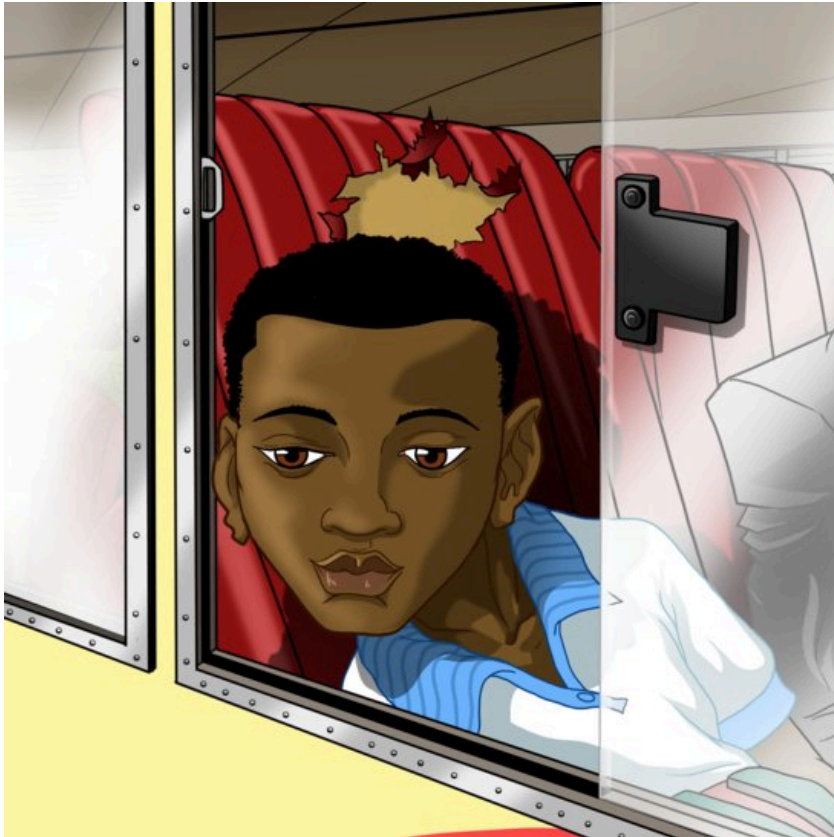


Women with children sat down.

The journey was going to be long.



I sat at the window,
next to a man.



I thought, "I am going to the big city! I will miss home."



There were many hawkers selling their goods.



Some passengers
bought things.

I had no money to
buy anything.



Suddenly, the driver blew the horn.

It was time to leave.



The hawkers pushed each other to get out of the bus.



“When will I return?” I asked myself.



It was hot inside
the bus.

I closed my eyes.



I thought about my
mother and
brother at home.



Gradually, I fell fast asleep.



Many hours later, I
woke up.

Almost everyone
had left.



It was time to find my uncle's house.

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