



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.

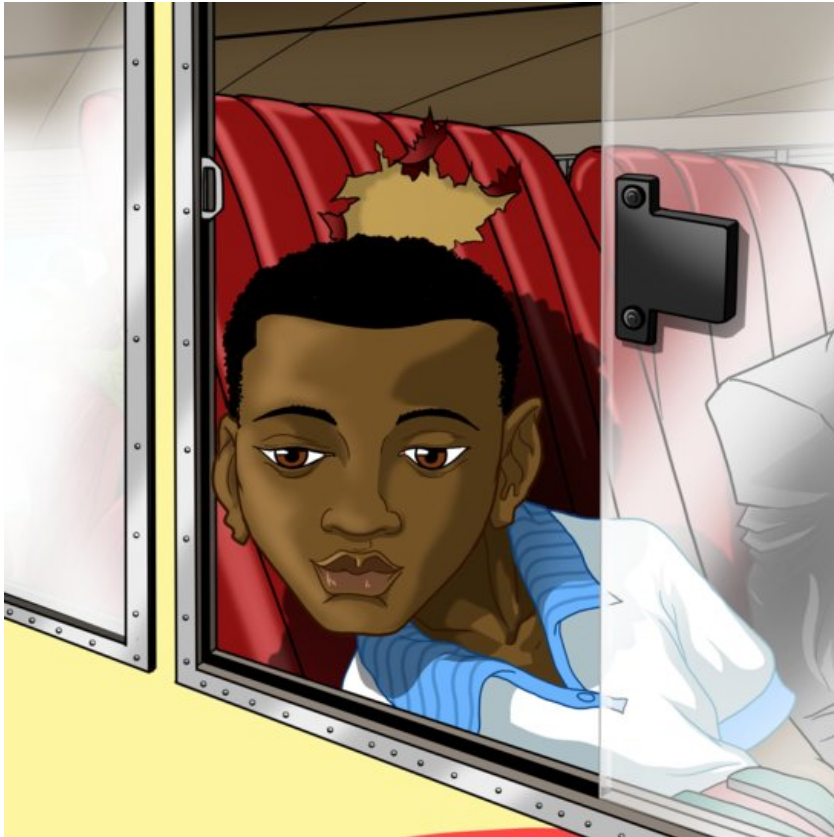


Women with
children sat down.

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.

Going to the city

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