



# Storybooks UK

[global-asp.github.io/storybooks-uk](https://global-asp.github.io/storybooks-uk)

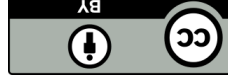
**Magozwe / Magozwe**

Written by: Lesley Koyi

Illustrated by: Wiehan de Jager

Translated by: Translators without Borders, Rita Rolim, Priscilla Freitas de Oliveira (pt)

This story originates from the African Storybook ([africanstorybook.org](https://africanstorybook.org)) and is brought to you by Storybooks UK in an effort to provide children's stories in UK's many languages.



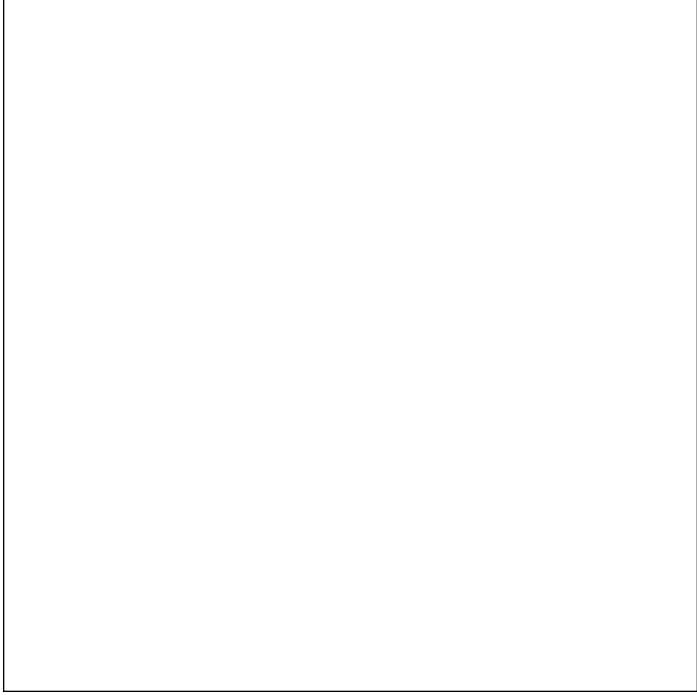
This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License. <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0>



(imageless edition)

**Magozwe**

**Magozwe**



✎ Lesley Koyi

👤 Wiehan de Jager

📄 Translators without Borders, Rita Rolim, Priscilla Freitas

de Oliveira

🗨️ Portuguese / English

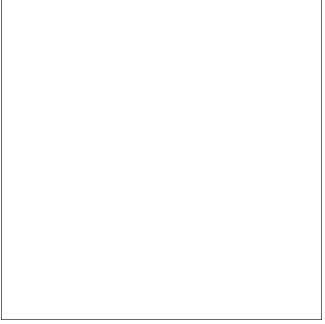
📊 Level 5



Na movimentada cidade de Nairobi, longe de uma vida despreocupada em casa, vivia um grupo de meninos sem abrigo que vivia um dia de cada vez. Certa manhã, os meninos estavam arrumando as suas esteiras depois de uma noite passada dormindo ao relento e no chão. Para se aquecerem, acenderam uma fogueira com lixo. Entre os meninos estava Magozwe, o mais novo do grupo.

...

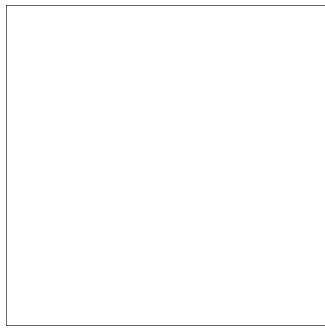
In the busy city of Nairobi, far away from a caring life at home, lived a group of homeless boys. They welcomed each day just as it came. On one morning, the boys were packing their mats after sleeping on cold pavements. To chase away the cold they lit a fire with rubbish. Among the group of boys was Magozwe. He was the youngest.



Magozwe tinha apenas cinco anos quando os seus pais morreram. Foi então que foi viver com o tio. O tio não cuidava do menino e nem lhe dava comida suficiente. Além disso, obrigava-o a fazer trabalhos pesados.

...

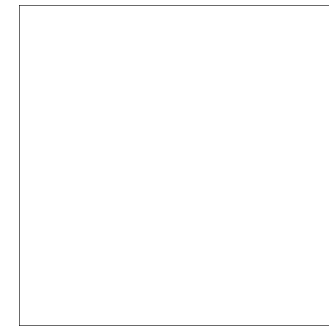
When Magozwe's parents died, he was only five years old. He went to live with his uncle. This man did not care about the child. He did not give Magozwe enough food. He made the boy do a lot of hard work.



Se Magozwe reclamasse ou fizesse perguntas, o tio batia nele. Quando Magozwe perguntava se podia ir à escola, o tio batia nele e dizia: “É estúpido demais para aprender o que quer que seja.” Passados três anos, Magozwe fugiu da casa do tio e começou a viver na rua.

...

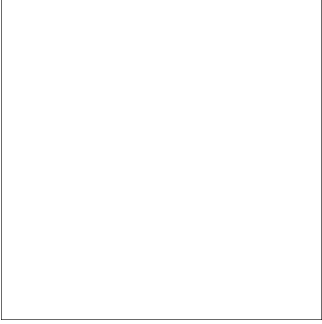
If Magozwe complained or questioned, his uncle beat him. When Magozwe asked if he could go to school, his uncle beat him and said, “You’re too stupid to learn anything.” After three years of this treatment Magozwe ran away from his uncle. He started living on the street.



Magozwe estava sentado no jardim da casa do telhado verde lendo um livro para a escola quando Thomas veio se sentar ao seu lado. “Que livro está lendo?”, perguntou Thomas. “É uma história sobre um menino que se tornou professor”, respondeu Magozwe. “Como se chama o menino?”, disse Thomas. “Chama-se Magozwe”, afirmou Magozwe com um sorriso.

...

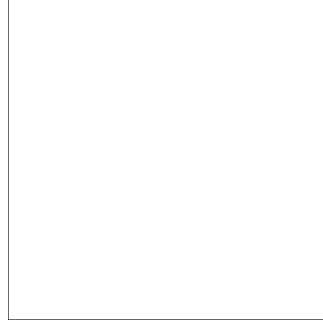
Magozwe was sitting in the yard at the house with the green roof, reading a storybook from school. Thomas came up and sat next to him. “What is the story about?” asked Thomas. “It’s about a boy who becomes a teacher,” replied Magozwe. “What’s the boy’s name?” asked Thomas. “His name is Magozwe,” said Magozwe with a smile.



A vida de rua era difícil e a maior parte dos meninos enfrentava uma luta diária para conseguir arranjar comida. Às vezes, eram presos ou espancados. Quando estavam doentes, não tinham ninguém para ajudá-los. Os meninos dependiam do pouco dinheiro que conseguiam arranjar pedindo e vendendo plásticos e outros materiais recicláveis. A vida tornava-se ainda mais difícil por causa das brigas com grupos rivais que queriam controlar partes da cidade.

...

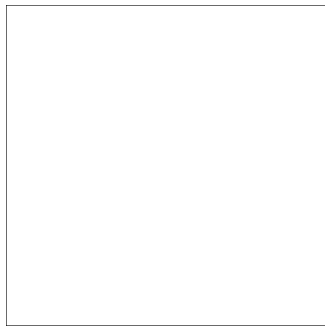
Street life was difficult and most of the boys struggled daily just to get food. Sometimes they were arrested, sometimes they were beaten. When they were sick, there was no one to help. The group depended on the little money they got from begging, and from selling plastics and other recycling. Life was even more difficult because of fights with rival groups who wanted control of parts of the city.



Quando Magozwe começou a ir à escola, nada foi fácil porque tinha muita matéria atrasada. Às vezes, tinha vontade de desistir, mas depois lembrava-se do piloto e do jogador de futebol das suas histórias. Tal como estes personagens, ele não podia desistir.

...

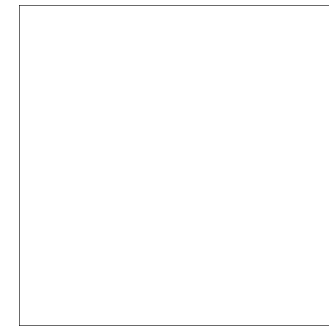
Magozwe started school and it was difficult. He had a lot to catch up. Sometimes he wanted to give up. But he thought about the pilot and the soccer player in the storybooks. Like them, he did not give up.



Um dia, quando Magozwe estava vasculhando os caixotes do lixo, encontrou um velho livro de contos meio rasgado. Limpou a poeira e enfiou na sua sacola. Todos os dias que se seguiram Magozwe folheava o livro e observava as ilustrações porque não sabia ler as palavras.

...

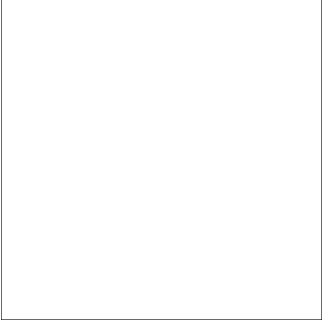
One day while Magozwe was looking through the dustbins, he found an old tattered storybook. He cleaned the dirt from it and put it in his sack. Every day after that he would take out the book and look at the pictures. He did not know how to read the words.



Foi então que Magozwe se mudou para uma casa com um telhado verde, onde partilhava um quarto com outros dois meninos. Para além da Titi Cissy e do seu marido, três cães, um gato e um bode velho, nesta casa viviam ainda dez crianças.

...

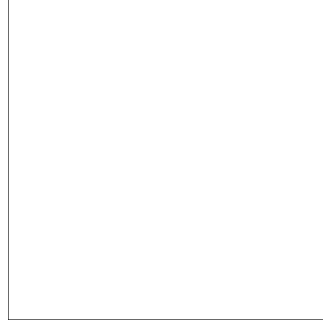
And so Magozwe moved into a room in a house with a green roof. He shared the room with two other boys. Altogether there were ten children living at that house. Along with Auntie Cissy and her husband, three dogs, a cat, and an old goat.



As imagens contavam a história de um menino que se tornou piloto. Magozwe sonhava acordado com a ideia de vir a ser piloto um dia. Às vezes, imaginava ser o menino da história.

...

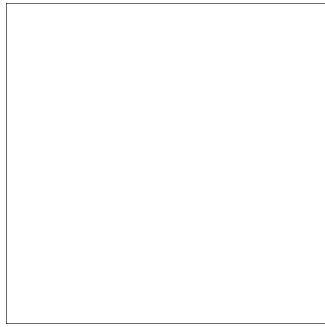
The pictures told the story of a boy who grew up to be a pilot. Magozwe would daydream of being a pilot. Sometimes, he imagined that he was the boy in the story.



Magozwe contou tudo para Thomas que, depois de algum tempo, acabou conseguindo o convencer de que a vida podia ser melhor naquele lugar novo.

...

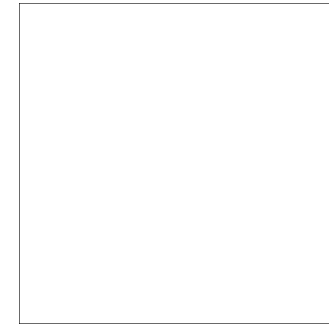
He shared his fears with Thomas. Over time the man reassured the boy that life could be better at the new place.



Um dia em que estava frio e Magozwe pedia à beira da estrada, um senhor veio falar com ele. “Olá, me chamo Thomas e trabalho aqui perto, num sítio em que você pode vir comer qualquer coisa”, disse. O senhor apontou para uma casa amarela com um telhado azul e perguntou “Posso contar com você para o almoço?”. Magozwe olhou para o senhor e depois para a casa, respondeu “Talvez” e foi embora.

...

It was cold and Magozwe was standing on the road begging. A man walked up to him. “Hello, I’m Thomas. I work near here, at a place where you can get something to eat,” said the man. He pointed to a yellow house with a blue roof. “I hope you will go there to get some food?” he asked. Magozwe looked at the man, and then at the house. “Maybe,” he said, and walked away.

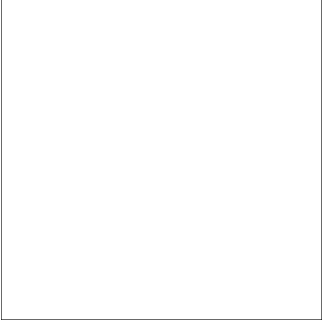


Magozwe refletiu sobre como seria mudar-se para este lugar e sobre começar a ir à escola. E se o tio tivesse razão e Magozwe fosse demasiado estúpido para aprender o que quer que fosse? E se comessem a bater nele? Magozwe tinha medo. “Talvez seja melhor continuar a viver na rua”, pensou.

...

Magozwe thought about this new place, and about going to school. What if his uncle was right and he was too stupid to learn anything? What if they beat him at this new place? He was afraid. “Maybe it is better to stay living on the street,” he thought.

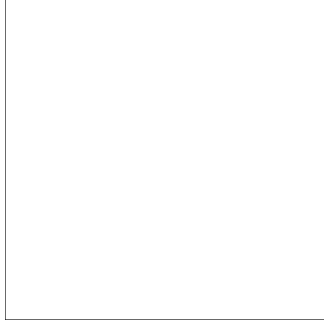




Nos meses seguintes, os meninos sem abrigo se acostumaram a ver Thomas por ali. Ele gostava de falar com as pessoas, especialmente com os sem-abrigo que viviam na rua. Thomas ouvia as histórias das vidas das pessoas com respeito e paciência e nunca era mal-educado. Alguns meninos começaram a ir à casa amarela e azul ao meio-dia para comer.

...

Over the months that followed, the homeless boys got used to seeing Thomas around. He liked to talk to people, especially people living on the streets. Thomas listened to the stories of people's lives. He was serious and patient, never rude or disrespectful. Some of the boys started going to the yellow and blue house to get food at midday.



Quando Magozwe fez dez anos, Thomas ofereceu-lhe um livro novo. O livro contava a história de um menino da aldeia que se tornou num jogador de futebol famoso. Thomas leu a história para Magozwe muitas vezes até que um dia disse: "Acho que está na hora de você ir para a escola e de aprender a ler. O que você acha?" Thomas explicou que sabia de um lugar onde as crianças podiam viver e ir à escola.

...

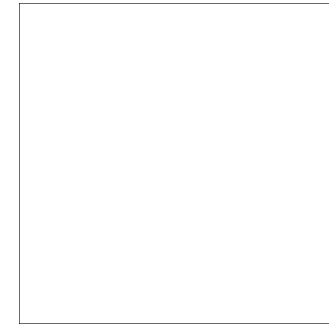
Around Magozwe's tenth birthday, Thomas gave him a new storybook. It was a story about a village boy who grew up to be a famous soccer player. Thomas read that story to Magozwe many times, until one day he said, "I think it's time you went to school and learned to read. What do you think?" Thomas explained that he knew of a place where children could stay, and go to school.



Magozwe estava sentado na calçada folheando o seu livro quando Thomas veio sentar ao seu lado. “Sobre o que é que é a história?”, indagou Thomas. “É sobre um menino que se tornou piloto”, respondeu Magozwe. “Como se chama o menino?”, perguntou Thomas. “Não sei, não sei ler”, disse Magozwe baixinho.

...

Magozwe was sitting on the pavement looking at his picture book when Thomas sat down next to him. “What is the story about?” asked Thomas. “It’s about a boy who becomes a pilot,” replied Magozwe. “What’s the boy’s name?” asked Thomas. “I don’t know, I can’t read,” said Magozwe quietly.



Quando se conheceram, Magozwe começou a contar a sua história para Thomas, a história do seu tio e de como o menino fugiu. Thomas não falava muito nem lhe dizia o que fazer, apenas ouvia com atenção. Às vezes, conversavam na hora de almoço na casa do telhado azul.

...

When they met, Magozwe began to tell his own story to Thomas. It was the story of his uncle and why he ran away. Thomas didn’t talk a lot, and he didn’t tell Magozwe what to do, but he always listened carefully. Sometimes they would talk while they ate at the house with the blue roof.