

Remembering Eritrean heroes and heroines in contemporary history

A short autobiography
Of
Tibereh Tesfahuney



*Scanned and introduced
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Stavanger, Norway

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Introduction

Tiberih Tesfahuney was born in Asmara, Eritrea in 1947. Teberh Tesfahunegn was one of the first lead female artist and freedom fighter. At the age of 16, Teberh Tesfahunegn (sometimes spelled Tesfahuney) joined MaTA in 1963 as dancer and later a singer joining other famous artists like Ato Atowabrhan Seghid and Tewelde Redda. Tiberih Tesfahuney scored her biggest hit in the mid-1960s with “Tegezana Abi Hedmo” – or “Our Lovely House” (is infested with bedbugs and fleas) – which was a criticism of Ethiopia’s occupation and was subsequently banned. This led to her fleeing to Sweden in 1970, but that lasted only for a few years.

In 1975, Tiberih Tesfahuney returned to Eritrea and joined the Eritrean People’s Liberation Front. Two years later during a battle in Adi Hawesh, a piece of shrapnel from a RPG left her deaf in her left ear. The EPLF sent her to Sudan to recover from the injury. In 1985, the EPLF office in Sudan eventually decided to send her to Germany to get treatment for her hearing. She stayed there until 1994, when she returned to Eritrea once again. Upon her return, she opened a bar called Ab Hedmo – after her favorite song – in the town of Dekemhare.

Tiberih Tesfahuney published her autobiography – Two Lives: A True Story – in 1999. It was originally written in Tigrigna, the majority of it has been translated into English – which you can find [HERE](#). Tesfahuney passed away on March 1st, 2007. She was buried at Martyr’s Cemetery in Asmara.

Here are some comments made after her death was announced. “I love Teberih, I grew with her songs. She sparked the Eritrean nationalism in the heart of every Eritrean. I hope one day her statue will be erected in down town Asmara. God Rest her Soul” *Teklai Bahta*

“Teberh is one the great singer I admire. I can not have enough listening to here. Her songs had getting me through my ten age life. Her romantic and patriotic songs have giving me courage to pursue our fight for Our (Eitrean) freedom and On the other hand her feminin love songs has given me some thing to look for a perfect love during my teen life. I love her then and I do love her now”
Comment by Hadi.

A biographical sketch of this gallant musician and freedom fighter is added to the scanned autobiography in English with the aim of making the information available to readers and researchers online.

While surfing in the internet I suddenly discovered that some one has roughly translated Tiberih's autobiography into English. The translator has not given his/her name but here is the link.
<http://www.crcstudio.org/eritrean/Pages/viewfulltext.php?tid=108>

ጅጋትና ንዝክሮም

ባዕላ ዝጸሓፈቶ ታሪኽ ህይወት

ሙዚቀኛን ተጋዳሲትን

ትበርህ ተስፋሁነይ



ብእምነቱ ተስፋይ ዝተዳለወ

ኣብ ኢንተርኔት ታሪኽ ህይወታ ክቕረጽ ብዝብል ሓሳብ ነታ ባዕላ ዝጸሓፈታ ሙዚቀኛ ቀዲሖ ሙዚቀኛ ወሲኹ እንሆ ኣቕሪቦ ዳለኹ። እቶም ብላቲን ኣብ ኢንተርኔት ብዛዕባ ትበርህ ዝውከሱውን ምእንቲ ክረኽቡዎ እታ ናይ መጀመርታ ገጽ ብቃንቃ እንግሊዝ ውን ከም ትቐርብ ተገይራ ኣላ።

ክልተ ህይወት

አቀኛ ገገዳ

ብተብርህ ተሰጥቶኝ

ነሐሴ 1999

ክልተ ህይወት

አቀኛ ዛንታ

ብተበርህ ተስፋ-ህይወት

ነሐሴ 1999

ቀዳማይ ሕታም - ነሐሴ 1999
መሰል ደራሲት ዝተሓለወ ኢዩ።



ተበርህ ተስፋሁንይ

አብ አስመራ እየ ተወሊደን ዓብዩን። ዓል 11 ዓመት ምስ ኮንኩ፣ ሓደ መዓልቲ፣ ሓንቲ ባንድ ካብ ኢትዮጵያ መጽአትዎ ክሪእ ተሃንጠኹ። በዓል ጥላሁን፣ ብዙነሽ በቀለን ካልአትን ዝሓዘት ኢያ ነይራ። ፍሉይ ናይ ሙዚቃ ስምዓ ት ይደፍኣኒ ነይሩ። መእተዊ ገንዘብ ግን ካበይ ይምጸእ? አቦይ ምስ ካልእ ሰበይቲ አብ ርእሲ ምንባሩ፣ ካብ ኢዱ ናብ አፋ ስለ ዝነበረ፣ አፊይ ከይጽይቕ ፈራሕኩ። ግና እቲ ሙዚቃ ከሓልፈኒ ስለ ዘይደለኹ፣ ናብ ዕዲጋ ሓሙስ ከድኩዎ።

«ንመጻሕፍቲ ሰልዲ አምጽኡ ኢሎምናስ ስኢን» ደኒን ተዛረብኩዎ።

«ክንደይ?» ኢሉ ሓተተኒ።

«ሓሙሽተ ቕርሺ።»

ንሓጺር ጊዜ ዝን በለ'ዎ፣ ቛባኡ ሃሰሰ-ሃሰሰ ኢሉ ሃበኒ። ሽቦ ብርቱዕ ናይ ወላዲ ስምዒት ተሰምዓኒ። ምስ ሓሙሽተ መግህርተይ ኮይንና ኸእ ናብ ሲነማ አድዮን አተና። ብዙነሽ በቀለ ንዓይ ጥራይ አይኮነትን መሲጣትኒ። አብቲ አዳራሽ ዝነበረ ተዓዛቢ ትደገም እናበለ ሰለሱተ ጊዜ ንሓንቲ ደርፊ አድጊሙዎ።

«ቀኒአ'ምበር» በልኩወን ነተን መሓዙተይ።

«ደራፊት ግዲ ከትኮኒ ኢኺ» መለሳለይ ብሓባር።

«ረአያአ'ንዶ'ቲ አክሽናታ፣ ዜማአ ኸአ ከጥዕም። አከዳድናአ!»

ካብኡ ንደሓር ናይ ደርፊ ዝንባለ ሓደረኒ። አካዳሚያዊ ትምህርቲ ዝበሃል ከአ ጸላእኩዎ። ትምህርቲ እንተ ቐጸለ፣

አቦይ ናብ መርዓ ክቐርኑ ኢዩ ኢሉ ስለ ዝሓሰብኩ፣ ናብ ሰራሕ ክዝንብል መረጽኩ። ብእኡ እቢሉ'ውን ናይ ምድራፍ ዕድል ክረክብ እኸእልዩ በልኩ። ኣብ እንዳ ዓለባ ኸኣ ተቐጸርኩ። ጊዜ ክረምቲ ሰለገነበረ፣ ነቦይ «ምስ ኣደይ ክቐኑ እዩ» ኢሉ ክሳዕ ትምህርቲ ዝጅመር ከፍቅደለይ ሓተትኩዎ።

«ኪዲ ሕራይ» በለኒ አቦይ።

ናብ ኣደይ እናዘለልኩ ከይደ፣ «ክረምቲ ክሳዕ ዝውዳእ ሰራሕ ጀሚረ ስለ ዘለኹ፣ ምስሓይ ሰልጣንያ ጌርኪ፣ ንግሆ ንግሆ ኣፋንውኒ» በልኩዎ።

«ከኣልዮምበር ሕራይ'ዛ ዓለይ። አቦይ ኢዩ'ኸ?» በለትኒ ኣደይ።

«እንዳ ዓለባ።»

«ሕራይ'ዛ ዓለይ ንፍዕቲ።»

ብታሕጓስ ክፍንጫሕ ደለኹ። ፍስህቲ ኩይነ ኸኣ ሰራሕ ጀመርኩ። ሽዑ ጊዜ ማ.ት.አ (ማሕበር ትያትር ኣሰመራ) ትምህርት ስለ ዝነበረት፣ ምሉእ ኣቓልቦይ ናብኣ ነበረ። ክልተ ቕኝ ምስ ሰራሕቲ 8 ቅርሺ ተቐበልኩ። ድሌተይ ንምትግባር ከኣ ቅድም ነደይ ከእምና ደለኹ። ብኸምዚ ከኣ ተመላለስና።

“ኣደይ!”

“የይ!”

«ትምህርቲ ክጅመር ክልተ ሰሙን ተሪፍዎ። ኣነ ግን ክመሃር ኣይደለኹን ዘለኹ። እናሰራሕኩ ንዓኺ ክኖቢ እዩ ዝደሊ።»

«ዎ! ኣቦኺ መዓት ክኸዕወልና። ኪደዮ ድኣ ትምህርትኺ ጀምሪ።»

«ምሰ'ደይ ኮይነ ይመሃር ኣለኹ ዘይብሉ?»

«ምሰደኺ ኩንኪ ተማሃሪ እንተ ኣሉኪ ድኣ ሕራይ።»

ብመልሳ ተሓጎሰኩ። ናብ አቦይ ከይደ «አያይ እዘን ተሪፊናኒ ዘለዋ ክልተ ሰሙን፣ ትምህርቲ ክሳዕ ዝኸፈት፣ ምስ አደይ ከጽንዕ ክኾነ» በልኩዎ። «ጸፋ-ዕፋ-ዕ አይትበሊ'ምበር፣ ድሓን ኪዲ» በለኒ። ብታሕጓስ ገጸይ አራንሺ መሰለ። ክዳውንተይን መጻሕፍተይን ጠራኒፈ ከአ ተሳናበትኩ። ነታ ሰበይቲ አቦይ'ሞ ከይደ'ኳ አይበልኩዋን። አደይ፣ ናይ ወላዲት ነገር ጸሓያ በረቐላ። እነ ሽእ መንፈሰይ ተሓደሰ። ቀልጢፈ ናብ ማ.ት.አ ከድኩ። ሰዓት ሸውዓተ፣ ፊጽፊጽ፣ ዲምዲም ከብሉ ጸንሑኒ። አስካላ ድይብ ምስ በልኩ፣ አቶ ኣተወብርሃን ኣብ አፍደገ ጸንሓኒ። «መን ኢኺ ንሰኺ?» ድማ በለኒ ኣተኩሩ እናጠመተኒ። ብዘይ ዘረባ፣ እታ አቐዲመ ዝጸሓፍኩዋ ደብዳቤ ሃብኩዎ። ከፊቱ ምስ አንበባ፣ ገጹ ኣብርሀ አቢሉ፣ «እንታይ ኢዩ ሰምዲትኪ?» ኢሉ ሓተተኒ። እቶም ካልኣት ከአ ጽን ኢሎም ይሰምዑ ነበሩ።

እታ ናይ ልበይ ቶማ ኣበልኩሎም። «ክደርፍ!»
 «ንሰኺ ቆልዓ ኢኺ ዘለኺ፣ ድምጽኺ ናይ ቆልዓ ኢዩ፣» ምስ በለኒ ፍናንይ መሬት ዘበጠ። ብሕርቃን ከአ ገጸይ ተቐያየረ።

«ድሓን ድምጽ፣ ብመጀር ክክሕፍሶ ንኸእል ኢና፣» በለ ሓደ ካብእም። ተወልደ ረዳ ኢዩ። ረዲኡኒ። ልበይ ናብ ቦታኣ ተመልሰት። ተወልደ ቀጸሉ፣ «መፈተኒ ዜማ ከነውጽኣልኪ ኢና» በለኒ።

«ሓንቲ ዜማ ኣላ እነ ዝፈትዋ፣» በልኩዎ እናፈራሕኩ።
 «ከመይ ኢያ እሰከ ፈትንያ!» በለኒ። ፈተንኩዋ። «ናይ ብዙነሽ በቀለ ኢያ» በለኒ። እወ በልኩዎ። ተወልደ ተሓጎሰ። ንጽባሒቱ ሰዓት 5:00 ተመሊሰ ክለማመዳ ምዃነይ ነገረኒ። ዝፈርሕ እንተ ሽብይን ገዛይ ከብጽሓኒ ሓተተኒ። «አይፈርሕንየ» ኢሎኹ ብታሕጓስ እናነጠርኩ፣ ከይተፈለጠኒ

ገዛይ በጸሕኩ። ገዛ አደይ ኣብ ሞደሽቶ ኢዩ ዝነበረ፤ ሰዓት 9:00 ኣተኹ። አደይ ክትጭነቕ ጸንሓትኒ። «ምስ ኣምሰኺሲ፤ እንዳቦኺ ዝሓደርኪ እንድዩ መሲሉኒ» በለትኒ፤ ክይትቋዩቑ ፈሪሓትኒ።

«ሰራሕ እንድዩ ኣምሰዩ።»

«ኣብ ካልእ ሰራሕ ዲኺ ኣተኺ?»

«እወ፤ እቲ ድኣ ንግሆ እንድዩ ዝኸይድ ነይረ። ገንዘብ ስለ ዘውሓዳለይስ ገዲፊዮ እዩ።»

«ድሓን! ንዓኺ ዝሰማማዕ ጥራሕ ይኹንዓ ንላይ።»

ድራር ቀረበትለይ ኣብርሀተይ። ከይነገርኩኹም፤ አደይ ኣብርሀት ባህገይ ኢያ ሸማ።

ልክዕ ሰዓት 5:00 ድሕሪ ቀትሪ ኣብ ቆጸራይ ማ.ት.አ በጸሕኩ። ተወልደ ረዳ እናቓነዮ ጸንሓኒ። ካልአት ክልተ ኸእ ምስኡ ነበሩ። ናይ ብዙነሽ በቀለ ዜማ ቀረቡለይ። ግጥሚ ኸእ ኣዳሊዮምለይ ጸንሑ። ክደርፋ ምስ ጀመርኩ፤ ኩሎም ተገረሙ። ብግዳም ዝሓልፉ ዝነበሩ፤ «ብዙነሽ ትደርፍ ኣላ» ኢሎም ስለ ዝተኻትዑ፤ ገሊኣም ከእ ትግርኛ እንድያ ትደርፍ ዘላ ስለ ዝበሉ፤ ሰዓት ሸውዓተ ወዲኣ ክሳዕ ዝወጽእ ተጸቦዩኒ። ወዲኣ፤ ንገዘይ ክኸይድ ውጽእ ምስ በልኩ፤ «ኣንቲ ሓብትና፤ መንያ እዛ ሕጂ ትደርፍ ዝነበረት» በሉኒ።

«ኣንቲ ሓብትና ኢያ፤» ኢሎም መንገደይ ክቕጽል፤ «ክንደይ ድኣ ይጥዕምቲ ቃንኣ» ክበሉ ስለ ዝሰማዕ ኩዎም፤ ሓበን እናተሰምዓኒ ንገዘይ ጽርግ በልኩ።

ትምህርቲ ምስተጀመረ፤ ነተን ደቂ ቤት ትምህርተይ ዝነበራ፤ ከከይደ፤ ኣቦይዶ መጺኡ ነይሩ ኢዩ? ኢሉ እሓተን ነበርኩ። ኣይመጽአን። ትመሃር ኣላ ኢሉዮ ግን ይሓሰብ ነይሩ።

ጓል 12 ዓመት ምስ ኮንኩ፤ ልምምደይ ወዲኣ፤ ናብ

መድረሽ ዝድይቡሉ እዋን አኸለ። አቶ አለማዮሁ ካሕሳይ፣ ሕጂ ድምጻዊት ብዙነሽ በቀለ ክነቕርበልኩም ኢና። ንእሽቶ ብዙነሽ ኢያ። ጣቕዲት ብዙሕ ኢያ ትፈቱ።» በሎም።

አዳራሽ፣ ጣቕዲትን ፊሰካን ኮነት። ብድሕሪ መጋረጃ ከለኹ፣ እቲ ሃዋህው ካብ ዓቕመይ ንላዕሊ ኮይኑ፣ ፈጥፈጥ በልኩ።

“አጅኺ፣ ዋላ ሓንቲ፣ ምስ አተኺ ክገድፈኪ ኢዩ” ኢሎም አተባብዑኒ። ለከ ሓቆም ኢዮም። ብእእም ዝሓለፈ እንድዩ፣ ምስ አተኹውን እቲ ፊሰካን ጣቕዲትን ስለ ዝቐጸለ፣ ፍናን ተሰሚዑኒ ደፈረ ደረፍኩ። “ትደገም” በሉ ተዓዘብቲ ደሪፊ ምስ ወዳእኩ። ተደግመትሎም። አብ ካልአይ ጊዜ ብዙሓት ወወጺእም ሸለሙኒ። ብፊሰካን ጣቕዲትን ከአ ተደምደመት።

ንጽባሒቱ ብበበይኑ ቋንቋ ብዘወጽእ ዝተፈላለያ ጋዜጣታት ስእለይ አሰንዮን ብምውጻእ፣ ነቲ ምርኢት አቃልሐኦ። በብቋንቋአን!

ብአምሓርኛ፣ “አንዲት ትንሽ ልጅ ግሩም ጣዕመ ዜማ አሰማችን”

ብትግርኛ፣ “ሓንቲ ንእሽቶ ቆልዓ፣ ሕልሚ ብዘጥዕም ድምጻ መሲጣትና አምስያ።”

ብዓረብኛ፣ “ሶቢያ ሰቂራ ኪሲራን ብሰወትሃ አልሓልም።”

ብጥልያን ብእንግሊዝ ተመሳሳሊ መግለጺ ተመሓሳለፈ።

እንተ ኾነ፣ እዚ መግለጺታት ዚ መዓት ድኣ አምጽአለይ። አቦይ ተሰፋሁነይ ጋዜጣ ዘመን ዝዚኡ ክገናጽል ከሎ፣ ስእለይ ረአዩ። ሸመይ ከአ አብ ትሕቲኡ። ክዓብድ ቁሩብ ተረፎ። አቦይ ክረኽበኒ ከም ዝኸለል ገመተ። ናብ አደይ ከይዱ “አብዮላ ዓልኪ?” በላ።

«ንዓኻስ ዓልካንድያ። ንኹልና ሓንቲ ትብጽሓና፤» መለሰትሉ አደይ።

«እዛ መናጢት ሰዲ። ሓሚን ክተብለንስ ትደርፍ አላ»

ምስ በላ፣ አደይ'ውን ሓዲሱዋ ሰንበደት። አቦይ እናንጸርጸረ ከደ።

ምሸት አደይ ተቋቋችኋለሁ። ናታ ግን ተራ ዘረባ ገይረ ወሰደኩዎ። ጥራሕ አቦይ አይርከበኝ! ክሃርም ከሎ ጠገላ ዘይብሉ። ብዝተኻእለኝ፣ ካብኡ እናተሰወርኩ ቀንኹ። ክልተ ወርሒ ምስ ገበርኩ፣ ምስ ሰለሰተ ርእሰይ፣ ብገዛ ባንዳ



አቢላ፣ ማይጃሕጃሕ ውርድ ክብል ከለኹ ረኣኹዎ።

«እውይ አቦይ!» ብፍርሒ ሽንቲ ክመልቆኝ ደለዮ። እተን መሓዙተይ'ውን ሰንበዳ። ከምልጥ አይክእልን። ውትፍ ኢሉና ኢዮ።

«አቲ፣ አቦይ ጠፊእኪ ወሪሕኪ?» ኢሉ ሓተተኝ።

እነ ሽኣ ካብኡ አይሕለፍ ኢላ፣ «ደራፊት ከይነ እዮ፣ ንሰኻ ከምኡ ክኸውን ስለ ዘይትፈቲ፣ ከይትወቕዳኝ ኢላ፣ ተሓቢኣ ቀንዮ» በልኩዎ።

«አብ ምንታይ ትደርፊለኹ?» ኢሉ ሓተተኝ፣ ከምዛ

ዘይፈለጠ።

«አብ ማ.ት.አ»

«በሊ ንዕናይ ገዛኺ እተዊ፣ ሪአልኪ'ለኹ።»

«ሕራይ ክመጽእ እየ ባዕለይ።»

«እንታይ ባዕለይ ማለት፣ ሕጂ ንዕናይ እንድየ ዝበለኪ ዘለኹ።»

«እሞ፣ ክመጽእየ እንድየ ዝበለካ ዘለኹ።» ምስ በልክዎ፣ ክሕዘኒ ኢሉ ትኒዕ በሊኺ'ሞ፣ ከዩርክቦኒ፣ ድሕር በልኹ። ብሽክለታኡ አጸጊዑ፣ ንክሕዘኒ ቅርብ ምስ በሊ ኸእ፣ «እንታይ ገይራትኩም ኢያ'ንቲም አቦይ ተስፋ-ሁነይ?» ኢሉን ሓተታእ።

«እንታይክ ዘይትገብር፣ ንሕጽን መርዓን እናሓተቲኒሰ፣ ካብ ትምህርቲ አብኹራ ናብ ደርፊ ክትገዱ! ዋይ አነ!» ኢሉ አንጸርጸረ።

«ሰብኮ ነፍቱ ድሌት ኢዩ ዘለዎ? ንሳ ኸእ ድልዩታ ኸይኑ።» በላእ መሓዙተይ።

«ዋርዳምቦ፣ ንሰኻትክን ሓቢልክን ሓባቢልክን ኢኸን፣ ጓለይ አብ መዓት አእቲኸናአ ዘለኸን።» ኢሉ እናተራገመ ከደ። አብ መንጎ ሓደ ሓሳብ መጽአ። ነተን መሓዙተይ ከይርእያእ እናተጠንቀቐ፣ ናቦይ ከም ዝአትዋ ተኸታተለን። ገገዘእን ምስ አተዋ ኸእ፣ ጽቡቕ ገይሩ አጽኅዮ'ሞ፣ ንጽባሒቲ ናብ ሓደ ዓርኩ፣ ፖሊስ ከደ። አቦይ ገብረሚካኤል ኢዮም ዝበሃሉ። ብመገዶም ክሕዘኒ ኸእ ተመኻኸሩ።

ሓደ መዓልቲ፣ እቶም ፖሊስ፣ ናብ ገዛ ሓንቲ ካብተን መሓዙተይ ከይደም፣ «አቦይ አላ ተበርህ ተስፋ-ሁነይ መሓዛኺ?» ኢሎም ሓተቲዋ።

«እንድዒ፣ አነ ድኣ እንታይ እፈልጥ?» ኢላ መለሰትሎም።

«አነ ፖሊስ እየ። ንሰራሕ ደሊናያ ሰለዘለና፣ አቦይ ትርኩብ ይመስለኪ?»

«አነ ፈጸመ አይፈልጥን» ኢላ እቅበጸቶም።

መሐዙተይ ብዛዕባቲ ዘጋጠመ ዘርዘረን ምስ ነገራኒ፣
«እዚ አየሰርረንን ኢዩ» ኢላ ሓደ ሓሳብ መሃዝኩ። አብ
መገዲ ዕዳጋ ዓርቢ ናብ ዘሎ ካርሼሊ ከይደ፣ ዝጸሓፍኩዎ
ደብዳቤ አረኩበኩዎም። ዝተቐበለኒ ሓለቓ ሚኢቲ፣ ሽመይ
ምስ አንበባ፣ አብ ጋዜጣ ርእዩኒ ስለ ዝነበረ፣ ጽቡቕ ገይሩ
ተቐበለኒዎ፣ አንቢቡ ምስ ወድአ፣ ነቦይ ከም ዝጽዋዕ
ገበሮ።

ምስ አቦይ፣ ፊተ ፊት ኮፍ በልና፣ አዲንቲ አፍጢጦ
ጠመተኒ። አብ ቦታ ሕጊ ኮይኑ ምበር አይምመሓረንን።
አዲንቲ ብሕርቃን ደም ሰሪቡ ኢዩ። ንለይ'ዶ ናብ እንዳ
ፖሊስ ትኸሰኒ ዝብል ኢዩ'ቲ አውራ ጣዕ ከብሎ ዝደለዩ።
እቶም ሓለቓ ሚኢቲ ብአምሓርኛ ክሓትዎ ምስ ጀመሩ
«አምሓርኛ አይፈልጥን» ስለ ዝበለ ሓደ ተርጓሚ ተጸውዑ።
እዚ ዚሰዕብ ምልልስ ከአ አካዮዱ።

«ናይ ደርፌ ስምዒት እናሃለዎ፣ ንምንታይ ትኸልከላ?»

«ትምህርታ ክትቅጽል፣ ደሕሪኡ ከአ ተመርዕዎ ክትወልድ፣
ክትዝምድ ስለ ዝደልዎ።»

«እሞ ብሓይሊን ብግዲን ምእስ ኮይኑ ዝኸውን። ሕጂ
ንሕና ከንምዕዳ ኢና። ሕራይ እገድፎ እንተ ኢላ ጽቡቕ።
ከምኡ እንተ ኾነ ግን...»

«ሓደራኹም ግን ናብ ትምህርታ ከም ትምህርት ግበሩለይ።»

«እሞ ናጸ ኾይና ምእንቲ ክትንቀሳቅስ፣ ክትፍርም ኢኻ።»

«ሕራይ እፍርም።»

አቦይ ከደ። እቶም ሓለቓ ሚኢቲ፣ ናብ ትምህርተይ
ከምለስ ደጋጊሞም ለመኑኒ።

«አይምለስንዩ። ናብ አቦይ ከአ አይቅልቀልንዩ ከቃብጸኒ
ኢዩ።» በልኩዎም።

«አባትሽ ትኡም ናቸው፣ እንደዚያ የሚያደርጉ

አይመስሉም፤» በሉኒ።

«አብ ቅድሚ ሰብ ጥዑምዩ ዝመስል፤ አብ ገዛኡ ግን ሰይጣን ኢዩ» በልኩዎም። እጸቢቕ ክሓሰበሉን ዘዋጽኣኒ ክገብርን ምዲዶም አፋነዉኒ።

ግ.ት.አ ካልአይ መደብ አርአና። ገንዘብ ክሕዝ ከአ ጀመርኩ። ድሕሪ ምርኢት ናብ አደይ ከድኩ።

«አቲ ሎሚኽ ትደርፊ ዲኺ ዘለኺ?» ኢላ ሓተተትኒ።
«ከምይ ድአ!» ኢለ መዕጸዊ እፍ 200 ቅርሺ ሃብኩዎ።
«ዋይ'ዛ ጓለይ! ድሮ ክንድ'ዚ ገንዘብ ኣኪብኪ!»
ተገረመትን ተሓገሰትን። ብዛዕባ ናይ አቦይ ምዕግርጋር ቁሩብ ተዛሪባ፤ «ሰምዒ ተበርህ ጓለይ!» በለትኒ።

«እሂ?»

«አብ ከምዚ ካብ በጻሕኪ፤ አቦኺ እንተዘይ አመርጻናያ ይብል ስለ ዘሎ፤ ዋላ ድሕሪኡ ትገድፍዮ፤ ጓልነትኪ ክተመሰክሪ ሕራይ በልዮ» በለትኒ።

አደይ ርህርህቲ ስለ ዝነበረት፤ ባህ ንኸብላ «በሊ ኪድኪ፤ ሕራይ ኢላትካ ኢዮ በልዮ» በልኩዎ። «ክሳዕቲ መርጻ ዝፍጸም ግን ምስ መሓዙተይ ክጸንሕ እዮ» በልኩዎ። «ንጻ ኺ ስለ ዝፈትወኪ እዮ ሕራይ ኢሉ'ምበር፤ ንዕኡ ፈጺመ አይምገበርኩሉን» ምስ በልኩዎ ከአ ሕጉስ በለት።

ናብ መሓዛይ ለተብርሃን ዳኘው ከይደ፤ ብዛዕባቲ ዘጋጠመኒ ሓዲሽ ኩነታት አዕለልኩዎ። «ጽቡቕ'ምበር መሓዛይ!» ኢላ ኸአ ተኻፋሊት ምኸረይ ኮነት። ድሕሪኡ ግትአ ንባጽዕ ክንወርድ ምኺንና አተሓሳስቡና። ከምቲ ዝበልዎ ባጽዕ ወሪድና ጥራይ ዘይኮነስ፤ ደቀምሓረ፤ መንደፈራን ከረንንውን አርአና ተመለስና። ድሕሪዚ ናብ ምድላው ሓዲሽ መደብ ክንኣቲ ምኺንናን 3 ወርሒ ክወስድ ምኺኑን ነገሩና።

ካልአይ መደብ ከይቀረብኩ፤ ወዮ ናይ ወለደይ ነገር ክዕ

ንቅፌኒ ምዃኑ ፍሉጥ ኮነ። እነ ክዛረብ ስለ ዘሕፈረኒ ኸእ፤
ንለተብርሃን መሓዛይ ክትዛረበለይ ነገርኩዋ። ለተብርሃን
ንማ.ት.አ «ትፍለየና አላ» ምስ በለቶም ሰንበዱ። «ነዊሕኮ



አይኮነን። ንሓደ ዓመት ጥራሕ ኢያ!» ኢላ ኸእ
ለቀበትሎም። ኩላቶም ድማ አይ ሓጎስ አይ ጓሂ ኮይኖም
አተባቢያም አፋነውኒ።

2ይ ምዕራፍ

አቤት ንል ምኽን ከሐሰም! ወለደይ ከመርዕወኒ ከምዝወሰኑ አቐዳመ ነጊረኩም እየ። « ትብጻሕኩ » ዝተባህሉ ሽማግሌታት እንዳ ወዲ ግን፣ ወዮ ንሰራሕ ባህሊ ኢላ ዝገብሮ እትው ውጽእ ስለ ዘጠራጠሮም፡ « ከይተኾለለት ኣይኸውንን » በሉ። ንል ምህላወይን ዘይ ምህላወይን ንምርግጋጽኩ ኢዩ! እቲ ዝተጠቐሙሉ ኣገባብ እንታይ ከግረልኩም፣ ተኾሊሉ። ኮለልቲ ኣንስቲ ዕልልታ ምስ ደርጓሓኣ፣ ኣያይን ኣደይን ብታሕጓስ ክፍንጭሉ ደልዩ። ሽዑ ንሽዑ ከኣ ብወግዲ ተሓጸኹ።

ሕጻዮይ ቀልጢፉ ክርእየኒ መጸ። ድሕሪ ሰለስተ ወርሒ ኸኣ ተመርጻና። ዓመት ዝተሓሰበ፣ ክልተ ዓመት ምስ ተቐረንኩ ምጽዋር ስኣንኩዎ። ንመሓዛይ ለተብርሃን ረኺበ ኸኣ ንብዓተይ እናደረዘኩ፣ ሽግረይ ነገርኩዎ።

« ንል ተስፋሁነይ! ውለዲ፣ ሓዳርዮ ጽቡቕ፣ እንታይ ዝኸውን ደርፊ ወዲ ደርፊ ኢዩ! » በለትኒ። ኣነ ኮርነፍ ኢላ ገዲፈያ ክኸይድ ምስ በልኩ፣ ኣርኪባ « ኮሪኺ ዲኺ? » በለትኒ።

« እወ ኮርዮ። »

« እዋ እንታይ ትሓሰቢ? »

« ክጠፍእ! »

« ክልተ ኣሕሙ ከበኣሉ ትደልዩለኺ ማለትዮ! »

« ሓውን ሓሰርን ይእተዎም ግዲ። »

« ኣነ መቸም የለኹላን። ገዛኸ ኣበይ ክትኮኒ ኢኺ? »

«ደሐን እንዳ ዓባይ እጸንሕ፣ ናብኡ ከይመጽኣኒ ኸእ ንዓባይ ጽቡቕ ጌረ አማኸራ!» ምስበልኩዎ፡ «እንተ አዋጸጸኡክስ ሕራይ!» በለትኒ'ሞ ተፈላለና።

ገዛይ ብዝአተኹ፣ ምስ ሓማተይ ኩይነ፣ ንኸቡር በዓል ቤተይ ኣቶ ኢትዮጵያ መብራህቲ፣ ሰዓት ሸውዓተ ድራር ቀረብኩሉ። ነብሰይ ግፍፍ እናበለኒ ምስኡ በላዕኩ። ድራር ተላዲሉ፣ እኖኡ ንውሽጢ ምስ አተዋ ኸእ ኣነ ዘረባ ጀመርኩ።

«እንዳ ዓባይ ዘይንኸይድ ክንርእያ። ብእኡ አቢልና ኸእ ንፋስ ንወስድ።»

«ሕራይ!» በለኒ ድሐን ይእቶ።

ኣነ ፈኩስ ጋቢ፣ ንሱ ኸእ ካቦት ለቢሰና ኬድና'ሞ፣ ጽቡቕ ተቐባላና። ድራር ከም ዘይንበልዕ ሓቢርና፣ ጽራይ ሰዋ እናሰተና ኣብ ዕላልና አተና። ንሱ ናብ ሰራሕ ንግሆ ክትንበእ ስለ ዝኾነ፣ ብእዋኑ ገዛና መታን ክንኣቲ፣ ኣረዲእና ተበገስና። ኣብቲ ኣፍደገ ቁሩብ ካብኡ ትርፍ ኢለ ንዓ ባይይ፡ «ምስ ግርማይ ንባጽዕ ዘይትሰድኒ ከዛወር።» በልኩዎ። ቀጸለ ኸእ፡ «ማይ ባሕሪ ክሕጸብ ደልዩ እዩ፣ ግና ስለ ዘይሰድኒ ንኢትዮጵያ ኣይትንገርዮ።» ተላበኹዎ።

«እሞ ንሱ ከይፈለጠ ድኣ...» በለት ዓባይ።

«ድሐን፣ ነዲኡ ባዕለይ ከዛረበን እዩ!» ኣእመንኩዎ። ንጽባሒቲ ንግሆ ምስ ግርማይ ባጽዕ ክወርድ ወሲንና ከኣ ተፈላለና።

መሬት መዓሰያ ትወግሕ ክብል ሓደርኩ። ሰዓት 6 ንሓማተይ ቀዲመየን ብምትንሳእ፣ ቁርሲ ኣዳለኹ። ንሱ ወዮ በዓል ቤተይ ኣተንሲእዮ ክላዕ ዝቐርስ ሰዓት 7:00 ኮነ። ጊዜ ስለ ዝኣኸሉ ብተብ ተብ ተበገስ። «ግርም» በልኩ ብውሽጢይ ምስ ከደለይ። ሕጂ ዝተርፍ፣ ኣመኸንዩ ካብ ሓማተይ ምፍላይ ኢዩ።

«ኢትዮጵያ፣ ክዳንኪ ግዝኢ ኢሉ ሰልዲ ሂቡኒሎ፣ ምግብ ክመጽኦ ከይደለኹ» በልኩወን ምቕልል ኢሉ።

«ሕራይ!» ዝኾነ ጥርጣሪ ኣየሕደራን፣ ከሕደራ ኸኣ ኣይክእላን። ንኣምላኽ እናመሰገንኩ፣ ጋቢ ተጎምጉሙ ናብ ግርማይ ከድኩ።

«ደንጉኺ።»

«እወ፣ ትፈልጥ እንዲኻ ናይ ሓዳር ነገር» ክምስ በልኩዎ። መኪና ተሰቐልና ንባጽዕና ተግዘርና። ሃመይን ቀልበይን ናብ ማ.ት.አ ምእታው ስለ ዝነበረ፣ ኣብ ባጽዕ ኮይን ደወልኩሎም። ሽዑ ዝሃቡኒ ምኽሪ፣ ኣብኡ ኮይን ከመልክት፣ ንሓቶም ዝብሉኒ ሰሚዐ ከኣ ናብኣቶም - ማትአ- ክመጽእ ሓበሩኒ። «ንሕና ኸኣ ብግቕምና ምኽሪ ንህበኪ» ምስ በሉኒ፣ «እንታይ? ሓዳር ግበሪ ክትብሉኒ ማለት ድዩ?» በልኩዎም።

«ድሓን ሽዑ ትሰምዕዮ!» መለሱለይ ብህድሓት። ገለ ካብእም፣ ኣተወብርግን ሰጊድ፣ ኣቶ ኣለማዮሁ ካሕሳይ ኢዮም። ስልኪ ደዊለ፣ ንበዓል ቤተይ ፈጸመ ከም ዘይደልዮ ነገርከዎ።

«እንታይ?» በለኒ ምርጻእ ኣብይዎ።

«ሎማ ኣይደልዮኻ፣ ጽባሕ ኣይደልዮኻ። ባጽዕ እዩ ወሪዶ ዘለኹ ንስድራይ ሓንቲ ቃል ከይትዛረቦም።»

«እንታይ እዩ በዲለኪ?»

«ምስ ሓማት ምንባር...» በልኩዎ መጀመርታ ከማኻኒ ኢሉ።

«እሞ ሓዳረይኮ ክፈሊ እኽእልዮ» በለኒ ነታ ዘረባ ቆብ ኣበሉ።

«ሰማዕ፣ መጀመርታውን ነቦይን ኣደይን ከቕስን ኢሉ እዮምበር ምላኻ ሓዳር ክገብር ኣይደልንዮ። ኣነ ደራፊት ክኸውንዮ ዝደሊ፣ ሕጂ ሓዳር ወዲ ሓዳር ክገብር ኣይደልንዮ።»

ቻው!» ኢሊ አብ እዝኑ ዓጸኹዎ።

ድሕሪ ሰለስተ መዓልቲ አስመራ ምስ ተመለሰና፣ እብ ክንዲ ናብ ገዛ፣ ናብ ሆቴል ኣተኹ። ወዲአዮ፡እንድየ። ንዕርቂ ዝተፈተነ ሽምግልና ኣይሰለጠን። ኣቦይ ብንሂ ፌጋቶ ኣሕደረ። እኑ ግን ገዛ ተኻርየ፣ ናይ ማትኣ ስርሐይ ቀጸልኩ። ኣንጎለይ ድማ ሕድስ በለ።

ዝመጽእኒ ግጥምታት ከም ማይ ሰተኹዎ። ድምጺይ ከእ እናሓደረ መቓልሕ ጠዓመ። ህዝቢ እናፈተወኒ ኸደ። ደርፊይ ክናፍቕ ጀመረ። ህይወተይ እናሓደረ ጸበቐ። ማትኣ እውን እናማዕበለት ከደት።

ድቂ ሒዞ ምንባሪይ ኣይነገረኩኹምን። ካብ ሰብኣየይ ክፈላለ ከለኹ ለካ ጥንሲ ነይሩኒ ኢዩ። ምስ ሓረስሉ ድሕሪ ቁሩብ ሞይቱ። እቲ ዘሕዝን መሓዛይ ለተብርሃን ንልዳኛውውን ጥንሱቲ ኢያ ነይራ። ምጥናሳ ግን ኣይኮነን እቲ ዘሕዝን። ለተብርሃንን ወዳን ጥቓ ጥቓ ሞይቶም። ሽዑ እኑ ንለተብርሃን ደርፊ ደረፍኩላ።

«ሓሊፍኩኒ ክሳብ ዘርክበኪ

እምሕል ኣለኹ ንኸይርሰዓኪ።» ድማ ትብል እታ ደርፊ። ውርይቲ ደርፊይ «ዓቢ ህድሞ» ኢያ ነይራ። እዛ ዝጠቐስኩዎ ደርፊ ምስ «ዓቢ ህድሞ» ከይድረፋ ብመንግስቲ ኢትዮጵያ ምኸልካልን ከኣ ዝገርም ኢዩ ነይሩ። ክሳብ ኣዲስ ኣበባ ኬድና ደሪፍና ኢና። ምስ ኩሉ ምፍርራሕን ምኸልካል ገለ ደርፍታትን ኣይተሓለልናን። ካብ ኣዲስ ኣበባ፣ ብጎንደር፣ ኣኸሱም ኣቢልና ኣስመራ ምስ ተመለሰና፣ ንምርኢት ናብ ከረን ወረድና። ኣብኡ ሻምበል ገብረሚካኤል ዝተባህሉ «ዓቢ ህድሞ» ክትድረፍ ኣፍቀዱለይ።

«እቲ ገዛና ዓቢ ህድሞ
ቁንጨ ትኃን መሊኦሞ
እንተ በዚ እንተ በቲ ፍቕሪይ ማሪኸካኒ

ከመይ ድዩ ልዝብና ሓወይ ነዕቕካኒ
ከመይ ድዩ ትውዕልና ሓወይ መጀመርታ
ክትኮነኒ ክሸነካ ፍቕረይ ንግኸታ።
ወረቕትካ ይመጸኒ ፍቕረይ ብበረኻ
ተጸሓፉ ተፈሪሙ ፍቕረይ ብብርዕኻ
ዘይትናፍቕ ዘይትዝከር ፍቕረይ ጨካን ኢኻ
የብለይን ዝጽበዮ ፍቕረይ ብጀካኻ።»

ኢሊ ደረፍኩ።

ገለ ካብተን ካልኣት ደፍታቶም ከኣ ወሰ ክብለኩም።

ዘማይ ኪይ ኪይ

ብራና ሓቕፉ ወሬፉ በረኻ
ደሃይ ኣጥፊኡልካ
ኪይ እንደ በጀኻ
ወረ ከመይ ድዩ ናይ ሎሚ መገሻ
ሓዳርካ ቡቲኦ ከምስለካ ዓሻ
ኣታ ኪይኪይ ዘማይ ብቃልካ ኣብደ።
ጉዕዞኡ ክጅምር ሻንጥኡ ጠቐሊሉ
ቃሉ ከሰማዓኒ ክምለሰዮ ኢሉ
ዝ። ተሰፋ ጌረ ክጽበ ኣብ ሸላ
ናብራይ ክስሕቃሉ ኩለን ተኣከባ
መዓልቲ ዘይፈልግ ሓያም ተቐጺረ
እርበጽ ኣለኹ ክሸዓ ኣንጻርጺረ
ከምዚ ጽቡቕ ድዩ
እስከ ሕተቲሉ
ከዩታልሉኹም ምሳይ ዘይወዓሉ
ብዘይ ገለ ሰንቂ ካብ ቤትካ ሪሕቕካ
ከመይ ኢልካ ትነብር ፍቕሪ ተቐሊብካ

ፍቅር ቀለብድዩ ዘይኸውን እምነት
ብዘይ ፍቅር ገለ አይኣተን ገነት
ቁሊሕ ኢልካ ሪኤ ፍልጦ አመለይ
ዝብሎ የብለይን እላእያ ቃለይ
ምቅልጣፍዩ በዚ ሎሚ እዋን
ኩይን ከይጸንሓካ መስሓቕ ደቂ ሔዋን

ሕሰበሉ

ሓዘን ፍቅር ብዙሕ አድኪሙኒ
ከይሞተልካ ዕድመ ነዊሐኒ
ጨጉሪ አለኒ ግራጭ ዚመስል
ጸብሒ ገዛይ ብበረድ ዚበስል
መዓንጣይ በቲኽ ቻራጣይ ሊኢኸዕም ሕሰበሉ
አስናይ ነኺሰ ነዊሕ ተዓጊሰ ሕሰበሉ
ሓዘን ፍቅር ብዙሕ አድኪሙኒ
ጨጉሪ ሒዘ ብዙሕ መሲሉኒ
ናትካ የልቦን ንዓኻ ዝመስል
ምኸሪ የልቦን ንሓዋሩ
ናይ ሕጽኖት ፈርጊ በይነይ
ብሊጻዩ አንቢዑኒ ዓይነይ
ከፈልጠካ ልባልባ ዓጢቕ
ሕጻጺ እነኹ ብላሽ ተጸይቕ»

አለ አዳራሽ ምስ ነቕነቕኩዎ፣ እቲ ከባቢ ብኮማንድሰ
እናተሓለወ ኸሎ፣ ጀለብያ ዝተኸድኑ አባላት ተ.ሓ.ኤ «ዓ
ሽ» ክብሉ ናብቲ መድረኽ ብምድያብ፣ ማሕተም ዘለዎ
ወረቕት ተ.ሓ.ኤ አርአዩኒ። እታ ደርፊ አርባዕተ ጊዜ
ትደገም ስለ ዝተባህለት ከዩቋረጽኩ ደረፍኩዎ። እቶም

መጀመርታ ዝመጽኡኒ ተጋደልቲ ይደጋግሙ ስለ ዝነበሩ ከኣ፡ ሞራላዊ ሰማይ ተሰቐለ። ድርፍ ውዒለ ድርፍ እንተ ዝሓድር ኣይምደኸምኩን። እንተ ኾነ፡ ባዕዳውያን ቅንኢ ስለ ዘየጋብሮም፡ መደብ ኣቋርጹ በሉና። «ዓሽ» እንድዩ በዚሑ። እቲ ሚኒስተር ከይተረፈኻ ኢዩ ሸሊሙኒ።

ካብታ ናይ ከረን ምርኢት ንደሓር ሓንጎላይ ናብ ሰውራ ክዝንብል ጀመረ። ኣስመራ ምስ ተመለሰና፡ ድሕሪ ሰሙን ጥርሙዝ ጅን ብደረቐ ሰትዮ ሓደርኩዎ፡ ወጋሕታ ሰዓት 5፡00 ናብ ከረን በረርኩ። ኣብቲ ተ.ሓ.ኤ ጀለብያ ተኸዲናም ዝሰልይዎ ሆቴል ክረኽቦም ፊቲን ኣይሰለጠን። ኢጋጣሚ ሽዑ ከይመጽኡ ሓደሩ። ሓሳብይ ብጠልጠል ኸለኹ ናብ ኣስመራ ተመለስኩ።

ካብኡ ንደሓር ገለ ንዝበለኒ ኣምሓራይ ብጥርሙዝ ክፈግእ ጀመርኩ። መስተኸ? ግደፍዎባ! ኣዚዩ ሰታይ ኮንኩ። ጠባዩይ እናረቐቐ ከደ፡ ምስ ዝኾነ ብቐሊል እጋራጮ። ይኸነላይ ደኸን ኢለ፡ «ባር ሓወልቲ» እትብሃል ተኻረኹ። ከመይ ኢለዎ ክቐሰን፡ ጠንጠንኩዎ። ናብራይ ከርፋሕ እናኾነ ከይዱ እንተ በልኩኹም ዘይኣኸለኩም።

ኣብ መንጎኪ፡ ምስ ሓደ ናይ ሪፋይንሪ ዓሰብ ተክኒሻን እፋለጠልኩም። ብዘረባ ዘረባ፡ « ዓሰብ ዘይትመጽኢ፡ ኣብኡ ጥዑም ኢዩ» በለኒ። ምኽሩ ተቐቢለ፡ ተበቁጽኩ። እንተ ወሲነ ነግ ፈረግ ኣይብልንዮ። ባረን ከካርያ ዝደለያ ኣደይ ኪዳን ዝበሃላ ተቐረበን ስለ ዝጸንሓ፡ ኣካረዮኒ። «ተፈላጥነት» ጽቡቕ ኢዩ። «ተበርህ ባር ከፊታ» ምስ ተባህለ፡ ዓሚል ዓሰብ ናባይ ተገልበጠ። ጽቡቕ እቶት ከኣ ክረክብ ጀመርኩ። ኣብ ሰለስተ ወርሓይ ሓደ «ጥቁር ኣባይ» ዝበሃል ቤት ሳዕስዒት ብሸዱሽተ ሽሕ ብር ገሃእኩ። ጽቡቕ ውጽኢት ከኣ ኣምጽኣለይ።

ዝያዳ ዘዐምረለይ ዲስኮ ንኸሕትም ኣዲስ ኣበባ ከድኩ።

ምስ ኤርትራውያን ሙዚቀኛታት ንሰለስተ ወርሒ ልምምድ ገበርኩ። ኣብ መንጎዚ ኣብ ናይ ጽባቕ ውድድር (ሚሰስ) ንኸሳተፍ ዝሓጸዩኒ ሰባት መጽኡኒ።

«ፊጺመ ኣዩዳሉን፣» በልኩዎም።

«በጃኺ ድኣ፣ እዛ ዕድል ኣይተሕልፍያ።»

«በሉ ኣሕዋት ኣለወኒ ከማኻትኩምኖ ምስኣም ከማኸር።»

«እኖ መዓስ ክንምለሰኪ?»

«ባዕላይ ሰልኪ ክድውለልኩም» ኢሉ ሰልኩዎ ወሲዶ ኣፋነኹዎም። ምስ ከዳላይ፣ ንኻሕሳይ የውሃንስ ዝበሃል ኣማገዶይ ኣማኸርኩዎ። ክሓብዮም ከም ዘይነበረኒ፣ ተጀይቼ፣ ኣረድኣኒ። «እዚኻ ዝበዝሕ ቲኬት ዝሸጠት ትዕወት ማለት ኣይኖምበር፣ ወገኔ ወገንካ ማለት ኣይኮነን።» በለኒ።

«ጠፊኡኒ መዓስ ኮይኑ።» በልኩዎም።

«እንታይ ድኣ?» ኣተተኒ።

«ኣብ 2 ሰሙን እቲ ቲኬታት ከመይ ገይረ ክሸጠ ኢሉ እየ?» በልኩዎም።

«ናይ ምሻጡ ድኣን ናባይ ግደፍዮ፣ ንሰኺ ኣብ ሓደ ሓደ እንዳ ዓበይቲ ኢኺ ትኸዲ ምሳና፣ መታን ጭቡጥ ክኸፍልና» በለኒ።

ንሱ ምስቶም ናይ ውድድር ሽማግሌ ተራኺቡ፣ ሓደ ሽሕ ቲኬት ወሰደ። ንሱን ካልኣትን ኮይኖም «ተበርህ ተሰፋሁነይ ምረጹ!» ዝብል ጭርሖ ዘርግሑ።

መዓልቲ ውድድር ኣኺሉ፣ ኣነ ሓሙሽይተን ቀረብና። ኣብቲ መድረሽ ቈቁጽርና ተዋህበና። ሽዑ ነናብ የዐውተና ዝበልናዮ ተመደብና። ኣነ ምስታ 4 ሰባት ዝኣባላታ ባንድ ክደርፍ ብኻሕሳይ የውሃንስ ተነግረኒ። እቶም ባንድ መጀረይ ይፈልጡዎ ሰለ ዝነበሩ፣ ኣይጸገሞምን። «ዓቢ ህድሞ» ክደርፍ ምስ ጀመርኩ፣ መድረሽ ብሸልማትን ገንዘብን መልእ። በዓል ካሕሳይ ከኣ በዚ ነቲ ገንዘብ እናኣከቡ፣ በቲ

ሽአ ነቲ ቲኬት ይቆጽርዎ ነበሩ። ወጋሕ ትበል ለይቲ ስለ
ዝነበረ፣ ዝበዝሕ ናተይ ሰዓቢ ሽይኑ አውጋሕናዎ። አብ
ገነት ሆቴል ኢዩ ዝነበረ። ብአዚዩ ልዑል ነጥቢ ሽአ ኮፖ
ጨበጥኩ። በዓል ትዕግስቲ ወናኒት ሆቴል ዘላቶም ፈሰብ
መካይን ፋም እናበሉ፣ አዲስ አበባን ከባቢአን ተዛወርና።
ናይ ደስ ደስ ከአ አብ እንዳ ትዕግስቲ ዓቢ ሸሻይ ተገብረ።
ድሕሪኡ ዋንጫይ ሒዞ ብነፋሪት ናብ አስመራ ከድና።
እቶም ዋንጫ ዝሃቡኒ፣ አብ አህጉራዊ መዓርፎ ነፈርቲ
አስመራ ተቐበሉና። ናይ እንቋዕ ሓጎስኪ ፍዮሪ አዕተሩኒ።
ብ2 ናእሸቲ መካይን ከአ ናብ አስመራ አተና። እታ
ዋንጫን እቲ መመልከዲአን አብ ክበብ ሓማሴን አመሪቕና
ሰቓልናዮን ተፈላለና። አነ ናብ እንዳ አደይ ከድኩ። አደይ
ብታሕጓስ ነብዐት። ድሕሪ ሰሙን ክበብ አከለጉዛይውን
ከድናዮምዎ፣ ብጭራ ዋጣ ተቐበሉና።

አዲስ አበባ ተመለስኩ። ብሓጺር ጊዜ ምስ በረሽት
መንግስትአብ ቤት መስተ ከፊትና ነበርና። አብ መንጎኪ
ናብ ስዊድን ናይ ምኻድ ዕድል ስለ ዘጋጠመኒ ናይ ዓሰብ
ይኹን ካልእ ንብረተይ ጠንጢነ፣ ናብ ከተማ ስቶኮልም
አተኹ። እዚ አብ መጀመርታ 70 ታት ኢዩ። «ሳላ
ጎሮሮኺ አብ ሰነ ጥበብ እንታይ አፍሪኺ?» ኢልኩም
ከምትሓቲኒ ፍሉጥ ኢዩ። ከሳዕዚ ናብ ሸወደን ዝሸድኩሉ
ብጠቐላላ 8 ዲሰከታት አሕቲመ ነይረ።

3ይ ምዕራፍ

ክልተ ሲዊድናውያን አብ መግርፎ ነፈርቲ ተቐበሉኒ። ክሰምዖም ስለ ዘይክእል፡ ብዝተሰበረ ለንግሊዝ፡ ጥዕናይ ሓቲቶም፡ «እንቋዕ ደሓን መጻእኪ» ኢሎም ናብ ከተማ ኣእተዉኒ። ጉዳዩ ክሳዕ ዝሳለጠለይ አብ ሓደ ቦታ ክጸንሕ ነበረኒ። ድሕሪ ሳልሱቲ ሓንቲ ሰበይቲ ተርጓማይ ሓዛ መጽአትኒ።

«እንታይ ኩንኪ መጻእኪ?» በለትኒ።

«ሃገርና አብ ትሕቲ መግዛእቲ ሰለዘላ» በልኩዋ።

«እሞ ሕጂ ንኢትዮጵያ ኣይትምለስን ኢኺ?»

«ፊጺመ ኣይምለስን።»

«ሃገርና ፊቲኸዮላኺ ማለት ኢዩ።»

«እወ።»

«በሊ ኣጆኺ፡ ኣብዚ ከም ትቐመጢ ክንገብር ኢና።»

በለትኒዎ ብታሕጓስ ክፍንጫሕ በልኩ።

«እሞ ሕጂ ከመይ እዩ ክገብር?» ከኣ በልኩዎ ምስኪንክን እናበልኩ።

«ድሓን፡ ኩሉ ናባይ ግደፍዮ።» ኢላ ፓስፖርቲይ ሓዛ ናብ እንዳ ፖሊስ ከደት፡ ንሓደ ሰዓት ዝኸውን ምስእም ምስ ተዘራረበት ናባይ መጽአትዎ «ንዓሰርተ መዓልቲ ዝኸውን ኩነታትኪ ኣጽኒዖም፡ ንናይ ጠባይ መምዘኒ ናይ 3 ወርሒ ብጫ ወቕቶም ክህቡኺ ኢዮም።» በለትኒ።

«የቐንደለይ፡ ኣዚየ ኣመሰግኻኪ» በልኩዎ።

« ኣብዚ ወርሒ ሓደ ወርሒ ምስ ገበርኪ ኺኣ፡ ንሕና

ገዛ ክንህበኪ ኢና።» ኢላትኒ፡ እነ ናብ ሆቴል ንሳ ንገዛኦ ተፈላለና።

እተን 10 ናይ ትዕዛብቲ መዓልታት ቅድሚ ምእካለን፡ ወያ ሓላል ሰበይቲ ኩነታተይ ክትፈልጥ መጽአት። ማዳም እነት ኢያ ትበሃል።

« እዚ ከተማ ትዛወሪዮዶለኹ?» ሓተተትኒ።

«እወ፡ ብዙሕ ቦታታት ርእየ።» በልኩዋ።

«ብምንታይ ኬድኪ?»

«ብታክሲ።»

«ዋይ! ብታክሲ ድኣ ክኸብረኪ እንድዩ፡ ብባቡር ወይ ብአውቶቡስ ኢኹ ትኸዲ።» በለትኒ።

ሓቃ ኢያ፡ ንብዙሕ መዓልታት ከዛውረኒ ዝግባእ ገንዘብ እየ ኣብ ታክሲ ኣጥፊእዮ። ግን ከኣ ከምኡ መግቢሪያይ ምኽንያት ነይሩኒ ኢዩ። እቲ ከተማ ገፊሕ ሰለ ዝኾነ፡ ብባቡር ወይ ኣውቶቡስ ክጠፍእ እየ። በዓል ታክሲ ግን ኣድራሻ ናይታ ዘለኹዋ ሆቴል ሂቦ ብቐሊል ከምጽኣኒ ይኸእል ኢዩ።

«ከተማኹም እንድዩዋ ገፊሕ ከይኑ።» በልኩዋ ንኸትርድኣኒ።

«ድሓን በዛ ኣድራሻዚኣ ኣውርዱኒ ትበልዮም» ኢላ ሃበትኒ። ድሕሪ 3 መዓልቲ ተመሊሳ ምስቶም ፖሊስ ክተፋልጠኒ ምኻና ሓቢራትኒ ኸደት።

ክላዕ ሸዑ፡ ከምቲ ዝበለትኒ ከተማ ብባቡር ኮለል በልኩዋ። መወዳእታ ዘይበላ ከተማ። ተገረምኩ። ብኸንደይ ዓመታት ኢዮም ሓሊፎምና ዘለዉ! ደንጸወኒ። ማዳም እነት ከም ቆጸራኣ ሰዓት 8:00 መጸት። ሓዛትኒ ኸኣ ብባቡር ናብቶም ፖሊስ ክድና። ከምቲ ኣቐዲማ ነጊራትኒ ዝነበረት ከኣ ኩሉ ወድኡለይ። ክላዕ ወርሓይ ትኣክል ናብታ ሆቴል ተመለስኩ። ወርሓይ ምስ ኣኸለ፡ ማዳም መጺኣ፡ ናብ

ሮንድማን ስጋታን 48 ዝተባህለ ቦታ ወሲዳ፤ «እዚ ኢዩ ገዛኺ» በለትኒ። ሰለሰተ ክፍልታት ምስ ክሸነኡን ሸቓቕን መሕጸቢ ነብሲን፤ ምስኡ ኸአ ኮረድዮ። እሓልም ዘለኹ መሰለኒ።

«ናይዚ ክራይ፤» በለትኒ ማዳም፤ «መንግስቲ ሰዊድን ኢያ ክትከፍለልኪ። ኣብዚኣ እናተቐመጥኪ ከአ ቋንቋ ክትመሃሪ ኢኺ።»

«ኣበይ ክመሃር?»

«ባዕላይ ከርእየኪ እዩ። ሕጂ ግን ንዕናይ ምሳይ ክትምስሒ ኢኺ።»

ገዛኣ ከድና። ቤተ መንግስቲ ኢዩ ዝመስል። ሰብኣያ ጽቡቕ ተቐበለኒ። ንኣኣ ኸአ ኣብ ኣፋ ሰዓማ። ግርምብያለ ኢዩ ገይሩ ነይሩ። ጽቡቕ ገይሩ ዝኸሸኖ መግቢ ቀረበልና። ምስኡ ኸአ ቢራ «ጢሽ-ጢሽ» ኣቢሉ ከፈተልና። ብኸምዚ ጽቡቕ ኣጋቢዛ ማዳም ገዛይ መለሰትኒ። ብዝወሃበኒ ገንዘብ ኣሰቢዛይ እናገበርኩ ከአ ናይ ቋንቋ ትምህርቲ ጀመርኩ።

ሃለዋተይ ዝፈለጡ ደቂ ኤርትራ መጺኦም ተላለዩኒ። ሓደ ሃሽም ሓሰን ሃይቲ ናይ ተ.ሓ.ኤ ክኸውን ከለ። ወልዱ የውሃንስ፤ ሰመረ ሰለሙን፤ ኪዳነ ዝበሃሉ ኢዮም። ዕላልና ብዛዕባ ጉዳይ ሃገርን ሰውራን ኢዩ ዝኸበረ። ሃገራዊ ሰምዒተይ እንደገና ክቕሰቀስ ጀመረ።

ናይ ሰለሰተ ወርሒ ናይ ቋንቋ ትምህርቲ፤ ጽቡቕ ነጥቢ ብምምጻእ ዛዘምኩም። መማህራነይ ከአ ብኣይ ተሓጉሱ። እዚ ክብለኩም ከለኹ ግን ኣብ ስራሕ ቁሩብ ዘራዳድኣኒን፤ መምሰሒ መድረሪ ዝኸነንን ክኢለ ማለተይ እዩ እምበር ናይ ጨራሩንድዮቲ ቋንቋኣም።

ንማዳም ኣነት ተሌፎን ደዊለ፤ ናብ ሕክምና ስራሕ ኣእትውኒ» በልኩዎ። ንጽባሒቱ መጺኣ፤ ናብ ናይ ሕርሰን ጥንሰን ሕክምና ወሰደትኒ። ተረዳዲኣ ኸአ ስራሕ

አጀመረትኒ። ተጸሚው ንሰለስተ ዓመት ሰራሕቱ። እቲ ናይ ሜዳ ሰምዒት ኣብ ኣንጎላይ እናኸደደ ድቃስ ይኸልኣኒ ነበረ። ናይ ገርጨውጨው ኣመለይ ጀመረኒ። ኣብቲ ሰራሕ ራብዓይ ዓመትኳ እንተ ጀመርኩዋ፣ ፈጸመ ክቕጽል ኣይከኣልኩን።

ነቶም ኣቐዲመ ዝተፋለጥኩዎም ኤርትራውያን፣ «ከመይ ጌረ ንሜዳ ክኸይድ እኸእል?» እናበልኩ ልቦም እጥፋእኩሎም። ኣደ መዓልቲ ሰመረ ሰለሞን ንበይኑ መጸእኦ፣ «ብኣንጎብ ማለት ቅዱምን ድሑርን ኮይንና ክንብገስ ኢና፣ ንኸልእ ሰብ ኣይትዛረቢ» ኢሉ ኣጸናንግኒ። ከምቲ ዝበለኒ ኸእ ንሱ ቀዲሙኒ ኸደ። እነ ኸእ ብ5/7/75 ሜዳ ኣትዮ፣ ናብ ሀ.ሓ.ሓ.ኤ ተሰለፍኩ።



4ይ ምዕራፍ

ብቃርራ ገይረ እየ ማህሚመት አትዩ። ብትእዛዝ መሓሪ ደበሳይ ዝተባህለ ሓላፊ፣ ሓደ ተኸሉ ስሙ ኢዩ መሪሑ አእቲዩና። ኣብ ማህሚመት ሓንቲ ጋንታ ጸንሓትና። እምኒ ኣርሲኖም ኣብ ልዕሊኡ ጣይታ ወዲ ዓክር ይሰንኩቱ ነበሩ። ምስ ረአኹዎም ብዙሕ ሓዘንኩ። ብድድ ኢሊ « ኣነ ክሰንክተልኩም» በልኩዎም።

«ኣይ ባዕልና ኢና ንሰንክቶ ኣዕርፊ ጥራሕ» በሉኒ።

«ኣይፋለይ ክሰንክትዮ» ኢሊ ኣዕገርገርኩዎም።

«እስከ በሊ ቁሩብ ፈትኒ» ኢሉም ሃቡኒ። ክልተ ጣይታ ምስ ሰንክትኩ ኣሕደጉኒ።

ሓላፊእም መጺኡ፣ ብትሕትና ኣዕለለና። ምስ መሰዩ ኸአ፣ «በላ ንሕና ሓለዋ ታባ ክንከይድ ኢና፣ ምስተመለስና ናብ ዝምልከቶ ኣካል ክትከዳ ኢኸን፣ ክሳዕ ሽዑ ኣዕርፋ» ኢሉና፣ ተስሪዎም ተወንጨፉ። ሰዓት 5:00 ተመሊሶም ኣበገሱና። ሰዓት 2:00 ድሕሪ ቀትሪ ከአ ብሌቓት አተና።

ድሕሪ 10 መዓልቲ ሚሊታሪ ስረን ካምፑን ተቐበልኩ። ቅድሚ ናብ ክፍሊ ታዕሊም ምኻደይ ከአ፣ ሃይለ ጀብሃ ተባህለ ታሪኽ ህይወተይ መልአ። ምስተን ኣብኡ ዝጸንሓኒ ኣርባዕተ ደቀንሰትዮ ተጸንበርኩ። ጸጉረይ ቆሪጸን ከአ ኣፍሮ ዝራኡ። ወተሃደራዊ ታዕሊም፣ ፖለቲካዊ ትምህርቲ፣ ነቕፌታ ነብሰ ነቕፌታ፣ እናደጋገምና ከመይ ዝበልና ተጋደልቲ ኮንና፣ ዘይተረድኣና ኸአ ንብጻይ ማሕሙድ ሸሪፎ ንሓቶ ነበርና። እዚ ኹሉ ክኸውን፣ ሓንቲ መዓልቲ ነፈርቲ

መጸእን ብፈክረስ አሰራጠያና። ድሕሪኑ መዓልቲ፣ መዓልቲ ይመጽእና ስለ ዝነበራ፣ ክልተ ሰለስተ ሰዓት ተዓሊምና ኣብ ታባ ንውዕል ነበርና። ድሕሪ ሰለስተ ወርሒ፣ ክንውዛዕ ተዳለና፣ ናብ ኣይልታት ዝኸዳ ቅድም ኣሰማተን ተጸውዓ ። እኒ ስለ ዘይተጸዋዕኩ ኸኣ ምኸኸ በልኩ። ደድሕሪ ኣይልታት፣ ናብ ሕክምና ዝኸዳ ተጸውዓ። ድሕሪኡ ናብ ክፍሊ ባህሊ እንኸይድ ክልተ ሰባት ጥራሕ ተጸዋዕና። ደስ ኣይበለንን። ግን ሕጊ ሻዕብያ ስለ ዝኾነ ኣጽቀጥኩ። ንሳተን ምስ ከዳ ድሕሪት ትርፍ ኢለ፣ ነቲ ዝውዝዓና ተጋዳላይ ሰለሞን፣

«ሰለሞንታይ ናብ ኣይልታት ዘይወዛዕኩምኒ?» በልኩዎ ኩርይ ኢለ።

«ብደርፊ ጌርኪኻ፣ ንጸላኢ ልክዕ ብጥይት ትሃርሞዮ ኣለኺ ማለት ኢዩ» ኢሉ ከም ቆልዓ ጠባቢሩ ሰደደኒ።

ናብ ባህሊ ምስ ተመደብኩ፣ ጽቡቕ ኣይነበረን። ኣብ መንጎና መዓት ምቅንናእ። ገሊኣ ኸኣ ናይ ላብ ሰዓቢት፣ ኣንቲ መዓልቲ ማይን ጨውን በሊዓ ዘይትፈልጥ፣ መሓሰኣ ወይ ብራሕ እትምገብ..ከታ ኣይተሰማማዕናን። ኣብ መንጎ «ናይ ሰነ-ጽሑፍ» ዝበሃሉ ምስ መጽሓፍ ቁሩብ ንኣይሸ ኔርና። ንኣይሸምበር እቲ ዘይ ምስምማዕስ ቀጸለ ድኣ።

ኣደ መዓልቲ «ባህሊ ክተርእዩ ንኸበሳ ክትብገሱ ኢኹም» ዝብል መምርሒ መጽእና። ቅድሚ ምብጋስና ከኣ መደብ ወጽኣ። ከበሳ ደይብና፣ ወኪዛግር። እንተኾነ፣ ኣይልታትና ባህሊ ክርእዩ ምስተኣከቡ ሽዑ ንግደት ዛግር ኢዩ ዝነበረሞ ወዮም ኮማንድስ ናብ ድፋዕ ብጸትና ኣትዮም ተኸሱ ስለ ዝኸፈቱ፣ ንሕና ንዕናናላይ ከድና። ህዝቢ ዕናናላይ ጽቡቕ ተቐበለና። ኣብኡ ኣርእይ ሓዲርና ከኣ ንዓንሰባ ተበገስና፣ ኣብ ዓንሰባ ተ.ሓ.ኤ ጸንሑና። ንዓይ ፈልዮም ካብቲ ክሰትይዎ ዝጸንሑ ቢራን ዊሰኪን ጋበዙኒ። ቁሩብ ጥዲመ፣

«የቸንዩለይ፣ ብጾት ይጽበዩኒ ኢዮም ዘለዉ» ኢሉዮም ከድኩ። ድሕሪኡ ኣብ ናባ ዓንሰባ ኣርኢና። እንደገና ናብ ዕናናላይ ተመሊሰና ካልኣይ ጊዜ ኣርኢና። ኣብኡ ዝጸንሑና ተጋደልቲ ናይቲ ዝቸነይዎ ውግእ እጸቢቓም ደኺሞም ነበሩ።

ናይቲ ዝቸነናዮ ምርኢት ገምጋም ንምግባር ኣብ ወኪዛግር ኣኼባ ገበሩልና። ብጻይ ኣስመሮም ገረዝጊሂር ኢዩ። ኣብቲ ግዜ ምርኢት ናይ ዘይ ምስምማዕና ነጸብራቕ ይረኣ ስ ለዝነበረ፣ ኣብ ነቕፌታ ቀረበ። እንተ ኾነ ገሊኡም ኣይኣመንሉን። ቦታና ምስ ተመለሰና ኸኣ ብበዓል መሓመድ ዓሊ ዕመሩ ካልኣይ ኣኼባ ተገብረልና። ምንጽጸህ ግን ኣይተራእየን። ዓጠንጠን እናበልና ኸኣ ድሕሪኡ ውን ኣብ ሓያለይ ቦታታት ኣርኢና። እቲ ዘይ ምስምማዕ ግን ቀጸለ።

ባህሊ ፋሕ-ፋሕ በለት። ኣነ ኸኣ ናብ ቦጦሎኒ 3 ተመዲበ ሓንጎለይ ሕድስ በለ። ናብታ ቦጦሎኒ ምስ ኣተኹ፣ ኣብ ከበሳ ሓደ-ሓደ ውግኣት ኣካይድና፣ ንናቕፋ ተበገሰና። እንተ ኾነ፣ በዓል በርህ ጸዕዳ፣ ክዕቅቡኒ ስለ ዝደለዩ ስራሕ ኣመኸንዮም፣ ናብ ሕክምና ፍልፍል ሰደዱኒ።

ፍልፍል ምስ ኣተኹ፣ ገጢመዮም፣ ኣብኡ ንዝነበረ ዶክተር ወዲ ባሻይ፣ «በጃኻ ዘድልዩኒ ሂብካ ሰደደኒ» ኢሉ ለመንኩዎ።

«ኣብዚ ጽንሑ እንድኺ ተባሂልኪ። ትእዛዝኻ ኢዩ» ኢሉ ኣቕበጸኒ። ደጋጊመ ምስ ለመንኩዎ ግን፣ ምስ ሓደ ሰብ ከም ዝብገስ ገበረ። ውግእ ናቕፋ ከኣ ኣርኩበኩ። ናቕፋ ሓራ ወጺኣ፣ ጉዕዞና ናብ ኣፍዓበት ኮነ። ከም ኣመሎም ከኣ ንዓይ፣ ኣብ ናቕፋ ምስ ቁጠባ ክጸንሕ ትእዛዝ ሃቡኒ። ብሕርቃን ጣዕ ክበል ደለኹ። ኣብ መወዳእታ ምስታ ድሒራ ትኸይድ ዝነበረት ቦጦሎኒ ኣርባዕተ ከዩለልዩኒ ቆብዕ ኣብ ርእሰይ ገይረ ምስ ሓንቲ ሓይሊ ተሰራዕኩ። ከንክይድ ከንክይድ፣ መራሒ ሓይሊ «ኣብሩኸ» ኣመሓላሊ።

«ብጻይ ሂላል» ዝብል ድራር ለይቲ ተቐበልና። ድራር ለይቲ፡ መረዳድኢ ኮድ ኢዩ። ነቲ መሰርዕ እናተዘዋወረ ሓይሊ ይቆጸጸር ስለ ዝነበረ፡ አባይ ምስ በጽሑ ምልላይ ስኢኑኒ «አታ፡ ማንኛኛ ማን ኢኻ?» ኢሉ ሓተተኒ።

«ኸሸይን ድሕሪት ተሪፊ ምበር ናይ ቦጦሎኒ ስለስተ እዩ» በልኩዎ።

«በል ኪድ አርክባ፡ አመሓላልፍዎ ክንብሎም ኢና» በለኒ።

«አይ፡ ድሓን፡ ከይደናገርስ፡ እነዕርፈሉ ቦታ ምስተዋህበና ክጽንበርም ይሕሸኒ» ኢሊ አመኻኻኹ።

«ሓቅኻ፡ ሽዑ ይሓይሽ» ኢሉ፡ ንሓይሉ ናይ ተበጎስ ትእዛዝ ሃበ። ወርሒ ብዘይ ብሉ ጸልማት ትጉዕዝ ምስ ሓደርና ሽኦ አብ ሓደ ቦታ አዕሪፍና። «ማንኛኛ ንዓ በል፡ እነህለት ቦጦሎኒኻ» በለኒ ወዮ መራሒ ሓይሊ። ሽዑ መራሒ ቦጦሎኒና በርህ ጸዕዳ ተሰዊኦ ኢዩ ነይሩ አብ ናቕፋ። እቲ ሓዲሽ መራሒ ቦጦሎኒ፡ ሌላ ስለ ዘይነበረኒ፡ ንሱ ሽኦ በታ ሕጊ ጥራሕ ስለ ዝኸይድ፡ ክመልሰኒ ኢዩ ኢሊ ከብደይ ሕቡጭቡጭ በለኒ። «ወዲ ጸዕዳ እንተ ዝኸውንሰ አይምጨከሳይን» ከኦ በልኩ ብውሸጠይ። ዕ ጥይጥይ ክብል ዝረእዩ መራሒ ሓይሊ ቅርብ ኢሉ «ተሰእግታ» ኢሉ ቆብዐይ ሓፍ አበሎጥ፡ « ወይለይ፡ አንቲ ንሰኺ ድኦ ንል ተሰፋህነይ እንዲኺ» በለኒ ተገሪሙ።

«እወ አነ፡ በጃኻባ ምሳኹም ክኸውን» በልኩዎ።

«ዎ! ቦጦሎኒ 3 ብርትዕቲ እንድያ፡ ክተቐትልና» በለኒ።

«ኩልና ብርቱዓት ንሱስ።»

«ንሱስ ሓቅኺ፡ ክንጸወትኪ ኢልና ምበር» ኢሉ ኢጋ ምሸት ናብ መራሒ ቦጦሎኒና ወሰደኒ። ሓዲሽ መራሒ ቦጦሎኒና ብጻይ ዓሊ ኢብሪሂም ኢዩ ዝነበረ።

«መን ምጽኢ ኢሉኪ?» በለኒ።
 «ክሰዋእ እንተ በልኩሞ እንታይ ኢዩ ግዲ?» በልኩም ትርር ኢለ።
 «ቅድም ንናቕፋ ከምኡ ጌርኪ ኢሎሙኺ። ሕጂኽ ናበይ ከም እንኸይድ ፈሊጥኪ ሰዲብኪ?» በለኒ።
 «አበይ ክፈልጥ ድኣ፡ አሰር ተኸተለ'ምበር።» በልኩ እናፈራሕኩ።
 «ጃሱስ ኢኺ ንሰኺ» ኢሉኒ ኮፍ በለ።
 «እንቋዕ ድኣ ሓለፊትለይ'ምበር፡ ጃሱስስ ድኣ?» ኢለ ብውሽጠይ፡ አጽቅጥ አበልኩ። ንሱን ምስኡ ዝበሉን «ንዲ ተደረሪ» በሉኒ። በኸምዚ ኸአ ናብ አሃዳዩይ ተጸንበርኩ። ኣብ ጎድኒ ብጸተይ ኮይን ድማ፡ አብቲ መሪር ውግእ ኩማ አፍዓ በት ተሳተፍኩ። ህጃም እናቐጸለ፡ አነ ኸአ ምስ ብጸተይ እናተናጠርኩ ከለኹ፡ ብጸይ ዓሊ ኢብራሂም ጸውዓኒ።
 «ጓል ተስፋሁነይ ሕጂ ሰራሕ ክትወሃቢ ኢኺ» በለኒ።
 «ካብዚ ዝዓቢ ሰራሕ?»
 «እወ» ኢሉ ወሰደኒ'ሞ፡ እንተ ረአኹስ 40 ዝኾኑ ምሩኻት። «ነዚአም ቀጥ አቢልኪ ሓልውዮም ኢኺ» ኢሉኒ ኸደ። መምርሒ ሻዕብያ ጽኑዕ ብምጃኑ ፈሪሕ'ምበር፡ ምስቲ ዝቐጸል ዝነበረ ብርቱዕ ውግእስ፡ አቃብጽ አቢለዮም ክኸይድ አይጸላእኩን። ብዝኾነ ንዓሊ እናረገምኩ ውግእ ክሳዕ ዝዛዘም ሓላኹዎም።
 አፍዓበት ሓራ ምስ ወጽአት፡ ምስቲ ህዝቢ ኩይንና ብጓይላን ሳዕስዲትን ጸንበልናዎ። ንንግሆኡ ናብ ድፋዕና ከድና። ድራር ለይቲ ብጸይ በርህ ጸዕዓ ተዋሂቡና ሓደረ። ካብኡ ጉዕዞ ኹን። 3 ሰዓት ዝኸውን ምስ ከድና፡ «አብሩኽ» ተመሓላለፈ። ኣብ ዘዘለናዮ ኮፍ በልና። አኼባ ኮነ። እዚ ዚሰዕብ መምርሒ ከአ ተዋህበና።
 « ምህጋር፡ ጥቕሙን ጉድኣቱን ትፈልጥዎ ኢኹም።

ሐበሬታ አየድልየኩምን። በዘይካተን አብ ናቕፋ ተፈቺደናልኩም ዝሓዘኩመን ክዳውንቲ ሕጂ አብ አፍፃብት ዝሓዘኩም ኩልኹም፣ በብሓደ አብዚአ ተውጽእዎ። እንተ ዘየለ፣ ዋላ እቲ ናይ ናቕፋውን ክትሕደጉ ኢኹም።»

ወልደንኪኤል ሃይለ ኢዩ ከምኡ ዝበለ። አብ ቀጣን እም ተሰቂሉ። ኩልና አብ ሰላንጣና ዝበረ እናውጸእና አህገርናዮ። ካብኡ ዘዘድልየና በአገባብ፣ በመሳርዕ ተፃደለና። እዚ ምስተወድአ፣ ናብ መንተብለ ከድና። ንግሆ ብድድ እንተ በልናሱ፣ ቀዋሚኡ ዋላ ተንቀሳቓሲኡ፣ ምሉእ ውድብ ተኣኪቡ። ነንፈልጦ እናረኽብና ከአ ተሓናኒቕና ተሰፃፃምና። ተኸሊጥ ኢዩ ከግበር። ተኸሊጥ ተወዲኡ ድማ እነ ብርጌድ 51 ቦጦሎኒ 3 ናይ ዑመር ጠዊል በጽሓትኒ።

ብርጌድና ብቐጥታ ናብ ደቡብ ደየበት። ዓዲ ሞንጎንቲ፣ ዓዲ ንፋሱ፣ ሓሊቦ፣ ማይ ሓጸ፣ ትኹል፣ ማይ ዕዳጋ፣ ኩሉ አብ ትሕቲ ቁጽጽርና አእተናዮ። ድሕሪ ሰለስተ ወርሒ ኸእ ደቀምሓረ በጽፋፍ መጽናዕቲ፣ ሰዓት ሓደ ናይ ቀትሪ አተናያ። ጸላኢ በገርሁ ስለ ዝረኽብናዮ ራዕዲ አተም። አብ ውሽጢ አርባዕተ ሰዓታት ድማ ምሉእ ብምሉእ ተቐጸጸርናያ። ደድሕሪና ኩተማ ከረን ብብርጌድ 70ን ከበድ ብረትን ሓራ ከም ዝወጽአት ሰማዕና። ድሕሪ ወርሒ ከአ ሰገይትን ድግሳን ሓራ ወጽአ።

ጸላኢ፣ ንደቀምሓረን ሰገይትን ከምልሱ፣ ካብ አሰመራ ኩብገስ ምጂኦ ስለ ዝተፈልጠ፣ ከንከላኸል ናብ ዓዲ ሓውሻ ከድና። ክረምቲ ብምንባሩ ማይ ጢቕ ይብል ነበረ። ህዝቢ ከይጉዳእ ንበረኻ አውጺእናዮ ኢና። ጸላኢ 6ሺሕ ሰራዊትን 3 ታንክታትን አሰኒዩ ወፈረና። አብ መበል 3ይ መፃልቲ ናይቲ ውግእ፣ ሓንቲ ደቃቕ ሰኮጀ ግንባረይ ስለ ዝሃረመትንን ጸጋመይቲ እዝነይ ብአርፒጂ ስለ ዝጸመመትን ናብ ሕክምና ደቀምሓረ ወሰዱኒ። እቲ ውግእ ግን 316 መፃልቲ

ብዘይምቁራጽ ተኻይዱ፣ ብጸትና ከም ዝተዓወቱን ጸላኢ ተጸፊዑ ከም ዝተመልሰን ፈለጥና።

ካብ ደቀምሓረ ናብ ሕክምና ዓላ ኣውረዳና። ኣብኡ ደክተር ሚኪኤልን ነርስ ሮማን፣ እታ ናይ ግንባረይ ስኮጅ፣ ውቃጦይ በሲዓ ውሽጢ ከም ዝኣተወት ኣረጋገጹ። ካብ ዓ ላ ንፍልፍል፣ ካብ ፍልፍል ከኣ ድሕሪ 3 ሰሙን ናብ ሰበርቀጠ-ሳሕል ወሰዱኒ። መወዳእታ ወርሒ 10.1977 ኢዩ ዝነበረ።

ሽዑ ባጽዕ ንምሓዝ ብርቱዕ ውግእ ይካዩድ ነበረ። ሓዳሎ ውጉኣት ከኣ ናብ ሰበርቀጠ መጽኡና። ድሕሪ 5 ወርሒ፣ ንደክተር ሃይለ ምሕጹን «ድሓን ኮይን እየ ስደደኒ ናብ ኣሃዳዩይ» እናበልኩ ረበሽኩዎ። ረብሻ ምስ በዝሓ ከኣ፣ ንሓደ ብጻይ «ተማልኣዮ» በሎ፣ዎ ወኪ ዛግር ደዮብኩ። ን2 መዓልቲ ኣብ ቶሚን - እንዳ ሰንቁ-ቀነኹ። ኣጸቢቐ ከም ዘይሓወኹ ዝረኣዩ ሓለፍቲ ኣንጠልጢሎም ናብ ሕክምና ፍልፍል መለሱኒ። ኣብኡውን ስለ ዘዕገርገኩ ከኣ በዓል ብጻይ ወልደንኪኤል ኣብርሃን ሰብሓት ኤፍረምን ንደቀምሓረ ወሰዱኒ።

«ኣብዚ ቀዋሚ ቤት ትምህርቲ ኩንኪ፣ ነዞም ተማሃሮን ቀደሕቲ ዕንባባን መዛሙርን ፖለቲካን ክትምህርዮም ኢኹ፣» በለኒ ብጻይ ወልደንኪኤል ናይ 06።

«ኣነ ናብ ኣሃዳዩይ ክኸይድዮ ዝደለ» በልኩዎ ኣንጸርጸረ። «ምስ ደልደልኪኮ ክትከዲ ኢኹ።» ህድእ ኢሉ ኣረድኣኒ። ምኽኛ መሬት ዘይወድቕ ኢዩ ዝነበረ። ሓንጎሊይ ከኣ ፍኹስ በለኒ። ሰርሓይ ቅድሚ ምጅማረይ ከኣ ብጻይ ተሰፋልደት ግርማይ ምስቶም ተማሃሮ ኣላለዩኒ። ክልተ ደርፍታት ከኣ ኣቕረብኩሎም።

ሓንቲ «ሕሰብ ተመራመር» ካልኣይቲ ከኣ «ብድሕራኹም ህይወት እንታይ ክዓብሰላይ» ዝበላ ነበራ። ድሕሪኡ ፖለቲካዊ

ትምህርቲ ሃብኩዎም። ብድሕረይ ከአ ሰወላቲ ሳባ ግደይ ኣትያ ሰዋሰውን ቁጽርን መሃረቶም። እቲ ሰራሕ ጽቡቕ ፈተኹዎ፣ ተማሃሮ ብኣይ ይሕጎሱን የንጨብጭቡን ስለ ዝነበሩ።

ድሕሪኡ ብጻይ ወልደንኪኤል ናብ ሕርሻ መደበኒ። «እዛ ደብዳቤ ሓዘኪ ንጋዴን ትኸዲ» ከአ በለኒ። ከድኩ። ኣብ ጋዴን ወርሒ ምስ ገበርኩ ኮፍ ጥራሕ ኮይኑ ጸላእኩዎም፣ ነቲ መራሒ መሰርዕ «ቦታይ ምለሰኒ» በልኩዎ።

«ናብ ማእከለይ ቦታና ክሰደኪ እየ ምስእም ትረዳድኢ» ኢሉ ሰብ ገይሩ ሰደደኒ። ኪዳነ ዝበሃል ሓላፊ ከአ ተቐበለኒ።

«እንታይ ድኣ ኩንኪ?» ሓተተኒ።

«ጸሊእዮ፣ ናብ ሓይለይ ሰደደኒ።» በልኩዎ።

«ተረዲኣኪ ለኹ። እዚ 2 መዓልቲ፣ ሞቓሊ ገርኪ ጽንሒ» በለኒ።

ድሕሪ 2 መዓልቲ ናይ ጋዴን ዘሎ ናይ ደቀምሓረ፣ ንኹልና ኣኪቦም ክንብገሰ ምጃንና ነገሩና። ብእግሪ ዝኸለሉ ብእግሪ፣ ዘይኸለል ከአ ብመኪና፣ እቲ ኩሉ ተማሃራይውን ደድሕፊና ተኸባኹብና ከረን ኣተና። ለካ ምዝላቕ ናይ ደቡብ ክኸውን ኢዩ ማለትዩ።

ኣብ ከረን ብጻይ ግርማይ መሓሪ፣ ናብ ሕክምና ሰርጂካል መደበኒ፣ ብጻይቲ ትርሓስ መራሒት ጋንታ ከአ ወረቐተይ ተቐበለትኒ። ናይ ሕክምና ኣንፈት ኣይነበረንን። ትርሓስ ግን ንዓይ ክትምህር ብዙሕ ትጽዕር ነበረት። ጸዕራ ከአ ብላሽ ኣይተረፈን። ኣብ 3 ወርሓይ፣ ማእከልነት ናይ ሕክምና ብጻይ ገብረመስቀል ጸዊዑ፣ «ንላሕል ክትመሃሪ ክትወርዲ ኢኹ» በለኒ።

20 ንኹውን ደቀንስትዮን 60 ዝኾኑ ደቂ ተባዕትዮን ላሕል ወረድና። 3 ወርሒ ምስተመሃርና ከአ ዶክተር ሃይለ ምሕጹን ወሃዓና። ኩላ ናብ ብዙሕ ቦታታት ፋሕ

በለት። እነ ከአ ካልአይ ርእሰይ ናብ ከረን ተመደብኩ።
አብ እንዳ መሕረስቲ ድማ በጽሓኒ። ናብ ዶክተር ንርአዮ።
መራሒት ጋንታና ከአ ጅምዓ ነበረት። ካልአት ከአ
ብጸይቲ፣ አብርሀት፣ ፍዮሪ፣ ምሕረት፣ ዓፍያ፣ ብጻይ ሃይለ፣
ወዲ ሚኪኤል ነበሩ።

ከምዚ ኢልና ብተወፋይነትን ምርድዳእን እናሰራሕና
ከሎና፣ ሃንደበት ብሸነሽ ዒላ በርዕድ ብርቱዕ ተሸሲ ሰማዕ
ና። ኩሉ ህዝቢ ከረን ከአ ሰንበደ። አቋሑትና ናብ
ምጥርናፍ ከአ አተና። አቋሑትና ሒዘ እናሽድኩ ብጻይ
ኢሳያስ አፈወርቂ ጎፍ በለኒ።

«ተበርህ!» በለኒ። ለጎሚ ወቅዕ ደው በልኩ።
«ከመይ አለኸ?» ቀጸለለይ።

«ብጣዕሚ ጽቡቕ!» በልኩዎ ሕፍረት እናተሰምዓኒ።

«ትጠራንፋዶለኸም?» ከአ በለኒ ገጹ ንንዩው እናጠመተ።

«እወ» ኢለዮ ናብ ቦታይ አምራሕኩ።

አብ ዒላ በርዕድ፣ ናትናን ናይ ጻላእን ከበድቲ ብረት
ከለዋወጥ ሕድር በላ። ንንግሆኑ ከአ አውቶቡሳት ተጻፂንና
ንሳሕል ገጽና ተበገስና። ነፈርቲ ውግእ ከንጠልጥላና እናደለዩ
ሽኦ አፍዓበት አተና። ብዘይ እሽለማይ ድማ ንሰለስተ መዓ
ልቲ ይሽውን ቀነና። አዴታት፣ ቆልዑት፣ ውጉአት! አዩ
ጽንዓት፣ አዩ ሓቦ፣ ኩሳ አብ ሳልሰቲ ኢያ መዐንገሊ
ረኸባ። ካብኡ ከአ ውጉአትን ዘይሸለሉን ብመኻይን፣
ካልእ ብእግሩ ጉዕዞ ሽኦ። ድሕሪ 4 መዓልቲ ድማ ሓሊበት
ዝተባህለ ቦታ አተና።

አብ ሓሊበት ምቕይያር ናይ አባላት ሕክምና ተገብረሞ፣
እነ ምስቶም ዳሕራይ ዝሸድኩዎም ክሰማማዕ አይከላልኩን።
ካብኡ ናብ ወተሃደራዊ ቤት ጽሕፈት ናብ ብጻይ አሰመርም
ገረዝጊሄር ሰደዱኒ። ንሱ ሽኦ ሃንደሳ አብ ጥቕኡ ሰለ
ዝነበሩ ናብኡ መደበኒ። ሓሳፊ ሃንደሳ ብጻይ ቀያሕታይ

«ናይ ሃንደሳ ኤሊክትሪክ ክትመሃሪ ኢኺ» በሉኒ። ኣብኡውን ኮፍ ጥራሕ ስለ ዝኾነ ኣይጠዓመንን። ናብ ወተሃደራዊ ቤት ጽሕፈት ተመለሰኩ፣ ናብ ካልእ ንኸውዝዑኒ። ንሳቶም ከኣ «እምበኣር ናብ ጀልሃንቲ ዝተባህለ ቦታ፣ ናብ ዶክተር ንርአዮ፣ ሕክምና ክንሰደኪ ኢና» በሉኒ። ደብዳቤ ዲዘ ንጀልሃንቲ!!



5ይ ምዕራፍ

ጀልሃንቲ መሬት ሱዳን ኮይኑ፡ ብሃሩር ልብኻ ዘጥፍእ ውቕዕ ቦታ ኢዩ። ምስቲ ምህንዳድ ጸላኢ፡ ውሕሰነት ዘለዎ ንኸኸነሎም፡ ዕቕብ ህዝብናን ሰንኩላን ተጋደልትን ዝሓዘ ክፍሊ ማሕበራዊ ጉዳይ፡ ቤት ትምህርቲ ሰውራ፡ ገለ ኣሃዳታት ኢደ ስራሓትን ነቲ ከባቢ ዘገልግል ሕክምናን ናብኡ ግዲዞም ነበሩ።

ቅድም ክፍሊ ማሕበራዊ ጉዳይ ስለ ዝርከቡ፡ ወረቕተይ ሃብኩዎም። «ኣብዚ ሕደሪ» ኢሎም መደቀሲ ሃቡኒ። ንጽባሒቱ ናብ ብጻይቲ ኣሰካሉ መንቐርዮስ ወሰዱኒ። ንሳ ነታ ደብዳቤ ኣንብብ ኣቢላ፡ «ሕጻ እንታይ ኢኺ ትደልዩ?» ኢላ ሓተተትኒ።

«ኣነ ንብጻይ ኣስመሮም፡ ወይ ንሓይልታት ሰደደኒ ወይ ከኣ ጠርዘኒ ኢሎዮ ነይረ እየ። ንሰኺ ከኣ ሓዲኡ ግበሪ» በልኩዎ።

«ሓይልታት ኣይትኸድን ኢኺ። ከተዕርፊ ኢኺ ኣብዚ» ኢላ ናብ በዓል ዶክተር ንርእዮን ብጻይ ገረማርያምን ሰደደትኒ። ተመያይጦም ሓንቲ ናይ በይነይ ቴንዳ ፈለዩለይ። ስለስተ መዓልቲ ምስ ገበርኩ፡ ዓቕለይ ጸቢቡኒ ኣዕለበጥኩ። ብርታዕ ሃሩር ተወሲኹዎ፡ ዝገብሮ ጠፍኣኒ። እቶም ብጻት ከኣ «ኣይትሳረቡዎ፡ መግባ ጥራሕ ኣብጹሓላ» ስለ ዝተባህሉ፡ መግበይን ማየይን እናቕረቡ ይከናኸኑኒ ነበሩ። ሓደ መዓልቲ ብጻይ ገብረማርያም መጺኡ፡ «ጽምዋ ከመይ ይገብረኪሎ?» በለኒ

«ጽቡቕ» በልኩዎ።

«እንታይ ድላ ኩንኪ ሰራሕ ዘይትጅምሪ?»

«ሕቶይ ትፈልጦ እንዲኻ ግዲ።»

«እፈልጠው፣ ግና ትጋገዩኮ ኢኺ ዘለኺ። ንሕና ጥዑያት ከምኡ ኢልና ዘይረበሽናስ፣ ንሰኺ ንምንታይ ሓይልታት ኢልኪ ትርብሺ። ሕጂ ንዲ ዘረባይ ሰምዕኒ፣ ሰራሕኪ ጀምሪ» ምስ በለኒ፣ ዘረባኡ ከበዱኒ፣ ብድድ ኢላ ናብ ብጸተይ ተጸንበርኩ።

ጸላኢ ንሻዳሻይ ወራር ምቅርራብ እናገበረ ኸሎ፣ መንግሥቲ ኑመሪ ናይ ሱዳን ምስ መንግሥቲ ሃይለማርያም ውዲት ስለ ዝገበረ፣ ኣብ ጀልሃንቲ ዝነበረ ኩሉ ናብ ሚዳ ኤርትራ ክኣቱ ተወሰነ። ኣነ ከኣ ናብ ግንባር ናቕፋ ኣሃዱ ሕክምና ከድኩ። ኣብኡ ቁሩብ እዋናት ምስ ገበርኩ፣ ካብ ሃወልዕ ዝተባህለ ቦታ ዝተላእከትለይ ደብዳቤ፣ እቲ መራሒ ጋንታ ኣንበበለይ።

«ናይ መርዓ ጉዳይ ስለ ዘለዎ ሰደዱዎ» ኢያ ትብል። ካብ ጨንፈር ኣካለ ሰንኩላን ዝተላእከት ደብዳቤ። ኣብ ጀልሃንቲ ከሎና፣ ምስ ሓደ ዓይነ-ስዉር ብጻይ ተዛሚደ ነይረ እዩ። ምስቲ ነታ ደብዳቤ ሓዙ ዝመጸ መራሒ መስኪና ኤነትረ ተበገሰኩ ናብ ሃወልዕ። ሓለፍቲ ጨ/ኣካለ ሰንኩላን ጽቡቕ ተቐበሉኒ። ኣብቲ ናይ ኣጋይሽ መጸበዩ ቴንዳ ሻሂ እናሰተኹን እናዕለልኩን ከለኹ ከኣ፣ ወዮ መዛምድተይ ብሓደ በዓል ምርኩስ ተመሪሑ መጽኣኒ። ወልደማርያም ወዲ ሳጅን ኢዩ ዝበሃል። ተሰዓዲምና ናይ ናፍቕት ዕላል ጀመርና። ድሕሪኡ ናብቲ ዘዳለዉልና ቴንዳ ከድና።

ድሕሪ ሰሙን መርዓ ተገብረ። ኣርባዕተ ጽምዲ ኢና ብሓንሳእ ተመርዒና። እቶም ሰለስተ ካብ ሓይልታት ዝመጽኡ ኢዮም። ሕጽኖትና ወዲእና፣ ሓዳርና ፈለና። እወ፣ ንዓይን ስዉራን ሓዳር ክፈልዩ ይፍቀድ ኢዩ ነይሩ። ክልተ ወርሒ

ምስ ገበርና ግን ምስምማዕ ሰአንና። እነ ውዕይቲ ንሱ ኸእ
ዝገደደ። ባእሲ ስለ ዝበዘሐ፣ ሓለፍቲ ናይቲ መዓስከር
አካለ ሰንኩላን ከረዳድኡና ፈቲኖም። ዝከአሎም ጽዒርም
ግን ክኸውን ኣይከአለን። ብፍላይ ወልደማርያም ብበትሪ
ምስ ሃረመኒ፣ ክጻወር ኣይከአልኩን። ብስጭት ንብስጭት
ኮንኩ። ጥፍኢ-ጥፍኢ መጽአኒ። ብናተይ ብልሓት ተጣቢቢ
ኸእ፣ ምስ ሓደ በዓል ገመል ተሰማሚዐ ንሱዳን ከድኩ።

አብ ፖርት ሱዳን ምስ ኣተኹ፣ ትኽ ኢላ ናብ ቤት
ጽሕፈትና ከድኩ። ሓላፊ ሙስጦፋ ኑርሑሲን ከእ ጽቡቕ
ተቐበለኒ። ንበይነይ ዝድቅሰላ ንእሽቶ ክፍሊ ምስ ዓራታ
ከእ ኣረከበኒ። ኣብታ ገዛ እናደቀስኩ፣ ኣብቲ ከተማ ንኸልተ
መዓልቲ ምስ ተዘዋወርኩ፣ ዝፈልጦም ስለ ዝረኽቡኩ፣
ክሪእም ክኸይድ፣ ንሙስጦፋ ክፍቅደለይ ሓተትኩዎ። ስለ
ዘፍቀደለይ ከእ ገዘአም ከድኩ። ብጻይ ኣስመሮም ወዳ
ክብርምን በዓልቲ ቤቱ ርሻንን ኢዮም። ምስቲ ዝነበረኒ
ናይ ርእሲ ጸገም ከእ ጽቡቕ ተኸናኸኑኒ።

ርሻን፣ ብዝያዳ ሓገዝ ዝረኽቡሉ መገዲ ትሓስብ ስለ
ዝነበረት፣ ሓደ መዓልቲ ናብ ሓደ ትካል ወሰደትኒ። ኣብኡ
ሓደ ዳዊት ዝተባህለ ኣባል ተ.ሓ.ኤ ጸንሓና። ሰራሕተኛ
ኢዩ። ርሻን፣ መንነተይ ምስ ነገረቶ በኸየ። ምስንካለይ ኢዩ
መሰለኒ ኣብክዩዎ። ን17 ዓመታት ብደርፊይ የፍቅረኒ
ከምዝነበረ ኣዘንተወለይ።

«እምበኣር፣ እቲ ሓላፊ ሰዓት 9:00 ክመጽእ ኢዩ
ተጸበዱ። እነ ኸእ ኣዐርዩ ሓገዝ ንኸገብረልኪ ዝከአለኒ
ዘበለ ክጽዕር እየ» በለኒ።

ወዮ ሓላፊ ኣብ ሰዓቲ መጽአ። ሆላንዳዊ ኢዩ። እታ
ካልኣይቱ ከእ ዳዊት ከም ዝነገረኒ ምስራዊት ኢያ። ንዳዊት
ናብ ውሽጢ ኣእትዮም፣ መንነተይ ሓተትዎ። «ሓፍተይ
ኢያ፣ ናይ ርእሲ ሕማም ኣሕዲራ ካብ ሜዳ መጸኣ»

በሉም።

«በል ጸውዓያ ክትፍርም» ስለ ዝበልዎ ጸውዓኒ። ፈሪመ ኸአ ካብቲ ሓደ ሰብ ዝወሰደ ዝተጻጸጸ። ንብረት ወሰድኩ።

«እሞ ገዛይ ክወሰደኪ እየ፣ ሓንሳእ ተጸበዪ ክፍቅዶም» በለኒም ዳዊት፣ ፍቓድ ሓቲቲ፣ ንብረተይ ተሰኪሙ ገዝኦ ወሰደኒ። ሰራሕተኛኡ ምሳሕ ቀረበትልና። ድሕሪ ምሳሕ፣ ክትናፈሲ ንዕናይ ኢሉ እንዳ ሓንቲ ኣማኒቲ ወሰደኒ። ቡን ተቐልዩ ወጃዕ ክንበል ወዓልና። «ዘፍቅዱልኪ እንተ ኸይኖም ቤት ጽሕፈትኩም፣ ኣብዚ ምስዛ ሰበይቲ ዓርከይ ዘይትኾኒ» በለኒ ዳዊት።

«ድሓን እናተመላለሰኩ ምዕላል ይሕሸኒ» በልኩዎ። ጸኒሑ ግን ንሓዳር ከም ዝደልየኒ ነገረኒ። ኣነ ኸአ «ሕራይ» በልኩዎ። ናብ ቤት ጽሕፈትና ከይደ ከአ ንሙስጦፋ ብግልግጥ ኣዘራረብኩዎ።

«እሂ ተበርህ ከመይ ኣለኺ?» በለኒ።

«ፖርት ሱዳን ጸሊኦ ስለ ዘለኹ፣ ንካርቲም ወረቕት ኣውጽኣለይ» በልኩዎ።

«ማሬ መሸክላ-ጸገም የለን» ኢሉ ስእሊ ኣስኢሉ ተሰሪሕ ወረቕት ኣውጽኣለይ።

ንካርቲም ዝሸይድ ተመሲለ፣ ናብ ዳዊት ከድኩ። ኣብ ሕለት ሱዳን ከአ ምስኡ ሓዳር ገይረ ከነብር ጀመርኩ። ክልተ ወርሒ ዝኸውን ምስ ገበርና ግን ናይ ፖለቲካ ክትዕ ስለ ዝጀመርና ፋሕ ፋሕ ኣተወና። ክዳውንተይ ጠቐሊላ ከአ ወጸእኩ።

ደልየ፣ ደልየ ኣብ ሓደ እንዳ ስኪብሊ ሰራሕ ጀመርኩ። ዓሰርተ ሓደ ሱዳናውያን ኢዮም። ምስራሕ ምግብን ምውልዋል ገዛን ድሓን ነይሩ፣ ቀንዲ ዘድኸመኒ ዝነበረ ሕጽቦን ምስትራርን ኢዩ። እቶም ሰባት ግን ጠባዮም ብጣዕ ሚ ፈትየዮም ነበርኩ። ድሕሪ ሰለስተ ወርሒ ኣኪቦ፣

«ብሰራሕ ንካርቱም ክኸይድ ስለ ዝኾንኩ፣ ጠንጢኑኩም ካብ ዝኸይድ፣ ኣብዘን ክልተ መዓልቲ ቅያር ሰራሕተኛ ድለዩ» በልኩዎም።

«እቐይምናኪ ዲና?» ኢሎም ለመኑኒ።

«ዝኾነ ይኹን ኣበር ኣይረኽብኩልኩምን» በልኩዎም።

«በሊ ክሳብ ሰኑይ ተጸበይና፣» በሉኒኻም ተጸበኹዎም።

ሓንቲ ኤርትራዊት ስለ ዝረኸቡ ከኣ፣ እንታይ ከም እትገብር ኣረኣእየያ ነቐልኩ። ንሳቶም ኣዚዮም እናሓዘኑ፣ ደሞዛይ ንወርሒ 50 ጅኔ ዝክበረ ሰምምዕና በቢ 70 ጅኔ ንወርሒ ሂሶም ኣፋነዉኒ። ብኸምዚ ከእ ናብ ካርቱም ተዓ ዘርኩ።

ጉዕዞ ብባቡር ኢዩ ነይሩ። ሓደ ወዲን ሓንቲ ንልን ሱዳናውያን ኣብ ጥቓይ ዝክበሩ፣ ብዓረብ ገይሮም ዕላል ጀመሩለይ።

«ታጋዳሊት ዲኺ ኣይኮንክን?»

«እዩ።»

«ንሕና ተጋደልቲ ንፈትወኩም ኢና።»

«ንሕና ኸማን ንኣኹም ሱዳናውያን ኣጸበቓና ኢና ንፈትወኩም» በልኩዎም። ወጃዕ እናበልና ከይተፈለጠና፣ ከሰላ፣ ገዳርፍን መደኒን ሓሊፍና ካርቱም ኣተና።

«ኣበይ ኢኺ ትወርዲ?» በሉኒ።

«ኣብ ቤት ጽሕፈት ኻዕብያ» መለሰኩሎም።

«እሞ ሕጂ፣ ምሳና ንዕናይ፣ ኣዕሪፍኪ፣ ካብኡ ቤት ጽሕፈትኩም ነብጽሓኪ፣» በሉኒ።

«ኣበይ ኢዩ ዝኾኑም?»

«ኡምዳርማን ኢዩ።»

«ርሑቕ ድዩ?»

«ድሓን ኢዩ፣ ንዕናይ ተመጊብኪ ኣዕሪፍኪ ትኸዲ።»

ምስኣም ከድኩ። ብታክሲ። መወዳእታ ኢዩ፣ ገዛእም

ድሕሪ ፍርቂ ሰዓት አተና። ስድራኦም መግቢ አዳልዮም ጸኒሐም ድራር ቀረቡልና። ድሕሪ ድራር ዓንጌረብ-ዓራት-ምስ አንሶላኦ አንጸፎምለይ በጥ በልኩ። ማይ ብበረድን ሻሂንውን ሰተኹ። ቁሩብ አዕሊልና ኸአ ድቃስ ወሰደኒ።

ንጽባሒቱ ተሰኦም፣ አብ መሕጸቢ ነብሲ ማይ ቀረቡለይ። ነበሰይ ተሓጸቢ፣ አብ ፖርት ሱዳን ዳዊት ዝገዝአለይ ፒጃማ ተኸዳኒ፣ አብ መንበር ኮፍ በልኩሞ ቅድም ቁርሲ ፋል በሊዕና፣ ድሓር ቡን ሰተና። ካበኦ እታ ንል «ቅድሚ ምኻድኪ ዶ ክቐንኪ?» በለትኒሞ፣ ሕራይ ስለ ዝበልኩሞ፣ ቆሃትኒ። ምሳሕ ምስ በላዕና ከአ ናብ ቤት ጽሕፈትና አበገሱኒ። ታክሲ ተሰቐልና እናኸድና ወዮ ሱዳናዊ ሕቶ ጀመረ።

«አነ ፈትየኪ ለኹ፣ ክምርዓወኪ እደሊ እየ። እንተ ፈቲኸኒ ማለተይ እየ።»

«ድሓን አለኹንዶ፣ ክሓሰበሉ እየ። ግና ንሰኻኮ ንእሽቶ ኢኻ አነ ኸአ ዓባይ።»

«ፍቕሪዶ ንእሽቶን ዓቢን ይብል ኢዩ?»

«አእ! አነ ኸአ ሓበሻ እየ። እንታይ አእተወካ ንል ሓውቦኻ ዘይትምርዖ!»

«ፍቕሪ፣ ንል ሓውቦ ዘይ ንል ሓውቦ አይብልን።»

« በል ክሓሰበሉ ጊዜ ሃበኒ» በልኩሞ መገላገሊ።

ብታክሲ እናኸድኩ፣ ቤት ጽሕፈትና ከይበጸሕኩ ሓንቲ ባር ረአኹሞ «እዛ ባር ናይ ኤርትራውያን ድያ?» ኢላ ብዝሓተትኩሞም፣ ብአዎንታ መለሰለይሞ ከውርዳኒ ነገርኩሞም። እንዳ ሶፍያ ትበሃል ባር ኢያ። «የቐንዳለይ» ኢላ አፋኑኹሞም። ንሶፍያ አባላት ቤት ጽሕፈትና ትፈልጦም እንተ ኸነት ሓተትኩሞ።

«ከመይ ድኣ ዘይፈልጦም» ኢላ፣ ንሰመረ ርእሶም ማኪና ለአኸትሉ። ከይደንጎየ ኸአ መጽሓኒ።

«እሞ ንዕናይ በሊ ቦታና» በለኒ ሰመረ።
«ቁሩብ ካብ ፖለቲካ ከዕርፍ ኢሊ እየ መጸኢ፤» በልኩም።
«ድሓን ሕራይ፤ ርእሰኺ ይሕመኪ ከም ዘሎ ሙስጦፋ ነጊሩኒ ኢዩ። ሰለዚ ጫውጫው ዘይብሉ፤ ንበይንኺ ገዛ ክንፈልየልኪ ኢና፤» በለኒ።

«ድሓን፤ እንዳ ሰብ ክኸውን ይሕሸኒ።» አበኹም።
«እሞ ናብቲ ትደልይዮ እንዳ ሰብ ባዕልና ነብጽሓኪ፤ ክሳዕ ሸዑ ንዕናይ ምሳና» ኢሉ ለመሃኒ። እነ ግን አበኹ። ምስ እቕበጽኩም ከኣ መንቀሳቕሲያይ ዝኸውን 100 ጅኒ አውጺኡ ሃበኒ። «በሊ ድሃይ አይተጥፍኡ» ኢሉኒ ኸደ። ንሶፍያ፤ ሸጃና አብ ዝበሃል ቦታ አዝማድ ስለ ዝነበሩኒ፤ ትፈልጦ እንተ ኾነት ሓተትኩም፤ አብጽሓትኒ። አዝማዶይ ከኣ ረኽብኩምን ጽቡቕ ተቐበሉንን። ንጽባሒቲ አመጸአይ ሓተቲኒ።

«ናይ ርእሲ ሕማም ስለ ዝገበርኩ ህግ ቁሩብ ከዕርፍ ኢላ ሰዲዳትኒ።»

«ካልኣት ርእሶም ዝተወቐዑ የለውን ማለት ድዩ? ዕረፍቲ ዘድልዮም?»

«እሞ እነ አይከላልኩን። ክሳዕ ዝሕሸኒ ግልል ኢሊ ክጸንሕ መጸኢላኹ።»

ሕቶታቶም አብ ሓሳብ አእተወኒ። «እዚአምሲ፤ ደም አሕዋተይ ረጊጸ ዝመጸእኩ ድዩ መሲልዎም!» ኢሊ ናብ እንዳ ሶፍያ ተመለሰኩ። ካብኡ ናብ ቤት ጽሕፈትና ከድኩ። አብኡ ቅሩብ መዓልታት ምስ ገበርኩ ኸኣ ሃሩር ምኽኣል ሰአንኩም ናብ ቤተ ሰበይ ከድኩ። ጸኒሐ ከኣ ናብ ቤት ጽሕፈት ተመለሰኩ።

«ሕጂ ድኣ መን ምጽኢ ኢሉኪ?» በለኒ ሰመረ እናሰሓቕ።

«ባዕለይ ንነብሰይ ሓቲተያስ ከም ዝመጽእ ገይረ።»

«እሞ ሕጂ፤ ትርእይዮ ኣለኺ እዚ ክፍልታት፤ ከመይ

ትሐሰቢ?»

«ጽቡቅ ነይሩ፣ ግን ከምቲ ዝበልኩኻ፣ ናይ በይነይ ገዛ እደሊ'ለኹ።»

«አብዚ'ውንኮ ናይ በይንኺ ክፍሊ ክንረኽበልኪ ንኸእልኢኛ።»

«ጽቡቅ አለኻ፣ ግን አብዚ'ስ ፖለቲካ ሓዘል ዘረባታት ከጋጥመኒ ኢዩ።» በልኩዎኖ፣ ገሪሙዎ፣ ቀው ኢሉ ጠመተኒ።

«በሊ ክንደልዩልኪ ቅሩብ ጊዜ ሃብኛ፣ ሓደ ሰሙን፣» በለኒ።

አብ ውሽጢ'ቲ ሰሙን ግን እነ ብሰበሰብ ዝካረ ገዛ ረኺበ፣ አቕሑተይ እእትዩ ክቕመጥ ጀመርኩ። ከም ዝረኽብኩኸአ ንበዓል ሰመረ ነገርኩዎም። አብታ ዝረኽብኩዎ ገዛ ክልተ ወርሒ ካልይመላእኩን። አብ ውሽጢ'ቲ ካንፔሎ፣ ናይ ተ.ሓ.ኤ ስለ ዝነበሩ፣ ክትዕ እናልዓሉ ሰላም ስለ ዝኸልኡኒ፣ ቦታ ክቕይር ተገደድኩ። አብታ ዝአተኹዎ ንእሽቶን ጽብቕትን ገዛ፣ ፍኹሰ በለኒ። ነቶም ሰብ ገዛን ካልኣትን ፖለቲካ ዝበሃል ከዩልዕሉለይ አጠንቀቕኩዎም። ሸውዓተ ወርሒ ይኸውን አብእ ተቐመጥኩ።

ሓደ መዓልቲ ናብ ቤት ጽሕፈትና ምስ ከድኩ፣ ብእጋጣሚ ሰብሓት ኤፍሪምን ወልደሚካኤል አብርሃን አብኡ ጸንሑኒ። ሰላም ኢለዮም ደገ ምስ ወጸእኩ ንሰመረ ርእሶም ጸውዕዎኖ፣ ብዛዕባይ ገለ ነገር ከም ዝተዛረቡዎ ገመትኩ። ከምቲ ዝገመትኩዎ ከእ ሰመረ ጸዊዑ፣ «ክትሕከሚ ንወጸኢ ክትከዲ ኢኺ» በለኒ።

ከይደንጎዩ ናብ ጀርመን ሰደዳኒ። ብንዩው ክቕበሉኒ ዝተሓበሮም ሰባት፣ እንታይ ኢለ ከም ዝዛረብን ከመይ ገይረ ናብ መንግስቲ ጀርመን ኢደይ ከም ዝህብን ጽቡቕ ጌይሮም ሓበሩንን አጥርሑንን። ከምቲ ዝበሉኒ፣ ሓንቲ

ጀርመናዊት መጸላ፡ «ናባዚ መምጽኢኺ ምክንያት ጽሑፍኪ ሃብኒ» በለትኒ። ብእንግሊዝኛ አጽሑፍም አምጽኡለይ'ዎ ሃብኩዎ። ብኸምዚ ኸአ ናብ መዕቆቢ ሰደተኛታት- ሾሻል አምት አተኹ። ጠበቃይ ቀልጢፍ ወረቕተይ ሰለ ዘምጽአለይ፣ ናብ ፍራንክፎርት አእተዉኒ። አብ ፍራንክፊርት አብ ሾሻል አምት አተኹ። አብኡ ደቂ አፍጋኒስታን፣ ፓኪስታን፣ ስሪላንካ፣ ቁሩብ ድማ ደቂ ኤርትራ ጸንሑኒ። እቲ ጊዜ ወርሒ 10/1985 ኢዩ ዝበረ። ድሕሪ ቁሩብ ተቐቢሎምኒ ገዛ ሃቡኒ። አብ ርእሲ'ቲ መንግስቲ ዝሃቡኒ ገንዘብ ከአ ናይ ጸሊም እናሰራሕኩ፣ ሕክምናይ እናገበርኩ ምንባር ቀጸልኩ። ርእሰይ ቁሩብ ሓሸኒ። እዝነይ ከእ መስምጺ ኢርፎን ገበርኩለ-። አብ ኣርባዕተ ዓመተይ፣ አብ ወርሒ 6/1989 ፓስፖርት ናይ ጀርመን ረኽብኩ። ሰደት፣ ሰደት ምኻኑ አይተርፎን። ብርቱዕ ናፍቕት ነበረኒ። ናይ ሃገረይ። ናጽነት ምስ ተበሰርኩ ከአ ብታሕጓሰ፣ ርእሰይን እዝነይን ዝሓወኹ ኮይኑ ተሰምጻኒ። አብ 1994 ድማ ጠቕሊሊ ናብ ሃገረይ አተኹ።

ፊደል ምዕራፍ

ናጽነት ጥዑም። ህዝቢ ኤርትራ ሕጉስ ኢሉ፤ ዝግነወት ሃገሩ ንምህናጽ ተብ-ተብ ክብል ጸንሓኒ። ኣብ ኣስመራ ቁሩብ መዓልታት ምስ ቀንኹ ናብ ዓሰብ ተበገስኩ። ክቡራት ኣንበብቲ ስለምንታይ ንዓሰብ እኸይድ ከም ዘለኹ ዘኪርኩሞ ትህልዔ። ቀደም ጠንጢኹ ዝኸድኩ ንብረተይ እየ ድሃይ ክገብር። መርከብ ሰላም ተጸዲኒ ኣተኹ።

ወያ ኣብ መሳዕሰዲ ገዛይ ኣካርዮ ዝኸድኩ ሰላስ ኣፊወርቂ 30 ዓመት ክራይ ከይከፈለት ትካለይ ዓንዲራትሉ ጥራሕ ዘይኮነስ፤ ኣመንተይ ዝበሩውን ንደርግ እናሓሰወት በብሓደ ኣጥፊኡኹም ጸንሓትኒ። ብጸትና፤ ንኩሉ'ቲ ታሪኽ ነጊሮም፤ ተኣሲራ ምህላዎ ሓበሩኒ። «ዲራ ተሰዊኦ ኢያ ካብ ዝብል ከም ንብረታ ገይራ ኣመዝጊባቶ ስለ ዘላ፤ ናብ ቤት ፍርዲ ኪድኪ ኢኺ ትኸሰያ» ከኣ በሉኒ።

ክሰይ መሰረትኩ። ብክልተ ፖሊስ ተዓጂባ ብዝመጸት፤ ረኣየትኒ'ሞ ሰንበደት። ፈራዳይ ሕቶታት ኣቕረበላ።

«ትፈልጥኦ ነዚኣ?» በላ።

«እወ።»

«መን ኢያ?»

«ተበርህ ተሰፋሁንይ።»

«እቲ ዘካረየትክን ቤት ሳዕስዲት ናታ ምዃኑ ትኣምናሉዶ?»

«ኣይፈልጥን፤» ኢላ መለሰት።

ጻኛ ናባይ ግልበጥ ኢሉ ሓተተኒ። «ኣነ እየ ኣካርዮ፤ ገንዘቤ ኢየ ኸኣ» በልኩሞ።

«ትሰምዓድ ለኸን ወይዘሮ ስላሰ?»

«እው እሰምዕ አለኸ።»

«እሞ ትኣምናሉ ዲኸን?»

«አይኣምነሉን።»

«ሕራይ ምበእር ን10 መዓልቲ ቆጸሮ ሂብናኸን አሎና»
ኢሉ አፋነወና። አብቲ ከባቢ ሃሰው ሰው ኢሉ፡ ንብረተይ
ምዃኑ ዝፈልጣ መሰኻኸር ረኽብኩ። ቀደም ምሳይ ዝሰርሓ
ዝከበራ ኢየን። ፖሊስ ሓዘ ከይደ መጸዋዕታ ሃብኩወን።
አብ ጊዜ ቆጸራና ቀሪብን ከኣ፡ ናብ ሰዊድን ዝኸድኩሉ
ጊዜ ብ300 ቅርሺ ሃይለሰላሰ ኣካርየያ ከምዝኸድኩ መሰከራ።
አብ መወዳእታ ከይፈተወት ኣመነት። ናይዚ ኩሉ 9
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ብር ጥራሕ ኣኪባ ኣረከቡቶም ንፖሊስ። ኮሊላ ከም ዝቐበጸትን
እትገብሮ ነገር ከም ዘይብላን ንቤት ፍርዲ ኣመልከተት።
ዝሕረጅ ንብረት ከኣ የብላን። ብኸምዚ ኸኣ ሓንቲ ከይረኽብኩ
ተረፍኩ።

ንምምሕዳር ከተማ ዓሰብ፡ ለቓሊቐ ክሰርሓሉ ገዛይ ክህበኒ
ሓተትኩዎም። «ድሓን ናብ ኣስመራ ክንሰደኪ ኢና። ሞ፡
አብኡ ትረዳድኢ» በሉኒ። ብመርከብ ኣንጀሎ፡ አብ ዓሰብ
ዝጸንሓኒ ንብረት ጠራኒፈ ናብ ኣስመራ ተመለስኩ። መሰጠፋ
ኑርሑሴን ኢዩ ብዓጀባ ኣፋንዩኒ።

አቑሑተይ ኣቐሚጠ ናብ ቤት ጽሕፈት ፕረዚደንት ጎዮኹ።
ሳልሕ ከክያ ምሰ ኣዘራረብኩዎ፡ «ናብ ክፍሊ ንግዲ
ኪዲ» በለኒ። ከይደ ንኣቶ ዑቕብ ኣብርሃ ረኽብኩዎ።
«ደቀምሓረ ክትከዲ ኢኺ ቅድም ግን ናብ ኮሚሽን
ኣባይቲ ኪዲ» በለኒ። ኮሚሽን ኣባይቲ ናብ ደቀምሓረ
ወረቐት ጽሑፎምለይ፡ ከድኩ።

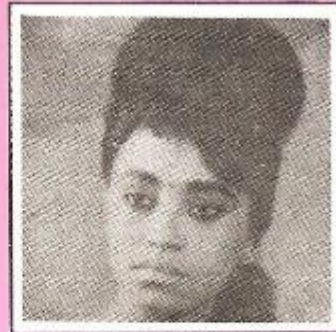
ብዙሕ ሳዕሊ ታሕቲ ኣበሉኒ። ነቲ ሓደ በልዮ፡ ንሱ ኸኣ

ነቲ ሓደ በልዮ። ብዝኾነ ኣብ መወዳእታ እዛ ሕጂ ዘለኹዎ
«ዓቢ ህድሞ» እትብል ባር ክረከብ ክኣልኩ።

«ሕጂ ከመይ ኣለኺ?» እንተ ኢልኩምኒ፣ ምስ ኩነታት
ርእሰይን ናብራ ምኽባዱን ጽቡቕ የለኹን። ግንከ፣ ግንባረይ
ዝሃብኩሉ ዕላማ ተዓዊቲ፣ ኣነ ኸኣ ኣብ ነጻ ሃገረይ ኮይነ፣
ነዚ ዝገለጽኩልኩም ታሪኽይ ክጽሕፍ ዘብቅዓኒ ፈጣሪ
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ሰዉኣትና ንዘላኣለም ይዘከሩ።

- ተፈጸመ -

ዓቢ ህድሞ



«እኛ ገዛና ዓቢ ህድሞ

ቁንጨ ትኝን መሊእሞ

እንተ በዚ እንተ በቲ ፍቕሪይ ማሪኸካኒ

ከመይ ድዩ ልዝብና ሓወይ ነገቸካኒ

ከመይ ድዩ ትውዕልና ሓወይ መጀመርታ

ከትኩኒ ከኸካኒ ፍቕሪይ ንግኸታ።

ወረቆትካ ይመጸኒ ፍቕሪይ ብበረኸ

ተጻሒፉ ተፈሪሙ ፍቕሪይ ብብርዕኸ

ዘይትናፍቕ ዘይትዝከር ፍቕሪይ ጨካን ኢኸ

የብለይን ዝጸበዮ ፍቕሪይ ብጀኸኸ።»

Autobiography of Tibereh Tesfahunegn

Two Lives: A True Story

Fulltext

[The following is a rough translation of "Two Lives: A True Story," by Tiberih Tesfahuney. Wherever and elipsis is used, this indicates that I have skipped a difficult passage, which I will translate later.]

ክልተ ህወት፣ ሓቀኛ ዛንታ

ብትበርህተስፋሁኑይ

ንሓሰ 1999

Chapter 1

I was born and raised in {Asmara}. One day, when I was 11 years old, an Ethiopian band came to play, and I was desperate to see them. The band included the likes of Tilahun, Bizunesh Bekle and some others. I was especially interested in music at that time. But where was I going to find the money for a ticket? My father had left my mother and he was now living with another woman. We were living from hand to mouth. I didn't want to shame myself by asking my father for any money. But I didn't want the concert to pass me by, so I went looking for my father in the Thursday Market (ዕዳጋ ሐምሰ).

When I found my father I bowed and said: "I was told to get some money for books but I don't have any."

"How much?" he asked.

"Five dollars."

He thought for a while, and then dug around in his pockets and gave me the money. I felt a terrible affection for my father in that moment.

Later, I went with my five classmates to the concert, which was held at the Cinema and Audio Center. I wasn't the only one that Bizunesh Bekle had blown away; the audience that night was so delighted that they demanded three encores for one song.

"I'm jealous," I said to my friends.

"So you want to be a singer?" they replied.

ግግግ' ረኣያኣ 'ንድ'ቲ ኣክሸናታ፣ ዜማኣ ሽኢ ከጥዕም። ኣከዳድናኣ"

From then on I was struck by the music bug. I hated what you call academic studies. I was thinking that if I continued school my father would have me married off, so I decided to start working. I thought that I could make it as a singer. I started out by getting a job at a factory (እንዳ ዓለባ). When the winter arrived I asked my father if he would let me stay with my mother until school started.

"All right, you can go to your mother," he said.

I ran straight to my mother's place. I told her that I would be working in the winter, until school started again, and asked her to have my lunches ready for me in the morning.

"You've found work?! Well of course I'll help you," my mother said. "And where do you work?"

"እንዳ ዓለባ. [At the factory]"

"Good for you, my dear girl."

I was ready to explode with happiness. I started work with pride. It was about the time of auditions for the {Asmara} Theatre Company, and all my thoughts were on that.

After I had worked for two weeks, I had made 8 dollars. What I wanted to do was to take care of my mother.

We had the following discussion:

"Mother!"

"Yes?"

"There are two weeks left until school starts, but I don't want to go back. I want to keep working and help you out."

"What? You're father would go crazy! You must go back to him when school starts, and continue studying."

"Why don't I stay with you, and tell him that I'm still in school?"

"If it's OK with him that you live with me during school, then alright," my mother said.

Her reply made me happy.

"Father," I said, "For the two weeks left before school, I'd like to keep living with mother and studying."

"As long as you don't fool around, it's alright with me," he said.

I was so happy that my face looked as bright as an orange. I packed my clothes and my books, and headed off. I didn't even bother tell my stepmother that I was leaving.

My mother's sun had risen, because her daughter was living with her again. And my spirit was renewed. I hurried off to the building where the {Asmara} Theatre Company was located. It was 7 o'clock when I arrived, and I heard the sounds of drums and pipes coming from the building. I climbed up the stairs, and found Mr. Atweberhan at the door.

"Who are you?" he asked, looking at me carefully.

Without saying a word, I handed him a letter that I had written. He opened the envelope and read the letter. Then he turned to me with a smile and asked, "What do you want?"

I told him my heart's greatest wish: "I want to be a singer!"

"You're still a child," he said. "You have the voice of a child."

My spirits fell to the ground when I heard him say this. My face grew heavy with anger and disappointment.

"That's not a problem," another person in the room said. "We can support her voice with microphones and things." His name was Tewelde Reda. My heart and spirit were restored to their usual place. "We'll get you a song to audition with," he said.

"There's one song I really like," I said nervously.

"What song is it? Give it a try!" he said.

I sang the song. "It's by Bizunesh Bekle," he said when I had finished.

"Yes," I replied.

Tewelde was happy. He told me that I could come back tomorrow at 5 o'clock to start rehearsing. He asked me if I needed anyone to take me home.

I told him that I would be alright, and left on my own. I was so happy that I reached home before I knew it. My mother's home was in Modeshto, and I arrived home at 9 o'clock. My mother was waiting for me with worry.

"When you didn't come home as usual, I thought that you were staying at your father's," she said. She didn't say anything more, or ask where I was, for fear of starting an argument.

"I was at work, you know," I said.

"Did you start a new job?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. "The other job was in the mornings, but because the pay wasn't enough I quit it."

"That's alright! As long as you find work that suits you," she said.

Abrehet served me supper - I should have told you, Abrehet Bahgey was my mother's name.

The following day, at exactly 5:00 in the afternoon, I arrived for my scheduled rehearsal at the {Asmara} Theatre Company. There I found Tewelde Reda, with two other men. They had another song by Bizunesh Bekle ready for me, as well as some lyrics to go with it. When I started to sing, they were all amazed. People who were passing outside heard my singing, and starting arguing amongst themselves whether it was really the famous Bizunesh Bekle who was singing. Some of them were saying that it couldn't have been Bizunesh, because I was singing in {Tigrinya}. They waited until I came out of the building at seven o'clock.

"Sister," one of them asked, "Who was it that was singing in there just now?"

"It was just another girl," I said, and headed out on my way.

"The singer's voice was so beautiful," I heard them say. " I walked home in bliss.

When school started, and went to each of my friends and asked if they had seen my father around. I was told that they hadn't seen him. He thought that I was going to school.

When I turned twelve years old, I finished my rehearsals, and the time came for me to take the stage. It was Mr. Alemayehu Kahsai who introduced me to the crowd before my first performance.

"Now, we present you with a song by Bizunesh Bekle. We call the singer the little Bizunesh Bekle. She likes a lot of applause."

The theatre was filled with lots of applause and cheers. As I was behind the curtain, the excitement became more than I could handle. I started shaking.

"Don't worry, it's nothing. Once you get out there, you won't feel nervous anymore," someone said in encouragement. The person who gave me the advice was speaking from personal experience, and what they said was true. When I took the stage, the applause and cheers continued, and I sang with confidence.

"Encore!" the audience cried when I had finished my singing. I sang an encore, and when I finished many people came up to the stage, giving me gifts. The theatre roared with cheers and applause.

The following day, my picture appeared in all of the papers, along with reviews of the concert, in many different languages!

In {Amharic}: "Andeet Tinish Lij Girum Ta'ame Ziema Asemachin" [አንዲት ትንሽ ልጅ ግሩም ጣዕመ ዝየማ አስማጭን]

In {Tigrinya}: "Hanty Ni'ishto Kol'a Hilmy Biziti'im Dimtsa Mesytatina Amsya" [ሓንቲ ንእሽቶ ቆልዓ፤ ሕልሚ ብዝጥዕም ድምጻ መሲጣትና አምሲያ።]

In {Arabic}: "Sobeeya Sekeera Keeseeran Biswetha Alhalim" [سوبيعة سكيعة كعيصران بيسوثة الحليم]

And there were several reviews in {Italian} and {English}. I was getting lots of publicity.

When Tesfahuney, my father, bought a copy of the {Zemen} paper and sat down to read it, he found my picture, along with my name in the captions. He was very close to losing it. He tried to think of where he could find me, and went to my mother.

"Where is your girl?" he asked her.

"Isn't she your girl as well? We're both her parents!" my mother said.

"That terrible girl [እዛ ምናጢት ስዲ] is dishonouring me by singing!"

This was news to my mother, who was shocked. My father left, fuming.

That evening, my mother confronted me. But I took my mother's words with ease. As long as my father didn't find me, I'd be fine! My father had no restraint when he was hitting you. I spent the next several days avoiding him in whatever way I could. About three weeks had passed when I was walking with three of my friends around through the Geza Banda district. As we were walking down past the Mai Jahjah fountain, I saw him.

"Oh no! My father!" I was so scared that I almost peed myself. Even my friends were scared for me. There was no escaping; he was directly in front of us.

I decided that I should hide any longer. "I've become a singer. I've been hiding from you so that you wouldn't hit me, because I know you don't want me to be a singer."

"Where are you singing?" he asked me, as if he didn't already know.

"At the {Asmara} Theatre Company," he replied.

"Come home now, and I'll see about your singing," he said.

"Alright, I'll come home on my own," I said.

"What do you mean you'll come home on your own? I'm telling you to come home right now!"

"And I'm telling you that I'll come home on my own!" I shot back. When I said this, he reached over to grab me, but missed. He set his bicycle aside, and moved towards me.

"What did she do, Father Tesfahuney?" my friends asked.

"What didn't she do?" my father replied. "People were asking me for her hand in marriage, but know she's quit school to become a singer! Wai ane!"

"Everyone has their own dreams. It's her dream to be a singer," my friends argued.

"Wardambo! I know you girls are involved in all of this! You're the ones who have gotten my daughter involved in all of this!" he said, disrespecting my friends. Then he left. Then, he had a thought. Without being noticed, he followed my friends home, to see where they stayed. He followed each of them home, remembering where they lived. The next day, he went to see one of his friends, a police officer whose name was {Aboy} {Ghebre}mariam. He agreed to have me arrested the next time I was out with my friends.

One day, the officer went to my friend's house.

"Where is your friend, Tiberih Tesfahuney?" he asked.

"I don't know, I don't know anything," she replied.

"I am a police officer. We need to talk to her about some business. Could you tell me where I might find her?"

"I have no idea," she said, refusing to give any information.

My friends told me that a police officer had been asking for me. I knew that this was no good for them, and I had an idea. I went to a Carshely (?) who worked along the road to the Friday market (ዕዳጋ ዓርቢ). I presented the Haleka Mi'ity (ሐሊቃ ማኢቲ) with a letter which I had written. The man had already read about me in the newspaper, so when he saw my name on the letter, he gave me a warm welcome. After reading my letter, he arranged to have my father come over.

My father arrived, and we sat directly across from each other. He glared at me with harsh eyes. If it wasn't for the fact that we were in a place of law, he wouldn't have hesitated to hit me (አይምሙሐርኝ?). His eyes were bloodshot with anger. He was ready to snap, thinking "How dare she bring me here to sue me?"

The Haleka Mi'ity started to question my father in {Amharic}. My father told him that he didn't know {Amharic}, so the Haleka Mi'ity had a translator come over. Here is their exchange:

"Why do you prevent her from pursuing her interest in singing?" the Haleka Mi'ity asked.

"I want her to finish school, and then to get married and have children," my father replied.

"Well, you can't force someone to do that. Now, we'll try to convince her to do what you want. If she agrees, then it is good. But even so - "

"Just make sure she goes back to school."

"You must sign a document which says you will let her move freely."

"Alright, I will sign."

My father left. The Haleka Mi'ity entreated me to return to school.

"I will not go back," I said, "And I will not move back with my father. He will punish me."

"አባትሽ ትዑም ናጨው፤ እንደዚያ የሚያደርጉ አይምስሉም፤" he said to me in {Amharic}.

"He looks kind enough to other people, but he is a Satan at home," I told him. Then the man urged me to seriously consider his suggestion, and to do what was best for me. He bid me farewell. The Asmara Theatre Company gave a second performance. I started to get paid. After the show, I went to my mother.

"Are you still singing?" my mother asked.

"Of course!" I said, and gave her 200 dollars, to keep her from complaining.

"O my girl! You've already made this much money?" she asked. She was impressed and happy. She spoke a little bit about my father's problem with what I was doing.

"Listen to me now, Tiberih my girl," she said.

"What is it?"

"Because you're getting so much success, your father is worried about what will happen if you don't get married now. Just agree to get married, to make him happy and to prove your chastity. You can always change your mind later."

My mother was a kind woman, and I wanted to make her happy. "Go tell him that I've agreed," I told her. "But I will stay with my friends until I get married. I'm only agreeing to this because I love you. I would never do this for him."

My mother was happy and grateful to hear this.

I went to my friend Letebirhan Dachew, and talked to her about the new things that were happening to me.

"How nice!" she said. She became my confidant and close advisor.

Soon after, the Asmara Theatre Company decided to go on a tour to {Massawa}. But when we headed off, we ended up not only going down to {Massawa}, but also to {Decemhare}, {Mendefera}, and {Keren}. We saw all of these places, and returned to {Asmara}. After this, the members of the company were told that we would get three months off, during which the directors would put together a new show for us to perform.

It was clear to me that the issues I had with my father would prevent me from being involved in the new show. I was too shy to tell anyone myself, so I got my friend Letebirhan to tell the company for me. When Letebirhan told everyone that I would be leaving the company, they were shocked.

"But she won't be leaving us for long, only for a year or so," she said. Everyone bid me farewell, in a professional way, showing neither happiness nor grief.

Chapter 2

O, being a girl can be so cruel! I've already told you that my father planned to get me married. But the old head of the groom's family, whose name was Tibtsahku, was a little suspicious about how I was always coming and going because of work. He said that the marriage could not go forward until I was "examined". He wanted to make sure that I was still a virgin! So I was examined by some elderly women, who confirmed my virginity. My father and mother were overwhelmed with happiness. I was engaged to be married the very next day.

My fiance came right away to see me. We were married after three months. I had only planned to stay with him for a year, but two years passed, and I still had no way of leaving him to return to my singing. I went to my friend Letebirhan and cried, telling her about my problems.

"Tesfahuney, my girl," she said. "Have children. The married life is good. What good is singing? It's worthless!" Just as I was about to leave her in anger, she asked:

"Are you upset?"

"Yes, I'm upset."

"So what are you thinking of doing?"

"I'm thinking of running away."

"Are you serious? Do you really want to cause a fight between the two families?"

"ሐውን ሐስርን ይእትዎም ግዲ።"

"እን መጪም የለኹላን። But where will you stay?"

"Don't worry, I'll stay at my grandmother's" I said. "And I'll warn her beforehand, in case they come looking for me."

"If it'll work out for you, then go ahead," my friend said, and we parted.

When I returned home, my mother-in-law and I prepared dinner for my dear husband, Mr. {Ityopya} Mebrahtu. Dinner was served at 7 o'clock. I ate with him, my body trembling with anxiety because of what I was planning. When the food was cleared, and my mother-in-law left us, I started talking.

"Why don't we go pay a visit to my grandmother?" I suggested. "We can get some fresh air that way."

"Sure!" he replied, and may he be blessed.

I put on a {gabi}, and he threw on a coat, and we headed on our way. My grandmother welcomed us warmly. We told her that we had already eaten, and we chatted while drinking {sewa}. We excused ourselves early, my

husband explaining that he had to get up early tomorrow for work. Just as we were leaving, I stayed behind to talk to my mother.

"Why don't you send me to the coast with my brother Girmai?" I asked her. "I want to wash myself in the water. But {Ityopya} won't let me go, so don't tell him."

"But how can you go if he doesn't know?" my grandmother asked.

"Don't worry, I'll talk to his mother," I said, convincing her. Then, Girmai and I made plans to go down to the coast the next morning, and bid each other farewell for the night.

I spent that whole night waiting for the sun to come up. I got up before my mother-in-law, at 6 o'clock in the morning, and started to get breakfast together. My husband woke up, and it was 7 o'clock by the time he ate breakfast. It was running late, so he left in a hurry. I was secretly relieved when he left. Now all that was left was for me to find a way to get away from my mother-in-law.

"{Ityopya} has given me some money and told me to go buy some clothes," I told my mother-in-law. "So I've got to go," I said.

"Sure!" she said, without any suspicion. I thanked God, put on my {gabi} and headed off to see Girmai.

"You're late," Girmai said when I arrived.

"Yes I am. You know how it is when you're married," I said.

We boarded a bus and headed to Massawa. My dream was to rejoin the Asmara Theatre Company, and I called them from Massawa. The director of the group advised me to wait where I was, and he or someone else would make a trip down to advise me as to what I should do.

"Don't worry," he said, "We'll give you the best advice we can."

I wondered what he meant.

"Are you going to try and convince me to stay with my husband?" I asked.

"Don't worry," they said, "just wait until one of us gets there." Among the members of the group I spoke with were Ateweberhan Segid and Ato Alemayehu Kahsai.

Then, I called my husband and told him that I didn't want to be with him.

"What?" he replied, unable to comprehend what I was saying.

"I don't want you today, and I don't want you tomorrow. I'm at the coast now, and don't you dare tell any of this to my family."

"What did I do to you?" he asked.

"I can't stand living with your mother -" I began.

"Then I'll pay to get our own place, I can afford it," he said, cutting me off.

"Listen," I said. "To begin with, I only married you to make my parents happy. I have no desire to be with you. I want to be a singer, having a family doesn't interest me at all!" Then I hung up the phone on him.

Three days later, I returned to Asmara, but instead of going home, I stayed in a hotel. I had ended my marriage. The marriage that had only been arranged to make peace with my parents, failed. My father was overwhelmed with grief. But I rented my own place and continued my work for the Asmara Theatre Company. My mind felt renewed.

I was given lyrics to study, and I drank them like water. And my voice developed wonderfully (ድምጺይ ከአ እናላደረ መቻሉኝ ጠግሎ።) The people loved me more and more. They started to yearn for my songs. My life got better and better. And the Asmara Theatre Company grew stronger.

I haven't yet told you that I had a child. When I had separated from my husband, I was pregnant. But the child died not long after it was born. And what is sad is that my friend Letebirhan Dachew was also pregnant. But it wasn't her pregnancy that was sad. You see, Letebirhan and her son died at about the same time. I sang a song for Letebirhan when she died. It went like this:

"Until I catch up with you,
I promise never to forget you."

ሓሊፍክኒ ከሳብ ዘርከበኪ
እምኡል ኣለኹ ንኺይርስዓኪ

My most popular song was called "Big Hut". What baffled me was that the Ethiopian government forbid me to sing this song, as well as the song I had written for Letebirhan. We had gone all the way to Addis Ababa with our performances, but because of all the censorship and fear, we couldn't sing some of our songs. From Addis Ababa, we came back through Gonder and Axum, finally returning to Asmara. From there we went down to give a performance in Keren. There, an official named Shambil Ghebremariam gave me permission to sing "Big Hut", which went like this:

Our home, the big hut,
They have filled with ቁንፊ and ትኻን

My love has guided me here and there,
Why have you shunned me, Lizbina my brother?
How do you ትውዕልኛ, my first brother?
Your letter comes to me, my love, from the wilderness where you are,
Written and signed by your pen, my love,
You do not miss me, you do not remember me, you are cruel, my love,
I have no other love to wait for, besides you.

እቲ ገዛና ዓቢ ህድሞ
ቁንጨ ትካን መሊአሞ
እንተ በዚ እንተ በቲ ፍቅርይ ማሪከካኒ
ከመይ ድዮ ልዝብና ሓወይ መጀመርታ
ክትኮነኒ ክኸነካ ፍክረይ ንዓኸታ።
ወርቀትካ ይመጸኒ ፍቅረይ ብበረኻ
ተጻሒፉ ትፈረሙ ፍቅረይ ጨካን ኢኻ
የብለይን ዝጽብዮ ፍቅረይ ብጀካኻ።

And let me give you a taste of some of my other songs:

ዘማይ ኪዶ ኪዶ
ብራና ሓቕዊፉ ወፊሩ ብረኻ
ደሓይ አጥፊኡልካ
ኪዶ እንዶ ብጀኻ
ውረ ከመይ ድዮ ናይ ሎሚ ምገሻ
ሓዳርካ ብቲኩ ዘምሰለካ ዓሻ
ኣታ ኪዶኪዶ ዘማይ ብቃልካ ኣብዶ።

ጉዕዞኡ ክጀምር ሻንጥኡ ጠቕሊሉ
ቃሉ ክስማዓኒ ክምለሰ'የ ኢሉ
ነዚ ትሰፋ ጌረ ክጽበ ኣብ ኸላ
ናብራይ ክሰሕቃሉ ኩለን ተኣከባ
መዓልቲ ዘይፈልግ ሓያም ተቆጸረ
እርበጽ ኣልኹ ክኸነዓ ኣንጻርጸረ
ከምዚ ጽቡቕ ድዩ
እስከ ሕተቱሉ

ከየታልሉኹም ምሳይ ዘይወዓሉ
ብዘይ ገለ ስንቂ ካብ ቤትካ ሪሕቕካ
ከመይ ኢልካ ትነበር ፍቅሪ ትቐሊብካ
ፍቅሪ ቀለብ'ድዩ ዘይኸውን እምነት
ብዘይ ፍቅሪ ገለ ኣይኣተን ገነት
ቆሊሕ ኢልካ ሪኤ ፍልጦ ኣመለይ
ዝብሎ የብለይን እሳእያ ቃለይ
ምቅልጣፍ'ዩ በዚ ሎሚ እዋን
ኮይነ ክይጸንሓካ መስሓቕ ደቂ ሔዋን
ሕሰበሉ

ሓዘን ፍቅሪ ብዙሕ ኣድኪሙኒ
ከይምተልካ ዕድመ ንዊሒኒ
ጨግሪ ኣለኒ ግራጭ ዚመስል
ጸብሒ ገዛይ ብበርድ ዚበስል
መዓንጣይ በቲኸ ቻራጣይ ሊኢንኸዕም ሕሰብሉ
እስናይ ነኺስ ነዊሕ ትዓጊስ ሕሰበሉ

ሓዘን ፍቅሪ ብዙሕ ኣድኪሙኒ
ጨግሪ ሒዘ ብዙሕ መሰሉኒ
ናትካ የልቦን ንሓዋሩ
ናይ ሕጽኖት ፈርጊ በይነይ
ብሊዔዮ ኣንቢዑኒ ዓይነይ
ክፈልጠካ ልባልባ ዓጢቐ
ሕጂ እነኹ ብላሽ ተጻይቐ

...I could have sung and sung without getting tired...But we were told to stop the show...Even the minister was cheering for me.

From the Keren show onwards, my mind started to turn towards the revolution. A week after we returned to Asmara, I drank a bottle of gin before going to bed. At 5 o'clock in the morning, I headed out to Keren. I went to the hotel where I had first seen the members of the ELA (Eritrean Liberation Army), but they were nowhere to be found. I spent the night there waiting for them, but they did not return on that night. I returned to Asmara, dissatisfied.

One time after that, I hit an Amharai in the head with a bottle, because of something that he said. "Leave him alone!" the people around me pleaded. I was becoming a heavy drinker. My manners grew worse and worse. I would get upset at anybody, for the smallest reason. I rented a place called Bar Hawelty, thinking that I should try my luck at running a bar...

In the meantime, I had gotten to know someone who worked at the Asseb Refinery, on the coast. "Why don't you come down to Asseb?" he asked. "It's nice down there."

I took his advice and made a plan. And when my mind is set on something, I never hesitate. There was a woman named Aday Kidan who was looking to rent our bar, so I approached her and came to an agreement. I'm good at finding out things like that. When people found out that Tiberih opened up a bar, they all flocked to me. I started to make a good income. After three months, I bought a nightclub called "Tikur Abay" for 6000 birr. I made a good profit from it.

I went to Addis Ababa, to see about recording an album that would get me even more exposure. I spent three months rehearsing with some Eritrean musicians. During this time, I was approached by some people who wanted me to enter a musical competition.

"I'm not interested at all," I told them.

"We beg you, don't let this opportunity pass you by," they pleaded.

"Let me think it over with my family," I said.

"When should we come back?"

"I'll call you myself," I said, and took down their number before seeing them off. I went to see a friend named Kahsai Yohannes, and asked for his advice.

"The contest is just about which competitor can sell the most tickets; it has nothing to do with talent," he said.

"Of course I know that," I said.

"So what do you need?" he asked.

"How am I going to sell the tickets in just two weeks?"

"Don't worry about the sales, leave that to me," he said. "You'll come with me to visit a few big people..." he said.

He met with the judges of the competition, and collected 1000 tickets to sell. Then he and some others made a big banner that said "Vote for Tiberih!"

The day of the competition arrived, and my competitors and I were getting ready. Each of us was assigned their time on the stage...Yohannes told me that I would be performing with our 4 piece band. The band knew my repertoire, so there was no problem. When I started to sing, the stage was filled with money and presents that people threw onto the stage. Kahsai collected the money and sold the tickets. It was an all night concert, and by morning it was clear that I had dominated the show. It was at the Genet Hotel. I won the contest by a longshot...My band and I won a trip in and around Addis Abeba. A big celebration was held at the hotel. After that, I took my trophy and caught a flight back to Asmara. The judges welcomed me at the airport, with flowers. They had two small cars waiting, in which we drove into the city...Afterwards I went to see my mother, who met me with tears of joy. After a week we went to Akkele Guzai and the surrounding areas, where I was welcomed with chira wata (one stringed violin) music,

I returned to Addis Ababa. After a short time, Bereket Mengisteab and I opened a bar together. While all of this was happening I got an opportunity to go to Sweden, so I left my property in Asseb and arrived in the city of Stockholm. This was early in the year 1970. I know that many of you will be wondering how I was putting my talents to good use. In response, I should say that by the time I had gone to Sweden, I had opened 8 discos.

Chapter 3

Two Swedish people welcomed me at the airport. I couldn't speak their language, so they asked me how I was in broken English. They expressed their warm greetings and took me into the city. Into I could settle down on my own, I was set up in a hotel room. Three days later, a woman came to see me, along with a translator. '

"Why did you come here?" she asked me.

"I've come here because my country is under foreign occupation," I replied.

"So you will not return to Ethiopia now?"

"I will never return."

"So you like our country?"

"Yes."

"Don't worry then. We'll arrange it so that you can stay here."

I was overwhelmed with joy. "What will I do?" I asked her.

"Don't worry, leave it to me," she said. We went together to the police station, where she presented them with my passport.

"The police will investigate you for ten days," she said after speaking with them for about an hour. "Then you'll get a probationary three month visa," she told me.

"Thank you, I am very grateful to you!" I said.

"After you've lived here for a month, we'll give you your own place to stay."

Then we parted ways; I returned to my hotel, and she to her home.

Before the ten days of investigation were over, a woman named Madame Annette came to see me.

"Have you gone out to see the city?" she asked me.

"Yes, I've seen many places," I replied.

"How did you go?"

"By taxi."

"What? Taxis are way too expensive for you! You must use the train or the bus."

She was right. The money I had spent on single cab rides could have been used for several trips on the bus or train. But I had a reason for doing what I did: the city was vast, so I would have been lost on a train or bus. But a cab driver, on the other hand, could easily get me home if I gave him my address.

"But your city is so large," I said to her in explanation.

"That's OK, just tell the bus driver where you want to go," she said. Then she left, after telling me that she would return in three days to introduce me to some police officers.

In the meantime, I wandered around the city using the bus, as she had advised me. It was a city that had no limits. I was amazed. 'They are years ahead of us!' I thought. Madame Annette returned at 8:00 one day, as she had told me. Together we boarded the train and went to the police station. Everything was arranged for me, just as planned. For the next month I lived in the hotel room. When the month was up, she took me to an area called Fondumann Sigatan 48, and showed me my new home. It had three rooms, with a kitchen and bathroom. I felt like I was dreaming.

"The Government of Sweden will pay the rent for you," Madame said. "While you're living here, you'll learn the language."

"Where will I go to study?" I asked her.

"I'll show you," she said. "But let's go have lunch."

We went to her house. It looked like a government house! Her husband gave me a warm welcome. He kissed his wife on the mouth. He was wearing a suit. He served us a delicious meal that he had prepared himself. Along with the meal, he opened some bottles of beer for us. After this great hospitality, Madame took me back to my new home. I bought groceries with the money I had been given, and started my language classes. Some Eritreans came to visit and introduce themselves to me...They were called Weldu Yohannes, Semere Solomon, and Kidane. We chatted about our country and the situation there. My patriotic spirit was stirred in me once again.

After three months, I was getting good marks in my language classes. My teachers were proud of me. But I admit that all I knew were the few words I understood from working and buying lunch and supper. Their language is as hard to learn as a bird's song!

I called Madame Annette on the phone and asked me to find me work in a hospital. She came the next day and took me to a maternity hospital, where she introduced me and arranged a job for me. I worked there for three years. During that time my mind was preoccupied with news of the war back home, and I couldn't sleep much. My old habits returned. I started my fourth year on the job, but there was no way I could continue.

I bombarded my Eritrean friends with questions about how I could join the struggle in Eritrea. One day, Semere Solomon came alone to see me.

"We'll leave together," he said. "I'll leave first and you'll follow. Don't tell anyone." He told me his plans. He left for Eritrea first, and on May 7, 1975, I joined him on the Eritrean battle front. I became a member of the Eritrean People's Liberation Army.

Chapter 4

I came to Mahmeet by way of Karora. Mehari Debsai had assigned a man named Tekle to us as our guide. We found a small platoon of soldiers waiting for us at Mahmeet. One of them was baking Tita on top of a hot rock. I was saddened to see the men cooking that way.

"Let me cook for you!" I said.

"We cook for ourselves, just relax!" he said.

"You must let me cook!" I insisted.

"Alright, give it a try then," he said. After I had baked two titas, he made me stop.

Their commander came and chatted with us. When it got late, he said: "We're going on night patrol in Taba. When we get back in the morning we'll take you to where you've been assigned. Rest until then." The soldiers marched off. They returned at 5:00 in the morning and escorted me to my new assignment. At 2:00 in the afternoon we arrived at Bilyekat.

After ten days, I received my military uniform. I went to the Registry Department, where a man named Haile Jebha recorded my biographical information. I joined the four other women who were there. They cut my hair into an afro. We underwent military training and political education...we became excellent soldiers. If there was something we didn't understand, we would ask comrade Mahmoud Sherifo.

One day airplanes bombed our camp. They returned daily after that. We would spend our time in the shelter of caves, only coming out for a few hours each day. After three months, we were ready to receive our assignments. The names of those who would join the army were called. I was devastated when my name wasn't called. Then those who would join medical department were called. Finally, I was one of only two people assigned to the Cultural Department. I wasn't pleased. But we were following the law of the Shaebia, so I followed orders. I stayed behind after the others left. Then I spoke with Solomon, the soldier who had given us our assignments.

"Why didn't you assign me to the army?" I asked in disappointment.

"You can hit the enemy with your songs, just as you might hit them with a bullet," he said, encouraging me like a child.

It wasn't good when I joined the cultural department. There was much envy among its members...Some members who worked on literature managed to reconcile us a little, and things were a little better after that. But the poor communication continued among us.

One day we received orders to go to Kebesa and give a cultural performance...We reached Kebessa and Wekizaghir. It was around the same time as the annual village celebration, in honour of the patron saint of Wekizaghir. When soldiers had gathered to watch the performance there, some enemy commandos arrived in the area and opened fire. We went to Inanalai, where the people gave us a warm welcome. We performed there all night and then headed out to Anseba, where there were some EPLF [ELF?] soldiers. They took me aside and shared some of their beer and whiskey with me. I tried a little of it.

"Thanks," I said. "My comrades are waiting for me," I said, and left them. After that, we performed at Anseba River. We returned once again to Inanalai and performed a second time there. The soldiers there were exhausted from the recent fighting.

A meeting in Wekizaghir was arranged to assess our work. It was chaired by comrade Asmerom Gerezgiher. The disagreements among our group were well known, and this was part of the agenda. But not much came out of it. When we returned to our base, Mahamoud Ali Imru organized a second meeting for us. But we couldn't come to a resolution. After that, we continued to perform in many places. But the poor communication continued among us.

Our cultural group split up. I joined the third battalion, and my mind felt rejuvenated. When I joined the battalion we had a few skirmishes with the enemy. We left for Nacfa. A man named Berha Tsa'ada was concerned for my health, so he sent me to the Filfil hospital. His explanation was that he had found work for me there.

When I arrived at Filfil I pleaded with the doctor, Wedy Bashai. "Please, just give me whatever I need and send me back to Nacfa," I begged.

"But you're supposed to stay here," he replied. "That's an order." I pleaded with him again and again, until he finally let me leave with another person. I made it back on time for the Battle of Nacfa. Nakfa was liberated, and the soldiers moved towards Afabet. Once again, in Nacfa I was ordered to stay behind. I was ready to burst with anger. Finally, I joined the last battalion to leave Nacfa, disguising myself with a hat. We marched and marched. Then the commander sent back an order through the line of soldiers. He sent a bitsai laity [-ጠጻጻ ለጾታ - "night dinner"] through the line. A bitsai laity is a code. He was moving up and down our line, doing a roll call. When he reached me, I didn't know how to respond to the code. "Hey! Who are you, soldier?" he demanded.

"I'm in the third battalion, but I was left behind when I went to take a piss," I said.

"Well go catch up. We'll send you through," he said.

"That's alright," I said. "I don't want to get lost. It would be better to just rejoin my battalion when we set up camp," I said.

"You're right, that's better," he said. Then he gave us orders to move on. After marching all night, under a moonless sky, we stopped to rest.

"Come here soldier, there is your battalion," the commander said. At that time, the commander of my original battalion, Berhe Tsa'ada, had been called back to Nacfa. The new battalion leader didn't know me, and I knew he followed orders. My stomach turned, as I feared that the new battalion leader would send me back.

'If he was Tsa'ada's son, he wouldn't worry about me,' I thought. The battalion leader approached me.

"Stand up!" he said, and pulled off my hat. "Well well, aren't you Tesfahuney's daughter?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. Please let me stay go back to my battalion."

"What? That third battalion is a tough one. Aren't we tough enough for you?" he asked.

"We're all tough," I said.

"That's true," he said. "I'm just kidding you."

At dawn he took me to the new commander of my battalion, comrade Ali Ibrahim.

"Who told you to come here?" he asked me.

"Why should it matter to you if I want to sacrifice myself?" I asked harshly.

"They said that you were acting strangely like this at Nacfa," he said. "And now you've found out where we're headed and you're following us?"

"How could I find out where you were going?... " I said in fear.

"You're a jasoos [ጃሱስ -- ?]," he said, and sat down.

'As long as I'll get away with this, you can call me whatever you want -- jasoos or not,' I thought.

He and some others invited me to have supper with them...I fought in the heavy battle at the city of Afabet...While I was jumping around in battle with my comrades, comrade Ali Ibrahim called me to him.

"Ms. Tesfahuney, you're going to get a job now," he said.

"A job bigger than the one I already have?"

"Yes," he said, and took me with him. He took me to where about 40 prisoners were being held. "Keep a close guard on them," he said, and left. What with the heavy fighting that my comrades were in, I wouldn't have minded just shooting [? -- ኢቃብጽ ኢቢለዮም] the soldiers and returning to battle. But Shaebia law was strict, and it held me back in fear. I cursed Ali and guarded the prisoners, until the battle died down.

When Afabet was liberated, we soldiers, together with the locals, celebrated with dance and music. In the morning we returned to our base. Comrade Berhe Tsa'ada sent a coded message to us. After that, we started to move again. After marching for about three hours, we were told to halt. We all sat where we were, and a meeting was held. We were given the following orders:

"You know what the value of looting [ምህጋር] is. You don't need any guidance when it comes to that. I want each of you, one at a time, to remove any of the clothes you took from Afabet, and to leave them right here; anything other than what you have been issued at Nacfa. Otherwise we'll confiscate everything that was issued to you at Nacfa."

The man who was speaking was Weldenkiel Haile. He was standing on top of a narrow barrel. Each of us took out everything that was in our bags for inspection...When this was complete, we went to Mentebale. We woke up in the morning to find a large number of EPLF members gathered. Each of us were delighted to see so many people that we knew, and there were many warm greetings. Tiklyt [reassignments -- ?] was happening. When the Tiklyt was over, I was assigned to the third battalion of the 51st brigade, led by Umer Tewyl.

Our brigade moved south. The villages of Ady Mengisty, Ady Nefas, Halybo, Mai Hutsa, Tikul, and Mai Idaga were all put under our patrol. Three months later, we entered Decemhare at 1:00 in the afternoon, as carefully as possible. The enemy soldiers were caught off guard. Within four hours, we had taken the entire village. Not long after, we heard that the city of Keren was liberated by the 70th brigade in a heavy battle. And a month later, Segeneyti and Digsan were liberated.

It was known that the enemy was preparing to launch an attack from Asmara, to retake Decemhare and Segeneyti. We went to Adi Hawesh to prepare our defense. It was winter, and it was raining heavily. To prevent casualties, we evacuated civilians out of the villages and into the countryside. The enemy sent six thousand soldiers and three tanks. On the third day of fighting, I was hit by a small piece of shrapnel, and my left ear was deafened by an RPG. I went to the hospital at Decemhare. The fighting continued for 16 days, without a pause. We learned that our comrades were victorious, and our enemy was pushed back.

We left Decemhare and went down to Ala Hospital. There, Doctor Mikyele and Nurse Roma confirmed that the shrapnel had eaten through my flesh and was lodged inside. From Ala I was taken to Filfil, and three weeks later I was taken to Seberkete-Sahel. It was the end of October, 1977.

At that time a heavy battle was being fought for control of Massawa. Several injured soldiers came to Seberkete. After 5 months, I started to give Dr. Haile Mihtsun a hard time. "I'm allright now, send me back to my group," I pleaded. When he had enough, he asked a comrade to take me with him, and I went up to Wekizaghir...Some people noticed that I still hadn't fully healed, and I was sent back to Firfir hospital. I started to make trouble there, so comrades Weldenkiel Abreha and Sebat Ephraim took me to Decemhare.

Comrade Weldenkiel, of the sixth brigade, gave me a new assignment. "You will stay here at the school and teach music and politics to the children," he said.

"I want to return to my battalion," I pleaded.

"When your injury is healed, you'll go back," he said, helping to understand things. His advice would always hold up. My mind was put at ease. Before I started my new assignment, comrade Tesfaldet introduced me to the students. I prepared two songs for them.

One of them was called ሕሰብ ተመራመር, and the other was called ብድሕራኹም ህይወት እንታይ ከዓብስለይ. Then I gave them some politics lessons. Afterwards, the martyred Saba Gidey came in and taught them grammar and arithmetic. I liked the job very much, because the students responded well to me [ተማሃሮ በአይ ይሕገሱን የንጩብጭቡን ስለ ዝነብሩ።]

Afterwards, Comrade Weldenkiel assigned me to farming. "Take this letter and go to Gadien," he told me. I followed his instructions. After a month in Gadien, I found that I was spending most of my time just sitting around, and I hated it. I went to the person who handled personnel assignments, and asked him to return me to my battalion.

<<ናብ ማእከላይ ቦታና ከሰድኪ እየ ምስኦም ትረዳድኢ>> he said, and sent me with someone. An administrator named Kidane welcomed me when I arrived.

"What's the matter?" he asked me.

"I don't like my assignment, send me back to my battalion," I said.

"I understand. You'll have to wait patiently for the next two days," he said.

After two days all of us who were stationed in Gadien and Decemhare were assembled, and we were told that we would be leaving. Those who could walk would go on foot, and those who couldn't would go on the automobiles. And all of the students followed right behind us. Together, we entered Keren. ለካ ምዝላቕ ናይ ደቡብ ክኸውን ኢዩ ማለት'ዩ።

In Keren, Comrade Girmai Mehari assigned me to the surgical hospital. Comrade Tirhas, my new team leader, accepted my papers. I didn't have any medical training [ናይ ሕክምና አንፈት አይነበረን።] But Tirhas worked hard to teach me. Her efforts did not go to waste. In three months, Comrade Gebremiskel, the medical administrator, called me to him and told me that I would go down to Sahel, to receive more training.

About 20 women and 60 men went down to Sahel. After studying for three months, Dr. Haile Mihtsin gave us our certification. Our class was split up, and each of us was assigned to work as a medic at a different place. For the second time, I was assigned to Keren, where I would, working under Doctor Arayu, help a group of farmers. My team leader was Jim'a, and the others working with me were Comrade Abrehet, Fiory, Mihret, Afya, Comrade Haile, and Mr. Mikyel.

There was much encouragement and communication among us as we worked. Out of the blue one day, we heard some heavy fire coming from the direction of Ila Ber'id. Everyone in Keren was shocked. We started to pack all of our equipment. As I was carrying our things, Comrade Isaias Afewerki ran into me.

"Tiberih!" he said. አንኸአ ስገሚ ወቅፀ ደው በልኩ።

"How are you?" he continued.

"I'm very good!" I said, feeling very shy.

"Packing, are you?" he said, as he looked into the distance.

"Yes," I said, and returned to my team.

There was heavy firing between us and the enemy all that night in Ila Ber'id. In the morning, we boarded buses and headed out to Sahel. We entered Afabet as enemy planes were trying to bomb us. ብዙይ እኸለማይ ድማ ንስለስተ መዓልተ ይኸውን ቀነና። Mothers, children, injured! እየ ጽንዓት፣ እየ ሓቦ፣ ኩላ አብ ሳልስተ ኢያ መግንገሊ ረኺባ። We went on the move once again. The injured and those who were unable to walk were taken by automobile, while others went on foot. After four days, we came to a place called Halibet.

At Halibet, the medical personal was shifted around. I couldn't get along with the new people I was working with. I was sent to see Comrade Asmerom Gerezgiher at the military office. The handesa [?] was nearby, so he assigned me to them. The leader of the handesa, Comrade Keyahai, told me that I would study to become a handesa electrician. But once again, I ended up just sitting down, and I didn't like it. I returned to the military office, to be reassigned elsewhere.

"Go see Doctor Nir'ayo at a place called Jilhanty. We'll send you to work at the clinic there." They gave me a letter, and I went off to Jilhanty!

Chapter 5

Jelhanty was on Sudanese territory. It's a place that's hot enough to make you go crazy. To make it a place of Wihisinet (?), they moved a community centre for Eritreans and war amputees, a school, some....and a clinic which served the neighbouring areas.

Since I came to the administrative office, I presented my papers to them. They gave me a place to sleep. The next day, I was taken to see Askalu Menkorios. She read my letter, and asked me what I needed.

"I had asked Asmerom to either send me to join the forces or...and I'd like you to do one of them for me," I said.

"You will not join the forces," she said. "You will rest here."

I was sent to see Dr. Geremariam. I was given a room with one window to myself. After three days, I grew restless and started to wander around. It grew even hotter, and I didn't know what to do. The nurses had been told to only feed me, but not to talk to me, so they would serve me food and water, but avoid any conversation with me. One day, Geremariam came to visit and ask how I was doing.

"How is your stay?"

"It's good," I said.

"Why don't you start working?" he asked.

"Don't you know what I came here for?" I asked in return.

"I do know, but I think you are misguided; healthy people don't bother us with requests to join the forces, so why someone in your position raise a fuss about joining the forces? Listen to me now, you must begin to work," he said. I couldn't listen to what he was saying, and...

As our enemy was preparing for the sixth offensive, it was decided that all of the Eritreans who were in Jelhanty should leave Sudan and move into the liberated Eritrean territories. It was no longer safe in Sudan, since the Sudanese agreement had come to an agreement with the Ethiopian government of Mengistu Haile Mariam. I went to the Nacfa front, to go to the hospital there. After I had spent a few awanat (??) there, the brigade leader at Nacfa received a letter regarding me, that had been sent from a place called Hawelih. The letter was a request to send me to Hawelih in order to get married. It was sent from the ጩንፈር አካለ ስንኩላን. When I was staying in Jilhanty, I had become engaged to a blind comrade. Together with the messenger who brought the letter, I boarded a vehicle and headed to Hawelih. Some leaders in the ጩንፈር አካለ ስንኩላን gave me a nice welcome. While I was drinking tea and chatting in their guest room, a relative of mine came in, guided by a man walking with a cane. His name was Weldemariam Sajun. We kissed and started to talk warmly about the past. Then, we each went to where we would be staying.

A week later, the wedding was held. Eight couples were married at the same time. Three of them had come from the army. ሕጽኖችና ወዳጆች፣ ሓዳርና ፈለና። እው፣ ንዓይነ ስዉራን ሓዳር ክፈልዩ ይፈቀድ ኢዩ ነይሩ። After two months together, we couldn't get along anymore. I was very hot tempered, and he was even worse. Our fights had become frequent, so the leader of the መዓስከር አካለ ስንኩላን tried to help us come to an understanding. He tried whatever he could, but nothing worked. When Weldemariam hit me with a stick, I couldn't take it anymore [ክጻወር አይከአልኩን]. ብሰጭት ንብሰጭት ኮንኩ። I had the urge to run away. Using my own wits, I made arrangements with a camel herder, and left for Sudan.

When I arrived at Port Sudan, I went straight to our office [the local EPLF office]. The head man, Mustafa Nurhusein, gave me a warm welcome. He found a small room for me to stay in. After staying there for two nights and sightseeing in the city during the day, I saw some people that I knew. I asked Mustafa for permission to visit them. Permission was granted, and I went to my friends' house. They were comrade Asmerom Kibrom and his wife Rishan. They sympathized with the mental difficulties that I was having.

Rishan thought about the best way I could get help, and one day she took me to a tikal [?-ትካ]. There we met a man named Dawit, a member of the ELA [Eritrean Liberation Army -- ተ.ሓ.ኤ]. He was a working man. When Rishan told me that I too was a member, he cried. I think it was my situation that made him cry. He told me that, for 17 years, he loved me because of my songs.

"Our boss is coming back at 9:00, wait for him," he said. "And I'll do whatever I can to help you," he said.

The boss came at 9:00. He was from Holland. And his partner was a ምስራቂት, as Dawit had told me. They took Dawit aside and asked him about my identity.

"She's my sister," he told them. "She's having some mental problems, and she's just arrived from the field."

"Alright then, bring her here and have her sign," they said, and Dawit called me over to where they were. I signed something, and took some folded clothes and supplied which they donated.

"You can stay at my place," Dawit said. "Wait for me while I get permission." After clearing things with the others, he carried my things and together we went to his place. His servant served me lunch. After lunch, Dawit and I went out for some fresh air, and he took me to see a friend of his. Coffee was served and we chatted all afternoon.

"If the office will give you permission, why don't you stay here with my friend's wife?" Dawit asked.

"That's alright, I'll just come here to chat every so often," I said. After a silence, he told me that he wanted me for marriag. I said alright. I went to the office to tell everything to Mustafa.

"How are you doing Tiberih?" he asked me.

"Please give me a visa to go to Khartoum, because I don't like Port Sudan," I said.

"No problem," he said <<ማሬ መሽከላ-ጸገም የለን>> and issued me some papers along with an ID photo of me.

Having made it look like I was going to Khartoum, I went back to Dawit. I settled down with him, and we started to live together in Hilet Sudan [?]. But after about two weeks, we started to get into some political arguments which moved us far apart. I packed my clothes and left him.

I looked everywhere for work, and found a job [ደልየ ደልየ ኣብ ሓደ እንዳ ስካብሊ ስራሕ ጀመርኩ።]. They were eleven Sudanese. The cooking and the cleaning was alright. What really tired me out was the laundry and ironing. But I really liked the people.

After three months I gathered all of the people together. "I'm leaving for a job in Khartoum," I said. "I just want to let you know before I go, so that you can find a replacement."

"አቐይምናኪ ዲና?" they asked me.

"I haven't had any problems with you," I said.

They asked me to wait until Monday before I left, and I did so.

They found another Eritrean woman to work for them, and I showed her the job before leaving. They were sad to see me go, and they paid me my wages which came to 70 Junye per month, even though we had agreed to only 50 Junye per month. I finally left for Khartoum.

I travelled by train. A Sudanese couple who were sitting next to me started up a conversation with me in Arabic.

"Are you an Eritrean soldier?" they asked me.

"Yes I am," I replied.

"We like you soldiers," they said.

"And we really like you Sudanese," I said. We all laughed, and before we knew we had passed through Kessela, Gedarfi, Medeny, and arrived at Khartoum.

"Where are you getting off?" the man asked.

"I'm working at the Shaebia [EPLF] office," I said.

"Why don't you come to our place and rest a little? Then you can go to the office," they suggested.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"It's in Imdurman."

"Is that far?"

"It's not bad," he said. "Come and have a meal and then rest a little before you go to the office," he said.

I got off the train with the couple and we caught a taxi. Their home was at the very edge of the city, and we arrived there after half an hour. Their family served us supper. After dinner they prepared a bed for me, and I laid down. I drank icewater and tea. After chatting for a little, I fell asleep.

I awoke the next morning, and a bath was already prepared for me. I washed myself and put on some clothes that Dawit had bought for me in Port Sudan. Then we had a breakfast of ful (beans and peppers), and then drank some coffee.

"Would you like me to braid your hair for you, before you leave?" the girl asked me.

I said alright, and she did my hair. After lunch, the man called me a cab. We got on together, and headed for the office. In the taxi, the Sudanese man started to ask me some questions.

"I like you," he said. "I would like to marry you, if you like me of course."

"I'm fine by myself, you know," I said. "But I'll think about it. You're young, and I'm a little older."

"Does love care about age?" he asked. [ፍቕሪ ዓለን ዓለን ይብል ኢዩ?]

"Well!" I said in shock. "But you know, I'm habesha. Why don't you marry someone in your culture? [እንታይ ኣእተወካ ግዋል ሓውብኻ ዘይጎምር?]

"Love does not distinguish between cultures." [ፍቕሪ፣ ግዋል ሓውብ ዘይ ግዋል ሓውብ ኣይብሉን።]

"Well, give me some time to think about it," I said.

As we were driving in the taxi, and before we had reached the office, I noticed a bar. "Is that bar owned by an Eritrean?" I asked. He answered yes, and I asked to be let off there. I said thank you and goodbye.

The bar was called Sofia's. I went inside and found the owner, Sofia, and I asked her if she knew anyone at our EPLF office.

"How could I not know them?" she said. Then she sent a driver to pick up Semere Ri'isom, who arrived soon after.

"Let's go back to the office," Semere said.

"I've come to take a little rest from politics," I said.

"I understand. Mustafa has told me that your head has been bothering you. So we'll find you a quiet place where you can stay on your own."

"I'd rather stay with other people," I said.

"In that case, we'll take to whoever you want to stay with. But in the meantime, come and stay with us at the office," he pleaded. But I refused. After refusing him, he gave me 100 Junya to help me out.

"Don't forget to stay in touch," he said, and left.

I asked Sofia if she knew where Shijana was, because I had relatives there. She did know where it was, and she took me there. I found my relatives there and they gave me a warm welcome. The next day, they asked me what it was that brought me to see them.

"I have a head injury, so the EPLF has sent me away to rest for a while," I told them.

"Don't you think that there others who've been hurt in the head? Do they get breaks too?"

"Well, I wasn't able to handle the work anymore. I've come to just take it easy for a while until I get better."

Their questions got me thinking. 'Do they think that I'm stepping on the blood of my comrades by coming here?' I thought. I returned to Sofia's. Then I went to the EPLF office. After spending a few days there, I couldn't handle all of the people. I returned to my relatives. And a short while later, I returned to the office.

"What made you come back this time?" Semere said, laughing.

"I asked myself where I wanted to be, and it was here."

"Well, now that you're here, what are your thoughts?"

"I'm allright. But as I told you, I'm looking for my own place."

"We can set you up with a place of your own right here you know," he said.

"That's a good idea," I said. "But if I stay here I'm going to come across some political talk."

He was surprised, and looked at me carefully.

"Give us a little time to find a place for you -- about a week," he said.

But within a week, I managed to ask around and find a place to rent. I moved in my things, and started to live in my own place. I told Semere that I was settled on my own now. But I didn't even spend two months in that place. There were some members of the EPLF who shared the courtyard that my home was facing. They had some heated political discussion which upset me, so I was forced to move. I felt so refreshed in the small and pretty place that I moved into next. I warned the people there and others not to bring up politics with me. I lived there for about 7 months.

One day when I went to our EPLF office, I came across Sebhait Ephraim and Weldemikyel Abreha. When I said hello and went outside, I asked around for Semere Re'som. I guessed that the others had been talking to him about me. What Semere said to me when I found him confirmed what I was thinking.

"We're going to send you abroad, to get treatment," he said.

Before long I was sent to Germany. The people who were waiting for me there told me what I should say to the German authorities. Just as they had told me, a German woman came to me and told me to fill out a form which explained my reasons for coming. Somebody wrote things down for me in English, and gave her the form. ብሽምዚ ኸአ ናብ መዕቕቢ ስደተኛታት-ሾሻል አምት አትኹ። My lawyer brought me my papers quickly, and arranged for me to go to Frankfurt. አብ ፍራንክፈርት አብ ሾሻል አምት አትኹ። There I found people from Afghanistan, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, and a few people from Eritrea. It was October 1985. After a short time I received permission to stay in Germany, and I was given a place to stay. On top of the money that I got from the government, I had a job which paid [ናይ ጸሊም እናስራሕኩ], and I was receiving treatment. My life continued. My head got a little better. I got a hearing aid for my damaged ear. In June 1989, after living there for four years, I was given a German passport. Exile is exile; there's no hiding what it's really like. I missed my nation terribly. When I heard that Eritrea had been liberated, I was so happy that I felt like my head and ear had been cured. In 1994, I packed all of my things, and returned home for good.

Chapter 6

I tasted liberty. I found the Eritrean people happily rebuilding their battered nation. After spending a few days in {Asmara}, I left for {Asseb}. Dear readers, you may remember why I went to {Asseb}. I went there to see about the property which I had left behind so long ago. I boarded a ship, and headed off to the port of Asseb. It wasn't just that Silas {Afeworki}, who I had rented my nightclub to before leaving, had not paid rent for 30 years, taking advantage of all my hard work; I found that she had become a lying informant to the {Dergy}, getting many of my friends arrested. One of my friends told me the whole story, and from him I learned that Silas was now in jail. Since she had registered my property under her name, claiming that I was deceased, I was advised that I should sue her in court.

When I first presented my case, Silas came into the room, escorted by two police officers. She was shocked to see me. The judge then asked her some questions.

"Do you know this woman?" he asked Silas, referring to me.

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"Tiberih Tesfahuney."

"Do you testify that the nightclub which you rented from her, belongs to her?"

"I don't know," she replied.

The judge then turned to me and asked me about the property.

"I rented the property to her, and the money is mine," I said to him.

"Are you listening, Mrs. Silas?" the judge asked.

"Yes, I am listening," replied Silas.

"Do you believe what she is saying?"

"I don't believe what she is saying."

"In that case, I am setting a trial date for 10 days from now," the judge said, and ended the hearing.

I wandered around my old neighborhood, and found witnesses who could testify that the property belonged to me. They were women who used to work with me in the old days. I arranged to get them a formal court summons from the police. On the day of my trial, they testified that, before leaving for Sweden, I had rented my property to Silas for 300 dollars. In the end, Silas reluctantly admitted the truth. She was sentenced to pay me 7000 dollars in unpaid rent.

"I don't have any money, I'll go bankrupt," she claimed. She managed to gather together only 42 {birr}, which she brought to the police. She testified in court that there was nothing more she could do. She didn't have any property of her own. Because of this, I was left with nothing.

I went to the Asseb city hall, and asked for permission to receive a property which I could develop. I was told to go and see about this in Asmara. I loaded my things onto a ship called Angelo, which was docked in the port of {Asseb}, and made my way to Asmara, stopping at the port of {Massawa}, and heading overland from there. Mustafa Nurhusein helped me along my way.

Once in {Asmara}, I stored my things and rushed to the Presidential Office. After I had spoken to Salik Kekiya, he told me to go see the Ministry of Buildings. I went there, and found Mr. Ukbe Abreha.

"You will have to go to {Decemhare}," he told me, "But first you will have to go to the Abayty commission."

The commission provided me with a letter to take to {Decemhare}, where I headed next.

I was forced to run here and there. I would be told to go see someone, who would then tell me to go see someone else. In any case, I was finally able to acquire the bar I own now, called "The Big Hut".

If you were to ask me how I'm doing now, I would have to say that, with the condition my head is, and with my hard life, I am not doing very well. However, I have reached my goal, and I give thanks to God, who allowed me to tell you my story, in my free nation. I am grateful that I lived to see liberated {Eritrea}. May our martyrs be remembered forever.