



Xikochimani woke up very early that morning.

He was one of the first people at the station.

This was Xikochimani's first trip alone.



He was going to his grandfather, Galela, in the city.

Suddenly, a man was shouting the names of places that Xikochimani recognised.

"Come, the bus is leaving!" called the man.

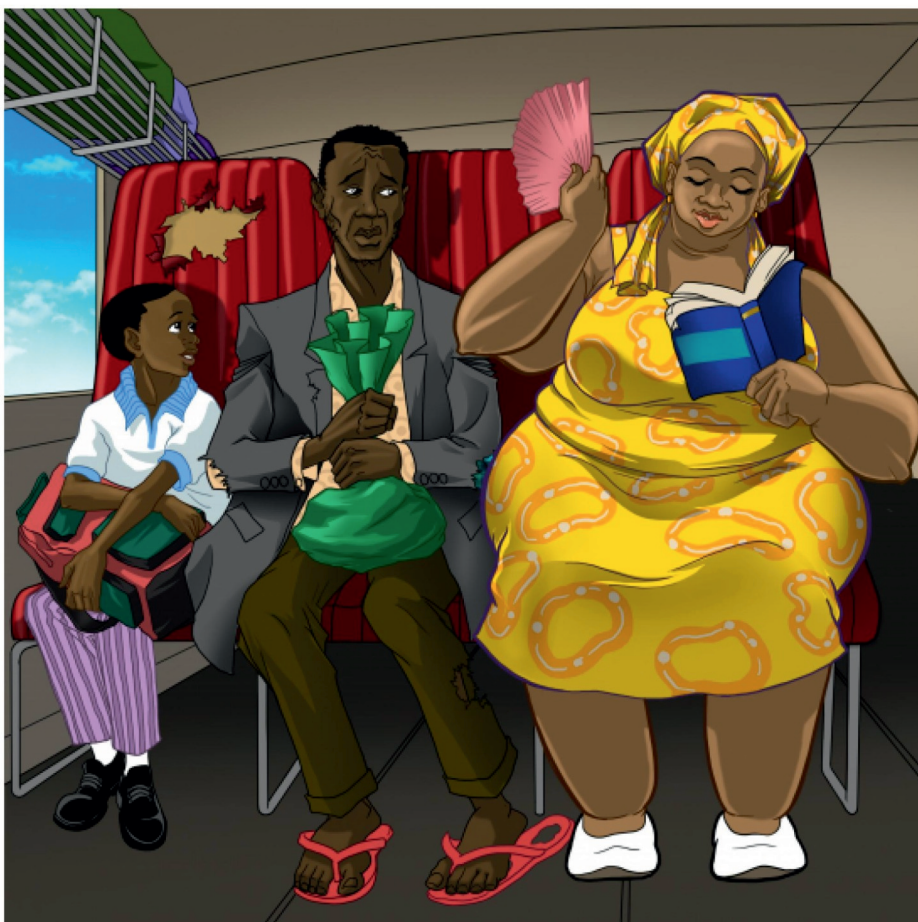


The bus was almost full. Xikochimani stood waiting to get inside.

Someone was blocking the entrance to the bus.

Xikochimani felt impatient.





Xikochimani's seat was by the window, next to a couple called Rhulani and Madzivandlela.

It was sweltering hot in the bus.





The vendors came into the bus. They carried many tasty treats.

They were selling cooldrinks, bananas, sweets, meats, and other snacks.



Madzivandlela took out some money and bought fruit from a man with a pleasant face.

She started nibbling and enjoying herself.



The bus driver got on the bus. He greeted the passengers. "Relax and enjoy the ride," he called.

"The door is closed, we are going!" shouted the driver's helper.





The road to the city was long and winding.

Xikochimani was excited to watch the changing landscape as the bus travelled.



It was still very hot in the bus as the sun set. The travellers were sweaty and sleepy.

Rhulani held tightly to his bag as he fell asleep.

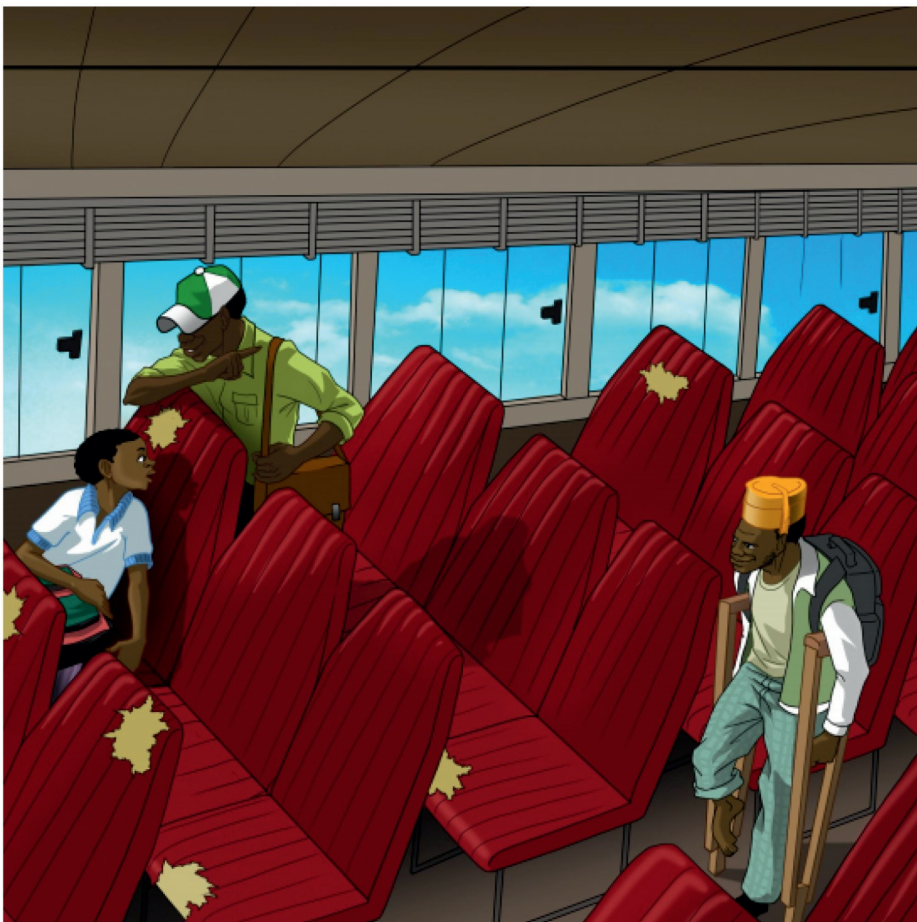


Xikochimani, Rhulani, and Madzivandlela were soon all asleep.

Madzivandlela snored loudly.

They slept deeply as the bus drove through the night.





A hand was gently shaking Xikochimani's shoulder. He finally woke up.

"This is the last station, where are you going?" asked the man.



Xikochimani got off the bus.

He saw no familiar faces.

He said to himself, "I am Xikochimani of Xihimu of Galela. I will reach my grandfather's home."