

Babbar mota ɗaya ce
tak a kauyen su Tanko.
Babba ce, kuma
shuɗiya. Tana da kara
sosai.



Gobe za mu je gari, inji mahaifiyar Tanko. “Za mu sayo kayan makarantarka.”



Tanko ya yi murna sosai. Za su yi tafiya a babbar shuɗiyar mota. Bai yi barci ba wannan daren.



Yayin da mahaifiyarsa ta je tada shi, Tanko ya rigya ya shirya.



Tanko da mahaifiyarsa sun je inda motar ke tsayawa. Sun jira babbar shuɗiyar mota, amma motar ba ta zo ba.



Wasu mutane sun isa wurin tsayawar mota. Suna korafi saboda motar ta makara. "Ina motar?" Suka tambaya.

Tanko ya damu. "Ba mu da damar zuwa gari," ya yi tunani. Ba zai samu kayan makaranta ba.

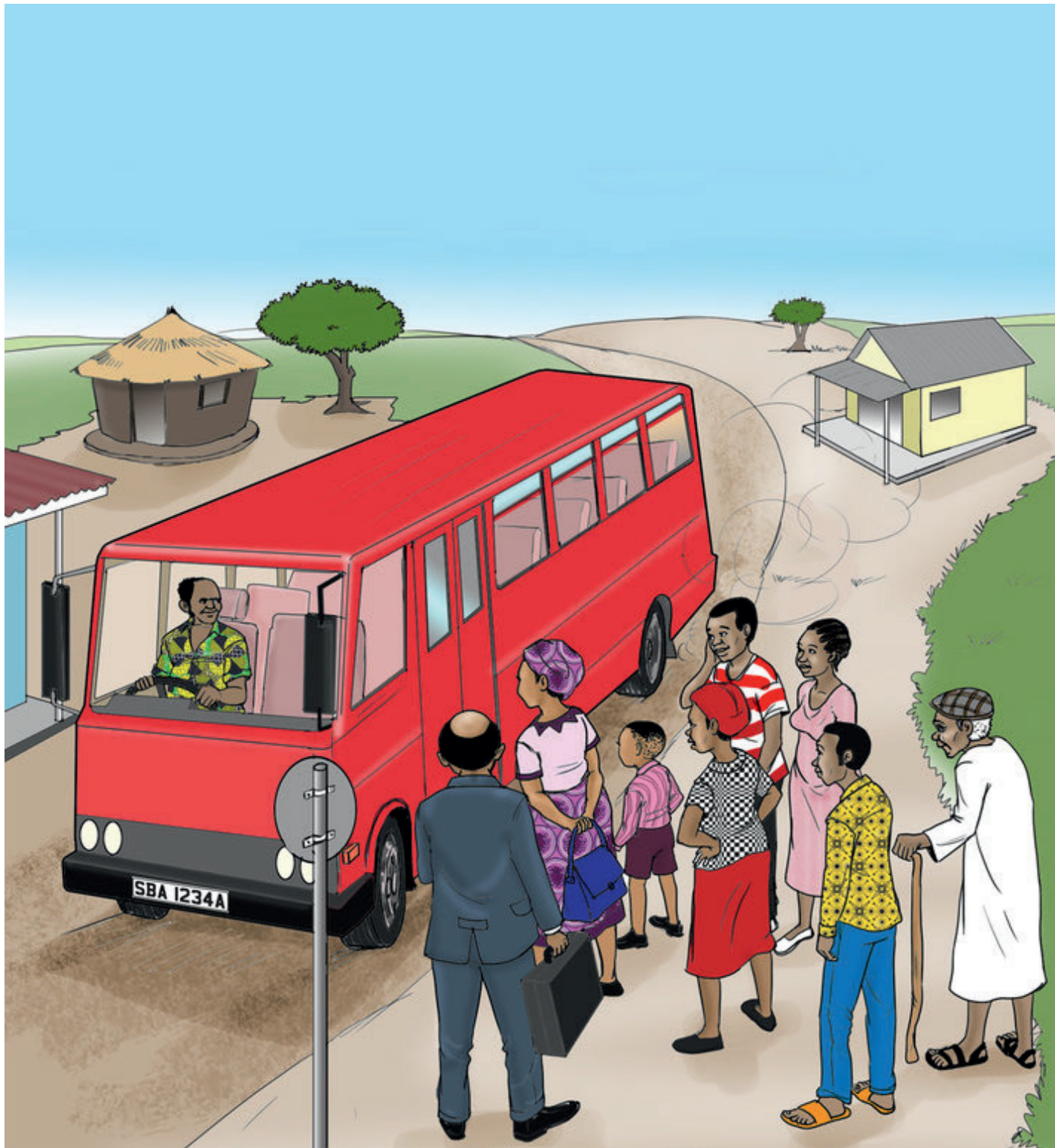




Wasu mutane suka hakura, suka koma gida. Tanko ya yi kuka, bai son ya koma gida. "Za mu jira kaɗan," in ji mahaifiyarsa.



Nan take sai suka ji
kara. Suka ga kura na
tashi a sama. Motar
tana zuwa!



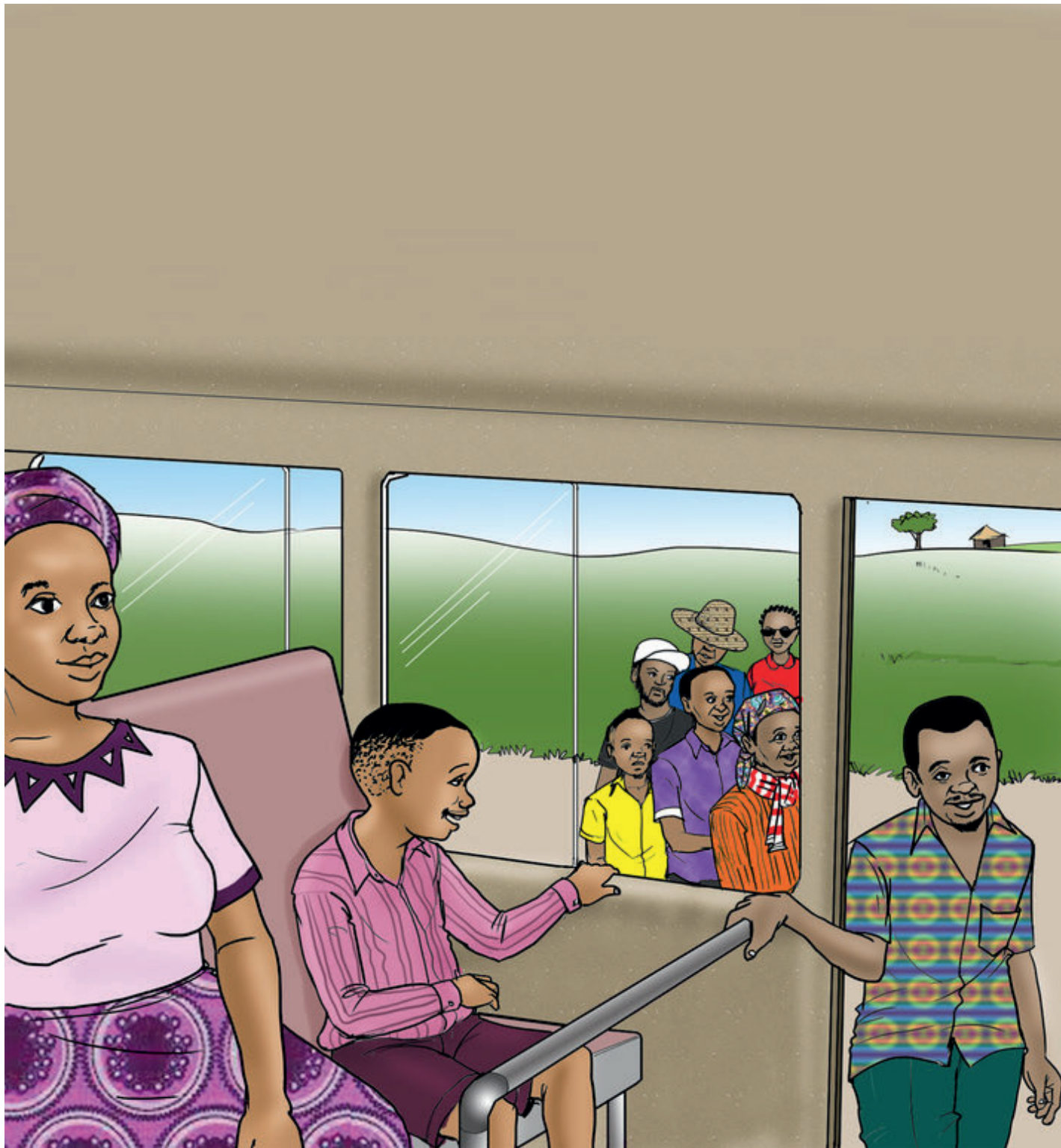
Amma motar ba shudfiya ba ce, ba ta da girma. Ita ja ce, kuma karama. Mutane ba sa son shiga wannan motar.



“A shiga! A shiga!”
Direba ya daka tsawa.
“Yau mun makara
sosai,” ya gaya masu.



Tanko da mahaifiyarsa suka fara shiga. Nan da nan kowa ya shiga cikin jar mota.



Tanko ya duba ta taga,
sai ya ga mutane da
yawa a tashar motar.



Mutane da yawa suna gudu don su samu motar. Amma sun makara. Jar motar ta cika. Ta tafi zuwa gari.



“Ina babbar shudfiyar motar?” Mahaifiyar Tanko ta tambaya. “Ta lalace,” inji direba. “Ana gyaranta. Za ta zo gobe.”



Tanko bai damu da launin motar ba. Kuma bai damu da girmanta ba. Wannan motar za ta je gari.