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Sample
translation

ANDREJ ROZMAN
ROZA
Little Rhyming Circus
Poetry for children

Andrej Rozman Roza

Little Rhyming Circus

Poetry for children

Sample translation

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Andrej Rozman Roza

Poet, playwright, director and actor Andrej Rozman Roza was born in 1955 in Ljubljana. He dropped out of Slovenian Studies in 1978 to found the "Pocesno gledališče Predrazpadom" theatre with friends, organizing a series of visits to Ljubljana by foreign street theatres over the next few years. In 1981 he founded the Ana Monro Theatre, running it until 1995. He was the initiator of the improvisational theatre movement in Slovenia. He writes parodic and comic songs, modern fairy tales and comedies for young and



Photo: Jože Suhadolnik

old, and he also reworks classic texts for other media, translating and modernizing them. In 2003 he founded the "Rozinteater" theatre. He has received a number of awards for his work, among them the Golden Bird Award (1984), the Levstik Award of the Mladinska knjiga publishing house (1999), Radio Slovenia's Ježek Award (2005), the Desetnica award of the Slovene Writers' Association (2008), the Župančič Award (2009), and the Prešeren Fund Award for Literature (2010), which is the highest national award.

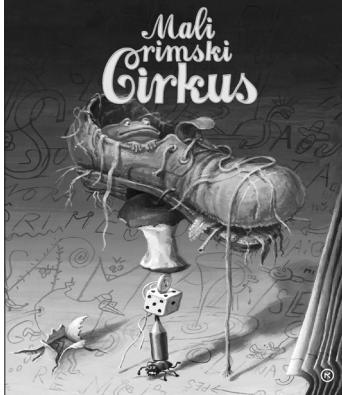
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Zvonko Čoh

Illustrator Zvonko Čoh was born in 1956 in Celje. He studied painting at the Academy of Fine Arts and Design in Ljubljana. In his further studies he began to specialize in cartoons and illustration. He works in the area of illustration, comics, visual communication, artistic animated film and television advertising. He has illustrated dozens of books and created many short animated films, as well as, with Milan Erič, *Socializacija bika?* (Socialisation of a Bull?), which was the first Slovenian

full-length animated film. He has received numerous awards for his work, among others the "Golden Pen" (Belgrade, 1983), the Levstik Award of the Mladinska knjiga publishing house (1988, 1999 and 2015), the Prešeren Fund Award (1999), the Association of Slovenian Artists' Hinko Smrekar Prize for illustration (2002), and he also made the International Board on Books for Young People's honour list (Cape Town, 2004).



Book Information

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About the Book

Andrej Rozman Roza's *Little Rhyming Circus* consists of twenty-seven witty children's poems that also will not leave adults cold. This collection performs exceptional verbal acrobatics, full of refined humour in which the whole world is to be found – from milk to crocodiles. "Roza's poetic modus operandi, such as parodic references, witty humour and free use of language are characteristic also for his children's poetry, which he has been publishing since

1993 as illustrated books (most frequently with the painter Zvonko Čoh) [...]. His creations are wittily ideal. The poetic method frequently resides in the fact that he lends a commonplace object imaginative depth and life. [...] Roza delights in stoking the child's imagination through horrifying, 'creepy' figures, or rewriting children's fears as in the poem *Lullacy*," writes anthologist Andrej Koritnik in the Afterword to his selected works.

Media Reactions

Andrej Rozman Roza's twenty-seven poems are surely known by many a Slovenian reader, and in this new edition [...] there's a crocodile who wants to fly, milk that doesn't want to become cocoa, Jake the nightmare-hunter, along with other characters to amuse more generations of Slovenian readers. This is mainly be-

cause we can describe the poems with the same words as the illustrations: they are sprightly, impish, imaginative and witty, yet impish and naughtily glimmering, in short, perfectly suited to young people who like to find pleasure in fun and reading.

Gaja Kos, *from the justification
for the "Golden Pear" Award*

The poet Roza and the illustrator Čoh has turned away from the usual loving lullabies, innocent drawings, simple rhymes in the schoolroom tradition, and battles between good and evil. They pay utmost respect to child readers' brains cell. [...]

Roza's straightforward poetry makes that the rhymes seems so natural that you feel everyday speech is in fact the most ornate of forms. An excellent example of the jugglinger's art.

Bernard Nežmah, *Mladina*

Mali rimski cirkus

USTRAHAVANKA

Postelja je že postlana,
pod rjuho pa podgana.

Če jo brcneš, ko greš spat,
te ugrizne v podplat.

Ko od groze zakričiš,
s krikom kačo prebudiš,
ki prijazno kakor muca
dol pod posteljo dremuca.

Ni da pik bi se bal,
saj ni gad – je le udav!

In ko v strahu kvišku švisne,
skoraj že se k tebi stisne
in tako tesno te objame,
da vso sapo ti vzame.

In zato na vrat na nos
stečeš ven – na srečo bos,
saj medtem je za svoj dom
en copat že izbral škorpijon.

Zdaj pa se začne najhuje.
Strah, da kdo te opazuje
in da zdaj zdaj nate plane
ven iz sence nepoznane
volkodlak ali vampir,
te požene v divji dir.

Zdaj bojiš se čisto vsega,
sam si v noči, polni zlega.
Le da večjo uzreš rastlino,
čim dlje proč od nje greš mimo,
saj ne veš, kako izgleda
tista, ki je mesojeda.

Ko le prideš med ljudi,
ti so grozni roparji,
ki zalotiš jih pri tem,
ko bogat delijo plen.

Ker te gledajo krvavo,
veš, da zdaj ti gre za glavo.
Glasno krikneš: »Na pomoč!«

ZDAJ PA SPAT IN LAHKO NOČ.

PASAVEC

Prišel je k pásarju pasavec
in je pasavcu pásar napravil oklep,
a ko naj bi pásarju pasavec plačal,
je ugotovil, da mu je z oklepom pásar zapásal žep.

PES IN NJEGOV GOSPOD

Po cesti pes gospoda vodi,
napenja vrv in renči,
ker se gospod po polžje vleče,
njemu pa se že mudi.

Besno sam pri sebi bevska:
»Pasja smola, primejduš,
da od vseh človeških pasem
sem dobil to leno uš!

Pozdravljat moram cel kup znancev,
prevohat sto in en vogal,
pregnat vse mačke in golobe –
on pa hodi, kot bi spal!«

Nato prispeta do gostilne
– in tam gospod kar obsedi.
Zdaj psu je dosti! Brez besede
odpne povodec – in že ga ni.

Dopoldne raziskuje mesto,
popoldne gre v gozd na lov,
šelev ko že zaide sonce,
počasi vrne se domov.

In glej – pred hišo je gospod.
Sedi na pragu in skesan
čaka, da spusti ga not
in mu na krožnik usuje hrano.

MLEČNA HRANA

Mala mlečnozoba Mara
mleka in masla sploh ne mara,
jogurt se ji grozno gnuši,
sira niti ne pokusi.

Mama pravi: »Hrana iz mleka
je pomembna za človeka!
In brez sira, skute, masla
majhna boš, še ko boš zrasla!«

Mara pa tolaži mamo:
»Pa saj maram mlečno hrano.
Ti pozabljaš, da k njej spada
tudi mlečna čokolada.«

MLEKO

Ko iz tetrapaka v lonec priteče,
mleko zasliši nekoga, ki reče:
»Takole, še malo, pa Mihec bo vstal,
zato že kar zdajle mu skuham kakav.«

Mleko od groze se skoraj sesiri:
»To ni mogoče, pri moji veri!
Da ob belino bom in ob okus,
to, primojduš, je ostuda in gnuš!«

A bolj ko jezi se nad tem, kaj bo z njim,
močneje od spodaj ga greje vroč plin.

»Jaz da kakav bom?! Nikdar nikoli!
Preveč sem ponosno, da to si dovolim!«
je besno vzkipelo, iz lonca ven vstalo
in belo in čisto se v svet je podalo.

»Do smrti bom mleko, nikoli kakav!«
je vpilo še, ko so ga brisali s tal.

URNI KAZALEC

Tik tak, tik tak,
čas ves čas beži.
Korak po korak
mu kazalec sledi.

Ker pa je mlad,
se dolgčas mu zdi
hodit počasi
in čas prehit.

Urno zdrv
kot pravi atlet:
ko čas je pri dve,
je on že čez pet.

A kaj se zgodi?
Nesramen škandal!
Namesto čestitk
ga čaka urar.

Andrej Rozman Roza: *Mali rimske cirkus.*
Mladinska knjiga: Ljubljana 2013, p. 5, 12, 42, 44, 46, 56.
© Mladinska knjiga založba, d. d., Ljubljana 2013

НЕВЯЛІЧКАЯ ЦЫРКАВАЯ АРЭНА

Translated by Inesa Kuryan
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ПУЖАЛАЧКА

Ты паклаўся на бачок,
а пад коўдрай пацучок.

Калі не жадаеш спаткі –
пацучок кусне за пяткі.

Кожны з жаху крыкнуць можа,
але лепш зірні пад ложак –
там змяя ад шуму ўскоча,
што, як кот, лягла ў клубочак.

Побач з ёю спіць удаў –
ён цябе не напужаў?

Калі ўскіне шыю ўверх,
не хвалюйся, ён не звер
не гадзюка, не кусае,
толькі моцна абымае.

I не раю басячком
падаць з лесвіцы кулём,
бо не дасца збегчы з дому –
селі ў тапках скарпіёны.

Але ж гэта паўбяды.
Сэрца сцісненца тады,
калі з цёмнага прысёнку,
той, хто доўта сочыць звонку,
ваўкалак або вампір,
цябе ўцягне ў дзікі вір.

Пэўна, там няма нікога,
так што не дрыжы, нябога.
Хочаш, уцякай далей,
мо ў кустоўі спакайней.
Ды скажу табе для ведаў:
ёсць расліны-мясаеды.

Раптам нешта ўловіць слых –
ты ў разбойнікаў лясных,
ўсіх заспеўши акурат,
як яны дзялілі клад.

Прагнуць вочы іх крыві –
вой, што будзе – уяви!
Тут крычы ці не крычы...

ДЗЯЦЯМ СПАЦЬ ТРЭБА ЎНАЧЫ.

ЛАТНІК

Да латара зрання прычухаў
пустынны латнік, бо хацеў залатаць бруха.
Калі ж вялося пра аплату,
дык аказалася, яму латар кішэнь залатаў.

САБАКА І ЯГО ГАСПАДАР

Гаспадара на ўсю нацяжку
вядзе гуляць сабака.
З гаспадара слабы гуляка,
яму ідзецца цяжка.

Сабака злы сабе кумекаў:
“Як гэта я даў маху!
З усіх падвідаў чалавека
далі мне чарапаху!”

Мянне даўно сябры чакаюць,
Мне трэба ўсё абнюхаць,
Катоў прагнаць і птушак стаю,
а ён паўзе, як плюха!”

Калія кавярні сіл не стала,
Сеў гаспадар у крэсла.
Сабака вырашыў даць драла
і павадок зняў цесны.

Спярша аблётаў цэлы горад,
пасля меў паляванне,
а прыкладна на падвячорак
запланаваў вяртанне.

І бачыць – гаспадар на ганку
у вернасці бязмежнай
чакае на свайго сабаку
ды на талерку з ежай.

МАЛОЧНЫ ПРАДУКТ

Толькі паказала Люба
поўны рот малочных зубак,
малака піць не жадае,
сыр і масла не кранае.

Мама кажа: “Я нязгодна!
Малако ўсім неабходна!
Дзецям малако ў падмогу!
Не тварог, дык еш хоць ёгурт.

Бо не вырасцеш!” Малая
так да мамы прамаўляе:
“Трэба есці мне ў дадатак,
больш малочных шакаладак”.

МАЛАКО

Калі малако налівалі ў каструлю,
то вуши малочныя раптам пачулі:
“Mixacіk прачнуўся, а мы яму жвава
дамо на сняданак гарачай какавы”.

Тады малако ледзь не скісла ад злосці:
“Мяне і какаву змяшаць! Хто вас просіць!
Яно сапсue белы колер і смак!
Хай зноў заліваюць мяне ў тэтрапак!”

Яно распалілася як ніколі,
з улікам, што газ падагрэў яшчэ болей.

“Не буду какавай! Я маю свой гонар!
Яго ачарніць не дазволю нікому!”
Кіпіць у нязгодзе, з-пад накрыўкі лезе
і белыя плямы па ім, як па снезе.

“Збягу я адсюль, бо мне вельмі балюча!” –
крыгала, пасля ж яго сцерлі анучай.

ГАДЗІННІК-РЭКАРДЫСТ

Цік-так – ішоў час,
і гадзіннік адразу
нага пры назе
пакрочыў з ім разам.

Як стала гадзінніку
нудна без меры
за часам цягашца,
рвануў ён наперад.

І ставіў імкліва
рэкорд па рэкордзе:
час яшчэ спіць,
а ў гадзінніка – поўдзень.

Ён чэмпіён!
Ды за тыя ўчынкі
яго без пашаны
знеслі ў пачынку.

Little Rhyming Circus

Translated by Olivia Hellewell
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LULLACRY

The bed's already made up neat
but a rat is lying beneath the sheet.

If you kick it when you go to sleep,
it will bite you on your feet,

You let out a frightened scream,
but a snake awakens from his dream.
he was snoring, sleepy head,
right beneath your little bed.

But there really is no cause for alarm –
a boa constrictor won't do any harm!

When the snake jumps up in fright,
he squeezes you with all his might
he's right up close and scared to death
and hugs you 'til you're out of breath.

Quick as a flash, half-asleep
you run outside, in bare feet.
But just as well, because some critter
has set up home in your slipper.

Now the worst of all is here,
it feels like someone else is near.
They could pounce on top of you,
out of the shadows, out of the blue.
A vampire maybe, teeth like a knife
makes you turn and run for your life.

Now outside, you're filled with fright,
all alone in the wicked night.
Only to see something big and green,
you creep past, trying not to be seen.
Because you're not sure, you take it slow –
Man-eating plants exist you know!

You finally see some human beings
but they are robbers, stealing things!
You've caught them in their stripy suits
sharing out their precious loot.

They're staring at you, ready to pounce
Now you know you've got to get out.
“Help me please they want my head!”

GOODNIGHT, SLEEP WELL, IT'S TIME FOR BED.

ARMADILLO

An armadillo went to the armoury
and asked to buy a new shell
the armourer agreed and fitted it on
but locked the armadillo's money inside as well.

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER

A dog leads his master over the street,
growling and tugging the lead,
the master idles along like a snail
but this dog is going at speed.

Angrily he yaps to himself:
“Just my luck,” he groans.
“Of all the humans in the world,
I’m lumped with lazy bones!

So many friends I need to greet
and leave my mark on every street,
cats and pigeons I have to chase,
and he plods along at this slow pace!”

Then the pair arrive at the pub
– the master stops for a drink.
‘Enough!’ thinks the dog, undoing the lead,
he’s gone before you could blink.

In the morning he goes for a hunt in the woods
in the afternoon he roams
and only when the sun goes down
does he slowly go back home.

And look at that – the master’s there.
At the door, in a sorrowful mood.
He’s waiting there to let him inside
to give him his bowlful of food.

MARY AND DAIRY

Little Mary and her milk teeth
milk and butter just won't eat.
Yoghurt makes her feel all queasy,
she's never eaten anything cheesy.

Mummy says: "You must eat dairy –
it will make your chest grow hairy!
And if you eat no cheese at all,
you'll never grow up big and tall!"

Mummy hears the grumbles from Mary:
"That's not true I do like dairy.
You're forgetting mum, you made a mistake –
my favourite drink is chocolate milkshake!"

MILK

As the milk pours out into the pan
it overhears the voice of a man:
“Not long now ‘til Mabel gets up;
I’m making cocoa to fill up her cup.”

“You can’t do that, oh good grief!”
– the milk nearly curdles in disbelief.
“I’m staying white, and as for the taste –
that is disgusting, what a waste!”

And while the milk becomes crosser and crosser,
the heat from below gets hotter and hotter.

“Me be cocoa? Not on your nelly!
I’m way too proud for something so silly.”
It boiled over furiously out of the pan
and its journey into the world began.

“I’ll never be cocoa, milk evermore!”
It could still be heard screaming as it was mopped
from the floor.

THE TIMELY CLOCK HAND

Time is always running away,
Tick-tock, tick-tock.
But step-by-step, right behind
chases the hand of the clock.

But he's only young,
he doesn't know
you can't overtake time
if it's going too slow.

Around it sprints
at a rapid rate:
when time say's its five
he's already passed eight.

But what's happening now?
What is all this?
Instead of a medal,
he's off to be fixed!

Kleiner Reimzirkus

Translated by Tamara Kerschbaumer
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EIN GRUSELDICH

Die Decke ist schon anschmiegsam wie Watte,
doch unter ihr sitzt eine Ratte.

Trittst du sie dann beim Schlafengehen,
beißt sie dich auch in die Zehen.

Wenn du dann vor Grauen schreist,
die Schlange aus dem Schlafe reißt,
die geschlummert hat ganz nett,
wie eine Katze unterm Bett.

Wer fürchtet schon die Zähne hier,
sie ist kein Beiß- sondern ein Würgetier!

Aus Angst kommt sie empor geschwind,
und kuschelt sich zu dir mein Kind,
wenn sie dann den Hals umschlingt,
man selbst nach seinem Atem ringt.

Hals über Kopf, ganz schnell im Nu
rennst du raus – ganz ohne Schuh,
doch wer sitzt da im Schlapfen schon
ein stacheliger Skorpion.

Nun überkommt dich erst der wahre Schauer,
Angst, es liegt dir jemand auf der Lauer
und stürzt sich dann sofort auf dich
aus dem Schatten unheimlich
ein Werwolf oder auch Vampir,
jagt nun auch wie wild nach dir.

Plötzlich stehst du da mit kalten Füßen,
nachts lässt dich das Böse grüßen,
schon der Anblick größerer Pflanzen,
lässt dich jetzt auf Eiern tanzen,
du weißt ja nicht, wie sie so ist,
die Pflanze, die auch Menschen frisst.

Kommst du dann noch unter Leute,
trifft auf eine Räubermeute,
hast sie auf frischer Tat ertappt,
wie sie nach der Beute schnappt.

Bitter ernst starren sie dich an,
du weißt genau, jetzt bist du dran.
„Hilfe!“, schreist du aufgebracht.

AB INS BETT UND GUTE NACHT.

DAS GÜRTELTIER

Zum Gürtler kam ein Gürteltier,
dem Gürteltier machte der Gürtler ein Blechgewand,
aber als das Gürteltier dem Gürtler bezahlen sollte,
stellte es fest, dass es unter dem Gürtlers Blechgewand
die Münzen nicht mehr fand.

DER HUND UND SEIN HERRCHEN

Auf der Straße führt ein Hund sein Herrchen,
spannt die Leine an und knurrt,
weil sein Herrchen schneckenhaft
nicht in seinem Tempo spurt.

Wütend bellt er dann zu sich:
„Hundsreck, es wird mir jetzt zu bunt,
von all den vielen großen Menschen,
was soll ich mit dem faulen Hund!“

Muss einen Haufen Freunde grüßen,
schnüffeln auch in allen Ecken,
scheuchen muss ich Katzen, Tauben –
der geht, als würde er verrecken!“

Und dann beim Gasthaus angelangt
– wird dem Herrchen auch schon aufgetischt.
Dem Hund ist das zu viel geworden! Wortlos
löste er die Leine – und ist abgezischt.

Vormittags erforscht er nun die Stadt,
Nachmittags versucht er auf der Jagd sein Glück,
doch erst beim Sonnenuntergang,
kehrt langsam er nach Haus zurück.

Und schau, das Herrchen – vorm Haus am Ende.
Auf der Schwelle sitzt's und resigniert,
wartet, auf die eigenen vier Wände
und dass es dem Hund sein Mahl serviert.

DIE MILCHMAHLZEIT

Milchgesicht Margit
schreit bei Milch und Butter nur igitt,
schlecht wird ihr bei Joghurt auch,
Käse kommt ihr niemals in den Bauch.

Mama sagt: „Milchmahlzeiten sind, ja richtig,
für den Menschen super wichtig!
Und ohne Käse, Topfen, Butter,
bleibst du klein, auch noch als Mutter!“

Margit sagt: „Ich will doch keinen Streit,
du vergisst, ich liebe eine Milchmahlzeit.
Denn Milch ist überhaupt nicht fade,
in der Vollmilchschorle.“

DIE MILCH

Als die Milch sich aus dem Tetrapack in den Topf ergießt,
hört sie jemanden, der gerade jetzt beschließt:
„Nicht mehr lange, und Michi wacht auf, ja genau,
daher bereite ich ihm schon jetzt seinen Kakao.“

Vor lauter Grauen stockt sie fast sogar,
„Herrschafszeiten, das ist doch jetzt nicht wahr!
Ums Weiße und um den Geschmack bringt man mich,
das, bei meiner Seel', ist ekelhaft und widerlich!“

Doch je mehr sie sich darüber laut beschwert,
desto heißer wird von unten schon der Herd.

„Ich als Kakao?! Um keinen Preis!
Dafür bin ich zu stolz, ich bleibe weiß!“
kochte sie vor Wut und begab sich weiß und rein
aus dem Topfe in die Welt hinein.

„Milch bis in den Tod, nie und nimmer zu Kakao gemischt!“,
hört man dann noch, als man sie vom Boden wischt.

DER UHRZEIGER

Tick tack, tick tack,
allzeit die Zeit verfliegt,
Schritt für Schritt, klack, klack,
hinter ihr der Zeiger liegt.

Doch so, ganz jung,
ist ihm fad und leid,
langsam zu wandern,
husch, vorbei an der Zeit.

Sekundenschnell,
ein wahrer Athlet!
Schlägt es erst Zwei
er nach fünf Uhr steht.

Aber huch, was denn?
Skandal, unverschämt!
Statt einem Pokal,
ihn der Uhrmacher zähmt.

Kleiner Reim-Zirkus

Translated by Christiane Leskovec
Contact of the translator: cleskove@mail.amis.net

EINE FURCHTERREGENDE NACHT

Das Bett ist schon gemacht,
darunter eine Ratte lacht.

Wenn du sie trittst beim Schlafengehen,
beißt sie sogleich dich in die Zehen.

Wenn du vor Schreck und Grauen schreist,
weckst du der Schlange müden Geist,
die so freundlich wie ein Kätzchen
unterm Bett auch fand ein Plätzchen.

Hab' keine Angst, dass sie dich beißt,
da sie sich um den Hals nur schmeißt.

Vor Angst sie dann nach oben springt,
im Schlangenbogen dich umschlingt,
so dass es dir den Atem nimmt.

Und darum rennst du ganz konfus
hinaus, doch ohne Schuh am Fuß,
denn in den Hausschuh als sein Heim
ein Skorpion geschlüpft hinein.

Und jetzt erst fängt das Schlimmste an:
die Angst, dass man dich sehen kann,
und dass jetzt gleich
aus unbekanntem Schattenreich
ein Werwolf oder gar Vampir
Angst und Schrecken bringt zu dir.

Jetzt fürchtest du vor allem dich,
denn überall sind Bösewicht'.
Kaum siehst du eine Pflanze große,
da machst du dir fast in die Hose,
denn du weißt nicht, wie sie ist:
jene, die auch Menschen frisst.

Kommst du endlich unter Leute,
die sich teilen reiche Beute,
weil sie schlimme Räuber sind,
die du erwischt hast, armes Kind.

Da sie grausam dich anschau'n,
hast du Angst, dass sie dich hau'n,
schreist „Hilfe!“ nun mit aller Macht.

SCHLAF RECHT SCHÖN UND GUTE NACHT.

DAS GÜRTELTIER

Kommt zum Gürtler das Gürteltier,
macht ihm der Gürtler einen Gürtelschild.
Doch als das Gürteltier den Gürtler soll vergüten,
sieht das Gürteltier die Tasche nicht vor Gürteln.

DER HUND UND SEIN HERRCHEN

Ein Hund mit Herrchen Gassi geht,
die Leine spannt, die Augen verdreht,
denn Herrchen schleicht wie eine Schnecke,
doch ihm pressiert es an die Ecke.

Wütend kläfft er so bei sich:
„So ein Pech auch, Mist verflift,
dass von allen Herrchenarten
diesen Faulpelz ich muss haben.

Begrüßen muss ich viele Leutchen,
beschnüffeln auch noch hundert Ecken,
verjagen alle Katzen, Täubchen,
doch ihn kann einfach gar nichts wecken!“

Sie kommen dann zu einer Kneipe,
das Herrchen setzt sich in ein Eck,
da reicht's dem Hund, er sucht das Weite,
löst die Leine und läuft weg.

Am Morgen in die Stadt mit Wonne,
nach Mittag in den Wald zur Jagd,
erst nach dem Untergang der Sonne,
so langsam er nach Hause trabt.

Und schau – sein Herrchen sitzt vorm Haus,
wo er wartet voller Reue
– auf seinen Abendschmaus.

KLEIN-JUTTA

Die kleine milchzähnige Jutta
mag weder Milch noch mag sie Butter,
bei Jogurt sie das Weite sucht,
auch Käse sie gar nie versucht.

Mama sagt: „Nein, Milch im Essen
darf man wirklich nicht vergessen.
Und ohne Käse, Quark und Butter
bleibst du klein für immer, Jutta!“

Klein-Jutta tröstet ihre Mutter:
„Ich mag zwar keine Milch und Butter,
doch du vergisst:
Milch auch in Schokolade ist.“

DIE MILCH

Als in den Topf sie gegossen wird,
die Milch hört, wie jemand zu sich spricht:
„So, noch ein Weilchen und Micha steht auf,
drum geh' ich und mach ihm schon mal den Kakao.“

Vor Schreck wird die Milch nun beinah zu Quark!
Das ist unmöglich, nein, das ist zu arg!
Die Farbe zu nehmen und auch den Geschmack –
das ist doch wirklich die übelste Tat!

Doch je mehr sie sich über ihr Schicksal pikiert,
umso heißer die brennende Platte nun wird.

„Ich soll Kakao sein? Niemals und nimmer!
Dazu zu stolz ich, denn nichts ist schlimmer!“
So schimpft sie ganz wütend vor sich her
und schaut mal – der Topf ist im Augenblick leer!

„Auf ewig ich Milch bin
und niemals Kakao!“
So schrie noch am Boden sie
und machte Radau.

DER UHRZEIGER

Tick tack, tick tack,
die Zeit, sie eilt im Nu.
Zick zack, zick zack,
der große Zeiger tut seins dazu.

Doch er ist noch jung,
das langsame Gehn
will er mit viel Schwung
ganz einfach umgeh'n.

So schnell es nur geht –
ein wahrer Athlet:
die Zeit ist erst zwei,
und er an der Fünf schon vorbei!

Doch schau, was geschieht!?
Ja, so ein Skandal!
Statt Gratulation
naht der Uhrmacher schon.

Kis verses cirkusz

Translated by Gergely Bakonyi
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RÉMISZTGETŐ

Meg van vetve már az ágy,
alul bújik egy patkány.

Ha megrúgod a talpaddal,
mikor alszol, beléd mar.

Felkiáltasz rémültén,
a nagy kígyót felvered,
ki mint a cica édesen
ágyad alatt szendereg.

Rá se ránts, ne nézz oda,
nem viperá – csak boa!

Vérfagyasztón felcsusszan,
tested magához szorítja,
lélegzeted fojtja el,
olyan szorosan ölel.

Menekülsz hanyatt-homlok
mezítláb futsz – még jó hogy!
Hisz lakásra lelt eközben
egy skorpió a cipődben.

És most jön a legrosszabb.
A félisz, valaki vizslat,
és hogy most most eléd toppan,
az ismeretlen árnyból, onnan,
vámpír vagy egy farkasember
vadul hajszol, meg-megkerget.

Már minden től tartasz,
magad vagy éjjel, telve rosszal.
Aztán egy növényt látsz meg,
elkerülök átellenben,
hisz nem tudod, hogy minő
faj az, amelyik húsevő.

Az emberek közé mész,
martalókok, szörnyű kép,
tetten éred, ahogy osztják
egymásnak a gazdag prédát.

Vérben forog tekintetük,
tudod, a fejedbe kerül.
Segítség! – így kiabálsz,

MOST MÁR ALVÁS, JÓCCAKÁT!

A TATU

Eltotyogott a tatu a drótos tóhoz,
a drótos tót a tatumak takolt egy páncélt,
de mikor a tatu a tótnak fizetni akart,
azt vette észre, hogy a páncéllal a tót betoldotta a zsebét.

A KUTYA ÉS A GAZDÁJA

Gazdáját vezeti a kutya,
póráz feszül, vicsorog,
mert a gazda csigalassú,
bár sietős a dolog.

Dühösen csahol magában:
„A kutyafádat, naná,
hogy minden emberfajta közül
enyém ez a tetűlustaság!

Köszönöm csomó ismerősnek,
Százegy sarkot szaglásznom,
macskát, galambot kell kergetnem –
ő meg mint az alvajáró!”

Aztán egy vendéglőbe érnek
– ott a gazda csak úgy leül.
Na ebből aztán elég! Elhajítja
nyakörvét, eltűnt, szó nélkül.

Délelőtt a várost járja,
délután erdőben vadászik,
csak amikor a nap már leszáll,
komótosan hazamászik.

És nézd – a ház előtt a gazda.
Ül a porban, és bűnbánóan
arra vár, hogy beengedjék,
s a tányérján étel koppan.

TEJTERMÉK

A tejfelesszágú Teri
a tejet, vajat nem szereti,
a joghurttól undorodik,
a sajttól meg iszonyodik.

Anya mondja: „A tejes étel
fontos ám a szervezetnek!
A sajt, túró és vaj nélkül
kicsi maradsz nekem végül.”

Teri vigasztalja anyát:
„Bírom én a tejes kaját.
Elfelejted, hogy milyen tuti
mondjuk a tejcsoki.”

TEJ

Mikor a dobozból folyik a lábosba,
a tej egy hangot hall, valaki azt mondja:
„Így, még egy kicsit, és felállhat a Mihec,
még egy kakaót főzök neki, igen.”

A tej rémülten megsavanyodik majdnem:
„EZ nem igaz, igaz hitemre nem!
Vesszen a fehérsegem, vesszen az ízem?,
irtóztató és undorító mindez!”

És ahogy mérgelődik, mi lesz vele,
terjed felfele a gáz melege.

„Hogy én kakaó legyek? Nem! Soha!
Büszkeségen nem eshet ilyen csorba!” –
dühösen felforrt, a lábasból kifutott,
fehéren, tisztán világággá indult.

„Tej leszek mindhalál, soha kakaó!” –
harsant még, mikor feltörölték a padlót.

ÓRAMUTATÓ

Tik-tak, tik-tak,
az idő szalad.
Lépésről lépésre
a mutató ráragad.

Mert fiatal,
uncsi a dolog,
lassan kell járni,
az idő meg robog.

Fürgén rohan,
mint egy atléta:
kettő órakor
ő már ötnél van.

De mi történik?
Arcátlan botrány!
Gratuláció helyett
várja az órás.

Mažasis rimų cirkas

Translated by Gabija Kiaušaitė
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GĄSDYNĘ

Lova štai jau paklota net spindi,
 Oi, bet žiurkė pataluose lindi.

Jei įspirsi jai prieš miegą,
 Tau įkąs į padą mielą.

Kai suklyki iš siaubo tu,
 Ir gyvatę pažadini kartu,
 Kuri draugiškai lyg katytė,
 Snaudžia tiesiai po lovyte.

Et, būta čia bijoti ko,
 Ne angis – tik šaliko!

Ir kai iš baimės švysteli aukštyn,
 Ji greit tau spaudžiasi glėbyn,
 Ir taip smarkiai apsivijo,
 Kad be oro stovi viso.

O tu tik strimgalviais pasiduodi,
 Laimei basas – laukan skuodi,
 Nes tuo tarpu namus naujus
 Šlepetę pasirinko skorpijonas apsukrus.

Na, o dabar pradžia kraupiausio.
Kad tave kažkas akylai stebi, baimė kausto
Ir kaip tik ant tų minčių baugiu baugiu
Iš paslaptingų šešelių glūdumų
Vilkolakis ar lyg vampyras,
Iš baimės veda į pasiutimą gryną.

Tad dabar iš baimės dėl bet ko drebi,
Vienas naktyje blogio kupinoj esi.
Jei didesnį augalą matai,
Kuo greičiau save nuo jo varai,
Nežinojimas stumia tave į bėdą,
Koks ten augalas, kuris mėsą éda.

O kai pas žmones pasprunki,
Bjaurūs banditai šie, supranti,
Atskiri juos pagal tai,
Tuoj dalinamas grobis bus nūnai.

Spokso į tave akim, pasruvusiom krauju,
Ir žinai, kad kitas kas galvos neteks, – tai tu!
„Pagalbos!“ – garsiai klyki nesavu balsu.

MARŠ MIEGOTI IR SALDŽIU.

ŠARVUOTIS

Apsilankė pas šarvų kūrėja šarvuotis
Sukalti šarvus paprašė meistro diržų,
Bet vos tik piniginės émė grabaliotis,
Suprato, kad ji liko giliai po naujuoju šarvū.

ŠUO IR JO ŠEIMININKAS

Šuo gatve šeimininką savo veda,
Įtempės pavadėli ir urzgesy,
Mat jo ponas létai lyg vėžlys kojas deda,
O šunelis jau visur véluoja, dievaži.

Įsiutęs jis visas niurgzia, pabrukės uodegėlę:
„Na, ir šuniška dalia, prisiekiu letenéle,
Kad iš žmonių veislių visų protingų,
Gavau aš tokį bjaurybę tingų!

Turiu pasilabint su gausybę draugų,
Vieną liftą apuostyt ir šimtą šunų,
Kiek balandžių išvaikyt ir kačių –
O jis štai miegodamas kiūtina, ir ką tu!“

Prieina juodu kavinę galų gale –
Ir ten ponulis isitaiso pamažèle.
Na, dabar jau šuniui gana!
Tyliai nusimeta antkaklį – ir jo jau néra.

Ryte tyrinėja smagiai mieste viską,
Popiet medžioklén bėga į mišką,
Tik saulei jau dingus žemai,
Šunelis namo patraukia ramiai.

Tik žiū, – prie namo jo ponas nūnai.
Sédi ant slenksčio nusikaltęs liūdnai,
Laukia, kol pražuvėli įleisti vidun galés,
Ir pasiūlyti maisto dubenį iš širdies.

PIENIŠKAS MAISTAS

Marija, pieniniai dantukais mažė,
Nuo pieno, sviesto akis šalin vis grežia,
Jogurtas siaubingai neskanus,
O tas sūris, fui, labai bjaurus.

Mama jai sako: „Maistas iš pieno –
Stiprybė žmogaus kiekvieno!
Nes be sūrio, sviesto ir varškės,
Neužaugsi ir kaulai nestiprės!“

O Marija dėsto mamai rimtai:
„Juk aš mégstu pienišką maistą labai.
Pamiršai, kad iš pieno gamina
Šokoladą, geriausią gardumyną.“

PIENAS

Kai į puodą pila iš pakuotės,
Pienas girdi štai tokią skanduotę:
„Va, dar šiek tiek ir Mikutis prabus,
Tad reikia skubėti, jam kakavos bus.“

Pienas iš siaubo kaipmat susitraukia:
„Tai negirdėta, garbės žodis, kas manęs laukia!
Ak, mano baltoji puta ir gardumas – dydybė,
Užterš šį puikumą bjaurastis ir šlykštybė!“

Kol pienas vis niršta, putoja rūstyn,
Dujoms nė motais – ugnis tik stipryn.

„Aš – kakava?! Nė už ką niekada!
Neleisiu puikybei išnykt, nors tu ką!“ –
Tūlžingai putojo, staiga iš puodo šovė,
Kad net viskas pabalo, – štai kaip atrodė.

„Kakavà niekada! Pienas iki mirties aš esu!“
Dar spėjo sušukt, šveičiamas nuo grindų.

LAIKRODŽIO RODYKLĖ

Tik tak, tik tak greičiu,
Laikas laiko laiką.
Žingsnis po žingsnio staigiu,
Ji rodyklė vaikos.

Jauniklė visai
Ir nuobodybė didi,
Lėtai slinkti jai,
Tad lenkia sparti.

Valandą apliekia
Lyg atletė tikra:
Laikas muša dvi,
Jai – jau penkios yra.

O ne, kas gi čia daros?
Ak, gèdingas skandalas!
Vietoj aplodismentų, fanfarų,
Laukia jos taisyklos stalas.

Мал циркус од рими

Translated by Darko Spasov
Contact of the translator: polatski@gmail.com

СТРАВОСЕЈАЛКА

Креветот е веќе спремен,
а под ќебе гуштер зелен.

Го клоцнеш ли пред топол сон,
ќе те касне право в ѓон.

Викнеш ли од страв,
ќе го разбудиш смокот прав,
кој спокојно мустак мие
и под постела мирно спие.

Од него никој не треба да се плаши,
па не е отровен ко змиите наши!

А кога од страв угоре ќе врисне,
и до тебе силно стисне,
силно знае тој да стегне
и секого в постела легне.

И затоа прчиш нос
леташ надвор – среќа бос,
фрлаш чевли, правиш лом,
во нив скорпија направила дом.

Сега станува страшно.
Стравот сеē бело брашно
сега, сега, канца ќе те фати,
сенка црна ќе ти плати
и вампир некој или волк,
на бегање ќе ти фати колк.

Сега од сè ти е страв,
сам во ноќта полна прав.
Гледаш едно големо цвеќе,
и од него бегаш, не знаеш веќе,
цвеќе ли е или свере,
има полен или месо ждере.

Еве помош, еве батко,
но крадец бил на вкусно слатко,
жив го фати како крка
и со раце плен си скра.

Штом те гледа како крава,
може да ти летне глава.
„Помош!“ гласно викаш в силен тон.

СЕГА ЗАСПИЈ И МИРЕН СОН.

АРМАДИЛО

Кај ковачот едно мало армадило влезе
и од ковачот за штитот побара резе,
кога армадилото сакаше да плати,
сфати дека со резето џебот му се фати.

ПЕСОТ И НЕГОВИОТ СТОПАН

По патот пес стопанот си го води,
напнува јаже, 'ржи,
стопанот едвај оди и се држи,
а нему му се брза и треба да оди.

Бесен во себе самиот си мисли:
„Песја мака, живот ко трошка,
како ли од сите човечки раси
мене ми се падна оваа мрзлива вошка!

Морам да ги видам пријателите мои,
да видам што зад стоте агли се крие,
и да протерам сè што е гулаб и мачка –
а тој, си врви небаре спие!“

Одејќи така стигнаа до анот
– таму стопанот заседна без збор.
На песот му дојде преку глава!
Го скина поводникот – и промени двор.

До пладне го истражи градот,
попладне отиде в шума, на лов,
дури кога сонцето зајде,
дома го врати верниот зов.

А таму – пред куката стопанот го чека.
Седи на прагот и силно се кае,
чека да го пуштат внатре
за да види вечерата кај е.

МЛЕЧНА ХРАНА

Малата млечнозаба Сара
сè освен млеко и путер бара,
од јогуртот ужасно се гади,
а од сирење солзи вади.

Мажка вели: „Од храната со млеко
се живее здраво и леко!
Без сирење, урда и масло, не е шала
и да пораснеш ќе останеш мала!“

Сара ја теши својата мама:
„Јас ја сакам млечната храна,
а во неа спаѓа
и млечната чоколада“.

МЛЕКО

Од тетрапакот млекото во лонче стече,
и слушна како таму некој рече:
„Еве, пред Искра во сон да здивне,
за неа ќе стоплам какао да пивне“.

Млекото од страв речиси скисна:
„Не сакам!“ силно тоа писна.
„Да ги изгубам белината и вкусот мој,
тоа за мене е одвратен спој!“

Но, колку и да го лути овој час,
одоздола силно греे врелиот гас.

„Какао, jac?! Никогаш, не!
Jac сум гордо и тоа е сè!“
Бесно скокна, од лончето стана,
за да остане чисто и бело без мана.

„Секогаш ќе останам млеко, знај!“
Викна дури го бришea од последниот крај.

ПОКАЗАЛКА

Тик-так, тика-така,
цел час брза, оди.
Чекор, чекор, така-вака
показалка оро води.

Поради тоа што е млада,
не сака в редица да чека
и полека да оди,
за да јурне таа севезден пека.

Еве ја брзо лета
ко вистински атлет:
времето вели два,
а таа веќе одминала пет.

Но, што се случи сега?
Не е за верување!
Наместо честитки,
ја носат на сверување.

Рифмы на карусели

Translated by Nadežda Starikova
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СТРАШИЛКА

Постель уже готова,
глядь, – крыса под покровом.

Только хочешь ее – ап!
Крыса за подошву – цап!

Ты со страху сразу в крик,
а змея-то рядом – вжик!
Вот она как кошечка
дремлет у окошечка.

Зря боишься, вот в чем штука,
ведь удав, а не гадюка!

Правда, если вверх подскочишь,
он к тебе прижмется очень
и обнимет крепко-крепко,
тут ни охнуть, ни вздохнуть.

А когда, сжимая нос,
побежишь к порогу бос,
в твой ботинок, словно в дом
уж забрался скорпион.

И начнется самый страх.
Кто-то прячется в кустах,
вот-вот прыгнет на тебя
вдруг из тени непонятной
оборотень или вампир,
ох, бежать, крик на весь мир.

Все вокруг вмиг стало жутким,
ты один в ночи, малютка,
только взглянешь на цветочек,
прочь бросаешься тот час,
ведь не знаешь про него
совершенно ничего.

Люди, люди – вот спасенье!
Ах! – трофеи нападенья,
что добыты грабежом,
делят бомж и вор с ножом.

С кровожадностью глядят
и вот-вот тебя съедят.
«Помогите!» что есть мочи ты кричишь.

ВОТ ТЕПЕРЬ, СПОКОЙНОЙ НОЧИ, МОЙ МАЛЫШ!

БРОНЕНОСЕЦ

Раз броненосец пришел к кузнецу
на панцирь поставить заплату,
время платить, долг не к лицу, но шиш кузнецу:
замурован карман, никак не достанешь оплату.

СОБАКА И ЕЕ ХОЗЯИН

По улице псина выгуливает господина,
тянет поводок и рычит – ррр!
а тот все равно ползет как улитка,
ему плевать на собачий аллюр-р-р.

Пес по-собачьи ворчит, недоволен:
«Вот невезуха, делай, что хошь,
из всех человеческих особей
получить именно эту ленивую вошь!

Кучу знакомых надо проведать,
больше сотни следов опознать,
за кошками и голубями побегать,
он же только и может, что ковылять!»

Пришли к питейному заведению,
хозяин уселся, принять стаканчик готов.
Все -конец наступил собачьему терпению! Пес
поводок в клочья и как молния был таков!

До обеда исследует город,
потом охота в лесу,
и до захода солнца,
домой идти недосуг.

Грустит возле дома хозяин,
сидит на пороге и песика ждет,
чтобы впустить, накормить, приголубить,
и тот непременно придет.

МОЛОЧКА

Хозяйка первых зубок Люба
молоко совсем не любит,
йогурт ей не нравится,
сыром она давится.

Мама ей толкует: «Дочка,
Молоко важно, и точка!
Сыр, творог, кефир, прости,
помогают вырасти!»

Люба маму утешает:
«Из молочки обожаю, не творог, не муссов ряд,
а молочный шоколад».

МОЛОКО

Как-то, летя из пакета в тазик
молоко услыхало такой рассказик:
«Скоро Миша наш проснется и какао будет пить,
буду щас его варить».

Молоко от страха едва не свернулось:
«Не может быть, чтобы так обернулось!
Я же бело и вкусно, и приятно,
Как отвратительно, неделикатно!»

Но чем сильнее молоко негодовало,
тем горячее его газом нагревало.

«Превратиться в какао?! Никогда, ни за что!
Я гордость молочную блюду как никто!»
Взъярилось, вскипело, из тазика встало,
и белым и чистым весь мир увидало.

«Я не какао, я молоко!»,
крик этот тряпке забыть нелегко.

ЧАСОВАЯ СТРЕЛКА

Тик-так, тик-так,
время бежит и бежит.
Шаг в такт, шаг в такт
стрелка его сторожит.

Стрелке-девчушке
скучно ползти
медленно и степенно.
Вот и стремится она перегнать
время всенепременно.

Каждый час – тренировка,
как ни крути:
еще только два,
а она на пяти.

Но что происходит?
Стыдобища и крик!
Вместо похвал
ее ждет часовщик.

Mali rimski cirkus

Translated by Dragana Bojanić Tijardović
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UPLAŠAVANKA

Krevet je već namešten,
pod čaršavom pacov smešten.

Šutneš li ga nogom ti,
taban će ti gricnuti.

Kad od groze krikneš,
krikom zmiju probudiš,
koja j' kao maca mila
pod krevetom ti usnila.

Ne plaši te ujed njen,
nije poskok – boin ti si plen!

Kad u strahu skoči ona,
sasvim se uz tebe stisne,
tako čvrsto zagrli,
sav ti vazduh istisne.

Istrčiš na vrat na nos –
na svu sreću ti si bos,
jer u papući svoj dom
pronašo je škorpijon.

Sad već počinje najgore.
Strah da neko tebe gleda
i da stalno tebe vreba,
sve iz senke nepoznate,
vukodlak ili baš vampir,
tera te u divlji đir.

Sad već plaši te štošta,
sam, a noć je puna zla.
Veću biljku, ako spaziš,
nadaleko obilaziš,
ne znaš da l' je neka zver,
ili možda mesožder.

Kad se ljudi domogneš,
sve su grozni lopovi,
zatičeš ih baš u tren
kada dele bogat plen.

Oči su im pune krvi,
znaš da glavu gubiš prvi.
Glasno vikneš: »U pomoć!«

SAD U KREVET, LAKU NOĆ.

OKLOPNIK

Dođe oklopnik kod oklobdžije
i oklobdžija oklopniku oklop sačini,
a kad oklopnik oklobdžiji htede platiti,
shvati da mu je oklobdžija oklopom i džep oklopio.

PAS I NJEGOV GAZDA

Putem pas gazdu vodi,
zatežući lanac reži,
jer gospodin noge vuče,
a pas obaveze još od juče.

Besno sam u sebi kevće:
»Pseća sreća, dođavola,
da baš od svih ljudskih rasa
zapadne mi lenja klasa!

Dok pozdravim znane sve,
omirišem svako čoše,
oteram sve mace i golubije face,
on hoda k'o da sanja sne.«

Stignu tako do kafane –
tu gospodin dušom da'ne.
Psu je toga preko glave!
Skine kaiš, sve bez reči,
i – nestane.

Jutrom celim gradom traga,
a popodne šumom lovi,
tek kad sunce brdom zađe,
kod svoje se kuće nađe.

Vidi, vidi – gazda čeka.
Nasred praga, pokisao,
sad je njemu za sve žao,
hranom psa je dočekao.

MLEČNA HRANA

Mala Maša mlečnih zuba
mleko, a ni puter ne voli,
jogurt joj se gadi,
pored sira umire od gladi.

Mama kaže: »Mlečna hrana
snagu daje!
Jer bez sira, vurde, masla,
bićeš sitna, makar rasla!«

Maša majku svoju teši:
»Ja baš volim mlečnu hranu.
Zaboravljaš da tu spada
čak i mlečna čokolada!«

MLEKO

Kad iz tetrapaka u lonac poteče,
mleko čuje kako neko reče:
»Još malo i Miško će ustati,
zato ču mu odmah kakao spremiti.«

Od straha se mleko skoro usiri:
»To nije moguće da mi se desi,
belinu svoju da izgubim, i ukus,
kakva grozota, kakav gnuš!«

Što više ga brine šta biti će s njim,
sve jače odozdo greje ga plin.

»Da kakao budem?! Nikad i nigde!
Ponos mi ne dâ da себи то dozvolим,«
besno uskipi, iz lonca izade,
i belo i čisto u svetu se nađe.

»Do smrti mleko, i nikad kakao!«,
čulo se dok je sa poda brisano.

KAZALJKA SATA

Tik-tak, tik-tak,
vreme stalno beži,
korak po korak
kazaljka ga sledi.

Mladost nestrpljiva
nju tera
da žuri
i vreme ne čeka.

Žurno potrči
poput atleta:
umesto dvojke,
kod nje je već peta.

I desi se, šta?
Veliki skandal,
umesto čestitke
čeka je urar.

Mali rimski cirkus

Translated by Jelena Dedeić
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USTRAHOVANKA

Već je spremna postelja meka,
al pod čaršavom pacov čeka.

ako ga šutneš dok si pospan,
ugrišće te baš za taban.

Kad od strave završtiš,
vriskom zmiju probudiš,
koja tiho kao mačka
pod krevetom spavka.

Ne ujeda, ne boj se,
šarka nije – tu se samo udav krije!

I kad poskoči uvis u strahu,
skoro se privije uz tebe u mraku
tesno grli, jako steže,
vazduh, dah iz tela beže.

I zato na vrat na nos
zbrisheš napolje – srećom bos,
jer je usput za svoju kuću
škorpija izabrala jednu papuču.

Osvrćeš se straga, spreda,
bojiš se da neko gleda,
i da će sad po tebe doći
iz tajne senke da iskoči
da te vukodlak i vampir vuku
i teraju u divlju trku.

Od straha ne znaš kuda poći
sam si u zloj strašnoj noći,
odgajiš biljku što veća da je,
al' od nje bežiš što dalje,
jer ne znaš da li se to cereka
ona biljka mesožderka.

Taman misliš: Ono su ljudi naši,
ali to su strašni pljačkaši
koje uhvatiš baš u tren
kada dele bogat plen.

Krvav pogled ka tebi pada
znaš da radi ti se o glavi sada
Glasno krikneš: »Upomoć!«

A SAD SPAVAJ I LAKU NOĆ.

OKLOPNIK

Došao oklopnik kod oklobdžije
i oklobdžija je oklopniku sklopio oklop,
ali kad je oklopnik hteo da plati oklobdžiji oklop
shvatio je da mu je oklobdžija oklopom zaklopio džep.

PAS I NJEGOV GAZDA

Po ulici pas gazdu vodi
zateže kaiš, reži, juri,
jer se gazda vuče ko puž,
a njemu se strašno žuri.

Besno sam za sebe kevće,
pasji život psuje, ljuti se i stenje:
»Zar od svih ljudskih rasa,
ne dobih ništa osim ove vaške lenje!

Moram puno poznanika pozdraviti,
onjušiti hiljadu puteva, trava,
sve mačke i golubove oterati,
a on hoda kao da spava!«

Zatim stižu do kafane
i tamo gazda zaseo, drema
Sad psu je dosta! Bez reči osta,
otkači povodac i već ga nema.

Pre podne istražuje grad
popodne ide u šumu, u lov,
tek uveče kad sunce zađe
polako kući vraća se on.

I gle, pred kućom je gazda.
Sedi na pragu i pokajno čeka
da ga pas unutra pusti
i da mu hranu u posudu spusti.

MLEČNA HRANA

Mleko, puter nude mlečnozuboj Mari
al' ona za to uopšte ne mari,
jogurta se strašno gnuša,
sir neće da okuša.

Mama kaže: »Hrana od mleka
važna je za čoveka
i bez sira, kefira i masla
bićeš mala i kad budeš porasla.«

A Mara teši mamu:
»Pa ja volim mlečnu hranu.
Zaboravljaš da u nju spada
čak i mlečna čokolada.«

MLEKO

Kad iz tetrapaka u lonac poteče
mleko začu nekoga ko reče:
»Eto tako, Miki će uskoro ustati
zato ču mu sada kakao skuvati.«

Mleku od užasa krenu pena na usta:
»Pa meni to vera ne dopušta!
Da uz belinu imam i ukus jak,
to je stvarno gnušoba, bljak!«

Što se više ljuti šta će biti s njim,
sve više ga odozdo greje vruć plin.

»Da budem kakao? Nikad u životu!
Previše sam ponosno da dozvolim tu strahotu!«
Besno je iskipelo, iz lonca ustalo
i belo i čisto u svet se dalo.

»Nikad kakao, do smrti biću mleko!«,
dralo se dok ga je s poda brisao neko.

KAZALJKA

Tik tak, tik tak,
vreme stalno beži,
korak po korak
kazaljka mu teži.

Pošto je mlad,
dosadno mu je to breme
da hoda polako,
pa reši da prestigne vreme.

Projuri brzo
ko pravi atleta,
dva sata tek je došlo,
kod njega već pet je prošlo.

Ali šta se desilo?
Skandalozna fešta!
Umesto čestitki,
časovničarska klešta.

List of Translators

GERGELY BAKONYI (Hungary)

Born in 1984 in Budapest, Hungary, he graduated in Hungarian Philology and Pedagogy, later in Slovenian Philology, from the Faculty of Philology at the Eötvös Loránd University in Budapest. He has continued his research at the doctoral level, his research focus being on genres in Slovenian literature of the 19th century (the subject of his doctoral thesis); he also publishes reviews about contemporary literature, paying particular

attention to the great epic genres in verse. He has worked as a proofreader for several publishers. Since 2010 he has been publishing translations from Slovenian into Hungarian, and his translations include texts by Milan Jesih, Vlado Kreslin, Katarina Marinčič, Primož Čučnik and the Freising manuscripts (*Brižinski spomeniki*). He has led seminars at his university and moderated literary events with authors from Slovenia.

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DRAGANA BOJANIĆ TIJARDOVIĆ (Serbia)

Born in 1957 in Feketić, Vojvodina, Serbia. She finished elementary and secondary school in Koper, Slovenia. She graduated in Philosophy and Serbo-Croatian Language and Literature at the Faculty of Arts, University of Ljubljana. Between 1982 and 1992 she worked as a Slovenian language translator at the Slovenian editorial board of the Translation Service of the Federal Authorities in Belgrade. Since 1993 she has been a court translator and interpreter for Slovenian in Belgrade. She has translated numerous theoretical and

literary texts into Serbian, by such authors as Tomaž Šalamun, Peter Semolič, Uroš Zupan, Taja Kramberger, Brane Mozetič, Berta Bojetu, Dane Zajc, Lado Kralj, Aleš Debeljak, and Maruša Krese; as well, she has translated, into Slovenian, texts by David Albahari, Stevan Raičković, Radmila Lazić, Saša Jelenković, Ivana Milankova, Enes Halilović, and Dragan Velikić, publishing in literary magazines and journals in Slovenia, Serbia, Montenegro, and Bosnia and Herzegovina. Radio broadcasts of her translations have appeared on

the national Radio Slovenia. She has translated Goran Vojnović's novel *Jugoslavija, moja dežela* (2012), Aldo Milohnić's theoretical book *Teorije sodobnega gledališča in performansa* (*Teorije savremenog teatra i performansa*, 2013), Miha Mazzini's

novel *Izbrisana* (2015), Maruša Krese's novel *Da me je strah? (Da li se plašim?)*, (2016) into Serbian, and Dragan Velikić's novel *Bonavia* (2014) into Slovenian. She is a member of the Association of Literary Translators of Serbia.

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JELENA DEDEIĆ (Serbia)

Born in Belgrade, Serbia in 1975. B.A. in Serbian Language and Literature and General Linguistics from the Faculty of Philology in Belgrade, Serbia. She has taught Serbian in elementary school, worked at daily newspapers as a proof-reader, and worked as a translator for numerous companies. Since 2000 she has been translating, from Slovenian into Serbian, professional documentation on diverse topics, among them, economics, law, pharmacy, accounting and insurance

for the companies Triglav and Krka; on psychology and pedagogy for the publisher Psihopolis; as well as diplomatic correspondence and documents for the Embassy of the Republic of Slovenia in Belgrade. Since 2008 she has been translating professional publications for Faculty of Applied Business and Social Studies DOBA. She has also been proofreading books and articles, perfecting her story-writing skills and teaching story-writing to students.

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OLIVIA HELLEWELL (UK)

Olivia Hellewell is a literary translator and doctoral researcher at the University of Nottingham, UK. Her PhD research examines socio-cultural functions of literary translation in Slovenia since 1991. She gained a Master's degree in Translation Studies with Slovenian in 2013 and during the same year was awarded the Rado L. Lenček prize by the Society for Slovenian Studies for her essay on

translating the poetry of Dane Zajc. Her previously translated works include the novel *None Like Her* by Jela Krečić, published in 2016 by Istros Books and Peter Owen Publishers, and a selection of short stories, poems and literary extracts including the prize-winning *Dry Season* by Gabriela Babnik for the European Commission's EU Prize for Literature.

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TAMARA KERSCHBAUMER (Austria)

Born on June 5, 1986, in Austria. 2005–2013 Slavistics / Slovenian at the University of Vienna. 2006 internship at the Austrian Embassy in Ljubljana. 2006/07 Erasmus scholarship at the Faculty of Arts, Ljubljana. 2009 CEEPUS scholarship at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana. 2010/11 KWA scholarship at the Faculty of Arts, Ljubljana. 07/2010, 07/2011, 07/2012, 08/2014, 09/2015 scholarship

for the Literary Translation Seminar on the Croatian island of Premuda. 2011/2012 lecturer at the Austrian Institute in Ljubljana. 2014/2015 presenter of a bilingual radio show called Cvajton at Radio Orange. 2015/2016 ÖAD (Austrian Exchange Service) lecturer in German language and literature at the Faculty of Education in Bratislava, Slovakia.

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GABIJA KIAUŠAITĖ (Lithuania)

Born in 1989 in Panevėžys, she graduated in Lithuanian and Foreign (Slovenian) Language at Vilnius University, with her studies including one year at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana. In her undergraduate thesis work, she analysed the sociolinguistic perception of dialects in Lithuania and Slovenia; it included 177 respondents from both countries. Her findings were later published as a scientific article. In 2015 she received a Master's degree in Sociology – Management of Organisations, Human Resources and Knowledge at the

Faculty of Social Sciences at the University of Ljubljana. Her first translated book, namely Jana Bauer's *Groznovilca v hudi hosti*, received an award for being the best-translated children's book of the year in 2015. She is a freelance translator and also actively participates in the promotion of Slovenia in Lithuania, interpreting and translating at various events. In 2016 she became a member of the International Board on Books for Young People (IBBY).

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INESA KURYAN (Belarusija)

Born in 1964 in Belarus, Inesa Kuryan graduated from the Faculty of Arts at the Belarusian State University in Minsk. After university she worked as a translator from Polish, and from 1989 to 2000 she was employed as a researcher and lecturer at the University in Minsk, where she also taught Slovenian. In 1999 she received her PhD in Slavic Studies. Between 2000 and 2008 she was a researcher at the National Academy of Sciences of Belarus, from 2008 to 2010 she was in charge of Polish Studies at a private university, and since 2010 she has been the director of the "Studia-Movia"

language and cultural centre, where she teaches Slovenian. Since 2012 she has been running the "Literary Translation Laboratory," a project aimed at young translators. She has translated a number of authors into Belarusian, among them: Andrej Blatnik, Berita Bojetu, Aleš Čar, Aleš Debeljak, Milan Dekleva, Drago Jančar, Kajetan Kovič, Svetlana Makarovič, France Prešeren, Andrej Skubic, Tomaž Šalamun, Suzana Tratnik, Erika Vovk, and Dane Zajc. For many years she worked as a member of advisory panel for Vilenica International Literary Festival.

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CHRISTIANE LESKOVEC (Germany/Slovenia)

Born in Cologne, Germany, in 1966, she has been living in Slovenia since 1991. She studied German and Ethnology and Cultural Anthropology at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana, where she graduated in 2000. Since October 2000 she has been

employed as a lecturer for German at the Department of German, Scandinavian and Dutch at the University of Ljubljana's Faculty of Arts. Since 1993 she has been translating literature from Slovenian into German.

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DARKO SPASOV (Macedonia)

Born in 1976 in Macedonia, he graduated from the Faculty of Philology at the Ss. Cyri and Methodius University of Skopje and obtained an MA degree in Theatre Arts at the ESRA Skopje. He translates works from Slovenian, Russian and English. He has regularly collaborated with the following publishers: Mladinska knjiga, Miš, Nick Hern Books, Magor, Goten, Polatski. He has translated an assortment of contemporary Slovenian dramatic texts

(Tina Kosi, Matjaž Zupančič, Dragica Potočnjak, Saša Pavček) and works by several Slovenian authors, such as Andrej Rozman-Roza, Drago Jančar, Fran Milčinski, Ela Peroci, Svetlana Makarovič, France Balantič, Barbara Hanuš, Nika Maj, Peter Rezman, Cvetka Bevc, Maruša Krese, Tadej Golob, France Bevk, and Josip Vandot. He works as a dramaturg at Teatar Komedija in Skopje.

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NADEŽDA STARIKOVA (Russia)

Born in 1962 in Moscow, she has a PhD. Since graduating from Moscow State University Lomonosov she has worked at the Institute of Slavic Studies (Russian Academy of Sciences) as a director of the Department and as a professor of Slovenian literature at the Department of Slavic Philology (Moscow State University Lomonosov). She has authored the following books: *The Slovenian historical novel of the 1920s–1930s. Typology. Genealogy. Poetics* (2006), *Slovenian literature from the origins to the boundary of the 20th century* (2010), *Slovenian literature of the 20th century* (2014). As a translator she

has participated in the following projects: *Slovenia. The Path to Independence* (2001), *Literary Express* (2001), *Contemporary Slovenian Prose, Poetry, and Drama* (Litteræ Slovenicæ, Slovene Writers' Association 2001) and others. Her published translations in Russian encompass works by Aleš Steger, Aleš Čar, Esad Babačić, Andrej Blatnik, Dušan Jovanović, Evald Flisar, Drago Jančar, Maruša Krese, Mojca Kumerdej, and Maks Kubo. In 2010 she was honoured with the Tone-Pretnar-Award for ambassadors of the Slovenian language and literature abroad.

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Co-financing Publications of Slovenian Authors in Foreign Languages

Slovenian Book Agency (JAK)

Founded in 2009, the Slovenian Book Agency (JAK) is a government institution that deals with all actors in the book publishing chain, from authors to publishers and readers.

Translator Subsidies for the Translation of Slovenian Authors

The main form of international promotion is the co-financing of translations from Slovenian into other languages. JAK annually publishes a call for applications for co-financing translations of Slovenian authors' books into other languages, including adult fiction, children's and young adult fiction, and essayistic and critical

works on culture and the humanities, theatrical plays and comics. Applicants can be publishing houses, theatres, and individual translators. In each case, a contract is concluded with the translator, and therefore all funding goes directly to him or her. The subsidy covers up to 100% of the translation costs. Grants cannot be awarded retroactively.

Translation and Publication of Books by Slovenian Authors into German

Since Slovenia is a candidate "Guest of Honour" country at the Frankfurt Book Fair, the Slovenian Book Agency launched a new Call for Proposals for the transla-

tion and publication of books by Slovenian authors in the German language, eligible costs being

- Translation costs SI-DE
- Editing;
- Production costs, such as cover design and book setting;
- Printing costs;
- E-book production/ePub conversion costs;
- Promotional, book-seller and marketing activities.

Eligible applicants are legal persons (publishers) which have their legal seat in Austria, Germany or Switzerland. Applications are accepted once a year. For

more information about the call, please contact Ms Renata Zamida:

Renata.Zamida@jakrs.si

Mobility Grants for Slovenian Authors
The call for applications is published once a year. The applicant must be a Slovenian author who has been invited to a literary event abroad. The application must be enclosed with the invitation and the program of the event. The subsidy covers up to 100% of eligible travel expenses.

Contact

Javna agencija za knjigo Republike Slovenije / Slovenian Book Agency

Metelkova 2b, 1000 Ljubljana, Slovenia

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Trubar Foundation

The Trubar Foundation is a joint venture of the Slovene Writers' Association, Slovenian PEN and the Centre for Slovenian Literature. The aim of the Trubar Foundation is to subsidize publications of Slovenian literature in translation.

Printing Subsidies for Foreign Publishers

Foreign publishers can apply for subsidies to publish unpublished translations of Slovenian authors into their native languages. The Trubar Foundation contributes up to 50% of printing costs. It does

not subsidize translation. Priority is given to the works of living authors who are already established in Slovenia. However, the Board will consider applications for works of fiction, poetry, drama, or literary essays, as long as they were originally written in Slovenian. The Board consists of seven equal members, including the Presidents of the Slovene Writers' Association and Slovenian PEN. They convene at least twice a year, usually in March and October. Therefore, applications received by the end of February and the end of September will be considered.

Contact

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TRADUKI

TRADUKI is a European network for literature and books which involves Albania, Austria, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Croatia, Germany, Kosovo, Liechtenstein, Macedonia, Montenegro, Romania, Serbia, Slovenia and Switzerland. The exchange between the participants is to be advanced through a translation program for fiction, the humanities as well as books for children and young adults. The program gives a special focus to the translators – that is, to those whose work as important cultural mediators has given the project its name. Meetings of authors, translators, publishers, librarians, critics and scientists strengthen the

exchange of information and foster the cooperation.

TRADUKI supports translations from German into Albanian, Bosnian, Bulgarian, Croatian, Macedonian, Montenegrin, Romanian, Serbian and Slovenian, from these languages into German, as well as translations within these languages. You can apply with works from the 20th and 21st centuries. We support fiction, non-fiction and children's and youth literature.

TRADUKI covers the costs of the license fees and translation. Application dates are twice a year (in February and September).

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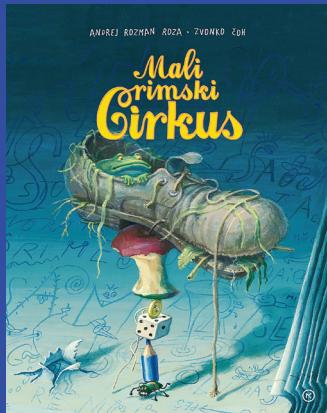
ANDREJ ROZMAN ROZA

Little Rhyming Circus

Poetry for children

Sample translation

- | Belarusian
- | English
- | German
- | Hungarian
- | Lithuanian
- | Macedonian
- | Russian
- | Serbian



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