

SAMPLE
TRANSLATION

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MR PHILODENDRON

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Andrej Rozman Roza: Mr Philodendron

Mr Philodendron and the Moon

Mr Philodendron really liked to play football. But he wouldn't follow the rules and sometimes he took the ball in his hands, which made the other players angry.

"This is not how football is played!" they screamed and after playing with him once, they never wanted to play with him again.

"I will make you play with me!" ranted Mr Philodendron, when there was nobody left to play with him. But try as he might, he could not think of a way to achieve that.

One night, unable to sleep, he was sitting in front of his house, watching the moon.

"If only the moon was my ball, then everybody would want to play with me," he thought. Unfortunately the moon was so high in the sky that he wouldn't be able to reach it, not even with the tallest ladder. But already the next day Mr Philodendron noticed that the moon rose up the sky from the top of a nearby hill.

"If I was on that hill, I could grab the moon and take it away," he thought and the very next day he climbed to the top of that hill and waited.

But blimey! This time, the Moon rose from the next hill.

"She's awfully cunning. Every day, she rises up the sky from a different hill, so that nobody could wait for her and catch her. But if she's so good at avoiding people, then she's probably no good for playing football either," thought Mr Philodendron while he was returning from the hill. But since it was already night, he got lost and when the dawn broke, he found himself somewhere he had never been before. He knew nobody there and nobody knew him. When he was passing a football pitch, some people he didn't know asked him if he wanted to play with them. And since he was afraid that they too would not want to play with him again, he followed the rules for the first time in his life and he never took the ball in his hands, not even once.

"You play well," said the strangers. Even after he found his home, Mr Philodendron thus kept coming there, to the place where he had never been before, to play football every week. While watching the moon at evenings, he discovered, to his surprise, that it is getting smaller by the day.

"She seems to be leaking," he said, astonished, and he was very happy that he had not caught the moon. She would be nothing but trouble and in the end people would even say that it was him who punctured it.

Mr Philodendron and a Straw Hat

Since it had been raining for three days, Mr Philodendron was tidying his house and he found many curious things. He was the most delighted when he found a marvellous straw hat. He couldn't wait for the Sun to shine so that he would be able to wear it outside. When that finally happened, he happily stepped in front of his house, waiting for people to come by to greet them. But just as Mr Hazelnut was approaching, and Mr Philodendron was looking forward to raising his wonderful straw hat in greeting, a gust of wind blew it away. The hat flew off his head and into a puddle.

Mr Philodendron picked it up immediately, but it was already too late. The hat was wet and dirty.

"You blasted puddle!" he screamed. "You've ruined my hat!"

Furiously, he jumped in the puddle with both feet. The puddle splashed so much that it was not only Mr Philodendron's shoes and trousers that were wet, but also his jacket.

"It's not the puddle's fault," said Mr Hazelnut. "It's the wind that blew your hat off your head!"

"That blasted wind!" shouted Mr Philodendron and swung his hand angrily through the air. But this didn't seem to be enough and so he picked up a stone and threw it in the air. The stone, however, stopped flying upwards after a while, and then it started to fall and it fell right on the hat, which Mr Philodendron was holding in his other hand. The hat tore.

"You blasted stone!" cried Mr Philodendron. "You've ruined my hat!" And he kicked the stone with such force that he also tore his shoe. The stone flew directly into a glass full of spruce tip syrup, which was standing in the sun.

"It's not the stone's fault," said Mr Hazelnut. "You are to blame, you threw it."

"Not me!" said Mr Philodendron determinedly. "I only threw the stone in the air – it fell down by itself!"

"But it's not the stone's fault that it fell down; the Earth's gravity is to blame."

"Blasted Earth, then!" cried Mr Philodendron, grabbing a hoe. He started to smash the grass in front of his house with it, and he didn't stop until he was calm again. And after calming down, he planted beautiful roses in the earth he had dug up.

Mr Philodendron and Shoes

Mr Philodendron had a pair of shoes which were too tight.

“What beautiful shoes you have!” said Mr Briar.

“If you like them, you can have them,” said Mr Philodendron, taking the shoes off. “They’ve made my feet so sore that I will be delighted if I never wear them again.”

Mr Briar tried the shoes on and they fit perfectly. “If you want, I can give you my inline skates in exchange. They are too big for me and I’ve sprained my ankle because of that,” he said.

Mr Philodendron was glad that he had skates. But every time he wanted to race along the road, his legs tangled and he fell.

“How stupid I am!” it occurred to him after he’d fallen for the third time. “I started with the most difficult part. The road is flat and I need to push, but that I can’t do yet. It will be easier downhill.”

And off he went along the road downhill. At first, it went great. Then it went faster and faster. Then the road made a turn. “How do I turn? These stupid skates ... where is the steering wheel?!” he shouted while speeding towards a hazelnut bush. Luckily, the bush was full of catkins and Mr Philodendron wasn’t even scratched.

When he crawled out of the bush, Mrs Hyacinth came along.

“What great inline skates you have,” said she in admiration.

“You can take them,” said Mr Philodendron, taking off his skates and giving them to Mrs Hyacinth.

“If you want, I can give you a bike in exchange,” offered Mrs Hyacinth. “I’ve been given a new one and I don’t need the old one, though it is still in a perfectly good condition.”

Mr Philodendron was delighted with the bike. “I’ve always wondered how it is possible to ride on only two wheels,” said he, his eyes shining.

“You mean you can’t ride a bike?” asked Mrs Hyacinth, alarmed.

“I don’t know, I’ve never tried,” smiled Mr Philodendron and mounted his bike.

“You need to push the pedals all the time. As long as you are moving, you can’t fall,” instructed him Mrs Hyacinth. Mr Philodendron did as she said. It went so well that he shouted out with joy. He rode the bike for a long time, enjoying himself, until he realised that he had forgotten to ask how to stop.

“If I stop, I will fall,” he thought and pushed on. Then he saw a pond near the road.

"I don't know whether I can swim or not, but I've had more than enough of this bike," he decided and drove into the pond.

The pond was shallow so he didn't discover whether he could swim or not. As soon as he crawled out of the water, dragging his bike, Mr Oak came along.

"What a beautiful bike!" he cried. "I collect old bikes and I can pay you so well for this one that you will be able to buy an old used car."

"I've never driven a car," said Mr Philodendron thoughtfully. Then he glanced his bare feet and said: "If you give me a pair of shoes that will fit me in exchange for the bike, I will be perfectly content."

And then he returned home on foot, in a comfortable pair of shoes.

Mr Philodendron and Cold

Mr Philodendron was flying from one blossom to another, drinking the sweet nectar. There were other butterflies flying around him and suddenly he realised that he was different. "I have no wings!" said he in horror, looking at his arms. "How is it possible for me to fly?"

And suddenly he wasn't able to fly anymore. He started to fall. But before reaching the ground, he woke up.

"How fortunate that I woke up. I could have really hurt myself," he said in relief. Then he stuck his nose from under the blanket, but he immediately wished he was still in his dream. It was terribly cold in the room.

Mr Philodendron quickly hid under the blanket, closed his eyes and waited for the flowering meadow to appear in front of his eyes again. "I don't need to fly. I will just sit and be warm in the sun." But the plan didn't work. He was awake and it was cold in the room.

"Well, the only thing to do is to kick this cold out of my house," grumbled he. And counting one, two, three, he jumped out of the bed and started kicking, punching, and slapping the cold. He didn't stop until he was warm.

"It ran away," said Mr Philodendron, sitting on the edge of his bed, out of breath and content. But he had not been resting for long when he felt that the cold was back.

"This is a persistent one!" he hissed angrily and with a firm step he went out to bring some firewood.

But much more biting cold was waiting for Mr Philodendron outside! The cold was so terrible that Mr Philodendron was almost thrown back into the house. But he didn't give up. He grabbed a snow shovel and swung it fiercely into the air.

The strenuous workout soon made him warm. So he threw away the shovel and grabbed an axe.

"I've put the cold in front of my house in its place! It still doesn't dare to come back," he thought proudly while cutting the wood.

And when he had cut a whole bunch of firewood, he went in to deal with that more persistent cold that had settled in his house.