

Twenty-five translations of
A Fairy Tale

The *International Writing Program* is a unique conduit for the world's literatures, connecting well-established writers from around the globe, bringing international literature into classrooms, introducing American writers to other cultures through reading tours, and serving as a clearinghouse for literary news and a wealth of archival and pedagogical materials. Since 1967, over fourteen hundred writers from more than 140 countries have participated in the Fall Residency at the University of Iowa.

Copyright © 2015 by International Writing Program

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Published in the United States of America by
International Writing Program
Shambaugh House
430 N. Clinton St., Iowa City, IA 52245
<http://iwp.uiowa.edu/>

First edition

Edited by Laura Wang
Design by Andrea Chan
Cover design by Samantha Nissen
Cover photo by Polen Ly

Christopher Merrill's "Fairy Tale" first appeared in *The Iowa Review* (Volume 45, Issue 1, Spring 2015). It was an entry from Marvin Bell and Christopher Merrill's project *After the Fact: Scripts & Postscripts*, a collection of sixty exchanges written during 2011 and 2012.

Copyright © 2015 by The Iowa Review

Printed in the United States of America

Space is wide and time is short. We can never meet again. We leave you some signs, so that you know you are not alone, so that you are sure your friends do exist.

On the first day of fall 2015, I found an amazing poem called “Fairy Tale” written by our own Chris (officially Christopher Merrill) on page 127 of *The Iowa Review's* Spring Issue. I immediately translated it into Armenian and it seemed forgone that the Armenian version would end up as a Facebook note with some 57 likes and 7 comments under it. Instead it became a part of this chapbook simply because I was not alone during that memorable fall. Twenty-five friends joined me to bring the poem “Fairy Tale” to life in eighteen languages and to make it diverse by writing three variations of the original English poem.

Space is wide and time is short. You can never meet all those who could be your friends, but they leave you some signs, so that you know you are not alone, so that you are sure your friends do exist, even if you may not meet them anywhere else than in this or another “to be translated” fairy tale. But who is going to write the next one if not you?

Armen of Armenia
October 15, 2015

2015 IWP Fall Residents

Johanna Aitchison (New Zealand)
Raed Anis Al-Jishi (Saudi Arabia)
Anas Atakora (Togo)
Kirill Timurovich Azernyi (Russia)
Yu-Mei Balasingamchow (Singapore)
Sara Baume (Ireland)
Guzal Begim (Uzbekistan)
Cheng Ching-Hang (Matthew) (Hong Kong)
Chung Wenyin (Taiwan)
Nael Eltoukhy (Egypt)
El Jones (Canada)
Mookie Katigbak-Lacuesta (Philippines)
Harris Khalique (Pakistan)
Kim EuGene (South Korea)
Samuel Kolawole (Nigeria)
Anete Kruusmägi (Estonia)
Polen Ly (Cambodia)
Margarita Mateo Palmer (Cuba)
Maung Yu Py (Burma)
Michael Mendis (Sri Lanka)
Yael Neeman (Israel)
Nisah Haron (Malaysia)
Birgül Oğuz (Turkey)
Armen (Armenia)
Rochelle Potkar (India)
Teresa Präauer (Austria)
Homeira Qaderi (Afghanistan)
Rachel Rose (Canada)
Byambaa Sakhya (Mongolia)
Aki Salmela (Finland)
Marie Silkeberg (Sweden)
Villeda (Mexico)
Antônio Xerxenesky (Brazil)
Yao Feng (Macau)

Table of Contents

Fairy Tale Christopher Merrill	1
Հիֆնաբ (Armenian) Armen of Armenia	2
Saga (Swedish) Marie Silkeberg	3
Alamat (Tagalog) Mookie Katigbak-Lacuesta	4
傳說 (Chinese) Yao Feng	5
Le Conte de Fée (French) Anas Atakora	6
Satu (Finnish) Aki Salmela	7
עֲנַנִּים (Hebrew) Yael Neeman	8
Cuento de Hadas (Spanish) Villeda & Margarita Mateo Palmer	9
Fairy Tale in 18 Haiku (English) Rochelle Potkar	10
Fairy Tale (Chinese) Chung Wenyin 钟文音	13
Muinasjutt (Estonian) Anete Kruusmägi	14
ҮЛГЭР (Mongolian) Byambaa Sakhiya БЯМБА САХЪЯА	15
Lipur Lara (Malay) Nisah Haron	16

Fairy Tale (Portuguese) Antônio Xerxenesky	17
حكي لاي خي اكيح (Arabic) Raed Anis Al-Jishi ريد انيس النجار	18
Söylence (Turkish) Birgül Oğuz	19
어떤 민담 (Korean) Kim EuGene	20
Märchen (German) Teresa Präauer	21
童話 (Chinese) Cheng Ching-Hang (Matthew) 郑政恒	22
Сказка (Russian) Kirill Timurovich Azernyi	23
Fairy Tale (English) El Jones	24
සුරංගනා කතා (Sinhala) Michael Mendis මයිකල් මෙන්ඩිස්	26
ЭПТАК (Uzbek) Guzal Begim	27
هناسفا (Persian) Homeira Qaderi	28
Miss Dust Thinks of Fairy Tales (English) Johanna Aitchison	29
Contributors	30

Fairy Tale

by Christopher Merrill

He collected every fairy tale from the village at the end of the valley except the one he wanted—the story of a dancing bear, a peddler, and the woman, which had haunted his dreams in childhood and dictated his course of studies at the university. Emblazoned in his memory was the image of the bear chained to an apple tree whose roots had curled around the coffin of the mayor; he could not recall any other details of the story beyond the rumor, widely circulated, that it was based on an actual incident, and still he lost sleep imagining the consequences of eating the fruit gathered from the tree; hence his resolve to record the fairy tale in full, preferably in the lilting voice of his grandmother, dead these many years. (He blamed his insomnia on her juxtaposition of tone and subject.) However, his family had long since moved away from the village, the tradition of storytelling died with the burial of the church under a wall of snow, and no one could answer his questions: Who trained the bear? Did a peddler really lock a woman in a barn and hide the key under the altar? What taboo had the mayor violated by selling off the forest that protected the village from avalanches? He died before the last stand of pine was cut down; the whereabouts of his skeleton remained a mystery—which led the folklorist to speculate that privation, not magic, was the true source of this ghoulish tale. What consolation he took in the prospect of an afterlife was tempered by the knowledge that he did not know how it ended. If it ended.

Հեփիաթ

Armenian

translated by Armen of Armenia

Ինքը հավաքագրեց հովտի ամենահեռավոր գյուղի բոլոր հեփիաթները, բացի իր ուզածից, որ պատմում էր պարոզ արջի, չարչու ու մանկուց իրեն հավետակած երազանքների կնոջ մասին, ով դարձավ իր համալսարանական ուսումնասիրության նյութը: Հիշողության մեջ դաջված միակ պատկերում արջը շղթայված էր խնձորի ծառին, որի արմատները գալարվում էին տանուտիրոջ դագաղի շուրջ, եւ ուրիշ ոչինչ չէր մտաբերում՝ չհառված ամենուրեք պտտվող ասեկոսեն, թե պատմությունը կիմնված է իրական դեպքի վրա: Աչքին չուներ չէր գալիս, երբ պատկերացնում էր՝ ինչ կկատարվեր ծառի պտուղն ուտելուց հետո, կամ, եթե ձայնագրած լիներ հեփիաթն ամբողջությամբ, լավ կլիներ՝ տատու գիլ ձայնով, որ վաղուց արդեն չկար (իր համոզմամբ՝ անփնտրյալ մեղավորը տատու ձայնն էր, որ չէր բռնում պատմածի հետ): Ինչհետեւ, իրենց ընտանիքը վաղուց էր լքել հովիտը, հեփիաթասության ավանդույթը մեռել ու ծխական ողջ համայնքի հետ թաղվել էր ձյան հաստ շերտի տակ, եւ ոչ ոք չէր կարող պատասխանել իր հարցերին՝ ո՞վ էր վարժեցրել արջին, չարչին իրո՞ք կնոջը կողպել էր գոմում ու բանալին պահել բազիլի տակ, ի՞նչ չգրված օրենք էր խախտել տանուտերը՝ ծախելով գյուղը ձյան հոսքից պաշտպանող անտառակը: Տանուտերը մեռել էր նախքան անտառակի վերջին սոճին կհատվեր, նրա ահյունի ամփոփատեղին պատվել էր գաղտնիքով, որ ստիպում էր բանահավաքին ենթադրել, թե գրկանքն է, ոչ թե՝ կախարհանքը, էս գազրելի հեփիաթի իրական աղբյուրը: Իր հետ էն աշխարհ տարած միակ միֆթարանքն իմացությունն էր առ այն, որ նա էղպես էլ չիմացավ, թե ինչով ավարտվեց էս պատմությունը: Եթե ավարտվեց:

Saga

Swedish

translated by Marie Silkeberg

Han samlade in varje saga från byn som låg vid dalens botten, utom den han sökte - berättelsen om en dansande björn, en gårdfarihandlare, och kvinnan, som hade hemsökt hans barndoms drömmar och dikterat hans val av studier vid universitetet. Inristat i hans minne fanns bilden av en björn kedjad vid ett äppelträd vars rötter ringlade sig runt borgmästarens kista; han kunde inte minnas några andra detaljer i historien förutom ryktet, vida spritt, att den baserade sig på en verklig händelse, och ändå drev tanken på följderna av att äta den frukt som plockats från trädet honom till sömnlöshet; därav hans beslutsamhet att spela in sagan i sin helhet, helst med den sjungande röst som tillhört hans farmor, död sedan länge. (Han skyllde sin sömnlöshet på hennes hopkoppling av ton och ämne.) Men hans familj hade sedan länge flyttat från byn, historieberättandets traditioner dog med kyrkan som begravdes under en vägg av snö, och ingen kunde svara på hans frågor: Vem dresserade björnen? Läste en gårdfarihandlare verkligen in en kvinna i en lada och gömde nyckeln under altaret? Vilket tabu hade borgmästaren brutit genom att sälja skogen som skyddade byn från laviner? Han dog innan den sista klungan tallar höggs ner; vad som hände med hans skelett förblev ett mysterium - vilket ledde folkloristen till spekulationen att umbäranden, inte magi, var den verkliga källan till denna makabra sägen. Den tröst han fann i förhoppningarna om ett liv efter detta, dämpades av insikten att han inte visste hur den slutade. Om den slutade.

Alamat

Tagalog

translated by Mookie Katigbak-Lacuesta

Kinolekt niya ang lahat ng alamat mula sa pueblo hanggang dulo ng libis except yung pinakainaasam niya—yung story ng dancing bear, maglalako, at ng babaeng dumadalaw sa mga panaginip niya noong bata pa siya at siya mismong nagdikta ng kurso niya sa college. Nakaukit sa ala-ala niya ang imahe ng oso na naka-chain sa apple tree na may mga roots na kumukulot sa kabaong ng Mayor; hindi niya maalala ang ibang detalye ng kuwento maliban sa mga sabi-sabi na base ito sa isang actual na insidente, pero hindi pa rin siya makatulog kaaip ng mga consequences ng pagkain ng fruit mula sa puno. Napag-isipan niya tuloy na i-record and buong alamat, preferably mula sa POV ng lola niya na maraming taon nang nagpanaw—sinisi niya ang kanyang insomnia sa pag-juxtapose ng tono at paksa ng lola niya. Ngunit matagal na ring umalis ang pamilya niya sa baryo, at namatay ang tradisyon ng storytelling nung nalibing ang simbahan sa ilalim ng snow, at walang makasagot sa mga tanong niya: sino ang nag-train sa bear, Ni-lock ba talaga ng maglalako yung babae sa isang barn at tinago ba talaga nito ang susi sa ilalim ng altar? Anong kagaguhan ang ginawa ng Mayor para kinailangan niyang ilako ang forest, na siya mismong nagpo-protekta sa baryo laban sa mga avalanche. Namatay siya bago maputol and kahuli-hulihang pine tree; isang mystery kung anong nangyari sa kalansay niya kaya nag-speculate nalang yung mga folklorist na pagkawala at hindi magic and totoong source ng nakakatakot na kuwentong ito. Ang consolation na nadulot niya sa prospect ng kabilang buhay ay na-temper ng kaalaman na hindi niya alam kung paano nagwawakas ang kuwento. Kung nagwawakas ang kuwento.

傳說

Chinese

translated by Yao Feng

他收集了山谷深處的小村裡所有的奇聞異事，但卻沒有找到那個關於一隻會跳舞的熊、一個流動小販和一個女人的故事，儘管他很想找到。這個故事曾讓他童年時噩夢連連，並決定了他報讀的大學課程。令他記憶深刻的是那頭拴在蘋果樹上的熊，而樹根盤根錯節，纏繞著市長的棺木；他已經記不起故事的其他細節了，只記得這個流傳甚廣的傳說來自於真實事件；他依舊失眠，胡思亂想著吃了那棵蘋果樹上的果子會產生什麼後果。因此，他決定完整地寫出這個故事，但最好以他逝去多年的祖母的口吻。（他把失眠歸罪於祖母如何以自己的腔調來處理這樣的題材。）不管怎樣，他的家人早已搬離了村子，講故事的傳統也隨著教堂被厚厚的大雪壓塌而消失，再沒有人能回答他的問題了：誰是馴熊人？難道小販真的把那個女人鎖進穀倉，並把鑰匙藏在了祭壇下？市長賣掉了讓村子免遭雪崩破壞的森林冒犯了什麼禁忌？在最後一排松樹被砍掉之前他死了；他的骨骸 仍然下落不明 ——這引起民俗學家的臆想：不是魔法，而是貧窮才是導致這個殘忍故事發生的真正原因。他死後感到慰藉的是他不知道故事是如何結束的。如果真的結束了。

Le Conte de Fée

French

translated by Anas Atakora

L'homme réussit à recueillir tous les contes de fées de son village situé au fond d'une vallée, sauf un seul, celui qu'il a à cœur – l'histoire d'un ours dansant, d'un colporteur et d'une femme, laquelle histoire a hanté ses rêves d'enfance et dicté le cours de ses études universitaires. Dans sa mémoire est restée fraîche l'image de l'ours enchaîné à un pommier dont les racines s'étaient enroulées autour de la bière du maire ; l'homme était cependant incapable de se souvenir de quelque détail autre que la rumeur, bien répandue, qui disait ce conte être basé sur un fait divers réel. Et chaque fois, l'homme se retrouvait sevré de sommeil en imaginant des conséquences de la consommation de la pomme issue de ce pommier. De là lui vint la volonté de recueillir cette histoire dans son intégralité, de préférence à travers la voix harmonieuse de sa grand-mère, morte il y a bien des années. (La correspondance de ton au sujet est l'œuvre de l'insomnie, se reprocha-t-il). Quoi qu'il en soit, il y a bien longtemps que sa famille est partie du village, la tradition du conte est éteinte avec l'ensevelissement de l'église sous une épaisse couche de neige, et personne ne pouvait répondre à ses questions: qui a dompté l'ours? Un colporteur a-t-il réellement enfermé une femme dans une grange et caché la clé sous l'autel? Quel interdit le maire a-t-il violé en bradant la forêt qui protégeait le village des avalanches? Ce maire est d'ailleurs mort avant que ne soient abattus les derniers pins; sa sépulture est restée un mystère – ce qui a conduit le folkloriste à soutenir que les privations, et non la magie, furent la véritable source de ce conte macabre. Le maire, se dit-il, de là où il est maintenant, devait s'estimer satisfait avec la conscience d'être parti avant la fin de cette histoire. Encore faut-il que ce soit la fin.

Satu

Finnish

translated by Aki Salmela

Hän keräsi laakson perimmäisestä kylästä kaikki sadut, paitsi sen jota hän oli etsimässä – tanssivasta karhusta, kulkukauppiaasta ja naisesta kertova tarina, joka oli kiusannut hänen uniaan lapsena ja määrännyt hänen opintojensa suunnan yliopistossa. Hänen mieleensä oli syöpynyt kuva karhusta, joka oli kahlehdittu omennapuuhun, jonka juuret kiertyivät pormestarin ruumisarkun ympärille; hän ei muistanut tarinasta muuta, paitsi että laajalle levinneen huhun mukaan se perustui tositapahtumiin, ja yhä vielä hän vietti unettomia öitä kuvittelemalla seurauksia joita tuon puun hedelmien syömisestä koitui; siitä hänen tarpeensa saada satu kokonaisuudessaan talteen, mieluiten hänen jo vuosia sitten kuolleen isoäitinsä eloisalla äänellä. (Hän syytti unettomuuttaan siitä, että tuli sekoittaneeksi äänen ja aiheen.) Kuitenkin hänen perheensä oli muuttanut kylästä jo kauan sitten ja tarinankertomisen perinne kuollut sen myötä kun kirkko oli hautaanut lumimassojen alle, eikä kukaan osannut vastata hänen kysymyksiinsä: kuka karhun oli kouluttanut. Lukitsiko kulkukauppias todella naisen latoon ja piilotti avaimen alttarin alle? Mitä tabua pormestari oli rikkonut myymällä pois metsän, joka suojasi kylää lumivyöryiltä? Hän kuoli ennen kuin viimeiset männyt oli kaadettu; hänen luurankonsa sijainti pysyi mysteerinä – mikä sai folkloristit arvelemaan, että todellisuudessa tämän hirvittävän tarinan alku juontui taikuuden sijasta kieltämykseen. Tuonpuoleisen elämän mahdollisuuden hänelle tuottama lohtu kalpeni sen ymmärtämisen rinnalla, ettei hän tiennyt, miten se päättyi. Jos se päättyi.

אגדה

Hebrew

translated by Yael Neeman

הוא ליקט את כל האגדות מהכפר שבקצה העמק חוץ מזאת שחיפש – הסיפור על הדב המרקז, הרוכל והאשה, הסיפור שרדף את חלומותיו בילדותו והכתיב את מה שילמד באוניברסיטה. בזכרונו מוטבעת תמונה של דב כבול לעץ תפוחים ששורשיו משתרגים מסביב לארון בו קבור ראש העיר. הוא לא הצליח להיזכר בשום פרט נוסף מהסיפור, חוץ מהשמועה שנפוצה, שהסיפור היה מבוסס על מקרה אמיתי. במשך שעות לא יכול היה להירדם, חושב על תוצאות אכילת הפרי שנקטף מהעץ, משם נחישותו להקליט את האגדה במלואה, רצוי בקולה של סבתו, שמתה כבר שנים רבות (הוא האשים את נדודי השינה שלו בסמיכות הנושא והטון). מכל מקום, משפחתו עזבה מזמן את הכפר, מסורת מספרי הסיפורים מתה עם קבורתה של הכנסייה מתחת לחומה של שלג ואף אחד לא יכול היה לענות על שאלותיו: מי אימן את הדב? האם הרוכל באמת כלא את האשה באסם והחביא את המפתח מתחת למזבח? איזה טאבו הפר ראש העיר במכירת היער שהגן על הכפר ממפולות שלגים? הוא מת לפני שנכרתה קבוצת האורנים האחרונה, מיקומו של השלד נשאר תעלומה, מה שהוביל את הפולקלוריסט להניח שמחסור, ולא כישוף, היה המקור האמיתי לסיפור הנתעב הזה. הנחמה ששאב מהאפשרות של חיים אחרי המוות נמהלה בהכרה שהוא לא ידע איך זה נגמר. אם זה נגמר.

Cuento de Hadas

Spanish

translated by Villeda & Margarita Mateo Palmer

Reunió todos los cuentos de hadas de la aldea en la punta del valle a excepción de aquel que siempre quiso (la historia de un oso bailarín, un vendedor ambulante, y la mujer que lo había perseguido en los sueños de su niñez y dictado el curso de sus estudios en la universidad). Blasonada en su memoria estaba la imagen del oso encadenado a un manzano cuyas raíces se habían acurrucado alrededor del ataúd del alcalde. No podía recordar ningún otro detalle de la historia que no fuera el rumor, ampliamente difundido y basado en un incidente real. Y aun así perdió el sueño imaginando las consecuencias de comer el fruto recogido de ese árbol; fue así que decidió grabar el cuento de hadas en su totalidad, de preferencia en la voz melodiosa de su abuela, muerta muchos años atrás. (Echó la culpa de su insomnio a la yuxtaposición de tono y tema de ella.) Sin embargo, su familia se había alejado de la aldea hace tiempo, la tradición de narrar murió con el entierro de la iglesia bajo un muro de nieve y nadie podía responder a sus preguntas: ¿Quién entrenó al oso? ¿Realmente un vendedor ambulante encerró a una mujer en un granero y escondió la llave bajo el altar? ¿Qué tabú había transgredido el alcalde vendiendo el bosque que protegía al pueblo de las avalanchas? Él murió antes de que el último pino fuera cortado; el paradero de su esqueleto continuó siendo el misterio que llevó a los folkloristas a especular que la privación, no la magia, había sido la verdadera fuente de esta historia macabra. Su consuelo con la perspectiva de una vida después de la muerte estaba atenuado por el conocimiento de no saber cómo terminaría el cuento. Si es que terminaba.

Fairy Tale in 18 Haiku

English

adapted by Rochelle Potkar

spring haze—
village fairy tales
coming to life

valley dusk—
at the edge of time
an untold story

fragrant breeze—
my grandmother's voice
through insomnia

childhood nightmares—
the syllabi of my
university life

withered reeds—
the mystery of a bear
peddler and woman

mackerel clouds—
a bear chained
to an apple tree

sleepless night—
roots curling
over the mayor's coffin

harvest moon—
eating an apple
from the forbidden tree

autumn dusk—
our village church
buried in snow

moonless sky—
after the
storytellers' exodus

long night—
a woman locked up
in a barn

winter shower—
a key hidden
under an altar

cold sparrows dance—
a secret that stops
an avalanche

flowers out of season—
no answers to my
questions

nearly spring—
the last gasp
of a pine tree

first sky—
the mayor's missing
skeleton

first raven—
the folklorists' guess
on privation

spring paddy fields—
in this tale rising
another one

Fairy Tale

Chinese

translated by Chung Wenyin | 钟文音

他收集山谷盡頭小村裡的每一個童話故事，除了一個他想要的——一隻表演跳舞的熊，一個小販和一個女人的故事，這個故事如鬼魂侵擾著他童年的睡夢，支配著他的大學研究課程。銘刻在他記憶裡的是拴在一棵蘋果樹的熊，樹根絀曲纏繞在市長棺材的形象。他無法召喚故事的任何其他細節，除了傳聞廣為流傳，故事是植基於真實事件，而他仍然失眠，想像吃著從那棵樹採下果子的後果吧，因此他決心，在他的祖母死了這麼多年卻猶然輕快的聲音裡，記錄著所有的童話。（他怪責自己的失眠是被她的聲調與題材的雙線並行所影響）無論如何，他的家人早已搬離村子了，說故事的傳統，隨著教堂被如牆般的大雪掩埋而跟著消失後，沒有人能回答他的問題了：誰訓練了熊？難道小販真的把一名女子鎖在穀倉裡，將鑰匙隱藏在祭壇下？市長保護免於雪崩的森林不被拋售，這違反了什麼禁忌？他在最後一棵松樹被砍掉前過世了，他的骨骸下落卻仍是一個謎——這導致了民俗學家臆測：這可不是魔法，因為貧困才是這個殘忍故事的真正根源。他從來世的願景得到安慰，被他不明白人生如何終結的知識給緩解了。如果這是終結。

Muinasjutt

Estonian

translated by Anete Kruusmägi

Ta kogus oru lõpus asuvast külast kokku iga muinasjutu peale selle ühe, mida ta tegelikult tahtis- lugu tantsivast karust, rändkaupmehest ja naisest, mis oli külastanud ta unesid juba lapsepõlvest saati ja juhtinud tema erialavalikut ülikoolis. Tema mällu oli sööbinud pilt karust, kes oli aheldatud õunapuu külge, mille juured olid keerdunud ümber linnapea kirstu; ta ei suutnud loost midagi muud meenutada, peale laialt levinud kuulujutu, et lugu oli tõestisündinud, ja ta ei saanud magama jääda mõtlemata sellesama puu viljade söömisele järgnevatest tagajärgedest; siit ka kavatsus lindistada muinasjutt tervenisti, soovitatavalt tema juba mitu aastat surnud vanaema elaval häälele. (Ta süüdistas oma unetuses seda, et vanaema ajas segamini hääletooni ja teema.) Ehkki, ta perekond oli juba ammu külast ära kolinud, loojutustamise traditsioon hääbunud peale kiriku mattumist lume alla, ja keegi ei suutnud vastata tema küsimustele: Kes treenis karu? Kas rändkaupmees lukustas naise küüni ja peitis võtme altari alla? Millisest tabust oli linnapea üle astunud müües maha metsa, mis kaitsetes külaelanikke laviinide eest? Ta suri enne kui viimane püstijäänud mänd oli maha võetud; ta luude asupaik on siiani jäänud mõistatuseks- mis pani folkloristid spekulerima, et häda, mitte magia oli selle kuratliku loo tegelik allikas. See, millist lohutust pakkus talle väljavaade elust pärast surma, oli karastunud teadmiseiga, et ta ei teadnud, kuidas see lõppes. Kui see üldse lõppes.

ҮЛГЭР

Mongolian

translated by Byambaa Sakhiya | БЯМБА САХЪЯА

Хөндийн адагт байх нэгэн тосгоноос нутгийнханы хэлэлцдэг бүхий л үлгэр домгийг тэр цуглуулж, цуглуулсан бүхнээ их сургуулийнхаа судалгааны ажилд хэрэгтэй хэмээн дуу хураагчид бичиж авчээ. Хяслантай нь, хүүхэд насных нь зүүднээс салдаггүй байсан бүжигч баавгай, ганзагын наймаач, нэгэн хүүхэн гурвын тухай үлгэрийг л олж чадсангүй. Ой тойнд нь бахим үндсээрээ доороо булаастай тосгоны даргын авсыг багалзуурдан дарах алимны мод, эл модноос гинжлээстэй баавгайн дүр зураг л өлгөөд мартчихсан сүлд модны тоглоом шиг нэг ойртон, нэг холдон гялалзан харагдавч, мөнөөх үлгэрийн тухай үнэхээр болсон явдал гэнэлээ хэмээн ам дамжин яригддаг цуурхлаас өөр дорвитой юу ч үл санагдах аж. Олон жилийн өмнө өөд болсон эмээгээрээ үлгэрийг дуустал нь яриулан бичиж авахсан, бас алимны модноос түүсэн жимсийг идчихвэл яах бол гэсэн шүү элдэв бодол толгойд нь эргэлдэж, тэр унтаж ч чадахаа болив. (Харин дотроо бол эмээгийн хоолойн өнгө, өгүүлж буй үлгэрийн утга санаатай авцалдаагүйгээс л нойргүйдлээ гэж боджээ.) Үнэндээ тэднийхэн тосгоноо орхин нүүгээд удсан болохоор үлгэр домог хэлэх заншил нь цасанд даруулсаар булшлагдаж орхисон сүм шигээ хэдийнээ мартагдаад, үлгэр домог хүүрнэж, олон асуултанд нь хариу өгөх хүн ч байсангүй. Баавгайг хэн бүжиж сургав, наймаачин эр хүүхнийг пинд түгжиж орхиод түлхүүрийг нь сүмийн гонхонд нуусан нь үнэн эсэх, он удаан жилийн турш цасны нурангиас тосгоныг хамгаалж байсан ойг зарчихсан тосгоны захирагч ямар нандин цээрийг зөрчиж орхисон тухай дурсах хэн ч үлдсэнгүй. Захирагч өөрөө сүүлчийн ургаа нарсыг огтлохоос өмнө нүд аниж, түүний шарилыг хаана тавьсан нь хэн ч үл мэдэх нууц болон үлджээ. Домог хууч цуглуулагчийн хувьд увидас шидийн гэхээс балай утгагүй тохиолдол мэт санагдах энэхүү нууц л мөнөөх ёрын үлгэрийн жинхэнэ эхлэл нь болжээ хэмээн үзэхэд хүрсэн аж. Үлгэр хэрхэн төгссөнийг үл мэдэх тул захирагч хойд насандаа ямархан тайтгарал олж болохыг төсөөлөн бодоо ч үгүй биз. Хэрвээ төгсгөл гэж байсан бол шүү дээ.

Lipur Lara

Malay

translated by Nisah Haron

Dia mengutip setiap cerita lipur lara dari kampung di hujung lembah, kecuali sebuah cerita yang dia benar-benar ingin tahu - kisah sang beruang yang menari, seorang penjaja dan seorang perempuan, kisah yang telah datang banyak kali dalam mimpinya sejak kecil yang kemudiannya menjadi bidang pengajiannya di universiti. Terbayang jelas di ingatan imej seekor beruang dirantai pada seponon epal yang akarnya mencengkam keranda sang datuk bandar; dia dapat mengingati cerita itu dan ada khabar angin yang bertiup kencang bahawa sesungguhnya, itu kisah benar, dan dia masih tidak dapat melelapkan mata memikirkan akibat memakan epal yang dikumpul dari pokok itu; lalu dia memutuskan untuk menulis cerita lipur lara itu sepenuhnya, sebaik-baiknya dengan nada suara neneknya yang beralun-alun, walaupun neneknya sudah meninggal dunia beberapa tahun yang lalu. (Dia menyalahkan insomnianya pada jukstaposisi nada dan perkara itu). Sayang sekali, keluarganya sudah lama berpindah dari kampung itu, lantas tradisi bercerita mati bersama-sama gereja yang terbenam di bawah timbunan salji, dan tiada siapa yang boleh menjawab persoalannya. Siapa yang melatih beruang itu? Benarkah si penjaja telah mengunci wanita itu di dalam bangsal kemudian menyembunyikan kuncinya di bawah altar? Pantang larang apakah yang telah sang datuk bandar itu langgar sehingga sanggup menjual hutan yang selama ini memelihara kampung itu dari bencana? Dia mati dahulu sebelum barisan pokok pain terakhir ditebang; tulang temulangnya pula entah di mana dan masih misteri - lalu menyebabkan para pakar cerita lisan membuat spekulasi bahawa kemelaratanlah yang menjadi sumber sebenar kepada kisah yang mengerikan ini, dan bukannya kuasa magis. Sebarang penawar yang dibawa ke alam yang selepas kematian telah tergugat dan dia tidak tahu bagaimana ia berakhir. Itupun kalau ia berakhir.

Fairy Tale

Portuguese

translated by Antônio Xerxenesky

Ele recolheu todos os contos de fada do vilarejo situado ao fim do vale, exceto o que buscava – a história de um urso dançarino, um vendedor ambulante, e a mulher que assombrava os seus sonhos na infância e que ditou o rumo dos seus estudos na universidade. Gravada na sua memória estava a imagem do urso preso a uma macieira cujas raízes se enredavam ao redor do caixão do prefeito; não era capaz de se lembrar de nenhum outro detalhe da história além do boato, muito difundido, de que era baseada em um incidente real, e ele perdia o sono imaginando as consequências de comer um fruto dessa árvore; daí veio a decisão de registrar o conto de fadas na íntegra, de preferência na voz cadenciada de sua avó, morta há muitos anos. (Ele dizia que a sua insônia era culpa da justaposição que ela fazia com o timbre e o tema.) Entretanto, a sua família tinha saído do vilarejo muito tempo atrás, e a tradição de contar histórias morreu quando a igreja foi enterrada sob uma parede de neve, e ninguém era capaz de responder às suas perguntas: Quem treinou o urso? Um vendedor ambulante realmente prendeu uma mulher no celeiro e escondeu a chave debaixo do altar? Que tabu o prefeito tinha violado ao vender a floresta que protegia o vilarejo das avalanches? Ele morreu antes da última fileira de pinheiros ter sido derrubada; a localização do seu esqueleto permaneceu um mistério – o que levou o folclorista a especular que a privação, e não a magia, era a fonte verdadeira deste conto macabro. O consolo que tinha com o prospecto de uma vida após a morte foi mitigado pelo conhecimento de que não sabia como ele acabava. Se é que acabava.

حكاية خيالية

Arabic

ترجمته من قبل رعد أنيس آل-جيشي | يشرح لاسي نأ دئار

جمع كل حكايات القرية الخيالية عند نهاية الوادي عدا الحكاية التي أرادها- قصة الدب الراقص، بائع متجول، وامرأة، سكنت احلام طفولته واملت عليه ما سيدرس في الجامعة. خلدت في ذاكرته صورة دب مربوط بشجرة تفاح كانت جذورها تلف حول تابوت العمدة، لم يستطع أن يسترجع أية تفاصيل في تلك القصة تتجاوز الإشاعة التي انتشرت بكثافة، والتي تقول أنها مبنية على حادثة حقيقية، ولكنه أضع فرصة نومه وهو يتخيل عواقب أكل فاكهة جمعت من تلك الشجرة.

ولذلك كان حله ان يسجل القصة الخرافية كاملة،

بكل مزايا صوت جدته الهادئ المتواضع، والتي ماتت قبل سنوات. (لام الأرق على ما أصابها من

موافقتها بين الإيقاع والمعنى)

وأيا يكن، فعائلته ارتحلت بعيد عن العائلة مند امد بعيد، انتهت تقاليد قص الحكايات الخرافية عندما دُفنت الكنيسة تحت حائط من الجليد، فلم يستطع أن يجيب أحد على أسئلته : من درب الدب ؟ وهل احتجز البائع المتجول الفتاة وخبئ المفتاح تحت ”مذبح الكنيسة“؟ ماهو المحضور الذي اقترفه العمدة ببيعه الغابة التي كانت تحمي القرية من الانهيارات الجليدية ، لقد توفي عند الوقوف الاخير لشجرة الصنوبر قبل قطعها، الغموض يلف مدفن هيكله العظمي - وذلك جعل الرواة الشعبيين يتأملون حالة الحرمان، لم يكن المصدر الحقيقي لقصة الغول هذه سحريا. ياله من عزاء حصل عليه عندم وضع احتمالات لما بعد الحياة، عزاء خففه إدراكه انه لن يعرف كيف ستكون النهاية. حتى لو انتهت.

Söylence

Turkish

translated by Birgül Oğuz

Vadinin dibindeki köyün tüm söylencelerini derledi, biri hariç; asıl aradığı: Çocukken rüyalarına giren, üniversitede ne okuyacağını belirleyen, dans eden bir ayı, bir çerçi ve bir kadınla ilgili şu hikâye. Elma ağacına zincirlenmiş bir ayı kalmıştı hatırında, ağacın kökleri reisin tabutunun etrafında bükülüyordu. Ağzdan ağza dolaşanların dışında, hikâyenin diğer ayrıntılarına dair hiçbir şey bilmiyordu. Rivayete göre gerçek bir olaya dayanıyordu hikâye. O ağacın meyvesini ısırmanın nelere mal olabileceğini düşündükçe hâlâ uykuları kaçırıyordu. Söylencenin tamamını kayıt altına alma kararını da bu sebeple verdi zaten, tercihen anneannesinin -kadın öleli epey olmuştu- şarkılı sesinden. (Uykularından oluşunu anneannesinin ses tonuyla konuyu bir araya getirme becerisine bağlıyordu.) Ne var ki ailesi uzun zaman önce terk etmişti köyü, hikâye anlatma geleneği kiliseyle birlikte çığ altında kalmıştı, soruları yanıtlayacak kimse yoktu ortada. Kim eğitmişti ayıyı? Çerçinin kadını ahıra kilitleyip anahtarını mihrabın altına sakladığı doğru muydu? Köyü çığdan koruyan ormanı satmakla hangi yasayı ayaklar altına almıştı reis? Son çamlar kesilmeden öteki tarafı boylamıştı adam; kemiklerinin nerede olduğu muammaydı. Bu ürkütücü hikâyenin kaynağında sihrin değil bir yokluğun durduğunu halkbilimciye düşündürten de bu muammaydı işte. Reisin öteki tarafta nasıl bir teselli bulduğuna dair fikri, hikâyenin sonuna düşen karanlıkla yumuşuyordu biraz. Hikâyenin bir sonu vardıysa tabii.

어떤 민담

Korean

translated by Kim EuGene

마침내 그는 깊은 골짜기 마을에서 모든 민담을 모았네. 단 하나를 제외하고 말이야. 어린 시절 그의 꿈을 사로잡았던 것. 대학시절에도 받아쓰곤 했던 것. 춤추는 꿈, 보부상, 그리고 한 여자에 관한 이야기였지. 그의 기억 속엔 쇠사슬을 찬 한마리 꿈의 이미지로 각인되어 있었어. 쇠사슬은 한그루 사과나무에 묶여 있었지. 그 뿌리는 마을 시장의 관을 움켜쥐고 있었다네. 그러나 그는 이야기를 자세히 떠올릴 수 없었어. 단지 실재를 둘러싼 풍문만이 퍼져있었을 뿐이었네. 그는 여전히 그 사과나무의 과실을 베어 무는 것이 어떤 결과를 낳는지 알지 못한 채, 꿈 밖에서 서성였지. 그리하여 그는 모든 이야기를 녹음하기로 했네. 오래전 죽은 할머니의 경쾌한 목소리로 말일세. (그는 결국 할머니의 목소리와 이야기의 부조화로 얻은 불면증을 원망했지만.) 어쨌든, 그의 가족은 오래전 마을을 떠났다네. 구전의 전통도 교회가 눈에 파묻히며 사라졌지. 그리고 누구도 그의 질문에 답해줄 수 없게 되었네. 누가 꿈을 길렀지? 진정, 보부상이 여자를 광에 가두고 그 열쇠를 재단 아래 숨겼는지? 눈사태로부터 마을을 지켜주던 숲을 팔아치워버렸다며 유린당한 시장은, 어떤 말 못할 것을 지니고 있었는지? 그는 마지막 소나무가 잘리기도 전에 죽어버렸는데. 그 유골의 행방은 여전히 미스테리로 남아, 이 궁핍한, 꿈도 아닌, 사실이 뒤섞인 기괴한 민담으로 민속학자를 이끌었네. 시장은 여전히 그곳에서, 내세에 대한 기대감으로 위안을 얻고 있겠지. 이 이야기가 어떻게 끝이 나는지 알지 못한 채. 끝이 있더라도 하다면.

Märchen

German

translated by Teresa Präauer

Er sammelte jedes Märchen aus dem Dorf am Ende des Tales, abgesehen von dem einen, das er wollte – die Geschichte von einem tanzenden Bären, einem Straßenverkäufer und einer Frau, die ihn heimgesucht hat in seinen Träumen in Kindertagen und den Lauf seiner Studien an der Universität bestimmte. Ausgeschmückt in seiner Erinnerung war das Bild des Bären, gekettet an einen Apfelbaum, dessen Wurzeln sich gekräuselt hatten um den Sarg des Bürgermeisters; er konnte sich keiner anderen Details der Geschichte entsinnen bis auf das Gerücht, weit gestreut, dass es auf einem aktuellen Vorfall beruhte, und weiterhin verlor er Schlaf, sich die Konsequenzen vorstellend vom Essen der Frucht, gepflückt von diesem Baum; daher seine Entschlossenheit, das Märchen in Gänze aufzuzeichnen, bevorzugt in der singenden Stimme seiner Großmutter, tot seit so vielen Jahren. (Er gab die Schuld an seiner Schlaflosigkeit ihrer Gegenüberstellung von Klang und Subjekt.) Wie auch immer, seine Familie ist lange seitdem weggezogen aus dem Dorf, die Tradition des Geschichtenerzählens ist gestorben mit dem Begraben der Kirche unter einer Wand aus Schnee, und niemand konnte seine Fragen beantworten: Wer trainierte den Bären? Sperrte ein Straßenverkäufer wirklich eine Frau in eine Hütte ein und versteckte den Schlüssel unter dem Altar? Welches Tabu hat der Bürgermeister gebrochen, indem er den Wald verkauft hat, der das Dorf vor Lawinen geschützt hat? Er starb, als der letzten Pinienbestand abgeholzt war; der Verbleib seines Skelettes blieb ein Mysterium – was den Volkskundler veranlasste, darüber zu spekulieren, dass ein Raub, nicht Magie, die wahre Quelle dieser makabren Erzählung vorstellend war. Welchen Trost er bekam im Hinblick auf ein Nachleben, war bestimmt von seinem Wissen, dass er nicht wusste, wie es endete. Ob es endete.

童話

Chinese

translated by Cheng Ching-Hang (Matthew) | 郑政恒

他收集山谷盡頭的村落裡的每一個童話，除了一個他想要的——跳舞的熊、小販、女人的故事，這個故事在童年時困擾他的睡夢，大學時支配了他學習的過程。刻在他記憶的，是熊的形象，熊拴在一棵蘋果樹，樹根環繞著市長的棺材；他記不起故事的其他細節，除了廣泛流傳的傳聞，故事來源自真實事件，而他還是失眠，想像吃從那樹收集到的水果的結果；由於祖母輕快的聲線，他願意立下決心記錄童話的全部，她去世多年了。（他怪責他的失眠，是由於她的聲調和題材的相互並行）無論如何，他的家人從村落搬離很久了，講故事的傳統，隨著教堂被如牆般的積雪掩埋而消亡，而沒有人可以回答他的問題：誰訓練熊？小販真的將女人關在穀倉裡，又將鑰匙藏在祭壇下面？市長將保護村落免受雪崩的森林出售，違反了哪個禁忌？他在最後一棵松樹被砍掉之前死了；他遺骨的下落還是一個謎——如此帶引了民俗學者去思索，並不是魔法，困苦才是這個殘忍故事的真正源頭。他從來生的希望而得到的安慰，被他不知道人生如何終結的知識緩解了。如果這是完了。

Сказка

Russian

translated by Kirill Timurovich Azernyi

Он собрал все сказки из деревни, что вниз по тропинке, кроме той, которую хотел заполучить – историю о танцующем медведе, разносчике и женщине, которая настойчиво являлась ему в детских снах, и определила направление его исследований в университете. В его памяти был возведен памятник – медведь, прикованный цепями к яблоне, чьи корни обвивались вокруг могилы главы города; он не мог вспомнить каких-либо иных подробностей истории, помимо широко распространенного слуха о том, что за ней стоял реальный случай, и все же он потерял сон, воображая, что будет, если съесть яблоко с той яблони; отсюда – его решение заполучить сказку целиком, желательно в звучании оживленного голоса его бабушки, давно умершей. (Собственную бессонницу он порицал в той же манере несоответствия тона и предмета, какая была ей свойственна). Впрочем, его семья давно уехала из деревни, традиция сказа умерла после того, как церковь была похоронена под стеной снега, и никто не мог дать ему ответов на вопросы: кто тренировал медведя? Действительно ли разносчик запер женщину в сарае и спрятал ключ под алтарем? Какой запрет нарушил глава города, когда продал лес, защищавший деревню от лавин? Он умер до того, как был срублен последний ряд сосен; местонахождение его скелета оставалось загадкой – благодаря этому фольклористы строили догадки о том, что скорее нищета, нежели магия, могла послужить подлинным источником этой дьявольской сказки. Утешительная работа по изучению жизни после смерти подкреплялась знанием о том, что он не знал конца. Если и был конец.

Fairy Tale

English

adapted by El Jones

Maybe there was a bear at the end of a rope
Maybe it was a woman at the end of her rope
Maybe we hope the bear was dancing but it was thrashing for its life
Maybe it was the woman being sold
Maybe we are all peddling something
Maybe the village is always remote and the records are always scored through
Maybe the bear is just a metaphor to hold on to
Maybe sin, maybe everything you can't control, maybe the soul
Maybe there was never a tale to be told
Maybe your grandmother's voice is just an echo you only think you still know
Maybe there was never a golden age
Maybe we cut down all the trees and there's no more paper
Maybe someone once told the woman a story to save her
Maybe someone told the woman a
story to enslave her

Maybe we are all buried by avalanches of our own making
Maybe nothing is lost in translation
Maybe we're tired of metaphor, and we should shout fuck the lumber
companies and the corporations
Who sold the village out
Maybe the mayor deserved to be in a coffin
Maybe there is no stopping this destruction anywhere,
Not of women, not of villages, not of bears
Maybe the oil companies moved in when the country was opened
Maybe, like a bear turns on its keeper the people were revolting
Throwing off their chains
Maybe there were military advisors and the bodies of peasants floating
Face down as a warning
Maybe their stories were straight by morning

Maybe the altar was burning, burning
Maybe the stories were a way of coping
Maybe the people were relieved when the church was buried
Maybe no one lost sleep or worried
Maybe there's nothing more to be studied
Maybe the women celebrated
Maybe the bear danced as a blessing
Maybe the old traditions were oppressive
Maybe they were just peddling something
A woman, a bear, sin, the soul, an apple
Maybe people were tired of going to chapel
Maybe before the priests it was bear who taught us fairy tales
Maybe we failed, maybe we understood
Maybe it was good when the stories ended
Maybe everyone only pretended they were interested
Maybe video games and TV are better
Maybe all the people want is a Walmart and a Lexus
In every village
Maybe they should be forced to have them
Maybe those people just couldn't keep up with the modern world
Maybe the women are always locked in
No matter how many bombs you say you dropped to free them
Maybe you don't understand the difference between a rope to hang your self
and a rope to climb out
Maybe it's not your business to find out
Maybe it's better that everything is forgotten
Maybe trying to stop them is like trying to hold a rope with a dancing bear
Maybe if you put down roots tie yourself tight to them before you disappear
Maybe it was always too late by the time we got there

සුරංගනා කතා

Sinhala

translated by Michael Mendis | මයිකල් මෙන්ඩිස්

ඔහු, මිටිකවතයේ අග තිබූ ගමනාන්තයේ සෑම සුරංගනා කතාවකම එකතු කළද, ඔහුට අවශ්‍යම වූ, තම ළමාවියේදී හයකර සිහින ගෙන දුන් ද, යොවුන් වියේදී තම සරසවි පාඨමාලාවන් තරාරා දුන් ද, නැට්ටුකකාර වලසා, වළෙන්දා, හා ගැහැනියක අළලා ගනුණු කපාන්දරය පමණක් ඔහුට මග හැරුණේය. නගරාධිපතිගේ මිනිස මුදුන් මුලගේ ගුලි කරගෙන හුන් ඇපල ගසට බඳින ලද වලසාගේ උපය ඔහුගේ සිතගි ඇලී ගැළවී තිබිණ; ඉන් ඔබ්බට එම කතාව පිලිබඳ ඔහුගේ මතකයට ආවර්ජනය වූයේ, එය සත්ය සිද්ධියක් වටා ගෙනුන ලද්දක් යැයි පැතිරුණ කටකතාව පමණක් වුව ද, එම ගසෙහි එල වැළඳීමෙන් ඇතිවිය හැකි විපාකයන් ගැන දවල සිහින මවමින්, ඔහු රූ පුරා හිඳි වරපිතව පසු විය; සමපුරණ කථාවම, හැකිනම තම අත්තමමා කතා මැවූ ඒ නැලවෙනසුලු හඬින් ම ලියා දැමීමට ඔහු ඇති කළ ගත් අධිෂ්ඨානයට හේතු වූයේ මගේ හිඳි වරපිත රාත්රියකිනි. (තම හිඳි නැති දිවියට වගකිව යුත්තයේ ද තම අත්තමමා විශය කාරණා හා ශබ්දලිලාව ගැලපු ආකාරය ය.) එහෙත් ඔහුගේ පවුලම ගමින් සමුගෙන අලුත් පදිංචි සරායා ගිය පසුව, හිම ජරකාරයකින් යට වුණු දුර්වස්ථානායත් සමගම කතන්දර කීමට සමජරදායද වද වී ගියේය. ඔහුගේ ජරයකවලට දැන් කාභටවන් පිළිතුරු දිය තරාහැකි විය. වලසා පුහුණු කෙරුණේ කා විසින් ද? සැබැවටම වළෙන්දුකේ ගැහැනියකව ගෙන අටුවක සිර කර යතුර අල්තාරය යට සැගවුවා ද? ගිරිහිම නිපාතවලින් ගමනාන්තය සුරැකූ ඒ මුකළානග විකුණා දැමීමෙන් නගරාධිපතිගා කලෙසුවෝ කුමන වාරණයන් ද? අන්තිම පයින් ගස කපා හෙළීමට පෙර ඔහු මිය ගියේ ය; ඔහුගේ මෘත දුර්ගස ද අදහුන ලෙස ආගිය අතක් නැති වී ගියේ ය — එයින් සිදු වූයේ මගේ සෝර කථාවට සුලමුල ඉන්දුරජාලා මායාවක් නොව, යම් කිසි ඩැහැගැනීමක් බව ජන කථා කථුවන් තීරණය කිරීමයි. ඔහු, පුනර්භවයන් ගැන සිතමින් තමා තුළ ඇති කළ ගත් කුමන අස්වැසීමලක් වූ වද එය බොද වී ගියේ, කපාන්දරය අවසන් වූ හැටි ඔහු නොදන්නා බව සිහි වූ විටයි. එයත්, එය අවසන් වූවා නම ය...

ЭРТАК

Uzbek

translated by Guzal Begim

У қишлоқдаги ниҳоясидаги водийда эртақларни тўпларди, баъзи бир истиснолар ила рақс тушувчи айиқ, уни олиб юрувчи ва болалигидаги орзулари билан изма-из бораётган аёл ҳақида университетда бир курс маъруза ўқиган эди. Унинг хотирасидаги айиқ образи олма дарахтига чегаланган бўлиб, илдизлари мэрнинг тобутига бориб туташарди; У бу миш-мишларидан воқеанинг кенг тарқалган бошқа бир деталини эслай олмади, аниқ далилга асосланган, дарахтдан узилган меваларни еяётган тасаввурларини таъқиб қилгувчи тушларини ҳалигача йўқотган, топа олмасди; Унинг қарори ушбу эртақни тўлиқ шаклда ва имкони бўлса, узоқ йиллар олдин вафот этган бувисининг овоз оҳангида ёзмоқчи эди. (У оҳанг ва предметни қиёслар экан, уйқусизлигини айблади). Ҳарқалай, уларнинг оиласи қишлоқдан чиқиб кетганига кўп йиллар бўлган, ҳикоя қилинган анъаналар дунёдан чекиниб бўлган, улар черков девори ёнидаги қор остига дафн этилган ва ҳеч ким унинг саволларига жавоб бера олмайди. Ким айиқни раққосликка ўргатган эди? Эҳтимол, аёлни омборхонага қамаб, калитини меҳробнинг тагига яшириб қўйибми? Мэр қишлоқни кўчкидан қутқариш учун ўрмонни сотиб хатога йўл қўйган эди. У охириги қарағайни чопишлардан олдинроқ жон берди. Унинг суяклари қаердан жой олгани жумбоқлигича қолди – бу ҳар қандай халқ оғзаки ижоди билан шуғулланувчиларни шунга етаклайдики, ҳар қандай йўқотиш бу сеҳр - жоду эмас, ёвузлик эртақларига ҳақиқий манбадир. У қандай тасалли олди, охирати обод бўлдим, бу нима билан яқун топди, буни билмасди. Бу агар яқунланган бўлса....

افسانه

Persian

translated by Homeira Qaderi

هر افسانه را از قریه ی که در پایان دره موقعیت داشت به دست آورد بجز از افسانه ی که او میخواست - قصه ی خرس رقصنده، فروشنده و یک زن که رویاهایش را در طفولیت مورد اذیت قرار داده و مطالعات اش را در پوهنتون دیکتی نموده بود. در ذهنش تصویری از یک خرس بود که توسط زنجیر ها به درخت سیب بسته شده بود و ریشه های درخت به دور تابوت شاروال پیچیده بود. سایر جزئیات این داستان را به یاد نداشت اما یک شایعه بسیار معروف وجود داشت که این قصه بر اساس یک حادثه حقیقی بوده است. مجسم کردن عواقب خوردن میوه آن درخت سبب بی خوابی گردیده و او خوابش را از دست داد. از همیزرو تصمیم گرفت تا این افسانه را کاملا کند، ترجیحا به صدای شیرین مادرکلانش که چندین سال قبل رحلت نموده بود. (او ملامتی بیخوابی اش را بالای تون صدای مادرکلانش و موضوع داستان می انداخت). اما فامیلش بسیار وقت قبل از این قریه کوچ کرده بود، عنعنه قصه گفتن از همان زمان منعدم گردید، در زیر دیوار برف دفن شد و هیچ کس به سوالات وی پاسخ ارایه نمیتوانست: خرس را کی آموزش داد؟ آیا دست فروش واقعا یک زن را در طویله قفل کرد و کلید آنرا پنهان نمود؟ شاروال با فروختن جنگلی که قریه را از برف کوچ ها نگهمیداشت، چه گناهی را مرتکب شده بود؟ قبل از آنکه آخرین ناجوی جنگل قطع گردد، شاروال فوت کرد، بقایای اسکلیت شاروال منحیث یک سر باقی ماند - و بالاخره سبب گردید تا این فولکلوریست این موضوع را مطالعه نماید و دریابد که جادو منبع حقیقی این افسانه نیست. آرامش وی در زندگی بعد از مرگ را معلومات مربوط به زندگی خرس شکل میداد که او نمیدانست چگونه خاتمه یافت. اگر واقعا خاتمه یافته باشد.

Miss Dust Thinks of Fairy Tales

English

adapted by Johanna Aitchison

When the falling down of the snow hits,
the only thing that is pink

about the scene is her tongue,
pausing to struggle with perfect

individual pieces of snow –
“Everyone has a snowflake soul!”

Miss Dust has had enough
of individualistic flakes of snow,

because she headed out again
without her gloves

& the light from the houses is growing
further away the further she stomps.

She can feel the chatter rising like steam.
What are those warm thoughts they’re thinking?

Contributors

Johanna AITCHISON (poet; New Zealand) is the author of three books of poetry, including *A Long Girl Ago* (2007; finalist at the 2008 Montana New Zealand Book Awards) and *Miss Dust* (2015). Widely anthologized in her home country, Aitchison is also the winner of the 2005 Victoria University Story Inc. Prize for Poetry, and of the 2010 New Zealand Poetry Society International Competition. Her participation is made possible by Creative New Zealand.

Raed Anis Al-JISHI (poet, translator; Saudi Arabia) has published one novel, seven volumes of poems in Arabic and one, *Bleeding Gull: Look, Feel, Fly*, in English. Alongside a career as a writer, he teaches high school chemistry in his native city of Qateef. He is a feminist and human rights activist, and works on issues involving children and literacy. His participation is made possible by the U.S. Embassy in Riyadh.

Anas ATAKORA (poet, fiction writer, nonfiction writer; Togo), currently a PhD candidate at Dalhousie University in Canada, has had his third poetry collection, *En attendant le poème*, appear in early 2015. The upcoming *Tante Béa* will be his first short story collection. In 2008, Atakora received the 'Plumes émergentes' award from the University of Lomé. He participates courtesy of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

Kirill Timurovich AZERNYI (fiction writer; Russia) has published two books of prose [The Present, 2011] and [A Doomsday Man, 2015]. He is the publisher of the magazine *Zdes*, dedicated to contemporary experimental prose, poetry, and essays. His participation is made possible by the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

Guzal BEGIM (poet, translator; Uzbekistan) is an editor at the Uzbeki children's magazine *Ghuncha*, and a reporter. She has three poetry collections, the most recent being *Majnunsoat* (2012), and a number of poems in international anthologies. She participates courtesy of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

CHENG CHING-HANG (Matthew) (poet, editor; Hong Kong) is the author of the poetry collection [The First Book of Recollection], co-author of [Wait and See: The Collection of Six Hong Kong Young Writers], and the editor of [An Anthology of Hong Kong Poetry of the 1950s], [Hong Kong Short Stories 2004-2005], and [Hong Kong Cinema Retrospective 2011], among others. The former Vice-Chair of the Hong Kong Film Critics Society, in 2013 he received the Hong Kong Arts Development Award for Best Artist (Arts Criticism). He participates courtesy of the Robert H. N. Ho Family Foundation.

CHUNG Wenyin (fiction writer; Taiwan) is the author of story collections [Two People in One Day, The Past, Diary for You, Yesterday Re-emerging, Old Appearances of Young Ladies and Cities for Lovers]. Her novels include [Woman Islands] and the historical Island Trilogy, comprised of *Decayed Lust*, [Decayed History] and *Decayed Land*. Chung Wenyin is the recipient of a dozen literary awards, including the 2003 Yunlin County Cultural Award and, in 2005, of the distinguished Wu San-Lien Literature Prize. Her participation is made possible by the Taiwan Ministry of Culture.

EI JONES (poet; Canada) is the 2013-2015 poet laureate for Halifax. Named a “Bold Visionary,” one of 23 in her country, she was also the Poet of Honor at the Canadian Festival of Spoken Word in 2015. Her collection of spoken-word poetry *Live from the Afrikan Resistance!* appeared in 2014. Her participation is made possible by the U.S. Embassy in Ottawa.

Mookie KATIGBAK-LACUESTA (poet, nonfiction writer; Philippines) is the author of two poetry collections: *The Proxy Eros* (2008) and *Burning Houses* (2013). Widely awarded, she was the Filipino delegate to the 2012 Medellín Poetry Festival. Her work has been anthologized in publications and online, in the Philippines and abroad. She participates courtesy of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

KIM EuGene (fiction writer; South Korea) was awarded the Munhakdongne Young Writers Prize in 2011, then went on to win the Hwang Soon-won Young Writers Prize two years later. Under the pen name Kim Yujin she has published three novels, with [Summer] (2012)] being her most recent. She participates courtesy of Arts Council Korea.

Anete KRUUSMÄGI (fiction writer, poet; Estonia) is currently studying traditional dance in Indonesia, and working on several novel projects. A regular contributor to *Õhtuleht*, a major Estonian daily, she also teaches creative writing in Indonesia. Her participation is made possible by CEC ArtsLink.

Polen LY (screenwriter; Cambodia) has written, directed and produced several short films, including [Red Ink] (2014) and [Colourful Knots] (2014), which won the first prize at the 2015 Tropfest SEA film festival in Malaysia. Among his documentaries are [Gone with the Water] (2012), the winner of the 2012 science film festival in Bangkok, Thailand, and [A Daughter's Scars] (2013). His participation is made possible by the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

Margarita MATEO PALMER (critic, essayist, novelist; Cuba) has her extensive critical work collected in seven volumes of essays; she is also the author of the novel *Desde los blancos manicomios* (2008). Her writing on Caribbean literatures has earned her fellowships at Harvard and Tulane, six iterations of Premio Nacional de la Crítica, and many other literary awards. Mateo Palmer is a member of the Cuban Academy of Language. Her participation is made possible by the U.S. Embassy in Havana and the Ludwig Foundation.

Michael MENDIS (fiction writer; Sri Lanka) has published a number of stories, including “The Sarong-Man in the Old House and an Incubus for a Rainy Night,” which won the 2013 Commonwealth Short Story Prize for the Asia region. His work has been anthologized internationally; his first collection of stories is forthcoming in 2015. He works as a researcher for the Sri Lanka-based Centre for Policy Alternatives. He participates courtesy of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

Yael NEEMAN (fiction writer; Israel) is the author of four books, including the novels [We Were the Future] and [Orange Tuesday] (1998) and the story collection [The Option] (2013), nominated for the 2014 Sapir Prize for Literature. Other awards include the 2011 Book Publishers Association of Israel's Golden Book Award and the 2015 Prime Minister's Prize for Hebrew Writers. Her work has been translated into French, Polish and English. She participates courtesy of the United States-Israeli Education Foundation.

NISAH HARON (fiction and nonfiction writer, translator; Malaysia) is the author of several story collections and novels, including, most recently, *Rindu Seorang Rafik* [The Longing of a Rafik]. Her nonfiction deals with the craft and the business of creative writing; she is also a travel writer, with work translated into English and Japanese. She has twice received the Utusan Group Literary Prize for her novels; the stories have earned her three iterations of the Malaysia Premier Literary Prize. Her participation is made possible by Dewan Bahasa dan Pustaka.

Birgöl OĞUZ (fiction writer, non-fiction writer; Turkey) was among the winners of the 2014 European Union Prize for Literature for her latest short fiction collection *Hab* (2012), now being translated into thirteen European languages. A PhD candidate in English Literature at Bosphorus University, she lectures on literature at independent academic institutions and theater houses in Istanbul. Her participation is made possible by the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

ARMEN OF ARMENIA (fiction writer; Armenia) is the author of the story collection [The Return of Kikos] (2013), and the novel [Mommyland; Flag] (2015); a short story of his appeared in the 2015 edition of Best European Fiction. His writing is significantly influenced by his political activism. He participates courtesy of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

Rochelle POTKAR (fiction writer, poet; India) is the author of *The Arithmetic of Breasts and Other Stories*, and has three works in progress—a novel, a book of prose, and a book of poetry. Widely published online and in print, Rochelle is the co-editor of *Neesab* magazine, and an active member of Poetry Couture, which hosts poetry readings at cafes across India. Her participation is made possible by the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

Teresa PRÄAUER (fiction writer, poet, visual artist; Austria) is the author of the novels *Johnny und Jean* (2014) and *Für den Herrscher aus Übersee* [For the Emperor from Overseas], which received the Aspekte prize for best German-language prose debut of 2012, as well as of a book of poetry postcards entitled [Pigeons' Letters] (2009). In 2015 she received a Droste and a Hölderlin promotion award, and was shortlisted for the Leipzig Book Fair Prize. She regularly publishes on the subjects of poetry, theatre, pop culture and fine arts. Her participation is made possible by the Max Kade Foundation.

Homeira QADERI (fiction writer; Afghanistan) is the author of six books, including the novel [Silver Kabul River Girl], published in Iran in 2009 to widespread critical acclaim. An activist for women's rights and currently a Senior Advisor to the Minister of Labor, Social Affairs, Martyrs and Disabled, she teaches at the University of Kabul. She participates courtesy of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

Byambaa SAKHIYA (screenwriter, filmmaker, producer; Mongolia), a graduate of the State Film School VGIK in Mos-cow, is a documentary and fiction filmmaker with a long record of collaboration on international film productions. His documentary *Passion* (2011) won main prizes at film festivals in Asia, the Americas, and Europe; his first feature, *Remote Control*, was supported by the Hubert Bals Script Development Fund, and received the New Current Award at the 2013 Busan International Film Festival. He is the co-founder of Ulaanbatar-based Guru Media. His residency is made possible by the U.S. Embassy in Ulaanbatar.

Aki SALMELA (poet, translator; Finland) is the author of seven poetry collections and a number of translations, including the poetry of John Ashbery, Charles Simic, and James Tate. His work has been widely anthologized, and appears in literary journals throughout Europe. His first collection, *Sanomattomia lehtiä*, won the Kalevi Jäntti Prize in 2004; in 2008 he received the Finnish Broadcast Corporation's Tanssiva Karhu Poetry Prize. His participation is made possible by an anonymous donation to the IWP.

Marie SILKEBERG (poet, translator, nonfiction writer, filmmaker; Sweden) is the author of seven poetry collections, including *23:23* (2006) and *Material* (2010), and the essay volume *Avståndsmätning* (2005). Among her translations are those of Inger Christensen and Rosemarie Waldrop; she also collaborates with musicians on text and sound compositions and poetry films. A recipient of a number of awards, the 2013 Marin Sorescu Prize most recently, she teaches literary composition at the University of Southern Denmark. Her participation is made possible by the Paul and Hualing Engle Fund.

VILLEDA (poet, translator, fiction writer; Mexico) is the author of four books of poetry, most recently *Dodo* (2014). Her work in poetry and multimedia, widely anthologized and translated, has received recognition through several awards, including the 2014 National Fine Arts Prize for Children's Fiction and the 2013 Elías Nandino National Award for Youth Poetry. She participates courtesy of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

Antônio XERXENESKY (fiction writer, translator; Brazil), currently completing a PhD in literary theory at Universidade de São Paulo, is the author of two novels, most recently *F* (2014), two short story collections, including *A Página assombrada por fantasmas* (2011) and several books of translation; his own work has been translated into English, French, German and Spanish. He participates courtesy of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs at the U.S. Department of State.

YAO Feng (poet, translator, scholar; Macau) is the author of poetry collections [Writing on the Wings of the Wind, One Horizon – Two Views], [The Night Lies Down with Me], [Faraway Song] and [Selected Poems of Yao Feng, In Brief]. He writes in both Chinese and Portuguese, and translates Portuguese poetry into Chinese. A winner of many poetry awards as well as a medal from the Portuguese president, he teaches in the Department of Portuguese at the University of Macau. His participation is made possible by the Paul and Hualing Engle Fund.

