

KOTAVA Tela Tamefa Golerava

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James Joyce

YON DUBLINIK ~ EVELINE

Berpotam
(1914)

Kalkotavaks : Élisabeth Rovall (2015)

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Dubliners ~ Eveline

Short story
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| Dubliners ~ Eveline | Yon dublinik ~ Eveline |
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| <p>She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.</p> <p>Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it—not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field—the Devines the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep nix and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to land. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.</p> <p>Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:</p> <p>"He is in Melbourne now."</p> <p>She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss</p> | <p>Darekeon. Inya kake dilk debanyer ise va siel tolgenis va ikpa disuker. Taka va marwideem ke dilk altogir ise dakela ke gopakiraf <i>cretonne</i> lay va inaf pezolkeem konir. Ina cuer.</p> <p>Abictan kabduolanid. Sokesik ke ironokafa mona va intafa vreda dimlanir ; ina va inafa bora ermitasa va bagafe lume az kaikon selusa va guboy ke binka kabdue warzaf keraf moneem gilder. Gelkeon taya batlize tigiyr lize ina do aryon rumeik kotkielon givefayar. Azon kontanye ke Belfast va taya lusteyer aze va bat moneem al kolnar, i me va monama beretrafa dum telyona inafa vols jebese norkaxe dem afigasa kepaita. Rumeikeem ke ikpa koe bata taya givefayar : Devine kot isu Waters isu Dunn is Keogh omaf tcunik is ina is inaf berikeem. Ernest, soe, somevefayar : tiyir klaarsaf. Jontikviele inafe gadikye va sin div taya kan ebeltatorestafa runza aloyayar ; vexe gubeon omaf Keogh sueyer nume ieyer kotviele va gadikye vanlanise wiyir. Wori sin banugale nutiyid kalackaf. Gadikye tiyir leeke ikorafe ; ise gadikya wan bliyir. Lekeon. Ina is kot berik re mea tid rumeik ; gadikya tir awalkafa. Tizzie Dunn dere al mulufter, ise Waters yasa ko vo al dimlapir. Kotcoba sobetawer. Re ina bro kot artel fu bulur, va intafa mona fu jovler.</p> <p>Va mona ! Va olkoba anamdisuker, wigason va yastaf mukeem safteon basgopayan remi jontika tanda, ware nueson lizu gopa manote ronickir. Rotir va batyona yastaca gire mea witiir neke va beta divgira someklokayar. Wori, remi batyona tanda, va yolt ke gertik meviele al abrer, i ke ujik moe tublafotawes afigasuteks bene rebava vamoe empanafo taresko poke ukakiraf gretcaks kaatoes va abdzilikseem pu Marie-Marguerite Alacoque Kumzilinik. In tiyir bemapalik ke gadikye. Kotviele ine va afigasuteks pu worasik nedir, pune frayeson giloplekur :</p> <p>— In koe Melbourne re tigrir.</p> <p>Ina djupromallapir, va mona djuprojovler. Kas proyaca tir ? Va kuvaceem is volkuvaceem djukarolar. Icle koe bata mona va brava is sinka dadir ; ise kotvielu inaf grupenikeem tigrir. Efe ae, tori mona is une belcon olgon gokobar. Va tokcoba sin koe dolta icdeon kalitid grupeson da do dawarik al yateter ? Da tir fitulik, rotir ; aze kan erusa giva ko fela inafe une zo naritir. Gavan W^{ya} wauneter. Va ina dun codar, moekote viele korik rovogildes pokeon tigid.</p> |

Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

"Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?"

"Look lively, Miss Hill, please."

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married—she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages—seven shillings—and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work—a hard life—but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair tumbled forward

— Hill W^{ya}, kas me wil da bata weltikya ked ?

— Vanyel greciaf, djay, Hill W^{ya} !!

Jovleson va dolta ina va abica ikuza mogimatar.

Vexe dene warzafa ebava koe bata sumefa megrupena patecta, batcoba me titir mila. Bam ina titir exomakirafa, ina Eveline. Bam korikeem tarkason zo askipeter. Me zo askipeter milinde gadikya zo askiyir. Dace re, kore ina tir loon sanlerddafa, dile pester keunisa golde tizuca ke gadikye. Gruper da gan batcoba zo gisionesirsir. Remi rumeugal ine va ina vols gubeon Harry is Ernest me yandeyer lecen ina tir rumeikya ; voxe wetimon ine gidratcer, gikalir da va ina dere co yander voxe golde mulufta ke gadikya me rotaskir. Acum re metel nendatason wan tir. Ernest al awalker ise Harry yoke une ta ujazikera konliz koe tawaday riwe dun mallakir. Ison, data pereavieleafa erbamijera va ina merokalinon toz tulegad. Va intaf varaf dod sozilir, i va peroy *shilling* talolk, ise Harry va cugdroe erba sostakser, vexe arge sotir seotara va abica erba gu gadikye. Inye espur da ina gitinuser, da ina va taka me stujer, da va erba portapon wana me fu zilir enide ina ko nuda di kalpler, ise va loote arcoba dere rokalir, kire ba sielon pereaviel gitir rotapaf. Tere va erba zilir ise erur kase ina va estura ta taneaviel di doler. Bam denuon gonoviper aze ko dolexo lanir trasitison va kona sinka, gison is licason va filtav kum ebeltaf lelt edge va kelda rem tari ladavason kevfenkur ; azon leve ekseem gaveon dimdenlanir. Va exoma sogedir ise rubar enide toloy vajulen rumeik belon di estud aze dere ko bema di lanid : batcoba tir lagap. Olgaf lag, i olgafa blira, vexe re viele ina fure jovler, pune sopron mea krupter da bata blira en tir merogalpena.

Ina va ara blira do Frank fu yovar. Frank tir vonapaf is budaf is disaf. Ina do in moe sieltota gomallapir, kureson aze blitison do in koe Buenos Aires lize in va mona kesa va ina digir. Maneke ina va taneafa toma setikeper lanviele va in al wir ! In koe mona ke vawilapa zavzoteyer liz ina di gikevlaniyir. Batcoba nutir weti anton konaka safta. In poke polku ranyer, ton larkkiraf atsot vadimeon is usuk vabduon lubes kev nadafa gexata. Sin va sint abicabicon al rungruped.

over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see The Bohemian Girl and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

"I know these sailor chaps," he said.

One day he had quarrelled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.

Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

"Damned Italians! coming over here!"

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's

Kotsielon va ina kabdue dolta kevlanir aze kal inafa mona dositar. Ta wira va « *The Bohemian Girl* » drunta al star, nume ina debanyeson poke in moe medarsafa runda koe wenyaxe, al pester guotena. In va lexa skeur, abicote dankar. Efe anamef korik gruped da sin va sint nepad, nume, kotviele va bata danka icde yikyana renasa va birelik dankagar, pune ina pester plinon gojafa. In va ina gu Tsage relandeteson gidayoltar. Tore dikira va dawarik va ina al lular ; azon ina va in toz albar. In va yona rupa icde sumefa coyunta al pwader. Wetce ravesik was aksateon tanoy *pound* talolk moe tota ke Allan sarva van Canada toz kobayar. Va yolt ke kota tota al kalir lizo zanivayar, is dere yolt ke konaku sistu. Va Magalhães Vedil al koolapir, va yona rupama icde eaftaf patagoniikeem al pwader. Al kalir da koe Buenos Aires va tirkanya trasiyir, aze ta tilderugal den vo anton di dimlapiyir. Tire inafe gadikye va varafa rupa kosmayar nume al malpour da in kotvieli pulvir.

— Va betman birelik grupecké, ~ gadikye kaliyir.

Lanviele va Frank kornayar, nume banvielu ina va renanik anton birgon rotolwir.

Siel koe ikpa tuvawer. Batakuca ke toloya twa gina moe inaf badeeem tumesolwiwer. Bata tir tori Harry, is bana tori gadikye. Ernest al tir inaf gelukik vexe ina va Harry dere albar. Gadikye toz tir guazafe, ina al katcalar ; gan ina zo graceter. Dile tir agralapafe. Pokion ina tanvielon senyeson al akoler, ise ine va tacedikafa rupa puon volunt al belir ise va begki lev tey torion al pustar. Arviele, sin mo Howth venta ta baera belcon al lapid. Ina setiker da gadikye, deaseteson is kipesitison va nazbeikeem, va edji ke gadikya al diskir.

Ugal tiskir vexe ina kake dilk wan debanyer, altogison va marwida keve taka is kagaelason va dakela gopakiraf *cretonne* lay. Sumuon, tice ikpa, va zopoura gilder. Va bata evluba gruper. Batmila resielon tir divulaca lecen jupar da ina va abdipleuks pu gadikya trakodur, i va abdiplekuks va giwodara va mona cugedje rotaskitir. Va bocaf mielcek ke akolesa gadikya setiker ; gire koe tapedafa is idulafa mawa arte arlom va int tigus wir ; ise diveon bata italiafa kexafa evluba kamamayar. Kontel pu zopousik al pulviyir nume bantan al mallaniyir, do tanoy *penny* zilin talolk vas teva. Ina va tritafa laniga ke gadikye kolanise va mawa ke akolik setiker. Ine al kaliyir :

— Manbat gonayan italiik ! Batliz !

Edje ina va batcoba modovar, pune sausa corara va blira ke gadikya va kodiwara kal istak

life laid its spell on the very quick of her being—that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

"Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!"

She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand:

"Come!"

All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

"Come!"

No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish!

"Eveline! Evvy!"

He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

ke inafe tise koplekur, i va entafa blira wetayana kal bakestuca. Ina skotcer, va puda ke gadikyara gire fogilder, i puda dure tolkalisa is akoydon karakesa :

— Derevaun Seraun ! Derevaun Seraun !

Vere vudepeson ranyar. Yaté !! Goyater ! Frank fu giwar. Va bli is rotir rena vanzilitir. Kottode ina djugabliir. Tokdume co tir volkalafa ? Va kaluca sorokar. Frank va ina fu mar, ko meem fu dablur. Fu giwar.

Ina vanmiae tari siudasi koe North Wall golda ranyer. Frank va inafa nuba licar, bam ina vofar da mbi pulvir, da in va koncoba icde remlapira kalir aze tolkalir. Golda tir kotrafa gu sayakik do beretrafa tuksa. Rem fenkupuyun tuvel ke gard, ina va ebeltafa flava ke tota senyesa kene etol dem koafin viplugeem kozwir. Va mecoba dulzer. Va intaf tcor zwaf is fentaf pestaler, nume bupon icu faxuca va Lorik nyapetenon bliker, enide in fu nedir lize inafi goni tigrir. Tota ko sel abrotcion is caxon kabere. Ede ina mallapir, pune direvielon moe bira do Frank van Buenos Aires di tigrir. Sinafa runda tid ickriluyuna. Kas radimi kotcoba inon askiyina mu int rodimefir ? Faxuca va ina laninde merlesir voxe wan kutczekar, amliton is zardon blikeson.

Biota mamasa ko inafa takra tauler. Ina nubanarionon almar :

— Pii !!

Kota bira ke tamava anam inafa takra ve berumkar. Frank va ina impar koartokatason : arse ina di wizuwer. Kan meem va azilaf stirk geltgir.

— Pii !!

Me ! Me ! Me ! Vol ! Nubeem ben stirk va int bolon xodar. Istu welfarsa ina poleson kizoyur !

— Eveline ! Evvy !

In kaik oblarot ongir ise iegar enide ina radimvulter. Mbi karzar enide di rundanyar, voxe gan in dun zo rozar. Levgasa dum buktaf sulem, va batakafa gexata ikanedir. Inaf iteem va meka renasa ok donesa ok kagrupesa sugda vanzilir.