

***KOTAVA Tela Tamefa Golerava***

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**Oscar Wilde**

**JINTRAKAF GULIK**

Berpotam  
(1888)

Kalkotavaks : Élisabeth Rovall (2014)

*Oscar Wilde*  
*The Selfish Giant*

*Short story*  
(1888)

*Translation : Élisabeth Rovall (2014)*

## The Selfish Giant

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing here?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

TRESPASSERS  
WILL BE  
PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there," they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day

## Jintrakaf gulik

**Darekeon.** Kotrielon, moi dimlanira kou bema, rumeik ko matela ke Gulik givefad.

Ina tir antiafa matelapa dem ritafa preimanya. Konaklize moe preima listafa imwa bro bitej jebed, ise san-toloya glorda ton gedelaf raltukaf is batakap imweem blinazbalarugalon sogeilted aze ba muvugal va yona kulafa enganya sodiskid. Zveri moe aal giwaganyed ise dankanyad maneke rumeik non vefad aze kalterektad. « Maneke batlize tit kalaf !» pu sint iegad.

Lanviele Gulik dimlanir. Va Cornish Gulestudjik nik al worar ise dene bantel perdon tiskiyir. Arti bata perda, lecen prilara al zo pusker nume kaliyson va kotcoba gokalina, ko intafe lamone al djukudimlanir. Artlanison va yon rumeik vefas koe matela wir.

« Va tokcoba batlize askic ?» kan eeftapafa puda iegar, nume rumeik otced.

« Jinafa matela tir jinafa, ~ Gulik dakir. ~ Nume kottan va batcoba gogildar, nume vol noveté da bettan rotigitir. Batenide gu rebavegapa anammadar aze va dung aykar.

VOL RONOLANIL  
KIRE  
ZO LAXUYONKAL

Tir jintrakaf Gulik.

Kimtaf rumeik va kono vefaxo mea dadid. Moe wawa lavefad, vexe wawa tir goapafa is dem jontiki olgafi raporki nume me albad. Radimi tena ke bemaravera, aname rebavegapa re al gigozad ise va matelanya kaikeon tigisa pulvid. « Koeon en tiyt kalaf !» pu sint re gikalid.

Bam imwugal artstir nume koe varafa gola imwama is zverimi tigid. Koe ant jintrakaf Gulik fentugal wan tir. Vielu kon rumeik mea tigr pune zveri me djudankad, ise aal vulkud da gonimwed. Konviele listafa imwa va taka mo preima madar, voxe wison va dung az trakuson va rumeikeem zo tugabentapar nume mo sid va int lubesir aze gin komoder. Ant korik wives tid Nolda is Opra. « Fentugal va bata matela al vulkur ! ~ diviegad. ~ Numon ilanacekon moeon fu blit !» Nolda mo preima va intafa batakafa liozapa stoker ise Opra va kot aal gu dilgavuke besar. Azon ganed da Lentusuka deneon di tiskir. Ina naler aze artstir. Tir dem jontikaf myot. Koe matela afizcekon sosukieper ise va keldega dun trovgar. « Batse sutkaxo, ~ kalir. ~ Pu Onotca fu erú enide ina va min di worar. » Kle Onotca artstir. Kotvielon remi baroy bartiv mo kepaita ke lamone dun trugur vieli va jontika rogdalaxa di empar aze va

for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they

matela kan cugafe kalie bam anamestir. Tir lukopton vagekirafa, ise inafa sukera tir oprakorafa.

« Me rogildá dume Imwugal va artstira maneke restur, Jintrakaf Gulik kalir viele kev dilk va int plekur ise va intafa batakafa is fentafa matela disuker. Pokolé da saz fu betawer. »

Vexe Imwugal vol artstir. Idulugal dere me. Muvugal va moavilt ko kota matela voxu va mek pu matela ke Gulik. « In tir jintrakarsaf, » kalir. Batdume Fentugal banlize dun tigr, ise Lentusuka is Onotca is Opra is Nolda vanmiae aal dun stuted.

Langazdon Gulik, ixam krodoes, koe ilava senyer viele va kiewotafa lexa gilder. Ina tir pibafa gu inaf oblakeem eke in folir da gazaf lexsik fu pokolanid. Vexe tir natcongama dankasa kabdue inaf dilk, voxu larde va koni zveri dankasi koe matela jontikedje mea gilder nume sedme in batcoba en tir tela lolistafa lexa koe tamava. Bam Onotca mo inafa taka ten stuter, ise Lentusuka ten sukier, aze sutkafa kofiga rem fenkuyun dilk va in kalstir. « Imwugal tce ixam su artstir, » Gulik kalir. Aze div ilava grabler aze disuker.

Va tokcoba wir ?

Va divulgafa disukexa wir. Rem fradayam koe rebavega, rumeik va matela al anjed aze mo yona aalgama al debanyad. Koe kot aal rowin, rumeikam tigr, ise aal en tid kalaf gire levigison va rumeik nume va int gu imwa besad ise va meem vamoe rumeafa taka kon tegulad. Zveri waltaladad ise kiewoton prejad ise ko kusaf werd takamadad ise kiped. Batcoba tir nakilanya. Ant fentugal wan tir koe tanoya alava, i koe tela losumefa lize rumeikam tigr. Tir omapaf eke va beta gama ke aal me rotuzar ise piron boreson anameon gozar. Bat kimtaf aal wan tir besanaf gu opra is nolda, ise Lentusuka vamoeon suker ise sukier. « Ticumal, rumeik !! » aal kalir. Ise va gameem cugon omon sotcer, vexe rumeikam tir omarsaf.

Aze takra ke Gulik kojewer viele in divon disuker. « Maneke tiyí jintrakaf ! ~ kalir. ~ Re grupé dume Imwugal batliz me al djustir. Va bat kimtaf rumeik tic aal fu ayká aze va rebavega rawatá nume jinafa matela kotvieli titir vefaxo ke rumeikeem. » En tir iregliepes va intaf askiks.

Azon va fogelom titlanir aze va lentortuvel zijnon fenkur aze va matela molanir. Vexe wison va in rumeik zo tueaftad maneke otced nume matela dimon

all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said: "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here tomorrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of

vanpir fentugal. Ant rumeikam me al yater lecen inaf iteem tiyir ikuzakirarsaf nume va Gulik artlanis me al wir. Aze bantan kadimon anjer aze kan nubeem va in agralon narir aze mo aal daykar. Nume aal vere imwer ; zveri waganyad ise toz dankad ise rumeikam masotccer aze va berga ke Gulik mar ise kutcar. Bam kotar rumeik, wison da Gulik mea tir ikoraf, vanvulter ise do sin imwugal artstir. « Batse re winafa matela, rumeik !» Gulik kalir. Aze va kuftapa narir aze va rebavega trovgar. Azon viele korik ba miafiz ko dolexo lanid, bam va Gulik vefas va yon rumeik koe tela lolistafa matela meveli wiyina rabated.

Sin afizcekon vefad aze ba siel va Gulik fu kiavad.

« Vexe toklize rinaf dositik tigr, i rumeik jinon wagayan mo aal ?» kalir. Gulik va in albar kire ganon al zo kutcar.

« Me grupev, ~ rumeik dulzed. ~ In al mallanir. »

« Pu in kalic da in uxon eldeon di gostir !!» Gulik dakir. Vexe rumeik kalid da me gruped lize irubar ise abdion meviele al wid. Nume Gulik tugabentaweper.

Kotrielon, moi tena ke bema, rumeik lanid aze do Gulik vefad. Vexe rumeikam alban gan Gulik mea zo wir. Gulik tir rubaf tove kottan, soe va nikam sobatcer nume jontikviele vaon pulvir. « Va in en co djuwí !» gikalir.

Konaka tanda tiskid nume Gulik tuguazawer ise tuaxawer. Va vefara mea ropaker, nume koe iribapa gizavzagir ise va rumeik vefas disuker ise va matela mafelar. « Va jontika imwanya digí, ~ kalir, ~ vexe rumeik sotid tela lolistafa imwa. »

Fentugalon langazdon, va int vageson, rem dilk disuker. Daletoe va Fentugal mea ilkader ; gruper da in tir moda ke Imwugal ise imwa tildewed.

Laizon evodanon itapragar aze kaldisuker. Tire batse ribiegafa wira. Arte matela aal riwe besanaf gu batakafa imwanya tigr. Inaf gameem en tir moavukaf ise dilgavukaf ilt rumkawed, ise valeve aal almayan rumeikam tigr.

Daavapon Gulik va fogelom titlanijir aze va matela kolanir. Moo preima ampur aze va rumeik vanlanir. Bam pokepon, inafa gexata zideson tuckerawer aze in kalir : « Toktan va rin al rovebakar ?» Bene texeem ke rumeik koinga ke toloya cepta is dere koinga ke toloya cepta bene nugameem tigid.

two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

« Toktan va rin al rovebakar ? ~ Gulik iegar. ~ Kalil !! Va dugap fu narí aze va in di atá !! »

« Me ! ~ rumeik dulzer. ~ Lecen batse bakaks ke Rena tid. »

« Toktan til ? » Gulik kalir. Miledje tarkasa kivara va in tolgenir, nume kabdu rumeikam badenyar.

Nume rumeik pu Gulik kicegar aze kalir : « Al iskel da koe rinafa matela konviele vefayá. Revielon do jin ko jinafa matela tisa Fuda fu lanil. »

Azon, viele rumeik rerielon artvulted, bam va awalkeyes Gulik senyes valeve aal is besayan gu batakafa imwa kosmad.