

Lajla Žigová: Kaštuňi gurumňi

<http://www.kher.cz/clanek.php?id=310>

In: Otcův duch a jiné pohádky romských autorů. Kher, Praha, 2012.

Has na has, jekh gadžikano gavoro. Maškar lende bešelas jekh čoro Rom. Has igen čoro, nič les na has. Savore gadžen has džvirina u les na has nič. Pejľa leske igen phares. Jekhvar leske avíľa pre godí, hoj peske kerela kaštuňi gurumňi pro kereka. Sar phendľa, avka kerďa. E gurumňi dičholas, sar bi avelas džidí.

Tosara, sar džalas o pastiris te pasinel le gadženge le gurumňen, ta leske diňa o Rom peskra gurumňa. O pastiris la íľa u gejle pre maľa. Džan, džan tele le plajiha – e gurumňi džal. Džan upre le plajiha u e gurumňi na kamel te džal. Chudňa la o pastiris te marel, avka la marlas, dži la phagerďa.

Raťi anel o pastiris la gurumňa le Romeske. O Rom cholísalíľa, hoj leske o pastiris la gurumňa murdardľa. Či kamelas či na kamelas, mušindľa o pastiris leske te del peskera gurumňa. Palís gejľa o pastiris andre karčma u phendľa le gadženge, so pes leske ačhilľa. O gadže cholísalíle u dovakerde pes, hoj le Romeske la gurumňa murdarena. Sar phende, avka kerde. La gurumňa murdarde, o mas latar chale ča e morči mukhle.

Tosara o Rom uštíľa u dikhel, hoj e gurumňi murdardí. Chudňa te rovel. Has leske igen pharo, hoj les pale nane nič. Phendľa peske: „Džava andro svetos u odoj morči bikenava." Íľa e morči u gejľa.

Phirelas pal o svetos maj jekh berš, aľe e morči našťi bikenlas. Ňiko la na kamelas. Imar peske o Rom phendľa, hoj džala khere. Džal, džal, dži avľa ko cinteris. Dikhľa odoj purano kerestos. Bešľa peske tel o kerestos u chudňa te rovel. So na šunel? Vareko leske phenel: „Me tutar cinava e morči, me la cinava." Dikhel pal peste, Ňikhaj Ňiko. Dikhel pro kerestos u phučel lestar: „Oda tu phendľa, hoj tu kames miri morči?" U sar phurdelas e balvaj, o kerestos perelas jekha seratar pre aver. O Rom peske dumindľa, hoj o kerestos leske avka odphenel. Mukhľa leske e morči odoj u phendľa: „Me tuke la kadej mukhava u tajsja avava vaš o love."

Sig tosara avľa. Dikhel, e morči aňi o love Ňikhaj! La bara cholatar marlas andro kerestos dži o kerestos na pejľa. U so o Rom na dikhel! Tel o kerestos sas pherďi piri somnakaj. Íľa la, palíkerďa u gejľa khere. Khere peske cindľa le gurumňen u has lestar nekbavaleder Rom, mek buter sar o gadže andro gav.

[translation for the teacher) A Wooden Cow

Once upon a time there was a small non-Romani villlage. There lived a poor Rom who had nothing at all. The gadje, however, had a lot of animals. He was very sad because of that. So, one day he thought up he would carve a wooden cow on wheels for himself. As he said, so he did. The cow looked as if alive.

In the morning, when a shepherd took the farmers' cows to graze, the Rom gave him his cow, too. The shepherd took the cow and went to the field. He walked down the hill and the cow walked behind him. He walked up the hill, but the cow refused to follow. The shepherd started to beat the cow. He beat it so hard that he broke it.

In the evening, the shepherd brought the cow back to the Rom. He got very angry that the shepherd killed his cow. Willy nilly, the shepherd had to give the Rom his own cow instead. Then he went to a pub and told everybody what had happened. The non-Romani got angry and agreed on killing the cow of the Rom. As they said, so they did. They killed the cow, ate the meat and left only the cowhide.

When the Rom got up in the morning, he saw the cow was dead. Only the cowhide remained. He started crying. He was sorry that he had nothing at all again. Then, he said to himself: "I will set out into the wide world", and so he did.

He walked about the world for almost a year but he could not sell the cowhide. Nobody wanted it. The Rom almost said to himself that he would return home. At that moment, he walked as far as a cemetary where he noticed an old cross. He sat downn uder it and and started to cry. Yet what did he hear? Someone was whispering to him: "I will buy the old cowhide from you." The Rom turned around but could not see anybody. He looked at an old cross and asked: "Was it you who said that you wanted my old cowhide?" As the wind was blowing, the cross kept swaying from side to side and the Rom thought that the cross was giving him the answer. So, he left the cowhide lying next to the cross and said: "I am leaving it here and tomorrow I will come for money."

Early in the morning, the Rom went back to the cross. He was looking around, but neither the cowhide nor money were in sight! Enraged, he started to hit the cross so hard that he knocked it down completely. But what could he see? There was a bowl of gold under the cross. He took it, gave his thanks and headed for home. He bought himself cows and became a rich Rom, even richer than all the non- Romani from his village.

<http://www.kher.cz/clanek.php?id=310>

The fairy tale was published in the collection Father's Spirit and Other Fairy tales of Romani authors.