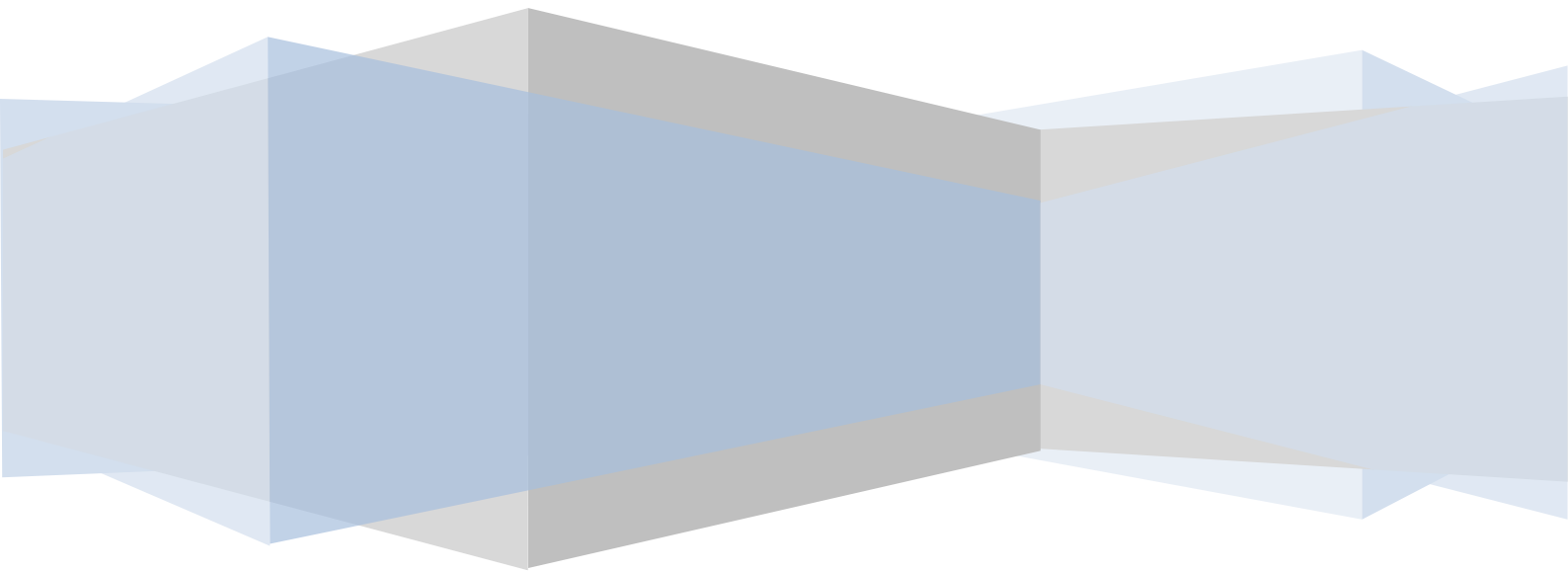


BOUKIE BANANE

UNIVERSAL BILINGUAL FUNCTIONAL LITERACY

Dev Virahsawmy



**UNIVERSAL BILINGUAL FUNCTIONAL LITERACY
(UBFL) FOR THE MARITIME REPUBLIC OF
MAURITIUS**

©Dev Virahsawmy

DEV VIRAHSAWMY

CONTENTS

<u>INTRODUCTION</u>	4
<u>BILINGUAL LITERACY</u>	12
<u>FRANZ KAFKA METAMORPHOSIS</u>	17
<u>ANIMAL FARM/BAZ ZANIMO</u>	27
<u>KING LEAR ACT 3</u>	34
<u>TO WIND UP</u>	51

INTRODUCTION

Mauritius is a semi-literate Republic. By semi-literate we mean that a very high percentage of people are unable to read or write with ease or fluency or are poorly educated. Some may just be able to sign their names but will not be able to read and understand a simple text; will be unable to write a grammatically correct and coherent sentence in any language. We like to boast of having a high literacy level because we assume that children who are schooled for seven years are de facto literate. We refuse to face the fact that in spite of heavy investment in basic education we have failed to produce the desired effects. There may be several reasons why we fail but the dominant cause is a language policy which goes against the rule of reason. Mauritius is the only country in the world to start teaching the basics of literacy in 3 foreign languages at one and the same time while at the same time ignoring totally the mother tongue (L₁) of 90% of the population and the second language (L₂) of the remaining 10%. This is so because the complacent governing elite in all fields of society do not see a need to change this situation because they and their offsprings have never had it so good.

But we are now at a crossroads. Global warming and the resulting climate change, the crisis of western capitalism, the emergence of BRICS, the urgency of food security, the transformation of Mauritius into The Maritime Republic of Mauritius AND OUR AMBITION TO BECOME A HIGH-INCOME ECONOMY mean that a new course has to be charted. Dependence on oral teaching methods and semi-literacy must give way to UNIVERSAL BILINGUAL FUNCTIONAL LITERACY (UBFL).

HOW TO ACHIEVE THIS?

UBFL means that all citizens, male and female, of 16 and over, when schooling may be stopped legally, should be able to read, write and count functionally. By 'functionally' we mean UNESCO's 1978 definition: 'A person is functionally literate who can engage in all those activities in which literacy is required for effective functioning of his group and community and also for enabling him to continue to use reading, writing and calculation for his own and the community's development.' This does not rule out that citizens may and will strive for higher levels of literacy and attain advanced and creative literacy.

To reach this goal we must once for all be rid of unplanned pseudo-multilingualism which generates semi-literacy and semi-lingualism and accept the axiom that literacy must begin in the L₁ of the learner. Moreover the compulsory L₂ must be identified right from the start and introduced without undue delay. Another essential factor to be considered is the methodology to be adopted to teach the L₂. But before choosing a method or a combination of methods let us first of all spell out clearly the aims of the UBFL project:

- To acquire all language skills (listening, understanding, speaking, reading, writing and interpreting) in both the L₁ and the L₂.
- To use the L₂ as medium of teaching in secondary and tertiary education and the L₁ as compulsory subject.
- To encourage and develop creative writing in both the L₁ and the L₂.
- To fully standardise Morisien and help the emergence of a variety of English to be known as Mauritian English.
- To build up translation skills and methods.
- To promote the learning of other languages once the UBFL foundations are strong.
- To empower the descendants of slaves and coolies.
- To promote gender equality.
- To make the Maritime Republic Of Mauritius a knowledge hub.
- To reinforce development and democracy.

If there can be no debate as to which language is to be used initially to start the ball rolling (i.e the mother tongue or L₁), the choice of the L₂, although clear, may be accompanied by some irritation, bitterness and

frustration. For us there is only one possibility which will have the support of more than $\frac{3}{4}$ of the population. It is English which is already the official language and official medium of instruction. Moreover it is the dominant L₂ of 3 BRICS countries with which we must strengthen political and economic ties namely South Africa, India and The People's Republic of China and of East Africa. To crown it all English is also a creole language just as our *de facto* national language, Morisien, and consequently at the level of syntax a considerable degree of skill transfer takes place to make grammar translation work.

It is fashionable to decry GRAMMAR TRANSLATION (GT) but there is plenty of empirical evidence that the method works well if teachers are well-versed in the theory and practice of the learner's L₁ and the L₂ to be taught. Experienced teachers who have a sound knowledge of the phonology, syntax and semantics of the relevant L₁ and the L₂ and have explored the potentials of GT will agree with Tim Bowen (<http://www.onestopenglish.com>): "At the height of the Communicative Approach to language learning in the 1980s and early 1990s it became fashionable in some quarters to deride so-called "old-fashioned" methods and, in particular, something broadly labelled "Grammar Translation". There were numerous reasons for this but principally it was felt that translation itself was an academic exercise rather than one which would actually help learners to use language, and an overt focus on grammar was to learn about the target language rather than to learn it.

As with many other methods and approaches, Grammar Translation tended to be referred to in the past tense as if it no longer existed and had died out to be replaced world-wide by the fun and motivation of the communicative classroom. If we examine the principal features of Grammar Translation, however, we will see that not only has it not disappeared but that many of its characteristics have been central to language teaching throughout the ages and are still valid today.

The Grammar Translation method embraces a wide range of approaches but, broadly speaking, foreign language study is seen as a mental discipline, the goal of which may be to read literature in its original form or simply to be a form of intellectual development. The basic approach is to analyze and study the grammatical rules of the language, usually in an order roughly matching the traditional order of the grammar of Latin, and then to practise manipulating grammatical structures through the means of translation both into and from the mother tongue.

The method is very much based on the written word and texts are widely in evidence. A typical approach would be to present the rules of a particular item of grammar, illustrate its use by including the item several times in a text, and practise using the item through writing sentences and translating it into the mother tongue. The text is often accompanied by a vocabulary list consisting of new lexical items used in the text together with the mother tongue translation. Accurate use of language items is central to this approach.

Generally speaking, the medium of instruction is the mother tongue, which is used to explain conceptual problems and to discuss the use of a particular grammatical structure. It all sounds rather dull but it can be argued that the Grammar Translation method has over the years had a remarkable success. Millions of people have successfully learnt foreign languages to a high degree of proficiency and, in numerous cases, without any contact whatsoever with native speakers of the language (as was the case in the former Soviet Union, for example).

There are certain types of learner who respond very positively to a grammatical syllabus as it can give them both a set of clear objectives and a clear sense of achievement. Other learners need the security of the mother tongue and the opportunity to relate grammatical structures to mother tongue equivalents. Above all, this type of approach can give learners a basic foundation upon which they can then build their communicative skills.

Applied wholesale of course, it can also be boring for many learners and a quick look at foreign language course books from the 1950s and 1960s, for example, will soon reveal the non-communicative nature of the language used. Using the more enlightened principles of the Communicative Approach, however, and combining these with the systematic approach of Grammar Translation, may well be the perfect combination for many learners. On the one hand they have motivating communicative activities that help to promote their fluency and, on the other, they gradually acquire a sound and accurate basis in the grammar of the language. This combined approach is reflected in many of the EFL course books currently being published and, amongst other things, suggests that the Grammar Translation method, far from being dead, is very much alive and kicking as we enter the 21st century.

Without a sound knowledge of the grammatical basis of the language it can be argued that the learner is in possession of nothing more than a selection of communicative phrases which are perfectly adequate for basic communication but which will be found wanting when the learner is required to perform any kind of sophisticated linguistic task.”

It must be emphasised here that there is no single method which can stand on its own. Classroom situations demand flexibility, versatility and pragmatism. A blend of GT and the communicative method is what we strongly recommend.

A quick look at certain features of Morisien and English will show potentials and limitations of GT.

WORD ORDER

Generally speaking both Morisien and English use a similar order of words in a sentence.

Mo pe asiz lor enn ros. (Pronoun+verb+adverbial)

I am sitting on a stone. (Pronoun+verb+adverbial)

- But with adjectives there is a difference. In English adjectives are prenominal while in Morisien there are prenominal and postnominal adjectives.

A beautiful girl; an intelligent girl...

Enn zoli tifi; enn tifi entelizan...

- In both languages adverbs behave in the same way:
- Sentence adverbs or adverbials may be realised at the beginning or at the end of sentences.

Yer mo ti al get li/ mo ti al get li yer

Yesterday I went to see him/her / I went to see him/her yesterday

- Adverbs which modify adjectives precede them:

Very clever/ bien malen

- Adverbs which modify verbs succeed them:

Run fast/ galoup vit

GENDER

- In both languages gender is sex-based and is not grammaticalised as in French.

TENSE AND ASPECT MARKERS

- Both languages use tense and aspect markers:

MORISIEN	Marker Tan ek Aspe	ENGLISH	Tense and aspect markers
Bala manz dipen.	Prezan	Bala eats bread.	Present tense
Bala pe manz dipen.	Prezan progresif	Bala is eating bread.	Present continuous
Bala finn manz dipen.	Prezan perfektif	Bala has eaten bread.	Present perfect
Bala ti manz dipen.	Pase	Bala ate bread.	Past tense
Bala ti pe manz dipen.	Pase progresif	Bala was eating bread.	Past continuous
Bala ti finn manz dipen.	Pase perfektif	Bala had eaten bread.	Past perfect
Bala pou manz dipen.	Fitir	Bala will eat bread.	Future tense
Bala ti pou manz dipen...	Kondisionel	Bala would eat bread...	Conditional

PLURAL MARKERS

- 'bann' is the general plural marker in Morisien. It precedes the noun.
- English uses just a few inflections. <s> is a plural marker but there are a few exceptions or variations. Words ending in <ch>, <s>, <x>, <sh>, <z> take <es> as plural marker; words ending in <y> take <ies>; words ending in <f>, <fe> may in some cases take <ves>; <o> is replaced by <oes>; some words take <en> as plural marker (children, oxen). A few words do not have a plural form (cattle, furniture).

WORD CLASSES

- It must be remembered that word classes are not water-tight compartments. At the edge there may be some fluidity with words flowing from one class into another. In both English and Morisien a word may belong to more than one class: 'stone' is a noun but in 'a stone wall' it functions as an adjective. We see the same phenomenon in Morisien: *Ros/enn miray ros*.
- English uses a copula but Morisien does not. In the sentence *She is beautiful* 'is' is a copula. In Morisien we simply say '*Li zoli*'. We may say '*zoli*' is an adjective in '*enn zoli tifi*' but a stative verb in '*li zoli*'. The use of the copula is a late development in English. There are indications that a copula may emerge in Morisien as well. It is to be noted that the copula is not a regular feature of human languages. Arabic does not use it. This is why it is not advisable to use the concept 'zero copula/copule zero' in describing the syntax of Morisien.
- English uses <ed> to mark the past tense. 'Walk' becomes 'walked' (*verb+ed*). But there are quite a few irregular verbs. Learners of UBLF are advised to memorise them and then with practice they will come 'naturally'. 'Ti' is the Morisien past tense marker.

Verb (infinitive)	Past simple form	Past participle
arise	arose	arisen
awake	awoke	awoken
bear	bore	borne
beat	beat	beaten
become	became	became
begin	began	begun
bend	bent	bent
beset	beset	beset
bet	bet/betted	bet
bid	bid	bid
bind	bound	bound
bite	bit	bitten
bleed	bled	bled
blow	blew	blown
break	broke	broken
breed	bred	bred
bring	brought	brought
broadcast	broadcast	broadcast
build	built	built
burn	burnt/burned	burnt/burned
burst	burst	burst
buy	bought	bought
cast	cast	cast
catch	caught	caught
choose	chose	chosen
cling	clung	clung
come	came	come
cost	cost	cost
creep	crept	crept
cut	cut	cut
deal	dealt	dealt
dig	dug	dug

dive	dived/dove (AmE)	dived
do	did	done
draw	drew	drawn
dream	dreamt/ dreamed	dreamt/ dreamed
drink	drank	drunk
drive	drove	driven
eat	ate	eaten
fall	fell	fallen
feed	fed	fed
feel	felt	felt
fight	fought	fought
find	found	found
fit	fit	fit
flee	fled	fled
fling	flung	flung
fly	flew	flown
forbid	forbade	forbidden
forget	forgot	forgotten
forego/forgo	forewent	foregone
forgive	forgave	forgiven
forsake	forsook	forsaken
foretell	foretold	foretold
freeze	froze	frozen
get	got	got/gotten (AmE)
give	gave	given
go	went	gone
grind	ground	ground
grow	grew	grown
hang	hung	hung
hang	hanged	hanged
have	had	had
hear	heard	heard
hide	hid	hidden
hit	hit	hit
hold	held	held
hurt	hurt	hurt
keep	kept	kept
kneel	knelt	knelt
know	knew	known
lay	laid	laid
lead	led	led
lean	leant/leaned	leant/leaned
leap	leapt/leaped	leapt/leaped
learn	learnt/learned	learnt/learned
leave	left	left

lend	lent	lent
let	let	let
lie	lay	lain
light	lit/lighted	lit/lighted
lose	lost	lost
make	made	made
mean	meant	meant
meet	met	met
misspell	misspelt/ misspelled	misspelt/ misspelled
mistake	mistook	mistaken
mow	mowed	mowed/mown
overcome	overcame	overcome
overdo	overdid	overdone
overtake	overtook	overtaken
overthrow	overthrew	overthrown
pay	paid	paid
plead	pleaded/plead	pleaded/plead
prove	proved	proved/proven
put	put	put
quit	quit	quit
read	read	read
rid	rid	rid
ride	rode	ridden
ring	rang	rung
rise	rose	risen
run	ran	run
saw	sawed	sawn/sawed
say	said	said
see	saw	seen
seek	sought	sought
sell	sold	sold
send	sent	sent
set	set	set
sew	sewed	sewn/sewed
shake	shook	shaken
shear	sheared	sheared/shorn
shed	shed	shed
shine	shone	shone
shoot	shot	shot
show	showed	shown
shrink	shrank	shrunk
shut	shut	shut

sing	sang	sung
sink	sank	sunk
sit	sat	sat
sleep	slept	slept
slay	slew	slayed/slain
slide	slid	slid
sling	slung	slung
slit	slit	slit
smell	smelt/smelled	smelt/smelled
smite	smote	smitten
sow	sowed	sown/sowed
speak	spoke	spoken
speed	sped/speeded	sped/speeded
spell	spelt/spelled	spelt/spelled
spend	spent	spent
spill	spilt/spilled	spilt/spilled
spin	spun	spun
spit	spat	spat
split	split	split
spoil	spoilt/spoiled	spoilt/spoiled
spread	spread	spread
spring	sprang	sprung
stand	stood	stood
steal	stole	stolen
stick	stuck	stuck
sting	stung	stung
stink	stank	stunk
stride	strode	stridden
strike	struck	struck
strive	strove	striven
swear	swore	sworn
sweep	swept	swept
swell	swelled	swelled/swollen
swim	swam	swum
swing	swung	swung
take	took	taken
teach	taught	taught
tear	tore	torn
tell	told	told
think	thought	thought
thrive	thrived/throve	thrived
throw	threw	thrown
thrust	thrust	thrust

tread	trod	trodden
understand	understood	understood
uphold	upheld	upheld
upset	upset	upset
wake	woke/waked	woken/waked
wear	wore	worn
weave	wove/weaved	woven/weaved
wed	wedded/wed	wedded/wed
weep	wept	wept
win	won	won
wind	wound	wound
withdraw	withdrew	withdrawn
withhold	withheld	withheld
withstand	withstood	withstood
wring	wrung	wrung
write	wrote	written

If grammar translation is an efficient tool to teach reading and writing it has to be complemented by the communicative approach to reinforce oral skills. Special exercises have to be devised and plenty of practice offered to make learners of English familiar and proficient in the use of stress. Morisien is syllable-timed and English is stress-timed. Learners whose first language is syllable-timed often have problems producing the unstressed sounds in a stress-timed language like English, tending to give them equal **stress**.

Some phonemes may also cause difficulty and embarrassment and need special attention.

- They are the **dental fricatives** as <th> in *this, that, those* often pronounced *zis, zat, zoz*;
- the **post-alveolar fricatives** as in *ship, measure* not to be confused with *sip and mezie*;
- the **glottal fricative** /h/ which helps to distinguish 'hat' from 'at'; 'hair' from 'air' ...
- the **approximant** <r> which should not be confused with the uvular fricative used in Morisien. Distinguish between English 'red' (*rouz*) and Morisien 'red' (*stiff*).
- Moreover in English there are **short and long vowels** which help to distinguish between '*shit*' and '*sheet*'; '*ship*' and '*sheep*'; '*sit*' and '*seat*'.

Knowledge of these facts is not enough. Supervised practice is essential.

Learners must also note that phrasal verb is a feature of English and not of Morisien. This should not be construed as a problem for there are lexical elements in Morisien to compensate: *take after: resanble; take off: decole; take out: sorti ar; take over: pran kontrol*.

The transfer of skills is not always smooth as the learner has to face language interference. Morisien uses double negatives but standard English does not; there are words in Morisien which sound like English words but have different meanings: English 'to assist' and Morisien 'asiste'; English 'raze' and Morisien 'raze'; English 'alert' and Morisien 'alert' as in 'tifi la alert'.





The development of UBFL is not to be perceived as mechanical transfer of skills. It is a highly creative activity which is painstaking, requiring diligence and care but which yields great rewards.

BILINGUAL LITERACY

L₁ literacy will grow rapidly if and only if pupils, teachers, parents and the community at large are well-prepared and are adequately motivated. The passage from oral to literate skills can be very smooth, dynamic and highly creative if teachers are well-trained and the early presence of L₂ learning will certainly clear hurdles and help to overcome fears of marginalisation in a highly inter-connected world. With the exception of what is being done in some private schools, most language teachers in Mauritius have no knowledge and experience of teaching L₁ literacy. In this field, work will have to start from scratch, although what is being done in PREVOKBEK classes and in 'litesi bileng' (*bilingual literacy*) classes run by the Mauritius Prisons Service will certainly help, and we will have to hire the services of foreign experts to be supported by local talents to prepare the syllabus, train teachers and prepare classroom material.

It is proposed to start basic literacy in English as from Day¹ with formal teaching and plenty of games and fun activities. **While L₁ literacy is being developed, some cognate lessons may be discovered to kick-start L₂ learning.** Here are some examples:

- We may use words meant to teach L₁ spelling to teach L₂ vocabulary as in the following table:

MORISIEN	DESEN/FOTO	ANGLE
avion		airplane
bol		bowl
po		pot
televizion		television

Mersi Google pou sa kat zimaz la

- Songs may also be used. English songs in their original forms and in their Morisien versions could be quite attractive and productive. It is important to note that material used is determined by age and level of knowledge of learners. Here we are not prescribing material but suggesting possibilities.

BRIYE, BRIYE TI ZETWAL!

Briye, briye ti zetwal,
Twa ki twa mo ti zetwal?
Lao dan lesiel fonce
To enn diaman ki briye.
Ler soley finn al dodo
Lerla to alim flanbo;
Ler tou lames finn brile
Lerla pou twa alime.
Vwayazer dan marenwar
Grasa twa trouv so lagar;
Zame li ti pou kone
Kot so prop sime pase.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR!

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
Then the trav'ler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

Si to pa ti alim far
 Fernwar ti pou fer vantar.
 Mem aswar li ble fonce,
 To reyon kares lizie;
 Tank soley li pa leve,
 To lizie li pa bate.
 Mem mo pa konn to masal,
 Briye, briye mo zetwal.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
 And often thro' my curtains peep,
 For you never shut your eye,
 Till the sun is in the sky.
 'Tis your bright and tiny spark,
 Lights the trav'ler in the dark:
 Tho' I know not what you are,
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

- Poem and songs are also handy to learn to count or learn the names of days of the week or months of the year in both languages.

SENK TI KANAR

Senk ti kanar al vakarne
 Dan bor lamer kote Granbe.
 Mama Kanar dir "KWENK, KWENK kot zot?"
 Kat ti kanar retourn lakaz.

Kat ti kanar al vakarne
 Dan bor lamer kote Granbe.
 Mama Kanar dir "KWENK, KWENK kot zot?"
 Trwa ti kanar retourn lakaz.

Trwa ti kanar al vakarne
 Dan bor lamer kote Granbe.
 Mama Kanar dir "KWENK, KWENK kot zot?"
 De ti kanar retourn lakaz.

De ti kanar al vakarne
 Dan bor lamer kote Granbe.
 Mama Kanar dir "KWENK, KWENK kot zot?"
 Enn ti kanar retourn lakaz.

Enn ti kanar al vakarne
 Dan bor lamer kote Granbe.
 Mama Kanar dir "KWENK, KWENK kot zot?"
 Zero kanar retourn lakaz.

Pov mama la al rod bebe
 Dan bor lamer kote Granbe.
 Mama kanar kriye KWENK for-for.
 Senk ti kanar retourn lakaz.

ZANFAN LENDI

Zanfan Lendi pa koz manti;
 Zanfan Mardi pa fer sanblan;
 Merkredi beni tou zanfan;
 Zanfan Zedi kontan manz fri;
 Vandredi fet, lekol fini.
 Bann zanfan Samdi pa fer fenean!
 Ler Dimans vini, dir Bondie mersi!

FIVE LITTLE DUCKS

Five little ducks went out one day
 Over the hill and far away
 Mother duck said "Quack, quack, quack, quack."
 But only four little ducks came back.

Four little ducks went out one day
 Over the hill and far away
 Mother duck said "Quack, quack, quack, quack."
 But only three little ducks came back.

Three little ducks went out one day
 Over the hill and far away
 Mother duck said "Quack, quack, quack, quack."
 But only two little ducks came back.

Two little ducks went out one day
 Over the hill and far away
 Mother duck said "Quack, quack, quack, quack."
 But only one little duck came back.

One little duck went out one day
 Over the hill and far away
 Mother duck said "Quack, quack, quack, quack."
 But none of the five little ducks came back.

Sad mother duck went out one day
 Over the hill and far away
 The sad mother duck said "Quack, quack, quack, quack."
 And all of the five little ducks came back.

MONDAYS CHILD

Mondays child is fair of face,
 Tuesdays child is full of grace,
 Wednesdays child is full of woe,
 Thursdays child has far to go,
 Fridays child is loving and giving,
 Saturdays child works hard for his living,
 And the child that is born on the Sabbath day
 Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

ENA TRANT ZOUR DAN SEPTAM

Ena trant zour dan Septam,
Dan Avril, Zen ek Novam;
Lezot ena trante-enn.
Zis Fevriye fer so senn:
Trwa kou ventwit, enn kou ventnef.

30 DAYS HAS SEPTEMBER

30 days has September,
April, June and November
All the rest have 31
And February's great with 28
And Leap Year's February's fine with 29

- We could also use short stories and fables in the 2 languages.

THE DOG, THE COCK, AND THE FOX

A dog and a cock, who were the best of friends, wished very much to see something of the world. So they decided to leave the farmyard and to set out into the world along the road that led to the woods. The two comrades travelled along in the very best of spirits and without meeting any adventure to speak of.

At nightfall the cock, looking for a place to roost, as was his custom, spied nearby a hollow tree that he thought would do very nicely for a night's lodging. The dog could creep inside and the cock would fly up on one of the branches. So said, so done, and both slept very comfortably.

With the first glimmer of dawn the cock awoke. For the moment he forgot just where he was. He thought he was still in the farmyard where it had been his duty to arouse the household at daybreak. So standing on tip-toes he flapped his wings and crowed lustily. But instead of awakening the farmer, he awakened a fox not far off in the wood. The fox immediately had rosy visions of a very delicious breakfast. Hurrying to the tree where the cock was roosting, he said very politely:

"A hearty welcome to our woods, honored sir. I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you here. I am quite sure we shall become the closest of friends."

"I feel highly flattered, kind sir," replied the cock slyly. "If you will please go around to the door of my house at the foot of the tree, my porter will let you in."

The hungry but unsuspecting fox, went around the tree as he was told, and in a twinkling the dog had seized him.

ZISTWAR LISIEN, KOK EK RENAR

Dan laferm Misie Koutou ti ena enn lisien ek enn kok ki ti de torsenn kole. Zot ti toultan ansam. Enn zour zot ti desid pou fer enn vwayaz pou kone ki ti ena lot kote baraz banbou ki ti fer letour laferm la. San ezitasion, nou de konper ti lor larout lavantir ki ti al dan direksion danbwa. Pandan enn zourne zot ti marse san okenn difikilte. Zot lespri vif ti bien exite. Ti zot premie gran lavantir.

Ler labrim ti leve e ler dormi ti vini, ti bizen trouv enn landrwa. Normal kok ti kone ki ti bizen fer. Ti ena enn pie ar enn gran trou dan so tron. Kok ti panse ki lisien ti kapav pas lanwit dan trou la pandan ki li, li ti kas enn poz lor enn brans. Zot toulede ti pas enn lanwit pezib ek konfortab.

Ler barlizour ti koumans ekler lesiel dan les, kok so somey ti kase. Pov kok ti bliye kot li ti ete. Li ti sir li ti touzour dan laferm kot toulegramaten li ti so latas pou lev tou dimoun. Li ti dibout lor pwent lipie, bat lezel, dres likou e larg enn koukouroukouk pwisan. Me olie lev Misie Koutou, li ti kas somey renar ki ti pe dormi pa tro lwen. Renar la ti koumans pans enn nasta extra. So lapeti ti fite net. Li ti koste ar pie kot kok ti ete e dan so manier gran kouyoner li ti dir kok la: "Ayo mo bourzwa! Ou pa kapav kone ki kantite nou fier pou akeyir ou dan nou danbwa, Rezidans Lamitie. Bienveni, mil fwa bienveni, Gran Dimoun!"

Kok pa ti enn gopia. Li ti reponn renar ar boukou polites. "Li enn gran plezir zwenn dimoun poli, onet ek senser kouma ou. Fer mwa loner vinn zwenn mwa lao. Fer letour mo lakaz e dan grawnflor ou pou trouv laport lantre. Laba mo portie pou les ou rantre."

Pa bizen dir! Renar pa ti perdi letan. Li ti fer letour e ti trouv laport. San gete li ti fons drwat andan. Lisien ti fou li kap.

These two versions could be used to teach reading, to test spelling and punctuation, to encourage class discussion on wisdom and moral issues in both languages.

- Depending on the maturity of learners in both languages, more advanced literature material could be used. For example William Blake in English and Morisien.

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

'Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.'

So sung a little clod of clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

'Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite.'

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

LONDON

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

ENN PLOT LATER EK ENN KAYOU

"Lamour pa rod so prop bienet.
Li pa pran kont so prop lavi
Me pou lotla li kas latet
E fer lanfer vinn paradi."

Samem sante enn plot later
Ler lapat bef pil-pil lor li
Me enn kayou dan bor dilo
Sant enn sante zis bon pou li:

"Lamour nek rod so prop bienet,
Ansenn lezot pou so nisa,
Ar larm lezot li ranz so fwet,
Fer lanfer aval Nirrvana."

TIG

TigOTig, laflam lespwar,
Ekler lafore dan nwar;
Ki Lame ek ki Lizie
Ti fabrik pwisans regle?

Dan ki lwenten galaxi
Dife to lizie sorti?
Lor ki lezel Li'anvole?
Ki Lame ti chom dife?

Ki talan ek ki zekler
Ti tourn ner dan to leker?
Ler leker koumans bate,
Ki Lame ek ki Lipie?

Ki lasenn ek ki marto?
Ki laforz moul to servo?
Ki lanklim? Kot sa trape
Gagn kouraz tini pwagne?

Kan zetwal depoz zot zarm,
Lor lesiel zot vers zot larm,
Eski So sourir ti la?
Papa Agno, to papa sa?

TigOTig, laflam lespwar,
Ekler lafore dan nwar;
Ki Lame ek ki Lizie
Pe fabrik pwisans regle?

PORLWI

Ler mo mars lor lari kapital
Akote larivier liberal,
Mo trouv partou mem sikatris:
Tras febles ek tras tristes.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appals,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

Dan sak lavwa ki mo tande,
Dan lavwa zanfan ki tranble,
Dan sak diskour, dan sak kontra
Menot mantal pe fer fraka.

Zanfan pe fer travo forse,
Fer miray nwar vinn blan Legliz;
Solda vant vid ar soupire
Miray lerwa pentir anrouz.

Dan lari minwi ekout bien!
To pou tann tifi vann lekor
Modi baba so prop leren;
Modi for-for karos lamor.

- Or poems originally written in Morisien and translated into English.

ADORASION

Dilo sakre Granbasen
Kavo sakre Perlaval
Ros Nwar sakre dan Kaaba
Tou bann pelren zwenn pou ador Sakre
Mwa pov bachara dan tousa Senier
Mo pa pe trouv twa. Pardonn mwa!
Me kan lame-lipie enn bieneme
atas lekor ar lekor; kan lalev
fonn dan zouisans parfime;
kan laverite touni pe ofer
bote eternel partaze;
kan lekor ekler lespri,
lespri fer lekor vinn sen
dan li se Twa mo adore.

LASOURS

Sime la li bien-bien long
Sime la li bien-bien dir
Komie finn pas lor la avan mwa
Zegoui dife dan lesiel
Lapousier dan mo labous
Mo lagorz pe amar-amare
Lasours la li ankor lwen
Bien-bien fre, bien-bien kler
Lasours kot nou tou pou al bwar

Simitier ranpli ar fler
Kot bann frer finn depoz zarm
Sime la li pas kot simitier
Mo lavi kouma lapousier
Pou fini dan simitier
Mo lespwar zame li pa pou tengn
Pou sak flanbo ki pou tengn
Ena mil pou alime
Ziska ki sime tous lasours

WORSHIP

Grand Bassin's sacred water
Father Laval's sacred shrine
Kaaba's sacred stone
Pilgrims meet, worship Sacred
But dear God forgive a poor soul,
In all these I see thee not.
But when limbs with limbs
lovers bind; when lips melt
with perfumed thrills;
when truth naked offers
eternal beauty shared;
when body shines on mind;
and mind blesses body
in her I find You, O Beloved.

THE FOUNTAIN

This hard road is mighty long
This long road is mighty hard
How many are they who trod it's dust
Fiery darts are in the sky
Choking dust is in my mouth
And my throat narrows down to gasp
The fresh fountain's miles ahead
All so clear, all so cool
That's where we'll all drink our joy

Graveyard's full of pretty flowers
Where pals lay down their arms
The road goes by the burial ground
My life's just a speck of dust
Which seeks sleep in a graveyard
But hope will not blow out its light
For each light which does go out
Thousands will kindle new hope
Showing the way to the fountain

Marenwar pe rod nway mwa
Marekaz pe rod bwar mwa
Ena kamrad ferm koste ar mwa
Me dime komie pou ena
Ler soley manz marenwar
Komie ki pa ankor vinn fler
Seki yer swar ti ar mwa
Zordi nek enn souvenir
Souvenir ki lour dan mo leker

Nou bizin met sime kler
Nou bizin konstrir bann pon
Pous par pous, pa par pa ziska lasours
Mem si nou nou pa gagn sans
Nou zanfan va profite
Lapousier pou vinn lalimier
Lasours la li ankor lwen
Bien-bien fre, bien-bien kler
Lasours kot nou tou pou al bwar

Darkness tries to gobble me
The swamp tries to swallow me
Some pals and I are huddling through
But tomorrow who'll be there
When the sun sucks in the swamp
Who's not buried in petals
Some are gone who once were here
Now only a memory
Memory heavy on my heart

We must all clear out a path
We must all build out bridges
Step by step towards the fresh fountain
Even if we don't get there
Our children surely will
For dust will turn into light
The fresh fountain's miles ahead
All so clear, all so cool
That's where we'll all drink our joy

As bilingual literacy skills develop, more sophisticated texts could be used from canon literature (Kafka, George Orwell and, why not, Shakespeare).

FRANZ KAFKA METAMORFOZ

TEX SOURS: VERSION ANGLE PAR David Wyllie

Enn gramaten, ler Gregor Samsa so somey, trouble par kosmar terib, ti kase, li ti dekouver ki, lor so lili, li ti finn vinn enn bebet kouma enn kankretorti zean. Li ti alonze lor so ledo-lakok, e ler li ti lev so latet enn tigit li ti kapav get so vant maron ki ti enpe sorti e ki ti akot kouma tol kannle. So dra ti vinn tro tipti pou kouver so gro vant e koumadir li ti pre pou glise, tonbe. So bann lapat meg-meg konpare ar so lekor ti pe bat fol dan ler.

"Ki finn ariv mwa?" li ti panse. Pa ti enn rev sa. So lasam, enn lasam normal, enpe tipti kikfwa, ti pe repoz anpe ant kat miray familie. Lor latab ti ena enn koleksion santiyon latwal - Samsa ti enn revander anbilan - e lao lor miray ti ena enn foto ki li ti koupe dan enn revi e ki li ti met dan enn kad kouler larzan. Foto la ti montre enn madam ki ti ena enn sapo fourir, enn esarp fourir otour so likou. Li ti asiz drwat e li ti pe ris enn fourou fourir otour so lame ek avanbra ki ti leve ver dimoun ki pe get foto la.

Lerla Gregor get letan mosad par lafnet. Lapli ti pe tap lor vit e sa ti fer li tris. "Si mo redormi e bliye tousa", li ti panse, me li ti enkapab fer sa parski li ti abitie dormi lor so kote drwat e li pa ti pe kapav

FRANZ KAFKA METAMORPHOSIS

Translated by David Wyllie

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked.

"What's happened to me?" he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table - Samsa was a travelling salesman - and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm towards the viewer.

Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather. Drops of rain could be heard hitting the pane, which made him feel quite sad. "How about if I sleep a little bit longer and forget all this nonsense", he thought, but that was something he was unable to do because he was used to sleeping on his right, and in his present state couldn't get into that position. However hard he threw himself onto his right, he always rolled back to where he was. He must have tried it a hundred times, shut his eyes so that he

tourn so lekor. Mem li sey tourn so lekor ar tou so lafors adrwat, li ti pe retourn lor so ledò. Li ti finn seye omwen san fwa, ti ferm so lizie pou pa get so bann lapat mol-mol, e li ti arete ler li ti koumans santi, premie fwa kot so lapat, enn ti douler mat.

"Ayo Bondie", li ti panse, "ki kalite karyer fatigan mo finn swazir! Vwayaze, vwayaze toulezour. Fer biznes sa mannyer la li plis difisil ki fer biznes dan ou lakaz; azout lor la malediksyon kan ou toultan lor larout, traka ki ou rat tren ki ou bizen pran, fay nouritir ki pa manze dan ler, zwenn toutsort kalite dimoun nenport ki ler me ar ki pa kapav etabli relasyon dirab. Mo bien anvì avoy tousa ferfout." Li ti santi enn ti grate lor so vant; dousma, li ti ris so lekor lor so ledò pou apiy so latet lor dosie lili la; li ti trouv kot grate la ti ete; li ti kouver ar tipti pwen blan san konpran ki sa ti kapav ete; e ler li ti rod tous li ar enn so lapat, li ti bizen retir li deswit parski kouma li ti tous li, li ti gagn enn frison ki ti fer li tranble.

Li ti glise, retourn dan pozision avan. "Labitid lev boner touletan fer nou vinn kouyon." Li ti pe panse. "Enn dimoun bizen so somey. Ena revander anbilan ki pe viv dan lix. Souvan ler mo retourn dan pansiondfami gramaten pou fer kopi enn kontra, sa bann bon misie la pe ankor pe enjoy zot tidezene. Si mwa mo fer sa mo patron koutpie mwa. Ki kone? Kikfwa samem mo bizen fer. Si mo pa ti ena pou okip mo paran, lontan mo ti pou fini demision, mo ti pou rant dan so biro, dir li ki mo panse, dir li tou, dir li mo pli profon. Mo fer li sap lor sez tonbe. Komik sa! Asiz lor enn oter, koz ar sibaltern anba - sirtou ki bizen parfwa koz pre kot so zorey parski misie la li ase sourd. Ena lespwar. Kan mo'nn fini pey det mo paran dwa li - dan senk, sis an - samem ki mo pou fer. Lerla mo vir tou anbalao. Me aster mo bizen leve. Mo tren kit lagar senk-er."

Li get revey lor komod. "Bondie Mama!" li dir limem. Ti finn fini sizer-edmi e zegwi revey ti pe kontinie marse, ti fini depas sizer-edmi e ti ariv preske set-er mwen kenz. Revey la ti sone? Depi so lili li ti trouv bien kler ki li ti regle li lor kat-rer kouma ti dwatet; sirman li ti sone. Sa li sir me kimanier li ti dormi mem malgre tapaz ki li fer, fer meb tranble? Ti vre ki so somey ti bien trouble. Akoz samem kikfwa enn ti peryod somey profon ti

wouldn't have to look at the floundering legs, and only stopped when he began to feel a mild, dull pain there that he had never felt before.

"Oh, God", he thought, "what a strenuous career it is that I've chosen! Travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this takes much more effort than doing your own business at home, and on top of that there's the curse of travelling, worries about making train connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell!" He felt a slight itch up on his belly; pushed himself slowly up on his back towards the headboard so that he could lift his head better; found where the itch was, and saw that it was covered with lots of little white spots which he didn't know what to make of; and when he tried to feel the place with one of his legs he drew it quickly back because as soon as he touched it he was overcome by a cold shudder.

He slid back into his former position. "Getting up early all the time", he thought, "it makes you stupid. You've got to get enough sleep. Other travelling salesmen live a life of luxury. For instance, whenever I go back to the guest house during the morning to copy out the contract, these gentlemen are always still sitting there eating their breakfasts. I ought to just try that with my boss; I'd get kicked out on the spot. But who knows, maybe that would be the best thing for me. If I didn't have my parents to think about I'd have given in my notice a long time ago, I'd have gone up to the boss and told him just what I think, tell him everything I would, let him know just what I feel. He'd fall right off his desk! And it's a funny sort of business to be sitting up there at your desk, talking down at your subordinates from up there, especially when you have to go right up close because the boss is hard of hearing. Well, there's still some hope; once I've got the money together to pay off my parents' debt to him - another five or six years I suppose - that's definitely what I'll do. That's when I'll make the big change. First of all though, I've got to get up, my train leaves at five."

And he looked over at the alarm clock, ticking on the chest of drawers. "God in Heaven!" he thought. It was half past six and the hands were quietly moving forwards, it was even later than half past, more like quarter to seven. Had the alarm clock not rung? He could see from the bed that it had been set for four o'clock as it should have been; it certainly must have rung. Yes, but was it possible to quietly sleep through that furniture-rattling noise? True, he had not slept peacefully, but probably all the more deeply because of that. What should he do now? The next train went at seven; if he were to catch that he would have to rush like mad and the collection of samples was still not packed, and he did not at all feel particularly fresh and lively. And even if he did catch the train he would

anpes li tann revey sone. Ki li kapav fer la? Prosen tren pase set-er. Si li ti ole pran li, li ti bizen leve deswit, fer extra vit; me bann esantiyon ti an dezord lor latab e li pa ti santi li fit. Mem si li ti reysi pran tren set-er li pa ti pou evit koler so patron parski asistan-sef dan biro ti lagar e ti kone ki tren senk-er ti ale san Gregor e sir-sir depi lontan li ti finn fini fer so rapor. Asistan-sef ti mous misie la e li ti enn los servo lan. Si li ti pran enn sik. Sa ti pou paret bien lous parski pandan kenz an servis zame li ti finn pran enn sel zour sik. Apre, patron la ti pou vinn kot li ar dokter Lasirans Medikal; ti pou akiz so paran ki finn donn nesans enn fay pares; ti pou aksepte konsey dokter ki ti pou dir zot pa fer okenn kleym parski personn pa malad, ena zis bann zeb ki rod gagn kas san travay. Eski ti pou kapav dir li ti pe fer fos? Anfet Gregor ti ankor somey-somey parski li ti tro dormi me li ti fit e enn lafen loulou ti pe fer so vant grogne.

Pandan ki li ti pe reflesi lor tousa e ki li pa ti pe kapav pran desizion pou leve, pandil ti sonn set-er mwen kenz. Kikenn ti tap dousman lor laport pre kot so latet. "Gregor", kikenn ti dir - ti so mama sa - "Finn set-er mwen kenz. To pa ti ena pou sorti?" Touzour mem lavwa dou e zanti! Gregor ti gagn sok ler li ti tann so prop lavwa reponn; pa ti ditou kouma so lavwa normal. Koumadir depi profounder so lestoma ti ena enn grensman douler enkontrolab ki ti melanze ar so lavwa; bann mo, toufe dan enn eko, ti perdi klarte e ti vinn enkonpreansib dan zorey seki pe ekoute. Gregor ti anvi donn enn repons konple ar tou detay me ti prefer zis dir: "Wi, 'Ma, wi. Mersi! Mo pe leve la." Kikfwa sanzman dan so lavwa pa ti paret drol lot kote laport dibwa parski so mama, satisfé, ti trenn so lipie, ale. Me sa ti konversasion la ti fer lezot manm so fami realize ki Gregor ti ankor dan lakaz kan sa pa ti bizen koumsa e lor vites so papa vinn tap lor enn laport akote, zantiman me ar so koutpwen. "Gregor, Gregor", li ti kriye, "ki pe ariv twa?" Enpe pli tar li ti revini e sannfwala ti ena enn ton avertisman dan so lavwa: "Gregor! Gregor!" Kot lot laport soser ti pe mirmire: "Gregor? To malad? Kapav ed twa? Gregor ti reponn toulede: "Mo'nn pare"; e li ti pe fer enn zefor spesial pou fer so lavwa paret normal par so fason koze e lespas ki li ti pe mete ant sak mo. So papa ti al terminn so tidezene, me so ti ser koz dousman kot zwen laport: "Gregor, ouver sa laport la, mo sipli twa." Gregor pa ti ena okenn

not avoid his boss's anger as the office assistant would have been there to see the five o'clock train go, he would have put in his report about Gregor's not being there a long time ago. The office assistant was the boss's man, spineless, and with no understanding. What about if he reported sick? But that would be extremely strained and suspicious as in fifteen years of service Gregor had never once yet been ill. His boss would certainly come round with the doctor from the medical insurance company, accuse his parents of having a lazy son, and accept the doctor's recommendation not to make any claim as the doctor believed that no-one was ever ill but that many were workshy. And what's more, would he have been entirely wrong in this case? Gregor did in fact, apart from excessive sleepiness after sleeping for so long, feel completely well and even felt much hungrier than usual.

He was still hurriedly thinking all this through, unable to decide to get out of the bed, when the clock struck quarter to seven. There was a cautious knock at the door near his head. "Gregor", somebody called - it was his mother - "it's quarter to seven. Didn't you want to go somewhere?" That gentle voice! Gregor was shocked when he heard his own voice answering, it could hardly be recognised as the voice he had had before. As if from deep inside him, there was a painful and uncontrollable squeaking mixed in with it, the words could be made out at first but then there was a sort of echo which made them unclear, leaving the hearer unsure whether he had heard properly or not. Gregor had wanted to give a full answer and explain everything, but in the circumstances contented himself with saying: "Yes, mother, yes, thank-you, I'm getting up now." The change in Gregor's voice probably could not be noticed outside through the wooden door, as his mother was satisfied with this explanation and shuffled away. But this short conversation made the other members of the family aware that Gregor, against their expectations was still at home, and soon his father came knocking at one of the side doors, gently, but with his fist. "Gregor, Gregor", he called, "what's wrong?" And after a short while he called again with a warning deepness in his voice: "Gregor! Gregor!" At the other side door his sister came plaintively: "Gregor? Aren't you well? Do you need anything?" Gregor answered to both sides: "I'm ready, now", making an effort to remove all the strangeness from his voice by enunciating very carefully and putting long pauses between each, individual word. His father went back to his breakfast, but his sister whispered: "Gregor, open the door, I beg of you." Gregor, however, had no thought of opening the door, and instead congratulated himself for his cautious habit, acquired from his travelling, of locking all doors at night even when he was at home.

The first thing he wanted to do was to get up in peace

lentansion ouver laport la. Okontrer li ti pe felisit limem pou so bon labitid ki li ti devlope pandan so bann vwataz. Li ti toultan ferm so laport akle aswar, mem kan li ti kot li.

Premie zafer ki li ti kontan se leve anpe san ki dimoun deranz li, abiye e pran so tidezene. Apre naste ki li ti deside ki pou fer answit parski li ti bien konsian ki li pa ti pou kapav organiz so lespri si li ti res lor lili. Li ti rapel ki li ti finn souvan santi enn douler lor lili, koze kikfwa par dormi dan enn move pozision me sa ti dan so limazinasion. Li ti anvi kone ki manier so bann problem imaziner ti pou trouv lizour zordi. Li ti sir ki sa sanzman dan so lavwa ti zis premie sign ki li ti pe koumans gagn lerim, enn maladi ki souvan afekte bann revander anbilan.

Tir dra lor li ti enn zafer senp; li ti zis bizen gonfle so lestoma e li ti pou tonbe par limem. Me apre, tou ti vinn pli difisil parski li ti vinn bien-bien larz. Dan lepase li ti pou servi so de lebra ek lame pou soulev so lekor; me aster li ti ena zis enn ta ti lapat ki ti pe bat fol dan ler e ki li pa ti pe kapav kontrole. Si li ti ole kabos enn lapat, samem anpremie ti pou drese; ler li ti reysi kontrol enn, tou lezot ti pou fer seki zot anvi dan enn manier ki ti pe fer li dimal. "Sa pa kapav fer lor lili," Gregor ti panse, "alor, mo aret perdi letan".

Premie kiksoz li ti anvi se fer so lamwatie lekor anba sorti lor lili me kouma zame li ti finn trouv sa parti so lekor la, li pa ti kapav mazine kouma li ti ete; li ti koumadir sitan red ki pa ti kapav bouz li; li ti pe avanse dousman-dousman mem; finalman dan enn lelan kan brit-brit li ti sakouy so lekor ar enn extra gran lafors so lamwatie anba desann olie monte e ti tap for ar dosie anba; douler atos ki li ti santi ti fer li konpran ki kikfwa sa parti so lekor la ti plis sansib.

Sannkoutla li ti sey fer lamwatie so lekor lao sorti lor lili anpremie e ar boukou prekosion li ti tourn so latet sirlekote. Sa li ti reysi ase fasilman e malgre so larzer ek so pwa, lamas so lekor ti pe swiv direksion so latet. Me ler so latet ti andeor lili dan ler fre, li ti realize ki si li ti larg so lekor, peyna zes li ti pou bles so latet. Li ti blok so mouvman sek. Fale pa aster li nokawte limem; meyer res lor lili ki tom san konesans.

without being disturbed, to get dressed, and most of all to have his breakfast. Only then would he consider what to do next, as he was well aware that he would not bring his thoughts to any sensible conclusions by lying in bed. He remembered that he had often felt a slight pain in bed, perhaps caused by lying awkwardly, but that had always turned out to be pure imagination and he wondered how his imaginings would slowly resolve themselves today. He did not have the slightest doubt that the change in his voice was nothing more than the first sign of a serious cold, which was an occupational hazard for travelling salesmen.

It was a simple matter to throw off the covers; he only had to blow himself up a little and they fell off by themselves. But it became difficult after that, especially as he was so exceptionally broad. He would have used his arms and his hands to push himself up; but instead of them he only had all those little legs continuously moving in different directions, and which he was moreover unable to control. If he wanted to bend one of them, then that was the first one that would stretch itself out; and if he finally managed to do what he wanted with that leg, all the others seemed to be set free and would move about painfully. "This is something that can't be done in bed", Gregor said to himself, "so don't keep trying to do it".

The first thing he wanted to do was get the lower part of his body out of the bed, but he had never seen this lower part, and could not imagine what it looked like; it turned out to be too hard to move; it went so slowly; and finally, almost in a frenzy, when he carelessly shoved himself forwards with all the force he could gather, he chose the wrong direction, hit hard against the lower bedpost, and learned from the burning pain he felt that the lower part of his body might well, at present, be the most sensitive.

So then he tried to get the top part of his body out of the bed first, carefully turning his head to the side. This he managed quite easily, and despite its breadth and its weight, the bulk of his body eventually followed slowly in the direction of the head. But when he had at last got his head out of the bed and into the fresh air it occurred to him that if he let himself fall it would be a miracle if his head were not injured, so he became afraid to carry on pushing himself forward the same way. And he could not knock himself out now at any price; better to stay in bed than lose consciousness.

It took just as much effort to get back to where he had been earlier, but when he lay there sighing, and was once more watching his legs as they struggled against each other even harder than before, if that was possible, he could think of no way of bringing peace and order to this chaos. He told himself once more that it was not possible for him to stay in bed and that

Li ti bizen fer boukou zefor pou kapav retourn dan pozision ki li ti ete okoumansman, me ler li ti pe rebran so souf, e li ti pe get so bann lapat bat fol, may-may ant zot pli fouka ki avan, si sa ti posib, li ti kas so latet pou met enpe lord ek trankilite dan sa toufann la me abba. Li ti rapel limem ki li ti enn move zafer res lor lili e ki li ti bizen kapav liber limem nenport ki manier, e nenport ki pri ki bizen peye. Anmemtan li pa ti bliye fer limem rapel ki li ti bizen gard so kalm e pa fons dan nanye brit-brit kouma fouka. Normalman, dan bann sitiason koumsa, li ti pou get dan direksion lafnet e explor lanvironnman pli lwen ki so lizie ti pou kapav amenn li, me pa pli lwen ki lot kote sime tou ti pe vinn flou akoz brouyar gramaten, e vi divan so lizie ti ni kapav konsol li, ni egey so lespri. "Finn deza set-er," li panse kan pandil sonn set-er, "set-er e brouyar ankor pe asiz lor lavil." Li ti res alonze lor lili ankor enn tipe letan, respir lantman koumadir enn silans-san-mouvman total ti pou fer tou revinn seki zot ti ete.

Me li ti dir limem: "Avan set-er kenz sone, peyna zes, mo pou finn fini kit sa lili la. E ver sa ler la, kikenn depi biro pou finn fini vinn get mo nouvel parski biro li ouver avan set-er." E la li ti koumans organiz li pou lans so lekor net e enn sel kou andeor lili. Si li reysi tom andeor lili la e gard so latet ot, li ti kapav pables li. Kouma so ledò ti bien dir, bien posib ki li pa ti pou gagn dimal ler li ti pou tom lor karpèt. So gran traka se tapaz ki li ti pou fer, e malgre laport ferme, ti pou sirman bouwers lezot, sipa plis. Me pa ti ena lot sime; ti bizen pran risk.

Kan Gregor ti deza lamwatie andeor lili - nouvo metod la ti plis kouma enn badinaz ki veritab zefor; tou seki li ti'ena pou fer se roul gos, drwat - enn kou li ti reflesi ki kantite tousa ti pou pli fasil si kikenn ti vinn ed li. De dimoun for - li ti pe mazinn so papa ek so servant - ti pou plis ki ase; zot nek ti pou bizen pas zot lame anba so lakok torti, detas li ar lili, bes zot fardo ver sali, atann ar pasians ek swen ki li balans so lekor, sot lor sali kot, si tou pas bien, so bann ti lapat pou tini li. Eski vremem li ti bizen apel osekor memsi bann laport ferme akle? Malgre so sitiason difisil, li pa ti kapav anpes enn sourir ler li ti pans tousa.

the most sensible thing to do would be to get free of it in whatever way he could at whatever sacrifice. At the same time, though, he did not forget to remind himself that calm consideration was much better than rushing to desperate conclusions. At times like this he would direct his eyes to the window and look out as clearly as he could, but unfortunately, even the other side of the narrow street was enveloped in morning fog and the view had little confidence or cheer to offer him. "Seven o'clock, already", he said to himself when the clock struck again, "seven o'clock, and there's still a fog like this." And he lay there quietly a while longer, breathing lightly as if he perhaps expected the total stillness to bring things back to their real and natural state.

But then he said to himself: "Before it strikes quarter past seven I'll definitely have to have got properly out of bed. And by then somebody will have come round from work to ask what's happened to me as well, as they open up at work before seven o'clock." And so he set himself to the task of swinging the entire length of his body out of the bed all at the same time. If he succeeded in falling out of bed in this way and kept his head raised as he did so he could probably avoid injuring it. His back seemed to be quite hard, and probably nothing would happen to it falling onto the carpet. His main concern was for the loud noise he was bound to make, and which even through all the doors would probably raise concern if not alarm. But it was something that had to be risked.

When Gregor was already sticking half way out of the bed - the new method was more of a game than an effort, all he had to do was rock back and forth - it occurred to him how simple everything would be if somebody came to help him. Two strong people - he had his father and the maid in mind - would have been more than enough; they would only have to push their arms under the dome of his back, peel him away from the bed, bend down with the load and then be patient and careful as he swang over onto the floor, where, hopefully, the little legs would find a use. Should he really call for help though, even apart from the fact that all the doors were locked? Despite all the difficulty he was in, he could not suppress a smile at this thought.

After a while he had already moved so far across that it would have been hard for him to keep his balance if he rocked too hard. The time was now ten past seven and he would have to make a final decision very soon. Then there was a ring at the door of the flat. "That'll be someone from work", he said to himself, and froze very still, although his little legs only became all the more lively as they danced around. For a moment everything remained quiet. "They're not opening the door", Gregor said to himself, caught in some nonsensical hope. But then of course, the maid's firm steps went to the door as ever and opened it. Gregor

Apre enn tibout letan, li ti ariv telman dan bor ki li ti pou bien difisil tini lekilib si li ti bouz tro for. Ti finn ariv set-er dis e bien-bien vit li ti pou bizen pran enn desizion final. Lerlamem sonet kot laport lantre flat ti sone. "Sirman enn koleg travay", li ti panse, e li ti bouz fix malgre ki so bann lapat ti pe dans fol otour so lekor. Pandan enn tibout letan silans ti chombo tou. "Zot pa pe ouver laport", Gregor ti pe dir limem ar boukou lespwar fouka net. Normal, apre ti tann pa servant al ver laport e ouver li. Kouma li ti tann bann premie parol polites, Gregor ti kone kisannla sa - sef-komi limem. Kifer Gregor ti oblize travay pou enn konpagni kot zot tir lay lor tou ti detay? Eski tou travayer, san exsepsion, ti bann vwayou; eski pa ti ena omwen enn ki ti sitan lwayal ek devwe ki so konsians ti pou tortir li telman ki li ti pou enkapab kit so lili si li pa ti okip travay biro omwen de zertan dan gramaten? Ti kapav avoy enn treyni vinn gete - si tousa ti vremem nesaser. Eski sef-komi limem ti bizen vini? Eski zot ti bizen dir enn fami antie, pov inosan, ki sitiasion la ti telman delika ki ti bizen dispach enn sef-komi pou fer lanket? Sa ti bouwers li telman ki san panse li ti balans so lekor telman for ki li ti sap lor lili. Ti ena enn son toufe me pa ti enn gran tapaz. Karpet la ti amorti sok la enpe e ledo Gregor ti plis soup ki li ti panse e tapaz so tonbe ti toufe e negligab. Me li pa ti tini so latet lao ki ti tap for lor sali ler li ti tonbe. Tousa ti agas li e anplis douler ti pe pens li, li ti tourn so latet e frot li lor karpet.

"Kiksoz finn tonbe ladan, sef-komi ti dir dan lasam agos. Gregor sey mazine si enn zafer kouma ti finn ariv li ti kapav ariv sef-komi la; bizen aksepte ki sa ti bien posib. Kouma enn repons sovaz, ti tann pa misie la dan so bot glase dan lasam akote. Dan lasam adrwat so ser ti pe mirmire pou enform li: "Gregor, sef-komi finn vini." "Wi, mo kone", Gregor ti dir limem me li pa ti oze lev so lavwa pou ki so ser tande.

"Gregor", so papa ti pe koze dan lasam agos, "Misie Komi Ansef finn vinn gete kifer to pa finn pran tren pli boner. Nou pa kone ki pou dir li. Detout fason se ar twa ki li anvi koze. Ouver laport mo garson. Mo sir li pa pou mayn dezord dan to lasam." Lerla sef-komi ti dir "Bonzour Misie Samsa". "Li pa bien", so mama ti dir sef-komi la pandan ki so papa ti pe kontinie koze atraver laport. "Kwar mwa, li pa bien.

only needed to hear the visitor's first words of greeting and he knew who it was - the chief clerk himself. Why did Gregor have to be the only one condemned to work for a company where they immediately became highly suspicious at the slightest shortcoming? Were all employees, every one of them, louts, was there not one of them who was faithful and devoted who would go so mad with pangs of conscience that he couldn't get out of bed if he didn't spend at least a couple of hours in the morning on company business? Was it really not enough to let one of the trainees make enquiries - assuming enquiries were even necessary - did the chief clerk have to come himself, and did they have to show the whole, innocent family that this was so suspicious that only the chief clerk could be trusted to have the wisdom to investigate it? And more because these thoughts had made him upset than through any proper decision, he swang himself with all his force out of the bed. There was a loud thump, but it wasn't really a loud noise. His fall was softened a little by the carpet, and Gregor's back was also more elastic than he had thought, which made the sound muffled and not too noticeable. He had not held his head carefully enough, though, and hit it as he fell; annoyed and in pain, he turned it and rubbed it against the carpet.

"Something's fallen down in there", said the chief clerk in the room on the left. Gregor tried to imagine whether something of the sort that had happened to him today could ever happen to the chief clerk too; you had to concede that it was possible. But as if in gruff reply to this question, the chief clerk's firm footsteps in his highly polished boots could now be heard in the adjoining room. From the room on his right, Gregor's sister whispered to him to let him know: "Gregor, the chief clerk is here." "Yes, I know", said Gregor to himself; but without daring to raise his voice loud enough for his sister to hear him.

"Gregor", said his father now from the room to his left, "the chief clerk has come round and wants to know why you didn't leave on the early train. We don't know what to say to him. And anyway, he wants to speak to you personally. So please open up this door. I'm sure he'll be good enough to forgive the untidiness of your room." Then the chief clerk called "Good morning, Mr. Samsa". "He isn't well", said his mother to the chief clerk, while his father continued to speak through the door. "He isn't well, please believe me. Why else would Gregor have missed a train! The lad only ever thinks about the business. It nearly makes me cross the way he never goes out in the evenings; he's been in town for a week now but stayed home every evening. He sits with us in the kitchen and just reads the paper or studies train timetables. His idea of relaxation is working with his fretsaw. He's made a little frame, for instance, it only took him two or three evenings, you'll be amazed how nice it is; it's

Sinon li pa ti pou rat so tren. Sa piti la toultan nek pans so travay. Parfwa mo ankoler ar li parski zame li sorti; li la depi enn semenn e touletanto li res lakaz, asiz ar nou dan lakaz, lir lagazet ou etidie taymteble tren. So obi se travay ar so sizo-fen. Li finn fer enn kad anbwa; ase vit, de, trwa lapremidi; zoli mo dir ou; li lor miray so lasam; ou pou trouve ler li ouver so laport. Mo kontan ou la; nou, nou pa ti pou kapav fer Gregor ouver so laport; ala li teti la; mo sir li pa bien; gramaten li ti dir li korek, mwa mo pa kwar." "Enn timama mo vini", Gregor ti dir lantman, aplenn reflexion me li pa ti bouze pou kapav tann tou bann mo dan konversasion ki ti pe deroule. "Sel explikasion posib, Madam Samsa", sef-komi la ti dir, "Mo zis espere li pa tro grav. Me mo bizen dir ki si enn dimoun dan nou biznes pa santi li tro bien, erezman ou malerezman, kouma ou'le, nou oblize sirmont nou endispozision parski biznes pas avan tou." "Eski Komi Ansef kapav rantre pou get twa?", so papa ti dimande avek ensistans e anmemtan li ti pe tap lor laport la for-for. "Non", Gregor ti dir. Dan lasam adrwat ti ena enn silans anbarasan; dan lasam adrwat so ser ti koumans plore.

Kifer so ser pa ti al zwenn bannla? Kikfwa li ti fek leve e li pa ti prezantab. Be kifer li ti pe plore? Eski se parski li, Gregor, pa ti leve pou fer sef-komi rantre, parski li ti pou perdi so job e si sa ti arive, patron Gregor ti pou tom lor so paran ar bann reklamasyon ki li ti abitie fer? Pa nesese fatig latet ar bann zafer koumsa. Gregor ti touzour la e li pa ti pou abandonn so fami. Pou lemoman li ti lor karpèt e seki ti kone dan ki douk li ti ete pa ti pou expek li al ouver laport pou fer sef-komi rantre. Sa li pa ti enn mankman grav, e ti bien fasil pou trouv enn exkiz pli tar; Gregor pa ti pou perdi so travay anplas aköz sa. Pou Gregor li ti pli rezonab fou li lape olie deranz li ar zot koze ek zot plore. Me bannla pa ti kone ki pe arive, zot ti pe trakase. Kapav konpran.

Sef-komi ti lev so lavwa, "Misie Samsa", li ti dir, "ki pe arive? Ou ferm ou dan ou lasam; reponn par wi ek non, ou pe fer ou paran trakase pou nanye e ou pa pe - mo pe dir sa anpasan - fer seki ou travay dimann ou fer; enn veritab skandal. Mo pe koz ar ou onom ou paran ek ou patron e mo oblize dimann ou enn explikasion kler ek direk. Mo etone, extra etone. Mo ti toultan panse ki ou ti enn

hanging up in his room; you'll see it as soon as Gregor opens the door. Anyway, I'm glad you're here; we wouldn't have been able to get Gregor to open the door by ourselves; he's so stubborn; and I'm sure he isn't well, he said this morning that he is, but he isn't." "I'll be there in a moment", said Gregor slowly and thoughtfully, but without moving so that he would not miss any word of the conversation. "Well I can't think of any other way of explaining it, Mrs. Samsa", said the chief clerk, "I hope it's nothing serious. But on the other hand, I must say that if we people in commerce ever become slightly unwell then, fortunately or unfortunately as you like, we simply have to overcome it because of business considerations." "Can the chief clerk come in to see you now then?", asked his father impatiently, knocking at the door again. "No", said Gregor. In the room on his right there followed a painful silence; in the room on his left his sister began to cry.

So why did his sister not go and join the others? She had probably only just got up and had not even begun to get dressed. And why was she crying? Was it because he had not got up, and had not let the chief clerk in, because he was in danger of losing his job and if that happened his boss would once more pursue their parents with the same demands as before? There was no need to worry about things like that yet. Gregor was still there and had not the slightest intention of abandoning his family. For the time being he just lay there on the carpet, and no-one who knew the condition he was in would seriously have expected him to let the chief clerk in. It was only a minor discourtesy, and a suitable excuse could easily be found for it later on, it was not something for which Gregor could be sacked on the spot. And it seemed to Gregor much more sensible to leave him now in peace instead of disturbing him with talking at him and crying. But the others didn't know what was happening, they were worried, that would excuse their behaviour.

The chief clerk now raised his voice, "Mr. Samsa", he called to him, "what is wrong? You barricade yourself in your room, give us no more than yes or no for an answer, you are causing serious and unnecessary concern to your parents and you fail - and I mention this just by the way - you fail to carry out your business duties in a way that is quite unheard of. I'm speaking here on behalf of your parents and of your employer, and really must request a clear and immediate explanation. I am astonished, quite astonished. I thought I knew you as a calm and sensible person, and now you suddenly seem to be showing off with peculiar whims. This morning, your employer did suggest a possible reason for your failure to appear, it's true - it had to do with the money that was recently entrusted to you - but I came near to giving him my word of honour that that could not be

dimoun kalm ek rezonab e ki mo dekouver? Ou kaprisie. Zordi gramaten ou patron ti ensinie ki rezon kifer ou ti finn absan, kwar mwa, se parski ti donn ou enn som enportan pou garde, me mo ti pare pou fer serman ki ou pa sa kalite dimoun la. Me aster ki mo finn temwen ou antetman ridikil, mo pa anv i ditou defann ou. Mo kwar osi ki ou job li dan koutvan. Mo ti anv i dir ou tousa an prive me kouma ou anv i fer mwa perdi mo letan mo trouv normal ki mo met ou paran okouran. Resaman ou reset finn bien move; mo dakor ki li enn move moman pou fer bilan, dakor; me Misie Samsa, li pa enn rezon pou ki biznes bat lamok; sa nou pa pou tolere".

"Ekout mwa Misie", Gregor dir, - li ti sap lor kal e li ti bliye tou leres dan so eksitasion - atann mo pe ouver la. Mo pa tro bien, vertiz, mo pa ti pe kapav leve, mo ankor lor lili. Me mo pe redrese. Bien drol seki kapav ariv kikenn enn kou antret. Pourtan yer swar mo ti foul korek, dimann mo paran, zot pli kone ki mwa, yer swar mo ti santi enn ti febles. Sirman zot ti remarke. Pa kone kifer mo pa ti les zot dan biro kone. Nou toultan kwar ki nou pou bien san bizen absan dan travay. Silvouple pa fer mo paran soufer! Ou bann akizasion zot pa repoz lor nanye; personn pa finn koz sa kalite koze la ar mwa. Kikfwa ou pa finn lir bann dernie kontra ki mo finn avoy biro. Mo pe pran tren wit-er, mo dir ou, sa ti repo anlpi la finn redonn mwa lafors. Misie, pa neser atann; mo pou ariv biro zis apre ou; rann mwa enn servis pas sa mesaz la nou patron e dir li mo fer li konpliman!"

Pandan ki Gregor ti pe vomi sa bann mo la, san kone ki li ti pe dir, li ti ariv kot komod la - sa pa ti difisil avek lantrennman ki li ti fer lor lili - kot li ti sey dibout drwat. Li ti bien anv i ouver laport la; bien anv i les zot trouv li kouma li ete e koz ar sef-komj; bann lezot ti pe telman existe e li ti bien anv i kone ki zot ti pou dir ler zot ti finn trouve ki li ti finn devini. Si zot ti gagn sok, lera li pa ti pou responsabilite Gregor e li ti pou kapav al repoze. Me si toutfwa zot ti gard zot kalm, li ,Gregor, pa ti pou gagn drwa bolverse e si li ti fer vit li ti pou kapav pran tren wit-er. Okoumansman ler li ti pe sey akros ar komod verni la, li ti pe glise, tonbe, me finalman li ti fer enn mouvman sek e li ti reysi dibout drwat; so lamwatie anba ti pe fermal me li ti

the right explanation. But now that I see your incomprehensible stubbornness I no longer feel any wish whatsoever to intercede on your behalf. And nor is your position all that secure. I had originally intended to say all this to you in private, but since you cause me to waste my time here for no good reason I don't see why your parents should not also learn of it. Your turnover has been very unsatisfactory of late; I grant you that it's not the time of year to do especially good business, we recognise that; but there simply is no time of year to do no business at all, Mr. Samsa, we cannot allow there to be."

"But Sir", called Gregor, beside himself and forgetting all else in the excitement, "I'll open up immediately, just a moment. I'm slightly unwell, an attack of dizziness, I haven't been able to get up. I'm still in bed now. I'm quite fresh again now, though. I'm just getting out of bed. Just a moment. Be patient! It's not quite as easy as I'd thought. I'm quite alright now, though. It's shocking, what can suddenly happen to a person! I was quite alright last night, my parents know about it, perhaps better than me, I had a small symptom of it last night already. They must have noticed it. I don't know why I didn't let you know at work! But you always think you can get over an illness without staying at home. Please, don't make my parents suffer! There's no basis for any of the accusations you're making; nobody's ever said a word to me about any of these things. Maybe you haven't read the latest contracts I sent in. I'll set off with the eight o'clock train, as well, these few hours of rest have given me strength. You don't need to wait, sir; I'll be in the office soon after you, and please be so good as to tell that to the boss and recommend me to him!"

And while Gregor gushed out these words, hardly knowing what he was saying, he made his way over to the chest of drawers - this was easily done, probably because of the practise he had already had in bed - where he now tried to get himself upright. He really did want to open the door, really did want to let them see him and to speak with the chief clerk; the others were being so insistent, and he was curious to learn what they would say when they caught sight of him. If they were shocked then it would no longer be Gregor's responsibility and he could rest. If, however, they took everything calmly he would still have no reason to be upset, and if he hurried he really could be at the station for eight o'clock. The first few times he tried to climb up on the smooth chest of drawers he just slid down again, but he finally gave himself one last swing and stood there upright; the lower part of his body was in serious pain but he no longer gave any attention to it. Now he let himself fall against the back of a nearby chair and held tightly to the edges of it with his little legs. By now he had also calmed down,

desid pou pa pran kont. Lera li ti les so lekor tom kont dosie enn sez ki ti pre kot li e ar so bann ti lapat li ti may for rebor sez la. Tousa ti ed li pou kalme limem e res trankil pou ki li ti kapav tann seki sef-komi ti pe dir.

"Zot finn konpran kiksoz, zot?" sef-komi ti dimann paran Gregor, "mo espere li pa pe fer boufon ar nou". "Ayo Bondie!" so mama ti dir; li ti pe plore; "kikfwa li bien malad e nou nou pe minn so boyo. Grete! Grete!" li ti kriye for. "Wi 'Ma!" so ser ti reponn lot kote lasam la. Zot ti pe koze atraver lasam Gregor. "Al sers enn dokter deswit. Gregor malad. Vit, vit amenn enn dokter. To ti tande ki manier li ti koze fekla?" "Vadire lavwa zaimo", sef-komi ti dir avek enn kalm ki ti lekotrer isteri so mama. "Anna! Anna!" papa Gregor ti kriye depi koulwar dan direksion lakwizinn, li ti bat lame pou atir latansion, "al sers enn serirye lor vites". De tifi la rebor zot zip ti balye sali ler zot ti sorti lor vites, al ver laport santral, ti ris li for pou ouver e ti al deor. Drol sa vites ki so ser ti met so lenz! Pa ti tann laport la referme; sirman zot ti finn bliye referm li; souvan dimoun fer sa kan enn zafer grav finn arive.

Gregor so kote ti vinn bien kalm. Anbon, zot pa ti konpran kan li ti koze; me pou li, Gregor, koze la ti paret kler, pli kler ki avan - kikfwa so zorey ti finn abitie ar so lavwa. Me zot ti realize ki ti ena enn zafer pa korek ar li; zot ti pe fer demars pou ede. Premie reaksion lor so sitiasion ti bien pozitif e sa ti fer li plezir. Li ti santi ki li ti pe retourn dan lemond dimoun e li ti panse ki dokter ek serirye pou fer enn louvraz serye - mem si li pa ti kapav fer okenn diferans ant sa de la. Kouma nenport ki koze ki li ti pou koze ti pou enportan, pou fer so lavwa osi kler ki posib, li ti touse, me li ti fer atansion pa tous tro for parski dimoun ti kapav panse ki so touse pa ti paret ditou kouma touse dimoun e limem li pa ti tro sir si li ti kapav pas enn bon zizman. Letansa dan lot lasam tou ti vinn trankil. Kikfwa so paran ti otour latab, pe mirmire ar sef-komi ousa zot tou zot zorey ti kole ar laport, pe sey ekoute seki pe pase.

Dousman, Gregor, ar led sez la ti avans ver laport. Ler li ti ariv laba, li ti larg sez la pou al apiy lor laport, tini drwat ar led vantouz ki ti dan bout so lapat. Li ti repoz enpe pou rebran so souf e lera koumans sey tourn lakle la ar so labous. Me

and kept quiet so that he could listen to what the chief clerk was saying.

"Did you understand a word of all that?" the chief clerk asked his parents, "surely he's not trying to make fools of us". "Oh, God!" called his mother, who was already in tears, "he could be seriously ill and we're making him suffer. Grete! Grete!" she then cried. "Mother?" his sister called from the other side. They communicated across Gregor's room. "You'll have to go for the doctor straight away. Gregor is ill. Quick, get the doctor. Did you hear the way Gregor spoke just now?" "That was the voice of an animal", said the chief clerk, with a calmness that was in contrast with his mother's screams. "Anna! Anna!" his father called into the kitchen through the entrance hall, clapping his hands, "get a locksmith here, now!" And the two girls, their skirts swishing, immediately ran out through the hall, wrenching open the front door of the flat as they went. How had his sister managed to get dressed so quickly? There was no sound of the door banging shut again; they must have left it open; people often do in homes where something awful has happened.

Gregor, in contrast, had become much calmer. So they couldn't understand his words any more, although they seemed clear enough to him, clearer than before - perhaps his ears had become used to the sound. They had realised, though, that there was something wrong with him, and were ready to help. The first response to his situation had been confident and wise, and that made him feel better. He felt that he had been drawn back in among people, and from the doctor and the locksmith he expected great and surprising achievements - although he did not really distinguish one from the other. Whatever was said next would be crucial, so, in order to make his voice as clear as possible, he coughed a little, but taking care to do this not too loudly as even this might well sound different from the way that a human coughs and he was no longer sure he could judge this for himself. Meanwhile, it had become very quiet in the next room. Perhaps his parents were sat at the table whispering with the chief clerk, or perhaps they were all pressed against the door and listening.

Gregor slowly pushed his way over to the door with the chair. Once there he let go of it and threw himself onto the door, holding himself upright against it using the adhesive on the tips of his legs. He rested there a little while to recover from the effort involved and then set himself to the task of turning the key in the lock with his mouth. He seemed, unfortunately, to have no proper teeth - how was he, then, to grasp the key? - but the lack of teeth was, of course, made up for with a very strong jaw; using the jaw, he really was able to start the key turning, ignoring the fact that he must have been causing some kind of damage as a

problem se ki li pa ti ena ledan normal - kouma li ti pou chombo lakle la? - pa ti ena ledan me so lamaswar ti for; ar so lamaswar li ti koumans tourn lakle la me li ti pe bles limem parski enn likid maron ti pe koumans koule depi so labous, tom lor lakle la avan al koul lor sali. "Ekoute", sef-komi ti dir dan lasam lot kote, "li pe tourn lakle." Sa ti ankouraz Gregor enn ta; me zot tou ti bizen pe kriye ar lazwa, so papa ek so mama 'si: "Bravo Gregor", zot ti bizen pe kriye, "manz ar li, fann ar serir la!" Akoz li ti panse ki zot tou ti pe swiv so zefor, li ti pez lakle la ar plis lafors san pran kont dimal ki li ti fer limem. Amizir lakle la ti pe tourne, li ti pe tourn otour serir la; li ti pe tini drwat ar so labous, anpandan ar lakle la ou pez li anba ar pwa so lekor. Enn kou tak! Gregor ti kone ki serir ti ouver e ki li ti kapav rilax e ler li ti pe regagn so souf li ti dir ar limem: "Rayt! Mo pa ti bizen serirye". Apre li ti poz so latet lor pwagne e ouver laport la net.

Akoz so manier ouver laport la, li ti bizen fini ouver net avan ki ti kapav trouv li. Dabor li ti bizen tourn lor batan ferme avek boukou swen si li pa ti ole tom pouf lor so ledon avan li rant dan lot lasam la. Li ti ankor pe reflesi kouma pou fer sa, kan li ti tann sef-komi la larg enn "Aryooo" kouma enn ti labriz ki pe soufle. Gregor 'si ti trouv li - limem ti pli pre ar laport - lame lor labous pe kile koumadir enn lafors envizid, for e konstan ti pe ris li ver miray.

brown fluid came from his mouth, flowed over the key and dripped onto the floor. "Listen", said the chief clerk in the next room, "he's turning the key." Gregor was greatly encouraged by this; but they all should have been calling to him, his father and his mother too: "Well done, Gregor", they should have cried, "keep at it, keep hold of the lock!" And with the idea that they were all excitedly following his efforts, he bit on the key with all his strength, paying no attention to the pain he was causing himself. As the key turned round he turned around the lock with it, only holding himself upright with his mouth, and hung onto the key or pushed it down again with the whole weight of his body as needed. The clear sound of the lock as it snapped back was Gregor's sign that he could break his concentration, and as he regained his breath he said to himself: "So, I didn't need the locksmith after all". Then he lay his head on the handle of the door to open it completely.

Because he had to open the door in this way, it was already wide open before he could be seen. He had first to slowly turn himself around one of the double doors, and he had to do it very carefully if he did not want to fall flat on his back before entering the room. He was still occupied with this difficult movement, unable to pay attention to anything else, when he heard the chief clerk exclaim a loud "Oh!", which sounded like the sighing of the wind. Now he also saw him - he was the nearest to the door - his hand pressed against his open mouth and slowly retreating as if driven by a steady and invisible force.

GEORGE ORWELL ANIMAL FARM

Chapter X

YEARS passed. The seasons came and went, the short animal lives fled by. A time came when there was no one who remembered the old days before the Rebellion, except Clover, Benjamin, Moses the raven, and a number of the pigs.

Muriel was dead; Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher were dead. Jones too was dead—he had died in an inebriates' home in another part of the country. Snowball was forgotten. Boxer was forgotten, except by the few who had known him. Clover was an old stout mare now, stiff in the joints and with a tendency to rheumy eyes. She was two years past the retiring age, but in fact no animal had ever actually retired. The talk of setting aside a corner of the pasture for superannuated animals had long since been dropped. Napoleon was now a mature boar of twenty-four stone. Squealer was so fat that he could with difficulty see out of his eyes. Only old Benjamin was much the same as ever, except for being a little greyer about the muzzle, and, since Boxer's death, more morose and taciturn than ever.

There were many more creatures on the farm now, though the increase was not so great as had been expected in earlier years. Many animals had been born to whom the Rebellion was only a dim tradition, passed on by word of mouth, and others had been bought who had never heard mention of such a thing before their arrival. The farm possessed three horses now besides Clover. They were fine upstanding beasts, willing workers and good comrades, but very stupid. None of them proved able to learn the alphabet beyond the letter B. They accepted everything that they were told about the Rebellion and the principles of Animalism, especially from Clover, for whom they had an almost filial respect; but it was doubtful whether they understood very much of it.

The farm was more prosperous now, and better organised: it had even been enlarged by two fields which had been bought from Mr. Pilkington. The windmill had been successfully completed at last, and the farm possessed a threshing machine and a hay elevator of its own, and various new buildings had been added to it. Whymper had bought himself a dogcart. The windmill, however, had not after all been used for generating electrical power. It was used for milling corn, and brought in a handsome money profit. The animals were hard at work building yet another windmill; when that one was finished, so it was said, the dynamos would be installed. But the luxuries of which Snowball had once taught the

GEORGE ORWELL BAZ ZANIMO

Sapit 10

Lane ale, lane vini; sezon vini, sezon ale; bann zanimo ne, grandi, mor. Ar pasaz letan laplipar zanimo pa ti kone kouma lavi ti finn deroule avan Revolision exepete Tref, Benzamen, Korbo Moiz e detrwa koson.

Miryel ti mor; Fler Mov, Jesi ek Lake Koupe ti fini mor. Jonns ti mor dan enn sant detox. Personn pa ti rapel Boukoton; pa ti rapel Boxer 'si apart detrwa ki ti finn konn li. Tref ti vinn enn vie matant ki ti pe soufer rematis e so lizie ti pe toultan larme. Malgre so katorz an li pa ti pran pansion. Anfet okenn zanimo pa ti konn retret. Lide pou rezerv enn parti patiraz pou zanimo trwaziemaz ti finn abandone depi lontan. Napoleon ti vinn enn mal obez; Tronpet ti telman gro ek gra ki li ti gagn difikilte ouver so lizie. Zis Benzamen ki ti res preske parey exepete ki ti ena enpe pwal blan lor so mizo. Depi lamor Boxer li ti enpe pli tris ek silansie.

Popilasion laferm ti grandi me krwasans la pa ti osi gran ki ti kwar li ti pou ete avan. Boukou zanimo ki ti ne ti tann koze Revolision vagman me bann zanimo ki Baz Zanimò ti aste pa ti konn nanye lor la. Lor laferm, apart Tref, ti ena trwa seval. Zot ti bann zoli bebet, bon travayer ek bon kamarad me zot ti bann lakrem kouyon. Zot pa ti fouti depas alfabet 'B'. Zot ti gob tou seki ti pe rakont zot lor Revolision ek Zanimòism, sirtou kan Tref ti pe rakont zot. Zot ti kontan li kouma zanfan kontan zot mama. Me pa ti sir ki zot ti pe konpran gransoz.

Laferm ti pli prosper e so manejment ti pli efisian. Ti anexe de karo ki ti aste ar Misie Pilkingtonn. Eolienn ti anfonksion. Ti ena masinn depayaz, masinn pou sarye ek klas bann balo lerb; ti ena nouvo batiman. Triyanger ti pe gagn li bonn. Li ti pe vwayaz dan karyol. Eolienn pa ti servi pou prodwir elektrisite me pou kraz may. Sa ti enn aktivite bien profitab. Bann zanimo ti pe

animals to dream, the stalls with electric light and hot and cold water, and the three-day week, were no longer talked about. Napoleon had denounced such ideas as contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard and living frugally.

Somehow it seemed as though the farm had grown richer without making the animals themselves any richer-except, of course, for the pigs and the dogs. Perhaps this was partly because there were so many pigs and so many dogs. It was not that these creatures did not work, after their fashion. There was, as Squealer was never tired of explaining, endless work in the supervision and organisation of the farm. Much of this work was of a kind that the other animals were too ignorant to understand. For example, Squealer told them that the pigs had to expend enormous labours every day upon mysterious things called "files," "reports," "minutes," and "memoranda." These were large sheets of paper which had to be closely covered with writing, and as soon as they were so covered, they were burnt in the furnace. This was of the highest importance for the welfare of the farm, Squealer said. But still, neither pigs nor dogs produced any food by their own labour; and there were very many of them, and their appetites were always good.

As for the others, their life, so far as they knew, was as it had always been. They were generally hungry, they slept on straw, they drank from the pool, they laboured in the fields; in winter they were troubled by the cold, and in summer by the flies. Sometimes the older ones among them racked their dim memories and tried to determine whether in the early days of the Rebellion, when Jones's expulsion was still recent, things had been better or worse than now. They could not remember. There was nothing with which they could compare their present lives: they had nothing to go upon except Squealer's lists of figures, which invariably demonstrated that everything was getting better and better. The animals found the problem insoluble; in any case, they had little time for speculating on such things now. Only old Benjamin professed to remember every detail of his long life and to know that things never had been, nor ever could be much better or much worse-hunger, hardship, and disappointment being, so he said, the unalterable law of life.

And yet the animals never gave up hope. More, they never lost, even for an instant, their sense of honour and privilege in being members of Animal Farm. They were still the only farm in the whole county-in all England!-owned and operated by animals. Not one of them, not even the youngest, not even the

travay dir pou konstrir enn deziem eolienn. Sannfwala, ti dir zot, sa pou servi pou prodwir elektrisite avek enstalasion enn dinamo. Me bann ti lix ki Boulkoton ti mansione (lalimier ek sofaz dan stal, dilo so ek fre, trwa zour travay par semenn) ti rant net dan arsiv bliye. Napoleon ti dir ki sa ti bann lide retrograd ki ti kont lespri Zanimoisim. Pou li, veritab boner li ti dan travay dir e dan enn lavi senp.

Lenpresion zeneral se ki laferm la ti pli dan bien san ki bann zanimo ti pli dan bien, apart, bien sir, koson ek lisien. Tousa parski kikfwa ti ena boukou plis koson ek lisien. Falepa kwar ki bann koson ek bann lisien pa ti pe travay. Dan zot prop fason zot ti pe furni boukou zefor. Kouma Tronpet ti kontan dir, travay kontrol ek organizasion zame ti fini. Bann lezot zanimo pa ti pe konpran zot lenportans. Toulezour bann koson ti bizen travay lor bann dosie, rapor, minit ek memoranndom. Sa ti bann larz fey papie ki ti bizen ranpli ar lekritir. Kan zot ti plen net ti bizen bril zot e lera rekoumanse. Sa li ti vital pou biennet laferm. Ti ena enn lot laverite. Ni koson, ni lisien pa ti pe prodwir zot prop manze. E ti ena boukou koson; e ti ena boukou lisien. E zot lapeti ti anbonn sante.

Pou lezot zanimo, lavi ti parey kouma avan. Zot vant ti pe toultan grogne; zot ti dormi lor lapay; zot ti bwar dilo basen; zot ti travay dan karo; kan fer fre zot ti pe tranble; kan fer so mous ti pe minn zot lavi. Parfwa bann vie zanimo ti pe sey foy dan zot memwar som pou sey rapel si apre Revolision, kan zot ti fek expilse bann imen, lavi ti meyer ousa pir. Ti difisil pou dir. Zot pa ti rapel nanye ar ki zot ti kapav konpar zot lavi zordi. Sel referans ki zot ti ena se lalis sif ki Tronpet ti pe donn zot regilierman. Bann sif la ti pe toultan dir ki lavi aster ti meyer ki yer. Bann zanimo pa ti pe trouv lizour; tou manier zot pa ti ena boukou letan pou sey trouv lizour. Zis Benzamen ti pretann ki li ti rapel tou detay dan so long lavi e li ti kapav dir ki lavi pa ti kapav pli bon ousa pli move parski lafen, difikilte ek fristrasion zot bann

newcomers who had been brought from farms ten or twenty miles away, ever ceased to marvel at that. And when they heard the gun booming and saw the green flag fluttering at the masthead, their hearts swelled with imperishable pride, and the talk turned always towards the old heroic days, the expulsion of Jones, the writing of the Seven Commandments, the great battles in which the human invaders had been defeated. None of the old dreams had been abandoned. The Republic of the Animals which Major had foretold, when the green fields of England should be untrodden by human feet, was still believed in. Some day it was coming: it might not be soon, it might not be within the lifetime of any animal now living, but still it was coming. Even the tune of Beasts of England was perhaps hummed secretly here and there: at any rate, it was a fact that every animal on the farm knew it, though no one would have dared to sing it aloud. It might be that their lives were hard and that not all of their hopes had been fulfilled; but they were conscious that they were not as other animals. If they went hungry, it was not from feeding tyrannical human beings; if they worked hard, at least they worked for themselves. No creature among them went upon two legs. No creature called any other creature "Master." All animals were equal.

One day in early summer Squealer ordered the sheep to follow him, and led them out to a piece of waste ground at the other end of the farm, which had become overgrown with birch saplings. The sheep spent the whole day there browsing at the leaves under Squealer's supervision. In the evening he returned to the farmhouse himself, but, as it was warm weather, told the sheep to stay where they were. It ended by their remaining there for a whole week, during which time the other animals saw nothing of them. Squealer was with them for the greater part of every day. He was, he said, teaching them to sing a new song, for which privacy was needed.

It was just after the sheep had returned, on a pleasant evening when the animals had finished work and were making their way back to the farm buildings, that the terrified neighing of a horse sounded from the yard. Startled, the animals stopped in their tracks. It was Clover's voice. She neighed again, and all the animals broke into a gallop and rushed into the yard. Then they saw what Clover had seen.

It was a pig walking on his hind legs.

Yes, it was Squealer. A little awkwardly, as though not quite used to supporting his considerable bulk in that position, but with perfect balance, he was strolling across the yard. And a moment later, out from the

lalwa fixe par lanatir.

Me bann zanimo pa ti abandonn lespwar. Plis enportan, zame zot ti bliye, mempa pou enn timama, ki li ti enn gran loner ek privez viv lor Baz Zanimo ki ti sel laferm dan liniver kot zanimo ti propriyeter zot teritwar e ki zot ki ti pe diriz tou. Zot tou, zenn kouma vie, endizenn kouma zanimo enporte, ti fier zot stati spesial. E kan zot ti tann detonasion fizi, kan zot ti trouv zot pavyon flote dan lezer lot lemapavyon, zot leker ti gonfle ar lazwa e otomatikman zot ti pou koz bann gran moman eroik dan zot istwar – expilsion Jonns, redaksion Set Komannman, bann gran batay viktorye kont envazion bann imen. Bann vie rev ti ancor fre dan zot latet. Rev enn Repiblik Zanimo kot ti pou efas tou tras imen, kouma Bonom Mazor ti imagine, ti res fre dan zot lespri. Enn zour pa enn zour li ti pou vini. Pa zordi, pa dime me li ti pou vini. Mem zot sante 'Zanimo Nou Pei' pa ti disparet. Tanzantan ti ena zanimo ki ti pou mirmir sante la. Anverite bann zanimo ti konn sante la me zot ti per pou sant li for. Zot lavi ti dir, zot bann rev pa ti finn materyalize me zot ti konsian ki zot ti diferan ar lezot zanimo. Si ti mank manze se pa akoz zot ti bizen nourri lever bann imen tiranik; si zot ti bizen travay dir, omwen zot ti pe travay pou zotmem. Okenn zanimo parmi zot pa ti mars lor de lapat. Okenn zanimo pa ti apel enn lot zanimo 'Patron'. Tou zanimo ti egal.

Enn zour dan koumansman lete, Tronpet ti donn lord bann mouton pou swiv li e li ti amenn zot dan enn kwen abandone plen ar pie konde kouver ar fey tann. Pandan enn zourne zot ti manz fey sou kontrol Tronpet. Ler tanto ti vini, li ti retourn grannkaz tousel. Kouma ti fer bon deor, li ti dir bann mouton ki zot ti kapav pas lanwit anplenner. Finalman zot ti res laba enn semenn net. Pandan sa semenn la okenn lezot zanimo pa ti kone ki zot ti pe deveni. Tronpet tousel ti pe pas boukou letan ar zot. Li ti dir ki li ti pe montre zot enn nouvo sante e sa ekzersis la ti dimann konsantrasion. Pa ti gagn drwa deranz

door of the farmhouse came a long file of pigs, all walking on their hind legs. Some did it better than others, one or two were even a trifle unsteady and looked as though they would have liked the support of a stick, but every one of them made his way right round the yard successfully. And finally there was a tremendous baying of dogs and a shrill crowing from the black cockerel, and out came Napoleon himself, majestically upright, casting haughty glances from side to side, and with his dogs gambolling round him.

He carried a whip in his trotter.

There was a deadly silence. Amazed, terrified, huddling together, the animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly round the yard. It was as though the world had turned upside-down. Then there came a moment when the first shock had worn off and when, in spite of everything-in spite of their terror of the dogs, and of the habit, developed through long years, of never complaining, never criticising, no matter what happened-they might have uttered some word of protest. But just at that moment, as though at a signal, all the sheep burst out into a tremendous bleating of-

"Four legs good, two legs better! Four legs good, two legs better! Four legs good, two legs better!"

It went on for five minutes without stopping. And by the time the sheep had quieted down, the chance to utter any protest had passed, for the pigs had marched back into the farmhouse.

Benjamin felt a nose nuzzling at his shoulder. He looked round. It was Clover. Her old eyes looked dimmer than ever. Without saying anything, she tugged gently at his mane and led him round to the end of the big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written. For a minute or two they stood gazing at the tatted wall with its white lettering.

"My sight is failing," she said finally. "Even when I was young I could not have read what was written there. But it appears to me that that wall looks different. Are the Seven Commandments the same as they used to be, Benjamin?"

For once Benjamin consented to break his rule, and he read out to her what was written on the wall. There was nothing there now except a single Commandment. It ran:

ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL
BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN
OTHERS

After that it did not seem strange when next day the

zot.

Mem lepok ki bann mouton ti retourne, enn tanto kan ti pe fer bon deor e ki bann zanimo ti fini zot lazourne travay e ti pe retourn ver bann batiman laferm, ti tann enn seval kriye ar lafreyer. Soke, bann zanimo ti arete pou kone ki ti pe arivi. Tref ki ti kriye. Li ti rekriye. Bann zanimo ti galoupe pou al gete ki ti pe arive. Lerla zot ti trouve seki ti fer Tref gagn sok.

Enn koson ti pe mars lor so de lapat deryer. Ti Tronpet sa. So mouvman ti gos-gos parski li pa ti ena labitid fer zis de lapat tini pwa lekor net. Me bizen rekonet ki li ti tini bien so lekilib ler li ti travers lakour. Enn timama apre, laport grannkaz ti ouver e enn trale koson ti sorti e zot tou ti pe mars lor zot de lapat deyer. Ena ti mars pli bien ki lezot; ti ena ennde ki ti golmal – andire zot ti bizen enn baton pou tini zot. Me finalman zot tou ti fer parkour la san tro problem. Finalman ti ena enn gran tapaz zape lisien e son egi sante enn kok e Napoleon, drwat kouma enn lerwa ar regar oten, ti sorti lor so de lapat. So bann bodigard-lisien ti pe sot-sote otour li. Li ti ena enn fwet dan so lapat divan.

Ti ena enn silans lamor. Terifie, bouverse, soke, bann zanimo ti koste sere enn kont lot ler zot ti pe get enn long filwar koson lor de lapat deryer pe mars kouma senater otour lakour. Pou bann zanimo ti koumadir lemonn ti vir anbalao. Kan lefe sok ti koumans febli e kan, malgre violans bann lisien, malgre ki zot ti finn abitie aexpte innakseptab, zot ti pre pou koumans proteste, bann mouton ti larg nouvo sawal:

"Kat lapat bon, de lapat meyer! Kat lapat bon, de lapat meyer! Kat lapat bon, de lapat meyer!" Pandan senk minit san arete zot ti ale mem. Ler zot ti aret zot tapaz, ti nepli posib proteste parski bann koson ti fini rant dan grannkaz.

Benzamen ti santi enn nene pe respire lor so zepol. Ler li ti tourn so latet, li ti trouv Tref. Tref so lizie ti vinn bien som. Ar douser li ti ris krinier Benzamen, amenn li kot miray langar kot ti ena

pigs who were supervising the work of the farm all carried whips in their trotters. It did not seem strange to learn that the pigs had bought themselves a wireless set, were arranging to install a telephone, and had taken out subscriptions to John Bull, TitBits, and the Daily Mirror. It did not seem strange when Napoleon was seen strolling in the farmhouse garden with a pipe in his mouth-no, not even when the pigs took Mr. Jones's clothes out of the wardrobes and put them on, Napoleon himself appearing in a black coat, ratcatcher breeches, and leather leggings, while his favourite sow appeared in the watered silk dress which Mrs. Jones had been used to wear on Sundays.

A week later, in the afternoon, a number of dogcarts drove up to the farm. A deputation of neighbouring farmers had been invited to make a tour of inspection. They were shown all over the farm, and expressed great admiration for everything they saw, especially the windmill. The animals were weeding the turnip field. They worked diligently hardly raising their faces from the ground, and not knowing whether to be more frightened of the pigs or of the human visitors.

That evening loud laughter and bursts of singing came from the farmhouse. And suddenly, at the sound of the mingled voices, the animals were stricken with curiosity. What could be happening in there, now that for the first time animals and human beings were meeting on terms of equality? With one accord they began to creep as quietly as possible into the farmhouse garden.

At the gate they paused, half frightened to go on but Clover led the way in. They tiptoed up to the house, and such animals as were tall enough peered in at the dining-room window. There, round the long table, sat half a dozen farmers and half a dozen of the more eminent pigs, Napoleon himself occupying the seat of honour at the head of the table. The pigs appeared completely at ease in their chairs. The company had been enjoying a game of cards but had broken off for the moment, evidently in order to drink a toast. A large jug was circulating, and the mugs were being refilled with beer. No one noticed the wondering faces of the animals that gazed in at the window.

Mr. Pilkington, of Foxwood, had stood up, his mug in his hand. In a moment, he said, he would ask the present company to drink a toast. But before doing so, there were a few words that he felt it incumbent upon him to say.

It was a source of great satisfaction to him, he said-and, he was sure, to all others present-to feel that a long period of mistrust and misunderstanding had

Set Komannman. Pandan enn minit zot ti get miray dekrepit ar so lekritir blan.

“Mo nepli trouv bien,” Tref ti dir Benzamen.

“Mem kan mo ti zenn mo pa ti kapav lir seki ti ekrir lor miray. Me mo gagn lenpresion ki lekritir finn sanze. Eski Set Komannman parey kouma avan?”

Sannfwala Benzamen ti desid pou al kont so prop prensip. Li ti lir pou Tref seki ti ena lor miray. Ti ena enn sel Komannman. Tou lezot ti disparet.

Komannman inik ti:

TOU ZANIMO EGAL

ME ENA DETRWA ZANIMO KI PLIS EGAL KI LEZOT

Apre sa evennman la, li pa ti tro anormal ki lelandime, kan bann koson ti pe kontrol travay, zot ti koumans sarye enn fwet dan zot lapat divan. Li pa ti anormal ki zot ti aste enn radio, ki zot ti fer enstal telefonn, ki zot ti abone ar diferan lagazet. Nanye pa ti drol mem kan Napoleon ti promne dan zarden grannkaz, enn pip dan labous; mem kan bann koson ti koumans met lenz Misie Jonns; mem kan Napoleon ti met palto, bretel ek bot ankwir; mem kan so konkibinn prefere ti met rob Dimans Madam Jonns.

Enn semenn apre, enn tanto, ti ena detrwa karyol ki ti vinn dan Baz Zanim. Ti ena viziter depi lezot laferm. Zot ti enpresione par seki zot ti pe dekouver, sirtou eolienn la. Bann zanim ti pe aras move lerb dan karo rav. Zot ti konsantre lor zot travay. Zot pa ti mem lev latet pou gete seki ti pe pase. Anverite zot pa ti kone kisannla zot ti bizen pli per: bann etranze ousa bann koson. Pli tar, ler ti finn fer nwar, ti ena tapaz riye, amize, sante dan grannkaz. Ler zot ti tann toutsort kalite lavwa melanze, bann zanim ti anvi konn plis. Ki ti pe pase laba? Imen ek zanim ti pe sosyalize lor enn baz egalite. Zot tou anmemtan ti desid pou rant dan zarden grannkaz.

Ler zot ti ariv kot geet, zot ti tike me Tref pa ti

now come to an end. There had been a time-not that he, or any of the present company, had shared such sentiments-but there had been a time when the respected proprietors of Animal Farm had been regarded, he would not say with hostility, but perhaps with a certain measure of misgiving, by their human neighbours. Unfortunate incidents had occurred, mistaken ideas had been current. It had been felt that the existence of a farm owned and operated by pigs was somehow abnormal and was liable to have an unsettling effect in the neighbourhood. Too many farmers had assumed, without due enquiry, that on such a farm a spirit of licence and indiscipline would prevail. They had been nervous about the effects upon their own animals, or even upon their human employees. But all such doubts were now dispelled. Today he and his friends had visited Animal Farm and inspected every inch of it with their own eyes, and what did they find? Not only the most up-to-date methods, but a discipline and an orderliness which should be an example to all farmers everywhere. He believed that he was right in saying that the lower animals on Animal Farm did more work and received less food than any animals in the county. Indeed, he and his fellow-visitors today had observed many features which they intended to introduce on their own farms immediately.

He would end his remarks, he said, by emphasising once again the friendly feelings that subsisted, and ought to subsist, between Animal Farm and its neighbours. Between pigs and human beings there was not, and there need not be, any clash of interests whatever. Their struggles and their difficulties were one. Was not the labour problem the same everywhere? Here it became apparent that Mr. Pilkington was about to spring some carefully prepared witticism on the company, but for a moment he was too overcome by amusement to be able to utter it. After much choking, during which his various chins turned purple, he managed to get it out: "If you have your lower animals to contend with," he said, "we have our lower classes!" This bon mot set the table in a roar; and Mr. Pilkington once again congratulated the pigs on the low rations, the long working hours, and the general absence of pampering which he had observed on Animal Farm.

And now, he said finally, he would ask the company to rise to their feet and make certain that their glasses were full. "Gentlemen," concluded Mr. Pilkington, "gentlemen, I give you a toast: To the prosperity of Animal Farm!"

There was enthusiastic cheering and stamping of feet. Napoleon was so gratified that he left his place and came round the table to clink his mug against Mr.

kile. Zot ti avanse lor pwent lipie e ti al pre ar lakaz la e bann zanimo ki ti pli ot ti kapav louk par lafnet salamanze. Otour gran latav ti ena sis imen ek sis koson VIP. Napoleon ti okip sez prensipal. Bann koson ti paret bien alez lor zot sez. Lakonpagni ti pe zwe kart e zot ti pran enn ti brek pou bwar enn lasante. Enn gran brok labier ti pe sirkile e bann ver ti pe ranpli. Person pa ti pran kont bann figir dan sok lor vit lafnet. Misie Pilkington, propriyeter Bwarenar, ti dibout ar so ver dan so lame. Dan enn timama li ti pou envit tou dimoun prezan pou bwar enn lasante me avan li ti panse ki li ti so devwar dir detrwa mo.

Li ti extra kontan – e li ti sir ki tou bann dimoun prezan ti pans parey kouma li – ki enn long peryod mefians ek malantandi ti pe al mor. Ti ena enn lepok – li pa ti kwar ki bann dimoun prezan ti pans koumsa – ti ena enn lepok kan bann onorab propriyeter Baz Zanimu ti konsidere, li pa pou dir, kouma ennmi, me kouma dimoun diferan ki zot pa ti tro konpran. Ti finn ena bann ensidan malere, ti finn ena bann fos konsepsion. Ena ti panse ki enn laferm dirize par bann koson ti drol, ti bizar; ti kapav amenn dezekilib dan vwazinaz. Boukou fermie, san fer okenn lanket, ti kwar ki dan Baz Zanimu ti ena dezord, endisiplinn, kao. Zot ti per ki sa ti kapav afekte zot zanimo ek zot anlwaye. Tousa ti finn disparet aster. Oblize tourn paz. Zordi zot ti finn vizit partou, enspekte tou bann aktivite e li ti kapav dir ki zot tou ti enpresione par efisians, disiplinn ek lord. Bann lezot laferm ti bizen aprann ar Baz Zanimu. Bann zanimo basklas dan Baz Zanimu prodwir plis e konsom mwens ki bann lezot zanimo dan larezion. Li ek so bann koleg fermie ti pou met anpratik lor zot laferm seki zot ti finn aprann zordi.

Li ti dir ki li ti pou terminn so diskour ar nesesite devlop relasion kordial ant Baz Zanimu ek bann lezot laferm. Koson ek imen ti ena mem problem, mem difikilte. La li ti pare pou larg enn koze malen me kouma limem li ti pe gagn riye li

Pilkington's before emptying it. When the cheering had died down, Napoleon, who had remained on his feet, intimated that he too had a few words to say.

Like all of Napoleon's speeches, it was short and to the point. He too, he said, was happy that the period of misunderstanding was at an end. For a long time there had been rumours-circulated, he had reason to think, by some malignant enemy-that there was something subversive and even revolutionary in the outlook of himself and his colleagues. They had been credited with attempting to stir up rebellion among the animals on neighbouring farms. Nothing could be further from the truth! Their sole wish, now and in the past, was to live at peace and in normal business relations with their neighbours. This farm which he had the honour to control, he added, was a co-operative enterprise. The title-deeds, which were in his own possession, were owned by the pigs jointly.

He did not believe, he said, that any of the old suspicions still lingered, but certain changes had been made recently in the routine of the farm which should have the effect of promoting confidence stiff further. Hitherto the animals on the farm had had a rather foolish custom of addressing one another as "Comrade." This was to be suppressed. There had also been a very strange custom, whose origin was unknown, of marching every Sunday morning past a boar's skull which was nailed to a post in the garden. This, too, would be suppressed, and the skull had already been buried. His visitors might have observed, too, the green flag which flew from the masthead. If so, they would perhaps have noted that the white hoof and horn with which it had previously been marked had now been removed. It would be a plain green flag from now onwards.

He had only one criticism, he said, to make of Mr. Pilkington's excellent and neighbourly speech. Mr. Pilkington had referred throughout to "Animal Farm." He could not of course know-for he, Napoleon, was only now for the first time announcing it-that the name "Animal Farm" had been abolished. Henceforward the farm was to be known as "The Manor Farm"-which, he believed, was its correct and original name.

"Gentlemen," concluded Napoleon, "I will give you the same toast as before, but in a different form. Fill your glasses to the brim. Gentlemen, here is my toast: To the prosperity of The Manor Farm! "

There was the same hearty cheering as before, and the mugs were emptied to the dregs. But as the animals outside gazed at the scene, it seemed to them that some strange thing was happening. What

ti bizen tini-tini. So doub-manton ti vinn grenatelman li ti pe toufe ar riye. Finalman li ti reysilarg so jok. Zot dan Baz Zanimozot ti ena zanimobasklas; bann imen ti ena dimoun basklas. So bon mo ti provok enn eksplozion riye. Misie Pilkingtonn ti refelisit bann koson pou manier zot ti pe roul zot biznes: tigit manze, boukou travay, boukou profi.

Alafen li ti dimann tou dimoun dibout, plen zot ver. "Mesie," li ti dir, "nou lev nou ver pou bwar lasante, prosperite Baz Zanimozot."

Ti ena aplodisman, felisitasion, hiphiphip-houra. Napoleon ti telman kontan ki li ti kit so plas, ti vinn kogn so ver ar ver Pilkingtonn e li ti devid li enn sel tre. Kan tapaz aplodisman ti koumans diminie, Napoleon ti fer kone ki li ti anvi dir detrwa mo.

Kouma tou so bann diskour li ti kourt ek direk. Li 'si li ti kontan ki peryod malantandi ti depase. Pandan lontan ti ena rimer ki ti pe sirkile – sirman louvraz bann ennmi – ki li ek so bann koleg ti bann revolisioner ki ti pe fer sibversion, ti pe rod ranvers pouvwar imen partou. Touse ti toultan fos. Zot ti toultan anvi viv anpe ar zot vwazen e fer bann tranzaksion normal ek natirel. Laferm ki li ti pe dirize li ti enn antrepriz korporativ. Dapre bann drwa propriyete, ki li ti gard ar li, tou bann koson ti propriyeter ansam. Mem si nepli ti ena soupson ousa dout, ti finn ena bann desizion ki ti pou amelior antant kordial. Bann zanimozot ti nepli pou apel zot kamarad 'kamarad'; dan Dimans gramaten zot nepli ti pou rann omaz tetdemor enn vie koson; krann la ti finn fini antere; korn ek sabo lor pavyon ver ti finn anleve; pavyon ini ti pli zoli.

Ti ena enn sel pwen kot li ti pa dakor ar Misie Pilkingtonn ki, li ti bizen aksepte, ti fer enn diskour exelan ek amikal. Pa ti so fot parski li pa ti kapav kone. Baz Zanimozot ti nepli ti ekziste; aster se Baz Jonns ki ti ekziste. Sa ki ti so vre nom.

was it that had altered in the faces of the pigs? Clover's old dim eyes flitted from one face to another. Some of them had five chins, some had four, some had three. But what was it that seemed to be melting and changing? Then, the applause having come to an end, the company took up their cards and continued the game that had been interrupted, and the animals crept silently away.

But they had not gone twenty yards when they stopped short. An uproar of voices was coming from the farmhouse. They rushed back and looked through the window again. Yes, a violent quarrel was in progress. There were shoutings, bangings on the table, sharp suspicious glances, furious denials. The source of the trouble appeared to be that Napoleon and Mr. Pilkington had each played an ace of spades simultaneously.

Twelve voices were shouting in anger, and they were all alike. No question, now, what had happened to the faces of the pigs. The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

“Mesie,” Napoleon ti dir, “ranpli zot ver e anou bwar lasante ek properite Baz Jonns!”
Kouma talerla, ti ena mem jalsa; bann ver ti pe devide enn deryer lot.

Me pou bann zaimo ki ti pe louke par lanet, enn zafer bien-bien drol ti pe arive. Bann figir koson ti pe sanze. Tref so lizie som ti flit lor enn figir pou al lor enn lot. Ena ti ena senk manton, kat manton, trwa manton. Ena kiksoz ti pe fonn, ti pe sanze. Zis lerala aplodisman ti pe al dan tengn e lakonpagni ti retourn zwe kart. Bann zaimo deor ti glise trankilman, ale.

Me zot pa ti gagn letan mars ven met kan zot ti tann enn tapaz enfernal. Zot ti aret sek. Tapaz la ti sorti dan grannkaz. Lor vites zot ti retourn kot lafnèt pou louke. Ti ena enn mari makanbo andan. Ti ena kriye, zoure, devir latab, akizasion, protestasion. Napoleon ek Pilkingtonn ti zwe lasdepik anmemtan.

Douz lavwa firye ti pe kriye ar koler anmemtan. Zot ti resanble net. Pa zis figir koson ki ti sanze, figir imen 'si. Bann zaimo ti get figir koson, apre figir imen, apre figir koson, apre figir imen, apre figir koson. Pa ti ena okenn diferans.

ACT 3 KING LEAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

<http://shakespeare.mit.edu/>

ACT III

SCENE I. A heath.

Storm still. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting

KENT

Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gentleman

One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

KENT

I know you. Where's the king?

Gentleman

Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the winds blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the curled water 'bove the main,

That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn

Tradiksyon par Dev Virahsawmy

AK 3 SENN 1

Siklonn. Kent ek enn nob rant par diferan laport

KENT

Kisannla sa ki pe debat dan siklonn?

NOB

Enn lespri dan tourman siklonik.

KENT

Mo konn ou. Kot lerwa?

NOB

Pe fer fas kont lanatir desene:

Dir rafal avoy later dan lamer,

Gonfle lestoma vag ki nway later,

Sanz ou efas lavi; ris so seve

E divan aveg ar violans bitor

Balye tou lor sime, met plat partou;

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

KENT

But who is with him?

Gentleman

None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

KENT

Sir, I do know you;

And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have--as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high?--servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gentleman

I will talk further with you.

KENT

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,--
As fear not but you shall,--show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gentleman

Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

KENT

Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king,--in which your pain
That way, I'll this,--he that first lights on him
Holla the other.

Exeunt severally

SCENE II. Another part of the heath. Storm still.

So laraz entern mat laraz deor,
Fer divan ek lapli nanyeditou.
Dan lanwit koumsa bann bebet feros
Bliye zot bezwen, kasiet dan lakav,
Me lerwa li, san okenn protexion,
Chalenj destrixion.

KENT

Kisannla ar li?

NOB

Zis Boufon ki pe sey fer li bliye
So soufrans profon.

KENT

Akoz mo konn ou
Les mo dir ou kixoz bien enportan:
Ant de zann lerwa dife pe flanbe
Mem si zot pe sey touf laverite.
Sakenn panse so kamwad finn gagn plis.
Bann espion Franse zot bien okouran:
Pei divize; lerwa dan tourman;
Ena plis ankor. Gran larme Fransez
Finn mobilize; ena eklerer
Ki deza kot nou, pare pou axion.
Ou ti pou ed nou si ou ti'al Dover
E laba raport ar serten dimoun
Kimanier isi lerwa pe soufer
- Soufrans atos fer latet savire.
Mo'si mo enn nob e mo mision nob.

NOB

Mo ti'le konn plis.

KENT

Pa perdi letan.

Pa get laparans. Pran sa ti sak la;
Ena enn bag ladan e kan ou zwenn
Kordelia -- pa per Sir, ou pou zwenn li -
Montre li bag la e lera li pou
Dir ou mwa ki mwa. Ah, letan modi!
Les mo'al rod lerwa.

NOB

Mo ser ou lame. Samem tou Misie?

KENT

Atann! Nou sorti sakenn so kote.
Premie ki zwenn Lir, irle pou enform
Lotla. Oke? Rayt! (*Zot sorti sakenn so kote*)

AK 3 SENN 2

Siklonn. Lir ek Boufon rantré

LIR

Soufle siklonn, soufle! Eklat lazou!
Vini tronbdo, inond lemonn! Kraz tou!
Kaskad sort dan niaz nway tou konstrixion!

Enter KING LEAR and Fool

KING LEAR

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, an germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool

O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry
house is better than this rain-water out o' door.
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing:
here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

KING LEAR

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure: here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool

He that has a house to put's head in has a good
head-piece.
The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman but she made
mouths in a glass.

KING LEAR

No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Enter KENT

KENT

Who's there?

Fool

Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise
man and a fool.

KENT

Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Zekler kras dife, tanpet elektrik
Desir lesiel, bril pie, anflam lezer;
Les lanfer vinn propriyeter later;
Bril mo seve blan. Loraz ki kraz tou
Met tou plat partou. Steriliz sperm
Ek dizef; eliminn lakaz piti!
Aret reprodur! Tro boukou engra!

BOUFON

Eh Tonton, mwa mo bien kwar ki dilo beni dan
sek li pli laswit ki lapli anplen-ner. Tonton, mo
Tonton, dimann to tifi pardon. Seswar, bon
kouma move pas dan pake.

LIR

Les vant destrixion grongne, grongne mem,
Kras dife, vomi tronbdo. Zot zot pa
Mo zanfann, ni mo disan. Mo pa pou
Repros zot. Mo pa pou dir zot engra;
Zame mo finn donn zot nanye; gat zot;
Zot pa dwa mwa nanye. Alor kraz!
Plen vant! Soulbontan! Get mwa, povdemwa!
Ki mo vo? Nanye. Me zot zot azan
Ki travay ar Goneril ek Regann,
De tifi saytann, e zot ed bannla
Pou kraz latet enn pov-pov vie bonom.
Pa bon sa! Pese sa!

BOUFON

Seki ena enn twa pou kasiet so latet ena enn
bon latet.

Kan kok gagn pou li
Avan latet gagn enn twa
Latet pou nourri lipou
E kok gagn pou li.
Si ledwa lipie vinn pli enportan
Ki valer leker, lerala enn ti kor
Anpes twa dormi.

Malsans! Zoli fam souvan fer grimas dan laglas.
(*Kent rantre*)

LIR

Mo pou vinn pasians lor enn moniman.
Mo pa pou koze.

KENT

Ena kikenn?

BOUFON

Enn gran dimoun ek enn toutouk!

KENT

Ayo Segner, ou ki la? Zanimò
Ki lasas aswar kasiet dan so trou.
Lesiel ankoler teroriz bebèt
Ki pourtan aswar kontan rod zot bout,
Fors zot al kasiet. Depi mo rapel
Zame mo finn trouv lesiel anflame;

Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

KING LEAR

Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

KENT

Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house--
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in--return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

KING LEAR

My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come,
your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool

[Singing]
He that has and a little tiny wit--
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,--
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

KING LEAR

True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.
Exeunt KING LEAR and KENT

Fool

This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:

Zame mo finn tann loraz kas zorey,
Irlman desir ler, fer leker tranble.
Pa posib tini!

LIR

Les bann gran bondie
Ki finn lans ramdam lor nou latet frel
May zot ennmi brit. Twa kriminel pi
Ki trik lazistis, to ler finn vini.
Kasiet asasen ki komet parzir;
Twa ki deklar sen me viol to zanfan,
To rengn finn fini; tranble sal malfra
Ki anba soutann kasiet krim orib;
Pese anba bol sorti dan to trou
Pou reponn lapel zistisie bondie.
Mwa mo plis viktim ki mwa mo peser.

KENT

San bone Segner? Mazeste laba
Ena enn kabann kot nou pou kapav
Gagn ti protexion kont violans siklonn.
Ler ou repoze, mwa mo pou al kot
Gloster e dimann zanfan leker ros
Donn nou enn ti plas pou kasiet siklonn.

LIR

Mo latet kokom. Kimanier beta?
To gagn fre, garson? Pe fer fre. Wi, wi!
Kot sa kabann la? Kan dan douk, gonaz
Vinn presie. Nou al rod sa kabann la.
To kone, beta, mo bien sagren twa.

BOUFON

(sante)

Kan latet pa kokom net,
Divan soufle, lapli tonbe,
Pa dir nou dan toufann net,
Mem kan lapli la tonbe
Do mama, lapli la tonbe.

LIR

Vremem sa! Nou'al dan kabann!
(Lir ek Kent sorti)

BOUFON

Sa divan la kapav tengn laflam nenfomann.
Les mo fer enn profesi avan mo ale.
Kan pret koz enn ta me pa fer nanye,
Kan letier plen bidon kot robine,
Kan bann nob zot kwar zotmem dizayner,
Kan sex ranplas relizion so valer,
Dan rwayom Albion lerala
Pou'ena enn ta tralala.
Kan lazistis partou pe triyonfe,
Personn peyna det, ni konn povrete,
Bay-bay rimer, palab, difamasyon,
Tou piker-poket finn al pran pansyon;

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his
time.

Exit

SCENE III. Gloucester's castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND

GLOUCESTER

Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural
dealing. When I desire their leave that I might
pity him, they took from me the use of mine own
house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual
displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for
him, nor any way sustain him.

EDMUND

Most savage and unnatural!

GLOUCESTER

Go to; say you nothing. There's a division betwixt
the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have
received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be
spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet:
these injuries the king now bears will be revenged
home; there's part of a power already footed: we
must incline to the king. I will seek him, and
privily relieve him: go you and maintain talk with
the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived:
if he ask for me. I am ill, and gone to bed.
Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me,
the king my old master must be relieved. There is
some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be
careful.

Exit

EDMUND

This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

Exit

SCENE IV. The heath. Before a hovel.

Enter KING LEAR, KENT, and Fool

KENT

Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

Storm still

KING LEAR

Let me alone.

KENT

Good my lord, enter here.

KING LEAR

Wilt break my heart?

KENT

I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

KING LEAR

Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;

Kan kaser desid respekte lalwa,
Prostitie ek makro ranz sivala,
Lerla dimoun pou'aret mars lor latet.
Pa traka, mo pou dimann Merlen, kan so tour
vini, pa bliye redir zot sa.

(li sorti)

AK 3 SENN 3

Gloster ek Edmon rantre

GLOSTER

Mo pa dakor, Edmon, manier zot pe tret sa vie
bonom la. Ler mo dimann permision pou ed
Lerwa Lir, zot expropriye mwa e donn lord ki
personn pa gagn drwa ni pled pou li, ni ed li, ni
mem mansionn so nom.

EDMON

Barbar, kont natir!

GLOSTER

Tourn paz. Pa koz sa! Ena konfli ant de Dik; ena
nouvel ki pli pir. Mo fek resevwar enn let.
Danzere koz sa. Mo'nn ferm li akle. Ena enn
mouvman pou vanz Lerwa Lir. Enn larme finn
mobilize. Bizen ed lerwa. Ankasiet mo pou ed li.
Al koz-koz ar Dik Kornwarl pou ki li pa dekouver
ki mwa mo pe fer. Si li rod mwa, dir li mo pa
bien e ki mo pe dormi. Mem si bizen donn lavi,
mwa mo pou ed mo lerwa. Sitasion danzere
Edmon. Fer atansion!

(li sorti)

EDMON

(ar limem) Mo pou dir Dik Kornwarl to traizon;
E lor let la 'si. Lasans mo kote.
Pou'ena rekonpans e mwa mo va gagn
Seki lonbo pou perdi. Wi, wi, wi,
Lazenes monte ler vieyes grene.
(li sorti)

AK 3 SENN 4

Siklonn. Lir, Kent ek Boufon rantre

KENT

Isi mem sa. Segner, pa res deor.

Divan voras pe aval tou. Antre,

Al kasiet.

LIR

Les mwa.

KENT

Pa res dan siklonn.

LIR

Pe kas mo leker!

KENT

Les pou mwa kase. Rant andan Segner!

But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'ldst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home:
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,--
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

KENT

Good my lord, enter here.

KING LEAR

Prithee, go in thyself: seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.

To the Fool

In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,--
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

Fool goes in

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

EDGAR

[Within] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

The Fool runs out from the hovel

Fool

Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit
Help me, help me!

KENT

Give me thy hand. Who's there?

Fool

A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

KENT

What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR disguised as a mad man

EDGAR

Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.
Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

KING LEAR

Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

EDGAR

LIR

Pou twa siklonn la
Pli pir penitans; pou twa sirman vre;
Me kan gran soufrans pe tortir to nam
Ti soufrans zwe mor. Normal nou evit
Bebet feros me si enn presipis
Divan nou lerla, san ezitasion,
Nou manz ar bebet. Kan lespri anpe
Lekor vinn frazil; siklonn dan lespri
Finn paraliz net mo bann sansasion
Apart douler la. - Fay zanf angra!
Koumadir labous pe desir lame
Ki pe nour li. Pinision pou gran!
Non, pa pou vers larm! Ferm mwa andeor
Dan rafal mouye. Kraze! Pa per twa.
Ferm mwa dan toufann! Regann, Goneril!
Enn papa ki finn donn zot tou dibien!
Stop! Sime foli! Evite piti.
Sanz sapit!

KENT

Silvouple Segner, rantre.

LIR

Twa avan, piti! Okip to konfor.
Siklonn mo kamwad, li anpes mwa pans
Seki fer mwa plis soufer. Mo swiv twa.

(ar Boufon)

Rantre twa, beta! - Pov pep touni net! -
Rantre monwar. Les mo fer lapriyer
Avan dormi.

(Boufon sorti)

Pov, pov pep touni ki peple later,
Ki sibir dominer lapli-divan
Kouma zot pe fer? Latet san fetaz;
Vant vid san manze, ar lenz kas-kase
Kouma zot pe fer kan rafal racle?
Mo pa'nn okip zot. Bwar mexinn vantar;
Met lekor touni pou ki to konpran
Seki pov, pov pep sibir e apre
Partaz seki anplis e ed lesiel
Donn plis lazistis.

EDGAR

(depi dan kabann)

Dilo monte! Dilo monte! Pov Tom!

(Boufon sorti depi dan kabann)

BOUFON

Pa rantre Tonton! Ena nam isi. Osekour!

KENT

Donn to lame. Kisannla sa?

BOUFON

Enn nam. Li dir li apel Pov Tom.

KENT

Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, and through ford and whirlpool e'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inedged bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold,--O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: there could I have him now,--and there,--and there again, and there.

Storm still

KING LEAR

What, have his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool

Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

KING LEAR

Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT

He hath no daughters, sir.

KING LEAR

Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

EDGAR

Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill: Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool

This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDGAR

Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

KING LEAR

What hast thou been?

EDGAR

A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly: and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen

Kisannla twa, laba lor lapay? Sorti!
(*Edgar rantre, degize kouma Pov Tom*)

EDGAR

Sove! Movezer mofinn mars ar mwa.
Divan glase pe soufle dan raket.
Fouf! Dodo baba, deor fer fre.

LIR

Ayaya! Li finn donn tou so tifi; aster li touni.

EDGAR

Kisannla pans Pov Tom? Movezer mofinn finn trenn-trenn li dan dife, dan laflam, dan lapas, dan tourbiyon, dan labou, dan marekaz; finn met kouto anba lorye, lakord pandi kot so plas dan legliz, pwazon lera dan so lasoup; fer li vinn vantar, mont dadak lor enn bourik pou lasas so prop lonbraz tret. Beni senk sans! Pov Tom gagn fre. Katakatakatakatakata! Bondie beni twa, anpes tornad sarye twa, lapes devor twa, enfexion pran twa! Ed pov Tom kan movezer mofinn arsel li. May li la; ala li laba; may li laba; kot li? Ala li la!

(*siklonn kontinie bate*)

LIR

Pov jab! Get ki so tifi finn fer li!
To pa'nn gard nanye; to finn donn zot tou?

BOUFON

Apart so kamni. Simon kees lor nou!

LIR

Fer ki lapes ki anpandan dan ler
Pou pini pese, bril to de tifi.

KENT

Li peyna tifi Segner.

LIR

Non, non, non, zis so de tifi kapav
Fer enn zom desann pli ba ki lisien.
Nouvo lamod sa? Papa lor lapay
Bizen sibir tortir ki transpers li.
Lazistis korek! Pourtan mo laser
Ki finn donn lavi de tifi vanpir.

EDGAR

Kounouk met paryaz ar toutouk.
Galoupe baba! Hip, hip, hip, houra!

BOUFON

Movetan fer nou vinn toke, pagla.

EDGAR

Tansion movezer mofinn, ekout nou paran,
parol done parol sakre, pa zoure, pa rod grenp
lor madam marye ou vwazen, pa fer letalaz.
Pov Tom gagn fre!

LIR

Ki to ete twa?

from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.
Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:
Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.
Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.
Storm still

KING LEAR

Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer
with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.
Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou
owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep
no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on
's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself:
unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor bare,
forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings!
come unbutton here.

Tearing off his clothes

Fool

Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night
to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were
like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the
rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch

EDGAR

This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins
at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives
the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the
hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the
poor creature of earth.

S. Withold footed thrice the old;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT

How fares your grace?

KING LEAR

What's he?

KENT

Who's there? What is't you seek?

GLOUCESTER

What are you there? Your names?

EDGAR

Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad,
the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in
the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages,
eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and
the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the
standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to
tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who
hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his
body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

GLOUCESTER

What, hath your grace no better company?

EDGAR

EDGAR

Enn zouvriye vantar, fezer ki met bigoudi, ki
kasiet kilot dan sapo, nek fer malis, fer vis ar so
metres, fer serman dan vid, fongoyo ziska
dormi, fongoyo kouma leve. Kontan bwat,
zougader, kontan fam plis ki Sheik Harami –
ipokrit, kontan pese, fer disan fane, pares
kouma koson, voler kouma renar, gourman
kouma loulou, araze kouma lisien, predater
kouma lion. Pa les grinsman soulie ousa frou-
frou laswa fer twa rant dan lak fam. Pa frekant
loka, pa met lame dan kilot, pa sign liv kaser;
sirtou chalenj movezer mofinn.

Divan glase dan raket pe kriye

Facha, facha ala mo la!

Ale do mo bourik, tik, tik, tik.

(siklonn kontinie bate)

LIR

Preferab konfor enn tonbo, ki fer fas touni lapli
ek divan siklonn. Eski dimoun zis enn lot
zanimu? Li pa plis ki sa? To pa dwa lever so
laswa; to pa dwa okenn zanimu so fourir;
mouton so lalenn ousa sat so parfen. Get nou
trwa! Nou sofistike me twa to pa enn sou plis ki
zafer bazik la. Dimoun san artifiz, to zis enn pov
kreatir touni lor de lapat. Foutlekan artifiz! Ale
bouton! Deboutone!

(li desir so lenz, tir li)

BOUFON

Ayo Tonton, pa fer sa! Move letan pou aprann
naze. Enn ti fedkan dan dezer aswar li kouma
enn ti choula-etensel dan bavant enn vie pitasie
santener. Gete laba! Fanal sirpat.

(Gloster rantre, li pe sarye enn flanbo)

EDGAR

Movezer mofinn sa! Limem
langoutitasdanpiodenn. Atann kouvfe pou
koumanse; marse mem ziska kok sante. Li donn
katarak dan lizie; fer lizie tourdey; fer lalev
traver; pouri rekolt; e fer diton bann kreatir lor
later.

Paspas fer letour aswar;

E ler li zwenn ar kosmar

Donn li lord grate, ale -

Fonn verminn, dir twa fane!

KENT

Korek mo Segner?

LIR

Kisannla sa?

KENT

(ar Gloster) Kisannla sa? Ki ou'le?

The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

GLOUCESTER

Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord,
That it doth hate what gets it.

EDGAR

Poor Tom's a-cold.

GLOUCESTER

Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

KING LEAR

First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?

KENT

Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

KING LEAR

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?

EDGAR

How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

KING LEAR

Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT

Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

GLOUCESTER

Canst thou blame him?

Storm still

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I loved him, friend;
No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

KING LEAR

O, cry your mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.

EDGAR

Tom's a-cold.

GLOUCESTER

In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

KING LEAR

Come let's in all.

KENT

This way, my lord.

KING LEAR

With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

KENT

Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

GLOSTER

Eh laba, ki zot ete? Zot nom?

EDGAR

Pov Tom ki manz krapo, grenouy, dizef krapo,
geko, kamaleon; kan movezer mofinn teroriz so
leker anfoli firye, li manz kaka-vas olie salad,
devor lera ek lisien mor, bwar dilo pouri; ki
gagn kout fwet, atas ar pie, met dan prizon; ki
lontan-lontan ti enn bon serviter bien trete,
Ti ena so prop seval ek lepe
Me depi set an manz lera miske.
Tansion, tansion! Kouse Lagign! Kouse Malang!

GLOSTER

Mazeste, frekantasion sa?

EDGAR

Titalber ti enn Gran Misie. Limem Modo, Moda,
Modou!

GLOSTER

Nou prop zanfan finn vinn telman move
Ki zot ay aster seki finn fer zot.

EDGAR

Pov Tom gagn fre!

GLOSTER

Vinn ar mwa Segner! Enposib ekout
Bann lord kont natir ki ou de tifi
Pe donn nou. Zot finn dir mwa bliye ou;
Met bar dan laport; les siklonn feros
Desir-desir ou. Pa kapav Segner!
Swiv mwa, vinn ar mwa kot ena konfor.

LIR

Dabor, les mo konsilte mo sadou.
(*ar Edgar*) Dir mwa kifer ena loraz?

KENT

Segner, Axepte so lof; nou'al kasiet andan.

LIR

Mo bizen koz ar sa gran Swami la.
(*ar Edgar*) Ki ou spesialite?

EDGAR

Repous movezer e touy bann verminn.

LIR

Enn kestion personel.
(*Lir ek Edgar koz an prive*)

KENT

Segner, koz ar li. Dir li nou'al kasiet.
So lespri pe glise.

GLOSTER

Eski to trouv drol?
(*siklonn kontinie bate*)

So zanfan pe rod avoy li manze.

Kent ti'ena rezon. Pov jab la! Kot li?

To pe dir lespri lerwa pe glise.

GLOUCESTER

Take him you on.

KENT

Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

KING LEAR

Come, good Athenian.

GLOUCESTER

No words, no words: hush.

EDGAR

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,--Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

Exeunt

SCENE V. Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND

CORNWALL

I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

EDMUND

How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus
gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think
of.

CORNWALL

I now perceive, it was not altogether your
brother's evil disposition made him seek his death;
but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable
badness in himself.

EDMUND

How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to
be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which
approves him an intelligent party to the advantages
of France: O heavens! that this treason were not,
or not I the detector!

CORNWALL

Come with me to the duchess.

EDMUND

If the matter of this paper be certain, you have
mighty business in hand.

CORNWALL

True or false, it hath made thee earl of
Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he
may be ready for our apprehension.

EDMUND

[Aside] If I find him comforting the king, it will
stuff his suspicion more fully.--I will persevere in
my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore
between that and my blood.

CORNWALL

I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a
dearer father in my love.

Exeunt

SCENE VI. A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the
castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER, KING LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR

GLOUCESTER

Here is better than the open air; take it
thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what
addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Be les mo dir twa, pou mwa'si parey.

Mo ti'ena mo garson – dezerite -

Li ti rod touy mwa. Fekfekla! Fekla!

Mo ti kontan li, mo dir twa, kouma

Zame papa finn kontan so zanfan.

Mo lespri finn tas lor resif douler.

Get sa letan la! Segner swiv mwa ...

LIR

Sori Sir!

(*ar Edgar*) Nob Saz, les mo mars ar ou!

EDGAR

Tom tranble!

GLOSTER

Ale monwar. Rant dan depandans. Tro fre deor.

LIR

Tou dimoun rantre!

KENT

Apre ou!

LIR

Ar li!

Mo'le res ansam ar mo filozof.

KENT

Ed li Segner. Les lotla 'si rantre.

GLOSTER

Fer li rantre.

KENT

Misie, vini. Vinn ar nou.

LIR

Vini maha atma!

GLOSTER

Shououout! Bes lavwa.

EDGAR

Ti-Prens kot latour modi;

Li sant for-for 'doremi'

Disan imen santi pi.

(*zot sorti*)

AK 3 SENN 5

Kornwarl ek Edmon rantre

KORNWARL

Mo pou vanze avan mo kit sa lakaz la.

EDMON

Mo bizen rekonet, Segner, ki mo per ki dimoun
pou dir ki mo finn abandonn mo papa pou
soutenir lakouronn.

KORNWARL

Aster mo realize ki ou frer pa antor; lemal dan
ou papa finn fors li pran sa sime la.

EDMON

Kifer lesiel pini mwa? Pourtan mo pe fer mo
devwar. Ala let ki montre ki li mars ar lerwa
Lafrans kont so pei. Ayo bondie, kifer mwa ki ti

KENT

All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness!

Exit GLOUCESTER

EDGAR

Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool

Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

KING LEAR

A king, a king!

Fool

No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

KING LEAR

To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon 'em,--

EDGAR

The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool

He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

KING LEAR

It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

To EDGAR

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;

To the Fool

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

EDGAR

Look, where he stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam? Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,--

Fool

Her boat hath a leak, And she must not speak Why she dares not come over to thee.

EDGAR

The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

KENT

How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

KING LEAR

I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.

To EDGAR

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

To the Fool

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side:

To KENT

you are o' the commission, Sit you too.

bizen dekouver traizon mo papa!

KORNWARL

Vinn ar mwa, nou al get Dises Kornwarl.

EDMON

Si let la koz vre, ou ena enn gran louvraz pou fer.

KORNWARL

Vre ou fos, to finn vinn Erl Gloster. Al gete kot to papa ete pou nou aret li.

EDMON

(ar limem) Si mo trouv li ler li pe ed Lir, sa pou plis korek pou mwa. *(for)* Mem ena konfli ant mo devwar ek mo santiman, mo devwar, mo lwayote pou lakouronn, pas avan.

KORNWARL

Mo finn met mo konfians dan twa. Fer koumadir to finn gagn enn papa ki kontan twa. *(zot sorti)*

AK 3 SENN 6

Kent, Gloster, Lerwa Lir, Boufon ek Edgar rantré

GLOSTER

Preferab isi ki anplen-ner. Acepte mo ospitalite. Mo al gete ki mo kapav fer ankor pou zot. Mo pa pou tarde. *(li sorti)*

BOUFON

Dir mwa enn kou, enn pagla li enn misie ousa enn bachara?

LIR

Enn lerwa beta, enn lerwa.

BOUFON

Non, zame! Li enn bourrbak, enn bachara. Enn bachara fer so garson vinn enn misie; enn bachara pagla apel so garson misie.

LIR

Mil milie fles dife pers zot kadav.

EDGAR

Movezer mofinn pe mord mo deryer.

BOUFON

Fode latet pa bon pou kwar promes bolom loulou, fer konfians seval fou, axepte lamour ti-garson, ou kwar dan serman fam divers.

LIR

Wi, mo pourswiv zot.

(ar Edgar) Asiz ou la, venerab Sefziz.

(ar Boufon) Twa aseser, asiz isi. Non, zot non, femel-tazar -

EDGAR

Get lizie movezer laba. Movezer fer ziedou ar ou madam. *(li sante)*

Besi mo koko, vinn sof mwa, gate.

BOUFON

EDGAR

Let us deal justly.
 Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
 Thy sheep be in the corn;
 And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
 Thy sheep shall take no harm.
 Pur! the cat is gray.

KING LEAR

Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my
 oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the
 poor king her father.

Fool

Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

KING LEAR

She cannot deny it.

Fool

Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

KING LEAR

And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
 What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
 Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
 False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

EDGAR

Bless thy five wits!

KENT

O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
 That thou so oft have boasted to retain?

EDGAR

[Aside] My tears begin to take his part so much,
 They'll mar my counterfeiting.

KING LEAR

The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and
 Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

EDGAR

Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!
 Be thy mouth or black or white,
 Tooth that poisons if it bite;
 Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
 Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
 Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,
 Tom will make them weep and wail:
 For, with throwing thus my head,
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
 Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and
 fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

KING LEAR

Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds
 about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that
 makes these hard hearts?

To EDGAR

You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I
 do not like the fashion of your garments: you will
 say they are Persian attire: but let them be changed.

KENT

Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

KING LEAR

Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:

(*li'si sante*) Pa kapav vini; so bato koule.
 Fam koule loyo, fam koule!

EDGAR

Movezer mofinn ant Pov Tom ar lavwa rosignol
 Tripkorde dan vant Tom rod pwason fre. Aret
 grogne anzlamor. Peyna chawchaw pou twa.

KENT

Sir, repoz ou. Ou paret fatigue.
 Larg ou lekor lor sa bann kousen la.

LIR

Avan, zot prose. Amenn temwayaz
 (*ar Edgar*) Venerab Sefziz, asiz dan ou plas.
 (*ar Boufon*) Ou, aseser enteg, asiz kot li.
 (*ar Kent*) Ofisie tribinal, ou'si pran ou plas.

EDGAR

Fode pa fane!
 Berze, berze aret dormi
 To troupo pe manz dan karo;
 Servi laflit fer zot vini.
 Sino, tansion bel-bel loyo.
 Miaw, miaw! Sat nwar lor baz.

LIR

Pourswiv sannla premie. Li'apel Goneril. Li ti
 koutpie so papa, pov Lerwa Lir.

BOUFON

Madam, eski ou apel Goneril?

LIR

Pa les li koz manti.

BOUFON

Sori madam, mo ti kwar ou enn touk.

LIR

Ala deziem la. So figir traver
 Montre bien so santiman kabose.
 Anpes li sove! Koripsion partou!
 Lazistis foser finn les li sape.

EDGAR

Beni so lespri!

KENT

Mo Segner, kot ou pasians proverbial?

EDGAR

(*ar limem*)

Lasagren chom mwa par lagorz anpes
 Mwa zwe rol.

LIR

Mo'nn fini net! Ti toutou zap ar mwa.

EDGAR

Tom pou fann ar zot. Kouse toutou! Kouse!
 Kanmem to lagel blan ou nwar,
 Kanmem to ledan ena pwazon,
 Kanmem sienderas ou roke,

so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' he morning. So, so, so.

Fool

And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

GLOUCESTER

Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

KENT

Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

GLOUCESTER

Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

KENT

Oppressed nature sleeps:

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.

To the Fool

Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

GLOUCESTER

Come, come, away.

Exeunt all but EDGAR

EDGAR

When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,

Leaving free things and happy shows behind:

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,

He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!

Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!

Lurk, lurk.

Exit

SCENE VII. Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants

CORNWALL

Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him

this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek

out the villain Gloucester.

Exeunt some of the Servants

REGAN

Hang him instantly.

GONERIL

Kanmem long lake, lake koupe,

Tom pou fer twa irle, kriye,

Sot baraz, sove. Katakatakata!

Pov Tom so pos kanze. Chalo, nou'al veye

mortier, fennsifer, lafwar, bazar kot kapav plen

pos.

LIR

Dir zot disek Regann pou kone ki mikrob fer

leker ros. Eh ou la Misie. Ou sipoze dan mo

larme. Enn manier abiye sa? Li kapav lamod

Persan me bizen sanze.

KENT

Mo bon Segner, sey repoze enpe.

LIR

Shououout! Pa fer tapaz. Ris rido. Wi,

koumsamem. Nou va dine gramaten.

BOUFON

Mo va al dormi midi.

(Gloster rantre)

GLOSTER

Vinn la mo bon kamwad. Kot Samazeste?

KENT

Li la; pa deranz li. Latet pa bon.

GLOSTER

Mo bon kamwad, sarye li ale vit!

Mo'nn aprann ena enn plan pou touy li.

Ena enn saret pe atann deor;

Met li ladan e pran sime Dover

Kot zot pou gagn konfor ek protexion.

Fer vit. Si tarde so lavi, pou ou,

Pou tou ki ed li pou zwenn dan tase.

Vit pran li, swiv mwa. Swiv bien instrixion.

KENT

Somey rezilta so soufrans intans

Ti kapav soulaz lespri ek lekor

Me la mo bien per gerizon pou dir.

(ar Boufon)

Ed mwa sarye li!

Ale vinn ar nou!

GLOSTER

Vit! Vit! Pa perdi letan!

(Kent, Gloster ek Boufon sarye Lir, sorti)

EDGAR

Ler nou trouv nou ene pe pas mizer,

Soufrans kalme, nou bliye nou douler.

Kan pas kord tousel, kapav fer nou kwar

Ki zis nou pa konn lape ek boner

Me kan divan nou lezot pe soufer

Li bien pli fasil fer fas marenwar.

Soufrans bwar mexinn! Mo zis pe kourbe

Me mo lerwa li, finn net kabose.

Pluck out his eyes.

CORNWALL

Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD

How now! where's the king?

OSWALD

My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lords dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

CORNWALL

Get horses for your mistress.

GONERIL

Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

CORNWALL

Edmund, farewell.

Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD

Go seek the traitor Gloucester, Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

Exeunt other Servants

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice, yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not control. Who's there? the traitor?
Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two or three

REGAN

Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

CORNWALL

Bind fast his corky arms.

GLOUCESTER

What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

CORNWALL

Bind him, I say.

Servants bind him

REGAN

Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

GLOUCESTER

Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

CORNWALL

To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find--

REGAN plucks his beard

GLOUCESTER

By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

REGAN

So white, and such a traitor!

GLOUCESTER

Enn viktim zanfan; lot viktim papa!

Tom, fer atansion; to ler pou vini

Kan laverite triyonf lor manti.

La, plis enportan se konfor lerwa.

Aster konn kasiet! (*li sorti*)

AK 3 SENN 7

Kornwarl, Regann, Goneril, Edmon ek serviter rantre

KORNWARL (*ar Goneril*)

Vit al zwenn ou mari, Dik Albani, ar sa let la.

Larme Franse finn debarke. - Al sers sa tret

Gloster la! (*detrwa serviter sorti*)

REGANN

Met li pandi!

GONERIL

Tir so lizie!

KORNWARL

Non, les li dan mo lame. Edmon, akonpagn mo

belser. Li pa bon ou prezan ler tortir ou papa

tret koumanse. Konsey Dik Albani, kan ou

zwenn li, prepar vit pou lager. Mo pou fer

parey. Mo bann emiser pou fer navet ant nou.

Orevwar mo ser; orevwar Erl Gloster!

(*Oswarld rantre*)

Kot lerwa?

OSWARLD

Erl Gloster finn ed li sove, ale.

Enn trantenn sevalie lwayal ar li

E lezot ki travay ar Erl Gloster

Finn pran li pou amenn li Dover kot

Zot dir for-for ena soutien arme.

KORNWARL

Prepar seval Madam Goneril! (*Oswarld sorti*)

GONERIL

Orevwar mo bon Segner, orevwar mo ser.

KORNWARL

Orevwar Edmon! (*Goneril ek Edmon sorti*)

Al sers sa tret la!

Atas li kouma voler, amenn li! (*servant sorti*)

Mem si pa kapav kondann li amor

San swiv prosedir, nanye pa anpes

Martiriz li. Mem bann ki pa dakor

Pou konpran 'nou koler'.

(*bann serviter amenn Gloster*)

Ki to dir tret?

REGANN

Vie renar, tret.

KORNWARL

Amar bien so lapo, lezo.

GLOSTER

Kisasa Segner? Zot de pe bliye

Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORNWALL

Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REGAN

Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

CORNWALL

And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

REGAN

To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.

GLOUCESTER

I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

CORNWALL

Cunning.

REGAN

And false.

CORNWALL

Where hast thou sent the king?

GLOUCESTER

To Dover.

REGAN

Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril--

CORNWALL

Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

GLOUCESTER

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

REGAN

Wherefore to Dover, sir?

GLOUCESTER

Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, turn the key,'
All cruels else subscribed: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORNWALL

See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

GLOUCESTER

He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods!

REGAN

One side will mock another; the other too.

CORNWALL

If you see vengeance,--

Zot dan mo lakaz. Ospitalite!

KORNWARL

Pa finn dir zot atas li. (*serviter atas so lame*)

REGANN

Vilen tret!

GLOSTER

Ou konn bien madam, mwa mo pa enn tret.

KORNWARL

Amar li ar sez la. To pou kone –
(*Regann ris so labarb*)

GLOSTER

Onom bienseans! Li plis ki barbar
Ris labarb enn vie bonom.

REGANN

Blan ar laz! Pouri kouma tret!

GLOSTER

Madam leker-ros,
Sak pwal tw'arase pou vinn enn temwen
Kan lazistis zwenn. Zot dan mo lakaz,
Kouma san manier zot kras dan lasiet
Ki'nn donn zot manze. Ki zot lentansion?

KORNWARL

Dir kot let ki Lafrans finn avoy ou.

REGANN

Koz laverite! Pa sey anbet nou.

KORNWARL

Ki konplisite ant ou ek bann tret
Ki fek debarke.

REGANN

Kot ou finn avoy sa lerwa fouka?

GLOSTER

Mo kwar zot pe koz let mo'nn resevwar
Ki enn bon dimoun, pa tret, finn ekrire.

KORNWARL

Fer malen!

REGANN

Me fos!

KORNWARL

Dir nou kot lerwa!

GLOSTER

Dan Dover!

REGANN

Kifer Dover? Ti dir twa...

KORNWARL

Kifer Dover? Reponn nou move tret!

GLOSTER

Dan lizie siklonn! Oblize fer fas!

REGANN

Kifer dan Dover? To pa pou reponn?

GLOSTER

Pou ki mo pa trouv zot grif zaimo

First Servant

Hold your hand, my lord:
I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

REGAN

How now, you dog!

First Servant

If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

CORNWALL

My villain!

They draw and fight

First Servant

Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

REGAN

Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
Takes a sword, and runs at him behind

First Servant

O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O!

Dies

CORNWALL

Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

GLOUCESTER

All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

REGAN

Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLOUCESTER

O my follies! then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

REGAN

Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.

Exit one with GLOUCESTER

How is't, my lord? how look you?

CORNWALL

I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN

Second Servant

Tir so pov lizie; pou anpes to ser
Plonz ledan vanpir dan lekor sakre.
Kan li trouv soufrans enn pov vie bonom
Dan rafal koltar, lamer demonte
Ti pou anvi mont ver lesiel labrez
Pou tengn so saler; me malerezman
Lapli ti nway tou. Si bebet feros
Ti pe irle kot laport lantouraz,
Ou ti pou dir gardien ouver laport.
Pli pir kriote ena so limit.
Mo sir, enn zour pa enn zour, mo pou trouv
Vanzans aveg pini zanfan engra.

KORNWARL

Trouve? Bliye! Anpes li bouze! Les
Mo fons mo talon da fon so lizie.

GLOSTER

Ed mwa seki kwar li'si pou vinn vie!
Ayo bondie! Pran mo lavi bondie!

REGANN

Lot la pou zalou! Pa les li sape!

KORNWARL

To pa pou trouv Vanzans ...

PREMIE SERVITER

Chombo Segner!
Depi mo zanfan, mo'nn travay ar ou
Me zame avan mo finn pli fidel
Ki zordi kan mo pe dir ou 'chombo'.

REGANN

Kisasa? Lisien!

PREMIE SERVITER

Si ti ena labarb lor ou manton,
Lerla, kikfwa... (*Kornwarl tir so lepe*)
Pa fer sa Segner!

KORNWARL

Ti bachara! (*li fons lor li*)

PREMIE SERVITER (*li tir so lepe*)

Ou pe obliz mwa krwaz lepe ar ou.
(*li bles Kornwarl*)

REGANN

Donn mwa to lepe. Salte chouchoundarr!
Ala pou twa! (*Li pik li par deryer*)

PREMIE SERVITER

Mo pe mor Segner. Ou enn lizie bon.
Mo priye ou trouv Vanzans ... Adie! (*li mor*)

KORNWARL

Non, li pa pou trouve! Deor lerim! (*li tir so
deziem lizie*) Ar ki to pou trouve aster? Koze!

GLOSTER

Nwar, nwar, nwar! Partou nwar! Kot twa
Edmon?

Vanz mwa Edmon; vanz maler to papa!

I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

Third Servant

If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

Second Servant

Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

Third Servant

Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
Exeunt severally

REGANN

Dan vid vilen tret! Edmon mars ar nou;
Li finn dir nou tou. To tousel aster.

GLOSTER

Ayo mo mama! Edgar inosan!
Bondie pardonn mwa! Beni mo Edgar!

REGANN

Zet li andeor! Les li renifle
Lapousier Dover. (*enn serviter sorti ar Gloster*)
Segner, ou pa bien?

KORNWARL

Sa koson la finn bles mwa mo Regann.
Debaras kadav! Enn move moman!
Ed mwa! Mo pe segne. (*Kornwarl sorti ede par Regann*)

DEZIEM SERVITER

Si sa boug la prospere, savedir
Drwatir finn mor.

TRWAZIEM SERVITER

Si so fam viv lontan
E finalman mor lamor natirel,
Lerla tou bann fam pou vinn mons.

DEZIEM SERVITER

Nou'al ed ErI Gloster. Fer malad mantal
Amenn li partou. Fasil zot rantre
Kot lezot pa kapav.

TRWAZIEM SERVITER

Twa al touzour!
Mo'al rod kataplas pou pans so blesir. (*Zot sorti par lot laport*)

TO WIND UP

Some will argue that all this is a waste of time and energy for Mauritius is, according to them, a fully literate and multilingual country. Debating this issue with them is a waste of time and energy. Better concentrate on helping those who know that a serious problem exists and who think that new ideas are essential if we want the country to move from a middle income economy to a high income one; if we want to develop a national identity; if we want to make of democracy a way of life.

UBFL AND ECONOMIC GROWTH

Mauritius has moved from primary technology to intermediate and high technology over a rather short period of time (approximately 60 years) and consequently many still think that literacy is useful only in office work and manual workers and artisans/craftsmen do not need it. The IT revolution is also the revenge of literacy and today any society which wants to move forward must aim at universal literacy as a first step. To keep abreast of latest technological developments all Mauritian workers must be fully literate in both Morisien and English for to be efficient they have to embrace lifelong learning which is the "ongoing, voluntary, and self-motivated pursuit of knowledge for either personal or professional reasons. Therefore, it not only enhances social inclusion, active citizenship and personal development, but also competitiveness and employability. The term recognizes that learning is not confined to childhood or the classroom but takes place throughout life and in a range of situations. During the last fifty years, constant scientific and technological innovation and change has had a profound effect on learning needs and styles. Learning can no longer be divided into a place and time to acquire knowledge (school) and a place and time to apply the knowledge acquired (the workplace). Instead, learning can be seen as something that takes place on an on-going basis from our daily interactions with others and with the world around us." (Wikipedia)

The fact that Mauritius is now a maritime republic compels us to reconsider the content of lifelong learning which will have to put heavy emphasis on marine sciences and engineering. Land based culture will eventually play second fiddle to ocean based culture and we will have to motivate great numbers of young people to aim at advanced bilingual literacy to explore, exploit and preserve our resources.

RAINBOW NATION AND DEMOCRACY

But the main task ahead is the building of a rainbow nation where UNITY IN DIVERSITY is not an empty slogan. It's not an easy task for the conflict between centrifugal and centripetal tendencies will continue to harass us, at times thwarting our efforts to build supra-ethnic values. Can UBFL HELP? Our answer is yes for the following reasons:

- A literate and educated population is more likely to understand issues at stake and will distinguish truth from falsehood, facts from rumours and gossip, knowledge from propaganda, objective reasoning from demagoguery.
- Literacy and education make people more open-minded and open-mindedness helps us to distinguish between routine practice and fundamental values. Those who study sacred literature like the Bible, the Bhagavad-Gita or the Holy Koran will discover truths which selfish interests hide. UBFL will encourage genuine translations of all sacred texts into the two main languages of Mauritius and thus promote genuine knowledge and unity.
- UBFL will most certainly give a boost to literary creation which will offer healthy entertainment to the population, develop sensitivity and imagination, make Morisien and English more vibrant and raise the standard of education.
- Democracy will be made robust, dynamic and active not simply as a system of government but as a way of life.
- It is also believed that UBFL might contribute enormously to our fight against Alzheimer and schizophrenia.

THIS IS AN ACT OF FAITH WHICH GIVES MEANING TO LIFE.

18 November 2012