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| **English** | **Ijunta** |
| Jan came from a poor family and had not learned to read as a child. Thoughtful but not a sad man, Jan had lost his father and mother at a very young age. His mother had died after falling sick and not getting the care she needed. Jan’s father, a tree-cutter like himself, had been killed after falling out of a tree.  Jan’s only family was an older sister who was married with seven children, both boys and girls. She took him in and provided Jan with food and a room to sleep in.  The sister’s husband died when the eldest of the seven children was eight years old and the youngest, just one.  Since Jan had just turned twenty-five he took the father’s place, and in his turn, supported the sister who had brought him up. This was done simply and without question as a duty. Having spent his young years in poorly-paid labour, Jan had never known a “kind woman friend” or found the time to fall in love.  Each day Jan would return at night, bitterly tired, and eat his meal without saying a word. The children were always starving, so they were often given the best parts of his meal – perhaps a slice of cheap meat or chicken – but he never once complained.  Sometimes the children went and asked their next-door friend for a bottle of milk, saying that their mother had sent them, which they drank behind a tree or in some corner. They would each grab at the bottle so greedily that the rich, creamy milk would spill on their clothes and down their necks. If their mother had learned what they did, she would have punished their bad behaviour most harshly. But Jan would quietly pay the lady behind their mother’s back, and the children were not punished.  Jan earned nineteen sous a day during spring and summer. In autumn he looked for jobs on nearby farms as a work hand, feeding the cows, pigs, and horses. He did whatever he could. His sister worked too but with seven little children, you may understand that it was nothing near to the amount that was needed. It was a sad little group with very little happiness.  Then a very hard winter came. Jan had no work. The family had no bread. No bread at all. Seven children! Jan thought and thought desperately about the problem. Where would they find food? How would they live? Who could they ask for help?  One Sunday evening, the baker on Church Street was preparing to go to bed when he heard a large crash at the front of his shop. He arrived in time to see an arm pass through a hole in the glass, grabbing a large piece of bread. The baker ran after the fleeing man who was captured, despite him running as fast as could be managed on his weak and weary legs. The thief had thrown away the loaf, but his bleeding arm still gave him away. It was Jan.  It will surprise no-one to learn that in 1795, the law had no patience for those who felt the need to steal, or to break windows and enter an inhabited house at night, no matter how terrible their circumstances might be. No forgiving angel would fly down from the sky this time; Jan was condemned to five years in French prison.  As the judge sternly said from on top of his towering chair, “I take no pleasure in the punishment of the wicked, sir. After paying your debt to society through hard labour, I hope that you will understand the virtue of turning back from your wickedness.”  As you will see though, Jan was not content to wait out a sentence that he believed to be thoroughly unjust.  Once at the prison camp, Jan no longer had a name, but simply a number: two-four-six-zero-one. Days and months of hard labour left no time to reflect upon or even remember the family he had lost.  After four years Jan tried to escape. He was recaptured after two days in the fields, having not eaten or slept for thirty-six hours. For his crime, Jan received an extension of his jail term for three years, making eight in total. In the sixth year he would try again, eventually found at night by his captors in the bottom of a boat being built nearby. Five more years added to his sentence. Thirteen years. It would be another four years before Jan would have another chance, but failed once again. Three more years for this new attempt. Sixteen years. For his last escape attempt, Jan only succeeded in freeing himself for a little more than four hours. Three years added for those four hours. Nineteen years. It would not be until October 1815 that Jan was let go; nineteen years of pain and suffering for breaking a pane of glass and taking a loaf of bread in a hopeless attempt to feed his family.  As he left the prison for the final time, a free man, Jan showed no emotion on his face at all. What had taken place in his heart and soul while caged for all that time? | Jan e po fami e povo an du no etudi ileje e pende kinde. E mui pensa pero no mise, Jan du kare sio papa an mama kon ano e mui meno. Sio mama du mori posi ave idebile an no inadono ade ke si vole. Papa o Jan, cata o aba idem si, du mori posi ikado de ado.  Sole fami o Jan ida sibi e feme ke du mari kon seben kinde, feme an viro. Si du ado en domo an si du dona manja po Jan an kamala po sopora.  Nubo o sibi du mori e pende de ma antika o seben sibi ide ete an da meno ujana, sole uno.  Kodo Jan du veni a duosen-sinko ano e punto, si du toma lokum o nubo, an en jira, du patero sibi ke du ade po si. Di ifasi du pasa e fasile an kon no petito sama debe. Ipendo sio ano e ujana en mano ke du pendo e mini, Jan du no isavi “feme e ubuntu” u du loke tempo uveni amaro.  Koke dia Jan du veni ada domo de kalite, mui fatigo, an manja intera dire no uno sole nomi. Kinde famine e tempale, e junta si du donere da ma bon peso o manja – e punto kata e mini kota o kara u polo – pero si ni keri, no de uno.  E punto kinde du motu an petito sio amiko o janu e lado po ampula o laki, idire ke sio mama du mito, ki si du bibe anti de aba u aliki anguli. Si koke du kapa ampula e mui kupio ke opesa, laki e masama laki du gotama en ropa an subo sio kolum. Se sio mama me savi daki si du fase, si me mui punio e pule sia po sio ato e mala. Pero dosum o sio mama e anti, Jan du ipendo e umbe dafeme e junta kinde du no punio.  Jan adono de mano sen-nin susa e pende luse o fiore an fugo. E pende luse o foli si jage po laboro e mano ada agi en visini, dona manja ada bovi, suse, an ekusa. Si du fase ale ke si de ufase. Sio sibi laboro su pero kon seben kinde e mini, tu usavi ke di no visini deke siale du ivole. Ida junta e mise an mini kon joli e mui mini.  E punto luse o jelu e mui duro du veni. Jan du no ava laboro. Fami du no ava pan. Non pan, nula. Seben kinde! Jan du pensa an pensa e mui ansi de duro. Siale me loke manja kaloke? Sialo me viva kafase? Siale petito kato po ade?  Aliki sebendia kalite, panero en jalan o relijonela du inadaro po sopora ke si du ia sono e laje ada ante o vendela. Si du veni kon tempo imira rama atigo kon peso e laje o pan via seko o feneta. Panero kuri posi ito e ifuji ke du capa, tamen si kuri e da ma rapi ke utunomi en noga e debile an fatigo. Rapio du jeti pan, pero sio rama e sange du demo si ankora. Ida Jan.  Nonito igo miro isetudi ke de 1795, jura ave no patio po ito ke resolu irapio, u irompe feneta an motu enloke o domo kon itole de kalite, ankora se sialo daradu e malema. No anjo o ukitedu me vola suba de selo e di punto; Jan du puniodu de siko ano en inkase o Furansu.  Po juraro dire e imperi supa sio reki e tingima, “Mi no ava ijoli pero ipunio ito e male, maje. Posi tu pendo tuo debe ada komun via mano e duro, mi deside ke tu usavima dikosa po ifasi bonedu.”  Po tu go mira, Jan du no konten ideside pende ki si pensa e mui no jura.  Posi en loke o inkase, Jan no ave e posi punte nomi, pero solo numa: duo-fio-sita-nula-uno. Mano e duro po mui dia an mui lunon lase no tempo po ikisa u iretine sio fami ke du lase.  Posi fio ano, Jan tenta ifuji. Si du re kapa posi duo dia en agi, no imanja u isopora po dari-sen-sita ora. De irompe jura, Jan adono mui puniodu de dari ano, itota ete. De sita ora si me re tenta, interama iloke de kalite pera kaparu en suba o navi. Sinko ano e pule supa sio puniodu. Sen-dari ano. Jan me re tenta de ota fio ano e pule, pero re dese. Dari ano e pule po di nu tenta. Sita-sen ano. Po sio tenta e fini, Jan me seki ilibera e solo fio an mui mini ora. Dari ano pule po dale fio ora. Sen-nin ano. No juse sen lunon 1815 ke Jan du libera; Sen-nin ano kon mui duka po rompe foli de feneta an itoma pan po itenta e nula utila po imanja sio fami.  Po si kite inkase de tempo e fini, ito e libera, Jan demo fasi de nula emoti. Ka me evento en kore an anima, intera si du kapa e da ale pende? |