
*odolenge, ko sikavnahi mange
aḍa čhib taj phukavnahi mange
adana šukár paramissa*

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Series editors: Barbara Schrammel-Leber, Dieter W. Halwachs

Grazer Linguistische Monographien / GLM

treffpunkt sprachen

Forschungsbereich Plurilingualismus

Heinrichstraße 26/2

8010 Graz / Austria

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ISBN 978-3-901600-32-6

Andi paramisi sig džal

Time goes fast in fairytales

Text collection of
South Central Romani in Hungary

Recorded and transcribed by Zuzana Bodnárová
English translation by Zuzana Bodnárová,
Jakob Wiedner and Eliška Perevorská

Project output of internal grants of the Faculty of Arts of the
Charles University in Prague 2013 (VG 011)

2013

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Introduction

Akánig má avka šaj vakeras, asar kamas, čak má náne kasaha te vakeren. “Today we can talk as much as we want but there’s nobody left to talk to”, a speaker of South Central Romani said to me once after listing all the reasons that in his opinion have led to language shift in his village. He himself thought that society’s attitude towards Romani was changing for the better, perhaps also thanks to standardization efforts related to the Vlax Romani dialect in Hungary. It is, however, questionable, whether in the case of South Central Romani it is not too late.

South Central Romani is a dialect spoken not only in Hungary but also in Slovakia, Austria and Slovenia. In Hungary speakers of this dialect can be found in the Nógrád and Pest counties and in the Transdanubian region and their numbers are estimated at several hundred. The great majority of active speakers are of the elderly and middle generations. By contrast, a village where the youngest generation actively speaks this dialect of Romani is rather an exception. Therefore, South Central Romani is at high risk of extinction in Hungary.

I first encountered South Central Romani during a language course offered by the Romani Studies department at Charles University in Prague. Shortly after completing the course I travelled to Pécs in Hungary to study, and during my time there I visited a nearby village called Versend where speakers of South Central Romani live. Several visits followed and in the summer of 2008 I decided to move into the village with the aim of writing my thesis on the grammar of Versend Romani. In the end I spent almost a year in this village which explains why the Versend variety is the most represented one in this collection. After completing this field research, I travelled to other Hungarian villages where speakers of South Central Romani lived. I documented local varieties of Romani mainly through dialectological surveys which were a part of linguistic projects conducted at Charles University. In addition to translations of individual phrases of the survey I also tried to record spontaneous conversations with the speakers to complement the data gained through the translation of Hungarian phrases. Therefore the remainder of this collection originated as a “by-product” of such dialectological research.



The texts in this collection were recorded with nine speakers, five women and four men, residing in six villages in seven different counties: Nógrádszakál and Mátraverebély (Nógrád county), Csobánka (Pest county), Versend (Baranya county), Fertőrákos (Sopron county), Nemesapáti (Zala county) and Kisbajom (Somogy county). Speakers from the first three villages speak the so-called Romungro subdialect of South Central Romani, whereas speakers from the last three villages speak the so-called Vend subdialect. Versend Romani is a transitional variety between these subdialects. I chose the texts so that – apart from showing several South Central Romani dialects – they would be of ethnographic value. Using common Romani themes such as storytelling, tales about the dead or witches, seemed to be a good strategy, because older speakers were usually happy to be able to speak about the old times when storytelling was a part of their everyday life. I have divided the texts into three parts. The first part called “Fairytale” contains some more or less well-known fairytales including several stories with fairytale elements. Even though the tradition of storytelling had been lost long before my visit, fairytales and stories in this collection have been told by those who had experienced this tradition as children. Therefore, in addition to the actual fairytales and stories, I sometimes also include supporting interviews that provide either additional information or storytellers’ comments and thoughts about the texts. The second part called “It is a real story, not a fairytale” includes stories about the dead, witches, healers, dreams, witchcraft and cursing. The last section entitled “Songs” contains the song from the Auschwitz concentration camp recorded in Fertőrákos, as well as several other Romani-

Hungarian songs from Versend. All fairytales, stories and songs included in the collection were recorded and transcribed by myself between 2008 and 2011. The recordings have been archived in the recordings database of the *Romani Studies Department* at Charles University in Prague, and partly at the *Plurilingualism Research Unit* of *treffpunkt sprachen* at the University of Graz. I have not made any grammatical or standardization corrections in the texts, except for the necessary minor stylistic editing. For example, in the Romani texts the redundant use of conjunctions such as “and then” was fully preserved, as well as repeated opening of quotations with “he/she said”; however, these elements have often been omitted from the English translation to maintain the flow of the text. Grammatical or content errors in the Romani texts have been marked with the symbol (*sic*), whereas in the English translation the correct forms have been used for reasons of clarity. Having said that, we have attempted to translate the spontaneous spoken discourse into English with the aim of making it sound as authentic as possible.

This collection’s main purpose is to contribute to the documentation of the disappearing varieties of Romani in Hungary. Therefore it is intended mainly for those interested in the Romani language and its dialects. However, based on the content of the texts, it can also serve as an interesting and enjoyable piece of reading for anyone eager to immerse themselves into the world of fairytales, ghost stories and magic.

Zuzana Bodnárová

Paramissa

Fairytales

The Wind

Roma used to tell this story about wind, about what wind is like.

Well, once a Rom went out to the field. The Sun, the Wind and the Moon were all in the sky at the same time. They were sitting there side by side. Well, the Rom went to the Sun and he didn't greet the Sun. He went to the Moon and he didn't greet the Moon. He reached the Wind. He bowed three times to greet the Wind properly. The Sun told him: "Just you wait! Since you didn't greet me, this summer I will completely burn you, I will bake you, I will beam so much heat on you!" He says: "I don't care it being so hot if the wind blows!" He now goes to the Moon. The Moon says: "Just you wait Gypsy, this winter I will make you freeze!" The Rom answered: "I don't care if the wind blows!"

It's because when the wind blows in hot weather, the air doesn't feel that hot. And if there is no wind in winter, the place is calm. Then it's not that cold. That's why the Rom greeted the wind, because the wind is always blowing, both in winter and in summer. Sometimes it's a cold wind, sometimes warm.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

The dead man

This is about one poor Rom.

Once upon a time, there lived in this world a poor Rom, his poor wife, and they had a lot of children. Well, these people lived so poorly that some days they had no money for food. Well, they hadn't eaten one day. The next day the poor Rom told his wife: "I'm going, and I won't come home until I find something to bring for the children to eat." Well, the wife said: "Go, but don't be too late because, you see, they haven't eaten for one day, so the second day would already be a problem for them."

So the poor man went, he set off on his journey. He walked and walked from one village to another, he couldn't get a job, and he couldn't even get one forint, nothing. So the night came, what could he do, poor man, he had to go back to his village. He didn't have anywhere to sleep and he had left his chil-

Balval

O róma mešélinnah' aďa, káj hoď i balval savi hi.

Há jekvar o rom géja ári upri mezóva. O kham, i balval taj o holdo jekvarsa síne upro nébo. Jekvarsa jeleninde. Hát džal o romóra, džal uzar o kham. Na parikérel ole khameske. Džal uzar o holdo, na parikérel le holdoske. Résel uzi balval. Tríval hajlitínel pe, parikérel la balvajake. Phénel leske o kham “No užár tu rom! Adá línaj, mível na parikerďal mange, thará tut, péká tut” phénel, “tejješen, aso tatípe dá upre tute!” Phénel óv: “Nem baj” phénel, “t' aso tatíp' óvla, čak i balval nek phúdel!” Papaleg džal mer o holdo. Phénel o holdo: “Užár tu rom, adá jévend faďastiná tut!” Phénel óv: “Nem baj, čak i balval te na phúdel!”

Mer i balval te phúdel ando baro tatípe, ako o levegó nán aso táto. A te náne bari balval ando jévend, čendešno h' o than. Ako nán aso šil. Azér parikerďa óv ola balvajake, mer hát i balval mindig phúdel, te línaj te jévend. Káj šudri, káj táti hi.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Múlo

Upral o jék čoro rom.

Káthar síne káthar nána, sin upro világo jék čoro rom, čori romni taj but čhavóra len síne. Hát avka dživnahi čoróra, hoď upral o dí upro divesa na jutinlahi lenge upro háben lóvo. Hát jék dí má na hále. Áver dí phénel o čoro mánuš pra romňake: “Džav, addig khére n' avá, még na alakhá valaso, so šaj aná le čhávenge te han.” Há phénel i romni: “Dža, de ma áčhov butá-jig, mer” phénel, “díkhes, má jék dí na hále, dujto dí má” phénel, “bajošn' óvla lenca.”

Há géja o čoro mánuš, indulínďa. Há džal, džal andar o gáva gaveste, nikháj na dobínel búti, nikháj náš te serzínel mi ni jék forinto, ništa. Hát áj' i keráti, so te kérel čoro mánuš, hát pál mus te džal an pro gav. Mer hát na dobínel ni sálláši, taj khér mukj' ole čhavóren. Hát sar džal khér

dren at home. As he walked home, his way led through a forest. And he was so sad, that he didn't look around, he just kept going. Then he got tired so he sat down under a tree. As he was sitting there, poor man, suddenly he looked up. Well, something hit his head. Now what can it be? Well, he looked up, there was a hanged man! Well, he thought, whatever happens, he will take some of this man's flesh home. So that his children have something to eat, they will cook it for them. So he cut away a part of the man's rib. He took out his liver, and he took out his heart, the entrails.

So he arrived home saying that he has brought some meat. He told his wife to get some flour and make *puña*, a kind of bread. "And then," he says, "the children will have a meal." So they cooked and they ate until they were full. At night they went to bed. Then midnight came. Suddenly the dead man appeared in the window, shouting inside: "Give me my rib back, give me my liver back, give me my heart back, poor man!" Well, the poor Rom got scared, he ducked down and said: "Ah, what's happening, what's happening!" Well, the man shouted again: "Give me my rib back, my liver, my heart!" How could they give it back now that they have already eaten it, there is nothing left. So the dead man left, he didn't get anything back so he left.

The following night at twelve, the dead man came again. Again he shouted at them: "Give me my rib back, give me my liver back, give me my heart back! Because I cannot sleep without them, I cannot rest!" The wife said to her husband: "You, my husband, what kind of meat did you bring, what was this?" Then the Rom said: "I couldn't get anything anywhere, no job, nothing. As I was coming back home through the forest, there was a hanged man. So I brought meat from his rib, I brought his liver and I brought his heart. That is what we ate."

And on the third day again the dead man came, begging for his flesh, for his rib. The woman went out; she went down on her knees under the sky. She said: "Ah, my sweet God, help us! Give him his rib back, his livers, his heart, because without them he won't have his rest, and neither will we have our rest. This poor man comes here every night." Then the sky opened, the sweet God descended. He said: "Because you're so poor, and you believe in me, you believe that God exists, you always pray, I will help you. I will bring him up to the paradise, and there he will get his body parts back. And after that he won't ever come back and beg you for what you've taken away from him." Then the sweet God took him up, the dead man, and the next day he didn't return.

At that time there were a lot of us children. And we were sitting and listening carefully. And when we didn't pay attention, the person who was telling the story, he would bang on the table: "HERE is the dead man!" We almost got a heart attack! The story ended with this.

felé, leskro drom prikal o vész vezetinda. Pa aññira búšulimo síne, káj ni na diklahi ništa, čak džalahi. P' ako thinija, pa tél bešta tal jék kašt. Odoj sar béšel čoro, jekvarsa čak upre čhídel avka pál pro šéro. Hát valaso čalađa leskro šéro. Hát akán so šaj ól adá! Há díkhel upre, jék mánuš upre pe akastinda, jék akastotno mánuš sín' odoj! Hát akán phénel, má akárso óvla, óv andal adaleskro mas khér ledžla. Pa nek han o čháve, távna lenge le. A tél čhinda andar leskro pašváro jék kotor. A leskro búko ár líña, taj leskro jílo, belšóšégo ár leske líña.

Hát džal khére, phénel, káj hoď serzinda mas. Nek ródel i romni zalog járo, nek kérel asi puňa, asi koláča. "P' ako," phénel, "óvla so te han ole čhavóren." Hát táde, láche ánd hále. Keráti tél pašlíle. Hát ál i dešudúj óri. Jekvarsa čak ál o múlo upro bloko, vičinel ánde: "De pále mro pašváro, de pále mro búko, de pále mro jílo, čoro rom!" Hát o čoro rom daraníja, ekethán pe cidinda, hoď: "Jaj akának so óvla, so óvla!" Hát papaleg vičinel ánde, hoď hát: "De pále mro pašváro, mro búko, mro jílo!" Ha káthar le te del pále, kan hále len, náne. Hát géja peske, na dobinda pále ništa, géja peske.

Áver rat dešudúj órakor papal čak ál o múlo upro bloko. Vičinel lenge ánde papaleg: "De pále mro pašváro, de pále mro búko, de pále mro jílo! Mer bi adana náš te pihenínáv, náš te ñugsínáv!" Phénel i romni le romeske: "Tu rom," phénel, "savo mas andal tu, vaď so sín adá?" Há phénel o rom: "Hát na dobindom níkháj ništa, ni búti, ni náš te serzindom ništa." Phénel: "Sar ájom khér felé ando vész, odoj síne jék mánuš upre akastimo. P' akor andal odoleskro ódalo andom, andal odoleskro búko andom taj leskro jílo andom." Phénel: "Odá hájam."

Há akának papaleg trito dí ál o múlo, pál mangel pre servi, pro ódalo. I romni ár géja, pa tél betlinda tal o nébo. Phénel: "Ej mro gulo Délóro, šegítin upr' amende! De pále leske leskro pašváro, leskre búki, leskro jílo, mer" phénel, "bi adá n' óvla ni le ñugváši, taj ni amen náne ñugváši." Phénel: "Saki rat ável čoro adaj." Akkor phrádija o nébo, tél ája o gulo Dél. Phénel: "Mivel ase čore san, éš páťan an mande káj si Dél, molínen mindig," phénel, "hát šegítiná upre tumende. Upre le ledžá upro meñorságo, p' odoj pál dobinla pro servo. P' ako adá buter n' óvla, hoď fojton avla te mangel tumendar, so líñan lestar." Akkor upre le leged" o gulo Dél, ole múle, p' akor áver dí má n' ája.

Akor amen samahi but čhavóra. Akko bešahamhi, nadba fídelinahamhi. P' ako kana na líñam ésre, ako ko mešélinel, upri kafidi čalavlahi: "Akk h' múlo!" Akko maj fráso dobinahamhi! Adaleha vígo h' i paramisi.

Adá iš mre nadbáčistar šundom. Taj hát butera džéne iš má mešélinnahi le, o phuredera. Taj t' o térne mešélinnahi pumáre čhávenge, čak ungrika.

I also heard this one from my uncle. And there were more people who used to tell this story, the elders. And also the young people used to tell this story to their children, but only in Hungarian. In Hungarian it sounds better, as he was shouting: “*Aaah, my rib, aah my liver, aah my heart.*”¹ It rhymes better in Hungarian, you know? But the old man, my uncle, told this story in Romani. At that time they didn’t speak that much in Hungarian as they do now. He used to tell stories in Romani.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

Nine

But who should I tell you a story about? About Kilenc. That’s what they called the boy, the strong Janči, Kilenc, which means “nine”. That’s what they called him.

Once upon a time there lived a poor woman. She had only one child and she named him Jánoš. That was his name. The boy didn’t do anything; he just ate and hanged around outside the house. In the neighbourhood there also lived a rich man, a *Gadjo* (i.e. non-Romani man), who was building a new house for himself. And they didn’t know how to install a beam in the house, you know, the one in the middle. So they had made timber before, they put a very big timber in the middle as a girder. But they didn’t know how to put it up. His mother said to Jánoš: “Come on Jánoš,” she said, “you see, how hard they are trying, why don’t you help them! Don’t just lie around here!” She said: “Go and help them put up that timber, all together you’ll be stronger!” Jánoš stood up slowly and tramped over to them. He said to them: “Go away from there!” He drove them aside, grabbed the timber with one hand and put it up alone. Everybody was surprised that there was such a strong man in this lazy boy but only if he wanted. After that he went home. His mother said to him: “Jánoš, you could bring home some money, if you’re that strong. Go from village to village and work! Go and help where they build houses! And they will have a use for you because you’re that strong.” So Jánoš said: “All right, mother, I will go, and I will try to get a job, so that I can be of use.”

And so he went to another village. There was one some ten kilometres away so he went there. And there was a building site, the king was building some-

1 The language switch to Hungarian is indicated in italics.

Ungrika feder ár avlahi, mer vičínlahi ánde: “*JAĴ az ódalam, JAĴ a májam, JAĴ a szívem.*” Ungrika feder rímélínel, džánes? De o phúro amenge románe phenlahi. Akko na vakernahi avka nađon ungrika sar akának. Odá románe amenge phenlahi.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Kilenc

De upral kaste tuke te phénav jék paramisi? Upral o Kilenc. Avka nevezinde ole čháve, erőš Janči, Kilenc, éňa. Avka leske phennahi.

Káthar síne, káthar nána, síne upro világo jék čori manušni. Odola síne jék edetlenno jék čhávo, avka nevezindá le hoď Jánoš. Odá síne leskro ánav. Odá čhá na kerlahi ništa, čak halahi taj árval luštálkodínlah’ and’ udvara. Ando somsédo pa bešlahi jék barvalo mánuš, gádžo, ko kerađa nevo kher peske. Pa na džannahi i salufa upre te čhin upro kher, džánes, ando maškar. Ezelét avka kernahi gerenda, hoď ando maškar čhivnahi jék thuli gerenda, oďa meštergerenda. P’ oďa náš t’ upre te čhivnahi. Phénel leskri daj leske: “Dža Jánoš,” phénel, “díkhes so senvedínen, šegítin te tu! Ma čak adaj heverin!” Phénel: “Dža šegítin te tu, pa nek čhín upr’ oďa gerenda, tuha iš buter džéne óvna!” O Jánoši báre pháre upr’ uštiňa upral i phuv, prik cammogindá. Phénel lenge: “Arakhenen áthar!” Sakone félre trádindá, astarďa jékhe vasteha, upre čhiťfa i gerenda korkóre. Sako čodákozindá, hoď andar adá luštavo čhá savo zoralo mánuš šaj óvlahi te kamlahi. Ako khér géja. Ako phenda leske leskri daj: “Jánoš, adaleha šaj rodehahi” phénel, “zalog lóvo uzo kher, káj tu aso zoralo sal. Dža gávendar gávende, káj te šaj dógozínes. Káj építkezéši hi, dža segédin odoj! P’ ako tuke lenahi tri hasna, mer hát káj aso zorálo sal.” Hát phénel o Jánoši: “Láche hi, něňo, induliná, pa próbáliná te dógozínen, te érvéňešliná.”

Hát géja ando áver gav. Uzar pumáro jék deš kilométerja dureder síne jék gav, géja odoj. Hát odoj építkezéši síne, o kiráji építkezinlahi. Phénel o Jánoši, káj óv segédinla uz leste te dógozínen, de te dela le aťi te han, so óv šaj hal. O kiráji lošanda, káj na kampil lóvo te den, phénel: “Eďezinaham,”

thing there. Jánoš said he would start working, if he was given as much food as he could eat. The king was happy that he didn't have to give him money and he said: "We agree, of course, you will get it." So he ate every day as much as nine men eat for breakfast, lunch and dinner together. He was given food three times a day. In the end the king didn't have any more pigs, any more chicken, nothing. Because he had eaten everything, this Jánoš. He ate two, three pigs for each meal, three times a day. He ate very much, and so they called him Kilenc which means "nine". He ate as much as nine men, so they named him this.

He had already enough of the king and he said: "I'll go a bit further." Now he won't work for food any more but for money. And again he went into another country where there was another king. There he also started working. That king had a daughter, whom he would give as a wife to someone who can hide himself so that she won't be able to find him. So Jánoš said: "I will try." But when the girl, the king's daughter, saw him, she liked him very much. She said: "Alas, if only he could hide so that I wouldn't be able to find him!" This girl had such an ability, this king's daughter, that she could go out to the balcony of the palace, there she rubbed her eyes and then she could see everything. She had such a good eyesight that she could even see inside a mouse-hole.

And so Jánoš went, the first day he went to the wind, greeted it and said: "Dear godmother, I came to ask you to hide me, so that the princess cannot find me." The wind, this old woman, said: "Of course, yes," she said, "just come here, I will take you to the sky, behind a cloud. I will take you down, there she will not find you." So she took Jánoš up. The next day came. The girl went out, looked around. But he wasn't there, she couldn't see him. She said: "He is not on the ground so I need to look at the sky." And she looked at the sky and she saw him ducked behind a cloud. She said to him: "Jánoš, come down, you are there, behind the cloud, I can see you!" So the poor boy had to come down. Again he went back to the king's court. He slept there for another night.

But where to hide the next day? He went to the moon and said to him: "Dear grandfather, can you hide me so that the king's daughter cannot find me? Otherwise they will behead me." So the old moon spoke: "Just come, Jánoš, I will put you up to the highest mountain that touches the sky." He said: "I will bring you there. Maybe she won't see you there." And another day came. In the morning the girl got up and went out. She rubbed her eyes; on the ground she didn't see Jánoš. So where could he be now? She looked once more and again, but he was nowhere to be seen, so she said to her father: "I don't see him anywhere." Her father said: "Just rub your eyes once more, you will find him! Don't be sly!" The poor girl was thinking to herself that she wished she couldn't see him, because she liked him. She went out, rubbed her eyes again and she could see him there behind the mountain, sitting there. She said to him: "Jánoš, come out, here you are, behind

phénel, “já, hát perse, káj dobineha.” Hát šukáre sako dí ati halahi sar avera éňa manuša upro reggeli, ebédo, vačora. Trival dobinlahi. Má upro vígo nán ole kiráji ni bále, ni kaňha, ni ništa. Mer adá sa hája le, o Jánoši. Mer sako dí dúj vad’ tríne bálengro mas halahi upre trívaleste. Naďon but halahi, azér nevezinde le Kilenciske, éňa. Avka hoď éňa manušengro háben halahi, azér le nevezinde odoleske.

Ako má uzo kiráji elégedinďa le, phénel: “Džav zalog dureder.” Akán má na habeneske dógozinla, hanem lóske. Há géja papal and jék áver orságo, káj odoj síne o áver kiráji. Odoj iš segédinďa. Hát odoj pa avka síne, káj síne le kiráji jék čhaj, kas odoleske díňa romeste, ko džannahi latar avka te bujinel, hoď te na le alákhel. Hát phénel o Jánoši: “Me próbáliná.” A má kan dikja le i čhaj, kirájiskri rakli, ako má teccinďa lake naďon. Phénel: “Jaj, bárčak avka te šaj bujinlahi, káj te na le alakháhi!” Ola rakja p’ aso tulajdonšágo síne, ola kirájiskra čha, káj ár džalahi upre pro erkéjo kaštéjakro, p’ ako derželinlahi pre áťha. P’ akor vígig šaj diklahi. Ase áťha la síne, káj még andi egérluk iš án diklahi.

Hát géja o Jánoši, elšómno dí géja uzi balval. Parikerďa lake, phénel lake, la balvajake: “Kedveš öregaňám, ájom uz tute, hoď na-e garuvehahi man avka, hoď te na man alákhel i kirájkišassoňa.” Phénel i balval, i aňóka, hoď: “Dehoď na,” phénel, “av čak,” phénel, “ledžá tut upre upro nébo, pal jék felhó. Tél tut čhivá, odoj talán n’ alakla tut.” Hát upre iš legeďa le Jánoši. Hát ável áver dí. I rakli ár džal, díkhel körúl. Hát náne, na díkhel. Phénel: “Upri phuv náne, akán” phénel, “ál o nébo.” Há upre tekintínel upro nébo. Há díkhel le, káj odoj kucorgínel pal o felhó. Phénel leske: “Jánoš, av téle, odoj sal pal o felhó, díkhav tut!” Hát čoro tél mus t’ ája. Papal pál géja andi kirájiskri udvara. Jék rat súťa odoj.

Hát áver dí akán káj te džal? Džalah’ uzo holdo. Phénel le holdoske, káj: “Öregapám, na garuvehahi man avka, hoď te na man alákhel i kirájkišassoňa? Mer tél man fejezinna, te trival na garuvav man avka, hoď te na man alákhel. Ako tél man fejezinna.” Há phénel o phuro holdo: “Av čak Jánoš, maj me ledžá tut pal o legbaredereskro berdo, so résel o nébo.” Phénel: “Odoj pálal tél tut čhivá,” phénel, “odoj talán n’ alakla tut.” Hát ável áver dí. Upr’ ušťel i rakli raťaha, ár džal. Derželínel pre áťha, upri phuv na díkhel le, upro nébo na díkhel le. Hát akán káj šaj ól o Jánoši? Papaleg még jekvar, na, dúvar, phénel pre dadeske: “Na díkhav le nikháj.” Phénel leskro dad: “Čak derželin még jekvar tri jak, majd alakheha le!” Phénel: “Ma óv rafínálni!”, phénel. Oďa čori p’ an peste oďa mislinďa, bár te na le díkháhi, mer teccinďa lake. Ár géja, papaleg derželinďa pre áťha, hát díkhel le, káj odoj hi pal o berdo, odoj gugolínel. Phénel leske: “Jánoš, av ári, adaj sal pal o legučeder berdo, pal leskro dumo.” – *Hát nincs háta az erdőnek* čak andi paramisi. – “Pal leskro

the highest mountain, behind its back.” – *So the mountain doesn’t have a back*, only in the fairytale. – “Behind its back,” she said, “there you are.” So the poor boy did what he had to do, he had to come out as she had found him.

So the poor boy walked and walked, up and down. Now he didn’t have anybody else to turn to but the sun. That’s where he had to go to get help. And so he went. The sun said: “Just come, I will hide you behind my back and when she wants to look out for you, I will burn her eyes. But if that doesn’t work either, then I don’t know where else to hide you.” And it took him up and hid him behind its back, down there. In the morning the princess came out. She looked over the ground but he was nowhere to be seen. She looked into the air but he was not there. She looked up to the sky but she couldn’t see him there either. Because the sun turned towards her and she couldn’t see due to the sun glare. And so this magic that she had possessed was taken away by the sun, it didn’t let her predominate and find him. And she told her father: “I can’t see him.” Her father said: “You can’t, can you! Of course, he is a nice boy, you fell in love with him, and that’s the reason why you didn’t want to find him!” She said: “No, I’m looking as carefully as I can, but I can’t see him anywhere! This is the truth!” Then she called three times: “Jánoš, come out of wherever you are, come out! I will be your wife, come out!” Jánoš came out. And they saw that Jánoš was coming from behind the sun. The girl said: “So I don’t have power against the sun. The sun is stronger than the magic in my eyes.” Jánoš went ahead. The king said: “So now I have to keep my word because this was the condition: Who can hide himself so well that she cannot see him can take her as his wife.”

So they dressed him, Jánoš, up nicely and they had a big wedding. He harnessed twelve horses on his coach and drove to his mother’s village to bring his mother back with him. People in the village just wondered who this valiant cavalier was, because he was dressed very nicely in his uniform, like soldiers, those patriotic ones, in such clothes. And he spoke nicely to his mother there. He said: “I thank you, my mother, for sending me away from home! Because I would have just become a scallywag at home. But now I am the king of a whole country.”

They had a big wedding. They also invited me, I was also there. And they may still live there if they haven’t died already.

I used to read a lot of Hungarian fairytales. And I read in Hungarian and he, his grandfather, told them in Romani. So I heard the fairytales in Romani from him. Because my grandfather didn’t know, he never told me. Only his grandfather. Not everybody had the talent to speak so fluently. But there aren’t many story tellers among them, one, three, four among the Roma, there weren’t more than that here in Versend, who used to tell Romani fairytales in this way. Then my father and my uncle also used to tell fairytales in Romani. He said to

dumo” phénel, “odoj gugulínes.” Hát čoro so kerďa, ángle mus te ája, hoď alakja le, mus t’ ángle t’ ável.

Hát čoróro šetálinel, šetálinel, te téle te upre. Hát akán má nán áver, phénel, čak o kham. Odoj mus te džala, odolestar mangla šegíččégo. Há géja iš. Phénel o kham: “Av čak, maj me garuvá tut pal mro dumo éš sar ój kamla te díkhen, kémlelinla, me avka and lakre áťha thára”, phénel. “Te adá še šegítinla, ako” phénel, “na džánav káj tut te garúvav.” Hát legeďa iš le upre, pal pro dumo pálal téle čitťa. Ár ája rataha i kirájkíšassona, hát díkhel vígig upri phuv, náne. Díkhel ando levegó, náne. Upre díkhel upro nébo, ni odoj le na díkhel. Mer o kham sar ój irňankerlahi pe, lakre áťha tízinlahi. Éš akor odá varáži so la síne, odá o kham na muklahi, hoď te érvěnešisajárel, hoď te alákhel le. Há phénel pre dadeske: “Na díkhav le.” Phénel o dad “Ejňe,” phénel, “bistoš” phénel, “šukár čhá hi, tu serelmešni újal an leste, pa azér na kámes le te alákhen!” Phénel: “Na,” phénel, “akársar merestina mre áťha, ako še díkhav le! Adá hoď čačípe!” Ako trival vičinda: “Jánoš, av ángle bárkáj sal, av ángle! Tri romni óvá, av ángle!” Ángle ája o Jánoši. Ako dikle, káj pal le khameskro dumo ál ári. Phénel i rakli: “Akor ole kameha sembe man náne erejo, zór. O kham zoraleder hi sar mro varážerejo, so and’ áťha man síne.” Ángle ája o Jánoši. Phénel o kiráji: “Hát akán má mus te terďóvav mro álav, mer hát odá síne o kikötéši: Ko garuvla pe, pa n’ alakhla le, odá šaj la lel romňake.”

Akor o Jánoši, upre le kiselinde šukáre, ikerde baro bíjav. O Jánoši ánd astarďa andi hintóva dešuduj grastenca, án terďarďa án pra dakro gav, géja vaš prí daj. Odoj sako čak čodákozinde, hoď ko h’ adá dalijášno vítězi, mer naďon šukár upre síne kiselimo ando eďenruha, ase katonaji, o honvėďja adana, and ase gáda. A šukáre legeďa prá da odoj. Phénel: “Parikérav tuke mrí daj, káj” phénel, “trádindal man khéral. Mer čak jék mihasnámno újomahi khére. Akán pa” phénel, “jékhe orságoskro kiráji som.”

Ikerde o baro bíjav. Te man akharde, te me odoj somahi. Még t’ avdí džíven te na múle.

Me naďon but ďindom paramisi ungrika. P’ ako me ungrika, óv, leskro papu, románe le phenlahi. P’ ako románe lestar šundom. Mer mro papu na džanlah’, odá šoha na phenlahi. Čak leskro papu.

Nána sakone aso teheččégo, káj džannah’ avka fojamatošan te vakéren. De nána but mešemondóvi maškáral, jék trin štár maškar o róma, nána butera adaj Veršendate, ako phennah’ avka románe paramisa.

Ako mró dad taj mro nadbáči iš but phenlahi románe. Phenlahi mange: “Čere!” Tu ďínes mange ungrika, me phénav tuke románe! P’ ako ando jévend prik avlahi, mer aso páše bešahamhi, sar áthar akán odá bloko. Avka sín

me: “*Change!* You will read one in Hungarian for me and I will tell you one in Romani!” And then he came over in winter, because we lived very close, just as that window is from here. So our yard was like that, and the house. There was no fence behind the house so we walked just over there. We didn’t have to go through the gate, we just walked like this through the back of the house. Then he came in the morning, it was warm in our house. He sat down, I took the book, I read out to him and he told me a fairytale.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

The cow

Once upon a time there was a poor Rom. He lived in a village where people of various backgrounds lived: Germans, Hungarians and Roma. The Rom was very poor. Well, one day he went to see the priest. He asked the priest to help him, to give him something for his children to eat. The priest said to him: “Go to church and pray; God will reward you! You will see, God will reward you, I don’t have anything I can give you.”

Well, the poor Rom went to church to pray. And guess what he saw next morning! There was a big fat cow in the yard! Well, it was the priest’s cow that had run away from the shed and ended up at his place, in his yard! The poor Rom exclaimed: “Gee!” He dropped on his knees: “Oh my God, thank you for hearing me. You sent me that big fat cow! Now I can feed my children.”

In the meantime the priest came out of his house. He was looking for the cow in the shed but it wasn’t there. Then somebody told him that the cow was in the Rom’s yard. The grass was fresh and green there so the animal went and grazed on it. Well, the priest went to speak to the Rom, and he told him: “You Gypsy, give the cow back to me, it’s mine!” The Rom replied: “How can I give it back to you? It was you who told me to go to church and pray, so that God will reward me!” He says: “The cow is no longer yours, God gave it to me!” The priest says: “No, Gypsy, the cow is mine, give it back to me!” “I’m not giving it back!” The priest says: “Let’s have a competition then!” He says: “Let’s both of us build a shed for the cow. If the cow goes to your shed, it will be yours. And if it goes to my shed, it will be mine.”

The priest immediately called a couple of bricklayers. They built a beautiful large brick shed. In the meantime the Rom went to the forest to cut some wood and green branches. He built a small shed-like construction for the cow.

amári udvara, t' o kher. P' ako pálal o kher nána án kerítimo, p' ako prik phirahamhi. Na kamplahi ár te džas upri kaputa vaď valaso, hanem pálal phiraham uzi jékħ ávreste. Ako raťaha prik avlahi, táto sin uz amende o kher. Tél bešlahi, me láh' o keňvo, đináhi leske, óv pa phenlahi mange.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Gurumni

Káthar síne, káthar nána, sin upro világo jék čoro mánuš. Odá and jék gav bešlahi, káj nimci, ungri, róma bešnahi, saki fajtumno mánuš. Odá rom naďon čoro síne. P' ako jekvar géja uzo rášaj. Phénel ole rašajeske, hoď hat nek šegitinel upre leste valaso, nek del le valaso, hoď t' ól ole čháven so te del te han. Phénel leske o rášaj: "Dža andi khangéri, pa molin, maj dela tut o Dél! Užár," phénel, "maj dela tut o Dél, man náne ništ aso tut te dav."

Hát čoro rom géja andi khangéri te molínen. Áver dí raťaha so díkhel! Jékha bara gurumňa andi udvara! Hát ole rašajeskri gurumni náši géja andar i ištála, pa uz leste géja ánde, and leskri udvara. Phénel o čoro rom: "Ó!" Tél betlinda: "Ó, gulo Dél, parikérav le tuke, káj halgatindaľ man. Adaj bičhaďal ola bara gurumňa! Óvla so te dav ole čháven te han."

O rášaj pa džal ári, ródel la gurumňa andi ištála, náne. Phénen leske, káj uzo rom hi. Odoj ánd tévedinda andi udvara. Mer bári sin i čár, pa géja odoj te han. Hát džal o rášaj, odoj phénel leske, hoď: "Tu rom, de pále ola gurumňa, mer aďa mri hi!" Há phénel: "Sar te dav la tuke pále, kana tu phendaľ mange, káj nek džav andi khangéri, nek molínav, maj dela man o Dél!" Phénel: "Adá na tri hi, adá o Dél mange díňa!" Phénel o rášaj: "Na, rom," phénel, "aďa mri hi, aďa de pále!" "Me na dav la tuke pále!" Phénel o rášaj: "Kéras jék próbaľ!" Phénel: "Építinas lake jék ištála. And kaskri ištála án džala, odoleskri h' i gurumni."

O rášaj mindár akharda kômüvešša, kerde jék bari šukár óla andar o tégli. O rom pa šukár ár géja ando vész, čhingerďa ase kašťa, zelene ági. Kerďa jék asi tikni sar ólserüšégo ola gurumňake. Hát kísne úle o óli, t' ole rašajeskri, te leskri. Ár muken ola gurumňa. Hát i gurumni káj nášel? Dikja o zeleno, mer sa zeleno síne ole romeskri. S' andar o ági síne kerdi, pherde

Well, the sheds were finished; both the priest and the Rom were ready. They let the cow out. And which shed did the cow run into? It went after the greenery, because the Rom's shed was made of fresh green branches. Well, it ran quickly and directly into the shed which the Rom had built. Heaps of grass were prepared there, everything. The cow completely ignored the beautiful large brick shed because it was empty.

The priest said: "You won this time." But then he said: "Let's compete again! Let's compete for the second time!" He says: "The one will win the cow who can hide so well that the other one cannot find him." They went away and hid themselves. Well, the Rom hid in the latrine. He stepped into the crap so that it reached up to his hips. The priest went to look for him and he found him. The Rom went away and hid himself again. This time he was in the crap up to his bellybutton. Well, the priest went again and looked for him. He called: "*Gypsy, I can see you!*" – It sounds better in Hungarian: "*Gypsy, I can see you!*" – He says: "Rom, I can see you, come out!" The Rom went out. Well, he went to hide again. For the third time he dived into the crap – this time it reached up to his neck. Well, the priest couldn't see him anywhere. He thought: "Wait, now I'm going to fool you as you fooled me before, when the cow went to you. Now I'm going to fool you!" He started calling: "Rom, I can see you!" He said that in Hungarian: "*Gypsy, I can see you!*" Well, the Rom dived even deeper in the crap. Now it reached almost up to his chin. The priest called again: "Rom, I can see you!" Well, the Rom shouted out: "*You can see your grandmother's cunt, I'm covered in crap up to my chin, how could you possibly see me?*" I'm covered in crap up to my chin, how could you see me? You can't see me!"

As he shouted out, because of the noise he made, the priest found him. So he had to give the cow back to the priest. Then the priest told him: "Gypsy, go to work, so that your children have something to eat. Just like other people do, don't just sit at home!" The Rom thought: "What an idiot I am! The cow could have been mine but then I gave myself away."

This is how the story ends.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

pátrenca. Hát šukar edenešen ole romeskra ólake odoj án nášťa. Odoj síne lake čár čitto, mindeneko. I šukár óla pa kerülinda, mer čúči síne.

Phénel o rášaj: “Akán jekvar tu ňerinda la.” Phénel: “Próba kérés még jék! Dúj próbi keraham.” Phénel: “Ko pe anñira džanla te garún, káj n’ alakla le o áver, akor odoleskri i gurumni.” Géle, garude pumen. Hát o rom án terdiňa andi hajzli. Dži boki ando khul án terdiňa. Džal o rášaj, hát alakja le. Papaleg dujtovar garúl pe. Ako má dži pupka h’ ánd ando khul. Hát papal džal o rášaj, ródel le, phénel leske: “*Cigány, díkhav tut!*” – *Magyarul jobban jön ki: “Cigány látlak!”* – Phénel: “Rom, díkhav tut,” phénel, “av ári!” Ár géja o rom. Hát papaleg džal te garún. Tritovar má dži men géj’ ánd ando khul o rom. Há na dikja le nikháj o rášaj. Phénel: “Užar, akán ár tuha kurá, sar tu manca ár kurďal eléser. Káj i gurumni uz tute géj’ ánde, akán maj me!” Kezdinel te vičinen leske: “Rom, díkhav tut!” Phénel óv avka *magyarul*: “*Cigány látlak!*” Hát teleder géja. Ako má majnem dži ála géja. Papal vičinel o rášaj: “Rom, díkhav tut!” Hát óv ári vičinel: “Díkhes trá dakri mindž!” “*Látod az őreganyád picsáját, má államig vagyok a szarba, akkor hogy látsz!*” “Dži mri ála som ando khul, káj man díkhes?! Hát náš man te díkhes!”

P’ ako pal leskero álav, káj ár vičinda, avka alakja le o rášaj. Avka pál mus te diňa ole rašajeske ola gurumňa. P’ ako odá phenda o rášaj: “Rom, dža te dógozinen, p’ akor óvla te tre cháven te han. Avka sar o avera manuša, ma čak khére óv!” Phénel: “Hát aso dilino somahi!” Phénel: “Eléser” phénel, “mri sin i gurumni, pálal” phala, “phendom, hoď hát káj som.”

Avka úja vígo ola paramisake.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Pimpijík

These fairytales and stories go back to the times when our grandfathers and grandmothers lived so close to each other that there wasn't any space between the houses. The place was very small, one couldn't even walk between the houses, because the Roma were scared, they were scared of everything. That is why after the war they started to build houses close to each other.

Once they told a story about how to ensure that the children don't poo everywhere around the houses. Because the children used to poo from one wall to the other, on the roads, they pooped everywhere. Little boys were running around, they were naked, especially in the summer. They sat down and pooped. The Roma who lived in those houses, they would always step into it and they soon had enough of it. One day, when there was a bonfire outside, they told the following story:

Once upon a time there was a very poor Rom. He had ten or twelve children. He was ashamed because his house was full of crap. There was crap everywhere. He didn't know what to do about it. The reason was that the children used to go to the third neighbour so as not to poo near their own house. On the other hand, other children would go to their house for the same reason. That's why there was crap everywhere.

This Pimpijík was very poor. He took a sack and put all the crap into that sack. Let's see how I can sell it to *Gadje* (i.e. non-Roma). Let's see what I can get for it: bread, bacon, meat, potatoes, or they will kill a pig. Because Roma like these things very much. Or flour, salt, such things. He collected the crap; he went out to the well. Those times a lot of kulaks² used to go there with horses, cows, and they were eating and drinking there. Roma would collect the food left after the Gadje. There were pumpkins there, everything. Roma collected the dry bread for their children to eat. So this Pimpijík collected the crap into a sack and he took it to the market.

One Gadjo approached him: "Rom, what are you selling?" "Oh, liquid honey." "Then throw it up there, to my cart!" Those times horses used to pull the cart, and also cows. "For how much would you sell this?" "I don't care! Give me some shoes and clothes for my children, and something to eat. And a little bit of flour, so that we can bake a cake. And some potatoes so that we can bake it on the surface of the stove. And maybe a little bit of butter. Because we haven't

2 Affluent farmers.

Pimpijíko

Adá avka h' adđa paramisja, hoď amikor még amáre phure dada taj daja avka bešnahi, hoď na siňa than maškar o duj khera. Báre buka than siňa, čak jak manuš addig reslah' ánde, mer daranahi, mindenostar daranah' o roma. Mer kathar o háborúvo avka sokindék le, hoď eďmášhu közel kernah' o khera. Mešélinnahi jekvar, hoď sar kamplah' adá te keren, hoď o čháve te na te hiňen o kher vígig. Paš o kher i patka, i soročka, taj o droma, vígig hin-nahi o čháve. Hurde čhavóra džanahi, hát nangóneg siňék, ñilaje pláneg. Téle bešnah' os hinnahi. Ánde bešnah' o roma, ánde tapošinnahi la kamašlaha, ost adá únindék. Jekvar mešélinnahi, jag siňa akkor iš, hoď:

Siňa jekvar jak báre baro čorro rom. Siňa le vaď deš vaď dešuduj čháve. Má báre ladžalahi pet, hoď o kher pherdo siňa leske hindlo. Má sakháj siňa leske khul. Na džanlahi so leha te keren. Mer azelótt avka siňék o čháve, hoď siňa ako džalahi te hiňen ko tritodikno romano rom, hoď te na te khére hiňel. De odale čháve iš avnah' odđa, hoď te na te khére hiňen. Avka hoď sakháj khul siňa.

No ost adá Pimpijíko báre čorro siňa. Liňa jek góno, ánde rakinda o celo khul ando góno. Džá, maj dikhá, hoď sar le biriná le gádženge te biknen. Te maj dena páše man vaď máro, balevas, vaď mas, krumpji, vaj téle čhinnah' ole bále. Mer adá meg báre kamen o roma. Vaď járo, lon, ta ase. Össe kediňa, géja ári ki haňig. Akkorába báre but kulákike gádže grastenca, gurumňenca avnahi, ost odoj hanahi, pijenahi. O roma, aso odoj muknahi o gádže, odane kednah' össe te han. Si odoj harbúza, minden. Šuke máre össe kednah' ost odane khér avnah' ole čhávenge, odane hanahi. Adá Pimpijíko össe kedinda o khul jak žákoste, ári le ligiđa uppe pijaci.

Odđa géja ki leste jak gádžo: “So biknes tu, romalea!” “Hó, čurgatotno mézo.” “No čhid le odđa uppe, uppe mro verda!” Akkor még grasta, aso cidnahi, taj gurumňa iš cidnah' akkor még o verda. “No os kiťinge le des?” “Má me bajinav! De ole čháven kamašli, taj gáda taj buka hanvalóno. Taj buka járo, hoď džanas te bokeli te peken. Taj buka krumpi, hoď uppe mašinakero tetevo maj pekaha len. Taj buka čiken iš šaj des kija. Mer má na hajam jak masek rendešen, taj but čháve hi man, dešuduj čháve hi man. Ost bokhajjuvas.”

Dija le. Lošaňolah' o romano rom, vígig d'ilázinda o celo gav. Avka džalahi gizdáneg. Még mundala kaňha iš le diňék, aso má valasar mundalija. Hát mundali kaňhi akkor báre báre ritkavo siňa, ako halahi mundala kaňha, aso gádžo odđa denahi. Aso gizdavo siňa! Uppe válló la čhidiňa, avka avlahi khére felé. Avlahi khére felé, d'ilázva, pfú, báre lošaňolahi. Ár čhorda jek pas-ja. Téle terítinda uppe phuv, akáj bešnahi, ári čhorda o hanvalóno. And' odá

eaten already for one month, and I have a lot of children, I have twelve children. And we are starving.”

He gave him all of this. The Rom was very happy, he walked through the whole village singing. He walked so proudly. He even got a dead duck, which had somehow died earlier. Those times a dead duck was very rare, few people used to eat them, so the Gadjó gave it to him. He was so proud! He threw the duck onto his shoulders and he went home. He was walking home, singing, oh, he was so happy. He set out a table-cloth. He laid it down on the ground in their house, he put the food on it. There was a nut cake, there was bread, there was also bacon, and greaves. But all this was mixed, what he was able to collect, what he was given. The shoes for the child... Imagine the excitement, who will get those shoes, who will get the trousers! “When you go to school, you can wear it and the next day I will wear it.” So the children were happy.

But the poor Rom started to be scared of what would happen to him. That kulak will cut away his head with a scythe if he recognizes him or catches him somewhere. As he was crying his heart out, he told his wife: “Oh, my wife, what did I do? I did something really bad! I sold the crap to that kulak. If he catches me, he will cut my throat. Sweet God, what should I do?”

As I heard that wealthy kulak brought the crap home. He looked at it: “What kind of honey did this Rom bring me?” He stuck his hand deep into the crap. It was already dark when he arrived home. He licked it off his hand and it was crap. He began cursing the Rom, what he would do with him, how he would do it, that he would prick him with an iron fork, that he would kill him, he would go after him and kill him.

So this Rom told the others: “Roma are well known for buying and selling. Now try and do this after me, try to sell crap! I know how to make money even from crap!”

(Mátraverebély, 44-year-old man, 2008)

siňék ákhorášne koláči, siňa ánde máro, akkor siňa ánde balevas, tepertóvi. De sa adane edbe siňék, aso össe kediňa, ta aso diňék le. Čháveske kamašli, o baro lošaňibe, hoď kaskeri ovla i kamašli. I holov kaskeri ovla. “Maj te džah’ and’ iškola, uppe la leha tu, áver dive meg me la lá uppe.” No avka lošannah’ o čháve.

De má daralahi o čorro rom, hoď so ovla leha. T’ odá baro kulákiko manuš, kasaha téle leske čhinla o šéro, te astalla le valakáj, vaď te pindžalla le. Má báre rovlah’, ola romňake vakellahi: “Jaj čhaje, akán so kerďom? Báre bari búti kerďom! Bikinďom o khul ole kulákoste. Adá te astalla man, mri men čhinla. Gulo Dél, so te kerav?”

Asar šundom, khér ligiďa odá baro prostiko manuš o khul. Odďa géja: “No čakudán, savo mézo andá adá romano rom?” Ánde nůlinda láche ando khul, mer má ráti siňa mikor khére resja. Čárďa tél o angušť, hát khul siňa. O baro átkozáši ole rome, hoď so leha kerďa, sar leha kerďa, pe trastuni villa le cidlah’ uppe. Mundalla le, ár džala ost mundarkella le.

Avka hoď o romano rom odá phenďa ole buterenge: “O roma báre hírešne uppal odá, hoď džanen te biknen taj te řinen. No adá keren pali man-de, hoď o khul biknen! Andar o khul iš džanav lóve te keren!”

(Verebija, 44 beršiko rom, 2008)

The little ducks

I was still a young girl, around ten or twelve years old. Back then my uncle told me this tale. He used to tell a lot of tales, a lot of tales. And there is another tale, about swans. But now I'm going to tell the one about ducks. The ducks were saved in a different way than the swans. The two tales are very similar; the only difference is that in the other tale the king's sons turned into swans, and in this tale, they turned into ducks. That's what this tale is about. After this one I will tell the second version with the swans as well. But I'm not going to tell the whole tale, only that part where their sister saved them.

Once upon a time there was a king. The king had seven children, sons, and one daughter. She was the youngest, this daughter. The men were her elder brothers. The king's wife died, so the king became a widower. In their neighbourhood there lived another queen and she very much wanted the king to marry her. But she was evil. She was not a good person, she was bad. So it went like this until the time when the king proposed to her, so she became his wife. He married her. He married her under the condition that she would love his sons and his daughter. Well, she promised everything, she said she would love them so much, that they will be treated very well. Just like if their mother had still been alive, she is going to treat them so well. Well, the king married her.

For one month the queen kept her word somehow but later on she started to hate them. She was some kind of witch. There was a coven where witches used to meet. She went there. She asked the eldest witch how she could get rid of the king's sons, because she could no longer stand them living in the palace. The eldest witch said that she has to turn them into ducks. The king won't find out that his sons are ducks. And she can tell him that they left, that they were wandering somewhere, because they were already old enough. She could not destroy them physically, only using magic. All those eight people she should turn into ducks, including the girl. Then one of the witches went to their house with her. She said: "I will help you." And the girl, the girl was listening to them. She listened to what they were talking about; she heard that the queen was going to pour a magic potion on their heads. This way they will turn into ducks. She's going to go behind their back, so that they won't notice her, she will be invisible. And she will pour the magic potion on their heads and they will turn into ducks. All eight people, including the girl.

And as the girl heard this, she hid. The stepmother came into the room, and she managed to pour the magic potion on the heads of the seven sons, this magic potion. And she looked for the girl everywhere, but she couldn't find

Récóra

Még čhajóri somahi, děš děšuduj beršiki. Ako šundom aďa paramisi mre nadbáčistar. Óv but paramisa phenlahi, but. De síne upral adana haťťúvi iš. Akán upral o rácóra phená. Ole rácóren papal avrésal mentinde, ole haťťúven pa papal čak avrésal. Hašonlómni hi aďa paramisi úze, čak hoď odoj haťťúvenge változisalíle, adaj pa rácóra síne o kirájskre čháve. Mer upral odá hi álav. Ako maj phená o változato iš upral o haťťúvi. Čak na i cili phená, čak hoď sar mentinda len lengri phen.

Káthar síne, káthar nána, sin upro világo jék kiráji. Odole kiráji síne éfta čháve, muršóra taj jék džuvjóri. Oďa sín i legterneder, i džuvjóri. O murša sín lakre baťi. Odole kirájiske múja leskri romni. P' akor özveďno áčhija o kiráji. Pa ando somsédo sine jék kirájkiňa, ko naďon kamlahi, hoď o kiráji te lel la. De naďon gonosni síne. Nána lačhi manušni, erďávi síne. Há valasar addig addig, míg o kiráji na mangaďa la, hoď t' ól leskri romni. Liňa la romňake. Odá kikötéši la diňa, hoď te kamla leskre čháven taj lakra (*sic*) čhajóra. Há igérinda mindeneko, hoď ój avka taj avka kamla len, hoď hát naďon lačho šoro len óvla. Avka sar te džívlahi lengri dajóri, ój avka lenca bánínla. Hát liňa la o kiráji.

Hát jék masek még valasar ánd ikerďa pro álav i kirájkiňa, de pálal má na sivelinlahi len. Mer asi bosorkáňa síne. Síne jék bosorkáňtaňa, odoj ekethán phirnahi o bosorkáni. Géja. Phénel la legphuredera bosorkáňake, káj sar šaj čhivlahi tenkre ole kirájiskre čháven, hoď te n' ón odoj buter andi kaťėja. Phénel i legphureder, hoď nek változtatinável len rácenge. O kiráji na džanla, káj réci hi leskere čháve. P' ak' odá phenla, káj géle pumenge valakháj, bujdošolinde, mer má baredera legéňa síne. Avka náš len termésetileg tenkre te čhiťťáhi, hanem hát avka le varážlatoha. Hoď so le ófto džénen nek változtatinál prik rácenca, t' ola čha. P' ako jék bosorkáňa odoj ája uz lengro kher. Phénel: "Maj me šegitiná tuke." Aďa čhajóri, aďa ár len halgatinda. Šunda káj so vakéren, hoď upre sakoneskro šéro čepegtetinavla andar odá varážitalo. P' ak' avka prik változisajona. Pal lengro dumo džala, hoď te na len la ésre, láthatatlanni óvla. Pa upre lengere bála čepegtetinavla andar odá varážitalo, p' ak' avka prik változinna rácenca. So ófto džéne, t' i čhajóri.

Aďa pa kan šunda, garuďa pe. Ánd ája i moštohámni daj andi soba, pa ole éfta čhávenge šikerisaliya upre lengro šéro te chóren o páni, odá varážitalo. A la čhajóra pa rodlahi vígig, odola pa n' alakja nikháj. Ako mulind' i děšuduj óri, dureder má náš la te rodinda, mer lakro hatalmo tinisalíja. Mer

her. Well, it was already after twelve, so she couldn't look for her any longer, her power was gone. Because witches only have power from midnight to one o'clock, it only lasts until then. Well, one o'clock had already passed. The clock had struck midnight and one o'clock was coming. Then she didn't have power over them any more. Well, the seven men turned into ducks, as she turned them into ducks, quickly one after another... There was a lake nearby, they went there and swam in the water, all the seven little ducks. Their sister saw everything because she was hiding behind the cupboard. And she could see everything from there. She knew who those seven ducks are. But she was afraid to tell her father because she was afraid that the witch, her stepmother, will hurt her somehow. And she went out every day; she went to the lake at dusk when the sun was going down. At this time of the day she always went there and the little ducks would swim closer to her, closer to the shore. And she would stroke them, she would talk to them. But the little ducks couldn't answer. Then she would give them something to eat. It went like this for one year.

Then one night when she was asleep she dreamt about a fairy. The fairy told her: "You can save your brothers if you persuade your father to make seven identical golden necklaces. And you will go to the lake exactly at noon, and you will throw the necklaces on their necks one after another. But even if you miss just once, that duck will never turn back into human. Be careful when throwing the necklaces on their necks because this way you can get them back. But this is your only chance to save them, using the necklaces; there won't be any other chance. Your evil stepmother will try and disrupt the making of the seven golden necklaces. But you must persist until the goldsmith makes the necklaces. But if you throw them and miss, then nobody will ever be able to save your brothers. Because you're the only one who can do it, and this is your only chance to do it. This way they will turn back into humans again." Well, the princess went to her father; she told him she needed seven golden necklaces. The father said: "What do you need these necklaces for?" She answered: "Don't ask me, this is very important for me. This is more important to me than my own life. My life depends on it, on those seven golden necklaces." Her father told her that she would get the necklaces. But the evil stepmother didn't want to allow this. The day was coming when the girl was supposed to go out; the time was coming when she would throw the necklaces on their little necks. So that they could be saved, they can turn back into boys again, into humans. But the necklaces were still not ready. She became so sad that she had to go to bed. She lay down, she fell ill. She lay down, because she was too weak to stand, she had to lie down. She was so ill that she was almost dying. Because the day was coming and the golden necklaces still weren't ready, so that she could save her brothers. Then the queen came into her room and told her: "You will also die! And then everything will

ole bosorkáňenge dešuduj órako hi lengro hatalmo dži jék óra, eddig ikrel. P' ako má mulinda i jék óra. Dešuduj óri čalaď i óra, pálal má ál jék óra. Ako má nána la buter prikal lende hatalmo. O éfta muršóra pa réci úle, sar prik változtatinda len récenca. Avka sa šukar pal jékň ávreste. Síne jék tó, odoj géle ánde, ánde úsinde ando páni s' o tikne éfta récóra. Lengri phenóri p' adá sa dikja, mer pal o sekréňi garuďa pe. P' óthar mindeneko dikja. Ój džanda, káj ko h' adana éfta réci. De ole kirájiske, pre dadeske, na tromalahi te phénen, mer daralahi, káj i bosorkáňa, lakri gonosni daj, valaso kella laha. Pa sako dí ár džalahi, džalah' upro páni alkoňatkor, kan tél džalah' o kham. Akor džalah' odoj, p' akor o tikne réci odoj úsinnahi uz late ár upro parto. P' ako odoj šimogatinalahi len, vakerkerlahi lenca. De o récóra na džannahi pál te felelínen. P' akor delahi len te han. Ad' avka géja jék berš.

Pa jekvar tél pašlítja jék rat, ando súno jeleninda lake jék tindérkiňa. Phénel lake: "Avka šaj mentineha te phralóren, te" phénel, "keraveha tre dadeha éfta edformámne somnakune lán-ci." Phénel: "Pa ár džaha pontošan dilbe uzo páni, pa eďenként ande lengeri men čhideha o lánco. De te o jék félre perla, andar odá má šoha buter n' óvla mánuš. Naďon viďázin, hoď sar čhídes and lengri men o lánco, avka pál len ňerineha. De adá akán čak jekvar hi, hoď šaj len mentineha ole láncoha, de ako má buter ando életo na šikerisajola tuke. Mer tri gonosni moštómni ellenkezinla upral odá, káj éfta somnakune lán-ci tuke nek kérel o kováči. De tu addig ma tágítin, még na kerna o lán-ci. De te félre le čhideha, akor nán buter," phénel, "ko te mentinel tre phrálen. Mer čak tu šaj, eš akán jekvar šaj. Avka óvna papaleg manuša." Hát i kirájiskri rakli džal uzo dad, phénel leske, hoď kamplahi lake éfta kotora somnakune lán-ci. Phénel o dad: "Soske kampe tuke adana lán-ci?" Phénel: "Ma phučinger, adana mange naďon fontošno hi. Fontošneder hi sar mro életo, adalestar függínel mro életo, adale éfta lán-cendar." Phénel lake o dad, hoď dobinla le. Há i gonosni moštohámni pa na muklahi nisar. Má közelisajolah' odá dí, kan šaj ár džala, kan avla oďa óra, kan ánd čhidl' and lengre menóri o lánco. Káj pál te mentínen pumen, pále nek án o čháve, nek ón manuša. Pa nisar na dobinlah' o lán-ci. P' ako aňňira bánatošni úja, káj má ole vodroske péja. Téle pašlítja, nasváli úja. Tél pašlítja naďon, mer már náš t' upre te síne, mus te pašťolahi. Haláľošni nasváli úja, hoď hát má közelisajol o dí, pa náne meď o somnakune lán-ci, káj hoď te šaj mentínel pre phrálen. P' ak' ánd géja i kirájkiňa, pa odá phenda: "Maj mereha te tu!" phénel, "Akán avka lách' óvla, sar tre phrála," phénel, "na džanla niko káj réci hi le. Avka maj te tu ár mulineha, p' akor na džanla nik' upral. Ako mentiná man tumendar."

P' ako i rakjakri dada, ko viďázinlah' upre late, k' uzar late síne, oďa géja te phénen le kirájiske: "Kirájom, te na teješítineha lakro óhajo,

be fine, just like with your brothers, nobody will find out that they are ducks. You will die the same way, and nobody will know about it. I will get rid of you.”

Then the girl’s nanny, who was taking care of her, who was with her, went to the king and told him: “My king, if you don’t fulfill her wishes and do what she asks, her wish, your daughter will die. You will lose the only child you still have. Then the king ordered that the seven golden necklaces be made. The queen couldn’t persuade him; he said that his daughter was also important to him. That not only was the queen important to him, but his daughter was as well. He won’t become poorer if he gives her what she wants. So the necklaces were made. Just in the morning of that day when she was to throw them onto their necks at noon. So the necklaces were ready. The girl immediately felt better, she recovered, she was happy. She went out to the lake. Then she stood at the shore, and she told her brothers: “Come and swim as close to me as you can. Because it depends on this whether or not you will ever turn back into human beings. Because if I miss, if I throw the necklace and it falls aside rather than on your neck, that one of you will never be a human being again, he will live as a duck for the rest of his life.” Well, noon came and the bells were ringing. The youngest brother came closer to her, he swam closer. She threw the necklace onto his neck. He immediately came out of the water on the other side of the lake; he immediately turned into a beautiful prince. This way she managed to throw all the seven necklaces onto the ducks’ necks. All the seven brothers turned back into human beings.

Then they told the girl: “Do not tell our father yet that we are alive and about what happened, where we were. There and there, there is a castle, that castle is ours. Because we were not in the water all the time but at twelve we used to turn into humans, and until the morning we used to be humans. Only in the morning we had to go back to the lake. We have a beautiful palace, we used to live there. But we were not allowed to bring you there. Now we are going back there, to the castle, and we will organize a big meeting. And we will invite our father and his wife, our stepmother.” Then they wrote a letter of invitation which said that seven valiant heroes are visiting the king’s land and they have their own beautiful castle, a beautiful palace, and they will held a meeting there, lunch. They request that, as of primary importance, the king attends the meeting, and that his wife accompanies him, they should come together.

Well, the queen didn’t know who those seven valiant heroes could be. She was very curious about them, what they looked like and where they came from. So they dressed up very nicely, they sat into their cart and they drove to the castle. Then the king sat down, with the queen next to him. The boys didn’t appear at first. Lunch was served, everything. Well, when they were just in the middle of eating, not finished yet but after a long time had passed, suddenly they heard a ring. Then the girl told her father: “Now pay attention!” So the king put down his

so kivanínel, lakro kivanšágo, akor merla tri rakli, n' óvla tut még ni ada." P' akor o kiráji ár diňa o parančo, hoď nek kéren o éfta somnakune lán-ci. Hijába i kirájkiňa phenlahi, odá phendá, leske leskri čhaj iš fontošni hi. Na čak ój, hanem te leskri čhaj. Odoleha, phénel, óv n' óvla čoreder te kerla lake, so ój kivanínel. P' ako kísne úle. Pont upr' odá dí raťaste, kanak dílbe and lengri men kampjáhi te čhidel o lánco, kísne síne o éfta lán-ci. Há i rakli mindár feder úja, ekethán pe kedindá, lošanda. Ár géj' uzo páni. P' ako terdiň' upre pániskro sílo, pa phendá pre phrálenge: "Aso páše aven, úsinen uz mande uzo parto, savo páše šaj. Mer adalestar figginel, hoď pál ñerinna tumáro alako még jekvar vad' na. Mer te vétiná, káj hoď sar čhidá o lánco pa félre džala, n' án tumári men, ako odá má n' óvla buter mánuš, odá mindig réca áčla." Hát aj' o dílo, harangozinde. Géja o legterneder, odoj úsinda. Ánd čhidindá and leskri men o lánco. Mindár pr' áver felo ári, mindár šukár dalijášno kirájiskro rakl' úja andar leste. Avka káj so le éftenge šikerisaliđa ánd te čhíden and lengri men o lánco. So éfta pál ñerinde pumáro alako.

Akor phénel ola rakjake: "Ma phukav ári akán még amáre dadeske, hoď hát meg sam amen, hoď ko sam taj káj, so samahi." Phénel: "Adaj taj adaj" phénel, "si jék vára, oďa amári hi. Mer" phénel, "na čak ando páni samahi mindig, hanem dešuduj órakor prik változinahamhi manušenge, pa dži raťfaha manuša samahi. Čak raťfaha kamplahi tél t' án upro páni amenge." Pa phénel: "Si amen jék šukár kaštéja, pa odoj bešahamhi. Čak nána slobodno tut odoj te lédžas. Akán" phénel, "amen pál džaham odoj andi kaštéja, p' ako keraham jék baro össejövetelo. Pa akharam amáre dáde taj leskra romňa," phénel, "amára moštohámna da." Ako hát pisinde jék meghívó, káj durutne éfta vitéza látogatinde ande kirájiskro orságo, éš si len kilen jék šukar vára, jék šukar kaštéja, éš odoj ikren jék össejövetelo, ebédo. Kamnahi, mer életfontušágomno hi, hoď odoj t' ól o kiráji, taj de még te leskri romni nek ól odoj leha, eketháne hoď nek džan.

Hát ni na džand' i kirájkiňa, hoď hát ko hi le adana éfta dalijášne vitéza. Kivančni sín upre lende, káj hoď hát sar ár díthon taj káthar ále. Hát upre pumen kiselinde šukár, án bešte andi hintóva, legede len odoj uz lende and oďa vára. Hát tél bešt' o kiráji, uzar leste i kirájkiňa. O rakle n' ále ánde. Upre lenge solgálinde o ebédo, mindeneko. Hát kan legfeder közepén síne o ebédo, még na phirdá téle, de má láche butájig kerďa, akor jekvarsa čak sólalisaliđa o čengó. Pa i rakli phénel pre dadeske, hoď: "Akán fiďelin," phénel, "bari čuda terténisajola." Phénel: "Akán naďon fiďelin!" Hát o kiráji tél čhiťfa pri roj taj pri vella, hát fiďelínel o vúder. Hát díkhel, hoď ál ánde o legterneder, avka s' o éfta raklo, legphureder pálal ál ánde. Há phénel óv: "Jaj, adana mre čháve hi le, káthar ále, vad' káthar hi le?" P' ako

spoon and fork and looked up at the door. Suddenly he sees that his youngest son is coming in first, all seven brothers, the eldest one coming in last. He says: "Oh, these are my sons, where are they coming from, where have they been?" Then the girl said: "The evil stepmother is a witch. She turned them into ducks. She wanted to do the same to me as well, but I managed to hide behind the cupboard. She didn't manage to turn me into a duck. And those seven necklaces," because all seven boys were wearing the necklaces on their necks, "those seven necklaces I needed because only by using them could I turn them back into humans." Then the king got very angry at his wife, at that evil stepmother. Then he ordered her to be hanged, so that she wouldn't live any more. She had ruined their lives, so she deserved to be hanged. Then the queen was hanged. And the seven brothers and their little sister moved back to their father's castle. They lived happily ever after.

So this is the tale. The other version about the swans is as follows:

There was a girl. And also in this tale the evil stepmother turned twelve sons into swans. And the girl could save them only if she wouldn't speak to anybody for twelve years. And she would weave them each a shirt of nettles, she had to weave them shirts with long sleeves, she would weave them from nettles. But she couldn't speak.

Then the girl moved out to the forest. There was an old rotten tree and she stayed in the trunk of that tree. And she had her nanny and her servants, and they brought her heaps of nettles, day and night. She could eat and drink a little bit, but she was not allowed to speak to anybody. So she lived there in the tree and she was coming out of the tree and weaving the cloth for her brothers' shirts. One day the neighbouring king went there to hunt and he saw her. The poor girl ran back into the tree so that nobody discovered that she was there. But it was too late. She ran into the tree but the king's dog was already there and it was barking at the entrance to the tree. Then the king went inside the tree and said: "If you're a human being, come out! If you're a devil, get out of here! Because if you're not coming out, I will shoot into the tree." Then the girl stepped out of the tree. The king fell in love with her at once and he kept asking her where she is from, where she is coming from. Why is she in the forest, why does she live in the forest? The truth was that she went where there were a lot of nettles; she went where there were a lot of nettles so that she could sew the shirts. But she couldn't answer, it was not allowed. Then the king said: "It doesn't matter that you're mute, I will bring you home with me, and you're going to be my wife. I will marry you."

So the king took her home, he married her. But anyway, she moved out into the graveyard, because there were a lot of nettles growing there. So she was coming there all the time. Then the king said: "I see you're making such a shirt."

i rakli phenda, hoď hát: “I gonosni moštoha,” mer phénel, “aďa bosorkáňa hi.” Phénel: “Változtatinada len récenca. Te man kamja, de me garuďom man pal o sekréňi. Man na šikerisalíja, hoď prik te változtatinán. Ěš odona éfta lánci,” – mer so le éftenge and lengri men sín o lánco, – phénel: “odona éfta lánci azér kamplíle, hoď azáltal prik változtatinade len manušenje.” Akor o kiráji naďon hojámo új’ upre pri romni, upr’ oďa gonosni moštoha. P’ ako ár diňa o parančo, káj nek akastínen la upre, hoď te na džível. T’ ój lengre életi phagja, akor nek akastinen la upre. P’ akor ola kirájkiňa upre akastinde. O éfta phrála taj lengri phenóri pále költözinde uz pumáro dad andi vára. Még avdí iš dživen te na múle.

Akán aďa h’ i paramisi. Pa o áver változato upral o haťťúvi avka sólínel, káj :

Síne jék čhaj. P’ akor t’ odoj i gonosni moštohámni ole dešudúje čháven prik változtatinada haťťúnca. Ěš odolén čak i rakli avka šaj mentinda, te tal o dešuduj berš na vakerla uz níkaste. Ěš andar o cuknúdi kerla lenge gad, duge bájengro gad kerla lenge ándral, sövinla andar o cuknúdi. De nem sabad lake te vakéren.

Akor i rakli ár költözinda ando vész. Síne jék baro korhatno kašt, odoj án géja. P’ ako sine la lakri daduš taj o solgi, odona phiravnahi lake éjjel nappal o cuknúdi. Ój čak éppen zalog halahi taj pijelahi, de te vakéren nikasaha nána slobodno lake. P’ ako odoj síne ánd ando kašt, taj ár avlahi uzar o kašt, pa kerlahi o gad ole phrálenge. P’ akor jekvar óra géja o somsédno kiráji te vadáslínen, pa dikja la. De má ój čori hijába pál kamja te nášen ando kašt, hoď te na džánen, káj ój odoj hi. Má kíšin síne. Ój ánd nášta, le kirájiskro džúkel má odoj síne, pa ugatinlah’ án felé. P’ ako géja o kiráji od’ uzo kašt, phénel: “Te dživdo mánuš sal, av ári! Te ördögo sal, akor tinisajov áthar! Mer te na ás ári, akor ánd dav kárja ando kašt.” P’ ako i rakli ár ája andar o kašt. O kiráji naďon la kamja, pa phučingerlahi latar, hoď káthar hi li, káthar ája. Hoď hát soske hi adaj ando vész, soske adaj béšel. – Mer odoj géja, káj sín o but cuknúdi, óra džalahi, káj sín o but cuknúdi, hoď te šaj kérel o gad. – P’ ako na džanlahi te felelínen, nána slobodno. P’ ak’ o kiráji phénel: “Nem baj te némavi sal, khér tut ledžá, de óveha mri romni,” phénel, “lá tut romňake.”

De legeďa la, liňa la romňake o kiráji. De t’ odoj čak ár költözind’ ando grobi, mer odoj síne but cuknúdi. P’ ako furton odoj džalahi. P’ akor o kiráji odá phenda: “Dikhav, kéres aso gad”, phénel. Má sóv vad’ éfta kísne síne lake. Ako phénel óv: “Te tu náš bi odá te džís, hoď te n’ ól tut cuknúdi, náš te dógozines, andi vára dá tut jék šukár kilen termo. Pa” phénel, “odoj phiravtatinavá tuke o cuknúdi. P’ ako čak dógozin, te kámes adá te kéren.”

She had already made six or seven of them. Then he said: "If you can't live without it, without those nettles, if you can't work, I will give you a beautiful room in the castle. And I will tell my people to bring you nettles there. Then you can work if you want to." Then he brought her into the castle and people kept coming and bringing in a lot of nettles. In the meantime she got pregnant and she gave birth to a little boy.

There was a woman-servant who was close to the king, she was a nanny or something like that to him, and she wanted the king to marry her daughter. Not this girl that he brought God knows from where. So she took the baby from her, from the crib, and she put there a dog instead. And the next day she said: "My king, your wife is apparently not a normal woman because she gave birth to a dog." So they took the baby from her. The following year she gave birth to another little boy and this woman replaced it with a dog again. But the king treated her well because he still loved her. Then in the third year they had a little girl, but she was also taken away and they put a cat on her place. Then she told him: "You see, my king, she is not a normal human being, she is a monster, and she is not from our world, because she gave birth to a dog and a cat again. Why don't you order that she's executed?" She kept telling this to the king again and again, and that in the end the king ordered that she be burned at a stake! Because he was made to believe she was not normal she was like a witch or something like that. She was to be burned at a stake.

When they locked her up she was just about to finish the twelfth brother's shirt. They told her that exactly at noon they were going to set her on fire, that they will burn her. Even at the stake she was still working hard to finish the shirt and she almost did. Only a little part down the shoulders was missing. Then exactly at noon the bells started ringing. Then the seven brothers appeared; they flew towards her. And as the brothers were passing by, the fire having been already set below her, she threw the shirts on their necks, one after another. Then they turned back into humans. When the king saw this, he immediately ordered the fire to be put out. As she didn't finish the sleeve for the twelfth brother's shirt, this brother had a little bit of wing left. It didn't turn back to a hand but remained as a wing instead. So she saved her twelve brothers. Then she told the king: "Now, my king," – after she had saved all her brothers – "now I can finally speak. We had an evil stepmother who turned my brothers into swans. And a fairy came to me in my dream. She told me that if I wanted to save them, I couldn't speak a word until the shirts for my brothers are finished, all twelve of them. And this was the only way to save them, to stay silent." She said: "Now I can already tell you that I gave birth to two beautiful little boys and a little girl. But your evil nanny replaced them, when I had a fever after the birth. Then she took them from me. I couldn't say anything because I would lose the chance to save my brothers. They

P' akor odoj legeđa la andi vára, de phiravnahi lak' o but cuknúdi. Közbe pa khamni úja, bijanda jékhe čhavóre.

Odoj pa sine len asi solgálóassoňa. – Ko uzar leste sine, asi dada vad so leske sín ole kirájiske. – Hoď odá kamlahi, hoď leskra čha te lel. Na adala, káj and' adala, ko džánel káthar. P' ako líň' ole čhavóre latar, andar o đerekádo, pa džukle čhiťť' odoj uzar late. P' akor áver dí géja te phé- nen: "Uram kirájom, tri romni bistoš náne rendešni manušni, mer džukle bijanda." Ole čhavóre pa líné latar. Pálal upro berš papal úja la jék čhavóro, papal čak džukle čhiťťa aďa. De o kiráji na bántinda la, hoď még t' ako kamlahi la. Ako trito berš úja len jék šukár čhajóri, t' odola líné, mačka čhiťťa odoj. P' ako phénel leske: "Díkhes uram kirájom, hoď náne redešno mánuš aďa, náne élmno, maškar amende valómni," phénel, "mer papal džukele, mačka tuke bijanda. Soske na vigzines l' ári?" P' akor addig addig vakerďa ole kirájiske, még o kiráji odá na phenda, káj upri mágja! Hoď nán rendešni, hanem asi bosorkáňa vad asofélíko hi li. Uprí mágja thárna la.

Án la legede ando širalomházo éš ole dešudujte phraleskro gad fe- jezinlah' ánde. P' ako phende, káj pont dílbe télal thárna i jag, hoď thárna la. Még upri mágja iš iďekezinhahi te kéren o gad, hoď ánd nek ól fejezimo. Má i utolšómni músik čak dži epašúne džanda te kéren, avka zalog čak uzar adá hajlato džanda te kéren. P' ako pont dílbe harangozinde. Akor ále o éfta phrála, urñenahi óra, mere late. Pa sar avnahi o phrála, télal thárdi jag, avka án čhikerlahi an lengri men o gad. Avka prik változisajonahi manušenge. Kan adá dikja o kiráji, mindár ár murdarde télal i jag. Čak ole dešudujtoske na šikerisalíja án te fejezinen o jék va, odá avka zalog talal o válo sárňa leske áchija. Na va le úja, hanem avka áchija leske sárňake. Avka mentinda pre dešuduj phrálen. P' akor phenda le kirájiske: "Akán má uram kirájom," – kan má le utolšómne mentinda, – "šaj vakérav. Mer sin amen jék gonosni moštohamni. Változtatinada mre phrálen haťfúnge. Éš mange ando súno jeleninda jék tündérkiňa. Od' odá phenda, káj sar šaj len mentiná, te na vakerá" phénel, "jék álav še, még n' óvna kíst' o gad ole phrálenge, so le dešudújenge. Éš čak avka len šaj mentiná, hoď némavi som." Phénel: "Akán má šaj tuke phénav, dúj đöñörümne čhavórenge diňom életo, taj jékha čhajórake. Čak" phénel, "tri gonosni daduš," phénel, "ko uzar tute hi," phé- nel, "oda" phénel, "ár len paruďa" phénel, "kanak ando đerekádomni lázo somahi." Phénel: "Akor liňa len mandar. Mer náš akor te vakerďom," phénel, "mer nána slobodno. Mer akor našaďomahi mre phrálen. Avka" phénel, "mus te tirinďom, káj te len mre čháven." Ako sine la jék, ko uzar late sine, asi dadušféle, sar lakri daj t' újáhi. Upr' odá ój phráďa o vúder, ánel ánd ole tríne čhavóren. Mer phénel, káj nek vígzinen len ári, nek murďaren len. De aďa, lakri daduš, mentinda len. P' akor ój nevelinhahi len. I kirájkiňa

would be lost forever. So I had to put up with the fact that they took my children away from me.” But she had a nanny who was almost like a mother to her. When she said this, this woman opened the door and brought in the three children. Because they should have been executed as well, they wanted to kill them. But she, her nanny, had saved them. And she brought them up. The queen knew that her children were alive but she was not allowed to speak with them. She could only look at them but couldn’t speak with them. Then she said: “Look, here are my little children!”

I read this tale in a book. And the other one, the one about the ducks, I heard from my uncle. They lived happily ever after.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

A story told to the grandchild

Then he told the little boy that: “There was a house, and the house had a door, and the door had a...” – The boy was just staring at him, but he was telling him everything in Hungarian! – “the door had a handle,” and he added “and that was it.” The boy liked it; he wanted to hear this kind of stories.

When he started, he said: “Once upon a time, there was a very very big...” And then he knocked on his head! The boy liked it very much, he was laughing. But we used to tell them stories in Hungarian; we never told our grandchildren stories in Romani. We never told stories in Romani, only in Hungarian. And the old man, the great-grandfather, used to tell the tales to his only great-grandchild, because he was the only one who lived with us. I wanted to read for him something from the book. But he knew the old stories, so the great-grandfather told him those ones, the way he remembered them. Something about kings, and about how the poor boy went away and became a servant, and how he found a wife there. The tales that he had heard from others who were reading it from the book. So he always told him those tales, the way he remembered them. The boy liked them very much.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

džanlahi upral, káj hoď džín o čháve, čak nána slobodno lake ni te vakéren lenca. Čak diklahi len, de te vakéren nána slobodno lenca. P' ako phenda: "Ák adana hi mre tikne čhavóra!"

Aďa paramisi má andar o keňvo džindom. Aďa áver pa upral o récóra mro nadbáči mange phenda. T' avdí džín te na múle.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Paramisi ole onokaske

Akor phenlahi ole čhavóreske káj: "Sine jék kher, upr' odá kher síne jék vúder, upro vúder..." – Čak akor o čhá bámisajolahi, de ungrika! – "Upro vúder síne jék kilinčo," p' ako phenlahi, "buter náne ništa." Adá teccinlah' ole čhaske, kampelahi leske.

Kaj kezdinlah', ako phenlahi: "Khátar síne, khátar nána, jék naďon naďon baro..." P' ako upre leskro šéro! Ako naďon teccinlahi ole čhavóreske, p' ako áslah' upre. De adá má leske sa ungrika phenahamhi, na phenahamhi románe má amáre onokenge. Nikaske románe na phenahamhi paramisa, čak ungrika. Éš adale jékheske čak mešélinlahi o phúro, mer adá sín uz amende. Me kamáhi te phénen valasi andar o keňvo. Óv pa džanlahi o régike, p' ako phenlahi leske andar odona, sar an leskri gódi avlahi. Kirájošne taj káj džalah' o čoro čhá te solgálinen, p' ako annahi peske romňa óthar. So óv šunlahi, andar o keňvo. Odá phenlahi leske, so an leskri gódi avlahi. Leske odá teccinlahi.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

The cursed frog

There didn't use to be many tales about the Roma. The elders were always telling stories about heroes, they were telling stories about kings. I didn't care that much about what they were speaking about, the only important thing for me was to keep them speaking, and I was listening. I was interested in everything, in all kinds of stories. Because in our language these stories sounded very good. Because they knew how to tell them, in a better way, not like me, because I'm always mixing it with Hungarian. So now I will tell you about the cursed frog.

Once upon a time, there was a king. The king had three children, three sons. One day he told them: "Now you're old enough, so go and try your luck, and all of you should find yourselves a wife! And the one who finds the most beautiful wife will get the whole kingdom. When I die he will become the new king, he will inherit the kingdom."

Well, the three brothers left, they set off on their journey together, and they arrived at a crossroad. The road continued in three directions. The eldest brother said: "I will take the road on the right. You," he says to the middle brother, "you will take the road straight on!" And he said to the youngest brother: "And you, my younger brother, you will take the road on the left." The road led to the forest. So the brothers parted. The eldest one arrived in a very beautiful country, there was a king. So he started to work there. The king loved him so much that he gave him his daughter as a wife, and he gave him a half of his kingdom. So this brother found his luck. The middle brother also arrived in a country, and there was also a kingdom. He was also given a princess for a wife, and half of the kingdom.

As the youngest one arrived at the forest, there was a big palace in the middle of the forest. So he says: "Well, who can live here?" He couldn't see anybody, no dependants, no servants. So he said: "I only live once, I will go inside! I will see what's inside." As he arrived at the gate, the gate opened for him. He went in. He went up the stairs, right into the palace. He walked through all the rooms, there was nobody. Then he opened the door of the last room, the most beautiful room, where a big toad was sitting on a chair, something like a king's throne. The frog was sitting on it. He greeted it, and the frog replied: "Golden God sent you here. Serve me! Three days are three years with me. If you serve me well, and if you do what I ask, then you will get the most beautiful woman as a wife." The prince says: "Of course, I will stay here as my journey has already led me here. I'm sure I will find my luck here."

Átkozimi žamba

Upral o róma na naďon síne paramisa. Mindig upral o vítéza, upral o kirája phennahi paramisa o phúre. Hát mange minded' síne so phennahi, čak nek vakernahi, p' ako fiďelináhi. Man sa érdeklinlahi, sake paramisa. Mer hát upr' amári čhib adá avka láche hangzinlahi. Mer ón feder džannahi avka te phénen le sar akán me tuke, mer mindig keverinav ánde ungriko tuke. Há ako phénav tuk' upral i átkozimi žamba.

Káthar síne káthar nána, sin upro világo jék kiráji. Odole kiráji iš síne trín čháve, muršikane čháve. Phénel lenge jék dí: "Akán má dost báre san, džanen világo te próbálinen éš sako nek ánel peske romňa! Kaskri óvla legšukareder romni, odá dobinla o kirájšágo. Óv óvla o kiráji kan me merá, ak' upre leste džala o kirájšágo."

Hát géle o trín phrála, indulinde eketháne, hát reste uz jék utelágazáši. Trin felé ledžlah' o drom. Phénel o legphureder: "Me upro čačo felo džav. Tu," phénel ole maškarúneske, phraleske, "tu" phénel, "ando maškarúno drom džaha!" Éš ole legtiknedereske: "Tu pa očém džaha upro čačo (sic) felo." Ánd felé ledžlahi o drom ando vész. Hát indulinde o čháve. O legphureder rest' ande jék naďon šukár orságo, kiráji sín odoj. Há odoj ánd segédinda. Aňňira le kamja o kiráji, káj leske diňa pra čha romňake, pa leske diňa pro epaš kirájšágo. Odá má hejre ája. O középšómno pa, t' odá čak ande jék orságo resťa, t' odoj kirájšágo síne. T' óv dobinda ola kirájskra rakja éš o epaš kirájšágo dobinda.

O legtikneder pa sar géja ánd felé ando vész, ánde ando véšeskro maškar síne jék bari palota. Há phénel: "Akán adaj ko šaj óvel?" Na díkhel nikas, ni čelédén, ni slúgen. Hát phénel: "Jék életo hi man, ánd džá! Dikhá, káj so hi ánde." Hát sar odoj resťa uzi kaputa, phrádija leske i kaputa. Ánd géja. Upre géja upro lépcóvi, ánd andi palota. Hát prik phírel o cile sobi, nikháj nána niko. Hát andi utóšómni soba, legšukareder soba phrál ánde, odoj jék bari varandošni žamba síne upro skámi, upro aso trónošno skámi. Odoj bešlahi upre i žamba. Parikerďa leske, phénel hoď hát: "Tut čhidinda adaj o gulo Dél." Phénel: "Solgálin man! Trin dí hi uz mande jék berš." Phénel: "Te ár man solgálineha," phénel, "taj odá kereha so me phená, akko tri romni óvla i legšukarader." Há phénel o kirájskro raklo, hoď: "Hát perse," phénel, "adaj áčhová, te man mro drom adaj andá. Akko bistoš káj adaj óvla mri bast."

Hát phénel ój, káj hoď hát ništ na kampe leske te kéren, čak laha te vakerkéren. Mer nőneműmni síne i žamba. Phénel: "Čak manca vakerkereha, áver na kampe. Ta tírin man uzar tute." Hát asi goďár sin oďa žamba, avka

She says that he doesn't have to do anything, only speak with *her*. – Because the frog was a female. – So *she* says: "You only have to speak with me, I don't need anything else. And you have to bear me by your side." That frog was so smart, *she* spoke with the prince so wisely, that he was just amazed at how could *she* know so many things. When it was time for a meal, he couldn't see anybody but the food was already on the table. Then they ate. He had already spent two days there. On the third day the frog said: "Now I'll give you the last and the most difficult task. If you can make it, you will get the most beautiful wife." The noon came, they ate. Then the night came, *she* says: "Now we should say goodbye to each other but we won't say goodbye just like that, this time you have to kiss me on my lips. Because that's my condition for you to get your reward." The prince says: "Certainly! Because I like you even if you're a frog. No matter that you're ugly, you're so smart, nice and educated. I've grown fond of you. And if I have to leave this place, I will take you with me." Then the frog says: "So now close your eyes and kiss me!" The prince closed his eyes and he kissed *her* on *her* lips three times. And his eyes were still closed when *she* said: "Now," – but this time he heard a nice female voice, – "now you can open your eyes! You can open them." When he opened his eyes, a beautiful princess was there, who was more beautiful than the sun. One could rather look into the sun, but not at her because her beauty blinded those who looked at her. And a lot of dependants, the king, everybody came out, because all of them had been charmed away. They couldn't turn into humans until there would come a man who would kiss the frog without disgust. Who wouldn't find *her* disgusting.

Then she says: "There was a witch. She lived here with me. She was my nanny, but at the same time she was a witch. She had a son. And this witch wanted me to marry her son. But I told her that I didn't love him. Because he was so ugly, so stupid," she says, "so impolite to people. He thought no end of himself, and he wasn't even the king yet. And I refused him so he charmed away the whole house, the servants, everybody, and he turned me into a frog. The spell could only be broken when somebody would kiss me. And now, dress yourself up!" Then the servants brought him beautiful royal clothes. They dressed him, they bathed him. She said: "A nice cart is ready now. Now you're going to go back to your father, to your father's country. Because your brothers are already going home with their wives to introduce them to your father. Because one year is over, during which you and your brothers were supposed to bring back wives. Now I'm going to turn into frog again and I'll go to your home with you like that. I will sit next to you in the cart as a frog, and the curse will break definitely only if you say this: I married this little frog, I chose her to be my wife and for me she is the most beautiful creature in the world." He answered: "As you wish, let's go!"

goðarika vakerlahi ole kirájskre rakleha, hoð čak čodákozinlahi, káj so min-deneko džánel. Kanak avlahi o ebédo, ako na diklahi nikas, de o háben upri kafidi síne. Akkor ón dúj džéne hanahi. Avka odoj síne má dúj dí. Tritó dí phénel i žambóri, hoð: “Akán hi tuke o legutolšómner, o legphareder pró-ba. Te adá kereha, akko” phénel, “dobineha ola legšukaredera romňa.” Áj’ o dílo, ebédlinde. Ál i keráti, phénel: “Akán bučuzinas. De akán má” phénel, “na avka bučuzinaham, hanem mus te čumides man ando muj.” Phénel: “Mer” phénel, “adá hi mro feltételo, hoð akor tu dobineha tro jutalmo.” Ha phénel o kirájskro raklo: “Sivešen,” phénel, “mer me t’ avka kamjom tut sar žamba sal.” Phénel: “Hiába džungáli sal, de asi goðár sal, kedvešni sal, asi múveltni.” Phénel: “Me akán má kamjom tut.” Phénel: “Te mang’ áthar kampjáhi te džan mange, akkor legedomahi manca tut iš.” P’ ako phénel i žambóri: “Hát akán ker ánde tre átha, pa čumid man!” Án kerða o raklo, o kirájskro raklo pre átha, pa čumidinða la ando muj trival. Pa még ikrelahi pre átha. Phénel ój: “Akán má,” – de akkor má šukár nójiko hango šunda, – “akán má” phénel, “phráv ári tre átha! Ár len šaj phrás.” Hát kan phrál ári, hát jék naðon šukár đōñörümni kirájkišassoňa sín odoj, šukareder síne ój sar o kham. Upro kham šaj diklahi, de upre late na naðon, mer kápázisajonahi lengre átha ko la diklahi. Taj o but čelédi, o kiráji, sa ángle ále, mer sa varážlime síne. Addig n’ úle andar lende manuša, még nána aso jék mánuš, ko čumidinðah’ ola žamba, pa na undoriha. Na undorisalijáhi latar.

P’ ako phénel: “Sine jék bosorkáňa. Adaj síne uzar mande. Mri dada síne, de bosorkáňa síne. Sine la jék čhá. P’ ak’ odá kamlah’ i bosorkáňa, hoð lakro čhá te lel man. Me pa phendom, káj na kámav le. Mer aso džungálo, aso butavo síne,” phénel, “aso udvariatlanno sín’ ole manušenca.” Phénel: “Má ako föléňbe pe résešitinlahi, kanak még ni nána kiráji.” Phénel: “Me meg na phendom káj džá, p’ akor” phala, “o cilo kher varážlinda taj” phénel, “ole slúgen, sakonen, man pa žambake.” Phénel: “Még nána, ko man te čumidel, addig o átko na géja tél upral amende. P’ akor” phénel, “akán kiselín tut upre!” Akor šukara kirájskre gáda leske ande o solgi, upre le kiselinde, landarde le. Phénel: “Akán šukár hintóva ángle terdiňa. Akán” phala, “džas uz tró dad, and tre dadeskro orságo. Mer má te tre phrála, má t’ odona” phénel, “khér felé áven pumára romňaha, hoð ánd te síkán pumare dadeske. Mer tél phirða odá jék berš, hoð ko sava romňa peske serzinda.” Phala: “Me akán még” phénel, “pál változisa-jová žambake, me avka džá uz tute tuha.” Phénel: “Avka bešá uzar tute upro verda sar žamba és” phénel, “akko mulinla teješen o átko upral mande, kan tu pheneha, káj: Adala žambóra líňom me, adala válastindom me romňake, ada hi legšukareder upro világo, upre mro ríso.” Phénel óv: “Avka óvla, čak džas!”

Hát bara šukara hintóvaha džan, i žambór’ uzar leste, hát džan uzo kiráji. Hát odá díkhel ole duj šukare kirájkiňen, na džánel te phénen savi hi

So they went in a very nice cart, the little frog sat next to him, they went to see the king. The king looked at the two beautiful princesses and he couldn't tell which one was more beautiful. Because both of them were beautiful. He said: "Both of them are beautiful. And you, my son, Jánoš!" – Because the youngest was called Jánoš. – "You, where is your wife?" He says: "She is here; she is sitting here next to me." "Is *she* your wife? But *she* is a frog! *She* is not a woman! And how ugly *she* is, it, it is a toad! This one?!" He answered: "Yes, for me she is the most beautiful in the world, and I chose her to be my wife." After he said this, the little frog turned into a princess. When they saw her, even his brothers went down on their knees because in their whole lives they had never seen a woman as beautiful as the princess transformed from the frog. The brothers had kingdoms so they went back to their countries from which they brought their wives. And the youngest brother ruled both in his father's country and also in the country of the princess. He became king of both the places.

They lived happily ever after.

(Versend, 66 year-old-woman, 2008)

The sleeping beauty

When I was a little girl, I used to read fairytales in a book. Otherwise my uncle used to tell me fairytales in Romani. He would tell stories in Romani, and I would read in Hungarian in a book. I liked to listen to these fairytales. But he would never tell us a story I had showed to him, which I had read to him. He listened to it and that was it. He used to tell only "his" fairytales. The thing is I have already forgotten those fairytales! But what should I tell you about? About the sleeping beauty? I don't know any other story. So about the sleeping beauty:

Once upon a time, there was a huge country. The country had a king who ruled there. The king had a child, a little son. When the son grew into a man, his father told him to go out, to go hunting, to wander, and to bring home a wild rabbit and so on. So he would learn to shoot. So the son went out with his teacher by his side. He went out to the forest. As he was looking for wild rabbits and foxes and so on to shoot, his teacher dropped behind him.

So he continued alone. As he was walking, he arrived at a pathway. He saw that the pathway, such a little road, went deeper into the forest. He told himself: "Now I'm going this way to see what is there, where this road leads,

šukareder, hát šukara sine so dúj. Phénel: “Naďon šukara hi.” Hát phénel: “Tu, mro čhá” phénel, “Jánoš!” – Mer avka bučolah’ o legtikneder. – “Tu,” phénel, “káj hi tri romni?” Há phénel: “Ák adaj hi, adaj béšel uzar mande.” “Aďa hi tri romni? Hát aďa” phénel, “jék žambóri hi! Há nán aďa romni!” Phénel: “De még savi džungáli,” phénel, “aďa varandošni žamba hi!” Phénel: “Aďa?” Phénel: “Igen, mange aďa hi upro világo legšukareder éš adala válastinav mange romňake.” Adá sar ár phenda, i žambóri prik változisalíja kirájkiňake. Akko kana dikle, akko még leskre phrála, még t’ odona tél betlinde angal late, mer asa šukara džuvja, manušňa még upro világo na dikle sar ola žambatar úja kirájkiňa. Akko avka odolén sine kirájšágo. Ón pál géle odoj an pumáro orságo, káthar ande pumára romňa. A o tikno t’ adaj uralkodinlah’ uz pró dad taj te ande rakjakro orságo. So dúj tháne óv sine o kiráji.

Még t’ avdí džíven te na múle.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Čipkeróžika

Me kan tikni čhajóri somahi, me ungrika đínáhi paramisi andar o keňvo. Mro baťa pa románe phenlahi mange paramisi. Óv románe, me ungrika andar o keňvo. Me kamlahi te šúnen adana paramisa. De óv šoha na phenlah’ amenge le pále románe, so me leske sikaváhi, hoď so me đínáhi. Halgatinlahi le pa kės. Čak so óv phenlahi. Čak me má pobisterďom odona paramisa! De upral soste tuke te phénav? Upral i Čipkeróžika? Hát áver na džánav. Upral i Čipkeróžika:

Káthar sine, káthar nána, sin upro világo jék baro orságo. Odole orságo sine jék kiráji, ko uralkodinlah’ odoj. Hát odole kiráji sine jék čhá, muršóro. Hát kan upre bárlij’ odá čhá, akkor phénel leske leskro dad, káj nek džal ári, pa nek vadáslínel, nek phírel, pa nek ánel khére ase vadne šošoje taj asofélíko. Hoď nek sikjol te den kárja. Hát ár géja o čhá pre nevelóha, ko uzar leste sine. Géja ári ando vės. Hát sar odoj ródel ole vadne šošojen, taj róka taj asofélíko, hoď upre kaste šaj delah’ kárja, hát tél áchíja lestar leskro neveló.

Pa korkóre géja. Pa sar džal, hát upri jék šiviňa tévedinďa. Há díkhel, káj án felé vezetínel aďa ošvéňa, asi dromóra. Há phénel: “Akán me má ere

this pathway.” So he went and went, and suddenly he arrived at a huge palace. But the outside of the castle was overgrown by wild roses, elderberry and things like that. You couldn’t even see where the gate was or the fence. Because it was surrounded by a fence. But the fence was covered by those wild roses. He said: “I will come back tomorrow, I will bring a sword, a sharp one, and I will cut my way through to the gate. Then I will see what is inside.”

So the next day he went back there. He woke up early in the morning. He didn’t ask his teacher to accompany him. He left, he walked off alone. He arrived at the castle, he cut the way through. He only got through the gate but again the yard and everything was overgrown by rose trees and all kinds of trees. There were wild roses and also regular roses. Nice flowers were growing on both sides but they looked uncultivated. So he cut his way through, he went to the door, to the door of the palace. He opened the door, the palace was open. So he walked upstairs to the rooms. There upstairs, in the loft, there was a hammock. A very beautiful girl was lying there. She was the princess of the country. An old woman was sitting next to her, who was spinning on a spinning-wheel – on which they make wool.

Then the prince went in and saw the girl. He fell in love with her. He said to the old woman: “Who is the girl, lying here in this bed?” The old woman replied: “I am her nanny. One hundred years ago, – because she’s been sleeping here for one hundred years already, – there was a fairy.” She came down here, to the princess. She wanted to take over her country. She told her: “Come with me up to this room! You can touch everything, just not the spindle. Don’t touch the spindle!” – Because she used to spin with it. – “Because if you prick your finger with it, you will fall asleep for ever.” And the princess went upstairs with her. She was very interested in the spindle. So she went there and she pricked her finger by accident. And she immediately got drowsy, immediately fell asleep. But not just her, everybody did. All the servants who lived in the palace, all of them fell asleep. The fairy said: “This is your punishment: You must sleep for one hundred years, and only if there comes such a man, who can fight his way through these thick bushes and who will come to you into this room and call you by your name, who will find out your name, and who will kiss you, only then will the curse be broken. It will break away from you and from all the others who are here in the palace.” He says: “I will call you by your name. You are the sleeping beauty!”

Then the old woman told him that...³ Then the prince said: “She cannot be called anything else. Because outside here...” – Because there are rose hips on the wild

3 The recording was interrupted here.

džá, pa dikhá káj so hi, káj vezetínel adá drom, ada öšvéňa.” Há džal, džal, hát jekvarsa čak résel uz jék bari kaštéja. De oda kaštéja má árval sa ánde sine barlíli adale vadne rúženca, boddzaha, asefélikoha. Má ni na dířholahi, káj hi i kaputa, o keritéši. Mer körbe án sine kerítimi. Odá keritéši má sa án nášte adana vadne rúži. Hát phénel: “Maj áver dí pál avá, aná manca kardo, aso élešno, pa čhiná mange drom uzi kaputa. Pa dikhá, hoď sar hi ándral.”

Hát džal áver dí. Korán upr’ uštiňa. Ni vakerďa odole nevelóskre peskre, hoď te džal leha. Géja, korkóre indulínďa. Pál géja odoj uzi kaštéja, čhindá peske drom. Hát án še géj’ upri kaputa, de hát vígig udvara iš, vígig án sine növimó mindenfélíke kaštenca taj rúžike kaštenca. Adana vadne rúži taj rendešne rúži síne. De avka dúj felé síne šukara virági čhitte, de t’ odona má haňagolime síne. Há čhindá peske drom, án géja dži o vúder, dži kaštéjakro vúder. Án phrál, pro h’ i kaštéja. Hát džal upre felé ando sobi. Hát upre, andi padlášsoba, sine jék függóáď. And odá pašťolahi jék naďon šukár čhaj. Oda sine odole orságoskri kirájkiňa. Pa odoj uzar late bešlahi jék phuri manuśni, pa upr’ ada pergérokka, – sostar kéren o vuš, – avka foňinlahi upre. Khúvlahi upre, upr’ oda pergérokka.

Ako án géja o kirájcko chá, pa dikhja ola rakja. Pa naďon kamja la. Phénel la phura romňake, hoď: “Ko h’ ada, ko adaj pašťol and adá vodro?” Phénel i phuri romni: “Me som lakri dada.” Phénel: “Ezelétt” phénel, “šel beršenca... Mer má adá šel berš,” phénel, “sar sól adaj.” Phénel: “Sine jék tindérkiňa. Pa ája téle uz late, uz ada kirájkiňa. Pa kamja lakro orságo te len. Pa phénel lake: “Av upre manca, ad’ upre andi soba! De uz mindenekoste šaj astáres, de uzo oršó,” – mer upr’ odá foňinnahi, – “uz odá ma astar! Mer te bockinla tro va, akkor örökre ánd sóveha!” Pa upre géja ada kirájkiňa laha. Pa kivánčni síne mégiš, káj savi h’ oda oršó. P’ odoj géja, pa véletlenű bockinďa pro náj. Pa mindár andi lindra senderisaliňa, mindár án súťa. De na čak ój, hanem sako. O cile solgi, ko andi kaštéja bešnahi, odona sa án súde. Odá phendá i tindérkiňa: “Adá hi tro bintetéši: Šel berš musáj te sóveha,” phénel, “és te” phénel, “avla jék aso legéni, ko prik pe márľa prikál adana bare bozóti, pa ánd avla uz tute and ada soba, pa te upre tro ánav phenla tuke, ár találinla hoď so hi tro ánav, pa čumidla tut, akkor mulinla o átko upral tumende.” Phénel: “Upral tute taj upral o cilo, ko adaj ánd hi o manuša andi kaštéja.” Phénel: “Me nevezinav tut. Óveha i Čipkeróžiká!”

P’ ako i phuri romni phendá le leske... P’ akor phénel o kiráji: “Hát ada áver náš t’ óvel,” phénel, “mer adaj ári...” – Mer čipkeboďóvi h’ upro vadne rúži, džánes, so terméši čipkeboďó hi. – “Áver náš t’ ól lakro ánav, mer” phénel, “asi hi sar i rúža,” phénel, “asi šukár hi li. Me” phénel, “nevezináhi la Čipkeróžikake.” Phénel: “Me odá ánav dáhi la.” P’ ako tél banděj’ uz late,

roses, you know, the rose hips are its fruits. – “She cannot have any other name, because she is like a rose, she is as beautiful as a rose. I’ll call her *rose hip*⁴. I will give her this name.” Then he bent down to her and kissed her. This name woke her up, because it was the name the fairy had given her. The sleeping beauty woke up and said: “Ah, who are you, handsome man? Where did you come from?” He answers: “I’m from another country; I’m a prince of another country. I just came to hunt and the pathway led me here. I came through there, just followed the pathway, I got to you, and I fought my way through all those roses and trees, there were all kinds of bushes. The yard was full of everything.”

So when she woke up, he asked her: “Will you marry me? Because I love you very much.” She replied: “I love you too so I will certainly marry you. I just don’t know whether my parents, my father and my mother, are already awake or whether they are still charmed. Let’s go downstairs from the loft to the basement to see who is there. To see if they have already woken up in the throne-hall, where they were. Because that’s where they fell asleep. Let’s go and see!”

They walked downstairs, the palace had become beautiful by then. So they went downstairs and there was the father and the mother, they were speaking in the same way and they had stayed as young as before. All the bushes, everything disappeared from the garden. The garden became very nice.

So he married her, and brought her along to his parents. Then he ruled in two countries. Because he was the only son there, and she was the only daughter here, he became the king of both countries. He ruled very rightfully. They had many children. They lived happily ever after.

It doesn’t sound good in Romani, it sounds better in Hungarian.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

4 The Hungarian-borrowed name for Sleeping Beauty is *Čipkerózika* which means rose hip.

čumidinda la. P' adá ánav upre la tírinda, mer adá phenda i tündérkiňa lake, ój la nevezinda avka. Upre ébrisaľija i Čipkeróžika, phénel leske: "Jaj, ko sal tu šukár raklo?" Phénel: "Káthar ájal adaj?" Phénel óv: "Me andar o áver orságo som, ávre orságoskro kiráji. Čak ájom" phénel, "te vadásĺinen, pa pont" phénel, "adaj taláľindom," phénel, "uz tumende upri šivíňa ájom." Phénel: "Óthar ájom ánd upral o drom uz tute, eš avka man prik márdom" phénel, "prikal o but rúži" phénel, "taj o kašta, mindenfélíko tiviški síne. Mindeneko sín odoj and oďa udvara."

P' ako kanak upre ébrisaľija, hát phénel: "Óveha mri romni? Mer" phénel, "mange naďon teccínes." Phénel ój: "Te mange teccínes," hát phénel, "sivešen džá uz tute. Čak na džánav," phénel, "hoď akán mre süleji upre ébrisaľile, mri daj taj mró dad," phénel, "vad" phénel, "upre lende még si átko." Phénel: "Džas áthar téle, andar i padlášsoba téle upro alagšoro, nek díkhas, káj ko h' odoj." Phénel: "Hoď hát upre ébrisaľile ando tróntermo, káj sin i daj taj o dad. Mer odoj süte ánde." Phénel: "Džas díkhas!"

Hát džan tél felé, akko má naďon šukár sine oďa kaštéja. Hát džan téle, hát t' o dad t' i daj uďan avka vakerkéren, ase térn' áchile sar síne. O but virági andi udvara, oďa mindeneko tinisaľija. Naďon šukár úja i udvara.

P' akor ľíňa la, legeďa la uz pre süleji. P' ako dúj felé uralkodinda. Mer óv korkóre sine čhá, adaj nána buter niko sar i čhaj, p' ak' and so duj orságo óv sine o kiráji. Naďon igaššágošan uralkodinda. Úja len but čhavóra. Még t' avdí džín te na múle.

Avka erďavo hi románe, adá ungrika feder ár ável.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

The evil maid

Ah, my grandfather used to tell many stories, he used to tell stories. But you know, to remember them is quite difficult for me. Especially as I also read these fairytales and it's hard for me to put together one that I could tell as a whole just in Romani. Because I haven't told them to anybody in Romani. I don't know where my grandfather learned to tell one fairytale for hours and hours, and he could tell them fluently, all of them. And he told them in exactly the same way as they were written in the book. I found out when I learned to read when I was a schoolgirl. There were those Russian folktales, and there were the Hungarian folktales: there was *The sky-high tree*, *The beautiful Ilona*. Ah, and who was he? Wait a little bit, the one who was so strong! Later on I read about him in the Bible. What was his name, ah, I don't know it any more but my grandfather told me who he was.

I would like to remember them very much, at least one of them fluently. This fairytale was a very long one. But I will mix it up already. How old was I at that time? Six years old, five or six years old, or even younger. How can I remember it? There was one, when he told it; he said that it was called the *Ár-gyé-lus prince*. I didn't even know what it meant, this name of his. I have the book somewhere, those Hungarian folktales, the old one, the very old one. There you can find for example *The Princess of the Sun*. And my grandfather said that there was some painting. That he was carrying the painting, the painting of the girl, on his back, he was telling something like this. After that he went to the country where the princess lived, who had a star on her forehead. So he was telling the story in the following way:

There was a king and a princess, or better said, a queen. So the thing was always that they wanted to have a daughter, to give birth to a girl. But whatever she did, she couldn't have a baby. Once a king from another country called upon the king to go into war with him. The king summoned all his soldiers and he joined the army as well. So the king and his soldiers went to war. They battled.

But their maid, she wanted the king to marry her daughter. But he didn't because he had married this princess. But after the husband, the king, went to war, his wife found out she was pregnant. She didn't know where her husband was. Those times you couldn't send messages to somebody just like that, or to send a courier or somebody else to him. She thought that when he came home, he would be happy that he has a little boy or girl. Because they wanted so much to have one.

But the maid was angry with the king, because he didn't marry her daughter. – So my grandfather said in Romani. – Their maid wanted the king

Gonosni služavkiňa

Jaj, hát mro papu naďon but vakellahi, avka ikellahi, mešélinlahi. De džánes, mange akán má adá naďon pháro hi. Pláne káj me má te ďiňdom adana paramissa avka, pa má na džanáhi ekethán te ikéren jék, avka hoď tista románe te phénav la. Mer me má nikaske na phendom le románe. Odá na džanáhi, hoď akán káthar mro papu adana džanlahi, hoď órák hossat upral jék paramisi, pa avka džanlahi fojamatoššan, mindeneko. Ěš uďan avka, sar odoj síňa ánde pisimo, ando keňvo. Kan má me šaj ďiňdom le, kan má iškolášni somáhi. Pa síňa adá oros nępmešék, taj síňa o kóva, o maďar nępmešék: *Ěgig érő fa* ánde síňa, *A Tündérszép Ilona*. Jaj ako ko siň' odá? Užár čak, kas asi bari zór síňa! Andi biblija upral odá pa ďiňdom. Sar iš bucholahi, jaj, na džánav ám, sar phenlahi mro papu, hoď ko h' odá.

Naďon kamáhi te te valasavi jék avka ande mri gódi avlahi, hoď fojamatoššan sar iš. Adďa naďon dugi kova síňa, adá paramisi. Hát adá me má keverináhi avka. Akor me so somahi? Šóv beršiki, pándž šóv beršiki, taj még tikneder. Há so emléksinav me upr' odá má avka? Jék síňa, so avka, kan phukavláhi, odá phenlahi: o *Árgyélus királyfi*. Odá še džánav, hoď so je-lentínáhi odá, hoď odá síne. Meg hi odá valakháj, odá maďar nępmešék, odá čillutno, naďon čillutno. And' odá si *Napleánya királykisasszony*, odá síňa. Pa avka phennáhi, hoď valaso kípó síňa. Afka phiravlahi o kípó, ola čhakro kípó upre pro dumo, valaso avka vakerláhi. P' akor géja odoj and' odá orságo, káj adá kirájcki rakli síne, kas čerhéňa síňa ando čekát, čillagi. P' akor, akor upral odá mešélinláhi, hoď:

Síňa jék kiráji, taj jék kirájkišassoňa, hát sóval jék kirájkiňa. Hát fur upr' odá síňa, hoď te ovláhi len jék čhaj, bijanlahi, hoď te ón len jék čhaj. Pa hát akárso kerlahi, hát náňa la. Há jekvar čak, puručinda leske o áver orságoskro kiráji, hoď háborúzinna. O kiráji akharda eketháne pre lukesten, taj ole šeregoha óv iš géja. Hát akán o kiráji géja pre lukestenca ár ando háboru. Eketháne našlile.

De ko síňa lengri služavkiňa, odďa odá kamja, hoď lakra čha te lel odá kiráji. Pa na lija la, hanem hát adala kirájkišassoňa liňa. De mire hoď géja o rom, o kiráji ando háboru, addig i romni khamni úja. Pa na džandá, hoď merre hi lo. Azelét nášt avka puručinnahi čak, vaď futári, vaď valakas te bičhaďáhi pal leste. Gondolinda, hoď maj khér avla, pa hát lošanla, káj úja čhavóro vaď čhajóri. Mer naďon kamnéhi te úle.

Pa i služavkiňa, káj na liňa lakra čha, rušlahi upri gádži. – Hát óv románe avka phukavláhi. – Lengri služavkiňa odá kamja, hoď te lel lakra čha. De lakri čhaj naďon asi gorombámni taj džungáli síňa. De i kirájkiňa,

to marry her daughter. But her daughter was very rude and ugly. But the queen was beautiful. – I don't remember how my grandfather told it, who else was there. – The butler, or who that was, a man there, she told him that the queen was pregnant. But they won't tell the king until the last day, the day she gives birth. Then they will send somebody to him with the news. In that time the king had a very nice dog. The dog gave birth to two puppies, two little puppies.

– Now I don't remember it very precisely, because it was long, but as in fairytales, the things happen quite fast. – So it happened that the queen gave birth to two children. She gave birth, and the maid took the children away from her. Then she sent the butler to deliver a message. He saw the king and told him the news that his wife was pregnant, the queen was pregnant.

When giving birth, the queen was in a very bad condition, and the maid tried to conceal her plans from her. So the puppies were born, and she took the puppies. As the queen gave birth, the butler took away her children and he took them away. And the maid put the two puppies there, next to the queen. The queen was crying so much, worried about what would happen when her husband comes home, and what he would do when she tells him that she gave birth to puppies. The maid told that man, or who that was, the butler, or whoever. – Or how my grandfather told it, who was that? – That he should go and tell the king that she gave birth to puppies. He went immediately, so he told the king that his wife had given birth to two puppies.

– And they continued the story like this: – The king thought that the children might really be from a dog. So he said not to humiliate him any more, it would be better if the butler, who worked there, took her out to the forest together with the puppies. That he should take her away. So he took her out to the forest. But this guard, or whoever it was, this butler at least had some goodness in his heart and he brought the children with them. He took the dog with the puppies as well. He took her away. But he told the maid that the dog that gave birth to the puppies had died. Because he took them away as well. He took them far away, very far away, and he left them in the forest. Then this man told the queen: "She is evil. Don't come back! Here are your children. I brought them here, I hadn't killed them. The maid had told me to kill them, and to take back their hearts. But I caught two rabbits, I shot them. I took out their hearts, and I showed them to her. And I told her that the mother of the puppies died after giving birth to them. But here is the mother of the puppies! She will take care of you, and she will also bring up her puppies. And you can bring up your children."

So the woman, the queen, stayed in the forest. And this man went home and told the maid that he managed to do everything as planned. By then the king had sent a message to them saying that by the time he gets there, they

odá pa šukár sína. – Na džánav sar phenda akánig mro papu, hoď sar odá, ko még sína. – Komorníko, vad ko sín' odá, ko még odoj sína murš, odoleske ári phukaďa, hoď i romni khamni hi. De maj čak utošómno divesa, kan má meg ovla, akkor majd phenna, hoď káj khamni hi, lakre romeske. Ho palal leste bičhavla la. De közbe síne le jék naďon kedvešno džúkel, ole kiráji. Ellíja o džúkel, ole kirájiske. Pa duj džukela le úle, duj džuklóra.

Pa odá sína, hoď... – Hát akán avka naďon résletešen na džánav, mer butájig iš ikrelahi, hát andi paramisi sig iš džal adá. – Avka úja, hoď bijanda i kirájkiňa. Bijanda, pa avka hoď ole čhavóre líja latar i šlúzavkiňa. De má akor izeninda ole komorníkoštar. Odá talákozinda, pa phenda le kirájiske, hoď leskri romni khamni hi, khamni hi i kirájkiňa.

Pa i kirájkiňa naďon erďavóne sína. Hát ój ikerďa, hoď te na díkhel. No akán meg úle, pa líja le džukelen. Pa mire i kirájkiňa bijanda, ole čhavóren odá komorníko líja latar, pa ár len legeďa. Pa odoj čiřa lake le duj džuklóren, ola kirájkiňake. I kirájkiňa naďon róvľahi, hoď akán so ovla te lakro rom khér avla, pa so kerla, te odá phenla, hoď hát džuklen bijanda. Ój odá phenda ole manušeske, odá ko sína odá komorníko vad ko hi odoj, odá fiřtárnoko, – vad sar phenda, ko síne, – odá phenda leske i šlúzavkiňa, hoď nek džal, nek phénel ole kirájiske, hoď ój džuklóren bijanda. Mindá géja iš, phénel le kirájiske, hoď leskri romni duj džuklóren bijanda.

– Pa hát akánig ón avka mešélinnáhi, hoď: – O kiráji odá džanda, hoď talán te džuklestar hi. Hát le sína ase džukela. Ako odá phenda, hoď aso naďon baro ladžavo te na kéren upre leste, hanem nek lel odá komorníko, k' odoj sin, nek léďžel ári la ando vész ole džuklenca eďitt. Nek léďžel la ári. Pa ári la legeďa, pa odoj ando vész ári la legeďa. De azér aťi jílo avka sína ole štrázamešteri, vad akárko sin odá komorníko, hoď ole čhavóren ko laha síne, odole čhavóren ári legeďa. Odoj legeďa t' ole džukja ole džuklenca. Ári la legeďa. De odá phenda la šlúzavkiňake, hoď murdalíja oďa džukli, ko ole tiknen bijanda. Mer t' odola ári legeďa. Ári len legeďa naďon dúr, naďon dúr len legeďa, p' ando vész odoj len mukja. No akkor odá phenda odá mánuš ola kirájkiňake: “Hát,” phénel, “ój naďon gonosni hi li. Pále ma av!”, phénel. “Adaj hi tre čhavóra. Me len andom adaj, de na murdardom len. Ój odá phenda, nek murdárov len, pa lengro jílo nek léďžav pále, i šlúzavkiňa. De me” phala, “astardom duj šošojen, tél diňom kárja. Ár liňom lengro jílo, pa legeďom lake te sikáven, hoď odoj hi. Ěš odá phendom, hoď murdalíja le džuklengri daj, kan bijandíja. De ák hi le džuklengri daj! Aďa maj viďázínla upre tumende, taj maj te pre džuklóren upre nevelínla. Tu pa tre duj čhavóren šaj nevelíneha.”

Pa avka odoj áčhíja ári ando vész, oďa džuvľi. Hát odá pa khér ája, odá phenda la šlúzavkiňake, hoď óv intézinda mindeneko. Addig o kiráji má hát izeninda, hoď mire khér avla, nek tintetínen la, te na ladžavo óvel, nek phé-

should have gotten rid of the queen, so that he isn't ashamed, they should think of a story to tell about what had happened to her and so on. So they did. And he didn't want to announce that he was free to marry again. So he married the maid's daughter. She persuaded him to marry her; otherwise she would have revealed that his wife gave birth to puppies. So the king came back home and married the maid's daughter.

– And now I don't remember what else happened, because my grandfather took so long, it took so long... – The time passed and passed, so they grew old. What to say, in the fairytales everything goes fast. They became so beautiful. So this is the fairytale about a girl who had a star on her forehead. She had a star there. They were so beautiful that you could look at the sun but not at them, because they were so beautiful. – My grandfather told it like this, but he really knew how to tell it, so nicely! – When they grew old, they used to go for a walk. They used to go to the forest, the queen's children, that is.

Once another king went hunting, and he found the two children. He found them. They were dancing in the forest. There was a beautiful stream and the two children were dancing there. But they were already a little bit older then. And they liked the king and they wanted to bring him home with them. And the king's wife had died, and they didn't have children. So his wife died and he was hunting and then he found the children and he wanted to take them home with him. But the children told him that they are with their mother, that their mother was there as well. So the king went there with them. The king took them home. He liked the queen as well, because she was very beautiful, so he brought her home with him as well. And also the two children.

And the other king who had married the maid's daughter, he had a very ugly son, from that ugly daughter of the maid. And then something happened: When the children grew older, the king who had married the queen wanted the queen's daughter to get married. She wasn't his daughter, of course, but he wanted the princess to get married. And the other king wanted his son to get married. Because he was also growing older, so he wanted his son to marry somebody and become the king. The king's son who was born to the maid's daughter went to wander in the world. And somehow he managed to see the king's daughter, the one who had a star on her forehead. And he made somebody paint a picture of her. Because he saw her, but there was no way of finding her, no way. So he was walking around with that painting, he fastened it to his back and so he was walking. He dressed himself as a poor man and he tried everywhere hoping that maybe somebody would know her or somebody would know where she was, or who she was.

Because somehow they found her, and they brought her there. So they met. Then she said that she would like to bring her mother there, to the wed-

nen valaso, hoď so laha úja vad' so. Avk' iš kerďa. P' ako na kamja, hoď vėgig ár te hirdetinen, hoď ávra kirájkišasoňa te lel. Hanem lija la šlúžavkiňakra čha. Upre vakerďa, hoď te lel la, mer ako ári phukavla, te na lela lakra čha, akor ár phukavla, hoď leskri romni džuklen bijandá. No akor khér ája o kiráji, pa lija ola šlúžavkiňakra čha.

– Pa hát na džánav avka közbe, még óv phukavláhi, hát naďon butájig ikrelahi... – De addig addig, hát upre bárľile. Hát andi paramisi sig džal. P' akor avka hát naďon šukara sína. No adana sína odona, káj la čha čillaga síne ando šero, čerhéňa. Čerhéňa la síňa. Ase šukaróra síne, hoď upro kham šaj diknahi, de upr' odona náštig, mer ase šukara síňa. – Óv avka phenlahi, de aso šukár džanláhi le te phénen! – P' akor kan m' avka baredera úle, džanah' avka te šétálinen. Ando vės džanahi, o duj phralóra, ola kirájkiňakre čháve ár ando vės.

Hát jék áver kiráji vadásato ikerďa, pa alakja ole duj čháven. Alakja len. Khelnahi ando vės. Fojinlahi jék aso šukár patako, pa ón odoj khelnáhi, o duj čhávoňa. De má ase baredera čhavóra sína. P' akor o kiráji naďon teccindá lenge, pa kamlahi le khér te lédžen. Éš odole kirájiske pa múja leskri romni, pa nána len čháve. Pa múja leskri romni, hát pa óv pa vadáslinláhi, p' akor alakja le čháven, pa kamja len khér te lédžen. De o čháve phende, hoď ón adaj hi le pumara daha éš adaj lengri daj. P' ak' odoj lenca géja. P' akor adá kiráji khér len legedá. Ola kirájkiňa teccindá leske, hát naďon šukár sína i kirájkiňa, legedá la khére. Taj le duj čháven iš.

Odá kiráji, ko lija la šlúžavkiňakra čha, p' akor naďon džungalo kóva le úja, naďon džungalo čhá úja le, odola džungala šlúžavkiňakra čatar. – P' akor valaso aso sína, hoď: – Kan má baredera úle, akor adá kiráji, ko la čha legedá, adá kiráji romeste kamja te den ola kirájcka rakja. Hát nána leskri, de hát odola kirájcka rakja. Adá pa kamlahi, hoď leskro čhá te lel romňa. Mer hát óv iš má phurjol, pa hoď te lel, óvel óv o kiráji. Óv géja avka világo te díkhen, adá kirájsko raklo, ko la šlúžavkiňakra rakja úja. P' akor valasar dikja adala čha, dikja la rakja, ola kirájiskra čha, kas čerhéňa síňa ando čekat. P' akor tél la feštinaďa. Mer dikja la, pa buter n' alaklahi la, n' alaklahi la nisar, nisar la n' alaklahi. Pa avka, hoď phillah' odole kípoha, upre pro dumo phandja, pa avka phirlahi. Prik pe kíselinďa čore manušeske, pa vígig ikellahi, hát te valako phenla, hoď pindžárel la, vad' džánel káj hi li, vad' ko h' odďa.

Valakháj alakja la, p' akor odoj la legede. Pa avka ekethán ále. Akor ój phendá, hoď nek šaj prá da odoj ánel, kan má bijav síne. – But közbe ári áchija ándral. – Hanem avka sína, hoď óv, avka t' óv kirájcko raklo síňa. Alakja la, hoď lela la romňake. P' akor ój odá phendá, hoď čak akkor, te lakra da odoj anna. Akkor pindžardá pra romňa o kiráji. P' akor ári phukade. P' akor aso valaso ája ári ándral, hoď ár džandija, hoď ón hi le. P' akor uze le

ding. – But I have already skipped some things. – But it happened that he was also a prince. He found her, and wanted to marry her. Then she said that she would marry him only if they bring her mother there. Then the king recognized his wife at once. Then they told him everything. So the king found out somehow that those are his children. So he fastened the evil step-mother, the maid, to the horsetail, the one who gave him her daughter as a wife. The king fastened her when he realized that she was his daughter.

The queen called that man who took them out, that butler, or who ever he was. Then he said that everything had been done by the evil step-mother, by the maid. And that it wasn't true about the puppies, because she had given birth to those children. So she planned the whole thing just to make the king marry her daughter. Then the king ordered that both of them be fastened to two horsetails, the horses were running with them. And he took back his wife, and of course, his two children.

Then the maid's daughter's son told him that he wasn't guilty. He gave him a country, so that he could go there. Because the daughter said that she didn't love him, she wouldn't marry him. So he gave him a country, to be the king there, separately. Since he was also his child. And for those two children he organized a competition, a test. – My grandfather was speaking so much about what kind of test, three tests! I don't remember any more, I don't remember it.

He spoke for a long time, and he spoke so well! It was a pleasure to listen to him. Especially when the Romani women got together and sung folk party songs, those who gathered there. So how it used to be in those days, the love between the people was better and bigger. You know, between the people, between Romani women and Romani men, it used to be better back then.

(Versend, 65-year-old woman, 2009)

grasteskri póri phanda odola gonosna moštoha (*sic*), služavkiňa, vad' ko sin odďa, ko pra čha óďa díňa leske. Odola úze phanda odá kiráji, kan upre ája, hod' hát odá leskri čhaj hi.

Ángle akháďa i kirájkiňa odole gádže, ko len ár legeda, ole mešteri vad' ko sin odá, o komorňiko. P' akor odá phenda, hod' i gonosni moštoha (*sic*), služavkiňa, adá kerďa. Ěš nána čáčo, lakre sin adana čháve. Čak ój azér kerd' adá sa, hod' lakra čha te lel. No akor so le dújen uzo duj grastenge porika len phanda, o grasta vágtatinde lenca. Pa pál liňa pra romňa, taj hát leskre síne o duj čháve.

Hát adá pa odá leske phenda, hod' óv nána binešno, adá ko leskro čhá úja, ola služavkiňakra čatar. Díňa le valasavo orságo, hod' nek džal. Mer i čhaj phenda, ój na kámel le, ój na džal uz leste. Adale díňa orságo, kilen nek ól odoj kiráji te óv. Mer hát óv iš leskro čhá iš. Adale dújen pa ár hirdetinda, hod' veršeňi taj asi próba... – Ako kiťa vakerlahi, hod' savi próba, trin ase próbi! Má na džánav, me adana má na džánav –.

De naďon butájig vakerlahi, p' aso šukáre džanlah' upral te vakéren, hod' čak! Adá naďon lácho sine avka te halgatínen. Taj pláne kan avka ekethán avnah' o romňa, pa ďilavnahi ase mulatóšne, avka ón so ekethán avnáhi. Hát avka čilla so síňa, feder, bareder síne o kamípe maškar jékhávreste. Džánes, jékhávreha, o romňa taj róma, feder síňa avka.

(Veršenda, 65 beršiki romni, 2009)

The Roma, the Germans and the Hungarians

I am a Rom. It doesn't matter if you're beautiful, white, you have everything in the house, you're clever, you're not stupid you are still a Rom. They look down on you. Despite all that they keep saying, you are a Rom.

How we, Roma, were created, and what about the Germans and the Hungarians? Once the sweet God was bored and he set fire in the stove. He set fire and he sat down. And he formed a man and a woman. And he put them in the oven and he burned them out. At first he didn't bake those people long enough so they turned out pale, white. He burned them just for a short time. Then the next day when he woke up he said: "I will name you now. You are the Hungarians." He made the Hungarians like that, very pale.

The next day he was also bored, he made another two "puppets". He formed out such humans from the loam. He baked those as well and this time they went red. He baked them in the oven for a longer time, that's why they were red. The next day when he woke up, he took them out. "You turned red, you will be the Germans."

And the third day he made a man and a woman again. And he left them behind in the oven; he didn't turn off the stove. So they burnt, they became black. He says to them the next day: "You, ah, you are so black! Because I was lazy, so you will be the Roma. You are the Roma." – And the children were listening to them, mostly pre-school children. And then she continued: – "That's why we, the Roma, have black hair, such a nice brown face as you have," – Because those children were so beautifully black, so brown. – "Because God created us in that way. And we are the Roma. God said: "I created the Roma with pleasure. And that's why the Roma are so fond of dancing, playing, they are cheerful. They take everything easy, they dance no matter whether or not they have something to eat, they are in a good mood all the time."

This tale was told by a Lovari⁵ woman, a psychologist. She studied psychology, and she is still a psychologist; she is quite often on the television.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

5 Lovari is a subgroup of Roma.

Róma, nimci taj ungri

Me rom som. Hijába sal šukár, páрно, si tumen mindeneko ando kher, džánes, na sal butavo, de akkor iš rom sal. Tél tut díkhen. Akkor iš odá phénen rom hi lo.

Sar újam amen o róma, sar úle o nimci taj o ungrike róma (*sic*). Jekvar o gulo Dél an pro unalmo án fitind” i péťa. Án fitinda, pa tél bešťa. Pa formálinda jékhe manuše taj jékha manušna džuvjake. Pa án le čifťa and oďa kemence, pa ár le thárďa. Eléser, kan na naďon pékja odole manušen, p’ ako ase šápatne, párne síne. Čak zalog mukja len ánde andi jag. Akkor odá phenda, kanak áver dí upr’ uštiňa: “Akán dav tumen ánav. Tumen san o ungri.” Avka kerďa ole ungriken, upro šápatno.

Áver dí papaleg unatkozinda, papal kerďa dúje babutken. Ase manušen ár formálinda andar o aďago. Odoná iš thárďa, odoná p’ avka lojarďa. Dureder mukja andi péťa, ase lóle síne. Áver dí, kan upr’ uštiňa, ár len líňa. “Tumen lóleske šikerisalíjan, tumen óvna o nimci.”

A trito dí pa kerďa papal jékhe róme taj jékha romňa. Pa án len pobisterďa andi kemence, na zárinda len téle. Pa thabíle, kále úle. Phénel lenge áver dí: “Tumen, hú, tumen naďon kále san! Taj luštavo somahi, hát tumen san o róma.” Phénel: “O róma tumen san.” – Odoj o čhavóra fídelinlahi len, ase ovodášša. – P’ ako phénel: “Azér si amen kale bála, ole rómen, ase šukára kale áťha, aso šukár barnavo arco sar akán tumen san.” – Mer ase šukara kale čhavóra sin, ase barnave. – “Mer o Délóro amen avka teremtinda. Ěš amen sam o róma. Odá phenda o Délóro: “O róma, an mri lachi vója len kerďom. O róma nek ón mindig vígne, nek khélen. Adá le rómengro tulajdonšágo nek óvel, mer an mri lachi vója len teremtindom.” Phénel: “Ěš azér kámen o róma aňňira te khélen, te cíden, vígne hi le. Na hajnen nisoħa, te si te han nán te han, de akkor iš khélen, akkor iš lachi vója hi len.”

Aďa paramisi jék *lovári cigány* mešélinda, jék psihológuši. Odoleske siklíja ári ěš még akán iš oďa hi, mer ando tévé buterval serepelinel.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Granny

I also know some stories. I used to tell the children every day! My grandchildren come and visit, you know? I have twenty grandchildren, and they used to come in here. Then they would sit down, sleep there, all of them on the carpet. But I always tell them, let's go, wake up! Go home to sleep! It's ten o'clock. The children reply: "More stories!" No matter how much it was snowing or the wind was blowing, all stayed here to listen. When was that time, my sweet God? When was that time when I used to tell those stories!

The old *Gadji* (i.e. non-Romani woman) was walking, there was, my sweet God, there was a story about it. In the forest, in the wild forest she had a big hovel, a tiny house. The old *Gadji* was carrying wood, this old *Romni* (i.e. Romani woman),⁶ on her back. She was just walking; she lived alone in the big wild forest. Mighty gentlemen were also outside, taking a stroll. – Do you know who gentlemen are? The noble men, the counts. – So the counts, they were walking there. "Sweet old mother, isn't it heavy, the wood?" She answered: "It is heavy, my beautiful son." Then she continued: "You called me old mother, you called me sweet mother, so you can come to my house and sit down."

They went in. They saw the little house, they gave her money. She blessed them. She advised them not to go this and that way because they would get lost or not to cross this and that river...

I used to tell this story to the kids and they would fall asleep. Then I woke them up. The children fell asleep. Really! *And this story really happened.* It happened here. Yes, there was a woman, she has died already. She was ninety years old. She was ninety years old when she died. She lived there outside, in the gypsy settlement. That woman you once saw here, and the next time you know where she was? In the big wild forest. She was always in the forest. She used to go begging in Piliscsaba. What could she get? Two florins, one florin, because at that time this was the value of the money. She had a little sachet fastened to her neck here,⁷ even when she died, even when she died. They would always give her something. At least six florins. Yeah, the granny, believe it or not!

(Csobánka, 67-year-old woman, 2009)

6 At the beginning of the story the protagonist is a *Gadji* (i.e. a non-Romani woman), but later on the story-teller switches to *Romni* (i.e. a Romani woman)

7 The storyteller is indicating where.

Teta

Te me džanav o paramisa. Ha me sako dí phenáhi le čhavórenge! Ánd' aven mre onoki, na? Si man biš onoki, pa ánd' avnahi. Pa téle bešnahi, taj te sovna-hi odoj avka, te sa upro séňego. Ha phenav, džan, užten upre! Ha džan má khére te soven! Deš óri. "Még!" Pa delah' o điv, phudlah' i balval, pal ón adaj šunnahi végig. Há má kana siň' adá, mro gulo Délóro? Má kana siň' adá, adala paramisa, so me phenáhi!

Džalah' i phuri gádži, siňa, mro gulo Délóro, siňa jék terténeto. Ando vész, vadatno vész siňa len jék bari guňhóva, tikno kheróro. Pa kašta phiravlahi i phuri gádži, i phuri romni upro dumo. Pa džalahi, korkóri bešlah' ando baro vadatno vész. Pa džanah' ár o pitinterja. – Odá pitinterja džanes so sle? O bare manuša, grófi. – O grófi, pa džanahi. "Mri phuri guli dajóri, nán phár' odola kašta?" Phenlahi: "Pháre hi, mro šukár raklóro." P' akor phenlahi ój leske: "Phura dake man nevezindál, avka man nevezindál gula dake, hát šaj aves ánde kez mande, pa šaj téle bešes."

Ánde džanahi. Diknahi l' akor o tikno kheróro, denahi la lóve. Ój delahi upre lende áldáši. Hoj adá t' adaj téle šijjedinna, prek ada jáрко te na džan...

Adá avka vakeráhi le čhavórenge, p' o čhavóre ánde sovna-hi. P' uppe len džangaváhi. Ánde sovna-h' o čhavóra. Bizoň ám! *És ez megtörtént dolog síňa*. Adaj tertisalija. Igen, sa jék manušni, odi múja. Kilencven évešni sja. Eňavardeš beršiki sja kan múja. Ávral bešlah' upro cigánteipo. Odola jékvar adaj dikhesahi, jékvar má džanes ká ssa? Ando baro vadatno vész. Mindig ando vész sja. Ďalog phirlahi te kúduľinen Pilišu. So užtidlahi lóve? Duj rup, jeg rup, mer akor odola lóve sle. Adaj sa lake phandli začka andi men, te kan múja, te kan múja. Mindig denahi la. Vaj jek hatoši. Bizoň ám, i teta!

(Čobánka, 67 beršiki romni, 2009)

Adá čáčo sína,
adá nán paramisi: Múle

It is a real story,
not a fairytale: Dead men

The shepherd's garden

Old people used to say that dead people used to come home. And my grandfather said that there, where the shepherd's garden is, – it was up there, where the street is where we used to live, in the “Gypsy town”,⁸ – there was a big glade. And that in fact belonged to the shepherd, just that he never planted anything there. He didn't use the land, because the Roma lived there, and the Roma took everything away from him. When the Roma had pigs, they took the corn away from him, so that's why he didn't plant there again.

So there was a big glade, and we used to go there. There was always some music playing and we danced. There the old man used to say that dead people come home. That they saw at twelve midnight that dead Croats were dancing *kolo*⁹ outside. Because the land belonged to Croats, they were the owners. The elders were walking home and watching them as they were dancing *kolo* there. So they used to say.

Now who can believe it! But those times we believed it, we were listening to it. Then we asked: “Why don't the dead people come now, why can't we see them?” He said that earlier God used to allow them to go home. There was just one condition that at a certain time they had to be back at home, in the graveyard. Then one or two of them didn't go back, those ones who had small children so they wanted to stay at home. Then God made them invisible so that the people couldn't see them. They could go home, but nobody could see them. Just those ones could who loved them very much, the people they visited. So they could see the dead people but others could not. My grandfather told me this.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

8 “Gypsy town” is the name of the former local Romani settlement.

9 South Slavic folk dance which is danced in a circle formed by the dancers.

Juhásiskri bár

O phure manuša vakernahi, káj ezelét khér phirnahi o múle. A mro papu pa mešélinlahi, káj odoj, káj phendám juhásiskri bár. – Oďa sine upre, andi úca káj bešahamhi, andi *cigányváros*. – Odoj sine jék baro tistáši. Ěš odá čačika le juhásiskro síne odá terileto, čak na čhivlah' ánde ništa. Na hasnálinlahi i phuv, mer káj o róma odoj síne, p' akkor o róma mindeneko kednahi le lendar, ledžnahi. Le bálen ikrenah', akkor o bobo phiravnahi, p' akkor avka na čhitte buter ánde ništa.

P' akkor odoj síne jék baro tistáši, pa odoj phírahamhi. Mindég odoj cidnahi, odoj khelahamhi. P' ako mindig phenlah' o phúro, káj khér phíren o but múle. Hoď šaj dešuduj órako diknahi, káj o dása kolozínen árval. Mer dásengri síne oďa phuv, ko o tulajdonoša síne. O phúre, odona avnahi khére, p' odoj khelnahi, kolozinnahi, ón pa diknahi len. Hát odá phennahi.

Akán má ko le paťal! De akko paťahamhi le, hallgatinahamhi. Akko phenahamhi: “Akán soske n' áven khér o múle, soske náš te díkhas?” P' odá phendá, hoď ezelét o Dévlóro engedindá le lenge, mukja lenge hoď khér te phíren. Ěš phénel, o jék ár sine lenge dimo, hoď upre kiť' óri nek résen khére. Pále ando grobi. P' akkor jék dúj džéne na géle pále, kas ase čhavóra síne, khér kamnahi t' áchon. P' akko tiltindá le lenge, hoď láthatatlanne nek ón, hoď te náš len te díkhen o manuša. Khér šaj phíren, de na díkhel len niko. Čak ón šaj díkhen odolen, kas ón naďon kámen, hoď kas kámen, uz kaste džan. Hoď ón šaj díkhen o múle, de ko nán múlo, odá náš len te díkhel. Adá phenlahi mro papu.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

The mine

At the vigil, they used to tell stories about dead people to scare everybody.

My grandfather went to play to P., but this is a true story! This is not a fairytale! He went to play to P. And he was walking home on foot at night. But he didn't walk the usual way, but a different direction.

And there was a big mine. And there was a lantern which lit the way in front of him. So he was going just that way. Then he stepped onto the edge of a rock, and who knows how deep the old man fell down, and his head broke. But he survived. So he said that it was a bad spirit who led him. But they didn't take him to the hospital, nowhere. He recovered at home, on his own.

(Versend, 66-year-old man, 2008)

The black dog

My grandfather told that he wouldn't die unless a black dog bites him. If a black dog bites him, then he will die. And so it happened. The old M. had a black dog. And you had to pass his house on the way to the shop. So he went towards the shop. The dog was unleashed. As he bit his leg, one week later he died, my grandfather, my father's father.

(Versend, 66-year-old man, 2008)

Báňa

Upral o múle vakernahi upro virrastáši, káj sako nek dárál.

Géja P.-te te cíden mro papu, de adá čáčo sína! Adá nán paramisi! Géja te cíden P.-te. Pa keráti andi rat ája khér đalog. Pa na óra upr' odá drom ája, amere kampjáhi leske, hanem avre felé géja.

P' odoj sin i bari kóbáňa. Pa jék lámpáši világítinlah' anglal leste. Pa óv čak óra džalahi mindig, óra džalahi. P' ako as' upre siklakro sílo lépinda, pa náš kiři učípe tél péja o phúro, leskero šéro síjel géja. Pa prik le dživđa. P' ak' odá phendá, adá rosselemo síne, ko le legeđa. De ni ando korházo na legede le, nikháj. Khér korkórestar saslíja.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiko rom, 2008)

Kalo džúkel

Mro papu odá phendá, óv addig na merla, még kalo džúkel na danderla le. Te kalo džúkel danderla le, akor óv merla. Š adá avka iš sína. Ole phure M. sína jék kalo džúkel. Pa oda angal leskro kher kamplahi t' án andi bóta téle. Pa óra géja mero kher. O džúkel sabadno sína. A sar leskro pro danderđa le, pal upro jék kurko múja iš, mro papu, mre dadeskro dad.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiko rom, 2008)

The musicians

My father went to play to K. which is after M., farther on. Because that time some Hungarians came from Slovakia who were deported here. They always got the houses after the richest Germans. The Germans were rich so they were deported to Germany. And those settlers were brought here to Hungary. And one of these Hungarian settlers got a very big house. Because he had many children. He got a big house, cows, horses, cellar, and vineyard with vine. But he had to leave his house in Slovakia. And every single day, – because he liked to drink and celebrate, – he used to come for the musicians, for the Roma. He used to bring the Roma to K., to play in his house.

Once my grandfather couldn't go home, because he was very drunk. His children were very young, so they couldn't bring him home. So the musicians went on foot, and they saw a light from the direction of B. The light and the lantern could be seen from there. But they wanted to go to Versend. They went where the light showed the way. They arrived in the morning to B. The whole band, four or five people! So they realized that they weren't in Versend, but they were down in B. The light had led them there. They knew that the spirit was leading them, but they thought that he was showing the right way. But the spirit led them down to B. So they had to turn back and come back from B. So the light was "guilty", they were watching and following it. In the old times the elders used to tell many stories like this.

(Versend, 66-year-old man, 2008)

Zenéssa

Mró dad géja te ciden K.-te. Odá prikal i M. hi, duréder hi upre. Mer akor ále andar i Slovákia aso ungri, ko prik sin adaj telepítíme. Ěš adana mindig odona khéra dobinnahi, ole nimcengre, ko legbarvaléder sína. O nimco barválo sín, odole ár legede ando Nimcko. Ole telepešša pa and' adaj, ando Ungriko. Pa o jék ungro, ko andar i Slovákia ája, odá dobinda naďon baro kher. Mer but čháve le sína. Baro kher dobinda, gurvňen, grasta, pinca, réza mojaha ekethán. S' odoj mus te mukja. P' ak' odá sako dí, – mer naďon kamlahi te píjen taj te mulatínen, – avlahi vaš o zenéssa, vaš o róma. Ledžál le rómen upre K.-te te ciden leske uzo kher.

Ako jekvar náš te khér džandá, mer naďon máto sína. O čháve pa tikne sína még, náš le khér t' anda. Hát ón indulínen ďalog, pa B.-te diťhonáh' o világítáši. O villaňa, o lámpáša, óra diťhonahi. Ón pa indulinde khére Veršendate. Mere sikavlah' o világoššágo, ón čak óra džanahi. Raťaste reste B.-te, raťaste. I cili banda, štár pándž džéne! Ako dikle, káj na Veršendate hi le, hanem tél hi le B.-te. O villaňa óra vezetinda len. Džande, káj hoď adá sellemo lédžen len, hoď lačhe thaneste sikál lenge o drom. Pa téle legeďa len B.-te. B.-tar papal pál mus t' ále. Pa közbe o villaňi káj thabolah', ón óra dikle. Odoj géle téle. Valamikor but phukavnah' o phúre.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiko rom, 2008)

The grapes I.

Once my grandfather said that when children wanted to eat grapes before... – Because at those times they didn't use to go to the Gadje to work. – But they had a basket, a hand-basket. Then they went at night to the vineyard to steal grapes. They brought them home for their children to eat. Not for selling, just for the children so that they could eat grapes. Because they never got any. It never happened that the farmer would come and say: "Here you have one or two bunches of grapes, give it to your children!" So he said that my grandfather went out with his grandfather. Because they were friends. So my grandfather was saying that he had gone to the Croat woman's vineyard. They knew that she had already died, she wasn't alive. So he said that they had arrived to the vineyard. He told me this story at night. They started to believe in it somehow. – Or they really believed in it, or it was true, who knows.

So he said that they had arrived at the vineyard. There was a cellar. He said that they had heard a loud noise. There was someone singing and dancing. So he said that they knew that the Gadji was dead. But they could hear her voice. So he told him: "It doesn't matter that they are singing, so we can steal the grapes more easily." He told me that as he was picking the grapes, he bent down to the vine-stock and he plucked off one grape. He put it into his mouth, and the old man almost suffocated. – I'm sure it happened because he swallowed it the wrong way. – He said that he was coughing heavily. When the grape finally fell out of his mouth, he saw the woman sitting under the stock! The old Croat woman was sitting under the stock! He said that they were so scared, that they hardly had two or three bunches of grapes in the basket, *let's run!* They ran right home! They knew that she had died. He said: "I almost suffocated, because she cursed me. The woman was sitting there and I almost suffocated on that grape."

They used to tell us that the Roma were coming home in the old times. They saw many of them. But we don't believe in it any more.

(Versend, 66-years-old man, 2008)

Drákhi I.

Ako mro papu mešélinlahi, hoď azelétt kan kamnah' o čháve te han drákhi, – mer nána avka, hoď džanahi ón te dógozinen le gádženge, – ako sine len jék košára, asi kéziki. P' akor andi rat ár džanah' ando réza, pa čórnah' o drákhi. Pa khér annahi ole čhavórenge, káj nek han. Na te biknen, hanem čak ole čhavórenge, hoď t' ón nek han drákhi. Mer na dobinnahi ón šoha. Hoď akán avlahi o gazda, phenlahi: “Ák hi jék dúj šére drákhi, pa d' óđa tre čhávenge!” Phala, géja ári mro papu taj leskro papu. Mer ón lače komi síne, nadon láčheste síne. Há phala, mro papu, hát džal andi jékha daskiňakri réza. Má džande, káj ođa má múja, nána. Há phala, résen andi réza. Keráti mešélinlahi. Hát andar i dár, – vaď čačika paťanahi le ón pumenge, – án le paťanahi. Vaď čáčo síne odá, ko džánel.

Hát phala, résen uzo réza. Hát odoj sin i pinca. Há phala, óthar šúnen ám bari lárma. Ďilán, dasika khélen. Pa phénel, džande káj múj' i gádži. Odolakro hango šúnen. Há phala, phénel óv leske: “Nem baj,” phénel, “te adaj nek ěiláven, annál feder šaj ledžaham drákhi.” Phala, sar kédel o drákhi, télal bandij' uzo tíkó, pa jék drákha tél čipinda. Pa án čitťa án pro muj, pa majnem taslítja o phúro. – Mer bistoš félre ňelinda, čak odolestar síne. – Pa phala, má aňňira keheginlahi. Ako kan, phala, ár pěj' i drákha an leskro muj, hát díkhel tal o tíkó, hát phala, i gazdassoňa! I phuri daskiňa tal o tíkó béšel! Phala, aňňira daranile, phala, káj alig síne duj trín šére drákhi andi košára, *futás!* Ďži khére nášte, phala! Hát phala, džande káj ođa múja. “Azér” phala, “majnem taslítja, mer ođa átkozinda man. Télal bešlahi i gazdassoňa,” phénel, “ěš majnem taslítja ola drákhatar.”

Oda mešélinlah' amenge, káj hoď azelét khér phirnah' o róma. Buten diknahi ón. De hát amen má na páťas and adá.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiko rom, 2008)

The grapes II.

My grandfather went to steal grapes. In the dark, in the evening. Ah, it was getting dark, around ten or eleven. In the biggest darkness, not even the guards were there. Because before they used to guard the vineyard. And the Roma used to take the wood; they didn't have any money so they couldn't buy it. They went out to the forest to cut down the trees, and they brought the wood home. But in the biggest darkness, so that the guards wouldn't catch them.

They knew about that cellar, that a Croat woman had died there. That she wasn't alive. So they heard her voice and music and dancing in the cellar. But the Gadji was already dead. Then he tore off a grape, he tasted it. It went down the wrong way. Then he looked down on the stock and the old Croat woman was sitting there! He would have suffocated on the grape if somebody hadn't tapped him on the back. If it hadn't fallen out, he would have suffocated. He said that for sure the old Croat woman did it.

So they never went back to that vineyard, they didn't dare to go back. They were scared.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

The dead mother

There was a young woman who died. She left here a little baby, who was still nursing. So when she died, she came home every night. She picked up the baby. She was seen doing it. The old Roma used to tell that they saw her in the house. That she picked up the baby from the cradle and she sat down. She took out her breast; she was nursing her and singing to her. She was lulling her, she was singing to her. When she felt asleep, she laid her down. So she put her into the bed, she covered her up.

She used to come at twelve o'clock. She woke up when the clock was striking one o'clock. Then she started to cry like hell going out. The elders used to say that she had to return back, she couldn't stay here any longer. That she was allowed to stay just for one hour. Because she was still young when she died. And her baby stayed here. So the Roma used to say that she was coming home.

They saw her in the same clothes in which she was buried. She was coming home in those clothes. At midnight the door opened on its own; she walked

Drákhi II.

Mro papu géja drákhi te čóren. Andi rat, keráti. Jáj, šitísaliĵa, deš óri dešujék, avka. Andi legbarader rat, kanak má ni o čési nána. Mer azelét sine káj lešinnah' o réza. Taj o róma phiravnahi kašta, nána lóvo, náš te ťinnahi. Džanah' ár ando véš, činnah' ári kašta, khér annahi. De andi legbarader rat, hoď te na len astáren o čési.

Pa ánde andi pinca, džande, káj múja oďa daskiĵa. Káj má na džível. Pa odolakro hango šunnahi, káj khélen, cíden ánd andi pinca. De má i gádži múli síne. P' ako tél čhindá i drákha, pa kóštolindá la. Upre leskro kello akadindá. P' ako télal dikja tal o tíkó, pa odoj bešlahi i phuri daskiĵa! Te majnem tasliĵa andi drákha, te na máren le ando dumo. Na pérel ári, akko te tasťol. Phénel, bistoš káj oďa phuri daskiĵa kerďa le.

De buter ni géle pál and odona réza, na tromle te džan pále. Daraníle odolestar.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Múli daj

Sine jék téрни džuvli, ko múja. P' adaj áčhija lake jék tiknóro, ko pijelahi čúci, kas pijavlahi. Pa kan múja, akor saki rat khér avlahi. Pa upre lelahi pre tiknóre. Hoď diknahi la ando kher. De adá akának avka o phúre róma, o régike mešélinnahi, káj diknahi la ando kher. Káj ár lel ole tiknóra andar i bölčóva, pa tél béšel. Ár lelahi pro kólin, pijavlahi la taj đilavlahi lake. Ánd la sovjarlahi, đilavlahi lake. P' ako tél la čivlahi, kan án sóvlahi. Ako tél la čivlah' an pro vodro, akor án la učharlahi.

P' ako dešudúj órakor avlahi. Akor kanak o kakaši kukorékolinlahi jék órako, ako upr' ušťelahi. P' ako naďon kezdinlahi te rón, pa džalahi ár felé. P' ak' oďa phenlahi, hoď lak' akán pál mus te džal, náš t' ól ój adaj dureder. Mer lake čak jék óra hossa engedinde, káj adaj t' óvel. Hoď téрни džuvli síne, kan múle. P' akor áčhija i čhajóri. P' akor adá phennahi o róma, káj khér phirlahi.

And odona gáda la dikhnahi, and save gáda síne temetimi. And oda avlahi khére. Šukár éĵfélkor phrąďolah' o vúder korkórestar, p' ako ánd av-

in and sat down. Then she nursed her baby, she lulled her. After one hour she went away crying. She didn't cry when she was coming, just when she had to go, then she cried.

The elders used to say that this happened in those times. The dead men used to come home. Today nobody comes, just us. The dead men couldn't come home. Today we don't believe in it any more. But the elders, the very old ones, used to daydream that these things existed, that they were coming home. Still today there are some Roma among us who believe that dead people come back home. Because it's hard for the dead person, he doesn't have rest, because he had to leave his family. It's hard for him, that's why he is coming back.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

The wandering spirit

My granddaughter used to go to S., because her husband is from S. He is from there. He is not such a Rom as we are because he is Boyash¹⁰. So they went down there, and a Boyash boy lived there. He was a fortune-teller, and he knew how to make the table dance. So they went down to him. Then they told the boy to make the table dance for her, that her mother can appear to her. The boy said that he would do it for them. My granddaughter told me about it. It happened in the evening, in the dark. They weren't allowed to turn on the lights, nothing. So they were sitting around the table, and they had to put their hands onto the table. My granddaughter's husband was there, my granddaughter, and nobody else. Just the three of them were there. Then, she said, the man asked what she wanted to know, what should he ask her mother. So she said: "Ask her, if she likes it there, if she has rest" "All right." Then he asked. And she said suddenly the table rose on its own. Or somebody lifted it up but neither of them did it. So the table lifted up into the air and they heard three knocks. But now, who was knocking? The fortune-teller said that her mother was there.

Then he explained that she was a spirit who couldn't find her rest. She had to wander; she was always on the road because she had left two children at

10 Boyash is a subgroup of Roma.

lahi, tél bešlahi. P' ako pijavlahi pra tiknóra, án la sovjarlahi. Kan tél phirlah' i jék óra, ako rovindúj džalahi peske. Kana avlah' akor na róvlahi, čak kana kamplahi te džan peske, akko róvlahi.

Adá mešélinnahi o phure, káj and odá idejo sín adá. Khér phirnahi o múle. Akán má na phírel niko, čak amen. O múle náš khér t' áven. Akán amen má na páťas ánde. De o régike még, o naďon phúre még fantáziálinnah' ánde, káj si aso, káj khére phíren. Akán te maškar amende si ase, ko páťan le, hoď khére áven o múle. Mer pháro hi leske, nán le békeššégo, káj adaj mus te mukja pre čaládo. Pháro hi leske, pa pál ável.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Vándormúlo

Mri unoka, aďa tél phirlahi S.-te, mer lakro rom S.-kro hi. Óthar hi. Na aso rom hi sar amen, hanem adá beášno hi. P' ako džanah' odoj téle, p' ak' odoj si jék beášno chá. P' ako odá jóšolínel, taj džánel kafidi te khelán. P' ako tél géle. P' akor phenďa ole čhaske, káj hoď hát ne khelavlahi lake kafidi, hoď te jelenínel lake lakri daj. P' ako phenďa adá chá, káj kerla le lenge. Hát i čaj¹ mange mešélinlahi. P' ako pal avka keráti ando šitítno. Nána slobodno villaňi te thábol, ni ništa. Ako avka bešnahi kórbe i kafidi, p' ako pumáre va upre mus te čhivnahi pri kafidi. O vejo² síne, mri čaj síne, taj áver nána. Ón trin džéne síne čak odoj. P' ako, phala, phénel o murš, hoď so kámel, so te phúcel lakra datar. Há phénel, káj: “Phuč latar, káj hoď lácho hi lake odoj, si la békeššégo?” “Šaj ól.” P' ako phučja. Pa phénel, hoď odá vazdind³ i kafidi. Vaď ko vazdinda, mer ón na dúj džéne. Avka upre vazdisalij' i kafidi ando levegó, pa trival kopoginda. De pal' akán, hoď ko kopoginda? Odá phenďa odá, ko jóšolínel, káj akán h' adaj trí daj.

P' akor óv pále irňanda, káj hoď ój aso múlo hi, káj n' alákhel pro ňugváši. Hanem állandóan džal, upro drom hi li, mer ój még khér mukja dújen. Mer akor

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- 1 čaj – “daughter, girl”, but here in the meaning of “granddaughter”; This term is used in the local variety of Romani to refer to relatives in general/non-family members as well.
- 2 vejo – “son-in-law”, but here in the meaning of “the granddaughter’s husband”; This term is used in the local variety of Romani to refer to relatives in general/non-family members as well.

home. Because at that time her daughter wasn't married yet. She was single. So she left two people at home without anybody taking care of them. The fortune-teller said: "She is a wandering spirit, so that she cannot find her rest, she cannot find her place. She is just walking around, and there is no way to find her rest in the graveyard. It's hard to accept for your mother that she died even though she could have lived longer."

Then my granddaughter said: "Ask her, how much money I have in my wallet." Then he asked, and she answered. "That's true, grandma, I had exactly that much money in my wallet as he said." She asked me: "How could he know?" The only way was that her mother had told him how much money she had in her wallet. So she said it was true. "Ah, he cheated on you. He must have tricked you. These things don't happen, my child." "They do, grandma, it happened like this." I told her: "My child, why don't you leave her alone?"

We believe that the dead people need rest. When we go to the graveyard we pray for her to find her rest, to go to the God. To go to heaven, not to stay in hell. We believe that with our prayers we can achieve this. The more we go to her grave the better... We often go to her grave. We pray that she can go up the stairs to heaven faster, upwards. We believe in it. But we don't believe that she can be seen or she can answer.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

The cigarettes

My poor mother smoked but my father didn't like it. When he caught her smoking, or when he smelt it, – because he didn't smoke, – he beat her. He would often also chase her out of the house, then she had to leave. She couldn't quit. She smoked secretly.

When she died my husband put a pack of cigarettes and a lighter under her pillow. So when she was lying dead, he pushed the cigarettes in, under the pillow: "Mother, if there is an other world, just smoke as you wish, not secretly."

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

még ola čha še nána rom. Avka čhaj síne. Hoď dújen khér mukja, upral kaste még náne niko, ko te gondoškodínen. Ěš la náne ňugváši. Odá phend' odá jóšo, hoď: "Ój aso vándormúlo hi, hoď n' alákhel pro ňugváši, káj n' alákhel pro than. Phirkérel vígig," phénel, "n' alákhel nisar pro than ando grobi." Phénel: "Tumári daj naďon nehezen le fogadínel, hoď ój múja, hoď még ój šaj dživďáhi."

Ako i čhaj odá phenda, hoď "Nek phúcel mandar (*sic*), hoď kiťi lóvo hi mande andi buksa." Ako pal odá phučja, pa phala: "Čačika, mama," phénel, "aťti lóvo man síne andi buksa, so phenda," phala, "óv mange." Phala: "Akor óv káthar džanda?" Hoď odá phenda lakri daj, káj aťi taj aťi lóvo hi la andi buksa. Ha, phala, čačika síne. "Á," phénav, "félre tut vezetinda adá. Valaso mus te kerďa." Phénav: "Aso má náne," phénav, "mri čhaj." "De," phénel, "mama, pedig avka síne." Phénav: "Mrí daj,³ soske la na múkes?"

Mer amen and' odá páťas, káj hoď ňugváši kamp' odole muleske. Taj kan džas ando grobi, molinas vaš odá, káj nek alákhel pro ňugváši, taj nek kerisajol uzo Dévlóro upre. Te na ando poklo áchol, hanem nek kerisajol upr' uzo Dévlóro. And' odá páťas, hoď ole molibneha aťi resaham. Káj kiťivar džas, aťivar sa... Buterval džas la te látogatínen. Molinas, hoď aťiha elébneder jutínel upro lépčóvi, upre felé. And' odá páťas. De hoď avka, hoď šaj la díkhen vad felelínel, upr' adá na.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Cigaretli

Akán mrí daj čori, cigarettázinlahi, de mró dad na kamlahi, hoď te cigaret-tázinel. Kan mró dad ésre lelahi la, kan hajolahi, – mer óv na cigarettázinlahi – ako te márlahi la. Ako butvar te trádlahi la uzar o kher, mus te džalahi peske. Náš tél te siklíja. Čórjal cigarettázinlahi.

Akán kan ój múja, akor mro rom án čhiťta lake jék dobozi cigaretja tal lakro šerand, taj jék đújtó. Avka sar mólóne pašlíja, tal i vánkoša télal ispidinda lak' o cigaretja: "Mama, te si áver világo, akkor ňugotan cigaret-tázin, ma čórjal."

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

3 *mrí daj* – "my mother" is a general way of addressing close female friends or female relatives in the local variety of Romani.

The almost-dead person

I worked with a Rom from F. He told me about this vigil that I'm going to tell you about now:

There was a Rom who had sixteen children. And of those sixteen children one sixteen-year-old daughter died. Those times dead people were usually kept at home. You know, in the house. You would put two chairs together to support the bottom of the coffin. The body was lying inside. But this Rom had such a small room like this kitchen here. The family had, together with the mother and father, fifteen members and also others were coming for the vigil. So the house was full of Roma. Just imagine that they held the vigil one day and the next day they wanted to bury her. And there was also a very fat Rom, he weighed around a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty kilos. He was the hammered-dulcimer player. So the room was full of people, people were everywhere. The people put a chair next to the coffin, where the girl's body was, for this Rom, for the hammered-dulcimer player.

In those times the Roma used to "make a penny", that's what they called it. They collected coins and they went, you know, to bring wine in the jug. So the dead girl's father and mother took the jug and left to get wine. They collected the money and went away. Meanwhile the people were speaking, telling fairytales, as in the past the Roma used to do. Well, this fat Rom, the hammered-dulcimer player, was staring at the girl who was lying in the coffin. He was crying and stroking her head: "Ah, my beautiful young girl, why did you die?" And the girl, you know, as he was stroking her head, sat up and stretched herself out and said: "Ah my sweet God, I slept so long!" When all those Roma saw this, they ran away through the door, through anything! – Because you know that the Roma are scared of dead people. – They would knock into each other. And that huge Rom already saw that he couldn't go through the door, so he jumped against the small window. Everybody managed to escape from the house, just the Rom didn't, because he was fat, so he got stuck in the window. In such a way that his head was outside and his legs inside. The window caught his waist. The girl woke up disorientated and started to push his buttocks outwards: "Wait, man, I will help you!" As the Rom saw this, he screamed and dragged himself so much that the window fell out! And he ran away like a rabbit. It wouldn't have been possible to keep up with him.

The Rom lived nearby and as he was running homewards his wife poured some water out of a metal bowl. Because she was also scared of dead people, you know. But the Rom thought that the dead girl was waiting for him at the door.

Techalotto

Me jekhe F.-kere romeha keráhi ketáne búti. Ó phenlahi, hoď pale sťa p' adá virastáši, aso akanig phená tuke:

Sťa jek rom, taj sťa le dešuśó čháve, adale rome. Taj maškar o dešuśó čháve múja leske jek dešuśó beršiki čhaj. Hát abba az idóbe khére ikrenahi le múle. Avka hoď, džanes, ando kher. Ári thovnahi duj séki, p' odá thovnahi koporśoveskeri alja. T' and' odá pašťolahi o múlo. No de le rome asavo buka soba sťa, sar adi koňha amenge. No akani ón sťe má le daha dadeha dešupándž džéne, taj džannah' o but roma te virastinen. Hát pherdo sťa o kher romenca. De avka gondolin, hoď még adádíve virastinen, hoď má maj táha temetinna ola čha. Taj sa jek baro thulo rom, and' odá sťa vaď sášharminc sásnedven kilo. Odá sťa o cimbalmoši. Hát odoj pherdo bešnahi má o vodri, mindenütt. Le romeske, pal adale cimbalmošiske, thoďa paš o koporśovo o séko, akáj la čhajórakero šero sťa.

No abba az idóbe, avka phennah' odá o roma, hoď fillérezinen. Ketáne denahi lóvo, taj džanahi, džanes, hoď ročkate annahi mol. No o dad taj i daj, la čhake ako múja, géje avka mojake, ročkaha. Ketáne kedije o lóve taj géje. T' odoj sar vakerkernahi, paramisi phennahi, sar kana valakana kernah' o roma. Adá thulo rom, pal o cimbalmoši, dikhel pi čhaj, ako odoj pašťol ando koporśovo. Taj rovindú šimogatindá o šero lake: “Jéj, mri šukár terni čhaj, soske mújal?” No p' adá i čhaj, džanes, asar šimogatindá o šero lake, bešťa uppe taj nůtós kodinlahi: “Jaj mro gulo Dél,” phala, “de čilla sováhi!” No kana adá dikje o but roma, – hat džanes, hoď o roma daran le mülendar – neki le vudereske, mindenoske! Phagernahi jekfáre ári. O baro kotor rom má pale dikja, hoď na resel ári po vuder. Neki ugrindá odola buka blokake. Má sako čilla pet ári čhiďa andar o kher, o rom pale ká hoď thúlo sťa, ánde sorulindá andi bloka. Avka hoď o šero sťa odďári, o pre odďánde. O dereko astardá i bloka. I čhaj pale kábultan ušťija uppe, taj pi bul nůminlahi l' ári felé, hoď: “De,” phala, “bači, maj šegítiná!” No o rom, kana adá pále dikja, adaj dikja la čha, vičindá jek báro! Taj rántindá pe peste asavo, hoď i bloka ári péja! Taj o rom našlahi sar ek nůlo. Na restalahi le.

No sar našlahi khére felé o rom, – na dúr bešlah' odoj – leskeri romni pale andar o vuder, andar o lavóri čhorlah' ári o páňi. Mer t' odi daralahi le múlestar, džanes. O rom pale má odá džandá, hoď i múli čhaj le užarel ando vuder. Andi dár téle makja la romňake ek bari čham avka, hoď dú kurke pašťolah' i romni ando korházo.

So in his fear he slapped his wife so hard that she had to stay in the hospital for two weeks.

She was an almost-dead person, you know, as she woke up. And just imagine when the mother and father came home, they ran like rabbits away from their own daughter. Because the Roma have always been scared of dead people. What's left to say! I don't believe in it that much but I think there could be some truth in it.

(Nógrádszakál, 56-year-old man, 2008)

The pig

We used to have such a big pig, this size! I got it from the farm. Those times you could get a sow, a pregnant one, which was going to have piglets. When they grew up, either you could give them one, or you could pay back in money.

My mother-in-law was very ill. She had cancer; she died of it. So the pig was giving birth to piglets, to nine pigs. At the same time my mother-in-law was dying. Her sister came out and said: "The old woman is dying." But also the sow looked like it was going to die, they thought it would die. The birth was difficult. Nine came out! The last one, the tenth one, hardly came out. Her tenth one died. In that moment my mother-in-law died. When the last pig came out, her soul went away.

Then I had to kiss her. Believe me! I thought that she was sleeping. "She is sleeping, of course, she is sleeping." "She isn't, she died." I said: "She didn't die!" Then she told me: "Don't dare to kiss her forehead!" Then I said: "Why not?" And I kissed her. My lips stuck together! She was like ice. My lips almost stayed stuck as I kissed her.

(Versend, 66-year-old man, 2008)

Techalotto sťa, džanes, ta upp' uštija. No akanik képzelin, hoď khére o dad taj i daj, t' odona savo nášibe téle čhinďe pumara šajátna čatar. Mer o roma maji napig daran le mülendar. So me džanav! Tehát na báre pařav me ande, de valóšágba serintem létezinel asavo.

(Sakála, 56 beršiko rom, 2008)

Bálo

Amen sína jék naďon baro bálo, akibor! Pa me avka le dobindom ole gazdašágostar. Valamikor uzar o gazašágo šaj aneahi tu jékha bája, de vemhešna, kas újáhi tikne bále. Éš maj kan odona upre bárjona, vaď jékhe tél sálítineha, vaď pále pořineha ando lóvo.

Hát mri sási čori naďon nasváli sine. Ráka la sína, and' odá múja. Há bijánel o báli, bijánel ole tikne bálen, éňa kotora. De mri sási má haldoklinlahi. Ár ál lakri šógorassoňa, phénel: "Haldoklinel i phuri romni." De t' i báli asi síne, užarnahi káj murdajol. Avka pháre bijanlahi. Éňa ája ári! O utolšómno, o dešto alig ája ári. O dešto murdalíja late. Ako múja mri sási. Kan utolšómno bálo ár ája, ako géja lakro lelko.

Ako mus la te čumidindom. Adá pařa mange! Me p' odá džandom káj sól. "Aďa sól," phénav, "perse, hoď sól." "Na," phénel, "mer múja." Phénav: "Na múja!" Ako phendá mange: "Na tromas te čumidel lakro čekat!" Hát phénav: "Dehoď na!" Ako čumidindom. Mro muj avka ekethán terdiňa! De aso síne sar o jeho. Majnem mro muj avka áchija, káj čumidindom.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiko rom, 2008)

The vigil

When somebody dies, we don't make a mourning feast. You know, everybody does it, all the others, just we, the Versend Roma, don't. Because we don't eat and don't accept food in the house where a dead person is. Nobody eats or accepts anything. The dead body used to be at home in the past. Nowadays they offer you coffee, a shot, wine or soft drink.

In the past we used to be awake until the morning, because as I say, there was playing and story-telling. Today you just speak a little bit. You have chairs outside, if the weather is good, so you can sit there. You spend one or two hours there, then you go home. You pass your condolences on to the family, and then you go home. But in the old times in the dead person's house people used to be awake until the morning.

The elders were telling stories about how many ghosts they had seen, and that the dead people were coming out of the graves at twelve midnight. We were scared. I was sitting on my mother's lap and I was listening to what they were saying, full of fear. Then my father told me in Romani: "Don't be scared, it's not true! Don't be scared!" That's why I don't believe in it, because my parents didn't frighten me with it. My father used to tell: "This is not true, don't be scared! Just go out, there are no dead people, they cannot come home!" I still believe that they cannot come home. Maybe their souls, because a person has a soul. For example if a cat or a dog perishes, they used to say: "Don't take them as humans because the humans have a soul but the dog doesn't. The human soul flies away. So that it can go home, the soul."

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

Virastáši

Kanak mérel valako, uz amende náne toro. Mer džánes, uz sakoneste si, uz sako avera, čak amen adaj o veršendike na ikras toro. Mer amen na has uz odá kher, na fogadinas o háben, káj o múlo hi. Niko na lel ništa, na fogadínel. Ezelét khére sin o múlo. Akán má kínalinen kávějaha, röviditaloha, mojaha, málnaha.

Ezelét majnem upre síne dži raťaha, mer phénav, akko khelnahi, mešélinnahi. Akának čak vakerkéres. Ár hi čhitte skámja te lačo dí hi, a tél béšes odoj. P' ak' odoj sal jék dúj óra hossa, p' ako ás khére. Résvéto phénes ole čaládoske, p' ako khér ás. De azelét síne dži raťaha iš majnem upre síne, káj sin o múlo.

O phure pa mešélinnahi, káj hoď ón kiťi múlen dikle, taj hoď ando grobi dešudúj órakor ár avnah' o múle. P' akor odoj síne, odoj khelnahi, dílavnahi. Hát amen pa daráhi. An mrá dakri angáli bešáhi, p' akko fidelináhi len so phénen, avka daravundúj. Akko mró dad phenlahi: "Ma dara," románe, "ma dara, oda nán čáčo! Ma dara!" Akko avka azér me na páťav, mer man na daravnahi mre süleji khére, káj adá čáčo hi. Mindig phenlahi mró dad: "Adá nán čáčo, ma dara! Čak nugottan dž' ári, náne o múle, náš khér t' áven!" Ěš me akán and odá iš som, káj náš khér t' án. Ešetleg lengro lelko, mer ole manuše si lelko. Mer murdajol jék mačka, jék džúkel, akko odá phennahi: "Odole ma le avka sar ole manuše, mer ole manuše lelko hi, ole džukele pa náne. Andar o mánuš sálínel o lelko. P' ako hoď odá khér phírel, o lelko."

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

The tooth

Nowadays there are still people who are scared of dead people. It's the case now as well, especially when you're going to see a dead body, after the person died, in the morgue. You go to the morgue before they bury them. Then we pray and the dead body is uncovered, you can see the person for the last time. But there are people who don't dare to go closer. He goes to the burial, he is standing aside but he doesn't dare to go in, because he is scared.

The Roma used to be scared in the past. The lights were on, the lanterns. We aren't scared any more, we don't need light. My daughter is scared very much, I mean my elder daughter. The younger one, who is here, she isn't scared. The eldest one is the only one who is scared. The others aren't. I don't even care about the time, I go anywhere in the darkest night. I don't even think about seeing a ghost of a dead person.

But something happened once, Žužika.¹¹ It's hard to believe even now, for me it's so unbelievable. I had a bad toothache at night and I didn't have pills at home. But my three daughters were there, so I told two of them: "Won't you be afraid to stay at home? Your *aňi*¹² is going," – because we didn't use to say *neňo*,¹³ but *aňi*, – "*aňi* is going down to her aunt to ask her for a pill, because she has a bad toothache. I cannot bear it, I'm in such a pain! Your younger sister will come with me. The two of us are going and you two will stay at home." They answered: "*Aňi*, just go, so that your tooth doesn't hurt any more! Because it's a huge pain, go and bring some pills! We aren't scared; just make sure you close the door! Leave the lights on and close the door!"

I closed the door; I went away with my daughter. Back then we lived up there, in that street going up. We lived almost at the end of the street. There are stairs. The stairs led downwards because our house was up there. So we had to come down the stairs. Then the houses were in the same way, right next to each other. My aunt lived there. We came down the stairs and we went in that direction. I didn't even notice it then but my daughter said to me: "Look, *aňi*! There is a woman going, can you see her? There!" I told: "Ah, my daughter, don't be scared! It's Mrs T." Because she lived up in that street and her daughter lived in the village. So she used to go to her place to watch the television, since she didn't have one. "Ah, it's

11 Addressing the listener, Zuzana Bodnárová, called here by the diminutive name *Žužika* from Hungarian *Zsuzsika*

12 *aňi* – vocative form of the noun "mother"; from the Hungarian *anya* "mother"

13 *neňo* – vocative form of the noun "mother"; unknown origin

Dand

Még t' akán si aso, ko dárál le múlendar. T' akán si aso, káj akán uz amende ánd džas te díkhen ole múle, kan mérel, p' akor ando širalomházo hi. Akkor mijelét temetínen le, akkor ánd džas ando širalomházo. Pa molínas, p' akor odá múlo ár hi učhardo, šaj le díkhes utójára. De si t' akának ko még ni páše na tromal te džan. Džal upro temetěši, félre terđol, de na tromal án te džan, mer dárál.

Daranahi ezelét nađon o róma. Thabolahi o villaňi, o lámpási. Akán má amen na dárás, amenge na kampe villaňi. Ój dárál nađon mri čhaj, má mri phureder čhaj. Ađa tikneder, ko adaj si, ađa má na dárál. Ój korkóre, ko dárál. Ni o avera na daranahi. Me pa ni díkhav kiť' óri hi, andi legbarader rat akárkáj indulínáv korkóre. Ni an mri gódi náne, káj talákozinaham múlenca.

De jekvar si ánde valaso, Žužika. Mer me na páťav még ni akának, aso hihetetlenno hi mange. Nađon dukhalahi mro dand andi rat, pa nána khére man orvoššágo. Pa trin čhája, phénáv ole dújenge: "Na darana khér te áchon? Džal i aňi," – mer na "ňeňo" phenahamhi, hanem "aňi" – "džal i aňi téle uz pri teta, pa mangľa jék đócceri, mer nađon dúkhal lakro dand. Náš ár le te bírinav asi dúk hi man! I phureder phenóri, tumári, avla manca." Phénáv: "Amen džaham dúj džéne, tumen pa dúj džéne khér áčna." Phénen ón: "Čak dža aňi, te na dúkhal tro dand!" Phénel: "Mer ađa bari dúk hi, dža, an tuke đócceri! Na dárás amen, čak ker ánd o vúder! Nek thábol o villaňi, pa ker ánd o vúder!"

Ánd kerđom o vúder, géjom ola čhaha. Akán amen avka upre bešahamhi, and ođa úca upral. Majnem upro vígo bešahamhi adala úcake. A si odoj lépcóvi. Odoj pa avka tél felé án o lépcóvi, mer upre sin amáro kher. P' avka upro lépcóvi tél kamplahi t' án. P' akor avka síne papal o khéra, džanah' upral o eđenešno. Pa mri teta odoj bešlahi. Tél ájam upro lépcóvi, ávas, džas óra. Me még ni fidelindom, phénel i čhajóri: "Dikh, aňi!" Phénel: "Odoj džal jék manušni, díkhes la?" Phénel: "Odoj džal!" "Á," phénáv, "ma dara mri čhaj! Ađa i T. néni hi." Mer i romni andi úca bešlah' upre, a lakri čhaj pa ando gav. P' ako avlahi mindig odoj tévé te díkhen, mer la nána. "Á, ađa i T. néni hi!" Phénáv: "Ma dara!" Phénáv: "Džal khére, sine uzi M. filmo te díkhen."

Hát restá amen ođa džuvli. Óra dikjom. Jekvarsa čak papaleg díkhav upre, hát má náne. Cilóne má upre hi. Sar t' avka urnijáhi, avka géja uzar amende. Akko pálal ája mri gódi, phénáv: "Gulo Délórom, hát akán má náne tévéadáši! Ađa má náš t' úja i T. néni! Talán," akko gondolindom upre mrí daj, "talán káj ađa mrí daj sine." Mer mró dad még upre bešlahi andi romani úca, a me má ando gav bešahi. Má odoj tindaťm kher. Phénáv: "Talán ađa mrí daj hi."

Mrs T. Don't be scared! She is going home; she was at M.'s place watching a movie."

Then the woman got closer to us. I looked at her. And suddenly I looked in her direction again but she wasn't there any more. She was already far up. She passed us as if she was flying. Then it came into my mind: "My sweet God, there is no TV broadcast at this hour! She can't be Mrs T.! Maybe," – then I thought about my mother, – "maybe it was my mother." Because my father still lived up there in the "Gypsy street" but I already lived in the village. We had bought a house there. I said: "Maybe it was my mother."

As I was thinking about it, my daughter said: "Añi, do you know who she was?" I said: "No." "I saw her, it was my grandma. It was our grandma." She said this but she wasn't scared at all. She was nine years old but wasn't scared at all.

She was my mother, my mother. So we called her *mama*,¹⁴ not *babo*¹⁵. She had already died, she had died that year. She died before my name day, and this happened in autumn, when we went there to ask for pills. And as my daughter said: "Añi, I recognized her. She was my grandma, she went to see grandpa." But I still cannot believe that she was my mother. But it was so strange, unbelievable.

I don't believe that dead people can come back home. They throw so much soil on them and so on, they just cannot come home. But they say that it's not their bodies that come home, but their souls. Some dead people are wandering spirits who cannot find their rest in the grave, that's why they wander. He cannot find his rest because he left his family here, he could have lived longer, but he must go. He must die.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

14 *mama* – "mother"; from the Hungarian *mama* "mother"

15 *babo* is the vocative form of *baba* "grandmother"

Akko sar me adá mislindom, phénel i čhajóri mange: “Aňi, džánes ko h’ adá?” Phénáv: “Na.” “Me dikjom, adá i mama hi.” Phénel: “Ad” amári mama hi.” Phénel i čhajóri, de ništ na daralahi. Ěňa beršiki síne, ništa hoď te daraníjáhi.

Mrí daj sín oďa, mrí daj. Há mama phennahi, na phennahi babo. Má múli síne, and odá berš múja. Angal mro névnapo múja, ěš adá pa má ěssel síne, kanak géjam amen odoj te mangen o đócceri. Ěš i čhajóri phala: “Me pindžardom la, aňi. Ad” i mama síne, géj’ uzo papu.” Ěš me még ni akának na páťav, káj mrí daj t’ újáhi. De hát aso kóvášno síne, vissateccómno.

Me na páťav ando múle, hoď khér šaj áven. Aťi phuv upre lende čhíden taj mindeneko, hoď odona náš khér t’ án. De odá phénel, na ón án, hanem lengro lelko. Si aso múlo ko bojgóhalott hi, ko n’ alákhel pro ňugváši ando grobi, pa odá phirkérel. N’ alákhel pro ňugváši, mer káj adaj mukja pre čaládo, hoď még šaj dživďáhi, de mus peske te géja. Hoď hát mus te múja.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Adá čáčo sína,
adá nán paramisi: Terténeti

It is a real story,
not a fairytale: Stories

The fruit

The shepherd's garden was full of grapes. He had such barrels, which weren't covered up, they were open. They were full of grapes. They put two barrels up onto a carriage, one Gadjó sat at the back, the other held the horses. We were small children back then. He would always grab a bunch of grapes and throw it down from the cart to everybody. When we couldn't catch it then it fell down on the ground. So, only then the Gadjó gave them to us. But not all of those Germans, not everybody gave us grapes.

We didn't have such things before, like grapes or fruits, as the Roma have now. How often would we eat pears or apples? Maybe once in a month, by chance. And so the Roma went out to the fields, they didn't steal as much as to be able to live on it or sell it, they just brought home as many as how many children they had. Just for them to eat, so that they could eat fruit. Only in that way they could get fruit. They knew that there were cherries on the fields. But the owner always went there to chase them away. They jumped down from the tree and then they ran away. There was one Gadjó who put a barbed wire around the tree so that nobody could climb on the tree to pick the cherries. But he never picked them; they were always slowly falling down from the tree. He never gave anybody a single cherry. Here you have also, as you go out, such a big tree, ayayay! Very big. That Gadjó didn't give anybody a cherry; you could have done what you wanted. Not even now! He would rather let them rot! And there were plenty on the tree. But he didn't give them to anybody. So it was here before, I tell you, like that we got fruit, we went out to the vineyards and stole it.

My uncle once went away to bring cherries from P. He brought them in a sack. He had children; we were younger at that time. Everybody, everybody ate those cherries. So there were fewer and fewer. The children, his children started to cry for more cherries. He got angry and so he went over to P. There was a young tree. Full of cherries it was, such big cherries were there! He took a saw and cut down the whole tree. And he went away with the whole tree! That's true, it's not a joke! He brought home the whole tree. He was a strong man, a very strong man; he brought the tree with all the cherries on it.

(Versend, 66-year-old man, 2008)

Ďümölčo

I juhásiskri bár, odá pherdo síne drákhenca. Sin ase hordóvi, so nána tél ucharde, pro h' o hordóvi. Odá pherdo sína drákhenca. Upre čhivnahi dúj hordóvi pro jék lovaškoči, ako jék gádžo pálal bešlahi, jék ole grasten... Ako amen ase tikne čhavóre sínamahi. Ako mindig astarlahi jék šéro drákha, p' ako sakoneske tél čhidlah' upral o verda. Ako náš le te astarel, ako leske tél perlahi upri phuv. No, akor denah' amen o gádže, avka. De na sako nimco, na sako delahi.

Amen nána ezelét asoféliko, hoď akának drákhi sín ole rómen, vad' ěümölča. Kan hasam amen kruški taj phábi? Még véletlenű jék ešetleg an jék masek. Avka džanah' ár ando határi, p' ako na aťi čórnahi, hoď ándral džívnahi taj biknenahi le, hanem aťi annahi khére, kas kiťi čhavóra síne. Hoď te han, hoď t' ón nek han ěümölčo. Avka jutinnah' úze. Ako džannah' ando határi síne o čerešni. Ako džalah' o gazda, ako zavarinlahi len óthar. Tél úšten upral o kašt, ako náši džanahi. Sin aso gádžo, odole sőgešne drótoha kőrbe kerlah' o kašt, káj te náš upre te džal niko čerešni tél te kéden. P' óv na kedlahi šoha tél o čerešni, mindig tél poťoginlahi. Na delahi nikas jék semo še. T' adaj si, sar ár džas, aso baro kašt, ajajaj! Naďon báro. T' odá gádžo na diňáhi valakas jék semo čerešňa, te upri irisalijáhi. Még ni akának! M' inkáb nek rohadínel! Pedig rengetegno but síne upre. Pa nikas jék semo še. Adá avka síne azelét, phénav, avka jutinnah' uzo ěümölčo, káj džannah' ár ando réza pa čórnahi.

Mro naďbáči géja, andá P.-tar čerešni ole čhávenge. Jék góneha andá. Hát le sína čháve, amen sínamahi tiknédera. Sako, sako halah' ole čerešni. P' akor foďinda iš. O čháve, leskere čháve róvnahi még vaš o čerešni. Hojandíja, géja prikal P.-te. Odoj sína jék terno kašt. De pherdo síne čerešnenca, ase bare semengre sína! Astarďa o firési, ár čhinda o cilo kašt. Pa géja le kašteha ekethán! De adá čáčo sína, adá na vicco, adá čáčo sína! Khér andá o cilo kašt. Mer zoralo mánuš sína, baro zorálo, andá o cilo kašt čerešnenca ekethán.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiko rom, 2008)

The old Gadjo

A: But now listen to what I'll tell you! I was already a young man and I had a wife. My brother-in-law was a musician in P. And he always had a stomachache. And then my sister told me once that we should go to a fortune-teller. He wasn't a Rom, he was a Gadjo. So my brother, my younger brother, said: "I come with you, ok?" And I said: "Come, it's no problem for me."

We got on a bus and went to this old Gadjo. He lived down there, at the end of the village. Such a long beard he had! So we went to his place and I told him what was the matter. "Oh," he said, "wait, this doesn't work like that! I have to drink my tea first." But he had spirit in the bottle, not tea. He just poured for himself, and then he supped it. "Aah," I said, "I will leave him right here!" I got furious and I wanted to go away. Then he drank up his spirit and he wanted to offer us some too. I thanked him, we didn't need it. He said: "Now who will go in? But it's very frightening inside!" My brother said: "I won't go in." He was scared. "I don't want to, you go in!" But I said: "So I will go." I went in, into a shady room, you couldn't see anything. The windows were covered, just everything. It was summer. He started to rattle with a chain, he was shaking the chain. I thought: "Just shake as much as you want, I don't care at all!" And he was rattling with the chain. This old Gadjo, such a long beard he had! And a big hat on his head, and he was explaining to us what to do. He said that we should take branches from nine sorts of fruit trees – but it should be apricot, plum, pear, whatever, grapevine – and nine sorts of keys. When he takes a bath in the bathroom, my sister should put them into the bath, so that he doesn't realize it. And then she will see that he will recover.

And it really worked! My sister did it for him; she threw these things into his bath. After that his stomach never hurt again.

B: Of course, because he had gall-stones, and he went to N. And the doctors removed them and then his stomach didn't hurt any more. It wasn't the old Gadjo.

(Versend, 66-year-old man (A), 66-year-old woman (B), 2008)

Phuro gádžo

A: De akán šun, so phénav me tuke! Há me téno mánuš siňomahi má, hát mri romni sína. Mro šógori zenési sína P.-te, pa mindig dukhalahi leskri ďomra. P' ako mri phen jekvar phenďa mange, káj kamplahi te džan uzo jóšo. Na rom sína, ha gádžo. Há phénel mro phral, mro eččo: "Džav tuha, láche?" Ha phénav: "Av, hát na sal mange ando drom."

Upre beštam upro buso, án géjam uzo phuro gádžo. Upre gaveskro vígo bešlahi nađon téle. Ase čhóra le sína! Hát džas ánde, phénav leske káj so hi. "Ó," phénel, "užáren, adá na avka džal! Még mus te pijav mri teja." T' and aso caklo thardi mol le sína, pal ni teja. Čak čorlahi peske, p' akor kortolgatinlahi. "Á," phénav, "adaj le muká me mindár!" Hojanďom, pa džá mange. Ako ár la pija, t' amen kamja te kínálinen. Parikerđam la, na kampel. Na phénel: "Akán ko avla ánde? De nađon kampe ánd te dárán!" Phénel mro eččo: "Me na džav ánde." Daralahi. "Me na, dža tu ánde!" De phénav: "Maj me ánd džá." Án géjom, šetétni soba, ništ náš te dikhehahi. Még t' o bloki án sine kerdo, sa mindeneko. Línaj sína. Kezdinďa mange ole láncoha te čergetínen, márľah' o lán-ci. Misľinďom: "De már, kiťi kámes, hát me terédinav leha?" Pa kőzbe o lánco mange kóvázinlahi. O phuro gádžo, ase bare čhóra le sína! I bari kalapa leske ando šéro, pa mađarázinlahi. Odá phenďa, andar o éňa fajtámne đümölčőšne kašta, de odá nek óľ baracka, šľíva, kruška, so si, drákhen-gri vessóva, taj éňafajtámne klúci, kan óv ľanďol andi fűrdősoba, ésrevétlenűl odá nek čhível an mri phen. Káj óv te na ľel le ésbe. Éš ako maj dikla, kaj sastola.

Éš čáčo iš sína! Kerđa le mri phen, adá án leske čhiťťa. Azúta leskri ďomra na dukháňa šoha.

B: Perse, mer sine le epekivo, pa ánd géja N.-te. Pa síjel le robbastinde leske, p' ako na dukháňa leskri ďomra. Na o phuro gádžo.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiko rom (A), 66 beršiki romni (B), 2008)

The fortune-teller I.

In the past, when somebody was sick, the people tore apart their pillow because they found something in it. A wreath was made from the feathers, or they found a rag in it, or something like this. Whatever they found in there, they said that she was cursed and that's why she was ill. In those cases they went to the fortune-tellers. Then the fortune-tellers said: "I know why you come." Because they were right in many things, either it was about your daughter, your son, your mother or your brother, because one used to go and ask about the other, the men used to go and ask about their cursed uncles, about what they can do. And so the fortune-teller said that it was a serious disease and that it was a curse. And when we go home we should kneel down in front of the cross with Maria and Jesus on it, which is right there at the beginning – or the end – of the village! And, as the fortune-teller said, you should go on your knees around it three or four times, and pray loudly! Then the curse should go away from him and he will feel better.

But when somebody was very sick, even the fortune-teller said that they can't help, that there is nothing we can do. God likes him more, so he will take him away.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

The fortune-teller II.

Somebody went to have their fortune told. My daughter, the elder one, was here at this one in K. There was a Gadji, she was young. And she told her fortune, and it was all right what she said. That woman said to her: "You had a lot of money before but," she said, "now you don't have any, you're poor. It was your son's wedding recently." She was right. But she said: "Then again the good times will come and you will have a lot of money." She said: "But now you don't have any money and you have to pay back your loans." She said: "So you have to beg for money many times to pay it back." It was all true what she said. My daughter came home and said: "Mum, go there at once! You won't believe it, but go at once! There is a lot of truth in what she says." And she poured a candle, the wax, into the water. And from that form which came out of it she said that it was the devil. Then she said that it meant something bad, this devil, that death would come to the family or to the kinship. But if that wax looked like little angels, she

Jóšo I.

Azelét ha valako nasválo sine, akkor síjel kednah' i vánkoša. P' akor alaknah' ánde valaso. Andar o póra foňimi síne jék asi kosorúva, akko alaknahi ánde rondo vaď valaso. Akárso alaknah' ánde, akkor odá phennahi, káj ada átkozimi hi, azér hi li nasváli. Akko džanah' uzo jóši. Akkor o jóši phennahi, káj: "Džánav soske ájal." Mer hát but čačípe phennah' ánde, mer káj tri čhaj, vaď tro chá, vaď trí daj, vaď tro phral, mer džanahi avka vaš jékh ávreste, vaš o nadbáčivja džanahi o murša odoj te phúčen káj so hi. P' ako phenlahi, káj naďon baro nasválo hi éš romimo hi adá. A khér felé sar džaha, uzar o gaveskro sílo si jék keresto, káj o Dévlóro h' upre, taj i Márjóri. Hát sar t' adaj ánd ájal mindár upro elejo, vaď upro elejo vaď upro vígo sine jék keresto. Akko kan džaha khér felé, akko uz odá keresto betlin téle! Pa upre tre phábi másín le kórbe tríval vaď štárval, közbe pa molin hangošan! P' akkor tél džala upral lest' o átko, vaď feder óvla.

Te naďon nasválo hi, ako phenlahi, káj upral adá náne šegíččého, má náš ništ te kėras. Adale o Dévlóro feder kámel a ledžla le.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Jóšo II.

Vaď džalahi valako peske te jóšoltatinán. A mri čhaj, ada phureder, síne uz adá adaj K. Odoj si jék gádži, téni síne i gádži. Pa oda jóšolinlahi lake, pa sa čačípe lake phendá. Oda phendá lake: "Tut ezelét naďon but lóvo síne, de" phénel, "akán nán tut lóvo, čori sal. Akán ikerďal tre čhaske bíjav." Čačíka síne. De phénel: "Maj" phénel, "papal čak pál avla tuk' oda lačho módo, káj még óvla tut but lóvo." Phénel: "De akán" phénel, "náne tut but lóvo éš kölčöňňa mus te poťínes." Phénel: "Avka mangingéres butvar upr' oda lóvo, mer hoď téle te šaj poťínen iš." Adá sa čáčo síne so vakerkerďa. Khér ája mri čhaj, phenlahi: "Aňi," phénel, "dža jekvar! Tu na páťas, de dža jekvar, maj" phénel, "but óvla ánde so čáčo phénel." A čhornah' aso đerťa, vijaso ando páni. P' akkor ár kóvázínlahi jék forma. P' akor oda phenlahi andar oda, hoď adá bėng hi. Akkor oda phenlah', adá nalácho jelentínel, adá bėng,

used to say that it means something good, that God will be with you, that person would recover and everything will end up well.

They used to go there mainly when somebody was ill in the house. They believed very much in what the fortune-teller said, that it would heal them, that the sickness wouldn't come to them. The Roma believed a lot in it in the past.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

He ate the hair

So if a girl loved a boy but the boy didn't love the girl, and despite this he married her, then the people used to say that his mother or her mother did something, that she charmed him. She used his hair; the girl had to get a lock of his hair, and a piece of his trousers. The girl kneaded it together and she gave it to him to eat. But there wasn't much hair in it, just one or two hairs. Then she put it into dough for him to eat it. After he ate it he couldn't leave her any more.

So if somebody married someone without loving that person, the people said that he "ate the hair". The people said: "That person ate the hair." This is what people said here in the past.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

óvla halálo ando čaládo vad' ando rokonšágo. A te šukár asi sar andalkórja ár kóvázinlahi o vijaso, akko odá phenlahi, káj adá lácho jelentínel. Hoď o Dévlóro tumenc' óvla, sasťola, sa mindeneko jóra fordulinla.

Legfeder vaš odá džanahi, káj nasvále sin uzo kher. And odá naďon paťanahi, káj hoď o jóšo so phénel, káj ári đóďisajola, hoď n' óvla nasválo. And odá naďon paťanahi te ezelétt o róma.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Hája o bála

Akán te i čhaj kamlah' ole čháve, pa o čhá na kamlah' ola čha, káj te lelahi la mégiš, ako odá phennahi, hoď lakri daj vad' leskri daj kerďa valaso, varážolinda le. Andar leskre bála, hoď i čhaj nek serzínel leskre bála, andar leskri sósten jék kotor rondo. Pa kóva ekethán le đúrinda, pa hoď i čhaj nek del le leske, nek hal le. Hát de na but bála, jék duj sáli. Akán le čhivnah' and aso húmer, pa hoď nek hal le. Akko te hala le, akkor má buter la náš te múkel.

Káj te valakas na kamlahi, pa lelahi la, p' ak' odá phennahi, hoď "adá hája o bála". Odá phennahi "adá hája o bála". Avka phennah' ezelétt.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Evil eyes

It happened that the baby, the little girl or boy in the cradle, cried a lot, was restless. People then said that the baby was bewitched by somebody who came to visit them. That she had evil eyes and bewitched the baby. Such witchy eyes. So when the girl cried like that, people said that some woman went in and bewitched her. That she “overlooked” her so much that the girl couldn’t calm down. So they used to lick her eyebrows with the tongue. And they licked them until, you know, when the eyebrows and the eyes become salty from the sweat. So they licked them until the salt went away, they licked the salt out. And then the little boy calmed down and fell asleep. It used to be like that before.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

The dreams I.

Now I want to tell you something about dreams. We used to say that when your tooth hurts then some close relative of yours will die. If it doesn’t hurt, then a distant relative will die. When they pull out your tooth, when you feel that they are pulling out your tooth and you feel that pain even if it’s a dream, then it’s somebody close to you who is going to die. And when it doesn’t hurt, then it’s not a relative, because it doesn’t hurt as much as it would have if it was a close relative.

And if we see a dead person in a dream, then they say that there will be rain, that the next day it will rain. Yes, when you see a dead person in your dream, it will rain the next day. And when I see you as a bride in my dream, then they say that this is a bad sign. It means death. But if in my dream you’re dead, it means that you will live for a long time. In the dream it means that. The elders say that it means that. And when you dream about hair, long hair, it means sorrow. That you will have sorrow, when you have beautiful long hair. And a dream with rough water, with a broad river where there is rough water, it means sickness. And when the water is clean, it means that somebody is healthy. When you dream about clean water. And with the pig, the people say that you will come before court, that you’ll have trouble with the authorities when you see pigs in your dream. A pig means that there will be a trial. Then blood stands for good luck, if you dream about blood. If you step into shit, you will have good luck. If

Erdave áťha

Kanak o tiknóri, andi bécóva si tikni čhaj vaď tikno čhavóro, hoď naďon róvel, ňugtalamno hi. Upre asi phennahi, káj márde la áťhenca, ko džal avka te látogatínen. Káj odola erďave áťha hi, éš odoleha márďa la áťhenca. Hoď ase babonášne áťha. Kanak avka anňira róvlah' oďa tiknóri, p' akko odá phennahi, káj hoď valasi džuvli án géja, pa márďa la áťhenca. Hoď prik la dikja naďon, éš azér n' áčhol i tiknóri. Akko siklijonah' avka lakre semédiki čhibjaha ár te čáren. A addig čárnahi len, mer hát džánes káj londe hi o semódöki taj o áťha ole verejtékostar. P' akkor addig čárnahi len, még bilonde n' úle, káj o lon ár čárnahi. P' ako ňugsinlah' odá tiknóro, án sóvlahi. Adá síne azelét.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Súne I.

Akán kámav te phénen tuk' upral o súno. Káj amen odá phenahamhi, kan tro dand dúkhal, ako közeliko hozzátartozó mérel. Te na dúkhal, ako távo-liko. Kanak ár cíden tuke dand, kan hajos káj cíden tuke o dand, pa hajos káj dúkhal tuke, ando súno iš, ako közeliko hi, ko mérel. Éš te na dúkhal, akor odá p' aso nán rokoni, hoď na dúkhal avka ole manuške, sar kanak leskro hozzátartozó.

A kan múleha súno dikhahamhi, ak' odá phennahi, káj bríšind óvla. Hoď áver dí dela o bríšind. Hát kanak múleha súno díkhes, ak' odá phénen, áver dí del o bríšind. A kanak akán tut ando súno meňassoňake díkhav, ak' odá phénen, ká odá na lácho jelentínel, hoď odá halálo jelentínel. Te pa odá díkhav súno, káj tu mújal, ako butájig džíveha. Ando súno hoď odá jelentínel. O régike, o phúre odá phennahi, káj odá jelentínel. A kan bálenca súno dikhehahi, duge bála, bánato jelentínel. Káj bánato tut óvla, te šukara duge bála hi tut. Te zavarošne pániha, baro fojó, pa zavarošno sin o páni, akor nasvalípe. A te šužo páni síne, ako pa egéšégešno mánuš. Te šuže pániha dikhehahi, káj šužo síne o páni. Ako báleha, akor odá phennahi káj bíróšágo, hoď ole rájenca tut óvla baja te bálenca dikhehahi. Aso bálo, t' odoleha súno dikhehahi, akor odá bíróšágo jelentinlahi. O rat, odá pa bast síne. Te rateha. Ando khul te lépinehahi, t' odá bast síne. Ando súno kan án lépindál, vaď khuleha súno dikjal, vaď valaso, t' odá bast jelentinlahi. Odá phennah' o régike phúre.

in your dream you step into it, or if you see shit in the dream, or something like that, this means good luck. This is what the old women say.

I have already dreamed about such things. With dead people – and afterwards it was always raining. But it didn't happen with the death. Just a few times it happened that somebody died, but no one from our family. Well, you say "poor guy", you feel sorry for him. But not as much as if your close relative would have died, that is different.

The older women used to say that it's not good when you go somewhere early in the morning to start your day with: "Oh, what a dream I had!" That is not good that immediately in the morning you tell your dream to your family. You have to wait until the afternoon. They used to say that it's not good when somebody tells about a dream they had too early. That's not good. Old people wouldn't let you speak about your dream. They believed that something bad would happen to you if you speak about your dreams.

After my daughter had died it was very hard. I tell you what we did. We stood here next to the window and were looking out in the direction of her grave. Because her grave is in this direction from our house, and not that direction. So we were looking out like that and we were speaking, then we used to go out and say: "Where are you my daughter why don't you come here? Show yourself to us!"

But in those four years I had a dream about her just twice. She didn't appear even in the dream. But when I lived on that street... So beautiful the street was, I went out nicely, we had a pavement. My dad had a wire fence made, with a beautiful gate. A beautiful gate, and I got along nicely, and then there was this D., he lived two, three houses up there. And there in the corner of his yard he had a very big walnut tree. And there I saw my daughter, so nice, in the dream brushing her husband's clothes under the tree. But it wasn't true; it was a dream, because at that time the street didn't exist anymore, we already lived here on this street. I said to her: "What are you doing there under the tree? Why don't you come home?" She said to me: "Listen, mum, I have to prepare the clothes for my husband F. because they are dirty all over." And I told my other daughter I.: "I., your sister will take her husband with her soon; she is already preparing his clothes."

And now, when her father died, I was dreaming about her one week before. There she came to me. She came in how she used to, like my mother. My daughter walked like that, she was moving her shoulders like that. She was short like my mother and she was also that thin. She wasn't fat, she was rather slim. You

Súno dikjom me má aseha, súno dikjom. Adá ole múlenca, adá bríšind ánd' avlahi mindig, o bríšind ánd' avlahi. O halálo odá na avka avlah' ánde. De síne aso, káj pálal mellahi valako, pa na uz amende tartozinlahi. Láche, t' odá phénel o mánuš "čoróro", šajnálínes le. De na avka sar kanak tro hazzátar-tozó mérel, odá papal avrésal hi.

Síne ase phuredera romňa, ako phennahi, káj nán lácho, korán raťťaha akán te tu ás uz mande, raťťaha, pa odoleha kezdines: "Jaj, so dikjom me súno!" Hoď odá nán lácho, káj raťťaha mindár ár phénes odoj, uz odá čaládo, tro súno. Kampe te užáren upre palodílost. Odá phennahi, káj nán lácho, te korán valako phénel pro súno. Hoď odá nán lácho. Hoď na muknah' ezelét o phúre, hoď te phénes tro súno ári. Hoď valaso na lácho tumen resla, hoď n' óvla lácho, te tu phenaha tro súno.

Kan mri čhaj múja, akor naďon pháro síne. Phénáv tuke so kerahamhi. Ár terďovahamhi, taj ad' uzo bloko, p' ako dikhahamh' avka tél felé sar h' o grobi. Mer n' avka h' amenge o grobi, hanem avka. Akor óra dikhahamhi, ako vakerkerahamh', ako ár džahamh', ako phenahamhi: "Káj sal mri čhaj, n' ás ere? Av ángle!"

De tal o štár berš dúvar laha dikjom súno. Ni na ando súno n' ája. Kan andi úca bešahamhi... Asi šukár sin i úca, avka šukár ár ájom, sin amen járdá. Mró dad keraďa aso drótkeritéši, šukár kaputa. Šukár kaputa, pa odoj šukár avka ár ájom, p' akor adá D., adá bešlahi amendar jék duj, tritto kher upre felé. Pa avka upro khereskro udvarakro šorko jék naďon baro kóva len síne, akhoriko kašt. Pa odoj dikjom mra čha, de avka šukáre, ando súno, – na káj čačika, mer má akor má i úca nána, mer má adaj beštam – hoď tal odá kašt kefélinlahi pre romeskre gáda. A phénáv lake: "So kéres odoj tal o kašt? Hát soske n' ás khére?" Phénel mange: "Halgatin aňu, mus te kérav ole F.-kre gáda, mer sa hi le mel." A még I.-ke phénáv: "I., hamarošan ledžla i čhaj ole F., mer gáda leske kérel."

Taj akán, kanak o dad múja, angal odá jék kurkeha dikjom laha súno. Akko ája uz mande. Ánd ája, sar ój sikláj' avka, sar mrí daj. I E. avka phillah', avka čhikellahi pre váli. Asi tiknóri síne sar mrí daj, asi čišlóri iš síne. Ój nána thúli, asi čišlóri síne. O butera díkhes save zorále hi, de ój nána. Ój asi síne sar jék čhajóri. Afka ánd' ája, phénel mange adaj andi koňha: "De, so kéres?" Hát phénáv: "Díkhes, mrí daj,⁴ távav." "Mró dad?" Hát phénáv: "Ári géja." Há phé-

4 *mri daj* – "my mother" is a general way of addressing close female friends or female relatives in the local variety of Romani.

see, my other daughters are all plump, she wasn't. She was like a little girl. So she came in and here in the kitchen she said to me: "What are you doing?" I said: "You see, my daughter, I'm cooking." "And dad?" I said: "He went out" So she said to me: "Did he hurt you? Does he still shout at you?" I said: "No, my girl, your dad doesn't hurt me." "I hope so!" And she raised her forefinger! And a week later her dad died. That's true, Žužika. I didn't believe in those things at all. Already the next day I told it to my other daughter, I. I said not to tell anyone, that I invented the whole thing, if there was a problem for some reason.

And I had a dream about my husband already twice that he went away from us. And that I searched for him. And now, when I had a dream about him last time, he went far away and didn't come back, I waited for him but he didn't come. He never came back. And then I went down to my mother-in-law's. I was a young woman. I went down to my mother-in-law's and said: "Mother, where is your son? Where is he? Is he having an affair or did he go away to work?" I said: "It's been a long time since he went away and he didn't come back." My mother-in-law was smiling and said: "Don't wait for him; he won't come to you any more." And I told it to my daughter A., a week before her father died. I immediately told her the dream. I said: "A., I had this dream about your father." She said: "I don't know what it means." A week later he died. Of course, because I wait in vain for him, he will never come back to us! I had this dream about him twice, Žužika, twice he went away from us, and he never came back. And I don't believe in this superstition, I don't go to the fortunetellers. But in the dreams there is something true beyond. I didn't use to go to the fortune-teller to get an explanation or something. I never believed in those things. But they also sometimes "bump into" the truth, they tell the truth. As I tell you, it's already been six months since my husband died, but I still haven't had a dream about him, not a single one. My daughter I. always has. She said: "Mom, my dad was here, he shouted at me, why don't I go out with you to the vineyard and take in the wood for you. Why do I let you go alone."

I don't believe that much in such things, in this superstition and so on. But this, I'm telling you, these dreams... When I think back now, I'm telling you, there is something in the dreams, there is much truth in it. Because in the dream you see your dead relatives. Only like this, otherwise you cannot see them. Only when you're dreaming. When somebody visits you in the dream, only then this person has the same appearance as in the past.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2009)

nel mange: “Bántinel tut? Mék t’ akán” phénel, “vičingérel tuha?” Phénav: “Na, mri čhaj, na bántinel man tró dad.” “Azér phénav leske!” P’ avka lakro va! Pálal upro jék kurko pa géj’ o dad. Adá čáče hi, Žužika. Me na paťáhi šoha ando kova. Mindá áver dí phendom ola I.-ke. Hoď te na phénen, hoď akkor le találinav ári, te véletleni baja hi.

Ěš mre romeha má duvar avka súno dikjom, hoď géja pesk’ amendar. Pa rodáhi le. Pa akán utojára kan súno leha dikjom, hoď géja dúr peske, pa n’ avlahi pál, p’ užaráhi, hoď pál t’ ável. Pa n’ avlahi nisar pále. P’ ako tél géjom uz mri sási. Térni džuvli somahi. Pa tél géjom uz mri sási, phénav lake: “Neňa, hát káj hi tumáro chá? Káj hi tumáro chá? Akán adá romňa liňa, vad’ dúr géja te dógozinen?” Hát phénav: “Má savo čilla géja peske, pa n’ ál pál buter.” Phénel, ášťa mri sási, phénel: “Odole má ma užar, odá má buter n’ avla uz tute.” A A.-ke mešélindom angal odá jék kurko, sar múja o dad. Mindá phendom o súno. Phénav: “A.” phénav, “adá súno dikjom tre dadeha.” Hát phénel: “Na džánav, so jelentinel adá.” Pálal upro jék kurko múja. Ha igen, mer hijába le užárav, má odá pál n’ avla búter šoha uz amende! Adá dúvar avka súno dikjom, Žužika, leha, hoď avka dúvar géja peske amendar, pa n’ ája pále búter. Pedig me na páťav ando baboni, me na džav uzo jóšassoňa. De ando súno si valaso. Me még n’ uzo jóši na džav avka, káj te jóšolínen mange vad’ valaso. Me még ni and’ odá na naďon páťav. De but si t’ and’ odá, upre soste upre hibázinen, káj phénen tuke o čáčipe. Avka, adá phénav, avka má šóv masek hi sar o papu⁵ múja, de me még súno na dikjom leha, mé ni jekvar. I. pa furton. Oďa phénel: “Aňim, adaj síne mró dad, vičingerďa manca, hoď soske na džav ári tuha ando réza, pa n’ ánav tuk’ ánde kašta. Hanem múkav tut korkóre te džal.”

Avka ando áver na páťav me naďon, and’ odá babona, taj asofélíko. De adá, phénav tuke adá súno... Akán pál gondolindom, phénav, azér ando súno si valaso, adá butvar igašágošno hi. Mer ando súno díkhes te tre múlen. Má avka čak, avrésal na díkhes. Ko súno díkhel. Kaske jelentkezinel ando súno, odá čak ando súno le díkhel pále, uďan avka sar síne.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2009)

5 *papu* – “grandfather”, but here in the meaning of “my husband, the father of my children, the grandfather of my grandchildren”

The dreams II.

Dreams come true. If you dream about a snake, it means a bad person. Or about a horse. That is also bad. Think about me if you dream about a horse!

Or if you dream about a dead person, that means good luck. Then you will be lucky, the whole day. A dead person means good luck. If you're sick and you dream about a dead man, he will take away your sickness.

(Csobánka, 67-year-old woman, 2009)

The bewitched

Do you know those Roma from V., have you heard of them? They do the following (I wouldn't be able to do it): They pour water into a bigger cup. Then they break an egg, you know? Then they pour the egg into the water so that it sinks. They are thinking about somebody, and if he is the right person then the egg should come up to the surface of the water in the morning. In the same way as the coal. Do you understand me? The egg comes up if you think about the person who bewitched her. Then the girl should drink a little of that water, because they have to give it to her. So the egg comes up if she's really been bewitched. But if the egg doesn't come up, they can do whatever they want, she will certainly die. That's it. She has been bewitched. She should have something red on her because then they cannot bewitch her. They used to bewitch the children because they are beautiful or they would like to have them, or the hell knows why! How many times I had to have my children cured in this way, my father used to do it.

There were also some Boyash Roma who knew how to press the children's stomach so that they can defecate. Then they could defecate, all week long. The Boyash Roma, the old Boyash Roma did it. They don't do it anymore. Nothing like this.

(Nemesapáti, 59-year-old woman, 2011)

Súne II.

Hát odá, o súno, ári avel. Sapeha súno dikhes, odá erđavo manuš hi. Vaj gra. T' odá erđavo. Odá mindig gondolin upri T. néni, te grasteha súno dikheha.

Vaj te múleha súno dikhes, akor odá bast hi. Akor bast hi tut, odá cilo dí. O múlo bast hi. Vaj nasváli sjal, pa múleha súno dikhes, ledžel tro nasvalipe.

(Čobánka, 67 beršiki romni, 2009)

Afháli

Žánes adala V.-itike róma, šundal p' adála? Adála pa afka kéren, – hát me le na žanáhi te kérel, – hoď čhín ánde děk baréder kúči páni. Te upre phágen děk kuku, hajos? Te ánde čhoren odá kuku, ako tél žal. Te raťaskro upre kaste gondolinen, odá upre site ál. Uďan afka sar o angari. Kada hoď gondolines, hoď ko la igezinda, hajos sar phénav? Akor andr' odá páni papal i čhej site pijel, mer site la den. Adála pa upre ál akor o kuku, kada hi li igézimi. De te na ál upre, akor akárso šej kéren, mer mélla akor. Hát. Afháli la din. Čak afka lólo valaso site ól upre late urdo, afka la na žánen afháli te del.

Le chávenca žánen te kérel, mer hát šukár hi lo, te pekamlahi lenge, te žánel o méribe! Kiťivar site čhoráhi mre Chávez, mró dad le čhorlahi. Te siňa děk phuri koritárkiňa, oja žanlahi láčhe te čhórel.

Te but sanah' asej koritárďa, save lengre đomri afka khetán ňuminkellahi, hoď siňa len séklet. Ako pa kezdinel te hijel, kurkosám hijel. O koritárďa, o phúre koritárďa le kernahi. Akán má na kéren le. Ništa.

(Apáti, 59 beršiki romni, 2011)

Pouring wax

Sometimes it really works. The elders did it, you know?

For example when my brother's daughter was dying. She hadn't eaten for one week. I went there. My sister-in-law told me: "Ah A., do something for her, she is already dying." It really happened like this. The girl was lying under a walnut-tree. I said: "S., don't you have a candle?" She answered: "Yes, I do." I said: "Let's make a fire outside!" Then we filled a big metal bowl with water, such a big bowl. We put the candle into a pan. Then my sister-in-law held the water above the girl, above her head. The water in the metal bowl. Then I poured a little of that water on the girl. Then believe it or not a woman was by her head! As she was sleeping and lying, a woman appeared, she was there, by her head. I see that you don't believe this. She was standing next to her and some women were praying around her.

This meant she was dying. I hurried. I washed the girl's face with that water. I took my skirt like this! Maybe you will laugh at me, but I pulled it onto her face. I also poured some water into her mouth. I poured the water seven times and the eighth time the curse went away from her. It's the same as with the seven coals. Have you heard about those coals? I threw one of those coals into every corner. Then I poured the water on the dog. The girl slept maybe ten minutes and then she asked for food. The girl hadn't eaten for one month, she wouldn't take anything.

My father also knew how to do these things, how to "pour wax". Really. Candle and also wax. But the wax shows it better.

(Nemesapáti, 59-year-old woman, 2011)

Čhórel

Ostá butfar hi ám ánde valaso. Még o phurédera, žánes?

Mer mri phraleskri čhej mellahi. Děk kurko na hája. Géjom óđa. Phénel mange, mri šógorkiňa: “Jaj A., ker adala čhaha valaso, má mérel.” Čáče afka siňa. Tel děk akhorin pašjolah’ i čhej. Phénav: “S., nán tut,” phénav, “klik moméli?” Phénel: “De, hi man.” Phénav: “Rakínas ďak ávral!” Te čhiťam and’ aso lavór páňi, pherde, and’ aso baro čáro. T’ ande děk tikni šerpeňóva čhiťam i moméli. T’ ako la čhake... Pa ój site likellahi prik o šéro, afka, o páňi. O páňi, le lavóriha. Te afka čhoráhi prik late. Afka hoď upro šéro lak’ upre siňa! Rendešen pe sikavlah’ i manušni, sar i čhej sóvlahi, afka pašjolahi, hoď mer late siňa, upro šéro. Adá tu na páťas. T’ ako mer late térdolahi, te asej but manušňa afka molinnahi.

Hát odá má o méribe jelentinlahi lake. Igen šijetindom. Thóďom la čhakro muj, and’ odá páňi. Astárdom afka mre rokja! Šej hoď ári man áseha, afka cidiňom lake upre pro muj. Te te ando muj lake čhiťom páňi. Éftasar la čhordom, pal o óftoto gélo krik tél pal late. Sar éfta angari, šundál pal adala angari? Te ando sako šorko čhidiňom andr’ odola angari. Pal odá upro žúkel čhordom o páňi. Súti i čhej, talam deš minuten, mángja peske te hal. Děk kurko na hája ništa i čhej, ni na lelahi.

Te mró dad žanlah’ asó te kérel ám, te čhórel. Bizon. Te moméli, te vijasi. De o vijas féder le ári sikál.

(Apáti, 59 beršiki romni, 2011)

The witches¹⁶

A: So can I start, people?

Z: You can, you can.

Just imagine that here was a huge settlement where we, the Roma, lived. Many people, so many people lived there. The elder Roma made a big fire. We sat in the middle and they started to tell stories.

Once there was a very old Rom. But he was very strong at that time! His name was T.L. This huge Rom was a white and very tall man.

As we were speaking, we asked him: "Mister, were there witches in the village?" "Yes, of course, my son! One is still alive, I'm gonna fuck her up!" "But who is she?" "Who is she? I'll tell you soon. When the story ends, you will already know and understand who she is. We couldn't wait for him to start, to tell us!" "So, boys! Here, take this jug!"

We went into the village, because there wasn't water or a well in "Gypsy Hill".¹⁷ We had to go for water among the Gadge. He gave us the jug and we went to bring him cold water. "But hurry up, bring it cold!" We went into his house; we brought the water for him. He had a drink and then he started:

It happened once when it was very dark. I had finished my work and I was just going home. From far away I saw ten or twenty or thirty dogs, but black ones! I saw many things in my life, but I have never seen such big dogs before! I continued but the dogs weren't barking. Then what do I see, what is that, my God? A woman was squatting down and there were dogs around her! There was a big black dog and there was also a big black dog and here as well another big dog. She was hunkering down. I went up to her. "Hey girl, what's up? What are you doing here? What are you looking for here?" She disappeared in that very moment! But listen, boys and men, the dogs started howling! But they howled so much! I wasn't scared of her. "Ah, I'm gonna fuck you up, I recognized you. I will crack your head tomorrow if I see you!"

So I went home. I wanted to go to bed. I undressed myself, I washed my feet and my hands, and then I lay down. I couldn't fall asleep. There was no way I could fall asleep. When I was almost sleeping, or maybe I was already sleeping,

16 The revised version of this story was published in the journal *Romano džaniben* 1/2012: 92–103.

17 Gypsy Hill is the name of the local Romani settlement.

Čohaňňa

A: No šaj džan romale?

Z: Šaj, šaj.

Hát adá k' amende avka siňa, hoď képzelin el jek baro baro baro telepo, akháj bešasahi amen roma. But džéneg, báre báre but džéneg bešasah' odoj. O phure roma kernahi jek bari jag. Amen téle bešasahi maškáral, os kija astarnahi paramisa te phenen.

Siňa jek phuro phuro rom. De báre zoralo siňa čillag! Afka le akharnahi, hoď T. L. Adá báre baro rom páрно siňa, baro magašno rom siňa, deltášno.

Sar odoj vakerkerasahi, phučkerasahi le: "Bači, ando gav adaj siňa régen čohaňňa?" "Ěj, sar te n' úňáhi mro čávóro! Mé t' akánig dživel odđa romňi, te kúrav lakero muj sít, avka te kúrav lakero muj!" "T' os ko h' odđa?" "Ko h' odđa? Maj mindán phená le tumenge. Maj te vígo ovla ola paramisake, majd akkor džanna le taj hajona le, hoď ko h' odđa." Má addig užarasahi, hoď te phenen ole, te kezdinen ole!

"No čhavale! Adaj h' adá caklo-e!"

Džáh' ande ando gav, mer upe cigáňheďo na siňa páňi taj haňig. Ánde kamplahi maškar o gádže te džan amenge páňiske. Mindán adđa diňa i kančúva, ost ánde géjam leske šudre páňiske. "De siďanen, šudro anen!" Ánde géjam ando kher, andam leske páňi. Cidiňa le, na os kija kezdiňa:

Jekvará avka siňa, hoď šitítno siňa báre. Akkor keráhi búti, ost aváhi khére felé. Má dúrarú dikjom deš, vaď biš, vaď trianda džuklen, de kálen! De ase bare džuklen, hoď má me hajom mro máreskero java, de mé ase bare džuklen na dikjom! Čak džáhi, o džukle na ugatinnahi. Hát dikhav, so h' odá muro Délóro! Téle siňa kuporodime, o džukle meg maškar late! Okoj jek baro kalo džukel, t' okoj jek baro kalo džukel, t' akaj jek baro džukel. Odoj gugolinlahi. Džav odđa ki late. "So hi čhaje? So keres tu adaj? So rodes tu adaj?" Odđa abba a pillantášba tüninda! De čhavale romale, o džukle kija astardék te voňítinen! De avka voňítinnahi, hoď báre báre! Na daráhi latar. "No te kúrav tro muj sít, pindžardom tut. De me šéreste tut čalavá, čak had dikhav tut táha!"

Avka hoď khére felé géjom. Kamjom téle te pašjon ando vodro. Téle man urjardom, téle pašliňom. Thoďom me pre, te me vasta, avka pašlijom téle. Hát na džanáhi te soven. Nisar, nisar na džanáhi te soven. Amikor má jek buka majna sůťom, taj má te sováhi, adaj-e! Sar te ek pándž mážášno bar uppe mande úňáhi! Tasavkellahi man. De me čupa páňi siňomahi. I dunna

here!¹⁸ As if a five quintal stone was lying on me! She was choking me! I was full of water. The eiderdown was full of water! I couldn't speak, I couldn't scream. But I managed to throw it somehow down from me. I knew who she was; I'm gonna fuck her up! I knew who had choked me!

I went to work because I had an afternoon work shift. I used to go home at around midnight. I went the next day as well, and then I went home. When I see you, I'm gonna fuck you up! I was walking, the candle was burning. I went to the door, you know, the door was covered with a curtain and blanket. A white blanket was bound on the door so that nobody could look inside. The white blanket was there and a horse head appeared in the shadow. The horse head was walking up and down. That woman had a horse head and she was walking like that. And she was quarrelling with her husband.

But I'm not going to reveal her name, you will know it soon! She cursed him like mad: "May the God punish you! May the golden sweet God finish you!" She cursed him horribly. But the Rom didn't say a word. She sat down on a chair and took her head into the hands. She had long hair, it almost reached her butt. She had long black hair. She had a horse head, so she put her real head into her lap! And she was combing her hair. She was combing the hair on the head and at the same time she was picking out the lice and nits from it. I saw everything from the shadow!

But boys, you know what a man I used to be! That I was never scared of anything. You can ask K. as well, he will tell you that I was never scared of dead people and witches! But this time I was damn scared! Just ask him tomorrow when he comes, he will tell you the same story: That I even went to the graveyard! Because of a bet, at midnight. I brought the cross into the village and I put it up in front of the cinema. So I was not scared!

So when the woman finished, she put her own head back. She hid the horse head under the bed, or in a metal bowl under the table, and she covered it with a blanket. I didn't say anything, I went home. But I was shaking so much and I was scared the whole night! I didn't dare to speak with my wife about it; I was scared to say anything.

Another day we went to the Gadji. That Gadji was also a witch, that Gadji! I knew what those two women do, because both the Gadji and this Romni were witches. So we went once to steal chicken from this Gadji. We stole it, of

18 The storyteller is pointing to his chest.

čupa páňi! Ni te vakeren, ni te vičinen na džanáhi. Os valasar téle la uppal mandar čhindom. Me džanáh, hoď ko h' odďa, te kúrav lakero muj! Hoď ko ssa, ako man tasavkerel.

Géjom andi búti, mer délutánošno siňomahi. Mindig éfé fele aváhi khére. Áver dive papaleg géjom, avav khére felé. No akkor má dikhá tut, te kúrav tro muj! Džav, phalla, világítinel o méčeši. Géjom odďa ko vuder, ost džanen, fűggőni síňa taj pasja uppe vuder. Párni pasja ssa phallo uppe vuder, te na te dikhel ánde niko. Párni pasja síňa, ost šaj síňa te dikhen ando árňeko jék grastano šéro. Grastano šéro phirkellahi téle, uppe. Grastane šéreha síňa i romňi, avka phirkellahi. Ost vičinkellah' ole romeha.

De na phenav ári o anav akánig, maj džanna le! Ole rome máravkel-lahi: "Te márel tut o gulo Dél! O somnakuno gulo Dél te pustítinel tut kathar mandar ári!" Ase átki uppe leste, hoď bare förtelmešne bare átki! Ta o rom jek alav na vakellahi pále. Téle bešja uppe šámli, ando va liňa pro šéro. Duge bala síňa lake, majna tel i bul lake reslahi. Bare duge kale bala síňa la. Asar grastano šéro ssa la, t' andi angáli liňa o šajátno šéro! Ost hulavlahi pet. Hulavlahi o šéro, taj avka kedlah' ári o džuva taj o šörki andar o šéro. Me meg minden dikháh' ando árňeko!

De čhavale, džanen savo manuš siňomahi! Hoď me šoha na daráhi nisostar. Adá phenla tumenge o K. iš, hoď me kathar o múle taj ni kathar o čohaňňa na daráhi! D' akán báre daráhi! Phučen ole, maj te avla táha, ost ój iš maj phen-la tumenge adá történeto: Hoď me ári géjom ando temetővo iš! Fogadášbu, éfékor. Te ánde andom o keresto ando gav, os téle thodom anglo mozi. Avka hoď me na daráhi!

No ost mikor vígzinda, pále thoda o šéro pe peste. O grastano thoda tel o vodro, va tel i kafidi jek vajlingoste, taj téle la učarda jek pasjaha. Na vakerdom ništa, khére géjom. De me avka rezdáhi, taj celo ráti avka daráhi! Ni te vakeren ola romňake, ništa na tromáhi te vakeren.

Papaleg ost áver dive géjam ko gádže. Taj odďa iš čohani síňa, oďa gádži! Me kathar odá džandom, hoď adane du džéneg so keren. Mert te i gádži čohani síňa, taj t' adďa romňi čohani síňa. Géjam jekvar, hoď maj čóraha kaňhen kathar i gádži. Čórdam iš, pekjam, tádam, hajam. Haluški tádam, kerďam ándar zumin. Lače šárgave žute kaňha síňa. De ase bare kaňha! Trin štár kilošne kaňha! Čórdam latar vaj trinen, vaj štáren.

Na telinda ánde duj kurko vaj trin, papaleg géjam du džéneg ole P.-ha. Taj t' o F. odoj síňa. Géjam, džas andi óla ánde. Hát ha paťan ha na, i gádži odoj bešlahi! Asi sani raňig sar mro buka anguš tel i ála síňa lake

course, fried it, cooked it and ate it. We cooked pasta, we made soup from it. It was a nice yellow chicken. But such size! That chicken was three or four kilos! We stole three or four of those from her.

Two or three weeks passed and we went there again with P., both of us. F. was also there. We arrived, we entered the henhouse. Believe or not, the Gadji was sitting there! Her chin was supported with a small stick, as thick as my finger. She was sitting in the henhouse like that. But boys, how could that woman fit into that small henhouse?! She weighed around a hundred quintals! And she was sitting in the henhouse! As we were trying to catch the chickens, she started to tell us: "*Fie, fie L., are you stealing the chickens from me? Aren't you ashamed?*" Boys, what was there! We didn't even know where to run or where to go!

The next day I went to the village again. Well, I didn't speak with the police, with anybody. It was already strange that neither she spoke with the police. Because the police would kill us, all the Roma here! She was a wealthy Gadji, she had everything.

So the next day, after two or three days, I went to the village. I saw that they were speaking there: the Romani witch and the Gadji. They spoke very quietly, I almost couldn't hear them. They were whispering. "Just wait, I'm gonna fuck you up! I'll kill you with an axe! I don't care that you are a witch," I said to myself. She answered: "Why do you say that I am a witch?" – But I was far from her! – "So are you going to kill me?" – Believe it or not it really happened! The sweet God may beat me if it's not true! – "How could I be a witch L., how could I be? Why are you saying that I am a witch?" – But I was very far from her! And I told this very quietly only to myself: "You, witch, I will crack your head!" But she could hear it. Then the Gadji went one way and the Romni another way, so she went home.

I caught her in the act once again. That time I already had pigs. I had a sow and she had just had little piglets. I heard the sow grunting all day long. She was already as thin as a dog. The pigsty almost went to pieces as the pigs were squealing so loudly. I went there immediately, I looked into the pigsty. I had a flashlight; I had got it at the mine. So I went there, I looked inside and I saw that she was sucking the sow's teat! I kicked the door of the pigsty shut, I locked it. I put a padlock on it. "I'm gonna fuck you up, now I'll kill you!" I went into the store-room; I took an axe to crack her head, so I'm gonna fuck her up. But when I got back she wasn't there!

So I went to her house. "Open the door! I'm gonna fuck you up! If you are a witch, leave me alone, otherwise I'll kill you!" I went in. Her knees were covered in pig crap, just like her hands. And because she had sucked the sow's teat, there was milk on her lips.

támastime! Avka bešlahi andi óla. De romale, sar resja ánde ase buka ólate oda romñi?! Siña ande late vaď jek máža! Ost odoj bešlah' andi óla! Amikor nűkálnasahi paš o kañha, hoď maj astaraha len, upr' amende vakerďa: *“Ejnye L., enye L., hát tőlem lopjátok el a tyúkokat? Hát nem szégyelitek magatokat?”* Romale, aso odoj siña! Hoď odá iš na džanasahi, hoď kija te nášas, vaď kija te džas!

Áver dive géjam. Láche hi, na vakerďam ni ole jagalenge, nikaske. Mange má adá siña furčavo báre, hoď na vakerď ole jagalenge. Hát o jagale amen mundarkerďéh' adaj, ole cele romen! Hát bari kulákiki gádži siña adďa, minden siña le.

Áver dive, va duj vaj trin divende džav ando gav. Hát dikhav, odoj vakerkeren: i romani čohani taj odďa. De báre halkan vakerkernahi, alig šaj siña te šunen. Šušmorginnahi. “No užár, te kúrav tro muj sít! Te na, šéreste tut čalavá baltaha! Me na bajinav tu čohani ssal,” magamba. Pále mange vakerďa: “Ej soske ssom me čohani?” – De dúr siñomahi latar! – “Te kúres mro muj?” – Ha paľas ha na, te o gulo Dél man te márel, te na avka siña! – “Dehoď som me čohani L., dehoď som me čohani! Soske astares uppe mande tu, hoď me čohani ssom?” – De báre dúr siñomahi latar! De halkan magamba phendom le adá ári, hoď: “Čohani, maj šéreste tut čalavá!” Avka, hoď šunďa le. Avka géja i gádži erre, ój meg okoj géja, géja khére.

Még astardom la jekvar. Akkor má siña man bále. Jek aňiko bálo siña man, taj akkor úňa le hurde baličhe. Čak šunav, hoď o bálo celo áldotno dive, celo ráti morginlahi. Má aso číslo siña sar o džukel. I óla maj sít kedlahi. Šíkitozinnah' o bále. Jekvar géjom, hát dikhav andi óla. Siña man, phalla, karbitike lámpa, andar i báňa la andom. Géjom, dikhav, hát ole báleskere čučča pijelahi! O gariči ánde čukinďom, uppe late rúginďom o vuder, ole báleskero, aso si uppe vuder. Uppe thoďom i rekeste. “No te kúrav tro muj, akánig tut mundará!” Ánde géjom andi komra. Odoj ikráhi o balti taj ase búťa, o sersámi. Ánde géjom, ad' anáhi balta, šéreste la te čalavá, te kúrav lakero muj sít. Mire pále ájom, nikháj na siña!

Géjom téle ko kher lake. “Čukin ári, te kúrav tro muj! Te čohani ssal, akkor muk man békén, mer me šéreste tut čalavá!” Ánde géjom. De čupa balano khul siña lakere térďi, taj čupa balano khul siña lakere vasta! Taj sar pijelah' ole báleskere čučča, čupa thud siña lak' o muj.

No adďa ko siña?

“No ko L. báči?”

Hát i R.! Upp' ájom. Azóta ole romen na bántinlahi, na mallah' ole G., ole phure G. Avka hoď ój hi čohani. De báre báre viďázinen, hoď ande lakere

So guess who was that woman?

“Who was she, mister L.?”

Who else than R.! I found out that it was her. Since then she hasn't harmed people; she hasn't beaten her husband, the old G. So she is the witch. But watch out, you shouldn't look into her eyes! If she is coming in your direction, put your head down and look onto the ground! And cross yourself! Then she cannot bewitch you. And she is also the one who bewitched K., she crippled his leg. So she is the witch in Mátraverebély. Damn woman, be careful with her!

Z: But she's no longer alive, is she?

A: No, she isn't. She died already thirty years ago.

Z: And is there another witch now?

A: Yes, there is, there is. I'll tell you this story as well. There was a very good man. He was slim, very slim. He had curly hair, he had white curly hair, but he was a very good man. This witch's daughter lived across the street from D.'s father. The old F. told us this story as well. He said that this woman, the daughter of R., was also a witch. She died as well, a year ago.

A two-metre tall man used to go to his house every day. The man looked in through the window, he was just staring inside. The old man was scared, he was damn scared. He was scared even to go out. Once he needed to go out to pee. He was walking up the stairs when he saw that man again. But the man was around two meters tall, he was dressed in black. He looked like a priest. When he saw him, he turned around; he went into the yard, because there was just a road between them. He went into the yard and he stopped by the door.

The daughter of R. told me: “Hey F.!” “What's up, girl?” She asked me the following: “Have you also seen that tall man who just passed down the way?” “I saw him, it was you, I'm gonna fuck you up! You were the one running down and changed back into your form! So you're the one who frightens us the whole day and the whole night and every night?”

So the people say that this woman was a witch.

Z: So the Roma here believe in witches.

A: The Roma believe, but they are also scared. We are scared of dead people and we are also scared of witches.

Z: And if the witch bewitches somebody what you can do against it?

A: You should go to the well, where we were before. There is a spring. That spring is from the Virgin Mary. You should take water from the three wells. The bewitched person should wash in that water. And sanctify all the walls in the house. Then the bewitchment will break from him, and from the whole family.

átħa ma dikhen ánde! Amikor džal tumenca sembe, čalaven téle tumáro šéro, ost uppe phuv dikhen! Taj čhiden keresto! Akkor na džanla tumen te rontinen. Ěš adħa síħa odħa čohani, ako ole K. iš rontinħa, leskero pro tónkre thodħa. Na avka, hoď adħa hi čohani Verebýjate. Te marav ande lakero muj ánde mro kár, báre viďázinen uppe late!

Z: De akán má na dživel?

A: Na dživel. Adaleske má trianda berš, hoď muj' adħa čohani.

Z: Taj hi akán áver čohani?

A: Si, si. Adá iš phená tuke, hoď síħa jek lačho lačho romano rom. Čišlo síħa, báre čišlo. Göndörne bala síħa le, ősne göndörne bala, de báre lačho manuš síħa. Adalakeri čħaj sembe bešlahi adale F. báčiħa, ole K. F. báčiħa, ole D.-kere dadeħa, ole V.-ħa. Sembe bešnahi eďmášal adane dúj. Adá iš o F. báči amenge mešélinlahi, hoď adħa romňi, adala R.-keri čħaj čohani hi li. Má akánig múja te ó jek berš.

Vaď duj méterešno rom sako dive odħa džalahi. Ánde diklah' uppe bloka, ost čak diklahi ánde. Daralahi báre, báre daralahi o čoro phuro rom. Ár iš na tromalahi te džan. Jekvar ári kamja te džan te mutren. Avlah' uppe felé uppe lépčövi, os dikja adale bare rome. De vaď duj méteri magašno, kale gádende síħa. Sar rašaj, avka diklah' ári. Amikor dikja le, pále fordulinħa, ánde géja andi udvara, mer jek drom len válastinel čak eďmášťú. Ánde géja andi udvara, ost anglo vuder áčlahi.

Phučlahi man i R.-keri čħaj: "F.!" "So hi čħaje?" Odá mandar phučja: "Te tu dikjal odale bare deltášne manuše, ako akánig erre géja téle feléje?" "Dikjom, te kúrav tro muj, hát tu siňalahi! Tu nášjal téle athar, ost át tut čhidiňal mindán! Hát tu daravkeres amen adaj celo áldotno dive taj celo ráti, taj sako ráti?"

Avka hoď odá phenen, adħa čħaj síħa i čohani.

Z: T'akkor adaj o roma paľan ande čohaňħa.

A: Paľan o roma taj te daran. Kathar o múle iš daras, taj kathar o čohaňħa iš daras.

Z: Taj kana rontinel i čohani valakas, so šaj keren?

A: Avka kempel ári te sastaren, hoď ári kempel te džan ki haňig, akáj siňamahi. Taj odoj si jek forráši. Márijakero forráši h' adá. Andar o trín haňiga kempel ánde te anen páňi. Ako dikhel, vaď akas rontinħa i čohani, and' adá kempel te moždinen. Taj ánde te sentelinel ando kher o cele fali. Akkor o rontáši džal uppal latar, taj uppal o čaládo. Mer adaj báre but čohaňħa siňék!

Because in the past there used to be a lot of witches here!

Z: But are there any nowadays?

A: They already died. But the Roma are scared of that family to this day, believe it or not. Because the daughter of this witch also had a daughter. And she looks more and more like her mother as she gets older. Now she is young. She doesn't speak to anybody, she is not married and she is not in a relationship.

Z: But is she pretty?

A: No, she isn't. You can even be scared of her. I'm also scared of her. She is very slim; she just walks around and looks at the ground. She doesn't speak to anybody. She lives alone in the house, because her mother and father already died. And her neighbours, the F. family said that the mother gave her the power. In the same way as R. gave her power to A., and A. gave it to her daughter, to I.¹⁹

Z: But do the witches also do good things or just bad things?

A: We don't believe in such things as what you can see in the television or in the newspapers that the witches cure. As we kept in our minds that the witches bewitch people, that the witches frighten them and they sit on our chests and they bewitch the small children with their eyes. Because the people say that those small children around one year old who cannot fall asleep, who are awake the whole night... Because those ones who were not baptized in the church, the witches bewitched them. The witch really bewitched those small children. Just after they got baptized the witches couldn't harm them any more. That is why we still don't show our little babies to old women. For example, if I have a one-month old grandchild we wouldn't show him to old women, because they would bewitch him.

Z: But it is not just old women who can be witches, also the young women, right?

A: We believe and it's still in our minds that the old women take over the power of witches. So we are scared of witches. We, Roma, wouldn't dare to walk at night or steal something from the church or damage the graves and rob them out and so on. We are very scared of God, but also of witches.

Z: What can you do if somebody bewitches the child?

A: If we can avoid it, we don't show them to old women. We can also protect them by putting a rosary onto their necks. The rosary should stay on them until they are baptized. We also bring water in a bottle from the well and we put it next to the little boy's or girl's bed. Or we sanctify them. So that the witch doesn't have power over the child until there is the rosary on his or her neck.

(Mátraverebély, 44-year-old man (A), Zuzana Bodnárová (Z), 2008)

19 As the old witch passed the power on to her daughter, and her daughter passed the power on to her daughter.

Z: De akán má na dživel ni jék?

A: Akánig má múje. De még t' akánig daras amen roma kathar adá čaládo, ha paťas ha na. Mer si la jek čhaj, adala iš sin mé jek čhaj. De asar phurjol, avka dikhel ári sar i daj, ako má múja. Terni hi még adđa čhajóri. De adđa ki nikaste na vakerel, ni romeste na géja, taj náne la niko ako te kúrkellahi la.

Z: De šukár džuvli hi li?

A: Náne šukár, rendešen te daral latar šaj. Te me darav latar. Báre čišli hi li, téle felé dikhel uppe phuv, ost čak džal. Ki nikaste na vakerel. Taj korkórig hi li ando kher, mer má múja lakeri daj taj te o dad. Ost odá phenel o F., ako odoj bešel paši late, hoď át diňa lake o tudománi. Avka sar i R. át diňa ola A.-ke, i A. meg át diňa ola čhake, ola I.-ke.

Z: De o čohaňňa čak erďave búťa keren vad' lače búťa iš?

A: Amen and' odá na paťas, aso amenge sikavkeren ando tévévi taj ando ujšági, hoď čohaňňa dóđítinen. Odá áčhija ande amende, hoď o čohaňňa rontinen, ta o čohaňňa daravkeren, taj upp' amáro mejjo bešen, taj ole hurde čháven maren ole áťhenca. Mer odá phenen, ako siňa but hurde čháve, akko na džanlahi te soven. Celo ráti uppe siňék, ase jek beršike. Mer ako na ssa kerestelime andi khangéri, odđa džalahi mindig i čohani régen, ost áťhenca len mallahi. Adá čáčo iš siňa, hoď áťhenca len mallahi, ole hurde čháven. Čak amikor má kerestelinnahi len, akkor má na birinlahi ki lende te resen adđa čohani. Avka hoď amen még t' akánig na sikavas báre ole phure romňenge, te amen buka tikno hi. Phenás te man si onoka, jek masekakeri, na sikavkeras ole phure romňenge, mer maren len áťhenca.

Z: De na čak o phure romňa hi čohaňňa, šaj o térne iš, na?

A: De amen and' adá paťas, vad' adá amenge h' andi amari gódi, hoď o phure romňa len át odá tudománi, aso o čohaňňa. Avka hoď amen daras kathar o čohaňňa. Adá náne čáčo, hoď amen roma ráti tromas te phirkeren, vad' amen tromas andar i khangéri te čóren valaso, vad' ase búťa te keren. Hoď amen uppe phagas o šíri taj čóras ase búťa. Amen kathar o gulo Dél báre daras, taj kathar o čohaňňa.

Z: Kana valako márel ole buka čháve áťhenca, ta so šaj keres?

A: Te na kamas odá, na sikavkeras le ole phure romňenge. Odaleha amen šaj te védekezinen, hoď ánde lenge thovas andi menóri jek olvašóvo. Ánde thovas andi men lenge, ost addig odoj hi o olvašóvo, amíg na kerestelinas len. Taj ánas kathar i haňig páni cakleste, ost ole buka čháveske vad' buka čhake odđa le thovas paš o vodro. Vad' sentelinas le. Avka hoď akkor má na džanel ki late te férkózinen, míg andi men hi leske vad' lake o olvašóvi.

The curse

People can say what they want, I think that the curse works sometimes, and other time it doesn't. Here those Boyash Roma wanted to sell a horse. I'll tell you now:

I have a rope. I weaved it. It was a rope eleven metres long, so thick! It was of manila hemp and there was a roundel in it and so on. I helped him with the horse. The Boyash Rom couldn't take the rope from below the horse's legs, so blah blah blah, he said: "*I will bring it back!*" I told him: "Listen! Bring it back! Because if not, I'll curse you like hell!" "Come on, I will bring it back, I will bring it." He went away.

One week passed, two weeks passed, and then he came. I asked him: "Did you bring the rope?" He answered: "No." So I said: "May the God make you break your neck!" He stood up and went away. It didn't take more than a week, he came again. He said that he had fallen onto a tin sheet and cut up his whole hand.

It happened because I had said: May the God make his hands cut every time he uses the rope. But actually it happened almost like that.

(Kisbajom, 48-year-old man, 2011)

Armáňa

Odá armáňa, hijába phénen, mer adá afka, hoď akának si kada ánde ál, si kada na. Edej adala kopanášťa bikendl' ék gráste. Adá akán phukávav:

Taj sin man ék šélo. Odá me khúďum. Tizened' méterešno síne, afk' osó thúlo! Andral i manilla taj ánde karika taj sa. Taj upre pomožind'um le gráste. Na žaňa le telal leskero pro ár te lel, meg íď meg úd: "*Maj visszahozom!*" Phom leske, phom: "Ham órde šun! An le pál! Mer te na, asaj armáňa upre tute čhav, hoď még!" "Á, pál le aná, pál le aná." Fút gélo.

Ék kurko, duj kurko, álo. Na phénav: "Andal o šélo?" Phenda: "Na." No phom: "O Dél odá te del, hoď tri men te čhínes téle!" Lija lo, fút gélo. Na pekámlo ék kurko, álo. Odá phenda, hoď ando pleho ánde astárďa taj pro cilo va upre činda.

Mer me phom, hoď o Dél odá te del, hoď te adá šélo hasninla, vaď akárso, leskere duj va tél te čhindáhi. Dehát elvileg akán majnem ánd' álo.

(Kišbajom, 48 beršiko rom, 2011)

Đíja

Songs

In Auschwitz

The wind is blowing up and down,
ah, my lover is leaving me.
He is leaving leaving me with sorrow,
because he did not say goodbye to me.

Ah, you little black bird,
take my letter.
Take it, take it to my mother,
because she did not say goodbye to me.

The wind is blowing up and down,
ah, my lover is leaving me.
He is leaving leaving me with sorrow,
because I am imprisoned in Auschwitz.

Ah, you little black bird,
take my letter.
Take it, take it to my mother,
that I am imprisoned in Auschwitz.

(Fertőrákos, 78-year-old woman, 2011)

You come with me

You come with me to the green forest to pick viola.
/: There where nobody can see you, just the sweet God. :/
Whisper to me, whether you love me,
whether you will be mine, my beautiful flower.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

Aušvicate

Upral télal bávľal phúdel,
jáj mro piráno juš man múkel.
Múkel múkel pharimnaha,
hoj na phendža áč dévlaha.

Ó tu kalo čiriklóro,
ledže mange mro lilóro.
Ledže, ledže mra mamake,
hoj na phendža áč dévlaha.

Upral télal bávľal phúdel,
jáj mro piráno juš man múkel.
Múkel múkel pharimnaha,
hoj som béšti Aušvicate.

Ó tu kalo čiriklóro,
ledže mange mro lilóro.
Ledže, ledže mra mamake,
hoj som béšti Aušvicate.

(Fertórákoš, 78 beršiki romni, 2011)

Áves manca

Áves manca ando zeleno vész vijoli te kéden.
/: Odoj káj tut niko na dikla, sar o gulo Dévla. :/
Šúgin mange, kámes-e man,
mri óveha, mri šukár virága.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

In Budapest

I went to Budapest,
I married a beautiful woman.
/: A beautiful, young,
sixteen-year-old. :/

Who does not have a wife, God will give him one.
Who does not have money, God will give him some.
A beautiful, young one,
and very very slim.

(Versend, 66-year-old woman, 2008)

I told you

I told you Cili Pipa,²⁰ don't go to the shop!
There is that old Gadjo, he will follow you.
/: If he wouldn't, spit after him,
I am nuts about her. :/

*Who does not have a lover,
should go to the forest.
He should ask Mr Jáger,
whether he has a wife.
Ah, he should write on the leaf of a tree,
that his wife left him.*

(Versend, 65-year-old woman, 2009)

20 Cili Pipa is the nickname of a villager.

Andi Pešta

Andi Pešta me géjom,
šukár romňa me líňom.
/: Šukára, ternóra,
dešušóve beršengra. :/

Kas nán romni, dela le o Dél.
Kas nán lóvo, dela le o Dél.
Šukára, ternóra,
sali sáli sanóra.

(Veršenda, 66 beršiki romni, 2008)

Phendom tuke

Phendom tuke “Cili Pipa”, ma dža andi bóta!
Odoj h- odá phuro gádžo, palal tute džala.
/: Sar te na džal, čungar palal late,
káj me mérav miste late. :/

*Kinek nincsen szeretője,
menjen az erdőbe.
Kérdezze meg Jáger urat,
van-e felesége.
Jaj de írja fel a fának levelére,
hogy elhagyta a felesége.*

(Veršenda, 65 beršiki romni, 2009)

The Roma are coming

The Roma are coming,
what do the Roma do?
/: They make others drink wine,
make somebody change a one-hundred note :/

Ah, my black Pepper,²¹
do not cause me big sorrow,
/: I'll crack your head,
then I'll throw you into the ditch. :/

Ah father, father,
what do the Roma do?
/: They make others drink wine,
make somebody change a one-hundred note :/

Ah *lone*, *lone*,²²
they don't have trousers,
/: So they make others drink wine,
make somebody change a one-hundred note :/

The Roma told me,
that they will beat me on the road.
They will beat their mother's mouth (not me),
I will beat the daylights out of them,
/: I have beaten the daylights out of them. :/

(Versend, 65-year-old woman, 2009)

21 Pepper is the nickname of a villager.

22 *lone* – no meaning; it rhymes with the word *pantalóve* “trousers” in the next line.

Áven o róma

Áven o róma,
so kéren o róma?
/: Mol pijaven,
šeláli phagaven. :/

Ej mri kali Paprika,
ma ker mange bari bríga,
/: Te chínav tut ando šéro,
pa chídav tut ando šanco. :/

Ej dade, dade,
so kéren o róma?
/: Mol pijaven,
šeláli phagaven. :/

Ej lone lone,
nán len pantalóve,
/: Pa mol pijaven,
šeláli phagaven. :/

Odá phende o róma,
káj man márn- upro dróma.
Márna pumara da upro muj,
me len mára dešuduj.
/: Me len márdom dešuduj. :/

(Veršenda, 65 beršiki romni, 2009)

The duck went

The duck went to the water,
she is bringing me cold water.
/: My lover, my lover is very much a lady,
there my baby is bringing me cold water. :/

Ah my God, what have I done,
I took the husband of a woman.
/: I didn't trespass with that, with that,
my mother, that I kissed him once or twice. :/

(Versend, 65-year-old woman, 2009)

In the green forest

Ah, in the green forest,
ah, there are many Roma.
Ah, the slim wives,
ah, all cook chicken.
Ah, but why was saltless,
ah, the woman's meal.
/: Ah, her mind goes around,
ah, around young men. :/

(Versend, 65-year-old woman, 2009)

Géja i réca

Géja i réca upro páni,
 ánel mange šudro páni.
 /: Mri piráni, de mri piráni bari ráni,
 odoj, babám, ánel mange šudro páni. :/

Oj tu dévla, so me kerďom,
 la romňakre róme líjom.
 /: Odoleha, odoleha na vétindom,
 édešaňám, jekvar dúvar čumidindom. :/

(Veršenda, 65 beršiki romni, 2009)

Ando zeleno vės⁶

Jaj ando zeleno vės,
 jaj de but róma taňázik.
 Jaj lengre sane romňa,
 jaj de sa kaňhen *tíráven*.
 Jaj de sostar *sas* bilondo,
 jaj la romňakro háben.
 /: Ej de márel lakri gódi,
 ej de pal o térne róma. :/

(Veršenda, 65 beršiki romni, 2009)

6 This song seems to originate from the Vlax Roma, which is obvious from the verb form *tíráv-* “to cook” and the past copula form *sas* “was”; cf. Versend Romani *táv-* “to cook” and *sín(a)* or *síňa* “was”.

They called me to work

*They called me to work,
I rather went to sleep.
/: I saw the Gadge,
with scythe and hoe,
but I went to sleep with my wife. :/*

(Versend, 65-year-old woman, 2009)

Hívtak engem dolgozni

*Hívtak engem dolgozni,
inkább mentem sóvel-ni.
/: Láttam én a gádžó-kat,
kaszával meg kapával,
én meg mentem a romni-mmál sóvel-ni. :/*

(Veršenda, 65 beršiki romni, 2009)

Table of graphemes

graphemes	IPA	respective graphemes in Hungarian	approximately as
a	[a] ~ [ɑ] ~ [ɒ]*	a	“u” in “up” or “o” in “not”
á	[a:] ~ [ɑ:] ~ [ɒ:]*	á	“a” in “father” or “bath”
b	[b]	b	“b” in “big”
c	[ts]	c	“ts” in “tsunami”
č	[tʃ]	cs	“tch” in “kitchen”
čh	[tʃʰ]	–	“ch” in “chat”
d	[d]	d	“d” in “desk”
ď	[ɟ]	gy	“d” in “during”
dz	[dʒ]	dz	“ds” in “Hudson”
dž	[dʒʃ]	dzs	“dg” in “bridge”
e	[e] ~ [ɛ] ~ [æ]*	e	“e” in “bed” or “a” in “cat”
é	[e:]	é	“ai” in “fail”
f	[f]	f	“f” in “farm”
g	[g]	g	“g” in “garden”
h	[h]	h	“h” in “horse”
i	[i]	i	“f” in “finger”
í	[i:]	í	“ee” in “feel”
j	[j]	j	“y” in “yes”
k	[k]	k	“ck” in “rock”
kh	[kʰ]	–	“c” in “cat”
l	[l]	l	“l” in “life”
m	[m]	m	“m” in “mobile”
n	[n]	n	“n” in “noble”
ñ	[ɲ]	ny	“n” in “new”
o	[o]	o	“o” in “pot”
ó	[o:]	ó	“a” in “law”
ö	[œ]	ö	“ea” in “early” or “oeu” in French “soeur”

ø	[ø:]	ø	“i” in “bird” or “eu” in French “feu”
p	[p]	p	“p” in “space”
ph	[p ^h]	–	“p” in “pen”
r	[r]	r	“r” in Scottish English
s	[s]	sz	“s” in “sing”
š	[ʃ]	s	“sh” in “shape”
t	[t]	t	“t” in “stone”
tʼ	[c]	ty	“t” in “tuna”
th	[t ^h]	–	“t” in “ten”
th	[c ^h]	–	“t” in “tuna” followed by “h”
u	[u]	u	“u” in “put”
ú	[u:]	ú	“oo” in “cool”
ü	[y]	ü	“u” in French “sucre”
ů	[y:]	ů	“u” in French “mur”
v	[v]	v	“v” in “very”
z	[z]	z	“z” in “zoom”
ž	[ʒ]	zs	“s” in “measure”

* The actual phonetic realization depends on the variety.

