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*Oláh Lídia "Suni"*

Kija újal  
romano szvíto?

Romani world,  
where are you?

Hrsg. Zuzana Bodnárová

2022



# Anglutno alav

Ándo 2008-dikne berseszkerő szeptemberi, jek kurkiko dive ánglo dílo, kana sukáre peklahi o kham, téle szálingyom palo busszo Szakalate taj préko phirgyom o gav, kana dikjom jek romane dzsúja ánde jekhe csillutne gaddzsike khereszkeri udvara. Phengyom lake, hogy me romológia szako szikjuvav po prágaiko Károly Egyetemo, taj akani o romane nyelvjárásza kedav ketháne ándo Ungriko po észako. Phucsjom latar, hogy pindzsarel-i valakasz ándo gav, ako lácshe dzsanel románe. Pindzsarlahi valakasz, taj te ó vakerlahi i cshib. Ánde man akhargya ándo kher, téle man besagya taj tágya jek kávéva. Avka pindzsarkergyom ola Oláh Lídiaha, akasz ándo gav inkánb Sunike pindzsaren.

Pal' odá, kana má dú dive lijom uppe vakeribja ánde lakero családo, géjom te ándo pásutno szerviko gav. I Suni ája manca taj szikagya, hogy ká kampe préko te dzsan po Iplyo, aszo adaj határi hi maskar o Ungriko taj maskar o Szerviko. Majna jek celo bers géja má, miúta te o dú országi ko schengeniko övezeto ácshija, de mé t' akani bipindzsardo hajuvibe sztya préko te dzsan po "zédno" határi. Mé p' odá dive papale préko lípingyam po határi, pal' odá pajikergyom la Sunitar taj bestyom po vonato. Odá csak jekhe motorisztar acslahi taj adá sztya o legbukader, aszo valakana tele mro dzsivibe dikjom. Indulinga o vonato taj pe mro legbareder meglepetési i Suni jek ezüstiki angruszti man dija emlíkoszte. Na sztya dive te pajikeren la, mer o vonato má szig dür géja. Akkoriba na patyanyomahi, hogy valakana mé papale aratyhuvala.

Zalog bersenca kísibb po interneto aratyhijam pe jekfáreszze. Azúta jekfar duvar géjam ke jekfáreszze, feder pindzsargyam jekfáre, taj te pe but érdekesne projektende kergyam ketháne búti, szar phenasz te irjanen jek vebódalo palo romengero holokauszto taj jek versesno kenyvo pi romani cshib, te roden aszave alava, aszo ánde lakero gav vakeren, vagy te keren jek vebódalo, aszo lakeri cshib szikavel ánde taj pindzsartatinel ole manusenca.

Pativ sztya mange, hogy me saj gengyom legánglal odona versi taj o történettya, aszo pi romani cshib íringya, taj uppe la dzsangyom te len p' odá, hogy te ó te dzsal p' odá versenyi, aszo ándo olasziko Lancianoveszte keren, asziszke Maškarthemutno Artistikano Konkùrsi "RRomano Amal" hi o anav. Ándo 2019-dikno bers pe romane versenca nyeringya i elsőni díja, ándo áver bers pale i dítodikni. Ole jekhe versoszkerő elsőno soro, o "Kija újal romano szvito?" dija adale kenyvoszke o címo, mer adá szikavel ánde legfeder odá hajuvibe, aszo préko phirel odá 38 történeto, aszo jek dopas ári arakhibe, o áver dopas ándar lakero dzsivibe hi.

Ole kenyvoszkeri zór ánd' odá hi, hogy ánde szikavel o csillutne romane szokássza taj o értéki, aszo ándo neve divesza nastyije, vagy ávera úje, taj uppe szikavel te p' odá, hogy o roma szar ácshije ándo bisto százado ko szigyandale társadalmike, gazdaságike taj kulturálisne áriakharibja, szar phenasz hogy lengere csillutne bútya

nastyije, hogy lenca szembe egyre bareder úja o diszkriminációvo, taj hogy valaszave roma aszave kamnahi te oven szar o gádzse. O cele szövegi préko phirel odá hajuvibe, hogy “feder sztya csilleder”, de niszar na avka szikaven ánde o romano szvito szar te pe rózsaszínikne szemüvegate dikhaszahi préko. O történettya muken odá, hogy ánde te dikhasz ánde butfélkne romane családengero dzsivibe, te oven odona lácshe vagy báre ergyave. Szikaven, szar dzsivnahi o roma ándo csillutne divesza, legfeder ándo bisto századoszkerő dúto epas, taj szar avnahi ári ole gádzsenca.

Na csak odá szikaven ánde, szar vakeren o roma maskar pumende, hanem te odá, szar vakeren o roma ole gádzsenca. Adá kenyvo korkórutneszke thovel, hogy o vakeribja vagy románe, vagy ándo ungriko nyelvjárási, vagy ándo rajkano vakeribe hi írime. Avka szikavel csácsone ánde, szar vakeren szako dive jekfáreha o gavutne manusa taj t' odá, hogy ole cshibjenca szar szikaven pumare hajuvibja, dikhibja taj pumaro ándrutno ácshuvibe. Phenasz szi aszavo rom, ako pi ungriki cshib vakerel, hogy te viccelinel pre barátoha, amí ávera pumaro ácshadipe kamen te vazden taj duripe te szikaven te ole buter romendar taj te le buter gádzsendar odoleha, hogy rajkane vakeren. Mist' odá, hogy adana cshibja te buter szikavibeha saj birinen, ándo angoliko irjanibe avreszar kergyom len: Avka, hogy i romani cshib rendesne betúvenca, o ungriko nyelvjárási dílime betúvenca, o rajkano vakeribe pale dílime betúvenca taj cshingerde vonaloha íringyom.

Kana o alava pi angoliki cshib irjangyom, i legphareder búti ole dzsungale vakeribeha sztya man, aszo legbuter ándo koskeribe taj átki haszninnahi. Vas' odá, hogy o irjanibe csácsone te del pále o írási, adana dopasa avka irjangyom téle aszar hi. Súzeszte sztyom leha, hogy jek-dú koskeribe taj átka buteszke vagy na oggya cshindleszke saj ikrena odona, ako na pindzsaren ole ungrike romengero vakeribe taj szokássa. De o rodkeribja odá szikaven, hogy o roma ándo Ungriko o koskeribe taj i átka báre butvar haszninen p' odá, hogy jekfáreha te viccelinen, aszo te ole cshavórenge fontosno hi k' odá, hogy szigeder te szikjon o bútya. Phenasz ándo jek történeto i baba ke pi onoka irjangyol odoleha, hogy “Csüt, te csáresz mri phuri mindzs!”. Odá attyi hi, szar te odá phenlahi, hogy “Csüt má!” vagy “Csüt taj muk mange szmírom!”. Mangav odolen, ako genla adá kenyvo, hogy te gondolinen p' adá telo genibe, te próbinen te arakhen o vicco ánd' adá vakeribe, vagy csak te hajon préko adale vakeribeszkerő barvalipe. Po vígo ári kamav te vazden, hogy o történettya ándi romungriki cshib, po áver anav kárpátiki romani vagy dílikí centrálisni cshib úje írime, aszo ándo Ungriko jek aszavi cshib hi, aszo pe méribeszkerő szíjo ácshel, adá pale báre but thovel kija ko kenyvoszkerő kucsipe. Mist' adá o kenyvo legánglal odolenge ajálinav, akasz érdeklinel i romani cshib, taj te szakoneszke, ako te pindzsaren kamel ole ungrike romengero századoszkerő dúto dopas.

*Zuzana Bodnárová*

# Foreword

On a warm Sunday morning in September 2008 I got off the bus in Nógrádszakál and walked around the village until I spotted a Romani woman in the yard of an old peasant's house. I explained to her that I was a student of Romani Studies at the Charles University in Prague and that I was documenting the Romani dialects of northern Hungary. I asked her whether she knew someone in the village who spoke Romani well. She knew someone and was also a speaker herself. She invited me into the house, offered me a seat and made me a cup of coffee. This is how I met Oláh Lídia, better known among the villagers by her nickname Suni.

After two days of making recordings with her family, I headed to the neighbouring village, across the border, in Slovakia. Suni accompanied me and showed me where to cross the river Ipoly, which actually serves here as the border between Hungary and Slovakia. It was less than a year since the two countries had joined the Schengen Area and it still felt odd to walk over the “green” border. Later that day, after crossing the border once again, I said goodbye to Suni and got on the train. It had a single coach and was the smallest train I have ever seen in my life. The train started to move and to my great astonishment, Suni handed me a silver ring as a token of remembrance for the time spent together. There was no time to thank her, the train had already started moving. At that time, I would not have thought we would ever meet again.

A few years later we found each other on social media. Since then we have visited each other a couple of times, got to know each other better and even worked together on many interesting projects, like translating into Romani a book of poems as well as a website about the Roma Holocaust, doing research on terms of address used by the Roma in her village, or launching a website to popularise her native Romani dialect.

It was an honour to be the first one to read her poems and stories written in Romani and I managed to persuade her to enter the International “Gypsy Friend” Arts Competition which takes place in Lanciano, Italy. She won the first prize in the category of Romani poetry in 2019 and the second prize the following year. The first line of one of her prize-winning poems, “Kija újal romano szvito?” (Romani world, where are you?) became the title of this book, as it best describes the feeling that permeates the 38 semi-autobiographical stories within it.

The strength of this book is that it offers an inside perspective into traditional Romani cultural practices and values which have disappeared or changed in modern times, and reflects on the way Roma have dealt with the challenges posed by the rapid social, economic and cultural changes of the twentieth century, such as the disappearance of their traditional professions, the growing discrimination against them, and the wish of some Roma to assimilate. While the texts are imbued with

nostalgia for the past, they do not try to show the Romani world through rose-coloured glasses. The stories allow us a glimpse into the lives of different Romani families, either harmonious or entirely dysfunctional ones. The plot is situated in the past, mainly in the second half of the twentieth century, and describes the everyday life of the Roma and the interethnic relation between the Roma and the Hungarian villagers.

The stories include a great amount of dialogues not only between Roma, but also between Roma and the local Hungarians. Most uniquely, the direct speech is written either in Romani, the local Hungarian dialect or in colloquial Hungarian, which offers an authentic portrayal of everyday communication between the villagers and of how these languages are used to express feelings, identity and views. For example, some of the Romani characters switch to Hungarian to make fun or ridicule each other, while others try to raise their own status and to show distance from both Roma and other villagers by speaking colloquial Hungarian. As the choice between the linguistic varieties may carry an additional meaning and function, I have differentiated between them in the English translation by using regular font for Romani, italic font for dialectal Hungarian and italic font with dashed line for colloquial Hungarian.

While I was translating the texts to English, I found the biggest challenge in translating to be the profane language used for swearing and cursing in the dialogues. To keep the texts as authentic as possible, I decided to translate them literally. I am aware that some swearing and cursing may sound exaggerated or inappropriate in the given context for readers unfamiliar with the way of communication among the Hungarian Roma. However, research shows that swearing and cursing are widely used among them as a form of teasing which, in turn, constitutes an important part of socializing children. For example, when in one of the stories the grandmother addresses her grandson by ‘Shut up, may you lick my old cunt!’, she actually means something like ‘Come on, shut up!’ or ‘Shut up already!’ or ‘Shut up and leave me alone’. I ask the reader to keep this in mind while reading the book, to try to explore the function of teasing in the given context or just to enjoy the richness and expressiveness of this communicative strategy.

Finally, I would like to point out that the stories are written in the dialect known as Romungro, Carpathian or South Central Romani, a severely endangered Romani dialect in Hungary, which is a significant added value of the book. Therefore, I recommend the book to those interested in the Romani language and to anyone else who wants to gain insight into the life of the Roma during the second half of the twentieth century in the Hungarian countryside.

*Zuzana Bodnárová*

# Pal i írókinya

I Oláh Lídia “Suni” 1976-ba úja Szakalate, aszo ándo Ungriko hi po észako. Maskar só cshávende ó hi i legphureder. Dú cshávengeri daj hi: lakero cshávo, Róbert 1994-be, lakeri cshaj, Ráchel 1997-be úja. Korkóri len nevelingya uppe, mer lakero rom ternone múa. But bersa sztya li pultosi ándo gava. Pal’ odá ko önkormányzato sztya közmunkási, de pas’ odá mé te irjanel pali ungriki cshib pi romani taj te jósolinel. Ándo múltne bersa versi, pálal történettya íringya pi romani cshib. Ándo 2019-dikno bers pe romane versenca ó sztya i elsőni po Maškarthemutno Artistikano Konkúrsi “RRomano Amal”, ándo áver bers pale i dútodikni díja hudija. Szakalate dzsivel pe szülővenca taj pe csháveha ketháne.

## About the author

Oláh Lídia “Suni” was born in 1976 as the oldest of six children in Nógrádszakál, a village in northern Hungary. She is a mother of two children: Róbert (\*1994) and Ráchel (\*1997). After the early death of her husband, she raised them alone. She worked several years as a bartender in the surrounding villages, while in recent years she has been employed by the municipality to do public work. She also works as a freelance Hungarian-Romani translator and fortune-teller. Over the last decades, she has started to write poems and later on stories in Romani. In 2019 she ranked first with her Romani poems at the International “Gypsy Friend” Arts Competition, and the following year she ranked second. She lives in Nógrádszakál together with her parents and son.

# Romani world, where are you?

## I don't want to get beaten

"Come on, hurry up, let's run, the gadji<sup>1</sup> is coming and she will give us away for sure!"

The girl picked up the book she was reading and ran after her little brother. They ran down to the meadow, to the river where they always went swimming. But only the boy could swim. The girl did not even try to, since she almost drowned once when they had turned her over from the tractor tire which she had used as a floatie. She was ashamed, and afraid that she was going to die in the water, but their dog, Dabu, pulled her out. Since then, she loved that dog very much. As she was sitting on the riverbank and watching her brother, the gadji was on her mind: "I'm sure she will tell our mother that we picked those two pears and that we shook the apple tree. Who knows how we will be punished for this!"

She shouted to her brother: "Hey slim rabbit<sup>2</sup>, I'm not going home tonight. I don't want to get beaten, so I'll sleep here in the hay!" This was because their grandfather had a good relationship with the gadjo<sup>3</sup> who owned half of the meadow. They would go to him, for example, on the day of pig-slaughtering, or just for a visit, and he would also bring liver sausages, smoked sausages, bacon, and meat, when he had slaughtered a pig. That's why he allowed the old man to cut grass on the meadow for the horses and he also left the hay there in a big stack until the end of the week when his children would come home. That was the stack in which the girl wanted to sleep. Her brother shouted back to her from the water: "No way, forget about it! Then I would get beaten twice because of you, right, you dyke? I'll drag you home by your hair straight away, I'll grab that bird nest on your head and drag you!"

This made the girl jump and run to the big hay stack. When she had squeezed herself almost halfway into the stack, it occurred to her that as she was running with

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1 The term "gadji" refers to a non-Romani woman.

2 Slim rabbit (Rom. *suko nyúlo* "lit. dry rabbit") is an address term used for teasing.

3 The term "gadjo" refers to a non-Romani man.

# Kija újal romano szvito?

Na kamav te huden

“Av, szigyan, násasz, avel i gádzsi, biztos ánde amen phenla!”

I cshaj p’ adá uppe hudija o kenyvo, aszo genlahi, taj naslahi te ó pale po buka pral. Téle nástye po ríto, akija te nangyon phiren, paso pányi. De te úszinen csak o cshávo dzsanel. I cshaj má ni na próbinel, miúta majna tasztyija kana ánde la irjangye palo traktoriszkerő gumi. Te ladzsanya pet taj te daranya, hogy odoj merla ándo pányi, kana lengero dzsukel, o Dabu, ári la cidija othar. Azúta báre kamlahi odole dzsukle. Aszar odoj beslahi li po szilo taj diklahi pe prale, i gádzsi sztya ánde lakeri gódi: “Biztos ári phenla amare dake, hogy téle cshingyam o dú kruski taj treszingyam o phábiko kast. Ko dzsanel szar ári hudaha váse!”

Vicsingya pe praleszke: “More, Suko Nyúlo, me na dzsav khére i rat, na kamav te huden, adaj mange szová ándo khasz!” Mer lengero papu lácsheszte sztya ole góriha, akaszkerő sztya odá dopas ole rítoszke. Te phirlahi ke lende, te kana bále cshinnahi, te ándo vendísigo taj te ó lidzslahi gója, kolbásza, balevasz taj te masz, kana ó cshinlahi bále. Mist’ adá mukja ole phúreszke, hogy po ríto saj kedel csár pe grasztenge taj ó aggyig odoj muklahi o khasz bare kazloszste zsiko kurkoszkerő vígo, amí leszkere csháve khére na sztye. Ánd’ adá kamlahi te szoven i cshaj. Vicsinel pále lakero pral ándar o pányi: “Aha, dzsanesz kana, me pale duvar hudá miste tute, igaje, csira? Direk tut khére cidá kathar tre bala, ánde hudá ánde tro ficko taj cidá tut!”

P’ adá i cshaj ugringya uppe taj nástya ko baro kazlo, fúringya pet ánde majna zsiko epas, de akkor ánde lakeri gódi ája, hogy kana nástya ole kenyvoha, pe bábuka odoj mukja pi prokóca taj te le epas csangakere kale maci: “Csorre, szar saj roven pale mande, ni i paramiszi na gengyom lenge vígig, biztos báre roven csoróra!”

the book, she had left her doll on the blanket, as well the one-legged black teddy bear: “My poor babies, they are crying for me! I haven’t even finished the tale I was telling them, I’m sure that my babies must be crying a lot!” She crawled out of the hay a bit to listen for her toys crying. But she didn’t hear anything, only the water flowing and her brother bathing and singing with great pleasure: “*Nélküled az élet gyötrelém, nem yiselem el csak részegen...<sup>4</sup>*”<sup>4</sup>

This made the girl smile because when she and her brother played, they would always fill a nice bottle with water and pretend that it’s wine. Then they would drink and sing this song. Once, they even got a beating from their grandmother for this who had thought that the two of them really were drunk. They did not cry much, because when the truth was revealed that they had only had water, their grandmother baked them a cake with cottage cheese. They pretended to still be angry for a while, but then had to hurry up with eating the cake, because the rakli<sup>5</sup> who lived next to them had seen them sitting on a bank under the tree and came over. In summertime, they would always sit there, after their grandmother had the stove brought outside to cook and bake under the walnut tree. The girl liked to eat cake with cottage cheese, while the boy preferred it with walnuts or apples. On such occasions, the rakli always hurried to them, so that she could get some of the cake as well. Yet, when *her* aunt was baking something, she would never share it. The gadji often shouted at her because of this: “*Juliska, aren’t you ashamed? You never give the poor children from our cake, but you are immediately running to their grandmother when you sniff something, you’re just like Fotos!*”

Fotos was a good dog; he caught all the rats in the house of the gadji, and the mice, too. The rakli felt very ashamed that the gadji compared her to a dog, while she was always praising the Romani children. At this point, the girl’s reminiscing was interrupted by the voice of her mother calling: “Katyi, Joska, hurry home!”

They did not live far from the meadow. It was enough to walk to the gate and call from there and anyone could easily hear them. The girl listened again: “Come on, hurry, the gadji brought pears for you!”

This made the girl crawl out of the hay stack and run back to her brother: “Did you hear, slim rabbit? The gadji brought us pears, let’s go home!” – “No way, the water is so nice and warm and the pears won’t go anywhere!”, answered the boy from the water. “Well,” said the girl, “then I’m going alone and will eat all of them, so that they don’t go, may you be right!”

This made the boy angrily get out of the water, while the girl was walking to the blanket with a smile. Her brother shouted: “Just wait, I’ll catch you and I’ll destroy

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<sup>4</sup> In English: “Life without you is a misery, I can bear it only while drunk...”

<sup>5</sup> The term “rakli” refers to a non-Romani girl or young woman.

Taj áreder mászingya ándar o khasz, hogy te sunel pe játikengero rovibe. De na sungya niszavo rovibe, csak odá, aszar csujol o pányi, odá, hogy lakero pral bare losaha nangyol taj gyilázinel: “Nélküled az élet gyötrelém, nem viselem el csak részegen...”

P’ adá i cshaj aszanya pet, mer pe praleha butvar khelnahi aszavo, hogy cshornahi sukár cakleszte pányi taj avka kernahi szar te mol újáhi. Pijenahi ándar taj gyilázinnahi adija gyíli. Jekfar mist’ adá te margya len lengeri baba, mer patyanya le, hogy ónk dú dzséne máte hi. De na but rúnye, mer kana ári ája o csács, hogy csak pányi pije, i baba pekja lenge tyiralosne kolácsi. P’ adá jek-dú mé buka kernahi pumen, hogy rusen, de pálal te szigyanen kampja ole hábeha, mer i rakli, ako pase lende besel, préko géja, kana dikja hogy ónk telo kast bestye pi lóca. Mindí odoj besnali nyilaje, kana i baba ári lidzsavlahi i masina telo ákhoriko kast taj odoj tavlahi, peklahi. I cshaj o tyiralosne kolácsi kamlahi, o cshávo pale o ákhorásne taj o phábásne. I rakli pale olyankor mindí szigyanlahi préko ke lende, hogy maj hala te ó. De kana lakeri nene peklahi valaszo, ó na delahi len nikana. Mist’ adá i gádzsi butvar veszkinlahi pe late: “Juliska, nem szégyeled magadot? Szegény gyerekeknek nem attá a kalácsbó, te meg mingyá szaladol át a nagyannyokho, mikor szagot fogol mint a Fótos?”

O Fótosi lacsho dzsukel sztya, hudlahi te ole potkányen, te ole egeren ki gádzsi. I rakli pale mist’ adá báre pet ladzsalahi, hogy la ke jekhe dzsukleszte cshidel i gádzsi, taj ole romane csháven pale asarel mindí. Kana i cshaj aggya resztya ole pále gondolásiha, sungya pe dakero hango, aszar vicsinkerel: “Katyi, Jóska, szigyanen khéreee!”

Na dúr besnali kathar o rító. Doszta sztya te ári acsnali ándi kapuva taj othar vicsinnahi, egybű sunnahi szo kamen. I cshaj papale sungya: “Deee, aven, angya tumenge i gádzsi kruski!”

No p’ adá i cshaj ári mászingya ándar o khasz taj pále nástya ke po pral: “Sunesz, Suko Nyúleja, i gádzsi angya amenge kruski, av khére!” – “Dahogy dzsav, lacsho táto hi o pányi, o kruski pale na nasna!”, phenel lake o cshávo ándar o pányi. “No,” phenel i cshaj, “akkor me dzsav taj há o cele, csak hogy te na násen, hagy ovel tut csacsip!”

No p’ adá o cshávo naslahi ári ándar o pányi bare hójaha, i cshaj pale aszandú dzsalahai meri prokóca. Vicsinkerel lakero pral: “Csak uzsar, hagy rezav tut, ándar tro ficko nista na muká, mer aszave hi tre bala, szar le hurde balicshengeri póri!” Aszalahi i cshaj:

that bird nest on your head. Your hair is curly like a piggy's tail!" The girl was laughing: "Not everyone can have such straight hedgehog hair as you, slim rabbit!"

She collected her things, including the book, and wrapped them up in the blanket. As she was walking home, she suddenly felt a wet rag fly in her direction. She stepped aside, looked back, and saw that her brother had tried to throw his wet clothes at her. But the girl just laughed and, while she was running, shouted back: "Anyway, I'm going to eat all the pears, I won't leave a single one for you, you slim man, ha-ha-ha!"

This made the boy furious. He started to run as well and got home almost at the same time as his sister, but she had already managed to take out three pears from the basket in which the gadji had brought the fruit. The boy looked at the pears, started to laugh and told the girl: "Hey sister, next time we'll also ask her for grapes!"

Then he sat down next to his sister and they ate the sweet juicy pears with great happiness.

## There is no more pain

The sun was shining brightly, but one could already feel that colder days were coming. The woman adjusted her skirt and started calling: *"Pears, carrots, apples to bring to your grandchildren! Choose the sweet traditional taste, not the bitter dishwater waste, your health will agree, and it's almost free!"<sup>6</sup>*

But people were not buying much from her, just a fruit or two. When she looked down at the baskets, the woman thought of the faces of her grandchildren smiling at her, though they lived in poverty. Since they came to stay with her, she had been trying to find a job, but nobody would hire her, either because she was old or because she was a Roma. Oftentimes, they would even throw her out: *"Stinky gypsy, you won't be stealing here!"* Then she would come home crying, into her tiny house, to the small children. They were always happy to see her: „Grandma, it is so good that you are here already! You would never send us away!" The five grandchildren would kiss her, her cheeks wet from the tears running down from her eyes, and her old hands, too. They loved her very much. The woman loved them, too, but she did not know what to do in order to earn some money. She had a small yard. In one of its corners, she made a small garden where she planted onions, carrots, raspberries, and gooseberries, and she was selling them when she went to town.

When she had still been pregnant with her children, her husband had planted

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<sup>6</sup> The literal translation of the Romani text is as follows: "Pears, apples, carrots, make a surprise for your grandchildren! Take the syrup, not the dishwater, old tastes, good health, and costs nothing!"

“Nasti ovel szako klincike balenca szar tu sztyal, Suko Nyúlo!”

Má ketháne kedija pe bútya, ánde thogya ándi prokóca te o kenyvo taj dzsalahi khére, de jekfar csak odá halija, hogy valaszo panyalo rongyo szálinel mere late. Ódalra lípingya taj pále dikja, lakero pral pale po szapano gad kamlahi ke late te cshinen. De i cshaj csak aszalahi taj aszar naslahi, vicsinkerlahi pále: “T’ avka me há o cele kruski, jek na muká tuke, Súkeja, hahahaaa!”

Ole csháve adá báre hojarlahi. No kezdingya te ó te násen taj majna jekfarsza resztye khére pe phenyaha, de odí má trín kruski te ári hudija ándar i kaska, aszoszte liginya len i gádzsi. Dikja o cshávo o kruski, aszanya pet taj adá phengya la cshake: “Cshaje, ávreszar mangaha latar te drákhi!”

Adaleha bestya pase pi phen taj bare losaha hanahi pumenge o gule zumjale kruski.

## Má niszavi duk néne

Sukáre peklahi o kham, de má saj sztya te hajon, hogy nasoká aven o siledér divesza. I romni igazítingga pri rokja taj kezdingya te phenen: “Körtét, almát, sárgarépát, lepje meg az unokáját! Vigyen szörpöt, ne a lötööt, régi izek, jó egészség, szinte minden fillérekért!”

De o nípi na báre tyinnahi latar, csak jek-dú kotora. I romni, kana téle diklahi po kaski, pre onokengere mujóra diklahi, aszar aszan pe late, pegyig csorika len ikrelahi. Miúta pe late ácshije, mindí próbinlahi peszke bútí te roden, de na linya la uppe nikho, vagy mist’ odá hogy phúri hi, vagy ká rom hi. Butvar te ári la cshidnahi: “Büdös cigány, itt nem fogsz lopni!” Ó pale rovindú dzsalahi khére ánde po buka kher ko hurde cshavóra. Odona mindí losannahi lake: “Baba, de lácsho hi, hogy ájal má, tu na cshidesz amen!” Pándzs onoki la csumidkernahi, pale lakere átyha te o ászvi, lakere phure vaszta. Báre la kamnahi. Te len i romni, csak na dzsanlahi, szo te kerel, hogy lóve te rodel. Sztya la buka udvara. Ándi jek sarka kergya jek buka bár, akija puruma, murko, málni taj piszki besagya, taj odona biknelahi, kana ándo fóro dzsalahi.

Ánglo kher, mé kana thúli sztya pe cshávenca, lakero rom besagya o kasta: jek phábiko la cshake taj jek kruskiko le csháveszke. De kana i cshaj pe lende mukja ole trín cshavóren taj ári géja ko nyimci, lakero rom ári kamlahi te cshinen o sukár kast ándi hólí, hogy leszkeri cshaj inkább lubnyake géja, szar pe sukár családo te

trees in front of the house: an apple tree for the daughter and a pear tree for the son. After the daughter had left her three children with them, and went abroad to the Germans, the woman's husband was angry and wanted to cut the beautiful tree down because his daughter had chosen to be a whore instead of choosing her beautiful family. But the wife did not allow him. She told her husband: "Hey husband, this is not the tree's fault! Leave it alone, so the children can eat the apples!"

So it was. The reason why the other tree had almost met the axe was that the son – after his wife died of the drugs which he had given to her – was always drunk and shooting up. That's why the old man had taken his grandchildren and brought them to his house. The wife did not allow him to cut either tree. She was used to carving small human faces into the apples and pears for the children. This would make the children happy and they would play with them before eventually eating them. The grandfather and grandmother raised the children with great happiness, until the old man died of anger. His son had killed two dogs and had even raised his hand to the old



... lepje meg az  
unokáját!  
Szinte minden  
fillekért!

választingyáhi. De i romni na mukja. Avka phengya pe romeszke:  
“More, odá kast nasti pálal kerel, muk leszke szmírom! O phábi maj  
hana pumenge o hurde!”

Te avka sztya. O áver kast pale azí dikja i balta, mer o cshávo –  
kana múja leszkeri romni misto drogo, aszo ó lake dija – mindí máto  
sztya taj livinlahi pet. Mist’ adá o phúro asztargya pe onoken taj  
liginya len ke peszte. I romni ni odá kast na mukja ári te cshinen. Ole  
hurdenge kerlahi ándar o phábi taj ándar o kruski buka manusane  
muja. O cshavóra pale losannahi taj khelnahi lenca, pálal hanahi len.  
Lengero papu taj i baba bare losaha len bárgyarkernahi, amí o phúro  
na múja misti hóli, mer leszkero cshávo mundargya dú dzsuklen taj  
te po phúro vazdija po va, kana ánde pet drogozingya taj nikasz  
na pindzsargya uppe. Detkergya le o phúro te kopajaha. Kana odí  
phagyija, linya o kutácsi taj odoleha margya téle pe csháve zsiki phú.  
De sungya o jagalo o vicsinkeribe, mer ándo dúto kher beslahi pase  
lende. Géja préko taj ole csháve bi o alava uppe hudija taj liginya le  
ándi hév. O phúro hiába phucslahi, hogy szoszke, vagy kija le ligija o  
raklo, odá csak attyi phenlahi: “Örüljön, Lajos bácsi, hogy nem bántja

man because he was drugged and didn't recognise anyone. The old man beat him with a stick. After it broke, he took the fire poker and beat his son down to the ground with it. A policeman heard the screaming, because he lived two houses over. He went over and – without saying a word – took the boy to prison. The old man asked in vain why or where did the raklo<sup>7</sup> had brought his son. The policeman just said: "*Be happy, Uncle Lajos, that the boy won't hurt you anymore, because he will stay in prison for years. He doesn't even deserve to have such good parents as you are!*" The poor old man often told his wife: "Annus, why is it that the raklo honours us more than our own son?"

Finally, the man died of sorrow. Since then, the only source of happiness for the woman were her grandchildren and how smart they were. The teacher always praised them: "*They are very smart children; they even know what respect is.*" The woman was very proud of them and the fact that, even though they lived in poverty, the children were friendly and smart. But her heart was hurting more frequently and there was barely any money left for food, much less medicine. The doctor always told her: "*Auntie Annus, are you taking the medicine? Take care of yourself, there are many children, what will happen to them when you pass away as well?*" She thought about that often – what would happen to the children when she was not there for them anymore.

One Sunday morning, she woke the children up: "Wake up because I need to go!" The children asked her: "And where are you going, grandma?" – "I'm going to the sweet Lord<sup>8</sup> and I'll ask Him for money, so that I can buy boots for you because it is getting cold!" The children were happy, they hurried to dress up and were shouting: "I want a red one!" – "For me a green one!"

The woman collected their clothes, as many as she could carry, and she wrapped them up in her best duvet cover. When all the children were ready, she put a piece of bread into each of their hands, so that they would not be hungry until they would arrive at her sister's house. While they were walking on the road, they kept asking their grandmother: "And where are we going now? Will you be long? For how much money will you ask God? Ask for ten thousand, then we will live like the king, you know, the one who always told the truth..."

The woman was happy, but also sad that she had to leave her grandchildren. Still, she did not want them to know about her sickness. They arrived her sister's house and the woman called: "Giza! Come out, may you eat my husband's [cock]!" Giza was running out happily and said: "You lunatic, you don't even have a husband." The woman winked: "But you can still eat it!"

They went into the house. The sister immediately gave them something to eat and sent the children to her own grandchildren to play. Well, then the woman told her sister everything and they both cried.

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7 The term "raklo" refers to a non-Romani boy or young man.

8 The most common attribute of God in Romani is *gulo* "sweet".

*magukat többet az a fiú, mert évekig ott lesz a börtönben. Nem is érdelemli meg, hogy ilyen jó szülei legyenek mint maguk!”* Csoro phúro butvar phenkerlahi la romnyake: “Annus, adá szoszke hi, hogy o raklo butereszte amen dikhel szar amaro cshávo?”

Te ánde múja ándi bríga. Azúta i romni csak pe onokenge losanlahi, hogy szave gogyaver cshavóra hi sza. I ráni mindí len asarlahi: “Nagyon okos gyerekek, azt is tudják, mi az a tisztelet.” I romni báre gizdavi sztya pe lende, hogy te csorika is dzsiven, o cshavóra te sukára taj te gogyavera hi. De má egyre buterval dukhalahi lakero ílo taj po hábe na báre jutinlahi, na mé po orvosságó. I doktorkinya phenlahi lake mindí: “Annus néni, szedi-e a gyógyszert? Vigyázzon magára, sok a gyerek, mi lesz velük, ha maga is elmegy?” Butvar phirlahi adá ánde lakeri gódi, hogy szo ovla le cshavórenca, kana ó má n’ ovla.

Jek kurkiko ratyaha csangagya uppe ole csháven: “Ustyen, mer mange te dzsan kampel!” Phucsnahi o hurde: “Taj kija dzsasz, baba?” – “Dzsá ko gulo Dél taj mangá lesztar lóvo, hogy te dzsanav tumenge tyirhaja te tyinen, mer avel o sil!” Losannahi o hurde, szigyannahi pumen te urjaven taj vicsinkernahia: “Mange lóle kampe, mange zédne!”

I romni ketháne kedija lengere gáda, akityi dzsangya, taj ánde len csavaringya ánde pi legfeder dunnahaja. Kana kíszne úje sza, dinya ánde lengero va jek-jek máró, hogy te na oven bokhale, amí oggya reszna ke lakeri phen. Aszar dzsanahи po drom, phucskernahи pumare baba: “Taj akani kija dzsasz? Soká oveha ko gulo Dél? Kitty lóve mangeha? Desezeri mang, akkor avka dzsivaha szar o kiráji, dzsanesz, odá ako o csácszo phenlahi...”

I romni te losanlahi, te rovlahi, hogy mukel pe onoken, de na kamlahi odá, hogy te dzsanen lakero naszvalipe. Oggya resztye ki phen, vicsinel ánde i romni: “Giza! Av ári, hasz me romeszkerő!” Násel ári losaha i Giza taj phenel: “Dilinije, ni náne tut rom.” Kacsintinel i romni: “Azí saj le hasz!”

Ánde géje ándo kher. Mingyá dinya len te han i phen taj bicshagya le hurden ke pe onoki te khelen. No akkor phengya ári i romni o cele bútya pe phenyake taj rovnahi.

I Giza lacshi romni sztya. Halija pe phenya, te csacsip la dija, de báre la sajningya taj phengya lake, hogy te dzsal ándo kórházo, odoj maj feder ovla. Dinya la te lóvo, hogy te tyinel aszo kampel. Pal’ adá i romni ketháne csumidkergya pe onoken. Phengya lenge, hogy lácshe te oven, amí n’ avla vase lenge.

Giza was a good woman. She understood her sister and knew she was right, but felt very sorry for her and told her to go to the hospital to get better. She also gave her some money to buy what she needed. After that, the woman kissed her grandchildren over and over again. She told them to behave well until she would come for them.

Then she left them there with pain in her heart and headed to the bus stop. While she was walking there, her children were on her mind. She thought about why they ended up so bad, and how her husband died of sorrow. Suddenly, she heard the voice of her husband from afar: "Annus!" She looked around, but there was nobody else on the road. Then she heard the voice of her mother: "Annuska, my sweet little daughter!" At that moment she felt a stabbing pain in her heart and even felt a bit unsteady. But even so she continued walking slowly. As she was moving, the stabbing in her heart got worse and worse and she imagined herself dancing with her husband while her father was playing their song on the violin. She saw her father coming towards her and saying happily: "My beautiful little daughter, I haven't seen you in so long!"

The woman felt happy, too, and wanted to stretch out her hand towards her father, but she could not because of the stabbing in her heart. Besides the pain, she did not feel anything anymore. She fell down. Then she saw her husband and her mother, too; her brother was also there, and her friend. Her husband helped her off the ground, and



Az is  
tudják,  
Mi az  
a tisztelet.

Odoleha phare íleha, de odoj len mukja taj indulingya ko busszo. Aszar dzsalahi, lakere csháve sztya ánde lakeri gódi, hogy szoszke úje aszave ergyave, taj hogy lakero rom ánde múja ándi bríga. Jekfar csak dúrarrú sunel pe romeszker hango: "Annus!" Dikhel szít, de nikho na sztya po drom. Pálal pe dakero hango sungya: "Annuskám, mri guli cshajóri!" P' adá phoszavibe halija ánde po ílo taj buka te szídilingya. De azí dzsalahi polóke. Aszar haladinlahi, egyre feder phoszavlahi lakero ílo, taj diklahi pet, aszar pe romeħa khelel, kana lakero dad cidlahi lengeri gyili pi lavuta. Dikja pe dade, aszar dzsal mere late taj losaha phenel lake: "Mri sukár buka cshaj, de csilla tut dikjom!"

Te i romni losanlahi taj te vazden kamlahi pi müszi mere po dad, de má na biringya, mer avka phoszavlahi lakero ílo, hogy má nista áver na hajolahi csak i duk taj te péja. Akkor má dikja te pe rome, te pe da, te lakero pral odoj sztya, taj te lakeri barátkinya. Lakero rom uppe la vazdija, ó pale losanlahi, hogy má niszavi duk

she was happy that there was no more pain. She also told her husband: "Hey husband, I was starting to think that I was going to die! Thank you for helping me up." Her brother told her: "Hey sister, but you died already. That's why we are here with you."

It was cold and the wind was blowing, too. The people from the shop saw her and said: "*Look at that stinky gypsy, how drunk she is...*"

## Let's go to work!

"Hey woman, Manci!", the old man called his wife from the horse cart seat. "Come out because I'm already going!" He loaded the cart with the things that he would need during those two weeks when he would not be home. Under the seat, there was already a box full of new little spoons, beautiful coffee cups and even some balloons, albeit only a few. When he had been home for a few weeks, his grandchildren had taken the balloons from him because they were marvellously colourful and painted all around with ducks, pigs, hedgehogs, and small dogs. They played with them by blowing them up and letting the air out while shouting: "Oh, aren't you ashamed, what a big one you farted, you little shit!" and "You already shitted your pants, you shitter!"

The old man was happy to see them, but pretended to be angry: "But now I have enough of you already! It is not enough that you are stealing the balloons, but you're also shitting yourself?" This made the children a little bit afraid, but when they saw their grandfather smiling, they ran to him and kissed him when they could reach him. They loved him very much – and their grandmother, too.

The children were standing at the cart and stroking Csergő and telling him: "Be a good horse! Take care of grandpa and uncle! Don't be afraid of the tractors!" The horse nodded with his head, as if he could understand what the children had told him.

The woman brought out the food, which she had spent all day preparing, for her husband to take on his long journey. She also filled the basket with a side of bacon, onions, and a nice big slice of apple pie next to the pot where the sour bean soup was.

She was always miserable when her husband went to the villages to make some money. She was afraid that something would happen to him. Because of that, she would always put a picture of the Virgin Mary under the seat of the cart and would pray to her: "Mary, take care of my husband and my son! You're a mother as I am, nobody knows better than you how great the sorrow is. Tell our Father, our great Lord, to watch out for them, so they come back as healthy as they went away!" Whenever she did this, she got a warm feeling, as if someone was stroking her face and said: "Don't be afraid!" This would make her relax a bit.

She did so now as well and told her husband: "Hey husband, take great care of our son! He is still young and is learning slowly, so don't hit him!" – "Why would I hit him? What are you talking about? Have you gone mad? Our Pista is a smart boy;

náne. Te phengya pe romeszke: "More, má odá dzsangyom, hogy merá! Pajikerav, hogy uppe man vazdijal." Phenel lakero pral: "Cshaje, há má mújal, azí sztyam adaj tuha."

Sil sztya, te i barval phudlahi. Ándar i bóta o manusa la diknáhi taj avka phennahi: "Nézd a büdös cigány, hogy be van rúgva..."

## Av, dzsasz po góva!

"Cshajeeee, Manciii! Av ári, mer már dzsav!", vicsinél o phúro palo bako pe romnyake. Po verda uppe thogya o bútya, aszo kampla leszke telo dú kurko, amí n' avla khére. Te telo bako odoj sztya má o moszto, pherdo neve hurde rojenca, sukár kávésne kuccsenca taj te ni na but lumbalmi, de sztye mé te odona. Leszkere onoki, kana khére sztya páro kurko, ári lesztar kednáhi o lumbalmi, mer sukár szinesne sztye, taj po cele hurde ráci, balicshe, tiviskale bále taj hurde dzsukela sztye festime. Avka khelnáhi lenca, hogy uppe len phudnáhi taj muknahi len téle, közbe aszandú vicsinkernáhi: "Jááá, na ladzsasz tut, szavi khanyargyal, khulalejaa!" taj "Tu má ánde hingyal, fosos!"

O phúro losanlahi lenge, de taj avka kerlahi szar te hójate ovlahi: "De má doszt' ovla ándar tumende! Na doszta, hogy csóren o lumbalmi, te ánde hinen?" P' adá o hurde buka daranáhi, de kana diknáhi po papu, taj odá aszaláhi pe lende, mingyá nasnahi ke leszte taj csumidkernáhi aká resznháhi le. Báre le kamnáhi, taj te pumare baba. Te akani odoj acsnáhi paso verda, simogatinnáhi ole Csergőve taj phennáhi leszke: "Lacsho grasztóro ov! Pászin po papu taj po bacsi! Ma dara ole traktorendar!" O gra po séro bangyarkerlahi, szar te halijáhi, aszo phenen leszke o cshavóra.

I romni ligija ári pe romeszke o hábe po dugo drom, aszo má ratyastar tágya. Ándi kaska thogya te jek pasvar balevasz, puruma taj jek sukár bari kotor phábásni kolácsa pasi píri, aszozste sutlo babo sztya.

Phare íleha sztya mindí, kana lakero rom dzsaláhi po góva. Daralahi, hogy te n' ovel nista baja. Telo bako thovlahi jek kípo pali Szízni Márja taj phenláhi lake: "Márjórie, pászin pe mo rom taj te pe mo cshávo! Te tu daj sztyal, te me, tutar feder na dzsanel nikho, szo h' odí bríga. Phen amare Dadórezske, amare bare Rajeszke, hagy fügyelinel pe lende, hogy avka szaszton te aven, aszar géje!" Adá kana kerlahi, mindí hajolaháhi valaszo táto, szar te valako símitingyáhi lakeri csham taj phengyáhi: "Ma dara!" Olyankor buka nyugszinlahi.

Te akani avka kergya taj vakergyá pe romeszke: "Po cshávo báre pászin, more, terno hi mé, polóke szikjol, nahogy cshineha ánde

at home I have already taught him how to repair pots. He was the one who repaired your big pot!" The wife did not know that. She kissed her son, crying: "My little black bread<sup>9</sup>, I kiss your little heart,<sup>10</sup> why didn't you tell me?"

Pista was happy for his mother, but he could not wait to go to the villages with his father to earn some money. He wanted to study, but wasn't allowed to go to school without any money. It made him feel bad. The other boys were also leaving with their fathers, but they were selling rabbit skins, chicken, or potatoes. Nobody was as good at repairing pots as his father. In the neighbourhood everybody would be waiting for him: "*Come, my dear Pajika, repair my oven! I haven't cooked for my husband in two days, because the fireclay came loose and fell out. My pots also need repairing, all three of them. I'll give you a duvet for it, what do you say?*"

The old man was cunning, so he told the gadji: "*Alright, Auntie Ilonka, I'll do it and the duvet will be perfect for the back of my horse. But it's been two days since I left my home and I don't have anything to eat. Would you have a piece of bread – at least for my son?*" The gadji gave it to him and told the boy: "*Eat, my sweetheart, it is a good soft bread. Should I bring milk to have with the bread? Well, wait, I'm coming soon!*"

With the bread, she also brought sausages, smoked ribs, tomatoes, pepper bells, and milk in a big jar that she had drawn in the morning. Then she told the old man: "*My dear Pajika, you should eat, too, then it is easier to work and you will be done sooner.*"

When they had stuffed themselves, they did what was needed. The gadji gave them the big warm duvet and packed some food for them. Lastly, she also gave them ten eggs. This was how it went for the two weeks they were going from village to village. At night, they would sleep at the house of some gadje<sup>11</sup> because everyone knew that the old man was honest. They liked him, too, because he was a good man and would always be cheerful and friendly while doing his work. In the morning, he would often tease the gadje when they were brewing coffee for him: "*My darling, was something going on with your husband during the night? The bed was creaking so much, I was beginning to think that I'll have to drive a nail into that, too!*" The gadjis would laugh at this and tell him: "*No, there wasn't anything, my dear Pajika, because my man is often sick! I even told him that you'll be my man, because you are in such good shape!*"

The gadjos were not angry with him, either. They knew that he loved his wife. They knew that he had a big family – twelve children and nine grandchildren; soon, the tenth would be born. They used to tell him: "*Come, my dear Pajika, drink a shot for your beautiful family!*" Then the old man would answer: "*I would have rather have you give me some money instead, I'll buy some food for them from it!*"

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9 "Black bread" is a term of endearment used to address a child.

10 "To kiss/eat someone's heart/soul" is used to express gratitude or love.

11 The term "gadje" refers to non-Romani people.

leszkeri men!” – “Dahogy cshiná, szo vakeresz, dilinyijal tu? Amaro Pista gogyaver cshávo hi, má te khére szikjargyom le po fódozási. Tri bari píri ó kergya!” Adá na dzsanlahi i romni, rovindú csumidkerlahi pe csháve: “Mro buka kalo máro, csumidav tro ilóro, szo na phengyal?”

O Pista losanlahi pe dake, de má báre uzsarlahi, hogy te dzsan po gáva pre dadeha taj lóve te roden. Mer ó te szikjon kamlahi, de ándi iskola na muknahi le ánde bi o lóvo. Adá ergyavo sztya leszke. Te o buter csháve pumare dadeha phirnahi, ko te basaven, ko po gáva, aszar ó pe dadeha, de odona nyúlane cipi biknenahi vagy kanyhen taj phuvune. Nikho áver na dzsanlahi avka te fódozinén szar leszkerő dad. Po környíko szako pe leszte uzsarlahi: “*Gyere má, Pajikám, csinyádd meg a masinámot! Az embernek má két napja nem főztem, mer kigyütt belüle a samot. A fazakomot is meg köll fódoznyi, mind a hármot. Adok oszt érte egy Dunnát, jó lesz-e?*”

Budzsando rom sztya o phúro, avka phenlahi ola gaddzsake: “*Jó van, Ilonka néni, meccsinálom, a dunna mejjő lesz a lovamnak a hátára. De má két napja van, hogy elgyüttem otholró oszt má nincs mit ennyi. Vóna egy darab kenyér legalább a fiamnak-e?*” Delahi pale i gádzsi taj phenlahi ole csháveszke: “*Egyé, lelkem, jó púha kenyér, hozzak-e tejet melléje? No, várjá, mingyá gyűvök!*”

Anlahi ko máro te kolbásza, te thújardo ódalosi, paradicski, paprika taj bare korsóveha te thud, aszo ratyaha pistya. Phenlahi pale te le phúreszke: “*Pajikám, egyé te is, jobban megy a munka, oszt hamarabban leszel kíszen.*”

No kana pale csájonahai, kernahai szig aszo kampja. I gádzsi oggya dija i bari tati dunna taj te te han pakolingya lenge, dija po vígo te des tojása. Avka dzsalahi adá telo dú kurko, palo jek gav dzsanahi po áver. Rátyonkínt mindí ke valaszave gádzseszte szovnahi, mer ole phíré pativale manuseszke pindzsarnahi. Taj te kamnahi le, ká lacsho rom sztya taj mindí lacshe vójaha taj sukáre kerlahi pi búti. Butvar viccelinlahi ole gaddzsencsa ratyaha, kana tavnahi leszke i kávéva: “*Csillagom, vót este valami az embervel? Nagyon nyikorogtak, má aszittem az ágyokot is meg köll szögelnyi!*” Aszanahi o gaddzsa p’ adá taj phennahi leszke: “*Dahogy vót, Pajikám, beteges az ember! Montam is neki, hogy má te leszel az uram, mer te jó erőbe vagy!*”

De ni o gádzse na rusnahi pe leszte. Dzsannahi, hogy ó kamel pe romnya. Pindzsarnahi len, hogy szavo sukár baro családo sztye le, desudú csháve taj ennya onoki, akani avla o desto. Mindí phennahi leszke: “*Gyere, Pajikám, igyá meg velem egy felest a szép családodra!*” Phenlahi p’ adá o phúro: “*Inkább pízt aggyá, maj veszek rajta ennyi nekik!*”

Well, the gadje gave it to him, but only him, because they knew that he really would buy food from the money. When the man and his son headed home, the cart was full of food. The gadje had given them pillows, bed sheets, duvets, and clothes, and for the grandchildren grapes, pears, apricots, and cherries as well as some money for exercise books. The man returned home and the family was happy to see him. Because of the joy that they had returned in good health, the family made a fire in the garden and fried bacon. This is what their life looked like: a nice and honourable life.

## Aren't you a Rom yourself?

The woman was sitting at the window and watched the street outside dry up after the rain, the sun shining and those golden lines appear on the windows. She was thinking about her youth, when she used to go out into the rain with the other girls from the village and they would laugh together. They would allow their bodies to dry off in the sun and would braid each other's hair while they were chatting. They would talk about boys, about which of them would marry this or that boy, but she was the only one who kept her word. All the other girls left the village: Some married raklos, either in town or abroad in Slovakia, and there was even a girl who married a German. Only one girl had no husband. She had gone to the town, to a brothel. She visited her mother at home every week, bringing her valuable things and a lot of money. With that money her father was buried who died of shame that his daughter is a prostitute.

"Oh, Rozsi, how stupid you were!", said the woman to herself. "Who is that Rozsi, mom?", asked her daughter. "Just a stupid girl. She's already dead." – "But mom, how often have I told you not to bother yourself with people who have already died! What am I going to tell the raklo about you, ha? Anyway, you know what he wants, right?? Would it be better for you there?", shouted the girl and the woman wept.

In no way would it be better for her in a nursing home. She'd rather go home, back to the village and live there alone. Here in the town, she was not even allowed to go to the shop alone because her son-in-law thinks that she would spend all the money on pointless items, just because once she wanted to buy herself a nice rosy head scarf. She was used to covering her head when cooking, like she had done at home. But the raklo did not even allow her to cook. He told her: "*Look, Auntie Hilda, I married your daughter, not you. I eat what she cooks, but you are a gypsy, you act and cook like a gypsy, and I simply cannot eat that, nor can the children.*"

The woman often cried because of this. She told her daughter: "Mari, I'm not staying here! Your husband is worse than a dog, and he is also not the smartest. If I'm a Rom, then what about you, my daughter, aren't you a Rom yourself?" But the daughter did not even want to hear it. She told her husband that her father was a

Te denahi o gádzse, de csak le korkóri, mer dzsannahi, hogy te avka ovla, hogy po lóvo csácse hábe tyinla. Avka, mire khére indulinnahi, pherdo úja o verda habenaha. Pernici, paszli, dunna, gáda detkernahi o gádzse, ole onokenge bicshavnahi drákhi, kruski, baracki, cseresnyi taj te lóve pi irka. Dzsalahi khére o rom, losannahi leszke. Taj p' odija los, hogy szasstone resztye khére, pálal ándi bár kernahi jag taj balevasz peknahi. Avka dzsivnahi pumenge, sukáre taj pativate.

## Tu na rom sztyal?

I romni pasi bloka beslahi taj diklahi, szar sutyol uppe palo brisind oggyári piucca i phú, aszar o kham pekel taj po bloki szomnakune csíki kergyon. P' odá gondolinlahi, hogy kana terni cshaj sztya, ilyenkor ole buter cshajenca ándar o gav dzsannahi ári po brisind taj aszannahi. Pálal po kham pumen sutyarnahi taj jekfárengere bala khuvnahi ánde, közbe vakerkernahi. Palo csháve, hogy szavake szavo ovla o rom, de k' adá csak ó pet ikergya. O butera szá szít géje ándar o gav: ko ke rakleszte, ándo fóro, vagy ári ándo Szerviko, de te aszavi sztya, akaszke nyimco úja o rom. Jek cshaj ácshija bi o rom. Odija ándo fóro géja, jekhe bordeliszte. Szako kurko dzsalahi khére ke pi daj, lidzslahi lake lacshe bútya taj but lóve, ándar odá temetingye lakere dade, mer ánde múja ándi ladzs, hogy leszkeri cshaj lubni hi.

“Hej, Rózsi, doszta dilini sztyalahi”, phenel i romni ángle peszte. “Szavi Rózsi, daje?”, phucsel lakeri cshaj. “Csak jek dilini cshaj. Múja má.” – “De daje, kityivar phengyom má tuke, hogy ma bajnin aszave manusenca, ako má múje! Szo phená le rakleszke pale tute, he? T' avka dzsanesz, szo kamel, na?? Feder ovla tuke odoj?”, vicsinkergya i cshaj, i romni pale ászvázinlahi.

Dahogy ovlahi feder lake ándo phürengero kher, inkább dzsala khére, pále ándo gav taj besla peszke korkóri. Adaj ándo fóro mé ni ándi bótá nasti dzsal korkóri, mer lakero vejo odá dzsanel, hogy o celo lóvo cshidkerla po dilinipe, ká jekfar i romni sukár rózsásno kendóvo peszke kamlahi te tyinen. Kija sztya szikli, hogy kana tável, ánde phandel pre bala aszar khére. De o raklo ni te táven la na muklahi. Odá lake phengya, hogy: “Nézze, Hilda néni, én a lányát vettet feleségül, nem magát. Amit ő főz, azt eszem meg, de maga cigány, úgy is viselkedik meg úgy is főz, én meg nem bírom azt megenni, se a gyerekek.”

Butvar rovlahi mist' adá i romni. Phenlahi pe cshake: “Mari, me n' ácshav adaj! Tro rom goreder hi szar jek dzsukel, gódi pale ni náne le. Te

gadjo who knocked her mother up and that's it. She never told her mother about it. In case that her children wanted to ask about their grandfather, she told them that: "*Don't even ask your grandma, because she doesn't like to talk about it.*" When the woman wanted to tell them about her husband, such as how beautifully he could play music, the children would kiss her and say: "*Don't worry, grandma! We know you don't need to tell us!*" And they left her alone.

The woman loved them, but the older child, Ricsi, was nicer than the younger Balint who was quite naughty. When a girl passed by under their window, he would pour raspberry lemonade – which the woman had made back at home – on her trousers and would shout at her: "*What's up, baby, did Santa Claus<sup>12</sup> come early? Aren't you ashamed?*" The father loved this child more because he took after his dad. The woman felt sorry for him because he had just turned eight and he was already womanising. What would happen to him later? Wouldn't he have a wife? Well, we'll see.

As she was gathering her worn out clothes on her bed sheet, the woman thought about the time when she got together with her husband, how beautifully he played the violin for her. She also thought about the time when they went to a ball, how beautifully they had danced together. Everybody had watched them and the women had envied her for having Toni. They had been proud of each other, until he got cancer<sup>13</sup> which took away poor Toni. That was when her daughter came to her and said: "Come, mom! The raklo told me that you should come live with us, also because it would be easier for me to go to work."

It hurt her that it was not her own daughter who had invited her to her house, but rather that cunning raklo. Even so she decided to go live with them. It's already been 12 years since this happened and she had more than enough from their behaviour. She loved her daughter, no matter what a prissy lady she had become, and her children, too, although she was too old to play wrestling with them. That's why she decided to leave them. It would even be better to be alone than to be here, where there is always noise on the street with the cars constantly coming and going. Not to mention the fact that their house was next to the police station, where you could hear the siren almost the entire day which made her head hurt.

She tied the sheet, took the basket which she used for going to the market and headed towards the door. Her daughter saw her and shouted at her: "Mom! Where the hell are you going with that sheet??" – "My dear Mariska, I'm sorry, but I'm going home. I want to live in peace and not like this, feeling that I'm always in your way. Your husband hates me because I'm Roma. It would be better for him and for you, too, without me!"

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12 Santa Claus refers to menstruation.

13 Literally "ugly sickness".

me rom sztyom, akkor tu, mri cshaj, na rom sztyal?” De i cshaj adá ni na kamlahi te sunen. Ó odá phengya pe romeszke, hogy lakero dad gádzso sztya taj csak uppe kergya lakera da taj attyi. Pal’ adá pe dake na vakergya nikana. Te pe cshávenge adá phengya, kana phucsnahi pale pumaro papu taj hogy: “*Ne is kérdezzétek a mamát erről, mert nem szeret beszélni róla.*” Mist’ adá, kana i romni kamlahi te vakeren lenge pale po rom, hogy szar sukáre basavlahi, o csháve csumidkernahi la taj phennahi lake: “*Ne félj, nagymami, tudjuk, nem is kell mondanod!*” Taj muknahi la odoj.

Kamlahi len i romni, de o phureder, o Ricsi kedvesneder sztya szar o bukader Bálinto, ako béneg sztya. Ole cshajengeri holov – kana arra dzsanahi tele lengeri bloka – téle cshorlahi ole málnike szörpoha, aszo i romni lenge kergya mé khére, taj vicsinkerlahi lenge: “*Mi van, csajszi, korán jött a Mikulás? Nem szégyelled magad?*” Leszkero dad adale kamlahi feder, mer pe leszte csalagya. I romni sajninalhi le, mer ajjig sztya ofto bersiko taj má dzsújázinlahi. Szo leha ovla kísíbb, maj n’ ovla le romni? No, maj dityhola.

Aszar kedlahi ketháne pe csorike gáda ánde pi paszla, odá phirlahi ánde lakeri gódi, kana pe romeha ketháne ácshija, szar sukáre lake basavlahi pi lavuta. Taj te ándo báldo kana dzsanahi, szar sukáre khelnahi pumenge. Szako len diklahi taj irígyesne sztye pe late o romnya vaso Tóni. Gizzave sztye pe jekfáreszte, amí csak n’ ája o dzsungalo naszvalipe taj ligija csore Tóni. Akkor géja vase lake lengeri cshaj, hogy: “Av, daje! Odá phengya o raklo, hogy bes ke amende, legalább feder saj dzsá te me ándi búti.”

Adá dukhalahi ola romnyake, hogy na lakeri sajátni cshaj la akhargya ke peszte, hanem odá budzsando raklo, de azí géja ke lende te besen. Má desudú bers adaleszke taj má doszta úja ándar lengere bútya. Kamel pe csha akarszavi kínyesni dáma úja ándar late, te lakere csháven, de má phíuri hi ó k’ odá, hogy pankrációsno te khelel lenca. Mist’ adana bútya mukel len má odoj. Feder ovla lake te korkóri szar adaj, aká mindí csak lárma hi pi ucca, aven-dzsan o motorja. Taj mé paso jagale sztya lengero kher, aká celo dive majna dzsalahi i sziréna, aszosztar dukhalahi la romnyakero séro.

Ketháne phangya i paszla, ke peszte linya i kaska, aszoha po pijaci phirnáhi taj indulingya mero vuder. Dikja la lakeri cshaj taj vicsingya pe late: “Daje! Kija ándi franca dzsaszodola paszlaha??” – “Mariskám, ma rus váse, de dzsav me mange khére. Szmiráte kamav te dzsiven, na avka, hogy mindí tele tumare pre sztyom. To rom ári man nasti ácshel, mer rom sztyom. Feder ovla te leszke taj te tuke bi mande!”

Adaleha géja ári, de i cshaj nástya pale late taj phucsel: “Taj szar kamesz te dzsan, szi tut lóvo po busszo?” – “Náne, fijam, oggya le dijom

Then she went out, but the daughter ran after her and asked: "And how do you plan on getting anywhere? Do you have money for the bus?" – "I don't, my dear, I gave them to Ricsi. I'm going to walk – what are thirty kilometres! When we were young, your father and I used to walk a hundred! Don't bother yourself because of me!"

Then she left. Her daughter watched her walking away for a while and then went back to the house. Even though they had two cars, she didn't take her mother home. The woman knew it. It would have been nice if the daughter had taken her, but it's all the same. As she was walking, she started to feel better and better. The sun was warming her up and she felt as if it was smiling down at her, saying: "Let's just go, my dear Hilda! Don't be afraid at all, I'm seeing you home!" The woman was happy. She couldn't wait to see her tiny house, to smell the lilacs which grew on a bush at her gate. This time in May, the white and purple lilacs would bloom next to each other.

Suddenly, a car stopped next to her and a young man called: "*Auntie Hilda, where are you going?*" The woman told him: "*I'm going home, my dear. But who are you? How do you know me?*" – "*Because of my grandfather, Bandi, he used to play with your husband – you know, Contrabass Bandi! How much I loved listening to them! And you baked cottage cheese pie for us, when they rehearsed in your house. Don't you recognise me?*" – "Oh, my dear Zolika, now I know! You grew up, that's why I didn't recognise you."

Bandi was a good man, may he rest in peace. He had helped her husband a lot when they were making the adobe bricks for the house. All his children grew up to be gentlemen. This Zoli brought her home, although it was not easy to convince her, and after ten minutes they were already at her house. He helped her with her basket, opened the windows, called his wife on a mobile phone and, together with his wife, tidied up the tiny house within an hour. The woman was making her bed slowly, but with happiness in her heart. Then, the young couple invited her to their house for coffee and that night they did not even allow her to go home, so the house could ventilate. The woman told them, crying: "*Thank you, dear children! Not even my own daughter did for me what you have done, thank you...*"

The lilacs were bending in the light breeze and a few raindrops glistened here and there on their leaves, as the golden sun was shining...

## The fried ear is ready

The air was bitterly cold and it was still dark, but only the young children were sleeping. The older children were waiting for the men to kill the pig, which their grandfather had bought the day before yesterday, as well as for the uncle to give them from the pig ears after they had singed the hair off the pig. All of them loved pig ears because they were nice and crunchy. Their grandmother explained to them that one should not cry, otherwise the pig would not die. Yet, all of them felt sorry for the poor pig. However,

ole Ricsikeszke. Maj dzsá gyalog, szo h' odá trianda kilométeri! Kana terne sztyamahi tre dadeha, te sel dzsaszahi, ma hajnin manca!"

Adaleha te géja. Lakeri cshaj díklahi pale late mé buka taj géja pále ándo kher. Peggyig te dú motori sztya len, de na ligija khére pe da. I romni dzsantalhi adá. Lácshe lake péjáhi, te i cshaj ligijáhi la, de sza jek hi má. Aszar dzsalahi, egyre feder pet hajolah. Tatyarlahi la o kham taj szar te aszanyáhi pe late taj avka te phengyáhi lake: "Csak dzsasz, Hildakám, ma dara nist te me dzsav tuha khére!" Losanlahi i romni. Uzsarlahi má, hogy te dikhel po kheróro, te hajol le orgonengeri szaga, aszo bukro uppe bárgyija pi kapuva. Ilyenkor májusiszte pale sukáre szikavlahi pase jekfáreszte i párnai taj i lilavi orgona.

Jekfar csak ácshel pase late jek motori taj phenel jek cshávo: "*Hilda néni, hova megy?*" Phenel i romni leszke: "*Menek haza, fíjam. De ki vagy te, honnan ösmersz?*" – "*Onnan, hogy a nagyapám, a Bandi, a maga urával jártak zenélni, tudja, a Bőgős Bandi!* De szerettem hallgatni őket! Maga meg süttött nekünk túrós lepényt, amikor maguknál próbáltak. Nem ismer meg?" – "*Jaj, Zolikám, mos mán tudom! Megnyötté csak, oszt nem ösmertelek meg.*"

Lacscho rom sztya odá Bandi, te nyúgodinel lo. But segítindyga lakere romeszke, kana kernahí o vágki ko kher. Te leszkere csháve lacshe fajine manusa úje. Adá Zoli pale khére la ligija, baro phárone ánde la besagya taj telo des percí te khére resztya laha. Ánde lake ligija te i kaska ándo kher, ári kergya o bloki, akhargya pe romnya po mobilo taj laha teli jek óra ári takarítinge o buka kher. I romni po vodro igazítinkerlahi polóke, de losade íleha. O terne pale akhargye la ke pumende pi kávéva taj p' odija ráti ni na mukje la khére, mer hogy hagy szellőzinel ári o kher. I romni rovindú lenge phenlahi: "*Köszönöm, gyerekeim! Illyet a jányom se csinyát velem, amit tik, köszönöm...*"

O orgoni sukáre bangyuvkernahí ándi könnyűni barval, pe lengere leveli adaj-odoj csilloginlahi mé o páro cseppo brisind, aszar peklahi o szomnakuno kham...

## Má petyija o kan

Csípinlahi o sil, te sítitno sztya mé, de má csak o hurde szovnahi. O bareder csháve uzsarnahi, hogy o murza téle te cshinen ole bále, aszo o papu tyingya angl' idzseszte taj te del len o bacsi ándar o balano kan, kana má téle thargye palo bálo o zarja. Kamnahi le sza, mer lacsho ropogósno sztya. Lengeri baba má ári len szikjargya, hogy vasó bálo nasti hi te roven, mer akkor na mundajola. Peggyig o cele sajninnahi

their grandfather told them that if they would not kill it, it would get sick. Of course, none of the children wanted that. They all knew that it was not good to be sick because then one could not go sledding or jump in the snow, which would be a pity because there was already quite a lot of snow.

When the many relatives came, they felt great. This was the best time: twice a year, when they slaughtered a pig. The day before, the women also baked for the children, either nut or poppy-seed rolls, yeast dumplings with cottage cheese, or apple pies. Laci was always joking about the nut rolls that "these are the horseshoes from Csinko which he had on even when he stepped into shit and now you're eating it, ha-ha-ha!" When the others put down their cakes, Laci took them and ate them all himself.

They heard the pig screaming and told each other: "Now they pulled it out." – "Who is slaughtering it?" – "Only grandpa can do it well!" – "Come on! Everybody knows how to slaughter a pig, but grandpa does it in a way that it doesn't hurt the pig, just like when the doctor gives us an injection." Everybody agreed with this because the doctor really did that well and, if they did not cry, he would give them a piece of candy. Maybe grandfather will also give the pig a piece of candy. But Sari told the others: "He won't give the pig one because it is crying and therefore does not deserve candy!"



# Petyja o fan!

le csore bále, de o papu odá phengya, hogy te na cshinna le téle, akkor naszvajola. Odá pale ni jek na kamjáhi maskar o csháve. O cele dzsannahi, hogy naszvaleszke te oven néne lácsho, mer avka nasti hi ni te szankázinen, ni te ugrinkeren ándo jiv, pegyig má sukár baro jiv sztya.

Kana avnahi o but endánya, mindí lácshe pumen hajonahi, de ilyenkor sztya o legfeder, berseszte duvar, kana bále cshinnahi. Ángl' odá dive o dzsúja le cshavórenge mindí peknahi valaszo, vagy ákhorásne taj mákosne patkóvi, vagy tyiralosne bukti, vagy phábásne lepínyi. O Laci po ákhorásne patkóvi mindí avka phenlahi: "Adá le Csinkoszkere petala hi, aszoha mé te ándo khul dzsalahi, tumen pale avka han, hahahaaa!" Taj kana o butera téle thovnahi o kolácsi, ke peszte len kedlahi taj ó len halahi.

Sungye, aszar o bálo má visítinel taj jekfáreszke phennahi: "Akani le cidinye ári." – "Ko phoszavel?" – "Odá csak o papu dzsanel lácshe!" – "Lácshe hi má! Szako dzsanel te phoszaven, de o papu avka kerel, hogy te na dukhal leszke, szar kana amenge del ánde o orvos bácsi o szuri." Ánd' adá szako egyezingya, mer o orvos bácsi csácsé avka lenge kerlahi taj te na rovnahi, delahi len jek cukro. Saj, hogy te le bále dela o papu cukro. De i Sári odá phengya, hogy: "Na dela, mer rovel, vas' odá na phirel cukro!"

Kana má csüttya o bálo, ánde nástya o bacsi vaso csáro ole rateszke. O csháve vicsinkernahi leszke: "Angyal amenge kan? Vagy pórí??" De o bacsi na sungya len, mer ónk ándi pálalutni szoba sztye, ó pale csak ándi konyha nástya.

When the pig became silent, the uncle ran into the house to get a bowl for the blood. The boys were shouting to him: “Have you brought us the ear? Or the tail?” But the uncle did not hear them, because they were in the back room and he ran only into the kitchen.

The oldest girl, Kati, headed towards the kitchen to see what the women had done so far. After a short while, she came back and her eyes were full of tears. The others asked her: “Why are you crying?” She answered with a smile: “I’m not crying at all! In the kitchen, they are peeling a lot of onions and garlic, that’s why my eyes are watering. And you should listen to me: Go to sleep now, because it is not even five and the ear still needs time.”

But the children did not want to go to sleep. It was very cold outside and there was only a small fire in the stove. Ervin hurried to fill the stove with thin wooden logs and paper. The logs burst into flame quickly and made the room feel warm. Jenöke told Ervin: “Man, when you grow up, you can work at the school as a fireman. That way nobody could see your big head!” Ervin answered him: “And you could pick the walnuts for grandma from the top of the tree with your long neck, because you look like a giraffe. And even your face is so spotty as that of Makk Marci<sup>14</sup>!”

This made Jenöke cry because he was ashamed of his freckles. His sister, Zsuzsi, hit Ervin in the neck and told him: “Just wait, may the evening come! I won’t let you have a single sausage, I’ll eat them all!”

The girl knew that Ervin loves baked sausages and that, after hearing this, he would not tease her brother anymore. And that was the case. In that moment, their grandmother shouted loudly: “Wake up, the ear is fried!” All of them wanted to run out the door at the same time, just as they were: barefoot and in their pyjamas. But as they hurried, they all fell to the ground. They looked at each other and burst into laughter. Then they went into the kitchen in an orderly fashion, one after the other like geese, and all took a bite of the tasty, crunchy, warm ear with great pleasure.

## Crying out of happiness

The old man was sitting under the plum tree in front of the house and was humming a song that he had not heard for a very long time: “*Kidőlt keresztfának nem köszön már senki...ars...carrots,*”<sup>15</sup> He liked this song. His wife – may God give her a good night<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>14</sup> Makk Marci is an iconic cartoon character which was created in the 1970s to promote a healthy lifestyle for children in Hungary. It is an anthropomorphic acorn with freckles.

<sup>15</sup> In English: Nobody greets a broken cross...

<sup>16</sup> The phrase “may God give her/him a good night” corresponds to the English “may he/she rest in peace”.

I legphureder cshaj, i Kati indulingya ándi konyha te dikhen, hogy ká ikren o romnya. De nasoká géja pále taj lakere átyha pherdo sztya ászvenca. Phucskenahia la o butera: "Szoszke rovesz?" Ó pale aszandú phengya lenge: "Dahogy rovav! Ándi konyha suzsaren o but puruma taj o szirja, azí ászvázinen mre jakha csak. Taj tumenje odá kampe te kerem, aszo phenav. Avkahogy pastyon téle, mer mé csak pándzs óri ovla, o kan pale mé dür hi."

De o csháve na kamnahi téle te pastyon. Peggyig oggyári báre sil sztya, ándi masina pale má csak buka jag sztya, de o Ervino oggya ugringya taj pherdo cshidkergya la szane kastanca taj papíriha. P' adá po jek-dú ánde thabija taj tattyarlahi. Phenel leszke o Jenőke: "More, tu kana báro oveha, saj dzsaha ándi iskola fűtőveszke. Odoj na dityhola to baro sérol!" Phenel o Ervino pále leszke: "Tu pale saj kedeha la babake téle o ákhora pale kasteszkero tetejo tre duge menyaha, mer szar zsráfo sztyal. Taj mé te tro muj aszavo fótosno hi szar ole Makk Marciszke!"

P' adá rúnja pet o buka Jenőke, mer ladzsalahi pe szeplővi. De leszkeri phen, i Zsuzsi lácshe menyatar cshingya ole Ervino taj phengya leszke: "Csak uzsar, hagy avel i ráti! Jek buka kotor kolbásza tuke na muká, szá me há!"

I cshaj dzsanlahi, hogy o Ervino báre kamel i kolbásza, kana peken la taj te odá, hogy avka má na ellenkezinna lakere praleha. Te avka sztya. Közbe lengeri baba vicsingya báro: "Ustyen, petyija o kan!" P' adá jekfarsza kamnahi ári te násen po vuder, avka aszar sztye: pernango taj pizsamate. De aszar szigyannahi, téle péje szá pi phú. Ketháne dikje taj ári cshingyija ándar lende o baro aszabe. Pálal sukáre pale jekfáreszte géje ándi konyha, szar o papinyóra, taj bare losaha danderkernahia o lacsho ropogósno tato kan.

## Roven ándi los

O phúro beslahi ánglo kher telo slíviko kast taj odí gyíli munginlahi, aszo má báre csilla sungya: "*Kidőlt keresztfának nem köszön már senki...*" Kamlahi adija gyíli. Leszkeri romni – te del la o Dél lacshi ráti – mindí rovlahi, kana gyilázinlahi adija lake. Khoszkerlahi pre átyha odole khoszleha, aszo ó lake tyingya ándo fóro. Sukár hurde virágí sztye uppe, lóle taj zsute. Akani má ó leha khoszkerel pre átyha, kana pe po családo gondolinel.

Ofto csháve sztya len, de desen bárgyargye uppe, ole dú onokenca, akasz i trito cshaj cshidija vase po rom. "Bari cshinadi cshaj

– had always cried when he had sung this song to her. She would wipe her eyes with the kerchief that he bought for her in the town. There were beautiful little flowers on it: red and yellow. Now he was the one who was wiping his eyes with it when he was thinking about his family.

They had had eight children, but raised ten, including the two grandchildren who their third daughter left to be with her husband. “What a sly girl you are, Lenke!”, thought the old man and went to the stable to feed the horses with hay.

After he had finished, he took the bucket and went to the well to get some water. How many people had gone there for that tasty water! Any stranger who would pass by that street would shout in: *“Good man, please give me some water in the name of God!”* The old man gave some to everybody. He also offered them food, but not everybody would take that, because they were thirsty and not hungry. Many people returned to him: Some wanted to talk; some wanted to buy a pig from him, or asked him about his children because none of them lived with him in that huge, long house. His sons – and the daughters, too – sometimes visited him with their families, but stayed only for one or two days.

The old man felt lonely, although many people praised him: *“Uncle Zsigi, you are such a good man!”* But he did not really like it. He would have been happier if he at least had a dog like Buki. Buki was a very smart dog, but someone had stolen him after he had jumped down from the horse cart in the town after seeing a cat. Since then, the old man had barely talked to anyone. His grandchildren were crying for him, so the old man’s children came together and brought him a similar dog, only that it was still a puppy.

The old man was happy when all his children visited him. They arrived one after the other and stayed with him for the whole week. The women cooked three meals a day. The grandchildren sat around him in the evenings and begged him: “Grandpa, tell us a tale about the Roma, how God created them!” Luckily, all the grandchildren understood Romani; only some of them could not speak it well. But they understood the tale and were happy and proud of their grandfather, how beautifully he could express himself and how many tales he knew. They were happy that he wouldn’t be lonely anymore because he now had a puppy and, as they agreed, he would stay each week either at one of the sons’ or one of the daughters’ houses. The old man was crying out of happiness over the wonderful children he and his wife had raised.

## You’re still little!

The little girl was sitting on a small chair next to her grandfather and was watching the old man use a brush to smear some cream on his face that looked like the cream her grandmother made when baking a cocoa cake. But Grandfather took it off his face with a knife and wiped it into a kerchief. The girl did not understand why her grandfather did not eat that tasty, sweet cream, like she and her sisters would do. She

sztyal tu, Lenke!”, gondolingya o phúro taj géja ándi istálóva, dinya ole graszte khasz.

Aszar vigzingya, lija i rocska taj indulingya ki hanyig pányi te ciden. De but dzséne phirnáhi oggya mist’ odá lacsho pányi! Akarko te dzsalahi ándi ucca idegenno, mindí vicsinnáhi ánde: “*Jó ember, adjon má egy ital vizet a jó Isten nevibe!*” Delahi o phúro ole celen. Te te han kínálinlahi, de na szako lesztar lelahi, mer na bokhale, hanem trusale sztye. But manus te pále phirlahi ke leszte, ko te vakerkeren, ko balicshe tyinlahi lesztar, vagy palo csháve phucsnahi le, mer má jek na beslahi leha ánd’ odá baro dugo kher. Phirnáhi khére niha leszkere csháve, te o cshaja, pumare családoha, de csak jek-dú dive acsnahi.

Korkóri pet hajolahi o phúro, pegyig but dzséne le asarnahi: “*Zsiga bácsi, maga olyan jó ember!*” De odá na báre kamlahi. Feder losangyáhi, te újáhi le legalább jek dzsukel, szar o Buki. Odá báre gogyaver dzsukel sztya, de csórgye le, kana téle ugringya palo verda ándo fóro misti jek karmuca. Azúta o rom ajjig vakerlahi valaszo. Leszkere onoki mist’ adá aggyig rovnáhi, amí le phúreszkere csháve ketháne na asztargye taj ligje leszke ugyanaszave, csak kíjko sztya mé.

Losangya o phúro, kana leszkere csháve szá géje. Pale jekfáreszte resztye oggya taj jek celo kurko leha sztye. O romnya tavkernáhi diveszte trival. O onoki szako ráti kerí leszte besnahi taj mangnáhi le: “Papukám, phen amenge paramiszi palo roma, aszar kergya len o Devlró!” Pi baszt o cele onoki hajonáhi románe, csak sztya maskar lende aszavo, ako te vakeren na báre dzsánlahi. De hajonáhi i paramiszi, losannáhi taj gizdave sztye ánde pumaro papu, hogy szar sukáre vakerel taj kityi paramiszi dzsanel. Losannáhi, hogy má n’ ovla korkóri, mer szi le buka dzsukel taj eggyezingye maskar jekfáreszte, hogy szako kurko lidzsna le ká o jek cshávo, ká i jek cshaj. Rovlahi o phúro ándi los, hogy ó taj leszkeri romni szave lacshe cshavóren bárgyargye uppe.

## Bukóri sztyal mé

I buka cshaj beslahi po buka széko pase po papu taj diklahi ole phúre, aszar ole pemecsiha maklahi pe pre cshamja aszavo habo, aszo i baba lenge kerlahi, kana kakavósne kolácsi peklahi. De o papu jek cshurjaha téle le cidkerlahi pale peszte taj ándo khoszlo le maklahi. Na hajolahi i cshaj, hogy odá lacsho gulo habo szoszke na hal o papu,

even asked him: “Grandpa, why don’t you eat the cream?” The old man laughed and told her: “My dear Etuska, this is not the kind of cream that your grandmother makes. Come and try it!” and he smeared a little bit on the nose of the girl. Then the girl shouted to her grandmother: “Grandma, don’t give Grandpa any more cream because he is wasting it!”

Her grandmother came over, lifted her up and told her: “You’re still little. When you get bigger, you’ll understand how men shave. Grandpa made that ‘cream’ from soap, but look here, you got some of it, too!” and she wiped the foam off the girl’s tiny nose.

She took the girl with her to the summer kitchen because soon the men would arrive to pick her husband up and they would leave to play at a wedding. But the girl shouted to all of them: “Play and I’ll dance! I know how to dance very well; you just play and I’ll show you!” And she was already spinning around like a wrap reel because she loved to watch her dotted skirt twirl as she was dancing. Everybody loved her, although she always distracted them by being such a big fan of the songs that they were playing.

The woman put a *laska*<sup>17</sup> into the girl’s hands and smeared it with jam. The little girl liked the jam, but was still upset about the cream she had seen. When the old man started to get ready, he put his grooming tools away, including the beautiful, old, wooden-framed mirror which had belonged to his father. A gentleman had given it to the father, when his daughter was ill and called him to play the violin for the girl. When the rakli recovered, the gentleman told the man: “Well, my dear Jozso, what would you like? I’ll give you whatever you desire for helping my daughter!” He asked for the mirror; he thought that it would be good to have it at home for the girls and for him, too. It’s been in the family’s possession since then and everybody took good care of it.

Etuska was running towards him again and shouting from afar: “Grandpa, Grandpa, wait, don’t hide anything away!” The old man asked: “And why not?” – “Well, you know, Grandma talked about your razor and my cat is full of hair, let’s shave her too!”, told the small girl and she was already calling her: “Bango, Bango, here, kitty, kitty, kitty, come, you ugly thing!”

The poor cat was already old and had only three legs. The old man had brought her back from the town because he had felt sorry for her when he realized that a car had hit her, breaking one of her legs. He had made a leg for her from a piece of wood at home and bounded it to her which healed her. The little girl called her Bango<sup>18</sup> because she limped because of that leg.

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17 A type of pancake made of cooked potatoes, flour and salt. It is baked directly on the stovetop and smeared either with fat or jam.

18 The name Bango is based on the Romani adjective *bango* “crooked, bent”.

aszar ó taj lakere phenya. Te phucsja lesztar: "Papu, tu szo na hasz o habo?" Aszanya pet o phúro taj phengya lake: "Fijam, adá na aszavo habo hi, aszo i baba kerel. Decsa, kóstin!" taj makja jek buka la cshake po nak. I cshaj p' adá vicsingya pe babake: "Baba, ole papu má ma de habo, mer csak cshidel le peszta!"

Dzsal lakeri baba taj uppe la lija, avka lake phenlahi: "Bukóri sztyal mé. Te bareder oveha, maj hajoha le, hogy o mursa szar beretvákozin. Odá habo palo szapunyi kergya o papu, de dikhav, te tut dija ándar!" taj aszandú khosztya la cshakero buka nak.

Ánde la ligija peha ándi nyilajiki konyha, mer nasoká avna o mursa vase lakero rom taj dzsan ándo bijav te basaven. De adí Etuska ole celenge vicsinkerlahi: "Basaven, maj me pale khelá! Báre dzsanav, basaven csa, maj szikavá!" Taj má te forgillahi szar jek motolla, mer báre kamlahi pe pettyesne rokji, aszar perginnahi, hogy ó khelel. Kamlahi la szako, de mindí cidlahi o dive lendar, aszar losanlahi lenge misti gyíli, te basavnahi.

I romni dija ánde lakero va jek laska taj makja lake uppe lekvára. I buka cshaj kamlahi i lekvára, de sajninalhi báre o but habo, aszo dikja. O phúro kana vigzingya, pále thogya o bútya, te o sukár phuro kastuno gyíkeri, aszo mé leszkere dadeszker sztya. Jek raj le dija, kana naszvali sztya leszkeri cshaj taj akhargya le, hogy pi lavuta te basavel lake. Kana feder úja i rakli, o raj phengya ole romeszke: "No, űszokám, mi köll neked, akarmiit adok a jányomé!" Ó pale o gyíkeri peszke mangja, habiszi lácsho ovla khére, te ole cshajenge taj te leszke. Azúta meg hi, szako uppe vigyázillahi.

Násel ke leszte papale i Etuska taj má dúrarrú vicsinkerlahi: "Papukám, papukám, uzsar, ma garuv nistaaa!" Phucsel o phúro: "Taj szoszke?" – "Há dzsanesz, i baba phengya ti beretva, mi karmuca sza zarja hi, kede téle te la?", phenel i bukóri taj má te akharlahi la: "Bangije, Bangije, ci-ci-cicc, av dzsungalije!"

Csori karmuca phúri sztya má taj csak trín pre sztye la. O phúro la angya ándar o fóro, mer sajningya la, kana dikja, hogy csalagya la o verda taj lakero jek pro phagyija. Khére kergya kasteszta aszavo kotor, szar lakero pro, kija le phangya lake taj szasztyargya la. I buka cshaj azí lake phenlahi Bangije, mer p' odá jek pro langavlahi.

O phúro aszalahi, de na lija pále ári o bútya, hanem hudija jek ákhoriki gallya taj vígig cidkergya le pi karmuca. Közbe vakerlahi ola cshajórake: "Dikhesz, lake adí hi i beretva, mer má phúri hi csorri." Kana vigzingya ole "beretválásiha", oggya dija la cshake ola karmuca taj phengya lake, hogy akani téle kampe te pastyaren la, hogy te na

The old man smiled, but did not take out the tools again. Instead, he took a twig from a walnut tree and brushed the cat with it. While doing this, he told the little girl: "You see, this is the right razor for her because this poor cat is already old." When he was finished with "shaving" the cat, he handed the cat over to the girl and told her to lay her down, so that she does not feel pain anywhere. The little girl took the cat happily and told her: "Don't cry, Bango, I'll lay you down and play for you on my grandpa's violin!" Then she ran to her grandmother. The old man was looking after her happily: "Whoa, she is just four years old and she is already playing, I eat her heart!"

Among his grandchildren this little girl was the only one who tried to teach the cat to play on the violin. While he was dressing himself, he heard the little one play inside and felt very proud. Well, when the other men came to pick him up, the girl came out the door slowly. But this time, she was not shouting that they should play for her, but rather hurried them: "Leave already, my cat fell asleep! Let's not have her waking up crying because of you, don't make so much noise here!" The men were



Kede téle  
te la!  
Bangije,  
bangije,  
ci-ci-cicc!

dukhal lake nikhá. I buka cshaj bare losaha linya la taj phenlahi lake: “Ma rov, Bangije, maj téle tut pastyará taj basavá tuke pe papuszkeri lavuta!” Adaleha te ánde nástya ki baba. O phúro losaha diklahi pale late: “Ehe, mé csak stár bersiki hi taj má basavel, hav lakero ilóro!”

Maskar leszkere onoki adí buka cshaj sztya korkóri, ako ola karmucake sziklia pi lavuta te khelen. Aszar urjavlahi pet, sunlahi, aszar basavel i bukóri oggyánde, taj gizda hajolahi ánde peszte. No kana áje vase leszke má, i cshaj akkor avlahi ári po vuder polóke. De akani na vicsinkerlahi, hogy te basaven lake, hanem szigyantatinlahi ole manusen: “Dzsán má athar, mi karmuca ánde szútya! Nahogy má miste tumende ustyela rovindú, ma lármázinén adaj a!” O mursa

Romani world, where are you?

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laughing and her grandfather said: "We're already going and we'll bring your cat milk, alright?" – "But bring me some, too, I like milk as well! And bring also cakes to go with it, or you'll be sorry! Well, go already!"

Well, whether they wanted to or not, they had to leave to play at the wedding. And so, the little girl was proud of herself that even the adults obey her.

## One must beg

The woman was talking with her grandchildren, listening to what they were saying with both anger and sadness: "Grandpa should be here already." – "Maybe he'll bring us milk." – "Whatever, I just wish that he'd come home soon, I am starving!" They were waiting for their grandfather like for God!

The woman would have liked to cook something, but there were no ingredients left. Her husband went away three weeks ago and should come back home today. He told her when he left: "Listen, wife, I will come back after three weeks; until then, ration the money so you have some for every day!" Their children as well as their three daughters-in-law worked, so she also gave them some money to take to work, so that they would not be hungry there and feel ashamed of that.

She looked all over the hay, lifting the chicken, but there was only chicken shit, nothing else. The eggs from this morning she had already prepared for the children. She thought very hard about where to go and what to do. Only the teacher was left, but she had never asked her for anything. She anxiously dressed herself into the clothes which she used to wear for church four times a year or for the baptism when a grandchild was born.

The teacher was a gentlewoman. Who knew what she would say if the woman asked her for something to cook with that evening? "Ah, what do I care! Whatever happens, happens, it's no matter!", she thought to herself. She knew what respect meant. When she was a small girl, her mother had sent her to serve a gentleman. That's why she even put on her shoes now. As she was walking to the teacher's house, she thought about how the gadje had treated her then. For example, she had to bring out the water after all of them had finished bathing while they would shout at her: "*Stinky gypsy, hurry as fast as your knock knees can carry you!*" Another time, they ate and then threw the bones at her: "*Eat, stinky gypsy, at home you don't even know what meat is!*"

She didn't dare to tell her mother because they lived in poverty. Even that small salary which they threw at her at the end of the month made her mother happy. But, once, her father was coming from the forest with mushrooms and heard the wife of the gentleman yell at his daughter: "*Everyone can see that you're just a stinky gypsy, Ilony! How dare you rip the buttons off my daughter's clothes? I'll teach you to respect us, where is the rolling pin??*" At that moment, her father started to run into the yard,

aszanahi taj phengya lakeró papu: "Dzsasz má taj anaha te karmucake thud, lácshe?" – "Csak anen te mange, odá te me kamav! Taj te kolácsi anen kija, mer na phirna lácshe manca! No, dzsán!"

Avka pale te kamje, te na, muszaj sztya te indulinen te basaven. I cshajói pale gizdavi sztya pe peszte, hogy sunen pe lakeró alav te o báre.

## Te mangen kampja

I romni te hójaha taj te brígaha sunlahi pre onoken, aszar maskar pumende vakerkernahi: "Má saj avlahi o papu." – "Saj, hogy anel amenge te thud." – "Akarszo, csak te avel má, ári cshingyol mri pucra ándi bok!" Avka uzsarnahi pumare papu szar ole Devle!

I romni lacshe íleha tágyáhi, de má na ácshija nista. Lakeró rom má trito kurko géja, adádive kampel leszke khére te reszen. Odá phengya lake, kana géja: "Orde sun, romnije, k' adá dive po trito kurko avá, aggyig muk lóvo po szako dive!" Lengere csháve búti kernahi, te o trín bórja, te odolenge detkerlahi po hábe ándi búti, hogy te n' ovenodoj bokhále pi ladzs.

Uppe rodkergya telo kanyha te o khasz, de csak kanyhalo khul arakja, nista áver. Aszo ratyaha sztye tojása, má pekja len ole cshavórenge. Phagerlahi pro séro, kija te dzsal, szo te kerel. I ráni ácshija csak, de latar na mangja mé nikana nista. Bare dárjaha urjagya pet uppe ánd' odona gáda, aszoszte ándi khangéri phirlahi, berseszte stárvá, taj kana onoka len ovlahi, po poszriko.

Rajkani gádzsi sztya i ráni. Ko dzsanel, szo lake phenla, te mangla latar zsiki ráti valaszo te táven. "Eh, szo me bajnav! Ovla, aszo ovla, szá jek hi má!", gondolingya ánde peszte. Pindzsarlahi i pativ. Kana mé buka cshaj sztya, lakeri daj oggya la dija cselédoszke ko raj, mist' adá te o kamastyi uppe cidinya. Aszar dzsalahi ki ráni, odá sztya ánde lakeri gódi, aszar o gádzse laha bajnenahi. Hogy ári kamplahi te lidzsen lake o pányi, kana nangyije szá, taj avka lake vicsinnahi: "*Büdös cigány, siess, ahogy a csámpás lábad bírja!*" Pálal kana hanahi, ke late cshidkernahi o kokala: "*Egyé, büdös cigány, otthon azt se tuggyátok, mi az a hús!*"

Pe dake na tromalahi adana te phenen, mer csorika dzsivnahi. Te odá buka lóvo los kerlahi lake, aszo ke late cshinnahi pe maszekoszkero vígo. De jekfar lakeró dad, aszar avlahi ándar o vés ole huhurenca, sungya, aszar le rajeszkeri romni ordítinlahi pe leszkeri cshaj: "Láccik, hogy csak egy büdös cigány vagy, Ilony! Hogy merted elszakítani a kisjányom ruhagombját?! No maj adok én neked, hol a sodrófa???" P' adá

already screaming from afar: “*Don’t touch my child, you rotten gadji bitch! When your husband comes home, I’ll tell him that the innkeeper is fucking you!!*”

Then he embraced his daughter, sat down on the stairs, and told her: “Don’t be afraid, my sweet bird<sup>19</sup>, you won’t be coming here again! God damn that money; I won’t allow anyone to beat my little girl! Don’t cry, my beautiful soul<sup>20</sup>!”

When the gentleman came home, it was already getting dark. Inside the house, the gadji was shaking with fear because the innkeeper really had been fucking her. Her elder son was his. The girl’s father told the gentleman everything, including that his wife had wanted to beat his daughter and how long he had been waiting for him to talk about all this. Then the gentleman gave his wife a beating, pulled her to the inn by her hair and threw her inside to the innkeeper with these words: “*You disgraced me with your bitch! Here you have her, now you can support her and your bastard, too! Put her next to your wife!*” The gadji was screaming but the gentleman left her there and gave the girl’s father a small piglet for telling the truth.

When the woman reached this point in her memories, she arrived at the teacher’s house. She was afraid and ashamed, too. She did not dare enter the house, but the teacher had already seen her and went out to her and said: “*Good afternoon, Auntie Ilony. I hope none of your grandchildren are sick? Did you come to tell me that? I can give you some pills, just tell me which child needs them!*” The woman told her: “*I kiss your hands, madam.*”

But the teacher did not let her finish the sentence. She took the woman’s hand, pulled her into the house and told her: “*Come on, Auntie Ilony. I should kiss your two blessed hands! My mother always says, if not for you, I wouldn’t be alive. I know that it was you who saved me from diphtheria.*” This made the woman cry. The teacher sat her down and asked: “*What’s the problem? Tell me, please, we’re going to solve it. Please don’t cry, then I don’t know what the problem is.*”

The woman calmed down a little bit and said slowly: “*Oh, my sweetheart, I am so ashamed because my husband hasn’t come home yet and the grandchildren are very hungry. I have a chicken at home, but if I slaughter it, I still don’t have any side dish to go with it. Then it came to my mind that I could come to you, that maybe you could give me two handfuls of flour, so I could make noodles for them, because those would be ready in no time. I feel very ashamed for coming here. But I only need to borrow it until the evening, because then my man will be back and I’ll send Rozsika back to you with the same amount. Could you lend me the flour until then?*” When the woman finished, she felt her whole head burning and felt very ashamed. But the teacher looked at her with a smile and took her hands. She told her: “*Of course I’ll give it to you, Auntie Ilony, but the noodles are only good when prepared with eggs; we have those, too. Take also pota-*

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19 “Sweet bird” is a term of endearment used for addressing a child.

20 “Beautiful soul” is a term of endearment used for addressing a child.

nástya lakero dad ándi udvara, de má dúrarrú vicsinkerlahi: “*Meg ne üsd a gyerekemet, te rohatt paraszt kurva! Megmondom a uradnak, hogy a kocsmáros baszogat, csak gyűjjön haza!!!*”

Odoleha cidija pe csha ke peszte, bestya pi lípicska taj phenlahi lake: “Ma dara nista, mri guli csirikli, buter n’ aveha orde! Márel o Dél o lóvo, na muká nikaszke mre cshajóra te maren! Ma rov, míro sukár vógyi!”

Kana o raj khére resztya, má sitíszajolahia. I gádzsi oggyánde rezdalahi ándi dár, mer csácse kurkerlahi la o kocsmárosi. O bareder cshávo leszta sztya. Phengya ári lakero dad ole rajeszke o cele bútya, te odá, hogy szo kamlahi leszkeri romni taj szar csilla le uzsarlahi. O raj mist’ adá mundargya ketháne pe romnya, kathar lakere bala la cidija zsiki kocsma taj cshidija la ánde ole kocsmárosiszke adale alavencia: “*Kihasznáthatok a kurvádval! Nesze, most má tarcsad te, meg a fattyúdot is! Rakjad az asszonyod mellé!*” Sikítinlahi i gádzsi, de o raj odoj la mukja taj dija lakere dade jekhe buka balicshe, ká ári phengya o csacsipe.

Aszar aggya resztya ándo pále gondolási, má ángle rányakero kher sztya. Daralahi, te ladzsalahi pet. Na tromalahi ánde te dzsan, de i ráni dikja la, te géja ángle late taj phenel lake: “*Jó napot, Ilony néni, tán csak nem beteg valamelyik unokája? Azért jött, hogy szóljon róla? Tudok adni gyógyszert, csak mondja meg, melyiknek kell.*” Phenel i romni lake: “*Keziccsókolom, naccságos kisasszonka...*”

De i ráni na mukja la buter te vakeren. Asztargya lakero va, cidlahi la ánde ándo kher taj phenlahi lake: “*Ugyan már, Ilony néni, nekem kéne megcsókolni a maga két áldott kezét! Anyám mindig mondja, hogy ha maga nincs, én már nem élnék. Tudom, hogy maga mentett meg a torokgyíktól.*” P’ adá i romni rúnya pet. I ráni pale besagya la téle taj phucsel: “*Mi a baj? Mondja el, aztán megoldjuk. Ne tessék sírni, így nem tudom hogy mi a baj.*” I romni buka nyugszingya taj phenel polóke: “*Jaj, lelkem, nagyon nagy szégyenbe vagyok én a uram miatt, mer mé nem gyött haza, oszt a onokák má nagyon ihesek. Van nekem othol tyúkom, de ha levágom, nincs mit adnyi melléje. Osztán az gyött a fejembe, hogy elgyűvök magáho, hátha adna vagy két marékval lisztet, oszt csinyánék nekijek haluskát, mer a gyorsan mevvan. Nagyon szégyelem magamat, mer idegyüttem. De csak estig köllene, mer akkor má gyün a ember oszt visszakűdöm a Rózsikátó. Tudna nekem aggig adnyi?*” Kana adá phengya i romni, avka hajolahi, hogy thabol lakero celo séro taj báre pet ladzsalahi. De i ráni aszandú dikja pe late taj asztargya lakere vaszta. Avka lake phenlahi: “*Hogyne adnék, Ilony néni, de a haluska tojással jó, az is van nekünk. Vigyen a gyerekeknek krumplit is, meg ha meg nem sértem, van itt diós kalács, anyám sütte tegnap, de én nem szeretem, ó meg alig eszik, elvihetné nekik ezt is.*”

*toes for the children and – if that doesn't offend you – we have a nut cake here which my mother baked yesterday, but I don't like it much and my mother eats very little, so you could take that for them, too."*

The woman was joyful. She thanked the teacher for everything and tears began to flow from her eyes. While talking, the teacher collected all the items for the woman and put them into a basket. She also put a big jug of fat, three onions, garlic, a piece of bacon and a bottle of pear compote into the basket. On top, she put a half sack of flour and lifted the basket: "*Oh, this would be too heavy for you, Auntie Ilony! I'll help you! Come, I'll accompany you home, may I?*" Of course, the woman agreed and happily walked home with the teacher.

When they saw the teacher, the children ran towards them, took the basket and shouted: "*We kiss your hands, Auntie Edit! What happened to our grandma? You are coming with her because she is ill, right?*" The teacher was smiling: "*No, she is not ill at all, it's just that the basket is heavy and I helped her carry it. Thank you for taking it from me, you are very smart! I assume your homework is already done, right? Why don't you show me and your grandma can cook lunch in the meantime!*"

The children went with the teacher. The woman wanted to start boiling some water but Rozsika was already bringing a plucked chicken into the kitchen because Lacko had already slaughtered the biggest one. The girl had plucked it and boiled the water for the noodles shortly before the woman and the teacher had come home. The woman was very pleased that God gave her such smart grandchildren and cut the noodles into the water while her daughter was baking the chicken.

As they were cooking, they heard their horses neighing. "Oh, how great!" They knew that the old man had arrived. First, he was given from the food. After, he unhitched the horses from the cart and took out the things that he had bought – two pigs, ten litres of milk and new shoes for the grandchildren. He looked at the teacher and asked his wife: "Ilony, what does she do here?" The wife told him what had happened. Then the old man told the teacher: "*My dear madam, you showed us that you have a good heart, come and eat with us! Then I'll give you back the money my wife owes you.*"

The grandchildren and the woman brought out a plate and put it on the table for the teacher, together with the small bowls for themselves, which their grandfather had brought them a month ago, and, lastly, the food. The teacher sat on the bench among the children and told the man: "*Uncle Boldi, I don't need any more payment than eating with you all. You don't owe me anything, but if I may, I would really like to eat with you at least once every week from now on. I like people like you very much.*" The old man said happily: "Of course, you can! Just come whenever you like because we like people exactly like yourself, who don't hate eating with gypsies. We must thank you."

Then all of them sat down at the table and ate with a good appetite, Roma and gadje alike.

Losangya i romni. Pajikerlahi o cele bútya, aszo i ráni vakerlahi taj avnáhi o ászvi ándar lakere átyha. Aszar i ráni vakerlahi, közbe kedlahi ketháne ola romnyake o bútya taj jek bare kaskate le thovlahi. De thogya te csiken bare kuccsate, trín séro purum, te szirja, kotor balevasz taj jek cakleha kruski. Epas góno járo thogya po tetejo taj vazdija i kaska: “*Jaj, ez nehéz lesz magának, Ilony néni! Majd segíték vinni, jöjjön, elkísérem hazá. Megengedi?*” Szar te na mukjáhi i romni, bare losaha géja ola rányaha khére.

O cshavóra, kana dikje ola ránya, nástye ángle lende, linye i kaska taj vicsinkernahí: “*Csókolom, Edit néni, mi van a mamánkval? Azé gyön vele, mer beteg, iga?*” Aszalahi i ráni: “*Dehogys beteg, csak nehéz a kosár és segítettem cipelni. Köszönöm, hogy elvettétek, nagyon ügyesek vagytok! Ugye, készen van már a leckétek? Mutassátok csak meg, amíg a mamátok ebédet főz!*”

Adaleha géje o csháve ola rányaha. I romni pale pányi kamlahi te foralinen, de má i Rózsika ola kanyha ligija ánde bi o póra, mer o Lacko téle cshingya ola legbareder kanyha. I cshaj suzsargya la taj mire i romni khére géja ola rányaha, te pányi foralingya ole haluskenge. Losanlahi i romni, hogy szave gogyaver onoki la dija o gulo Dél taj cshingerlahi o humer ándo pányi, i cshaj pale pekja ola kanyha.

Aszar tavnahi, sunen pumare graszten te nyihorginen. “No, de lácsho hi!” Má dzsannahi, hogy ája o phúro. Leszke kedinye legánglal te han. Kana ári asztargya ole graszten ándar o verda taj kedkergya téle aszo tyinkergya – dú balicshen, des literi thud taj neve kamastyi ole onokenge –, dikja ola ránya taj phucsel ola romnya: “*Ilony, adj a szó adaj rodel?*” I romni phenyga ári leszke, hogy szó sztya. P’ adá o phúro phenel ola rányake: “*Drága kisasszonka, maga ollyan jó szívvel vót hozzánk, győjön, egyen velünk! Oszt utána megadom a pízt, amit a asszony tartozik.*”

Tel’ adá o onoki taj i romni phiragye ári pi kafidi o tányíri ola rányake, pumenge o hurde csáre, aszo lengero papu angya lenge ángl’ adá maszek, taj o habena. I ráni bestya pi lóca maskar o cshavóra taj phenyga: “*Boldi bácsi, nem kell ennél nagyobb fizetség, mint hogy magukkal ehetek. Nem tartoznak semmivel, de ha lehet, engedje meg nekem, hogy hetente egyszer legalább magukkal egyek. Nagyon szeretem az ilyen embereket mint maguk.*” P’ adá o phúro losaha phenel lake: “*Honne gyühetne! Csak győjön, amikor teccik, mer mink meg ollyan embereket szeretünk mint maga, hogy nem útál cigányokval ennyi. Mink köszönnyük.*”

Adaleha bestya ki kafidi szako taj lacshe vójaha hanahi, te rom, te gádzso.

## May the sweet God punish that damn drink!

“Here, eat this little piece, who knows when we’ll have something to eat again!” But the girl was crying; she was not hungry. She wanted to go home to see her mother because when their drunk father had thrown them out, he’d given that poor tiny woman a fat slap. It was so forceful that her face had been all bloody. The girl feared terribly for her mother because she was weak from being sick often. Not that long ago she had had a Caesarean section. Otherwise, the baby would have suffocated inside her because he was so huge. “My sweet tiny brother, who knows how much he is crying! And my father will yell; I know he will”, thought the girl to herself and stood up from the ground.

“Man, listen, I’m going to the police and tell them about everything.” Now the boy jumped up, too, and asked: “Teri, you’ve gone crazy, haven’t you?? What do you think your father would do if the police got there? Who do you think he would beat up? And what would happen to little Jancsika? Who would raise him if our poor mother dies?” – “Our Hungarian neighbour, she loves us too. You know what she keeps saying: ‘*You’re such good children; I haven’t gotten any from God. But you are here, my dears, I love you as though you were my own children!*’ Well, she would have everything to give that a baby needs. Let me go!”, said the girl and wanted to go. But the boy did not want to release her torn skirt. He pulled her back with such force that the bow on her skirt ripped apart even further. The girl fell back on the ground and started to cry again.

Their grandmother saw them and went to them. She picked up the girl, wiped her tears away and asked the boy: “My dear Bandika, why are you both here crying? Your father got drunk again, didn’t he? Who is watching little Jancsika?” – “Oh, Grandma, how do you know that Terike’s father is drunk? Jancsika is at home. Your son threw us out. He beat our mother bloody because she gave us to eat!”

As the boy was talking, the woman became furious. She put down the girl, took her hand and looked at the street: “Well, let’s go get the baby! Then you will come home with me and you will stay with me! I won’t let that crazy man kill you, may he lick this old cunt of mine from where I shitted him out! May the sweet God punish that damn drink! Just wait! You want to be the devil? May you eat my cum! I’ll come and I’ll kill you, just wait!” She was cursing all the way, until they arrived at the house. They could hear the small baby crying and the man yelling from afar. The woman furiously pushed the door open, grabbed a thick log from above the stove and charged at her son: “Oh, may you suck your father! You can’t think of anything else to do than just to get drunk, right? May your flesh fall down!” While she was shouting, she hit her son with the log wherever she could reach him.

## Te márel o Gulo Dél odá rohattno pibe!

“Le, ha adá buka kotor, ko dzsanel, kana ovla amen papale te han!”

De i cshaj rovlahi, na sztya bokhali. Khére kamlahi te dzsán, te dikhen pe da, mer kana ári len cshidija lengero dad mátone, bari csham cshingya odola csore csisle romnya. De avka, hogy o rat cshorgya la romnyakero muj. Daravlahi i cshaj báre pe da, mer naszvalkerdi hi. Nacsilla cshingye uppe lakero pér, mer o tikno ánde late tasztijáhi, aszavo báro sztya. “Buka gullo, ko dzsanel szar rovel! Mro rohattno dad pale ordítinel, dzsana, hogy avka hi”, gondolingya i cshaj ánde peszte taj uppe ácshija pali phú.

“More, orde sun, me dzsav ko jagale taj phená lenge, szo sztya.” P’ adá te o cshávo uppe ugringya pali phú taj phucsja: “Teri, tu dilinyijal, igaje?? Szo patyasz, szo kerla tro dad te dzsana oggya o jagale? Kasz marla téle? Taj ole Jancsikaha szo ovla? Ko le uppe bárgyarlal, te merla amari csori daj?” – “Maj i gádzsi pas’ amende, odí kamel te amen. Te tu dzsanesz szo phenkerel: *Tik ollyan jó gyerekek vattok, nekem nem adott egyet se a Jóisten. De itt vattok tik, fijam, úgy szeretlek tikteket mintha a enyimek vónátok!*” No, odija dela, aszo kampla jek buka tikneszke. Muk man, hagy dzsav!”, phengya i cshaj taj te dzsán kamlahi. De o cshávo na kamlahi te muken lakeri cshindli rokja. Cidlahi la pále, de aszave zórjaha, hogy mé feder cshingyija uppe o masli. I cshaj pále péja pi phú taj papale rovlahi.

Dikja len lengeri baba, oggya géja ke lende. Uppe lija ola csha, khosztya lakere jakha taj phucsja le csháve: “Bandikám, szo adaj roden? Tumaro dad papale mátyija, szo? O Jancsika ke kaszte hi?” – “Joj, baba, kathar dzsanesz, hogy máto hi la Terikero dad? O Jancsika khére hi. Amen ári cshidija tro cshávo. Margya amare da zsiko rat, mer dinya amen te han!”

Aszar vakerlahi o cshávo, i romni hójate pet margya. Téle thogya ola csha pi phú, asztargya lengero va taj szít dikja piucca: “No, aven vaso cshavóro! Pálal avna manca khére taj odoj besna ke mande! Na muká odole diline manuszke, hogy te mundarel tumen, maj csarla adí phuri mindzs mange, akathar ári le hingyom! Te márel o Gulo Dél odá rohattno pibe! No csak uzsar, tu kamesz béng te oven, hasz mro kúriba! Oggya reszá, mundajoha, csak uzsar!” Avka koskerlahi, amí oggya na resztye ko kher. Othar dúrarrú sunnahi, aszar rovel o tikno taj ordítinel o murs. I romni bare hójaha ári cshingya o vuder taj uppe hudija jek thulo kast telal i masina taj kija péja pe csháveszke: “Joj, te pijesz téle tre dade, tu na dzsanesz áver csak te mátyon, igaje, te perel téle tro masz!!!” Taj aszar vicsinkerlahi, csalavlahi ole kasteha, aká reszlahi pe csháve.

In the meantime, the two children ran to their mother, who was lying unconscious on the ground; her face was covered with blood. While crying, the girl picked up the small baby. The boy washed his mother's face with cold water. When the woman recovered and looked around to see where her children were, she was happy to see that all three of them were around. She wanted to stand up but felt very dizzy. Her mother-in-law put her arms around her to keep her from falling and told her: "Don't be afraid, my dear; my damn son will never ever hit you again. You'll come to live with me, together with your children. The old man will also be very happy, you will see; he will be at home when we arrive. But now lie down a little bit; as soon as you feel better, we can leave. And that ugly monkey can stay alone! I knocked him down; he is sleeping now." The daughter-in-law answered: "Oh, mother, thank you for everything that you are doing for me! I already feel much better, so let's just hurry up! I'm going to collect the nappies and everything that the children need and then we can go."

The woman and the two children quickly gathered what the daughter-in-law had told them into a big basket where they used to keep the potatoes before, until the father had sold them, too, for a wine. When they were done, the girl put the baby into the buggy, the boy took the basket, the old woman helped her daughter-in-law stand and they all left slowly but happily.

Three hours later, the man recovered. He was no longer drunk: His mind was clear and when he looked around, he started to cry. He pondered why he had listened to those people again. He got up from the ground where he had been lying. It was only then that he saw the blood and started to cry even harder. Then he ran outside to the street and towards his mother's house and he shouted from the gate which was secured with a padlock: "Mom!" His father looked out and shouted back to him: "Go away or it's not going to end well for you! Take your guts away from here or I'm going to rip them out of you!" – "My dear father, just tell me, whom have I killed? Is my family here with you? Are all of them alive? I am very sorry for what I have done. I'll never go to the pub again, the whore there was fucking with my mind!" While he was talking, tears were running down his face and he threw himself to the ground in front of the gate.

His father went to him, reached back and slapped his son hard twice. He told him: "There you go, may you lick your mother's cunt! Aren't you ashamed? You have a beautiful family and you're into hookers?? May you lose your strength a hundredfold because of those beautiful children who you have thrown out! And may God punish you for the baby! But he will punish you the most for that poor wife of yours who allowed her belly to be cut open because of your child! And you pretend to be a strong man! You think you're strong because you beat her! Believe me, God will punish you terribly for this! Find yourself a job – that's where you can show what you're capable of, not by beating your small children! And now fuck off because I'm going to knock you down!"

Közbe o dú csháve nástye ke pumari daj, ako ájulingya taj szá rat sztya lakero muj. I cshaj rovindú linya ke peszte ole buka tikne, o cshávo pale thogya sudre pányiha pe dakero muj. Kana i romni ke peszte ája, szít dikja, hogy ká hi lakere cshavóra taj losaha dikja, hogy szo trín pase late hi. Uppe kamlahi te ácshen, de báre szídilinlahi. Lakeri anyósa asztargya la préko, hogy te na perel taj phengya lake: "Ma dara nist fijam, buter nasti tumen marel mro dilino cshávo, avna ke mande te besen, tre cshavórenca. Te o phúro losanla tumenge, maj dik, te ó khére ovla, kana amen oggya reszaha. Akani buka pastyuv téle, aszar feder oveha, má te saj dzsaszathar. Odá dzsungalo majmo pale hagy ovel korkói! Téle le margyom palo pre, akani szovel." Phenel lake i bőri: "Joj, daje, báre sukáre pajkerav tuke, aszo vase mange keresz, de má buteha feder sztyom, csak aven szig! Kedá ketháne pherme taj aszo kampe ole cshavórente taj te saj dzsasz."

I romni taj o dú csháve szigaha ketháne hudkergye aszo phengya i romni ándi bari kaska, aszoszte o phuvune ikrenahi csilleder, amí lengero dad na bikingya t' odona vasi mol. Kana vigzingye, i cshaj ánde thogya ole tikne ándo verda, o cshávo uppe hudja i kaska, i phuri romni vazdija pre bőrja taj polóke, de losaha dzsanahi.

P' adá po trín óri dugipe ke peszte ája o rom. Má na sztya máto, ári suzsija leszkeri gódi taj kana szít dikja, rúnya pet. Odá phirlahi ánde leszkero séro, hogy szoszke sungya p' odona roma má papale. Uppe ustyija pali phú, aká pastyolahi, akkor dikja o rat taj mé feder rovlahi. Avka nástya ári piucca, othar pale ke pe dakero kher taj ánde vicsingya meri kapuva pe szoszte klídi sztya: "Mamaaaa!" Ári dikja leszkero dad taj pále leszke vicsingya: "Dzs' athar, mer na phireha manca lácshe! Cide tre gója, mer te na, me len ári cidá tukel!" – "Dadekám, csak attyi phen, kasz mundargyom? Adaj hi mro családo ke tute? Dzsiven sza? Báre le bajnav, aszo kergyom. Buter má na dzsá meri kocsma, odoj pherdo vakergya i lubni mro séro!" Aszar vakerlahi, cshingyonahi leszkere ászvi taj te téle péja ángli kapuva.

Leszkero dad oggya géja ke leszte, rángatingya leszkeri múszai taj téle leszke makja dú bari csham. Avka leszke phenlahi: "Le, te csáresz tra dakeri mindzs! Na ladzsasz tut, odoj hi tro sukár családo, tu pale lubnyázinez?? Te cshingyol tri zór selvar vas' odona sukár cshavóra, akasz ári cshidjal! Vaso tikno pale márel tut o Dél! De legfeder mist' odija csori romni tut malla maj, ako vase tuke pet cshinagya szit! Taj tu bare manuseszke tut keresz, odá dzsanesz, zoralo sztyal, ká margyal la! Patya le, vas' adana báre tut markerla o Dél! Rode búti, odoj szikav, szo dzsanesz, ma po hurde cshavóra! Taj akani pale tirhulin, mer uppe tut prutyiná!"

Then he locked the gate behind himself again and went towards the house where the children were already asleep with full stomachs – and the daughter-in-law, too. The man shouted after his father, crying: “Daddy, here and now I swear to you that I’ll be a new man. I’ll never drink again in my life – only water! I’ll also go to work if someone will hire me!” His father turned around and waved: “Wait!” He went back to his son and said: “Listen to me, don’t swear anything to me – I’m not God – but I can get a job for you. Do you really want to work?” – “Yeah, daddy! If I can support them, my family will return to me! To whom should I go?”, asked the man, as he was wiping away his eyes. “To me, you idiot!”, his father told him. “You’ll go with me everywhere we can: sometimes to the villages to peddle, sometimes to play music. But I’m telling you: If I see you drinking, I’m going to drink your blood that very day! Do you hear me?” – “I heard you, I heard you, daddy! Thank you so much!”, said the man happily and wanted to kiss his father’s hand, but the father didn’t let him, pulling his hand away.

“May it be like that”, the old man thought to himself and wanted to go back to the house, but his son pulled at his shirt: “Can I see my children for a short time?” The father shouted for his wife: “Ila!” The wife came outside: “What do you want? What does he want here?? Wasn’t the beating enough for you that you have gotten from me?? Then wait!!” Then she ran to the gate with the rolling pin



Akani adaj  
Tuke thovav víra,  
hogy áver  
manus ová!

Odoleha cidija ánde o klídi taj indulingya mero kher, aká má csálone szovnahi o csháve taj te i bóri. O rom rovindú vicsingya pale leszte: "Dadekám, akani adaj tuke thovav víra, hogy áver manus ová! Buter ándo íleto na pijá, csak pányi! Te búti kerá, te uppe man lena!" P' adá leszkero dad pále irjangyija taj intingya leszke: "Uzsar!" Pále géja taj phenel: "Orde sun, mange tu ma thov víra, na me sztyom o Dél, de búti dzsnav tuke. Kamesz te keren csácse?" – "Ója, dade! Avka pále avla ke mande mro családo, te dzsáná len te ikren! Ke kaszte te dzsav?", phucsel o murs, aszar khosztya pe jakha. "Ke mande, dilineja!", phenel leszkero dad. "Maj phireha manca, akija saj hi, ká po gáva, ká te basaven. De odá phenav, te me dikhá, hogy píjesz, mé p' odá dive ándar tro rat pijá! Sungyal ole?" – "Sungyom, sungyom, dadekám! Báre sukáre pajikerav tuke!", phenel o rom bare losaha taj kamlahi te csumiden pe dadeszkero va, de odá na mukja, hanem cidija lesztar po va.

"Csak avka t' ácshel", gondolingya ánde peszte o phúro taj kamlahi te dzsán pále ándo kher, de leszkero cshávo cidija leszkero gad: "Saj dikhav mre csháven jek buka?" O rom vicsingya pe romnyake: "Ila!" Dzsal ári i romni: "Szo kamesz? Adá szo adaj rodel?? Na sztya doszta tuke, aszo hudijal?? Uzsar, de!!" Odoleha naslahi ki kapuva ole síkálóveha ándo va, mer ípen bukti husnelahi, hogy maj

in her hands because she had been making yeast dumplings for the grandchildren. But when she wanted to hit her son, her husband pushed her aside. Their son threw himself down to the ground to his mother's legs and told her, crying: "Mommy, kill me, hit my head, I deserve it! I'm so sorry. Just take care of my beautiful family if I die!"

"Oh, God, punish him when he is the one who wants to die! Stand up, may you rot and stay away until you do or I'll kill you! You threw out my grandchildren because of a handful of food that you were not able to give them, and you still dare to come here! Your wife almost died because you're going after whores; may you eat my ass, away with you! Hurry up because if I come over there, you'll die!", the woman ranted. She wanted to go over to her son but her husband didn't allow her to. He tried to talk her out of it: "Ila, how do you speak with your son? What would happen to the small children if you kill him? Don't worry, I'll keep beating him and he'll become a man under my supervision or I'll kill him!" The woman calmed down a little bit, but to be sure, she hit the head of her son once: "Here you go, may you suck a huge horse dick, you deserve it!"

Then all three of them went into the house. The woman went back to rolling out the dough; the old man watched his son to see what he was going to do. The son went over to his family and tried to kiss his wife, but she cried out in fear: "Mother!! Hurry up, here he is again! Come, hurry, he tried to bite me!" The woman ran to her daughter-in-law but when she entered the room, she saw that her husband was holding the hands of the young couple and telling them something. She could not hear what it was because little Jancsika was crying like hell, and so were the other two children. They only calmed down after their mother pulled them towards herself and kissed their faces.

Two weeks later all of them felt like those bad things had never happened. The two men were working, the women were cooking, and the children had learnt through what they had seen and tried to teach their small brother as well – but he was only laughing when the others played for him.

## The blood on the floor

Some time after two o'clock in the morning, the water for the noodles came to a boil. By that time, the woman had already baked the chicken for her husband and his friends. All three were very drunk and were singing loudly. They had been drinking since midnight, since the two gadje had arrived. The gadje had almost broken the door when they knocked: "*Gyuszi, are you at home?? Come, man, we came to drink some of that good wine that you were talking about! Come on, let us in!!*"

pekla ole cshavórenge. De kana kamlahi te csalaven pe csháve, lakero rom paleder la drugingya. O cshávo pale pi phú pastyija ke pe dakere pre taj rovindú lake vakerlahi: "Mamakám, mundar man, mar man séreszte, reszla pe mande, te ári le mange angyom, báre le bajnav. Csak pászin mre sukár családo, te me merá!"

"O, Devla, már ole, kana mé te mundajon kamel! Ustyí, te rothadinesz, taj dzs' athar amí saj hi, mer mundará tut! Mre onoken ári cshidijal vas' odá burnyik hábe, aszo tu na dzsanesz lenge te den, taj mé szi tut jakha aggya te aven! Tri romni majna múja, mer tu lubnyázinesz, hasz mri bul odoj o! Szigyan, amí ári na rezsav, mer mundajoha!", veszkinlahi i romni. Ári kamlahi te dzsán, de lakero rom na muklahi. Próbilla la téle te vakeren: "Ila, avka vakeresz tre csháveha? Szo ovla le hurdenca, te mundareha le? Ma dara nista, maj me detkerá le, tele mro va manus ovla, mer te na, akkor me le meravá!" Avka i romni buka nyugszingya, de azí cshingya jekfar pe csháveszke po séro: "Le, te csárez jek baro grasztano kár, adá mé phirel tuke!"

Odoleha ánde géje szo trín dzséne ándo kher. I romni papale husnelahi, o phúro lesillahi pre csháve, hogy szo kerel. O cshávo pale oggya géja ke po családo taj te csumiden kamlahi pe romnya, de odija sikíttingya ándi dár: "Dajeeee! Szigyan, papale adaj hi! Av má, te danderen man kamlahi!" Nástya i romni, de kana oggya resztya, odá dikja, hogy lakero rom asztarel ole ternengere vaszta taj vakerel lenge valaszo. De nasti sztya te hajon, mer o buka Jancsika ordítva rovlahi, taj te o dú csháve. Csak avka csüttye, hogy lengeri daj ke peszte len cidija taj csumidija lengeri csham.

K' odá dive po dúto kurko avka pumen hajonahi o cele, szar te o ergyave bútya nikana n' újéhi. O dú mursa búti kernahi, o romnya tavkernahi, o csháve pale szikjonahi, aszo diknahi, taj te le buka tikne szikjarkernahi, de ó csak aszalahi kana basavnahi leszke.

## O rat pi phú

Pali dú óri ándi ráti uppe foringya o pányi ole haluskenge. I romni aggyigra pekja o kanyhalo masz pe romeszke taj leszkere barátengen. Báre máte sztye szo trín dzséne taj ordítva gyilázinnahi. Kathar rátvakero epas pijenahi, aszar o dú gádzse oggya resztye. Majna ánde phagje o vuder, aszar zergetingye: "Gyuszi, ithon vagy??? Gyere, more, gyüttünk innyi abbó a jó borbó, améket montad! De gyere, erísszé be!!!"

The man let them in. He woke up his wife who was pregnant with their fourth child. She was in the seventh month of pregnancy and the three children were sleeping. Well, when the woman was already cutting the noodles, the men began to talk about the children, who was raising them and how. The two gadje spoke very proudly about their own children, how well they were doing in school and how smart they were. In contrast, Gyuszi very much looked down on his own children: *"My children don't want to learn. They always get grade 1<sup>21</sup>, even though my wife and I raise them properly! It would be better if all three of them die!"* One of the gadje asked: *"How do you raise them properly? Do you help them learn or what do you mean?"* – *"Wait, my friend, I'm going to show you!"*, said the man and went to the room where the three children were sleeping.

He threw down their duvets while shouting: "Wake up, may the cancer eat you up, and fuck off to the kitchen, may God punish you for being such a burden to me!!" He dragged all three of them out of their beds by their hair and threw them onto the floor – even the youngest girl, who was just five years old, while the older girl was ten and the boy eight. He kicked them towards the kitchen which was opposite their room. The two gadje were sitting on the box where the woman kept the potatoes and waited what would happen next. Gyuszi sat down between the two and yelled to the children: *"Attention, line up in front of me!"*

The children stood next to each other full of fear; they knew what was going to happen now. Their father jumped up, went to the elder daughter, grabbed her by her hair and slapped her so forcefully that her blood splashed onto his soldier boots. Because of this, the man smashed her to the floor and started to use his fists to punch her back, her head and the nape of her neck. He also kicked her stomach and her legs. He was shouting: "Here you go, may you die, you're eating me out of house and home! I'm going to beat you until that bloody God takes you away, may cancer eat your heart!!"

Then he began to punch the boy. He hit him in the stomach so hard that the boy flew up in the air. But his father beat him down to the floor and kicked him. The face of the boy was bleeding as well and he collapsed next to his elder sister. Both were crying. The youngest girl was a little bit dark-skinned, and her father hated her because of that. Even though she was little, he also beat her up and kicked her, too. When all three children were covered with blood, their father shouted at them again: *"Attention! Hurry, it is bedtime!"*

The woman was very proud of her husband, of what a strong man he was and how well he beat those bloody children. During the day, she would beat them as

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<sup>21</sup> In the Hungarian grading system, 1 is the worst grade out of five (1-5) and indicates "insufficient" or "failing".

O rom ánde len mukja. Csangagya pe romnya, ako ole stárto csháve uzsarlahi. Efta maszekiki thúli sztya, o trín csháve pale szovnahi. No, kana i romni má cshingellahi o humer, o mursa palo csháve vakernahi, hogy ko szar bárgyarel len. O dú gádzse bari gizda kernahi miste pumare csháve, hogy szar lácshe szikjon taj szave gogyavera hi. Adá Gyuszi pale báre téle diklahi píren: “Az enyímek nem akarnak tanúni. Mindég csak egyeseket kapnak, pegyig én meg a asszony nagyon rembe tarcsuk őköt, jobb vóna ha meddöglene mind a három!” Phucsel o jek gádzso: “Hogy tarcsátok rembe őköt? Tanútok velek, vagy hogy?” – “Várjá, barátom, mingyá memmutatom!”, phenel o murs taj géja ándi szoba, aká o trín csháve szovnahi.

Téle cshidkergya pale lende o dunni taj ordítillahi: “Ustyen, te hal tumen i prikáza, taj tirhulinen ándi konyha, te márél tumen o Dél, hogy szoszke dzsiven mé pe mri men!!!” Taj közbe szo le trinen kathar o bala cidija ári ándar o vodro taj cshingya len ki phú. Te ola legbukader csha, ako mé csak pándzs bersiki sztya, i phureder des, o cshávo pale ofto. Préko len prutyinkergya ándi konyha, aszo lengere szobaha sztya szembe. O dú gádzse po mosztó bestye, aszoszte i romni phuvune ikrelahi taj uzsarnahi, hogy szo ovla. O Gyuszi maskar lende bestya taj ordítingga po csháve: “Vigyázz! Előttem sorakozó!”

O csháve dárjaha acsnahi passe jekfáreszte, dzsannahi hogy akani szo avel. Lengero dad ugringya ki bareder cshaj, balendar la hudija taj dija la asszavi csham, hogy ola cshake ári freccsaningya o rat pe murseszkeri lukesztani tyirhaj. Mist’ adá o murs ki phú la cshingya taj dumukaha lake marlahi o dumo, o séro taj i tarkóva. Közbe te prutyinkergya lake ándo pér taj te lakere csanga. Avka vicsinkerlahi: “Le, te mundajosz, csak o máro mandar uppe hasz! Aggyig tut mará, amí na lela tut ári o rákosno Dél, te hal i ráka tro ílo!!!”

Pal’ adá ole csháve dumukázingya. Ánde leszkeri pucra cshingya avka, hogy o cshávo uppe szálingya. Leszkero dad pale téle le margya pi phú taj te le prutyinkergya. Te ole csháveszke avlahi o rat po muj taj pasi phureder cshaj péja. Szó dú dzséné rovnahi. I buka cshaj buka barnavi cipakeri sztya, odola o dad báre útlállahi mist’ adá. Hiába sztya bukóri, te odola margya taj prutyinkergya. Kana szo trín csháve ratvalije, lengero dad ordítingga pe lende papale: “Vigyázz! Soványmalac vágtába takarodó!”

I romni báre gizdavi sztya pe po rom, hogy szavo zoralo hi, szar lácshe margya odole rohattne csháven. Divesze te ó len margya, de seprúvaha, mer má misto baro pér na birillahi len te prutyinkeren taj te dumukázinen. Báre kamlahi pe rome. Sukár murseszke le ikrelahi, ká

well, but with a broom since she could not kick and punch them because of her big stomach. She loved her husband very much. She thought that he was a beautiful man because he had blue eyes and blond hair. But Gyuszi was not a very handsome man. His eyes combined with the rest of his face made him look like a dead fish, and he had a hook nose and red ears. His cheeks and his nose were covered with red spots because he drank too much. His upper body was huge, while his legs were very thin and he had knock knees.

After the children were allowed to go back to the bedroom, the boy told his sisters: "It was better when we lived at our grandfather's place. There, this crazy animal couldn't hit us because he was afraid of his father. Right, Agi?" – "Yeah, Belus," said the oldest girl, "we'll die if this continues. We might as well commit suicide, there is nothing else we can do. What do you say, Matilka?"

The little girl was not able to breathe anymore because she was crying so hard. When the two older children noticed this, they quickly opened the window and took her to it. Agi held her and Belus poured some water on his hand to wash Matilka's tiny face. At that moment, their mother came in and shouted at them: "Why did you turn on the light?? Just wait, I'm going to tell your father that he should beat you up! May God punish you! You're going to miss the bus again and make me feel ashamed, aren't you? May your meat rot away! God, punish them properly for bringing me shame!"

The older girl told her mother that her little sister almost suffocated from crying. But her mother slapped her hard, took the little girl and flung her down onto the bed with these words: "If she dies, there will be more food left for your daddy! Sleep or you'll regret it if he comes in!" Then she turned off the light and went back to the men who continued drinking, after already having eaten. The man asked the gadje proudly: "*So, what do you say? Am I right in saying that we're raising those bloody monkeys properly?*"

The gadje looked at each other and one of them said: "*Sure, this is it, you're a man, Gyuszi!*" But they thought to themselves that this was a man who would kill his own children. The other gadjo asked: "*My dear Gyuszi, tell me, do you always treat them like this?*" – "*Of course, my dear Tibi, just yesterday I also kicked the crap out of them in the middle of the village*", boasted Gyuszi. "*But why?*", asked the man. "*Because, my dear Tibi, the two girls wanted to go to church. They shouldn't think that they can do what they want! I beat them and almost the whole village was there to see it! I raise them properly, although the priest said that I should not do it like this. I'm sure he wants to fuck them; that's why he said that! They get beaten around five times a day. Their mother also knows how to give them a good beating, right, my dear Sari?*", Gyuszi asked his wife who answered with the same pride: "*Yeah, you cannot let them do what they want or they would even eat our heads! I have to hit them, so that they don't eat so much!*"

kíkne jakha sztya le taj zsute bala. Peggyig o Gyuszi na sztya odá baro sukár murs. Leszkere jakha ole mujeha aszavo sztya szar jek mundalo mágsho, bange nakheha taj bare lole kanenca. Leszkere cshamja taj o nak misto but pibe pherdo sztya lole fótenca. Baro uprutno trupo sztya le, baro pér, de báre csisle csanga taj te csámpázillahi.

Kana o csháve préko pumen vonszolingye ándi szoba rovindú, o cshávo phenel pre phenyenge: “Feder sztya, amí ko papu besaszahi. Odoj nasti amen csalagya odá dilino álato, mer daralahi pe dadesztar. Igaje, Ági?” – “Ója, Bélus,” phenel i phureder cshaj, “adaj meraha, te adá avka dzsala. Saj amen mundaraszahi, mer ávreszar t’ avka na dzsanaha te keren nista. Tu szo phenesz, Matilka?”

De i buka cshaj misto rovibe má na hudlahi levegővo. Kana o dú bareder csháve adá dikje, szig ári kergye i bloka taj oggya la ligije. I Ági ikrelahi la, o Bélusi pale pányi cshorgya ánde po va taj thogya odá buka muj la Matilkake. Akkor géja ánde lengeri daj taj vicsinkellahi pe lende: “Szoszke kergyan uppe o villanyi??? Uzsaren de, mingyá vakerá tumare dadeszke, hagy mundarel tumen téle, te márel tumen o Dél! Maj kísinna papale pe mri ladzs, igaje, te rothadinel tumaro masz! Devla, már olen csácsse, kana mist’ adana man kampav te ladzsan!”

I bareder cshaj phengya lake, hogy i bukói majna tasztyija misto rovibe. De i daj uppe la cshamjázingya, linya ola buka csha taj ánde la cshingya ándo vodro adale alavencia: “Te merla, maj buter hábe acsla tumare dadóreszke! Szoven, mer báre le bajnena, te avla lo ánde!” Odoleha téle kergya o villanyi taj géja pále ko mursa, ako má csálone pijenahi papale. O rom gizdán phucslahi ole gádzsendar: “No, mit szótok, igaze, hogy fajinan tarcsuk azokot a rákos majmokot?”

O gádzse ketháne dikje taj phenel o jek: “Hogyne, ez igen e, ember vagy, Gyula!” De ánde pumende odá gondolinna, hogy adá rom mundarla pe sajátne csháven. Phucsel o áver gádzso: “Gyuszikám, oszt mindég így csinász velek?” – “Há, Tibikém, tennap is a falunak a közepibe ruddostam meg őköt”, cidel pet ári o Gyuszi. “Há mé?”, phucsel o murs. “Azé, Tibikém, mer a templomba akart mennyi a két jány. Nehogy má aszat csináják, amit akarnak! De mevvertem őköt, majnem az egész falu ott vót oszt látták! Nagyon fajinan nevelem őköt, pegyig aszonta a pap, hogy nem így köll. Biztos meg akarja baszni őköt, azé monta! Kapnak ezek egy napba vagy ötször. Az annyok is üti őköt rendesen, igaze, Sárikám?”, phucsel pe romnya, ako ugyanaszave gizdaha phenel: “Há, nem lehet őköt hanni, mer megennék ezek a fejünköt is! Muszaj vagyok ütnyi őköt, hogy ne egyenek ollyan sokat!”

*“Well, now they haven’t eaten!”, told the gadjo. “What did you cook yesterday?” – “I only baked bodag<sup>22</sup>”, said the woman. “And for us you slaughtered a chicken? I thought that the children ate the same!”, said the gadjo angrily. “I would never give them chicken meat!”, said the man. “These bloody children don’t deserve it; they should just be happy that we give them bodag for which we scrimp and save!”*

Upon hearing this, both gadje became angry and stood up from the box: *“Well, Gyula, we won’t bother you further. We’ll see each other tomorrow at work – bye!”* Then they went away and talked about this night, about what crazy people the man and his wife were, not to mention that the woman was pregnant again. How would that baby grow up, raised by such stupid people?

In the meantime, the woman wiped up the blood from the floor, while her husband drank the half litre of wine that was left in the bottle and told his wife: *“For you, my dear Sari, I’ll beat those bloody children again in the morning because they have made you work with their blood, may all three of them die!”*

## Dead people don’t talk

*“Did you hear what our mother said?”, the little girl asked her sister and bounced happily up and down. “Shh! Our mother died! She does not say anything anymore!”, the older sister shouted at her and took her little hand. She then wept, and so the little girl asked her brother: “Ernö, did not you hear it, either?” The boy was walking beside them unhappily, with his head hanging down, and he did not care about anything, even though many people shook his hand and told him: “My condolences.”*

The little girl looked up at the big trees. As the wind was blowing through the trees, the leaves fell down and it seemed to her that even they are crying for her mother. She told her siblings: *“Don’t cry! My mother just told me that only her body left us, while she left her heart here to stay with us!”* The older girl looked at her and, while crying, told her: *“Juliska, leave us alone, I didn’t hear our mother say that. And why would you tell us not to cry?”*

The little girl stopped and let go of her sister’s hand: *“I was talking to the trees, not to you. Don’t you see how much they are crying for our mum?”* and she pointed upwards. The boy asked her: *“And you, Juliska, aren’t you crying for her? The trees are not crying; they’re just losing their leaves because autumn is coming soon. They’re going to be bald, just like our father was when he died. But you were too young when that happened.”* The little girl stuck her tongue out and shouted at them: *“Nyah nyah, I saw him on a picture, you ugliness!”* The boy told the older girl: *“Györgyi, say something or I’ll slap her!”*

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22 Bodag or so-called “gypsy bread” is made from flour, water, fat, and salt (without yeast).

“Há most se ettek!”, phenel o jek gádzso. “Tennap mit főztetek?” – “Csak bodagot süttem”, phenel i romni. “Nekünk meg csirkét vágatok? Aszittem, a gyerekek is azt ettek!”, phenel hójaha o gádzso. “Dahogy adok én ezeknek csirkehüst!”, phenel o rom. “Nem érdemlik meg ezek a rohattak, még örljenek hogy bodagot adunk nekik a szájunktó!”

P’ adá szo dú gádzso uppe pet hojargya taj ustijje palo moszto: “No, Gyula, mink má nem zavarkodunk. Maj hónap tanákozunk a munkába, szermusztok!” Odoleha géje taj maskar pumende vakerkernahi pal’ adija ráti, hogy szavi dilini gódi hi adale nípen, taj i romni papale thúli hi. Szar uppe bárgyola odá tikno pas’ aszave harne gógyakere manusa?

Tel’ adá i romni uppe khosztya o rat pali phú, lakero rom pale ári piya odí epas literi mol, aszo ácshija ándo caklo taj phenel pe romnyake: “Vase tuke, Sárikám, ratyaszta papale mará odole rákosne csháven, hogy búti tuke keret pumare rateha, te mundajon szo trín!”

## O múle na phenen nista

“Sungyal szo phengya amari daj?”, phucsel i buka cshaj pe phenya taj ándi los ugrinkerlahi. “Csüt! Amari daj múja! Má na phenel nista!”, vicsinel i phureder pi bukóri taj cidija lakero vasztóro. Odija pale dzsalahi taj ászvázillahi, avka phucsja pe prale: “Ernő, ni tu na sungyal?” De o cshávo brígaha dzsalahi pase lende, téle bangyarde séreha, na bajnelahi nikaszaha. Pegyig but dzséne asztarnahi leha va taj phennahi te leszke: “Részvéttem.”

I buka cshaj uppefele diklahi, po bare kasta. Aszar phudlahi len i barval, pernahi téle o leveli taj avka hajolahi, szar te te odona rovjargyéhi lengera da. Mist’ adá avka lenge phengya: “Ma roven! Mri dajóri akani phengya, hogy csak lakero trupo géja, de po ílo adaj mukel taj amanca ácshel!” I phureder cshaj dikja pe late taj rovindú lake vakerlahi: “Juliska, muk szmírom, me na sungyom, hogy adá te phengyáhi amari daj. Taj szoszke phenesz, hogy te na rovasz?”

I buka cshaj téle ácshija taj ári cshingya po va ándar pe phenyakero: “Me na tumenge phengyom, hanem ole kastenge. Na dikhesz, hogy báre roven vasi anyu?” taj uppefele szikavlahi. Phucsel la o cshávo: “Juliska, tu na rovesz vase lake? O kasta na roven, csak peraven pumare leveli, nasoká adaj hi o jevend. Te adana kopaszne ovna szar amaro dad sztya, kana múja. De tu bukóri sztyalahi mé, kana adá sztya.” P’ adá i buka cshaj ári cshidija pi cshib pe leszte taj vicsinkerlahi: “Bebee, dikjom le po kípi, dzsungaleja!” O cshávo la bareder cshake vakerlahi: “Györgyi, vaker pe late, mer mujesztar la cshiná!”

But Györgyi just cried and thought about the wonderful memories from her childhood. Her father had made her a wooden doll and used it to show her how she should change her little brother's diapers. Her mother had laughed when she realized that the girl's little brother, Ernöke, had peed on her, while she was changing his diaper. After that, Györgyi had been afraid to change her brother's diaper because she was afraid that he would poop on her. It was different with Juliska because Györgyi was already ten years old when the little girl was born.

Shortly after this, their father had died. He had been steering a cart fully loaded with huge wooden logs and got a blow to the head from one of the logs when the horse got afraid of the tractor and turned over the cart. The grief often had made their mother ill and now they had buried her. What would happen to them? Who would take care of them? "I'm going to look for a job. I will leave school and whatever happens, happens", Györgyi thought to herself while she opened the door when they arrived home from the cemetery.

"Oh, my dear Györgyi, what a beautiful girl you have become!", someone says joyfully. The girl looked around. There were several big bags by the door, then she saw a big basket, too, and, finally, her mother's sister who was sitting at the stove. "Auntie, when did you arrive? I didn't see you at the burial", she asked the woman. "You couldn't see me because you were crying so much, and I was standing behind you with my husband. But now I'm here and I'm going to stay. I'm not rich, but I'll help you as much as I can. I won't have you maintain the household all by yourself!", the woman said as she stood up and threw a piece of wood in the fire.

The girl was happy, but the boy got angry: "Listen to me, auntie! Why did not you come with your husband, when my mother was sick?" – "Because we weren't at home, my dear Ernö. We were working in Germany; we arrived here only a couple of days ago. My sister didn't tell me that she was sick. Otherwise, I would have quit my job there and come to her! Do you know who told me about it? Juliska, when she answered the phone. She told me that: "My mum cannot speak anymore; she is very sick." That's why we came. But we didn't know that she died and that's why she cannot speak! Mari, your neighbour three houses over, told us that.

While she was talking, she helped the little girl undress and stirred the soup. The children felt a little bit better now that their aunt was with them, but they were afraid of her husband because he didn't like children. Now he wasn't there, so they asked her: "Auntie, will your husband also live with us?" – "Not at all," said the woman with a smile, "I left him. He just brought me here and then he went back to live at his father's place. We'll divorce soon. I filed for divorce because I don't want to live with a man who doesn't like babies because they 'take away' a lot of money." – "But auntie," the little girl said, "a baby cannot even walk, how can he then take money away? The bird which brought him comes to help him, you mean like that?" The woman burst into laughter: "My little beauty, you're still too young for such

De i cshaj rovlahi taj p' odá gondolillahi, hogy szavo lácsho sztya lake, kana ó sztya bukóri. Lakero dad kastune bábuka lake kergya taj szikjarlahi la, hogy maj pe prale szar te thovel súkeszte. Lakeri daj aszalahi, kana ole tikne, ole Ernőke súkeszte thogya, mer o bukóro téle la mutergya. Pal' adá i cshaj má na tromalahi súkeszte te thoven pe prale, mer daralahi, hogy te téle la hinla. La Juliskaha má áver sztya, mer des bersiki sztya, kana i bukóri úja.

Pálal na buteha múja lengero dad. Séreszte le cshingya jek baro kast, kana o gra daranya ole traktorisztar taj uppe irjangyija o verda ole but bare kastenca, aszo lidzslahi o rom. Lengeri daj mist' adá úja naszvalkerdi, akani la thogye teli phú. Szó lenca ovla, ko len ikrela? "Maj rodá mange búti. Odoj muká i iskola taj ovla, aszar ovla", gondolingya ánde peszte taj ári kergya o vuder, kana khére resztye ándar o temetővo.

"Joj, Györgyikém, de sukár bari cshaj újal!", phenel lake losaha valako. Dikhel szít i cshaj. Paso vuder bare táska taj jek bari kaska dikja, taj pe dakere phenya, aszar pasi kájha beslahi. "Nene, tu kana ájal? Po temetési na dikjom tut", phucsel la romnyatar. "Nasti man dikjal, mer báre roveszahi, me pale me romeħa ácsháhi pale tumaro dumo. De akani má adaj sztyom taj te adaj ácshá. Na sztyom barvali, de segítiná tumenge, aszar dzsaná. Na mukav, hogy korkóri tu te keresz, aszo kampel!", phenel i romni, aszar uppe ácshija taj cshidija jek kast pi jag.

Losangya i cshaj, de o cshávo hójate ája: "Orde sun, nene! Kana mi daj naszvali sztya, szó na ájan tre romeħa???" – "Azí, Ernőkém, mer na sztyamahi khére. Ándo Nyimciko keraszahi búti, angl' ídzseszte resztyam aggya. Mange mri phen na phengya, hogy naszvali hi. Akkor mukjomahi odoj i búti taj avav ke late! Dzsanesz, ko ári phengya? I Juliska, kana ó lija uppe o telefono. No ó phengya, hogy: "I anyu na dzsanet te vakeren má, báre naszvali hi. Azí indulingyam. De odá na dzsanáhi, hogy múja taj azí na dzsanet te vakeren! I Mári phengya adaj pase tumende ándar o trito kher."

Közbe aszar vakerlahi, téle cshivkergya ola buka csha taj keveringya i zumin. O csháve buka feder pumen hajonahi, hogy lenca hi lengeri nene, de daranahi lakere romesztar, mer odá na kamlahi le csháven. Ni akani na sztya odoj, te phucsje latar: "Nene, te to rom adaj besla amenza?" – "Phárone," phenel aszandú i romni, "odoj le mukjom má. Csak angya man orde, de má géja pále ke po dad te besen. Nasoká ovla o válási. Me le ánde dijom, mer na kamav aszave manuseha te dzsiven, ako azí na kamel tikne, mer odá but lóvo lidzsel." – "De nene," phenel i buka cshaj, "jek tikno ni na dzsanet te dzsan, akkor szar lidzsel lóvo? Avel i csirkli, aszo angya le taj avka?" Aszanya pet i romni: "Tu buka sukaripe, bukóri sztyal mé tu k'

things; one day, you'll understand. Well, the soup is ready! My dear Györgyi, bring the spoons – I couldn't find them. And you sit down – we're going to eat. It will be good for us; it will warm up our souls a little bit as well."

After they had finished eating, the woman told them that they should get an education because this was the only way for them to have a good life. "I know that it won't be easy because the Roma have to study twice as much as the gadje. But you're smart; it is not going to be a problem, just study!"

Ten years later Györgyi became a doctor, Ernő a policeman, and Juliska was studying to be a teacher. The woman was very proud of them and that they listened to her. She praised them in front of everyone, but it wasn't even necessary because the gadje praised them, too: "It doesn't matter that they're orphans; they proved that they're smart. Their mother and father would certainly be proud of them!"

## You should throw the dry dung

"Go away, it's my turn!", shouted the little boy and he threw the warm horse dung with both hands towards the girls' tiny house, which they had built from sticks. But the little boy missed because he couldn't throw from such a long distance yet. He just managed to hit the back of the older boy who then jumped up onto the cart and shouted down to the little boy: "Yo, you with your big head! Just wait, I'm going to rub it all over you now!"

The little boy burst into tears and asked the older one: "Wasn't it you who told me to do this? I'm still little; I want to be like you! Teach me how to throw!" The older boy laughed and pulled the small boy to him: "Look here, this is dry dung, you should throw this kind and not the warm one because that'll only smear. Like this, look!" And he threw a dry ball of dung towards the sticks, making one of them fall over. "You see, Jozsika?", asked the older boy with a smile. But Jozsika was staring at the girls with his mouth open, who were running towards the boys and screaming at them: "Just wait, Otto, we're going to break that long neck of yours! What the hell are you teaching Jozsika?? Just wait until grandpa comes out; we're going to tell him everything! You won't be allowed to ride Bitang anymore!"

Bitang was a beautiful black stallion with a long mane. His eyes looked like they were aflame. The children would hand feed him apples, carrots, and sugar. Grandfather would hitch this horse to the cart when someone in the village had died and – after the vigil – the villagers requested he take the body to the graveyard.

But right now, Grandfather was at Borka's place in the Romani settlement because the woman called him to repair her stove after it had burned out. The old man could do all kind of jobs. There wasn't a single village or town in the county where the people wouldn't have known him. Whenever it was possible, his grand-

adá, maj jekfar hajoha le. No, akani úja kíszni i zumin! Györgyikém, asta orde o roja, odona n' arakjom. Tumen pale besen téle, maj hasza. Lácsho kerla amenge, préko tattyarla te amaro vógyi jek buka.”

Kana háje, i romni pal' odá lenge vakerlahi, hogy te szikjon, mer csak avka dzsanna lacshe te dzsiven. “Dzsanav, hogy pháro ovla, mer ole romenye duvar attyi kampel te szikaven szar ole gaddzsike cshávenge. De tumen gogyavera sztyan, dzsala odá, csak szikjon!”

P' adá po des bers i Györgyi doktorkinya úja, o Ernővo jagaleszke géja, i Juliska pale rányake szikjolahi. I romni báre gizdavi sztya pe lende, hogy sungye pe lakero alav. Szakoneszke len asarlahi, de ni na kampja, mer te o gádzse asarkernahi len: “Hiába árvák, megmutatták, hogy okosak. Büszke vóna rájok az apjok meg az annyok is!”

## O suko khul kampe te cshiden

“Dzs' othar, akani me!”, vicsingya o buka cshávo taj szo pe dú vasztenca cshidija o tato grasztano khul mere cshajengere kheróro, aszo kopajendar kergye pumenge. De na resztya len, mer o cshavóra na dzsanlahi mé báro te cshiden. Avka pale csak le phureder csháveszkero dumo cshidija, ako p' adá uppe ugringya palo verda taj vicsinkerlahi po bukóro: “Já! No uzsar te bare séreha, akani me tut ánde makhá!”

O buka cshávo rúnya pet taj phucsel le báre: “Na tu phengyal, hogy avka kampe te keren? Me mé buka sztyom, aszavo kamav te oven szar tu! Szikjar man, aszar tu cshidesz!” O bareder cshávo aszanya pet taj ke peszte cidija le bukóre: “Orde dik, adá suko khul hi, adá kampe te cshiden, na o tátó, mer odá csak szít makjol. Avka a!” Taj cshidija ko kopaja o suko gojóvo, aszosztar téle péja i jek kopal. “Dikhesz, Józsika?”, aszalahi o bareder. O Józsika pale ári kerde mujeha diklahi mero cshaja, ako nasnáhi mere lende taj veszkinnahi: “Uzsar, Ottó, ti dugi men téle phagaha! Pe szoszte szikjaresz le Józsika??? Csak hagy avel ári o papu, ánde tut phenaha leszke! Nasti beseha buter po Bitango!”

Sukár kalo gra sztya o Bitango, duge serényaha. Leszkere jakha pale aszave sztye szar te thabijéhi. O cele csháve ándar pumaro va le denahi phába, lolo murko taj cukro. O papu adale graszte asztarlahi ánde ándo verda, kana valako merlahi ándo gav, taj vakernahi leszke palo virasztási, hogy te lidzsel ári ole múle ándo temetővo.

De akani po romano telepo sztya ki Borka, mer i romni akhargya le misti masina, aszo ári thabija. O phúro hajolahi ko cele bútya. Na sztya aszavo gav, de ni fóro, aká te na le pindzsargyéhi ándi

children – who were very proud of him – would join him while he was working. When the rakle<sup>23</sup> asked the old man if they could sit on the cart, the Romani children would move closer together to make place for everyone. It was always like this when the old man happened to be home, although that was only the case on some days because he used to travel to many places for work. He had a lot of children and a lot of grandchildren. His wife stayed at home. She taught the girls how to do typically female work, while the old man taught the boys about typically male work.

Otto was a good boy. But, deep inside of him, there was a little naughtiness; that was why he taught the younger children to throw dung. Grandfather often told him that one day he would get a beating from the girls for this, but Otto would always reply: “I’ll just throw horse dung on them again because both Bitang and Csillag shit a lot!”

The other horse was a white mare. Not that long ago she gave birth to a foal. The foal was given a name by the little girls because it was a stallion. The old man always let the girls choose a name for the stallions and the boys for the mares. They called him Bobo<sup>24</sup> because he had a yellow spot on his forehead.

The little Jozsika loved horses. He could always be found around the stable, even though he was only three years old. Otto was his brother and, right now, he was already running away, because the girls were after him, trying to beat him with sticks. When the old man came out of Auntie Borka’s house, he smiled and called out to him: “Was I right, Otto, that you’re going to have to pay for once for your behaviour towards the girls? Let’s go, Jozsika, Grandma is already waiting for us at home! And you, Otto, just run, we’re going to catch up with you!” Then they sat down on the cart and went home.

## To sing with tears of happiness

A warm wind was blowing when the men arrived at their sister’s house, who – along with her family – was eagerly awaiting them. As they were approaching the house, the oldest brother took out a violin and started to play his sister’s favourite song: “*Piros rózsák beszélgetnek, bólintgatnak, úgy felelnek egymásnak...*”<sup>25</sup> The woman cried and went out singing: “*Találhatják merre jutnak, mely sarkába ennek a nagy világna...*”<sup>26</sup>

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<sup>23</sup> The term “rakle” refers to non-Romani children.

<sup>24</sup> The Romani word “bobo” means “maize”.

<sup>25</sup> In English: “Red roses are talking, nodding, seemingly answering each other...”

<sup>26</sup> In English: “They are wondering where they will go, to what corner of this big world...”

megya. Kana saj sztya, leszkere onoki dzsanahi leha taj gizdave sztye pe pumaro papu. Kana pale o gaddzsike csháve mangnahi ole phúre, hogy te ónk te saj besen po verda, ketháne pumen cidnahi, hogy te reszel szako. Avka dzsalahi adá, kana ípen khére sztya o phúro, aszo báre zalog dive ikrelahi, mer bute thanende phirlahi pali búti. But csháve sztye le taj te but onoki. I romni khére sztya. Ó szikjarlahi ole cshajen po dzsújike bútya, o phúro pale ole csháven po mursike.

Adá Ottóvo lacsho cshávo sztya. De sztya ánde leszte te buka béngepe, azí szikjarlahi ole hurde csháven khuleha te cshidkeren. Phenlahi leszke butvar o papu, hogy jekfar marna le o cshaja vas' adá, de ó avka phellahi pále, hogy: "Maj cshidá len grasztane khuleha, te o Bitango taj te i Csillaga hinel but!"

Pární kanca sztya o áver gra. Nacsilla leszke úja o csikóvo. O hurde cshaja le dije anav, mer csődöri sztya. O phúro mindí avka kerlahi, hogy ole csődören o cshaja denahi anav, te pale kanca sztya o gra, akkor o csháve. Avka le akharnahi, hogy Bobo, mer zsuto fóto sztya pe leszkerő csekat.

O buka Józsika báre kamlahi ole graszten. Mindí meri istálóva sztya, pegyig csak trín bersiko sztya lo. Leszkerő pral sztya o Ottóvo, ako má naslahi, mer o cshaja kopajenca le kamnáhi te maren. Kana o phúro ári ája kathar i Borka nene, aszandú vicsingya leszke: "Igaje, phengyom, Ottó, hogy jekfar phireha ole cshajenca? Aven, khére má uzsarel amen i baba! Tu pale nás more, maj reszaha tut!" Odoleha uppe bestye po verda taj géje khére.

## Ándi los rovindú te gyílázinén

Langyosni barval phudlahi, kana o roma oggya resztye ke pumare phenyakero kher, ako má báre len uzsarlahi pe cele családoha. Aszar dzsanahi mero kher, o legphureder pral ángle lija i lavuta taj cidlahi pe phenyakeri kamdi gyili: "*Piros rózsák beszélgetnek, bólintgatnak, úgy felelnek egymásnak...*" I romni rovlahi, avka ári géja taj gyílázinlahi: "*Találhatják merre jutnak, mely sarkába ennek a nagy világnak...*" Kana oggya resztye, préko asztargye jekfáre taj ándi los rovindú gyílázingye vígig i celi gyili.

"Margitkám, de csilla tut dikjam! Báre sukár sztyal, csumidav tro ílo!", phenel o Simono, lakero legphureder pral. "Dahogy sztyom sukár! Aszavi sztyom má szar jek bálo, Simonkám, de pajkerav sukáre, mro sukár pral! Aven de ánde, má ajjig tumen uzsaraszahi!", phenel

When the men arrived, everybody hugged each other and sang the whole song together while crying.

"My dear Margit, it's been such a long time since I last saw you! You are very beautiful, I kiss your heart!", said Simon, her oldest brother. – "Come on, I am not beautiful! I look like a pig, my dear Simon, but thank you very much, my beautiful brother! Come in, we couldn't wait to see you!", the woman said while handing each of her brothers a shot of palinka<sup>27</sup>. Likewise, her husband told them happily: "God brought you here! So good to finally see you! My dear Margit, are the girls ready?" – "Yes, they are, Dezsi, they already took out all the food." – "Good", said her husband. Then he turned to his brothers-in-law: "Come, let's sit down outside to eat! The girls have been cooking and baking since the sun rose; they were also eagerly awaiting you."

Then they went to the table which had been placed under the walnut tree. It was full of food: There was soup, cabbage stuffed with meat, baked meat, and around six different types of cake. On the other table were a lot of expensive drinks along with the glasses. They ate and drank cheerfully until it was time to go to the mass; then, they went to church. Once they had come back from church, they played again, but this time so beautifully that the people from the nearby houses came outside to listen to them.

Jenö played the first violin; the others were led by him. Their sister as well as her husband were crying of happiness that after so many years they could again hear her brothers play. She was very proud of them and happy that they kept their word: they had written her in a letter from Germany – where they were playing for many years – that they would visit her for Easter. The family had been waiting for them since the evening before when they had baked the cakes for the next day. The cakes made her grandchildren very happy who were eating them with milk.

Margit had nine children, fifteen grandchildren and seven brothers. She was the only girl among the siblings. Now all her brothers were there and played only for her and her family. The brothers were very famous for their beautiful music and so travelled the whole world. There were places where they would stay for some months, while in other places they even stayed for some years.

Well, while the men were playing outside, the women and girls were cooking and painting the eggs for the next day for those who will come to "sprinkle"<sup>28</sup> them. The grandsons cried because they were not allowed to paint a single egg since they were not girls. But their grandmother cheered the boys up by telling them that they should "sprinkle" the girls at Easter, so that they stayed beautiful until the next year. This meant that their job was much more important than the girls' task with those eggs. When the

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<sup>27</sup> Palinka is a traditional Hungarian spirit made from fruit.

<sup>28</sup> As an Easter tradition in Hungary, boys and men visit girls and women to sprinkle them with water or perfume and in return receive a painted egg.

i romni taj detkerlahi ánde pe pralengero va jek-jek epas kheriki pájinka. Te lakero rom losaha lenge phengya: "O Dél tumen angya! De lácsho hi má tumen te dikhen! Cshaje, Margit, vigzingye o cshaja?" – "Ója, Dezsi, má te ári phiragye o cele habena." – "Lácshe hi", phenel lakero rom. Pálal ke pe sógorja vakerlahi: "Aven, besasz téle oggyári te han! O cshaja tavnahi, peknahi, aszar szikagya pet o kham, te ónk báre tumen uzsarnahi."

Odoleha dzsán ki kafidi, aszo telo baro ákhoriko kast sztya thodi. Pherdo sztya butfékíkne hábenca: sztya odoj te zumin, maszeha pherdo ármin, peke masza taj vagy sóféjíkne kolácsi. Pi áver kafidi pale o but kucs pibe taj o poharja sztye. Lacshe vójaha háje, piye, amí n' ája la misakero dive taj géje ándi khangéri. Kana khére resztye ándar i khangéri, papale basavnahi, de avka sukáre, hogy o nípi ándar o pásutne khera ár' ácshinye len te sunen.

O Jenővo sztya o prímási, o butera le kisérinnahi. Lengeri phen pale pe romeoha rovlahi ándi los, hogy pal' attyi bute bersende saj sunel pe pralen. Báre gizdavi sztya pe lende taj losanlahi, hogy ánde ikergye, aszo ándo lil lake íringye kathar o Nyimci, mer odoj basavnahi but bers, de po húsvíto dzsana ke late. Ídzs rátyaltú len uzsarlahi, közbe peklahi o kolácsi po áver dive, aszoszke ratyaha losangye lakere onoki taj thudeha len hanahi.

Ennya csháve sztya la, desupándzs onoki taj efta prala. Maskar lende korkóri ó sztya cshaj. Akani pale sza o efta prala odoj sztye taj akani csak lake taj lakere családoszke basavnahi. Aszavo baro híro sztya adale romen, hogy szar sukáre basaven, hogy má o celo szvito ánde phirgye. Sztya aszavo than, aká maszeka, de te aszavo, aká bersa basagye.

No, amí o mursa oggyári basavnahi, o romnya taj o cshaja o tojása tágycs ári taj festinnahi ánde po áver dive odolenge, ako dzsala len te cshoren. Maskar o onoki o hurde csháve rovnahi, hogy ónk nasti makhen ánde ni jek tojási, mer na cshaja hi. De lengeri baba angya lengeri vója, mer pal' odá vakerlahi lenge, hogy o csháve húsvítkor cshorkeren ole cshajen, hogy zsíko áver bers sukára te ácshen. Avkahogy lengeri bútia buteha kucseder hi, szar ole cshajengeri ole tojásenca. Avka pastyije téle o buka csháve bare losaha taj ajjig uzsarnahi o áver dive. Kísíbb szako téle pastyija taj ári pumen szútye.

I ratyaha sukár gyíjjenca pharagyija. Akani o Péteri cidlahi: "Nádfedeles kulipintyó áll a Tiszán..." Adija gyíli o Dezsi kamlahi taj te o celo családo, te khelnahи uppe sza. Lacshe vójaha uzsarnahi ole csháven taj le mursten, ako te cshorkeren dzsana hi ke lende. Szig géja

little boys went to bed, they were very pleased because of that and couldn't wait for the next day. Later, the rest of the family laid down as well and had a good night's sleep.

The morning started with a beautiful song. Now Peter was playing the violin: "*Nád-fedeles kulipintyó áll a Tiszán...*"<sup>29</sup> This song was the favourite of Dezsi as well as the whole family, and all of them were dancing to it. They were happily waiting for the boys and men who were coming to "sprinkle" them. The time passed quickly but they didn't mind because everyone on the whole street had such a nice time because of the good songs.

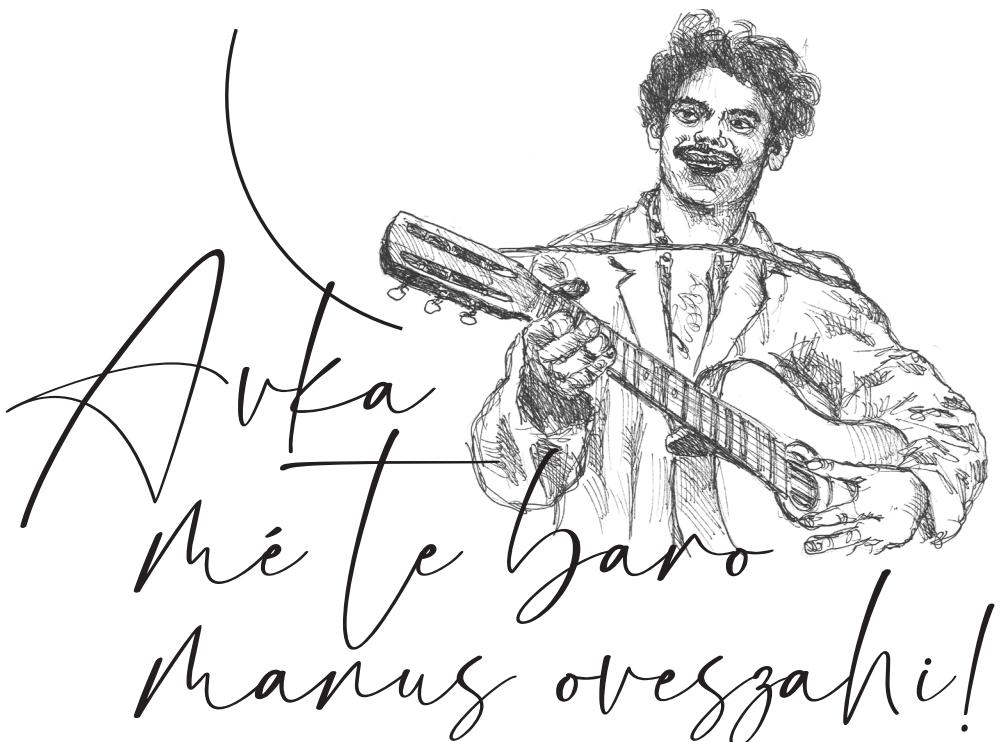
The woman's brothers stayed for one week. Then they had to go to Slovakia to play. They were invited to many weddings in May and they still had to find a place to stay for the time they would be there. Luckily, they had many relatives over there from their mother's side from Ruzsena. Her youngest brother, Ondrejko, invited the others to stay at his place. He also wanted to learn to play, but he wasn't very good on any instrument. His relatives knew it but they still let him play a little bit to make him happy. The boy was very happy indeed. Whenever they arrived home from a wedding, he would take the violin and pretend to play on it as if it were a guitar. His relatives would smile and tell him: "Man, why don't you learn to play the guitar? You could become a famous man with that!"

One of the brothers, Karcsi, bought him an acoustic guitar and taught him to play it. Ondrejko had been playing it ever since then and became famous, too.

*Mire, szóna  
pe gitárat  
szíkjosz?*

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<sup>29</sup> In English: A tiny house with a thatched roof is floating on the Tisza river...



o dive, de na bajnenahi, mer szako lácshe pet hajolahi ándi celi ucca  
misto lacshe gyíjja.

Jek kurko ácshije odoj la romnyakere prala. Pálal má kampja  
lenge te dzsan ándo Szerviko te basaven. Bute bijavende len akhargye  
po májusi taj mé te than kamnahi te roden pumenge, aká saj szovna,  
amí odoj acsna. Pi baszt but endánya sztya len oggya préko pale  
lengeri daj, pali Ruzsena. Lakero legterneder pral, o Ondrejko len  
akhargya ke peszte. Kamlahi te ó te szikjon te basaven, de na báre  
dzsanlahi te khelen pe niszoszte. Dzsannahi adá leszkere endánya,  
de azí muknahi le buka te basaven, hagy losanel peszke. O cshávo  
te losanlahi peszke. Kana khére dzsanahai jekhe bijaveszta, ó uppe  
lelahi i lavuta taj avka kerlahi uppe, szar te gitára újáhi. Aszanahi  
leszkere endánya taj phennnahi leszke: "More, szo na pe gitárate  
szikjosz? Avka mé te baro manus oveszahi!"

Maskar o prala o Karcsi tyingya leszke jek dobgitára taj te  
szikjargya le uppe te khelen. Othartú te o Ondrejko basavlahi taj te  
le baro híro úja.

## The forest smells of mushrooms

The girl was dressing herself cheerfully and as fast as she could. She could not wait to go to the forest to pick mushrooms. The sun had not risen yet; it was only four o'clock, but she would even have gone alone because she loved the clear air of the forest, the big trees hiding the sun, and the mushrooms which would sometimes grow under the bushes, sometimes alone, and sometimes even in a troop of six of them growing next to each other.

She knew all types of mushrooms. Her mother and her grandmother had taught her to recognise the edible mushrooms as well as the poisonous ones. But the girl did not like to eat mushrooms, just to pick them. "We should go already", she said, but her mother did not answer. She went to the kitchen where her mother was making coffee and staring into space.

"What's going on, mum, shouldn't we go now?", asked the girl and reached for the baskets. "Yes, we should, my dear Zsofi, but first I'll drink a little bit of coffee, before your uncle arrives with his wife", said the woman and put the milk and sugar on the table. "It would be so good to find at least two kilos, so that I can cook even if there is nothing else", she thought to herself when suddenly someone knocked on the door.

"Who is that?", shouted the girl. "Let us in! I am your uncle, you know, and I'm with my wife. Come on, stop stalling! The others will snatch the mushrooms from under our noses! People say that there are so many of them that the forest smells of them!"

The girl opened the door and burst into laughter after seeing that her uncle's wife was wearing short trousers and high-heeled sandals. "My dear uncle, doesn't your wife know what is in the forest? Or didn't you tell her what to wear? What will she do if a 'paklincso' bites her?", the girl asked with a smile. "*What is a 'paklincso'?*", the rakli asked her husband while they were walking to the kitchen. "*It means a tick. The little girl asked what you were going to do when you get one.*" – "*Why, what should you do?*" – "*I will laugh at you because I've told you a thousand times that the forest is not the stage of a fashion show, but you never listen to me. If you get one, you can remove it yourself*", said her husband while drinking coffee.

The rakli became afraid; she finished her coffee and told her sister-in-law: "*My dear Irenke, could you lend me a pair of long trousers for when we go to pick the mushrooms?*" The woman gave her one and a long sleeve top as well, so that the rakli could wear that, too. Then the woman looked at her sandals: "*Listen, my dear Tündike, you're going to break your neck in these beautiful sandals. I'll give you training shoes and you can wear those, too.*" The rakli took them. Her husband was already outside with the girl and was teasing her: "You'll see that I'll find more, I won't leave you any!" The girl just laughed at this because Uncle Oszi was always teasing his relatives' children; this was how they knew that he loved them.

## Khandel o vés le huhurendar

I cshaj bare losaha pet urjavlahi avka szig, aszar csak dzsanlahi. Má báre uzsarlahi, hogy te dzsan ándo vés huhura te keden. O kham mé ni na ája uppe, csak stár óri sztya, de ó má te korkóri géjáhi, mer kamlahi odija suzsi vésani szaga, o bare kasta, aszar garuven o kham, taj telo bukri o huhura, vagy csak aszo ándar o nista bárgyon, vagy só pase jekfáreszte.

Pindzsarlahi o cele fajtúne. Te lakeri daj taj te lakeri baba szikjarnahi la, hogy szavi hi i dilini taj szavi hi i lácshi. De i cshaj na kamlahi len te han, csak te keden. “Má saj dzsaszahi”, phenel ángle peszte, de lakeri daj mé na vakergya lake. Mist’ adá ári géja ándi konyha, aká lakeri daj kávéva tavlahi taj lesillahi ángle peszte.

“Szo h’ odá, daje, na akani dzsasz?”, phucsel i cshaj taj vaso kaski asztargya. “De dzsaha, Zsófikám, csak pijá buka kávéva, aggyigra avla te to bacsi pe romnyaha”, phenel i romni taj pi kafidi thogya o thud taj o cukro. “Báre lácsho ovla te arakhá vagy dú kilo, hogy te dzsanav te táven, te n’ ovla áver”, gondolingya ánde peszte kana kopogingye po vuder.

“Ko sztyal?”, vakerel ári i cshaj. “Muk amen ánde! Me sztyom o bacsi, dzsanesz, taj mri romni. Deee, ma cide o dive, o butera szá téle kedna ángl’ amende o huhura! Odá phenen, attyi hi, hogy khandel lendar o vés!”

I cshaj ári kergya o vuder taj aszanya pet, kana dikja, hogy le bacsiszkeri romni harni holov lija pe peszte taj ucse szandi. “Bacsikám, na dzsanél ti romni, hogy szo hi ándo vés? Vagy na phengyal lake, hogy szar pet te urjavel? Szo kerla, te ánde late dzsala jek paklincso?”, phucsel aszandú i cshaj. “Mi az a paklincso?”, phucsel i rakli pe rome, aszar dzsanahi ándi konyha. “Az kullancsot jelent. Azt kérdezte a kislány, hogy mit csinál sz ha beléd megy.” – “Na és mit csinál sz?” – “Én nevetek majd rajtad, mert ezerszer elmondtam, hogy az erdő nem egy divatbemutató színpad, de te nem hallgattál rám. Ha beléd megy, majd kiszded magadnak”, phenel lakero rom taj pijelahi i kávéva.

I rakli daranya, ári pijsa te ó i kávéva taj phenel pe sógorkinyake: “Irénkém, tudnál nekem kölcsönadni egy hosszúnadrágot, amíg gombázunk?” Dinya la i romni, te jek dugobajúno gad, hogy te lel uppe te odá. Taj lakere szandi diklahi: “Figyejjé, Tündikém, ebbe a szép szandába kitörök a nyakadot. Maj adok neked sportcipőt oszt abba gyere.” Lija uppe i rakli te odona. Lakero rom pale má oggyári sztya ola cshaha taj hojarkerlahi la: “T’ avka me arakhá buter, ni jek tuke na muká!” I cshaj csak aszalahi p’ adá, mer adá Oszi bacsi mindí avka kerlahi ole endányengere cshávenca, othar dzsannahi hogy kamel len.

They walked a long way before they arrived at the forest. In between picking mushrooms, they could also rest. They found a lot. The four baskets which they had brought were not even enough, so they had to use their shirts to carry bay boletes, shrimp mushrooms and chanterelles.

The rakli found something on the ground and called her husband: “*Oszi, come quickly, there is a huge egg here!*” Her husband rushed to her. He looked at the ground and called the girl with a smile: “My dear Zsofi, come and look, what is here for you!” The girl went to them, looked around and told the rakli: “*Tündike, this is not a real egg but a Caesar’s mushroom. When it starts to grow, it looks like a huge boiled egg, but then it grows big and gets a nice red cap and a long stem. They say it is very delicious, but I wouldn’t eat it myself!*” – “*Why not?*”, asked the rakli. “*You mean it is poisonous?*” – “*Not at all, it’s just that I don’t like to eat mushrooms; I just like to pick them!*”, said the girl and went away to search for mushrooms again.

Then the girl found a mushroom which looked like a number of small fingers sticking up from the ground next to each other. She pulled it out slowly and showed it to her mother: “Mom, this one is poisonous, right?” – “Not at all, bring it to me! This one is called a shaggy ink cap. We’ll see how much the gadji gives us for it. Are there more?”, asked the woman and happily put it into her basket. Then she went back to the same place with her daughter and found eight more; each one was more beautiful than the other. They picked them and then sat down to eat the food they had brought from home.

When they arrived back at the village, a car stopped next to them and a man talked to them from the car: “*God bless your day! Would you know someone who would sell me some mushrooms picked from the forest? My mother is from here and she keeps telling me that she would like to eat a good mushroom stew, so I’d like to bring her some, so that she can eat well!*” Oszi answered: “*Hey man, I know about two baskets of mushrooms right now, but they are very expensive!*” – “*I don’t care about the price! I’ll pay it right now; just give them to me!*”, said the gadjo and took out a ten thousand bill.

“Look, you silly,” Oszi told his sister, “give him what we have picked! Look, how much the gadjo will pay for it! Hurry up, you silly!” The woman could not believe that the gadjo would buy all the mushrooms; nevertheless, she went closer to the car and asked the man: “*And do you have a bucket or a basket? Because these mushrooms break very easily!*” – “*Of course, I have, here in the back of my car; I’ll bring them!*”, said the man happily and took out two big buckets.

He gave the money to the woman who then placed the mushrooms carefully from the baskets into the buckets. Her daughter and her sister-in-law helped her. In the meantime, her brother was speaking with the gadjo, telling him that they would let him know if they brought some more. The gadjo gave them his phone number and went home satisfied, while they went happily to the shop to buy food and went home, too.

Doszta dugo drom géje, amí oggya resztye ándo vés. De aszar kednahi o huhura, tel' odá dive te ári pumen phudije. Lacsho but arakje. Ni na úje doszta o stár kaski, aszo ligije pumenga, mé te ánde pumare uprutne thogye te tinóri, te galambegyi taj te sukár zsute kanyhale huhura.

I rakli arakja pi phú valaszo taj vicsingya pe romeszke: “Oszi, gyere gyorsan, egy hatalmas tojás van itt!” Násel szig lakero rom, dikhel te ó pi phú taj akharel la csha aszandú: “Zsófikám, av csa, dik szo h’ adaj tuke!” Dzsal oggya ke lende i cshaj, dikhel szít taj phenel la rakjake: “Tündike, ez nem igazi tojás, hanem egy császárgomba. Amikor elkezd nőni, olyan mint egy nagy főtt tojás, de aztán kinő és szép vörös kalapja lesz meg hosszú szára. Azt mondják, nagyon finom ez is, de én nem enném meg!” – “Miért,” phucsel i rakli, “talán mérgező?” – “Dehogys az, csak én szedni szeretem a gombákat, nem enni!”, phenye i cshaj taj rodkerlahi papale o huhura.

Arakja aszavi huhur, aszo avka ári diklahi, szar te but hurde angustya újéhi pase jekfáreszte. Polóke ári la cidija ándar i phú taj szikavel pe dake: “Daje, adija dilini hi, iga?” – “Dahogy hi dilini, asta orde la! Adija avka akharen, hogy ujjacska. Maj dityhola, kityi dela váse i gádzsi. Sztya mé odoj?”, phucsel i romni taj bare losaha thogya la ánde pi kaska. Pálal géja pe cshaha p’ odá than taj arakje mé ofto aszave, sukaderendar sukadera. Kedije len uppe, pálal bestye téle te han odá hábe, aszo khérarrú ligije pumenge.

Aszar pále resztye ándo gav, ácshel pase lende jek motori taj vakerel ári jek murs: “Aggyon Isten jó napot magoknak! Nem tunnának ollyat, aki eladná nekem, amit tanát gombát a erdőbe? Anyám idevalósi vót, mindég mongya, hogy úgy enne má jó gomba pörköltet oszt neki vinném, hagy egyen egy jót!” Phenel o Oszi: “Jó ember, én tudok magának mingyá két nagy kosával, de a nagyon drága!” – “Nem bánom én, most mingyá kifizetem, csak legyen!”, phenel o gádzso taj lel ári desezresni.

“De dilinije,” phenel o Oszi pe phenyake, “d’ oggya, aszo kedinyan! Dicsa, kityi del váse o gádzso! Szigyan, csaladije!” I romni na tromalahi le te patyan, hogy o gádzso csácse tyinel o cele huhura, de azí paieder géja ko motori taj phucsel ole manuse: “Oszt van magának veder vagy kosár? Mer ezek a gombák hama összetörnek!” – “Honne vóna, itt hátú a kocsiba, má hozom is!”, phenel losaha o manus taj lel ángle dú bare rocski.

Oggya dija o lóvo ola romnyake, odija pale sukáre préko thogya o cele huhura ándar o kaski ándo rocski. Te lakeri cshaj taj te i sógorkinya segítinnahi lake. Lakero pral aggyig ole góriha vakerkerlahi, hogy te anna mé, maj vakerna leszke. O gádzso dija lenge po számo taj losaha géja khére, ónk pale ándi bóta géje losaha, tyinkergye ánde taj géje khére te ónk.

## Are you still showing off?

As the woman was dressing up her mother, she could not cry anymore. But she was very sad and felt as though she had been crying for three weeks – although it was only yesterday that her mother had died. The doctor had told her: “*Terka, your mother died probably two hours earlier because her heart stopped beating.*” Then she had fainted. Her husband had poured cold water on her, so that she would regain her consciousness.

Kerko was a good man. He had a very good heart, but many people laughed at him because he was ugly, even though their six children were all handsome. They called him Kerko<sup>30</sup> because his face looked like he had just eaten something bitter and that’s why his eyes and mouth were so narrow. When he heard that his mother-in-law had died, he embraced his wife and helped her lie down on the bed. Then he gave the news to the whole family: to their own children, to his wife’s brothers and sisters.

The old woman had had eleven children. On the third day after her death, everyone visited them. The children covered the mirrors in their house as well as in the house where the woman had died. The daughter wanted to mop the floor, but her husband reminded her not to do so because if they did “wet work”, the dead person’s body would lie in the water.<sup>31</sup> “You’re right, my dear,” said the wife, “I forgot about that. But what is that cocky, self-conceited Joli going to say to us? She already despises us and laughs at us.” – “Let her be, my dear Terka, we have enough sorrow without her, too. Come, let’s make the bed! Soon, they’re going to bring the coffin for your mother and place her body inside”, said Kerko and they went to the other room where the dead woman was lying.

The man lifted her, and the woman quickly changed the pillowcase. She put down another bedsheets and changed the duvet cover for a white one. Then they laid the old woman down and folded her hands. The woman leaned over her and, as she was crying, covered her mother with kisses: “My dear mother, why did you leave me here? Who is going to say ‘my sweet little daughter’ to me?”

All Roma from the Romani settlement where the woman had lived came for the three-day-long vigil. The tiny house was full of people. When the carpenter arrived with his sons, they could hardly get into the house. He said to Kerko: “Hey man, Kerko, we brought the coffin, where should we put it?” Kerko went outside

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30 The nickname Kerko is based on the Romani adjective *kerko* “bitter”.

31 The Roma believe that the soul of the dead person cries when “wet work” is done in the time between the death and the burial. Therefore, the Roma avoided to work with water, so that the dead person could rest in peace, that is in a place where there is no water, no mud.

## T' akani gizda keresz?

I romni aszar urjavlahi pe da, má na dzsantalhi te roven. De pháro sztya lakero ílo taj avka hajolahi, szar te má trín kurke rúnyáhi préko. Peggyig lakeri daj ídzs múja. Odá phenye lake o orvosi, hogy: “*Terka, anyád talán két órája halt meg, megát a szívi oszt attó.*” Ó azí péja eketháne. Lakero rom la cshorgya téle sudre pányiha, hogy ke peszte te avel.

Lacsho rom sztya o Kerko. Po ílo oggya delahi szakoneszke, csak ári le aszanahi but dzséné, hogy dzsungalo hi, de azí sukára sztya lenge szo o só csháve. Azí akharnahí le Kerkeszke, mer aszavo sztya leszkero muj, szar te valaszo kerko te hájáhi taj mist’ odá hi leszke ketháne cidime te o jakha taj te o vosta. Kana sungya, hogy múja leszkeri anyósa, préko asztargya pe romnya taj po vodro la pastyargya. Pal’ odá vakergya ole cele családoszke, pumare cshávenge, pe romnyakere pralenge taj le phenyenge.

Desujek dzséné sztye ola mule romnyakere csháve. Po trito dive resztya oggya szako ke lende. Ónk aggyig téle ucsharkergye o gyíkerja te ke pumende taj te ándo kher, aká múja i romni. Lakeri cshaj uppe kamlahi te khoszen, de lakero rom ánde lakeri gódi angya, hogy nasti hi, mer te panyali búti kerna, o múlo pányiszte pastyola. “Csacsipe hi tut, morekám,” phenel i romni, “adá pobisztergyom. De avka szo amenge phenla odija kínyesni gizdavi Joli? Te avka téle amen dikel taj ári amen aszal.” – “Ma thov tut laha, Terkakám, szi amen doszta bríga te bi late. Av, kerasz o vodro! Nasoká anna tre dake o koporsóvo taj ánde la kampla te pastyaren”, phenel o Kerko taj géje ándi áver szoba, aká pastyolahi i muli romni.

Uppe la vazdija o murs, i romni pale bare szigaha préko cidija i pernica. Áver paszla thogya taj te pi dunna párni haja cidija. Avka pastyargye ánde ola romnya taj thogye ketháne lakere vaszta. I romni pe late bangyija taj aszar rovlahi, csumidkerlahi pe da: “Mamakám, szoszke man mukjal adaj? Ko mange phenla ‘mri guli buka cshaj?’?”

Palo romano telepo, aká beslahi i romni, o cele roma odoj sztye telo trín diviko virasztási. O buka kher pherdo sztya ole nípoha. Kana oggya resztya o kafagyári pe cshávenca, ajjig resznahí lendar. Avka vakergya ole Kerkeszke: “More, Kerkeja, angyam o koporsóvo, kija le te thovasz?” Dzsal ári o murs taj phenel ole manusenge: “Decsa, dzsan pokeder, avka na reszasz! Den drom, hagy anen ánde o koporsóvo!” O manusa p’ adá sukáre szít géje, ko ári ánglo kher. Uzsarnahí, hogy o kafagyári ári te avel. Othar dzsanna, hogy i romni má ándo koporsóvo

and told the people: "Come on, step aside, we cannot get in like this! Give us some room, so that they can bring in the coffin!" The people listened to him and politely moved out of the way; some of them went outside in front of the house. They waited for the carpenter to come out, so they would know that the woman was already lying in the coffin. While the people were waiting, inside the house the woman and her husband pulled off the woman's bedsheet, untied the scarves from the head and from the feet, put two chairs together and placed the coffin on them. Then they placed the woman's body inside and lit the candles next to her head. They paid the carpenter what he asked for and drank a shot of homemade palinka together, from which they poured a little bit to the ground for the old woman's soul. Then the carpenter went away with his sons.

When the people went in again, the women kneeled down around the coffin and prayed for the woman's soul, finishing each prayer with: "Dead people with dead people, alive people with alive people, may you rest in peace in the other world!" The people who could not get into the house made a fire outside. The Roma used to do that; they used to make a fire outside when there was a vigil. In summer, they did it because of the mosquitos – on cold days because of the cold. But the truth is that they made a fire because they believed it kept the dead from coming to them.

In this time, the relatives went to Terka's house because they thought that the wake was held there. But the girls told everyone: "They are holding the wake at grandmother's place, not here."

When Joli – Terka's sister – arrived with her husband, she wanted to look at herself in the mirror, but one of the children told her: "Auntie Joli, leave the mirror covered because if Grandma came back and looked at herself in it, she would think that she is still alive. And her soul would stay here to frighten people!" – "*Hey boy. I don't understand a word!*", Joli shouted at him but she took her hand off the cloth in front of the mirror. Her husband told her: "Why are you showing off, Joli? Are you not a Rom?? Your mother just died and you're still showing off, right?? Let's go, hurry up or I'll kick you!" and he pushed his wife out the door.

As they were crossing the Romani settlement, Joli screamed at her husband for embarrassing her so much in front of those children. But her husband ignored her. He told her: "You should be ashamed – your poor mother died, and you put on make-up! Everyone will laugh at you, but you deserve it! If I hear you say something bad one more time, I'll slap you!" – "*Karçış! You don't talk to me in Romani! Stop it, do you hear me??*", the woman yelled at her husband. "Oh, may God punish you when you say '*Don't talk in Romani!*' Even if you pretend not to understand, everyone knows that you are a Rom! There is no point in being ashamed of it if it's the truth! Let's go!"

Then they entered the house, too. When Joli saw her dead mother, tears were gushing from her eyes until the burial. After this, she was like a different person. She did not despise anyone and started to speak Romani again.

pastyol. Amí adana uzsarnahi, oggyánde i romni taj lakero rom téle lija i paszla pali romni, te o khoszlo palo séro taj te palo pre, ketháne thogye dú széki taj upp' odona thogye o koporsóvo. Pálal pastyargye ánde ola romnya taj thargye o gyertyi pase lakero séro. Ári potyingye ole kafagyáriszke, akityi mangja, taj piye leha jek epas kheriki pájinka, aszoszta jek zalog ári cshorgye pi phú, ola mule romnyakere vógyiszke. Pal' adá géja pe cshávenca.

No kana ánde géja pále o nípo, o romnya po térgyi bangyije kerí o koporsóvo taj molinnahi vase romnyakero vógyi taj pe szakono molibeszkerő vígo phennahi: "Múle le mülenga, dzsivde le dzsivdenca, po áver szvito nyúgodin szmíraha!" O manusa, ako má na resztye ándo kher, jag kergye oggyári. Avka sztya adá maskar o roma, jag kernahí oggyári kana virasztinnahi. Nyilaje misto szúnyogi, telo silale divesza pale misto sil. De odá hi o csácsó, hogy azí kernahí jag, mer patyanahí ánd' odá, hogy o múle na dzsana avka páse ke lende.

Tel' adá dive ánde Terkakero kher dzsanahi o endánya először, mer odá dzsannahi, hogy odoj ikrena o virasztási. De o cshaja phennahi szakoneszke: "Ki baba le ikren, na adaj."

Kana i Joli – ola Terkakeri phen – oggya resztya pe romeħa, kamlahi pet te dikhen ándo gyíkeri, de o jek cshávo phenel lake: "Joli nene, ma ucshar ári o gyíkeri, mer i baba pále avla, taj te dikla pet ánde, odá dzsanla, hogy mé dzsivel. Taj adaj acsla lakero vógyi te daravkeren!" – "Nem értem amit mondasz, te gyerek!", vicsinel pe leszte i Joli, de azí téle mukja o khoszlo po gyíkeri. Phenel lakero rom: "Pe szoszte tut keresz, Joli??? Tu na rom sztyal??? Tri daj akani múja taj t' akani gizza keresz, igaje??? Dzsa de szigyan, mer uppe tut prutyiná!" taj drugingya ári pe romnya po vuder.

Aszar dzsanahi mero romano telepo, i Joli vígig veszkillahi pe po rom, hogy szavi ladzs lake kergya ángl' odona csháve. De lakero rom na bajnelahi laha. Te phengya lake: "Saj tut ladzsasz, ti csori daj múja, tu pale ári tut makjal! Szako pe tute aszala, de gódi ovla odá tuke! Taj te me suná, hogy jek ergyavo alav phenesz, mujesztar tut cshiná!" – "Karcsi! Te velem ne beszélj cigányul! Hagyd abba, megértetted???", vicsinel i romni pe po rom. "O, te márrel tut o Dél, kana mé ne beszélj cigányul keresz! Azí, mer tu avka keresz, szar ako na hajol, szako dzsanel, hogy rom sztyal! Hiábake le ladzsasz, te jekfar avka hi! No dzsa!"

Odoleha géje ánde te ónk ándo kher. Kana dikja pe da mólone i Joli, cshingyonahi ándar lakere átyha o ászvi zsi aggyig, amí na sztya o temetési. Pal' adá aszavi úja li, szar akasz ári parugye. Má na diklahi téle nikasz taj papale vakerlahi románe.

## What happened to our beautiful little girl?

There was a lot of snow outside. The man was carrying the wood for the night into the house, when he heard his wife screaming: "Hey man, hurry to Witchy Linka!" The man already knew that his wife had started to feel the contractions. He threw down the wood and ran to Linka.

Everyone believed that Linka was a witch because she could heal people with herbs which she collected on the meadow or in the forest. But she could also speak with the dead, knew what one should do when a small child had been bewitched by someone, and she also helped women to give birth. When the man arrived at her house, she already knew what he wanted. She collected her stuff quickly and they went to the woman. They lived close to each other. Luckily, they arrived in time because the woman was already crying of pain, while lying on her side with her legs pressed together. "Roll over on your back, my dear Manyi!", Linka said to her and took her hand. "I am afraid, Auntie, that the baby will fall out!", the woman was crying. "It cannot fall out, come on, don't be afraid! Let's go, turn around! And you, Feri, warm up some water and bring a bedsheets quickly!", Linka shouted to the man while she turned Manyi over. "Oh, girl, I can already see it! Push one more time and it is out!"

That is how it happened. A beautiful, healthy, and strong little girl cried out in the cold winter night. Linka washed her, put a diaper on her, swaddled her in the bedsheets and tied a red thread on her tiny wrists. The man asked her: "Auntie, what is the red thread good for?" – "It prevents evil from reaching her, my dear", said the woman. "What are you going to call her?" – "I don't know, Auntie," answered Manyi, "we were expecting a boy. We wanted to call him Gabriel." – "Then the little girl can be Gabriela and that's it. Hm?", asked the woman, but Feri did not hear it because he was about to pour out the waters.

"Don't pour it out!", Linka shouted at him. "Wait until the morning. Or do you want your little girl to be unable to sleep tonight??" – "Oh, Auntie, I didn't know! This is our first child", said the man and put the little trough on the floor. "I know, my dear, that's why I'm telling you now. And make sure that she wears her little shirt inside out until you take her to the priest. When will you speak with him, my dear Manyi?" – "I don't know, Auntie", moaned Manyi as she sat up in bed. "Feri will go to him tomorrow."

"Good, do it as soon as possible. And to keep evil from harming her, call her another name, too!" Then she kissed the baby's forehead, gave her back to the mother, and while she was walking towards the door, told them: "Have a nice evening!"

## Szo úja amare sukár buka cshaha?

Baro jiv sztya oggyári. O murs kasta lidzslahi ánde pe rátyate, kana sungya te vicsinen pe romnya: "More, szigyan vasi Csohani Linka!" O manus má dzsandalhi, hogy aven o dukha pi romni. Téle cshidija o kasta taj naslahi ki Linka.

Adala Linka szako csohanyake ikrelahi, mer szasztyarlahi ole csárjencia, aszo palo rító vagy ándar o vés kedlahi. De hajolahi te k' odá, hogy szar te vakerel ole múlenca, szo kampe te kerent te valako jakhendar marel ole tikne, taj te ole romnyenge segítillahi po szvito te anen ole tiknen. Kana oggya resztye ke late o manus, má dzsandalhi, szo kamel. Szigaha ketháne hudkergya pe bútya taj géje ki romni.

Na dúr besnahi jekfáresztar. Szig pále resztye mé pi baszt, mer i romni má rovlahi ándi kínya, pe po ódalo pastyolahi ketháne thode csanganca. "Irjangyuv pe tro dum, Manyikám!", phenel lake i Linka taj asztargya lakeri múszi. "Na tromav, nene, mer ári pella o tikno!", rovel i romni. "Dahogy pella má, ma dara! De irjan tut! Tu pale, Feri, tattyar pányi taj szigyan ola paszlaha!", vicsingya ári ole murseszke i romni taj közbe po dumo irjangya ola Manyi. "Ó, cshaje, há má adaj hi aggyári! Nyumin jek taj te ári avla!"

Te avka sztya. Jek sukár, szaszti taj zorali cshajóri rúnya uppe ándi sudri jevendiki ráti. I Linka téle la nangyargya, thogya tele late pherno, kergya lake pója ándar i paszla taj phangya pe lakero vasztóro loli cérrna. Phucsel la o murs: "Nene, szoszke kampel i loli cérrna?" – "Azí, fijam," phenel i romni, "hogy o béng te na dzsanel ke late te reszen. Szavo anav la dena?" – "Na dzsnav, nene," phenel i Manyi, "csháve uzsaraszahi. Odá anav leszke dinyamahi, hogy Gábor." – "Akkor i cshajóri hagy ovel Gabriella taj lácshe hi. Na?", phucsel i romni, de o Feri na sungya, mer o pányi kamlahi ári te cshoren.

"Mahogy ári le cshor!", vicsinél pe leszte i Linka. "Maj ratyaszstar. Vagy odá kamesz, hogy te na szovel ráti tumari buka cshaj???" – "Joj, nene, me adá na dzsangyom. Amenge adija cshajóri úja mé csak", phenel o murs taj téle thogya i buka kopana pi phú. "Dzsnav, mro cshávo, azí tuke phenav. Taj t' upp' odá fügycelinek, hogy o gadóro irjanen ári pe late aggyig, ami na lidzsna ola cshajóra ko rasaj. Kana leha vakerna, Manyikám?" – "Na dzsnav, nene", nyeginel i Manyi, aszar uppe bestya ándo vodro. "Maj o Feri rodla le táha."

Then she went home. The little girl was crying because she was already hungry. As her mother was feeding her, she talked with her husband about what that other name for her should be. “Let’s call her Gullipe<sup>32</sup>!”, said the father. “Look at her, how sweet she is!” – “No, I don’t like it!”, the wife objected. “You’re right, she is very beautiful and sweet, which is why we have to give her an ugly name!” – “Then let’s call her Dzsungalka<sup>33</sup>!” The husband was happy and this became her name.

The girl grew up nicely. She was very smart and a good student. Her mother and father bought her everything she needed. When she finished school, she went to study in a big town to become a teacher, but there she did not tell anyone that she is a Rom because she was very ashamed of it. Anyway, one could not tell from her face; she even had blond hair, and so she could lie about being a rakli without any problem. During her studies, she did not visit her mother or father – not a single time. She did not go home during those four years. She visited them only after graduation and told them that she was getting married and asked them to organise the wedding for her because she wanted to invite a lot of gadje. Her mother was very happy for her and her father as well. But he asked her why she had not visited them during her studies. Their daughter answered angrily that she had not had time for that.

“Don’t be afraid, Dzsungalka, we’re going to throw you a wedding unlike any the world has ever seen!”, said her mother and wanted to kiss her daughter’s cheek, but she did not allow her to. The daughter asked for food, but when she saw that they had cooked only cabbage, she started to yell at her parents: “What the hell is this?? You don’t know what good food is! You’re always going to stay gypsies!!”. She jumped up, walked away and slammed the door behind her. The woman cried, while her husband was very angry and asked his wife: “Manyi, what happened to our beautiful little girl? Maybe the townspeople put these ideas into her head. When she was little, she liked our poor kitchen and now she talks badly about it.” But the woman did not stop crying. The words of their only daughter made her feel bad and she thought: “Who knows when I’m going to see her again?”.

In the meantime, the girl went back to the town. She got together with another raklo and two years later she had a baby. Manyi and Feri heard it from Linka who had seen their daughter at the doctor’s when Dzsungalka had taken her son for the papers that were needed for him to go to kindergarten. When Linka was on her way home, the first thing she did was to visit them and tell them about

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32 Gullipe means “sweet” in Romani.

33 Dzsungalka means “little ugliness” in Romani.

“Lácshe hi, miné szigeder hagy kerel adá. Taj hogy o béng te na la bántinel, den la te jek áver anav!” Odoleha csumidija la bukórakero csekat, dija la pále ola dake taj aszar dzsalahi mero vuder, mé pále vakergya: “Lacshi ráti tumenge!” Odoleha géja khére.

I bukóri rovlahi, mer má bokhali sztya. Aszar i daj havavlahi la, pe romeha vakerkernahi, hogy szavo áver anav la te den. “Hagy ovel Gullipe!”, phenel o dad. “Dik pe late, szavi gulli hi li!” – “Na, odá n’ ovla lácsho!”, ellenkezillahi i romni. “Csacsipe hi tut, báre sukár hi taj te gulli, ípen mist’ adá kampe la dzsungalo anav te den!” – “Akkor hagy ovel Dzsungalka!”, losangya o rom taj te avka úja.

Sukáre bárgyolahi i cshaj. Báre gogyaver sztya, te lácshe szikjolahi. Lakeri daj taj o dad tyinnahi lake o cele bútya, aszo kamplahi lake. Kana ári phirgya i iskola, rányake géja te szikjon jekhe bare fóreszte, de odoj na phengya ári, hogy rom hi, mer báre le ladzsalahi. Pe lakero muj t’ avka na dityholahi, te o bala szőkave sztye, mist’ adá suzse íleha hovavlahi odá, hogy ó rakli hi. Amí szikjolahi, ni jekfar na rodija ni pe da taj ni pe dade. Ni khére na géja telo stár bers. Csak akkor, kana má hudija o papíri taj phengya lenge, hogy ó romeszte dzsal, te keren lake baro bijav, mer bute gádzsen kamel te akharen. Lakeri daj losanlahi lake, te o dad. De attyi phucsja latar, hogy szoszke len na rodlahi tel’ odá but dive, kana szikjolahi. I cshaj p’ adá rustone phengya, hogy na reszlahi uppe.

“Ma dara, Dzsungalka, aszavo bijav tuke keraha, aszo mé na dikja o szvito!”, phenel lakeri daj taj te csumiden kamlahi pe cshakeri csham, de odí na mukja. Te han peszke manglahi, de kana dikja, hogy csak saha tágyc, bare hójaha vicsinkerlahi po phúre: “Adá szo o khul hi??? Tumen na dzsanen, szo h’ odá lacsho hábe, mindí csak roma acsna!!!”, uppe ugringya taj aszar géja, ánde cshingya o vuder. I romni rovlahi, o rom pale hójate sztya, avka phucslahi pe romnya: “Manyi, szo úja amare sukár buka cshaha? Ándo fóro lake vakergye pherdo o séro sajovel. Kana bukóri sztya, kamlahi amare csore hábe, akani pale dzsungalo uppe phenel.” De i romni csak rovlahi. Te lake ergyavo sztya, aszo lengeri korkórutni cshaj phengya taj odá sztya ánde lakeri gódi, hogy ko dzsanel, kana la dikla papale.

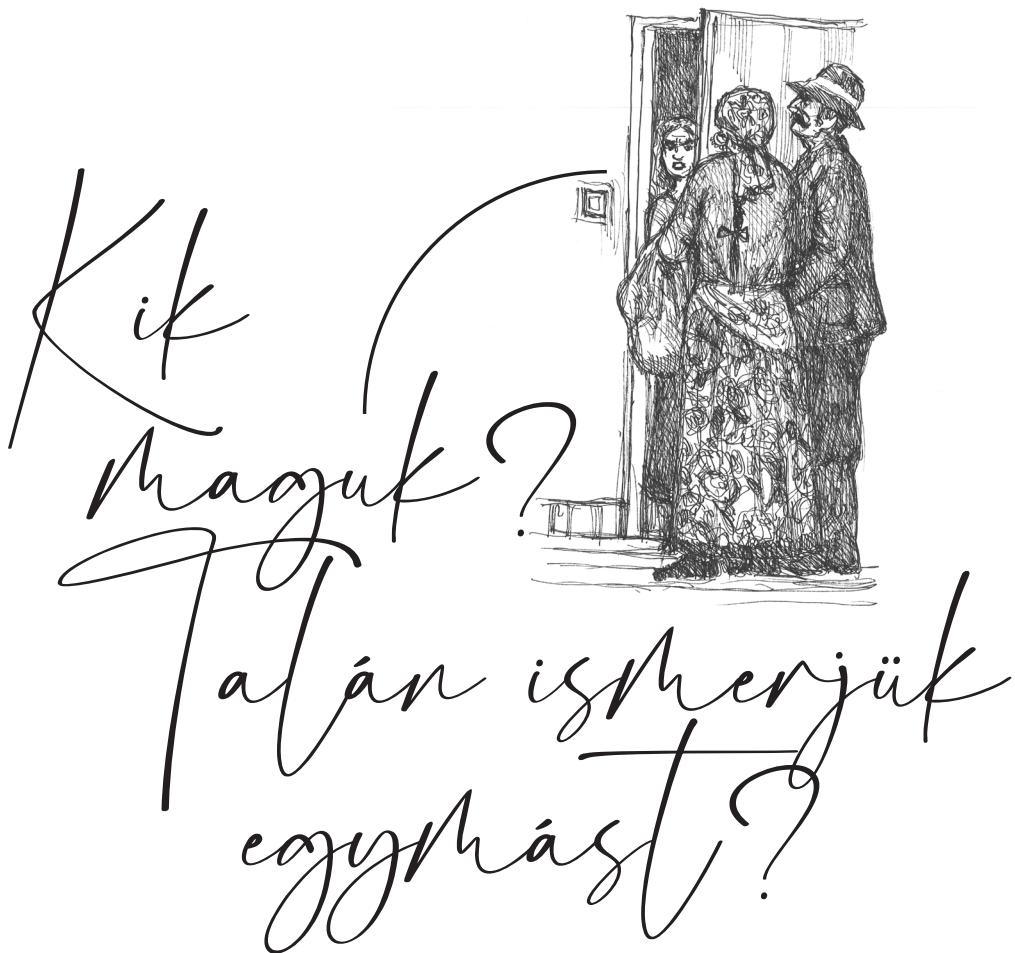
Tel’ adá i cshaj pále géja ándo fóro. Ketháne ácshija jekhe rakleha taj palo dú bers úja la jek buka cshávo. Adá avka dzsangya i Manyi taj o Feri, hogy i Linka odoj sztya ánd’ odá fóro k’ orvosi taj dikja odoj lengera csha, kana ligija pe buka csháve vaso papíri, hogy saj dzsal ándi ovoda. Kana khére géja, lakeri ánglalutni búti sztya, hogy géja taj phengya lenge pale lengeri cshaj, aszo dikja. Adana

Romani world, where are you?

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their daughter. Then, they picked everything they found in the garden, slaughtered the goose, the three chicken, put everything into baskets and rode the bus to the town to see their daughter.

They left in the morning and arrived at her home only in the late afternoon. They rang the bell happily, looking forward to seeing her. But when their daughter opened the door and saw who was there, she freaked out and asked them: “*Who are you? Do we know each other? I don't think so because I would remember knowing such ragged beggars!*” and she slammed the door in front of them.



Szerintek nem,  
mert akkor  
emlékeznék ilyen  
rongyos  
koldusokra!

pale kedkergye ketháne, aszo sztya len ándi bár, téle cshingye te ola papinya, te ole tríne kanyhen, thogye o cele bútya ándo kaski taj géje ándo fóro ke pumari cshaj ole busszoha.

Ratyasztar géje, de lacshe palo dílo arakje csak oggya ke late. Bare losaha csengetingye ánde, hogy szavo lácsho ovla má la te dikhen. De kana i cshaj ári kergya o vuder taj dikja ko h' odona, téle fagyingya taj adá lendar phucsja: "Kik maguk? Talán ismerjük egymást? Szerintem nem, mert akkor emlékeznék ilyen rongyos koldusokra!" taj pe lende cshingya o vuder.

## Not a single broken violin left

“*Schnell, schnell!*”<sup>34</sup>, the little girl heard from the ditch where she hid herself after their father had shouted that they should run wherever they could. She went to hide in a ditch next to the house. In winter, they always had potatoes and similar things there. Her sisters also ran, but they were caught by some men in black uniforms. They slapped them and when their father shouted at them, he was shot dead.

Little Bandika was only four months old. The mother was breastfeeding him when the men broke through the door and shouted at her: “*Du Zigeuner!*”<sup>35</sup> The woman asked: “*What do you want from me?*” But instead of answering, they took the baby from her and smashed her to the ground. They took off the baby’s clothes and left him naked. He was crying so much that he almost suffocated.

“A boy”, said one of the men and threw the baby from his hand to the mother. She hugged him crying and covered him with her apron. Then she stood up and dressed him in warm clothes because it was very cold.

The woman knew why the soldiers were there. She told her daughters: “Don’t be afraid! If necessary, I’ll give my own life, but I won’t allow anyone to harm you! And you, my little daughter, don’t come out now! Only do so some time after we have left! Go to your uncle, tell him that they killed your father and that he should do what is necessary. Don’t cry, my little black bird!”<sup>36</sup> I love you so much, and your sisters, too. But don’t come out, because they would catch you, too! Soon, we’re going to come back; don’t be afraid at all, I eat your heart! Stop crying because these evil men will hear you and shoot you dead. Do what I told you and stop crying!” The woman was talking calmly, but, deep inside, her heart was being eaten up by a huge fear of what would happen to her beautiful little children. Tears were running from her eyes because she saw her daughters crying and holding each other in fear. That’s why she pulled them towards herself and was covering them with kisses, when one of the men shouted at them: “*Schnell, Zigeuner! Reisepass!*”<sup>37</sup>

“There is no *Reisepass*”<sup>38</sup>, fuck you!”, shouted the woman angrily. The soldier then punched her in the face and spitted on her after she had fallen to the ground. The girls jumped to her. Ibolyka took the baby. Katoka wanted to help her up, but the other soldier dragged the woman away, grabbed her neck and lifted her up this

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34 In English: “Fast, fast!”

35 In English: “You, Gypsy!”

36 “Black bird” is a term of endearment for children.

37 In English: “Come on, Gypsy, your passport!”

38 In English: “passport”.

## Na sztya má ni jek phagi lavuta

“*Schnell, snell!*”<sup>1</sup>, sunel i buka cshaj ándar i gedra, akija garugya pet, kana vicsingya lengero dad, hogy te násen, akija dzsanen. Ó ándi gedra pet mukja téle, aszo paso kher sztya. Jevende odoj ikrenahi o phuvune taj aszave bútya. Te lakere phenya nasnahi, de hudije len valaszave manusa, ako kale gádende sztye. Uppe len cshamjázingye taj kana lengero dad vicsingya pe lende, téle le livingye.

O buka Bandika mé csak stár maszekiko sztya. Lengeri daj odole pijavlahi, kana adana ánde phagje o vuder taj vicsingye pe late: “*Du, Zigeuner!*”<sup>2</sup> I romni phucsel: “*Mit akartok tőlem?*” De adana na phengye nista, csak hudije latar ole tikne, la ki phú cshingye. Palo bukóro pale téle cidkerge o góda, mukje le nangone. Ó pale avka rovlahi, hogy majna tasztyolahi. “*Junge*”, phenel o jek murs taj kathar leszkeri műszi cshidija le ki daj. Odija rovindú asztargya le ke peszte taj pe leketóvaha ucsharkergya le ánde. Pálal kana ustyija pali phú, uppe le urjagya tátone, mer baro sil sztya.

Dzsanlahi i romni, hogy szoszke hi odoj odona lukeszte. Phenlahi ole cshajenge: “Ma daran! Te kampe, te mro dzsivibe oggya dav, de na muká nikaszke tumen te bántinen! Tu pale, mri buka cshaj, ma av ángle, csak pal’ odá lácshe, kana amen má géjam! Dzsa ko bacsi, phen, hogy mundargye tre dade taj te kerel, aszo kampel. Ma rov, mri buka kali csirikli, báre tut kamav, te tre phenya. Csak ángle ma av, mer te tut hudna! Amen nasoká avaha pále, jek ma dara, hav tro ílóro! Muk o rovibe, mer sunna tut adana dzsungale taj livinna tut. Ker, aszo phengyom taj ma rov!” Nyugodtan vakerlahi i romni, de ándral halahi lakero ílo i bari dár, hogy szo ovla lakere sukár hurde cshavórenca. Avnahi lakere ászvi ándar lakere átyha, aszar dikja pe cshajen, hogy roven taj asztaren jekfáre ándi dár. Mist’ adá te len ke peszte cidija taj csumidkerlahi len, kana o jek murs ordítingga pe lende: “*Schnell, Zigeuner! Reisepass!*”<sup>3</sup>

“Nincs ‘reisepass’, dögöjjé meg!”<sup>4</sup>, vicsinel hójaha i romni. P’ adá o lukeszto dumukaha lake cshingya ándo muj taj téle la cshungargya, kana pi phú péja li. O cshaja oggya ugringye ke late. I Ibolyka ole tikne lija ke peszte. I Katóka pale vazdijáhi la, de o áver lukeszto rángatingya la othar taj ó asztargya ola romnya menyatar, avka la uppe vazdija. O cshajóra

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1 Gyorsan, gyorsan!

2 Te, cigány!

3 Gyorsan, cigány! Az útlevelet!

way. The children cried when they saw that and thought that their mother would suffocate, but she did not. When the man let her go, she took the baby, wrapped him in a huge blanket and tied him to herself, took her daughters' cold hands and went out of the house – right in front of the soldiers who were holding huge weapons to the woman's back. As they were walking towards the road, the woman said: "My sweet little girl, don't forget what I told you. Stay right where you are! We love you so much! Don't be afraid; we're coming back soon. Stay here till the night, then go to your uncle..." The little girl did not hear what she said further, because they were out of earshot then.

She could hardly hold back the crying. She was terrified about what would happen to her family, where they took them and what happened to her father. When it got dark, she crawled out from the ditch and spotted her father nearby. She went to him and said: "My dear father, wake up, they took my mother!" She turned him on his back with much effort and her blood ran cold when she saw her father's dead face. There was a big hole in his forehead where the blood had frozen. His whole face was bloody, too, and on his face one could still see the fear he must have felt before he died. The little girl leaned over him and started to weep bitterly. She was crying for her family and heard her mother's voice telling her: "Go to your uncle..."

That's why she ran to her uncle who was her mother's brother. Of their big family, they were the only two left; the others were either deported or shot dead by the Germans. When the girl arrived at the house, the door was open and it was dark inside. When she entered, she saw that her uncle was sitting on a chair and crying, while there was a huge mess around him.

"My dear uncle", said the girl, "come! My father has died. And before they took her, my mother told me to talk with you, so that you do what is necessary." The man looked at her, hugged her and, while crying, told her: Oh, my dear Icuska, you were left behind alone just like me. They have taken away my wife and my daughter when I was in the forest gathering wood. They should have taken me a hundred times, not the vulnerable ones!" Both were crying; they felt sorry for their families. It had been less than a year since the man had gotten married. His daughter, Mariska, had just turned one month old. Who knew what they would do to them? Or could they have killed them already?

They cried till the morning. Then the man went with the little girl to their house and saw his brother-in-law dead. He pulled his body to the house with much effort and went to talk with the priest. While they were talking, the gadji who cooked for the priest handed the girl a big chunk of bread: "Eat, my dear!" The little girl broke off a piece but left the rest for her uncle because he had not eaten in three days.

The priest buried her father the next day, but not many people were there because almost all the Roma had been deported from the village. They would have liked to play for the dead man, but not a single violin was left in the whole village

rovnahi, aszar adá dikje, taj odá dzsangye, hogy tasztyola lengeri daj, de na tasztyija. Aszar mukja la o murs, lija ole tikne, phangya le pe peszte jekhe bare prokócate, asztargya ole cshajórengere sudre vaszta taj géje ári ándar o kher ánglo lukeszte, ako bari puska ikrenahi ke romnyakero dumo. Aszar dzsanahi mero drom, i romni vakerlahi: "Mri guli buka cshaj, ma biszter aszo phengyom. Odoj ács, aká sztyal! Báre tut kamasz, ma dara, nasoká avaha. Zsi ráti ács adaj, pálal dzsa ko bacsi..." De i buka cshaj má na hajolahi szo phenel, mer dür haladingye kathar late.

Phárone ikrelahi pále o rovibe. Báre daralahi, hogy akani szo ovla lakere családoha, kija len saj ligije taj szo saj hi lakere dadeha. Kana sitíszajolahí, ári mászingya ándar i gedra, akkor dikja othar na dür pe dade. Oggya géja ke leszte taj phenel: "Dadekám, ustyi, ligije mre da!" Baro phárone irjangya le po dumo taj fagyingya ánde late o rat, aszar dikja pe dadeszkero mulo séro. Po csekat sztya leszke jek bari hév, akija oggya fagyingya o rat. De te leszkero celo muj ratvalo sztya taj dityholahi i dár pe leszte angl' odá aszar múja. I buka cshaj pe leszte borulingya taj ári phagyija ándar late o baro keservesno rovibe. Rovjarlahi pe családo taj avka sungya, szar te lakeri daj te vakergyáhi papale: "Dzsa ko bacsi..."

Mist' adá nástya ko bacsi, ako lakere dakero pral sztya. Ándar lengero baro családo má csak ónk ácshije dúdzséne, ole buteren szá vagy ligije, vagy téle livingye o nyimci. Kana oggya resztya i cshaj ko kher, dikja, hogy o vuder ári hi kerdo taj oggyánde sitítno hi. Aszar ánde géja, dikhel, hogy o bacsi besel po széko, kerí leszte pale uppe hi irjande o cele bútya taj hogy báre rovel te o bacsi.

"Bacsikám," phenel i cshaj "av má, múja mo dad. Taj mi daj odá phengya, kana ligije len, hogy te vakerav tuke, maj tu kereha aszo kampel" Dikhel pe late o murs, uppe la lija taj rovindú lake vakerlahi: "Joj, Icuskám, te tu korkóri ácshijal aszar me. Te mandar liginye mre romnya taj mre cshajóra, amí andó vés kasta kedáhi. Man te ligijéhi selvar, na odole gengaven!" Szó dúdzséne rovnahi, sajminnahi pumare családo. O murs ajjig jek bers lija romnya. Lengeri cshajóri, i Mariska akani sztya jek maszekiki. Ko dzsanel, szo lenca kerna, sajovel má te mundargye len.

Avka rovnahi zsiki ratyaha. Pálal o murs géja ola buka cshaha ke lende, dikja pe sógori műlone, ánde le cidija baro phárone ándo kher taj géja te vakeren ole rasajeszke. Tel' odá amí adana vakernahi, la cshake i gádzsi – ako po rasaj tavlahi - baro kotor máro dinya ándo va: "Egyé, lelkem!" Phagja peszke i cshajóri ándar, o buter muklahi le bacsiszke, mer ó má trín dive na hája nista.

O rasaj má po áver dive ikergya o temetési, de na sztye but dzséne, mer má majna ole cele romen ligije ándar o gav. Basagyéhi leszke, de na sztya má

– not even a broken one – because some violins they had exchanged for food and others they had used as firewood. Nevertheless, the Roma sang his song: “*Hulló levél, sárga levél, vigyen szerteszéjjel a szél, / Mondd el kùnn a temetőben: most van a nap lemenőben...*”<sup>39</sup> This is how they accompanied him on his final journey.

His daughter waited many years for her family, but neither her uncle’s wife, nor her siblings or her mother came back. The man took care of Icuska and raised her as if she had been his own daughter.

## I was at the teacher’s house

As the woman was chewing bitter chicory, she thought about what to prepare from those Jerusalem artichokes which she had collected at the river. Should she cook them as they are and just eat them with salt? Or should she mash them like she used to do with potatoes? And should she add sorrel from the meadow to them? But then she would also need flour and she had only one handful left. “It will be enough for the roux”, she thought to herself when her older daughter ran in while shouting: “Mom, hurry up, take the basket and let’s go! The teacher sent me home to get you. She told me that she will give us potatoes and bacon if we clean her house! Let’s go, hurry up!” – “But wait, my dear, I’m going to put on my shoes first, so that that noble madam won’t look down on me!”

She had beautiful shoes. A gadji, who was their neighbour, had given them to her with these words: “*My dear Ilka, I would like to give you some shoes. They are from my daughter, but she left them here and told me to give them to some poor people because she doesn’t need them anymore. If it will not insult you, take them, my dear, and wear them – I’m giving them to you with good intentions!*” The woman was very happy about them because she had sold her own shoes for half a kilo of cherries, so that her poor children could also eat such delicacies for once. When she brought them home, she scattered them on the floor and said to her children: “Pick them all up for our little ones who have passed away! May the poor children rest in peace!” The children picked them all up; they were gone in no time! This was a custom observed each year by those women who had lost one or more babies for some reason.

Well, when they arrived at the school, the teacher was already waiting for them and told the woman: “*Good afternoon, Ilka! I told your daughter that I need someone to clean our house, but I don’t have time for it and my father is sick now; he’ll be in the sanatorium for three weeks. I would pay well for it, and I would give you some bacon as well, so would you be so kind as to do it for me?*” – “Of course, I’ll do it, madam!”,

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39 In English: “Falling leaf, yellow leaf, may the wind blow you away, / Say it in the graveyard: now the sun is setting...”

ni jek phagi lavuta ándo celo gav, mer aszo saj sztya, vagy parugye vaso hábe, vagy ánde laha tharnahi. De o roma gyílázingye leszkeri gyíli: “*Hulló levél, sárga levél, vigyen szerteszéjjel a szél, / Mondd el künd a temetőben: most van a nap lemenőben...*” Avka leha géje pe leszkeri utósóno drom.

Leszkeri cshaj but bers uzsarlahi pále pe családo, de ni le bacsiszkeri romni, ni lakere phenya taj ni lakeri daj ole hurdenca n’ áje pále. O murs ke peszte linya ola Icuska taj avka la uppe bárgyargya, szar te leszkeri cshaj újáhi.

## Sztyomahi ki ráni

Aszar danderkerlahi polóke odija kerki cigórija i romni, pal’ odá gondoskodillahi, hogy szo te kerel ándar o csicsóki, aszo paso pányi kedija. Ári len tavla csak avka csúcsone taj hana le loneha? Vagy ketháne len te phagerel, aszar o phuvune sziklja? Taj anla kija sóska palo rító? De k’ odona te járo kampel, len pale má ajiig hi jekha burnyikaha. “*Doszt’ ovla odá ko rántási*”, gondolingya ánde peszte, kana lakeri bareder cshaj nástya khére taj vicsinkerlahi: “Daje, szigyan, hude i kaska taj av! I iskola néni bicshagya man khére vase tuke. Odá phengya, hogy dela amen phuvune taj balevasz, te ári lake suzsaraha o kher! Szigyan, násasz!” – “De uzsar, fijam, hagy cidav uppe mre kamastyi, te na man dikhel téle odija rajkani ráni!”

Sukár kamastyi sztye la. I gádzsi len dija lake, ako pase lende beslahi adale alavencia: “*Ilkakám, annék neked cipőt. A jányomé vót, de it hatta oszt aszonta, aggyam oda valaminő szegínnek, mer neki má nem köll. Ha nem sértölek meg, vedd el, jányom, oszt horgyad, jó szívvel adom!*” Losangya lenge i romni, mer píre kamastyi bikingya epas kilo cseresnyenge, hogy te lakere csore cshavóra hagy han aszave bútya. Kana khére len ligja, szít len cshorgya pi phú taj phengya pe cshavórente: “*Hudkeren uppe szig vas’ amare mule tiknóra, te nyúgodinen szmírate csoróra!*” O csháve uppe hudkergye sza, po jek-dú má ni na sztya ándar. Adá szako bers kernahи odona romnya, akaszke valaszosztar múja jek vagy buter tikno.

No kana oggya resztye ki iskola, i ráni má uzsarlahi len taj phenel la romnyake: “*Jó napot kívánok magának, Ilka! Mondtam a lányának, hogy ki kellene takarítani a házunkat, de nekem nincs rá időm, apám meg beteg, most három hétek a szanatóriumban lesz. Megfizetném rendesen, meg adnék egy oldal szalonnát is ráadásnak, megtenné-e nekem?*” – “*Honne tenném, kisasszonka!*”, phenel losaha i romni. “*Ha köll, mé mosok is magára. Csak ezt a jánt engeggye el velem, oszt hama leszek*

said the woman happily. “*If needed, I would even do the laundry for you. Just let this girl come with me and I'll be done soon.*” – “*Alright,*” said the teacher, “*but don't forget, Eszti, that tomorrow morning you're going to tell me the multiplication table.*” The girl answered: “*I know, Mrs. Iskola – all ten!*” – “*My name is not Iskola*<sup>40</sup>,” smiled the teacher, “*but Skolasztika. My late mother liked this name. She gave me this name, but she died when I was little. Now go with your mom; she knows what our house looks like and you're going to take the keys.*” As she was saying this, she handed the keys to the girl. She showed her which key opened the lock and which one the door.

Then she went back to teach and the woman and her daughter went to the teacher’s house. Both were hurrying happily, so they would be finished as soon as possible with the work, but the girl was a little bit afraid that they wouldn’t find the house, so she asked her mother: “Mom, do you know the house number?” – “No, my dear, because I cannot read. But I know the house where she lives with that crazy gadjo. Let’s go, we’ll be there soon – you can already see it from here!” The woman was pulling the girl behind her. She saw a big house with many windows surrounded by huge trees. In front of the house were flowers and green bushes.

The girl thought it was beautiful, but she felt sorry for her mother because of the amount of the work that was waiting for her there. Therefore, she said to herself: “Eszti, you’re the oldest daughter; you must take care of your mother. Help her as much as you can!” Then she was in a better mood and they finished cleaning the whole house after two hours. Exactly in that moment, the teacher arrived home. She praised them a lot, telling them what wonderful work they had done. She gave the woman fifty forint as well as potatoes in a huge basket and some smoked bacon. For the girl, she poured milk into a big jar and broke a big chunk of twist bread into it.

When they went home, they were happy that the children wouldn’t have to eat the Jerusalem artichokes but that they could bake tasty bacon and potatoes for themselves. They could hardly carry the big basket because it was completely full. Therefore, they put it on the ground and picked it up by the handle to carry it. Ilka’s husband was waiting for them at home with the four children. When he saw them struggling with the basket, he went over, took it from them and said: “I was already wondering where you have been for so long! I got a lot of tasty food and I also made good money today! I’ve given the children to eat; we’ve just been waiting for you.” – “Elek, my dear husband,” said the wife, “I also made good money! I was at the teacher’s house with Eszti.”

Her husband praised them, but he was already tired. He hadn’t slept for two days because he had been playing with his brothers at a wedding of gadje. They went into the house, unpacked what they had brought and sat at the table. After they had eaten their fill, it was already getting dark outside. The man told three tales for the children and then they went to bed.

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40 Iskola is the Hungarian word for “school”.

kíszen.” – “Jól van,” phenel i ráni, “*de ne felejtsd el, Eszti, holnap reggel te fogod felmondani nekem a szorzótáblát.*” Phenel i cshaj: “*Tudom én aztat, Iskola néni, mind a tízet!*” – “A nevem nem Iskola,” aszal i ráni, “*hanem Skolasztika. Szegény anyámnak tetszett ez a név. Ő adta nekem, de meghalt amikor én még kicsi voltam. Most már menj anyukáddal, ő tudja melyik a házunk, te pedig viszed a kulcsokat hozzá.*” Taj aszar vakerlahi, dinya oggya ola cshake o klúcso. Szikagya, szavo pharavel o klídi taj szavo o vuder.

Pálal ó pále géja te szikjaren, i romni taj i cshaj pale ánde rányakero kher. Losaha szigyannahi szo dú dzséne, hogy miné szigeder te kerent i búti, de i cshaj buka daralahi, hogy n’ arakna oggya taj phucsel pe da: “Daje, tu dzsanesz ola rányakero atreco?” – “Na, fijam, mer na dzsananav te genen. De dzsananav szave khereszte besel odole diline gádzseha. Av, nasoká odoj sztyam, athar má te dityhol!” Cidel i romni ola csha pale peszte, ako jek baro kher dikja, aszo pherdo sztya blokenca taj bare ucse kastenca sztya ánde kerítime. Ánglo kher but virági taj zédne bukri sztye.

Sukáreszke le ikrelahi i cshaj, de sajningya pe da, hogy kityi búti la uzsarel odoj. Mist’ adá avka peszke phengya: “Eszti, tu sztyal i legphureder cshaj, tuke kampel te pászinén pe tri daj. Ker lake, aszo dzsanesz!” Avka feder vója la úja taj pe dahan teli dú óri ári suzsargye o celo kher. Ípen akkor resztya khére i ráni. Báre len asarlahi, hogy szar sukáre kergye, aszo mangja lendar. Dija ola romnya pándzsvardes rup, ándi bari kaska phuvune taj ódaló thújardo balevasz. Ola cshake thud cshorgya bare kuccsate taj phagja kija lake jek bari kotor khuvdi kolácsa.

Kana dzsannahi má khére, losannahi, hogy na i csicsóka hana o hurde, hanem pekna pumenge lacsho balevasz taj phuvune. Ajjig birinnahia te lidzsen i bari kaska, avka pherdo sztya pakolime. Mist’ adá téle la thogye pi phú taj avka la cidnahi kathar o kana. O Ilkakero rom má khére len uzsarlahi ole stáre cshavórenca. Kana dikja len, aszar kílódinen ola kaskaha, géja ángle lende, lija la lendar taj phenel: “Má na dzsannahi, ká sztyan avka soká! O but lacsho habena mange pakolingye, te lóve rodijom lacsho but! Dijom ole cshavóren te han, má csak tumen uzsaraszahi.” – “Elek, mro gulo rom,” phenel i romni, “te me lácshe rodijom! Sztyomahai ki ráni ola Esztiheha.”

Asargya len lakero rom, de ári sztya thino. Má dúto dive na szútya, mer bijav sztye te basaven pe pralenca ko gádzse. Avkahogy kana ánde resztye ándo kher, téle pakolingye aszo angye, ki kafidi bestye taj kana csályje, te ánde rátiszalija. O murs phengya ole cshavórenge trín paramiszi, pálal géje te szoven.

## Gyuri didn't feel like going to the ball

Both Joska and Feri were already at Gyuri's place and dressed up. They were waiting for their friend to dress up, too, so they could go to the Romani ball which took place four villages over from their home and which they were very much looking forward to. Gyuri did not really want to go because he was a shy guy, but in this case he decided to go just because of his friends. They tried to persuade him for a long time, until he said: "Alright, I'll join you." But he did not feel like going.

"And who is going to play?", he asked from the room where he was getting dressed. "Some young guys, this will be the second time that they play in public", said Joska and bit into a piece from the cold cuts that Gyuri's mother had put in front of them.

The woman was a good cook. She was invited both by Roma and non-Roma to cook for many weddings. There is a gadji who comes to her to eat every week and would never, ever miss out on this meal. The gadji would always ask her: "*Veron, how come your pasta is so al dente, and mine is not? I always come to see how you prepare it, but you are always ready before I arrive!*" The woman smiled, but she did not reveal anything. Although it was not a big deal; instead of the water she just added more eggs to the dough. Gyuri liked to eat it with a strong lecso<sup>41</sup>, while her daughter preferred it with meat or mushrooms, as she did not like to eat anything spicy. At rare occasions, when the daughter came for a visit, the woman cooked her favourite dishes, while Gyuri was playing with his sister's two kids.

But Gyuri did not feel like going to the ball, as he was afraid of those spoiled girls who were only interested in money. Only some of them were really interested in one's personality and not in how expensive the clothes he was wearing were or how much he had in his pockets. "They all look down on me", the boy thought to himself. "I work together with my father, but I'm earning my money; it's not for giving away to a bitch. It's of better use with my mother, I kiss her heart."

After he had dressed up, he went out to his friends and asked: "Hey, do I look good?" – "Of course!", said Feri, "just take some shoes and do not embarrass yourself in these slippers. Auntie, can I wash my face?", he asked the woman, but Joska teased him: "Come on, you look good! You want to wash your face now; how fancy do you think you are? By your mother's cunt! Did you not wash yourself in the morning like other people do??" – "Come on, I did wash myself in the morning, but it is hot. I don't want to dirty my very expensive shirt because I am sweating like a pig!", said the boy

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<sup>41</sup> Lecso is a type of vegetable ragout made from yellow peppers, tomatoes, onions, salt and paprika. "Zoralo lecso" (strong lecho) is the Romani version of this dish, which is very spicy.

## Ole Gyuri na sztya vója ko báldo

Te o Jóska taj te o Feri odoj sztya má ko Gyuri ári urjadóne. Uzsarnahi pe pumaro baráto, hogy te ó pet te urjavel taj te saj dzsán ándo romano báldo, aszo kathar lende ándo stárto gav sztya taj báre csilla le uzsarnahi. Adá Gyuri na báre kamlahi te dzsán, mer ladzsavkerdo cshávo sztya. T' akani csak miste pe baráttya lija pet uppe, hogy dzsala lenca. Aggyig leszke vakergye, amí odá na phenyga, hogy: "Lácshe hi, te me dzsá tumenca!" De na but vója sztya le kija.

"Taj ko basavla?", phucsel lo ándar i szoba aká urjavlahi pet. "Valaszave terne csháve. Adá ovla lenge o dúto, hogy ánde pumen szikaven", phenel o Jóska taj ánde dandergya ándo masz, aszo le Gyuriszkeri daj thogya ángle lende.

Lácshe tavlahi i romni. Bute bijavende la akharnahi te o roma taj te o gádzse. I jek górkinya szako kurko phirlahi ke late te han, na muklahi ári adá hábe ni jekfar. Mindí phucslahi latar: "*Veron, hogy csinálod aztat, hogy a te haluskád mindég ollyan pattogós, a enyim me nem? Azé gyüvök, hogy mennézem, hogy csinálod, de mindég kíszen van mire ideérek!*" Aszalahi i romni, de na phenlahi ári lake nista. Peggyig na bari búti sztya, csak attyi, hogy na pányi, hanem tojása thovlahi buter ándo humer. Lakero cshávo zorale lecsoha len kamlahi, i cshaj pale maszeha vagy huhurencsa. Odija na kamlahi nista, aszo zoralo sztya. Kana báre níha dzsalahi khére, i romni tavlahi lake aszo kamlahi, o Gyuri pale khellahi lakere dú cshavórencia.

De akani ole Gyuri na sztya vója ko báldo. Daralahi ole but kínyesne cshajendar, odona majna o cele po lóvo dzsán. Jek-dú hi aszave, ako csácsse ole manuse dikhen, na odá, hogy szave kucse gádende hi taj kityi lóvo ikrel ke peszte. "Man szá téle dikhen", gondolingya ánde peszze o cshávo. "Me csak mre dadeha phirav, de na azí rodav, hogy valasze lubnyake te dav mre lóve! Feder thane hi odá ke mri dajói, csumidav lakero ílo."

Kana uppe pet urjagya, ári géja ko dú csháve taj phucsel: "No, lácsh' ová avka?" – "Lácszo, hár!", phenel o Feri. "Csak te kamastyi le pe te pre, ma tharav tut téle ándo papucci! Nene, saj thovav mro muj?", phucsel ola romnya, de o Jóska cidija le: "Lácshe sztyal má! Muj thovesz akani, de rajkano újal pe tre dakeri mindzs! Ratyasztar na thogyal tut szar ávera?" – "De, thogym man, csak tatipe hi. Nahogy má maj ánde melajola mro baro kuks gad mist' odá, ká csujol pale mande o pányi!", phenel o cshávo taj ole lacshe sudre pányiha thogya te pi men, hogy ni kísíbb te n' ovel le tatip.

and he washed his neck with nice cold water, so that he would not be hot later.

"Hurry up! May you eat my thingy! We will miss the bus because you behave like a nobleman!", said Joska to him while he and Gyuri were walking towards the door. But Feri just stared at them and said: "Hey man, I do not have money for the bus; I have just enough for the entrance ticket and the drinks." – "Oh, may God punish him, he only tells us that now! Did you hear, my dear Gyuri? What are we going to do now?", asked Joska, but Gyuri smiled and said: "We will walk. May his guts explode! Look, he primped himself like a woman. Come on, let's go, you male whore, may you kiss my waist!" and started dragging Feri behind him. Feri pretended to cry and said to them in a high voice: "*Oh, no, please, carry me on your back! My little legs are hurting. I'm going to tell daddy!*"

They laughed because the teacher's daughter, who would always try to seduce the Romani boys and just wanted to take advantage of them, spoke like that. But nobody was interested in her because she was very spoiled. The gadje didn't want to



Leszke pale  
ári te gyilinel  
i jek gój!

“Szigyan má, hasz mro amaszavo, adaj amen mukla o busszo, mer tu rajkano sztyal!”, phenel leszke o Jóska taj dzsalahi mero vuder ole Gyuriha. De o Feri csak lesillahi pe lende taj phenel leszke: “More, man náne lóvo po busszo, csak po báldo ánde te potyinen taj te pijen.” – “O, Devla, már ole, kana csak akani vakerel! Sunesz ole, Gyurikám? No akani szo ovla?”, phucsel o Jóska taj phenel aszandú o Gyuri: “Maj dzsaha p’ amare pre, leszke pale ári te gyilinel i jek gój! Ehe, avka pet sukajarel szar jek dzsúli! Av má, lubneja, csumidesz mro dereko!” taj cidlahi le pale peszte. Odá pale kerlahi pet, hogy ó rovel taj pe szane hangoszte phenlahi lenge: “De jaaajjj, naaa, vegyetek már a hátatokra! Fáj a lábikóm, megmondom apucinnaak!”

P’ adá aszanahi, mer ola rányakeri rakli vakerlahi avka, ako csak ári kamlahi te haszninen ole romane csháven taj dilinyarlahi ole celen. De jekheszke na kamplahi li, mer báre kínyesni sztya. Ni o gádzse na thovnáhi má pumen laha, mer o cele vígig géje pe late. Mist’ adá avka la akharnáhi maskar pumende, hogy “ócsó riherongy”. Ladzsalahi pet miste late i ráni, de pe romeszke na phenlahi pal’ adá nista.

have a relationship with her, either, because all of them had already had sex with her. That's why they called her "cheap slag" among themselves. The teacher was ashamed of that but had never told her husband anything about it.

On the way there, the three boys were talking, teasing each other, and laughing. They were getting closer, albeit slowly. Around three o'clock, after they had passed through the second village, they stopped to have a rest. Suddenly, a car stopped next to them and a boy called out: "Are you also going to the ball?" All three of them looked at the boy and Joska happily cried out: "That's right, Bélus, and we will allow you to take us in this shitty car! You're happy, right, that we aren't too proud and will sit next to you?" – "Of course," said Bélus with a smile, while he was opening the door for them, "it is the greatest honour for me!" – "*My dear Juliska*," said Gyuri to Feri, "*here you go, young lady, get in the car!*" Feri lifted his jacket as if it were a skirt and again wailed in a high voice: "*Alright, but hopefully nobody will see me; I don't want to embarrass myself with this shitty car!*" Joska pushed him a bit: "Come on, man, you're really like a male whore! Come on, show me what you have!" and reached for Feri's trousers. As Feri jumped away, he hit his leg on the open car door. All four of them laughed.

Then they sat down in the car and soon they arrived at the ball. Already from outside they could hear the musicians rehearsing. Someone sang: "*Hej cigányok, gyertek hát velem, nézzétek a táncot hogy verem...*"<sup>42</sup> It was a nice strong voice, and the boys already knew that it would be a good party. They were right. The ball went on until the morning and the boys danced the whole night through and even Gyuri had a nice time.

## Your ugly granddaughter robbed me

"Grandma! Joli wants to beat me up! Look, they are chasing me! Grandma!!", the little girl shouted at her grandmother while running back home. Her grandmother came out from the summer kitchen and saw that Joli and her daughters were running in her direction.

Joli had four daughters as well as two sons who were already married. Her daughters-in-law did not like such things, so they did not follow their mother-in-law. "And anyway, what is so wrong about the little girl picking two apples?" one asked the other. "She shouldn't get beaten up because of it, right, Gyöngyi?" – "Of course not! She should have offered the little girl a cup of water instead, but she begrudges everybody even the things given by God! You agree, right, Timi?", asked

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42 In English: "Hey Roma, come with me, look how well I dance..."

Aszar dzsanahi o trín csháve, vakerkernahi, cidnahi jekfáre, aszanahi taj polóke, de haladinnahi. Meri trín óri, kana má o dúto gav mukje, buka téle ácshije ári pumen te phuden. Jekfarsza ácshel pase lende jek motori taj vakerel ári jek cshávo: "Te tumen ándo báldo dzsán?" Dikhen oggya szo trín dzséne taj losaha vicsinel o Jóska: "Ója, Bélus, taj mukasz hogy te lidzsesz amen adale khuleha! Losanesz igaje, hogy na sztyam gizdave taj ánde besasz ke tute?" – "Há szar te na," phenel asszandú o Bélusi, aszar ári kergya lenge o vuder, "báre bari pativali búti hi mange adá!" – "*Julcsika drága*," phenel o Gyuri ole Feriszke, "*parancsoljon kisasszony, szálljon be!*" Odá pale uppe asztargya po zakóvo, szar te rokja újáhi, taj papale szane hangoha kínyeskedinlahi: "*Na jó, csak nehogy meglásson valaki, nem akarok leégni ilyen szar autóval.*" O Jóska drugingya le buka: "Dzsa má, more, tu csácsse szar lubno sztyal! Decsa, szikav szo hi tut!" taj mere leszkeri holov hudija. Odá aszar ugringya kathar leszte, ánde csalagya pi csang ánde motoriszkerő ári kerdo vuder. P' adá szo stár dzséne aszanahi.

Pálal bestye ánde taj nasoká oggya resztye ándo báldo, akathar má sungyolahi ári, aszar o basade próbinkernahi. O jek gyílázinlahi: "*Hej cigányok, gyertek hát velem, nézzétek a táncot hogy verem...*" Sukár zoralo hango sztya. Dzsannahi o csháve, hogy adá lácsho ovla. Te csacsip len úja. Zsi ratyaha ikergya o báldo, o csháve vígig khelgye o celo taj mé te o Gyuri lácshe pet halija.

## Tri dzsungali onoka ári man csórgya

"Mamaaa! Te maren man kamel i Joliii! Diiik, násen pale mandeee! Mamaaa!", vicsinkerlahi i buka cshaj pe babake, aszar naslahi khére. Dzsal ári ándar i nyilajiki konyha lakeri baba taj dikhel, hogy odija Joli taj lakere cshaja násen mere lende.

Adala Joli stár cshaja sztye taj dú csháve, ako má romnya lije. De o bórja na kamnáhi aszave bútya, azí na géje pale pumari anyóskinya. "Taj te avka, szo hi má p' odá, hogy odija buka cshaj cshingya peszke dú phábi?", phucsel i jek ola ávratar. "Na kamplahi la te maren mist' adá, na, Gyöngyi?" – "Na há! Nahogy te dijáhi csore buka csha jek kúcsi pányi, de adija sajninel szakoneszta mé te odá, aszo o Dél dija! Te tu avka le dikhesz, igaje, Timi?", phenel i Gyöngyi. Lakeri sógorkinya pe séreha intingya csak, de jek hajolahia laha.

Gyöngyi. Her sister-in-law just nodded with her head, but she agreed with her.

Well, when Joli and her daughters got to the front of the house, the little girl went there and told them: "Ha-ha-ha, you cannot beat me anymore because my grandmother will kill you for me!" – "Anika," her grandmother shouted at her, "get away from them! We'll see what this woman has to say and why she wants to beat you!" – "Why?! Your ugly granddaughter robbed me, may her hand fall off!", yelled Joli and threw the stick she had been holding towards the little girl. – "Oh, may you suck my husband's long white dick with your black sour face which looks like my cunt when my husband fucks it! You want to hit my granddaughter?? I'm going to kill you and your daughters, too!!" said the grandmother and was already running towards the gate. On her way, she took the hoe leaning against the wall in front of the flower garden which had been made by the little girls. "Come on, Vali," yelled Joli, "I'll kill you! Not just your face will be deadly white!!"

As they were screaming, the people from the nearby houses who were at home at that time came out. Some sided with Joli, others with Vali, and so they also began to quarrel with each other. Not just the adults but also the children and even the dogs were fighting with each other.

"Just wait, may you lick my cunt, would you really kill for two apples? And your daughters' cunts are drying out because nobody wants them! Take this, may God punish you!", shouted Vali and lifted Joli with one hand by her neck and slammed her onto the ground.

Vali was a big woman, tall as well as strong. Even the men were afraid of her. They called her "Crazy Vali" because she would have killed anyone for her family if necessary. In contrast, Joli was slim. Nobody liked her because of her nature: She was very cold; that was also why her husband had left her. She was dark, slim, rather short, and a loudmouth. When Vali threw her to the ground, Joli's ankle got dislocated, and she shouted at her daughters: "Kill her for me!" The girls approached the woman to beat her down, but she looked at them and told them: "If you don't want to be taken away from here dead, take those "black cracklings"<sup>43</sup> and take them away from my house! Or should I hit you?" and she lifted the hoe.

The girls got frightened and thought to themselves: "This woman is crazy; in the end all of us may die here!" Then they turned around and ran away, leaving their mother on the ground. She could have screamed, but they would not have heard her. Because of this as well as the fear, Joli started to cry and tried to get up slowly from the ground. She grabbed the gate to steady herself, but Vali took her and threw her on her shoulders. She carried her into the summer kitchen, sat her down and told her with a smile: "May you lick my big ass! Don't cry because it

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43 "Black cracklings" refers to Joli, because she is dark-skinned.

No kana i Joli oggya resztya ánglo kher pe cshajenca, dzsal oggya i buka cshaj taj phenel lenge: "Há-hhá, akani má nasti man maresz, mer mri baba mundarla tumen vase mange!" – "Anika," vicsinel pe late lakeri baba, "tu av othar! Maj dikhaha szo phenla adí, hogy szoszke tut kamel te maren!" – "Hogy szoszke??? Tri dzsungali onoka ári man csórgya, te sutyol téle lakero va!", ordítinel i Joli taj i kopal, aszo ánde lakero va sztya, meri buka cshaj cshidija. "Joj, te pijesz mre romeszkerő dugo párnó kár odola kale sutle pofaha, aszo avka ácshel szar mri mindzs kana kúrel la mro rom! Te csalaven kamesz mre onoka??? Akani mundará te tut taj te tre cshajen!!!" taj má te naslahi meri kapuva. Közbe uppe hudija i kapa, aszo ko falo sztya ácshadi ángli buka virágosni bár, aszo o hurde cshaja kergye pumenge. "Av de, Vali," ordítinya i Joli, "maj csacse műle kerá ándar tute! Na csak tro muj ovla mulikano párnó!!!"

Aszar vicsinkernahi, ándar o pásutne khera ári áje o manusa, ako khére sztye. Sztya ako pasi Joli ácshija, sztya ako ola Vali dija csacsip taj te ónk veszkinnahi jekfáreha. De na csak o manusa, hanem te o cshavóra, de mé te o dzsukela ketháne marakodingye.

"Uzsar de, te csáresz mri mindzs, kana dú phábenge mundareszah! Pe tre cshaja pale uppe sutyol i mindzs, mer nikaszke na kampen! Le, te márel tumen o Dél!", vicsinel i Vali taj jekhe vaszteha uppe hudija ola Joli kathar lakeri men taj cshingya la ki phú.

Bari kotor romni sztya i Vali, te úcsi taj te zoralí. Daranahí latar mé te o mursa. Avka la akharnahí "i dilini Vali", mer vase po családó te kampjáhi, te mundargyáhi akarkasz. I Joli pale csisli sztya. Miste lakere bútya nikho la na kamlahi, mer báre peskutni sztya li, te lakero rom mist' adá la mukja. Káli sztya, csisli, na báre úcsi, de szakoneha baro muj pharavlahi. Kana i Vali ki phú la cshingya, ári irjangyija lakeri boka taj po cshaja vicsingya: "Mundaren la vase mange!" O cshaja te indulingye meri romni, hogy maj téle la marna, de odija dikja pe lende taj adá lenge phengya: "Te na kamen, hogy athar tumen te lidzsen mülone, huden uppe odola kale tepertyúva taj lidzsen la kathar mro kher! Vagy ári tumen te kapálínáv?" taj vazdiá i kapa.

O cshaja daranye latar, habiszi: "Adija dilini hi, po vígo mé adaj mundajuvaha!" Odoleha irjangyije taj nasnahi, odoj mukje pumare da pi phú. Odí saj vicsinkerlahi, má na sunnahi la. Mist' adá taj te ándi dár, rúnya pet i Joli taj phárone cidlahi pet pali phú. Asztargya i kapuva, hogy avka acsla uppe, de ragadingya la i Vali taj cshidija la pe po válo. Ligija la ándi nyilajiki konyha, besagya la téle, közbe aszandú phenlahi lake: "De te csáresz mri bari bul, ma rov, mer mé

would make you even uglier than you are now! Drink some water and stop crying or I'll let my husband fuck you! Do you know how big he is? It's better you don't know!"

This made Joli laugh and she drank the water which Vali had given her. "Just keep it for yourself, my dear Vali," she said, "your husband is a big person just like you are; I am sure that his thing is also huge! It would exhaust me so much that I might die from it!" Now both women were laughing. Vali moistened a towel and wrapped it around Joli's ankle. When the coffee was ready, the swelling had already gone down. Then Vali grabbed Joli's ankle and reset her joint. Joli cried out but felt just a little pain. Then her ankle felt normal again. She could even stand up without feeling any pain after they had finished drinking the coffee.

In that moment the little girl entered the room and Joli told her: "My dear, next time, tell me when you want to eat apples and I'll bring you some in a big basket! If your grandmother used them to bake something and shared it with us, then it'd be alright." – "Joli, may you lick down my belly, why didn't you tell me this earlier?", asked Vali. "I have made a cake with cottage cheese; if you had told me earlier, I would have also made one with apples! I have cinnamon, powdered sugar, and even raisins!" – "Then wait, Vali! The little girl can come with me and we will bring some apples!", said Joli and turned to the little girl: "Come, Anika, let's hurry to my house for the apples!"

They went together. They filled a big basket with apples and the two daughters-in-law helped carry it. Vali baked the apple cake. In the evening, everyone ate from it, while they were talking and laughing about themselves and that such a tiny thing had made them quarrel.

## I want yeast dumplings with cottage cheese!

The dough rose in the straw basket, lifting the towel with which the woman had covered it. Her youngest granddaughter ran up to it and shouted: "Hey dough, hurry and rise because I want to eat yeast dumplings with cottage cheese! If you don't rise, I'll throw you out to the horse dung and then you can cry, I won't care!"

She looked at her grandmother and asked her: "Am I right, Grandma? Am I doing it well?" – "Of course, my dear!", answered the woman with a smile and picked her up. "But look, the dough got afraid! It wants to run away; that's why it's lifting the towel. It's thinking: 'I'll escape from Rozsika and then she cannot throw me out to the dung!' Come, hurry, let's catch it together!"

The little girl was very happy that someone would be afraid of her and after her grandma put her down, she went to the straw basket and took off the towel. She clapped her hands and jumped with excitement when she saw that the dough

dzsungaleder oveha, szar akani sztyal! Pi pányi taj muk o rovibe, mer kuravá tut mre romeha! Dzsanesz, szavo báro hi le? Fü, ma dzsán ole!”

P’ adá aszanya pet i Joli taj ári pija o pányi aszo dija lake i Vali. “Csak muk le tuke, Valikám,” phenel li, “te tro rom baro kotor hi szar tu, biztos báro hi te leszkero amaszavo! Odá ári man thinyarlahi avka, hogy te ánde meráhi!” Akani má szo dú dzséne aszanahi. I Vali közbe szapanyargya jek khoszlo taj pe Jolikeri boka le phangya. Mire téle tágyija i kávéva, aggyigra te teleder géja o sulipe ola romnyake. Akkor asztargya i Vali taj pále irjangya ola Jolikeri boka. Odija vicsingya jek, de csak jek buka duk halija. Pálal má aszavo sztya, szar te ni na újáhi nista lakere bokaha. Te uppe dzsangya te ácshen bi i duk, kana má pije i kávéva.

Akkor géja ánde i buka cshaj taj phenel lake i Joli: “Fijam, ávreszar vaker mange te phába kameha te han, aná tumenge bare kaskaha! Tri baba pale te pekla ándar, maj dela te amen taj lácshe hi.” – “Joli, te csáresz tele mro pér, szo na vakergyal szigeder pal’ adá?”, phucsel i Vali. “Pekjom tyiralosne, de te vakergyalahi, kergyomahi te phábásne! Szi man kija te cimeto, te prahiko cukro, de mé te mazsollike drákhi!” – “Akkor uzsar, Vali, avla manca i cshajóri taj anaha phábi!”, phenel i Joli taj ki buka cshaj irjangyija: “Av, Anika, szigyanasz k’ amende vaso phábi!”

Géje dúdzséne. Jek bari kaska pherdo pakolingye phábenca taj ole dú bórjenca ligije len. I Vali pekja o phábásne kolácsi. Pe rátyate hája ándar szako, közbe vakerkernahi taj aszanahi pe pumende, hogy pe szave buka bútyate nastyije ketháne.

## Tyiralosne bukti kamav te han!

Aszar uppe ája o humer ándi phuszani kaska, vazdija te o khoszlo, aszoha téle le ucshargya i romni. Lakeri legbukader onoka násel oggya taj vicsinkerel: “Tu, humer, szigyan má, ustyi, mer me tyiralosne bukti kamav te han! Te na ustyeha, cshidav tut ári po grasztano khul, saj roveha, me na bajná!”

Dikhel pe pi baba taj phucsel latar: “Igaje, baba, lácshe kerá?” – “Ója, ója, fijam!”, phenel lake aszandú i romni taj uppe la lija. “De dik, má daranya o humer, te násen kamel, azí vazdel o khoszlo. Habiszi: “Ári násá ánglal i Rózsika, te na man cshidel po khul!” Akani av, maj hudaha le dúdzséne, szigyanasz!”

I buka cshaj báre losanlahi, hogy valako daral te latar taj kana lakeri baba téle la thogya, géja ki phuszani kaska taj lija téle o khoszlo.

really was trying to run away and she said: "I knew that you'd be afraid of me. Wait, I'm going to catch you, but first I'm going to wash my hands!" She turned to her grandmother and took her hand. While pulling her to the well, the girl shouted: "Let's hurry to the water! The dough is about to escape! Come on, let's go! Hurry up, Grandma, you should be running, too!"

The woman smiled. She went with the little girl and they washed their hands in the small clay trough at the well. This trough had been made from red clay by the woman's mother when the woman was seven years old. Her mother had told her: "My dear Borka, take good care of this small clay trough! I made it for you; you and me together. When you'll have a daughter, my dear, don't forget to show it to her and let her wash her hands in it – but nothing else, just the hands!" And so, they had kept this habit for many years: Everybody in the family was used to washing their hands in the trough. It stood next to the well, always filled with water. When someone washed their hands, they then poured the water out and filled it with fresh water again. This trough was the only thing that was left from the woman's mother – nothing else. When the woman would go to the church for holy water, she would bring it with her. Other people would bring small bottles or bigger ones, but she just brought this one.

When they had finished washing their hands, they took the dough out of the straw basket and put it on the table where the woman had sprinkled flour before. They both took their rolling pins. Rozsika had one, too, because her father had made one for each of his five daughters, while he had carved a rocking horse from wood for the boys. The woman cut off a piece of dough for the little girl, put it in front of her and told her: "Here, my dear. Knead it first and then flatten it with the rolling pin!" The little girl said: "Oh, listen, woman, I'm already three years old, I already know how to do it!" The woman smiled, but pretended to be angry: "Alright. You know, I'm old and keep forgetting things. Come on, can you show me how I should do it?"

Rozsika drew herself up proudly, kneaded with her tiny hands and told her grandmother: "Do you see? This is how you knead and pull the dough. Then you pat it with the rolling pin. But don't hit it hard or you might hurt it. Then you pinch off a piece, put some cottage cheese on it and fold it together. But don't put too much because we're a lot of people and we need to bake a lot!" The woman did as the little girl told her. She thought about how smart this little girl was because she had not forgotten what the woman had told her when she was two years old.

When the two had put the dumplings into the oven and they were baking, gradually everybody came closer to the stove because of the good smell. Not just the grandchildren and the grandfather, but the sons and daughters, too. They stopped practicing the violin and the contrabass. The elder son also put down the guitar which he had been carving and asked his mother: "Mom, what is baking

Tapsolinlahi taj ugrinkerlahi ándi los, aszar dikja, hogy csácse te násen kamel o humer taj phenel: "Dzsangyom, hogy daraha mandar. Uzsar de, hudá tut, csak thová me vaszta!" Irjangyol ke pi baba, hudija lakero va taj aszar cidlahi la meri hanyig, vicsinkerlahi: "Szigyanasz ko pányi, cshivla pet o humer, de av má, szigyan, baba, nás te tu!"

Aszalahi i romni. Géja la bukóraha taj pasi hanyig ándi buka agyagiki kopana thogye pumare vaszta. Adija kopana mé la romnyakeri daj kergya lole phújatar, kana i romni efta bersiki sztya. Phengya lakeri daj lake: "Borkakám, p' adija buka kopana báre pászin! Adija tuke kergyam, tu taj me. Ma biszter le, fijam, maj kana te tut ovla cshajóri, szikav te lake adija taj hagy thovel te ó ánde pe vasztóra, nista áver, csak odona!" Othar ácshija telo but bersa, ola romnyakeri családo ánd' adija thovnali pumare vaszta. Pasi hanyig la ikrenahí, mindí pherdo pányiha. Kana valako thovlahi pe vaszta, cshorlahi la ári taj suzso pányi pherlahi ánde papale. Ola romnya csak adija buka kopana ácshija pali daj, nista áver. Kana dzsalahi ándi khangéri vaso szenteltno pányi, adija lidzslahi peha. Ávera buka caklo vagy bareder, ó pale adija.

Kana vigzingye, ári lije o humer ándar i phuszani kaska taj thogye le pi kafidi, aszo ángl' adá i romni ánde ucshargya járeha. Jekfarsza lije pumaro síkálóvo. Te ola Rózsika sztya, lakero dad kergya szo le pándzs cshajenge, pe csháveszke pale graszte faragingya, pe szoszte saj sztya te hintázinen. I romni cshingya la buka cshake jek kotor ándar o humer, thogya le ángle late taj phenel lake: "Le, fijam, husin le ketháne, pálal ker le lapsneszke ole síkálóveha!" Phenel i bukóri: "Joooj, romnije, há má trín bersiki sztyom, te me dzsanav szar kampel!" I romni aszalahi, de avka kerlahi szar te rustyáhi: "Lácshe hi má, dzsanesz, me phúri sztyom taj biszterav. Decsa szikav, szar kampe te kerenz?"

I Rózsika gizdán ári pet cidija, husnelahi pe hurde vasztenca, közbe vakerlahi ke pi baba: "Dikhesz? Avka husnesz taj te cidesz o humer. Pálal ketháne le maresz ole síkálóveha. De ma báro csalav, nahogy dukhala leszke. Pálal csípinesz jek kotor, thovesz o tyiral taj ketháne nyuminesz. De ma but thov, mer butdzséne sztyam taj but kampel te peken!" I romni avka kerlahi, aszar i cshajóri phenlahi. Odá phirlahi ánde lakeri gódi, hogy odija bukóri szavi gogyaver hi, mer na bisztergya, aszo ó lake phengya, kana dú bersiki sztya.

Kana ánde thogye o kolácsi ándi rúra taj petyonahi, polóke szako oggya pet cidija ki masina misti lacshi szaga, aszo hajonahi. Na csak o onoki taj o phúro, de te lengere csháve, taj te o cshaja. Má na próbinkernahi ni pi lavuta, ni pi brúgóva. Te o phureder cshávo téle thogya i gitára, aszo faraginlahi taj phucsel pe da: "Daje, szo petyol ándi rúra?" – "Tyiralosne

in the oven?" – "Rozsika made yeast dumplings with cottage cheese", answered the woman, but the little girl interrupted her: "Don't believe her! I was just helping Grandma because the poor woman is already old. If I hadn't been there, she wouldn't have caught the dough. It wanted to run away because it got afraid of me after hearing me say that I wanted to throw it to the horse dung. But we could still catch it!"

Her father lifted her up, kissed her forehead and told her: "My dear Rozsika, you know how to run and how to bake very well. And your grandmother is not old yet, but she has a lot of work to do every day and sometimes it feels good to her to sit for a while without doing anything." – "You just hush!", said the little girl. "I can bake better than she does, am I right, Grandma?" and jumped into her grandmother's lap. "You're right, Rozsika, you do it better, may I kiss your beautiful little heart! But now hurry up and take out the dumplings, so they don't burn!", said the woman and handed her a towel with which she could open the hot oven door.

"But, Grandma," shouted the little girl while running around the house, "I can bake, but you should take them out! I can't burn my tiny hands because then how should I bake again?? You should take them out!" Her family laughed about what a cheeky girl she was. The old woman took out the dumplings, handed them out among the family, and brought Rozsika the three most beautiful ones.

## He weeps for that beautiful Romani girl

"What a wonderful day we'll have today!", thought the woman to herself when she sat down at the well to peel the potatoes and looked at the sky. She had already prepared breakfast: She had fried eggs over a lot of onions, prepared chocolate milk in the biggest pot for the small children and tea and coffee for the others. "I should hurry up with the cooking; it'll be seven o'clock soon", she realised as she listened to Kálmány play the violin.

The boy was eight years old. Jenö, his uncle, had started to teach him five years ago. Since then, every morning after six o'clock, the boy was playing the violin which his grandfather had carved. Almost all the other family members were already awake; they only let the youngest children sleep longer than that.

It had been three weeks since they had left the settlement and moved to the village, but they felt as though they had lived there forever. Their family was big; they were nineteen people: The grandparents, their five children with their wives and husbands, and their grandchildren. The old woman would cook for them. She never allowed her daughters, nor her daughters-in-law to cook because she was ashamed of not having a job. And being the cook, she did not feel so awful about herself. Her husband and their sons were barely at home because they worked. The

bukti kergya i Rózsika”, phenel i romni, de i buka cshaj közbe vakergya: “Ma patya, csak segítinyom ola babake, mer má phúri hi csorri. Te me na sztyom odój, ni na dzsangyáhi te huden o humer, mer te násen kamlahi, kana daranya mandar, hogy cshidá le po grasztano khul. De dzsangyam le te huden!”

Lakero dad uppe la lija, csumidija lakero csekat taj phenel lake: “Rózsikám, tu báre dzsanesz te te násen, te te peken. I baba pale náne mé phúri, csak but búti hi la szako dive taj lácshe lake perel buka te besen bi odá, hogy kerel valaszo.” – “Tu csak csüt!”, phenel i buka cshaj. “Me feder dzsanav te peken szar ó, igaje, baba?” taj ugringya ánde pe babakeri angál. “Ója, Rózsika, feder dzsanesz, te csumidav tro sukár ílóro! De akani szigyan, kede ári o kolácsi, te na thabon!”, phenel i romni taj dinya la cshake ándo va jek khoszlo, hogy odoleha te asztarel ola rúrakero tato vuder.

“De baba,” vicsinel i bukóri, “te peken dzsanav, de ári te keden má tuke kampe! Nahogy má thará me buka vasztóra, avka szar peká buter?? Tu len kede ári!”, vicsingya, aszar nástya ándo kher. Aszalahi lakero celo családo, hogy szavi béng hi adija cshajóri. I phuri romni ári kedija o kolácsi, szít len osztingya maskar lende taj te la Rózsikake ligija o trín legsukadera.

## Rovjarel ola sukár romane csha

“Szavo lacsho dive amen ovla t’ adádive!”, gondolingya ánde peszte i romni, kana pasi hanyig bestya te suzsaren o phuvune taj uppe dikja po nebo. Má kergya o hábe pe ratyaszte. Pekja telo tojása lacshe but puruma, te ándi legbareder píri kakavóvo ole hurdenge, le buterenge pale tea taj kávéva. “Saj szigyanav te táven, má nasoká eft’ óri hi”, ája ánde lakeri gódi, kana sungya ole Kálmányi te lavutázinen.

Adá cshávo ofto bersiko sztya. Má pándzse bersenca ángl’ adá szikjarkerlahi le o Jenővo, leszkeri bacsi. Othartú o cshávo szako ratyastar pali sóvári khellahi pi lavuta, aszo leszkeri papu faragingya leszke. O butera ándar o családo majna szá uppe sztye má, csak ole legbukaderen muknahi mé te szoven.

Ajjig trín kurko géja, miúta odój mukje o telepo taj ándo gav besen, de avka hajonahi szar te mindí adaj te bestyéhi. Baro családo sztya lengero, desennyadzséne sztye: O phúre, lengere pándzs csháve pumare romnyaha taj romeħa, taj adalengere cshavóra. I romni tavlahi pe lende. Nikana na muklahi ni ole cshajenge taj ni le bőrjenge, mer ladzsalahi pet, hogy ó na kerel búti. Taj avka, hogy ó tavkerel, na hajolahia pet avka

old man repaired pots, but he also worked as a blacksmith. He had taught his sons these trades; the two younger ones had also learnt to build houses and roofs. They were called to many places because they worked fast and well. This is why they were able to buy that long and big house they had moved into.

There, they could live in seven rooms. There were two kitchens inside and a big summer kitchen, a huge larder next to it, and an expansive garden behind the house. There were no Roma neighbours, just gadje on the whole street, but everybody knew what kind of people they were as they knew them from the settlement. They would always hurry to greet everybody. The old man simply lifted his hat which he took off only for the night. The older son would always do so as well since once asking: "Father, why do you do this? And what if my hat has a hole?" The old man had told him that everybody deserved respect and that: "My dear, no matter what kind of hat you have, you should use it for greeting! The people won't remember the hole, but that you paid them respect!"

The woman was proud of her family. She loved them very much. Every day she would cook what they wanted. But now she had to hurry up because her husband had invited the former owner of the house, so that the gadjo could see how the Roma lived there. The woman was annoyed by this gadjo because he would always tell her husband: "*My dear Dezső, how lucky you were that you got together with this big-ass woman! Mine is so slim, the poor woman, like one of the stakes I put into the ground next to the beans!*" The woman was ashamed but her husband would smile and tell the gadjo: "*You're right, Gyula, I was lucky. But you could have had such a woman, too; you just would have had to bring a Gypsy girl to the church, not a 'peasant'*"<sup>44</sup>!"

The man was always close to tears when he heard this because he used to have a Romani girlfriend. But his father had bribed her father and given him money and a cart with a horse, so that he would move away from there with his family. Then the man married this small-ass rakli, whom he did not love, because his father had lied to him, pretending to go to propose to the Romani girl. The man dressed himself nicely and went to the church with his father where everybody was waiting, including the rakli with her head covered. He lifted the veil only after the priest had married them. Then the gadjo cried bitterly throughout the whole wedding. The people thought that it was out of happiness, but he wept for the beautiful Romani girl. In February, it had been sixteen years since this happened. During those many years, the gadjo had been searching for the Romani girl, but he never found her. He slowly got used to his wife picking a fight whenever she could, but he could not love her. His wife knew this, and he was aware of it, too.

This gadjo had often visited them in the settlement because of the beautiful

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44 The term "peasant" (Hungarian: *paraszt*) is used to refer to the non-Roma in the Hungarian language.

ergyavóne. Lakero rom ajjig sztya khére ole cshávenca misti but búti, aszo kernahi. O phúro fódozinlahi, de te hartya sztya. Szikjargya te pe csháven po bútya, de o dú ternedera ári sziklje te odá, hogy szar kampe te keren o khera taj o tetejo. Bute thanende len akharnahi, mer szig taj lácshe kernahi pumari búti. Avka dzsangye te tyinen te odá baro dugo kher, akija géje te besen.

Adaj resznahi ándo efta szobi. Dú konyha sztya ánde taj jek bari nyilajiki konyha, pas' odí bari komra, taj pálal pale jek bari dugi bár. Pase lende na besnahi mé roma, csak gádzse ándi celi ucca, de szako len pindzsarlahi mé palo telepo, hogy szave nípi hi. Szakoneszke ánglal pajikernahi. O phúro csak vazdlahi i kalapa, aszo csak ráti lelahi téle. Te o phureder cshávo avka kerlahi, miúta phucsja: "Dade, pe szoszte hi adá lácsho? Taj szo hi te hevjali hi mri kalapa?" Phengya pale leszke o phúro, hogy i pativ szakoneszke ári phirel taj te odá, hogy: "Fijam, kasz szavi kalapa hi, aszavaha pajkerel! O manusa na i hév ikrena ándi gódi, hanem hogy dijal lenge i pativ!"

I romni gizdavi sztya pe po családo. Báre len kamlahi. Szako dive peklahi lenge, aszo kamnahi. De akani szigyanlahi te táven, mer lakero rom akhargya ke pumende ole hulaje, akasztar tyclinge o kher, hagy dikhel o góri, szar besen o roma. Ruslahi p' adá gádzso i romni, mer mindí adá phenlahi lakere romeszke: "Dezsőkém, neked oszt nagy szerencsíd vót, hogy evvel a nagyseggyű asszonyval átá össze! Az enyím olyan száraz, szegíny, mint a karó, amit a bab mellé szúrok a födbe!" Ladzsalahi pet i romni, de lakero rom csak aszalahi taj avka phenlahi ole gádzseszke: "Igazad van, Gyula, szerencsím vót. De neked is lehetett vóna ilyen asszony, csak cigány jányt kellett vóna vinni a templomba, nem parasztot!"

O gádzso mist' adá mindí majna rovlahi, mer sztya le jek sukár romani piráni, de leszkerő dad téle potyingya lakere dade, te verda dija le jekhe graszteha, csak azí, hogy te lidzsel dür othar pe családo. Pálal lija adala suke bujakera rakja, akasz ni na kamlahi, mer leszkerő dad hovagya leszke, hogy ki romani cshaj dzsan te mangaven. Adá pale uppe pet urjagya sukáre taj géja pe dadeha ándi khangéri, aká odoj sztya szako, te i rakli, téle ucsharde séreha. Csak akkor vazdija o fátylo, kana o rasaj má ketháne len dinya. O gádzso akkor báre rovlahi, telo celo bijav. O manusa odá dzsannahi, hogy misti los, pegyig ola sukár romane csha rovjarlahi. Adaleszke má desusó bers sztya ándo februári. Tel' adana duge bersa o gádzso rodlahi ola csha, de n' arakja pe late niklá. Polóke bajningya ánde, hogy leszkeri romni mindí veszkinlahi vase akarszoszta, de na dzsanlahi la te kamen. Dzsanlahi adá te i romni taj te lakero rom.

Adá gádzso but phirlahi ke lende te po telepo, misto sukár gyíja, aszo o Jenővo basavlahi, leszkeri phen pale, i Éva gyílázinlahi. Kamlahi

songs which Jenö played, while his sister Eva sang. Everybody from the settlement liked to listen to them, but they had not had much space in that small house which they had built themselves from adobes. When the gadjo's father died, he sold the family the house where they lived now. They were happy to move the few possessions they had there. The very same day, the woman went to the town to shop with her daughters, daughters-in-law and the grandchildren. They bought what they needed and came home in the evening. Each of the adults carried a child because all of them had fallen asleep. They were exhausted but very happy. That night, they fell into such a deep slumber, it seemed as though someone had slit their throats.

When the woman was peeling the potatoes, everybody had already eaten, and the women were washing the dishes. The woman called one of the boys: "Gyurko, go and catch the biggest chicken!" But Gyurko wanted to go fishing and not run after that shitty chicken! And so he told her: "Grandma, please, not me, Janko would catch it faster!" The woman got angry and said to him: "Gyurko, catch the chicken or I'll show you the bald cunt I have down there!" – "Oh, this woman, what she tells me!", said Gyurko and went to the house to get Janko. Janko wanted to go back to bed, but Gyurko did not allow him to. He told him nicely: "Man, Grandma is scaring me with her cunt! Come, you'll catch the chicken and I'll slaughter it!" Janko laughed: "Come on, what is wrong about her showing it to you? You don't have to look! I mean, it's also not a problem if you do take a short look at it!", said the boy with a smile and started to run because Gyurko tried to grab him. "Just wait", Gyurko shouted, "if I catch you, I'll push you under her skirt! And you will not only see it, but also smell it!!"

They ran towards the garden and when they reached the henhouse, Gyurko fell as he tried to jump on Janko. When he stood up from the ground, Janko started to laugh and laughed even harder after taking a look at Gyurko: "Hey man, you must be very hungry; your mouth is full of shit!" Gyurko looked down at his body and when he saw his clothes, he started to laugh, too. "I'm going to be very lucky because of this huge amount of shit!" he said, while taking off his shirt.

Together, the two caught the chicken and slaughtered it. Then they brought it to their grandmother. They came exactly at the right moment because the old woman had just taken the big pot with hot water, in which she wanted to pluck the chicken, off the heat. But before that, she pinched the skin on the chicken's neck together, took a thick straw, pushed it under the chicken skin and blew a blast of air into it. Shortly after, she bled out the chicken and then put it into the hot water. In the meantime, her youngest daughter brought carrots, celery, and chili peppers from the garden and told her mother: "Mom, do you still have some onions for the soup, or should I bring some?" – "I do, my dear – two large bulbs," said the woman, "but now pluck the chicken, hurry! But first, pour cold water on it because it is very hot and this way it'll be easier to pluck the feathers!"

len te sunen szako te palo telepo, de má na resznahi ánd' odá buka kher, aszo vájkendar kergyé pumenge. O gádzso pale – kana múja leszkerő dad – ípen biknelahi odá kher, aká akani besen. Lácshe pumen hajonahi, kana oggya phiragye odona zalog bútya, aszo sztya len. I romni mé p' odá dive géja ándo fóro te tyinkeren pe cshajencia, pe bórjenca taj pe onokenca. Tyingye aszo kampja lenge, pe rátyate resztye khére. Szako lidzslahi jek-jek csháve, mer o cele ánde szútye. Ári thinone, de bare losaha sztye sza. Akkora ráti avka szovnahi, szar kaszke i men cshingye.

Kana suzsargya i romni o phuvune, má hája szako taj o edínya thovnahi o dzsúja, i romni vicsinel ole jekhe cshávezszke: "Gyurko, dzsas, hude ola legbareder kanyha!" De o Gyurko te mácsházinen kamlahi te dzsán, na te naskeren pal' odija khulali kanyhi. Mist' adá adá phengya: "Te na má me, baba, o Janko szigeder la hudla!" Hójate ája i romni taj phenel leszke: "Gyurko, hude ola kanyha, mer szikavá tuke adija kopaszni phuri mindzs, aszo tele mande hi!" – "Joooj, odija romni szar mange phengya!", phenel o Gyurko taj géja ándo kher vaso Janko. Odá pále kamlahi te pastyon, de o Gyurko na mukja. Phenel leszke sukáre: "More, i baba pe mindzsaha man daravkerel! Av, maj tu hudeha ola kanyha, me pale téle la cshiná!" Aszalahi o Janko: "Lácshe sztyal má, szo hi p' odá hogy szikavel la tuke? Na sztyal muszaj oggya te dikhen! No phenasz n' ovla zijand, te buka dikheha la lake!", phenel aszandú o cshávo taj naslahi, mer o Gyurko te huden le kamlahi. "Uzsar de," vicsinkerel o Gyurko, "te hudá tut, tele lakeri rokja tut nyuminá! Taj na csak dikheha la, te saj szungineha la lake!!!"

Nasnáhi meri bár taj kana pasi kanyhalí óla resztye, o Janko oggya nástya, o Gyurko pale péja, aszar pe leszte kamlahi te ugrinen. Kana uppe ácshija pali phú, o Janko mé feder aszalahi, aszar pe leszte dikja: "Moreee, lacsho bokhalo saj sztyal, tro muj sza khul hi!" O Gyurko dikhel vígig pe peszte taj kana dikja pe gáda, te ó aszalahi: "Bari baszt man rezsla mist' adá but khul!" taj közbe téle lija po gad.

Ole Jankoha hudije ola kanyha taj te téle la cshingye. Pálal ligije la pumare babake. Ípen ándo lacsho dive, i romni akkor cidija téle o baro tato pányi, aszoszte te suzsaren kamlahi ola kanyha. De ángl' odá ketháne asztargya i cipa pase kanyhakeri men, asztargya jek thulo khasz, odá nyumingya tele kanyhakeri cipa taj ánde phudija jek báro. Pal' adá na buteha téle la mukja palo rat, avka la nyumingya ándo tato pányi. Közbe lakeri legterneder cshaj angya o murki, o zelleri taj o zorale paprika ándar i bár taj phenel pe dake: "Mama, mukjal puruma vagy te anav t' odona ándi zumin?" – "Mukjom, fijam, dú bare sérengere," phenel i romni, "de akani ola kanyha suzsar téle, szigyan! Csak cshor pe late sudro pányi, mer báre táti hi taj avka szigeder phosztyona pale late o póra!"

The girl quickly did it, but in that moment, she heard her sister-in-law calling: "Ireny, come and weave my hair!" But the girl did not go to her, because she rather wanted to help her mother. She heard again: "Ireny, come, otherwise I let the dog fuck you!" – "Let that fat cunt of yours be fucked, may your husband eat it!", shouted back the girl and continued to pluck the chicken. Laughing, her sister-in-law went outside and after seeing what the girl was doing, asked her: "Why didn't you tell me what you are doing? May you look at me from below!" Then she went to the table, too, and the two of them quickly finished plucking the chicken, and put it to boil.

"Well, Piros, come and eat three kilos of balls, now I can weave your hair!", Ireny told her sister-in-law. Her mother laughed: "This girl is just like me", she thought to herself and went into the garden to get kohlrabi for the soup. When the chicken was half-way done, the woman called her grandchildren: "Come, wash your hands and hurry up; the chicken is shouting!" The older children knew why had she said so, but the small ones believed her and asked her: "And what is it shouting about? For you to take her out of the soup, right?" – "Not at all!", the woman told them. "Just listen, what a high voice it has!"

Magduska, who was the oldest girl among the grandchildren, hid behind the stove where they were cooking and shouted out in a high voice, as though she were the chicken in the pot: "Cluck-cluck-cluck, oh, I am so hungry! Cluck-cluck-cluck, bring me some carrots to eat! I also like onions, cluck-cluck-cluck! Where are those little children? Bring me something to eat!" The little children laughed when their grandmother lifted each of them up and one after the other they threw what the "chicken" had asked them for into the pot. The woman played this game with them every week. She had done the same with her own children when they were little, so they would enjoy cooking when they got older.

The girls did like it, but the boys did not and so they told their grandmother: "Grandma, boys are not meant to cook!" Then the woman gave them a little slap on their necks and told them: "Shut up, may you lick my old cunt! What would happen to you if you married a bitch? Will you starve because you didn't learn how to cook? Do it, otherwise I'm going to sit on your face!" After hearing this, the boys hurried because they were afraid that their grandmother, who was a proper big woman, would really sit on them. This way, the boys learnt to cook, just like the girls.

When they were done cooking, it was not noon yet; the old man came home from the gadjo's place and told his wife: "Irma, woman, do you know who is coming to visit us today?" – "Who?", asked the wife. "My brother and his whole family. They are going to stay with us for about ten days! Are you as happy as I am?", asked the man cheerfully. "Of course, Dezsö," the woman answered with joy, "They can even stay here for a month – there is enough space. But how do you know that they are coming?" – "Because I met them at the shop and told them in vain not to buy

Kerel i cshaj bare szigaha, de sunel, hogy lakeri sógorkinya vicsinel lake: "Irény, av maj ánde khuveha mre bala!" De na géja oggya i cshaj, mer feder kamlahi pe dake te segítinen. Papale sunel: "Irény, av, mer kuravá tut ole dzsukleha!" – "Kurav odija tempsiki mindzs, aszo szi tut, hal la tro rom!", vicsinel pále i cshaj taj suzsarlahi ola kanyha. Dzsal ári lakeri sógorkinya aszandú taj kana dikja, szo kerel i cshaj, phucsel latar: "Szo na phengyal, szo keresz, te dikhesz man télalrú!" Odoleha géja pasi kafidi te ó taj dúdzséne báre szig suzsargye téle ola kanyha, te uppe la cshidije te tágyon.

"No, Piros, av te hasz trín kilo pélo, akani má ánde khuvá tre bala!", phenel i Irénya pe sógorkinyake. Lakeri daj pale aszalahi: "Adija cshaj aszavi szar me", gondolingya taj géja ándi bár, hogy te anel ki zumin te karalábéva. Kana epasóne tágyija i kanyhi, i romni vicsingya pe onokenge: "Aven, thoven tumare vaszta, szigyanen, vicsinkerel i kanyhil!" O baredera dzsannahi, szoszke phenel, de o hurde patyanye lake taj phucsnahi latar: "Taj so vicsinkejebaba? Hogy csiden man áji, iga?"<sup>4</sup> – "Dahogy odá!", phenel lenge i romni. "Sunen csa, szavo baro hango hi la!"

I Magduska – maskar o onoki i legphureder cshaj – garugya pet pali masina, aká tavnahi taj othar vicsinkerlahi pe szane hangoszte, szar te ó újáhi i kanyhi ándi píri: "Kot-kot-kot, joj de bokhali sztyoom! Kot-kot-kot, anen mange murko te haaan! Te i purum kamaav, kot-kot-kot! Ka hi odona hurdeee, anen mange te haaan!" Aszanahi o hurde, aszar i baba uppe len vazdlahi taj pale jekfáreszte cshidnabi ándi píri, aszo mangja peszke i "kanyhi" te han. Adá szako kurko kerlahi lenca i romni, aszar te pe cshávenca kana hurde sztye, hogy te baredera ovna, hagy kamen o távibe.

O cshaja losannahi adaleszke, de o csháve na, phennahí pumare babake: "Mama, o csháve na po távibe úje!" De i romni jek buka cshinlahi len menyatar, aszar phenlahi lenge: "Csüt, te csáresz mri phuri mindzs! Szo tuha ovla, te lubne romnya leha? Maj mereha ándi bok, mer na sziklijal te táven? Ker, mer pe tro muj besá!" O csháve p' adá mindí ugrinnahi, mer daranahi, hogy csácsce pe lende besla lengeri baba, ako doszt bari kotor romni sztya. Avka sziklje te táven te o csháve, aszar o cshaja.

Kana tágye, aszo kampja, ánglo dílo te o phúro khére resztya kathar o gádzso taj phenel pe romnyake: "Cshaje, Irma, dzsanesz ko avla k' amende adádive?" – "Ko?", phucsel i romni. "Mro pral taj leszkero celo családo. Adaj ovna vagy des dive, te tu losanesz lenge?", phucsel losaha o murs. "Ója, Dezső," losangya te i romni, "adaj má te jek maszek saj ácshen, reszaha. De kathar dzsanesz, hogy aven?" – "Othar, hogy aratyhijom

<sup>4</sup> The little girl misarticulates the words *vicsinkerel* and *ári* by saying *vicsinkej* and *áji*.

us anything; that crazy Josko even wanted to beat me up”, the man told her with a laugh. He loved his brother, but it had been a long time since he had seen him. It was about sixteen years ago when Josko had gotten a lot of money as well as a cart with horses out of the blue, and had moved to Slovakia with his family. Josko had not told anyone in the settlement why they were leaving and where they would go; they just disappeared one morning.

“Man, then I should cook something else, too! Will that crazy gadjo also come? May I give him my ass to eat?”, Irma asked her husband. “Do not give it to him,” smiled the husband, “He’ll end up biting it all over! Look, he is coming already!” In that moment, the gadjo entered the house. He had heard what the woman had just said. He understood Romani – a long time ago he could even speak it – but now told the woman in Hungarian: *“Come on, show me your big ass, Irma! I’m going to grab it!”* – *“Shut up, may you suck this fat old cunt here! You better go and sit next to my husband. We’ll eat soon”*, told him the woman when everybody was already sitting on the benches along the two sides of the long table which the old man and his children had made, so that everybody had their own place when they ate outside.

The gadjo was not angry; he knew Irma’s ways of speaking – they were just like the other Romani women’s in the village. When he sat next to the old man, two horse carts pulled into the yard and up to the garden and stopped there. The gadjo shouted: *“Look – my father had a horse like that!”* He looked at the cart that was drawn by that horse and shouted again: *“Dezsö, look at that cart – my father had a similar one!”* But Dezsö did not listen to him because he was already cheerfully running to his brother. They kissed each other, cried and laughed that after so many years they could meet again.

After everybody had greeted each other, a woman told the gadjo: *“Gyula, what are you doing here?”* The man looked at her and when he recognized her, his eyes filled with tears.

## There is nothing to be afraid of!

Gyuri saw big trees and a beautiful forest as he looked out from the bus window. All windows were open. He felt a bit better because of the fresh air, but the fear did not want to leave him. The boy felt as though he was talking to himself: “Do not be afraid at all! I will not allow the fear to take control over you. I will not leave you alone, but I will not make you happy either. It is not a problem if you throw up; you won’t be able to eat where you are going anyway!”

“May God punish you!”, said the boy. The old man sitting next to him looked at him: “Whom should He punish? Were you speaking to me? Speak, otherwise I’ll kill you!” – “Forgive me, Uncle, I wasn’t talking to you, but to my fear”, said Gyuri

lenca pasi bóta taj hiába vakeráhi, hogy amenge te na tyinen nista, odá csalado Josko mé te maren man kamlahi”, phenel aszandú o rom. Kamlahi pe prale, de má báre csilla na dikja le. Szi má leszke vagy desusó bers, hogy ándar o nista but lóvo le úja, te verda graszteha ketháne, taj pe családoha ári géje ándo Szerviko te besen. Na phengya ári nikaszke po telepo o Josko, hogy szoszke taj kija dzsan, jek ratyaha má na sztye nikhá.

“More, akkor saj táváhi mé valaszo! Avla te odá dilino gádzso, szo mri bul le dá te han?”, phucsel i Irma pe rome. “Odija ma de leszke,” aszal o rom, “po vígo szá ketháne la tuke danderkerla! Ehe, má te avel lo, dicsa!” O gádzso csácse akkor resztya ánde taj sungya, szo vakerel i romni. Hajolahi románe, báre csilla te vakerlahi, de akani ungrika phenlahi ola romnyake: “No, mutasd asztat a nagy seggedet, Irma, maj meffogom el!” – “Halgassá má, szídd ki eszter a dagatt öreg picsámot e! Eriggyé inkánb oszt üjjé a uram mellé, maj eszünk”, phenel leszke i romni, kana má szako po lóci beslahi po dú pasvar ola bare duge kafagyake, aszo o phúro faragingya pe cshávenca, hogy te oggyári te reszen, kana han.

Na rustya o gádzso, dzsanlahi, hogy i Irma szar vakerel. Aszar o legbuter romnya ándo gav. Aszar téle bestya paso phúro, dú grasztano verda irjangyija ánde pi udvara taj zsiki bár géje, odoj áchshije téle. Vicsinel o gádzso: “Ehe, ollyan ló vót apámnak is!” Dikhel po verda, aszo odá gra cidlahi, vicsingya papale: “Dezső, dik má asztat a kocsit, ollyan apámnak is vót!” De o Dezsővo na sunlahi pe leszte, mer nástya bare losaha ke po pral. Sza ketháne csumidkergye jekfáre, te rovnahi, te aszanahi, hogy pal’ attyi but bersa saj dikhen jekfáre.

Kana má szako pajikergya szakone, ole góriszke vakerel i jek dzsúli: “Gyula, te hogy kerűté ide?” Dikhel pe late o murs taj kana pindzsargya la, ászvale úje leszkere átyha.

## Náne szoszta te daran!

Bare kasta, sukár vés diklahi o Gyuri, aszar ári dikja pe busszoszkeri bloka. O cele ári sztye kerde. Misto frissno levegővo buka feder pet halija, de i dár na kamlahi le niszar te muken. Avka hajolahi o cshávo, szar te te vakergyáhi ke leszte: “Ma dara nist, me! I dár na muká tut pe tute, ni szmíra tut na dá taj ni los. Nán’ odá zijand te cshandesz, akija akani dzsasz, ni avka na tromaha te han!”

“Devla, már tut!”, phenel o cshávo taj o phúro, ako pase leszte beslahi, dikja pe leszte: “Kasz te márel? Mange phengyal? De vaker, mer téle tut mundará!” – “Ma rus, bacsi, na tuke phengyom, hanem ola

slowly and turned red. "Well, it is alright, my son, don't be afraid!", the old man answered and put his hand on the boy's shoulders. "Come on, tell me, what are you afraid of?" – "It is a long story, and I'm getting off soon. In two stops I have to get off." – "Man, I also get off there. We still have some time, so tell me! Maybe I can help you!", the old man said, winking at him.

"Then listen, I'm going to tell you how it is", sighed Gyuri and told the old man that he had had a beautiful girlfriend for the past six months, who was such a perfect woman, and that he wanted to marry her. Now he was going to propose to her, but he was very afraid. So maybe he would not do it yet, because he was afraid of the girl's father. His girlfriend had told him that her father was a very strong man and that everybody knew him. He had also heard about him because his father used to go to buy horses with him and had played with him when he was a young boy.

"I see, my son. You are afraid that this man would not allow you to marry his daughter, right?", asked the old man. "Yes, Uncle," said Gyuri, "because I'm not rich. I'm only following my father and helping him with what I can. I don't have a car; that's why I'm also travelling by bus right now. I only have a cart which my father bought me because I asked him to. He wanted to buy a car for me, but I told him to leave that huge amount of money for my mother. Why should I show off when I'm poor, just like the other boys do who are driving cars, while they have nothing to eat at home? And so we do have something to eat, and if we want to go somewhere, there are the horses. You don't need money for them to take you somewhere. Water and grass I can find for them wherever we might stop." – "You are right, my son!", said the old man. "I can see that that girl will be lucky to have you!"

The boy was happy to hear this, and he thanked the old man. Then he remembered a conversation with his two friends. Joska had teased him: "Come on, man, you too are going to marry! You'll see that she'll already be with another guy when you get there!" Joska was very cunning, but he also liked Gyuri and Feri. Both of them were happy that he had decided to marry. They just bantered about who would do what at his wedding. Joska told Feri: "Man, you are like a male whore, anyway, so you can be the maid of honor!" Feri shouted back at him: "Of course, and the men are going to touch my beautiful little ass, right, may you lick it! Or they will pull me aside and when they see that I am a man, they are going to tell everybody that the most beautiful girl has balls? I have a better idea, you know what? You'll buy me a long rose-colored dress and thick underpants. Then I'm going to be the maid of honor and you'll be the only one who can dance with me, what do you say?" – "May God punish you, a rose-colored dress, yeah right! Shouldn't I marry you, too, you male whore?", laughed Joska and started to dance with Feri. Gyuri had to laugh as well, but he still pretended to be angry: "You'll lick

dárjake”, phenel polóke o Gyuri taj lólja ári. “No, lácshe hi, fijam, ma dara!”, phenel leszke o phúro taj asztargya leszkerő válo. “Decsa phen, szosztar darasz?” – “Dugo ovlah’ adá te phenen o celo, t’ avka nasoká szálinav téle. Mé duvar acsla o busszo taj saj dzsav.” – “More, te me aggyig dzsav. Szi amen dive, phen! Saj, hogy dzsaná te segítenen tuke!”, kacsintinel pe leszte o phúro.

“Há dicsa, phená, aszar hi”, sóhajtingya o Gyuri taj phengya ole phúreszke, hogy szi le jek sukár piráni má só maszek, hogy szavi lacshi cshaj hi taj romnyake la kamel te len. Akani dzsal la te mangaven, de báre daral. Avkahogy saj ovel, ni na mangavla mé la, mer daral ola cshakere dadesztar. Phengya leszke i cshaj, hogy lakero dad baro zoralo manus hi, szako le pindzsarel. Te ó sungya pale leszte, mer leszkerő dad csilleder leha dzsalahi, kana graszten tyinnahi, te basavnahi ketháne, kana ó mé csak buka cshávo sztya.

“Ehe, hajuvav má, fijam. Odolesztar darasz, hogy odá rom maj na mukla tuke te len ola csha, iga?”, phucsel o phúro. “Ója, bacsi,” phenel o Gyuri, “mer me na sztyom barvalo. Csak mre dadeha phirav, leszke segítinav, aszo dzsanav. Man náne motori, t’ akani azí avav busszoha. Csak odá verda hi man, aszo mro dad mange tyingya, mer odá mangjom. Kamlahi lo motori te tyinen, de phengyom leszke, hogy odá but lóvo mre dake hagy mukel. Szoszke te kerav csori gizda aszar o buter csháve, hogy motoriha phiren, te han pale náne khére nista. Avka pale szi amen te te han, taj te kampe te dzsan, odoj hi o graszta. Odona pale dzsan te bi o lóvo. Pányi taj csár arakhav lenge, akarká te ácshasz.” – “Csacsipe hi tut, fijam!”, phenel o phúro. “Aszar me dikhav, lácshe tuha phirla odija cshaj!”

Losangya adale vakeribeszke o cshávo, te pajikergya le ole phúreszke. Taj leszkere dú barátta áje ánde leszkeri gódi, aszar vakernahi leszke. O Jóska cidlahi le: “Dzsa má, more, romnya lesz te tu! Maj dikheha, hogy áver cshávo ovla laha, kana oggya reszeha!” Baro budzsando sztya adá Jóska, de kamlahi ole Gyuri te ó, taj te o Feri. Szo dú losannahi leszke, hogy uppe pet lija p’ odá, hogy romnya lela. Csak ketháne nastyonahi ángle leszte, hogy szo kerna ánde leszkerő bijav. O Jóska phenlahi ole Feriszke: “More, tu t’ avka lubno sztyal, maj tu oveha i nyoszójóni!” O Feri pale veszkinlahi pe leszte: “Szar te na, maj o mursa pale asztarkerna mri sukár bulóri, igaje, te csáresz la mange! Vagy cidna man pálalra taj kana dikna, hogy cshávo sztyom, vicsinkerna, hogy péle hi ola legsukader csha? Inkánb dzsanesz, szo? Tyineha mange rózsásne duge gáda taj thuli szoszten. No avka ová nyoszójóni taj tu man saj khelaveha csak, szo kija phenesz?” – “Devla, már ole, kana mé rózsásne gáda, romnyake te na tut te lav, lubneja?”, aszalahi o Jóska taj hudija te khelen le Feri. P’ adá

this cock here, you will not embarrass me on my wedding! In the end, people will think that I'm also gay like you!"

The two boys looked at each other and at once they jumped at him with a laugh, telling him: "Hm, my dear Gyuri, some "package" you have there! What do you have there in your pants? A stick, right? Oh, my dear Gyuri, your ass is so wonderful..." While his friends were touching him all over, Gyuri had laughed so hard it made him cry. "These two crazy guys, I love them so much!", he thought to himself now and looked out of the window again. Just one more stop and he would get off.

He felt scared just thinking how he would soon meet Annuska's parents and the fact that they even cooked for the occasion of his visit. When he remembered that, he got a stomach cramp that made him nauseous. The old man saw this and said to him: "Take a deep breath, stand up and lean towards the window, so that you can feel the wind! It will get better, my son! And believe me, there is nothing to be afraid of! That man cannot be so mean as to forbid his daughter to come with you, right?" – "You're right, Uncle," said the boy, "I haven't even thought of that! I mean, she has been with me for six months already!"

He sat back on his seat and was not afraid anymore. He looked at the things he had taken with him: a bottle of wine and a big bouquet of flowers for the girl's parents and for Annuska a small bottle of perfume and some chocolate that she liked. But the last two items he had put next to his heart, into the inside pocket of his jacket.

He had also talked with his friends about what he would tell her. Joska had told him to give these presents to the girl with only a few words, so the girl would not think too much of herself. "Just tell her 'I bought you something', give it to her and that's it!", he advised. Feri shouted at him: "Shut up, you idiot! You have no idea what women need!" Then he told Gyuri: "You tell her 'I'm giving these presents to you from the bottom of my heart, and so that my heart will not stay empty, I put you in that empty space!' Just watch how happy she will be!" – "Oh, may you be happy with your mother's cunt," said Joska, "where do you get such bullshit from? Oh, well, I know, you are an idiot! Do you have more such thoughts?" And he pulled a face at Feri. Feri turned around and pulled down his pants, while telling Joska: "Come on, look into the hole, see if there is any brain there and suck it out!" Joska waved to Gyuri: "You see? I told you, right? That he was crazy!" He grabbed Feri and threw him onto the bed while shouting: "Hurry up, Gyuri, bring the fire-poker, I'll gouge out his brain!" Laughing, Gyuri answered: "Wait, I'll get it, I'll be right back!"

When Feri heard that, he ran from them into the kitchen, but his pants were still down, because he had tried to escape from the boys so quickly. When Gyuri's mother saw him, she scolded him: "Oh, may you lick your mother's cunt, aren't you ashamed to expose yourself in front of an old woman?" While she was talking,

aszalahi te o Gyuri, de azí kerlahi pet, szar te rustyáhi: "Maj csarna adá kár a, man na tharavna téle pe mo bijav! Po vígo mé odá dzsanna o nípi, hogy te me tátó sztyom aszar tumen!"

Dikhen ketháne o dú csháve taj jekfarsza ugringye pe leszte aszandú, közbe vakernahi leszke: "Hmm, Gyurikám, adaj szi csomago! Szo thogyal ánde tri szoszten, tyilo, igaje? Joj, Gyurikám, de lacshi bul hi tut..." Aszar asztarkernahi ole csháve leszkere baráttya, odá avka aszalahi, hogy te o ászvi avnáhi ándar leszkere átyha. "Dú csalade, de kamav len!", gondolingya o cshávo taj papale diklahi ári pi bloka. Má csak jekfar acsla, pálal dzsal te ó.

Daralahi, te csak ánde gondolinlahi, hogy akani aratyhola ola Annuskakere dadeha taj te lakera daha, taj mé te han tágycs leeszke külön. Kana p' adá gondolingya, pe leszte ája o cshandlape, avka ánde göröcsölingya leszkeri pucra. Dikja adá o phúro taj phenel leszke: "Le mijno levegővo, ács uppe, buka bangyuv meri bloka, hagy phudel tut i barval! Feder oveha, fijam! Taj patya le, náne szoszta te daran! Odá manus nasti ovel aszavo ergyavo, te mukel tuha ola csha, na?" – "Csácsse, bacsi," phenel o cshávo, "adá mange na sztya ánde mri gódi! Há má só maszek hogy manca hi!"

Pále bestya po széko taj akani má bi i dár sztya. Préko dikja, aszo ke leszte sztya: caklo mol, sukár bari bokréta ola cshakere dadeszke taj dake, ola Annuskake pale jek buka cakleszte kölni taj odja csoki, aszo kamlahi. De adana pase po ilo thogya, ánde pe zakóveszkeri ándrutni potyisz.

Te odá vakergya pe barátenca, hogy szo lake phenla. O Jóska odá phengya, hogy csak avka te del oggya taj te na vakerel but, mer i cshaj bízinla pet. "Csak attyi phen lake, hogy 'tyingyom tuke valaszo', de oggya taj lacshe hi!", phenel lo. O Feri vicsinel pe leszke: "Csüt má, csaladeja! Dzsanesz má tu, szo kampe le dzsújenge!" Taj phenel le Gyuriszke: "Avka lake phen, hogy 'adana ándar mro ilo tuke dav, taj hogy te n' ovel csúcsone, tut besagyom po csucso than!' Maj dik szar losanla!" – "O, te losanesz tre dakere mindzsake," phenel o Jóska, "kathar lesz adana diline bútya? Ja ója de, há tu dilino sztyal! Aven tuke but aszave, iga?" Taj cirinkerlahi po Feri. Odá pale irjangyija taj téle kamlahi te ciden pi holov, avka vakerlahi ko Jóska: "Av de, dik ánde pi hév, szi-i man gódi taj szívín la ári!" O Jóska intinel le Gyuriszke: "Dikhesz? Igaje, phengyom, hogy dilino hi!" Ragadinya le Feri taj cshidija le po vodro, közbe vicsinkerlahi: "Szigyan, Gyuri, an o kutácsi, maj ári kotriná leszkeri gódi!" Odá aszandú leszke phenlahi: "Uzsar, má lidzsav, nasoká odoj sztyom!"

O Feri p' adá ári nástya kathar lende ándi konyha, de i holov téle sztya mukli pe leszte, mer szigyanlahi ári kathar o csháve. Kana dikja

she would hit him wherever she could reach him. Then the other two boys told the woman that all this had happened because the button had fallen off the poor boy's pants which Gyuri confirmed. Then the woman let him go and wanted to sew the button back on. Come what may, the three boys did not discuss the issue further. Gyuri could say what he wanted to the girl; the only important thing was that she would marry him, not someone else.

He started to feel a little bit dizzy because they had arrived to the village and the bus stopped. The old man told him: "Well, my son, is this not your stop? Come, let's get off!" – "Yes, it is, Uncle," answered the boy and took his things, "let's go!" – "Do you know in which house they live?", asked the old man. "Have you ever been there?" – "I do, Uncle, I have been in front of their house many times when I accompanied Annuska home", answered Gyuri. "Her grandmother would always praise me for that. Do you live far from here, Uncle?" – "Not far, my son," the old man said, looking at him, "just one street further."

"Well, then goodbye, Uncle! I must go because I'm sure they are already waiting for me!", said the boy and shook the hand that the old man had offered. "Alright, my son, goodbye – and don't be afraid!", said the old man as he slowly walked away.

Gyuri hurried because he did not want them to say behind his back that he had arrived too late and that he was such an idle guy. When he arrived at the house, Annuska was already waiting for him at the door: "You don't need to hurry so much, my dear Gyuri, my father has not arrived home yet, either." – "Oh, that's good, I hope he will not laugh at me!", said the boy. In that moment a familiar voice told him: "Why would I laugh at you, my son?" Gyuri looked around and saw the old man from the bus.

"Daddy!", shouted Annuska with happiness and went to her father. The boy turned pale with fear, but the old man took his arm and told him: "I told you not to be afraid! Let's go in!"

## What a beautiful girl you are, my dear Julika!

Lying on the ground, the girl thought about her family. About her mother, who would be sick so often and tried hard to hide her pain in front of her children. Or about those occasions when her mother cried in desperation. About her father, when he sat on the bench and told them stories after he had finished work. And about her father when he would say that 'he's giving the horses new shoes'. What was she going to tell them?

They were seven children: three girls and four boys. The oldest one, Frici, was already twenty years old. His daughter would turn one year old this month. "I love

le ole Gyuriszkeri daj, veszkinlahi: "O, te csáresz tra dakeri mindzs, na ladzsasz tut te szikavkeren jekhe phure romnyake!" Taj közbe csalavlahi, aká reszlahi le. De o dú csháve phengye ola romnyake, hogy csak o gombo cshingyija csore csháveszke, te ó bizonyítinlahi. Avka le mukja i romni taj pále kamlahi te sziven o gombo. O trín csháve ánd' odá ácshije. Maj ovla, aszar ovla. Odá kija phenla o Gyuri, aszo kamla, csak leszkeri dzsúli ovla, na ávreszkeri.

Akani má buka szídilinlahi, mer má odoj sztye ándo gav taj téle ácshija o busszo. O phúro phenel leszke: "No, fijam, tu na aggya ájal? Av, szálinasz téle!" – "De ója, bacsí," phenel o cshávo taj lija ke peszte aszo ligija, "aven de!" – "Dzsanesz, szave khereszte besen?", phucsel o phúro. "Sztyalahi má odoj?" – "Dzsanax, bacsí, te sztyomahi má ánglo kher butvar, kana ola Annuska anáhi khére", phenel o Gyuri. "Lakeri baba mindí man asarlahi mist' adá. Tu dür besesz athar, bacsí?" – "Na dür, fijam," dikhel pe leszte o phúro, "mé jek uccaha paleder."

"No, akkor ács Devleha, bacsí! Me dzsay, mer má biztos uzsaren man!", phenel o cshávo taj asztargya ole phúreszkeri va, aszo odá nyútingya mere leszte. "Lácshe hi, fijam, dzsa Devleha taj ma dara!", phengya o phúro, aszar polóke dzsalahí othar.

O Gyuri szigyanlahi, hogy te na phenen pe leszte, hogy szar kísín géja taj szavo polókno hi. Aszar oggya resztya ko kher, má i Annuska ándo vuder le uzsarlahi: "Ma szigyan avka, Gyurikám, mé ni mro dad na resztya khére." – "Joj de lácsho hi, csak te na man aszal ári!", phenel o cshávo. Jek pindzsardo hango phenel leszke: "Szoszke tut aszáhi ári, fijam?". Dikhel szít o Gyuri taj ole phúre dikja, palo busszo.

"Dadekám!", vicsinel losaha i Annuska taj géja ángle po dad. O cshávo ándi dár sápaddingya, de o phúro asztargya leszkeri múszti taj phenel leszke: "Phengyom, hogy ma dara! Aven de ánde!"

## De sukár sztyal, Julikám!

Aszar pastyolahí i cshaj, lakero családo phirlahi ánde lakeri gódi. Lakeri naszvalkerdi daj, aszar phárone cidkerel pet, hogy lakere csháve te na dikhen pe late i duk. Vagy odá, kana rovel ándi kínya. Lakero dad, kana pi patka besel taj paramiszi phenel lenge, kana kergya pi búti. Taj odá, hogy aszar ó phenel, 'uppe del o neve kamastyi po graszta'. Szo lenge phenla?

Efta dzséne sztye: trín cshaja taj stár csháve. O legphureder, o Frici má bisto bersiko sztya. Leszkeri cshajóri adá maszek ovla jek bersiki.

her so much!”, thought the girl and in her mind she heard the little girl laughing at her side. But that was not actually possible because they lived in another village, not in this place where she went to school. Everybody else had gone home from there, only she had missed the bus because the teacher had not let her go for making a mistake in Maths. This teacher had always told her: *“Oh Julia, a beautiful girl like you should also know how to count! Learn as long as you can! Don’t just be beautiful – be smart, too!”*

She was a beautiful girl with long black hair, but she always wanted to be ugly. Ugly but smart, not beautiful and stupid. When she had cut her hair with her grandfather’s scissors, her mother cried and so she did not cut it any shorter, although she wanted to cut it like the boys have it: very short. Her older sister Lenke beat her up and shouted at her: “Aren’t you ashamed? Our mother is almost dead and you even take that little bit of happiness away from her! What are you, a boy or a lesbo, that you want to have short hair?” Her brothers also scolded her while the girls were fixing her haircut.

“It would be so good if one of my brothers would at least come to get me or a sister of mine would be with me!”, the girl told herself slowly and wanted to turn around, but she could not because of the pain she felt in her leg. “It probably broke when the raklo kicked me”, she thought to herself and lifted her head. When she saw that she had started to bleed even more, she cried out loudly: “Sweet God, I’m going to die here alone! There is nobody else with me, just you! I have barely lived in this world, I haven’t done anything bad, why did the gadje do this to me? My good Lord, don’t give them peace in my name! May they live long, but in great misery! May only bad things happen to them, this is all I’m asking you for!”

She regretted that she had not stayed at the school to wait for the next bus, which was coming in two hours. But she had thought that she would manage to get home on foot during that time. She did not expect that the three rakle would follow her, but that was what had happened. One of them took her arm and told her: *“You are old enough, I’m sure that your husband is waiting for you at home! I’m going to take a look at what you give him at night!”* – *“Look at your mother’s cunt, may cancer eat out your eyes!”*, shouted the girl and wanted to run away, but the other two rakle caught her. One hit her in the face with his fist, the other pushed her to the ground and kicked her in the belly. They shouted things like: *“Stinky Gypsy, how dare you talk to our friend in this way? You are going to die for this! But first, this guy is going to take a look at what he wanted! Shut up!”*

While the two boys were beating her, the third one pulled down his pants and tore off the girl’s panties and skirt. She was screaming in vain; nobody came to her rescue, and so all three of them raped her. They left her there, laughing, while her face was covered in blood, almost suffocating her. She lay there on the ground, with

“De kamav la!”, gondolingya i cshaj taj avka sungya, szar te i bukóri odoj asszanyáhi pase late. De adá niszar nasti sztya, mer ónk ándo áver gav besnahi, na odoj, akija ó ándi iskola phirlahi. Má szako khére géja othar, csak ó kísingya téle o busszo, mer i ráni odoj la asztargya, ká na lácshe dija ketháne aszo kampja. Mindí phenlahi lake adija ráni: “*Ejnye, Júlia, egy ilyen szép lánynak nagyon kell tudnia számolni is! Tanulj, amíg teheted! Ne csak szép legyél, hanem okos is!*”

Sukár cshaj sztya li, bare duge kale balanca, de ó mindí dzsungali kamlahi te oven. Dzsungali, de gogyaver, na sukár taj dilini. Kana ánde cshingya pe papuszkere katjaha ánde pe bala, lakeri daj rovlahi, csak mist’ adá na cshingya téle harnenge pe bala. Peggyig ó aszave peszke kamlahi te cshinen szar ole csháven hi, báre harne. Lakeri phureder phen, i Lenke akkor báre la margya taj vicsinkerlahi pe late: “Na ladzsasz tut? Amari daj ajjig dzsivel, tu pale mé te odona buka vója lesz latar! Szo sztyal tu, cshávo vagy csira, hogy harne bala kamesz???” Te lakere prala veszkinnahи pe late, kana o cshaja ári lake igazítингye o bala.

“De lácsho ovlahi, te akani mo jek pral legalább avlahi vase mange, vagy valaszavi phen manca te ovlahi!”, phengya polóke ángle peszte taj te irjangyon kamlahi, de na biringya misti duk, aszo ánde pi csang hajolahi. “Biztos phagyija, aszar drugingya man o raklo”, gondolingya ánde peszte taj uppe vazdija po séro. Kana dikja, hogy mé buter rat latar géja, hangosan rovlahi: “Gulo Dél, adaj merá korkóri! Nikho náne pase mande áver, csak tu! Ni na dzsivgyom, nista ergyavo na kergyom, szoszke manca kergyе adá o gádzse? Devlóreja, ma muk lenge szmírom vase mange! Soká te dzsiven, de bare kínyate! Csak o ergyavo te reszel len, nista áver na mangav tatar!”

Bajnelahi, hogy na ácshija ándi iskola zsiko áver busszo, pe szoszte dú óri dugipe kampjáhi te uzsaren. De avka sztya leha, hogy tel’ attyi diveszte te khére reszla. P’ odá na számítingga, hogy o trín rakle dzsana pale late, de taj géje. O jek asztargya lakeri műszi taj phenel lake: “*Te má jó őreg vagy, biztos othol vár a urad! Mingyá mennézem, mitadol neki íccaka!*” – “Nézd meg az anyádnak a picsáját, egye ki a rák a néződet!”, vicsingya i cshaj taj te násen kamlahi, de o áver dú rakle hudije la. O jek dumukaha lake cshingya po muj, o áver ki phú la cshingya taj prutyinkerlahi ánde lakero pé. Avka vicsinkernahи pe late: “*Büdös cigány, hogy beszété a barátunkval, ezé megdöglesz! De elébb megnézi a gyerek, amit akart! Kussojá!*”

Taj aszar marnahi la o dú rakle, o trito téle lija pi holov, pali cshaj téle cshingergya i bugyesza taj i rokja. Hiábake ordítingga i cshaj, nikho na géja oggya te segítinen lake, amí szo trín dzséne préko géje pe late. Cshorgyolahи pe lakero muj o rat, kana aszandú odoj la mukje, majna tasztyolahи ánde. Odoj pastyolahи pi phú, phage csangaha. Sza rat sztya

broken legs. The blood pooled between her legs and covered her head and her face. She was very dizzy as she lifted her head and she became very sleepy. She did not feel the warmth of the blood coming down from the nape of her neck, nor the throbbing pain. She did not realize that when the raklo had pushed her, there was a big broken-up stone on which she had hit her head, which was now bleeding heavily.

Her eyes were closing, heavy with sleep. She was half asleep when she thought she heard her mother tell her: "What a beautiful girl you are, my dear Julika!" She wanted to say something, but she could not. Her lips moved, without making a sound: "I am beautiful."

## Man, when will you elope?

The two youngsters moved slowly in the grass to avoid anyone hearing them, as they would both be in trouble otherwise. They were not far from the edge of the village. If they managed to get there without anyone noticing them, all will be good from there on. When they arrived at the corn field, the boy broke off three cobs of corn, but the girl slapped him on the neck: "Ede, we're not here for the corn! And anyway, leave them here, you shouldn't steal!" – "Come on, I'm not stealing, my dear Helenka! The farmer allowed us to pick some from here, because we were guarding his cows. Here, eat one! But if you slap me again, I will bite you!", whispered the boy and pinched the girl's butt. She laughed and grabbed the boy's hair: "Shut up, may you eat your mother's [cunt]! We better hurry; the sun will rise soon!"

On the way, they shucked the corn and ate it raw. The cobs were nice and sweet, but a little sticky. When they got out of the village, they started to hurry. They ran until they were tired, and then they jumped into a ditch. They rested there. Later, they got up and headed for another village. They were not in a hurry now. They held hands and watched the sun rise over the trees, higher and higher in the clear blue sky. They enjoyed the warmth of the sun. They felt like it was a gift from the sun for getting together. They were happy for each other that they would be living together from now on.

The girl was a little afraid of her mother because she got angry very quickly, but as fast as she would get angry, she would also calm down. The boy had been visiting her for two years. When her father had died, he had been one of the musicians at his funeral. Everyone in the girl's family loved him. He had a nice word to say about everyone. Whatever they were doing, he was always there to help women or children. In winter, he and his brothers-in-law used to go to the forest to collect wood, which they paid for in advance. And the boys would tease him: "Man, you should collect plenty! You know that Helenka is a very skinny girl – she's always

te maskar lakere csanga, te lakero séro taj te o muj. Báre szídilinlahi, aszar vazdija po séro, taj i bari lindra ája pe late. Na hajolahi má odá tato valaszo, aszo ándar lakeri tarkóva avlahi, ni o phoszavibe. Na dzsanlahi, hogy aszar drugingya la o raklo, tele lakero séro baro phago bár sztya, aká te lakero séro ánde phagyija taj cshingyolahi ándar o rat.

Téle dzsanahi lakere jakha misti lindra. Má epasóne szovlahi, kana sungya, aszar lakeri daj phenel lake: "De sukár sztyal, Julikám!" Kamlahi te vakeren, de má na dzsanlahi. Csak o muj phirlahi lake bi o hango: "Sukár sztyom."

## More, kana má tumen cshivna?

Polóke lípinnahi o dú terne ándi csár, te na len sunel nikho, mer akkor bare bajate ovna szo dú dzséne. Má na dúr sztye kathar gaveszkerő szíjó. Te zsi'k' odá reznya bi odá, hogy te dikhel len valako, othar lácsho ovla. Kana ko bobbi resztye, o cshávo phagja trín csívi, de i cshaj cshingya le menyatar: "Ede, na bobenge ájam! Taj t' avka muk len odoj, ma csór!" – "Dahogy csórav, Helenkám! O hulaj mukja le amenge, hogy athar saj kedasz, mer amen sztyam leszkere gurumnyenca. Le, ha o jek! De te mé jekfar csalaveha man, ári tut danderá!", súgingya o cshávo taj csípingya la cshakeri bul. Odija aszanya taj ánde hudija ánde csháveszkere balá: "Csüt má, hasz tre dakeri, inkánb szigyanasz, mingyá uppe avla o kham!"

Aszar dzsanahi, téle kustye o cipi palo bobbi, avka jálone len hanahi. Lacshe gulle sztye, csak buka ragadinnahi. Kana ári reznya ándar o gav, kezdingye te szigyanen. Pálal nasnáhi, amí ári na thinyije taj péje jekhe járkoszte. Odoj ári pumen phudije. Pálal uppe ustiyije taj géje mero áver gav. Akani má na szigynnáhi. Asztarnáhi jekfáreszkerő va taj diknahi o kham, aszar peder o kasta vazdiszajol taj dzsal uppeder po suzso kíknó nebo. Lácshe perláhi lenge o táto, aszo deláhi o kham. Avka hajonáhi, szar te odá te dinyáhi lenge ajándíkoszte, ká ketháne ácshije. Losannáhi jekfáreszke, hogy athartú ketháne dzsivna.

I cshaj ikreláhi buka pe datar, mer p' odija szig avlahi i hóli, de aszar szig avlahi, te avka dzsaláhi. O cshávo má dúto bers phirláhi ke late. Kana lakero dad múja, ó sztya o jek lavutári po temetési. Kamlahi le szako ánde cshakeri családo. Ke szakoneszte sztya le lacsho alav. Akarszo te kernáhi, dzsaláhi taj segítinláhi te ola romnyake, te ole cshávenge. Jevende te ándo vés dzsaláhi pe sógorenca kasta te keden, kana tyingye uppe i biléta. Cidnáhi le o csháve: "More, avka kede, hogy i Helenka báre csisli cshaj hi, mindí fagyime hi li, n' ovla doszta trín bare dunni! Taj te

freezing, so not even three big eiderdowns will suffice! You are meagre, too, and when the day comes to make a baby, you'll both be freezing!" The boy laughed and replied: "Don't worry about that. Do you know the saying that skinny men have long stakes?" – "Now we know it," said the eldest, "but I'd like to see that stake! Come!", he shouted to his brothers, and all four of them started walking towards the boy. He turned around, ran away and yelled: "I know that you are jealous! But I'm not going to show you how beautiful mine is!" But the boys managed to catch him and they all wrestled in the deep snow, laughing.

Ede, the boy, was skinny, but tall and strong. He always stood up for the people he loved. Like at the ball when he beat up that hick of a gadjo who tried to take his brother-in-law's wife outside while Bela was away and yelled at her: "*Come, you stinky gypsy bitch, I'm going to fuck you out there! You didn't want me, although I would have married you, but you wanted a gypsy dick! Come or I'll eat your pussy, may you suck my dick!*" At that moment Ede got there with the women's drink and yelled at the raklo: "*May your fucking bitch mother suck it, may*



Dete mi  
jekfar csalavéha  
man, ári ~~tuf~~  
dandera!

tu ári sztyal súko, kana avla o dive, hogy csháve kerna, szo dú dzséne fagyinna!” Aszalahi o cshávo taj pále cshingya: “Csak ma daran tumen odolesztar! Sungyan má odá, hogy telo csislo manus dugo tyílo hi?” – “Akani má ója”, phenel o legphureder, “de azí me kamav le te te dikhen! Aven!”, vakerel pe pralenge taj szo stár dzsanahí mero cshávo. Odá pale irjangyija, naslahi taj vicsinkerlahi: “Dzsanan, hogy irígyesne sztyan! T’ avka na szikavá, szavo sukár hi man!” De akkor má hudije le o csháve taj aszandú birkozinnahi ándo baro jiv.

Csislo sztya o Ede, de te úcso taj te zoralo. Akarkana ári acslahi vas’ odona, akasz kamlahi. Te ándo báldo ketháne margya odole csikne menyakere rakle, ako leszkere sógoriszkkere romnya kamlahi ári te lidzsen, amí na sztya odoj o Béla taj vicsinkerlahi pi romni: “*Gyere, te büdös cigány kurva, maj megbaszlak kint! Én nem köllöttem, pegyig elvettelek vóna, de neked cigány fasz köll!* Gyere, mer meghajallak, szopd le a faszomot!” Akkor resztya pále o Ede ole pibnaha le dzsújenge taj ordítingga po raklo: “*Szopja le neked a rohatt kurva anyát, hogy rothaggyá meg!* Eriszd el az asszont, mer itt döglesz meg e!” Odoleha ugringya po raklo, hudija leszkeri men taj dumukaha ánde leszke cidija. Pálal cshingya le ki phú taj avka le

*you rot away! Let the woman go or you'll die here!*" With that, he jumped the raklo, grabbed his neck and punched him in the face. Then he threw him on the ground and punched him until the policeman arrived and asked what was going on. Bela's wife told him what had happened. The policeman took the raklo and reported that he was going to kill the woman. This raklo had already been in prison for similar cases many times.

The policeman knew everyone in the three villages where he worked. He knew what kind of person everybody was. And Bela was very grateful to Ede for what he had done, and so was the whole family. He was just teased a lot; people would say: "Man, when will you elope? Poor Helenka is getting old; she's going to be a spinster! Well, she'll be turning seventeen already!" Such moments embarrassed the girl because they were talking about her.

She ran away on the same day she turned seventeen. Along the way, the two of them were talking. "My poor mother, when she realizes that I've run away, she's going to be furious and she'll cry," she said. "Don't worry about that! By evening, she will have calmed down. You'll see that she will have baked something for you, Helenka!", said the boy and embraced the girl. "But let's hurry now, because my mother is waiting for us! She has been baking and cooking all night because I told her I was going to bring my wife, and that it is your birthday." – "Oh, may you vomit your heart out," she said, "why didn't you say so sooner? Come on, look at me, I'm in my house clothes – what are they going to say? And what if they laugh at me?" – "Come on, they won't laugh at you! You are prettier than the sun shining at noon. There is no set of eyes as beautiful as yours in the whole world! They're like the most beautiful star when it shines, and not even that could compete with you!", Ede responded, stroking her cheek. "There is no other rose in the world as beautiful as you! But let's go now!"

The girl was walking next to the boy with her heart full of happiness when they noticed a cart with two horses coming up behind them. They looked back, and when the girl recognized Csabi, her younger brother, she wanted to hide behind the boy's back. "Look at her, she's trying to hide!", laughed Csabi. "Come on, get on the cart, or we won't make it home in time for dinner. Our mother is already worried that you have disappeared! Even though the girls told her you ran away, she kept crying. Bandi and his wife told her to start cooking instead, because not only are we going to celebrate your birthday, but also a wedding!" – "Come on, man," said Ede, "what would that look like? We'll celebrate the wedding another time! Let's get to my family first!"

They got on the back of the cart and went to Ede's place first, where his family was already waiting for them. They celebrated properly. Later in the night, they made themselves ready and went to Helenka's family, where they celebrated for two more days.

dumukázingya, amí o jagalo na géja oggya taj phucsja, hogy szo hi odoj. Le Bélaszkeri romni téle dija, szo szar sztya. O jagalo pale ligija ole rakle taj uppe le dija, hogy te mundaren kamlahi ola romnya. Butvar sztya má adá raklo te ándi hév mist' aszave bútya.

O jagalo pale szakone pindzsarlahi, hogy pe leszkero than ko szavo hi, szo ándo trín gava, aszo tele leszkero va dije. O Béla báre hálásno sztya ole csháveszke te mist' adá, de na csak ó, hanem te o családo. Csak butvar cidnahi le, kana phennahi: "More, kana má tumen cshivna? P' amende phurjola i csori Helenka taj phuri cshaj acsla. Há má desefta ovla!" I cshaj pale ladzsalahi pet, mer pale late sztya alav.

Ípen p' odá dive pumen cshigye, aszar i cshaj ánde phergya o deseftato bers. Aszar dzsannahi, pal' adá vakernahi: "Csori mi daj, te dikla, hogy ájom, maj hójate avla, pálal pale rovla", phenel i cshaj. "Ma hojar tut mist' adá! Pe rátyate t' avka nyugzinla, maj dikheha, szo tuke pekla, Helenkám!", phenel o cshávo taj préko asztargya ola csha. "Akani má szigyanasz, mer te mri daj uzsarel amen! Tável-pekel kathar i ráti, mer phengyom lake, hogy anav tut, me romnya, taj te odá, hogy akani hi tre ovibeszkerő dive." – "Joj, te cshandesz rakási," phenel i cshaj, "szo na vakergyal szigeder? Ehe, ánde mre khérutne gáda ájom, szo mange phenna?? Taj te ári man aszana?" – "Av má, dahogy aszana tut ári! Há sukader sztyal ole khameszstar, kana díbe pekel. Pi celi phú náne asze sukár átyha aszar tut! Szar i legsukader csermunyali, kana ragyginel, odija nasti avel ke tute!", símitingya vígig lakeri csham o Ede. "Náne aszavi sukár rózsa po szvito szar tu! De aven!"

I cshaj losaha pherdo íleha dzsalahi paso cshávo, kana sungye dúje graszten verdaha te aven. Pále dikje taj kana pindzsargya i cshaj le Csabi, pe terneder prale, te garuven pet kamlahi pale csháveszkerő dumo. "Diiik, mé garuvel pet!", aszalahi o Csabi. "Aveen, besen uppe, mer na rezsaha pále pi ráti! Mri dajóri má te avka daral, hogy kija újan! Hiábake vakeren lake o cshaja, hogy cshigyan tumen, csak rovlahi. O Bandi taj leszkeri romni lake phengya, hogy inkánb te perel ko távibe, mer na csak tro ovibeszkerő dive, hanem te bijav ikraha!" – "Dzsa má, more," phenel o Ede, "odá má szavo hi? Maj ikraha bijav avreszar! Akani aven k' amende!"

Uppe bestye pálalra po verda taj géje khére elébb ko Ede, aká má báre len uzsarnahi. Baro szveco ikergye. Pálal ándi ráti kedije pumen ketháne taj géje ke Helenkakero családo, odoj dú dive szvecajargye.

## Was the bride beautiful?

“Don’t stall for time! It’s three o’clock soon. The village is already full of people!”, Joska shouted to Feri. “So what? I’m sure there will be some place where we can stand and see them! They’ll go through the whole village; it’s impossible for us to miss them with those ugly heads that God gave them! And anyway, we cannot go without Gyuri. Who knows when he will arrive!”, Feri shouted back while combing his hair.

“I’ve already been waiting here for over half an hour, may you kiss my ass!”, said Gyuri. “Come already, don’t fuck around with those two hairs – it is not you who is going to marry!” – “Oh yeah, may you suck me,” Feri snapped, “I know that you envy my beautiful hair!” – “Come on,” laughed Gyuri, “he has hair, he says! And he looks like a scorched cat!” – “Then you can kiss my long tail!”, said Feri. “Oh, may you lick my elbow!”, Joska said to him, lifting him up, “Come on, let’s hurry, or we’ll fall behind!”. And he started to run carrying Feri in his arms. Feri then shouted: “Put me down, or I will fart on you! Hurry up, I’m already pushing the shit out!” – “God, punish him for pushing the shit out!”, laughed Joska and threw him towards Gyuri who then jumped into a ditch and said to Feri: “Don’t jump on me, or people will think I’m gay!”

After Feri had hit the ground, he immediately jumped up and looked around to see who could have seen him. But there was nobody around – just the three of them. Some people were standing far away waiting. “Just wait, may you lick down my beautiful body,” said Feri to Joska, “I’ll get back at you for that! But now let’s hurry, the musicians are already playing!” He pulled the other boys by their hands. When they reached the crowd, they pressed forward to the front, so that they would have a better view. Four young raklis were leading the procession with large baskets from which they offered the people nut cakes and cheese biscuits. They were followed by little girls and boys walking side by side; shortly after came the bride with her father, then the bridal party, and at the end the musicians.

“The rakli isn’t very pretty”, said Feri. “She could have at least dressed in white, not just put on a skirt and blouse!” – “Shut up,” said Joska, “or would you have put on a wedding dress for your third wedding, you male whore?” – “Feri is right,” said Gyuri, “I mean she should not have put on a red blouse, but also not a white one. Maybe a beige one, even that would have been better. This red colour is really slutty, and with this miniskirt... why not a knee-length skirt?”

In this moment, two raklis came up to them and told them: *“Take some cakes! This is a present from the young couple, so that everybody can enjoy the wedding!”* All three of them took one and Joska said: *“Thank you, my sweetheart, we will return the favor tonight; just meet us behind the tent then!”* The raklis laughed: *“What for? To*

## Sukár sztya i menyasszonya?

“Ma cide o dive, mingyá trín óri hi, pherdo hi o gav!”, vicsingya o Jóska le Feriszke. “Taj? Csak ovla amen attyi than, aká saj ácshaha taj dikhaha len! Vígig dzsana ándo celo gav, nahogy má na dityhona odole dzsungale sérenca, aszo dija len o Dél! Taj t’ avka nasti dzsasz bí o Gyuri. Ko dzsanel, kana avla lo!”, vicsinel ári o Feri, aszar hulavlahi pet.

“Adaj sztyom má buter szar epas óra, te csumidesz man bujatar!”, phenel o Gyuri. “Av má, ma babrin odona dú száli bala tuke, na tu dzsasz romeszte!” – “Jaáá, te hedesz man ánde,” ugrinel ári o Feri, “dzsangyom, hogy irígyesno sztyal pe mre sukár balóra!” – “Suun,” aszal o Gyuri, “mé balóra hi le! Taj szar thardi karmuca hi lo!” – “No, akkor,” phenel o Feri, “csumid mri dugi póri!” – “O, te csáresz mri kenyeka!” phenel leszke o Jóska, aszar uppe le hudija. “Aven, szigyanasz, mer téle ácshaha pale lende!” taj naslahi ole Feriha ánde pi angáli. Odá pale vicsinkerlahi: “Thov man téle, mer téle tut khanyará! Szigyan, mer nyuminav te o khul!” – “Devla, már ole, kana khul nyuminel!”, aszal o Jóska taj cshidija le mero Gyuri. Odá pale ugringya ándo járko taj phenel le Feriszke: “Mahogy pe mande ugrin, mé odá dzsanna o manusa, hogy táto sztyom!”

O Feri aszar péja, ugringya uppe taj dikja szít, hogy ko le saj dikja. De na sztya kerí lende nikho, csak ónk trín dzséne. O buter manusa dúr acsnahi taj uzsarnahi. “No, uzsar, te csáresz téle mro sukár trupo,” phenel o Feri ole Jóskaszke, “vas’ adá mé hudeha! De akani szigyanasz, má basaven!” Hudija le cshávengere vaszta taj násindú len cidlahi. Kana ko buter manusa resztye, nyuminnahi pumen ánglalra, hogy feder te dikhen. Stár terne rakja avnahi ánglal bare kaskenca, aszosztar ákhorásne kolácsi taj sajtosne bogácsi detkernahi ole nípo, pale lende hurde cshaja taj csháve pase jekfáreszte, nasoká i menyasszonya pe dadeha taj o buter manusa, pe soroszkerő vígo pale o basade.

“Hát na bari sukár hi i rakli”, phenel o Feri. “Legalább párne gáda saj lijáhi, na csak rokja taj gad!” – “Csüt má,” phenel o Jóska, “mer tu menyasszonyike lijalahi pe to trito bijav, iga, lubneja?” – “Csacsip hi le Feri,” phenel o Gyuri, “azí csácsce na lolo gad kampjáhi te len, te ni na párho. De szar o tyhil, te aszavo sukader újáhi. Adá lólo báre lubiko hi, taj mé harni rokja, nasti újáhi zsiko térgyi?”

Akkor resztye ke lende dú rakja taj phenen lenge: “Vegyetek sütit! Ez az ifjú pár ajándéka, hogy mindenki jól érezze magát az esküvőn!” Szo trín dzséne lije jek, aszar phengya lenge o Jóska: “Köszi, csillagom, maj este megháláljuk, csak gyertek a sátor mögé!” Aszanahi o rakja: “Ugyan

*see how well you can run? You don't dare to do anything with girls!" – "Oh, may they lick me from below!",* said Gyuri. "Did you hear how they look down on us? May the night come, I will show them who has the power! May the dog fuck them three times from behind!" – "You see, my dear Feri?", asked Joska. "They are whores just like you!" – "Well, then go and push yours into them!", Feri said to him, "oh, well, I see you don't have the guts, so forget about it...". While he said that, he was already running away, though, because Joska tried to hit him in the neck. Gyuri followed them slowly.

When they arrived at Feri's place, the boy's sisters asked them: "Was the bride beautiful? How was she dressed? What about her hair? Did she have a big bouquet? Were there many people? Have you brought some cakes?" As soon as the boys answered that they did not, the girls started scolding them: "Oh, may you lick the bald cunt of that old gadji! Then why did even you go?" Feri started to get fed up and shouted at them: "Shut those black mouths of yours; you look like this black ass of mine here! Why didn't you go there yourselves to look at those freaks? You could have stuffed yourselves with cakes, too – may you stuff them into your mother's cunt! Oh God, please, you must punish them!" The girls got frightened and ran into their rooms, but their brother still shouted after them: "You should try to cook as well as you can swear!"

"Let it go," said Gyuri, "don't get angry!" – "Me?", smiled Feri. "I am not angry at all! But look, they are so little that you can barely see them, but they are swearing like three old Romani women! What will happen to them when they grow up?" – "Hopefully they won't become a whore like you!", said Joska with a smile. "You are smart; you're doing the right thing. You are their senior; don't let them do stupid things! I also educate my sisters, so that they become honest women, not messy whores!"

All three agreed with this, and they went to the summer kitchen because Feri's mother had called them to eat. She also asked about the wedding, while she gave the boys cabbage. They talked and ate, but they were in a hurry because they wanted to go back to the wedding to make fun of the gadje. The reason for this was that the gadje had gone to Gyuri's sister's wedding and had made fun of them by shouting: "*Damn stinky gypsies, you are such animals! What the fuck are you eating – rat or hedgehog? May your intestines rot from it!*" The bride had cried a lot; not even at their wedding the gadje had left them alone. That was why the three boys wanted to take revenge.

They went to the house where many people already stood in front of the gate, both Roma and gadje. The boys started to yell. The gadje who stood next to them did not condemn their behavior after they learnt what had happened before. When the rakkle brought out some drinks – as was customary in weddings –, the boys told them: "What the hell is this? Are you giving us water instead of palinka, huh? Be-

*minek, hogy lássuk, hogy tudtok szaladni? Nem mertek ti semmit se csinálni a lányokkal!”* – “O, te csáren man télalrú!”, phenel o Gyuri. “Sungyan, szar amen téle dikje? No, csak hagy avel i ráti, szikavá lenge zór, te kúrel len o dzsukel pálalrú trival!” – “Dikhesz, Ferikém?”, phucsel o Jóska. “T’ adana lubnya hi szar tu!” – “No, akkor dzsa taj nyumin leng’ ánde!”, phenel leszke o Feri. “Ja, de ni na tromaşz, avka nista...”, de má te naslahi, mer o Jóska menyatar le kamlahi te cshinen. O Gyuri pale polóke dzsalahi pale lende.

Kana oggya resztye ko Feriéko, le csháveszkere phenya phucsckernahi len: “No, sukár sztya i menyasszonya? Szo sztya pe late? Szave bala sztye la? Bari bukréta lidzslahi? But dzséne sztye? N’ angyan kolácsi?” De kana o csháve phengye, hogy na, o cshaja veszkinnahi pe lende: “No, te csáren ola phure gaddzsakeri kopaszni mindzs, szoszke géjan akkor???” Úningya adá o Feri taj vicsingya pe lende: “Asztaren má ánde odona kale muja, mer avka ári dikhen szar adija kali bul mange a! Szo na géjan taj dikjanahi te tumen odola csúsága??? Te kolácsi saj falingyanahi, te falinen ánde tumare dakeri mindzs! Devla, már olen csácse!” Daranye o cshaja taj ánde nástye ánde pumari szoba, de lengero pral mé vicsingya pale lende: “Te táven te dzsannahi avka szar te máravkeren!”

“Muk má,” phenel o Gyuri, “ma hojar tut!” – “Me?”, aszal o Feri. “Dahogy hojarav! De dikhesz, ajjig dityhon le ári ándar i phú taj feder máravkeren szar trín phure romnya! Szo ovla avka lenca, te bárgyona?” – “Csak n’ ovna lubne szar tu!”, phenel aszandú o Jóska. “Gódi hi tut, lácshe keresz lenca. Tu sztyal o phureder, ma muk lenge o dilinipe! Te me szako dive detkerav mre phenyen, pativale dzsúja hagy oven, te na aggya-oggya cshidkerde lubnya!”

Ánd’ adá szo trín dzséne jek hajonahi taj géje ándi nyilajiki konyha, mer akhargya len le Feriszkeri daj te han. Te ó phucsckergya palo bijav, aszar kedlahi le cshávenge i ármin. Odona te vakernahi, te hanahi, de báre szigyannahi, mer pále kamnahi te dzsan ándo bijav, te aszan po gádzse. Mer kana romeszte géja ole Gyuriszkeri phen, te ónk oggya géje taj na csak aszanahi, hanem te vicsinkernahi lenge: “Rohatt büdös cigányok, tik má oszt szép disznyók vattok! Mit a faszt esztek, patkánt vagy sündisznyót, rohaggyon ki tűle a beletek!” I cshaj miste lende báre rovlahi, hogy mé ni pe lengero bijav na muken lenge szmírom. Adá kamnahi pále te den o trín csháve.

Te géje ko kher, aká má but dzséne acsnahi ángli kapuva, te gádzse taj te roma. Adana má vicsinkernahi. O gádzse, ako pase lende acsnahi, jekhe alaveha len na bántingye, kana sungye pálal, hogy szo sztya. Kana o rakle ligije ári o pibe – aszo szokási sztya ándo bijava –, o csháve phennahi lenge: “Mi a szar ez, vizet attok pájinka helyett, igaze? Mer nem

cause if you had bought palinka, you would not have been able to afford your food, right? You Hungarians would eat shit if it wasn't stinky, may you rot away! And look, that is not beer in the bottle, but piss!" The gadje also laughed and, like the Roma, they did not accept anything from the rakkle.

It was a great shame for the young couple who were inside the house. They could hear what the boys were yelling and it had spoilt their good mood. It did not matter that the gadje played their music as loud as they could; the boys had very strong voices and would scream so loudly that one could not even hear the songs. They waited for a while to see if the gadje would come out to fight. But when the musicians stopped and nobody came out, they headed to the pub together with the gadje who had stood next to them and they had fun until late at night.

## It is a town, not a village

The girl cried already on the bus. She was very ashamed because the teacher had again ridiculed her in front of the other children for her name. "It is not my fault that I was named after my grandmother. She was beautiful and smart, while I am everybody's clown because of this beautiful name." At her new school, everybody laughed at her every day. She felt very bad about herself when she was in town. She wanted to go home, back to the village, where everybody knew her and all her relatives would support each other. But her father wanted to buy tools, so that in the future he could work by himself.

Her mother was always crying since poor little Toni died because his appendix was cut out and the doctors could not stop the bleeding. The following day he would have turned ten; now he would already be sixteen. They had been playing with each other so happily the day the ambulance took him away! Their mother had cooked their favorite food: cooked potatoes with eggs to which she added a lot of onions and even more pickles. She would pour sour cream and mustard over it and roast two young chicken to go with it. They were eating this food when Toni fell down in pain and started to cry. Their father asked the policeman to call the ambulance. Half the village went to visit him in the hospital, but the girl was not allowed to go visit because she was just six years old.

Today, she turned twelve, but nobody had wished her a happy birthday. Instead, she was just ridiculed again. In the village where they used to live, her godfather was always the first to come and wish her a happy birthday, followed by the others. Her mother and father used to wish her a happy birthday by making a cake for her. She had had such a good time last year! Her godfather was already playing for her at their house when the sun came up. The girl's aunt and her daughters prepared her favorite meals, like milk soup, so that she would become a beautiful lady and every year her

*telt vóna ki a zabára nektek, úgy e? Tik parasztok megennétek a szart is, ha nem vóna büdös, rohaggyatok meg! Dik, az meg nem is sör a üvegbe, hanem húgy!” Aszanahi te o gádzse taj ni ónk na lije nista ole raklendar, aszar o roma.*

Baro csúságo sztya adá ole ternenge oggyánde. T’ odá sungye, aszo vicsinkernahi o csháve taj te géja lengere voja. Hiábake basavnahi o gádzse, aszar birinnahi, ole csháven baro zoralo hango sztya taj avka vicsinkernahi, hogy ni nasti sztya te sunen o gyíjja. Jek zalog dive mé uzsarnahi odoj, hát te ári avna o gádzse te marakodinen. De páلال, kana má csüttye o basade taj nikho na géja ári, géje inkánb ándi kocsma, akija te o gádzse géje lenca taj zsi kísí ráti mulatinnahi jekfáreha.

## Adá fóro hi, na gav

Po busszo má rovlahi i cshaj. Báre pet ladzsalahi, mer i ráni papale lakero anav dikja téle ánglo buter csháve. “Nasti kerav me pal’ odá, hogy mre babakero anav dinye mange. Ó te sukár sztya, te gogyaver, me pale szakoneszkero bohói sztyom mist’ adá sukár anav.” Szako ári la aszalahi szako dive ánd’ adija nevi iskola. Báre ergyavóné pet hajolahi adaj ándo fóro. Khére kamlahi te dzsan, pále ándo gav, aká szako len pindzsarlahi taj ketháne ikrennahi ole cele endányenca. De lakero dad kamlahi peszke te tyinen bútya, hogy má csak peszke te saj kerel búti.

Lakeri daj mindí rovlahi, miúta múja o csoro buka Tóni, kana ári cshingye leszkeri kori gój taj na dzsangye téle te ácshaven leszkeri rat. Áver dive újáhi des bersiko, akani má desusó ovlahi. Szar lácshe khelnahi p’ odá dive kana ligije le mentóveha! Lengeri daj odá tágya, aszo legfeder kamnahi: tade phuvune tade tojásenca, aszoszte but purum taj mé buter sutle huborki thogya. Téle le cshorgya tejfeloha taj te mustáriha, k’ adá pekja lenge dú terne kanyhen. Adá hanahi, kana o Tóni téle péja misti duk taj rovlahi. Lengero dad vakergya ole jagaleszke, hogy te akharel o mentóvo. O epas gav géja ko cshávo ándo kórházo, de la na mukje ánde, mer csak só bersiki sztya akkor.

Akani má desudú hi p’ adá dive, de nikho la na pajikergya uppe, csak aszanye la ári papale. Ándo gav, aká besnahi, pe lakero ovibeszkeri dive mindí lakero keresztno dad dzsalahi legánglal uppe la te pajikeren, páلال o butera. Lakeri daj taj o dad pe rátyate lake kernahi jek torta, avka la pajikernahi uppe. De lácshe pet hajolahi jekhe berseha ángl’ adá! Lakero keresztno dad má akkor odoj lake basavlahi, kana uppe ája o kham. Lakeri nene odona habena tágya pe cshajenca, aszo ó kamlahi,

aunt would tell her while serving her the food: "My dear Franciska, you must eat up, so that it reaches every corner of your body! It will make you beautiful!" Of course, the girl ate it because it was nice and sweet.

When everybody had finished eating, they would visit Toni's grave. The girl would always tell him: "Little Toni, I love you so much. I know that you too want to wish me a happy birthday; that's why I brought flowers for you. I will never forget you! Thank you for praying for us to God! May you rest in peace!" Then they went home and made a big celebration for her, which was also attended by the school teacher and the other pupils. Everybody loved her there, but here in town nobody even remembered that it was her birthday today.

That morning when she woke up, her father was already gone. Her mother hurried her: "Hurry up, my dear Franciska, or the gadje will laugh at us! Don't miss the bus and when you eat, try not to dirty your beautiful school uniform<sup>45</sup>! You know how expensive it was. We don't have money for another one, so take good care of it! Don't pick a fight with anyone; this is a town, not a village, so keep a low profile! Keep away from the gadje, don't mess with them! But now let's go, hurry!" Then she went to the bus. She waited for her mom to wish her a happy birthday or at least pull her ears<sup>46</sup>, but she seemed to have forgotten about it. There was a lot of fabric waiting for her, from which she had to sew clothes for the gadje. Perhaps this was the reason why she had not said anything to her – because the clothes were on her mind.

One gadji had asked her to make a long red dress with a slim waist. The mother had told her that she could not make it. It was because the gadji was a big woman, even taller than the girl's father, and had a huge belly. But the gadji screamed at the mother. She told her to sew the dress or she would go to the police and lie to them by saying that she was robbed by the mother and father. "God, punish her, may she grow thin like a stick!", the girl thought to herself when the bus stopped close to their house. She got off. She waited until the bus went away and then she headed home.

When she opened the door, her mother asked: "Is that you, my dear Franciska? What happened at school? Come and tell me!" But the girl did not tell her that she was mocked again. Nor that the other children knocked the bread out of her hand. Or that the teacher had destroyed her exercise book because a raklo had lied and said that she had drawn the teacher as a pig but then erased it. Not even that the principal wrote down her name as Magda because he thought that her real name was ugly. She only said to her mother: "Nothing, on Friday we have to dress in a skirt and blouse because

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<sup>45</sup> The wearing of school uniforms was obligatory in the socialist era. It was a dark blue coat either with short-sleeves, long-sleeves or sleeveless, made from synthetic material and worn over other clothes.

<sup>46</sup> It is a birthday tradition in Hungary for the relatives and friends of the birthday boy or girl to pull their earlobes once for each year of the person's age.

te thudeszta zumin, hogy sukár bari cshaj te ovel ándar late taj kana kedlahi ándar, mindí phenlahi lake szako bers: "Franciskám, adija ha ári i celi, hagy dzsal szít ánde to celo trupo! Adalatar báre sukár ovehal!" I cshaj te halahi la, mer lacshi gulli sztya.

Kana má szako hája, dzsanahi ke Tóniszkeró síro. Mindí i cshaj vakerlahi ke leszte: "Tónika, báre tut kamav. Dzsana, hogy te tu uppe man kamesz te pajikeren, vas' adá angyom tuke o virági. Nikana tut na biszterá! Pajikerav, hogy molinesz vas' amenge ko Devlóro! Szov szmirátel!" Odoleha dzsanahi khére taj baro szveco ikrenahi lake, aká odoj sztya te i ráni taj te o buter csháve ándar i iskola. Odoj szako la kamlahi, de adaj ándo fóro nikaszke na sztya ándi gódi, hogy lake akani hi le ovibeszkeró dive.

Ratyaha, kana ustyija, má lakero dad na sztya khére. Lakeri daj pale szigyanatatinlahi la: "Szigyan, Franciskám, te na amen aszan ári o gádzse! Mahogy kísin o busszo taj maj kana hasza, nahogy téle hasza tro sukár köppenyi! Dzsanesz, szavo kucs sztya. Buter lóvo má náne amen pe ávreszte, pászin uppe báre! Ma phandker tut nikaszaha, adá fóro hi, na gav, adaj ma szikav tri zór! Cide tut ole gádzsendar, ma thov tut lenca! No dzsa, nás, szigyan!" Avka géja ko busszo. Uzsarlahi, hogy i anyu uppe la pajikerla vagy legalább cidla lakero kan, de i anyu saj, hogy bisztergya la. Doszta but gáda la uzsarnahi, aszo te sziven kampel ole gádzsenge. Saj, hogy azí na phengya lake nista, mer o gáda sztye ánde lakeri gódi.

I jek górkinya lole duge gáda kamlahi te keraven laha, szane derekoha. Phengya lake i anyu, hogy avka na dzsanla te keren, mer i gádzsi doszta bari kotor sztya, ucseder te ole apusztar, báre bare péreha. De i gádzsi veszkinlahi pi anyu. Odá lake phengya, hogy te na szivila lake o gáda, uppe la dela ko jagale taj odá hovavla, hogy ári la csórgye ole apuha. "Devla, már ola, te csisjol téle szar jek tyíol!", gondolingya i cshaj, kana ácshija o busszo na dür kathar lengero kher. Téle szálingya. Uzsargya, amí géja o busszo taj indulingya khére.

Aszar ánde kergya o vuder, lakeri daj phucsja: "Tu sztyal, Franciskám? Szo sztya ándi iskola? Av, phen!" De i cshaj na phengya ári, hogy ári la aszanye papale. Ni odá, hogy o máro ári csalagye ándar lakero va. Ni odá, hogy i ráni szít cshingergya lakero irka, mer o jek raklo odá hovagya, hogy téle la rajzolingya báleszke, csak ári le dergelingya ole ladíriha, taj hogy o igazgatóvo préko íringya lakero anav Magdake, mer dzsungaleszke ikrel lakero csacso anav. Csak attyi phengya pe dake: "Nista, csak po pinteko rokjate taj gadeszte kampe te dzsan, mer lidzsen amen valaszavo múzeumo te dikhen. Taj te lóvo kampel, mer na dena te han. Zsiki sóvóri ovaha." Lakeri daj hójaha phengya: "Mist' adá jek

they'll have us visit some museum. And we also need some money because they won't feed us. We'll be there till six." Her mother answered angrily: "Just for this one occasion we won't buy a skirt and blouse for you! We'll ask my uncle's daughter, she has the same size as you. Come and eat and then you can go!"

The girl did not like to visit the uncle's family because they were very proud. Marti was always showing off and talking about how her father was so rich and how her mother could afford to go to the hairdresser every day. But she did not want to make her mother even sadder, so she ate a little bit of the poor man's soup and then went out of the house. The uncle's house was not far away. Within five minutes she arrived there and pulled the little bell built into the wall. Soon, his wife let her in and as they walked through the yard towards the house, she asked her what she wanted. The girl said that her mother had sent her to see if there was a skirt and blouse from Marti for her.

"We'll look, maybe there is", said the woman after they had entered the kitchen and she made the girl sit down on a chair. She called her daughter. After ten minutes, the daughter came and when she saw the girl, she asked her mother what they wanted again. It hurt the girl's feelings. She wanted to get away from there and told the woman: "Auntie, I am sorry to keep you so long! I have to hurry home to my mother, you know she is ill." She grabbed the doorknob. "Wait, my dear Franciska," said the woman, "you did not even tell Marti what you need!" – "I don't need it anymore! I just remembered that I also have one; it's just that it is in the drawer and I have never worn it here!", said Franciska and ran out. She did not even say goodbye, nor did she look at Marti; she just ran.

The woman was following her with her eyes. Marti turned around and on the way to her room, told her mother: "Damn poor shits, I would not have given them anything anyway! They should buy their own stuff like we do. Miserable beggars, may God punish them!" The woman already knew how spoiled her daughter was, but this was the last straw. She scolded her: "What do you think? That we always lived like this? We were poorer than they are! When we arrived here, we didn't even have a bed. We slept on the ground! They were the ones who made a bed for us from the wood that Franciska's father cut down in the forest! Don't curse them or I'll give you a slap on the neck! Do you understand?"

Marti got scared and closed the door behind her. In the meantime, Franciska arrived home and told her mother that Marti had given away all her clothes to the poor children and so she could not give her any. "Don't worry," said her mother, "I have a white blouse. We'll sew the arms higher, so that it will fit you. And your school uniform is so long that it almost reaches your knees, anyway; you don't even need a skirt. She searched for the blouse and altered it to fit the girl. They had just finished when the girl's father came home. The woman made him something to eat and said to him: "Man, why didn't you bring what I asked you? How should I cook for you tomorrow?"

na tyinaha tuke rokja taj gad! Maj mangaha mre bacsiszker a cshatar, te odija aszave truposzte hi szar tu. Av, ha taj te saj dzsasz!”

Na kamlahi oggya te phiren ko bacs i cshaj, mer báre gizdave sztye. Kerlahi pet báre i Márti, hogy lakeri dad szavo barvalo hi taj lakeri daj szako dive ke fodrásziszste saj phirel. De na kamlahi pe dake mé bareder bríga te kerent, avkahogy hája ándar i csori zumin jek zalog taj te géja khérarrú. Na dür besnahi othar o bacsíko. Telo pándzs perci oggya resztya taj cidija odá buka harango, aszo ándo falo thogye. Nasoká te ánde la mukja i romni taj aszar dzsanahi pi udvara mero kher, te ári la phucskegya, hogy szo kamel odoj. Phengya i cshaj, hogy lakeri daj la bicshagya ke lende, hát te ovlahi ola Márti pe late valóno gad taj rokja.

“Maj rodaha, saj, hogy szi”, phenel i romni, kana má ánde resztye ándi konyha taj téle nyumingga ola csha po széko. Vicsingya pe cshake. Odí palo des perci ája taj kana dikja ola csha, phucsja pe datar, hogy szo lenge kamplahi papale. Ergyavóné péja adá la cshake. Kamlahi te dzsán othar taj phenel la romnyake: “Nene, ma rus, ká uppe tut ikergyom! Szigyanav khére ke mi daj, dzsanesz, naszvali hi” taj asztargya o kalincso. “Uzsar, Franciskám,” phenel i romni, “há mé ni na phengyal ola Mártikake, aszo kamesz!” – “Na kampel má! Ánde mi gódi ája, hogy te man szi, csak ándo sifonyi hi thode, ni na sztya mé pe mande adaj!”, phengya i Francisca taj nástya ári othar. Ni na pajikergya, ni na dikja pi Márti, csak naslahi.

I romni diklahi pale late. I Márti irjangyija taj aszar dzsalahi ánde pi szoba, avka phenlahi pe dake: “Rothattne csore khula, t’ avka na dijomahi nista! Hagy tyinen pumenge aszar amen, nyomorútne zsobri, te marel len o Dél!” Dzsalahi i romni, hogy szavi kínyesni hi lakeri cshaj, de adá má but sztya. Te téle la vicsinkergya: “Szo patyasz, amen mindí avka dzsivaszahi??? Amen csoredera sztyamahi szar ónk. Kana aggya ájam, mé vodro amen na sztya. Pi phú szovaszahi! Adana manusa amenge kergye ándar o kasta, aszo ola Franciskakero dad cshingya ári ándo vés! Ma máravker len, mer na phireha manca lácshe! Sungyal ole???”

Daranya i Márti taj ánde kergya pe peszte o vuder. Tel’ adá i cshaj khére resztya taj odá phengya pe dake, hogy má oggya dija pe cele gáda i Márti ole csore cshávenge, azí la na dzsangya te den. “Ma dara,” phenel lakeri daj, “man szi jek párho gad. Maj uppeder szivaha o mussza taj lácsh’ ovla pe tute. Tro köppenyi pale t’ avka majna zsike tre térgyi reszel, ni na kampel rokja. Te rodija o gad taj pi cshaj le igazítinya. Te vigzingye, kana khére resztya ola cshakero dad. I romni dija le te han taj vakerlahi leszke: “More, szoszke n’ angyal, aszo mangjom? Szar táva taha tumenge?” De o murs na sunlahi pe late, mer i kasza sztya ánde

But the man did not hear her because he was thinking about the scythe that had broken for which he had been fired. He did not know how to tell his wife that he had no job anymore and that he did not know where to find another.

“Barna!”, the wife shouted at him. “Am I talking to the walls?!” – “It’s alright, my dear Manyi! Just tell me what we need and I’ll go buy it with Franciska! Go dress, my daughter, you’ll come with me!”, said Barna and left the food. He got up from the table and put on his hat. While the woman wrote up a list of things they needed at home, the girl happily changed and hurried to the kitchen. Her father took the basket and the list and held the girl’s hand. “Come, my little sweetheart, the shop is closing soon!”, he said to the girl and they went out the door.

The girl was happy to go out. She did not like the house where they lived, but there was no other place to live that they could afford. Even this place they would not have if her dad’s brother had not gone to Germany to work. He had told them that they could live there until his return. This was after Christmas and now it was already the third month that they had been living there. When they went inside to see in what kind of house they were going to live, the place had a foul smell. They opened all three windows and left the door open, too. That’s why people shouted at them: *“This house is as stinky as you are, no wonder that you are gypsies! Close the door, may you rot there inside!”* Grandma – Mom’s mother – screamed back: *“Oh, may you suck out my old cunt which gets washed more often than your faces! We don’t even live here, may you rot away! You are the ones who stink even from far away because you save money on water because it is expensive. But we wash ourselves for free every day in the village, may you lick my body!”* While shouting, she ran towards the gadje. They ran from her to their houses and slammed their doors. *“I can also slam my door, may your intestines rot away!”*, shouted the woman and lifted her skirt. *“Here you have it, take it!”* and she tapped her cunt, *“Come out and smell it, stinky gadje!”* Her family watched and died of laughter. They knew the old woman and her nasty tongue. Sometimes she showed her private parts, but she had a good heart. After this, no gadjo ever dared to say anything to them.

They spent the entire day cleaning every corner of the house. They cleaned the windows and the doors, wiped down the whole house twice and then they went home. The following day, they painted the house with three layers of paint on every wall. The girl’s room was now a lovely blue, and the kitchen was yellow like the sun. The bathroom had been painted white, and the parents’ bedroom the color of the most beautiful peaches in summer. The girl had chosen the colors when they had still lived in the village and mom had taken her to the town to see where they would live. That day, she had only been at school in the morning; at noon, her grandmother had asked the teacher to let her leave.

The girl had been very happy to hear two rich girls talking behind her back: “She is so lucky; may she dry out! She’ll live in town and we have to stay here in this small village. Nobody will ever know what beautiful girls we are!” The girl laughed

leszkeri gódi, aszo phagyija taj te ári le cshidije váse. Na dzsanlahi, hogy szar te phenel pe romnyake, hogy náne má le búti taj ni odá, hogy ká te rodel peszke áver.

“Barna!”, vicsinel pe leszte i romni. “Há kaszke vakerav??” – “Lácshe sztyal má, Manyakám! Phen, szo kampel, taj dzsaha la Franciskaha te tyinen! Urjav tut, mri cshaj, maj aveha manca!”, phenel o Barna taj mukja odoj o hábe. Ustyija kathar i kafidi taj pe po séro thogya i kalapa. Amí i romni ketháne íringya, aszo kampja pe khérezste, i cshaj bare losaha pet urjagya pále taj szigyangya ándi konyha. Lakero dad asztargya i kaska, lija o papíri taj asztargya la cshakero va. “Aven, mri buka gulli, nasoká ánde kerla i bóta!”, phengya la cshake taj ári géje po vuder.

Losanlahi i cshaj, hogy saj dzsal ári. Na kamlahi odá kher, aká besnahi, de na sztya áver aszavo, aszo dzsangyéhi te potyinen. Ni adá n’ újáhi, te ole apuszkeró pral na dzsal ári ko nyimci búti te keren. Avka lenge phengya, hogy aggyig hagy besen odoj, mí pále n’ avla lo. Adá pali karácsonya sztya, akani ovla trito maszek, hogy odoj besen. Báre khandlahi, kana oggya géje te dikhen, hogy taj szave khereszte besna. Ári kergye szo trín bloki, te o vuder avka mukje. O manusa pale veszkinnahi mist’ adá pe lende: “Ollyan büdös a ház is mint tik, láccik hogy cigányok vattok! Csukjátok be az ajtót oszt rohaggyatok magatoknak ottan!” I baba – la anyukeri daj – pále lenge vicsinkergya: “O, szíjjátok ki ezt a öreg picsámot, ami többet van mosva mint a pofátok! Há mink nem is itt lakunk, rohaggyatok meg! Tik vattok messzirű büdösök, mer spóroltok a vízen, hogy a drága. Mink meg a faluba minden nap ingyé fürdiink, nyajjátok le a testemet!” Aszar vicsinkerlahi, naslahi mero gádzse. Odona pale nasnahi ánglal late ánde pumare khera taj csattantingye ánde o vuder. “Én is tudok csattogtatnyi, rohaggyon ki a beletek!”, vicsingya i romni taj uppe vazdija pi rokja. “Nesztek, itt van nektek e!” taj pi mindzs lenge marlahi. “Gyertek ki oszt szagojjátok meg, büdös parasztok!” Aszar adá diklahi o családo, phosztyonahi ándo aszabe sza. Pindzsarnahi ola phúra, hogy szar dzsungále vakerel. Jekfar-duvar te szikavel pet, de lacsho ílo hi la. Pálal má ni jek gádzso na tromalahi nista te phenen lenge.

Celo dive odoj suzsarnahi, aszo saj sztya. Téle thogye o bloki, te o vudera, uppe khoszkerge ándo celo kher te duvar taj pal’ odá géje khére. Áver dive festingye ári, trival géje vígig po fali. Sukár kíkní úja ola cshakeri szoba, i konyha zsuti, szar o kham. Aká nangyonahi, odoj párneszke makje ánde, aká pale o anyuékő szovnahi, aszavo színo kergye, szar i legsukader baracka hi palo nyilaj. Adana színi i cshaj ári

when she heard this because the two girls were not beautiful. The older girl, Hedi, was so fat that one could barely see her eyes. For that reason the children called her ‘Szemptelen’<sup>47</sup>. In reaction to this, the girl would push them over with her big fat body. In contrast, the younger one, Rita, was very thin, although she ate more than any strong man would. She had a long head with a pointed chin and such big eyes that people got scared when she looked at them too quickly. That’s why she got the nickname ‘Mulo’<sup>48</sup> from the children. Unlike Franciska, these girls were not good at school and had to repeat the sixth grade.

In the village, Franciska was praised a lot by the teacher for her good learning skills, as well as by the priest for reading so well during mass. But the girl’s family had not been to church here in town, nor did they get to know the priest. At school, they were behind with the curriculum compared to the village children. The girl often felt that she wanted to go back, because she did not feel at home in town. But when she mentioned it to her mother, she was told to be happy that she was away from the village at least for some time. She had not talked to her father about this yet because he was always tired when he arrived home. But now they would be alone and she would talk to him.

When they had gone out the door, the girl began: “Dad, we could go home.” – “But we just left”, said her father, “Come, hurry up, we can still get to the shop in time!” – “By home I don’t mean here”, said the girl and looked at her father, “but back to the village. To me that is home!”. She ran to keep up with the man. “My dear Franciska, the time will come soon”, said the man, taking the girl’s hand, “but we need to stay here for a bit longer. But let’s hurry now! Look how the gadjo is staring at us – let’s get away from here!” – “I would like to leave right away. Everything is bad here: the people and the things too!”, shouted the girl and looked back at the gadjo who was watching them from behind his door. He smiled at her, but to the girl it seemed as though the devil had grinned at her. She squeezed her father’s hand and pulled at him: “Let’s go quickly!”

There was a man working at the shop who would follow them everywhere and was always watching them. The father would tolerate it for a short time, but the girl quickly got afraid. She was always afraid when a gadjo looked at her. When her father saw that she was afraid, he said to the man: “*Hey sir, just because we are gypsies, we are not going to steal! We also have money and I have worked for it – imagine that! Don’t follow us, or is it because you like me? The thing is I am married...*”, he winked at the man. “*I am a security guard, not a homosexual!*”, the gadjo yelled at the man. “*And you and your bastard are black as tar! Such stinky gypsies as yourself are always stealing*

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47 The Hungarian adjective *szemptelen* has a double meaning: “eyeless” and “impudent”.

48 The Romani noun *múlo* refers to a dead person.

választingya, kana mé ándo gav besnahi taj i anyu ligija la peha ándo fóro, hogy te ó te dikhel, ká besna. P' odá dive csak ratyaha sztya ándi iskola, pálal ári la mangja i baba ola rányatar.

Báre losanlahi i cshaj, kana sungya, hogy pale lakero dumo o dú barvale cshaja vakerkernahi: "Szavo lácsho ovla adalake, te sutyol li ári! Ándo fóro besla, amen pale adaj ácshaha ánd' adá buka gav. Nikho na dzsanla hogy szave sukára sztyam!" Aszanya pet i cshaj, kana adá sungya, mer adana dú cshaja na sztye sukára. I phureder cshaj, i Hédi aszavi thúli sztya, hogy ajjig dityhonahi lakere átyha. O csháve mist' adá avka la akharnahi, hogy 'Szemtelen'. Odí pale pe bare thule trupoha uppe len druginlahi. I terneder, i Rita pale báre csisli sztya, pegyig buter halahi, szar jek zoralo murs. Lakero séro dugo sztya, hegyesne álaха taj aszave bare jakhenca, hogy te szigaha diklahi pe valakaszte, odá daralahi latar. Adala misto átyha 'Múleszke' csúfolinnahi o csháve. Ni lengero szikjuvibe na sztya aszavo lácsho szar la Franciskake, te mist' adá phirgye má dútovar o sótodikno.

Odoj ándo gav báre asarlahi i ráni ola Franciska, hogy szar lácshe szikjol, te o rasaj, hogy szar sukáre genel pi misa. De adaj mé ni na sztye ándi khangéri, ni na pindzsarlahi ole rasaje. Ándi iskola pale mé na ikrenahi odoj, aká o gavike csháve. Butvar hajolahi avka i cshaj, hogy pále kamel te dzsan, mer adaj na hajolahi pet khére. De kana vakerlahi pal' adá pe dake, odija attyi phenlahi lake, hogy te losanel, hogy buka dive na ándo gav hi. Pe dadeha mé na vakergyá pal' adá, mer o murs mindí thinone dzsalahi khére. De akani dúdzséne ovna, maj vakerla leha.

Aszar ári géje po vuder, te kezdingya te phenen i cshaj: "Apu, saj dzsaszahi khére." – "De akani ájam ári", phenel lakero dad. "Av, szigyan, mé reszaha i bóta!" – "Na aggya khére", dikhel pe po dad i cshaj, "hanem pále, ándo gav. Mange odá hi o khére!" taj naslahi palo murs. "Franciskám, má na but dive kampel kija," asztarel la cshakero va o murs, "buka mé adaj kampasz te ácshen. De akani szigyanasz, dik, o góri szar amen dikhel, aven athar!" – "Má me akani dzsáhi. Adaj ergyave hi te o manusa taj te o bútya!", vicsingya i cshaj taj pále dikja po gádzso, aki palo vuder len diklahi. Odá pe late aszanya, de i cshaj avka le dikja, szar te o béng te círingyáhi pe late. Szorítinya pe dadeszker va taj cidlahi le: "Aven má szigyanasz!"

Ándi bóta jek murs phirkeralhi pale lende taj lesinlahi len. Jek buka dive muklahi o murs, de i cshaj daralahi. Mindí daralahi, kana valaszo gádzso diklahi la. Kana lakero dad dikja, hogy daral, phengya ole murseszke: "Jó ember, azé mer cigányok vagyunk még nem fogunk

*something!” – “Since when are we so close that you talk to me in this way?<sup>49</sup> I’ll fuck your mouth or rather your mother!”, shouted the man after seeing the girl tremble with fear.*

In that moment, the shopkeeper approached them and asked: “*What’s going on here, Istvan?*” The gadjo said to him: “*These gypsies wanted to steal, and I didn’t allow it!*” The shopkeeper looked carefully at the man and the girl, then he said to the gadjo: “*Istvan, pack your things and get out of here, you are fired!*” – “*What?*”, the gadjo yelled, “*They are gypsies, don’t you see? All of them should be shot dead!*”

This was too much for the shopkeeper. He punched the gadjo in the face and shouted: “*Here you go, you damn nazi piece of shit! Get out of here to your fucking mother because I’ll denounce you like your wife did! It was smart of her to leave you for that gypsy guy! Get lost or you’ll have me to deal with!*” He was shouting and at the same time hitting the gadjo with all his force. At the end, he even kicked him in the ass. Then the gadjo ran to get his bag and scrambled out the door.

“*Well, this is done!*”, said the shopkeeper and turned to the man. “*What’s your name?*” The man looked at him and said: “*Like the color of my skin, that’s also my name.*” – “*Then you are Barna<sup>50</sup>*”, the shopkeeper laughed at him. “*Tell me: What should I do? I have just chased away my security guard, I need a man. Will you take the job?*” – “*Don’t make fun of a poor man, sir*”, answered the man. “*Would you hire a gypsy? Here?*” – “*Why not?*”, asked the shopkeeper. “*I am sure you are not a nazi like that asshole! So? The contract will be ready tomorrow! But I need your help now and the little girl can also help to stock the shelves if she wants to. Would you like to?*”, he asked the girl with a smile. She said to her father with great joy: “Dad, this would be great for us!”

The man could hardly believe it but was happy that he had found another job. Still, he did not dare show his feelings. He said to the shopkeeper: “*Look, we came here to buy something, not to look for a job. But if you really are looking for someone, I’ll accept the offer.*” – “*Great!*”, rejoiced the shopkeeper. He took the man’s hand and shook it. “*Let’s get what you need and then we can take care of the work before closing the shop! And you’ll stock the chocolate shelf, alright?*”, he asked the girl, but instead of waiting for an answer, he went straight to the storage room and came back with four big boxes. He put them on the ground in front of the girl and said to her: “*Here you go, open them and please put the chocolates where you see similar ones!*” The girl opened the boxes at the top and diligently put the chocolates in their place.

In the meantime, her father collected the things they needed. While he was paying, he told the shopkeeper that it was the girl’s birthday. “*Then she’ll get a present from me!*”, said the shopkeeper and quickly wrapped three big chocolate bars and a box

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49 In Hungarian there is a formal and informal way to speak. During this conversation the Rom addressed the gadjo in a formal way, while the gadjo answered in an informal way.

50 Barna is a given name in Hungarian which translates to “brown”.

*lopní! Van pénzünk is, képzeli, dolgoztam érte, hogy legyen! Ne járkáljon utánunk, vagy tetszek magának? Csak mert én nős vagyok...”, kacsintingya po murs. “Biztonsági ór vagyok, nem meleg!”, ordítningya o gádzso po murs. “Te meg a fattyúd meg fekete mint a szurok! Az ilyen bűdös cigányok mindig lopnak valamit!!!” – “Mióta tegeződünk, verjem a pofádba, vagy inkább anyádba!”, vicsingya o murs, kana dikja, hogy i cshaj rezdal misti dár.*

Akkor lípingya pase lende ola bótakero hulaj taj phucsel: “*Mi folyik itt, István?*” Phenel leszke o gádzso: “*Ezek a cigányok lopni akartak, én meg nem hagytam!*” Dikhel vígig po rom o hulaj, te pi cshaj, taj phenel le gádzseszke: “*István, pakolja össze a dolgait és takarodjon innen, ki van rúgvá!*” – “*Micsoda???*”, ordítinel papale o gádzso. “*De ezek cigányok!!!* Agyon kéne lőni az összeset!!!”

Adá má but sztya ole hulajeszke. Dumukaha cshingya po muj ole gádzseszke taj vicsinkerlahi: “*Nesze, rohadt náci geci, takarodj innen a kurva anyádba, mert feljelentelek mint a feleséged! De jól tette, hogy otthagyt a cigányért! Pusztulj vagy nagyon megbánod!!!*” Aszar vicsinkerlahi, csalavlahi, aszar csak birinlahi ole gádzse. Po vígo te bujatar le prutytingya. Odá pale nástya vase pi táska, pálal ári po vuder.

“*No, ez is megvan*”, phenel o hulaj taj irjangyija ko murs. “*Magát hogy hívják?*” O murs dikja pe leszte taj phenel: “*Aminő a bőröm színe, úgy is hívnak.*” – “*Szóval Barna*”, aszanya pe leszte o hulaj. “*Mondja meg, mi legyen. Most zavartam el a biztonsági őrt, kellene nekem egy ember. Elvállalja a munkát?*” – “*Ne vicceljen a szegény emberrel, uram*”, phenel o murs. “*Felvenne egy cigányt? Ide???*” – “*Miért ne?*”, phucsel o hulaj. “*Maga biztos nem náci mint az a görény! Na? Holnap reggel már kész is lesz a szerződés! De most is szükség van magára és a kislány is segíthet pakolni, ha akar. Lenne kedved?*”, phucsel aszandú la csha. Odija bare losaha phenel pe dadeszke: “*Apu, adá lácsho ovlahi amenge!*”

O murs te patyalahi, te na, losangya, hogy má szi le áver bútí, de na tromalahi ári le te szikaven. Phenel ole hulajeszke: “*Nézze, mi vásárolni jöttünk ide, nem munkát keresni. De ha tényleg embert keres, akkor elvállalom.*” – “*Nagyszerű!*”, losangya o hulaj. Asztargya le murseszkero va taj treszingya le. “*Akkor kapkodják össze, amit kell, utána elkezdjük a zárást! Te pedig feltöltöd a csokoládés polcot, jó?*”, phucsel la cshatar, de ni na uzsargya, hogy pále te vakerel, hanem géja ándo raktári taj stár bare katujaha ája pále. Thogya len téle ángli cshaj taj phenel lake: “*Tessék, bontsd ki és légy szíves pakold oda, ahol ezekhez hasonlót látsz!*” I cshaj uppe cshingya i uprutni katuja taj sukáre oggya thogya o csokja, aká aszavi diklahi.

of chocolates in nice paper. He folded it and put a bow and a small teddy bear on it. Shortly after, the girl finished with her task as instructed by the shopkeeper and went to her father.

“*Are you already done?*”, asked the shopkeeper. “*Yes!*”, said the girl while looking at him, “*What’s your name, sir?*” – “*My name is Jozsi, but everybody calls me Pacák*<sup>51</sup> *because of my big belly*”, said the shopkeeper with a laugh and pointed at his belly. “*Holy crap*”, laughed Barna, “*I can understand that. Well, sir, what time should I come in the morning?*” – “*We open at seven, but now let’s close the shop!*”, said the shopkeeper and showed the man what he should do: He had to stock the fridge with beverages, while the girl swept and mopped the floor.

Then they left the shop and the shopkeeper said to the man: “*See you here tomorrow, then, Barna! Good night to you!*” And handing over the present, he added: “*And happy birthday to you, Franciska!*” The girl started to stutter because she was so surprised: “*Tha-tha-thank you very much...*” She almost cried. “*You are the first person to wish me a happy birthday.*” – “*You’re welcome, my little sweetheart*”, the shopkeeper said and stroked her head. “*I am sure you are going to celebrate it properly at home!*”

Then all three of them went home. The girl was overjoyed because this was the first time that a stranger had wished her a happy birthday and he even gave her a present. Her father was also happy that he would have a job and that it was not even a hard one. When they arrived home, the woman started to scold them for being so late. But when her husband told her what had happened, she too was happy. When they went to sleep, the girl joyfully opened her present. But she only ate one piece of chocolate; the rest she kept for her mother and father to have the next day. And one of the chocolates she wanted to bring to the school trip. When she looked out the window, a star was shooting across the sky and so the girl wished for herself to go back to the village. If only she went back, this would not be a problem, either. She began to hum an old song which her grandmother had invented: “*Hulló csillag, te kis sárga, teljesítsd a kérést máma!*”<sup>52</sup>

She lay down and covered herself with her blanket. Then she prayed to God: “My dear Lord, take me back home! Send your angels and let me fly with them back to my village! Thank you and good night, my dear Lord!” Indeed, she dreamt about flying with angels. She was lying on the back of one, while two other angels were holding her hands and talking to her, but she did not understand a word. Suddenly, they let her fall. The one who had carried her threw her off her back. While falling with high speed towards the earth, she watched herself become covered in blood: her whole body, her head and her eyes. Then she saw herself from above, getting smaller and smaller

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51 The Hungarian word „pacák“ is a colloquial expression referring to a fat man.

52 In English: “Falling star, you little yellow one, make my wish come true today!”

Tel' adá lakero dad ketháne kedija o bútya, aszo kampja taj kana potyinlahi, phengya ole hulajeszke, hogy ola csha ovibeszkerő dive hi. "Akkor kap tőlem ajándékot", phenel o hulaj taj szigaha sukár papíriszte thogya trín bari csoki taj jek katujaha bonbono. Ketháne le hajtingya, thogya telo masli te jek buka játfíkiko maci. I cshaj má vigzingya ola bútyaha, aszo o hulaj lake dija taj géja ke po dad.

"Kész is vagy?", phucsel o hulaj. "Igen!", phenel i cshaj, aszar dikhel pe leszte. "Magának mi a neve?" – "Józsi a nevem, de mindenki Pacáknak hív a nagy hasam miatt", phenel aszandú o hulaj taj pe po pér szikagya. "Hü, a kutya szencsigit," aszal o Barna, "ezt meg is értem. No uram, akkor reggel mikorra jöjjek?" – "Hétkor van a nyitás, de most még bezárunk!", phenel o hulaj taj szikagya ole murseszke, hogy szo te kerel. Pherdo kampja te rakinén o pibe ándo hűtővi, ári te seprinen, aszo i cshaj kergya taj te uppe khosztya.

Pálal ári géje taj o hulaj phengya ole murseszke: "Akkor, Barna, reggel újra itt! Most pedig jó étj, neked meg Franciska, boldog szülinapot kívánok!" taj dija lake oggya o csomago. I cshaj dadoginlahi, avka lepődingya: "Kö-kö-köszönöm szépen..." Má majna rúnya pet. "Maga az első, aki felköszöntött." – "Nincs mit, te kis aranyos", simogatingya o hulaj lakero séro. "Otthon biztos nagy ünneplés lesz!"

Odoleha géje khére szo trín dzséne. I cshaj báre losanlahi, mer mé nikho aszavo la na pajikergya uppe, akasz na pindzsarlahi taj csak avka te dijáhi la valaszo. Te lakero dad losanlahi, hogy ovla le búti taj ni na phári. Kana khére resztye, i romni veszkinlahi pe lende, hogy szoszke sztye attyi but dive. De kana phengya ári lakero rom o bútya, losanlahi te ó. Kana téle pastyije, i cshaj bare losaha kedija szít, aszo hudija. De csak jek bonbono hája, o buter muklahi po áver dive pe dake taj pe dadeszke. I jek csoki pale kamlahi peszke te lidzsen ándi iskola po kirándulási. Aszar ári dikja pi bloka, jek csermuniyalí ípen akkor perlahi téle po nebo taj mist' adá i cshaj odá kíváningya peszke, hogy pále te dzsan ándo gav te besen. De te csak ó dzsala, ni odá n' ovla zíjand. Jek csillutni gyíli munginlahi ánde peszte, aszo mé lakeri baba lake arakja ári: "Hulló csillag, te kis sárga, teljesítsd a kérést máma!"

Pastyija téle taj kana ánde pet ucshargya, ko Dél molinlahi: "Devlóreja, lidzse man khére athar! Bicsjav tre angyalken taj hagy szálinav lenca pále ándo gav! Pajikerav le tuke, lacshi ráti, Devlóro!" Szúnende te szálinlahi ole angyalkenca. Pe jekhakero dumo pastyolahi, dú pale asztarnahi lakere vaszta taj vakernahi ke late, de na hajolahi, hogy szo. Jekfar csak mukje la. Odí, ako lidzslahi la, téle la irjangya pale po dumo. Ó pale aszar perlahi meri phú bare szigaha, diklahi pet,

in the growing distance, but her eyes were not there anymore, just empty sockets which were black even from afar. The girl jumped up from her sleep and touched her eyes. “They are still here!”, she thought and pushed her blanket away because she was sweating profusely from the fear.

“What could this dream mean?”, she thought to herself and sat up. She went out to the kitchen for water and, while drinking, she looked at the watch and saw that it would be six o’clock soon. Thus, she quickly went to wash herself. Then she put on the blouse which her mother had sown and the school uniform over it and went back to the kitchen where her mother had already made coffee and had prepared four pieces of bread with butter for her, so that she would not be hungry when they got to the museum.

Her father accompanied her to school and then went to the shop for the job that he had gotten from Pacák. In the school yard, the pupils were already lining up for the bus. When the teacher was counting them, she stopped in front of her and shouted: *“Look at that, children! This is gypsy fashion! Francos<sup>53</sup> did not dress in a skirt, even though she was asked to do so!”* The children laughed and shouted at her: *“Stinky gypsy!”, “Country cousin!”, “Gypsy bitch!”, “Francos crow!”<sup>54</sup>* The girl cried because she was terribly ashamed. Then the teacher sent her home with these words: *“Go home, you stupid gypsy, and learn what it means to dress normally!”*

The girl had been crying the whole way home, and when she finally arrived, the door was locked. She rang the bell and knocked on the door, but there was nobody inside. “Maybe Mom went to the shop”, she thought to herself as she sat on the staircase in front of the house. The door from the second house over opened and the gadjo who had smiled at her yesterday peeked out.

*“Your mom just left because she got a telegram. I saw it because the mailman had just given me my son’s letter,”* he said to her. *“Don’t sit on that cold stone, you’ll catch a cold! Why don’t you come to my place, I’ll make you a nice chocolate milk!”*

“He is right and it would be nice to have a cup of chocolate milk”, said the girl to herself and entered the gadjo’s house. He locked the door and said to her: “Sit down, I’ll get the chocolate milk!” and went to the kitchen. He brought her a big dotted cup and a piece of nut cake on a small plate. When the girl had finished it, the gadjo asked: “Was it good?” and he opened his bathrobe, under which he was naked. “Yes, thank you very much”, said the girl and jumped up from the chair, “but I have to leave now, my mom must be home by now!” She headed for the door. “You are staying here!”, shouted the

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53 Francos is a derogatory nickname given to the girl by the teacher because it resembles her first name, Fransiska, while also being a Hungarian swearword meaning “damn”.

54 “Francos crow” translates to English as “damn crow” (see the previous footnote) and is a reference to the darker skin color of Roma.

aszar cshorgya o rat lakero celo trupo, te lakero séro taj te o átyha. Pal' adá uprarrú pet diklahi, aszar egyre bukader hi misto duripe, de má na sztye meg lakere jakha, csak o csucso than, aszo mé te dúrarrú kále sztye. P' adá uppe daranya ándar o szúno taj asztargya ke pe átyha. "Meghi!", gondolingya taj ári pet ucshargya, mer ári la margya o pányi ándi dár.

"Szo saj szikagya mange adá szúno?", phengya ángle peszte taj bestya uppe. Ári géja ándi konyha pányiszke taj aszar pijelahi, dikja pi óra, hogy nasoká sóvóri ovla. Mist' adá géja taj szig téle nangyija. Pálal lija uppe o gad, aszo szigya lakeri daj, p' odá o köppenyi taj géja pále ándi konyha, aká má lakeri daj i kávéva kerlahi taj lake makja tyhileha stár máro, hogy te n' ovel bokhali kana dzsana ándo múzeumo.

Lakero dad laha géja ándi iskola, othar pale ki bóta misti búti, aszo o Pacáko leszke dija. Ánde iskolakeri udvara má odoj sorakozinnahi o butera paso busszo. Kana vígig len számolingga i ráni, pase late ácshija téle csak taj vicsingya: "Nézzétek meg gyerekek, ez a cigány módi! Francos nem vett fel szoknyát, a kérés ellenére sem!" Aszanahi o csháve taj vicsinkernahi lake: "Büdös cigány!", "Falusi liba!", "Cigány tyük!", "Francos varjú!" Rovlahi i cshaj, báre pet ladzsalahi. I ráni pale bicshagya la khére adale alavencia: "Menj haza, te buta cigány, és tanuld meg mit jelent a normális öltözet!"

Rovindú géja po celo drom i cshaj, de kana khére resztya, ánde sztya klúcsolime o vuder. Csengetingya, te ánde kopogingga, de nikho na sztya odoj. "Saj, hogy ándi bóta géja te i anyu", gondolingya ánde peszte, aszar bestya pi lípicska ánglo kher. Pase lende ándo dúto kher kergyija ári o vuder taj odá góri dikja ári, ako aszanya pe late ídzs.

*"Anyukád nemrég ment el, mert egy táviratot kapott. Láttam, mert a postás akkor adta ide nekem a fiam levelét", phenel lake. "Ne ülj azon a hideg kövön, még megfázol! Inkább gyere be hozzá, csinálok neked finom kakaót."*

"Csacsip hi le taj te lácshe perla o kakavóvo", phengya peszke i cshaj taj ánde géja ko gádzso. Odá pale ánde klúcsolingya o vuder taj phenel lake: "Ülj le, mindjárt hozom a kakaót!" taj géja ándi konyha. Bari pettiesni kúcsi angya lake taj pe buka tányíriszte ákhorásni kolácsa. Kana i cshaj hája la, o gádzso phucsja: "Finom volt?" taj phutergya ári pe peszte o köntösi, tele szoszte nangóne sztya. "Igen, köszönöm szépen", phenel i cshaj taj ugringga uppe palo széko. "De most már megyek is, anyukám már biztos hazáért" taj dzsalahi mero vuder. "Itt maradsz!", vicsingya pe late o murs. "Valamit valamiért! Ha finom volt a kalács, most már te is az vagy!" Hudija la cshakere bala taj cshidija

man at her. "Tit for tat! If the cake was nice, you'll be nice, too!" He grabbed the girl by the hair and threw her onto the bed. The girl screamed as loud as she could, but the man held her mouth with one hand, while he hit her so much with the other that her nose broke, and she was covered in blood. She felt sick when the man tore her clothes and she thought: "This is what my dream showed..."

## What if they find out?

"Bring it back!", the girl instructed the dog and threw the stick. The dog ran to get it, but as soon as it ran out from below the girl's hand, she fell to the ground and started to cry because she had hit herself hard.

When her brother heard that, he ran to her and helped her up while scolding her: "Oh, you are so silly, Amalka! With a broken leg you should be lying down, not playing with the dog!" Then he took her into the house. While he laid the little girl onto the bed, he called their mother. The woman scolded her too: "Amalka, who allowed you to go out? And if you'd broken your other leg because you don't listen to me! The most important is to play with the dog, huh? Just wait, Bandi will take away that damn dog!" – "Don't take it away from me!", she cried. "It was Bantu who helped me walk now too!"

"Bandi, may you come to eat my cunt, listen to me!", shouted the woman to her son. "Didn't I tell you to walk around with the little girl? It's not just Panka's cunt that needs to be carried around, may it dry out! And your poor sister is losing her spirit here! Shame on you, and here you go, you deserve this!" And with the handle of the sweeper, she hit his son in the back. "Oh, this woman," the boy said, "leave Panka's cunt to me! Or would it be better if she leaves me because of you? I'm not young anymore! I'll be twenty soon. Other boys my age are already raising two or three kids, and I'm just stumbling through the world and nothing else."

The woman said to her son with a cry: "My beautiful son, we only have you! You know what happened to your father. I regret it so much that I left him in the hospital. He wanted to come home, but I was an idiot not to allow it, although I'm sure he would have recovered here. Now you are the only one taking care of us. Bring Panka here, live together, I don't mind, just take care of us too!"

The boy hugged his mother and kissed her forehead: "Mom, I think about these things all the time, I just feel bad about being laughed at in the village because I still don't have a wife. They are already saying I'm gay! I'm going to see the girl and talk to her. And you bake and cook because we are going to celebrate tonight!" Then he took the little girl out of the bed, carried her to the summer kitchen and sat her at the table. He pushed a small chair under her broken leg so that she

la po vodro. Sikítinlahi i cshaj, aszar csak birinlahi, de o murs jekhe vasszeha ánde asztargya lakero muj, le ávreha pale cshingya la avka, hogy phagyija lakero nak taj cshorgya la o rat. Resztya la o cshandlipe, aszar o murs téle cshingergya pale late o gáda taj adá phirlahi ánde lakeri gódi: "Adá hi, aszo szikagya mro szúno..."

## Szo ovla, te ári dzsangyola?

"An la pále!", vicsingya i cshaj le dzsukleszke taj cshidija i kopal. O dzsukel te nástya váse, de aszar ári nástya telal cshakero va, odija téle péja pi phú taj rovlahi, mer báre pet csalagya.

Kana lakero pral sungya la, nástya ke late taj veszkinlahi pe late, aszar uppe la lija: "Joj de dilini sztyal, Amálka! Phage csangaha te pastyon kampe, na le dzsukleha te khelen!" Taj ligija la ándo kher. Akhargya oggya pumare da, aszar pastyargya téle ola buka csha. Te i romni phengya lake píro: "Amálka, ko mukja, hogy ári saj dzsasz??? Taj te phagyijáhi te ti áver csang, mer tuke na mol o alav! Csak ole dzsukleha khelesz, iga??? Csak uzsar, o Bandi lidzsla athar odole rohattne dzsukle!" – "Ma lidzsen má le mandar!", vicsingya rovindú i cshaj. "Há o Bantu man szikjargya te dzsan te akani!"

"Bandi, decsa, av te hasz mri mindzs!", vicsinel pe csháveszke i romni. "Na tuke phengyom, hogy phirker la buka cshaha??? Na csak ola Pankakeri mindzs kampesz te phiravkeren, te sutyol lake ári! Tri csori phen pale má ánde sutjol aggya! Ladzsa tut taj adá tíro hi, le!" Taj seprúvakere desztoha cshingya ánde pe csháveszkerő dumo. "Jooj, adija romni," phenel o cshávo, "muk ola Pankakeri mindzs pe mande! Vagy feder ovla, te mukla man miste tute? Na sztyom má terno! Nasoká bis ová, áver csháve má dú-trín csháven bárgyaren, me pale csak sztyom ándo szvito taj lácshe hi!"

Rovlahi i romni, avka vakerlahi ko cshávo: "De mro sukár cshavóro, amen náne áver, csak tu! Dzsanesz, szar phirgya tro dad. Báre le bajnav, hogyodoj le mukjom ándo spitáji. Khére kamlahi te aven, de me diline séreha na mukjom, pegyig adaj uppe szasztyijáhi. Akani má tu sztyal amenge odá, ako pászinél p' amende. An aggya ola Panka, ácshen ketháne, na bajnav ni odá, csak hajnin te amena!"

Préko asztargya pe da o cshávo taj csumidija lakero csekat: "Daje, mange adana bútya szako minuta ánde mri gódi hi, csak ergyavóné perel, hogy ári man aszan ándo gav, ká náne man romni. Má te odá vakernahi, hogy táto sztyom! Akani dzsav ki cshaj, vakerá laha. Tu pale táv taj pek, mer pe rátyate szveco ikraha!" Adaleha uppe lija la buka csha ándar o vodro, ligija la ándi nyilajiki konyha taj besagya la pasi kafidi. Tele lakeri phagi csang

wouldn't be alone in the house while their mother was cooking. She was happy and said to her brother: "Bandi, get my bag here quickly! You draw a heart on my plaster, and then I'll know that you love me! Are you really going to bring Panka? Can I then braid her hair? And she's going to braid mine? And mom's hair?"

The boy laughed: "My dear Amalka, I eat your heart, you can braid as much as you want, just let me go now!" He took the bag and gave it to the little girl. She took out the red marker and handed it to Bandi. The boy drew three big hearts and a smaller one. She looked at them and was pointing to them as she listed which heart belonged to whom: "Me, Mommy, Bandi and the smallest Panka! I told it right, didn't I? But let's not tell Panka so she doesn't get offended, okay? Give it to me, I'll add some more, because you are not completely normal!" She took the marker from the boy and drew some more hearts, smaller ones and a big one. She left an empty space and said to her mother: "Mom, will Panka be happy to draw hearts for me here?" – "Of course, she will, my dear Amalka!", said her mother, who was cooking. "But help me now! Peel these apples, I'll also bake a cake!" Then she put a basket which was full of apples on the table next to the girl.



Saj khuvna,  
akityi kamna,  
csak hagy  
dzsav má!

pale iszpidija o buka széko, hogy te n' ovel korkóri ándo kher, amí lengeri daj tavkerel. Losanlahi i buka cshaj taj phenel pe praleszke: "Bandi, szigyan, asta orde mri táska! Maj rajzolineha pe mo gipszo ílo, pal' adá dzsaná, hogy kamesz man! Csáce anesz la Panka? Maj saj khuvá ánde lakere bala? Ó míre ánde khuvla? Taj la anyukere?"

Aszalahi o cshávo: "Amálkám, hav tro ilóro, saj khuvna, akityi kamna, csak hagy dzsav má!" Lija i táska, oggya la dija ola cshajórake. Odija ári lija o lolo filco taj nyútingya ole Bandiszke. Rajzolingya o cshávo trín bare ile taj jek bukader. Dikhel i cshaj taj te szikavlahi, aszar sorolingya uppe, kaszke hi o ile: "Mee, anyuu, Bandii taj o bukader i Panka! Lácshe phengyom, iga? De la Pankake ma phenasz ári, te na rusel, lácshe? Asta má orde, maj me kerá mé kija, mer tut náne celi gódi!" Hudija le cshávesztar o filco taj mé buter ile kergya, te bukadera taj jek báro. Mukja jek csucso than taj phenel pe dake: "Anyu, iga, losanla i Panka, hogy te ó saj kerla mange ile orde?" – "Ója, Amálkám!", phenel lakeri daj, aszar tavlahi. "De akani segítin! Suzsar adana phábi, maj kerá te kolácsi" Taj thogya jek kaska pi kafidi pasi cshaj, aszo pherdo sztya phábencá.

She did peel the apples, but in such a way that she peeled one and ate the next one. Her mother smiled when she saw what her daughter was doing and thought: "My sweet little girl, when she is happy, she looks like her father. Oh, how much I love her, I kiss her heart!" She then turned the pieces of meat which she was frying and put on the rice to boil, which she only cooked when there was a celebration. When almost all the food was ready, she sat down next to the little girl and helped her peel the apples. They were talking about what their life is going to be after Bandi brings Panka.

Meanwhile, Bandi went to Panka's father first. He asked him for her hand. The old man was happy, he also cried, and they went together into the old man's house to tell the girl the news. When she saw the boy with her father, she was afraid of what they had talked about and sent her sister out: "Go, Julka, listen to what's going on! But come back quickly, or I'll pull your hair! Let's go!"

The girl ran out and asked the boy secretly what he wanted and even told him that her sister had sent her. "Tell her not to be afraid and to gather the things that she needs. She is coming with me soon!", whispered the boy. "Alright," said Julka and wanted to go back to the room to her sister, but her mother was calling: "Julka, Panka! Come out!"

Hearing this, Panka also came out of the room and both girls did what their mother told them: "Julka, give them something to eat! Panka, make coffee and look for the wine, bring it and pour it for them, hurry up!" The girls quickly did what their mother asked them to, and then they sat down at the table too. Panka was ashamed, but her father told her: "Don't be ashamed, my beautiful black bird, it's not a shame! Every girl gets married someday! You are very lucky with this boy. You can be proud of him, and we can be proud of you two! Hurry up, get yourself dressed and we'll go to the boy's place! Now he asked me for your hand and will take us to their house to celebrate. So, what do you say, will you marry him, my sweetie?" – "Yes, my father!", said Panka, and her cheeks turned red.

"Come on, don't do this," her mother laughed, "you are still blushing! Rather go and get dressed quickly; Julka, you too!" The two girls left. The old man took a boottle of wine, and the woman took a large pan of recently baked cakes: a cake with cabbage and walnuts, and one with pumpkin and poppy seeds. Nowadays, her older daughter only wanted to eat sweet, even semolina pudding, which she never ate before, not even if there was nothing else in the house.

When they were ready to leave, they sat on the cart. Panka sat in front, next to the driver's seat, next to Bandi, and they were talking: "Man, what if they find out?", asked the girl. "What if?", asked back the boy. "Don't be afraid, you are my wife from now on, aren't you? Hold on, because we are in a hurry, my mother and Amalka are waiting for us impatiently!"

I cshajóri te suzsarlahi, de avka, hogy i jek suzsarlahi, i áver halahi. Aszanya pet lakeri daj, kana dikja, szo kerel i cshaj taj p' adá gondolingya: "Csori bukóri mange, aszar losanel li, aszavi hi, szar lakero dad sztya. De kamav la, csumidav lakero ilóro!" Pal' adá irjankergya o masza ándo csiken, aszo peklahi taj uppe thogya te tágyon i rizsa, aszo csak akkor tavlahi, te valaszo szveco sztya. Kana má majna kergya o cele hábe, téle bestya pasi buka cshaj taj suzsarlahi te ó o phábi laha. Pal' odá vakernahi, hogy szar dzsivna maj, te o Bandi lidzsla ola Panka.

Tel' adá dive o Bandi ke Pankakero dad géja ángl' odá, hogy ki cshaj te géjáhi. Mangja lesztar ola cshakero va. O phúro te losanlahi, te rovlahi taj dú dzséne géje ko phúro, te phenen adija búti ola cshake. Odija, kana dikja le csháve pe dadeha, daranya, hogy szo saj phengye adana jekfáreszke taj bicsshagya ári pe phenya: "Dzsa, Julka, sun, hogy szo hi! De szigyan pále, mer ánde hudá ánde tre bal! De dzsa!"

I cshaj te nástya ári taj phucsel le csháve csójral, hogy szo kamel taj t' odá phengya, hogy lakeri phen la bicshagya. "Phen lake, te na daral taj hagy kedel ketháne, aszo báre lake kampel. Nasoká avel manca!", súgingya o cshávo. "Lácshe hi", phenel i Julka taj kamlahi pále te dzsan pále ándi szoba ke pi phen, de lakeri daj vicsingya pet: "Julka, Panka! Aven ári!"

P' adá te i Panka ári ája ándar i szoba taj szo dú cshaja kernahi, aszo phenlahi lengeri daj: "Julka, kede te han lenge! Panka, ker dzsungali taj dik i mol, an taj cshor, szigyanen!" O cshaja szig kergye o bútya, pálal bestye te ónk ki kafidi. Ladzsalahi pet i Panka, de lakero dad phengya lake: "Ma ladzsa tut, mi sukár kali csiriklói, adá náne ladzs! Jekfar o cele cshaja romeszte dzsan! Tut pale bari baszt hi adale csháveha. Gizzavi saj ovesz pe leszte, amen pale pe tumende! Szigyanen, urjaven tumen taj dzsasz ko cshávo! Akani mangja mandar tro va taj maj lidzsla amen po szveco ke pumende. No, ke leszte dzsasz, mri gulli?" – "Ója, dade!", phenel i Panka taj ári lólja lakero séro.

"Ker má," aszal lakeri daj, "mé lójosz! Inkánb dzsa, szigyan, ujvar tut préko, te tu Julka!" O dú cshaja te géje. O phúro i mol lija ke peszte, hogy odija lidzsla, i romni pale bare tepsiha odona kolácsi, aszo na csilla petyije, te árminyásne, te ákhorásne taj te aszave, asziszte te dudum taj te máko pekja. Akaniiba lakeri phureder cshaj mindí o gullo kamlahi te han, te o grízo, aszo ávreszar na halahi, ni avka, te na sztya áver.

Kana kíszne sztye sza po dzsavibe, bestye po verda. I Panka bestya po bako paso Bandi taj vakerkernahi: "More, szo ovla, te ári dzsangyola?", phucsel i cshaj. "Szo saj ovel?", phucsa pále o cshávo. "Ma dara, há má athartú mri romni sztyal, na? Asztar tut, akani má szigyanasz, mer mi daj uzsarel amen báre ola Amálkahal!"

And so it was. When little Amalka heard the horses, she wanted to go out into the yard. Her mother took her out to greet their guests. They were happy to be received in such a way, and then everyone went into the house, where the woman had already put all the food on the table. When they sat down, Panka only ate the apple cake while the others tried all the food. Bandi's mother asked Panka's mother: "My dear Olga, isn't our daughter expecting a baby?" – "No, Irma, she just has a very sweet tooth," said the woman, glancing at her daughter. "But wait, it has been three months since she only wants sweets..." – "Olga," said Irma, "we both know why! I won't let her do any work anymore because she might be weak. Don't hurt her!"

The old man heard what the women were talking about and suddenly asked the girl: "Panka, are you expecting a baby, is that why you eat so many sweets?" The girl dropped the cake she had just bitten into and turned pale, but her parents happily walked towards her and kissed her all over and Bandi too. The boy then said to Panka with a smile: "You see, I knew it was going to happen, right? I told you not to be afraid! My mother is happy too, just look how she is crying with happiness!"

The girl looked and the woman was really crying, and the little girl too.

## Let's go swimming!

Piri felt as if the earth had come to a halt. Nothing moved, not even a leaf on the big tree under which she sat. It was very hot outside. She wanted to go swimming, but her brother told her to wait for his friends, then they would go together. The girl did not like those boys, neither Bango nor Balo, because they were always telling her that she is such a beautiful girl, and she always felt ashamed for it.

When the two boys arrived and greeted her, she greeted them back, but then she left. Bango asked her: "Girl, are you mad at us, is that why you leave us here?" – "Why would I be mad?", asked the girl. "I am not mad, I am just going to my mother to see what she is baking. Go in, Tibi is already waiting for you!"

"Man," said Balo to Bango, "I guess you do not believe her either, right?" – "Of course not. Come, Tibi will tell us what her problem is!", said Bango and entered the house. Bango was always walking as if he had swallowed a rod. He was called Bango because when he was still a little boy, once his uncle asked him in the village: "My dear Geza, how are you walking?" The boy answered: *bangone*<sup>55</sup>. He was only four-year-old and did not speak Romani well. He mixed up the words

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<sup>55</sup> The Romani adverb *bangone* is derived from the adjective *bango* "crooked, bent".

Te avka sztya. Kana i buka Amálka sungya ole graszten, ári kamlahi te dzsan pi udvara. Lakeri daj te ári la ligija, avka pajikergyé pumare vendígenge. Odona losaha le lije taj géja szako ándo kher, aká má i romni o cele hábe ári thogya pi kafidi. Kana téle bestye, i Panka csak o phábásne kolácsi halahi, amí o butera háje ándar o cele habena. Phucsel le Bandiszkeri daj pe nászkinya: "Olgakám, csak na tikne uzsarel amari cshajói?" – "Dahogy, Irmakám, ó csak kamel o gullo", phenel i romni taj dikja pe pi cshaj. "De uzsar csak, vagy trín maszek kerel adá, hogy csak o gullipe kamel te han..." – "Olga," phenel i Irma, "te tu te me dzsanav, szoszke! Athartú má na muká lake te keren nista, mer gengavi saj hi. Mahogy bántin la váse!"

Aszar vakerkernahi, sungya len o phúro taj jekfar csak phucsel ola csha: "Pankakám, tikne uzsaresz, hogy attyi gullipe hasz?" Peragya i cshaj i kolácsa, asszozste dandergya taj te téle sápadingga, de lakero dad taj te i daj losaha géje pase late taj csumidkergyé ketháne te la taj te le Bandi. Odá pale aszandú phenlahi ola Pankake: "Dzsangyom, hogy adá ovla, igaje? Phengyom, hogy ma dara! Te mi daj losanel, dik, szar rovel ándi los!"

Dikhel i cshaj taj csácse rovlahi i romni, de te i buka cshaj.

## Szigyanasz te nangyon!

Avka hajolahi i Piri, szar te ácshijáhi i phú. Nista na mozginlahi, mé ni jek levela po baro kast, tele szoszte téle bestya. Báré tatip sztya. Kamlahi te dzsan te nangyon, de lakero pral odá phengya, hogy maj avna leszkere barátta taj avka dzsana ketháne. De i cshaj na kamlahi odole csháven, ni le Bange taj ni le Bález, mer mindí asarnahi la, hogy szavi sukár cshaj hi li, ó pale ladzsalahi pet.

Kana oggya resztye o dú csháve taj pajikergyé lake, pále pajikergyá lenge li, de te géja other. Phucsel latar o Bango: "Cshaje, rusesz p' amende, hogy adaj amen mukesz?" – "Szoszke rusáhi?", phenel i cshaj. "Na rusav me, csak ke mri daj dzsav te dikhen, hogy szo pekel. Dzsán ánde, o Tibi má uzsarel tumen!"

"More," phenel o Bálo le Bangeszke, "iga, ni tu na patyasz lake?" – "Na há. Aven, maj o Tibi phenla, hogy szo hi lake!", phengya o Bango taj dzsanahi ándo kher. Adá Bango mindí avka dzsalahi szar te jek tyílo nyelingyáhi téle. Azi le akharnahi Bangeszke, mer kana mé buka cshávo sztya, leszkero bacsi phucsja lesztar ándo gav: "Gézukám, tu pale szar dzsasz?" O cshávo pale avka phengya, hogy "bangone". De akkor mé csak stár bersiko sztya taj na báre dzsanlahi románe. Ketháne tívesztinlahi o alava, mist' adá dinye leszke adá anav. Szako avka le pindzsarlahi.

and so he got this name. Everybody called him this. On the other hand, Balo<sup>56</sup> got his name from eating all the time, although he was very thin. His real name was Imre, but if someone would ask his name, he introduced himself as Janos. He was ashamed of his name, because he got it after his father who had disappeared with a whore to God knows where.

When they saw their friend sleeping, Bango pulled his underpants and then let it go, and it snapped hard off of Tibi's skin. He jumped up from the pain as Bango was telling him: "May God beat that white ass of yours, you dare to sleep! Wake up or I will sit on your mouth!" – "I am already awake; may you eat me from below!", said Tibi. "And leave my little ass alone, or do you want to take a closer look at it?" While talking to Bango, he approached him and undid his belt. Balo was laughing at them, for being such fools. When the boys saw it, Tibi asked him: "What is this, are you laughing at us? Just you wait!", he winked at Bango. Then Bango lifted Balo while Tibi pulled down his trousers and ran out with them to the yard. Balo was shouting: "Don't embarrass me, I am going to catch you! Just wait, first Bango will get what he deserves!" Bango put him into Tibi's bed and said to him: "*The patient should rest, Mr. Bango is going to cover him* and shut your black mouth, unless you want Piri laughing at you because of your flat underpants!" Balo jumped out of the bed, grabbed Bango, jumped onto his back and shouted: "Here you go!" as he slapped Bango's ass. Bango ran out into the yard to Tibi, laughing and carrying Balo on his back. "Now it is alright," said Balo, "I do not have to feel ashamed and my trousers are also here!" He jumped off Bango and pulled his trousers out of Tibi's hands. When Tibi let the trousers go, both of them fell and laughed.

"Boys," said Bango, "I don't know about you, but I am hungry, and it is also hot here. My dear Tibi, what did your mother cook?" But Tibi could not answer, because his mother was faster. "Wash yourselves and come to eat! Tibi, go and bring water from the well!", shouted the woman. Piri brought a washbasin for them and a towel too. But the boys did not use the towel, instead they shook their heads, which dried quickly in the heat.

Later they went to the kitchen, where the woman had already served the warm chicken soup. "But mother," said Tibi, "it is warm." – "That's why it is good, my son", said his mother. "If you eat this warm soup, you won't be hot. Believe me! My dear Piri, come as well, let's sit and eat!" The girl did not want to eat, which she also told her mother, but the mother shouted back at her: "You'll dry out, may you lick my greasy cunt! Sit down, or I'll pull you over by your hair, let's go!" The girl felt ashamed in front of the boys for the words of her mother. She

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56 The Romani noun *bálo* means "pig".

Ole Bále pale azí akharnahi avka, mer mindí halahi, de báre csislo sztya lo. Leszkerő csacso anav Imre sztya, de te valako phucslahi, hogy szar le akharen, ó szakoneszke János phenlahi. Ladzsalahi po anav, mer te leszkere dade avka akharnahi, aко cshigya pet jek cshinade lubnyaha ko dzsanel kija.

Kana dikje, hogy lengero baráto szovel, o Bango cidija leszkeri szoszten taj pálal mukja la, aszo lacsho báro csattaningya. O Tibi te uppe ugringya mist' adá, közbe vakerlahi leszke: "Devla, már odija párnai bul tuke odoj o, kana szovesz! Ustyil, vagy besav pe tro muj!" – "Ustyav má, te hasz tele mande!", phenel o Tibi. "Taj mre bujórake muk szmírom, vagy kamesz la feder te dikhen?" Taj aszar vakerlahi ko Bango, dzsalahia mere leszte taj mukja ári o szirim pe peszte. O Bálo aszalalahi pe lende, hogy szave diline hi. Kana dikje le o csháve, phucsel lesztar o Tibi: "Szo hi, ári amen aszasz? No uzsar!", kacsintingya po Bango. Odá hudija uppe le Bále, o Tibi pale téle cidija pale leszte i holov taj ári laha nástya pi udvara. Vicsinkerlahi o Bálo: "Ma tharav man téle, t' avka hudá tut! Csak uzsar, elébb o Bango hudla!" O Bango aszandú le pastyargya pe Tibiszkerő vodro taj phenlahi leszke: "*Nugsik a beteg, betakalgattyat* őtet a Bango bacsi taj csüt odole kale mujeha, te na kamesz, hogy ári tut te aszal i Pirike miste tri lapszni szoszten!" O Bálo ugringya ári ándar o vodro taj ragadingya ole Bange, avka ugringya pe leszkerő dumo taj vicsingya: "Nye te!" taj csalavkergya le Bangeszkeri bul. Odá pale aszandú leha nástya ári pi udvara ko Tibi. "No, lácshe hi," phenel o Bálo, "avka na sztyom ni ladzsate taj akani má te mri holov adaj hi!" Taj aszar vakerlahi, tél' ugringya palo Bango taj rángatingya ári pi holov maskar Tibiszkerő vaszta. Kana odá pale mukja i holov, péje téle szo dú dzséne, avka aszanahi.

"No, cshavale," phenel o Bango, "na dzsanav, tumen szar sztyan leha, de me bokhalijom, te tatipe hi. Tibikém, szo tágya tri daj?" De o Tibi na dzsangya te vakeren, mer leszkeri daj ánglajargya le. "Thoven tumen taj aven te han! Cide pányi, Tibi!", vicsingya ári i romni. I Piri ligija lenge o lavóri taj te jek teríkezóvo. De o csháve na khoszkerge pumen, hanem treszinnahia pumaro séro taj avka misto tatip te sutyije szig.

Pálal géje ándi konyha, aká má i romni ári lenge kedkergya i tati kanyhalí zumin. "De daje," phenel o Tibi, "adija tátí hi." – "Azí hi lácshi, fijam", phenel leszkeri daj. "Te hana adí tati zumin, n' ovla tumen tatipe. Patya le mange! Pirikém, av te tu, besasz téle taj hasz!" I cshaj na kamlahi te han, te phengya pe dake, odija pale vicsingya pe late: " Ári sutyoha, te csáresz mri csikni mindzs! Bes téle, mer balendar tut cidá orde, av!" I cshaj ladzsanya pet ánglo csháve, hogy szo lake phengya lakeri daj. Téle

sat at the table with her head down and said to her mother: "Pour me only a little, I am not hungry now." – "What for God's dick have you eaten, huh?", yelled the woman at her. "One can barely see you! You are as thin as a dead witch, the hair is the only thing that grows on you, may you wipe my ass with it! Eat up, or I'll pour on your head what is left on the plate!" The girl was almost crying, but she ate all of the soup without saying a word, just like the boys.

They did not dare say anything to the woman, because they were afraid of her hands, which hit them quite often, either on the head, or on the neck, and the face she would never miss either. While hitting, she always told them: "Here you go, may you lick my cunt, better that you cry a little now than your mother a lot when you'll grow up!" She did not care about the age of the person she was hitting. If she saw that someone from her family was doing something bad or was not eating enough, she gave them a slap. When she beat up a boy or a girl who were not her relatives, she would go to his or her mother to tell what happened. Nobody would get mad at her. They always told her: "They deserve it, just beat them up, my dear Hilda! Once he is home, he'll get some from me too!" This was why there was no young person in her family who would be a criminal. The policemen knew them only because they had nothing to do with them. If there was a ball for example, these young people were dancing, drinking, but if someone started to quarrel with someone else, they disappeared in a heartbeat.

After all four of them ate those big plates of soup the woman served them, they could barely get up. "What happened to you?", the woman shouted at them. "I hope you are not sick! Just sit down again, this soup is like gold, it will heal you!" – "Oh, my dear mother," shouted Tibi while pulling Piri behind him, "we are not sick, we are just picky. You made a very good soup, we'll eat more later, but now we are in hurry to go swimming!" He was gesturing to the two boys and all four of them ran away from the woman at the same time. She whispered to herself with a smile: "I know that you stuffed yourself full, may I eat your heart, but now you need to move! Just go and swim, then you'll become as hungry as wolves in winter."

In the meantime, the children packed the things they needed for swimming. Bango pulled cold water from the well and Balo poured it into two bottles. "Oh, may you suck me," Bango shouted at him, "don't you see that we are four people, and you bring only two bottles?" The boy looked at him and said: "May the dog suck you!" – "Then say bow-wow!", answered Bango with a laugh. Balo got angry and grabbed Bango by the neck: "Oh, may you suck my dick, you'll get some from me now!", but he also laughed. After releasing Bango, he curses: "God, punish him for saying 'say bow-wow'! Just wait, may Csikni Manci catch you!"

bangyarde séreha bestya ki kafidi taj phenel pe dake: "Zalog kede, na sztyom akani bokhali." – "Szo le Devleszkerő kár hájal, he???", ordítinel pe late i romni. "Há má ni na dityhosz! Aszavi súki sztyal szar jek mulikani csohaní, csak tre bala bárgyon, te khoszesz ári lenca mri bul! Ha ári sza, mer pe tro séro cshorá aszo mukeha!" I cshaj majna rovlahi má, de ári hája i celi zumin, aszar te o csháve, bi o jek alav.

Na tromanahi te vakeren nista ola romnyake, mer daranahi lakere vaszteszter, aszo doszta butvar len csalavlahi, vagy o séro, vagy ándi men, de ni i csham na muklahi ári. Odá phenkerlahi lenge, kana csalavlahi len, hogy: "Le, te csáresz mri mindzs, inkánb tu rov buka akani, szar tri daj te bárgyoha!" Na bajnelahi ó, kityi bersiko hi, akasz csalavel. Te ánde lengero családo sztya taj diklahi i romni, hogy valaszo ergyavo kerel, vagy na hal doszta, dzsalahi taj cshinlahi jek. Pálal – te na lakere csháve sztye – dzsalahi k' odija romni, akaszkere csháve vagy csha puhantingya taj phenlahi, szo sztya. Nikho na ruslahi váse. Mindí avka lake phennahi: "Gódi, csak detker len Hildakám! Khér' avla, te mandar hudla!" Mist' adá na sztya aszavo terno ánde lakero családo, ako ergyavo te újáhi. Te o jagale csak azí len pindzsarnahi, mer lenca na sztya len nista búti. Te báldo sztya, adana terne khelnahi, pijenahi jek valaszo, de kana má ketháne hudlahi valako valakaszaha, ónk ánd' odija minuta muknahi odoj o than.

Kana szo stár dzséne ári háje odija but zumin, aszo kedija lenge i romni, ajzig dzsannahi uppe te ácshen. "Szo tumenca úja?", vicsingya pe lende i romni. "Csak na naszvale sztyan?? No besen pále, adija zumin aszavi hi szar o szomnakaj, maj ári tumen szasztyarla!" – "Joj, mamakám," vicsingya o Tibi taj cidlahi ola Piri pale peszte, "dahogy sztyam naszvale, csak kínyeskédinasz. Báre lacshi zumin tágyal, maj kísíbb mé hasza ándar, de akani szigyanasz te nangyon!" Aszar vakerlahi, intingya te le dú cshávenge taj jekfarsza szo stár dzséne ári nástye kathar i romni. Odija pale aszandú phengya ánde peszte: "Dzsánáv me, hogy pherdo tumen hájan, hav tumaro ílo, de kampe te te mozginen! Dzsán taj úszinkeren, pálal aszave bokhale ovna, szar jevende o ruv."

Tel' adá o terne bare szigaha hudkerge ketháne, aszo kamnahi te lidzsen ko nangyuvice. O Bango cidija sudro pányi pi hanyig, o Bálo pale dúje caklesztle le cshorgya. "O, te pijesz man," vicsinel pe leszte o Bango, "há stár dzséne sztyam, tu pale csak dú caklo aneha???" Dikhel pe leszte o cshávo taj phenel: "Te pijel tut o dzsukel!" – "De phen 'vau!', phenel aszandú o Bango. Rustya vas' adá o Bálo taj hudija le Bangeszkeri men: "Jááá, te csáresz mro kár, akani hudeha!", de aszalahi te ó. Kana mukja le Bange, koskerlahi: "Devla, már ole, kana mé 'phen vau' kerel! Csak uzsar, te hudel tut i Csikni Manci!"

Csikni Manci<sup>57</sup> was a very fat girl who liked Bango and always praised him to others. He, however, was afraid of her and only hearing about the girl he would start to feel sick. The reason for this was that Manci always stank from afar and her long hair stuck together with dirt. This girl decided that she would marry Bango. Once she even went to his mother and told her what she wants. The woman talked with her for a while, but when the girl started to say that they would sell the house after the woman dies, so the mother got furious and started to quarrel with her: “Oh, may you suck the dick of my husband! Get out of here with your huge intestines while you still can, or I’ll kill you right away! God, punish her for waiting for my death!” In the meantime, she grabbed the broom and was hitting the girl wherever she could reach her. “Go away, may your drunk father fuck you, don’t come here again, or I’ll kill you!” The girl was screaming as the woman was hitting her, but she could not run.

When Bango’s friends heard this story, they laughed themselves sick. But the boy was very ashamed because of this, and he would run away the moment he saw the girl in the village. Once, he even left all the things he bought in the shop without paying and ran home, because Manci had entered the shop and had winked at him. He was ashamed but also afraid of her, but he did not dare tell his mother why did he came from the shop empty-handed, because if the woman had known about it, she would have beaten him up. The boy told her that he forgot what he had to buy. The woman told him again and hit him on the head too, so that he remembers this time, and sent him back to the shop. Everything that he needed was already prepared in the shop. The girl who worked there always put his things into a big bag. He knew it, and the saleswomen knew it too, that he will come back for the things soon and they told him: *“Tell her that you hate her, because if this woman puts you between her legs, you’ll suffocate!”* But the boy did not want to say a word to Manci, because he did not want to get into trouble with her father.

When all four bottles were filled with water, Piri had already prepared sandwiches with butter to have something to eat if they get hungry at the river. Tibi urged them: “Come on, let’s go, soon it will be dark and you still stall for time!” – “Shut up, may you kiss my balls,” said Balo, “are you our boss or what?” – “Oh, may your balls dry and fall”, shouted Tibi, “and may the cancer kiss them!” Then he continued with a laugh: “But only if it finds them!” – “Then come and look for them!”, said Balo and he was opening his belt and walking towards him. “Oh God, punish him for pulling down his trousers!”, said Piri. “Aren’t you ashamed

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57 The nickname Csikni Manci is composed of the feminine form of the Romani adjective csikno “fat” and the short name for Maria.

I Csikni Manci jek báre thuli cshaj sztya, akaszke báre teccinlahi o Bango taj mindí asarlahi le. Odá pale daralahi latar taj o cshandlipe avlahi pe leszte, kana csak sunlahi pal' odija cshaj. Mer i Manci mindí dúrarrú khandlahi taj te lakere duge bala ketháne sztya tapadime misti mel. Adija cshaj odá lija ánde pi gódi, hogy romeszte dzsala ko Bango. Te géja ke leszkeri daj taj phengya lake, hogy szo kamel. I romni jek buka dive te vakergya laha, de kana i cshaj má odoj ikrelahi, hogy kana merla li taj biknena o kher, uppe foringya lakeri gódi taj veszkinlahi: "O, te szívinesz téle pale mro rom o kár! Cide athar odona bare gója amí saj, mer adaj tut mundará a! Devla, már ola, kana mro mérite uzsarel!" Közbe ragadingya i seprúva taj csalavlahi, aká rezslahi la csha. "Dzsa, te kúrel tut tro matyakerno dad, orde buter ma-j av, mer mundará tut!" I cshaj sikítinlahi, aszar zuhantinlahi pe late i romni, de na birinlahi te násen, csak szigyanlahi.

Kana sungye pal' adija búti ole Bangeszkere baráttya, avka aszanahi, hogy te lengere ászvi csujonahi. Báre pet ladzsalahi mist' adá o cshávo taj kana diklahi ola csha ándo gav, mindí naslahi othar. Te avka sztya má, hogy ándi bóta mukja o cele bútya bi o potyinibe, nástya khére, mer i Manci ánde géja taj kacsingatinlahi pe leszte. Ó pale te ladzsalahi pet taj te daralahi latar, de pe dake na tromalahi ári te phenen, hogy szoszke géja csucse vasztega ándar i bóta, mer i romni te dzsangyáhi adá, baro maribe kergyáhi. Odá lake phenlahi csak o cshávo, hogy bisztergya, szo kampel te anen. I romni papale phenlahi leszke, te cshingya po séro, hogy ánde te ácshel, aszo kampel taj avka le bicshaylahi pále ándi bóta. Odoj má ketháne sztya kedime, aszo kampja leszke. I cshaj, ako odoj kerlahi búti, mindí jekhe bare zacskate thovlahi leszke o bútya. Dzsandalhi te ó taj te o rakja, hogy nasoká pále dzsala váse o Bango taj phennahi leszke mindí: "Mondd meg neki, hogy útálod, mer ez, ha a lába közi tesz tégedet, meg is fúlsz!" De o cshávo jek alav na kamlahi te phenen ola Mancike, mer na kamlahi ketháne te huden lakere dadeha.

Kana pherdo cshorgye szo stár cakle pányiha, má te i Piri kíszni sztya ole márenca, aszo azí makja, hogy te bokhale ovna paso pányi, te ovel len szo te han. Szigyanatatinlahi len o Tibi: "Há aven má, mingyá sitítno hi taj mé t' akani ciden o dive!" – "Csüt má, csumidesz mre péle," phenel leszke o Bálo, "tu sztyal amaro hulaj vagy szo?" – "No, te sutyon tuke téle", vicsingya o Tibi, "taj te csumidel len tuke i prikáza!" Pálal má aszandú phenlahi: "De csak te arakla len!" – "Av, rode len!", phenel o Bálo taj aszar dzsalahi mere leszte, pe holovjakero szíjo cidkerlahi, szar te téle la kamjáhi te ciden pale peszte. "Devla, már ole, kana téle mukel i holov!", phenel i Piri. "Na ladzsasz tut ángle mande, Tyermeja?? Mer

in front of me, you worm? You are slim as the worm in the holey apple! Get out of my sight or I'll throw the basket on your head, may you eat your mother's cunt!"

On hearing this, Balo felt ashamed, while the other two boys were laughing. They went swimming. There were a lot of people, both Roma and gadje, lying on the ground on the riverbank, some of them on huge bath sheets, others on towels. They brought two blankets, a smaller one for the girl, and a bigger one for the three boys. While they were preparing the place for themselves, Tibi pushed into Bango: "Come on, look who is lying not far from here, a huge mountain!" and pointed at Csikni Manci.

"Oh, what should I do, I'd rather go home!", said Bango slowly. "Are you afraid of her, or what?", asked Piri with a smile. "If you want, I can make it so that she never looks at you again, but I need you there too!" – "Alright," the boy looked at her, "but I won't tell her a word!" – "You just have to remain silent", said the girl and stood up, "and embrace me." – "I know what my smart sister wants," smiled Tibi, "no wonder that we have the same blood! You have a good idea! If she starts to do something, Bango and me will hold her down. Now let's go!" – "I'm not going!", shouted Balo. "I would throw up if I have to approach her. I'd rather throw pebbles on her!" He already started collecting the pebbles.

The young people were laughing. Piri took one of Bango's hands in hers, and the other she put round her waist. When the boy embraced her, he blushed, but he already understood what the girl wanted. They were walking towards the river, so that Manci could see them. She did see them and shouted at Bango: "Man, what is this?" – "What do you want from my husband?", yelled Piri. "Leave him alone, he married me the day before yesterday. From now on if I hear that you so much as looked at him, I will slaughter you like a pig, do you understand?" – "Oh, I am so scared, Saint Mary," said Manci and put her hands in front of her eyes, "of such a bitch as you, I'll sit on you!", she shouted and wanted to stand up, but she fell and rolled onto the ground.

"Hey!", shouted Tibi and ran with Balo to his sister. "Leave my sister alone, or I will suck out your fat!" – "Come on," smiled Piri, "stand up, you stinky! You could kill someone with your smell, it is a wonder that the fish are still alive!" – "Maybe she has not been in the water yet!", laughed Balo. Now even Bango started to laugh and calmed down.

Manci stood up, packed her things and headed home, but she turned to Bango with these words: "Stay with that slim bitch of yours, and I'll rather look for a man who knows beauty when he sees it!" All four of them laughed at this and, finally, they went to swim into the nice cold water.

aszavo súko sztyal szar ándi hevjali phába o tyermo! Dzsa ángle mande, mer ke tute cshiná i kaska, hasz tre dakeri mindzs!”

P’ adá ladzsanya pet o Bálo, o dú csháve pale aszanahi, avka géje te nangyon. Odoj po parto báre but dzséne sztye taj pi phú pastyonahi, ko pe bare nangyarde paszlate, ko pe po teríkezóvo, te gádzse taj te roma. Ónk dú prokóca ligije, i bukader la cshake, i bareder pale ole trín cshávenge. Aszar kernahi pumenge o than, o Tibi drugingya ole Bange: “Decsa dik, ko pastyol athar na dűr, jek baro hegyo!” taj szikagya meri Csikni Manci.

“Joj, szo te kerav, dzsav inkánb khére!”, phenel polóke o Bango. “Szo hi, csak na darasz latar?”, phucsel lesztar i Piri aszandú. “Te kamesz, me dzsanav tuke te segítenen, hogy buter te na dikhel pe tute, de k’ adá te tu kamposz! – “No lácshe hi,” dikhel pe late o cshávo, “de me na phená lake nista!” – “Csak te csüten kampesz”, phenel i cshaj taj ácshija uppe, “taj préko man te asztaren.” – “Me dzsanav, szo kamel mri gogyaver phen,” aszal o Tibi, “na hiábake hi mro rat! Lacshi búti arakjal ári! Maj amen pale ole Báleha téle la asztaraha, te kerla valaszo. No dzsan!” – “Me na!”, vicsinel o Bálo. “Te cshandá, te ke late kampla te reszen. Maj inkánb cshidkerá la hurde bárenca!” Taj má te kedlahi o bára.

Aszanahi o terne. I Piri asztargya le Bangeszkerő jek va, o áver pale pe po dereko thogya. Kana préko la asztargya o cshávo, báre ári lólja, de halija má, szo kamel i cshaj. Avka géje mero pányi, hogy i Manci te dikhel len. Odí te dikja len taj vicsingya le Bangeszke: “More, adá szo hi???” – “Szo kamesz mre romesztar??”, ordítningya pe late i Piri. “Muk leszke szmírom, mer man lija romnyake angl’ ídzseszte. Taj athartú te suná, hogy csak pe leszte dikjal, téle tut cshiná szar jekhe bále, sungyal ole???” – “Joj de daranyom, Márjo,” phenel i Manci taj pe vaszta ángle pe átyha thogya, “aszave suke lubnyatar szar tu sztyal, maj mingyá pe tute besá!”, vicsingya taj uppe kamlahi te ácshen, de na dzsangya, csak irjankergyolahí pi phú.

“Heee!”, vicsinel o Tibi taj nástya oggya ole Báleha ke pi phen. “Muk me phenya, mer téle muká tro csiken!” – “De av,” aszal i Piri, “ács uppe, tu Khandinije! Tre szagaha dúrarrú te mundaren saj hi, bari csuda hogy mé dzsiven o másche!” – “Saj, hogy mé na sztya li ándo pányi!”, aszal o Bálo. P’ adá má te o Bango aszalahi taj te nyugszingya.

I Manci pale uppe ácshija, kedija ketháne pe bútya taj géja khére, de mé pále vakergya ole Bangeszke: “Ov tuke odola suke lubnyaha, me pale aszave murse rodá mange, ako dzsanel szo h’ odá sukaripe!” Aszanahi p’ adá szo stár dzséne taj avka géje végre ándo lacsho sudro pányi te nangyon.

## Come and slaughter the pig!

“Ah, my dear, why so much food?”, asked the husband his wife in astonishment as he was going for the knives. “I mean, we are going to slaughter the pig tomorrow, aren’t we?” – “Tomorrow,” said the wife, as she stirred the soup, “but we should also eat something today, right? Or should our children stay hungry until tomorrow, ha? And our grandchildren are going to stare at each other with great pleasure and an empty stomach, because you are slaughtering a pig! Tomorrow! May you lick this cunt today, here, under me!”, the wife tapped herself angrily and pushed her husband. “You better go and ask for the trough from the gadjo, and for the caldron, and don’t send Karcsika again!” – “Why not?”, laughed the man. “You know, he lives just here opposite us.” – “Because he does not like hard drinks and it would be good if it stays so!”, said the wife angrily. “And if I ever again hear that you sent him, I’m going to sit on the face of the gadjo with my naked ass!” – “Don’t do that, my dear Irényke,” laughed her husband, “poor old guy, he would suffocate and his wife would jump me! This is what you want? You know what a big piece of woman she is! Would you leave me, your poor tiny husband, all for her?” – “Come on, man,” laughed the woman, “you are crazy! Have you sharpened the knives?” – “Not yet, I came for them”, said the man as he was pulling out the drawers. “But, my dear, give me all of them!” – “Sure,” said the wife, “and then I can cut the meat for the noodles with the hair on my cunt, right, may you eat them all! Take these!” and she gave him four smaller knives. The man looked at them and asked her: “And with these I am supposed to kill that huge pig? The pig will see me with these knives and laugh himself sick! Give me the biggest one!” – “Alright,” said the wife, “as soon as your crazy bottle buddy brings it back, I’ll give it you! Go and ask the gadjo also for a knife, you will see that he will give you that too!” – “Well, you know what?”, asked the husband. “You had better cook, at least that has some benefit, and I’m leaving!” and he went out the door.

The woman was smiling. She already knew that she had to hold herself back when her husband would start a sentence like this. She looked at the food she was cooking. She made dough from flour and three eggs and a small part of it she kneaded together because the soup had just started to boil. She lowered the heat under the pot and pinched the dough with her fingers and dropped it into the soup. The children will be very happy, because they loved csipetke<sup>58</sup> in any kind of soup. When she finished, she stirred the soup, as well as the meat roasted for serving with

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58 Csipetke is a noodle traditionally used in Hungarian kitchen. The pinched noodles are often dropped directly into boiling soups and stews.

## Av, phoszav ole bále!

“Joooj, cshaje, há kija attyi hábe?”, phucsel o murs bare csudákozásicha pe romnyatar, kana géja vaso cshurja. “Há bále cshinasz táha, na?” – “Táha,” phenel i romni, aszar keveringya i zumin, “de odolesztar te adádíve kampe te han, na? Vagy kana avna amare csháve, maj uzsarna zsi táha bokhále, iga? Taj amare onoki bare losaha lesinna jekfáre csucse pucraha, mer tu bále cshinesz! Táha! Te csáresz adija mindzs tele mande adádíve al”, margya pet hójate i romni taj drugingya ári pe rome. “Dzsa má tuke, inkánb mang i kopana ole gádzseszstar taj te o katlano, nahogy papale ole Karcsika bicshaveha!” – “Szoszke te na?”, phenel aszandú o murs. “Há csak adaj hi ángl’ amende.” – “Azí, mer ó ‘na kamel’ i pájinka!”, phenel hójaha i romni. “Taj te mé jekfar suná, hogy oggya le bicshagyal, me dzsá taj besá pe gádzseszkero muj nange bujaha!” – “Odá ma ker, Irénykém,” aszal lakerom, “csoro phúro te tasztolahiji, leszkeri romni pale pe mande ugrinla! Odá kamesz? Dzsanesz, szavi bari kotor hi li! Mukeszahi man, te csore csisle romóre lake?” – “Dzsa má, more,” aszal i romni, “tu dilino sztyal! Ári rosztangyal má o cshurja?” – “Na mé, vas’ odona ájom”, phenel o murs, aszar cidkerlahi ári o fíjki. “De cshaje, asta orde sza!” – “Ehe há,” phenel i romni, “me pale saj cshingerá o masz ko humer mre mindzsakere zarjenca, iga, te hasz olen? Le, adana saj lidzsesz” taj dinya leszke oggya stár bukader cshúri. Dikhel len o murs taj phucsel latar: “Taj adalenca te phoszavav téle odole bare bále? Há dikla man adalenca taj ándo aszabe mundajola! I legbareder asta orde!” – “Lácshe hi,” phenel i romni, “aszar pále la anla tro matyakerno dilino baráto, má te dav la oggya tuke! Dzsa, mang te cshúri ole góriszstar, maj dikheha hogy dela t’ odija!” – “No, dzsanesz, szo?”, phucsel o murs. “Buter reszaha, te táveha, me pale dzsá mange!” taj géja ári po vuder.

Aszalahi i romni. Dzsanhali má, hogy kana lakerom valaszo avka kezdinlahi, na kampe te den pe leszte. Uppe dikja po hábe, aszo tavlahi. Te ole humereszke ketháne thogya o járo le tríne tojásenca taj jek buka kotor szigaha husingya ketháne, mer ípen foringya uppe i zumin. Teleder lija i jag teli píri taj csípinkergya ánde ándar o humer. Maj losanna o cshavóra, mer báre kamnáhi o csipetki akarszave zumjate. Kana adaleha vigzingya, keveringya uppe i zumin taj te o masz, aszo ko humer petyolahiji. Pálal asztargya kija ári te cshingeren o humer. Pe romeszke taj le terneder csháveszke cshurjaha kergya te bulho humer, mer ónk odá feder kamnáhi szar o haluski. Má báre uzsarlahi, hogy szako khére te reszel, mer táha bále cshinna. Tyingye kija o cele bútya.

the noodles. Then she started to cut the noodles. For the husband and the smallest son, she cut the pieces thick, because they liked it more than the thin noodles. She could barely wait for everybody to arrive home, because tomorrow they will slaughter a pig. They bought everything for it. Her husband will soon bring two wooden troughs and a caldron from the neighbor. First, they will have to wash them out. Then they will peel the garlic and the onions, but it is enough to peel them in the evening with the daughters-in-law while the men chat.

She looked at the big watch which her mother had given her when they bought the house and came here to live with their two children. How often had the children quarreled because of the song that the watch played, and who could dance better to it. Margitka was always stronger, so she beat up poor little Pisti as if she were a man.

The woman just remembered that she had bought beverages only for the men, but the many grandchildren will also come, so she called her daughter: "My dear Manyi! Hurry up and send someone to the shop to bring orange juice or something for the children! Come take the money!" Her daughter came, took the money and told her mother: "Whom should I send? How much should he bring? Anything else needed?" – "Oh, of course, yes," said the woman and hit her forehead, "we also need rice, because I just cooked three kilos for the sausages, but we also need it for the cabbage! Let him bring two packages! But hurry up, send Csabika, because the shop closes soon!" – "I won't send him," said Manyi, "I'll send Zsuzska. She will hurry and buy everything needed. And mother, you forgot about the milk!" – "Mariska will bring it tomorrow," the woman looked at her daughter, "you know, the one cow that they milk at noon. Anyway, Lacko will make the cracklings around two and it is better when prepared with fresh milk. But let's go, hurry up, send the girl!"

Manyi left and shortly afterwards Zsuzska was running to the shop. Manyi's youngest daughter, Katoka – who had turned six the previous week – wanted to run after her, but her mother did not allow it. The little girl was crying bitterly and Manyi said to her: "Don't cry, my dear Katoka, you should go over to Auntie Terka, because she was already calling you when you were sleeping!" – "Really, mum?", the little girl wiped her eyes. "Maybe her tooth hurts again and I am the only one who can heal it!" She was already running towards the gate, and her mother accompanied her to the other house with a smile on her face.

The little girl shouted to the gadji: "*Auntie Terka, come and let me in!*" The gadji went out and said to the little girl: "*Oh, I am so happy that you came, my sweet-heart, I could hardly wait for you to come! And have you brought that little beautiful scarf?*" – "Of course I did," said the girl, "I knew that your tooth hurts again, that's why I am here now!" – "Then come in, my dear!", the gadji took the little girl's hand and said to Manyi: "And you, mother, you can go! We will also come, but first the little girl will heal my tooth!" – "Alright, Auntie Terka," said Manyi. "My dear Katoka does it really well with that scarf, I tell you!"

Lakero rom nasoká anla kathar o szomszédo szo dú kastuni kopana, te o katlano. Odona mé préko kampla te thovkeren. Pálal te suzsaren te o szirja, te o puruma, de odá uppe rezsla ráti ole bórjenca taj la cshaha, amí o mursa vakerkerna.

Dikja pi bari óra, aszo mé lakeri daj lake dija, kana tyingye adá kher pe romeha taj aggya áje ole dú cshavórenca. Kityi marakodinnahi miste órakeri gyíli, hogy ko uppe khelel sukaderóné. De mindí i Margitka sztya zoraleder, avka téle marlahi csore buka Pisti, szar jek murs.

Akani ája ánde romnyakeri gódi, hogy csak ole mursenge tyingye pibe, pegyig avna te o but onoki, mist' adá vicsingya pe cshake: "Manyikám! Szigyan, bicshav ándi bóta valakasz, anav jaffa vagy valaszo ole cshavórente! Av vaso lóve!" Dzsal lakeri cshaj taj aszar lija o lóvo phenel pe dake: "Taj kasz te bicshavav? Kityi te anavav? Áver na kampel?" – "Joj, dehonna," phenel i romni taj csalagya pe po csekat, "há te rizsa kampe mé, mer csak trín kilo angyom ko gója, de te ándi ármin kampla! Anav t' odija dúje zsacskanca! De hagy szigyanel o Csabika, mer nasoká ánde kerna." – "Na le bicshavá," phenel i Manyi, "hanem ola Zsuzska. Odija te szigyanla taj te avka tyinkerla, aszar kampel. Taj daje, o thud ári mukjal!" – "Odá táha anla i Mariska," dikhel pe pi cshaj i romni, "aszo díbe pisna, dzsanész? O tepertói t' avka csak meri dújóri kerla o Lacko taj feder ovla k' odona o frisno thud. De dzsa, szigyan, bicshav ola csha!"

Géja i Manyi taj nasoká te nástya i Zsuzska ándi bóta. Kamlahi te násen pale late ola Manyikeri legbukader cshaj, i Katóka, ako ánde po sótodikno bers lípingya mútno kurko, de lakeri daj na mukja la. Báre rovlahi i buka cshaj taj phenel lake i Manyi: "Ma rov má, Katókám, inkánb dzsa préko ki Terka néni, mer má vicsinkerlahi tuke, kana mé szoveszah!" – "Csácse, anyu?", khoszel i buka cshaj pe átyha. "Saj, hogy papale dukhal lakero dand, odá pale csak me dzsanav te szasztyaren!" Taj má te naslahi meri kapuva, lakeri daj pale aszandú géja pale late taj zsíko avrutno kher laha géja.

Ánde vicsinkergya i buka cshaj ola gaddzsake: "Terka néni, gyűjjön, erisszen be!" Dzsal ári i gádzsi taj phenel la bukórake: "Joj de jó, hogy gyütté lelkem, má nagyon vártam, hogy mikor gyüssz. Oszt nállad van-e az a szép kis kendő?" – "Há," phenel i cshajóri, "tuttam, hogy megint fáj a fog, azé gyűvök!" – "No, akkor gyere, fijam!", asztarel o va la buka cshake i gádzsi taj phenel la Manyike: "Te meg, anya, mennyé! Maj mink is menünk, ha a kisjány meggyógyíccsa a fogamot!" – "Jó van, Terka néni", phenel i Manyi. "A Katókám nagyon jó csinájja avval a kendővel, az má biztos!"

Diklahi pali buka cshaj, aszar dzsanahi ánde ola gaddzsaha, pálal géja khére. Dzsanlahi, hogy i buka cshaj pe lacshe thaneszte hi. Szako

She was looking at the little girl going into the house with the gadji, and then she went home. She knew that the little girl was in good hands. Everybody loved her at the neighbors' house, not just the elderly, but also the two young rakle. They were often taking her children on horses to the meadow, while in summertime the youngest raklo "baked" mud with Katoka in the sun. The other raklo, when he was not working, played with Manyi's four children, either at the raklo's place or at Manyi's place. When his friends visited him, they also played with the children or taught them something.

When Manyi closed the door behind her, there was a loud honk outside. The two women looked out and ran happily towards the gate to open it for the cars. The three cars parked in the back of the yard, almost in the garden. The moment that everybody got out of the cars and entered the house, – there were three houses in the yard, each with two big rooms and a kitchen, while on the side of the yard there was a big summer kitchen and in front of it a big walnut tree – the old man arrived home from the gadjo. He was driving a cart loaded with the kettle and the two wooden troughs. The gadji sent them biscuits in a basket, where she also put the big knives for slaughtering the pig and cutting the meat, as well as three small barrels. The one barrel was filled with sour cucumber, the other with sour cabbage, and the third one with mixed pickles. He was also happy to see the cars in front of the garden and quickly ran into the house, because it had been such a long time since he last saw his children and grandchildren. He kissed all of them and then went back to the cart to unhitch the horses. His children went with him. They did not allow him to unload the cart, they did it together with the old man's brother-in-law. They unhitched the horses and put hay in front of them.

Matyi, the oldest son, instructed the others, as always when the family came together. When they were ready, the women served food, and everyone was talking about what news they have. Then they rested for a bit. When it started to get dark, the men were drinking beer, the women were peeling the onions and garlics, and the children were listening to the frightening stories that the adults were telling each other.

"Once when I was still a little boy" started Matyi, "and my mother sent me to the priest for holy water, I was coming home through the graveyard. I was stepping slowly, so that the water does not drip, and as I was going, I heard someone saying my name: 'Matyi, Matyi'. I looked around to see who it could be, but the only thing I saw was an ugly crow. I put the small bucket to the ground, I collected a lot of small gravel and I threw it on the crow while shouting: 'Here you go, may the earth throw you out, whoever you are! Here you go, may you lick my ass as I am shitting! Get out of here, or I'll hit you on the head!"

After Matyi said this, the children came closer together out of fear. Manyi asked him: "And who was that crow?" – "I'll tell you soon! Do you remember the

la kamlahi ándo szomszédo, na csak o phúre, hanem te o dú rakle. Butvar lidzsnahi lakere csháven ole grasztenca po ríto, o terneder mé te csik peklahi nyilaje ola Katókaha po kham. Adá raklo, kana na kerlahi búti, mindí ole stáre cshávenca khellahi peszke vagy ke lende, vagy ke pumende. Kana dzsanahi leszkere baráttya, te ónk vagy szikjonahi, vagy khelnahi ole cshávenca.

Aszar ánde kergya o vuder pale peszte i Manyi, o baro dudálási sungyolahi oggyári. Dikhen ári o dú romnya taj bare losaha nasnahi ki kapuva, hogy ári la te keren ole motorenge. Odona szo trín te ánde ácshije legpálalra, majna ándi bár. Kana szako ári szálingya taj géje ándo khera, – mer ándi udvara trín aszave khera sztye, aszoszte dú bare szobi taj jek konyha sztya, pe udvarakero szíjo pale bari nyilajiki konyha acslahi, ángl' odija pale báre ucso ákhoriko kast – akkor resztya khére te o phúro kathar o gádzso ole verdaha, pe szoszte angya te katlano, te dú kastuni kopana. Jek kaskate bogácsi bicshagya i górkinya, ánd' odija thogye o bare cshurja, aszoha maj phoszavna ole bále taj cshingerna o masz taj trín buka hordóvi. Ándo jek subtle huborki, ándo áver sutli ármin, ándo trito pale csalamádéva sztya. Losangya te ó, kana dikja o motorja ángli bár taj szig nástya ándo kher, mer báre csilla dikja má pe csháven taj pe onoken. Csumidkergya ole celen taj pále géja ko verda ári te asztaren ole graszten. Leszkere csháve géje leha. Na mukje leszke nista téle te vazden, hanem ónk taj leszkero vejo kedinye téle palo verda o bútya. Asztargye ári ole graszten taj te khasz thogye ángle lende.

O Matyi, o legphureder cshávo phenlahi, hogy ko szo te kerel, aszar mindí, kana ketháne avlahi o családo. Kana vigzingye, o dzsúja kedkergye te han szakoneszke, közbe vakerkernahi, hogy kaszaha szo hi akaniba. Pal' adá buka piheningye. Kana sitíszajolah, o mursa sero pijenahi, o dzsúja o puruma taj o szirja suzsarnahi, o csháve pale sunnahi, aszar o báre phennahi pale jekfáreszte i but, bari daravtatósní paramiszi.

"Jekfar, kana mé cshavóro sztyomahi" kezdinel o Matyi, "taj mri daj bicshagya man ko rasaj vaso szenteltno pányi, mero temetővo aváhi khére. Polóke lípináhi, hogy ári te na csujol o pányi taj aszar aváhi, avka sungyom, hogy valako mro anav phenel: 'Maaatyiii, Maaatyiii'. Dikhav szít, ko mange saj vakerel, de csak jekhe dzsungale varnyúko dikjom. Thogyom téle i buka rocska, hudijom uppe but hurde bára taj aszar cshidkeráhi le varnyúko, vicsinkeráhi: 'Le, te cshidel tut ári i phú, akarko te sztyal! Le, te csáresz mri bul kana hinav! Dzs' athar, mer séreszte tut mará!'"

Kana adá phenlahi, o csháve ketháne pumen cidije ándi dár. I Manyi phucsja lesztar: "Taj ko sztya odá varnyúko?" – "Mingyá phená! Emlészinesz pe Terka nénikeri daj?", phucsel o Matyi. O Karcsi, la

mother of Auntie Terka?", asked Matyi. Karcsi, Manyi's oldest son asked him: "So she was a witch, uncle?" – "Exactly, she was, my dear Karcsi!", said Matyi and looked around. "Children, I'll tell you what happened! When I threw the biggest stone on the crow, it somersaulted and turned into Csohani Giza<sup>59</sup>. She looked at me and you should believe what I say, her eyes were burning!"

When he said this, the smallest children were screaming with fear. The older girl, Zsuzska, asked: "And what did you do, uncle?" – "What could I have done?", asked the man. "I was so afraid that I threw myself on the ground." – "Come on, uncle," said Katoka while sitting in the lap of her mother, "don't you know what you should say when you see a dead person?" – "What should one say?", asked the man. "You should do like this!", said Katoka and put her hands together and showed it to her uncle. "Then you say to God 'God, come with me!'" – "You are a very smart little girl," Matyi smiled at her, "but I did not know this! When I threw myself on the ground, I was shouting: 'Living people with living people, dead people with dead people, may the earth throw you out, Csohani Linka!'"

"And did not she eat you?", asked Csabika with fear. "No, but you know what she did?", asked Matyi and leaned a bit forward. "She shouted at me: 'Here you go!' And she farted such a big one that a huge fire came out of her ass!"

Everybody was laughing: "I knew that he is lying!" – "Come on, man!" – "Oh, uncle, you fooled us!" But he continued with a very serious expression on his face: "If you don't believe me, just ask grandma!" Everybody looked at the old woman and she said: "Come on, why do you lie? The only true thing from all of this is that I sent him to the priest. But he didn't bring the holy water home, because he sold it at the pub to Karo Bela for a monkey costume and in that costume he was frightening the gadje at the church when they came from the midnight mass!"

Everybody was laughing, but they were already tired. The old couple told them to go to sleep, because next morning they would have to wake up very early. It was around seven o'clock, but it was already dark and very cold outside. In the darkness they stumbled back to the houses where it was nice and warm, because the old man had heated all the houses while they were talking. After the adults and the children washed themselves, they went to bed.

The men woke up at dawn. Each of them drank a shot of palinka and, in the meantime, they woke up Karcsi and Csabi. Then they pulled the pig out from the pigsty. Matyi stabbed into its neck, Karcsi held the bowl for the blood, and Csabi could not watch it: for him it was the first time seeing the men slaughtering a pig. At the beginning he was very envious of Karcsi for holding the bowl, but after seeing that the boy is covered in blood, his mood was gone. His grandfather called him

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59 *Csohani Giza* translates to English as Witchy Giza.

Manyikero legphureder cshávo phucsel lesztar: "Na odija sztya csohami, bacsi?" – "De ója, Karcsikám!", phenel o Matyi taj dikja szít. "No, maj sunen, szo sztya, cshavale! Kana o legbareder bár cshidijom ko varnyúko, odá préko busingázingga pe po séro taj i Csohami Giza úja. Pe mande dikja taj avka le patyan, aszar phenav, lakere átyha thabonahi!"

Kana adá phengya, o hurdeder cshavóra sikíttingye, avka daranahi. I bari cshaj, i Zsuzska phucsja: "Taj tu szo kergyal, bacsi?" – "Szo kergyomahí?", phucsel pále o murs. "Bare dárjaha ki phú man cshingyom." – "De bacsi," phenel i Katóka ándar pe dakeri angáli, "tu na dzsanesz, szo kampe te phenen, kana műle dikhesz?" – "Szo kampel?", phucsel o murs. "Há avka keresz a!", phenel i Katóka, aszar ketháne thogya pe vaszta taj szikavlahi pe bacsiszke. "Pálal pale phenesz le Devlóreszke, hogy 'Av manca, Devlóreja!'" – "Tu báre gogyaver buka cshaj sztyal," aszanya pe late o Matyi, "de me adá na dzsanáhi! Kana ki phú man cshingyom, me avka vicsinkeráhi a: 'Dzsivde le dzsivdenca, műle le műlenca, te cshidel tut ári i phú, tu Csohami Giza!'"

"Taj na hája tut???", phucsel o Csabika bare dárjaha. "Na, hanem dzsanen, szo kergya?", phucsja o Matyi taj buka ángalra dílingya. "Vicsingya jek báro pe mande, hogy 'E a tied e!' Taj aszavi khanyargya, hogy ándar lakeri bul bari jag ári cshingya!"

P' adá szako aszanya taj vicsinkernahi: "Me dzsangyom, hogy hovavel!" – "Dzsa má, more!" – "Joj, bacsi, dilinenge amen kergyal!" De ó bare komojne mujeha vakerlahi: "Te na patyan mange, csak phucsen ola mama!" Szako pi phuri romni dikja, odija pale phengya: "Dzsa má, szoszke hovavesz? Ándar adá attyi hi csácsó, hogy bicsshagyom le ko rasaj. De n' angya khére o pányi, hanem bikingya le pasi kocsma ole Karó Bélászke vaso majmane gáda taj ánd' odona daravkerlahi pasi khangéri ole gaddzsen, kana avnali pali rátyutni misa!"

Aszalahi szako, de má te thine sztye. Mist' adá o phúre phengye lenge, hogy te dzsan te szoven, mer ratyaszta báre korán kampila te ustyen. Meri eft' óri phirlahi mé csak o dive, de má báre sitítno sztya taj te sil. Pále botorkázingye ándo sitítno ko khera, aká má lacsho tátó len uzsarlahi, mer o phúro ánde fítingya ke szakoneszte, amí odona vakerkernahi. Kana má pale te o báre taj te o bukóra téle nangyije, pastyija szako téle te szoven.

De o mursa má hajnalba ustyije. Pije jek-jek epas kheriki pájinka, közbe uppe csangagye ole Karcsi taj le Csabi. Pálal ári cidiye ole bále ándar i óla. O Matyi phoszagya leszkeri men, o Karcsi asztarlahi o csáro le rateszke, o Csabi pale na dzsanlahi kija te dikhen, mer leszke akani sztya csak, hogy saj dikhel, szo keren o mursa le báleha. Buka irýyesno sztya po Karcsi, hogy ó saj asztargya o csáro, de kana dikja, hogy má te o cshávo sza rat hi, géja leszkere vójá le csáreszta. Akhargya le passo bálo leszkero papu taj dija ánde leszkero va i bari cshúri: "No, Csabikám, sunesz szar vonyítinel o bálo? Av, phoszav le!"

to come closer to the pig and handed him a huge knife: "My dear Csabi, do you hear the pig howling? Then go and kill it!"

The boy was happy and afraid the same time, but he took the knife from his grandfather. He looked at the pig and searched for a place to stab. Then he turned his head, closed his eyes and stabbed with all his strength. When he opened his eyes again, he saw that he had stabbed the pig's head. The men praised him and sent him to the women to see how far they have come with the work. The boy was running happily and boasted in front of everyone that it was he who had slaughtered the pig.

During this time the women prepared the meal, and baked blood with onions, adding eggs. The men burnt the pig hair off with hay. Later they cut the skin up, cut off the bacon, and handed the children, depending on what they wanted, either the baked skin or the warm ear. The women were already cooking some of the meat for lunch. They sent the children to share some of the meat with those who earlier had given them some of the things needed for the slaughter fest. Little Katoka took a huge piece of fresh lean meat on a big plate to Auntie Terka. When she opened the gate with one hand, she could not hold the plate for how heavy it was, and it fell out of her hand. But the meat fell on the pavement and then the plate on top of it. The girl got scared. She looked around, picked up the plate and the meat, quickly cleaned it as much as she could. She put it on the plate with the clean side up and then she held it with both hands. She was walking slowly and shouting: "*Auntie Terka! Uncle Vili! Hurry up!*" She arrived at the door, which was opened by the gadjo and he asked: "*What is the problem, my sweetheart, why are you shouting?*" – "*It is nothing, Uncle Vili,*" said the little girl, but she did not dare look at the gadjo, "*grandpa is sending some meat to you, I have brought it over.*"

The gadji put a big piece of cottage cheese pie on the table and said to her: "*Come and eat, my sweetheart! I know that you like it. I added a lot of raisins.*" The little girl looked at the table, she was about to cry, because she loved cottage cheese pie. But she did not dare do anything, she just handed the gadji the plate with meat and said slowly: "*Grandma said that you don't need to give back the plate today. It can be tomorrow.*" While the gadji took the plate from the girl and was talking to her, the little girl was backing out towards the door. "*Alright, my sweetheart, tell your grandma that we thank her!*" – "*I'll tell her!*", shouted the girl and ran out of the house. She did not stop until she got home.

The gadji looked after her, but neither she nor the gadjo understood why she had not eaten from the pie, while other times she could hardly wait for the gadji to bake something. At home the little girl jumped into bed and covered herself with the duvet, she was so ashamed. She was waiting to see what happens, but nobody came to scream at her. Then she got out of the bed, put on her warm boots and coat, and ran into the summer kitchen where the men were already making the sausages.

O cshávo te losangya, te daranya, de azí lija le papusztar i cshúri. Dikja po bálo, hogy kija leszke te phoszavel. Irjangya po séro, ánde húnyingya pe átyha taj pe cele zórjaha phoszagya. Kana ári kergya pe jakha, dikja, hogy i cshúri ánde báleszkerő séro ácshagya. Asargye le o mursa taj bicshagye le ko dzsúja, hogy te dzsal taj te dikhel, ká ikren. O cshávo bare losaha nástya taj szakoneszke gizda kerlahi, hogy ó phoszagya le bále.

Tel' adá o dzsúja te han kernahi, te o rat pekje bute purumaha taj te tojása csalagye uppe. O mursa pale téle thargye phuszeha o zarja palo bálo. Pálal uppe le cshingye, téle kedije o baro thulo balevasz, közbe detkernahi ole cshávenge i peki cipa vagy o tato kan ándo va, kaszke aszo kampja. O romnya po dílo má te tágé taj te pekje ándar o masz. Ole cshavórendar pale bicshavkergye szít odolenge, ako dija valaszo, hogy po toro niszoszta te n' ovel zijand. I buka Katóka ligija jekhe bare tányíriszte préko ki Terka néni o frisno baro kotor suzso masz. De aszar jekhe vaszteha ári kergya i kapuva, pháro sztya lake o tányíri, na dzsangya le te ikren taj téle irjangyija ándar lakero va. De avka, hogy o masz po bára péja, avka p' odá o tányíri. Daranya i buka cshaj. Dikja szít, hudija uppe o tányíri, te o masz, bare szigaha téle le suzsargya, aszar dzsangya. Thogya le po tányíri ole suzse dopaseha upralra taj akani má szo dú vasztenca le asztarlahi. Polóke dzsalahi taj vicsinkerlahi: "Terka néni! Vili bácsi! Gyorsan gyűjjönök!" De má akkor ko vuder sztya li, o góri le kergya ári lake taj phucsel: "Mi a baj, aranyam, mé kajabátá?" – "Nincsen baj, Vili bácsi," phenel i buka cshaj, de na tromalahi po gádzso te dikhen, "csak a papu kúdött húst magoknak, asztat hoztam át."

I gádzsi jek bari kotor tyiralošni lepínya thogya pi kafidi taj phenel lake: "Gyere, egyé, lelkem! Tudom, hogy esztet szereted. Teli raktam mazsolával." Dikja pi kafidi i buka cshaj, má majna rovlahi, mer báre kamlahi o tyiralošne kolácsi. De na tromalahi mé ni te mozdulinen, csak nyútingya ola gaddzsake o tányíri ole maszeha, aszar polóke vakerlahi: "Aszonta a mamám, hogy a tányírt nem köll máma visszaadni. Elég hónap is." Kana i gádzsi lija latar o tányíri taj vakerlahi, i buka cshaj farolinlahi mero vuder. "Jó van, szívem, mongyad a mamádnak, hogy köszönnyük!" – "Megmondom!", vicsingya i cshaj taj te ári nástya ándar o kher. Zsi khére ni na ácshija téle.

Diklahi pale late i gádzsi, de ni ó taj ni o gádzso na hajolahi, hogy szoszke na lija i lepínya, pegyig ávreszar ajjig uzsarlahi, hogy i gádzsi te pekel. Khére i buka cshaj ugringya ánde po vodro taj cidija pe peszte i dunna, avka pet ladzsalahi. Buka odoj uzsarlahi, hogy szo ovla, de na géja nikho te vicsinkeren pe late. Avkahogy ári ustijja ándar o vodro, pále cidija pe tate tyirhaja, pe peszte hudija te po kabáto taj nástya ándi nyilajiki konyha, aká o mursa má o gója kernahi. Te ratvale taj te búkosne kergye, hogy szako dosztajardo t' ovel.

They made two types of sausage, one with blood and another one with liver, to satisfy everyone.

The little girl ate from this and that, she also tried the rice, when her grandfather asked her: "My dear Katoka, tell me, are we doing it right?" – "What should I say, not really," said the little girl, "the rice needs salt. You should add more!" The old man and the other men too tried the rice. They agreed with the little girl and said to Karcsi: "Man, don't skimp on salt, we have enough, and will have enough, add one more kilo, hurry up!" The boy added it and it became tasty.

At this moment Uncle Vili entered and said to the old man: "*I came to thank you, my dear Jani, for the meat you sent us. It is beautiful; my wife is roasting it right now!*" When the little girl heard it, she started to cry. Her grandfather lifted her up and asked: "My dear Katoka, what's wrong with you, why are you crying?" The little girl told him what had happened and how ashamed she is, but both the men and the gadjo were laughing and told her that it is not a big problem. They can wash down the small stones, so there is no reason to cry. The gadjo reached into his pocket and gave her a piece of candy without wrapping paper, covered in the tobacco from which the old man made cigarettes for himself. The little girl was happy that they learned what she had done and ran to her mother, who was cooking the cabbage. She tried it too and she told her mother what happened to her. She loved the sour cabbage as they made it for the slaughter fest, because it was full of meat. Otherwise she did not eat it, only when they slaughtered a pig. That's why they kept part of the cabbage for her for later.

Her mother poured water on the candy to clean off the tobacco, but she did not give it to her daughter, because she knew that she would then not eat the cooked meal. She hid it from her and took her to the caldron to see Matyi, who was roasting the cracklings in the yard. He had a big wooden spoon which he used to stir the milk into the fat. When the little girl arrived, she told him: "Hey, uncle, look at me, I am already bigger than your wooden spoon!" Then she jumped in front of the caldron to show how tall she is. But her uncle did not let her go closer, because the fat was almost boiling when he added milk to reduce the bubbling.

Katoka became very angry after seeing that her uncle poured milk into the caldron and shouted: "Uncle! What are you doing? Don't you know how expensive milk is, you cannot pour it out just like that? Keep it for us for the cocoa milk rather than waste it!" Matyi said with a smile: "Then tell me how to prepare the cracklings so that they are nice and soft and not hard like stone?" – "I have never made them myself," said the girl, "how do you do that?" – "Well, with milk", answered the man, "and don't be afraid, you will also have some for breakfast! Now every time you eat them, you will know why they are so tasty."

The girl agreed and went with her mother to the women, who had already served dinner for everybody, because the men would be soon ready with their work;

I buka cshaj t' athar, t' othar halahi, te i rizsa kóstolingya, kana lakero papu phucsja latar: "No, Katókám, szo kija phenesz, lácshe kerasz?" – "Há na báre, hé," phenel i bukóri, "i rizsa bilondi hi. Thoven kija lon!" Kóstolingya te o phúro taj te o mursa i rizsa. Te ónk avka halije aszar i buka cshaj taj phenen ole Karcsiszke: "More, há ma sajnин o lon, szi doszta, te but ovla, cshor mé jek kilo, szigyan!" Te cshorgya o cshávo, avka má te lácshi úja.

Akkor lípingya ánde o Vili bácsi ke lende taj phenel le phúreszke: "Azé gyüttem, Janikám, hogy köszönnyük a húst, amit kűté. Nagyon szép, a asszony most sütyi!" I buka cshaj, kana adá sungya, rúnya pet. Lakero papu uppe la lija taj phucsel: "Katókám, szo hi tuha, szoszke rovesz?" Phengya i buka cshaj, hogy szo sztya taj szar pet ladzsal, de te o mursa taj te o gádzso aszanahi taj phengye lake, hogy odá náne baja. Há téle saj hi te thoven o hurde bára taj hogy mist' adá te na rovel. O gádzso pale asztargya ánde pi zseba taj dija la jek cukro bi i zacska, pe szoszte uppe sztya ragadime o duhano, aszosztar o phúro cigerita peszke csavarinlahi. Losangya i buka cshaj, hogy má dzsanen, szo kergya taj nástya ke pi daj, ako i ármin tavlahi. I buka cshaj t' odija kóstolingya, aszar phenlahi pe dake, hogy szo sztya laha. Báré kamlahia i torosni ármin, mer pherdo sztya maszeha. Ávreszar na halahi la, csak kana bále cshinnahi. Mist' adá mindí thovnali lake pále ándar.

Lakeri daj téle cshorkergya pányiha o cukro misto duhano, de na dija le oggya la cshajórake, mer dzsanlahi, hogy akkor na hala tado hábe. Inkánb garugya le latar taj ligija la peha ko baro katlano te dikhen ole Matyi, ako pi udvara peklahi o tepertyúvi. Bari varicska sztya ke leszte, aszoha ketháne keverinlahi o csiken ole thudeha. Kana i buka cshaj oggya resztya, phenel leszke: "Decsa dik má, bacsi, má ucseder sztyom szar ti varicska!" taj ugringya ánglo katlano, hogy te szikavel szavi úcsi hi. De o bacsi na mukja la paseder, mer o csiken majna forinlahi, aszar cshorgya kija thud, avka dzsalahi teleder o baro pezsgési.

Hójate ája i Katóka, kana dikja, hogy o bacsi thud cshorgya ándo katlano taj vicsinkerlahi: "Bacsi! Tu szo keresz??? Na dzsanesz, szavo kucs hi o thud taj nasti hi le ári te cshoren csak avka??? Muk le amenge ko kakavóvo inkánb, szar i bari zijand keresz!!!" Aszalahi o Matyi taj phenel la bukórase: "Tu szar keresz o tepertóvi, hogy lacshe kóle t' oven, te na zorale, szar o bár?" – "Me mé na kergiom aszave," phenel i cshaj, "szar kampel?" – "Há thudeha", phenel o murs, "taj ma dara, acsla te tumenje pe ratyaszte! De kana hasza ándar adana, hagy ovel ánde tri gódi, hogy szoszta hi aszave lácshe."

Ánde eggyezingya ánd' adá i buka cshaj taj géja pe daha ko romnya, ako má te han kednáhi ári szakoneszke pi ráti, mer má nasoká vigzinna o mursa ole bútyenca, csak mé o masza longyarnahi téle ándo kopani. Kana

they were already salting the meats in the kettles. When they finished, they went to wash themselves one after another and then they sat down at the tables. The old man thanked everyone for their work and then they ate and drank merrily.

## Man, what's wrong with you?

"I don't want it because it is already peed on," Bango told Tibi and pushed the melon away. Tibi looked at the melon and asked: "Why would it be peed on? Did you pee on it or what?" – "Come on, he is an idiot!", laughed Piri. "He thinks it is already rotten, because the Saint<sup>60</sup> pees in it this time of the year, but this will only happen in the next month!" – "I don't care", said Tibi and took a big bite out of the melon.

Balo just watched them, sometimes delving the fire with a long stick, but he didn't say a word. "Man, what's wrong with you?", asked Piri. "Come and eat too!" But the boy just kept staring sadly in front of himself, he did not even look at her. Bango told the others that Balo hadn't been hired to work and he is acting like this because his father will surely kick him out for this.

Balo's father was such a moron. He would never look for a job anywhere because he was supported by his wife and four children since the factory where he had worked closed. He had worked there only because his father had arranged it for him. He would never have gone anywhere by himself. With his small brain he could only think about women. No matter that he had a wife, he was always flirting with the old gadjis. He knew that he was not attractive for the young women, while the women with whom he had had a relationship before had already found someone else. He was drinking, beating his wife, as well as his four children, and was very proud of how strong he was. Everyone who knew him laughed at him. And he pretended that he does not notice.

Balo was very ashamed that his father is such an idiot, but he had no other place to live. When he worked and got his salary, his mother took it from him. Although the boy worked in order to leave them and move as far away as possible from them. That is why he was so sad that he did not even feel like eating. Bango knew this because they lived close to each other, but Tibi and his sister did not.

Piri walked over to Balo and said: "Man, listen to me, I know you are in a bad situation, but it won't make it any better if you grieve here and don't even eat! We are here to have fun. So, come and cut the bacon with me!" The boy looked at her, but he

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60 There is a popular belief in Hungary according to which melons should be picked before St. Lawrence day which is on the 5<sup>th</sup> of September (note that there is another St. Lawrence day on the 10<sup>th</sup> of August) because on this day the Saint 'pees' into the melon, which makes it tasteless.

t' adaleha vigzingye, pale jekfáreszte géje te thovkeren pumen, pálal bestye ko kafingga. O phúro pajikergya szakoneszkeri búti, pal' odá lacshe vójaha hanahi taj pijenahi.

## More, szo hi tuha?

“Mange na kampel, mer má muterdali hi”, phengya o Bango ole Tibiszke taj iszpidija peszta i dinnya. O Tibi dikja pi dinnya taj phucsel: “Szoszk’ ovlahi muterdali? Téle la mutergyal, vagy szo?” – “Dzsa má, adá dilino hi!”, aszal i Piri. “Odá dzsanel, hogy má rumindi hi, mer o Szunto illyenkor mutrel ánde, de odá csak ándo áver maszek ovla!” – “Me na bajnav”, phenel o Tibi taj báro dandergya ándi dinnya.

O Bálo csak diklahi pe lende, níha kotrinlahi i jag jekhe duge kopajaha, de jek alav na vakerlahi. “More, szo hi tuha?”, phucsel i Piri. “Av, ha te tu!” De o cshávo csak brígaha diklahi ángle peszte, ni na dikja pi cshaj. Phengya o Bango, hogy na lije le uppe búti te kerent taj azí hi lo aszavo, mer leszkerő dad te zavarinen le kamel mist’ adá.

Báre dilino manus sztya ole Báleszkerő dad. Odá na rodinya peszke niklá búti, leszkerő romni taj leszkere stár csháve le ikrenahí, miúta ánde kergye i gyára, aká bútyarlahi. Te aggya csak azí géja, mer leszkerő dad le thogya ánde. Ó nikana na géjáhi nikja. Csak po dzsúja phirlahi leszkeri szapani gódi. Hiába sztya pase leszte i romni, adá ole phure gaddzsén dilinylarlahi. Dzsánlahi, hogy ole terneder dzsújenge na kampel lo taj te odá, hogy ako leha kerlahi csilleder, ole célen úja áver búti. De ó csak pijelahi, marlahi téle te pe romnya, te ole stáre csháven taj bari gizda kerlahi, hogy ó zoralo hi. Ako pindzsarlahi le, szako le ári aszalahi. Ó pale avka kerlahi, szar te ni na dzsangyáhi pal’ adá.

Ladzsalahi pet miste leszte o Bálo báre, hogy szavo dilino manus hi, de na sztya le kija te dzsan. Kana búti kerlahi taj hudlahi pe lóve váse, leszkerő daj kedlahi le leszta. Peggyig o cshávo azí kerlahi, hogy odoj len te dzsanel te muken taj dür te saj dzsal othar te besen. Mist’ adá brízsínlahi avka, hogy mé te han le na sztya vója. O Bango dzsanlahi adá, mer na dür besnahi jekfáreszta, de o Tibi taj leszkerő phen na.

Dzsal paso Bálo i Piri taj phenel leszke: “More, orde sun, me dzsanav, hogy ergyavo hi tuke, de odoleszta n’ ovla feder, hogy adaj brízsinesz taj ni na hasz! Azí sztyam adaj, hogy lácshe amen te hajuvasz. Avkahogy av taj cshinger manca o balevasz!” Dikhel pe late o csávo, de n’ ácshija uppe, csak kotrinlahi ándi jag. “De te csáresz tre dadeszkerő, av vagy szá séreszte tut mará!”, ája hójate i cshaj taj cidlahi le Báleszkerő műszi.

Tel’ adá o Bango le Tibiszke phenlahi, hogy valaszo te arakhen ári ole

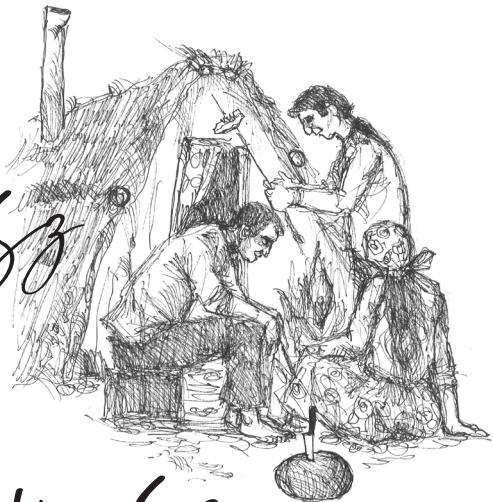
did not get up, he just kept probing the fire. “Oh, may you suck your father’s [dick], come, or I’ll smash your head open!”, the girl got angry and started to pull Balo by the arm.

Meanwhile, Bango told Tibi that it would be good to find some solution for Balo’s situation. Tibi had been working independently for a long while, sometimes he sold wood, other times he chopped it for the gadje. Bango used to accompany him too, the only problem was that he talked a lot. It was clear what was in their minds; they just looked at each other and both of them knew immediately that they are thinking the same thing. As they decided to go and talk to Balo, they heard Piri screaming and shouting: “Oh, kill it fast!” The boys ran there and asked at once: “What should be killed?” – “There was a huge spider on me, but this guy here didn’t do anything about it”, said Piri pointing at Balo. Then it was clear to the boys that there was no spider, but that the girl tried to motivate Balo to do something. But he kept staring at the ground on the verge of crying and did not move.

Tibi said: “Hey boys, it’s going to be dark soon! Let’s cut the bacon and the

No, cshavale,  
mingyá  
sitilno hi!

# Cshinasz uppe o balevasz taj o máro!



Báleszke. O Tibi má báre csilla csak peszke kerlahi búti, ká kasta biknelahi, vagy ko gádzse pharavkerlahi ketháne o kasta. Te o Bango phirlahi leha, csak báre but vakerlahi. Ni na sztya lenge áver ándi gódi, doszta sztya, hogy ketháne dikje, mingyá p' odá gondolingye szo dú dzséne. De kana kamnaihi te vakeren le Báleszke, i Piri sikíttingya taj vicsinkerlahi: "Joooj, mundar le, szigyan!" Nástye oggya szo dú csháve taj jekfarsza phucsje: "Szo kampe te mundaren?" – "Baro póko sztya pe mande, de adá na kergya nista leha", phenel i Piri taj intingya mero Bálo. Avka má dzsannahi o csháve, hogy na sztya odoj niszavo póko, csak i cshaj valaszr uppe kamlahi te len le Bále, hogy valaszo te kerel. Odá csak i phú diklahi má majna rovindú, de na mozdulinlahi.

Phenel o Tibi: "No, cshavale, mingyá sitítno hi! Cshinasz uppe o balevasz taj o máro! Piri, tu o máro, Bangeja, tu o balevasz, tu pale, Báleja, faragin o kopaja!" – "Szoszke me?", phucsel o Bálo taj cshidija jek kast pi jag. "Taj te avka, szo sztyal tu mange? Hulaj vagy szo?" – "Athartú ója,

bread! Piri, you the bread, Bango, you the bacon, and you, Balo, carve the sticks!” – “Why me?”, asked Balo, throwing wood on the fire. “And anyway, who are you to me? Are you my boss or what?” – “From now on yes, if you want to work. You can join me and if you want, I will pay you daily! What do you say? Do you want to work with us?” – “Of course I do!”, Balo jumped up happily. “We can go now! Thank you, my dear Tibi, I eat your heart!”, he said and hugged Tibi. He allowed it for a while, but then he said: “Come on, let’s fry the bacon already because I’m very hungry! What would come of all of you without me? I am the most beautiful of us, look, I am shining like a Christmas tree!” – “God, may you beat his white face for thinking that he is a Christmas tree!”, said Bango with a laugh. “You’d rather throw the potatoes into the fire; may you eat from me below!” – “May hell eat that,” said Tibi, “I know you envy my beautiful face!” – “Come on,” laughed Bango, “you are beautiful too, but what about me? Look at me, I look like a beauty queen!” The others laughed at this, and Piri said: “Well, if I knew you were a beauty queen, I would have asked you for eyeshadow! You would have given it to me, right?” – “He just revealed he is actually a woman”, laughed Balo. “I’m not dressing myself in front of him anymore!”

As they were teasing Bango, Tibi noticed a man approaching them. He was probably drunk because he was swaying. “Look,” he pushed Balo, “your father is coming!” – “Come with me!”, Balo told him and walked in fear towards his father. He shouted at him from afar: “May you fuck your bitch mother! Have you made any money?” Hearing this, Tibi got angry and said to Balo: “Wait here, I’ll knock him down!” – “Don’t do that,” said Balo, “I’ll send him home.”

He went closer to his father and said to him nicely: “Not yet because they haven’t hired me. Tomorrow I will look for a job again.” – “May you die! Don’t come home anymore, because I’ll stab you!”, shouted the man and wanted to hit him, but Tibi did not allow it. With the one hand he pushed Balo to the ground and with the other he stopped his father. Tears were falling from Balo’s eyes both out of the shame and out of anger. Tibi turned Balo’s father over and said to him: “Listen, man, no one called you here! Go home and yell there! My sister is not used to people that are yelling as if they are being skinned! Go and leave your son alone, don’t look for him anymore!”

He left him there and went back to the others, who had already taken Balo back to the fire. He was shaking when Tibi put his hand on Balo’s shoulder and said to him: “Don’t be afraid, brother, from now on you will live with us. You will work with me anyway. Piri, you already have two brothers!” – “And a sister!”, shouted Bango. “Or are you leaving me here?” – “How could we leave the beauty queen with the blackest ass?”, laughed Piri and gave everyone a stick with a large slice of bacon on top of it.

te búti kamesz te kerén. Saj phiresz manca taj te kamesz, szako dive tut ári potyiná! No? Kamesz t' aven amenca?” – “Hogy kamav-i??”, ugringya uppe losaha o Bálo. “Má te saj dzsasz! Pajikerav, Tibikém, hav tro flo!”, phenel taj préko asztargya le Tibi. Odá buka mukja pet, de pállal phengya: “Deee, akani má pekasz o balevasz, mer báre bokhalo sztyom! Taj szo tumenca ovlahi bi mande? Maskar amende me sztyom o legsukader, ehe, szar karácsonyiko kast világítinav!” – “Devla, már odá párnó muj, kana mé karácsonyiko kast hi lo!”, phenel aszandú o Bango. “Inkánb cshidker ándi jag o phuvune, te hasz telal mande!” – “Te hal i franca,” phenel o Tibi, “dzsanav, hogy irígyesno sztyal pe mo sukár muj!” – “Suuun,” aszal o Bango, “te tu sukár sztyal, akkor má me? Dik pe mande, aszavo sztyom szar jek szépségkirálynő!” Aszanahi p’ adá o butera taj phenel leszke i Piri: “Há te me adá dzsanav, hogy tu szépségkirálynő sztyal, tutar mangjomahi mange festíki pe mre átyha! Dijalahi man, iga?” – “Adá akani pet phengya ári, hogy dzsúli hi”, aszal o Bálo. “Buter na urjavá man ángle leszte!”

Aszar avka cidnáhi le Bange, o Tibi dikja valaszave manuse te dzsan mere lende. De máto saj sztya, mer dílinkerlahi. “Ehe,” druginel le Bále, “avel tro dad!” – “Av má manca!”, phenel leszke o Bálo taj dárjaha dzsalahi ángle po dad. Odá má dúrarrú vicsinkerlahi leszke: “Te kúresz tre lubna da! Rodijal má lóve???” Hójate ája o Tibi p’ adana alava taj phenel le Báleszke: “Uzsar adaj, maj téle le csalavá!” – “Ma ker má,” phenel o Bálo, “maj bicshavá le khére.”

Dzsal paseder ke po dad taj phenel leszke sukáre: “Na mé, mer na lije man uppe. Maj táha papale rodá valaszavi búti.” – “No, te mundajosz! Buter khére ma-j av, mer téle tut phoszavá!!!”, ordítinya pe leszte o murs taj te csalaven le kamlahi, de o Tibi na mukja. Jekhe vaszteha drugingya pi phú le Bále, ávreha pale ácshagya leszkere dade. O Bálo ászvázinlahi te misti ladzs taj te misti hóli. O Tibi pale irjangya leszkere dade taj közbe vakerlahi leszke: “Dicsa, roma, orde tut n’ akhangya nikho! Dzsa khére taj odoj vicsinker! Mri phen néne k’ adá szikli, hogy valako mátone ordítinel szar akasz nyúzinen! Dzsa de, taj muk szmírom te tre csháveszke, buter ma rode le!”

Odoleha mukja le taj géja pále ko butera, ako má te le Bále ligije pumenca pále pasi jag. Rezzdalahi o Bálo, kana o Tibi pe leszkero válo thogya po va taj phengya leszke: “Ma dara, mo pral, athartú k’ amende beseha. T’ avka manca kereha búti. Piri, akani má dú prala hi tut!” – “Taj jek phen!”, vicsingya o Bango. “Vagy man adaj mukna???” – “Ká mukaszahi má ola szépségkirálynő, akasz i legkaleder bul hi?”, aszal i Piri taj avka dija szakoneszke ándo va i kopál le bare kotor balevaszenca.

## The new curtain

"Let's go, but be careful that no one sees you!", said the boy to his sister and looked around the yard. But nobody was there. Everybody was doing something in the garden. Someone was pulling out the grass, while someone else was watering because there had been no rain in the last three weeks. The three little children were watering their flowers. The youngest, who had not yet turned three, was even talking to them: "Drink and grow for us, I will be three soon and I will then pick some of you, I will also have a cake, a nice big one, and I will put you next to it." Then she poured the water from her little plastic bucket onto the flowers.

Meanwhile, the girl was searching the house for the new curtain. She folded it as well as she could, put it into her small basket and covered it with a huge blanket and then went out to her brother. "Did you get it?", asked the boy. "Yes, Tomi, I did", answered the girl and ran out through the gate. The boy ran after her, but then turned back and ran into the garden and towards his mother. When he saw her, he shouted: "Mom, we are going to swim, we'll come later!" The woman answered: "Alright, but don't stay long and don't go into the deep water! We'll join you soon!" Then she went on pulling out the grass from between the rows of onions.

When the two children reached the water, the girl took out the curtain, the boy grabbed it from her, and they went to the riverbank with it. They stretched it out and sank it into the water. They waited a bit, then took it out and were happy to see many small fish and shells and even a small crab clinging onto it. The boy took out the crab and threw it into the deep water. The girl took the shells off the curtain and she also wanted to throw them into the deep water, but she did not manage, because she was not even eight years old. Being a sickly child, she was not very strong. When her brother saw that the shells fell into the water just next to her, he praised her effort: "It was a nice throw, my dear Moni! I didn't even know that you can throw so high! But let's go out now for a bit, we'll continue later!" Then he took his sister by the hand and went back to the bank with her.

The boy covered the girl with the blanket because he saw that she was trembling, and he made her sit. It was very hot outside, but the girl was freezing. She hugged herself and said to her brother: "I am very cold!" – "You'll warm up soon!", said her brother and embraced her. "We'll go home later, or do you want to go right now?" – "It would be better", answered the girl. "Then I can change into dry clothes. I don't want to get a cold!" – "Alright", said the boy and put the wet curtain into the basket. "Then get up and let's go!"

The boy was holding the girl as they were walking. Suddenly she asked him: "Tomi, what about the fish?" – "Oh, you are right!", he shouted and let go of the

## O nevo firhango

“Dzsa, de te na tut dikhel nikho!”, phengya o cshávo pe phenyake taj szít dikja pi udvara. De na sztya odoj nikho. Szako ándi bár kerlahi valaszo. Sztya, ako i csár cidkerlahi ári taj sztya, ako cshorkerlahi, mer má trín kurke na dija o brisind. O trín hurde pumare virágí denahi pányi. I legbukader, ako mé na sztya trín bersiki, te vakerlahi lenge: “Pijen taj bálgyon amenge, nasotá tlín ová taj tedá ándal tumende, te tolta ovla man, sutál báli, tumen pale pas’ odí ovna.”<sup>5</sup> Taj cshorlahi ándar pi buka műanyagiki rocska o pányi po virágí.

Tel’ adá i cshaj ándo kher rodija o nevo firhango. Ketháne le hajtingya, aszar csak dzsangya, ánde le thogya ánde pi buka kaska taj téle le ucshargya jek bare prokócaha, avka géja ári ke po pral. “Meghi?”, phucsel o cshávo. “Ója, Tomi”, phenel i cshaj taj ári nástya pi kapuva. Te o cshávo naslahi pale late, de pále irjangyija taj ándi bár nástya ke pi daj. Kana dikja la, vicsingya lake: “Anyu, dzsasz te nangyon, maj avaha!” I romni oggya dikja taj phenel leszke: “Lácshe hi, de ma oven soká taj ma dzsán ándo baro pányi! Nasoká dzsaha te amen pale tumende!” taj cidkerlahi papale i csár maskar o puruma.

Kana o dú csháve téle resztye ko pányi, i cshaj ángle lija o firhango, o cshávo asztargya le taj ánde leha géje pe pányiszker szíjo. Odoj kergye le szít taj mukje le telo pányi. Uzsarnahi buka, pálal ári le vazdiye taj bare losaha dikje, hogy kityi hurde mácshe, kagylói taj te jek buka ráka sztya uppe kapaszkodime. Odola lija téle o cshávo taj cshidija la mero baro pányi. O kagylói i cshaj kedija téle palo firhango taj te ó mero baro pányi len kamlahi te cshiden, de na dzsangya, mer ajjig sztya ofto bersiki. Te naszvalkerdi sztya taj na but zór sztya ánde late. Lakero pral, kana dikja, hogy pase late péja csak o kagylói, asargya la: “De sukáre le cshidjal, Mónikám! Ni na dzsánáhi, hogy aszavo úcso dzsanesz te cshiden! De akani aven ári jek buka, maj kísíbb papale keraha!” taj asztargya pe phenyakero va, avka géje po parto.

O cshávo pi cshaj thogya i prokóca, mer dikja, szar rezdal li taj besagya la téle. Baro tatip sztya, de i cshaj fagyime sztya. Ketháne pet cidiya taj phenel pe praleszke: “Báre sil hi man!” – “Nasoká uppe tatyoha!”, phenel lakero pral taj préko la asztargya. “Pálal pale dzsasz khére, vagy

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5 The little girl misarticulates the words *bárgyon*, *nasoká*, *trín*, *kedá*, *ándar*, *torta*, *sukár* and *bári* by saying *bálgyon*, *nasotá*, *tlín*, *tedá*, *ándal*, *tolta*, *sutál* and *báli*.

girl. "Wait for me here, I'll be back in a second!" He took the basket and ran back to release the small fish into the water. Because they liked to catch the fish, but then throw them back. Meanwhile the girl was trembling so much that she fell onto the ground and try to hug herself to warm up, but even so she was very cold. She was about to fall asleep when her brother shouted: "Wake up, Moni!" – "I can't", answered the girl, as she lifted her head and let it fall again. The boy saw that her lips had already turned blue. He lifted her as fast as he could and ran home. When they got to the yard, he was already screaming: "Mom, come, hurry up, Moni is falling asleep!" – "Shut up, you idiot!", said the girl. "I can't sleep for all your shaking! Put me down, you fool!"

Their mother ran to them and when she saw her daughter freezing, she lifted her and told her son: "Tomi, lick my cunt, you devil, for sending the girl into the water again! If she gets a cold, you'll get a beating! You can stick your damn fish on my shitty ass! Just you wait, you're about to see what you'll get from me!" Meanwhile, she took off the girl's clothes, put her into new, warm ones and covered her. While putting the kettle on to make her daughter some tea, her eyes fell on the window. She saw that her son was hanging up her new curtain to dry on the clothesline. "Just you wait, Tomi!", she thought to herself and headed outside. He did not hear her coming because the woman stepped very carefully. He was looking towards the garden to avoid anybody seeing him and the curtain that he hung up to dry on the clothesline. It was covered in mud and it had turned green from the grass on the riverbank where the boy had thrown it down while releasing the fish.

The woman was waiting for the boy to finish hanging up the curtain. Then he turned around and wanted to go into the house to his sister. In that moment she grabbed him by the shoulder and shouted: "Lick my cunt; now you'll get one from me!" and she was already hitting him across the butt. "Here you go, and this is also for you, do you think me an idiot? You make the girl sick, huh? And the curtain dirty? Here you go, may you lick my cunt!"

The boy wailed because his mother had pulled down his trousers and so the hits on his behind hurt even more. He was also ashamed because his two sisters were looking and laughing at him from the window. At that moment, his father arrived back from town. He was bringing a very long rod that he bought for his son, so that he would not have to fish with curtains.

akani kamesz?” – “Feder ovlahi”, phenel i cshaj. “Téle lá me szapane gáda taj súke cidá pe mande. Na kamav préko te sudron!” – “Lácshe hi”, phengya o cshávo taj ánde thogya o szapano firhangó ándi kaska. “De kede tut taj aven!”

Aszar dzsanahi, o cshávo asztarlahi la csha. Odija pale phucsel lesztar: “Tomi, o mácshe?” – “Joj, csáce!”, vicsinel o cshávo taj mukja la csha. “Uzsar man adaj, mingyá pál’ avá!” Hudija i kaska taj pále nástya ko pányi, hogy ole hurde mácshen pále te mukel ándo pányi. Mer ó csak te huden len kamlahi, de mindí pále len cshidkerlahi. Tel’ adá i cshaj má avka rezdalahi, hogy téle péja pi phú taj avka pet ketháne cidiya, aszar csak dzsangya, de t’ avka báre sil sztya la. Má majna ánde szútya, kana pe late vicsingya lakero pral: “Ustyí, Móni!” – “Na dzsanav”, phenel i cshaj, aszar vazdiya po séro taj pále péja. O cshávo dikja, hogy lakere vosta má kíkne hi. Bare szigaha hudija la uppe taj naslahi laha khére. Aszar ánde resztye pi udvara, má vicsinkerlahi: “Anyu, av, szigyan, i Móni ánde szovel!” – “Csüt má, csaladeja!”, phenel i cshaj. “Há na dzsanav tutar te szoven, mer ketháne man treszingyal! Thov man téle, dilineja!”

Násel lengeri daj taj kana dikja la csha, hogy fagyime hi li, uppe la lija taj közbe phenlahi le csháveszke: “Tomika, te csáresz mri mindzs, kana papale la csha bicshagal ándo pányi! Te préko sudrija, báre tut mará! Mer tuke mácshe kampe, p’ adija khulali bul mange a! Csak uzsar, nasoká dityhola, kityi hudehal!” Aszar vakerlahi, téle cshivkergya ola csha, tate gádende la urjagya taj te ánde la ucsharkergya. Kana pányi thogya te tatyon, hogy tavla tea la bukórake, lakere átyha pi bloka péje. Akkor dikja, hogy o cshávo lakero nevo firhangó thovel te sutyon pi dorik, aszo le thode gádenge cidiye ári. “No, uzsar, Tomika!”, gondolingya ánde pesztle taj géja pase po cshávo. Odá na sungya la, mer i romni báre polóke lípinlahi. Ó pale meri bár diklahi, hogy nikho le te na lel pi gódi misto firhangó, aszo pi dorik thogya te sutyon. Sza csik sztya taj te ánde zédnyija misti csár po parto, akija szapáne cshidija le téle o cshávo, kana mukja ole mácshen.

I romni uzsargya, amí ári le cidkergya o cshávo, pálal irjangyija taj ánde kamlahi te dzsan ke pi phen. Akkor ragadingya leszkero válo taj vicsingya pe leszte: “No, te csáresz mri mindzs, akani hudehal!” taj má te marlahi leszkeri bul. “Le, adá tíro hi, le t’ adá, kana phucsjom, dilinyake man kergyal??? T’ ola csha téle naszvajaresz, he??? T’ o firhangó melajaresz??? Le, te csáresz mri mindzs papale!”

Jajgatinlahi o cshávo, mer leszkeri daj téle cidiya te leszkeri holov, avka marlahi leszkeri bul taj doszta báro csalavlahi. De te ladzsalahi pet, mer leszkere dú phenya pale ándar i bloka le aszanahi ári. Leszkero dad akkor resztya khére ándar o fóro. Bari dugi kopál tyingya pe csháveszke, hogy te na ole firhangenca te hudel ole mácshen.

## The class has already started!

“Boys, how much money does each of you have?”, Rudi asked, but the boys could not answer because the bus that was taking them to school arrived at that moment. During the short ride to town, all four of them counted the money that they would need for that day. When they got off and headed towards the school, they saw a drunk gadjo who was selling something. As they got closer, they could already hear him calling: “*Vegetables and fruits, all crunchy and fresh, picked this morning, here on this table!*”

“Look what beautiful cherries he has!”, said Toni. “Come on, let’s buy from him!” – “Wait, you idiot!”, said Bandi. “Don’t waste your money, especially when you can also eat them for free!” – “I hope you do not mean stealing?”, asked Lajoska full of fear. “Come on, shut up,” laughed Rudi, “he is not going to steal! You’ll see that he’ll eat them without paying, and we will too! Let’s go!” Rudi and Bandi winked at each other. They approached the gadjo, while Bandi said: “*Good morning, are these cherries sweet?*” – “*Good morning to you too,*” answered the gadjo, “*they are sweeter than honey!*” – “*I don’t believe it*”, said Rudi. “*They are small and the small ones are always sour!*” – “*Why should it be a problem that they are small?*”, asked Bandi. “*Even the small ones can be sweet, don’t you think?*” – “*Just try them!*”, said the gadjo and gave two handfuls of big dark red cherries to each of the four boys.

After the boys ate them, the gadjo asked: “*You see, they are very sweet, aren’t they?*” – “*These? Sweet?*”, asked Bandi and grimaced. “*All of them were as sour as vinegar!*” – “*Exactly,*” said Rudi, “*are you trying to kill us, sir?*” – “*You motherfuckers!*”, shouted the gadjo and ran out from behind the table. “*How dare you say ‘vinegar’! I gave you almost an entire kilo and now you badmouth my cherries? How dare you?*” The boys ran from him and shouted back: “*You were the one who told us to try them! We were being good boys; we just did what you asked us to do!*” The gadjo turned back angrily and the boys went into the school.

“Was I right, Lajoska?”, asked Rudi. “When you are with us, you don’t have to be afraid!” – “You are bastards,” smiled the boy, “but if I see this gadjo again I won’t go near him, he would kill me!” – “Come on, man,” said Bandi, “the gadjo will forget all about it! I have ‘bought’ apples and pears with Rudi from him many times before, in the same way.” Toni also laughed and said to Lajoska: “They are bastards, but I am cunning, look!” He pointed to his pocket where the money was. “I am going back to buy some from him!” – “God, may you beat his ears!”, said Bandi to him. “Didn’t you hear what the gadjo shouted, may you eat his dick! Just go and try, the moment he sees you, you’ll get one from him, you idiot!” – “Go!”, said Rudi. “While he beats you, we will eat cherries till we burst! You will only be doing us a favor.” – “Yeah, right, lick me below,” said Toni angrily, “I am not get-

## Má dzsal i óra!

“No, cshavale, kasz kityi lóvo hi?”, phucsel o Rudi ole csháven, de na dzsangye te phenen, mer ípen ája o busszo, aszoha ándi iskola phirnahi. Tel’ odá buka dive, amí ándo fóro resztye, ketháne gengye szo stár dzséne pumare lóve, aszo p’ odá dive doszt’ ovla lenge. Kana téle szálingye taj dzsanahi meri iskola, dikhen, hogy jek khaplo góri bikinkerel valaszo. Aszar dzsanahi paleder, má te sunnahi, hogy vicsinkerel: “*Zőccség, gyümőcs van eladó, minden friss meg ropogó, reggel szettem, vigyék el a asztarról!*”

“Dikhen má, szave sukár cseresnyi hi le!”, phenel o Tóni. “Aven, tyinasz lesztar!” – “Uzsar, dilineja!”, phenel o Bandi. “Ma cshidker misto dilinipe, kana te bi o lóvo saj hasz ándar!” – “Csak na te csóren kamesz??”, phucsel bare dárjaha o Lajoska. “Csüt má,” aszal o Rudi, “dahogy csolla! Maj dikheha, hogy bi o lóvo na csak ó, hanem te amen hasza! De aven!” Ketháne kacsintingya o Rudi ole Bandiha. Géje ko gádzso taj phenel o Bandi: “*Jó reggelt, édes-e az a cseresznye?*” – “*Nektek is jó reggelt,*” phenel o gádzso, “*ez édesebb mint a méz!*” – “*Nem hiszem én asztat*”, phenel o Rudi. “*Ezek kicsikék, azok meg mindég savanyújak!*” – “*Oszt akkor mi van ha kicsikék?*”, phucsel o Bandi. “*Attó még lehet, hogy édes, nem?*” – “*Kóstojjátok csak meg!*”, phenel o gádzso taj szo le stár dzsénenge dú burnyikenca dija ándar o sitítne lóle bare szeműne cseresnyi.

Kana o csháve háje len, phucsel lendar o gádzso: “*No, ugye, minő édesek?*” – “*Ezek? Édesek??*”, phucsel o Bandi taj círinlahi. “*Há olyan savanyú vót mind mint a ecet!*” – “*Az,*” phenel te o Rudi, “*há meg akar ölni minket, jó ember?*” – “*Az anyátok picsáját, asztat!*”, vicsinel o gádzso taj ári nástya pali kafidi. “*Maj adok én nektek ‘ectet’!* *Attam nektek vagy egy kilot oszt mé le is nézitek?? Mi???*” O csháve aszandú nasnahi ángle leszte taj vicsinkernahi leszke pále: “*Há maga monta, hogy kóstojjuk meg!* *Mink jó fiúk vótunk, csak halgattunk a szóra!*” O gádzso bare hójaha irjangyija pále, ónk pale ánde géje ándi iskola.

“Igaje, phengyom, Lajoska?”, phucsel o Rudi. “Kana amanca sztyal, na kampesz te daran!” – “Tumen báre bénega sztyan,” aszal o cshávo, “de me buter na dzsá oggya, aká adá gádzso ovla, nahogy téle man mundarla!” – “Dzsa má, more,” phenel o Bandi, “adá góri biszterel! Má butvar ‘tyingyom’ avka lesztar te phábi taj te kruski ole Rudiha.” Te o Tóni aszalahi taj avka phenlahi ole Lajoskaszke: “Adana bénega hi, me pale budzsando, ehe!” taj szikavlahi pi zseba, aká o lóve ikrelahi. “Me pále dzsá taj tyiná lesztar!” – “Devla, már leszkere kana!”, phenel leszke o Bandi. “Tu na sungyal, szo vicsinkerlahi o gádzso, igaje, te hasz leszkero kár! Csak dzsa taj tyin, aszar dikla tut, má te hudeha lesztar, dilineja!” – “Dzsa!”, phenel o Rudi. “Amí marla tut, amen csájuvaha ole cseresnyenca! Amenge csak lácsho kereha, no?” – “Maj csarna

ting myself a beating for your sake!" – "Let's better go in," said Rudi, "the class has already started!"

When they went into the classroom and the teacher saw them, she sat down and said: "*Gentlemen, I am honoured by your presence. Take out your grade books. I'll write that you were twenty minutes late.*" – "Oh, perfect," said Bandi merrily, "*this means that this class is also almost over!*" Everybody laughed, but the teacher banged his fist on the table and shouted: "*Bandi, you can already go, you are too old to be here anyway!*" She opened the door for him.

"*We are leaving too!*", said Lajoska and Rudi at the same time. Toni also stood up, but he did not say anything. Bandi walked out the door without saying a word, followed by the three boys. The teacher shouted: "*I'll tell the principal to kick you out! I won't let a couple of gypsies drive me nuts!*" – "*You can lick the dick of the gypsies, you stinky peasant, may you rot!*", shouted Rudi. "*Now I'm going to tell him myself that you threw us out, just wait!*"

Then they went to the principal. Bandi and Rudi told him what had happened. He thought it over for a moment, then asked the four boys to come back with him to the classroom. The principal opened the door, with the boys standing behind his back. The teacher was startled to see him and hurried to him: "*Mr. principal, what can I do for you?*" The man looked at her and said: "*What you can do for me is to tell me the truth. Did you really use the word 'gypsy' again, Terezia?*" – "No, not at all," stuttered the teacher, "*I just called the boys to order.*" – "*By calling them 'gypsies'?!?*", the director shouted at her angrily. "*Children, did anyone hear what the teacher said to the boys?*"

"*I did!*", stood up a rakli. "*She told them that she would tell you to kick them out and that she would not let herself go nuts because of a couple of gypsies. But they did not even do anything bad, only Bandi said that it is good that the class is almost over.*" – "*Thank you, Piroska!*", said the man to the rakli, then turning to the teacher. "*Terezia!*", he shouted at her. "*This is the second time already and I won't wait for a third. Get out of here, you are fired!*"

## Look how many beautiful girls are here!

"Come on," shouted Toni, "don't stall for time! If the girl is already gone, I'll beat you up!" – "Wait a bit, may you lick her cunt!", said Rudi. "I'm not leaving with an empty stomach, who knows how long you will play the fool there!" – "Rudi is right", said Bandi while putting the bread into the basket. "If you are so much into her, go ahead, we'll catch up. Anyway, we still want to go to pick up Lajoska." – "Well, alright, but don't leave me alone there!", said Toni as he went out the gate.

tele mande,” phenel o Tóni rustone, “dzsanen, kana maravá man miste tumende!” – “Aven má ánde inkánb,” phenel o Rudi, “há má dzsal i óra!”

Kana ánde géje pi óra taj dikja len i ráni, téle bestya taj avka lenge phengya: “*Uraim, örömmel veszem, hogy megtisztelnek a jelenlétékkel. Ellenőrzőket vegyétek elő, beírom hogy húsz percet késtetek.*” – “No, minő jó,” phenel losaha o Bandi, “akkor má nemsoká vége ennek is!” Aszalahi szako, de i ráni pi kafidi cshingya taj vicsingya: “*András, maga lehet is kifelé, úgyis túlkoros ide!*” taj kergya leszke ári o vuder.

“*Akkor mink is megyünk!*”, phenel jekfarsza o Lajoska taj o Rudi. Te o Tóni uppe ácshija, de ó na vakergya nista. O Bandi bi o jek alav géja ári po vuder, o trín csháve pale leszte. I ráni pale vicsinkerlahi: “*Szólni fogok az igazgatónak, hogy rúgjon ki titeket! Nem hagyom, hogy ti cigányok kikészítsetek!*” – “*Maj megnyalod a cigányok faszát, büdös paraszt, rohaggyá meg!*”, vicsinel o Rudi. “*Szólok én neki most mingyá, hogy kidobták minket, várjá!*”

Odoleha géje ko igazgatóvo. O Bandi taj o Rudi phengye leszke, hogy szo sztya. Odá buka gondoskodinlahi, pálal akhargya peha ole stáre csháven, géje pále ándo osztáji. O igazgatóvo kerel ári o vuder, o csháve pale leszkero dumo acsnahi. I ráni daranya, kana dikja le taj szigyangya oggya: “*Tessék, igazgató úr, miben segíthetek?*” Díkhel vígig pe late o murs taj phenel lake: “*Abban, hogy elárulja az igazat. Valóban megint cigányozott, Terézia?*” – “*De-dehogyis,*” dadoginel i ráni, “*én csak rendre utasítottam a fiúkat.*” – “*Úgy, hogy lecigányozza őket??*”, vicsinel pe late bare hójaha o murs. “*Gyerekek, ki hallotta, mit mondott a tanárőr a fiúknak?*”

“*Én!*”, ácshel uppe jek rakli. “*Azt mondta nekik, hogy majd szól magának, hogy rúgja ki őket és hogy nem hagyja magát a cigányoknak. Pedig nem is csináltak semmi rosszat, csak a Bandi mondta, hogy jó, hogy mindjárt vége az órának.*” – “*Köszönöm, Piroska!*”, phenel o murs la rakjake taj ki ráni irjangyija. “*Terézia!*”, vicsingya pe late. “*Ez már a második eset és én nem várom meg a harmadikat. Takarodjon innen, ki van rúgva!*”

## Kityi sukár cshaja hi adaj!

“*Deeee,*” vicsingya o Tóni, “ma ciden má o dive! Há dzsala othar i cshaj, de akkor mará tumen!” – “*Uzsar má, hasz lakeri mindzs!*”, phenel o Rudi. “*Me na dzsá bokhále, ko dzsanel meggyig dilinyareha amen odoj!*” – “*Csacsip hi le Rudi,*” phenel o Bandi, aszar pakolinlahi o máre ándi kaska. “*Te avka oggya sztyal vase lake, dzsa ánglalra, maj reszaha tut. T’ avka mé te dzsan kamasz vaso Lajoska.*” – “*No, lácshe hi, de mahogy muken man korkóri!*”, phenel o Tóni, aszar mukja o kalincso taj géja ári pi kapuva.

"Look at him, may God punish him," said Rudi to Bandi, "he really is leaving!" He jumped up, flew out the door and shouted after Toni: "Wait for us, may you lick my balls!" But the boy did not stop. He wanted to get to the water to see the girl he liked. He wanted to see her long hair covering her body while swimming. He did not even understand Rudi's shouts. He just looked back and said: "Alright!"

"Come on," smiled Bandi, "he is an idiot! Let us also go!" He hung a big towel around his neck, stepped out the door and shouted to his mother, who was sitting on the bench plucking the chicken: "Mom, I'm going to swim, I'll come later!" – "Oh, may you lick my cunt for going to swim! Have you already chopped the wood? What in God's dick I'm going to put on the fire, huh? Do you think the chicken will roast themselves?", the woman scolded him. "Go and chop it, or I'll break your bones until you shit yourself!" – "Come on, mom," said Bandi, "I won't stay until nightfall!" – "Of course not, because you won't even go!", said the woman and stood up. "Go, hurry up and chop the wood, or I'll sit on your face!"

"Come," said Rudi, "I'll help you chop it!" – "Come on, man", said Bandi and lowered his eyes to the ground, embarrassed, "I'll do it alone." – "Why are you ashamed?", asked Rudi. "Two of us can finish more quickly, don't you think? So, hurry up, you idiot!" They went to the chopping block. They chopped the wood that was there and brought out the same amount of wood from the shed, so that there was enough for later too. When they were ready, they carried everything in for the woman. She was surprised, but she did not show it, instead she told her son: "You see, if you are willing, you do it, may you eat this old cunt of mine! Now you can go, but don't stay until nightfall!" – "Alright!", said Bandi.

He took the basket and went with Rudi to Lajoska. Rudi shouted: "Where are you, Lajoska, you thin-face?" The boy came out and said to him: "I was under your mother. I almost suffocated because of that huge ass she has!" – "Oh, may you lick it!", laughed Rudi, "I'll tell her what you just told me and then you'll really suffocate; if she sits on your head, she will break your long neck!" All three of them were laughing as they went to the water. When they arrived, they tried to find Toni among all the people, but they could not, so they asked around: "Have you seen Toni?" Only one girl said that she saw Toni sitting behind the bushes and looking at Laura swimming.

The boys went to the bushes. Toni was really sitting there. Rudi took a handful of pebbles and threw it at the boy's back. He looked behind him but did not see anyone. He continued to look at the girl. Then Rudi threw another handful of pebbles, this time hitting Toni's head. The boy stood up and said: "Bandi, show yourself, where are you? I know you are the one throwing stones at me!" – "Oh, God, punish him for saying that!", said Bandi and stood up. "It wasn't me; may you vomit your stomach out!" – "It was me!", jumped up Rudi. "Here you go!", he shouted and threw all the pebbles he had gathered onto Toni. "Wake up, don't you see that she does not

“Dik, Devla, már ole,” phenel o Rudi ole Bandiszke, “adá csácse dzsal!” Ugringya ári po vuder taj vicsinel palo Tóni: “Uzsar amen, csáresz mre zacske!” De o cshávo n’ ácshija téle. Oggya kamlahi te reszen ko pányi, hogy te dikhel ola csha, ako teccinlahi leszke. Te dikhen kamlahi, aszar lakere duge bala ánde la ucsharen, aszar úszinel. Ni na halija, aszo vicsingya pale leszte o Rudi. Aszar pále dikja, csak attyi phengya leszke: “Lácshe hi!”

“Sun má,” aszal o Bandi, “adá dilino hi! No aven t’ amen!” Thogya ánde pi men jek baro teríkezóvo, lípingya ári po vuder taj vicsinel pe dake, ako pi patka beslahi taj suzsarlahi ole kanyhen: “Daje, dzsav te nangyon, maj avá!” – “O, te csáresz mri mindzs, kana te nangyon dzsasz! Ketháne cshingyal má o kasta? Vagy szo le Devleszkerő kár thová pi jag, he? Odá dzsanész, petyona o kanyahté bi i jag?”, veszkinlahi pe leszte i romni. “Dzsa, pharavker len ketháne, mer te na, me phagerá tut avka, hogy ánde hineha!” – “De daje,” phenel o Bandi, “n’ ová odoj zsiki ráti!” – “Na há, mer ni na dzsaha!”, phenel i romni taj ácshija uppe. “De dzsa, szigyan taj pharavker, mer besá pe tro muj!”

“Aven,” phenel o Rudi, “maj te me pharavkerá tuha!” – “Dzsa má more,” phenel o Bandi taj téle diklahi pi phú misti ladzs, “kerá me le.” – “Szo tut ladzsasz?”, phucsel o Rudi. “Dú dzséne szigeder vigzinaha, na? De szigyan, csaladeja!” Odoleha géje ki tékóva. Ketháne pharagye o kasta, aszo odoj sztya taj mé jekfar attyi phiragye ári, hogy te kísíbb te ovel. Kana vigzingye, phiragye o cele ánde ola romnyake. Odija lepődingya, de na szikagya le ári, hanem phengya pe csháveszke: “Igaje, dzsanész tu, te kamesz, hasz adija phuri mindzs mange! No má saj dzsasz, de ma muk tut pe rátyate!” – “Lácshe hi”, phenel o Bandi.

Lija i kaska taj géje le Rudiha vaso Lajoska. Vicsingya ánde o Rudi: “Ká sztyal má tre suke mujeha, Lajoska?” Dzsal ári o cshávo taj phenel leszke: “Tele tri daj sztyomahi. Majna tasztijom mist’ odija bari bul, aszo szi la!” – “O, te csáresz la lake!”, aszal o Rudi, “maj án’ tut phená lake taj csácse tasztioha, te pe tro séro besla, phagyola odí dugi men tuke!” Aszanahi szo trín dzséne taj avka géje ko pányi. Kana oggya resztye, rodnahi ole Tóni maskar o manusa, de mer na dikje le nikhá, phuckernahi ole buteren: “Na dikjal le Tóni?” De csak jek cshaj phengya, hogy palo bukri besel taj ola Laura dikhel, aszar úszinel.

Dzsan o csháve paso bukri. Csácse odoj beslahi o Tóni. O Rudi lija uppe burnyikaha bára taj cshidija jek ke csháveszkerő dumo. Odá dikja szít, asztargya ke po dumo, de na dikja nikasz. Avkahogy papale ola csha diklahi. Cshidel o Rudi papale jek buka bár, aszo akani ole Tóniszkerő séro resztya. P’ adá má uppe ácshija o cshávo pali phú taj phenel: “Bandi, szikav tut, ká sztyal? Dzsánay, hogy tu cshidkeresz!” – “O, Devla, már ole, kana me cshidkerav!”, phenel o Bandi taj ácshija uppe. “Na me sztyomahi, te cshandesz rakási!” – “Hanem me!”, ugringya uppe te o Rudi. “Le!”, vicsingya taj cshidija o cele hurde bára ko Tóni. “Av má pe tri gódi, há na kampesz lake! Te phenla, maj sun!” Te vicsingya ola cshake:

like you! She will tell you herself, you'll see, just listen!" Then he shouted at the girl: "Laura, do you like Toni?" – "No, I don't!", shouted back the girl. "Jenö I like a lot!"

"You see, what did I tell you?", Rudi asked Toni. Toni didn't answer, he was just staring in front of himself and tears were slowly running down his cheeks. "Stop crying! Better look around, see how many beautiful Romani and Hungarian girls are here. Come, we'll help you pick up one!", said Bandi to him and was already pulling him by the hand.

Lajoska felt sorry for Toni and said to Rudi: "Poor boy, he has been wanting to talk to this girl for a long time already." – "Forget about this girl," said Rudi. "Don't you see what a bitch she is? She is with Jenö and look, the raklo is touching her right now! Good that she does not like our Toni!" He pointed to the girl embracing the raklo at that moment.

"Phooey!", said Lajoska with disgust and then followed the two boys. As they passed the Hungarian girls, Lajoska saw a beautiful one and said to Rudi: "Just you look how this rakli will jump on me!" – "Probably to hit you", said Gyuri with a smile and waved at the two boys to come. When they arrived, Lajoska said to them too: "Just you look, this rakli will immediately jump on me. I'll tell her such things that she will want to marry me for sure!" The boys looked at each other and said to him: "Lajoska, you'd better not tell her anything because she will only curse you! Look, her brother is also here!"

But Lajoska did not care. He was very sure of himself. He looked at the girl and said: "*What a beautiful girl you are, my sweetheart, I want to lick you so much!*" The girl sat up, looked at him and said: "Why just lick, Lajoska, is it because you can't fuck?"<sup>61</sup> The boys burst into laughter, while Lajoska turned back angrily and left.

## Let's pick the apples from the trees!

When Rozi went to Lina's place to invite her to come pick apples from the trees at Tehen Margita the following day, the sun was already setting. The sky was red and blue. In the distance, the high rocks were yellow, as if a very tall man would have smashed a heap of oranges against them. It was a beautiful sight, so the girl stopped to admire it. Meanwhile she was thinking how good it would be if the gadji pays them tomorrow. Then she could buy at least a small slice of that cake for her mother which the poor sick woman had wanted to try for such a long time.

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<sup>61</sup> Please note that the girl answered in Romani. Lajoska thought that she was a rakli, but actually she was a Romani girl.

“Laurka, teccinel tuke o Tóni?” – “Na!”, vicsinel pále i cshaj. “Mange o Jenővo teccinel báre!”

“No, szo tuke phengyom?”, phucsel o Rudi ole Tóni. De odá na phengya nista, csak ángle peszte diklahi taj polóke avnali o ászvi ándar leszkere átyha. “Ma rov má! Inkánb dik szít, kityi sukár cshaja taj rakja hi adaj. Av, maj uppe tuke kedaha jekha!”, phenel leszke o Bandi taj cidlahi le pale peszte.

O Lajoska sajninalhi le Tóni, te phengya le Rudiszke: “Csoro cshávo báre csilla kamlahi te vakeren adala cshaha.” – “Dzsa má laha”, phenel o Rudi. “Na dikhész, szavi lubni hi? Jenővo hi la taj dik, o raklo la babrinel t’ akani! Bari baszt hi, hogy na amaro Tóni lake kampja!” taj szikagya meri cshaj, akasz o raklo akkor asztargya préko.

“Foooj!”, phenel undorodime o Lajoska, kana dikja len te ó taj géje palo dú csháve te ónk. Aszar dzsanahi maskar o rakja, dikja jekhe sukára o Lajoska taj phenel le Rudiszke: “Maj dik szar pe mande ugrinla adija rakli!” – “De csak azí, hogy te csalavel tut”, phenel aszandú o Rudi taj intingya ole dú cshávenge, hogy te dzsan oggya te ónk. Kana oggya resztye te odona, phenel te lenge o Lajoska: “Csak dikhen, odija rakli mingyá pe mande ugrinla. Aszavo lake phená, hogy mri romni kamla te oven!” Dikhen pe jekfáreszte o csháve taj phenen leszke: “Lajoska, ma phen lake nista, mer maravla tut! Dik, te lakero pral odoj hi!”

De ó na bajnelahi, báre biztosno sztya ánde peszte. Kana pase late resztye, dikhel pe late taj phenel: “*De szép lány vagy, anyukám, joj de megnyalnálak!*” Dikhel vígig pe leszte i cshaj, aszar uppe bestya taj phenel leszke: “Taj szoszke, Lajoska, mer te kúren na dzsanesz?” Ári phagyija o baro aszabe ándar o csháve, o Lajoska pale bare hójaha irjangyija taj mukja len odoj.

## Kedasz o phábi palo kasta!

Kana i Rozi dzsalahi ko Linaéko, hogy te akharel peha pe barátkinya po áver dive ki Tehen Margita téle te keden o phábi palo kasta, má dzsalahi téle o kham. O nebo te lólo, te kíknosztya. Ándo duripe o ucse bára pale aszave zsute sztye, szar te pherdo len cshidkergyáhi valaszavo báre ucso manus narancsenca. Sukáre szikavlahi avka o celo, mist’ adá i cshaj te téle ács hija taj diklahi le. Közbe p’ odá gondolinlahi, hogy szavo lácsho ovla, te ári len potyinla táha i gádzsi. Saj tyinla pe dake ándar odija torta legalább jek buka kotor, aszo má báre csilla kívánalhi csori naszvali romni.

T’ avka na but dive sztya má la pále ándar o dzsivibe misti prikáza, aszo ánde lakero kello sztya, te i doktorkinya phengya le. Odá buka lóvo, aszo ole szivibeha rodnahi, ajjig sztya doszta pe romnyakero orvosságo. I Rozi

She did not have much time left to live, according to the doctor, thanks to her throat cancer. The little money she made by sewing was barely enough for her medicine. That is why Rozi was going to work for the gadje in the village and asked for work wherever she could, so she earned some additional money, although not much. Lina accompanied her almost always, but she did not keep the money for herself; instead, she gave her money to Rozi. They were not rich either, but they were not in need, because Lina's brother-in-law had taken over the carpenter business from the old man<sup>62</sup> after he died. A lot of people wanted him to make for them a door, a bed, tables with chairs or even a wooden outhouse. Zoli made nice carvings, just like his father-in-law, who had even been teaching little Adam<sup>63</sup> the carpenter craft.

The little boy was very proud of himself. He was always around his father, working too, with his little wooden knife. His mother, Jusztina, often said: "Adam, if you cut your finger, you'll get one from me too!" But the little boy just smiled and told his mother: "A good carpenter only cuts the wood, not the finger, grandpa also said so! But you, women, how should you know what it means to work?"

His grandmother did not like hearing such things, so she told her daughter: "Jusztina, don't allow him to talk like this about women! What will happen when he grows older? The girls will chop him to pieces, you'll see!" But Jusztina would just laugh and say to her: "It's alright, he is still small and, anyway, this way he at least won't become a womanizer." – "But wait, he will not only look down on girls, but on you too, because you're also a woman! Don't allow him to talk like that!" – "Grandmother is right", said Zoli. "If he does not show respect now, later he won't even listen to beatings." They often quarrelled because of this. One time, Lina sat the little boy down and told him a tale about a boy who was left alone because everybody was angry at him for his stupid remarks about women. The boy understood from it that he can also end up like that. After this, when his mother would scold him, he would only say "alright".

Rozi liked the little boy. When she went to visit them, she always brought something for him. Even now she had a cabbage cake in her pocket, which she had baked in the morning for her mother. When she arrived at the house, Lina was sitting and peeling potatoes with Adam, so that they would bake them in the oven for dinner as a side dish to the three small chickens that they had slaughtered. The little boy called Rozi into the house and said to her: "How good that you came! Look, Lina thinks that I'm a girl too and makes me peel potatoes, although she knows that there is a lot of work waiting for me from my father. Come, hurry up and help her peel the potatoes, so I can go!" Then he jumped up from the bench and ran off, almost tripping and falling down.

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62 The "old man" is the father of Lina and Jusztina and the father-in-law of Zoli.

63 Adam is the son of Zoli and Jusztina.

mist' adá phirlahi ko gádzse ándo gav taj aká dzsanolahi, búti manglahi taj te ni na but, de azí rodlahi t' adaleha lóvo. I Lina majna mindí dzsolahali laha, de ó na peszke lelahi o lóvo, hanem oggya le delahia ola Rozike. Na sztye ni ónk barvale, de na dzsivnahi csorika, mer ola Linakero sógori, o Zoli préko lija pe apósiszkeri bútia, kana múja o phúro. Báre but dzséne sztye, ako leha keravnahi te vuder, te vodro, kafiggya székenca taj mé te toleto. Sukáre faraginlahi o Zoli, aszar leszkeri apósi, ako mé te ole buka Ádámo szikjarkerlahi, hogy szavi bútia kerel jek lacsho kafigyári.

Gizdavo sztya pe peszte o buka cshávo. Mindí pase po dad sztya taj pe buka kastune cshurjaha bútia kerlahi te ó. Leszkeri daj, i Jusztina, butvar leszke phenlahi: "Ádámka, te cshineha tro angust, te mandar hudeha!" De o buka cshávo csak aszalahi taj mindí odá phenlahi pe dake: "Jek lacsho kafigyári csak o kast cshinel, na po angust, te o papu phengya! De tumen dzsúsa kathar saj dzsulanen, szo h' odí bútia!"

Leszkeri baba na losanlahi adale vakeribnaszke, te phengya pe cshake: "Jucus, ma muk leszke, hogy avka te vakerel palo dzsúja! Szo leha ovla, te bárgyola? Maj ketháne le phagerna o cshaja, csak uzsar!" De i Jusztina csak aszalahi p' adá taj phenlahi lake: "Lácshe hi má, bukóra hi mé taj avka legalább n' ovla mindzsakero dilino." – "Uzsar-uzsar, na csak ole cshajen dikla téle, hanem te tut, mer csak dzsúli sztyal! Ma muk leszke avka te vakeren!" – "Csacsipe hi ola baba", phenlahi te o Zoli. "Te akani na del i pativ, kísíbb má te saj le mundareha ketháne, ni avka na mola o alav!" Butvar veszkinnahí mist' adá, de i Lina beslahi téle ole buka csháveha taj phenlahi leszke paramiszi pal' odá cshávo, ako azí sztya korkóri, mer szako ruslahi pe leszte miste leszkere diline alava palo dzsúja. Halija le o cshávo, hogy te ó saj phirel avka taj kana leszkeri daj pe leszte vakerlahi, má csak attyi phenlahi lake, hogy "lácshe hi".

Kamlahi adale bukóre i Rozi. Kana dzsolahali, mindí lidzslahi leszke valaszo. Te akani sztya ánde lakeri potyisz jek kotor árminyásni kolácsa, aszo ratyaha pekja pe dake. Kana oggya resztya ko kher, i Lina oggyári beslahi le Ádámka taj phuvune suzsarnahi, hogy pe rátyate odona pekna ándi rúra paso trín hurde kanyha, aszo téle cshingye. Akhargya ánde ola Rozi o buka cshávo taj phenel lake: "No de lácshe hi, hogy ájal! Ehe, adí Lina odá dzsanel te me cshaj sztyom taj manca suzsartatinel o phuvune, kana dzsanel hogy but bútia man uzsarel pase mro dad. Av, szigyan, suzsar laha tu, me pale hagy dzsav!" Odoleha upp' ugringya pali lóca taj avka naslahi hogy majna péja.

"No, uzsar," vicsinel pale leszte i Lina, "maj nasti aveha pase mande kana peká o kolácsi! Dikhesz, adá cshávo szavo béng hi?", phucsel aszandú la Rozi. "Há inkánb béng t' ovel szar naszvalo", phenel i cshaj taj bestya

“Just you wait,” shouted Lina after him, “you won’t be allowed near me when I bake the cakes! Do you see what a little devil he is?”, she asked Rozi laughing. “It is better to be a little devil than sick”, said the girl and sat down next to Lina. “Give me the knife, I’ll help you peel.” Until they finished, they had agreed that the following morning they would both be at the gadji and bring food for themselves from home, because who knows how long they would be working and whether that gadji would give them something to eat or not this time.

“But girl,” said Rozi, “what are we going to do if that crazy gadjo is there?” – “We won’t go near him”, answered Lina. “Don’t be afraid! I’ll tell Zoli to come and check on us and then nothing can happen, because that lousy pig is afraid of him, may the fat fall off his bones! Wait, I’ll call my sister!” She gave a big shout: “Jusztina, come, hurry up!”

Jusztina ran out asking: “Adam, what did you do this time?” – “It wasn’t him calling you”, laughed Lina. “He already left.” – “And where is he now?”, asked the woman with fear. “You can guess”, said her sister and pointed to the small house where the boy and his father were carving. The woman looked in that direction and called out: “Zoli, is the boy there with you?” – “No, he isn’t”, shouted back her husband. “He went to hit on girls!” – “Oh, may you lick this cunt of mine for lying to your wife! Aren’t you ashamed, you, stink-monkey?”, swore the woman. “Just wait, I’m going to see for myself. But if the boy is in there with you, I’ll make a moustache under your nose from my cunt hairs, may you eat them!”

The girls were laughing. They knew that these two loved each other despite this kind of talk. The woman asked why she had been called. The girl told her that they want to talk with her husband Zoli about tomorrow, because they are a little afraid of the gadjo. “Of course, he will come!”, said the woman and again called out to her husband: “Man, monkey! I have a job for you tomorrow, come, hurry up!” – “What do you want from me again?”, shouted back her husband, lifted the son into his arms, and headed towards the women. Jusztina told him: “This here,” pointing to her behind and dancing, “that ‘two-two twelve, you kiss my black ass’!”<sup>64</sup> She was running from him and laughing and he had put down the boy and ran after her saying: “Just wait, I’ll bite into that ass!” – “Don’t, don’t, I’ll pee my pants”, shouted the woman laughing, “I’ll push some shit out too!” – “Phoeey!”, said Zoli. “Don’t ever come close to me or I’ll vomit! Now, tell me what you want!”

While the woman was telling him, Rozi started to feel ashamed and lowered her eyes to the ground. Lina took her hand and said to her: “Don’t be ashamed, I’ll be there too. My brother-in-law won’t come only because of you, am I right, Zoli?” – “Of

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<sup>64</sup> It is a rephrased first line of a well-known Romani song. The original line is *Duj-duj desuduj, te csumidav parno muj* “Two-two twelve, I kiss a white face”.

pasi Lina. "Asta i cshúri, maj suzsará tuha." Amí vigzingye, vakergye, hogy ratyaszta szo dú dzéne odoj ovna ki gádzsi taj lidzsna pumenge khérarrú te han, mer ko dzsanel meggyig ovna taj ko dzsanel akani dela-i len valaszo odija peszkutni górkinya.

"De cshaje," phenel i Rozi, "szo keraha, te odoj ovla odá dilino gádzso?" – "Maj na dzsaha páse ke leszte", phenel i Lina. "Ma dara nista! Maj phená le Zoliszke, hogy te dikhel ári p' amende taj csak feder ovla, mer daral lesztar odá nyamvattno bálo, te sutyol téle pale leszte o csiken. Akhará me phenya, uzsar!" Taj vicsingya jek báro: "Jucus, av, szigyan!"

Násel ári i Jusztina taj phucsel: "Ádámka, szo kergyal má papale?" – "Na ó tut akhargya", aszal i Lina. "Ó má adaj man mukja." – "Taj ka hi lo?", phucsel dárjaha i romni. "Dú saj arakhesz", phenel lakeri phen taj szikagya mero buka kher, aká faraginlahi o cshávo pe dadeha. Dikhel oggya i romni taj vicsinel: "Zoli, tuha hi o cshávo?" – "Náne", vicsinel pále lakero rom. "Géja te dzsújázinen!" – "O, te csáressz adija dzsújiki mindzs mange, kana hovavesz te romnyake! Na ladzsasz tut, tu khandino majmona???", veszkinlahi pe leszte i romni. "Uzsar, maj mingyá dzsá taj dikhá. De te tuha hi o cshávo, kerá tele tro nak cshora ándar mre zarja, te hasz olen!"

Aszanahi o cshaja. Dzsannahi, hogy adana avka pumen kamen. Phucsel la i romni, hogy szoszke la akhargya. Phenel lake i cshaj, hogy te vakeren kamen lakere romeha misto táhutno dive, mer buka ikren ole gádzsesztar. "Szar te na dzsalahi!", phenel i romni taj papale vicsingya pe romeszke: "More, majmona! Szi man tuke búti pe táhaszte, av, szigyan!" – "De szo kamesz má mandar papale?", vicsinel pále lakero rom, aszar uppe vazdija le csháve taj géje te ónk ko dzsúja. Dikhel pe leszte i Jusztina taj phenel leszke: "Adá a," szikavel pe pri bul taj khellahi, "hogy duj-duj desuduj, csumidesz mri kali bul!" De má te naslahi aszandú, mer lakero rom téle thogya le csháve, naslahi mere late taj phenlahi lake: "De uzsar, te danderá la tuke!" – "Ma ker, mer ánde mutrá," vicsinkerlahi aszandú i romni, "nyuminá te o khul!" – "Fül!", phenel o Zoli. "Mere mande má ma av, mer cshandá! Inkánb phen, szo mandar kamesz!"

Phengya leszke i romni taj aszar vakerlahi, i Rozi ladzsalahi pet taj i phú diklahi. Asztargya lakero va i Lina taj phenel lake: "Ma ladzsa tut, te me odoj ová. Na csak miste tute avla mro sógori, igaje, Zoli?" – "Há", phenel o murs. "Mé ánglo dílo dzsá tumen te dikhen, te pale odoj ovla taj phandkerla pet tumenca o gádzso, me mará le avka, hogy khuleszke n' ovla lácsho! Maj kankóri te me kedá o phábi, jek ma daran!" – "Pajkerav sukáre", phenel i Rozi, de na tromalahi po murs te dikhen. "Dzsa má, cshaje," phenel lake o Zoli, "há me te tut csak avka dikhav, aszar la Lina. Mange tumen aszave sztyan, szar te mre buka phenya ovnáhi. Avkahogy szigyanen, mer má tumaro legsukader bacsi bokhalo hi!"

course,” answered the man. “I’m going to come and see you right in the morning and if the gadjo is there and he is bothering you, I’ll beat him so that he won’t even be able to shit on his own! I’m going to pretend that I also came to pick apples, so you don’t have to be afraid!” – “Thank you very much”, said Rozi, but she did not dare to look at the man. “Come on, girl,” said Zoli to her, “for me you and Lina are the same. For me, you two are like my little sisters. So, hurry up, because your most beautiful uncle is hungry!”

“Me too!”, shouted the little boy. “You could have already prepared the men something to eat! What kind of women will you grow into?!” – “Did you hear that, he is already a man!”, laughed Lina. “One barely sees you above the table! You are too small even for a boy, not to mention a man!” – “Alright then!”, Adam lowered his head angrily. “Once you’ll have a boyfriend, I’ll tell him that you let the men starve and I’ll chase him away in a heartbeat!”, he said angrily and ran into the house.

The girls laughed and went into the house. Lina was cooking, Jusztina gave Rozi a big cup of milk and she did not let her go until she had finished it. She knew that the girl was not eating much. She also wanted her to stay and eat with them. But the girl gave the little boy the cake she had brought, and he ate it in a second. Then she told Jusztina that she would pick some flowers from their garden and take them to her mother after dinner. The woman agreed.

When the girl went into the garden, Jusztina was looking at her from the window. Rozi was picking flowers, but when she turned back and there was nobody to see in the window, she hurried home to her mother. The woman was happy about the flowers and sat up in bed. The girl gave her food and told her where had she been and what she had done. The woman was smiling to see her daughter happy and also talking quietly. She told her daughter how much she loves her and how proud she is of her. Rozi was crying and kissing the hands of her mother until she fell asleep. Then Rozi smeared some bread for herself to bring it tomorrow, and one of the slices she ate right away. She washed herself and went to sleep.

The sun was about to rise and Lina was already knocking on her window to wake her up. But the girl had already been awake for a long time. She had already made the bed, put the chicken to cook and told her mother that she would be back from the gadji before the chicken is ready.

The woman feared for her daughter, but Lina said to her: “Arany Auntie, don’t be afraid, because my brother-in-law will join us soon. We won’t be long, we’ll just shake the trees and come home. We’ll bring you some tasty, sweet apples.” – “Alright, my sweetheart,” said the woman quietly and kissed the foreheads of both girls.

Then they ran to the gadji, who was already waiting for them and said to them: *“I already thought that you are not coming and that this poor guy would have to pick the apples alone! Just go to the garden, Peter is already there!”* – “He’ll suck your cunt”, mumbled Rozi. “What did you say, my dear?”, asked the gadji. “She just said we should

“Te me!”, vicsingya o buka cshávo. “Má csilla saj kergyanahi ole mursenge te han! Na dzsanav, szave romnya ovna avka ándar tumende!” – “Suuun, hogy ó má murs hi!”, aszal i Lina. “Há ajig dityhosz ári ándar i phú! Mé te cshavóreszke bukóro sztyal, na mé murseszke!” – “Lácshe h’ akkor！”, csalagya téle rustone po séro o Ádámka. “Te ovla tut piráno, maj phená leszke, szar bokhajaresz ole mursen taj zavariná le!”, phenel hójaha taj nástya ándo kher.

Aszanahi o cshaja taj géje ánde te ónk. I Lina kerlahi o hábe, i Jusztina pale cshorgya la Rozike jek bare kuccsaha thud taj ni na mukja la aggyig, amí ári na pija o celo. Dzsanhahi, hogy i cshaj na but hal. Te odoj la kamlahi te asztaren, hogy maj hala lenca. De i cshaj oggya dija le buka csháveszke i kolácsa, ako mingyá te hája la. Odá phengya la Jusztinake, hogy kedla virági ándar i bár taj te háje, maj lidzsla len pe dake. Ánd’ eggyezingya i romni.

Kana i cshaj ári géja ándi bár, pali bloka la diklahi. I Rozi csácske kedlahi o virági, de kana pále irjangyija taj ándi bloka má na sztya nikho, bare szigaha géja khére ke pi daj. I romni losangya ole virágenge taj uppe bestya ándo vodro. I cshaj avka la dija te han taj közbe vakerlahi lake, hogy ká sztya taj szo kernahi odoj. Aszalahi i romni pe cshakeri los taj polóke vakerlahi te ó. Phengya pe cshake, hogy szar la kamel taj szavi gizdavi hi pe late. Rovlahi i Rozi, avka csumidkerlahi pe dakere vaszta, amí odija ánde na szútya. Pálal te i Rozi makja peszke o máro, aszo lidzsla peha, jek te hája. Thovkergya pet taj pastyija téle te szoven. Ajig ája uppe o kham, má i Lina odoj zerginlahi lake pi bloka, hogy te ustyal. De má akkor i cshaj csilla uppe sztya. Te lacshargya o vodri, te uppe thogya te tágyon ola kanyha taj phengya pe dake, hogy mire i kanyhi tágyola, te ó khére rezsla kathar i gádzsi.

Daravlahi pe csha i romni, de i Lina phengya lake: “Arany nene, ma dara, mer mro sógori nasoká avla vas’ amenge. N’ ovaha soká, csak treszinaha o kasta taj má te avaha khére. Maj anaha tuke lacshe gule phábi.” – “Lácshe hi, mri cshaj,” phenel polóke i romni taj csumidja szo le dú cshajengero csekat.

Odona pale nasnáhi ki gádzsi, ako má uzsarlahi len taj phenel lenge: “Má aszittem nem is gyöttök, oszt az a szegin gyerek egyedű szedi le a almákom! No, eriggyetek a kerbe, a Péter má ott van!” – “Maj kiszíja a picsádot”, phenel polóke i Rozi. “Mit mondol, fijam?”, phucsel i gádzsi. “Csak azt mondta, hogy maj sietünk”, phengya lake i Lina taj szigyangya pali Rozi, ako má ándi bár treszinlahi o anglutno kast. O Péteri laha szembe acslahi paso áver kast taj lesinlahi la.

Dzsal oggya te i Lina, dikja pi Rozi taj phenel lake: “Nasoká avla o Zoli. Phengyom leszke, hogy ratyaszstar te avel, mer but búti amen ovla.” – “De Lina”, phenel i Rozi, “adaleha szig vigzinaha. Kana aggya rezsla tro

*hurry*", said Lina and hurried after Rozi, who was already shaking the first tree. Peter was standing in front of her next to the other tree and watching her.

Lina went over, looked at Rozi and said: "Zoli will be here soon. I told him to come in the morning because we'll have a lot of work." – "But Lina," said Rozi, "we will be ready with this soon. When your brother-in-law arrives, all the apples will already be in baskets." While they were talking, she went to the other side of the tree to gather the apples which she had shaken down. Lina helped her and as they were bending down, the gadjo told them: "*Oh, what nice asses you have! You gypsies are very well made. I would need a woman like you!*" – "*Oh, may your eyes leak out for staring at our asses!*", shouted Rozi. "*Pick the apples and may your hand rot away, stare at them, not at us!*" – "*Just wait, my brother-in-law will soon be here! I'll tell him about you, you damn pig!*", added Lina angrily. "*What are you two thinking talking to me like that?*", yelled the gadjo at them. "*I'm going to teach you right here and now how to talk with respect!*" He ran towards the girls. They started to scream. Zoli arrived at that moment and when he heard the girls screaming, he ran into the garden without saying anything to the gadji. He grabbed the gadjo's arm, turning him towards himself and then slammed his fist into the gadjo's face, knocking him out. He waited for a minute and when he saw that the gadjo is out of it, said to the girls: "Let's go to the gadji!"

Zoli said to her: "*Tell me, what the hell is this? You know very well that he is a crazy man and you still leave the girls alone with him? What would you have done if he had hit one of them, or done something else?*" – "*What could I have done?*", asked the woman. "*He would then marry her and that's it!*"

"Oh, God punish her! Did you just hear what she said?", Lina asked Rozi. "Zoli, ask her for our money and let's go!", she said to her brother-in-law and took Rozi's hand; Rozi was shaking. Zoli said to the gadji: "*Now listen to me! It may be your custom to take a woman by force, but in our culture, we court the girls. Give them their money and never call them again! Now hurry up and bring it!*" – "*And why should I give them any money? They didn't do anything; only poor Peter was working! I should pay you for knocking him out?*"

Zoli looked at the girls, winked at them and said to the gadji: "*Don't you want to pay? No problem, look, my friend is coming right now! I'll ask him what I should do in this situation*", and he pointed towards the gate where a policeman was passing by. He shouted to him: "*Do you have time, dear Arpi? Come and eat some apples!*" – "*I'll come in on my way back*", shouted the policeman back to him. "*Wait for me here, dear Zoli, now I have to go pick up the dog!*" – "*Alright, but hurry up!*", answered Zoli and looked at the gadji. "*What do you say, Margit Auntie, are we going to wait here for the policeman and his dog? You can then give him some apples and I'll tell him what happened with Peter, and that you gave him money against interest. The poor guy will be so happy to use his dog to search for the papers. You know, the papers where you wrote up how much money you gave and to whom. I'll whisper to him that you are hiding it under the*

sógori, má o cele phábi ándo kaski ovna". Taj aszar vakerlahi, préko géja pe kasteszkero áver ódalo, hogy uppe te kedel o phábi, aszo téle treszingya. Te i Lina kedlahi laha taj aszar bangyuvkernahi, phenel lenge o gádzso: "Joj, minő jó seggetek van! Tík cigányok nagyon jó vattok összerakva. Illyen asszony köllene nekem!" – "O, fusson ki a szemed, mikor a seggünköt lesed!", vicsinel i Rozi. "Szeggyed a almákat oszt rohaggyon le a kezed, azokot lessed, ne minket!" – "Várjá, maj gyön mingyá neked a sógorom! Megmondolak neki, te rohatt disznó!", phenel hójaha te i Lina. "Hogy beszétek tík velem???", ordítinél pe lende o gádzso. "Maj mingyá mettanítolak tikteket, hogy köll beszényi tiszteletvel!!!" taj naslahi mero cshaja. Odona pale sikitinnahi, mer daranahi lesztar. Akkor resztya oggya o Zoli taj kana sungya, hogy sikítinen o cshaja, ni na phengya nista ola gaddzsake, hanem nástya ándi bár. Hudija le gádzseszkeri műszi, irjangya le mere peszte taj dumukaha aszavo cshingya pe leszkeri csham, hogy o gádzso ári pastyija. Uzsargya buka taj kana dikja, hogy o gádzso ánde szútya, phenel ole cshajenge: "Aven ki gádzsi!"

Kana oggya resztye ke late, phenel lake o Zoli: "Mongya má meg nekem, hogy van az, hogy ösmeri asztat a bolond embert oszt mégis egyedű hatta a leányokval? Oszt mi csinát vóna, ha valamelyiköt megüti, vagy mászt csinál velek?" – "Há mi csináhattam vóna?", phenel i gádzsi. "Maj elvette vóna asszonnak oszt jó van!"

"O, te márel la o Dél! Sungyal, szo phengya?", phucsel i Lina la Rozi. "Zoli, mang latar amare lóve taj aven athar khére!", phenel pe sógoriszke taj asztargya ola Rozi, ako rezdalahi. O Zoli te phengya ola gaddzsake: "No, figyejjen ide! Lehet, hogy magokná ez így vót, hogy csak erőszakval tuttak nőt venni, de nálunk udvarolnak a lányoknak. Aggya ide a pízüköt oszt többet ne is keresse egyiket se! De siessen, eriggyen hozza ki!" – "Oszt ugyan minek aggyak pízt? Há nem is csinátkak semmit, csak a szegín Péter! Azé fizessek mer leütted?"

Dikhel po cshaja o Zoli, kacsintinel mere lende taj phenel la gaddzsake: "Nem fizet? No nem baj, íppen itt gyön a barátom e! Maj megkérdezem, hogy illyenkor mi van", szikagya meri kapuva, aká o jagalo dzsalahi taj te vicsingya leszke: "Ráérné most, Árpikám? Gyere te is, egyé almát!" – "Maj visszafele begyövök", vicsinel leszke pále o jagalo. "Várjatok meg itt, Zolikám, el kell hozni a kutyát!" – "Jó van, csak siessé!", phenel leszke o Zoli taj dikhel pi gádzsi. "No, Margit néni, úgy e, megvárhassuk itten a rendőrt a kutyájával? Maj ad neki vagy két almát, én meg maj elmondom neki a Pétert, meg hogy maga atta neki a kamatos pízt. Legalább örül az a szegíny gyerek hogy kerestehetyi a kutyával a papírokot. Tuggya, amire írta, hogy kinek adott pízt. Maj megsúgom neki, hogy a palló alá teszi." – "Joj,

*floor.” – “Oh, dear Zoli, please don’t tell him!”*, the gadji was wringing her hands. *“They would lock me up and I would die there!”* – *“Then what should we do?”*, asked the man and winked at the girls again. *“Are you going to pay the girls? You can see that the tree is empty, or don’t you?”* – *“I see, my dear,”* the gadji stood up, *“I’m going to bring their money. Just wait!”* Then she hurried into the house.

She came out in less than five minutes and gave the girls twice the amount agreed. After she counted the money in front of them, she asked Zoli: *“What do you say, my dear, is this good?”* – *“Of course it is,”* said the man, *“and I don’t want to hear you calling either one of them again, or you’ll have to deal with me, do you understand?”* – *“I understand, my dear, but please don’t tell Arpi about me, because I am very afraid...”*, wept the gadji. *“I won’t tell him, because I could also get myself into trouble. You do what you want, I don’t care!”*, said Zoli to her and headed home with the girls, who were out of their minds with happiness.

## It is hard to raise children alone

“What’s wrong with you, my dear?”, shouted the old man when he saw his daughter-in-law running; he followed her to the dung. When he saw her vomiting, he asked: “You are pregnant, aren’t you?” But before the woman could answer, her mother-in-law interrupted and told the old man: “Go and call the doctor! He’ll tell us what is wrong with her.”

They helped their daughter-in-law to walk because she was so dizzy that she almost fainted. She had been weak and dizzy and had been vomiting every morning for two weeks. Her husband had not come home for over a month. The woman wanted the police to look for him, but the father-in-law told her that it would be best if they never saw him again. When they entered the house and put the woman to bed, she asked her mother-in-law: “Where is my little daughter?” – “She is still sleeping in our bed”, she answered. “Not so long ago I put her back to bed because she woke up when she had heard you vomiting.”

The month before, Timike had turned two, but she was taller and smarter than other children of her age. She was always asking her grandfather when her father would come home. The old man would say that he was away looking for a golden dress and high-heel shoes for her. The little girl was very happy to hear this and would then ask her grandmother and mother to sew a golden veil for her too, because it would fit the dress and shoes. Only the old man knew where his son was and why he was not coming home: he had caught him with a woman in town and had told him not to come home or even near any of them, or he would kill him.

This guy, Gyuszi, was very selfish and he despised others. For example, he always took his own daughter’s food and told her: “I need to eat more than you,

*Zolikám, asztat ki ne mongyad!*”, phagerel pe vaszta i gádzsi. “*Akkor engemet be is csuknak oszt ott halok meg!*” – “*Akkor mi legyen?*”, phucsel o murs taj papale kacsintingya le cshajenge. “*Odaggya a pízt a lányoknak? Lássa, hogy üres a fa, vagy nem?*” – “*Látom, fijam,*” ácshel uppe i gádzsi, “*menek, hozom is a pízüköt. Várjá!*” taj szigyangya ándo kher.

Na telingya pándzs perci, má te ája ári taj duvar attyi lóvo dija le cshajen szar csácsé phirgyáhi. Kana téle lenge gengya, phucsel le Zoli: “*No, fijam, jó lesz-e így?*” – “*Jó há,*” phenel o murs, “*de meg ne tuggyam, hogy szót valamelliknek, mer nem jár velem jó, érti-e?*” – “*Értem, fijam, csak ne szójá a Árpínak róllam, mer nagyon félek...*”, rovlahi i gádzsi. “*Dehogy szólok, mé én kerűnék oszt bajba. Tőlem má aszt csiná, amit akar!*”, phengya lake o Zoli taj ole cshajenca indulingye khére, ako ni na dzsannahi, hogy szo te keren ándi los.

## Pháro hi korkóri le hurdenca

“Szo hi tuha, fijam?”, vicsingya o phúro, kana dikja te násen pe bórja taj nástya pale late te ó ko ganajo. Kana dikja, hogy cshandel li, phucsel latar: “Csak na tikne uzsaresz?” De i romni na dzsangya te phenen nista, mer lakeri anyóskinya vakergya le phúreszke: “Dzsa, akhar ári le drabardo! Maj ó phenla, hogy szo hi lake.”

Doleha asztargye pumare bórja, mer majna ketháne péja li, avka szídilinlahi. T’ avka gengavi sztya, de vagy dú kurko leszke, hogy szako ratyaha cshandel taj szídilinel. Lakero rom na sztya khére má buter szar jek maszek. I romni kamlahi le te rodvatatinen ole jagalencia, de phengya lakero apósi, hogy feder ovla avka, te ni na dikna le buter. Kana ánde resztye ándo kher taj pastyargye téle ola romnya, odí pe anyóskinya phucslahi: “Ka hi mi buka cshaj?” – “Szovel mé ánd’ amaro vodro”, phenel odija lake. “Nacsilla pastyargyom la téle, mer uppe daranya, kana sungya, hogy cshandesz.”

Dú bersiki sztya i Timike ángl’ adá maszek, de ucseder taj te gogyaveder sztya li szar o buter hurde, ako laha sztya bersende. Te ó phucscherlahi pe papu, hogy kana avla má lakero dad. O phúro odá lake phenlahi csak, hogy azí n’ avel khére, mer lake rodel szomnakune gáda taj kopogósne kamastyi kija. Losanlahi adaleszke i buka cshaj taj azúta pe babake taj pe dake phenlahi, hogy te sziven lake te szomnakuno fátylo, mer ko gáda odá cshinla. Korkóri csak o phúro dzsanlahi, hogy ká hi leszker cshávo taj szoszke na dzsal khére. Azí csak ó, mer ó hudija le uppe jekhe dzsújaha ándo fóro taj phengya leszke, hogy buter nahogy khére, de ni mere lende te na dzsal, mer mundarla le.

because then I can work better!” When his father saw him do this, he hit him, while his mother argued with him. Since then, Gyuszi did not dare take anything away from the little girl in front of his parents. When he got home, he would lie around, not doing anything. His tiny woman did all the work instead of him. She was the one chopping the wood, although she could barely manage it. The old man was often shouting at his son or beating him, but Gyuszi did not care. Rather, he went away, either to the pub, or to town to the whores for whom he was even buying presents from time to time. It was his father who found him a job, after realizing how lazy he was. He then beat him up properly because Gyuszi refused to work.

His mother was very ashamed of him. She often cried and said to him: “My son, you must do something with your life, think about your beautiful family! You are the man, so don’t expect your wife to do what is needed, you should do it!” No matter who talked to him, he did not listen to anyone and the only thing he did was to go to work. People at work laughed at him, because he would walk up and down without really working, so in the end he was fired. Then the old man beat him again and sent him to work for a gadjo who was a friend of his and who kept pigs. The old man said to him: *“Listen to me, my dear Vili! This boy is not in the mood to do anything. Teach him hard work, and if he does not want to do it, you can beat him as much as you like! Educate him as if he were your own child!”* – “Alright, my dear Pajo,” said the gadjo, *“but you should know that I’ll educate him with a rod, just like I do with my own sons!”* – *“It is even better, my dear Vili, at least then he’ll learn what he has to!”*, the old man cheered up. But both kind words and all the beating were in vain, Gyuszi did not want to work there either. He was drinking with the raklos until the gadjo found out that they had been stealing his wine and then gave Gyuszi and his own sons as well a proper beating. Then he chased them away.

Later Gyuszi went to town to a whore. His father saw him when he accompanied his wife shopping. While his wife was at the market, he had gone into the pub to drink a shot and that is where he saw his son. He decided not to say anything about it to his daughter-in-law because he was afraid she would leave, together with her daughter. Who knows where she would end up? Erzsi did not have anyone: all her family members had already died. On the other hand, her parents-in-law loved her as if she were their own daughter. Erzsi had already wanted to leave her husband several times, but her parents-in-law persuaded her not to go. She loved them as if they were her own parents too.

When the old man arrived with the doctor, Erzsi had already gotten out of bed and was preparing a tea for her daughter. *“My dear Erzsi,”* said the doctor to her, *“can’t you simply sit and rest? Uncle Pajo said you are very sick, but it does not look like that!”* – “Oh, doctor, don’t even tell me”, answered Erzsi, *“I was vomiting like a dog at a wedding, and I was dizzy too!”* – *“That’s how it is when a woman is expecting a baby”*, nodded the doctor and said to the old man: *“Everything is fine with your*

Adá Gyuszi mindí csak peha hajnelahi, na diklahi nikasz niszosztele. Mé te ánglal pi cshajói lelahi o hábe taj avka lake phenlahi: "Mange feder kampe te han szar tuke, mer avka feder dzsáná te bútyaren!" Illyenkor leszkerő dad mindí cshinlahi pe leszte, kana diklahi, hogy szó kerel. Leszkeri daj pale veszkinlahi pe leszte. Mist' adá o Gyuszi ángle lende na tromalahi te len ola buka cshatar nista. Kana khére reszlahi, csak pastyolahia, na kamlahia nista te keren. Leszkeri csisli romni kerlahi leszke o cele bútya. Te o kasta ó pharavlahi, pegyig ajjig birinlahi, de kerlahi. O phúro butvar veszkinlahi pe po cshávo, te ketháne le marlahi, de o Gyuszi na bajnelahi. Inkánb dzsalahi khérarrú ká ándi kocsma, ká ke pe főrutne lubnya, akaszke te tyinkerlahi. Te bútia leszkerő dad leszke rodija, kana dikja, hogy szavo restno hi adá cshávo. Taj lácshe ketháne le margya, mer o Gyuszi na kamlahia te dzsán nikja.

Leszkeri daj báre pet ladzsalahi miste leszte. Butvar te rovkerlahi taj phenlahi leszke: "Fijam, ker tuha valaszo, odoj hi tro sukár család! Taj csak tu sztyal o murs, ma pe tri romni uzsar, hanem tu ker aszo kampel!" Saj vakerlahi leszke akarko, ó na kerlahi nista áver, csak dzsalahi ándi bútia, aká ári le aszanahi, mer csak phirkerlahi uppe-téle, azí le cshidije ári t' othar. O phúro t' akkor zuhogtatingya le taj thogya le pase jekhe gádzseszte, ako leszkerő barátó sztya taj bálen ikrelahi. Phengya leszke o phúro: "No ide függejjé, Vilikém! Ennek a gyereknek nincsen kedvi semmihö. Aggyá neki valaminő nehez munkát, hagy tanúja meg mi a, oszt ha nem akarja csináni, üssed nyugottan! Nevejjed úgy, mintha csak a te gyereked vóna!" – "Jó van, Pajokám," phenel o gádzso, "de aszthat tuggyad, hogy én oszt karóval nevelem meg, ahogy a én fijajmot is!" – "A mé jobb lesz, Vilikém, legalább mettanúja, amit köll!", losangya o phúro. De hiába sztya o sukár alav, te o maribe, o Gyuszi na kamlahia ni odoj te keren nista. Csak pijenahi ole raklenca, amí o gádzso uppe n' ája, hogy csóren leszkeri mol taj tyíleha te pe csháven taj te le Gyuszi lácshe ketháne margya. Pálal te zavarininga le.

Akkor géja ándo fóro o Gyuszi ki lubni. Akkor le dikja leszkerő dad, kana géja pe romnyaha te tyinkeren. Amí i romni po pijaci sztya, ó géja ándi kocsma, hogy ánde cshidla jek epas. De pe bórjake na phengya nista, mer odija te odoj len mukjáhi sza la cshajóraha. Ko dzsanel, ká phangyéhi ári. Ola Erzsi na sztya má nikho. Má lakere endánya sza múje. Lakeri anyóskinya pale pe romeaha avka la kamnahi, szar te lengeri guli cshaj te újáhi. Butvar kamlahia má odoj te muken pe rome, de téle la vakernahi o phúre, akasz te ó avka kamlahia, szar te lakeri daj taj lakero dad te újéhi.

Kana o phúro pále resztya ole drabardeha, i Erzsi má ári ustiyja ándar o vodro taj la bukórake tavlahi tea. "Erzsikém," phenel lake o drabardo, "téged aztán nem lehet egy helyben tartani, ugye? Pajo bácsi azt mondta, hogy nagyon rosszul vagy, de én nem így látom!" – "Joj, doktor úr, ne is mongya," phenel i

*daughter-in-law, Uncle Pajo. She is expecting another baby, just look at her belly!*”, he pointed.

The old man looked at his daughter-in-law and took down his hat: “*This one should be a boy!*”, he shouted and put his hat on the woman’s belly. Both the doctor and the woman laughed—she laughed so much that she fell off the chair. “*Uncle Pajo,*” said the doctor to the old man, “*don’t allow her to do hard work and go to the hospital for a check-up as soon as possible! I am already writing the referral, so tomorrow you can already go.*” – “Thank you, doctor,” said the old man, “*my wife will accompany her tomorrow morning.*” – “And what are we going to do with the little girl?”, asked Erzsi. “Where should I put her?” – “*You’ll take her with you*”, smiled the doctor. “*A little trip would be good for her. Take these*”, he handed her over the papers, “*and now take care of yourself and the baby too! I wish you all the best!*” He shook hands with the old man and left.

The old man accompanied him to the gate and on return shouted out to his wife with great happiness: “Mici! The girl is pregnant, bring her some sweets!” – “Why sweets?”, asked the wife. “I’d rather cook a nice chicken soup for her; it is worth more than anything else!” Erzsi listened to them and was happy to hear how much they cared for her. Her parents-in-law as well as her little daughter took good care of the woman. Her daughter, since hearing that her mother is expecting a baby, was always telling a tale about a little girl in a golden dress who is very much looking forward to seeing her little brother.

Three months passed since the visit of the doctor. Erzsi got a huge belly, which made the little girl very happy; she was always saying to her mother: “Mom, I’ll get two little brothers!” During this time many people visited them, someone bought pigs or chickens from the old man, or brought things for his wife to sew. But there was also a young man who visited them with no apparent reason. He played with Timike, helped with the work around the house and talked to everyone. The old couple thought he would be a perfect husband for Erzsi. They knew that the only reason for his visits was seeing her.

The old man told him: “My son, you are still single, right?” – “Yes, Uncle, I haven’t yet found a girl who would be both beautiful and smart. Your son is very lucky to have Erzsi”, said the boy while lifting the little girl into his arms. “This little girl is also very beautiful and smart; I could eat her little heart!” – “My dear Benedek, do you know that our son left them?”, asked the old man with tears in his eyes. “Poor Erzsi will raise the little girl and soon the baby all alone. I don’t know how she will manage it with two kids, because my wife and I make some money to buy them what is needed, but still, it is hard to be alone with two kids and without a father...” – “Don’t be angry with me, Uncle”, said the boy, “but a flea has more wit than your son! If I had such a beautiful family, I would give not only my life to them, but also my heart.” – “Wait a minute, my boy!”, said the old man and went for his daughter-in-law.

Erzsi, “úgy hántam mint a lagzis kutya, meg mé szédűtem is!” – “Bizony így van ez, amikor gyereket vár egy asszony”, bólintingya o drabardo taj phenel le phúreszke: “Nincs baj a menyével, Pajo bácsi. Babája lesz megint, nézze csak a hasát!”, szikavel pe romnyakero pér.

Dikhel vígig pe pi bóri o phúro taj hudija téle pi kalapa: “No, ennek má fiúnak köll lennyi!”, vicsinel taj i kalapa pe romnyakero pér thogya. Aszanya pet o drabardo taj te i romni, de odija avka, hogy téle péja po széko. “Pajo bácsi,” phenel le phúreszke o drabardo, “ne hagyja nehéz dolgot csinálni ezt az asszonyt és mielőbb menjenek be vele a kórházba vizsgálatokra! Írom is a beatalókat, holnap már lehetnek is.” – “Köszönnyük, doktor úr,” phenel o phúro, “maj megy vele a asszony reggerrő.” – “Oszt mi lesz a kisjánval?”, phucsel i Erzsi. “Őtet hova teszem aggyig?” – “Hát viszed magaddal”, aszal pe late o drabardo. “Egy kis kirándulás nem árt neki. Tedd el ezeket”, nyútinel lake o papírja, “és most már figyelj oda magadra meg a babára is! minden jót kívánok!” Asztargya va le phúreha taj géja.

Te o phúro géja leha zsiki kapuva taj kana pále irjangyija, bare losaha vicsinkerlahi pe romnyake: “Mici! I cshaj thúli hi, an lake valaszo gullo!” – “Szavo gullo?”, phucsel i romni. “Maj inkánb tává lake lacshi kanyhalu zumin, odija buter mol szar akarszo!” Sunlahi len i Erzsi taj losanlahi, hogy avka laha hajnen, szar te lengeri cshaj ovlahi. Báre pászinnahi pe late te o phúre taj te i bukóri, ako miúta dzsánlahi, hogy buka tikne uzsarel lakeri daj, szako dive paramiszi phenlahi pali buka cshaj, ako szomnakune gádende phirlahi taj báre uzsarlahi pe buka pralóre.

Trín maszek géja má, miúta odoj sztya o drabardo. La Erzsi lacsho baro pér bárgyija, aszoszke losanlahi i buka cshaj taj phenkerlahi pe dake: “Anu, dú buka pal man ovja!”<sup>6</sup> Tel’ adana divesza but dzséné irjangyije ke lende, ko le phúreszter tyinlahi balicshen, vagy hurde kanyhen, vagy la romnyake lidzsnahi valaszo te sziven. De sztya jek terno cshávo, ako csak avka csúcsonc phirlahi ke lende. Khellahi ola Timikeha, segítinlahi ándo kherutne bútya taj vakerkerlahi odoj szakoneha. O phúre pale maskar pumende vakergye le, hogy lácsh’ ovlahi adá ola Erzsike romeszke. T’ avka dzsannahi, hogy miste late phirel oggya.

Te phengya leszke o phúro: “Igaje, fijam, tu mé cshávo sztyal?” – “Ója, bacsi, n’ arakjom mé aszave csha, ako te sukár hi taj te gogyaver. Bari baszt hi tumare csháve ola Erzsiha”, phenel o cshávo, aszar uppe vazdija la buka csha. “T’ adija cshajói báre sukár taj gogyaver hi, hav lakero ilóro!” – “Dzsanesz-i, Benikém, hogy amaro cshávo cshidija len pesztar?”, phucsel o phúro ászvenca ánde pe átyha. “Csori Erzsi korkóri bárgyarel ola buka csha taj nasoká ovla lake te o áver tikno. Na dzsananav szar birinla dűjenca, mer aszo kampla, me taj mri romni ári lenge rodasz o lóvo, de taj pháro hi korkóri, bi o dad dú

6 The little girl misarticulates the words *anyu*, *pral* and *ovla* by saying *anu*, *pal* and *ovja*.

She was peeling onions for her mother-in-law and when she looked at the old man, it looked like she was crying. The old man asked her why she was crying, but then he realised what she was doing and asked instead: "My dear, don't you want to get married?" – "Come on, father," the woman was surprised, "I'm already married!" – "To someone who has been rotting away somewhere for the last five months", nodded the old man. "Listen to me, here is this guy, Benedek! He is young, he loves both you and Timike. He would like to get married and..." – "And what?", his wife shouted at him. "Leave the girl alone, she has enough problems!" – "Shut up, woman!", said the old man. "Exactly for this reason, I found a good boy for her and..." – "So what?", asked the woman. "Come on, say it already, may you kiss this bald cunt of mine!" – "You don't let me talk, then how should I say it?", shouted the old man. "Close that big mouth of yours and shut up! We'll marry our daughter, so that she is not left alone with the children. What do you say, Mici?" – "Alright, but to whom?", the wife looked at him. "Your damn son isn't coming back! And have you already told the girl? Who is it? Somebody from here?", the wife fired one question after another and looked at the girl: "My sweet daughter, what do you want?"

"I want to raise my children", answered Erzsi wiping her eyes. "If alone, then alone." – "Look at this girl, my God!", the old man looked up. "Girl, listen to me now! Benedek is a good boy and very handsome, he'll be a good husband to you!" – "You are right, my dear Pajo!", said his wife. "He is beautiful and strong. Oh, if I were younger..." – "You would still have a black ass, he would not like you and you better shut up, or I'll bite you!", smiled the old man and took Erzsi's hand.

"But, father," started Erzsi, but the old man did not let her finish, he pulled her up, led her to the boy and said: "Just talk! And we are going with Timike to the chickens." He called the little girl to go fetch the eggs with him. In the meantime the young ones were talking. Two weeks later, they started a relationship and lived happily from that day on.

On a rainy morning Erzsi heard her ex-husband yelling: "Mother, father, let me in!" He was very drunk. He had a big bottle in his hand. The old man ran out and yelled at him: "Oh, may God punish you, aren't you ashamed to come here? You left your family for whores! Did they also leave you, am I right? You deserve it! Go and look for another one, because this house you will not enter!" – "My wife and my daughter are here!", yelled Gyuszi. "Let me in, or I'll set the house on fire!!" – "Oh, may you lick the dick which made you!", jumped out his mother with a broom in the hand. "You damn motherfucker, now you remember that you have a wife and a daughter? You don't have anyone here! Go and knock up an old whore, may God punish you! Go or you'll die!"

While shouting at her son, she was hitting him either with the broom or with her fist. Meanwhile Erzsi was inside the house and was very scared. She

hurdenca...” – “Ma rus váse, bacsikám,” phenel o cshávo, “de tumare csháve attyi gódi náne szar jek buka pusum! Te man aszavo sukár családo ovlahi, oggya lenge dáhi na csak mro dzsivibe, de te mro ílo, aszar marel!” – “No, uzsar buka, fijam!”, phenel o phúro taj géja vase pi bóri.

Odija pe anyóskinyake suzsarlahi puruma taj kana po phúro dikja, avka dityholahi, szar te rúnyáhi li. Phucsjáhi latar o phúro, hogy szoszke rovel, de dikja, hogy szo kerel taj áver phucsja: “Fijam, na kamesz romeszte te dzsan?” – “De, dade,” phenel csudákozime i romni, “há má szi man rom!” – “Ako má pándzsto maszek rothadinel valaká”, bóllogatinel o phúro. “Orde sun, adaj h’ adá Benedeko! Te terno hi, te tut kamel, te ola Timike. Ípen romnya kamel te len taj...” – “Taj szo??”, vicsingya pe leszte leszkeri romni. “Muk szmírom ola cshake, szi odola doszta!” – “Csüt má, romnije!”, phenel lake o phúro. “Ípen azí, lacshe csháve lake arakjom taj...” – “De taj szo?”, phucsel i romni. “De phen má, te csumidesz adija bizarjali tele mande!” – “Há na mukesz te vakeren, szar te phenav avka?”, vicsinel o phúro. “Asztar ánde odá baro muj taj csút! Romeszte daha ola csha, te n’ ovel korkóri le hurdenca. Szó kija phenesz, Mici?” – “No, lácshe hi, de ke kaszte?”, dikhel pe leszte i romni. “Tro lubno cshávo t’ avka n’ avel pále! Taj phengyal má la cshake? De ko h’ odá? Athar hi valako?”, phucsel i romni pale jekfáreszte taj dikhel pi cshaj: “Mri guli cshaj, tu szo kamesz?”

“Uppe te bárgyaren mre cshavören”, phenel i Erzsi, aszar khoszkergeya pe jakha. “Te korkóri, akkor avka.” – “No, dik, adija cshaj, Devla!”, dikhel uppe o phúro. “Cshaje, akani phenav, sun pe mande! O Benedeko lacsho cshávo hi, te fajíno zselno, lácscho tuke ovla!” – “Csacsipe hi tut, Pajokám!”, phenel leszkeri romni. “Te sukár hi lo taj te zoralo. Joj, te terneder ováhi...” – “T’ akkor kali bul tut ovlahi, na kampeszahi leszke taj inkánb csüt, mer danderá tut!”, phenel aszandú pe romnyake o phúro taj asztargya la Erzsikero va.

“De, dade,” phenel i Erzsi, de o phúro na mukja la buter te vakeren, hanem sukáre uppe la vazdija, ligija la ko cshávo taj phengya lenge: “Vakerkeren adaj tumenge! Amen pale dzsaha ola Timikeha ko hurde kanya.” Akhargya peha la buka csha taj géje vaso tojása. O terne pale vakerkernahi. P’ adá dive po dúto kurko te ketháne ácshije taj losaha dzsivnahi.

Jek brisindalo dive ratyasztar sunel i Erzsi, hogy lakero csillutno rom ordítinel: “Daje, dade, muken man ánde!” Báre máto sztya lo. Ánde leszkeri va jek baro caklo pibe sztya. Násel ári o phúro taj ordítinya pe leszte: “O, te márel tut o Dél, mé szi tut jakha orde t’ aven??? Cshidjal tre családo vaso lubnya! Igaje, ári tut cshidije t’ odona??? Gódi h’ odá tuke! Dzsa taj rode ávra, mer aggya tro pro nasti ánde thovesz!” – “Adaj hi mri romni taj mri cshaj!”, ordítinel o Gyuszi. “Muken man ánde vagy uppe thará o kher!!!” – “O, te csáresz odá kár, aszo kergya tut!”, ugringya ári te leszkeri daj la seprúvaha. “Tu rumindo geci, má szi tut te romni, te cshaj??? Adaj tut nikho náne! Dzsa, ker uppe jekha phure lubnya, te

hugged her daughter and was shaking. When her new husband saw it, he embraced her, and said to her: “My dear Erzsi, don’t be afraid! You’ll see, he’ll go away in no time. Bring Timike here!” – “But Benedek, what if he hits you?”, asked the woman full of fear. “He won’t hit me”, the man lifted the little girl. “You’ll see, he’ll go away crying. Let’s go and you’ll see! There is only one thing that I want from you: No matter what I ask, you always answer with ‘yes’.” – “Alright”, said the woman.

Benedek was carrying Timike, who was holding his neck, while Erzsi was holding his hand. The parents scolded their son, but when they saw the young couple coming, they stopped shouting and were waiting to see what would happen. When Gyuszi saw them, he sat down on the ground and talked to Timike: “Timike, it is me, your daddy. Come and kiss me!” Benedek eyed him and asked the little girl, who hugged him even tighter: “Where is daddy?” – “Benedek”, said the little girl and pointed at him. Then Gyuszi asked Erzsi: “Did you whore yourself out?? Did you let yourself get knocked up by this little boy?” – “Better him than you, who preferred an old cunt to mine!”, the woman became angry. “It is his baby I am pregnant with, you are right! He is like a father to my daughter too, because she knows him better than she knows you! It is how it is and it also how it’s going to stay!”

“Woman, did you hear our daughter?”, the old man looked at his wife. “She spoke nicely, right?” – “Yes,” said the woman, “and Gyuszi deserves it!”

## Grandma, what can we eat?

“Juditka!”, shouted the gadji. “Where are you again?” Although she knew where her granddaughter had gone. She went for her to the house next door. While inspecting the yard, she saw her granddaughter among the many children singing and dancing. The boys were proudly playing music: one drummed on pots, the other played guitar on the broom and another boy was pretending to play on the bass. The gadji looked at them and listened to the song they performed: *“István lett a Pistike, üstöke, jaj...”*<sup>65</sup>

Then she called out: *“Iboly, are you at home?”* – “Yes, I am, my dear Bözsi, come in!”, called back the woman. The gadji entered and said to the woman: *“I’m sorry, the girl came over to your grandchildren again. I don’t know what to do with her, she is bored at home.”* – “That’s not a problem! There are many children coming here and there is also space for your granddaughter! I also have a lot of grandchildren and at least this way they are not bored”, said the woman and threw a little bit of flour on the

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65 “Pistike [nickname of Istvan] grew old and became Istvan, his forelock, oh...”

márel tut o Dél! De dzsa, mer mundajoha!”

Aszar vicsinkerlahi pe po cshávo, ká la seprúvaha, ká pe dumukaha cshinlahi pe leszte. Tel’ adá i Erzsi báre daralahi oggyánde. Ke peszte asztargya ola buka csha taj rezdalahi. Kana adá dikja lakero akanutno rom, asztargya la préko taj phenel lake: “Erzsikém, ma dara! Maj dikheha po jek-dú má te dzsala. An orde la Timike!” – “De, Beni, szo ovla te csalavla tut?”, phucsel dárjaha i romni. “Na csalavla”, hudel uppe ola bukóra o murs. “Maj dik, rovindú athar dzsala. De, av taj dik! Csak attyi mangav tutar, hogy akarszo te phucsá, tu mindí odá phen, hogy ‘ója’.” – “Lácshe hi”, phenel i romni taj géje ári ko Gyuszi.

O Beni lidzslahi ola Timike ako asztarlahi leszkeri men, i Erzsi pale leszkero va. O phúre veszkinnahi pe pumaro cshávo, de kana dikje, hogy dzsán o terne, szo dú mukje attyiszte o vicsinkeribe taj uzsarnahi, szo ovla. Kana o Gyuszi dikja len, téle bestya pi phú taj ki buka cshaj vakerlahi: “Timike, me sztyom o apu. Av, csumid man!” Dikhel vígig pe leszte o Beni taj phucsel la bukóra, ako ke leszte pet cidlahi: “Ká hi o apu?” – “Beni”, phenel i buka cshaj taj szikagya pe leszte. O Gyuszi akani la Erzsi phucslahi: “Khandini lubni újal??? Uppe tut keragyal adale buka csháveha, igaje???” – “Inkánb ó szar tu, akaszke phuri mindzs kampja!”, ája hójate i romni. “Leszkere tikne uzsarav, ója! Te mri cshaj le ikrel dadeszke, mer le pindzsarel, na tut! Avka hi taj te avka acsla!”

“Cshaje, sunesz amare csha?”, dikhel o phúro pe pi romni. “Szar lácshe vakerel, igaje?” – “Ója,” phenel i romni, “gódi h’ odá le Gyusziszke!”

## Baba, szo saj hi te han?

“*Juditkaa!*”, vicsinel i gádzsi. “*Hol vagy má megint?*” De dzsánlahi, kija géja lakeri onoka. Te géja pale late ándo kher, aszo pase lende sztya. Aszar ánde dikja pi udvara, te dikja la maskar o but csháve, aszar ole buter cshajenca gyilázinel taj khelel. O csháve pale – hogy ónk má basaven – pe pirjende dobolinnahi, pe seprúvate gitározinnahi taj te aszavo sztya, ako avka kerlahi, szar te pe brúgvate te khelgyáhi. Jek buka dive diklahi len i gádzsi taj te sunlahi i gyíli, aszo kernahi: “*István lett a Pistike, üstöke, jaj...*”

Pálal vicsingya ánde: “*Iboly, ithol vagy e?*” – “*Ithol, Bözsikém, gyere bel!*”, vicsinel pále i romni. Dzsánlahi i gádzsi taj phenel la romnyake: “*Ne haraguggygá má, a jány má megint idegyött a onokáidho. Nem tudok mi csináni vele, othol únnya magát.*” – “*Nem haragszok én azé! Há gyön ide sok gyerek, elfér velek a kisjány is! A én onokáim is sokan vannak oszt így legalább nem únnyák magokot*”, phenel i romni taj cshidija jek zalog járo po humer, aszo husnelahi. “*Mi lesz abbó a téstábó, Ibolykám?*”, phucsel i gádzsi taj ácshija pasi romni. “*Bodagot sütök, mer má nem vót kenyír a bótba*”, phenel

dough which she was kneading. “*What are you going to prepare from that dough, my dear Iboly?*”, asked the gadji and stepped closer. “*I'll make bodag, because there was no more bread in the shop*”, answered the woman. “*Your granddaughter and the other children love it too. They will soon be coming in saying that they are hungry. They have been singing since early morning, and they even took my broom to be the guitar.*” – “*I have seen them,*” laughed the gadji. “*The boys are the musicians and the girls are the singers. But I was so surprised to see how well that bad child behaves here at your house!*” – “*Which one do you mean, Bözsi?*”, asked the woman and kept kneading the dough. “*Only good kids are allowed to come here. If someone does something bad, I immediately send him home to his mother!*” – “*The son of Kubo. You know, the one whose mother died.*” – “*Him you mean? Well, he is a very good boy,*” said the woman, “*but it is not easy for the poor boy now. He often helps me, he helped the boys cut the tree today*” – “*Really?*”, said the gadji. “*Well, I understand that it is hard for him, but...*”

She could not finish her thought, because about ten children came in shouting: “*Grandma Iboly!*” – “*What do you want again?*”, shouted back the woman loudly, which scared the gadji so much that she jumped up. The woman looked at her and said: “*I hope I didn't scare you, Bözsi!*” – “*Of course you did,*” laughed the gadji, “*I didn't even know you have such a loud voice!*” – “*You need it with these children*”, laughed the woman and put the bread into the oven.

Atika, who was the oldest of her grandchildren, ran in and asked her: “*Grandma, what can we eat?*” – “*Soon the bread will be ready*”, answered the woman, “*and there is also bacon. But for now, go with the other children and pick tomatoes from the garden.*” – “*Oh, woman,*” said the boy angrily, “*I am hungry now and not soon!*” – “*Then come and eat this greasy cunt of mine!*”, shouted the woman. “*I told you in the morning to hurry or there will be no bread left. Why didn't you listen to me, may you eat your mother's cunt!*” The boy ran out and the woman called after him laughing: “*Come on, let's go, pick the tomatoes from the garden! In the meantime the bread will be ready and then you can come to eat!*”

When she went back to the kitchen, the gadji asked her: “*So, what did he want?*” – “*To eat, he is hungry. I told him that the bodag will soon be ready and until then they should go to the garden to pick tomatoes, and then they can eat some bacon with it*”, said the woman and went to the larder for the bacon. But the gadji took her by her shoulder: “*Wait!*”, she stoppeed her. “*I have some eggs at home, I'm going to bring them and then you can prepare them for the kids. Let them eat well; my husband and I can't eat that much anyway, and the little girl will eat better in company. I'll go now and bring it!*”

She left the woman and almost ran home. The woman wanted to tell her that she also had eggs, but they would first have to collect them from under the chicken. When she turned back, the gadji was already so far that she did not want to shout after her. Finally, she went to the larder, took down a large side of bacon from the

i romni. „Szeretyi eszteret a te onokád is, meg a többi gyerek is. Maj nemsoká má gyönnek, hogy éhesek. Korán reggel óta énekölnek, oszt mé a seprűmöt is elvitték, hogy a lesz a gitár.” – „Láttam őköt”, aszal i gádzsi. „A fiúk a zenészek, a jányok meg a énekesek. De asztat lestem, hogy mé az a rossz gyerek is nállatok millyen jó viselkegyik!” – „Há mellyikrő beszész, Bözsí?”, phucsel i romni, aszar husnelahi i kolácsa. „Ide csak jó gyerek gyöhét. Aki rossz, asztat én kűdöm haza az annyáho!” – „A Kubonak a fia. Tudod, az, amének meghalt az annya.” – „A? Hát a nagyon jó gyerek,” phenel i romni, „csak mostan nehez szegínnek. Énnekem sokszor segít, máma is vágta a fát a fiúval.” – „Ne beszéj!”, phenel i gádzsi. „Há asztat el is hiszem, hogy nehez neki, de...”

De na dzsangya te phenen, aszo kamlahi, mer vagy des csháve vicsinkernahi ola romnyake: „Iboly mama!” – „Mi van má?”, vicsinel pále i romni pe bare hangoha, aszosztar i gádzsi avka daranya, hogy po széko péja. Dikhel pe late i romni taj phucsja latar: „Tán csak nem ijetté meg, Bözsí?” – „Dehonnem,” aszal i gádzsi, „há nem is tuttam, hogy illyen nagy hangod van!” – „Ezkhö köll is”, aszal te i romni taj thogya ándi rúra te petyon i kolácsa.

Nástya ánde maskar lakere onoki o legphureder cshávo, o Atika taj phucsel latar: „Baba, szo saj hi te han?” – „Nasoká petyola i kolácsa”, phenel leszke i romni, „taj szi te balevasz. De akani dzsa taj keden téle o paradicski ándar i bár ole buterenca.” – „Ó, romnije,” phenel rustone o cshávo, „há me akani sztyom bokhalo, na nasoká ová!” – „Akkor av taj ha adija balevaszásni mindzs mange a!”, vicsinel i romni. „Phengyom tuke ratyaha, hogy szigyan, mer n’ acsla máro. Szo na sungyal pe mande, hasz tre dakeri mindzs?!” Ári nástya o cshávo, i romni pale aszandú vicsingya pale leszte: „De, dzsan, keden téle o paradicski ándi bár! Aggyigra te i kolácsa petyola taj saj aven te han!”

Kana pále irjangyija ándi konyha, phucsel latar i gádzsi: „Há mit akart a gyerek?” – „Enyi, mer éhes. Montam oszt, hogy nemsokára megsül a bodag oszt aggyig eriggyenek a kertbe, szeggyék le a paragyicskát, oszt maj avval esznek szalonnát hozzája”, phenel lake i romni, aszar dzsalahi ándi komra vaso balevasz. De i gádzsi asztargya lakero válo: „No várjá má!”, phenel lake taj irjangya la mere peszte. „Van nekem othol tojás, maj hozok, oszt messütöd nekiek. Hagy egyenek, mink a embervel úccse birunk annyit enyi, meg maj így a kisjány is jobban eszik. No, menek is, oszt hozom!”

Mukja ola romnya taj majna naslahi, avka szigyanlahi khére. Kamlahi lake te phenen i romni, hogy te la szi tojása, csak ketháne len kampel te keden telal o konyha, de mire irjangyija li, má báre dür sztya latar i gádzsi taj avka na kamja te vicsinen pale late. Akani má géja ándi

hook, brought it into the kitchen and cut it into pieces. On her way back to the house, she saw many children in the garden, around twenty of them. "Oh, Virgin Mary! How many children are here!", she thought to herself and passing by the house of her son who lived opposite her kitchen, she stopped and knocked.

Her daughter-in-law opened the door and invited her in: "Mother, come and have a coffee with me, it is just done!" – "Thank you, my dear," said the woman to her, "but I cannot now, I must hurry, or the bread will get burnt. I just wanted to ask you, do you still have some chocolate powder? I'll make some chocolate milk for the kids. Bözsi is also bringing some eggs because of the little girl. You know, her granddaughter, Juditka is also here." – "Of course, I have", answered her daughter-in-law and took out the big bag in which she kept it. "But, mother, there are too many of them! We need some more milk, because it won't be enough what we have at home. I'll send Zsoltika to bring some from the shop!" – "Don't, the shop is expensive", the woman scorned her. "Better send him to Khulalo Joska, he gives a whole bucket of milk for the same price as a small bag<sup>66</sup> in the shop! Believe me, Anita, you won't regret it."

The woman didn't even wait for an answer from her daughter-in-law, she went back to her kitchen and gave the bread in the oven a turn. Then she cut up the bacon, but she also looked out, because Zsoltika had shouted out to her: "I'll hurry, grandma! I'll be back with the milk in no time!" – "Alright, my dear!", shouted back the woman. While looking for the large bowl in which to wash the tomatoes, she was thinking about Khulalo Joska, how much he had changed since his wife left him. He stopped drinking, he visited his children more often and looked better after the cows. He got his name, Khulalo,<sup>67</sup> after cow shit, because his boots were always covered in it. When the woman found the bowl, she took it to the well. In that moment she saw the many children coming towards her and Atika was already shouting from afar: "Hurry up, grandma, and bring the bowl, we are about to die from the weight of these tomatoes! Come on, hurry up!"

The woman took the bowl and started to laugh after seeing the painful face expressions of the children, then she asked Atika: "Why in the name of your mother's cunt are you about to die?" But when she looked at each child and saw that all of them had tomatoes, she burst into a laughter: "You also let the little children carry them? Come, hurry up, we'll wash them!" They came one after another: raklis, raklos and the others too. They handed over the big red tomatoes. The woman let Atika pull some water and when they poured the water into the

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66 In the socialist era the milk was packed exclusively in plastic bags. Although not very popular, bagged milk is still sold today.

67 The adjective *khulalo* translates as "shitty".

komra, téle lija jek baro pasvar balevasz palo kampóvo taj ligija le ándi konyha, hogy uppe le te cshingerel. Aszar dzsalahi pále ándo kher, dikja ándi bár ole bute csháven, ako sztye vagy bis dzséne. "Joj, Márjo! Há kittyi dzséne h' adana?", gondolingya ánde peszte taj aszar dzsalahi pase pe csháveszkero kher, aszo lakera konyhaha szembe acslahi, téle ácshija taj ánde kopogingya.

Lakeri bőri kergya ári o vuder taj akharlahi la ánde: "Av, daje, pi manca jek dzsungali, akani ája téle!" – "Pajikerav, fijam," phenel lake i romni, "de akani na, mer szigyanav, te na thabol i kolácsa. Csak odá kamáhi te phucsen, hogy szi-i mé tut kakavóvo? Maj tává ole cshavórenge. Te i Bözsi anel o tojása misti buka rakli. Dzsanesz, adaj hi te lakeri onoka, odija Juditka." – "Szi há", phenel lakeri bőri taj lel ángle i bari zacska, aszoszte ikrelahi le. "De, daje, adana but dzséne hi! Kamplahi mé thud, mer zalog ovla aszo khére hi amen. Maj bicshavá le Zsoltika, hagy anel ándar i bóta!" – "Ma ándar i bóta anav, odoj kucs hi", intinel la téle i romni. "Inkánb ko Khulalo Jóska hagy dzsal, odá rocskaha del attyenge, szar ándi bóta biknen jekha zsacskaha! Patya le, Anita, feder phireha odoleha!"

Ni na uzsargya i romni, hogy te phenel lake valaszo lakeri bőri, géja pále ánde pi konyha taj irjangya ándi rúra i kolácsa. Pálal cshingerlahi uppe o balevasz, de közbe te ári dikja, mer o Zsoltika vicsingya lake: "Szigyaná, baba! Nasoká avá ole thudeha!" – "Lácshe hi, fijam!", vicsinél leszke pále i romni taj aszar o baro csáro rodlahi, aszoszte o paradicski sziklia téle te thovkeren, o Khulalo Jóska phirlahi ánde lakeri gódi, hogy szavo áver manus úja pal' odá, hogy mukja le leszkeri romni. Te o pibe téle thogya, buter phirlahi te ke pe csháve taj te ole gurumnyenca feder bajnelahi. T' avka misto gurumnyalo khul le akharnahi Khulaleszke, mer leszkere tyirhaja mindí khulale sztye. Kana arakja o csáro i romni, ári le ligija pasi hanyig. Ípen akkor dikja, hogy aven o but csháve taj o Atika má dúrarrú vicsinkerlahi: "Szigyan, baba, an o csáro, má mingyá cshinagyuvaha! Av má, szigyan!"

Dzsal i romni, te o csáro ligija taj aszanya pet, kana dikja, hogy szave dukhade muja kerent o csháve taj phucsel le Atika: "Há szoha tumare dakere mindzsaha cshinagyon?" De kana vígig dikja po cele csháve taj dikja, hogy ko cele szi paradicski, ári phagyija ándar late o baro aszabe: "More, há tu te ole hurdenca anagyal? De, szig, aven taj maj téle len thovkeraha!" Avka dzsannahi pale jekfáreszte te rakja, te rakle taj te o butera. Detkernahi oggya o bare lole paradicski. I romni cidagya pányi ole Atikaha taj kana ánde cshorgye o pányi ándo baro csáro, o cele cshaja dikje ketháne taj kija kezdingye: "Almát eszem, ropog a fogam alatt..." Aszal i romni taj phucsel lendar: "Minő alma? Ez paragyicska!" –

large bowl, the girls looked at each other and started to sing: “*Almát eszem, ropog a fogam alatt...*”<sup>68</sup>

The woman smiled and asked them: “*An apple? This is a tomato!*” – “*Both are round and red!*”, said Juditka dancing. “*You are right*”, the woman smiled at her and walked towards the gadji who brought around forty eggs in a huge glass bowl. They brought them into the house, the bread was just ready-baked, and Zsoltika brought the fresh lukewarm milk in two buckets. The woman did not know what to do first: fry the eggs or warm the milk for the chocolate milk. The gadji told her: “*Iboly, I’m going to help you. You fry the eggs and I’ll prepare the chocolate milk, what do you say?*” – “*Good idea,*” said the woman happily, “*just do it, my dear Bözsi!*” Then she showed her where the cauldron is.

The gadji gathered all the children around her. They rinsed the cauldron, made a big fire, and prepared the chocolate milk. Meanwhile in the house the woman fried the eggs and a little bit of bacon for the small children. The girls cut some half of the picked tomatoes and when the food was divided between them, everybody sat on the bench and ate.

## Do you have rags to sell?

Tündi watched from the house as it rained outside and waited for Joska. Meanwhile her sister annoyed her by saying that the boy would not come anyway, but that instead he would send Feri, because Joska does not have time for stupidities. “So, you mean I am stupid, right, may you vomit your heart out!!”, shouted Tündi and ran towards the bed where her sister was lying. The other one jumped down from the bed and shouted: “You’ll see, Feri will come, and not Joska!”

When the girl went out into the yard, she crashed into a man and fell, because she stumbled over her own feet. When she looked up to see who it was, she saw Feri, who wanted to help her up and asked her: “My dear Moni, again?!” But the girl could not answer, because Joska was also talking to her: “My dear Moni, is your sister at home? Never mind what this crazy guy is telling you, I know that you don’t have knock knees!” – “Oh, may you rot away,” said Feri surprised, “I didn’t say that! Don’t believe him, Moni! Did you hit yourself?” – “Do you see?”, laughed Joska. “He even thinks that you are an “idiot”!<sup>69</sup> Better go and call your sister out!” – “God, may he punish you!”, Feri told him and hit him. “Why did you

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68 In English: “I am eating an apple, it crunches between my teeth.”

69 A wordplay with the adjective *csalado* “idiot” which is derived from the verb *csalavel* “to hit”. When Feri asks “Did you *hit* yourself?”, Joska intentionally misinterprets the word “hit” and connects it with the adjective *csalado* “idiot”.

*“Ez is, meg az is kerek, és még piros is!”*, phenel i Juditka, aszar khelavlahi pet. *“Há az igaz”*, aszanya pe late i romni taj géja ángli gádzsi, ako bare caklune csáreszte anlahi vagy stárvaldes tojása. Ligije len ánde, ípen petyija te i kolácsa, te o Zsoltika angya dúje rocskenca o frisno langyosno thud. I romni na dzsanlahi, hogy o tojása te pekel angleder, vagy o thud te thovel uppe te tatyón ko kakavóvo. Phenel lake i gádzsi: *“Iboly, segítenék neked. Te süssed a tojásokot, én meg meccsinálom a kakajót, jó lesz-e?”* – *“Nagyon jó lesz,”* phenel losaha i romni, *“csak csinájjad, Bözsikém!”* taj szikagya lake ká hi o katlano.

I gádzsi kerí peszte akhargya ole cele csháven. Ári iblítingye o katlano, kergye bari jag, avka tágyné o kakavóvo. Tel’ adá i romni oggyánde pekja te o tojása, te jek zalog balevasz ole hurdenge. Pálal ári phiragya i tati kolácsa taj te o balevasz. Aggyigra te o cshaja uppe cshingergye valaszoha buter szar o epas ole paradicskenge taj kana szít len osztingye, bestya pi patka szako pase jekfáreszte taj avka hanahi.

## Szi tut patava te biknen?

I Tündi ándar o kher diklahi, aszar oggyári delahi o brisind taj uzsarlahi ole Jóska. Közbe lakeri phen odoleha hojarlahi la, hogy ni na avla o cshávo, hanem ole Feri bicshavla, mer ó na reszel uppe po dilinipe. *“Akkor me dilini sztyom, igaje, te cshandesz rakási!!!”*, vicsingya i Tündi taj naslahi mero vodro, aká lakeri phen pastyolahi. Ó kana dikja, hogy násel ke late i Tündi, ugringya téle palo vodro taj vicsinkerlahi: *“T”* avka o Feri avla, na o Jóskaaa!

Aszar ári resztya i cshaj ándar o kher pi udvara, jekhe murseszke csalagyija taj te téle péja, aszar ketháne akadingye lakere pre. Kana uppe dikja, hogy ko h’ odá, ole Feri dikja, ako te vazden la kamlahi taj te phucsja latar: *“Mónikám, má papale?”* De i cshaj na dzsangya nista te phenen, mer te o Jóska vakergya ke late: *“Mónikám, khére hi tri phen? Ma bajnin, szo phenel adá csalado, ni na sztyal csámpásni!”* – *“O, te rohadinesz,”* ámulinel o Feri, *“ni na phengyom nista! Ma patya leszke, Móni! Na csalagyal tut?”* – *“Dikhesz?”,* aszal o Jóska. *“Mé te csalagyake tut ikrel! Dzsa, akhar tre phenya inkánb!”* – *“Devla, már tut odoj o!”,* phenel leszke o Feri taj csalagya pe leszte jek buka. *“Sziszke irjangyal ári mre alava?”* – *“Dzsa má, mé alava hi tut!”,* phenel aszandú o Jóska taj indulingya pali Móni.

Odija má naslahi pále ke pi phen taj vicsinkerlahi lake: *“Man sztya csacsip, Tündi! Szigyan, av taj dik!”* De i Tündi na patyalahi pe phenyake. Avka kerlahi, szar te ni na sungyáhi, aszo vicsingya i buka cshaj. Odija pale, kana pase late resztya, rágatingya lakeri műszi: *“Av má taj dik, hogy adaj hi o Feri,*

twist my words?” – “Come on, so you even have words now!”, laughed Joska and went after Moni.

She had already run back to her sister and shouted: “I was right, Tündi! Hurry up, come and look!” But Tündi did not believe her. She pretended that she had not heard the little girl. Moni started to pull her by the hand: “Let’s go and you can see for yourself that Feri is here, may you eat his thingy-thing!” – “Just wait,” shouted Tündi at her, “if I catch you lying, I’ll shake those ugly braids of yours! Take care, or you’ll get it from me!” She was already chasing the girl, but only to the door of the room, because then she heard Joska talking to her mother.

“How is life, auntie? How are you?” – “Trying to cope with life, my dear”, answered the woman sadly. “My husband Andor is sick, he cannot earn any money. That’s why I sent for you, because I heard that you are doing business with rags, is that so?” – “Yes, auntie, I do,” said Joska to her, “I am buying rags, iron and feathers. Do you have some to sell?” – “I do”, answered the woman and slowly walked towards the room of her daughters. “Just wait, I’ll call my daughter and she’ll show you where the things are. Tündi, come on, where are you?”, she called to her daughter.

“I’m coming”, the girl stepped out of the room and looked at the boys. They were staring at her as if they had never seen her before. It was because the girl had not shown herself very often in the village since she had returned from town, where she studied for four years. The boys had not seen her for those four years. Now they were staring at her, because she had changed a lot and had become a beautiful girl. Her hair was loose, reaching down to her waist and looking as if it would consist of many rings. She looked older than eighteen. Indeed, she will soon turn eighteen, in a couple of days. But the girl did not want to celebrate her birthday because her father was sick. She also wanted to sell her beautiful clothes in order to be able to buy the medicine for him.

She knew that Joska was a good and a kind-hearted boy. That’s why she waited for him, because she wanted to sell what she can to him. She told him: “So good that you came! Let’s go, I’ll show you the things that we want to sell.” Joska kept staring at her. Then the girl grabbed his hand and pulled him after her: “Come on, let’s go!” Then she took Feri’s hand and pulled him too: “What the hell is wrong with you? Let’s hurry up, we need the money!” The boys followed her and were happy to hold her tiny hand, which almost got lost in their huge male palms. At the larder, next to which they kept the clothes in a big chest, the girl let go their hands and lifted the top of the chest.

“Do you see, Joska?”, she said. “All of this is to sell. But wait, I also have clothes that are new, I only wore them once.” – “Only once?”, asked the boy. “Then why do you want to sell them?” – “Because my father is very sick”, the girl lowered her head, “and the medicine is expensive, but it would help him and he would recover.” Feri pushed Joska: “Buy everything from her! This is not the time to be a

hasz leszkero amaszavo!” – “No uzsar,” vicsingya pe late i Tündi, “te hudá tut, me odola dzsungale kacska tuke tresziná! Uzsar, mer mé te ári mandar hudeha!” Taj má te naslahi pali cshaj, de csak zsi ke szobakero vuder, mer sungya ole Jóskaszkero hango, aszar lakera daha vakerel.

“Szar szo hi, de, mere tumende, nene? Szar sztyan?” – “Polóke, fijam”, phenel i romni brígaha. “Naszvalo hi mro csoro Andori, na dzsanel akani te roden. Azí tut akhartatingyom, mer sunav, patavázinesz, csácsó hi?” – “Ója, nene,” phenel lake o Jóska, “te patava, te traszta taj te póra tyinkerav. Szi tut te biknen?” – “Szi”, phenel i romni, aszar polóke dzsalahi mere pe cshajengeri szoba. “Uzsar, maj vakerá la cshake taj szikavla tuke, ká hi o bútya. Tündi, ká sztyal má?”, vicsinel ánde pe cshake.

“Avav má”, lípingya ári i cshaj ándar i szoba taj dikja po csháve. Odona avka diknáhi pe late, szar te mé ni jekfar la na dikjéhi, mer miúta i cshaj pále ája ándar o fóro, aká stár bers szikjolahí, na báre pet szikavkerlahi ándo gav. O csháve telo stár bers ni na dikje la. Akani pale csak lesinnáhi pe late, hogy szavi áver taj sukár cshaj úja ándar late. Lakere bala ári sztye mukle, aszo zsi ke lakero dereko resznáhi taj aszave sztye, szar te but angrusztyendar újéhi ketháne thode. Phurederake dityholahi ári, szar desofto bers, akityi csácse ovla, zalog dive kampe má csak kija. De i cshaj na kamlahi le te ikren, mer naszvalo sztya lakero dad. Te pe sukár gáda csak mist’ odá kamlahi te biknen, hogy ári te dzsanan te len leszke o drabo, aszo uppe hi leszke írime.

Dzsanaláhi, hogy lácsho taj suszce íleszkero cshávo hi o Jóska. Mist’ adá uzsarláhi le, mer leszke kamlahi te biknen, aszo saj. Te phengya leszke: “No, de lácsho hi má, hogy ájan! Aven de, maj szikavá, ká hi odona bútya, aszo te biknen kamasz.” O Jóska csak diklahi pe late. Mist’ adá i cshaj ragadingya leszkero va taj cidlahi le peha: “De, av má!” Pálal asztargya te le Feriszkero va taj t’ odole cidlahi: “Szo o khul hi tumenca? Szigyanasz, mer kampel o lóvo!” O csháve dzsanaláhi pale late taj losannahi, hogy saj asztaren lakero buka va, aszo majna nastyoláhi ánde lengeri bari mursiki burnyik. Kana oggya resztye ki komra, pase szoszte jekhe bare mosztoszte ikrenáhi o patava, i cshaj mukja lengere vaszta taj uppe vazdija le mosztoszkero tetejo.

“Dikhesz, Jóska?”, phenel li. “Adana sza biknasz. De, uzsar, mer mé szi adaj te aszave gáda, aszo néve hi, csak jekfar sztye pe mande.” – “Csak jekfar?”, phucsel o cshávo. “Taj szoszke len biknesz?” – “Mer báre naszvalo hi mro dad”, bangyarel téle po séro i cshaj, “taj kucs hi o drabo, aszosztar feder ovla lo taj te szasztyola.” Druginel o Feri ole Jóska: “Tyin latar sza! Akani ma ov béng taj phucs te o traszta! De, vaker, ma csak ács, szar jek csalado!”, súginel leszke.

De o Jóska csak diklahi ola csha taj te símitinen kamlahi lakere bala, de i cshaj irjangyija mere leszte, ó pale hudija pále po va. Kana adá dikja i cshaj, aszanya pet taj avka lesztar phucsláhi: “Csak na ánde mre bala kameszahi te huden?” – “Ká keráhi me aszavo?”, phucsel o cshávo taj pale po dumo thogya pe vaszta. “Há aszaveszke

businessman and ask her for the iron too! Come on, talk to her, don't just stand like an idiot!", he whispered to him.

Joska just kept staring at the girl and wanted to stroke her hair, but the girl turned to him and made him pull back his hand at the last moment. Seeing this, the girl started to laugh and asked him: "You wanted to grab my hair, didn't you?" – "How could I do such a thing?", asked the boy and put his hand behind his back. "Do you think I am such a person? Me, the little angel?" – "I don't know what kind of a man you became in four years", Tündi answered him. "When I moved to town, I was still a little girl, but you were a badass even then." – "You are right," laughed Feri, "he is still a badass!"

"And you are a male whore!", shouted Joska at him. "And, am I hurting anyone?", Feri rocked himself. "I hope not you, Joska?", asked the boy and hugged Joska's waist and started dancing with him. Tündi also laughed, but Joska pushed Feri away and said to him: "Don't do this to me, or in the end I'll become a male whore too. Better go and look for Gyuri and come back quickly!" – "Alright", said Feri and turned to Tündi: "Tündi, can I take the little girl with me?" – "Of course, if she wants", said the girl. "Wait, I'll call her and we'll ask her!"

She went into the house, but she was looking for the girl in vain, because she had been standing close to them in that beautiful new dress which Tündi was about to sell. She tied a white curtain over her head as a veil and walked very slowly, so that her sister would not see her. But she did see her on her way back and shouted at her: "*Where would the princess like to go? Please stop,* or I'll grab you by the braids!" She chased the little girl. She was running merrily and shouting back to her sister: "Are you jealous because I look so beautiful in your dress! And you have never put it on you!" When the boys heard this, they looked at each other and Joska said to Feri: "Go and bring Gyuri! Run, hurry up and tell him to put together as much money as he can, I'll pay him back, let's go!"

Feri hurried, but when he went out of the yard, he could already see Gyuri turning at the corner of the street with a cart pulled by his two horses. Feri ran towards him and gestured to him to stop. Gyuri stopped and asked: "What's going on, why are you running?" – "Did you bring money?", Feri asked him panting. "Because Joska said that you should bring as much money as you can!" – "I have quite a lot with me," Gyuri tapped his pocket, "but for what?" – "The poor girl wants to sell even the new clothes that she has never put on", Feri sat down next to Gyuri, "because her father is very sick. And Joska wants to buy the rags from them. But let's go, you'll see it for yourself!" – "Then let's go!", said Gyuri and spurred on the horses.

When they arrived, Tündi was about to make coffee. She invited them into the house, but because the ground had dried up quickly after the rain and the sun was shining and warming them, the boys decided to sit on the bench, and so they drank the coffee there. When the girl went back into the house, the three boys

man pindzsaresz? Man, ole angyalka?” – “Na dzsav, szavo murs újal telo stár bers”, phenel leszke i Tündi. “Kana géjom ándo fóro, mé buka cshaj sztyomahi, de tu má t’ akkor bék sztyalahi.” – “Csácsse,” aszal o Feri, “mé t’ akani bék hi lo!”

“Tu pale lubno!”, vicsingya pe leszte o Jóska. “No taj kaszke dukhal?”, kulinel pet o Feri. “Csak na tuke, Jóska?”, phucsel le csháve, aszar préko asztargya leszker dereko taj khelavlahi le. Aszalahi te i Tündi, de o Jóska drugingya peszta le Feri taj phenel leszke: “Ma ker manca, mer po vígo te me lubnyuvá. Inkánb dzsza taj dik szít, hogy ká saj hi má o Gyuri, de szigyan pále!” – “Lácshe hi”, phenel o Feri taj ki Tündi irjangyija: “Tündike, saj avel manca i buka cshaj?” – “Hagy dzsal, te kamel”, phenel i cshaj. “Uzsar, maj akhará la taj phucsaha latar!”

Adaleha géja ándo kher vasi cshaj, de hiába la rodlahti, mer i buka cshaj odoj acslahi na dür kathar lende ándo sukár neve gáda, aszo kamlahi peszta te biknen i Tündi. Pe po séro jek párho firhango phangya fátyloszke taj avka lípinkerlahi, báre polóke, hogy lakeri phen te na la dikhel. De odí dikja la, kana pále géja ko csháve taj vicsingya pe late: “*Hova méltóztatik menni, hercegnő???* Álljon meg, mer hudá tre kacskai! Orde av a!” taj naskerlahi pali buka cshaj. Odija pale losaha naslahi ánglal late taj vicsinkerlahi lake pále: “Igaje, irígyesni sztyal pe mande, hogy szavi sukár sztyom ánde tre gáda! Tu pale ni na lijal len uppe nikana!” Kana sungye adá o csháve, ketháne dikje taj phenel o Jóska le Feriszke: “Dzsa vaso Gyuri! Nás, báre szigyan taj phen leszke, hagy thovel ke peszte attyi lóvo, akityi csak dzsanel, maj dá le leszke, de dzsa!”

Te szigyangya o Feri, de aszar ári resztya pali udvara, má pe uccakero vígo te dikja le Gyuri, aszar ípen ánde irjangyija ole verdaha, aszo leszkere dú graszta cidnahi. Násel ke leszte o Feri taj má dürarrú intingya, hogy te ácshel téle. O Gyuri te téle ácshija taj phucsel le csháve: “Szo h’ odá, szoszke násesz?” – “Angyal tuha lóve?”, phucsel le o Feri, kana oggya nástya ko verda taj liheginlahi. “Mer odá phengya o Jóska, hogy an tuha attyi lóvo, akityi csak dzsanesz!” – “Szi akani doszta but ke mande,” markerel pi potyissz o Gyuri, “de szoszke?” – “Mer odija csori cshaj te pe neve gáda te biknen kamel, aszo mé jekfar na sztye pe late”, besel o Feri paso Gyuri, “miste po dad, mer báre naszvalo hi. O Jóska pale te tyinen kamel lendar o patava. De, aven oggya, maj dikheha te tu!” – “No, aven!”, phenel o Gyuri taj indítingga ole graszten.

Kana oggya resztye, i Tündi ípen kávéva kerlahi. Te ánde len akhargya ándo kher, de mer má sukáre uppe sutyija i celi phú palo brisind taj te o kham ári pekja sukáre taj te tatyarlahi len, o csháve inkánb pi patka bestye, avka pijenahi odoj i kávéva. Aszar i cshaj pále géja ándo kher, ketháne vakergyé o trín csháve, hogy te tyinna latar taj te na. Mist’ adá, kana ári piye i kávéva, vakergyé la buka cshake: “Decsa, av orde, Mónikám! Szigyan, garuv tre phenyakere sukár neve gáda taj csak akkor de len pále lake, kana má amen n’ ovaha adaj! De akani av, lidzse ánde o kuuccsa taj vaker tre phenyake!”

agreed that they will and also won't buy from her. After the coffee, they said to the little girl: "Come here, dear Moni! Hurry up and hide your sister's beautiful new clothes and you can give them back to her after we go away! But for now, come here, take the cups into the house and call your sister!"

"Alright", said the girl. She took the cups from them and stacked them on top of each other, then she called her sister: "Come out, you black piglet, the pigs are calling you!" – "Did you just hear what she called us?", asked Gyuri the other two boys laughing. "The small flea with the big mouth!" – "She is just like me!", Feri boasted. "May God protects her from that!", laughed Joska. "She is still a little girl and you are like an old goat, you male whore!" – "No, you are", said Feri angrily. "I know you are jealous of me; may you kiss my lower belly!" – "God, punish him for saying that he has a lower belly!", laughed Joska again and got up from the bench when he saw Tündi coming.

While looking at her, he stroked his hair, straightened his trouser and shirt. He wanted to tell the girl to pack the rags into sacks, but Gyuri was faster. He saw the girl coming towards them. This was the first time he had seen her since she went to town to study. When she arrived, he could barely speak: "Oh, girl, this is really you?", he stood up from the bench. "What happened to that skinny little chick from before?", he eyed her well. "You grew up properly, both up and down!"

"God, punish him for speaking badly about this very beautiful girl!", shouted Joska. "Aren't you ashamed to talk to her like that?" – "Why, what did I say wrong?", asked Gyuri. "I praised only her hair and her legs. I don't know what thoughts you have in your crazy head..." – "Oh, alright then", said Joska slowly. "I thought you meant something else..." – "And what else, Joska?", the girl asked him. She looked at him and stroked her body: "Did you mean my breasts? Or my ass?", she winked at the boy who blushed and felt ashamed, because he really thought that this is what Gyuri had meant.

The two boys laughed when they saw his shame and told him: "Joska, she would be a perfect wife for you! She is a badass just like you!" – "Enough!", shouted the boy at them. "This is not why we are here now, but because of business. So go and throw the rags on the cart while I pay auntie!" The boys collected the rags and brought them out to the cart. Joska went into the house together with Tündi to find her mother.

"Where are you, auntie?", he called the woman, who was in that moment placing a small pillow under her husband's head. When she went out to the boy, he asked her: "Auntie, you haven't even told me how much you want for the rags. Come on, tell me, how much do you want for them?" – "My dear," said the woman, "you know better how much it is worth. Give me as much as they are worth!"

The boy did not think too much. He gave her three times as much money as he would get for it at the disposal where he took the iron and the rags. Then he said goodbye and went home with the two boys who were already waiting for him on the cart.

“Lácshe hi”, phenel i cshaj. Lija lendar o kuccsa taj thogya len ánde jekfáreszte, pálal vicsingya pe phenyake: “Av ári, tu kalo balicsho, akharen tut o bále!” – “Sungyan, szar amen akharel?”, phucsel le cshávendar aszandú o Gyuri. “I buka pusum, bare mujeha!” – “Aszavi hi li, szar me!”, cidel pet ári o Feri. “Odolesztar te mentinel la o Dél!”, aszal o Jóska. “Adija mé csak jek buka cshajóri hi, tu pale szar phuro kappanyi sztyal, lubneja!” – “Odá sztyal tu”, phenel leszke rustone o Feri. “Dzsnav, hogy irígyesno sztyal pe mande, csumidesz mri hasam aijja!” – “Devla, már ole, kana mé hasamajja hi le!”, aszal papale o Jóska taj ácshija uppe pali patka, kana dikja, hogy avel i Tündi.

Aszar diklahi la, vígig símitingya pe bala, igazítinya pe peszte i holov taj te o gad. Kamlahi te phenen ola cshake, hogy akkor te thovel gónende o patava, de o Gyuri ánglajargya le, kana dikja ola csha te dzsán mere lende. Ni ó la na dikja othartú, miúta i cshaj te szikjon géja ándo fóro, csak akani. Kana pe late dikja, aszar i cshaj oggya resztya pase lende, aijig áje o alava pe leszkeromuj: “Joooj, anyukám, csácse tu sztyal?”, ácshel uppe te ó pali patka. “Há kija úja odija buka csíli cíbika, aszo sztyalahi?”, dikhel vígig pe late. “Tu csácse bárgyijal, te upral taj te téral!”

“Devla, már ole, kana dzsungalo phenel pi bari sukár cshaj!”, vicsinel pe leszte o Jóska. “Na ladzsasz tut avka lake te phenen???” – “Sziszke, szo sztya dzsungalo ánd’ odá, aszo phengyom?”, phucsel o Gyuri. “Me csak lakere bala taj lakere csanga asargyom. Na dzsnav, hogy tu tre szapane góggýaha szo vakeress...” – “Jaaa, lácshe hi akkor”, phenel polóke o Jóska. “Me pe ávreszte le halijom, aszo phengyal...” – “Taj pe szoszte, Jóska?”, phucsel le i cshaj, aszar dikja pe leszte taj vígig símitingya po trupo: “Csak na pe mre csuccsa? Vagy pe mri bul?”, kacsintingya po cshávo, ako ári lólíja taj ladzsalahi pet, mer csácse p’ odona halija, aszo phengya ola cshake o Gyuri.

Aszanahi o dú csháve, kana dikje, hogy ladzsanya pet taj phennahi leszke: “Adija ovlahi tuke lacshi romni, Jóska! T’ adija aszavi bénig hi, szar tu sztyal!” – “No!”, vicsinel pe lende o cshávo. “Na azí sztyam akani adaj, hanem misto sefto. Avkahogy dzsán, szig cshidkeren uppe po verda o patava, me pale aggyig dzsá taj ári len potyiná ola neneke!” O csháve te ketháne asztargye o patava taj phiravnahí len ári po verda. Tel’ adá dive pale o Jóska géja ándo kher ola Tündiha ke lakeri daj.

“Ká sztyal, nene?”, vakerel la romnyake, ako pe romeszke thogya telo séro jek bukader pernica. Aszar ári géja li ko cshávo, odá mingyá phucsja latar: “Taj nene, odá ni na phengyal, hogy kityenge biknesz mange o patava. De, phen, kityi mangesz vése?” – “Fijam,” phenel leszke i romni, “tu feder dzsanesz, kityi mol. De vése attyi, akityi mola tuke!”

Na but gondoskodingya o cshávo. Trival attyi lóve dija ánde romnyakero va, aszoszke ó len dela téle po telepo, akija phiravlahi téle te den o traszta taj te o patava. Pálal pajikergya lendar taj géje khére ole dú cshávenca, ako má po verda le uzsarnahi.

