

LUGU: TERJE HENK

INGLISE KEELE TÕLKIJAJA: EKKE M. HENK

Vestmik ja haagid

Haak. Haak. Haak.

Haakides oli jänes kõva käpp.
Rätsepad rõõmustasid, kui jänes mööda lippas.
Mitmed mantlid said ühe hooga haagid ette.
Ka uksetehase mehed pidasid jänesest lugu.
Varavalges tõstsid nad ukсед töökoja seina äärde ritta.
Kui jänes neist mööda silkas, olid ustel haagid ees.

Ennekõike tegi jänes haake selleks, et eksitada rebast.
Nii päästis jänes oma nahka.

Suur jutumees jänes polnud.
Tema sõna polnud nii vali nagu lõvil.
Alati leidis keegi, kes temast üle rääkis.

Sõnade asemel keskendus jänes tegudele.
Teda kiirustas tagant hirm.
Ta kartis ilvest, rebast ja jahimeest.

Jänesel oli hea soe olla ka siis, kui ta ei lipanud ringi.
Jänesenahk oli soe, sest oli tihe
ja tihe oli ta välja ütlemata mõtetest.
Kõik need mõtted, mis ta rännakutel olid tekkinud
ja polnud karvadest kaugemale jõudnud, pugesid naha vahele.

Kord kuulis jänes kahe mööduva inimese juttu pealt.
“Ega sul külm ei ole?”
“Ei ole. Mul on ju jänesenahast vest seljas.”

Vest and Hooks

Hook. Hook. Hook.

A rabbit was very good at making hooks.
All of the tailors were bursting with glee when the rabbit dashed past.
Many coats got hooks at once.
The men at the door factory also respected the rabbit.
At dawn they would put the doors outside up against a wall.
When the rabbit bolted past, all of the doors got hooks on them.

The rabbit primarily did hooks to confuse the fox.
He used the hooks to save his own skin.

The rabbit was not much of a talker.
His word was not as loud as a lion's.
There was always somebody who would talk over him.

Instead of talking the rabbit focused on actions.
He was hurried along by his fear.
The rabbit was afraid of a lynx, a fox and a hunter.

Even when the rabbit was not running around he still kept himself warm.
His fur was warm because it was thick,
thick with unspoken ideas.
All the thoughts he had had on his journeys
that had not gotten further than his fur – crawled underneath his skin.

Once the rabbit heard a discussion between two people passing by.
“Are you sure you're not cold?”
“No, I have a rabbit fur vest on.”

Jänesel jooksid judinad üle selja.
See polnud aga teps mitte inimeste jutt, mis ta värisema pani.
Kikk-kõrv mõistis, et õhus on jäneste juttu!

Vestiks tehtud jäneseid jagasid oma mõtteid.
Jänesejuttude levitaja ehk vestis inimene
oli kui metsas ringi jalutav audioraamat.

Jänes kuulas kohe mitu head lugu jänestelt, keda enam
elavate kirjas polnud. Ta kuulas hoolega ja mõtles kaasa.
Samal ajal helilaineid oma naha vahele salvestades.
Jänes juurdles, kas teha endastki vest.
Kuidas oleks vestina mööda ilma ringi liikuda
ja teistele jänestele jutte vesta?
Sedasi vaevas ta oma pead ja veetis mõtiskledes terve öö.

Hommikul kuulis ta linnu sidinat kõrvus.
“Mis sa jänes haudud siin? Oled ka mune munema hakanud või?”
“Jah, mõtteid haudun,” vastas jänes tasa.
“Ühest mõttest koorub teine.”

Jänes mõistis, et mõtteid saab jagada nii mütsi,
kinnaste kui vesti kujul. Jänes kaalus oma võimalusi.
Ta tundis, et aeg on otsustamiseks küps.
Jahimehe püssi ette hüppamist pidas jänes kõige kehvemaks
mõtteks üldse. Oma nahast ta vabatahtlikult raamatut
ehk vesti, mütsi või kindaid teha ei lase.

Jänes valis elu ja haagid.
Jänese kasukas oli peale nii sügavat mõttekäiku eriti mõttetihed.
Nüüd poetas ta lisaks haakidele ka mõne mõtte maha.
Kes märgata mõistis, tundis leiu üle rõõmu.

The rabbit's skin crawled.
But it was not the conversation between the humans that caused it.
Jackrabbit could sense that there was rabbit talk in the air.

The rabbits that had been made into the vest were telling stories.
The person wearing the rabbit fur vest
was like a walking audiobook in the woods.

The rabbit listened to many stories from the rabbits who were
no longer alive. He listened carefully.
At the same time he recorded the sound waves between his skin.
The rabbit thought about letting himself be turned into a fur vest,
so that he could travel around the world
and tell stories to other rabbits.
He spent the whole night wondering about that topic.

At dawn he suddenly heard a bird chirping in his ear.
“What are you, rabbit hatching here? Have you begun to lay eggs?”
The rabbit replied softly: “I am thinking.
From one idea a new one is born.”

The rabbit understood that he can spread his ideas via a hat,
a pair of gloves or a vest. The rabbit weighed the options.
The rabbit felt that it was time to decide.
Jumping in front of the gun of a hunter was in his opinion the worst possible idea.
He would not willingly let his fur become an audiobook in any form,
be it vest, gloves or hat.

The rabbit chose life and hooks.
After all of this thinking his fur was heavy with thoughts
so he dropped some on the ground.
Whoever noticed it got filled with joy.