

KANADSKA ANGLEŠČINA

(bere dr. Jason Blake)

Ernest Thompson Seton, “BINGO, The Story of My Dog” (from *Wild Animals I Have Known*)

IT WAS EARLY in November, 1882, and the Manitoba winter had just set in. I was tilting back in my chair for a few lazy moments after breakfast, idly alternating my gaze from the one window-pane of our shanty, through which was framed a bit of the prairie and the end of our cowshed, to the old rhyme of the ‘Frankelyn’s dogge’ pinned on the logs near by. But the dreamy mixture of rhyme and view was quickly dispelled by the sight of a large gray animal dashing across the prairie into the cowshed, with a smaller black and white animal in hot pursuit.

“A wolf,” I exclaimed, and seizing a rifle dashed out to help the dog. But before I could get there they had left the stable, and after a short run over the snow the wolf again turned at bay, and the dog, our neighbor’s collie, circled about watching his chance to snap.

I fired a couple of long shots, which had the effect only of setting them off again over the prairie. After another run this matchless dog closed and seized the wolf by the haunch, but again retreated to avoid the fierce return chop.

[...]

I was filled with admiration for the dog’s prowess and at once sought to buy him at any price. The scornful reply of his owner was, “Why don’t you try to buy one of the children?”

Since Frank was not in the market I was obliged to content myself with the next best thing, one of his alleged progeny. That is, a son of his wife. This probable offspring of an illustrious sire was a roly-poly ball of black fur that looked more like a long-tailed bear cub than a puppy.

[...]

The rest of that winter Bingo spent in our shanty, living the life of a blubbery, fat, well-meaning, ill-doing puppy; gorging himself with food and growing bigger and clumsier each day. Even sad experience failed to teach him that he must keep his nose out of the rat trap. His most friendly overtures to the cat were wholly misunderstood and resulted only in an armed neutrality that varied by occasional reigns of terror, continued to the end [...].

Ernest Thompson Seton, *Bingo, moj pes* (iz *Črni kljusač in druge zgodbe*)

Bilo je prve dni meseca novembra in pravkar je nastopila huda zima, kakršno poznamo pri nas v Manitobi. Sedel sem po zajtrku udobno v naslanjaču in za kratek čas gledal skozi okence, ki mi je kot v okviru kazalo del prerije in vogal našega hleva. Potem sem se zaveroval v vrstice starodavne pesmi »o francoskem psu Bingu«, ki so bile nalepljene na bruni v steni kraj mene. Tako sem sanjavo užival pesem in razgled, ko sem zdajci zapazil veliko sivo žival, ki je tekla s prerije in drvela naravnost proti našemu kravjemu hlevu, za njo pa majhno črnobelo stvar v divjem diru.

»Volk!« zakličem, pograbil puško in odhitim iz hiše, da bi psu pomagali. Toda še preden sem mogel dospeti do hleva, sta bili obe živali že daleč stran. Volk je nekaj časa bežal po snegu in se nato obrnil proti preriji, a preganjalec, ovčarski pes našega soseda, je krožil okoli njega in prežal na ugodno priliko, da bi se vrgel nanj.

Ustrelil sem nekajkrat iz precejšnje daljave in opazil, da sta jo nato še hitreje ubrala po preriji. Kmalu je pes volka dohitel in ga pograbil za bedro; a takoj je spet odskočil in se umaknil besnemu naskoku razjarjene zveri. [...]

Občudoval sem junaškega psa in poskusil sem ga kupiti, naj stane, kolikor hoče. A ko sem lastniku izrazil svojo željo, se je samo porogljivo zasmejal in rekel: »Zakaj pa si ne kupite enega njegovih potomcev?«

Ko sem torej videl, da Frank, tako je bilo psu ime, ni na prodaj, sem se pač moral zadovoljiti z njegovim potomcem, to se pravi, z njegovim sinom. Ta nedvomni potomec plemenite družine je bil majhna okrogla kepa, pokrita z mehko, črno dlako in je bil bolj podoben dolgorepemu medvedku kot pa mlademu psu [...].

Preostali del zime je preživel Bingo v naši kolnici. Mislil je vedno le, kako bi se igral, in je bil debelušast in dobrovoljen psiček, ki se je kaj rad preveč nažrl in je pri tem postajal iz dneva v dan večji in večji. Strašno je bil radoveden in celo prav žalostna skušnja ga ni mogla prepričati, da ne sme vtikati nosu v vsako reč, na primer v past za podgane. Kot družabna žival je poskusil skleniti bližje prijateljstvo z mačko; a ta ga je čisto napak razumela in šele po mnogih praskah sta sklenila premirje, ki sta ga pa seveda vsak hip kršila. [...]

Prevedel Pavel Holeček.