

Autori / Author
Sami Mustafa

Paramisija Katro Papus

Stories from my grandfather



Kolektivno kolekcija e Romane paramisje vakerde kotar o Roma katro Kosovo.
Collective Collection of Roma folktale stories told by Roma people in Kosovo.

Romanes / English

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Ilustracijas / *Illustrations*: Enisa Mustafa, Samira Emini, Dashnim Berisha,
Selma Emini, Johanna Kirstein, Amina Berisha and Sabina Mustafa.

Prevodioca / *Translators*:

Englesko / *English*: Elvis Avdi
Horananes thaj Englesko revizija / *Albanian & English Review*: Edon Sheremeti
Gadjikanes / *Serbian*: Teuta Kurshumlija
Romanes: Sami Mustafa

Pustik dezajn / *Book design*: Adrian Sheremeti

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Sami Mustafa

Rodle o paramisije o / *Folktales researchers by*:
Elvis Avdi, Liplan/Lipljan region
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Kana o rat avela, o cikore korakja e cikore chavenge pekna ki phuv sig po sig kola kidna pes
outrujal. Pash po dad kova lela ki jangaj lengi mashta te oven tiha, te oven zorale, te hranizel
pes i dusha, te hranizel pes o sune. Racasa, pherde avantures.

*When the lights go off, tiny steps burst the floor by the children, who quickly gather around next to
their dad, who lets his stories embrace their imagination with calm and intensity to feed the soul,
to feed the dreams. A night full of adventures*

Kaj me dadesko thaj dajako alav / *In memory of my parents*

Shefki Mustafa, Plemetina 1954 -2010
Sabrija Avdiu-Mustafa, Ferezaj/Uroševac 1957-2021

Dedikovano lenge unukjenge thaj me phralenge/phenjenge phralenge/phenjenge.
Dedicated to their grandchildren and my nephews, nieces and my daughters.

**Denis Mustafa, Dona Mustafa, Enisa Mustafa, Ksenija Mustafa, Sabina Mustafa,
Sabrija Jr. Mustafa (Pija), Edison Mustafa, Maja Mustafa, Aleks Mustafa, Malda Emini,
Selma Emini, Samira Emini, Adem Emini, Amela Emini, Adelina-Ana Mustafa,
Alen Mustafa, Shefki Jr. Mustafa Manon Mustafa, Alice Mustafa, Drita Mustafa
and Ajlin Mustafa Mila Mustafa-Kirstein, Ajsša, Ejsa, Rihan Gidjic**

E / *For*

Manon & Alice Mustafa

ANGLOLAFI

Sar cikoro chave, jek katro najloshame vakcja kaj davaman gozi, si achal mo dad kaj vakerla amenge paramisija. Obichno vakerlas amenge kana sine jevend ko bare thaj shudre raca thaj kana i struja acholas sebebi o ristrikcijas sar poshmisane o Jugoslovenska maribe. Sine najlaches memorijes ko najbilocho vakci.

Me dadeski obveznica pe chavenca (amen ehta), sine fondacija e sigunostjenge thaj inspiracija savore amenge (e phralenge thaj e phenjake). Te kames, te dikhes, te hranizes, te lachares thaj katro sa, mange, te hramizav thaj te kerav paramisije. Sine man 19 (ko 2003) kana kercom moro prvo dokumentarno filmi kaj nichino ki publika, pal kada adji avera 50 cikore thaj bare dokumentarca sine kere. Sa o filmja sine utichime thaj rezultatja acal o posledice katro maribe e Kosovake palo 1999 bersh – butenge, kakala paramisije (filmja) nikad na shundle. Mangavas te menjizel pes, o mashar amaro respekto, o solidarnost thaj te anav e “rasake” razlikovanost ko manushenge razlikovanost preko filmja thaj najvishe ko Kosovo sebebi kaj o maribe odvojzas amen.

O dad djas vozi ko 2010 thaj po hari se jekh berhs, me gejom tki Francuska e Charlota, jekh chaj koja nanasas romani ama koja ujtani jekh. Palo shov bersh, me ovava dad. Jekhuneste i Manon bijancini a palo duj bersh i Alice bijancini. Khamnjipe ko jekhutno momenti – o vakeribe e khamnjipasko djiko del thaj palem tele. Kidjal, me pazizavas, thovavas, nikherom, kerom habe, tacarom, zavrizom, odmrizom. Dichom o jekhune mrdipe, o jekhune rojbe, o jekhune phiribe, o jekhune lafja – jekhune lafja... Samo otka ljom khan thaj sichjom achal o kulturno transmisija thaj ustvari si mange pasho ilo.

Kakala kolektivna kolekcijes e paramisijes si kulturna transmicija savoren amenge, vakerde katro generacijes ko generacijes kaj vakerna achal o heroja thaj herojkes – kola sjam savoren amen kaj amaro narativi.

O paramisije kola mo dad vakerlas mange kana sjomas cikoro davaman gozi samo hari, thaj nachisas te chav kupate o lafja. Te araken pes kakala paramisije, amen chjam shtar chaven kola ka roden kala paramisije ko Kosovo: Mustafa Ekrem katro Gnjilane, Gjemalj Mustafa katri Plemetina, Elvsi Avdiu katro Lipjan thaj me ko Zoom thaj Facebook chat e romenca ki diaspora te rodent haj te kolentirizen paramisije ko mahale, amala thaj komshida. Ko but o lafja, shunavas me dadesko glaso, thaj kada glaso ka ningalel man kana sjomas cikoro thaj nicholas o asjabe ko mo muj se akana djanava kaj kakja memorija ka ovel celuno zivotoske.

Kotar of 40 paramisije kaj sine arakle, ehta birizam, menjizam, tekstualirizam, adaptizam thaj keram spremna te kerel pes transmicija e terne generacijake. Paramisija katro papus si selestialno vakeribe e paramisjengo katro mo dad savorengenge amenge.

E Manoske thaj Alisake
Sami Mustafa
Plemetina, Lyon, Korbara 2022

FOREWORD

As a small child, some of my happiest memories are the memories of my father telling stories. These events took place during the long and cold nights of winter and after electricity restrictions as a result of the Yugoslavian wars. The happiest moments from unhappy times.

My dad's strong bond with his children (the seven of us) was a foundation of safety and is an inspiration for all of us (brothers and sisters). To love, to respect, to carry, to nourish, to repair, and above all, for me, to write and create stories. I was 19 (in 2003) when I made my first documentary film, my first story that went public, followed by more than 50 short and feature documentaries. All of the films were influenced and resulted from the consequences of the Kosovo War in 1999; for most, these stories (films) were unheard of. I was driven by change, by mutual respect, by solidarity, and to bring "racial" differences to human differences through film, especially in Kosovo after the war separated us.

My dad passed away in 2010, and almost a year later, I moved to live in France with Charlotte, a girl who is not from the Roma community but who became one. Six years later, I myself became a dad. First, Manon was born, and two years later, Alice was born. With each of them, it was true love at first sight – a love story to the sky and back. I am looking into their eyes, and I wish to remember my own baby memories, my own dad and mum looking into my eyes. So, I nourish, carry, wash, clean, hold, cook, warm, freeze, unfreeze, watched the first moves, tears, and steps, and heard the first words—the first words—I had only then realised that I had learned for the first time the power of cultural transmission and that I actually cared.

These collective collections of folktales are cultural transmissions to all of us, passed on from generation to generation, that tell the stories of heroines and heroes—which we all are in our own narratives.

The folktales told to me by my dad as a child have faded, and I remember only a glimpse of these stories, and I cannot make sense of them. To find the folktales, we set a group of researchers in Kosovo; Mustafa Ekrem from Gjilan, Djemalj Mustafa from Plemetina, and Elvis Avdiu from Lipjan, and myself to have endless chats, Zoom, and Facebook calls with Roma communities in the diaspora to search for and collect these folktales from our neighbours, families, and friends. In many lines of words, I would hear my dad's voice, and it would take me back to my childhood memories with a smile on my face, knowing that the memory would last forever.

Out of 40 collected folktales, seven are carefully selected, modified, contextualized, adapted and ready to be transmitted to younger generations. Paramisija katro papus/Stories from my grandfather is my father's celestial storytelling to all of us.

*For Manon and Alice
Sami Mustafa
Plemetina, Lyon, Corbara 2022*



6 May 1987. Driton (phral/brother 2), Sabrije (daj/mum), Faton (phral/brother 7), Agron (phral/brother 3), Miljaim – Miki (phral/brother 1), Mirveta – Mira (phen/sister 4), Shimi (phral/brother 5) and Shefki (dad/dad).

Pozirizna anglal o bakro herdelezisko / *Posing in front of the sheep for herdelezi.*



Sami Mustafa - 6 Maj / May 1987

FATIMA / FATIMA

Vakerde i paramisija/*Story told by:* Nevrija Avdi, Liplan/*Lipljan* (KS) 1962 (KS)

Illustracije/*Illustration:* Sabina Mustafa, Siegen (GER/KS) 2004

Nevrija Avdi, 60 bersh, Liplan

Nilajee amen o djuvja ka djas ko livaza e kravenca, o mursha ka djan te prasizes ko andja i kidjal o nilaj sine amenge but zauzeto. A ko jevend amen ka beshas thaj mi daj ja mo mamos ka lafazel amenge paramisijes te na pasjas but rano ko shtar ja ko panch aksamesko. Kakja prala si slichno sar i peppeljuga. On avcis djingadna la pepeljuga ali amare phure djingadnasla Fatima.

Nevrija Avdiu, 60-Year-old, Lipjan

During the summer time, us, the girls would go to meadows with the cows, whereas the boys would go and work on the farm. The summer for us was really busy this way. But in the winter time my mother or my grandmother would tell us fairytales so we would not sleep too early, at four or five in the evening. This fairytale is similar to Cinderella. Today they call it Cinderella, but in the past our grandparents told it to us as Fatima.



FATIMA

Sine kana sine jek bahtaji familija – o dad, i daj thaj jek cikori chaj i Fatima. Sar savoren ko gav i len thaj sine stoka i lendar zivinznas. O chavore ka djan ka muken e stoka ki livazi te charjol i khelnas peske odoringa. Jek zis sabalje, uchela i Fatima katri idra, urjela pe teshja, pila thud kaj sine ko astali thaj sigate djala avri ki shtala te mukel e stoka avri.

Ki livazi khelna peske o chave tuj hranden jek rupa i vakerna „ko nachi te ukcel kakja rupa i daj i daj leski ja laki ka merel i ov ja oj ka pazizel e kraven a avera ka khelen peske. Savoren uckela, hem i Fatima ukcini thaj pej ki rupa. Savoren asana a laki amaj dola la katro vas te nikale la. Thaj djana pasho o kraves te pazizen la dok avera chave thaj chaja khelna peske. Avcis si kikjal. Palo neko vreme barjola i Fatima... beshla pe dajasa pasho lako than nasvaji uchela thaj ningala e Fatima pashi laki krava kaj but volizlas thaj kaj delas najvishe thud. „Jek zis kana ka merav, kakja krava ka pazizel tut kaj mo than“. I Fatima dikla pe daja rovla na lela khan so vakerla. „Nachi meres panda, ma savi krava, muk la rahaci?“.

I Fatima rovla tali khah pe dadeski ko imorja. Ispratizla pe daja. Thaj beshla kaj pi soba. Palo but vreme, o dad lako prandosano palem averasa kaj sine la adji duj avera chaja. Kakja macheha, na volizlas e Fatima hich i delas la sa o phare buca te kere dok lake chaja na kernas nista. Jek zis o dad lako djala ko baro drom, i Fatima tuzno na mangla o dad lako te djal. „Ma mukma korkori khere, ma dja“. „Na sjan korkori thaj ka avav sig po sig, po sigo ka djav po sigo ka irizav man“.

Sar gelo katro kher cjas pes ko vorda e grastenca, i macheha nikalas e Fatima katro kher thaj chjas la te beshel e kravenca ki shtala i dela la samo o kores katro maro te hal. Djala i Fatima te ningalel e kraven ki livazi i ki livazi rovla. Jek najpurani krava avla pashlate thaj vakerla lake te na rovel i ako nachi te hal o zoralo maro ka hal les oj ipash, a aver ipash neka kovjarel thudesa. Kale phudesa i Fatima popravisani, barjola thaj svako zis sa polachi ovla.

FATIMA

Once upon a time, there was one happy family—the father, mother, and a young daughter of theirs, called Fatima. Most of the people in town had cows; they did too, and that is how they made their living. Most of the time, the kids would take the cows and leave them to feed in the meadows, and the kids would gather there and play together. In the morning, Fatima would get up, go to the living room, and have some milk for breakfast. After she drank the milk, she would go to the barn where the cows were and take them to the meadow where all the other kids were.

The kids were playing in the meadow when they started digging a hole and made a game out of it: whoever couldn't jump across the hole had to look after the cows, while the others stayed and played. All the kids started jumping over that hole. When the time came for Fatima to jump, she did not make it across. The other kids were laughing with her, but her friend grabbed her hand and helped her to get up. The two of them went closer to the cows to watch over them as the other kids continued to play.

After a few years, when she grew a little, she stayed in bed with her mother, who was sick. Fatima's mother took her to the barn; she brought her closer to the cow, the one her mother loved the most, and that cow was a cow who was making a lot of milk. "One day when I pass away, this cow will take care of you instead of me." Fatima was looking at her mother and told her: "You cannot die yet. I do not need any cows, I need you."

A couple months later, her mother passed away, and Fatima was crying in her father's arms close to her mother's grave, as she was saying good bye to her. Fatima was really sad for months, and most of the time she stayed at home, not going out at all. After a few years had passed, her father got married again. The new wife had two daughters. Fatima's stepmother did not like Fatima at all, and she was giving Fatima the hardest tasks to do, whereas her two daughters were not doing anything. One day, Fatima's dad had to go on a big trip for work. She was sad that he had to go, and she did not want him to leave. "Do not leave me all alone at home; please do not go." "You are not alone. I will try to get home as soon as possible."



Palo neko vreme, o macheha dikla i Fatima valazla te ovel kret shuki thaj grubo, dok i Fatima zjabla thaj bahtaji te besel e kravenca. I macheha odlucizla te pratizel la i te dikhel so kerla. Djala ki livazi, uchela kaj jek kash upre thaj garavla pes. Dikla e Fatima. I Fatima bokhaji i dela ipash o kores e kravake te hal, ipash kovjarla o maro thudesa hall oj i civla pes tali krava te pil thud. Avla khere i macheha thaj pal late avla hem i Fatima. I madjeha dela la jek baro haraj haraj poshom te kerel celo rat. Beshla i Fatima ki shtala pashi i krava i khatla i poshom. Kerla jek sahaci, duj sahaca, trin sahaca, poshmizla te dukhan la o vasta thaj pashjola pes lake. Phandla pe jakha i chingerel pes ko naj. Avla i krava pashi late i vakerla lake: „Chiv i poshom kaj me duj shenga i ka kerav celo rat.“

I Fatima phandla lake i poshom ko shenge i katla lake i krava. Sabalje rano i macheha i lake chudno, dela la adjji jek haraj te kerel thaj te mukel e kraven te charjon. I Fatima palem, phandla i poshom ki kravake shenge thaj i khatla i krava. Kana avla khere ko pladne, I madjeha palem nane lake jasno sar shaj te kerel sa kadja vuna. Thaj odlucizla te djala palem te garavel pes upre ko kash i dikla kaj i Fatima sar khatla i poshom e kravasa. An kada zis o dad Fatimako avla khere, a i macheha ljas o cipes (ljushpes) e arenge djivla peske ki djepa thaj zaljizla pes pe romeske. „Oo roma bre shun sar phaczona me kokola.“ Oj dola po dumo, thaj shunjona o cipes katro are krop, krop, krop. „Mora te chines kole phurane krava nachi te pazizav la vishe mudaras man o dumo latar“.

„Sar bre te djinav kale krava oj najvishe thud dela?“ Vakerla e Fatimako dad. Aksame, i macheha civla peske o cipes ko phire, ko vasta, ko dumo, i pashini lenca. Svako drom kana irizla pes o cipes shunjolas, krop, krop, krop.

As soon as Fatima's father left for his work trip, her stepmother took Fatima out of the house and put her in the barn to stay with the cows, and her stepmother was giving her only the crust of the bread to eat, nothing else. One day, Fatima took the cows to the meadow, and there she was crying because she could not eat that hard-crust bread anymore. The oldest cow came close to Fatima and told her not to cry and to give her half of that bread and the other half she could soften with milk. Fatima gave the cow half of that bread, and the other half she put in the milk and ate it herself. After she ate the bread, she went beneath the cow and drank some milk. That is what Fatima did every day, as her father had not returned yet from that trip.

After some time passed, Fatima's stepmother knew that Fatima should be skinny and ugly, but on the contrary, she grew pretty, happy, and sang while staying with the herd of cows. It was strange to the stepmother how she could become that pretty. So, one day, she decided to go and see what Fatima was doing. She went to the meadow where Fatima was going with the cows, and hid on a tree where she could not be seen. Then Fatima got hungry. She gave half of that crust bread to the cow and the other half she ate with milk. She gets underneath the cow and drinks some milk. Her stepmother saw everything she did that day.

The stepmother arrived back at the home, then not long after that, Fatima came as well. Fatima arrived home to find her stepmother bringing her a sack of wool to make wool yarn, so she had no time to eat or rest. Fatima went to the barn close to the cow and started making the yarn of wool. She worked on it for hours, then her hands started to hurt at the same time she was sleepy. She closed her eyes just for a second, but she accidentally stabbed her finger while working. Then the cow saw what was happening and came close to her and told her: "Put the wool on my two horns and I will work the rest of the night, and you can sleep". The cow started making the wool yarn, and Fatima slept for the whole night.



„A te situke o iljaci i krava, pa ka chinas la“. Vakerla lako rom. O Fatima shuncas kaj ka chinel e krava, thaj djala te garavel e krava. O bashno dikla i vakerla. „Kukuriku, i krava pod koritu“. „Kukuriku, i krava pod koritu“. „Kukuriku, i krava pod koritu“. „Nane galjes, alo mange i vreme te djav, ama kana ka chinen man, tu ma te has moro mas, nego ka les sa o kokala thaj ka pharozes len ki phuv.“ Vakerla i krava e Fatimake thuj garaven pes tali balani. Thaj o dad lako nikala i balini.

Aksame hana on o mas i macheha uchela ko pire thaj mrdila po dumo. „Ah, akana vishe na dukhala“. I Fatima lel kret o kokala kaj hane, djala palal i shupa thaj parozla o kokala thaj thuj beshel otka thaj tuj rovel, ljas la indra i pashola. Ki idra avla laki daj ko suno. Dikla la sar phirla o trujal o kher, kerla hajci vastenca ki phuv, dola o kashta thaj si loshame kana dikla e Fatima dural tuj kerel lake vastesa. Anjekaresta i Fatima uchela katro suno. Ukcela kaj pire thaj katro kokala e kravake nicola jek fustani thaj katro fustani nichola i prasina kaj pretvorizna pes ko zvezdices kaj vrcizna pes trujal i Fatima, neve kudres niconi, thaj nevi frizura kerna o zvezde e Fatima. Thaj i Fatima palem ucela katri idra.

Vazla po shero, djal andre ko kher i beshla pash to dad kaj po than umesto ko than e slugendo sar vakeras lake i macheha. A i macheha hojame thaj kret besno, cutizla thaj lojola ko muj na vakerla nista. I katro kada zis i macheha na zadizas thaj na vakeras e Fatima so te kherel nego i Fatima kherlas sa so sine la lako chefi.

Lende sheja, amende bokhoja.

In the morning, when her stepmother saw that, she finished all that wool, and she was not even tired. Then Fatima's stepmother decided to give her another sack of wool to make wool yarn. Fatima went to the meadows with the cows, and together with the cow they started knitting. When she went back home, it was again not clear to her stepmother how she could knit all that wool. Then again, her stepmother decided to watch how Fatima was making the wool yarn. The stepmother gave her another bag, and during the night, Fatima started again to knit the wool with the cow. However, this time her stepmother hid close to the barn and watched that the cow was helping her.

After some time, Fatima's father returned back home. The stepmother took the egg shell and put it in her pocket, and then she told her husband. "Dear husband, all my bones are cracking." She held her back and with one hand she pressed her pocket where the egg shells were cracking. "We need to butcher the oldest cow because her meat will heal my bones."

Then her husband said: "How can we butcher that cow? She is making most of the milk that we need."

Then, the stepmom decided to put egg shells all over her body. When they went to sleep, every time the stepmother would move, the egg shell would crack. When Fatima's father heard that, he said to her: "If you think that the meat of that cow will be a cure for you, we will butcher her."

When Fatima heard that they wanted to butcher that cow, she took her and hid her under a bath-tub. However, the rooster goes on top of the bath-tub and was singing: "Kukuriku, the cow underneath the bath-tub". "Kukuriku, the cow underneath the bath-tub". "Kukuriku, the cow underneath the bath-tub". "Kukuriku, the cow underneath the bath-tub".

While hiding underneath the bath-tub, the cow said to Fatima: "Do not worry about me, my time has come. Do not eat the meat, and you should take all my bones and bury them behind the barn. "

Fatima took all the bones, then went behind the barn while crying and buried them. A few moments later, she fell asleep. In her dream, she dreamt of her mother. She saw her mother walking around the house, very happy, looking toward Fatima from a distance. Then, Fatima woke up. At that moment, Fatima gets up, and from the bones, a light starts to glow, where new and beautiful clothes come out, with beautiful shoes, and stardust that flies over her.

At that moment, instead of going to the barn, Fatima went back to her house, close to her dad. Her stepmother was confused and blushing. She could not do anything as if the magic reached her. Since that day, her stepmother has never bullied Fatima or told her what to do, and Fatima has done whatever she wants.



HAJRI DINARI / *HALAL COIN*

Vakerde i paramisija/*Story told by*: Ekrem Mustafa, Gjilan/*Gnjilane*, 1984 (KS)

Ilustracija / *Illustration*: Dashnim Berisha (MKD/KS) 2001



HAJRI DINARI

Hine kana hine jekh chorolo manush, pa arakhlja e Rajo, jekhe barvalje manushe, te ovel ljesse robo bizo kozom pare, kozom ka del. Adjahare robuindja ljesse jekh bersh alo ko po rajo hem te del lje soj ljesro hako, te paltini lje. O Rajo ikalji jekh para hem phenela ljesse: „Alje akava ij to hako“. Ljel o robo o pare hem dela halaluko e gazdase hem podjindja jekhe drumoste ama araklja jekh ljen koja djala hine but sig. Ked alo dji i ljen phenela korkori pese: „O devla! Ako ij akava mo hako so cerdjum buti celo bersh nek pljivini e panjeja a ako nane nek telje.“ Odolje lafencar frdela i para ki ljen a i para perela telje. Ov teljilo hem doljela i para andro pani, pa ljegari pe rajose napalal vacerindoj: „Rajo! Alje akaja para koro tute napalal, me panda na zasluzindjum akaljese, me ka cerav buti panda jekh bersh koro tute. Adjahare pocindja palje te cerel celo bersh buti, i ked nakhlja paljem jekh bersh ov avaela koro po rajo pe hakose te del lje odova so cerdja buti. O rajo ikalji jekh para hem phendja ljesse: „Alje, odova ij to hako.“ Ov ljela i para hem ljela halaluko andro rajo, hem paljem djala ko okoja ljen, dovini hem frdela i para. „Devla! Ako zasluzindjum nek pljivini e panjeja, a ako na, nek perel telje“. Sar frdindja ko pani odma i para pelji telje, ov teljilo hem ljela, ljengari pe rajose hem phenela ljesse: „Alje Rajo, i para napalal, panda nane mange ko hako, panda jekh bersh ka ovav koro tute“.

Adjahare pocindja paljem te cerel ljesse buti, pa ked naklja o trito bersh, ov djelo ko po rajo te rodel po hako so cerdja buti. O rajo paljem dela lje i para, ov ljela hem rodela ljestar halaluko, hem paljem djelo ko okoja ljen te dikhel dalji ljela halaljeja. Ked alo dji i ljen, dovindoj, pa frdela i para ko pani hem vaceri: „Devla! Ako ij mange o hako halalji, neka pljivini akaja para e panjeja, a ako na neka perel telje“.

HALAL COIN

Once upon a time, there was a poor man looking for a job. He finds Rajo, a rich person, and asks him for work. For not so much money, as much as the rich would give. He worked for him for a year, and after a year had passed, it was time for him to get paid for what he deserved. Rajo took one coin and gave it to him, saying: "This coin is your payment for your work." The poor man took that coin and asked for halal from Rajo and left. On his way, he saw a rapid river. When he arrived at the river, he said to himself: "God! If this is what I deserved for what I worked for the whole year, let the coin float on top of the water; if not, let it sink". After saying that, he threw the coin into the river, but the coin sank and did not float on top of the water. He got on his knees and took the coin from the river. Since it did not float, he decided to return the coin to Rajo. The poor man said, "Rajo! As a result, I will continue to work for you for another year." That's what the poor man did. He started working for Rajo again. Then when it again passed one year, Rajo came to the poor man again and gave him the coin for his work, which he deserved for the work over the year. Rajo gave him the coin and said, "This coin is what you earned for working this year."

He took that coin again, and asked for halal. After that, he started his way to the river again to see whether he deserved that coin. When he arrived at the lake, he took the coin from his pocket and said again: "God, if I have deserved this coin, please let it float on top of the water; if not, let it fall down." When he threw the coin in the water, the coin fell down, and then he got on his knees and took the coin from the water. After that, he went back to Rajo and told him: "Rajo, take the coin back. I still do not deserve it, and I will work for you for another year."



Ked i para pelji ko pani, pocindja te pljivini e panjeja. Ov bahtalo but ljelja i para chica ki dzepa, hem djelo ko vesh i cerdja pese jekh tikni koljiba i odothe achilo te djivdini. Palo disavo vakti ov sundja so ljesro purano rajo spremeni pe te djal e brodoja okotare e panjesro ko javer pashaluko pa ov djelo pe paraja koro ljesti, i pocindja te moljini lje te cinel ljesi bilo so ko javer pashaluko ljesre paraja. O rajo dindja lje lafu hem ljelja ljestar i para, hem podjindja ko drumo.



Podjindoj adjahare ov arakhi disaven chaven, kola ikaldje jekha machka te mudaren la hem te frden la ko more. Ked diklja odova prastandilo koro ljende hem puchela ljen: „So ulo chavaljen? „ A on vacherdje ljesi: „Cherela but bari shteta hem mangaja te mudaralje “. Posem ov ikalji i para pe robosri, hem dela ljen te den lje e machka. O chave odova manglje hem hine but bahtalje, ljelje i para hem dindje lje e machka. Ov ljegari e machka ko drom kaj podjindja hem adjahare drumoste pocindja te phudel but bare bavlal hem ljegardja lje e brodoja but dur, o drumo pravo nashti araklja trin masek, ked achilje o bavlala o rajo e brodoja na djandja kaj tano, hem podjindja jekhe drumoste kaj araklja phuv. Uzi odoja phuv diz. Ked shundilo ki diz so alo brodo andro bidjan-dipasri phuv, ikljilje but manusha te dikhen o brod a oljendar jekh najbarvalo manush, vichini e rajo te hal maro. Ked uduri o Rajo isi so te dikhel, pacovija hem gumurse prastana ko sa o chuseda, a e barvaljesre manusha beshena kashtencar, te na mukhen ljen te prastan ko astalji kaj hana maro. O rajo phenela e barvaljesi: „O mo phral, soj akava? O barvalo phenela: „Adjahare ij, stalno koro amende phrala, so nashti andro akala o manush ni rahati te hal maro, paljem ked sovaja, svako manush isi lje po sanduko, hem ko sanduko phandaja amen, te na kicinen amare kana.



Then he started working again for Rajo. When the third year passed, he went to Rajo to ask for what he had earned. Then again, Rajo gave him that coin. The poor man took the coin, asked for halal, and started his way to the lake to see whether he deserved the coin or not. When he arrived at the lake, he took the coin out and said again: "God! If I have earned this coin, please allow it to float on top of the water; if not, please allow it to fall."



When he threw the coin in the water, the coin started floating on top of the water. He took the coin and said, "Thank you," then continued his way. Finally, he was a happy man, and he finally found himself a spot in a forest and built a small house for himself. After some time passed, the poor man heard that his old employer, Rajo, was going on a trip to another country. The poor man took one coin with him and went to Rajo. He asked Rajo to get him anything on his trip, whatever could be bought with that coin. Rajo gave him his word that he would buy something for him with that coin, and then started on his trip. On his way to the boat, Rajo saw some kids on a boat who wanted to kill a cat and throw it in the sea. When Rajo saw what they wanted to do, he drove his boat over there and asked them: "Hello, kids, what are you doing?" And the kids replied: "The cat is doing a lot of damage, and we want to kill the cat." To stop them from killing the cat, Rajo took the coin that the poor man gave him and gave it to the kids to buy the cat. The kids were really happy with that coin. He took the cat with him. In the boat, the wind starts to blow and the boat is derived somewhere far, far away. He was lost for three months and could not find the right way. Soon he sees land. When the boat was getting closer to that land, people from there came to see who was coming. One of the richest people in that land invited Rajo for dinner to talk. When Rajo went for dinner at that man's house, he saw a lot of mice and rats running around the house. They could not even eat food. Rajo asks the rich man: "Why do you have a lot of mice and rats around the house?" And the rich man said: "We have a lot of problems with these rats, my brother. We cannot even eat in peace, and when we go to sleep, we close ourselves in a chest just so we will not get bitten."

O rajo icheri ki godi e machka so chindja e robosre paraja, hem phenela e barvaljese: Me isi ma ko brodo machka, koja trine divenge ka cidel ljen sa. O barvalo ko odova phenela: „O mo phral ako isi tut odoja machka, ana la akari, ka pherav to brodo andro srebro hem zlato, ama samo ako ij o chachipe odova so vacereja“.

Palo hajbe djelo o Rajo dji ko brodo, hem andja pe machka hem phendja e barvaljese te pashljon bizo sandukija ama on te soven, a ov na ka sovel. Ov mukhlja e machka, a i machka ked dikhlja kidibor pacoven hem grumursen, pocindja te doljel ljen hem te tasavi ljen buten, a o grumurse hem o pacovija ked diklje koj isi ljen odothe, pocindje te nashen kova kuri shaj.

Ked phravdilo o sabaj, hem okola so darandilje hem kola na phradje pumare jacha, ked diklje mashkaro sobe pherdo mulje grumurse hem pacovija, a ko sobe but hari kola prastandilje andro nashiba, hem khudje ano rupe. Palo trin dive ni jek ni na hine.

O barvalo e machkake pherela e rajose o brodo but srebro hem zlato sar so hine ljen lafi, hem o rajo e brodoja podjindja pese chere. Ked alo pe chereste, alo ljese o purano robo, hem pucela lje: „So andjan mange okola parake? O rajo ikalji ljese jek mermeri bar, shukare namestimo ko sa o strane, dela lje: „Alje, akava chindjum tuke te paraja!“

O robo osetisajlo but bahtalo, ljelja o bar hem irandja pese chere ki pi koljiba, a odova bar pretvorisajlo ko zlato, sijajini sar o kham, sa svetloni celo vesh. Ked diklja ov odova darandilo, prastandoj djala ko po rajo hem phenela ljese: „Rajo, so tu okova mange dindjan? Odova nane mlo, ava te dikhe, alo o rajo, hem ked dikhela savo chudo o devel cerdja, hem phenela ljese: „O mo chavo, nane fajda! Kase o devel hem sa ko shukare, ava akari, ake to barvaljipa, dindja lje sa so andja ko brodo, hem tuj anel o sa kola srebro thaj o zlato.

Lende sheja, amende bokhoja.

Then Rajo remembered about the cat, which he bought with the poor man's coin, and told the rich man: "I have a cat in the boat. The cat will chase them away for three days." The rich man then said, "Brother, if you have that cat, please bring it to me; I will give you a lot of gold and silver, but only if what you say is true, that the mice and rats will flee from that cat."

After a few moments, Rajo went to the boat and took the cat. When he brought the cat to the rich man, he told him to sleep without closing himself in the chest. However, Rajo would stay all night. Rajo left the cat there, and when the cat saw all those mice and rats, she started to chase after them. The cat killed a lot of mice and rats, but some of them ran away. When the others woke up, they saw a lot of rats and mice dead on the floor, and in the rooms, there were only a few that managed to run and hide in their holes. As Rajo said, after three days there was not a single rat or mouse around the house.

The rich man then filled Rajo's boat with a lot of silver and gold, as they had agreed upon. After that, Rajo got on his boat and started his way home. When Rajo arrived home, the poor man went to his house and asked him what he got him for that coin. Rajo took a rock, a rock with all equal shapes, and gave it to the poor man. "This is what I bought for you with your coin."

The poor man was really happy that Rajo got him that rock, and was on his way home to his small house. But that rock which he got from Rajo started to become gold. That gold was really shiny. From its shininess, it lighted the whole forest. When the poor man saw that, he got scared and ran back to Rajo and told him: "Rajo, what did you give me? "That is not a rock. You should come and see." Rajo went to the old man's house and saw what a miracle God had created. Rajo tells the man: "My son, I did not lend it to you; it is what God wanted you to have. This is your wealth. " Rajo tells the poor man.

He gave the poor man all the gold and silver that he had earned from the rich man on the deserted island.



I KAJA THAJ E BAKRESKI MORCI / *KAIA AND THE SHEEP SKIN*

Vakerde i paramisija/*Story told by*: Zelja Berisa-Mustafa, Siegen, (KS/GER)

Ilustracija / *Illustration*: Enisa Mustafa Plemetin / *Plemetina*, 2002 (KS)

Zelja Mustafa, Plemetina, Kosovo / Siegen, Germanija. Kakja paramisija vakerlas mange mi bibi. Razna paramisijes ka vakerel amenge, svako rat nevi paramisija.

Zelja Mustafa, Plemetina, Kosovo/ Siegen, Germany. This fairytale was told to me by my aunt. She would tell us all kind of folktales, everyday a new one.

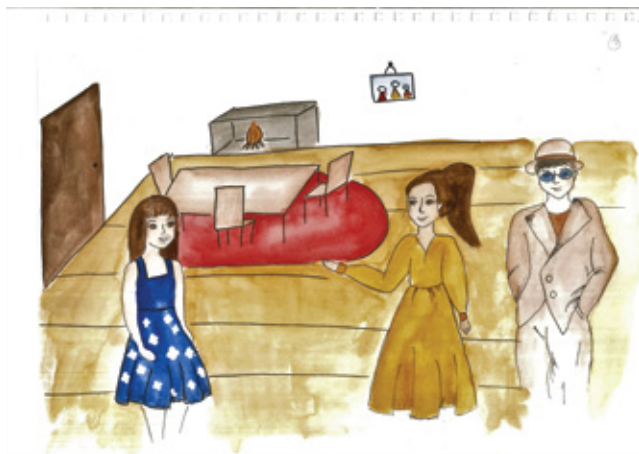


I KAJA THAJ E BAKRESKI MORCI

Kaj jek gav na dur katri bari zis, jek gav nane ni choro ni barvalo, ni but bahtale a ni but mrzotljiva. An kada gav sine jek phuro thaj jek phuri kaj sinelen jekh chay i Kaja. O phuro sine baro lovcos, thaj lovizlas po celo zis. Jek zis kaj jek baro brshin katri grvljavina pel jek baro kash thaj astaras e phures mudarcino. Mucas pe romnja thaj pe chaja chorore.

Palo neko vreme i daj prandosani averesa thaj ljas pe chaja pesa. I Kaja barini thaj sine lako vreme te prandozel pes. Jek zis o ochuhi las jekh phabaj thaj gelo ko gav katro kher ko kher tu pucel e manusen. "So te kerav kakala phabajasa? Te dav la hajdjeneske ili me te havla?"

O manusa vakernas leske: "Soske te des la avereske kana saj tut e has la". Djal khere, I vakerla pe romnjake: "Vakerde mange o manusa kaj kakja phabaj me valazla te hav I te na dav nikaske. Me ka lav (prandozav) me chaja thaj ka kerav la mi romni."



I daj sine but uzmireno thaj na slozizlas pes lesa. Kana o ochuhi pashino, I daj las jek bakreske pustikija, sivcas jek bari djepa, I an kadja djepa chichas haljines thaj lake dadeske zlatna angruca. Vazla pe chaja katri idra thaj vakerla lake te djal so po dur so polaches. Dela la i morci e bakreski thaj tuj rovel tuj djal sa dur o po dur. Phirla zisesa a racasa tharlas i jag thaj pasjolas tali morci. Kana ka akakhel hajdjenes i Kaja ka perel tele thaj ka chil peske i morci thaj bi pretvorizlas pes ki bakri.



KAIA AND THE SHEEP SKIN

In a town not far from the big cities, a town not too rich, nor lucky, nor unhappy. In that town, there used to live an old man and an old woman, who had a daughter called Kaja. The old man was a big hunter and used to hunt all day long. One day, while hunting, a heavy rain started. While the old man was hunting, a tree fell on him and he could not save himself. The old woman and their daughter were all alone.

After a few years had passed, the old woman got married and took her daughter with her. When Kaja grew up, the time for her to get married came as well. One day, her stepfather took an apple and went from one house to another in the town to ask people: "What should I do with this apple?". Should I give it to someone or should I eat it for myself?"

Everyone tells him: "Why would you give it to someone when you can eat it for yourself?" The old man went home and told his wife: "People told me that I should eat this apple and not give it to anyone." Because of the answer he got from people, he said again: "I will marry my stepdaughter and take her as my wife."



The mother of Kaja is really angry, and she does not agree with that at all. During the night, Kaja's mother took the sheep's skin which she had there and sewed a pocket and put golden rings inside, which used to belong to Kaja's father. After the old woman finishes packing those things for Kaja, she wakes up Kaja and tells her that she should leave as far as possible. Kaja took the bag, which was made from the sheep's skin, and as she was getting further, she would be crying more and more.

Kaja used to walk during the day, and during the night she would light a fire and she would cover herself with the sheep's skin. In her travels, when Kaja would see someone walking close to her, she would put the sheep skin on, and turn into a sheep. While walking, from a distance, Kaja saw smoke. She approached closer to the smoke and saw a town, but she did not know whether to go into the town or not. She was only watching from a distance who was coming in and who was coming out. After some time, a grumpy and drunk person was leaving the town, and he was walking towards Kaja. She noticed him and quickly got on the ground, put the sheep skin on and became a sheep. When the man saw the sheep, he started to talk to her: "How did you get here?"

Tuj phirel arakla dikla thuv jagaki, na djanla dali te djal an kada gav ili na. Kidjal pashini thaj beshlas dur katro gav o jekutno zi, pa o dujto zis thaj o trio zis. Samo diklas ko djala thaj ko avla an kada gav dok, jek zis, jekh manush nicola katro gav, i Kaja perla tele thaj civla peske i morci thaj ovla bakri. O manush dikla la i vakerla. Katar nicjan tu otka. Ajde ka djas ki shtala avere bakrenca. A i Kaja nashla ko sa o chusheda e vesheske te na cil pes ko gav. O manush cinino, hojame thaj mukla la te achol ki vesh.

Jek terno raklo, mudro, cikoro thaj but ladjutno kaj volizlas but zivotinjen nichola katro gav thaj i ov dikla e bakrja i ov tuj lafizel lasa tuj lela lacipasnasa i Kaja odlucizla te verujzel leske thaj djala lesa bar a bar ko gav. O raklo nastavizla te lafizel lasa thaj djal khere. Kana chivla pes ov ko najlacho kher katro celo gav i Kaja dikla e rakles thaj dikla o kher i poshmizla te na verujzel leske thaj achola i Kaja ko pragos. O raklo mukla la otka thaj nastavizla te djal ko saloni thaj nastavizla te lafizel lasa thaj vakerel lake smeshna stvarja thaj i Kaja palem mucola thaj civla pes andre. O Kraljos thaj i Kraljica avla andre thaj hari nerverime vakerla pe chavenske: "Ah palem anca e zivotinjen andre?"



O raklo svako zis ningalas e bakrja te phirel katri vesh, katro livades katro razna thana, thaj nikad na acolas te lafizel lake acal sa lesko zivotos. Sar sine o raklo but ladjutno, na lafizla nikasa ko gav, thaj nanasas len but amala. Svako rat kana ka djal te pashjol i bakri ka nikalel pi morci e bakreski thaj ka cil pes te pashjol kaj po than thaj mislizla acal o raklo kibor si lake laches lesa, i bakri poshmizla te volizel les.

Let's go to the barn. " Kaja then started to run to all the corners of the forest. The man got tired of running, he got pissed, and he let her go while breathing heavily.

The next day, a young, shy, and rather small boy who loves animals is coming her way too. He also sees her sheep. He starts talking to her. While talking to her and being kind to her, Kaja decided to trust him. The boy continued to talk the whole way while they were walking to the town. When they arrived at the boy's house, Kaja saw that this boy had the biggest house in the town, and she started to not trust him anymore, so she stopped at the entrance. The boy continued talking to her and telling her funny jokes. Then Kaja started to relax a little bit, and started to believe him again. When the King and the Queen came in and saw the sheep in the house, with an upsetting voice, they told him: "Again you have brought an animal inside the house."

The boy would take the sheep every day and walk to the forest. While walking, he would also never stop talking about his life. He would tell the sheep that he was really shy, he did not talk to many people, and that he did not have many friends. Each night when Kaja went to sleep, she would take her sheep skin off and then go to bed as a human. Kaja started to think how nice the boy is and how much fun they have together, but he probably loves sheep more than anything else.



The next morning, she puts her sheep skin back on. Whenever she saw the boy, she would run after him, play with him, and they would walk all around the town, talking and singing. The boy would sing with a human voice and she would sing with a sheep voice.

One day, while the boy is eating with the king, the king tells his son that the time has come for him to get married. Soon after their conversation, the king started to organize a big party, and he invited all the people from town. There was a big preparation for the party; they were making all kinds of food. Kaja pulls out one of the rings from her mum and writes something on a ring and puts it inside the bread that the boy will take with him on the next day's journey.

The next day, the boy sets off on horse to go to invite other kingdoms. He takes the bread and puts it in his bag.

Prastela an leste kana dikla les, prastena zajedno te trkizen pes, zjabna zajdno ko granjes e kashteske, ov glasosa manushenko oj e bakreske glasosa. Thuj han maro o raklo ki trpezarija e kraljoski. O kraljos vakerla pe chaveske kaj valazla te prandozel pes. Na gelo but o Kraljos spremizla jek banketi, thaj djingadla e manushen te aven. Thuj te spremizen pes thaj thuj te keren o maro, i Kaja nicini katri pustik, pisizas hajci ki angruci thaj cjas l angruci ko maro, thaj o maro chicas ke rakleski torba.



Itasjarin sabalje gelo ko drom, te djal djan te chingaden e manushen. Dine les i torba maresa. Ko drom, o raklo acino ki vesh te hal maro, beshla pashi jag te thaj hala maro. Gicizla i angruci i dikla ki angruci "besh manca, ma dja". Kana irisano khere, gelo kaj po dad thaj kaj pi daj i vakerla lenge achal i angruci thaj vakerla kaj na lela khan so si kada. Pejini i temina, na dicas pes e bakrjasa celo zis. Tuj te ovel les i angruci ko vas thaj te djal te pashjo. Perla te pashjol thaj dikla i angruci thaj pelo leske ki gozi kaj mozda ako lafizla e bakrasa ka perel leske ki gozi. Kana avla ki bakaki soba, i bakri sine tuj te nikalel pi morci. I taman kana nikalas pi morci thaj taman te djal te cil pes ki te pashjol i raklo civla pes ki soba thaj dikla e Kaja thaj mislisano kaj sine ani pogresno soba, ama dikla i morci thaj palem tele na lela khan nishta i mislizla kaj oj mudaras e bakrja. "Soske mudaran la?" Tuj han pes, i Kaja vakerla leske ko si oj.

Lende sheja, amende bokoja.

The boy decides to have a rest with his fellow followers when the sun is heating the most. They light a fire and eat some food. On the first bite, the boy bites the ring, takes it in his hands, and looks at it. He notices that something is written: "Don't go! "Love is not a marriage.



The boy takes his horse and runs back home. When he returns home to his parents, he tells them about the ring and tells them that he did not understand who put it there. asked his servants, but got no response. The night fell, and he did not see the sheep the whole day. While he was holding the ring in his hand, laying in his bed, he thought that if he went to talk with the sheep, maybe it would give him some idea of the meaning behind it.

When he went to the sheep's room, Kaja was taking her sheep's skin off to go to bed when suddenly the boy opened the door. When the boy got into Kaja's room and saw a girl, he ran out of the room and apologised. When he turns his head, he notices the sheep skin laying on the ground. The boy thinks that she killed the sheep: "Why did you kill the sheep?" Then after that, while arguing, Kaja told him everything, starting with who she was.



BUBRECI / BUBRECK

Vakerde i paramisija/*Story told by*: Kama Avdi, Lipljan/Lipljan, 1973 (KS)
Ilustracija / *Illustration*: Selma Emini, Priluzje/Preluz, 2002 (KS/GER)

Kama Avdi, Lipljan (Bijandi ki Crkvena Vodica), 49 Bersh. Kakja paramisija vakeras me dadensko papus me dadeske, mo dad vakeras la mange, i me akana vakerava tumenge. Volizavas bi vishe te vakerel pes kakala phrales e chavenge a na te ovel le o telefonja ko vas.

Kama Avdi, Lipjan (Born in Crkvena Vodica), 49 years old. This fairytale was told by my grandfather to my father, and then my father told it to me, now I will share it with you. What I also would love is that more parents will tell fairytales to their children, and minimize their time with electronic devices.



BUBRECI

Sine kana sine jek phuro thaj jek phuri, sine len stoka thaj katri stoka ziviznas. Katro lengo pochetkos kana prandosane mangle te ovel len but chave, te pazizen, te barjajen thaj te ovel len bari familija ama nikad chave na sine len.

Jek nilajesko sabahi kana o kham si panda shudro thaj i phuv panjaji katri rosa o phuro vazla e phurja te djan te len kashta ki vesh. Tuj kiden o kashta, hajdjeno djingadla. "Baba! None!". On dikna trujal peste i na dikna nista. Ov palem djingadla. "Baba! None! Tumen sjen mo dad thaj me daj".

Kidjal kret zbunjeno, na lena khan savo glasos shuna i posmizna te roden. Kana dikna ko pire e granjako jek Bubreci, jek trohica chavoro, nango thaj kidjal ni thulo ni shuko. „Ko sjan tu?“ Vakerla o phuro. „Pa, me sjom o Bubreci, tumaro chavo kaj adjarna sa kala bersha“.

I phuri thaj o phuri dikna pes ko jakha, joshame, nachi te verujzen, cjas pe vasta i phuri ki phuv thaj o Bubreci civla pes kaj laki burnig thaj posmizla te pashjol. O phuro thaj i phuri but loshame, djana peske khere i thaj o bubreci ko vasta e phurjake a ko dumo o kasta kaj umlavas pes i phuri thaj o phuro. Ale khere, cjas pes o Bubreci te nanjol kaj jek tanjiri. O phuro katri losh khela thaj zlabla katro kher, cistozla, preberizla, anla pani e phurjake, i phuri kidjal sar o phuro loshame kret, dok o Bubreci nanjola.



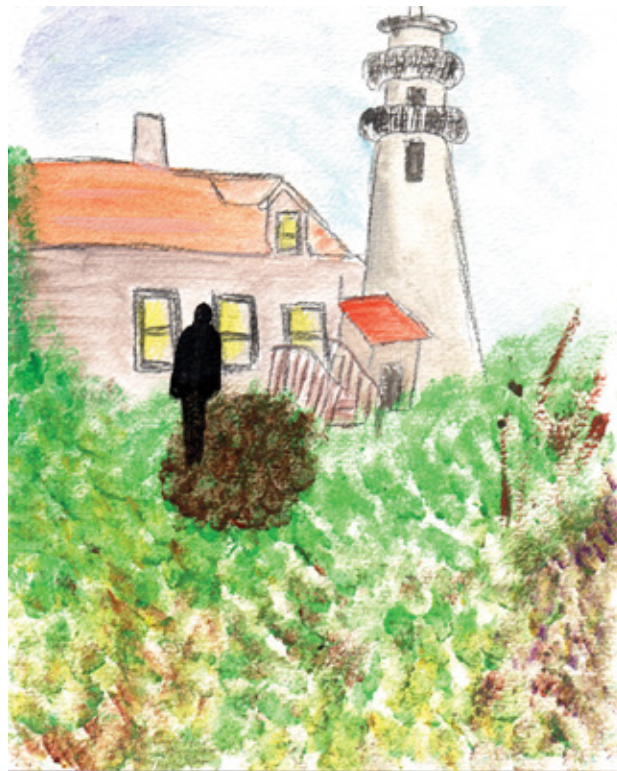
Palo neko vreme, o manusha katro gav puchna pes so menjisano ko phuro thaj ki phuri. Dikla e phures kaj mukla e volen, kerna ko bahcas dok anglo neko zis jedva phirnas.

Neko duj cora nakna katri lengi cikori kapija katro kashta, dikna so si e phures thaj e phurja i vakerna mashar peste: „Ka djas arjat ka coras dune volen“.

A o Bubreci shuncas, beshla pashi kapija thaj shunla so vakerna o chore. O Bubreci sig po sig djala kaj po dad i vakerla leske so shuncas. „So ka kerav akana me lenca, sa ka coren amenge“. Vakerla o phuro. „Ma trasanen tumen, dja pashjov, shaj ka aven avcis, a shaj hajek aver drom, ali kana ka aven amen ka sunas len“.

BUBRECK

A long time ago, there was an old man and a woman. They were farmers and had a few cows with which they lived. From the beginning, when they got married, they wanted to have a lot of children, whom they would love and raise as a big happy family, but unfortunately, they never had any children. One summer morning, when the sun is still cold and the ground is wet from the dew, the old man wakes the old woman to go to the forest and get some wood for heating. While they were getting wood, somebody was calling. "Dad! Mom!" They were looking around, but they could not see anyone there. Then he called them again. "Dad! Mom! You are my father and my mother". They were confused, because they did not know whose voice they were hearing. They started again to look around. While looking around, at the roots of the tree, they saw a little boy, a really tiny little boy, the size of a thumb with no clothes, who was not skinny nor fat. "Who are you?" The old man asked. "Yes, I am Bubreck, the son that you have been waiting for so long." The old man and woman were looking at each other in the eyes. They could not believe what was happening. The old woman happily laid her hand on the ground so the Bubreck could get on it. As he gets into her palm, Bubreck falls.



The old man and woman were finally happy. They were going home and the bubreck was in the old woman's hands and on their back carrying the wood they collected in the forest. When they arrive home, Bubreck gets in a bowl filled with water for a bath. For the whole time the Bubreck was bathing, the old man was singing, dancing, cleaning the house, bringing water to the old woman, feeling light as day and happy as a bee, and that is how the old woman felt as well.

O phure djana te pashjon ucela katro po than thaj djala te lel pi cikori vila, neko chare, pi strela i thaj adjarla len ki shupa. I temina perla, i o chore avla pohari ki shtala. O Bubreci lela te pishtizel; „Baba ajde se ale o chore“. Lela o tanjirja thaj djujzla len, lela i vila thaj djujzla lende, lela pi strela thaj djujzla lende. O chora na lena khan katar avla thaj poshmisane te trashan i kana o phuro chjas pes ki shtala, o chora nashine.

O chora na lena khan so ulo lenge, i reshizna te djan palem te djan te choren. I dujto rat ale palem i thaj palem jurizas les o Bubreci, i trito rat, o Bubreci thaj o phuro hradle jek rupa, o manusha nakna thaj dikna i cudizla pes e phuresa. I temina perla o cora avna i pherna ki rupa thaj astarala len o phuro i nikad vishe niko na ale te choren ni lenge ni ko ano bilo savo kher ko gav se o Bubreci araklas len kret.

On uduring, amen akanaringa.

Lende sheja, amende bokoja.



A few days later, the people around the town start talking about rumors. Asking each other, what has happened? Something has changed with the two old people. They see the couple working very hard in the garden and in a barn feeding and cleaning the cows, despite the fact that they could barely move a few days ago.

Two thieves were in front of their small gate and were looking at a couple. After seeing what they had in their barn, they decided to return later and steal from them. "We should come tonight and steal two cows from them." One of the thieves said.

Bubreck, sitting by the small gate, heard every word of the thief's conversation. After the thieves were gone, Bubreck went straight to his father and told him what he heard. "What will I do now with those thieves now that they are planning to steal from us?" The old man said "Do not worry about them, go sleep for now. They may come tonight, or they may come another day, but when they do, we will hear them". Bubreck tells his parents.



The old couple went to sleep, but Bubreck got up, took his spade, some plates, and his bow and arrow, and went to the barn. The night was falling. Later in the night, the thieves came to the barn. Bubreck started screaming, "Dad, the thieves are here! "Wake up?" But before the old man came, Bubreck took some plates and threw them at the thieves, then took the spading fork and threw it at them as well, and finally he started shooting his bow and arrow at them. The thieves are confused and scared, not knowing who is shooting at them. So, they run away. When the old man got to the barn, the thieves were already gone.+

The thieves didn't understand what happened to them, so in their curiosity, they decided to go again the next night. Yet, Bubreck had scared them off again. The third night, Bubreck and the old man decided to dig a hole as a trap for the thieves. When the night came, the thieves came again, but this time a trap was prepared for them in which they fell on and got caught. After what happened to the thieves, no one ever dared to go and steal from them again, and not only at their barn but at no one's house in their town either, because Bubreck was watching over all the houses in the town.

I CHAJ KATRO VESH / *THE GIRL FROM FOREST*

Vakerde i paramisija/*Story told by*: Gani Kurta, Plemetin/Plemetina, 1960 (KS)

Ilustracija / *Illustrations*: Amina Berisha, Plemetina 2005 (KS)



I CHAJ KATRO VESH

Sine kana sine, jek terni chaj kaj djingadlas pes Alma, jek katri najlachi chaj ko sa o gava kaj o manusha djandle. Dok sa o chaja prandozna pes rano, alo o vreme te prandozel pes thaj i Alma, ali i Alma na mangla te prandozel se mangla te zivizes e zivotinjenca ko vesh. Jek barvalo, thulo zlatnone dandesa mangla te lela romjake mezor, thaj mandjas te corel la. O dad lako dichas thaj pechas e thules ko shero ni na dichas katar alo leske. An kada i Alma djala khere, thaj i daj laki spremizla lake o stvarja te djal dur po dur katro gav. Kaj jek baro vesh palo trin zis thuj phirel i Alma aracas jek rimome kher, chivla pes andre thaj dikla kaj nane niko. Cini katro drom pejini te pashjol.

Palo but vreme i Alma lacharas o kher, chistozas o oboros, barjarla e buznen, khanjen thaj o jelenja avna te dikhen la. Ama, i Alma na dichas ni pe dades ni pe daja niti bilo save manushen sar ajini an kaka than. Korkori ko vesh jek rat sunizla pe daja thaj pes kana sine cikori sar khelna peske thaj phirna katro livaza thaj kidna ljuljes. Kana uchini katri idra i Alma alo lake kaj bi volizlas te ovel la chave i ako sila sakala zivotenjes, volizlas bi hadjeno te irizel lako lafi thaj te keren muhabeti thaj anjekares shunla hajdjeno marla ko vudar. Bam! Bam! Bam!

Uchela ko phire thaj vakerla peske: - "Nachi ovel niko kada se niko na alo dji akana." Palem o vudar. Bam! Bam! Bam! „Nachi ovel niko kada, mozda si i balval". Palem o vudar. Bam! Bam! Bam! I Alma uchela katro than, dikla katro djami jekhe phurja. „So mangsa bibo?" Vakerala i Alma.



THE GIRL FROM FOREST

Once upon a time, a long time ago, a young girl called Alma was one of the most beautiful girls in all the towns around her. When all the girls were getting married early, the time for marriage came for Alma too. Alma did not want to get married, and she wanted to live in the forest with the animals. Yet one rich person, whose teeth were made of gold, wanted to marry her by force, and he wanted to steal her. Alma's father saw what was happening, and he hit the fat guy in the head. He did not know where it came from. At that moment, Alma rushed to the house, where her mother packed her bag to leave the town and go as far away from it as possible.

In the deep forest, after three days of walking, Alma finds an old and destroyed house. She goes inside to look around and finds it totally abandoned. Tired from the journey, she stayed there and fell asleep. It took Alma a long time to slowly fix the house, clean the garden, domesticate and raise goats and chickens. Sometimes deer would come and stay in the garden.

She had not seen her parents or any other person for a long time. She was all alone in the forest. She was dreaming one night about her mother and a time when she was a little girl, running around gardens and collecting flowers with her mother. When she woke from the dream, Alma started to feel nostalgic. Even though she had a lot of animals, she wanted to have her own children, to have someone that she could talk with. At that moment, Alma heard someone knocking at the door. Bang! Bang! BANG! She immediately got up and started saying to herself, "There cannot be anyone because no one has ever been here until now." Yet again, she hears the knocking at the door. Bang! Bang! BANG! "It's not possible that someone is here; it may be just the wind." Alma said. Then again, she heard the knocking of the door. Bang! Bang! BANG! Alma gets up again and goes towards the window. She sees an old woman outside, on the porch.



"Auntie, can I help you?" The old woman said, "It has been three days since I have been on a journey. I cannot find the route to go home. Can I stay the night here?" Alma opened the door for her. The old woman got in and left a sack of seeds by the door.

„Seljam Daje!“ I Alma puterla bare jakha, na verujzla ni so dikla ni so shunla. Mukla pe vasta pashi i ljulu thaj i cikoro chaj chil pes kaj lako vas. I Alma anla la te dikhela po laches pasho po nak thaj i chaj cumizla lako vrhos e nakhesko. E Almake o asja djana katro jakha kaj djas la o alav Mema.



Jek zis, phuj phiren katro vesh e buznenca thaj i mashar o brinja e buznjake. Thuj han maro i Mema phucla pe daja sar oj bijancini. I Alma vakeras lake sa so sine thaj i Mema ni jek ni duj vakerla – „Amen mora te djas te rodas kala phurja thaj te djingadas la te beshel amenca“. I Alma spremisani thaj gele ko drom sol duj, phirde trin zis te djan thaj trin zis te irizen pes kaj po vesh savoren.

Lende shinga, amende bokhoja.



Alma brings the old lady some hot tea and some food. While the old lady sat, they talked for a long time. At dawn, before the old woman started going her way, she gave Alma 2-3 seeds to thank her, and then told her: "Plant these seeds in a small vase. During the day time, you put the vase outside. During the night time, you should put the vase inside by the window where it can look at the moon, and do not forget to put some water on the seeds every morning".

The last night of the 90 days, the full moon came in the sky. The seeds had grown and were ready to bloom. In the middle of the night, the wind was knocking the door open, and Alma went to block it with a wooden stick. At that moment, she was passing by the window. She saw that the flower had grown, then she went a little bit closer. bent her head over the flower, and there was a little girl inside the blossom. Alma is astonished by what she is looking at. She stayed the whole night close to the flower and watched over it. Early in the morning, the little girl from the flower wakes up and sees Alma staying there. "Hello Mother!" Alma opened her big eyes, and she could not believe what she was seeing with her own eyes or what she was hearing with her ears. Alma brought her hands closer to the flower and the little girl started climbing in her hands. Alma brought her closer to her nose so she could see her better, and the little girl kissed the top of Alma's nose. The tears from Alma's eyes were dropping, and she named the little girl Mema.

One day, while walking in the forest with the goats, they set down to eat by the fire. While eating, Mema asked her mother how she got born. Alma tells Mema everything that happened. Mema did not hesitate for a second and said, "We need to go and find that old woman and have her live with us." They walked three days to find the old lady and another three days to come back to their home.



DJAMBA O KRANO / *KRANO THE FROG*

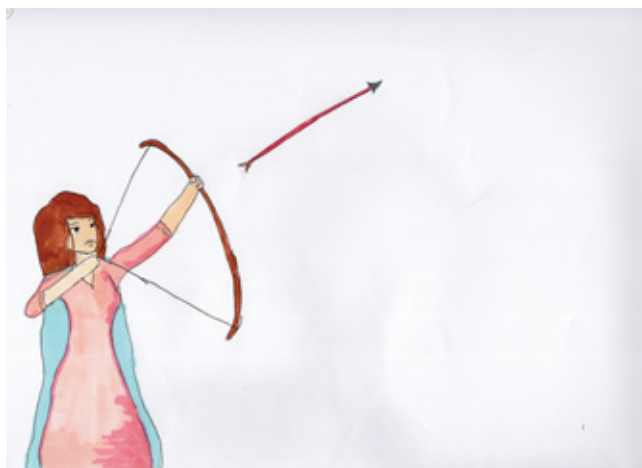
Vakerde i paramisija/*Story told by*: Mevljida Kurta, Plemetin / Plemetina, 1966 (KS)

Ilustracija / *Illustration*: Samira Emini, 2006 (KS)



DJAMBA O KRANO

Sine kana sine jek gav, dur palo planines thaj palo mores, ko chushes e dunjaluko. Sar te phenav... Harica chudno gav. Gav sar nijek aver. O manusha otka sinelen roma zivotinjes. Te phenas kaj o zivotinjes thaj manusha sine jek familija. Kidjal thaj ziviznas. Sa dok na ovel len 30 bersh, sa dok na kidel pes celo gav te han te pin thaj te khelel djiki prvo temina. Ki prvo temina o djuvja pe zivotinjenca beshna kaj jek strana. Svako lendar sine len po jek tasos pani thaj adjarna o kham te djal te pashjol. Jek drom kana o kham mukla pere palune zdraka, o tasos panjesa irizna ko shero pe e zivotinjengo ili pe romeske on bi ovnas manusha djiko krajo e djivdipasko.



Kaj kada gav, jek kher ko krajos e gavensko beshlas jekh phuro o Kadri thaj leski romani romni Shota pe trine chajenca i Demi i Lula thaj i Nina, sa lachi katri najlachatar thaj bare vitezja e kraljoske.

Jek zis o Kadri lela pe chajen pesa, svako pere streles i djana ko chushes e shumako kaj najbut o zivotinjes beshna. "Otka kaj ka ovel tumari strela ka ovel tumari bah te arakhen tumere zivotinjen, sar svako amendar pa i tumen".

O trin phenja irizna pes dumo ko dumo, ko trin stranes. Lel i phureder chaj o Demi djuzla i strela thaj perla i strela pasho rikono o Mari, i Ljulja spremizla pes thaj djuzla i strala i perla pashi i machori o Krli, i Nina djuzla i strela thaj perla pashi djamba o Kran.

„Kadja si tumari bah“. Vakerla o dad, thaj o trin phenja len pe zivotinjen thaj djana peske khere. Katro kada zis, svako rat ki prvo temina thaj ko mashkar e racako izdrala duj-trin drom o kher thaj nijek na lena khan soske si kada, vakerna kaj si i balval.

Palo neko vakci o rikono o Mari thaj o machori o Krli, mashkar i rat nikalna pi morc thaj ovla mursha te djan te pashjon a i djamba beshla trashasa ko than e Ninasa. Sabalje bi te na nicol o kham o Mari thaj o Krli chivna peske pi morc i palem ovna zivotinjes. O trin phenja djana svako zis te keren buci ko kraljos i bi tena ichon katro kher i Demi cumizla e Maris thaj vakerla leske te na mukel e choren ano kher. I Ljulja chumizla e Krlis thaj vakerla lake te pazizes o ziv thaj o bobos katro grumuse. I Nina cumizla e djamba mangla te vakerel hajci nakhavla po lafi i nichola avri pe phenjenca te djan ki buci.

KRANO THE FROG

Once upon a time, a long time ago, in the far land, as far as the forests and seas, at the end of the world, there was a town. How to say...? It was a weird town, a town like no other. In that town, the woman's family had animals as their husband. So-to-say that the animals and the humans were one family. And that's how they lived until they were 30 years old, and the entire town would gather around them, drinking and dancing until the sun set. The woman and her husband's animals are currently standing side by side, facing each other. The women would each have a cup of water and wait until the sun went to sleep. They pour the cup of water on their spouse's head as the last rays of sunlight shine. While the water is dropping down, the animals embrace the last golden sun rays and turn into men.



At a house at the end of the town, there was an old man called Kadri and his wife Shota, with their three daughters: Demi, Ljulja, and Nina. Each of their daughters was stunning, tall, and a knight of the king.

One day, Kadri took his daughters with him. Each daughter has their own bow and arrow and goes to the edge of the forest, where most animals live. "Where your arrow lands, the nearest animal will be your partner. Alike all of us, alike all of you."

The three sisters faced each other from three different directions. When the older sister took a shot with the bow, she threw the arrow close to the dog, Mari. The second sister, Ljulja, is getting ready. She takes her shot. The arrow goes close to a cat, Krli. The youngest sister follows, and the arrow goes close to a frog, Kran. "They are your future spouses." The dad told his daughters the three sisters took their animals with them and went back home.

From that day, at midnight, the house would shake two or three times. They would all open their eyes but quickly fall asleep. They thought it was just a strong wind.

The dog Mari and the cat Krli, after midnight and after the troubling of the house, would take their animal skin off and turn into humans, so they could sleep. Kran would stay in bed next to Nina, scared and hiding under a pillow. In the morning before the sunrise, Mari and Krli would take off the skin, put it on again, and turn into animals again. No one should see them and no one should know their secret.

Kana ale khere katri buci, o manusha chorde sa so sine len dok o rikono pashjolas, thaj o grumuse khelinas peske katro kher. O duj phenja hojame na djana so te keren. Pherla i temina, o kher mrdizla duj ja trin drom thaj palem mashar i rat. O Mari nikala pi morci rikoneski thaj ovla mursh, o Krli nikala pe machoriski morci thaj ovla mursh a i djamba pashjola sar djamba pasho ilo e Ninake thaj garavla pes katri trash.

I tasjarin, o Mari thaj o Krli hana pes celo zis, jek jurizlas averes i kidjal gelo lenge o zis thaj i djamba samo dikla len so kerna, dosadisano leske thaj nichino leske ko nak i poshmizla te nikalel pi morci thaj ovla najlacho murs katro sa o gava. Lela te chistozel o kher, spremizla so te hal pes thaj irizas o kher sar kur na sine... sa sjazlas. Kana ale o trin penja khere nachi te verujzel so dikla, loshame, hana maro, pina vinos thaj djana te pasjon a o kher palem izdrala duj trin drom i rikono ovla manush, o machori ovla manush a djamba pashjola sar djamba garavci talo jorgani trashasa.



Jek zis ko jevende zisa, kana i temina perla rano, i balval phudla an sa o riga thaj kana o phenja beshnas khere o Krano i djamba nicola katri bi koza i vakerla sa so kerlas i rikoni thaj o machori hem kaj i djamba diklas o kher korkoro. I Nina dikla e Kranos sar kaj na dichas nikad averes thaj volizlas les i vishe nego sar djamba thaj ko isto vakci i Nina thaj tuzno i vakerla laske: „Soske dji akana na ujan mursh? Adjarava tu bershenca. „Svako rat thaj svako zis mandjom te dikav tut me manushenske jakhenca ama o svako drom kana o kher thaj i phuv izdrala, nanas samo i bulval neko i azhdaja nichola jek drom ano svako 200 bersh te lel e djamben sar manda te ningalel amen peste“. O rikono Mari shunla kada thaj lel laki djambaki morci thaj djuzel ki jag.

Akana savoren trashana katri azdaja, ko mashar i rat o kher palem izdrala, uhjela i azhdaja te lel e Kranos. I Nina, i Demi thaj i Ljulja nikhalna po machi thaj pe streles te marel pes e azhdajasa. I Nina pekla, i Demi pekla thaj i Ljulja perkla e azhdaja ama sine but zoraji. I Demi djala ki shtala thaj djulzla la e bakrenca te habizel la, i Lula djuzla la strelasa, i Nina uchela katro lakro phiro djala ko trupos, katro trupos ko phaka i katro phaka ukcela te djingerel laki jakh thaj i azhdaja czidla pes ko krajos. Rodla e Kranos ama na dikla laches, thaj anjekareste lela te hurjel thaj djala.

The three sisters were going to work as knights for the King, but before they went, Demi would kiss Mari and tell him not to leave any thieves at the house. Ljulja would kiss Krli and tell him to take care of the wheat and corn for the mice. Nina would kiss the Kran. He would want to tell him something, but would she keep quiet or turn around and join her sisters?

When they returned from work, the thieves had already stolen everything while the dog was sleeping and the mice were running all over the house. The two sisters were mad. Mari and Ljulja were looking at Krli. It was all quiet, only the frog started to make frog noises. Kvaak... Kvaak.... The night comes again, and the house shakes two or three times. Mari takes his skin off again and becomes human once more. Krli takes his skin off and becomes human, whereas the frog was staying close to Nina's heart, scared again.



The day after, Mari and Krli were fighting the whole day. One was running after the other, and that is how the whole day was gone for them. Kran, desperately looking at the situation, starts to take off his skin, and when he did, he was one of the most handsome men in all the towns around. Krano started preparing dinner for the girls for their return and cleaned the house so beautifully, in a way that it never had before, every single object shining like a sun.

When the three sisters arrive home from work, they can't believe what they see. They are very proud of their husbands. Food was ready and they ate and drank the wine, and in a happy atmosphere they forgot the time and it was already midnight. The house started to shake two or three times. After that, the dog became a man again, the same thing the cat did too, and the frog still remained a frog, scared and hidden beneath the sheets of the bed. And they went to bed.

From that day, Kran would turn into a man during the day, working around the house, and during the night he would still be a frog, sleeping close to Nina's heart, scared. The frog was watching Nina. He wanted to take his frog skin off and become a man, but he was too scared for her.

One day, during winter time, when the days are shorter, when the wind blows from every side, and the sisters stay at home, Krano had enough of Krli and Mari fighting every day.

O Kranos an kada ljas o machi pranstela ani azdaja thaj te chinel lako phiro, sar i azdaja pherla ki phuv, o Krano chinla lako shero bi te na perel ki phuv.

O Kranos garavlas pes ko podromi zizesa posto nanasas les vishe i morci e djambaki sa dok na pheras pe trijanda bersha kana ka ovel manush. Thaj i kidjal ulo. O nilaj nichino thaj o gav kerla palem baro bankeri sa kole zivotinjege kaj ovla manusha.

Lende shinga amende bokhoja.

The frog took his skin off, and told the sisters what the dog and the cat were doing every day, and that he had been watching over the house all alone. Nina sees Krano in human shape, and she loves him even more. At the same time, Nina sadly tells him "Why have you never turned to a man before now? I have been waiting for you." "Every day and every night I wanted to see you with my human eyes, but each time the earth and the house would shake, I got scared. That is not the wind; that is the Dragon, who appears every 200 years and takes frogs like me with them, killing everything in its path."

The dog, Mari, heard the conversation, and then took the skin of the frog and threw it into the fire. In the evening, the house started shaking, then the Dragon came down to take Krano. They would not let Krano be taken without a fight. They took their swords out. Nina, Demi, and Ljulja faced the dragon, and as strong as the dragon was Ljulja's shooting at the dragon with her bow in the eye of the dragon. Nina took her chance and began climbing at his leg, then to his body, and finally to the dragon's wing. When Nina was on the dragon's wings, she jumped at its eye and stabbed it with her sword. The Dragon withdraws to the corner, trying to see where Krano is, but he can't see with the blood on his eyes. He was withdrawing and flew away.

For many nights, they would fight a different dragon. For many days, Krano would hide in the house until he turned 30 years old, at which time he turned into a human forever. The town is organizing a big party when the summer starts to warm the earth. For all the animals who were turning 30 and humans who would live forever.



PURC / BRIGDE

Vakerde i paramisija/*Story told by*: Ramiza Kurta, Plemetin/Plemetina, 1992, (KS)
Ilustracija / *Illustration*: Johanna Kirstein-Mustafa, 1993 (GER/KS)



PURC

Sines kaj sines jek phuro thaj jek phuri. Svako zis o phuro nichola avri, beshla anglal po kher thaj dikla e manushen sar naknas katar jek len an kadja ljen valjazlas te ovel jek phurc. O phuro vakerla e phurjake: „Phuri je bre, mora te kerav jek phurc sar bi shajas o manusha te nakhen se naci te dikhav len kikjal vishe bezaha“. I phuri vakerla leske: „Ako bre phureja ker sar manka“. Lel o phuro te kerel i purc muchila pes celo. Racasa dok savoren pashona i purc perla. Hajt, hajt, hajt svako zis kidjal lacharla les, o manusha nakna zisesa thaj racasa palem se palem perla.

Palo nesave bersha pelo o phuro nasvajlo i chingala pe chaven vakerla lenge: „Me chave amanaci ka mukhav tumenge te keren koda mosti savo me naci kerom“. I kakala leske chave vakerna leske: „Te sjam saste thaj veste amen si te keras to amanci“. „Te keren mo amaneci valazna te djan ko kraj os svetosko te sichon. Kana ka djan ma te aven chuche vastenge.“ Chivla maro ki jek listos thaj dela pe chaven thaj o chave gele katro kher ko trin strane e dinjalukos thaj djana ko drom. Palo trin planines thaj trin mores o Bachiri dikla ko drom jekhe ruves astardo naci te mrdizel. O Bachiri del les hari maro te hal thaj pani te pil i nikala les katri astardipe. O ruv ukcela anjekareste, dishila but i dela les jek bal: „Kana ka valazav tuke, samo thar kakja bal i me ka pomozizav tuke. O Bashiri djala po drom, i resja kaj jek gav kerdo kret katro bar. Nikad na dichas hajchi kidjal. Razna purca, razna khera katro razna bojes e barenge. O Bechiri dikla e manushen sar kherna oblika e barenca te chin ki bari kapija te ovel po zoraj se o manusha ka aven te napadizen o gav. Kana anjekareste mucola sa kola manusha ko grasta, machenca thaj strelenca spremizna pes te unistizen kret.



O Bachir dela pes gozi ko ruv thaj tharla i bal. Ani aver strana avna sa kala ruva, sa bare dji po bare. Jurizna kale manushen thaj gele irisane katar avna.

O kraljos katro baresko gav but bahtalo thaj pucla e Bechiris so mangla te irizel leske. O Bechiri vakerla kaj mangla te sichol jek bersh sar te kerel buci e barenca, sar te kerel oblika, thaj te beshen an jekh than bi te na perel.

BRIDGE

Once upon a time, in a land far away, there was an old man and an old woman. Every day, the old man would go outside, close to his house, and observe how people crossed the river and got wet. The old man told the old woman: "My dear, I think I should build a bridge over the river so people can cross the river easily. I can no longer see them suffering while crossing the river." "Of course, you should," said his wife. The old man, soon after that, started to build a bridge. He worked on it the whole day. Overnight, the bridge would break into pieces. So, he rebuilds it. And again, over the night, the bridges fall apart, and he has again rebuilt them. He did the same thing for days. He would build the bridge by day, people would cross over it, but over the night it would fall all over again.

After a few years passed, the old man became sick. He called his sons and told them: "My children, I have a last wish that you build that bridge which I could not finish for many years." "With God's will, we will do this for you." "Said the children. To finish that bridge, you need to go to the end of the world to learn new crafts. And when you go, do not come back empty handed." The father added

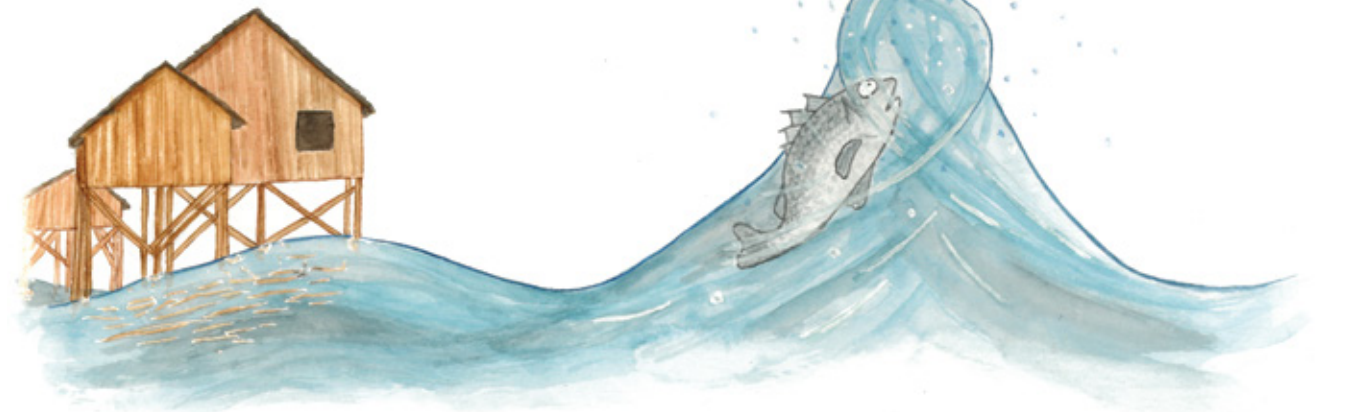
The old man puts some bread in a bag and gives it to his sons for their journey. When his sons left the house, the three of them went to different sides of the world.



After three mountains and three seas, on the road, Bechir saw a wolf who got his paws stuck in the rocks. Bechir gives the wolf some food and some water to drink, and he lifts the rock and releases the wolf's paw. The wolf jumped, breathing fast and calm. The wolf took a hair from his fur and gave it to Bechir. When you need me, just burn that hair, and I will come to your help. "Bechir," the wolf said, "

Bechir continued with his travels, and then he arrived at a town built with rocks. It was something that he had never seen before. There are a lot of bridges and a lot of houses, all made from different colored rocks. Bechir watched how the people of the town were making different designs for the fences to better protect their town from outside attacks. In one moment, a lot of people with horses and raised swords came to the town to destroy everything they saw. Bechir sees women and children running away, scared to hide.

O dujto chavo o Istit, nakhino katro duj lenja i te nakhel i trito len dikla jekhe maches astardo kim mreza thaj nachi mrdizel. O Istit lela e maches te hal les, o o macho vakerla leske: „Ako muksa man kaka drom, ka dav tut jek miri shkriga thaj ako valazla tuke hajci tu ka thares la i me ka ovav toka“. O Istit mukla e maches. Kaj po splavi kerdo katro kashtune burila thaj kashta, resla kaj jek gav kherdo katro kashta upral o pani. Kana anjekaresto o bari balval phudla thaj jek baro talasi, baro sar milje khera. Bari panika ko gav. Savoren nashna. Dikna kaj te djan so te keren. O Istri ni jek ni duj tharel i shkriga e macheski, thaj sa o mache plivizna prema o baro talasi, i sa o mache djuzna pes ko talasi te peraven les. Kidibor but mache sine kaj kherdo adji po baro talasi i kada talasi peravla. Kana pherla o pani tele, savoren dikna so ulo kada. O kraljos katro gav si leske but zahvalno i mangla te irizel leske hajci. O Istit mangla samo te sichol te kerel buci e kashtenca, te saj te kerel khera, purca thaj droma upral o pani thaj te beshel upral o pani.



O Kushni o najcikoro chavo phirla katro drom arakla jekhe phures ko drom. O phuro chino, phirla pohari pohari. Irizla pes o phuro dikla e Kushnis thaj thaj mangla leske pani, kana pijas o pani, dela les i maro. Ancas hari pi snaga o phuro ispravizel pes thaj gjingadla les peste khere se nane dur. Kana civla pes o Kushni kaj lesko kher, pherdo siles knjiges thaj razna crtezja katro gava kherde barenca, gava kherde upral o pani... O Kushni achino otka, thaj phuro sikavas les kret so djanlas te kerel, te crtizel thaj te pishizel.

Palo jek bersh, o phrala irizna pes khere ko isto thaj kaj i odvojsane, loشهame vakerna jek avereske so deshiso lenge. Kana civna pes andre ko kher, o phuro panda kherla purc.

O Bachiri mukla o bar pasho po dad. O Istit mukla o kash pasho po dad thaj o Kushni mukla o phag (perka) thaj ila anglo po dad.

Katro kada zis, o mosti vishe nika na pelo. Ali i kherde sa o khera e manushenge ko razna gava thaj ko razna oblika.

Lende sheja, amende bokhoja.

In a fit of instinct, he takes the hair of a wolf and burns it. The dust of horsemen is growing closer on one side, and the dust of wolves is growing closer on the other side. As never seen before, a big pact of wolves, each wolf bigger than the other, protects the city of rock and chases the enemy.

The king of the town was grateful for what Bechir did and asked him for whatever he wanted as a token of gratitude for his deeds. Bechir had only one thing he wanted, and that was to stay in the town for one year and learn how to work with the rocks, to create different shapes of rocks and solid rock structures.

The second brother, Istit, was traveling on a small boat through a confluence. Just before joining the confluence, he found a fish that is almost dead in a fish net. Istit took the fish and wanted to cook it. But at that moment, the fish said: "If you let me go this time, I will give you one of my scales, and if you ever need something from me, you just burn that scale and I will be there for your help." Istit takes the fish scale and lets the fish go. Istit carries on his way on the boat, seeing a town made of wood on the top of the river. Istit was amazed. In the wink of an eye, an enormous wave higher than the house came on his way to the town. Everyone was panicking in the town, and no one knew where to go or what to do. Istit did not hesitate for a moment; he started to burn the fish scales. Another wave of fish was swimming toward the wave to crash it and prevent it from destroying the wood town. The king of the wood town was thankful for what he did and wanted to return the favor to him. The only thing that Istit wanted was to stay in the town and learn how to work with wood; to create wooden bridges, houses, and paths that would stay on top of the water without falling and being destroyed.

The youngest brother, Kushani, is meeting an old man in the middle of nowhere. The old man was tired and he was walking slowly. When the old man turned behind, he saw Kushani walking by. He was asking for a little bit of water. Kushani takes out the water and gives it to the old man to drink. When he finishes drinking, his energy comes back, and as an appreciation, he called Kushani at his house, as he did not live far from there.



When Kushani got into the old man's house, he saw a lot of books, maps, and sketches of bridges, castles, and objects. Kushani stayed with the old man for a year, and the old man taught him everything he knew: how to read and write, how to draw, and how to calculate.

After one year had passed, the three brothers returned to the same place from which they departed. They are all happy to see each other, and they are telling each other stories of adventures they have had during their trip. When they return home, they see their father still working on the bridge. "Poor guy." The brothers, though

Bachir moves the rocks closer to his father, Isrit moves the wood closer to his father, and Kushani pulls out a pen and some papers and sits next to his father.

From that day, they built the bridge which has never fallen again, and ever since, they have built all kinds of houses and castles for anyone that needed one.

