

SAMPLE
TRANSLATION

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WHY GRANNY IS ANGRY

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This is a story about ...

This is a story about the bears at Bearwood, where bears lived mostly as bears do, but also like people. It all happened long time ago, but, then again, not so long ago either.

That year, a lady bear named Beargella became a mother, and after a brief love affair with a gentleman bear named Bearald she whelped a little son named Bearnard and a little daughter named Bearlynda. As Beargella worked at the Office of Bearwood President, she often brought her children to be cared for by grandmother Beartha. The grandmother enjoyed the company of her grandchildren very much, as she spent most of her time with her neighbour, a squirrel named Muriel, and she longed for the company of other bears. This was because the grown-up bears lived far apart from each other, as their work demanded. And, the most convenient jobs were most often to be found in far away places. Bears returned home and socialised with each other only because of their children. But wherever they were, even if they were very far apart, they stayed connected in their hearts.

All her life, Grandmother Beartha had been a very vivacious and kind person, and was always making merry and laughing. She touched the hearts of many bears, and even the other animals in Bearwood loved her. But, that year she was overcome by anger. This book tells the story of how her grand-daughter Bearlynda remembered the events that led to this.

Why is granny angry?

Because she is the most frightful pirate of them all!

My little brother Bearny and I really, really liked to be at grandmother Beartha's, even when our mommy Beargella had to wake us up at daybreak so we could get to granny's in time before she went to work. That spring, granny and the two of us started to play pirates from the very first minute we arrived. It was great fun, indeed.

First we looked for weapons. The first who found one was Bearny. "I have a sabre!" he claimed, as he took a poker from the mantle of the fireplace. I wished I could find myself an equally remarkable weapon, and searched every corner of granny's bedroom, but I couldn't find anything frightful at all. The corners of my eyes and mouth drooped down in disappointment.

Then granny rushed to the pantry. This took her quite some time, as she had trouble walking, and even when she hastened, she was still not as quick as we were when we walked at our normal pace. So, we often had to run to fetch something for her, and that morning we also asked her if we shall do so. But granny did not want us scrambling around: "By the time I explain where the thing is, I could already get it myself. Just wait here." She returned with a giant wooden spoon. It was bigger than me, even bigger than Bearny! "This will be your weapon," she said, and handed it over to me. Now the corners of my eyes and mouth turned upwards with joy.

Granny found a weapon for herself in the pantry, too – a wooden tool, composed of a hoop with a screw in it: "This thing is finally finding its purpose. That neighbour with the bushy tail gave it to me." "Muriel the squirrel?" I asked. "It doesn't really matter who. This is a quite convenient tool for squeezing someone's finger," granny winked at the both of us. I watched the object carefully, but could not discern what it was. Bearny had also never seen anything

like it before. "This is a terrible weapon, indeed!" granny said determinedly. The two of us agreed immediately.

Bearny was not entirely sure which of us was the most fearfully armed pirate, so he did not dare to suggest to be the head pirate, which is what he secretly hoped for at first. And so, there we were, granny Beartha, my little brother Bearny, and I, at the beginning of a game of pirates without a leader.

"Ah, but we also need a disguise," thought granny. She took an old rag from the drawer below the cupboard and gave it to Bearny: "Here, this already has holes, throw it over your head and use it as a mask." Then I exclaimed: "And I can put on make-up in such a manner that nobody will recognise me!"

It was my mommy, who had told me this when I took her make-up last week and coloured my eyes and lips. "That is not nice at all! You smeared yourself all over and put too much around your eyes and all over your cheeks. Nobody would be able to recognise you!" she admonished me as she took the make-up boxes away and placed them far from the reach of my little hands.

"Um, where is my make-up?" granny asked herself, "It has been so long since I used it." "Ah, what about charcoal. You can make your face black with it!" suggested Bearny, who was winding around the chimney again and again. At first I was not satisfied with that suggestion, but in the end I finally did make my face all black. I also took some charcoal dust to make the wooden spoon black, so that it too looked more frightful.

Now granny was the only one without a disguise. She asked herself: "What could I do so that nobody would recognise me?" "Oh, I know," she decided at last, "I will leave my teeth and wig at home. That will do." Bearny and I were head over heels with joy, as without her teeth and hair granny looked really scary. So scary, in fact, that normally she would not let anybody see her without one or the other, and especially not without either of them. Even the two of us had only seen her without teeth and hair only once – when she was ill and could not leave her bed for four days.

So, without her teeth and hair, granny Beartha was scary and unrecognisable, just like any real pirate should look. "Wow, playing pirates is fun!" all three of us agreed. "Now, let us go on the lookout for wanderers!" Bearny called as if he was the head one, although as a group of pirates in disguise we had no leader.

But, in front of granny's den – there was mommy, who came from work to fetch us a bit earlier than usual. She was utterly astonished: "What is going on here?" "Oh, do you recognise me?" I was surprised, all black from the charcoal on my face. "Yes, I did recognise you and Bearny, although he is wearing a cloth over his head, but I almost did not recognise granny. Oh, how she looks!" said mommy with surprise.

Suddenly granny became all red in the face and started to yell angrily with a screaming voice: "Ha, how I do look! I look like doom and gloom. I look like you will a hundred years from now, and how your Bearald will look too, wherever he is, and even president Bearwick – actually, like all the creatures in the world!" Granny suddenly turned around and returned to her den, banging the door behind her.

Mommy just stood in front of the door. My little brother and I stood there too, as we had never seen our granny so angry before, at least not screaming and banging doors. We were like statues, frozen with fear. Only now did we find our granny scary; much, much more than without her teeth and hair.

"What have you been doing?" mommy asked us seriously, taking the cloth from Bearny's face. "We were playing pirates," he said, and I added: "Granny wanted to be the scariest pirate of us

all, so she took out her teeth took off her wig, but there was no harm in that, was there?" Mommy sat down on the stump next to the den and snuggled us close to her. "Well, there is no harm in having no teeth and no hair, as long there is no anger involved. But now granny is angry," she commented. "When she was with us, she was not angry," Bearny objected. "No, but you were playing together," mommy replied.

She sat us down, took a stick into her hands and started to draw in the dirt beneath us to explain more thoroughly: "Granny was playing with you without her teeth and hair, and this was amusing for her." Mommy drew in the soil: first the wig, then the teeth beneath it and a semicircle bellow them – the last part looked like a smiling mouth. It seemed like granny's face could be there.

"And then she remembered that this was not just a game, being without her teeth and hair, but that she actually was without her teeth and hair," mommy continued and erased teeth and wig from the soil. "So, because she actually is without her teeth and hair, she is now very sad." Now she erased the smiling semicircle too, and drew another one in its place. This one looked like a mouth, which could have either been angry or sad at the same time. "And, since granny does not like to be sad, it made her angry to be sad." They looked the same, the picture in the soil and granny's face when she scared us. That is why we could not see, what was going on.

"She is not angry with us, she is angry with herself. Do you understand?" mommy finished and embraced us. Bearny nodded, looking at the semicircle in the soil. He actually did not understand everything completely in his head, but maybe he understood in his heart. My heart was aching, so I could not respond.

We sat there for a some time, and after a while I asked mommy: "But Bearwick is not our president anymore, is he?" "No, the current president of Bearwood is Bearack the Tall," Bearny jumped in, and mommy added: "Bearwick the Short was the first president of Bearwood, so for granny any president after him will just bear the name Bearwick."

Then she took us back into granny's den: "Let us go in, you have to return the pirate equipment to granny so that you will be able to use it the next time you visit." This we agreed with, since we did not want to leave without saying goodbye. We had a special way of greeting and saying goodbye with granny. First we would embrace each other, and then granny would lay her hand on our hearts, and we would both lay our hands on hers.

And that day all of us three – granny Beartha, Bearny and I – were not really appeased until we were able to do our special way of saying: "See you next time!"

Why is granny angry?

Because she is the most excellent cook of them all!

After a few days granny's anger was forgotten. Mommy Beargella was only several trees away on her way to the work when Bearny suggested going on a pirate trail. Granny Beartha did not want to go too far from home, but she had just as much pirate spirit as ever. "It would not be entirely out of the question to be able to find some treasure in my den," she said, hoping to encourage some excitement for pirating. And so she did.

I rushed to granny's closet, convinced that under a pile of bedclothes there was a piece of valuable jewellery hidden. It was golden, with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. If there was not a heap of necklaces, bracelets and a tiara, then there should be at least one ring. As long as it would be a big one and opulently decorated. I drew out all the sheets, covers and bedspreads,

looking thoroughly for jewellery in them as well, but then I just left them on the floor of granny's bedroom, absolutely everywhere. This amused granny so much, that she laughed out loud.

In the meantime, Bearny explored the chimney. There was a chance that directly above the hearth of the fireplace there was a hiding place for something mysterious and alluring. Perhaps a map showing the spot where there was a pot of golden coins buried, or the recipe for a secret potion to make one invisible, for example. Without hesitation he stepped into the centre of the fireplace and jumped as high as he could, all the while reaching and searching for treasure. Plaster and soot poured down and soon granny's bedroom became very dirty, absolutely everywhere. This also amused granny so much that she laughed out loud.

"What kind of pirates are we without any weapons?" she clapped her hands together suddenly. But, Bearny objected: "But we do have some!" as he waved his poker, "This is my sabre!" And I had found myself a spoon from the bench in front of the fireplace, where I left it the day before. "None of this is of any use as a pirate's weapon," Granny said in disbelief. "Sure they are," my little brother insisted, "you chose these weapons for us, and had a finger squeezer for yourself." Granny shook her head in disbelief and took the giant spoon in her hand, saying, "I will show you, what this is." I followed her into the pantry, but Bearny did not come with us. Exploring the chimney has taken so much of his energy already that he just lay down on the bench and fell asleep.

It was summer and the pantry was full of honey. All the bears had been harvested honey during the summer so that they could eat it all autumn long and go to bed with a full stomach for their winter sleep. But granny had harvested far too much of it; much more than she could eat. There was even more than all of us could eat put together! Beneath the pots full of honey the shelves quivered, and there were pots were all around the pantry, piled one on top of the other in columns from the floor to the ceiling. Granny did not hide her pride: "Year after year, it gets more difficult, but it can be done if one does it step by step. Yes, indeed!" Since I knew how slowly granny moved, I could not understand how she had done it. She must have worked very hard.

But, granny sighed and complained: "Honey is not what it used to be anymore. I like it more when I add something to it." She was particularly proud of her own recipe for Fir honey with nettles in it. I had never heard of any bear mixing honey with something before and was very anxious to taste it, but I did not like it at all. "Ugh!" I said, after spitting out a mouthful. "You do not know what is good," granny smiled at me. "Or what is healthy," she added more seriously.

For me, the smell of amber coloured honey was more enticing, and there was a big kettle three quarters full of it in the centre of the pantry. "This one is made from lime," granny told me as she began stirring it with the long spoon which used to be my pirate weapon. She opened a glass jar, full of red ants, and shook them into the kettle. Then she started to stir with all her might. The ants spread through the honey in red layers, and her job was to spread them out evenly throughout the whole concoction, so that there would be red spots everywhere and the taste would be uniform.

She stirred and stirred, doing her best, and beads of sweat began to form on her forehead. I took a spoon as well, a little one, and climbed up on a footstool to help her. Granny would say, "To the left!" And I quickly began moving my spoon to the left. Then granny would say, "To the right!" And I would quickly begin moving my spoon to the right. It was necessary to go all the way down to the bottom of the kettle. This was granny's part. It was thick, and turning it took a lot of strength. We stirred and stirred, until our hands were very tired.

"And so, it is done," granny concluded finally. She put her giant spoon into the corner and, as she was very weary, she shuffled to her bedroom very slowly, with me following behind her. I did not even have any wish to taste what we had stirred together, so tired was I. In the

bedroom, we saw my little brother, still sleeping on the bench, and my mommy, sitting next to him and waiting to take us home. "You were so absorbed in your work that I did not want to disturb you," said mommy, instead of greeting us. "We really did work hard," I admitted. "Oh, well," she said, "as long there is not as much fussing here as there was today at my work. It is so nice to rest in piece and quiet for a while. we do not need to hurry." Mommy was looking at Bearny sleeping.

But granny stood completely still in front of her bed. "What is it?" mommy asked, paying attention immediately. "What have you done with my bed?" Granny asked in horror. "The pirates ransacked it when they were looking for treasure," I explained silently, but merrily, to mommy and not to granny, as she had done the most pirating that day herself.

"The pirates have put my bed on end!" said granny, suddenly very sure. Bearny woke up and looked at mommy, but I was still convinced that granny was joking. I jumped to the bed and sat on it. "It is not up on end at all!" I said, "I can sit on it. It is lying as flat as a ship on the sea." "Watch out! You will fall!" granny said to me, full of concern. Then my little brother joined me, and jumping on the bed he tried to convince granny: "This is a pirate's ship, we are sailing on the sea to find treasure!"

Granny walked to mommy very determined and warned her with an ice cold voice: "Your children will fall into the sea. Take them from the ladder. What are you waiting for? Save them!" Mommy realised that this was serious. Granny was very angry again, she was all red in the face and her whole body was shaking.

"Come here," mommy called us back to the bench. Then she led granny to her bed again. "Look, it is not standing up on end. It is standing solidly on the ground, on all four legs," mommy said, as she showed the bed to granny. "So," she continued, "the best thing for you would be to lie down on it and see for yourself. You must be completely exhausted. Take a rest."

Granny lied down on the bed, but she remained restless. Mommy explained to Bearny and me that, once again, granny was not angry with us, but with herself, because she put so much effort into her cooking, that it had taken all her energy. We stayed with granny, since she was not able to fall asleep long into the night.

Finally, a sleep came for my little brother and me. When we were still barely able to sit up at the bench I remembered how we had managed to calm down granny the last time she was angry. I went to her and put my hand on her heart, and invited my little brother to do the same. Granny looked at us with astonishment at first, but then she smiled and raised her hand towards our hearts. This time, this was our way of saying good night.

And so, we fell asleep, granny Beartha, my little brother and me. Mommy was stayed awake all night long, and watched us carefully. She walked around the room, from time to time caressing granny, Bearny and me. But, the whole time she was thinking things over, and she was really worried.

Why is granny angry?

Because she knows far more than all of us!

Soon after that night Bearnard and I started to go to school. A school year in a school for bears lasts for only one season – the whole of autumn. In the summer bears need to collect honey, and in the winter bears need to sleep. So, in just a short time in the autumn many things happen: we bears learn to read, do math and draw. And, on top of all this, the boy bears play football and the girl bears compete in tree climbing.

That autumn Bearnard and I continued to visit granny Beartha after school, and we waited for mommy there when she had to work all day. And most often she had to. Granny did not get up from her bed after the day she believed it was standing up on end. And from that day on Muriel the squirrel stayed with her all day, just like she and mommy agreed to do.

Finally we learned what the mysterious object we thought was a finger squeezer was actually for. “It is a nut crusher,” Muriel revealed. Granny objected: “What do you know, Bushy!” But Muriel insisted: “It was my present to you, so that is how I know.” But, Granny persisted, as Muriel and she often had gentle quarrels to pass the time, “This could have been anything at all, until it was taken into the hands of pirates.”

Granny had still not run out of pirate’s spirit. She only added, “We do not need to complicate things so much.” We did not look for treasures anymore. Instead, we told each other stories about what would happen, when we would sit lurking in wait for travellers. Sometimes granny told us everything as if it had already happened, even when it did not. In her stories, there were people which my brother and I could not even imagine. Acts of piracy unexpectedly turned into wandering adventures, games of sport, or recipes for complicated dishes. And it was precisely for that reason that granny was so interesting to listen to.

Granny talked very much, and all the time, but sometimes it took a bit of effort for me to understand her. Like the time she wanted us to change our pirate disguises. “The little holes,” she demanded. “What little holes?” I kept asking her. “The little holes, the little holes!” she repeated. Muriel could not help me to find an answer. My brother was not present at the time – he was at school for football practice. Then granny showed us the drawer below a cupboard and it came to me in a flash: “She wants the old rag with two openings for eyes which Bearnard used as a mask to change into a pirate.”

I brought it to granny, who then tied it around her head with a knot on the nape of her neck. “Wow, this is the new pirate’s fashion,” I asserted. Granny was head over heels with joy. After that, our pirate gang wore handkerchiefs instead of disguises. It was really funny when granny put her wig on top of the handkerchief, so that the handkerchief was low down on her eyebrows and across her head, with her wig covering the handkerchief just partially on one side.

At first, Bearnard was sad for granny, because she could not get out of bed anymore. But, he was now convinced that she was our head pirate. Only head pirates wear handkerchiefs in their own manner, different than other pirates, and the stories they told were more wonderful than the ones told by others indeed.

Once I asked granny why she stayed in bed. “Because you will place it upright if I get up,” she answered. I found this to be a very strange answer, as did Bearnard. Muriel said that we did not need to understand everything granny said. “There are things which we comprehend, but there are also things beyond our comprehension,” she added, trying to throw some light on the subject. It was as if granny knew far more than the rest of us, and that was something that Bearnard and I had no trouble agreeing with. And this was true even now, when we already went to school and understood a lot without mommy’s help.

Then, one day Muriel told us that granny had stopped talking to her. When mommy came to see what was going on, granny did not want to talk to her either. She just followed her with her eyes and remained silent. This lasted for two days. And, on the third day, when my brother and I came to see her, she did not say anything to us either.

Bearnard thought that granny looked sad. To cheer her up he tied a pirate's handkerchief around his head and challenged her to play: "Well, granny Beartha, which pirate's story will have its turn today?" And granny spoke!

She spoke as if her words were drops of heavy rain pouring down: "Do you have your sabre? Defend me, they are full of tricks, they will drive us into a corner! Now they are waiting for us in an ambush, they dug a pit for us to fall in, we dare not pass by. Stay here, with me, do not move. And where is Bearlynda? She should stay with us too, otherwise they will capture her!" "Here I am," I uttered, even though I was beside the bed the whole time. Granny slid into anger and disbelief: "No, who are you? You are not one of us, go away!"

Muriel intervened: "You have grown so much, that she cannot recognise you. Both you and Bearnard are so tall, that even I myself had trouble recognising you today when you came." But my brother commented: "You do not have a pirate's handkerchief, and that is why she does not recognise you." "You are probably right", I replied. However, granny's words had already gripped my heart.

With a trembling hand I put a handkerchief around my head in the manner of a pirate. Then granny suddenly recognised me. "Oh, my Bearlyn, my dear granddaughter Bearlynda. Oh, such luck, that you are here. Now we are all together. They cannot do us any harm, because we are united," she said tenderly. I could barely follow the changes in granny's moods, but more than anything I was glad that she had started to speak.

In the forest, when Bearnard and I had left granny's den, we were in agreement that playing pirates was not fun anymore. It was fun back when granny did not have her teeth and wig. It was fun in a different way when granny could not walk anymore. But now there was very little fun when granny refused to talk. I had to think very hard about why it was not fun to play pirates anymore.

"Granny is angry with herself all the time," I stated. "She is angry, because she believes one thing about what is real and feels another. And she cannot decide whether she should trust her belief or her feeling." To Bearnard, this seemed very wise from me and exactly right. "We need to help granny to decide which is which," he added, "she is no fun now, when she cannot decide."

That day, while we were discussing granny, both of us completely forgot that this was our first time returning home from granny's all by ourselves. And this was a far longer trip than just going from the school to granny's den. Mommy praised us strongly for this in the evening when she came home.

But afterwards she was once again much wiser than me when we discussed granny's situation. "It is true that granny's thoughts and emotions each go their own way. But, do not you think that it is easier for granny to follow her emotions than her thoughts?" she pointed out. "Despite the fact that she follows things slowly when she is thinking, in her heart she always knows what is going on right away."

Still, I had my doubts: "But, she does not know when she is sad and when she is angry." Mommy insisted: "I do not think that granny needs help to decide. She will benefit much more from our patience. We just need to wait for her feelings to catch up with her thoughts."

Then I understood what she was telling me. Most of the time granny was like I was that time when she could not recognise me. All the feelings in my heart jumped on each other; first one was on top and then there was another, and until this commotion calmed down I could not think clearly. I explained all this to Bearnard. "It really is not fun," he established, "but it is not tiresome either. Granny is our head pirate, so we need to follow her. And that includes all the adventures, even the ones that are not fun."

When my brother and I visited granny Beartha next time, Muriel was already waiting for us in front of the door. "The door needs to be shut right away and locked, otherwise she will grumble until we do it," she warned us. But hardly anything in granny's behaviour could surprise us at that point. "That means that she can speak," Bearnard whispered in my ear with a meaningful tone and with an ounce of hope. But Muriel heard and corrected him: "No, she does not speak. She grumbles."

My brother and I were not accustomed to the darkness in granny's den, since the door used to always be open. All bears keep the door of their den wide open during warm seasons. Muriel showed us the way with a small lamp and moved a bench closer to the bed so that we could sit next to granny. "Hello," I said to granny, "it is not winter yet, so there is no need to close the door so tightly." "She does not want to eat anymore," Muriel accused her, and moved away to sweep the floor.

Granny Beartha did not say anything, she just lay there, completely quite and calm. Once she looked at me, another time she looked at Bearnard. Yet another time she just looked at nothing in particular. The two of us just waited there, sitting quietly. It seemed to us that granny had shrunk very much. She was disappearing in the darkness of her den, under the cover of her bed. Bearnard now perceived: "We will not be pirates anymore." I nodded my assent. But granny just stared and kept her silence.

I reached for granny's hand. When I took it in mine, it seemed so tiny to me, far too small to swing a giant spoon again – the one which we had cooked and fought with. I carried granny's hand gently to my heart and stretched my hand towards her heart. Bearnard did the same.

In that moment, I felt, not so much thought, of this as much more than just a greeting, a way to say goodnight, or bye for now. Bitterly, pithy, without words, only in my heart I ascertained: "So, this is how we are saying farewell."

And then ...

And then Bearwood became all white with snow, but there were no bear footprints.

All the bears were sleeping in their dens. Bearlynda dreamt of creating recipes for delicious honey mixtures together with her granny Beartha. Bearnard dreamt of being a captain and sailing over the seven seas together with his granny Beartha as a navigator. Beargella dreamt of Bearald's return and a new offspring to trust into granny Beartha's hands.

But granny Beartha was gone. Before the winter she wandered out of her den. Muriel was rummaging in the pantry and when she had returned to the bedroom granny was gone. All of Bearwood was searched, and granny was declared missing all over the land, but she had gone into the unknown. Nevertheless, no bear can disappear from the hearts of their family of bears. Or from the dreams of bears. And this was especially true for granny Beartha!

Muriel the squirrel missed her. While the other bears were having their winter sleep, she sat high up in her tree and gazed into the empty, snowbound horizon all day long. "Perhaps granny Beartha will stroll in from somewhere," she hoped. In her mind, she roused memories

of the previous year. And once again she resolved: “There are things which we comprehend, but there are also things beyond our comprehension.”

Then she continued to gaze into the empty, snowbound horizon.