

THE HARE TALE CHUKCHEE TALE

Превод от чукчи: Владимир Богораз, 1910

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THE HARE TALE^[0]

In the olden time it was dark on the earth. The ke'let stole the sun and took it away to their house. There they played ball with it. Hare said, "Let me get back the sun!" He climbed up on the tent of the ke'let and looked in. They were playing ball with the sun. He dropped from above down into the tent. "Oh, oh! we have found a fat little hare!" — "Do not hurt me! I will give you plenty of oil." — "Oh, will you?" — "How many kettles have you?" — "Two kettles." He kicked the sun with his toe, and nearly made it jump out of the vent-hole. Then he jumped up himself and almost did the same. Still he fell down again. "Oh, oh, we have found a fat little hare!" — "Do not hurt me! I will fill you up with oil." — "Oh, will you?" — "How many kettles have you?" — "Three kettles." He kicked the sun, and it bounded upwards out of the vent-hole, shot high into the air, and stuck to the sky. Before this it had been loose. Then he jumped up himself, got out, and fled away. The ke'le gave chase.

The little Hare came to the Eagle. "Oh, oh, hide me! A ke'le is pursuing me!" — "All right!" The Eagle hid him in his right arm-pit. Then the ke'le came. "Have you not seen my little Hare?" — "Yes, I saw him. He climbed upwards straight to the zenith." — "Oh, how can I follow him there!" — "Well, mount upon my back, I will take you up!"

He carried the ke'le upwards. After a long while he said, "Look down upon the earth! What size does it appear to be?" — "The size of a big lake!" — "Oh, let us fly still higher up!" They flew. "Look down again! What size has the earth now?" — "The size of a small lake." — "Oh, let us fly still higher up! — Look down on the earth! What size has it now?" — "The size of a spread tent-cover." — "Oh, let us fly still higher up! — What size has the earth now?" — "The size of a thong-seal hide!" — "Oh, let us fly still higher up! — What size has the earth now?" — "The size of a boot-sole (made of thong-seal hide)!" — "Oh, we are drawing near our destination

now! — What size has the earth now?” — “The size of a patch (on the sole).” — “Oh, we have nearly reached our destination! — What size has the earth now?” — “The size of a worm-hole in a reindeer-skin.” — “No earth, it has quite vanished.” — “Ah, ah! I am so tired! I have lost all my strength. I have sprained my back.” He dropped the ke'te. The ke'le fell down. He falls, he falls, he falls. At last he reached the earth, and entered the ground, head foremost, up to the waist. Then the Eagle said to the Hare, “Your tormentor is enfeebled. Have no fear, and go out! Have a look at him!”

The Hare made a stone maul, and hurried to the ke'le. The ke'le's legs were protruding from the ground. He hammered him with the stone maul upon the soles, and drove him into the ground altogether. Since that time the ke'let have continued to move beneath, within the ground.

[0] Told by Rike'wgi, a Maritime Chukchee man, at Mariinsky Post, October, 1900. ↑

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