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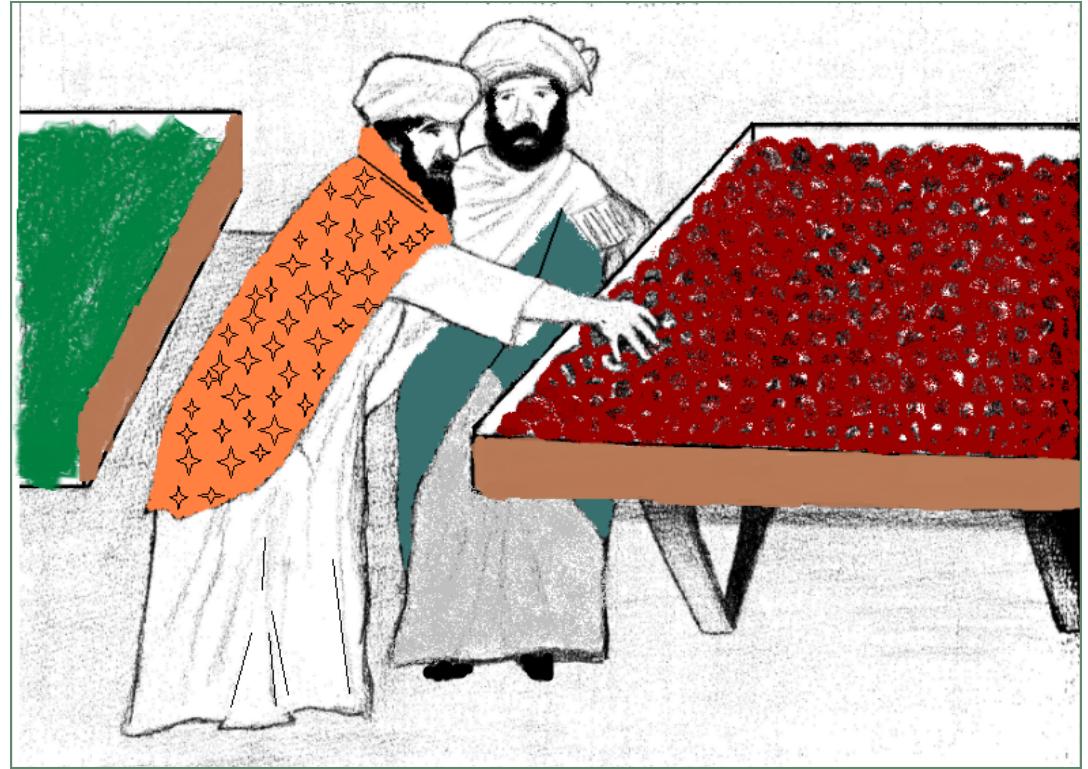


The Treasure in the Orchard

an Afghani folktale

World of Story 2010

English - Polish



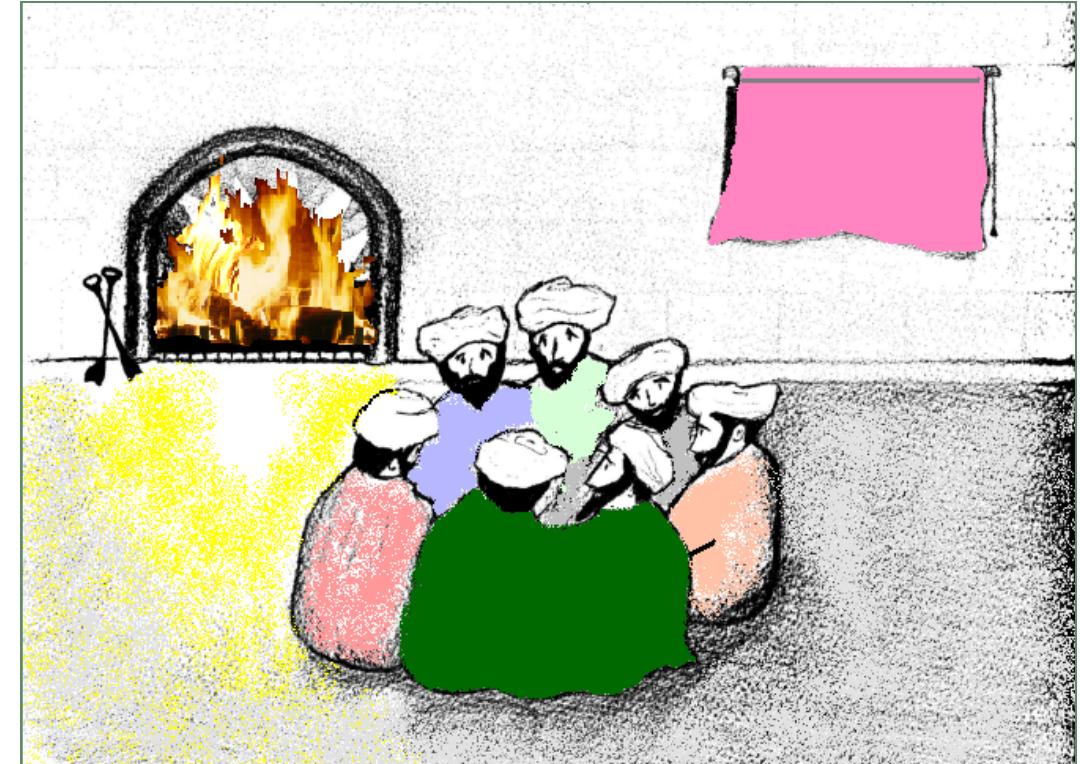
Sasiedzi pomogli im a dni mijaly i stopniowo zmienily sie z zimnych na cieple. Nadeszla wiosna. I tej wiosny, ku zaskoczeniu siedmu synow, drzewa w sadzie zakwitly jak nigdy przedtem. Daly im mnostwo dorodnych, zlotych, soczystych i slodkich gruszek do sprzedania na targu. Pieniedzy ze sprzedazy owocow wystarczylo na dostatnie zycie az do nastepnych zbiorow. Synowie zrozumieli, ze ich stary dobry ojciec zostawil im jednak skarb. Tym skarbem byl sad! Zrozumieli, ze jesli dadza mu swoja prace, wiedze i popracuja w pocie czola, sad zapewni im dostatnia przyszlosc. Sad wyzywi ich samych, ich zony, ich synow i corki, ale przede wszystkim sprawi, ze ich dobry ojciec bedzie z nich dumny.

World of Story 2010

Edmonton Mennonite Centre for Newcomers

Skarb W Sadzie

The neighbours did help them, and the days turned from cold to warm, and finally spring did arrive. And in that spring, much to the seven sons' surprise, the pomegranate trees flowered like never before. They produced plenty of fine fruit. Red, ripe, juicy, plump pomegranates to sell at the market. After the sons returned from the market, they discovered that they had enough money to live comfortably until the next harvest. They realized that their kind father had left them a treasure. The treasure was the orchard! If they spent their hours, their knowledge, and their sweat working, the orchard would give them a prosperous future. It could sustain both themselves, and their wives and sons and daughters, and would make their kind father proud.



There once was, and there once was not, in days gone by, a kind young man who became a kind old man. In the days between being a young man and becoming an old man, this kind man grew a productive orchard of red, plump pomegranates. They were ripe and juicy and gave him pride. The kind man also had seven sons. In some ways, his sons were very much like the pomegranates. They were plump like the pomegranates, and the pomegranates stayed still, like the sons. The pomegranates were ripe and juicy and gave the kind man pride, but the sons were spoiled and lazy and caused the kind man shame.

Przezyli bardzo trudna i głodna zimę. Przezuwali gorzki chleb i gorzkie mysli. Wreszcie nie mieli innego wyboru jak pochylić głowy i pokornie poprosić swoich sasiadow o pomoc zeby nie umrzec z głodu. Czuli się bardzo zawstydzeni z powodu swojego lenistwa.

They spent a difficult winter. They chewed on bitter bread and bitter thoughts.
The sons had no choice but to go to their neighbours, with their heads
bowed and ask for help so that they wouldn't starve.
They felt ashamed of their laziness.



Dawno, dawno temu zyl pewien mlody dobry czlowiek, ktory z uplywem lat
stal sie starym dobrym czlowiekiem. Przez całe swoje zycie dobry czlowiek
troszczyl sie o piekny sad owocowy pelen dorodnych gruszy, ktore kazdej
jesieni miały mnóstwo duzych, zlocistych gruszek. Kiedy dojrzewaly robily sie
bardzo soczyste i slodkie, a dobry stary czlowiek byl z nich bardzo dumny.

Mial on rowniez siedmu synow, ktorzy bardzo nie lubili pracowac.
Gruszki byly soczyste i dobry czlowiek byl z nich dumny ale synowie byli
rozpieszczeni i leniwi wiec przynosili dobremu czlowiekowi tylko wstyd.

The kind man and his sons lived in a small, beautiful village in a valley surrounded by mountains. They had neighbours to the north whose sons worked tirelessly in their walnut grove. There were neighbours to the east whose sons toiled daily in their vineyard. They had neighbours to the south whose sons sweated under the hot sun so that the apples in their orchard grew large and sweet. And there were neighbours to the west whose sons spent hours in their cherry orchard. The neighbours gathered with each other to shake their heads and say: "Our sons give us so much help, but some boys are so lazy! Their poor kind father..." and shake their heads again.



Nastepnego ranka wszyscy poszli szukac skarbu. Przez nastepnych kilka tygodni pracowali w sadzie od wschodu do zachodu slonca. Pracowali ciezko i szybko, spragnieni swojej nagrody. Nauczyli sie jak kopac ziemie sprawniej. Przez te wszystkie tygodnie poswiecili ziemi swoja wiedze, trud i swój czas. Pod koniec trzeciego tygodnia kazdy kawalek ziemi byl przekopany ale ciagle jeszcze nie znalezli zadnego skarbu. Synowie byli bardzo rozczarowani. Tego roku nie zebraли dobrych plonow i owocow na sprzedaz bylo niewiele.

The following morning they went out, searching for their treasure. For the next few weeks, they worked in the orchard, from sun up to sun down. They worked hard, and fast, hungry for their reward. They learned to turn the soil more efficiently. They gave the land their knowledge, their sweat and their hours. By the end of the third week, they saw that every piece of the soil was turned over, but they still saw no treasure. The sons were disappointed. They did not have enough profit from the meager harvest to last until the next harvest.



Dobry człowiek i jego synowie żyli w malej, pieknej osadzie polozonej w dolinie otoczonej wysokimi gorami. Ich sąsiedzi od strony północnej pracowali w swoim sadzie pełnym włoskich orzechów. Sąsiedzi od strony południowej pracowali w swoim sadzie pełnym jabłoni. I mieli jeszcze sasiadow od strony zachodniej, którzy mieli sad pełen dorodnych czeresni. Gdy sąsiedzi spotkali się ze sobą krecili głowami i mowili: "Nasi synowie bardzo nam pomagają przy pracy w sadzie ale niektórzy chłopcy są tak bardzo leniwi! Biedny jest ich dobry, stary ojciec..." mowili, i ze współczuciem krecili głowami.



Even though they were lazy, the kind man loved all of his sons. He wanted to give them a comfortable life, and a prosperous future. So every day the kind man worked the land from sun up to sun down. He gave many gifts to the land. He gave his knowledge of how often to water, and when to pick the fruit. He gave his sweat that dripped down his back as he turned up the soil. And he gave the hours of his day. As he grew older, his work became more difficult, and the pomegranates became fewer. He asked for help from his sons, but they refused. They said that they had other things to do, but the kind man knew the problem. Working hard doesn't grow on trees like pomegranates. The kind old man knew that he would have to think of a way to teach them to work. And in his last hour he thought of a solution. He called his sons to his side.

Synowie oplakiwali smierc swojego ojca. Pocieszyli sie jednak mysla, jak wielkie mieli szczescie majac ojca, ktory zostawil im zakopany w ziemi skarb. Kazdy z nich probował odgadnac co tez to moglo byc. Niektorzy z nich myśleli, że może srebro; niektórzy zgadywali, że klejnoty; niektórzy wyobrażali sobie złote monety; a jeszcze inni snili o szlachetnych kamieniach. Wszyscy widzieli już siebie jako ludzi bogatych, szczęśliwych i leniwych przez reszte swojego życia.

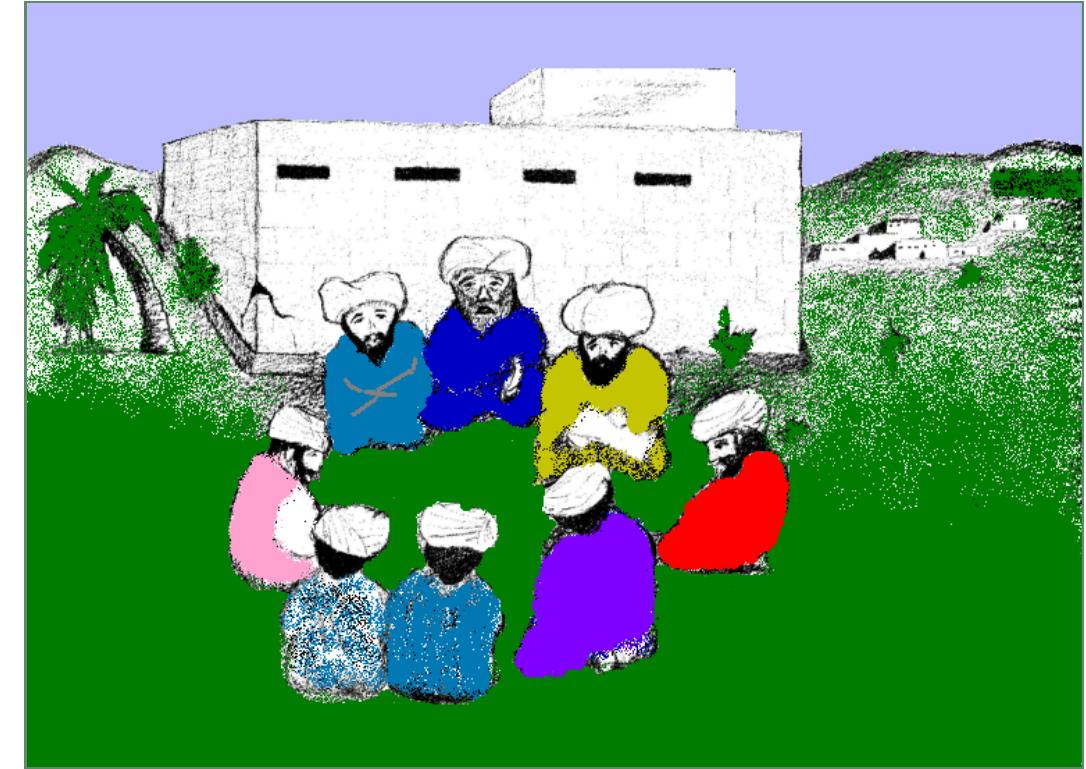
The sons gathered to mourn their kind father's passing. They rejoiced in their good fortune that they had a father who would leave them with a treasure buried in the orchard. They each wondered what it could be. Some thought perhaps silver; some guessed jewels; some imagined gold coins; and some dreamed of precious stones. All imagined themselves rich, and happy, and lazy for the rest of their days.

Pomimo, ze byli bardzo leniwi, stary dobry czlowiek bardzo kochal swoich synow. Chcial im zapewnic dobre zycie i pomyslna przyszlosc. Tak wiec kazdego dnia dobry czlowiek pracował od wschodu do zachodu slonca. Wkladal w swoj sad wiele staran i wysilku. Wiedzial jak czesto podlewac i kiedy zbierac owoce. Pracował w pocie czola przekopujac ziemie pomiedzy drzewami. Poswiecal swojemu sadowi wiele godzin swojego dnia. Z wiekiem ubywalo mu sil i praca stawala sie dla niego coraz trudniejsza a drzewa zaczely rodzic coraz mniej i mniej owocow. Poprosil o pomoc swoich synow ale mu odmowili. Powiedzieli, ze maja cos innego do roboty ale stary dobry czlowiek wiedzial gdzie lezy problem. PRACOWITOSC nie rośnie na drzewach jak gruszki. Stary dobry czlowiek wiedzial, ze musi wyslec sposob w jaki moglby nauczyc swoich synow pracowac. I w swojej ostatniej godzinie zycia wymyslil rozwiazanie. Przywolal wiec swoich synow.



“My sons,” he said, “I do not have much time, but I have something to tell you.
When I am gone you will each share the orchard with your brothers.
A treasure is buried in the soil. The value of the treasure buried there is
immeasurable. Be well.”

And with that, he breathed his last.



“Moi synowie”, powiedzial, “niewiele zycia mi zostało, ale musze
wam cos ważnego powiedziec. Kiedy juz umre wy podzielicie sie sadem.
Jest w nim skarb zakopany w ziemi. Wartosc tego skarbu jest niezmierzona.
Zycie w dostatku.” I stary dobry czlowiek umarl.