

Important Translation Paragraphs (Book-1, Short stories)

Lesson No. 6

I came to that country and they were wonderfully friendly, and they let me see the great ceremony, which took place as soon after the creation of the post of Gorgios's uniform could be got ready. And very magnificent clothing it was a tight-fitting suit of red velvet, all gay with gold buttons and shining with lines of gold lace that wound and twisted about it. The great throne-room had been turned into a kind of gymnasium with the members of royal house seated along a raised platform at one end and the principal officers standing beside and behind them.

Lesson No. 13

After the ceremonies were over, Mehrun was made to sit in a palanquin. Beautifully decorated, it was covered with a large silken cloth so that the bride could go to the bridegroom's house-in strict purdah. As two sturdy villagers carried it away, Maulvi Abul walked a few steps with it. He must have cried silently for his eyes and nose were red and he looked pale. At the same time, he looked at peace.

Lesson No. 6

Never mind what country it was', said Jorkins. 'And as a matter of fact, its customs weren't so silly as you suppose. They had no post of court acrobat, and never had had. But that didn't stop young Gorgios. That was his name. He was a good athlete when he came by his wild idea at about the age of sixteen, and had won the high jump and the hurdles, and the hundred yards at his school.

Lesson No.4

But you put yourself in contact with me", said the woman. If you think that that contact is not going to last a while, you got another thought coming. When I get through with you, Sir, you are going to remember Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones". Sweat popped out on the boy's face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street.

When she got to the door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette-furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still held him by the neck in the middle of her room.

Lesson No.8

It is related that while a deer was being roasted for Nushirvan, a King of Persia, famous for his justice, no salt could be found. A boy was sent to a village to bring some salt. The boy brought it and presented to the King who asked whether he had paid for it. "No", said the boy. "Pay for the salt", said the King. "Lest it should become a custom and the village be ruined".

Lesson No.2

"Remember when we used to come here to hunt fox squirrels? Remember when we sat beneath these hickories and the Squirrels threw green hickory shells down at us? The morning wind just at the break of day in August was so good to breathe. I cannot forget those days. And in October when the rabbits were ripe and the frost had come and the hickory leaves had turned yellow and when the October winds blew, they rustled and the big leaves from the trees and they fell like yellow rain drops to the ground! Remember."

Lesson No.11

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells, some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom let you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the wind of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Lesson No.4

She heated some lima beans and beat she had in the icebox, made the cocoa, and set the table. The woman did not ask the boy anything about where he lived, or his folks, or anything else that would embarrass him. Instead, as they ate, she told him about her job in a hotel beauty shop that stayed open late, what the work was like, and how all kinds of women came in and out, blondes, redheads, and Spanish. Then she cut him a half of her ten-cent cake.

Lesson No.8 (1)

Once a king and a Persian slave were sailing in the same boat. The slave had never been at sea, and experienced any calamity. After some time, the boat was hit by a storm and started tossing. It was inconvenient for the passengers. All

remained quiet except the slave who in fear of being drowned began to cry and tremble, and created inconvenience for the others. The others tried to pacify him by kindness and affection but he did not hear anybody. When the uneasiness lasted longer, the king also became displeased.

Lesson No.4 (1)

Sweat popped out on the boy's face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stooped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street. When she got to the door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette-furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still held him by the neck in the middle of her room.

Lesson No.8

A king fell seriously ill and all hopes of his recovery vanished. The more the disease was cured the more it became painful. At last the physicians agreed that this disease cannot be cured except by means of bile of a person endowed with certain qualities. Orders were issued to search for an individual of this kind. A son of a farmer was discovered to possess the qualities mentioned by the doctors.

The king summoned the father and mother of the boy, whose consent he got by giving them a huge amount of wealth. The Qazi issued a decree to shed the blood of a person for the health of the king. The boy was brought to the altar and the executioner was directed to slaughter the boy. When all was ready the boy looked toward the sky and smiled.

Lesson No.9

One of the men now stepped forward, saying to his friends: "You remain quiet, and leave this fellow to me." Then, addressing himself to the newcomer, he cried: "hear you, sir, these men do not understand the matter at all. I can set it all right for you in a minute." Saying this, he lifted a heavy stick, bound with iron rings, and struck a camel which was feeding off the leaves of a wild plum-tree.

The stolid creature, scarcely feeling the blow, merely moved a step or two forward. "You observe," said the man, "the effect of this treatment on the camel. Now observe its effect on a human being!" He then struck the man himself a similar blow, which felled him to the earth like a log. When consciousness returned, his bewildered victim inquired: "Why, sir, this cruel usage?"

Lesson No.8 (2)

Once a King and a Persian slave were sailing in the same boat. The slave had never been at sea, and experienced any calamity. After some time, the boat was hit by a storm and started tossing. It was inconvenient for the passengers. All remained quiet except the slave who in fear of being drowned began to cry and tremble, and created inconvenience for the others. The others tried to pacify him by kindness and affection but he did not hear anybody. When the uneasiness lasted longer, the king also became displeased.

Lesson No.8

Shaikh Sadi was a great story teller. He speaks to all nations and is perpetually modern, said Emerson. He thought of the Gulistan as one of the bibles of the world, for he found in it the universality of moral law. The Gulistan translated in Latin and English, became love for the people. It is interesting to note that English scholars used Sadi's translated parables in their divine books till it was discovered to be an English translation of a Latin version of Persian origin. Edwin Arnold has aptly described Gulistan in culinary terms as an intellectual pulao; a literary curry; a kebab of a versatile genius.

Lesson No.4 (2)

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Lesson No.8 (3)

Once a King and a Persian slave were sailing in the same boat. The slave had never been at sea, and experienced any calamity. After some time the boat was hit by a storm and started tossing. It was inconvenient for the passengers. All remained quiet except the slave who in fear of being drowned began to cry and tremble, and created inconvenience for

the others. The others tried to pacify him by kindness and affection but he did not hear any body. When the uneasiness lasted longer, the king also became displeased.

Lesson No.5

There were chickens, pigeons and legs of mutton in the roast and an appetizing odour of roast beef. Leaf and gravy dripping over the browned skin, which increased the appetite and made everybody's mouth water. Everyone told his affairs, his purchases and sales. The diners discussed the crops and the weather which was favorable for the green things but not for wheat.

Lesson No.3

The wind blew as if to flake away their identities. At any moment the Martian air might draw his soul from him, as marrow comes from a white bone. He felt submerged in a chemical that could dissolve his intellect and burn away his past. They looked at the Martian hills that time had worn with a crushing pressure of years. They saw old cities, lost in their meadows, lying like children's delicate bones among the blowing lakes of grass.

Lesson No.11

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal". I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert state of Injustice, will be transformed into an Oasis of freedom.

Lesson No.7(1)

In the final unreasoning assault, I overpowered the child's neck and jaws. I forced the heavy silver spoon back of her teeth and down her throat till she gagged. And there it was both tonsils covered with membrane. She had fought valiantly to keep me from knowing her secret. She had been hiding that sore throat for three days at least and lying to her parents in order to escape just such an outcome as this. Now truly she was furious. She had been on the defensive before but now she attacked. Tried to get off her father's lap and fly at me while tears of defeat blinded her eyes.

Lesson No.2 (1)

I looked at the vast mountain slope below where my and father had farmed. And! could remember, years later, when they framed this land. It was on this steep slope that my father once made me a little wooden plough. That was when I was six years old and they brought me to the field to thin corn. I lost my little plough in a furrow and I cried and cried until he made me another plough. But I never loved the second plough as I did the first one.

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The king summoned the, father and mother of the boy, whose consent he got by giving them a huge amount of wealth. The Qazi issued a decree to shed the blood of a person for the health of the king. The boy was brought to the altar and the executioner was directed to slaughter the boy. When all was ready the boy looked toward the sky and smiled.

Lesson No.6

He went into politics. They all do in that country. But he went into them harder than anyone else, and never gave up his ambition. Of course, he made speeches, and fine ones, on many other subjects; but all the while he stuck to his one idea. The years went by, and the day came when he had power enough to preach his ambition openly, and he told them how the glory of their country and of its ancient throne would be increased if the post of court acrobat were created. He gave examples of other courts and greater ones. Of course many opposed him: that is politics. Of course it took a long time, that is politics too.

Lesson No.2 (2)

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Lesson No.7

The child was fairly eating me up with her cold, steady eyes, and no expression to her face whatever. She did move and seemed, inwardly, quiet; an unusually attractive little thing, and as strong as a heifer in appearance. But her face was flushed, she was breathing rapidly, and I realized that she had a high fever. She had magnificent blonde hair in profusion. One of those picture children often reproduced in advertising leaflets and the photogravure sections of the Sunday papers.

Lesson No.11 (2)

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells, some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom let you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the wind of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Lesson No.10

Everywhere, fifty miles over the countryside, the smoke was rising from myriads of fires. Margaret answered the telephone calls and between the calls she stood, watching the locusts. The air was darkening. A strange darkness, for the sun was blazing. It was like the darkness of a veldt fire, when the air gets thick with smoke. The sunlight comes down distorted, a thick, hot orange. Oppressive it was, too, with the heaviness of a storm. The locusts were coming fast. Now half the sky was darkened. Behind the reddish veils in front, which were the advance guards of the swarm, the main swarm showed in dense black cloud, reaching almost to the sun itself.

Lesson No.13 (1)

Before his marriage, Maulvi Abul Barkat, alias Abul, used to live in comfort, even pomp. On his head, he wore a light brown turban known as Mashadi lungi because it originally came from Mashad in Iran. The gilded tip of his cap used to shine brightly above the turban. He always carried a walking stick, a sort of scepter with decorative bands of brass and gilt. For his hair, he used fragrant oil. Its sweet pungent smell lingered in the village lanes whenever he walked through them.

Lesson No.13 (2)

Before his marriage, Maulvi Abul Barkat, alias Abul, used to live in comfort, even pomp. On his head, he wore a light brown turban known as Mushadi in Iran. The gilded tip of his cap used to shine brightly above the turban. He always carried a walking stick, a sort of scepter with decorative bands of brass and gilt. For his hair, he used fragrant oil. Its sweet pungent smell lingered in the village lanes whenever he walked through them.

Lesson No.4 (1)

She was a large woman with a large purse that had everything in it but a hammer and nails. it had a long strap and she carried it slung across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, dark, and she was walking alone, when a boy ran up behind her and tried to snatch her purse, the strap broke with a sudden single tug the boy gave it from behind. But the boy's weight and the weight of the purse combined caused him to lose his balance.

Lesson No.4 (2)

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Lesson No. 7(2)

In the final unreasoning assault, I overpowered the child's neck and jaws. I forced the heavy silver spoon back of her teeth and down her throat till she gagged. And there it was, both tonsils covered with membrane. She had fought valiantly to keep me from knowing her secret. She has been a hiding that sore throat for three days at least and lying to her parents in order to escape just such an outcome as this. Now truly she was furious. She had been on the defensive before but now she attacked. Tried to get off her father's lap and fly at me while tears of defeat blinded her eyes.

Lesson No.2

I didn't want to go with him. had had just finished walking a half mile uphill from my home to his. I had carried a basket of dishes to Mom. There were two slips in the road and I couldn't drive my car. And I knew how hot it was. It was 97 in the shade. I knew that from January until April my father had gone to eight different doctors. One of the doctors had told him not to walk the length of a city block. He told my father to get a taxi to take him home.

Lesson No.5

The diners discussed the crops and the weather which was favorable for the green things but not for wheat. Suddenly, at the sound of drum beat in the court everybody rose from the seats except a few ones who still had the food in their hands. After the drum beat had ceased, the drum beater called out to the people who were not attentive and impatiently waiting for him to call out the public announcement

Lesson No.6

Of course, he made speeches, and fine ones. On many other subjects; but all the while he stuck to his one idea. They years went by, and the day came, when he had power enough to preach his ambition openly, and he told them how the glory of their country and its ancient throne would be increased if the post of court acrobat were created. He gave the examples of other courts and greater ones.

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Lesson No.8

Two persons threw him in the sea and when he was about to be drowned they ID: him back to the boat, and he clung the stern with both his hands. Then he sat down remained quiet. This appeared strange to the King, who could not comprehend wisdom in the action taken by the sergeant, and he asked for it.

Lesson No.4

In another corner of the room behind a screen was a gas plate and an icebox. Mrs. Jones got up and went behind the screen. The woman did not watch the boy to see if he was going to run now, nor did she watch her purse, which she had left behind her on the day bed. But the boy took care to sit on the far side of the room, away from the purse, where he thought she could easily see him out of the corner of her eye if she wanted to. He did not trust the woman not to trust him. And he did not want to be mistrusted now.

Lesson No.3

The rocket metal cooled in the meadow winds. Its lid gave a bulging pop. From its clock interior stepped a man, a woman and three children. The other passengers whirled away across the Martian, meadow, leaving the man alone among his family. The man felt his hair flutter and the tissues of his body draw tight as if he were standing at the centre of a vacuum. His wife, before him, seemed almost to whirl away in smoke. The children, small seeds, might at any instant be sown to all the Martian climes. The children looked up at him, as people look to the sun to tell what time to their life it is. His face was cold.

Lesson No.4 (3)

Sweat popped out on the boy's face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stooped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street. When she got to the door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette-furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still held him by the neck in the middle of her room.

Lesson No.7

Then I grasped the child's head with my left hand and tried to get the wooden tongue depressor between her teeth. She fought, with clenched teeth, desperately! But now I also had grown furious - at a child. I tried to hold myself down but I couldn't. I know how to expose a throat for inspection. And I did my best. When finally, I got the wooden spatula behind the last teeth and just the point of it into the mouth cavity, she opened up or an instant.

Lesson No.1

Abruptly, she began to smash it on the sink edge, pounding it harder and harder, until the wood split. She pulled the sides apart, cutting her fingers without noticing. There were no transistors in the box, no wires or tubes. The box was empty.

Lesson No.2

I could not protest to him now. He had made up his mind. When he made up his mind to do a thing, he would do it even if he had to crawl. He didn't care if it was 97 in the shade or 16 below zero. I wiped more sweat from my face as I followed him down the little path between the pasture and the meadow.

Lesson No.2

From this mountain top I looked far in every direction over the rugged hills my father and mother had cleared and farmed corn, maize, and cane. The one slop they hadn't cleared was the one from which my father had cleared his last, small patch. I followed him from his clearing in the sky, down a new path, toward the deep valley below. "But why do you have so many paths coming from the flat up the steep second bluff"? I asked, since he had promised that he would explain this to me later.

Lesson No.5

There was no use of Mr. Hubert's protesting, for nobody believed him. Mr. Manana repeatedly maintained that Hubert had picked up the pocket book. For an hour both men abused each other. Then at his own request, Mr. Hubert was searched. Nothing was found on him. Finally, the Mayor discharged Hubert with warning that he would consult the public prosecutor and ask for further orders.

Lesson No.11

With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair, a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together knowing that we will be free one day.

Lesson No.9

An old woman, whose throat was swollen to a frightful size, exclaimed; "O my son, if you would only cure my goiter, I would bless you ever more." "Certainly," answered the man. "Here, bring me a blanket and good-sized mallet? As soon as they were brought, he tied up the woman's throat and struck the swollen part with so much that the poor old creature instantly expired, "Ah," cried the people, this fellow is a villain." So they seized him, being minded to carry him before the king.

Lesson No.1

While she was stacking dishes, she turned abruptly, dried her hands, and took the package from the bottom cabinet. Opening it, she set the button unit on the table. She stared at it for a long time before taking the key from its envelope and removing the glass dome. She stared at the button. How ridiculous, she thought. All this furor over a meaningless button.

Lesson No.5 (2)

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Lesson No.8

But in the present case, the parents have agreed to get my blood shed for the trash of this world. The Qazi has issued a decree to kill me. The king thinks he will recover his health only through my slaying and I see no other refuge besides GOD Almighty. To whom shall I complain against your brutality, if I am to seek justice from your hand?"

Lesson No.9

One evening, as the sun was setting, some travelers stayed to rest under a clump of trees, and, loosening their camels, set them to graze. It happened that one of the animals entered a melon-field, and that a melon stuck in its throat. The owner, seeing this and fearing to lose the animal, tied a blanket round its throat, and then struck the place with all his might

Lesson No.11 (3)

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells, some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom let you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the wind of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Lesson No.8

"The foundation of oppression was small in the world", said the King. -Whoever enlarged it, so that it reached its present magnitude is at fault. If the king eats one apple from the garden of a subject, his slaves will pull down the whole tree. For five eggs, which the king allows to be taken by force, the people belonging to his army will put a thousand fowls on the spit." A tyrant does not remain in the world; But the curse on him abides forever!

Lesson No.2

Now, to look at the mountain slope, grown up with tall trees, many of them big enough to have sawed into lumber at the mill, it was hard to believe that my father and mother had cleared this mountain slope and had farmed it for many years. For many of the trees were sixty feet tall and the wild vines had matted their tops together.

Crux Academy