

AMERIŠKA ANGLEŠČINA

(bere Edwin Harris)

William Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury*

April 7, 1928

Through the fence, between the curling flower spaces, I could see them hitting. They were coming toward where the flag was and I went along the fence. Luster was hunting in the grass by the flower tree. They took the flag out, and they were hitting. Then they put the flag back and they went to the table, and he hit and the other hit. Then they went on, and I went along the fence. Luster came away from the flower tree and we went along the fence and they stopped and we stopped and I looked through the fence while Luster was hunting in the grass.

»Here, caddie.« He hit. They went away across the pasture. I held to the fence and watched them going away.

»Listen at you, now.« Luster said. »Ain't you something, thirty three years old, going on that way. After I done went all the way to town to buy you that cake. Hush up that moaning. Ain't you going to help me find that quarter so I can go to the show tonight.«

They were hitting little, across the pasture. I went back along the fence to where the flag was. It flapped on the bright grass and the trees.

»Come on.« Luster said. »We done looked there. They ain't no more coming right now...«

William Faulkner, *Krik in bes*

Sedmega aprila 1928

Skoz ograjo, med vrzelmi v skodranih rožah, sem ju lahko gledal, ko sta udarjala. Bližala sta se zastavici in jaz sem ju spremljal vzdolž ograje. Luster je iskal v travi zraven cvetočega drevesa. Izruvala sta zastavico in udarjala žogico. Potem sta zastavico spet zasadila in odšla k ježi in je eden udaril in je drug udaril. Potem sta šla naprej in jaz sem se pomikal vzdolž ograje. Luster je šel stran od cvetočega drevesa in sva šla vzdolž ograje in onadva sta se ustavila in midva sva se ustavila in gledal sem skoz ograjo, ko je Luster iskal po travi.

»Takole, kadi.« Udaril je. Odmaknila sta se po travniku. Jaz sem se držal za ograjo in ju gledal, kako odhajata stran.

»Ti, poslušaj no.« je rekel Luster. »Pa si mi res dober, triintrideset let star, pa še zmeraj takle. Potem ko sem šel noter v mesto in ti kupil tisto pecivo. Tak nehaj že javkati. Mi ne bi rajši pomagal najti četrtak, da bom šel drevi lahko v cirkus.«

Onadva sta malo udarjala, tam onkraj po travniku. Jaz sem šel nazaj vzdolž ograje proti zastavici. Frfotala je na svetli travi in drevju.

»Greva.« je rekel Luster. »Dosti se nagledala. Ne bo ju tako hitro nazaj...«

Prevedel Mirko Jurak.