LITTLE ARTHUR'S SUN

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An amazing child centred story. Arthur is a little boy. The rains are troubling Arthur's grandmother who suffers from arthritis - joint pains. Arthur fumes at the clouds. He shoots the clouds with his toy gun. Then he draws a warm yellow sun and brings great relief to his grandmother.

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अनुवादः अरविन्द गुप्ता

एक अनूठी बाल-कृत्तिक कहानी। आर्थर एक नन्हा लड़का है। बारिश के दिन हैं और उसकी दादी की कमर में गठिया का दर्द है। अगर धूप निकले तो दादी को कुछ चैन पड़े। आर्थर को बादलों पर बड़ा गुस्सा आता है। वो अपनी खिलौनों वाली बंदूक से बादलों का सफाया करता है और फिर एक गर्म पीले सूरज का चित्र बनाता है जिसकी गर्मी से दादी की कमर का दर्द एकदम रफूचक्कर हो जाता है।
Grannie was not fond of autumn. Little Arthur, on the other hand, enjoyed it. Grannie was not fond of autumn because it brought rain, and that made her legs ache.

Arthur liked autumn very much. It brought so many good things. Peaches and grapes, pears and apples. And Mother would make all sorts of 'vitamins' from the fruit.

Every autumn morning she would say to father:

"Mesrop, go and buy some apples and grapes: the child needs vitamins."

And Father would go to the market and buy some apples, pears, pomegranates and much besides.
Little Arthur was exceedingly fond of autumn.

Not Grannie. Grannie did not need vitamins. Grown-ups generally did not seem to need vitamins. Grown-ups seemed to eat peaches, grapes and pears just for the fun of it. As far as they were concerned, they were simply peaches, grapes and pears, and not vitamins at all.

पतझड़ की हर सुबह माँ पिताजी से कहतीं, ‘जाओ बाजार से कुछ सेब और अंगूर ले आओ – देखो आर्थर को अब ‘विटामिन’ की जरूरत है।

तब पिताजी बाजार जाते और वहाँ से कुछ सेब, नाशपाती, अनार और साथ में और बहुत कुछ ले आते। नहीं आर्थर को तभी तो पतझड़ से इतना गहरा प्रेम था।

दादी को नहीं। दादी को ‘विटामिन’ की जरूरत नहीं थीं। बड़ी उम्र के लोगों का अक्सर विटामिनों के बिना ही काम चल जाता है। बड़े लोग आइए, अंगूर और नाशपाती खाते अवश्य हैं। बड़ों के लिए तो वह केवल आइए, अंगूर और नाशपाती होते हैं – न कि ‘विटामिन’।
The rain was drizzling outside, and Grannie was lying on the settee indoors, hunched up; she was lying there, softly moaning to herself.

बाहर बारिश गिर रही थी और अंदर दादी खाट पर गिरी थी। वह अपने पैरों को दबा रही थीं और हल्के-हल्के से कराह रही थीं।
“Ooff, ooff, ooff.”
Arthur went over to her.
“Gran, do you hear me, Gran?” he said.
“What is it, balik-djan?” she replied.
“It's your leg again, isn't it?” he asked.
“Yes, my dear,” was all she murmured.
He offered Grannie an orange.
“Go on, eat up the vitamins, they'll take the pain away,” he said.
“You have it, balik-djan,” she replied. “Oranges won't help me. I need sunshine, but the sun's gone behind the clouds to spite me.”

आर्थर उनके पास गया।
‘दादी। क्या तुम्हें मेरी बात सुनाई दे रही है?’ उसने पूछा।
‘क्या बात है बेटा?’ दादी ने कहा।
‘क्या तुम्हारे पैर में फिर दर्द है?’ उसने पूछा।
‘हां मेरे प्यारे बेटे,’ दादी बुदबुदाई।
उसने दादी को एक संतरा दिया।
‘खा लो इसे। इसके विटामीनों से तुम्हारा दर्द दूर हो जाएगा,’ उसने कहा। दादी मुस्कराई।
‘तुम्हीं खा लो इसे बेटा,’ उन्होंने जवाब दिया, ‘संतरों से मुझे कुछ फायदा न होगा। मुझे चाहिए सूरज की चुद। पर यह सूरज मुझे परेशान करने के लिए बार-बार बादलों के पीछे छिप जाता है।’
Little Arthur was very cross with the clouds. He summoned his little dog Kotot from under the bed, picked up his pop-gun and went into the balcony.

"Bark at the clouds," he told the pup, and I'll shoot them with my gun."

Kotot gave a couple of barks, but not very fiercely. No doubt he did not understand and thought Arthur wanted to play with him; so he gave a happy bark. Such a bark would certainly not scare any cloud.

As a matter of fact, Arthur did not even notice Kotot barking. He was firing his gun with a ferocious look on his face, yelling:

"Take that, you horrors, what do you want to hide the sun for? Take that! Boom, boom, boom."

नहें आर्थर को बादलों पर बहुत गुस्सा आया। उसने अपने कुत्ते कोटो को पलंग के नीचे से बुलाया और अपनी पॉप-गन (खिलौने बाली बंदूक) उठाई और बालकों में चला गया।

उसने पिल्ले से कहा, 'तुम बादलों पर जरा भूके और मैं उन पर अपनी बंदूक से गोली चलाता हूं।' कोटो दो-चार बार भूंका, परंतु बहुत जोर से नहीं। र्रअसल, वह समझा कि आर्थर उसके साथ खेलना चाहता है, इसलिए वह खुशी से भूंका था। उसकी भूंक में कोई दम न था। ऐसी भूंक से भला काला बादल कैसे डरता?

सच तो यह था कि आर्थर को पिल्ले की भूंक सुनाई ही नहीं पड़ी। वह अपनी बंदूक को बादलों की ओर ताने उन पर गोलियाँ बरसाने में बहुत व्यस्त था। उसका चेहरा गुस्से से तमाम रहा था और वह चीख रहा था।

'भागो! बादलों भागो! तुम क्यों सूरज को छिपाना चाहते हो? अब झूलो गोली विफूल! विफूल!'
By that time the clouds had taken fright just a little bit and the rain had stopped; yet the sun did not come out all the same.

Now, if Arthur had a cannon like Rachik had, he would give just one boom and the clouds would disperse at once.

But Arthur did not have a cannon, and Rachik lived a long way away. There was nothing for it; Arthur trailed sadly back into the room and sat down next to Grannie.

“Gran, do you hear me, Gran?” he asked.

“Now what, balik-djan?” she replied.

“I only scared the clouds a teeny-weeny bit. The rain stopped, but the sun is still hiding. You see, I haven’t got a cannon, and the clouds aren’t very scared of my gun.”

Grannie smiled.

“Oh thank you, my dear,” she said. “But look: you scared off the rain and made me a wee bit better, my leg hardly aches at all now. I’ll tell your Dad to buy you a cannon. Then you can drive all those clouds away.”

“Grannie, do you truly feel better?” he persisted.

“Ah, I feel so much better that I reckon half the pain has gone.”

“Grannie,” said Arthur, suddenly perking up, “I know what we ought to do. Now I am gong to drive away the other half of your pain.”

“How will you do it without a cannon?” asked Grannie with a smile.
“You’ll see,” he exclaimed. “I’ll drive it away. ‘Pon my honour, I will. Mummy, do you hear me, Mummy?”

“What’s the matter, son?” came his mother’s voice from the kitchen.

“I need some paper,” he said.

“Take it from Father’s desk,” she said.

Father’s desk contained a mass of assorted papers. First Arthur selected one clean sheet. Then he chose a thick red pencil. He place the paper on the floor, lay down on his stomach and began to draw. He was trying so hard he even poked his tongue out. He drew a blood red sun - such a nice sun, with sunshine so warm it made Arthur’s face perspire.

Finally the sun was ready. Arthur shooed off Kotot, who was excitedly jumping around him, so that the rascal would not put his grubby paws on the sun. And he took the sun to Grannie.

‘दादी क्या तुम्हें अब सचमुच अच्छा लग रहा है?’ उसने दुबारा पूछा।
‘मैं अब पहले से कहीं बेहतर महसूस कर रही हूँ। मेरा आँधा दर्द तो रफूचक्कर हो गया है।’
‘दादी,’ आर्थर ने एकदम संभलते हुए कहा, ‘अब मुझे समझ में आया कि हमें क्या करना चाहिए। अब मैं तुम्हारा बच्चा हुआ आँधा दर्द भी भगा दूंगा।’
‘तुम बड़ी बदौल के बिना कैसे करोगे?’ दादी ने सुकराते हुए पूछा।
‘तुम देख लेना, मैं उसे भगा कर ही मानूंगा। मां-मां, क्या तुम्हें मेरी आवाज सुनाई दे रही है?’
‘क्या बात है बेटा?’ मां ने रसोईघर में से पूछा।
‘मुझे कुछ कागज चाहिए,’ उसने कहा।
‘पिताजी की मेज पर से ले लो,’ मां ने कहा।
पिताजी की मेज पर तरह-तरह के कागजों का एक ढेर था। पहले आर्थर ने एक सफ और मोटा सा कागज चुना। फिर उसने मोटी लाल पेसिल उठाई। उसने अब कागज को फर्श पर रखा और पेंट के बल लेट कर चित्र बनाने लगा।
“Gran, do you hear me, Gran?” he asked.
“What dear?” she murmured.
“See, I’ve drawn you a sun.”
Grannie looked at the sun and smiled.
“What a lovely red sun,” she said, clucking her tongue. “And how warm it is. Here, let me put it near my leg.”
Grannie took the sun and put it to her bad leg.
“Now that’s a sun, all right. Do you know, the pain in my leg has altogether gone. Who cured Grannie? It is Arthur.”

“वह चित्र बनाने में इतना मशगूल था कि उसको इस बात का पता भी न चला कि उसकी जीभ मुंह के बाहर निकली थी। उसने एक लाल सुंदर सूरज बनाया। इतना प्यारा सूरज कि उसकी तेज गर्मी से आर्थर के मुंह से पसीना छूटने लगा।

अंत में सूरज तैयार हो गया। आर्थर ने अपने पिल्ले कोटों को भगा दिया कि कहीं वह अपने गंदे पंजों को सूरज पर न रख दे। फिर वह अपने सूरज को दादी के पास ले गया।
‘दादी! क्या तुम मुझे सुन रही हो दादी?’ उसने पूछा।
‘क्या बेटा?’ दादी बुद्धिमानी।
‘देखो मैंने तुझसे लिए सूरज बनाया है।’
दादी ने सूरज देखा और मुस्करायी।
‘कितना प्यारा, लाल सा सूरज बनाया है तुमने,’ दादी ने खिलखिलाते हुए कहा, ‘और कितना गर्म है यह सूरज। लाओ में इसे अपने दर्द करते पैर के पास रखती हूँ।'}
Grannie kissed her grandson, then smiled, then kissed him again, then smiled once more and continued to smile and kiss little Arthur until she felt drowsy and nodded off to sleep with Arthur's sun on her leg.

By evening, Grannie's leg did not hurt at all. True, Arthur's sun had fallen off the settle to the floor, and silly Kotot had trodden on the sun several times with his dirty paws; but Grannie was already healed.

That evening Father asked Grannie how she was feeling.


Arthur scratched his nose with pleasure.

It was always like that. Arthur's nose always itched when Arthur got excited, and when he cried as well.

Today Arthur was very pleased with himself. He was so kind and well-behaved that Father even said that Arthur ought to be an example to other children. And off he went to bed as a prize example.

Arthur's sun lay on the floor. And on top of the sun, stretched out on his stomach, slept the pup. Arthur shouted at him:

"Get up, Kotot. How can anyone sleep on top of the sun? You'll burn your stomach. Get up."


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