



ĐURO MARIČIĆ



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Friendship with the Birds

Grandfather Peter had a pine tree in his yard. A blackbird had built a nest on the tree. *Excellent! Here no one will notice my birds,* thought the crazy bird.

However, Grandfather Peter had noticed the frequent flights of the blackbird and so carefully looked at the nest on the tree. The bird was lying on it. Upon seeing Grandfather, it got scared, but then became happy to see him smile. 'Let this be our secret, bird.' Grandfather winked. 'Only you sleep. No, you should not bother until you're on my pine.'

'I'll hold you to your word,' he replied, looking at the confident bird. 'There is something new. I expect the young will become a mom,' he confided to the blackbird. 'Santa was not served,' he said, revealing the secret of his small

Caliber friend and neighbour, whose house was across the street, opposite grandfather's. 'You think, Dalibor, that I love only you? I also love the birds.'

Then grandfather took him to see the nest.

Dalibor was tormented by curiosity; he had to look at the birds, but it was not easy. He wanted neither the bird nor grandfather to know about this. Like a thief, he seized the opportunity one day. When grandfather went in the afternoon to take rest, the little bird flew by and looked for food for the birds. Somehow Dalibor managed to come near the tree. Tentatively, he went through a thicket of brush and peeped into the nest. Three birds were being fed by its mother; food was being put into their open red throats.

Dalibor was amazed to see all these. He briefly looked at the mother bird, then the three little birds slept.

When Dalibor's mother saw resin smeared on her son's pants, she got mad and beat him, not to give clean, it had to be thrown away. But Dalibor did not give the devil peace and told his mother, 'I would often watch the birds'. He came to the silly idea to move the nest to the lowest branches of the pine.

Blackbird returned with food and was stunned to see the change of place. It became angry and wondered who would have moved the her nest. *Who are so foolishly playing with my children?* All the rush amazed grandfather, who was lying in the shade of the Polish bed and reading a newspaper. Bristly ball of feathers, with the intensity of a fired bullet, hit the newspapers and broke them from the hands of grandfather. She flew at him—the claws and the beak in the eye—screeching, shrieking, squealing, and screaming. Grandfather desperately wanted defence, but the bird crazily attacked him, scratching his eyes.

'Old fool, what did you do? Is it the way that you comply with our agreement?' It seemed to grandfather that the bird accused him.

'What is it, stupid one? What happened to you? Are you crazy?' exclaimed grandfather. He could hardly be defended from the attack. He went to the nest to see what the reason was. After seeing what had happened, it became clear; he saw the bird in the grass and moved the nest.

'Dalibor, Dalibor, divide your meme with a bird?' He sighed. Now grandfather and the blackbird had to keep the birds from cats. Santa fed them with wheat, breadcrumbs, and cherries without stones. He managed to somehow win back the trust of the suspicious mother bird.

Birds fell in love with grandfather and nonchalantly loitered around him, worrying about nothing. One gazed curiously into the interior of the house, examined the court, and decided to go inside. Jump by jump, it crossed the four steps and then it was inside. He looked at the sight inside with interest—the right door, hall to the left, a staircase going up somewhere in the attic, and so on.

Grandfather was watching all this from his bed, little curious. ‘Milorad Milorad!’ he said, jumping and leaping, and went up the stairs. His grandfather used to teach his grandson up in the room. The guy peeped through the window.

‘View, one nestling went up the stairs. Be careful. Do not to be afraid.’

Opening the door, afraid of the birds, he rushed back, screaming, ‘Help, Help! Save me, dear Mother, save me! Almost alone, woe, woe!’ Rolling over, frantic toddler, trying to take off, tramped and tottered, panic staggering towards the yard. The angry bird, splenetic and grumpy, flew to grandfather and rushed right at his face with protruding claws. ‘Again, you screwed! Old fool, my bird is not for anyone for fun!’ Grandfather and the birds could hardly be reconciled. The little birds flew away without saying goodbye, but the mother bird stayed. One autumn, the mother bird was strolling in the yard, restless and jumping as a small blob on the green grass, under the fruit trees.

One day there came a message from the bird for the grandfather. Disappointed and saddened, he read the message: ‘It was nice. However, we agree. Too bad. I have to move! Winter blows to my neck. I can’t stay here. I would be killed by cold. God willing, it will be seen in the spring!’

Perfect Watchdog

Siti was somewhat similar to wolves. She was six months old, and already quite large. I led her on a leash to the market in the Sisak city. She protested against wearing the leash. She was quite clever, Siti was sure that is quite clever, thought that it was sufficient only decorative necklace with number, to be a little tawdry. She was a dog with a highly developed sense of pride. She loved to stroll free to take care of me. She's watchdog; she should keep watch over me, not me! However, regulations are regulations. The law is strictly ornamental, and so instead of putting her neck on a metal necklace with sharp spines, which were towards the back of the chain, I managed to keep it around it. There is a danger after she mistakenly decides that for us from a danger man or animal.

It might be possible that it irresistibly rushed to the opponent. The market vendor, Zika, was a celebrity. He was proud of his reputation. His tenure at the market was much longer than many of us who had those war days, plus the poverty there with him looking for the possibility of some additional earnings. Zika was an experienced salesman, and he had previously worked in a shoe

shop. But when that market collapsed, he proved indestructible. Markets can fail. Now he sells mushrooms, bananas, oranges, and the most expensive goods, which always has its customers.

Zika earned well, much better than in the shoe shop. We all envied him! I was proud of the unconscious, because it really looked magnificent, and many are on the market and praised the beauty and the mind. Zika envied me because of the unconscious and did not like that I and the dog strut around like peacocks before

his eyes. 'Let me feign as if I will attack to see how this will react to your watchdog,' He proposed.

His proposal sounded mocking and disparaging, I felt hurt. Siti understood well; a trained dog is a dog, plus the hoyá showed sharp fangs. As she was underestimated, she did not tolerate it.

She quite well understood the human speech, which this man did not know; he was convinced that dogs are dumber than you are, so we need not heed to her warning.

I knew that this bitch was of a noble breed, a Holland keeper, but I did not sufficiently familiarise with dogs and their kind. I caught it firmly for a necklace.

Zika was a good actor. Suddenly his face distorted; he appeared in a threatening expression and swung his hand towards my head. To his ill luck, Siti rapidly responded. He did not heed to the pain of thorns that the necklace gave on her neck but rose by Zika's neck to take him to the larynx. I jump furiously and withdrew. Using all the strength I managed to keep on my feet. He, surprised and shocked, was disappointed and moved back at the last moment in front of her rabid teeth. It was so sudden and uncontrolled that she destroyed two tables behind her back and fell upon them.

'Thank you, friend! You saved me!' Zika stood up from the floor, trying to clean himself. 'The dog is your perfect keeper!' he spoke breathlessly, still excited and shocked, realising that he had let himself in mindless adventure.

'Behold, I have already turned white like a sheep, and I experienced this, nor would I believe that this is an apology, so that the dog can't defend his master.'

For Siti, this was a new lesson. He immediately realised that this was a joke in which he fell, and that we did wrong, and so she sat down beside my feet and bowed his head, embarrassed. My husband wantonly played with her. This was inexcusable! I really did not forgive me. Never I could cheat in this way; Since then relies only on its internal infallible sense, alone decides when and

whom to attack, when you take action.

I never said to Zika that I bought a book on dog training and that the past four months I was working on it. What do I say to him? He did not believe anyway. However, Siti was an outstanding student, and I tried to penetrate the psychology of dogs, and I was a better teacher.

When Siti was eight months old, she completed her schooling, and she developed physically and mentally; she grew up to a mature dog. She became a strong and smart dog, smarter than half the village, said the neighbours. She was a little lower and lighter than the German shepherd, but she was much more harmonious and more tightly constructed. We often went out. We played with

the tennis ball, and she ran like crazy for it and brought it to me. We swam tirelessly. I threw her the ball away into the river, and she promptly went to fetch it and asked to do it again and again. The accumulated power of the two dogs was as strong as a bear!

Apart from being beautiful and elegantly built, they had brains. The speed of response was great in them. We practiced this rapid reflex reaction every day, consistently and persistently. I threw a tennis ball, and she tried to catch it; it was the unseen persistence.

I always asked to repeat the unconsciousness of that exercise, and she felt instinctively that her speed in fighting with other dogs was very important.

Unconscious has its own understanding about the rights of dogs. If the dog has its own garden, it would value it and respect it. Outside the fence, she could freely walk around and allow other dogs to enter in. It seized the territory, held that so drew the attention of other dogs that she is entitled to land, when they found on him, myrrh their urine and it be urinated with their label. However, the

other dogs were related, and rarely came out of their courtyard outside the fence. They were, of course, not so pleased when he saw how Siti strolls freely around me at the common ground they bark angrily at her, forced and threatened her. She did not lose her nerves, therefore, is patiently endured their threats, not bark

on them, carefree and challenging, before their eyes only and would squat and put her mark. So, let it be known! Anyone who does not comply with this designation must fight with her to decide which is the terrain. Not cut, not in any way, advertise, it is not like a lot of noise, just think she is, at the ridge behind the door, and when more angry then along the spine, her hair becomes dangerous bristle, brightest and it is somewhat darker gray wolf hair. I lifted her above the canine upper lip, revealed to his terrible teeth and showed them the opponents. Woe to him who would not understand the warning! Woe to him forever!

When we go to the shop, she demands to go with us. Related neighbourly dogs in yards barking furiously at it, those who freely jumping savagely on the fence, cut and threatened her that he would pull apart, and she and me along with it, because I'm her boss and her protector, which allows mobile on the ground

that they claim. Siti muzzle and carefully considered, to search their bookmarks with them and they set up their own. Particularly aggressive dogs Ećimović neighbor, a German Shepherd, another golden river rot. The two are so brave for one another, they feel stronger when the two men. They are usually free, loose yard hen harrier.

My brother's wife in an advanced pregnancy, only it's not a baby, went in the store. Suddenly Siti is lifted from their beds and do not give it a go myself. Already two years bitch do not want to go to the store because it is not let to enter in, the dog is not scheduled to be shuffled around food, other people do not look at this beautiful sight. However, the bitch is now very determined! As it is, what happens? Why now suddenly required to go? Looked, nothing we have not been clear. So come on, let go, she must know why it is now so determined.

I went out two.

Passing next gate Ečimović neighbors. He went somewhere tractor and left gates open wide. His dogs fools when they saw Siti and daughter in law, as mad run from the yard as if they were for months waiting for this opportunity. Goldy run straight on the daughter in law, and Germany's at her keeper. Siti reacted by

expectations, is suddenly fallen on the gold, then bit him before he managed to cope, she turned swiftly and was already on confused the Germans, whose sore afraid scream already afraid Goldy on his run into the yard. Not arrived to escape, was caught up with him unconscious before he escaped through the gate, and once again bitten by a murderer for the hip, and again run to the Germans who also fled. Wait a minute, lionhearted, you will see on which you started, how are you attacking peaceful passers-by! Bent tail spiffire fled, but too slowly. Infuriated Siti vindictive he was caught up and severely bitten. Another squeak German shepherd cut her silence, and he found himself in his backyard, in safety.

There does not fall unconscious, to his court, not disputed, that he recognizes!

Fear!

NEKOPRAN

Jela's Goose

That winter all the Budimir boys had bows and arrows after an entire day of chasing sparrows, magpies, crows, and pigeons. Birds would fly off from the roof or the bare black branches of the fruit trees before they were stabbed by the nail throwers. The banished boys noisily rejoiced. The shooter got a lot of reputation among the boys. I followed like a dog, truly sad that a happy hunting party were eager to demonstrate their shooting ability. But I had a moment—I had a bow and an arrow! It was not an option to ask a gun because he kept all the precious ones; he loved them so much that he would not even give his brother a short time. Not for a moment!

In addition, as soon as they were given the opportunity, the boys lost their arrows as to who would compete first, carried by the passionate desire to hit the bird before it went to another hand, and the glory belonged to him.

Before the evening completely ended, wet and tired, they returned to their houses. The catch was not made yet! Sadness did not leave me. I begged Uncle Elijah that we make a bow and an arrow. He had a golden arm, but he hated every work and indifferently continued to droop as an owl. My bow and arrow were his tenth career!

The Budimirs, Uros's sons, George and Branko, elder to me, were like their father, and they were great masters. In the frozen arms, I carried the nails, wires, and the strings. Of course, I found my way. I drove one of the tiles on the roof of the houses, uprooted the nail, and took the wire that was attached to the tile.

That the father knew of the resourcefulness of his son's good to me spanked.

Tile has not been secured and a strong wind it as a toy can throw off the roof! Fortunately, parents do not know much wisdom and fetch their children.

Branko was a thin, dark as a gypsy, and a serious boy, who was six years elder than me. He agreed to perform the master operations. The materials were there. A stick bow was still missing.

My master gave me the hatchet, and I went to the grove Ginjac and cut off rod. He was sure that I would choose a good hazelnut material. 'Take care not to lose the axe,' he advised me. 'Cacao will spay you and me!' As a live fire, he feared his father, the famous village carpenter, who had carefully guarded his tools.

When I turned from there to make a path through the snow that led to the source, through a deep snow, I collapsed in the snow. But I firmly pushed to the edge of the woods, where I knew I would find a suitable hazelnut twig. I carefully chose which best suited the discharge of a bow, and my master was very pleased

with it. I was more satisfied and happier when I took up his bow and arrow. For thanksgiving, I was ready to do everything. Branko asked me only that he be seized. And soon we were offered the opportunity.

The Budimir family had many members. The brothers, Uros and Jovo, lived in a family community; Uros had six children and Jovo had five. Uros, a grim and a serious tall man, was the boss, and his wife, Spruce, dry as a cod, was a strict mistress. The family members were divided. Dusan had four children. He was the worst. He was very poor. He got wood from the fields, meadows, and forest. They took loans from the villagers. Hatred of the family members of the cooperative, who lived in abundance, according to the isolated family, was great.

Especially, the most hated was Dusan's wife, Mary; she was the source of all strife. She constantly complained of the unfair division of property and stirred up hatred of her children and husband to his brothers and all that was theirs. She is not with any of the relatives interviewed, and Dusan was forbidden to speak

with the brothers. Her hatred was beastly. They lived in a modest old house but rather worn-out, covered with wooden boards, while the younger brothers of the house had brick-and-tile roof. And the clothing of their children was poor, and they were worn-off and poorly trained. The villagers ridiculed them. Dusan was the eldest brother and, as usual, was to be the head of the family community,

and his wife was the first female figure. The family had concluded that neither of them were capable of the head position. Dusan was willing to accept reasonably, but Mary could not stand it. Under its pressure they separated. Among the immigrants in Podgrmeč, it was a great shame to hear the woman's husband with such important issues. The Budimir families were exposed to ridicule. Their houses were next to each other, and the family members

often met every day, and every encounter stimulated the mutual hatred. The parental hostility infected the children exceedingly, but they played together.

We, the children, were very frightened by the thin Budimir landlady, Uros's wife, Jela. She used to keep a bundle of keys in her hands. She used a narrow leather strip, among other things, to beat the disobedient and corrupt children. The adults were afraid of Jela's string.

When Branko made bow and arrow, he came out of the garden. The chickens and geese were scattered in the snow. Every family was very familiar with their poultry. The yards were reconstructed, so that the fowls mixers, united, ignoring the kinship hatred among people. Branko's front of the house, as well as in front of his own, thick chicken multicolor his hateful aunts Mary, along with the family poultry cooperatives, boiling the grains of corn which he ate just threw. Branko could not tolerate in silence uncle's coca, he felt it even more valuable than his hen gathers

beads. When he notices it all boils over with rage, told him the feeling that Aunt Mary soon finds his corn and relegates it to the bag that he carried to his house. Apparently, brazen brazen theft! I stretched my hands with

the bow and arrow, with a view to seek a bird, even a sparrow. The chickens and the geese did not even notice.

‘Please drive this chicken out,’ said Branko. He had his hand firmly on her. He said to me as a soldier, an officer, the master of an apprentice, ‘I desired that he be taken, to pay him for work done, the bow and arrow, because my name among the boys has risen sharply.’ When Branko stretched out his hand towards the hen, feel what she is preparing as if the wind takes fled assisting wing strokes, and I, instead, in the midst of the head hit hen mistakably large, white as snow geese, which are Branko’s mother dishes especially proud. Goose, which was located behind the coca, did not get to move. Slow stupid!

Because of my gratitude, I found myself in great danger. The arrows struck the goose in one eye. Mortally wounded and brought down by the powerful blow, it trembled in intense pain and rotated in circles. It became weak, and its life extinguished!

Dining ran from the house, but I was fast as a mongoose! No, I’m afraid he could not grab his arrow and rushed through the gate like a beast. And there it was already free. Down to my house ran a 200-metre-long steep path on which we children went for sledding. My rubber footwear was perfect for descending down the slippery slope. I squatted down. I could no longer catch him.

Geese had left, and his mother, Branko, Budimir, and I left.

I was stuck under the bed and feared that the expected dishes would come. But the dishes did not come. He realised that it was just an unfortunate concurrence of

circumstances or he would have explained everything, and he had a thick part of the blame.

I was the only one that had a successful day of fishing, but unfortunately, I was not allowed to take their prey home to cheer his mother. But I was satisfied—Jela's goose never hissed at me and threatened to bite me in the ass while the adult family members of the Budimir were my fear and humiliation. I quickly forgot, thanks to Branko and his hatred. At home, I immediately fell into a wonderful party. My brother, Elijah, eight years elder than me, brother golden arm, was hardly waiting to try my bow and arrow. With the open window, from a warm room, he was tempted by how far he could fly an arrow, and I served him as a hunting dog, instead of prey; after each throw in deep snow, I'd crossed the fifty metres of area and brought back an arrow. My brother, Elijah, and I were very glad. Do you think of that and to try how far I arrow, and he can go after her. He surely would not agree to this, adults with children playing just the way they want it.

NEKOPRAVA

Grandfather's Cockerels

One day, coming into our house from Zagorje milkmaids, Bara brought two very little chickens and said to my father, 'Mr Peter, in your yard, there is nothing living on it. If you offer a couple Cvergli, they would grow up the chickens. The Cvergli have a small decorative breed. The chickens quickly grow.'

Jurek and Cathy were two beautiful cocks, and they were twins. All admired their beauty. Primary dark red colour of their bodies, in places, in accordance, nuanced, multicoloured, with white, brown, green, and black feathers, each feather shining like patent leather. In relation to the body, their hair was combed under the chin and stood out in lighter colour. They were spry with a beautiful bouquet of dark red, white, brown, green, and black feathers and with strict

measures and a timetable that met the best artistic taste. A number of their pants legs lowered to the ground, as the most beautiful, of different colours of leather, knitted trim boots, decorated with brass and coloured leather shoelaces. White pants fringed their feet and toes. Nature could create beautiful roosters!

Proud of this, Grandfather Peter stroked the cocks; he loved them and cuddled them as if they were his grandchildren. And they rendered selfless love and care: they were devoted and loyal to him, and they went after him like a faithful puppy. They had loud, very clean melodic voices and crowed cock-a-doodle-do, showing their happiness and satisfaction.

In the morning, when Grandfather Peter was at breakfast, the cocks jumped to the window and greeted him with loud cock-a-doodle-doo. They knew that it gave Grandfather Peter a great pleasure.

During the heat of the day, Grandfather Peter was in the garden bed, reading and resting in the shade of cherry. The cocks jumped on his shoulders and then turning towards the east sang three times, and it did so turning to the south, west, and north. Pedestrians stopped, looking at them, wondering and admiring them. At noon, that same program ran on the back gate, where one stood on one and another on the second concrete pillar. It's a curious thing to the neighbours and passers-by.

However, an accident happened! One cock was stepped on by a street car. The surviving brother never sang after that. Everybody was very dejected. The other cock was broken down with sorrow and misfortune of the other. He ceased to rejoice, and Grandfather Peter also could not cheer it up; nothing could surprise him. It was dying of grief. Grandfather Peter was also very much in sorrow. Grief gripped the backyard, in the west of our house. The neighbours mourned too.

One day a neighbour came to Grandfather Peter's house and brought in his hand a spotted, lame Cvergl. It was the hurt cock that was trampled by a car. "Here it is, Petar. You can't look sad, dying of grief. If you stick together, maybe it will buck up".

And indeed a miracle happened. Grandfather Peter's beauty, Jurek, returned to good mood, recovered, and then began to sing merrily as before. The lame cock completely healed, no longer limping.

Joyous life returned to Grandfather Peter's garden! More beautiful, lively song were heard in the garden. The neighbours and passers-by cheered up and became happy. Grandfather Peter returned to his earlier good mood.

Cattle Emperor

Dikonja was our coloured ox, with white and brown patches on his back and hips. He had a strong neck, powerful chest, and pointed horns, and his forehead was covered with curly hair. He had sharp, large, piercing, threatening eyes. He was of belligerent and wild nature, constantly looking out for aggressors wherever he went. I was afraid of him. I was not allowed to fondle him like I did the other cattle, and he did not like to be cuddled, as if afraid to lose something because of its high reputation among the cattle. He had authority over the cattle.

‘Dikonja! Are you mad?’ I yelled at him while a hurricane on the horns of published throughout the haymow anyone as intractable hurricane played with him, challenging and defiant, a warrior, in bovine car empire!

When they found my sheep on pasture with the other herds, Dikonja immediately began to act as the master, to whom everyone must obey and respect as a king in that small cattle empire. With a brief touch of their foreheads, they maneuver their horns, unaware of the opponent, trying to outwit him, and then with an unexpected move, they frighten him, and the opponent

flees. But Kida had sharp horns and scratched Dikonja’s body. Dikonja was not satisfied with just surrender. He fought back. Soon the bullfight finished. There was also a certified certificate. It was known who the ruler was! In the fight with Dikonja, his opponents had no chance because he was of high intelligence; he was huge too, which was a great advantage. This technique, finesse, and the trick delighted us shepherds, who were observing the struggle. I was particularly

proud. which is arranged Budimir oxen Garonja and Sivonja. I was pleased as I am in the wrestling beat older brothers Pero’s and Bogdan’s, of which I have frequently received beatings. Hey, Dikonja every honor you, you are the pride of the family! Now it is wonderful at heart!

My aunt, Boja Ljubojevic, had returned to her house. Her house was burned three years ago, which killed her husband, and now she stayed with my son. She went to the village Vranjska above Bosanska Krupa, to work.

We rest while oxen grazed in the valley and Dikonja would heard the cattle. Suddenly there was some noise, a violent noise. There were flames and tremendous bang! The house started to fire. Dikonja's horn had stuck in the wire and detonated a landmine tripwire. From the minefield were picked up all dangerous explosive devices. The children crouched, scared. Then there was

dead silence; not a sound was heard. Dokonja was dead; he was struck by a piece of mine, in the abdomen. We quickly drove him to the slaughterhouse.

After that I listened for days the familiar roar of my dear Dikonja. All the other oxen felt this painful loss of their leader. They had respected him a lot. We mourned together, and I drove on!

NEKOPRAN

Pride of Cat Azrijel

Vera came to our house. She brought with her a black-and-white cat, Azrijel! At first, he never came near us. After a few days, he became familiar with our place. One day he jumped and went under my chair and began to scratch my leg, pleasing me. I stretched out my hand to caress him; he accepted it happily, with raised tail, purring. He watched me carefully. When he saw the sincerity in me, without hesitation, he jumped on my knee and sat on my lap, delighted.

Vera was getting pension. She did not want to burden her son and daughter-in-law with the cat, so she left him here with us. Azrijel freely moved in and around our house. She left him food and water whenever she was away. Azrijel did not separate from me. He had decided to seek a new master, better than Vera, who really complained a lot. *Friends we are!* thought the cat. *I've found a true one.* Whenever we went anywhere in the car, Azrijel would also come with us; when I open my door, he first enters.

When the children were in school, he was bored. He would feel like a prisoner in the jail. He would yearn for comfort, warmth, and tenderness from us. 'No no, you can't come with us,' I said and closed the car door. He would behave as if he said, 'Take me too, please!' 'No way!' I was determined. 'I have already spent one night in this desert. It is terrible to be alone. I am not a wild cat!' He would look into my eyes, pleading. I understood.— 'For two days you come, landlady! Persistence!' I started the car. 'Your heart is of stone! I'm live in the hills, away from people!' he seemed to say, desperately meowing.

One day I heard a terrible cry. 'Where is he?' 'Why is he crying?' I remembered that his landlady lived near the cemetery, and he could hear the lamentation and sobbing, moaning for the dead. 'God! Crying like a little kid! Do you hear?' I said

to my wife, very shaken. 'Unbelievable! The first time I've heard the cat crying,' she said.

The next day I came to the estate. I opened the gate and parked the car in front of the house. Suddenly I saw Azrijel jump the fence, like crazy, and disappear through the gate. 'Glad! I can do it without you!' he seemed to tell me. It had become fifteen days, and Azrijel did not come home. We were sure that he was injured. Then, however, he appeared, and came back to his landlady, Vera. His pride was broken. The hard life had made him feel like that. Shabby, starving, and exhausted, he was not recognised; he humbly meowed and seemed to ask Vera to receive him again. We were glad it was forced to humiliation!

NEKOPIRANJE

Drama in the Sea

In the late August dawn, I stood on the deck of a ship and a sad goodbye to the sea. *We will not see eleven months!* I watched the dark back of Island Brač, sunk between the little valleys elephant back hills and charming coves in which to pressure the white pearl farmhouses and small towns, modestly built, with the soul of a small Dalmatian man whose life had never been known for the

abundance and luxury. I watched the rough white walls of the waters of the sea,

cracked from the sun, wind, and cold. This saline water during its angry rage, rare in summer, winter, frequent, persistent nature, through the fog of many millions of years chewed a Solid rock. And today, as a spouse, land and sea now love to at some point begin irreconcilable strife, violent and turbulent emotions until completely empty and quiet, until there is a quiet peaceful coexistence in which the accumulation of new fuel for the continuation of incomprehensible calculations which are the result of sharp grooves, furrows and bite marks on the stone. He result of sharp grooves, furrows and bite marks on the stone.

I said goodbye with a lot of nostalgia and a silent pain of this precious landscape. My eyes caressed the white rock that surrounded the island as a pearl on a girl's neck. It was still too early yet to expect the sunrise, and the rock on which I stood yet shone one magical, charming, snowy whiteness of the excitement that took your breath away, and the heart disrupted your rhythm

of beats. The water near the islands is very beautiful to look at and clean too! Nowhere has such a beautiful play of light and blue translucent clarity, from where you could see the rocks, gravel, grass, fish, and so on, especially the magical play of light and water on the rocks, which slopes gently to the sea, and then when you touch it, suddenly, breaks up vertically a few metres in depth. Here I feel as if I bathe in virgin pure water, and nothing can replace the

enjoyment of swimming. Now I feel sad because of this return to Pannonia. I would have to wait a long time again to see the colour of the aquamarine waters, the play of sunlight along the rocky coast, which captivates the most prominent painters, dreamers. The boat is separated from island Brač and hacked water Brač's Channel, took aim towards Split. Behind the massive Moser, ther

to town Makarska, where it connects with mountain Biokovo, in the saddle, as if coming from the battlefield, it appears a bloody circular section of the great red sun. His light colored edges of the brown cloud.

There seemed to be just calmed down the front, cut their throats are tired exhausted soldiers. Everything was changing quickly. Our stars took on its normal colour and size. The image was now the second, less interesting, followed by flights to unsuitable musical cries of seagulls.

On the horizon was the Split, towers of new districts, imagined dreams of engineers and architects. We were near the dirty harbor, and the ship was about to sail into the tainted water, avoiding the pier, and went into the small white port. A church of St. Duje greeted.

Suddenly silence fell apart! Steamboat was tilted, and all the passengers, like cattle, rushed to the left side. I hurried there and pushed through the crowd to the edge of the boat to see what happened. A shark, five feet long, pursued a small mullet. It was about to swallow it, for breakfast! The frightened mullet was running zigzag. A gun was shot, and then the direction of the motion changed. The shark kept on chasing the mullet, and the mullet jumped like a grasshopper, running away by its attacker.

All these actions made the sea foam. The stubborn persistence of the monster was not decreased. The shark continued the persecuting its preferred prey. Who would get tired first? Finally, the resourceful mullet found a solution—it slipped

under the ship—and the persecutor dived for him. But both were caught under the propellers of the ship and dead. In the agitated foam behind the boat, there was nothing to be seen except wild water swarming with the powerful rotation of the propeller and the drift of the ship, its soft side approaching the pier.

NEKOPIRATI

Mule No. 127

The soldier, horse—breaker, Pietro Colina informed the mule Giulia in 1939 the Italian army in Ethiopia, in Africa. Forcibly recruited by the Italian Fascists and Mussolini sent there to take part in the conquest and colonization of this country. Mussolini's plans were not realised as they imagined his generals, the Ethiopian tribes, united under the leadership of Emperor Haile Selassie, who proved to be militarily invincible. Duce's non-combat army was defeated, demoralised and exhausted, retreated towards the port where the boats was waiting to return to Italy.

Night in the mountains was thick. Column Pijetro's brigade, tired, slowly moved down the canyon of River Artas. Pijetro and Giulia were inseparable. Pijetro took care of the grooming and feeding of the mules, and Giulia was sometimes more, sometimes less obedient, quite moody, carried the burden laid on her back.

And now they're here in the war-exhausted column of soldiers, horses, mules and horse-cars, with a single hope that they would happily come to the port of Djibouti, on board the ships and return to their pretty tamed Italy. Down, deep in the narrow rocky gorge of Artas, he could hear a strong noise of water falling down the rock, thrown into the abyss. Pijetro listened to the noise, but it seemed to him to enter in one ear and out the other. He paid much more attention to the road carved into the steep cliff, holding up her with his right hand, away from the abyss, knowing that those who slip down into the river would not be able to come out alive.

Nobody in this eclipse would even try to get his broken body, and perhaps to even a day would not be possible, because it would have ended up in wild river, and Giulia would be as a straw in its foamy waves, broken and torn into pieces.

Giulia stopped a little later. She refused to move.

‘Giulia, go!’ ordered Pijetro Colina, but the mule did not even move an inch. Pietro knew what it might mean. She was not an easygoing mule; when she became stubborn, her head would become as stone! And maybe a little harder.

The soldiers ran into Pijetro and his mule. Insults and comments, coarse and vulgar, were heard. Someone gave him a well-intentioned advice, a parody, offensive.

Pijetro stood in front of the Giulia and took the halter of the lead, but it’s a little true—no wind could blow her head. No one could know why she refused to obey.

The canyon poured out cold air as if it was a giant refrigeration unit. The sky was covered with countless stars. The soldiers became nervous and joked, compelling the mule to obey. No one was smart enough, and Pijetro’s friendly manner also did not work.

‘Light the paper under her tail.’

‘Burn, burn!’ shout the other soldiers. Pijetro knew he had to get the mule to obey, and he ignited a paper and kept it under Giulia’s tail. The animal rushed forward and became mad. She broke in front of the soldiers themselves, they can shelter in front mad beast, made her pass and she loses the head of the column. Pijetro could not reach her.

It had been five years since that event. After the outbreak of the Second World War, Mussolini’s Italy capitulated under pressure from powerful allies who landed in Sicily and were now rapidly progressing to the north, the Germans and the

Italian fascist Duce units suffered the defeat, gradually withdrawing to the north. There they were in mountainous areas and in areas of the slopes of the

Alps, waiting for a strong unit of Italian partisans. Partisan Brigade 'Garibaldi' was appointed to occupy positions in the Adige river valley in the area above the town of Trento and prevent withdrawal of the Germans in Austria. Cold, moderately strong winds blew from the Alps down the valley of the river. The partisans moved quietly in the night along the column. In the front, Pietro Colina

tapped his mule, Žeraldina, who was barely in sight, and weapons were loaded on her back. His eyes were already convened in the little light that was hitting the gravel on the road. Top left knowing that the dark steep rocky mountains, right, somewhere down deep in the narrow valleys, rolling noisily to swollen river Adiga felt it, saw the only way and nothing more.

Pijetro got Žeraldina just ten days before, from the divisional chambers. Nothing was known about her nature, character, and her behaviour towards the insects. When she stood in the way, he thought it was best for her to be attentive, considerate, courteous, and avoid any harshness.

'Come on, Žeraldina, hurry!' He lightly lowered his hand on her, above the tail. It was more a sign of affection and friendship rather than blow. Mule is the camaraderie that expression remained quite indifferent. Did not react as if they had not heard or felt.

'Come on, darling, hurry.' The muleteer slightly pushed the animal with his hand. Žeraldina did not move and stood stiff. She did not obey at all.

'Beat it,' said a from behind Pijetro.

‘Where is the stick?’ said another through clenched teeth. ‘None of the beating. The beating does not help,’ Pijetro said. He knew she was a good mule. ‘Flagellation came from heaven!’ someone said nervously. ‘The animal has its own personality. It should not be insulted. Come on, dear, we must not rush.’ Pijetro gently pushed her. It seemed that the mule was deaf and insensitive. It stiffened. Pijetro did not know what was going on. There was a gorge nearby; this night looked much like the distant past. He thought surprisingly that she would go for it.

Pijetro’s surprise momentarily turned into severe shock. Žeraldina began to flail the muleteer, beating him and stomping him, attacking him as an angry opponent. She continued to batter him with her hooves, trying to kill him. The soldiers were amazed.

Colina was then taken to the divisional hospital. His left thigh and right arm were broken, and there were three cracks in his left rib; the body had numerous bruises from the blows of the hooves. A week later, the company commander, Trapatoni Antonio, came to visit his troops. With him were his and Pijetro’s best friends, Ugo Bianchi and Nicolo Darneli. They found him in plaster and bandages and barely recognised him. It was difficult for him to speak, and was not in the mood to talk. He was still depressed, dejected, dispirited, and exhausted.

‘In ten days you will feel much better, the doctor says,’ said Trapatoni casually.

‘You want ask something?’ asked Ugo. ‘Please go to the chamber, find the mule, Žeraldina, and see her number, which I believe she has,’ Pijetro said in a low voice. Trapatoni sent Ugo to go and bring her. Pijetro seemed to come

alive and the colour returned to his face and his voice could be recognised. Ugo was overjoyed when he saw him. He realised that his friend recovered quickly.

‘Tell me, please, if you saw a mark on Žeraldina?’ Colina asked his friend.

‘Ah, yes, I have seen. The rump had a number stamped, 127. I could barely find the number because of her dense hair.’ Pijetro Colina smiled. ‘This is my mule, Giulia, one from Ethiopia. I’d forgotten her, but she remembered me! I did not say goodbye. For five years, she had a desire for revenge and has managed to achieve. God helped her to meet me again. Animals never forgive.’

NE KOPIRATI

Doc Puss

In spring, in 1984, I developed a harmless, strange skin disease for which there was no remedy. My rich, sometimes black hair, now well grey, to the left of the temple began to whiten quite. Quite large, white circles appeared above the temples. In the beginning, it did not at all disturb me, but gradually the disease, the whiteness, began to spread; my hair had become more colourful, and I feared

and then began to take care. My anxiety grew! It seemed to me that I was some kind of leper, and people started to wonder. Indeed, I'd never seen such a thing in my life. Friends asked me what was happening, and they did not respond to anything. The only consolation was—I did not hurt anything. I liked that young women like me and do some multicoloured be an appeal? I decided to go to a specialist for skin diseases. There was a doctor, who graduated from high school. *He must know something about this disease, and it can certainly help me.* The doctor carefully reviewed, refraining laugh, and wrote me prescriptions. I was given some smelly liquid thing, a very unpleasant smell, to be massaged every night in the diseased areas. The problem was that I could only work in front of the mirror, and I could never do it properly, so I need help of my

wife, and she was allergic to fragrances. I do not know whether she might be sick of it and what she was thinking. Maybe she thought that God punished me because I loved other women, and perhaps, while I was undergoing treatment, she prayed to God to heal me.

This work was tiresome, and my wife and the result were miserable! On the contrary, it showed me a new white patch, now at the top of the head, and then on the back; all three white rings were associated with white narrow lines. It seemed God had heard the woman's asking. Some devil ride astride on me and was not removed, he does not dismount. To make it worse, I'm a writer, and I'd popularized by his book "The Ballad of 7 friends." I often had to perform at

literary events and read their poems in front of students in Sisak, and Zagreb, Banija. Writer flashy like a cow, how it looks? Can he appeal to children or a teacher? And in every school is found occasional beauty. I did not dare even to look at, let alone to wink at her! Reported a new fear. I was afraid that my hair at the place of white cloth begins to wane, so the incorrect patch. Every bald man in relation to me would be a beauty. But, fortunately, the hair was still as thick and healthy, only in places, and tape reels were very white, sparkled and gleamed, patches were standing on my head and inexorably slowly, very slowly spreading.

I was invited with a group of writers, members of the Literary Club Cultural and Artistic Society "Ivan Goran Kovačić" from Sisak to performance in school "Joso Marijanović" in village Viduševac, near town Glina. They had the photographer who shot us. The photograph is very nice to seamy colorful head, shot in color, have perpetuated my ugly patches.

The doctors no longer made sense and treated me for almost two years without any results. The disease progressed slowly, very slowly. Happiness in my life had never quite deserted. In winter, on the second day of 1986 New Year, I went with my wife at my good friend, Ljuban Bajic. They had a small farm. The courtyard was full of cats, dogs, ducks, geese, pigs, and chickens.

We went into the warm kitchen. We talked about everything. On a chair next to the stove, there was a cat, Mark. I often cast a look at it. I wanted to sit it on my knee and stroke it. I noticed that he sometimes came around and secretly watching me. I was facing his left side, and he could well see a white band on my head. There was established a subliminal communication between me and the cat. He felt that I was his good and honest friend, to truly love. When you feel love for animals, they would love back with even greater intensity and sincerity. Suddenly the cat came down from her chair and jumped on my left knee. Ljuban and Anna began to yell

at him, but I had them calm down and began to pat it. She was very pleased. After a few minutes, the cat sat

on my shoulder and began to lick the skin on my temple. This angered Ljuban and Anna. They began to yell at Mark, but I felt that something strange was happening. I calmed them down and let the cat continue its work. His tongue soaked up my thick hair.

That he had my permission, as others that mix? His sharp tongue are absorbed between my thick hair into the skin, as it is clear on something, like rasp pulls some invisible pests out of it. I took out the! Language him meticulously climbed along the track with my head stuck on the last leg and crossed the ring on top of her head holding her front legs, hugging my head. Then he arranged a reel on my neck.

When he finished his job, he carefully climbed down my arm and knee and again took his place on the chair by the stove and went to nap as if nothing had happened. To my amazement, my hair regained my natural colour! *I'll have to tell the doctor, the specialist in skin diseases, that I was healed by my friend, Mark, the cat.*

Hamster in Cage

It had become popular to have a pet. We did not have any experience with animals. Before we obtained an ostrich, a giraffe, or an elephant, we decided to start with some small beast, so we got our hamster. He was flashy, light grey with white spots, had slightly longer hair than the mouse, but soft, very soft. It was very playful, and he was put in a cage, in which he would spin when he was in a mood for game. Slightly larger than the field mouse, feeding on seeds, especially sunflower, it enjoyed a lot.

My wife, Neda, fondled him as a daily ritual in the evenings. I would clean the cage and put a new blanket, and then I would replace the old food with fresh. After that the hamster would run happily in inside the cage. It was a fun show for us, and it seemed to us he was very gratefull.

There was a big change in family life and the life of the hamster. During the vacations, my wife and children went to travel on the sea for a month, and I couldn't look after the hamster well. One day, in the evening, when I came home tired, I looked into his cage, to replace food and water. There was no joy or pleasure; the hamster seemed to be mourning.

It's twenty days before I noticed that the hamster had completely changed his behaviour. With careful observation, I found that his eyes were blurred, and the light had extinguished. I called my wife, and we talked about what was happening. However, she did not know what was causing the disease of our pet, or what measures should be taken that he would be healed. The day before the family returned, the hamster died. In the evening, I found his little body cold in a cage, collected, shrink with sorrow.

We purchased a new hamster. He was quite the same as the previous one, his copy, as if he was his twin brother. Soon he had the same mode of life as its predecessor, and it happened as before.

It was easier to withstand hunger and thirst but denied fondling, love that we have been taught. Our sorrow and disappointment was not the end, and there was no joy in our house. It took a long time until the light of life did begin to return to us. We had not purchased any pets, and we gave up the hamster, ostrich, giraffe, and

elephants. Animals yearn for our love. Animals when they do, seeking a permanent, everyday love, and we to them, during the holiday season, we could provide.

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