

DMAKMAKISA CISÉ

D’cliat ant d’fionir

The Star and the Witch

D’cliat ant d’fionir



En cisé int Dmakmakis
A story in Maquish, with English translation

AGAR SAN

D’fionir om d’dakir

The Witch on the Hill

Int en célba ardiman, op en dakir, en muder fionir lipté int en onda hauhl. Zitera nam vart Ilsa.

In a faraway kingdom, on a hill, a young witch lived in a small house. Her name was Ilsa.

Zitera cebeu vart nukar vogu d’nagan. D’persontént om d’fule vartén tremis, duna Ilsa hot fionochta, ant treir nanst vartén sur d’dakir.

Her hair was black like the night. The people of the village were afraid, because Ilsa had magic, and they never went up to the hill.

Ilsa vart sandir, ant zitere vart sandiranach. Tad d’ari, zitere renbarté bukténт om fionochta. Tad d’nagan, zitere singté sur d’cliatént.

Ilsa was alone, and she was lonely. By day she read books of magic. By night she sang to the stars.

Zitere singté slatént om d’deana, om d’dié ant om d’lunen. D’cliatént klistén, nézo treir nanst awsktén.

She sang songs of the heavens, of the wind and of the moon. The stars listened, and yet they never answered.



AGAR DU

D’cliat teroté

The Star Fell

En nagan int skalersésen, d’dié vart ésis ant d’deana vart nukar.

One night in winter, the wind was icy and the sky was black.

Ilsa singté en nopfa slat — en slat om zitera sandiranachté. Ziter vart d’bogstera slat vi zitere reté.

Ilsa sang a new song — a song of her loneliness. It was the best song she had ever written.

Lektomli zitere endté d’slat, en cliat teroté om d’deana. Ziter vart wisar ant talen, ant ziter teroté sur d’dakir.

As soon as she finished the song, a star came down from the heavens. It was white and gold, and it came to the hill.

Ilsa vart tremis, nézo zitere vart jar anskanach. Zitere varté sur d’cliat.

Ilsa was afraid, and yet she was curious too. She went to the star.

Drat, int d’és, vart en muder persont. Zitera cebeu vart wisar vogu d’lunen.

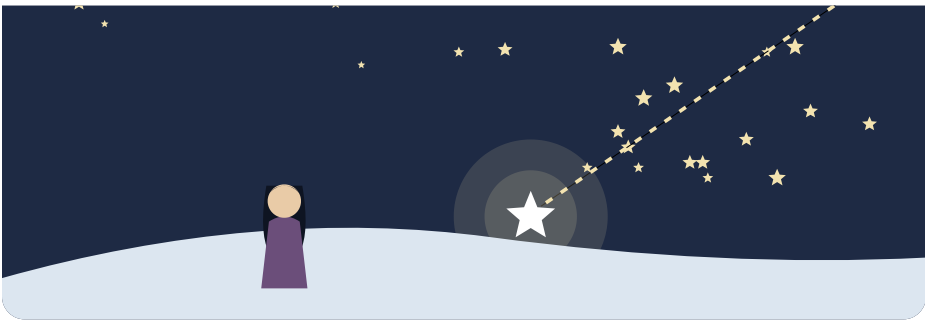
There, in the ice, was a young man. His hair was white like the moon.

“Sayap its yung?” Ilsa anskté.

“Who are you?” Ilsa asked.

“Ittsa nam its Alun,” d’persont awskté. “Ittsi its en cliat. Ittsi klisté yunga slatént vér latra ejjént.”

“My name is Alun,” he answered. “I am a star. I have listened to your songs for many years.”



AGAR TRÉ

Ca int d’nagan

Tea in the Night

Alun vart fuaren, ant Ilsa gaskté zitere sur zitera hauhl.

Alun was cold, and Ilsa invited him into her house.

Zitere skirté sup ant tabirté panéra ca sur Alun. Alun lorté vio ca vart hérkis rést.

She made soup and gave Alun hot tea. Alun learned that tea was very delicious.

Treir spriktén tad d’nagan. Alun burté vio d’deana vart damaris, nézo ziter vart sandiranach jar.

They talked through the night. Alun said that the heavens were beautiful, and yet they were lonely too.

“Int d’deana, latra cliatént agén samérli,” zitere burté, “nézo treir nanst sprikén.”

“In the heavens, many stars are together,” he said, “and yet they never speak.”

Ilsa klisté zitere. Zitere racierté sianach, ant zitere nan vart sandir.

Ilsa listened to him. She felt happy, and she was not alone.



AGAR FIER

D’skalersésen

Winter

Alun sérfté int d’hauhl Ilsase tad d’skalersésen.

Alun stayed in Ilsa’s house through the winter.

Ilsa ant Alun singtén samérli, ant treir danstén int d’és. Tad d’ari, treir bartén d’solen; tad d’nagan, treir bartén d’cliatént.

Ilsa and Alun sang together, and they danced on the ice. By day they watched the sun; by night they watched the stars.

Ilsa tonté Alun, ant Alun tonté Ilsa.

Ilsa loved Alun, and Alun loved Ilsa.

Nézo Alun vart sekerli bron.

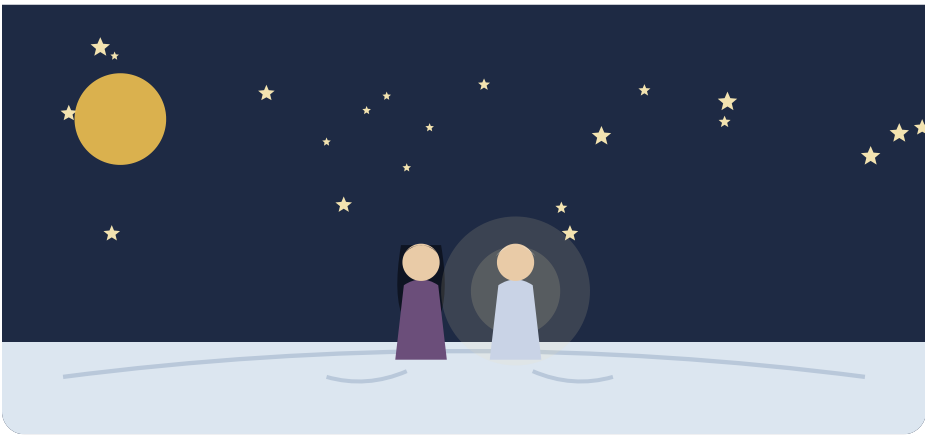
And yet Alun was sometimes sad.

“Van its yung bron?” Ilsa anskté.

“Why are you sad?” Ilsa asked.

“Lektomli d’florénsésen teraté, ittsi rus vornén sur d’deana,” Alun burté. “Ittsi its en cliat. Ittsi nan kens sérfén op d’ard.”

“As soon as spring comes, I must go back to the heavens,” Alun said. “I am a star. I cannot stay on earth.”



AGAR FIF

D’slat om d’cliatént

The Song of the Stars

En nagan, Ilsa bransté. Alun nan vart int d’hauhl.

One night, Ilsa woke up. Alun was not in the house.

Zitere varté utint d’hauhl ant barté Alun op d’dakir. D’dié vart fuaren, ant d’lunen vart wisar.

She went out of the house and saw Alun on the hill. The wind was cold, and the moon was white.

Latra cliatént singtén sur Alun: “Teraté, Alun! Teraté sur d’deana!”

Many stars were singing to Alun: “Come, Alun! Come back to the heavens!”

Alun klisté d’cliatént, nézo zitere nan awskté.

Alun listened to the stars, and yet he did not answer.

“Yung vermisé d’deana,” Ilsa burté.

“You miss the heavens,” Ilsa said.

“Yok,” Alun awskté. “Ména ittsi brakté, ittsi wilkté vermisén yunge luanst.”

“Yes,” Alun answered. “If I left, I would miss you forever.”

Ilsa samarté Alun, ant treir sérftén samérli op d’dakir bisa d’gérai teroté.

Ilsa comforted Alun, and they stayed together on the hill until morning came.

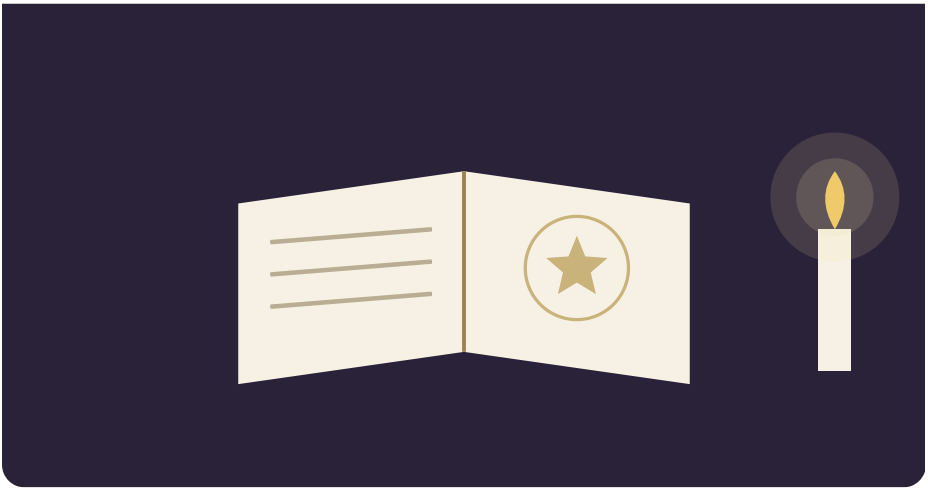


AGAR SEK

D’frum

The Spell

Ilsa vart tremis. Zitere nan vilté itsén sandir later.	*Ilsa was afraid. She did not want to be alone again.*
Tad d’nagan, medan Alun sklafté, zitere renbarté latra bukténT om fionochta.	*In the night, while Alun slept, she read many books of magic.*
Int en senta bukt, zitere barté en frum. D’frum burté: “Ména en fionir tabiré zitera fionochta sur en cliat, d’cliat kens sérfén op d’ard.”	*In an old book, she found a spell. The spell said: “If a witch gives her magic to a star, the star can stay on earth.”*
Ilsa fisté vio zitere nan wilkté itsén en fionir later.	*Ilsa knew that she would never be a witch again.*
Nézo zitere tonté Alun.	*And yet she loved Alun.*



AGAR HUREN

D’santa ari om florénsésen

The First Day of Spring

D’santa ari om florénsésen teroté. D’solen vart talen ant panér, ant d’és nan vart op d’dakir.

The first day of spring came. The sun was golden and warm, and there was no ice left on the hill.

Alun barté d’deana, ant zitere vart bron rést.

Alun looked up at the heavens, and he was very sad.

“Sing, Ilsa,” zitere burté. “Ittsi wilk vermisén yunge luanst.”

“Goodbye, Ilsa,” he said. “I will miss you forever.”

“Fanipfé!” Ilsa grasté.

“Wait!” Ilsa cried.

Zitere tabirté zitera fionochta sur Alun. D’fionochta varté utint Ilsa sur Alun, vogu en wisara dié.

She gave her magic to Alun. The magic went out of Ilsa and into Alun, like a white wind.

Zitera cebeu nan vart nukar. Ziter vart wisar, vogu d’cebeu Alunse.

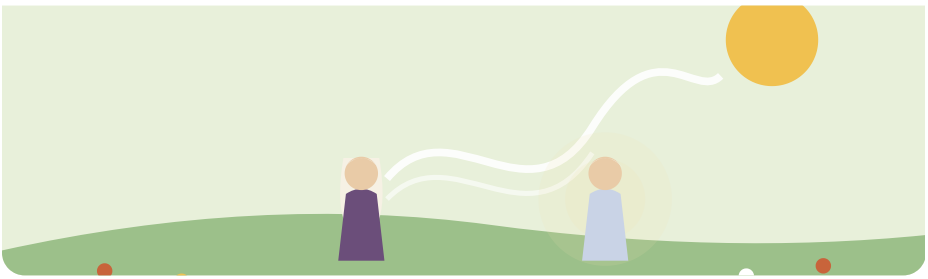
Her hair was no longer black. It was white, like Alun’s hair.

Alun barté Ilsa ant grasté: “Van?”

Alun looked at Ilsa and cried: “Why?”

“Duna ittsi toné yunge,” Ilsa burté. “Ména yung its op d’ard, ittsi nan blodé fionochta.”

“Because I love you,” Ilsa said. “If you are on earth, I don’t need magic.”



AGAR SIMO

Op d'ard

On Earth

Alun sérfté.	*Alun stayed.*
Ilsa ant Alun vartén sur d'fule. D'persontént om d'fule nan vartén tremis later, duna Ilsa nan vart en fionir.	*Ilsa and Alun went down to the village. The people of the village were no longer afraid, because Ilsa was no longer a witch.*
Treir bakirtén int d'mander ant singtén slatént om d'deana sur d'kianént.	*They worked in the garden and sang songs of the heavens to the children.*
Ilsa nan hot fionochta, nézo zitere vart sianach rést.	*Ilsa had no magic, and yet she was very happy.*
Ant tad d'nagan, ména Ilsa ant Alun singtén int d'mander, latra cliatént klistén.	*And at night, when Ilsa and Alun sang in the garden, many stars listened.*
Ilsa intpikierté luanst d'nagan ven Alun teroté om d'deana. Zitere nanst verlorté zitera tabirkas.	*Ilsa always remembered the night when Alun came from the heavens. She never regretted her gift.*
Ilsa ant Alun tontén sacherant luanst.	*Ilsa and Alun loved each other forever.*

