

Reading

Blackbelt

Marc, an 18-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti, wrote about the karate black belt his older brother gave him and how it represents an important legacy.

I wasn't ready to take the world on my own. When I heard the terrible news about my beloved brother, I was caught off guard. My guardian had passed away. After my father abandoned us, my brother was like a father to me. He had been there for me, supported me, and stuck with me through stick and stone. No matter what, he never failed to protect me. I was a hotheaded young kid. I couldn't control my emotions. All I used to do was smash things and bounce around like a pinball: bong, ping, ding. But I always lost the game. My brother, with his kindness, spoke to me and gave me advice, calmed me down, and taught me to have a bit of self-control. I didn't know the way of life until my brother took me under his wings and showed me the path to travel on.

He had been my idol way before I knew the karate star that he was. He answered to Jackson, but went by Jacky on the street. He inherited the name for being a fanatic of Jackie Chan's movies. My brother had been learning self-defense since he was twelve years old. He was a courageous and highly passionate athlete. He was such an expert at Taekwondo that he developed a habit—in other words, he was addicted. He was dedicated, never hesitated to act on his quick reflex, and never backed down from any fight. Because of his kindness, as soon as my brother went into the martial arts club, everybody had to stand by to salute him as a leader. After the formal greeting of respect, the informal greetings began. Members of the club exchanged the secret handshake with him, and others slapped hands with him. In my mind, I can still see how happy he was, with a smile on his face, talking with his friends. Everyone wanted to have a conversation with him. He was determined to lead the club as a good Samaritan, which means to have to be a community leader. He did that really well.

From my perspective, my brother was a giant because Jacky was not only a hero, he was also a counselor for me. He used to try to convince me to follow in his footsteps, to become an athlete like him. One day he took me to Julian Martial Arts with him, and the way I saw the others practicing karate seemed like military training. I was having a bad

feeling, as if I did not belong in that place. Jacky could read my feelings by looking at my face, so he took me to an empty room and had a small talk with me.

He said, "What's the matter?"

"I don't think it's a great idea to follow your footsteps because I'm not the type of person that you are," I replied. "Doing karate is not in my nature."

He held my hand and told me, "Listen brother, don't ever believe or listen to people who say you can't do anything. Rapidly throw those stupid ideas out and do your thing. Otherwise, you will never succeed in life. You have to see yourself as a genius."

Then one day, Jacky gave me something more than advice. "I am going to a competition sponsored by the mayor," he told me. "I want you to have this." He handed me his black karate belt.

Ever since I found out about the tragic news a few months later, that my beloved brother had died, I have had to take care of myself and my family. Keeping Jacky's black karate belt close to my heart, I have tried to follow in his footsteps. No matter how hard, I have to do what it takes to show him that his advice to me was not in vain.¹

¹ Marc Scutt, "Black Belt," in *I Want You to Have This: A Collection of Objects and Their Stories from Around the World*, written by eleventh graders from Boston International High School (Boston, MA: 826 Boston, 2013), 22. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

Blackbelt Черный пояс

Marc, an 18-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti, wrote about the karate black belt his older brother gave him and how it represents an important legacy. Марк, 18-летний студент из Бостона, эмигрировавший с Гаити, написал о черном поясе по карате, который ему дал старший брат, и о том, что этот пояс является важным наследием.

I wasn't ready to take the world on my own. When I heard the terrible news about my beloved brother, I was caught off guard. My guardian had passed away. After my father abandoned us, my brother was like a father to me. He had been there for me, supported me, and stuck with me through stick and stone. No matter what, he never failed to protect me. I was a hotheaded young kid. I couldn't control my emotions. All I used to do was smash things and bounce around like a pinball: bong, ping, ding. But I always lost the game. My brother, with his kindness, spoke to me and gave me advice, calmed me down, and taught me to have a bit of self-control. I didn't know the way of life until my brother took me under his wings and showed me the path to travel on. Я не был готов покорить мир в одиночку. Услышав ужасную новость о моём любимом брате, я был застигнут врасплох. Мой опекун умер. После того, как отец бросил нас, брат стал мне как отец. Он был рядом, поддерживал меня и не сдавался ни при каких обстоятельствах. Что бы ни случилось, он никогда не переставал защищать меня. Я был вспыльчивым мальчишкой. Я не мог контролировать свои эмоции. Всё, что я делал, это крушил всё вокруг и прыгал, как шарик для пинбола: бомж, динь, динь. Но я всегда проигрывал. Мой брат, по своей доброте, разговаривал со мной, давал советы, успокаивал и учил меня немного самообладанию. Я не знал, что такое жизнь, пока брат не взял меня под своё крыло и не указал мне путь.

He had been my idol way before I knew the karate star that he was. He answered to Jackson, but went by Jacky on the street. He inherited the name for being a fanatic of Jackie Chan's movies. My brother had been learning self-defense since he was twelve years old. He was a courageous and highly passionate athlete. He was such an expert at Taekwondo that he developed a habit—in other words, he was addicted. He was dedicated, never hesitated to act on his quick reflex, and never backed down from any fight. Because of his kindness, as soon as my brother went into the martial arts club, everybody had to stand by

to salute him as a leader. After the formal greeting of respect, the informal greetings began. Members of the club exchanged the secret handshake with him, and others slapped hands with him. In my mind, I can still see how happy he was, with a smile on his face, talking with his friends. Everyone wanted to have a conversation with him. He was determined to lead the club as a good Samaritan, which means to have to be a community leader. He did that really well. Он был моим кумиром задолго до того, как я узнал, какой он звезда карате. Он отзывался на «Джексон», но на улице его называли «Джеки». Он унаследовал это прозвище за фанатизм фильмов Джеки Чана. Мой брат учился самообороне с двенадцати лет. Он был отважным и страстным спортсменом. Он был таким мастером тхэквондо, что выработал в себе привычку – другими словами, он был зависим. Он был предан своему делу, никогда не колебался, действовал быстро и не отступал ни перед одной дракой. Благодаря его доброте, как только мой брат входил в клуб боевых искусств, все должны были встать и приветствовать его как лидера. После формального приветствия началось неформальное приветствие. Члены клуба обменивались с ним тайными рукопожатиями, а другие хлопали его по рукам. Я до сих пор помню, как он был счастлив, с улыбкой на лице, разговаривая с друзьями. Всем хотелось с ним поговорить. Он был полон решимости руководить клубом как добрый самаритянин, то есть быть лидером сообщества. И он с этим справлялся великолепно.

From my perspective, my brother was a giant because Jacky was not only a hero, he was also a counselor for me. He used to try to convince me to follow in his footsteps, to become an athlete like him. One day he took me to Julian Martial Arts with him, and the way I saw the others practicing karate seemed like military training. I was having a bad feeling, as if I did not belong in that place. Jacky could read my feelings by looking at my face, so he took me to an empty room and had a small talk with me. С моей точки зрения, мой брат был настоящим гигантом, потому что Джеки был для меня не только героем, но и наставником. Он пытался убедить меня пойти по его стопам, стать таким же спортсменом, как он. Однажды он взял меня с собой в школу боевых искусств Джулиана, и то, как другие занимались карате, показалось мне чем-то вроде военной подготовки. У меня было дурное предчувствие, как будто я не вписывался в это место. Джеки мог прочесть мои чувства по моему лицу, поэтому он отвёл меня в пустую комнату и немного поговорил со мной.

He said, "What's the matter?" Он спросил: «В чем дело?»

"I don't think it's a great idea to follow your footsteps because I'm not the type of person that you are," I replied. "Doing karate is not in my nature." «Не думаю, что это хорошая

идея — идти по твоим стопам, потому что я не такой человек, как ты», — ответил я. «Заниматься карате — не в моём характере».

He held my hand and told me, "Listen brother, don't ever believe or listen to people who say you can't do anything. Rapidly throw those stupid ideas out and do your thing. Otherwise, you will never succeed in life. You have to see yourself as a genius." Он взял меня за руку и сказал: «Послушай, брат, никогда не верь и не слушай людей, которые говорят, что ты ничего не можешь. Скорее отбрось эти глупые идеи и займись своим делом. Иначе ты никогда не добьёшься успеха в жизни. Ты должен считать себя гением».

Then one day, Jacky gave me something more than advice. "I am going to a competition sponsored by the mayor," he told me. "I want you to have this." He handed me his black karate belt. Однажды Джеки дал мне нечто большее, чем просто совет. «Я иду на соревнования, спонсируемые мэром», — сказал он. «Я хочу, чтобы ты получил вот это». Он вручил мне свой чёрный пояс по карате.

Ever since I found out about the tragic news a few months later, that my beloved brother had died, I have had to take care of myself and my family. Keeping Jacky's black karate belt close to my heart, I have tried to follow in his footsteps. No matter how hard, I have to do what it takes to show him that his advice to me was not in vain.² С тех пор, как несколько месяцев спустя я узнал трагическую новость о смерти моего любимого брата, мне пришлось заботиться о себе и своей семье. Сохраняя в сердце чёрный пояс Джеки по карате, я старался следовать его примеру. Как бы ни было тяжело, я должен сделать всё возможное, чтобы показать ему, что его совет был не напрасен.

² Marc Scutt, "Black Belt," in *I Want You to Have This: A Collection of Objects and Their Stories from Around the World*, written by eleventh graders from Boston International High School (Boston, MA: 826 Boston, 2013), 22. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

Blackbelt 黑带

Marc, an 18-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti, wrote about the karate black belt his older brother gave him and how it represents an important legacy. 马克是一名从海地移民到波士顿的 18 岁学生，他写了关于他哥哥送给他的空手道黑带的文章，并讲述了它如何代表着一份重要的遗产。

I wasn't ready to take the world on my own. When I heard the terrible news about my beloved brother, I was caught off guard. My guardian had passed away. After my father abandoned us, my brother was like a father to me. He had been there for me, supported me, and stuck with me through stick and stone. No matter what, he never failed to protect me. I was a hotheaded young kid. I couldn't control my emotions. All I used to do was smash things and bounce around like a pinball: bong, ping, ding. But I always lost the game. My brother, with his kindness, spoke to me and gave me advice, calmed me down, and taught me to have a bit of self-control. I didn't know the way of life until my brother took me under his wings and showed me the path to travel on. 我还没准备好独自面对世界。听到挚爱弟弟的噩耗，我猝不及防。我的监护人去世了。父亲抛弃我们之后，弟弟就像我的父亲一样。他一直陪伴着我，支持着我，与我同甘共苦。无论发生什么，他总是保护我。我小时候性情急躁，无法控制自己的情绪。我以前总是摔东西，像弹球一样弹来弹去：咚、砰、叮。但我总是输。弟弟很善良，他跟我说话，给我建议，让我平静下来，教会我一点自制力。直到弟弟把我带到他的羽翼下，指引我前进的道路，我才懂得人生的真谛。

He had been my idol way before I knew the karate star that he was. He answered to Jackson, but went by Jacky on the street. He inherited the name for being a fanatic of Jackie Chan's movies. My brother had been learning self-defense since he was twelve years old. He was a courageous and highly passionate athlete. He was such an expert at Taekwondo that he developed a habit—in other words, he was addicted. He was dedicated, never hesitated to act on his quick reflex, and never backed down from any fight. Because of his kindness, as soon as my brother went into the martial arts club, everybody had to stand by to salute him as a leader. After the formal greeting of respect, the informal greetings began. Members of the club exchanged the secret handshake with him, and others slapped hands with him. In my mind, I can still see how happy he was, with a smile on his

face, talking with his friends. Everyone wanted to have a conversation with him. He was determined to lead the club as a good Samaritan, which means to have to be a community leader. He did that really well. 在我认识他这位空手道明星之前,他就一直是我的偶像。他叫杰克逊,但在街上却叫他成龙。他继承了成龙电影的狂热粉丝的称号。我哥哥从12岁起就开始学习防身术。他是一位勇敢而充满热情的运动员。他跆拳道水平极高,以至于养成了习惯——换句话说,他上瘾了。他全身心投入,反应敏捷,毫不犹豫,在任何战斗中都从不退缩。因为他为人善良,我哥哥一进武术俱乐部,大家都必须站起来向他致敬,把他视为领袖。正式的敬礼之后,便是非正式的问候。俱乐部的成员们与他秘密握手,其他人则与他击掌。在我的脑海里,我仍然记得他脸上挂着笑容,与朋友们交谈时的快乐。每个人都想和他交谈。他决心以“好撒玛利亚人”的身份带领俱乐部,这意味着他必须成为一名社区领袖。他做得非常出色。

From my perspective, my brother was a giant because Jacky was not only a hero, he was also a counselor for me. He used to try to convince me to follow in his footsteps, to become an athlete like him. One day he took me to Julian Martial Arts with him, and the way I saw the others practicing karate seemed like military training. I was having a bad feeling, as if I did not belong in that place. Jacky could read my feelings by looking at my face, so he took me to an empty room and had a small talk with me. 在我看来,我的哥哥是个巨人,因为杰基不仅是我的英雄,也是我的导师。他曾经试图说服我追随他的脚步,成为像他一样的运动员。有一天,他带我去朱利安武术馆,我看到其他人练习空手道的样子,感觉就像在参加军训一样。我有一种不祥的预感,觉得自己不属于那里。杰基从我的表情就能看出我的感受,于是他带我去了一个空房间,和我闲聊了几句。

He said, "What's the matter?" 他说:“怎么了?”

"I don't think it's a great idea to follow your footsteps because I'm not the type of person that you are," I replied. "Doing karate is not in my nature." “我觉得追随你的脚步不太好,因为我跟你不一样,”我回答道,“练空手道不符合我的天性。”

He held my hand and told me, "Listen brother, don't ever believe or listen to people who say you can't do anything. Rapidly throw those stupid ideas out and do your thing. Otherwise, you will never succeed in life. You have to see yourself as a genius." 他握着我的手对我说:“听着,兄弟,永远不要相信或听信那些说你无能为力的人的话。赶紧把那些愚蠢的想法扔掉,做你自己的事。否则,你永远不会成功。你必须把自己看作一个天才。”

Then one day, Jacky gave me something more than advice. "I am going to a competition sponsored by the mayor," he told me. "I want you to have this." He handed me his black karate belt. 后来有一天,杰基给了我一些不仅仅是建议的东西。“我要去参加市长主办的比赛,”他告诉我。“我想给你这个。”他把他的黑色空手道腰带递给我。

Ever since I found out about the tragic news a few months later, that my beloved brother had died, I have had to take care of myself and my family. Keeping Jacky's black karate belt close to my heart, I have tried to follow in his footsteps. No matter how hard, I have to do what it takes to show him that his advice to me was not in vain.³ 几个月后, 我得知挚爱的哥哥去世的噩耗, 从那时起, 我就不得不照顾自己和家人。我把杰基的空手道黑带珍藏在心底, 努力追随他的脚步。无论多么艰难, 我都必须尽我所能, 让他知道, 他对我的忠告并非徒劳。

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Reading

Blackbelt 黒帯

Marc, an 18-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti, wrote about the karate black belt his older brother gave him and how it represents an important legacy. ハイチから移住したボストンの18歳の学生、マークさんは、兄からもらった空手の黒帯について、またそれがいかに大切な遺産であるかを書いた。

I wasn't ready to take the world on my own. When I heard the terrible news about my beloved brother, I was caught off guard. My guardian had passed away. After my father abandoned us, my brother was like a father to me. He had been there for me, supported me, and stuck with me through stick and stone. No matter what, he never failed to protect me. I was a hotheaded young kid. I couldn't control my emotions. All I used to do was smash things and bounce around like a pinball: bong, ping, ding. But I always lost the game. My brother, with his kindness, spoke to me and gave me advice, calmed me down, and taught me to have a bit of self-control. I didn't know the way of life until my brother took me under his wings and showed me the path to travel on. 私には、一人で世界を征服する覚悟がまだありませんでした。愛する兄の悲報を聞いた時、私は全く油断できませんでした。私の保護者が亡くなったのです。父が私たちを捨ててからは、兄は私にとって父親のような存在でした。いつも私を支え、支え、石や棒に当たっても私を支えてくれました。どんな時でも、兄は私を守ってくれました。私は短気な子供でした。自分の感情をコントロールできず、物を壊したり、ピンボールのように「ボン、ピン、チン」と跳ね回ったりしていました。でも、いつもゲームに負けていました。兄は優しく私に話しかけ、アドバイスをくれ、私を落ち着かせ、自制心を少し持つことを教えてくれました。兄が私を温かく見守り、進むべき道を示してくれるまで、私は生きる道を知りませんでした。

He had been my idol way before I knew the karate star that he was. He answered to Jackson, but went by Jacky on the street. He inherited the name for being a fanatic of Jackie Chan's movies. My brother had been learning self-defense since he was twelve years old. He was a courageous and highly passionate athlete. He was such an expert at Taekwondo that he developed a habit—in other words, he was addicted. He was dedicated, never hesitated to act on his quick reflex, and never backed down from any fight. Because of his kindness, as soon as my brother went into the martial arts club, everybody had to stand by to salute him as a leader. After the formal greeting of respect, the informal greetings

began. Members of the club exchanged the secret handshake with him, and others slapped hands with him. In my mind, I can still see how happy he was, with a smile on his face, talking with his friends. Everyone wanted to have a conversation with him. He was determined to lead the club as a good Samaritan, which means to have to be a community leader. He did that really well. 彼が空手のスターだと知るずっと前から、彼は私のアイドルでした。ジャクソンと呼ばれていましたが、街ではジャッキーと呼ばれていました。ジャッキー・チェンの映画の熱狂的なファンだったため、その名前を受け継いでいました。弟は12歳の頃から護身術を習っていました。勇敢で情熱的なアスリートでした。テコンドーの達人ぶりは、癖のように、つまり中毒になるほどでした。彼は献身的で、素早い反射神経で行動することを決してためらわず、どんな戦いかからも決して逃げませんでした。彼の優しさのおかげで、弟が武道クラブに入るとすぐに、全員がリーダーとして彼に敬礼するために立ち尽くしました。敬意を表す正式な挨拶の後、くだけた挨拶が始まりました。クラブのメンバーは彼と秘密の握手を交わし、他のメンバーは彼と叩き合いました。今でも私の心に、彼が笑顔で友達と話し、楽しそうにしている姿が浮かびます。誰もが彼と会話を交わしたかったのです。彼は良きサマリア人として、つまり地域社会のリーダーとしてクラブを率いようと決意していました。そして、その決意を本当に見事に果たしました。

From my perspective, my brother was a giant because Jacky was not only a hero, he was also a counselor for me. He used to try to convince me to follow in his footsteps, to become an athlete like him. One day he took me to Julian Martial Arts with him, and the way I saw the others practicing karate seemed like military training. I was having a bad feeling, as if I did not belong in that place. Jacky could read my feelings by looking at my face, so he took me to an empty room and had a small talk with me. 私にとって兄は巨人でした。ジャッキーはヒーローであるだけでなく、私の相談相手でもありました。兄はいつも私を説得して、兄のようなアスリートになるように仕向けてくれました。ある日、兄は私をジュリアン・マーシャル・アーツに連れて行ってくれました。他の兄たちが空手を練習している様子は、まるで軍隊の訓練のようでした。私は、まるで自分がこの場所に属していないような嫌な予感がしました。ジャッキーは私の顔を見て私の気持ちを察したようで、誰もいない部屋に連れて行って、少し話をしてくれました。

He said, "What's the matter?" 彼は「どうしたんだ？」と言いました。

"I don't think it's a great idea to follow your footsteps because I'm not the type of person that you are," I replied. "Doing karate is not in my nature." 「私はあなたのような人間ではないので、あなたの後を継ぐのは得策ではないと思います」と私は答えた。「空手をやるのは私の性分ではありません。」

He held my hand and told me, "Listen brother, don't ever believe or listen to people who say you can't do anything. Rapidly throw those stupid ideas out and do your thing. Otherwise, you will never succeed in life. You have to see yourself as a genius." 彼は私の手

を握り、「いいか兄弟、君には何もできないと言う人の言うことを決して信じたり、聞いたりしてはいけない。そんな馬鹿げた考えはすぐに捨てて、自分のやりたいことをやりなさい。そうしないと、人生で成功することは絶対にない。自分を天才だと思わなければならない」と言いました。

Then one day, Jacky gave me something more than advice. "I am going to a competition sponsored by the mayor," he told me. "I want you to have this." He handed me his black karate belt. ある日、ジャッキーはアドバイス以上のものをくれました。「市長主催の大会に行くんだ。これを君に渡してほしいんだ」と彼は言い、黒い空手の帯を私に手渡しました。

Ever since I found out about the tragic news a few months later, that my beloved brother had died, I have had to take care of myself and my family. Keeping Jacky's black karate belt close to my heart, I have tried to follow in his footsteps. No matter how hard, I have to do what it takes to show him that his advice to me was not in vain.⁴ 数ヶ月後、最愛の弟が亡くなったという悲しい知らせを聞いて以来、私は自分自身と家族の面倒を見ることに専念してきました。ジャッキーの黒い空手の帯を胸に、彼の足跡を継ごうと努めてきました。どんなに辛くても、彼のアドバイスが無駄ではなかったことを彼に証明するために、私はあらゆる努力を惜しみません。

⁴ Marc Scutt, "Black Belt," in *I Want You to Have This: A Collection of Objects and Their Stories from Around the World*, written by eleventh graders from Boston International High School (Boston, MA: 826 Boston, 2013), 22. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

Blackbelt 블랙벨트

Marc, an 18-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti, wrote about the karate black belt his older brother gave him and how it represents an important legacy. 아이티에서 이주해 온 보스턴의 18세 학생인 마크는 형이 준 가라테 검은띠에 대해 글을 썼고, 그것이 얼마나 중요한 유산인지에 대해 이야기했습니다.

I wasn't ready to take the world on my own. When I heard the terrible news about my beloved brother, I was caught off guard. My guardian had passed away. After my father abandoned us, my brother was like a father to me. He had been there for me, supported me, and stuck with me through stick and stone. No matter what, he never failed to protect me. I was a hotheaded young kid. I couldn't control my emotions. All I used to do was smash things and bounce around like a pinball: bong, ping, ding. But I always lost the game. My brother, with his kindness, spoke to me and gave me advice, calmed me down, and taught me to have a bit of self-control. I didn't know the way of life until my brother took me under his wings and showed me the path to travel on. 그는 내가 그가 가라테 스타라는 것을 알기 훨씬 전부터 내 우상이었다. 그는 잭슨에게 복종했지만 거리에서는 재키로 불렸다. 그는 재키 찬 영화의 광팬이었기 때문에 그 이름을 물려받았다. 내 동생은 바다를 배우고 있었다. 나는 혼자 세상을 정복할 준비가 되어 있지 않았다. 사랑하는 동생에 대한 끔찍한 소식을 들었을 때 나는 깜짝 놀랐다. 내 보호자가 세상을 떠났다. 아버지가 우리를 버린 후, 내 동생은 나에게 아버지와 같았다. 그는 항상 내 곁에 있어 주었고, 나를 지지해 주었고, 막대기와 돌을 통해서도 나와 함께했다. 무슨 일이 있어도 그는 나를 보호하는 데 실패하지 않았다. 나는 성급한 어린아이였다. 나는 내 감정을 통제할 수 없었다. 내가 하는 일이라고는 물건을 부수고 핀볼처럼 튕기는 것뿐이었다. 쿵, 핑, 덩. 하지만 나는 항상 게임에서 졌다. 내 동생은 그의 친절함으로 나에게 말하고 조언해 주었고, 나를 진정시키고 약간의 자제력을 갖도록 가르쳐 주었다. 열두 살 때부터 형이 저를 품에 안고 수비의 길을 보여주기 전까지는 저는 삶의 방식을 몰랐습니다. 형은 용감하고 열정적인 운동선수였습니다. 태권도에 워낙 조예가 깊어서 습관이 생겼습니다. 다시 말해, 태권도에 중독된 것입니다. 형은 헌신적이었고, 재빠른 반사신경으로 행동하는 데 주저함이 없었으며, 어떤 싸움에서도 물러서는 법이 없었습니다. 형의 친절함 덕분에 형이 무술 클럽에 들어가자마자 모두가 그를 지도자로 맞이하며 경례했습니다. 존경의 인사가 오간 후, 비공식적인 인사가 시작되었습니다. 클럽 회원들은 형과 비밀 악수를 나누었고, 다른 사람들은 형과 악수를 나누었습니다. 형이

친구들과 이야기하며 미소를 짓고 행복해하던 모습이 아직도 생생하게 기억납니다. 모두가 형과 이야기를 나누고 싶어 했습니다. 형은 선한 사마리아인처럼 클럽을 이끌겠다고, 즉 지역 사회의 지도자가 되겠다고 굳게 다짐했습니다. 형은 그 일을 정말 잘 해냈습니다.

He had been my idol way before I knew the karate star that he was. He answered to Jackson, but went by Jacky on the street. He inherited the name for being a fanatic of Jackie Chan's movies. My brother had been learning self-defense since he was twelve years old. He was a courageous and highly passionate athlete. He was such an expert at Taekwondo that he developed a habit—in other words, he was addicted. He was dedicated, never hesitated to act on his quick reflex, and never backed down from any fight. Because of his kindness, as soon as my brother went into the martial arts club, everybody had to stand by to salute him as a leader. After the formal greeting of respect, the informal greetings began. Members of the club exchanged the secret handshake with him, and others slapped hands with him. In my mind, I can still see how happy he was, with a smile on his face, talking with his friends. Everyone wanted to have a conversation with him. He was determined to lead the club as a good Samaritan, which means to have to be a community leader. He did that really well. 그는 제가 그가 가라테 스타라는 사실을 알기 훨씬 전부터 제 우상이었습니다. 잭슨의 지시를 받았지만, 길거리에서는 재키라는 이름으로 불렸습니다. 재키찬 영화 광팬이었기에 그 별명을 물려받았습니다. 제 형은 열두 살 때부터 호신술을 배워왔습니다. 용감하고 열정적인 운동선수였습니다. 태권도에 워낙 능숙해서 습관이 생겼습니다. 다시 말해, 태권도에 중독된 것입니다. 헌신적이었고, 재빠른 반사신경으로 행동하는 데 주저함이 없었으며, 어떤 싸움에서도 물러서는 법이 없었습니다. 그의 친절함 덕분에 형이 무술 클럽에 들어가자마자 모두가 그를 지도자로 맞이하며 경례했습니다. 존경의 정중한 인사가 끝나고, 비공식적인 인사가 시작되었습니다. 클럽 회원들은 그와 비밀 악수를 나누었고, 다른 사람들은 그와 악수를 나누었습니다. 친구들과 이야기하며 미소를 지으며 행복해하던 형의 모습이 아직도 생생하게 기억납니다. 모두가 그와 이야기를 나누고 싶어 했습니다. 그는 클럽을 선한 사마리아인처럼 이끌겠다고 결심했습니다. 즉, 지역 사회의 리더가 되어야 한다는 뜻이죠. 그는 그 일을 정말 잘 해냈습니다.

From my perspective, my brother was a giant because Jacky was not only a hero, he was also a counselor for me. He used to try to convince me to follow in his footsteps, to become an athlete like him. One day he took me to Julian Martial Arts with him, and the way I saw the others practicing karate seemed like military training. I was having a bad feeling, as if I did not belong in that place. Jacky could read my feelings by looking at my face, so he took me to an empty room and had a small talk with me. 제 관점에서 제 형은 거인이었어요. 재키는 영웅일 뿐만 아니라 제게 상담가이기도 했거든요. 형은 저를 자기 발자취를 따라 자신처럼 운동선수가 되라고 설득하곤 했어요. 어느 날 형이 저를 줄리안 무술 수련소에 데려갔는데, 다른 사람들이 가라테를 수련하는 모습이 마치 군사 훈련처럼

느껴졌어요. 마치 그곳에 제가 속하지 않는 것 같은 불길한 예감이 들었죠. 재키는 제 얼굴을 보고 제 감정을 읽을 수 있었기에, 저를 빈 방으로 데려가 가볍게 이야기를 나누었어요.

He said, "What's the matter?" 그는 "무슨 일이야?"라고 말했습니다.

"I don't think it's a great idea to follow your footsteps because I'm not the type of person that you are," I replied. "Doing karate is not in my nature." "당신의 발자취를 따라가는 건 좋은 생각이 아닌 것 같아요. 저는 당신과 같은 사람이 아니거든요." 내가 대답했다. "가라테는 제 체질에 안 맞아요."

He held my hand and told me, "Listen brother, don't ever believe or listen to people who say you can't do anything. Rapidly throw those stupid ideas out and do your thing. Otherwise, you will never succeed in life. You have to see yourself as a genius." 그는 내 손을 잡고 말했다. "형제여, 네가 아무것도 할 수 없다고 말하는 사람들을 절대 믿거나 듣지 마. 그런 멍청한 생각들은 얼른 던져 버리고 네 할 일을 해. 그렇지 않으면 인생에서 결코 성공할 수 없을 거야. 자신을 천재라고 생각해야 해."

Then one day, Jacky gave me something more than advice. "I am going to a competition sponsored by the mayor," he told me. "I want you to have this." He handed me his black karate belt. 그러던 어느 날, 재키는 단순한 조언 이상의 것을 해 주었습니다. "시장님이 후원하는 대회에 갈 거야."라고 말하며, "이걸 네가 가져가면 좋겠어."라고 말했습니다. 그는 검은색 가라테 띠를 건넸습니다.

Ever since I found out about the tragic news a few months later, that my beloved brother had died, I have had to take care of myself and my family. Keeping Jacky's black karate belt close to my heart, I have tried to follow in his footsteps. No matter how hard, I have to do what it takes to show him that his advice to me was not in vain.⁵ 몇 달 후, 사랑하는 동생이 세상을 떠났다는 비극적인 소식을 접한 이후로 저는 저와 가족을 돌봐야 했습니다. 재키의 검은 가라테 띠를 가슴 깊이 간직하며 그의 발자취를 따라가려고 노력했습니다. 아무리 힘들어도, 그의 조언이 헛되지 않았다는 것을 보여주기 위해 무엇이든 해야 했습니다.

⁵ Marc Scutt, "Black Belt," in *I Want You to Have This: A Collection of Objects and Their Stories from Around the World*, written by eleventh graders from Boston International High School (Boston, MA: 826 Boston, 2013), 22. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

Blackbelt *Cinturón negro*

Marc, an 18-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti, wrote about the karate black belt his older brother gave him and how it represents an important legacy. *Marc, un estudiante de 18 años en Boston que emigró de Haití, escribió sobre el cinturón negro de karate que le regaló su hermano mayor y cómo este representa un legado importante.*

I wasn't ready to take the world on my own. When I heard the terrible news about my beloved brother, I was caught off guard. My guardian had passed away. After my father abandoned us, my brother was like a father to me. He had been there for me, supported me, and stuck with me through stick and stone. No matter what, he never failed to protect me. I was a hotheaded young kid. I couldn't control my emotions. All I used to do was smash things and bounce around like a pinball: bong, ping, ding. But I always lost the game. My brother, with his kindness, spoke to me and gave me advice, calmed me down, and taught me to have a bit of self-control. I didn't know the way of life until my brother took me under his wings and showed me the path to travel on. *No estaba preparado para enfrentarme al mundo por mi cuenta. Cuando recibí la terrible noticia sobre mi amado hermano, me tomó totalmente desprevenido. Mi tutor había fallecido. Después de que mi padre nos abandonara, mi hermano fue como un padre para mí. Estuvo a mi lado, me brindó su apoyo y permaneció conmigo en las buenas y en las malas. Pasara lo que pasara, nunca dejó de protegerme. Yo era un chiquillo impulsivo y temperamental; no lograba controlar mis emociones. Lo único que hacía era destrozar cosas y rebotar de un lado a otro como una bola de pinball: *bong*, *ping*, *ding*. Pero siempre terminaba perdiendo la partida. Mi hermano, con su bondad, hablaba conmigo, me daba consejos, lograba calmarme y me enseñó a tener un poco de autocontrol. No conocía el verdadero sentido de la vida hasta que mi hermano me tomó bajo su amparo y me mostró el camino que debía seguir.*

He had been my idol way before I knew the karate star that he was. He answered to Jackson, but went by Jacky on the street. He inherited the name for being a fanatic of Jackie Chan's movies. My brother had been learning self-defense since he was twelve years old. He was a courageous and highly passionate athlete. He was such an expert at Taekwondo that he developed a habit—in other words, he was addicted. He was dedicated, never

hesitated to act on his quick reflex, and never backed down from any fight. Because of his kindness, as soon as my brother went into the martial arts club, everybody had to stand by to salute him as a leader. After the formal greeting of respect, the informal greetings began. Members of the club exchanged the secret handshake with him, and others slapped hands with him. In my mind, I can still see how happy he was, with a smile on his face, talking with his friends. Everyone wanted to have a conversation with him. He was determined to lead the club as a good Samaritan, which means to have to be a community leader. He did that really well. *Él había sido mi ídolo mucho antes de que yo supiera que era una estrella del kárate. Respondía al nombre de Jackson, pero en la calle se hacía llamar Jacky. Heredó ese apodo por ser un fanático de las películas de Jackie Chan. Mi hermano llevaba aprendiendo defensa personal desde los doce años. Era un atleta valiente y sumamente apasionado. Era tal su pericia en el taekwondo que desarrolló un hábito; en otras palabras, estaba adicto a ello. Era una persona entregada; nunca dudaba en actuar guiado por sus rápidos reflejos y jamás rehuía ninguna pelea. Debido a su bondad, en cuanto mi hermano entraba en el club de artes marciales, todos debían ponerse de pie para saludarlo como a un líder. Tras el saludo formal de respeto, comenzaban los saludos informales. Los miembros del club intercambiaban con él su saludo secreto, mientras que otros chocaban las manos con él. En mi mente, todavía puedo verlo: feliz, con una sonrisa en el rostro, conversando con sus amigos. Todos querían entablar una conversación con él. Estaba decidido a dirigir el club como un buen samaritano, lo cual implicaba ejercer como líder comunitario. Y lo hacía realmente bien.*

From my perspective, my brother was a giant because Jacky was not only a hero, he was also a counselor for me. He used to try to convince me to follow in his footsteps, to become an athlete like him. One day he took me to Julian Martial Arts with him, and the way I saw the others practicing karate seemed like military training. I was having a bad feeling, as if I did not belong in that place. Jacky could read my feelings by looking at my face, so he took me to an empty room and had a small talk with me. *Desde mi perspectiva, mi hermano era un gigante; pues Jacky no solo era un héroe, sino también un consejero para mí. Solía intentar convencerme de que siguiera sus pasos, de que me convirtiera en un atleta como él. Un día me llevó consigo a Julian Martial Arts, y la forma en que vi a los demás practicar karate me pareció un entrenamiento militar. Tuve una mala sensación, como si no encajara en aquel lugar. Jacky supo leer mis sentimientos con solo mirarme el rostro, así que me llevó a una sala vacía y conversó un rato conmigo.*

He said, "What's the matter?" *Él dijo: "¿Qué pasa?"*

"I don't think it's a great idea to follow your footsteps because I'm not the type of person that you are," I replied. "Doing karate is not in my nature." *«No creo que sea una gran idea seguir tus pasos, porque no soy el tipo de persona que eres tú —repliqué—. Hacer kárate no va con mi naturaleza».*

He held my hand and told me, "Listen brother, don't ever believe or listen to people who say you can't do anything. Rapidly throw those stupid ideas out and do your thing. Otherwise, you will never succeed in life. You have to see yourself as a genius." *Me tomó de la mano y me dijo: «Escucha, hermano: nunca creas ni escuches a la gente que dice que no puedes hacer nada. Desecha de inmediato esas ideas estúpidas y haz lo tuyo. De lo contrario, nunca tendrás éxito en la vida. Tienes que verte a ti mismo como un genio».*

Then one day, Jacky gave me something more than advice. "I am going to a competition sponsored by the mayor," he told me. "I want you to have this." He handed me his black karate belt. *Entonces, un día, Jacky me dio algo más que un consejo. «Voy a ir a una competición patrocinada por el alcalde —me dijo—. Quiero que tengas esto». Y me entregó su cinturón negro de karate.*

Ever since I found out about the tragic news a few months later, that my beloved brother had died, I have had to take care of myself and my family. Keeping Jacky's black karate belt close to my heart, I have tried to follow in his footsteps. No matter how hard, I have to do what it takes to show him that his advice to me was not in vain.⁶ *Desde que me enteré de la trágica noticia —unos meses más tarde— de que mi amado hermano había fallecido, he tenido que cuidar de mí mismo y de mi familia. Llevando el cinturón negro de karate de Jacky cerca del corazón, he intentado seguir sus pasos. Por difícil que resulte, debo hacer lo que sea necesario para demostrarle que sus consejos no fueron en vano.*

⁶ Marc Scutt, "Black Belt," in *I Want You to Have This: A Collection of Objects and Their Stories from Around the World*, written by eleventh graders from Boston International High School (Boston, MA: 826 Boston, 2013), 22. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

Blackbelt ខ្សែក្រវាត់ខ្មៅ

Marc, an 18-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti, wrote about the karate black belt his older brother gave him and how it represents an important legacy. ម៉ាក ជានិស្សិតអាយុ ១៨ ឆ្នាំម្នាក់នៅទីក្រុងប្រូស្តន ដែលបានធ្វើចំណាកស្រុកពីប្រទេសហៃទី បានសរសេរអំពីខ្សែក្រវាត់ខ្មៅកាវ៉ាតេដែលបងប្រុសរបស់គាត់បានផ្តល់ឱ្យគាត់ និងរបៀបដែលវាគឺជាការឱ្យមរតកដ៏សំខាន់មួយ។

I wasn't ready to take the world on my own. When I heard the terrible news about my beloved brother, I was caught off guard. My guardian had passed away. After my father abandoned us, my brother was like a father to me. He had been there for me, supported me, and stuck with me through stick and stone. No matter what, he never failed to protect me. I was a hotheaded young kid. I couldn't control my emotions. All I used to do was smash things and bounce around like a pinball: bong, ping, ding. But I always lost the game. My brother, with his kindness, spoke to me and gave me advice, calmed me down, and taught me to have a bit of self-control. I didn't know the way of life until my brother took me under his wings and showed me the path to travel

on. ខ្ញុំមិនទាន់ត្រៀមខ្លួនរួចរាល់ដើម្បីគ្រប់គ្រងពិភពលោកដោយខ្លួនឯងនៅឡើយទេ។ ពេលខ្ញុំឮដំណឹងដ៏គួរឱ្យភ័យខ្លាចអំពីបងប្រុសជាទីស្រឡាញ់របស់ខ្ញុំ ខ្ញុំភ្ញាក់ផ្អើលយ៉ាងខ្លាំង។ អាណាព្យាបាលរបស់ខ្ញុំបានទទួលមរណភាព។ បន្ទាប់ពីឪពុករបស់ខ្ញុំបានបោះបង់ចោលយើង បងប្រុសរបស់ខ្ញុំគឺដូចជាឪពុករបស់ខ្ញុំ។ គាត់បាននៅទីនោះសម្រាប់ខ្ញុំ គាំទ្រខ្ញុំ និងនៅជាមួយខ្ញុំដោយដំបង និងថ្ម។ មិនថាមានរឿងអ្វីកើតឡើងទេ គាត់មិនដែលខកខានក្នុងការការពារខ្ញុំឡើយ។ ខ្ញុំជាក្មេងតូចដែលមានចរិតឆេះឆាវ។ ខ្ញុំមិនអាចគ្រប់គ្រងអារម្មណ៍របស់ខ្ញុំបានទេ។ អ្វីដែលខ្ញុំធ្លាប់ធ្វើគឺគ្រាន់តែវាយកម្ទេចរបស់របរ និងលោតដូចបាល់បោះ៖ បុង ភីង ឌីង។ ប៉ុន្តែខ្ញុំតែងតែចាញ់ល្បែង។ បងប្រុសរបស់ខ្ញុំ ដោយចិត្តសប្បុរស បាននិយាយជាមួយខ្ញុំ និងផ្តល់ដំបូន្មានដល់ខ្ញុំ ធ្វើឱ្យខ្ញុំស្ងប់ចិត្ត និងបង្រៀនខ្ញុំឱ្យចេះគ្រប់គ្រងខ្លួនឯងបន្តិច។ ខ្ញុំមិនដឹងពីមាតិកានៃជីវិតទេ រហូតដល់បងប្រុសរបស់ខ្ញុំបាននាំខ្ញុំទៅក្រោមស្នាមរបស់គាត់ ហើយបង្ហាញផ្លូវដែលត្រូវធ្វើដំណើរ។

He had been my idol way before I knew the karate star that he was. He answered to Jackson, but went by Jacky on the street. He inherited the name for being a fanatic of Jackie Chan's movies. My brother had been learning self-defense since he was twelve years old.

He was a courageous and highly passionate athlete. He was such an expert at Taekwondo that he developed a habit—in other words, he was addicted. He was dedicated, never hesitated to act on his quick reflex, and never backed down from any fight. Because of his kindness, as soon as my brother went into the martial arts club, everybody had to stand by to salute him as a leader. After the formal greeting of respect, the informal greetings began. Members of the club exchanged the secret handshake with him, and others slapped hands with him. In my mind, I can still see how happy he was, with a smile on his face, talking with his friends. Everyone wanted to have a conversation with him. He was determined to lead the club as a good Samaritan, which means to have to be a community leader. He did that really well. គាត់ធ្លាប់ជា Idol របស់ខ្ញុំតាំងពីយូរយារណាស់មកហើយ មុនពេលដែលខ្ញុំស្គាល់តារាការ៉ាតេរូបនេះ។ គាត់បានឆ្លើយទៅ Jackson ប៉ុន្តែគាត់ហៅ Jacky នៅតាមផ្លូវ។ គាត់បានទទួលមរតកឈ្មោះនេះថាជាអ្នកគាំទ្រភាពយន្តរបស់ Jackie Chan។ ប្អូនប្រុសរបស់ខ្ញុំបានរៀនការពារខ្លួនតាំងពីគាត់មានអាយុដប់ពីរឆ្នាំ។ គាត់ជាអត្តពលិកដ៏ក្លាហាន និងមានចំណង់ចំណូលចិត្តខ្ពស់។ គាត់ជាអ្នកជំនាញខាងតេក្វាន់ដូ ដែលគាត់បានបង្កើតទម្លាប់មួយ - ម្យ៉ាងទៀត គាត់ញៀន។ គាត់មានការលះបង់ មិនដែលស្ទាក់ស្ទើរក្នុងការធ្វើសកម្មភាពភ្លាមៗរបស់គាត់ ហើយមិនដែលដកថយពីការប្រយុទ្ធជាមួយឡើយ។ ដោយសារតែចិត្តសប្បុរសរបស់គាត់ ដរាបណាប្អូនប្រុសរបស់ខ្ញុំចូលទៅក្នុងក្លឹបក្បាច់គុន មនុស្សគ្រប់គ្នាត្រូវឈរមើលគាត់ជាអ្នកដឹកនាំ។ បន្ទាប់ពីការស្វាគមន៍ជាផ្លូវការ ការស្វាគមន៍ក្រៅផ្លូវការបានចាប់ផ្តើម។ សមាជិកនៃក្លឹបបានផ្លាស់ប្តូរការចាប់ដៃសម្ងាត់ជាមួយគាត់ ហើយអ្នកផ្សេងទៀតទះដៃជាមួយគាត់។ នៅក្នុងគំនិតរបស់ខ្ញុំ ខ្ញុំនៅតែអាចមើលឃើញពីរបៀបដែលគាត់សប្បាយចិត្ត ជាមួយនឹងស្នាមញញឹមនៅលើមុខរបស់គាត់ កំពុងនិយាយជាមួយមិត្តភក្តិរបស់គាត់។ មនុស្សគ្រប់គ្នាចង់សន្ទនាជាមួយគាត់។ គាត់បានប្តេជ្ញាចិត្តដឹកនាំក្លឹបជាសាមីវិជ្ជ ដែលមានន័យថាត្រូវតែជាអ្នកដឹកនាំសហគមន៍។ គាត់បានធ្វើដូច្នេះបានល្អណាស់។

From my perspective, my brother was a giant because Jacky was not only a hero, he was also a counselor for me. He used to try to convince me to follow in his footsteps, to become an athlete like him. One day he took me to Julian Martial Arts with him, and the way I saw the others practicing karate seemed like military training. I was having a bad feeling, as if I did not belong in that place. Jacky could read my feelings by looking at my face, so he took me to an empty room and had a small talk with me. តាមទស្សនៈរបស់ខ្ញុំ បងប្រុសរបស់ខ្ញុំគឺជាមនុស្សធំម្នាក់ ពីព្រោះ Jacky មិនត្រឹមតែជាវីរបុរសប៉ុណ្ណោះទេ គាត់ក៏ជាអ្នកប្រឹក្សាយោបល់សម្រាប់ខ្ញុំផងដែរ។ គាត់ធ្លាប់ព្យាយាមបញ្ចុះបញ្ចូលខ្ញុំឱ្យដើរតាមគន្លងរបស់គាត់ ដើម្បីក្លាយជាអត្តពលិកដូចគាត់។ ថ្ងៃមួយគាត់បាននាំខ្ញុំទៅរៀនក្បាច់គុន Julian ជាមួយគាត់ ហើយរបៀបដែលខ្ញុំឃើញអ្នកដទៃកំពុងហាត់ការ៉ាតេហាក់ដូចជាការហ្វឹកហាត់យោធា។ ខ្ញុំមានអារម្មណ៍មិនល្អ ដូចជាខ្ញុំមិនសមនឹងកន្លែងនោះទេ។ Jacky

អាចអានអារម្មណ៍របស់ខ្ញុំដោយមើលមុខខ្ញុំ ដូច្នេះគាត់បាននាំខ្ញុំទៅបន្ទប់ទេមួយ ហើយនិយាយជាមួយខ្ញុំ។

He said, "What's the matter?" គាត់បាននិយាយថា «មានរឿងអ្វី?»

"I don't think it's a great idea to follow your footsteps because I'm not the type of person that you are," I replied. "Doing karate is not in my nature." «ខ្ញុំមិនគិតថាវាជាគំនិតល្អទេក្នុងការដើរតាមគន្លងរបស់អ្នក ព្រោះខ្ញុំមិនមែនជាប្រភេទមនុស្សដូចអ្នកទេ» ខ្ញុំបានឆ្លើយ។ «ការហាត់កាវ៉ាតេមិនមែនជាធម្មជាតិរបស់ខ្ញុំទេ»។

He held my hand and told me, "Listen brother, don't ever believe or listen to people who say you can't do anything. Rapidly throw those stupid ideas out and do your thing. Otherwise, you will never succeed in life. You have to see yourself as a genius." គាត់បានកាន់ដៃខ្ញុំ ហើយប្រាប់ខ្ញុំថា "ស្តាប់បងប្រុស កុំជឿ ឬស្តាប់មនុស្សដែលនិយាយថាអ្នកមិនអាចធ្វើអ្វីបានឡើយ។ បោះចោលគំនិតល្ងង់ទាំងនោះឲ្យលឿន ហើយធ្វើអ្វីដែលអ្នកចង់បាន។ បើមិនដូច្នោះទេ អ្នកនឹងមិនដែលទទួលបានជោគជ័យក្នុងជីវិតឡើយ។ អ្នកត្រូវតែមើលឃើញខ្លួនឯងថាជាមនុស្សពូកែ"។

Then one day, Jacky gave me something more than advice. "I am going to a competition sponsored by the mayor," he told me. "I want you to have this." He handed me his black karate belt. បន្ទាប់មកថ្ងៃមួយ Jacky បានផ្តល់ឱ្យខ្ញុំនូវអ្វីមួយដែលលើសពីដំបូន្មាន។ «ខ្ញុំនឹងទៅចូលរួមការប្រកួតដែលឧបត្ថម្ភដោយអភិបាលក្រុង» គាត់បានប្រាប់ខ្ញុំ។ «ខ្ញុំចង់ឱ្យអ្នកមានរបស់នេះ»។ គាត់បានប្រគល់ខ្សែក្រវ៉ាត់កាវ៉ាតេខ្មៅរបស់គាត់មកខ្ញុំ។

Ever since I found out about the tragic news a few months later, that my beloved brother had died, I have had to take care of myself and my family. Keeping Jacky's black karate belt close to my heart, I have tried to follow in his footsteps. No matter how hard, I have to do what it takes to show him that his advice to me was not in vain.⁷ ចាប់តាំងពីខ្ញុំបានដឹងអំពីជំងឺសោកនាដកម្មនេះប៉ុន្មានខែក្រោយមក ថាបងប្រុសជាទីស្រឡាញ់របស់ខ្ញុំបានស្លាប់ ខ្ញុំត្រូវថែរក្សាខ្លួនឯង និងក្រុមគ្រួសាររបស់ខ្ញុំ។ ដោយរក្សាខ្សែក្រវ៉ាត់កាវ៉ាតេខ្មៅរបស់ Jacky ឲ្យនៅជិតបេះដូងរបស់ខ្ញុំ ខ្ញុំបានព្យាយាមដើរតាមគន្លងរបស់គាត់។ ទោះបីជាលំបាកយ៉ាងណាក៏ដោយ ខ្ញុំត្រូវធ្វើអ្វីគ្រប់យ៉ាងដើម្បីបង្ហាញគាត់ថាដំបូន្មានរបស់គាត់ចំពោះខ្ញុំមិនមែនឥតប្រយោជន៍ទេ។

⁷ Marc Scutt, "Black Belt," in *I Want You to Have This: A Collection of Objects and Their Stories from Around the World*, written by eleventh graders from Boston International High School (Boston, MA: 826 Boston, 2013), 22. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

Blackbelt ጸሊም ቀበቶ

Marc, an 18-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti, wrote about the karate black belt his older brother gave him and how it represents an important legacy. ካብ ሃይቲ ዝተሰደደ ኣብ ቦስተን ዝነበር ወዲ 18 ዓመት ተማሃራይ ማርክ፡ ብዛዕባ እቲ ዓቢ ሓዉ ዝነበ ጸሊም ቀበቶ ካራቴን ኣገዳሲ ውርሻ ብኸመይ ከም ዝውክልን ጽሒፉ።

I wasn't ready to take the world on my own. When I heard the terrible news about my beloved brother, I was caught off guard. My guardian had passed away. After my father abandoned us, my brother was like a father to me. He had been there for me, supported me, and stuck with me through stick and stone. No matter what, he never failed to protect me. I was a hotheaded young kid. I couldn't control my emotions. All I used to do was smash things and bounce around like a pinball: bong, ping, ding. But I always lost the game. My brother, with his kindness, spoke to me and gave me advice, calmed me down, and taught me to have a bit of self-control. I didn't know the way of life until my brother took me under his wings and showed me the path to travel on. ንዓለም ብውልቀይ ክወስዓ ድሉው ኣይነበርኩን። ብዛዕባ እቲ ዝፈትዎ ሓዉይ ዘስካሕክሕ ዜና ምስ ሰማዕኩ፡ ካብ ትጽቢት ወጻኢ ተታሒዘ። ሓላዊየይ ካብዛ ዓለም ብሞት ተፈልዩ ነይሩ። ኣቦይ ምስ ገደፈና ሓዉይ ንዓይ ከም ኣቦ እዩ ነይሩ። ንሱ ምሳይ ኔሩ፡ ደጊፉኒ፡ ብበትርን እምንን ኣቢሉ ምሳይ ተጣቢቐ ነይሩ። ዝኾነ ይኹን ብዘየገድስ ካብ ምክልኻል ዓዲ ኣይወግለን። ውዑይ ርእሲ ዝነበርኩ ንእሽቶ ቆልዓ እየ ነይረ። ስምዒተይ ክቆጻጸር ኣይከላልኩን። እቲ ዝገብር ዝነበርኩ ነገራት ምፍራስን ከም ፒንቦል ምዝገባልን ጥራይ እዩ ነይሩ። ቦንግ፡ ፒንግ፡ ዲንግ። ኩሉ ግዜ ግን ኣብቲ ጸወታ እስዕር ነይረ። ሓዉይ ብሕያውነቱ ኣዘራረቡኒ ምኽሪ ሂቡኒ፡ ኣህዲኡኒ፡ ቁሩብ ርእሰ ምግታእ ክገብር ምሂሩኒ። ሓዉይ ኣብ ትሕቲ ኣኸናፉ ወሲዱ ዝጓዝሉ መንገዱ ክሳብ ዘርእየኒ መንገዱ ህይወት ኣይፈለጥኩን።

He had been my idol way before I knew the karate star that he was. He answered to Jackson, but went by Jacky on the street. He inherited the name for being a fanatic of Jackie Chan's movies. My brother had been learning self-defense since he was twelve years old. He was a courageous and highly passionate athlete. He was such an expert at Taekwondo that he developed a habit—in other words, he was addicted. He was dedicated, never hesitated to act on his quick reflex, and never backed down from any fight. Because of his kindness, as soon as my brother went into the martial arts club, everybody had to stand by to salute him as a leader. After the formal greeting of respect, the informal greetings

began. Members of the club exchanged the secret handshake with him, and others slapped hands with him. In my mind, I can still see how happy he was, with a smile on his face, talking with his friends. Everyone wanted to have a conversation with him. He was determined to lead the club as a good Samaritan, which means to have to be a community leader. He did that really well. ንሱ ቅድሚያ እቲ ኮቹብ ካራቴ ምዃኑ ምፍላጠይ ጣኦት መንገደይ እዩ ነይሩ። ንጃክስን መለሰሉ፡ ኣብ ጽርግያ ግን ብጃኪ ሓሊፉ። ንሱ ነቲ ስም ዝወረሰ፡ ኣብራሪ ፊልምታት ጃኪ ቻን ብምዃኑ እዩ። ሓወይ ካብ ወዲ ዓሰርተው ክልተ ዓመት ጀሚሩ ነብሰ ምክልኻል ይመሃር ነይሩ። ተባዕን ልዑል ኒሕ ዝነበሮን ኣትሌት እዩ ነይሩ። ኣብ ቴኒንጽ ኣዝዩ ክኢላ ስለ ዝነበረ፡ ሓደ ልምዲ ኣማዕበለ፡ ብኻልእ ኣዘራርባ ወልፊ ነበሮ። ውፉይ እዩ ነይሩ፤ በቲ ቅልጡፍ ሪፍለክሽኑ ክዋሳእ ድሕር ኣይብልን፤ ካብ ዝኾነ ባእሲ ድማ ንድሕሪት ተመሊሱ ኣይፈልጥን። ብሰንኪ ሕያውነቱ ሓወይ ናብ ክለብ ማርሻል ኣርትስ ምስ ኣተወ ኩሉ ሱብ ከም መራሒ ሰላምታ ክህቦ ኣብ ጎድኑ ደው ክበል ነይርዎ። ድሕሪ እቲ ወግዓዊ ሰላምታ ክበራ፡ እቲ ዘይወግዓዊ ሰላምታ ተጀሚሩ። ኣባላት እታ ክለብ ነቲ ምስጢራዊ ምጭብባጥ ኢድ ምስኡ ተለዋዊጦም፡ ካልኦት ድማ ኣእዳዎም ጸፍጺፎምሉ። ኣብ ኣእምሮይ ክሳብ ሕጂ ፍሽኽታ ኣብ ገዱ እናተራለየ ምስ ኣዕሩኽቱ እናዕለለ ክሳብ ክንደይ ከም ዝተሓጎሰ ይርእዮ ኣለኹ። ኩሉ ሱብ ምስኡ ዕላል ክገብር ደለየ። ከም ሕያዋይ ሳምራዊ ነታ ክለብ ክመርሓ ቆሪጹ ተላዒሉ ነበረ፤ እዚ ማለት ድማ መራሒ ማሕበረሰብ ክኸውን ኣለዎ ማለት እዩ። ብሓቂ ጽቡቕ ገይሩ እዩ ከምኡ ጌርዎ።

From my perspective, my brother was a giant because Jacky was not only a hero, he was also a counselor for me. He used to try to convince me to follow in his footsteps, to become an athlete like him. One day he took me to Julian Martial Arts with him, and the way I saw the others practicing karate seemed like military training. I was having a bad feeling, as if I did not belong in that place. Jacky could read my feelings by looking at my face, so he took me to an empty room and had a small talk with me. ብናተይ ኣረኣእያ ሓወይ ግዙፍ እዩ ነይሩ ምኽንያቱ ጃኪ ጅግና ጥራይ ዘይኮነስ ንዓይ ኣማኻሪ እውን እዩ ነይሩ። ኣሰሩ ክስዕቡ፡ ከማኡ ኣትሌት ክኸውን ከእምነኒ ይፍትን ነይሩ። ሓደ መዓልቲ ምሳይ ናብ ጁልያን ማርሻል ኣርትስ ወሰደኒ፤ እቶም ካልኦት ካራቴ ክለማመዱ ዝረኣኹሉ ኣገባብ ድማ ወተሃደራዊ ልምምድ ኮይኑ ተሰምዓኒ። ሕማቕ ስምዒት ይስምዓኒ ነይሩ፤ ኣብቲ ቦታ ከም ዘይነበርኩ ኩይኑ። ጃኪ ገጸይ ብምጥማት ስምዒተይ ከንብብ ስለ ዝኸኣለ፡ ናብ ባዶ ክፍሊ ወሲዱኒ ንእሽቶ ዕላል ኣካይዱኒ።

He said, "What's the matter?" ንሱ ድማ "እንታይ ጸገም ኣለዎ?"

"I don't think it's a great idea to follow your footsteps because I'm not the type of person that you are," I replied. "Doing karate is not in my nature." "ኣነ ከምቲ ንስኻ ዘለኻዮ ዓይነት ሱብ ስለ ዘይኮንኩ ኣሰርካ ምኽታል ብሉጽ ሓሳብ ኣይመስለንን" መለስኩሉ። "ካራቴ ምግባር ኣብ ባህርየይ ኣይኮነን።"

He held my hand and told me, "Listen brother, don't ever believe or listen to people who say you can't do anything. Rapidly throw those stupid ideas out and do your thing. Otherwise, you will never succeed in life. You have to see yourself as a genius." ኢደይ ሓዘ "ስማዕ ሓወይ ዋላ ሓንቲ ክገብር ኣይክእልን እየ ዝብሉ ሰባት ፈጺምካ ኣይትእመን ወይ ኣይትሰምዖም። ነቶም ዕሽነት

ዝመልእኦም ሓሳባት ብቐልጡፍ ደርብዮም ስራሕካ ግበር። እንተዘይኮይኑ ኣብ ህይወት ፈጹምካ ኣይትዕወትን ኢኻ።
ንኑብስኻ ከም ጅንያ ክትረእ ኣለካ" ኢሉ።

Then one day, Jacky gave me something more than advice. "I am going to a competition sponsored by the mayor," he told me. "I want you to have this." He handed me his black karate belt. ድሕረኡ ሓደ መዓልቲ ጃኪ ካብ ምኽሪ ንላዕሊ ገለ ነገር ሃበኒ። "ብክንቲባ ዝምወል ውድድር እየ ዝኸይድ ዘለኹ" ኢሉ። "እዚ ክህልወካ እየ ዝደሊ።" ጸሊም ናይ ካራተ ቀበቶኡ ኣረከበኒ።

Ever since I found out about the tragic news a few months later, that my beloved brother had died, I have had to take care of myself and my family. Keeping Jacky's black karate belt close to my heart, I have tried to follow in his footsteps. No matter how hard, I have to do what it takes to show him that his advice to me was not in vain.⁸ ድሕረ ሒደት ኣዋርሕ ብዛዕባ እቲ ዘሕዝን ዜና፡ እቲ ዝፈትዖ ሓወይ ከም ዝሞተ ካብ ዝፈልጥ ኣትሒዞ፡ ንኑብሰይን ንስድራይን ክከናኸን ተገዲደ። ጸሊም ቀበቶ ካራተ ጃኪ ናብ ልበይ ብምቐራብ፡ ኣሰሩ ክስዕብ ፈቲነ ኣለኹ። ብዘየገድስ እቲ ዝሃበኒ ምኽሪ ንኸንቱ ከም ዘይነበረ ንምርኣይ ዘድሊ ክገብር ኣለኒ።

⁸ Marc Scutt, "Black Belt," in *I Want You to Have This: A Collection of Objects and Their Stories from Around the World*, written by eleventh graders from Boston International High School (Boston, MA: 826 Boston, 2013), 22. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.