

Reading

The Wooden Shoes

Cassania, a 17-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti after the earthquake there in 2010, wrote this story about the legacy embodied in of a pair of wooden shoes.

On January 12, 2010, an earthquake devastated the small island of Haiti. As the earth shook, people were running all over the streets, trying to find a secure place. I saw a house that had fallen into pieces and plenty of people lying dead on the streets—some without a head, arm, or leg. My grandma and I had to leave quickly, so we only had time to take the most important things. I grabbed our cell phones. She grabbed a pair of yellow wooden shoes, but then we decided to leave them in the next room, and we went off.

Two days after my tenth birthday, April 23, my grandfather gave me a pair of yellow wooden shoes. They were the weirdest shoes that I'd ever seen in my life. Aside from being yellow, they were enormous, shiny, and had large beaks. They also had flower designs on each side. They were very clean, therefore they always had the smell of a newly bought thing. At first, I hated that pair of shoes because they weren't my style and they were not the kind of birthday gift that I wanted. When he gave me the shoes, I accepted them, but it was not a sincere acceptance. I threw them under my bed and went off. How could a ten-year-old girl love a weird pair of yellow shoes? However, my grandfather never gave up. He was extremely persistent and wanted me to know the story behind them, which he was truly proud of. I did not know how significant the shoes were until I sat down and listened to all the struggles that he had to go through.

My grandfather Fanis Julson was born in the Dominican Republic. When he was just about seventeen years old, his parents and he moved to Haiti. This wasn't easy for him because he had to leave his friends and family behind, and he had to start adapting himself to a new culture, a new life. But Grandpa Fanis was strong enough to carry his own weight. He was extremely strict with his family, but when he was with his friends he was eager to have fun. He was compassionate, loved without limits, and appreciated even the smallest things in life. Since I was a little girl, people have always compared me to him because we share the same characteristics. He could never trick my mom or me, his own blood.

My grandpa used to live in the rural areas of Haiti. There was always a big lack of money in the family. About a year or so after my grandpa got married to my grandmother, Leonie Camille, things weren't going as well as he planned. Their three children were getting

seriously sick. So everyday for fifteen years, he worked two jobs. He has worked as a salesman, but his primary job was being a comedian. He enjoyed entertaining people. He used to wake up at 5:00 a.m. every day, put his wooden shoes on, then go tell stories or act in a play for a certain family. Even when he got paid little money, it was enough to put food on the table for his family.

After hearing this intriguing story, I broke into tears. I went to my grandpa and gave him the biggest hug ever. He worked so hard to provide for the woman that he loved.

I decided to use these shoes for my project. I was so excited. I went home and asked Grandma about the shoes, but she did not answer me. She looked as scared as my cat Mickey whenever he hears a thunderstorm. She has an innocent look, whenever she does anything wrong, you always know because she looks nervous. Having the feeling that she didn't hear me, I asked her the question once again, and that's when she told me that the shoes disappeared. I couldn't believe my ears. I was frustrated. I asked her, "How come you never told me this before, *poukisa*?" (Why?)

Grandma replied, "I didn't want to see the reaction that I'm seeing right now."

"But grandma what happened? When did this happen? *Pale avek mwen!* (Talk to me!)" I said angrily.

She responded, "Calm down honey, one question at a time." Tears started coming down her eyes. Her crying was contagious. I wanted to cry, too, but I couldn't because my anger was stronger than my tears.

I never truly knew why Grandpa Fanis gave me the yellow wooden shoes. After what I had to go through, I realized that a gift is not about its physical appearance, but about how meaningful it is to you. Although the shoes aren't physically with me, they are mentally a part of me. The shoes are meaningful to me because, first, they were a gift from the most admirable man in my life. Secondly, the shoes were the tools that Grandpa Fanis used to keep his family from falling apart. They remind me of how many sacrifices, struggles, and efforts he made to provide for his family in a country where you have to be thankful and appreciate everything given to you. When a gift is so important, such as the shoes are to me, the only way that I can express myself is by writing about it.¹

¹ Cassania Gilson, "Wooden Shoes," 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), 94–97. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

The Wooden Shoes 나무 신발

Cassania, a 17-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti after the earthquake there in 2010, wrote this story about the legacy embodied in of a pair of wooden shoes. 2010년 아이티 지진 이후 이주해 온 보스턴의 17세 학생 카사니아는 나무 신발 한 켤레에 담긴 유산에 대한 이야기를 썼습니다.

On January 12, 2010, an earthquake devastated the small island of Haiti. As the earth shook, people were running all over the streets, trying to find a secure place. I saw a house that had fallen into pieces and plenty of people lying dead on the streets—some without a head, arm, or leg. My grandma and I had to leave quickly, so we only had time to take the most important things. I grabbed our cell phones. She grabbed a pair of yellow wooden shoes, but then we decided to leave them in the next room, and we went off. 2010년 1월 12일, 아이티라는 작은 섬나라에 지진이 강타했습니다. 땅이 흔들리자 사람들은 안전한 곳을 찾아 거리 곳곳을 뛰어다녔습니다. 무너진 집과 수많은 사람들이 거리에 쓰러져 있는 것을 보았습니다. 어떤 사람들은 머리, 팔, 다리가 잘려 나갔습니다. 할머니와 저는 급히 떠나야 했기에 가장 중요한 물건만 가져갈 시간이 있었습니다. 저는 휴대전화를 움켜쥐었습니다. 할머니는 노란 나막신을 집어 들었지만, 우리는 신발을 옆방에 두고 길을 나섰습니다.

Two days after my tenth birthday, April 23, my grandfather gave me a pair of yellow wooden shoes. They were the weirdest shoes that I'd ever seen in my life. Aside from being yellow, they were enormous, shiny, and had large beaks. They also had flower designs on each side. They were very clean, therefore they always had the smell of a newly bought thing. At first, I hated that pair of shoes because they weren't my style and they were not the kind of birthday gift that I wanted. When he gave me the shoes, I accepted them, but it was not a sincere acceptance. I threw them under my bed and went off. How could a ten-year-old girl love a weird pair of yellow shoes? However, my grandfather never gave up. He was extremely persistent and wanted me to know the story behind them, which he was truly proud of. I did not know how significant the shoes were until I sat down and listened to all the struggles that he had to go through. 열 번째 생일 이틀 후인 4월 23일, 할아버지께서 노란색 나막신 한 켤레를 선물해 주셨습니다. 평생 본 것 중 가장 기이한 신발이었습니다. 노란색을 제외하면 엄청나게 크고 윤이 나며 커다란 부리가 달려 있었습니다. 게다가 양옆에는 꽃무늬가 새겨져 있었습니다. 아주 깨끗해서 항상 새로 산 물건 냄새가 났습니다. 처음에는 그 신발이 제 취향도 아니었고, 제가 원하는 생일

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My grandfather Fanis Julson was born in the Dominican Republic. When he was just about seventeen years old, his parents and he moved to Haiti. This wasn't easy for him because he had to leave his friends and family behind, and he had to start adapting himself to a new culture, a new life. But Grandpa Fanis was strong enough to carry his own weight. He was extremely strict with his family, but when he was with his friends he was eager to have fun. He was compassionate, loved without limits, and appreciated even the smallest things in life. Since I was a little girl, people have always compared me to him because we share the same characteristics. He could never trick my mom or me, his own blood. 제 할아버지 파니스 줄슨은 도미니카 공화국에서 태어나셨습니다. 열일곱 살 무렵, 부모님과 함께 아이티로 이주하셨습니다. 친구와 가족을 떠나 새로운 문화와 삶에 적응해야 했기에 쉽지 않은 여정이었습니다. 하지만 할아버지 파니스는 스스로의 짐을 짊어질 만큼 강하셨습니다. 가족에게는 엄격하셨지만, 친구들과 함께라면 누구보다 즐겁게 지내셨습니다. 자상하시고, 무한한 사랑을 베푸셨으며, 인생의 작은 것들에도 감사하셨습니다. 제가 어렸을 때부터 사람들은 저를 할아버지와 비교했습니다. 할아버지와 저는 성격이 비슷했기 때문입니다. 할아버지는 친절엄마나 저를 절대 속이지 않으셨습니다.

My grandpa used to live in the rural areas of Haiti. There was always a big lack of money in the family. About a year or so after my grandpa got married to my grandmother, Leonie Camille, things weren't going as well as he planned. Their three children were getting seriously sick. So everyday for fifteen years, he worked two jobs. He has worked as a salesman, but his primary job was being a comedian. He enjoyed entertaining people. He used to wake up at 5:00 a.m. every day, put his wooden shoes on, then go tell stories or act in a play for a certain family. Even when he got paid little money, it was enough to put food on the table for his family. 할아버지는 아이티 시골에 사셨습니다. 집안은 늘 넉넉지 못했습니다. 할머니 레오니 카밀과 결혼한 지 1년쯤 지났을 때, 계획대로 일이 풀리지 않았습니다. 세 자녀가 심하게 아팠기 때문입니다. 그래서 할아버지는 15년 동안 매일 두 가지 일을 하셨습니다. 영업사원으로 일하기도 하셨지만, 주된 직업은 코미디언이었습니다. 사람들을 즐겁게 해 주는 것을 좋아하셨죠. 매일 새벽 5시에 일어나 나막신을 신고 특정 가족을 위해 이야기를 들려주거나 연극을 하셨습니다. 적은 돈으로라도 가족의 식탁을 채울 만큼은 충분했습니다.

After hearing this intriguing story, I broke into tears. I went to my grandpa and gave him the biggest hug ever. He worked so hard to provide for the woman that he loved. 이 흥미로운 이야기를 듣고 저는 울음을 터뜨렸습니다. 할아버지께 다가가 평생 잊지 못할 따뜻한 포옹을 해드렸습니다. 할아버지는 사랑하는 여인을 위해 얼마나 열심히 일하셨는지 모릅니다.

I decided to use these shoes for my project. I was so excited. I went home and asked Grandma about the shoes, but she did not answer me. She looked as scared as my cat Mickey whenever he hears a thunderstorm. She has an innocent look, whenever she does anything wrong, you always know because she looks nervous. Having the feeling that she didn't hear me, I asked her the question once again, and that's when she told me that the shoes disappeared. I couldn't believe my ears. I was frustrated. I asked her, "How come you never told me this before, *poukisa?*" (Why?) 이 신발을 제 프로젝트에 사용하기로 했어요. 너무 신이 났거든요. 집에 가서 할머니께 신발에 대해 여쭙봤지만 할머니는 아무 대답도 안 하셨어요. 마치 우리 고양이 미키가 천둥소리를 들을 때마다 겁먹은 것처럼 보였어요. 순진한 표정이셨는데, 뭔가 잘못하면 항상 긴장한 표정을 짓는 걸 보면 알 수 있었어요. 할머니가 제 말을 못 들은 것 같아서 다시 여쭙봤더니, 신발이 사라졌다고 하셨어요. 정말 믿기지 않았어요. 너무 답답했어요. 할머니께 "푸키사, 왜 전에는 이런 얘기 안 해줬어?" (왜?)라고 물었어요.

Grandma replied, "I didn't want to see the reaction that I'm seeing right now." 할머니는 "지금과 같은 반응을 보고 싶지 않았어요."라고 대답했습니다.

"But grandma what happened? When did this happen? *Pale avek mwen!* (Talk to me!)" I said angrily. "할머니, 무슨 일이셨어요? 언제 일어난 거예요? *Pale avek mwen!* (말해 보세요!)" 나는 화가 나서 말했다.

She responded, "Calm down honey, one question at a time." Tears started coming down her eyes. Her crying was contagious. I wanted to cry, too, but I couldn't because my anger was stronger than my tears. 그녀는 "진정해, 애야. 한 번에 한 가지씩 물어봐."라고 대답했다. 그녀의 눈에서 눈물이 흘러내렸다. 그녀의 울음은 전염성이 강했다. 나도 울고 싶었지만, 분노가 눈물보다 강해서 울 수가 없었다.

I never truly knew why Grandpa Fanis gave me the yellow wooden shoes. After what I had to go through, I realized that a gift is not about its physical appearance, but about how meaningful it is to you. Although the shoes aren't physically with me, they are mentally a part of me. The shoes are meaningful to me because, first, they were a gift from the most admirable man in my life. Secondly, the shoes were the tools that Grandpa Fanis used to keep his family from falling apart. They remind me of how many sacrifices, struggles, and efforts he made to provide for his family in a country where you have to be thankful and

appreciate everything given to you. When a gift is so important, such as the shoes are to me, the only way that I can express myself is by writing about it.² 할아버지 패니스가 왜 저에게 노란 나막신을 주셨는지 저는 결코 알 수 없었습니다. 제가 겪어야 했던 일들을 겪고 나서야 선물은 외형이 아니라 얼마나 의미 있는지에 달려 있다는 것을 깨달았습니다. 신발은 제게 물리적으로 있는 것이 아니지만, 정신적으로는 제 일부입니다. 신발이 제게 의미 있는 이유는 첫째, 제 인생에서 가장 존경받는 사람에게서 받은 선물이었기 때문입니다. 둘째, 신발은 할아버지 패니스가 가족이 무너지지 않도록 지켜준 도구였습니다. 신발은 할아버지가 가족을 부양하기 위해 얼마나 많은 희생과 노력, 그리고 수고를 하셨는지, 그리고 모든 것을 감사하고 감사해야 하는 이 나라에서 얼마나 감사했는지를 떠올리게 합니다. 신발처럼 제게 소중한 선물이 있을 때, 제가 제 자신을 표현할 수 있는 유일한 방법은 그것에 대해 글을 쓰는 것입니다.

² Cassania Gilson, "Wooden Shoes," 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), 94–97. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

The Wooden Shoes 木靴

Cassania, a 17-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti after the earthquake there in 2010, wrote this story about the legacy embodied in of a pair of wooden shoes. 2010年のハイチ地震後に移住したボストン在住の17歳の学生、カサニアさんは、一足の木靴に込められた遺産についてこの物語を書いた。

On January 12, 2010, an earthquake devastated the small island of Haiti. As the earth shook, people were running all over the streets, trying to find a secure place. I saw a house that had fallen into pieces and plenty of people lying dead on the streets—some without a head, arm, or leg. My grandma and I had to leave quickly, so we only had time to take the most important things. I grabbed our cell phones. She grabbed a pair of yellow wooden shoes, but then we decided to leave them in the next room, and we went off. 2010年1月12日、地震がハイチという小さな島国を壊滅させました。地面が揺れる中、人々は安全な場所を探して通りを走り回っていました。私は崩れ落ちた家と、路上に横たわる大勢の人々の死体を目にしました。中には頭や腕、足のない人もいました。祖母と私は急いで避難しなければならなかったのも、一番大切なものだけを持って出かけました。私は携帯電話を、祖母は黄色い木靴を掴みましたが、私たちはそれを隣の部屋に置いていくことにして、出発しました。

Two days after my tenth birthday, April 23, my grandfather gave me a pair of yellow wooden shoes. They were the weirdest shoes that I'd ever seen in my life. Aside from being yellow, they were enormous, shiny, and had large beaks. They also had flower designs on each side. They were very clean, therefore they always had the smell of a newly bought thing. At first, I hated that pair of shoes because they weren't my style and they were not the kind of birthday gift that I wanted. When he gave me the shoes, I accepted them, but it was not a sincere acceptance. I threw them under my bed and went off. How could a ten-year-old girl love a weird pair of yellow shoes? However, my grandfather never gave up. He was extremely persistent and wanted me to know the story behind them, which he was truly proud of. I did not know how significant the shoes were until I sat down and listened to all the struggles that he had to go through. 10歳の誕生日の2日後、4月23日、祖父は黄色い木靴をくれました。それは私が今まで見た中で最も奇妙な靴でした。黄色いだけでなく、大きくて光沢があり、大きなくちばしがついていました。両側には花模様も描かれていました。とても清潔だったので、いつも買ったばかりの匂いがしました。最初は、自分の好みではなく、誕生日プレゼントとしても欲しくなかったのも、その靴が大嫌いでした。祖父が靴をくれた時、私は受け取りましたが、それは心からの受け取りではありませんでした。ベッドの下

に放り投げて、立ち去ってしまいました。10歳の女の子が、奇妙な黄色い靴を好きになるなんて、あり得ないと思いました。しかし、祖父は決して諦めませんでした。彼は非常に粘り強く、その靴にまつわる物語を私に伝えようとしました。そして、その物語を心から誇りに思っていました。祖父が苦労を重ねてきた過程をじっくりと聞いて初めて、その靴がどれほど大切なものだったのかが分かりました。

My grandfather Fanis Julson was born in the Dominican Republic. When he was just about seventeen years old, his parents and he moved to Haiti. This wasn't easy for him because he had to leave his friends and family behind, and he had to start adapting himself to a new culture, a new life. But Grandpa Fanis was strong enough to carry his own weight. He was extremely strict with his family, but when he was with his friends he was eager to have fun. He was compassionate, loved without limits, and appreciated even the smallest things in life. Since I was a little girl, people have always compared me to him because we share the same characteristics. He could never trick my mom or me, his own blood. 私の祖父ファニス・ジュルソンはドミニカ共和国で生まれました。17歳になる頃、両親と共にハイチに移住しました。友人や家族を離れ、新しい文化、新しい生活に適応しなければならなかったため、彼にとって容易なことではありませんでした。しかし、ファニスおじいちゃんは自分の重荷を背負うだけの強さを持っていました。家族には非常に厳しかったのですが、友達という時は楽しく過ごすことを何よりも大切にしていました。思いやりがあり、限りなく愛し、人生の些細なことにも感謝する人でした。幼い頃から、私は祖父とよく比較されました。なぜなら、私たちは同じ特徴を持っているからです。祖父は、母や血の繋がった私を決して騙すことはできなかったのです。

My grandpa used to live in the rural areas of Haiti. There was always a big lack of money in the family. About a year or so after my grandpa got married to my grandmother, Leonie Camille, things weren't going as well as he planned. Their three children were getting seriously sick. So everyday for fifteen years, he worked two jobs. He has worked as a salesman, but his primary job was being a comedian. He enjoyed entertaining people. He used to wake up at 5:00 a.m. every day, put his wooden shoes on, then go tell stories or act in a play for a certain family. Even when he got paid little money, it was enough to put food on the table for his family. 私の祖父はかつてハイチの田舎に住んでいました。家族はいつもお金に困っていました。祖父が祖母のレオニー・カミーユと結婚して1年ほど経った頃、物事は彼の計画通りには進まなくなっていました。3人の子供たちが重病になってしまったのです。そのため、祖父は15年間、毎日二つの仕事を掛け持ちしていました。セールスマンとして働いたこともありますが、本業はコメディアンでした。人を楽しませることが好きで、毎朝5時に起きて木靴を履き、ある家族のために物語を語ったり、芝居に出たりしていました。報酬は少額でも、家族を養うには十分でした。

After hearing this intriguing story, I broke into tears. I went to my grandpa and gave him the biggest hug ever. He worked so hard to provide for the woman that he loved. この興味

深い話を聞いて、私は涙が溢れました。祖父のもとへ行き、今までで一番大きなハグをしました。祖父は愛する女性のために、本当に一生懸命働いていたのです。

I decided to use these shoes for my project. I was so excited. I went home and asked Grandma about the shoes, but she did not answer me. She looked as scared as my cat Mickey whenever he hears a thunderstorm. She has an innocent look, whenever she does anything wrong, you always know because she looks nervous. Having the feeling that she didn't hear me, I asked her the question once again, and that's when she told me that the shoes disappeared. I couldn't believe my ears. I was frustrated. I asked her, "How come you never told me this before, *poukisa*?" (Why?) この靴をプロジェクトに使うことにしました。ワクワクしていました。家に帰っておばあちゃんに靴のことを尋ねましたが、答えてくれませんでした。まるで雷の音を聞いた時の猫のミッキーのように怯えているようでした。おばあちゃんは無邪気な顔をしているのですが、何か悪いことをすると、いつも不安そうにするのですぐに分かります。聞いていないような気がして、もう一度尋ねたところ、靴が消えたと教えてくれました。耳を疑いました。私は苛立ちました。「どうして今まで教えてくれなかったの、プーキサ？」と尋ねました。

Grandma replied, "I didn't want to see the reaction that I'm seeing right now." おばあちゃんは「今見ているような反応は見たくなかったのよ」と答えました。

"But grandma what happened? When did this happen? *Pale avek mwen!* (Talk to me!)" I said angrily. 「でもおばあちゃん、一体何が起こったの？いつこんなことになったの？ *Pale avek mwen!* (話してよ！)」私は怒って言いました。

She responded, "Calm down honey, one question at a time." Tears started coming down her eyes. Her crying was contagious. I wanted to cry, too, but I couldn't because my anger was stronger than my tears. 彼女は「落ち着いて、一つずつ質問してね」と答えた。すると、彼女の目から涙が溢れ始めた。彼女の泣き声は伝染していくようだった。私も泣きたかったが、怒りが涙よりも強くて泣けなかった。

I never truly knew why Grandpa Fanis gave me the yellow wooden shoes. After what I had to go through, I realized that a gift is not about its physical appearance, but about how meaningful it is to you. Although the shoes aren't physically with me, they are mentally a part of me. The shoes are meaningful to me because, first, they were a gift from the most admirable man in my life. Secondly, the shoes were the tools that Grandpa Fanis used to keep his family from falling apart. They remind me of how many sacrifices, struggles, and efforts he made to provide for his family in a country where you have to be thankful and appreciate everything given to you. When a gift is so important, such as the shoes are to

me, the only way that I can express myself is by writing about it.³ ファニスおじいちゃんがなぜ黄色い木靴をくれたのか、本当のところは分かりませんでした。でも、あれほど辛い経験を経て、贈り物というのは見た目ではなく、自分にとってどれだけ意味のあることなのかが大切なのだと気づきました。靴は物理的には私の中にはありませんが、心の中では私の一部です。この靴が私にとって意味深いのは、まず第一に、人生で最も尊敬する人からの贈り物だったからです。第二に、この靴はファニスおじいちゃんが家族の崩壊を防ぐために使っていた道具だったからです。与えられたものすべてに感謝し、感謝しなければならない国で、家族を養うために彼がどれほどの犠牲、苦労、努力を払ったかを思い出させてくれます。靴が私にとって大切な贈り物である時、それについて書くことだけが、私が自分を表現できる唯一の方法です。

³ Cassania Gilson, "Wooden Shoes," 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), 94–97. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

The Wooden Shoes 木鞋

Cassania, a 17-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti after the earthquake there in 2010, wrote this story about the legacy embodied in of a pair of wooden shoes. 卡萨尼亚是波士顿的一名 17 岁学生，2010 年海地地震后，她在那里移民过来，写下了这个故事，讲述一双木鞋所蕴含的遗产。

On January 12, 2010, an earthquake devastated the small island of Haiti. As the earth shook, people were running all over the streets, trying to find a secure place. I saw a house that had fallen into pieces and plenty of people lying dead on the streets—some without a head, arm, or leg. My grandma and I had to leave quickly, so we only had time to take the most important things. I grabbed our cell phones. She grabbed a pair of yellow wooden shoes, but then we decided to leave them in the next room, and we went off. 2010年1月12日，一场地震摧毁了小岛海地。地动山摇，人们四处逃窜，试图找到一个安全的地方。我看到一栋房子倒塌了，街上躺着许多人的尸体——有些人失去了头、胳膊或腿。我和奶奶必须迅速离开，所以我们只来得及带上最重要的东西。我抓起手机。她抓起一双黄色的木屐，但我们决定把它们放在隔壁房间，然后就出发了。

Two days after my tenth birthday, April 23, my grandfather gave me a pair of yellow wooden shoes. They were the weirdest shoes that I'd ever seen in my life. Aside from being yellow, they were enormous, shiny, and had large beaks. They also had flower designs on each side. They were very clean, therefore they always had the smell of a newly bought thing. At first, I hated that pair of shoes because they weren't my style and they were not the kind of birthday gift that I wanted. When he gave me the shoes, I accepted them, but it was not a sincere acceptance. I threw them under my bed and went off. How could a ten-year-old girl love a weird pair of yellow shoes? However, my grandfather never gave up. He was extremely persistent and wanted me to know the story behind them, which he was truly proud of. I did not know how significant the shoes were until I sat down and listened to all the struggles that he had to go through. 在我十岁生日的两天后，也就是4月23日，祖父送给我一双黄色的木鞋。那是我这辈子见过的最古怪的鞋子。除了是黄色的之外，它们还巨大无比，闪闪发亮，还有大大的鞋嘴。鞋的两侧还绣着花朵图案。它们非常干净，所以总是散发着新买东西的味道。起初，我讨厌那双鞋，因为它们不符合我的风格，也不是我想要的那种生日礼物。祖父送给我鞋子时，我收下了，但那并非真心实意的接受。我把它扔到床底下，然后就走了。一个十岁的小女孩怎么会喜欢一双古怪的黄色鞋子

呢？然而，祖父从未放弃。他非常执着，想让我了解这双鞋子背后的故事，他为此感到由衷的自豪。直到我坐下来，聆听他讲述他所经历的种种挣扎，我才明白这双鞋子有多么重要。

My grandfather Fanis Julson was born in the Dominican Republic. When he was just about seventeen years old, his parents and he moved to Haiti. This wasn't easy for him because he had to leave his friends and family behind, and he had to start adapting himself to a new culture, a new life. But Grandpa Fanis was strong enough to carry his own weight. He was extremely strict with his family, but when he was with his friends he was eager to have fun. He was compassionate, loved without limits, and appreciated even the smallest things in life. Since I was a little girl, people have always compared me to him because we share the same characteristics. He could never trick my mom or me, his own blood. 我的祖父法尼斯·朱尔森出生于多米尼加共和国。大约十七岁时，他和父母搬到了海地。这对他来说并不容易，因为他不得不离开亲朋好友，开始适应新的文化和生活。但法尼斯爷爷足够坚强，能够独自承担起自己的重担。他对家人极其严格，但和朋友在一起时，他总是乐于享受。他富有同情心，爱得无微不至，即使是生活中最细微的事物，他也会欣赏。从我小时候起，人们就总是拿我和他作比较，因为我们有着共同的性格。他从来都无法欺骗我和他——他自己的亲生骨肉——我妈妈。

My grandpa used to live in the rural areas of Haiti. There was always a big lack of money in the family. About a year or so after my grandpa got married to my grandmother, Leonie Camille, things weren't going as well as he planned. Their three children were getting seriously sick. So everyday for fifteen years, he worked two jobs. He has worked as a salesman, but his primary job was being a comedian. He enjoyed entertaining people. He used to wake up at 5:00 a.m. every day, put his wooden shoes on, then go tell stories or act in a play for a certain family. Even when he got paid little money, it was enough to put food on the table for his family. 我的祖父曾经生活在海地的农村。家里一直很缺钱。祖父和祖母莱奥妮·卡米尔结婚大约一年后，事情并没有像他预想的那样顺利。他们的三个孩子都病得很重。所以，十五年来，他每天都要打两份工。他做过销售员，但主要的工作是喜剧演员。他喜欢娱乐大众。他每天早上5点起床，穿上木屐，然后去给某个家庭讲故事或表演戏剧。即使工资不高，也足以维持一家人的温饱。

After hearing this intriguing story, I broke into tears. I went to my grandpa and gave him the biggest hug ever. He worked so hard to provide for the woman that he loved. 听完这个引人入胜的故事，我泪流满面。我走到爷爷身边，给了他一个最热烈的拥抱。他辛勤劳作，只为养活他深爱的女人。

I decided to use these shoes for my project. I was so excited. I went home and asked Grandma about the shoes, but she did not answer me. She looked as scared as my cat Mickey whenever he hears a thunderstorm. She has an innocent look, whenever she does anything wrong, you always know because she looks nervous. Having the feeling that she

didn't hear me, I asked her the question once again, and that's when she told me that the shoes disappeared. I couldn't believe my ears. I was frustrated. I asked her, "How come you never told me this before, *poukisa*?" (Why?) 我决定用这双鞋做我的项目。我兴奋极了。我回家问奶奶鞋子的事,但她没有回答我。她看起来就像我的猫米奇听到雷雨时一样害怕。她总是一副无辜的样子,每当她做错事,你总是能发现,因为她看起来很紧张。我感觉她没听到我说话,于是又问了她一次,这时她告诉我鞋子不见了。我简直不敢相信自己的耳朵,感到很沮丧。我问她:"你以前怎么没告诉我, *poukisa*?"(为什么?)

Grandma replied, "I didn't want to see the reaction that I'm seeing right now." 奶奶回答说:"我不想看到现在这样的反应。"

"But grandma what happened? When did this happen? *Pale avek mwen!* (Talk to me!)" I said angrily. "可是奶奶,发生了什么事?这什么时候发生的?跟我说话!"我生气地说。

She responded, "Calm down honey, one question at a time." Tears started coming down her eyes. Her crying was contagious. I wanted to cry, too, but I couldn't because my anger was stronger than my tears. 她回答说:"亲爱的,冷静点,一个问题一个问题地问。"眼泪开始从她眼眶里流下来。她的哭声很有感染力。我也想哭,但我哭不出来,因为我的愤怒压倒了我的眼泪。

I never truly knew why Grandpa Fanis gave me the yellow wooden shoes. After what I had to go through, I realized that a gift is not about its physical appearance, but about how meaningful it is to you. Although the shoes aren't physically with me, they are mentally a part of me. The shoes are meaningful to me because, first, they were a gift from the most admirable man in my life. Secondly, the shoes were the tools that Grandpa Fanis used to keep his family from falling apart. They remind me of how many sacrifices, struggles, and efforts he made to provide for his family in a country where you have to be thankful and appreciate everything given to you. When a gift is so important, such as the shoes are to me, the only way that I can express myself is by writing about it.⁴ 我一直不明白法尼斯爷爷为什么送给我这双黄色木鞋。经历了这一切之后,我明白了礼物的意义不在于它的外表,而在于它对你来说有多么重要。虽然这双鞋现在不在我身边,但它们却是我精神的一部分。这双鞋对我来说意义非凡,因为首先,它们是我生命中最敬佩的人送的礼物。其次,这双鞋是法尼斯爷爷用来维持家庭不破裂的工具。它们让我想起,在这个必须感恩和珍惜一切的国家,他为了养家糊口做出了多少牺牲、挣扎和努力。当一件礼物对我来说如此重要时,比如这双鞋,我唯一能表达的方式就是写下来。

⁴ Cassania Gilson, "Wooden Shoes," 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), 94–97. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

The Wooden Shoes Деревянные башмаки

Cassania, a 17-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti after the earthquake there in 2010, wrote this story about the legacy embodied in of a pair of wooden shoes. Касания, 17-летняя студентка из Бостона, эмигрировавшая с Гаити после произошедшего там землетрясения в 2010 году, написала эту историю о наследии, воплощенном в паре деревянных башмаков.

On January 12, 2010, an earthquake devastated the small island of Haiti. As the earth shook, people were running all over the streets, trying to find a secure place. I saw a house that had fallen into pieces and plenty of people lying dead on the streets—some without a head, arm, or leg. My grandma and I had to leave quickly, so we only had time to take the most important things. I grabbed our cell phones. She grabbed a pair of yellow wooden shoes, but then we decided to leave them in the next room, and we went off. 12 января 2010 года землетрясение опустошило небольшой остров Гаити. Когда земля сотрясалась, люди бежали по улицам, пытаюсь найти безопасное место. Я увидел разваливающийся дом и множество трупов, лежащих на улицах – у некоторых отсутствовали головы, руки или ноги. Нам с бабушкой нужно было быстро уходить, поэтому мы успели взять только самое важное. Я схватил наши мобильные телефоны. Она взяла пару жёлтых деревянных башмаков, но потом мы решили оставить их в соседней комнате и ушли.

Two days after my tenth birthday, April 23, my grandfather gave me a pair of yellow wooden shoes. They were the weirdest shoes that I'd ever seen in my life. Aside from being yellow, they were enormous, shiny, and had large beaks. They also had flower designs on each side. They were very clean, therefore they always had the smell of a newly bought thing. At first, I hated that pair of shoes because they weren't my style and they were not the kind of birthday gift that I wanted. When he gave me the shoes, I accepted them, but it was not a sincere acceptance. I threw them under my bed and went off. How could a ten-year-old girl love a weird pair of yellow shoes? However, my grandfather never gave up. He was extremely persistent and wanted me to know the story behind them, which he was truly proud of. I did not know how significant the shoes were until I sat down and listened to all the struggles that he had to go through. Через два дня после моего десятого дня рождения, 23 апреля, дедушка подарил мне пару жёлтых деревянных башмаков. Это были самые странные башмачки, которые я

когда-либо видела в своей жизни. Помимо того, что они были жёлтыми, они были огромными, блестящими и с большими носами. На них также были цветы по бокам. Они были очень чистыми, поэтому от них всегда пахло новой вещью. Сначала я возненавидела эту пару башмаков, потому что они были не в моём стиле и не были тем подарком на день рождения, который я хотела. Когда он подарил мне башмачки, я приняла их, но это было неискренне. Я бросила их под кровать и ушла. Как десятилетняя девочка могла полюбить странную пару жёлтых башмаков? Однако дедушка не сдавался. Он был невероятно настойчив и хотел, чтобы я узнала их историю, которой он по-настоящему гордился. Я не знала, насколько значимы эти башмачки, пока не села рядом и не услышала о всех трудностях, которые ему пришлось пережить.

My grandfather Fanis Julson was born in the Dominican Republic. When he was just about seventeen years old, his parents and he moved to Haiti. This wasn't easy for him because he had to leave his friends and family behind, and he had to start adapting himself to a new culture, a new life. But Grandpa Fanis was strong enough to carry his own weight. He was extremely strict with his family, but when he was with his friends he was eager to have fun. He was compassionate, loved without limits, and appreciated even the smallest things in life. Since I was a little girl, people have always compared me to him because we share the same characteristics. He could never trick my mom or me, his own blood. Мой дедушка Фанис Джулсон родился в Доминиканской Республике. Когда ему было около семнадцати лет, он и его родители переехали на Гаити. Это было нелегко для него, потому что ему пришлось оставить друзей и семью, и начать адаптироваться к новой культуре, новой жизни. Но дедушка Фанис был достаточно сильным, чтобы нести свою ношу. Он был чрезвычайно строг с семьей, но в компании друзей он был готов веселиться. Он был сострадательным, любил безгранично и ценил даже самые незначительные вещи в жизни. С самого детства меня всегда сравнивали с ним, потому что у нас были похожие черты характера. Он никогда не мог обмануть ни мою маму, ни меня, свою родную кровь.

My grandpa used to live in the rural areas of Haiti. There was always a big lack of money in the family. About a year or so after my grandpa got married to my grandmother, Leonie Camille, things weren't going as well as he planned. Their three children were getting seriously sick. So everyday for fifteen years, he worked two jobs. He has worked as a salesman, but his primary job was being a comedian. He enjoyed entertaining people. He used to wake up at 5:00 a.m. every day, put his wooden shoes on, then go tell stories or act in a play for a certain family. Even when he got paid little money, it was enough to put food on the table for his family. Мой дедушка жил в сельской местности на Гаити. В семье постоянно не хватало денег. Примерно через год после того, как дедушка

женился на моей бабушке, Леони Камилле, дела пошли не так хорошо, как он планировал. Их трое детей серьёзно заболели. Поэтому каждый день в течение пятнадцати лет он работал на двух работах. Он работал продавцом, но его основной работой было быть комиком. Ему нравилось развлекать людей. Он просыпался в пять утра каждое утро, надевал деревянные башмаки и шёл рассказывать истории или играть в спектакле для какой-то семьи. Даже когда ему платили немного, этого хватало, чтобы прокормить семью.

After hearing this intriguing story, I broke into tears. I went to my grandpa and gave him the biggest hug ever. He worked so hard to provide for the woman that he loved. Услышав эту интригующую историю, я расплакалась. Я подошла к дедушке и крепко его обняла. Он так много работал, чтобы обеспечить любимую женщину.

I decided to use these shoes for my project. I was so excited. I went home and asked Grandma about the shoes, but she did not answer me. She looked as scared as my cat Mickey whenever he hears a thunderstorm. She has an innocent look, whenever she does anything wrong, you always know because she looks nervous. Having the feeling that she didn't hear me, I asked her the question once again, and that's when she told me that the shoes disappeared. I couldn't believe my ears. I was frustrated. I asked her, "How come you never told me this before, *poukisa?*" (Why?) Я решила использовать эти туфли для своего проекта. Я была так взволнована. Я пришла домой и спросила бабушку о туфлях, но она не ответила. Она выглядела такой же испуганной, как мой кот Микки, когда слышит грозу. У неё невинный взгляд, и если она делает что-то не так, это сразу видно по её нервному виду. Чувствуя, что она меня не слышит, я снова задала ей вопрос, и тогда она сказала, что туфли исчезли. Я не могла поверить своим ушам. Я была расстроена. Я спросила её: «Почему ты раньше мне этого не рассказывала, поукиса?» (Почему?)

Grandma replied, "I didn't want to see the reaction that I'm seeing right now." Бабушка ответила: «Я не хотела видеть такую реакцию, какую вижу сейчас».

"But grandma what happened? When did this happen? *Pale avek mwem!* (Talk to me!)" I said angrily. «Но, бабушка, что случилось? Когда это случилось? *Pale avek mwem!* (Поговори со мной!)» — сердито сказала я.

She responded, "Calm down honey, one question at a time." Tears started coming down her eyes. Her crying was contagious. I wanted to cry, too, but I couldn't because my anger was stronger than my tears. Она ответила: «Успокойся, дорогая, по одному вопросу за раз». Слёзы потекли из её глаз. Её плач был заразителен. Мне тоже хотелось плакать, но я не могла, потому что мой гнев был сильнее слёз.

I never truly knew why Grandpa Fanis gave me the yellow wooden shoes. After what I had to go through, I realized that a gift is not about its physical appearance, but about how meaningful it is to you. Although the shoes aren't physically with me, they are mentally a part of me. The shoes are meaningful to me because, first, they were a gift from the most admirable man in my life. Secondly, the shoes were the tools that Grandpa Fanis used to keep his family from falling apart. They remind me of how many sacrifices, struggles, and efforts he made to provide for his family in a country where you have to be thankful and appreciate everything given to you. When a gift is so important, such as the shoes are to me, the only way that I can express myself is by writing about it.⁵ Я никогда

по-настоящему не понимал, зачем дедушка Фанис подарил мне жёлтые деревянные башмачки. После всего, что мне пришлось пережить, я понял, что подарок – это не его внешний вид, а то, насколько он значим для тебя. Хотя башмачки физически не со мной, ментально они – часть меня. Башмачки значат для меня, потому что, во-первых, их подарил самый замечательный человек в моей жизни. Во-вторых, башмачки были инструментом, с помощью которого дедушка Фанис спасал свою семью от распада. Они напоминают мне о том, сколько жертв, трудностей и усилий он принёс, чтобы обеспечить свою семью в стране, где нужно быть благодарным и ценить всё, что тебе дано. Когда подарок так важен, как для меня эти башмачки, единственный способ выразить себя – это написать о нём.

⁵ Cassania Gilson, "Wooden Shoes," 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), 94–97. Reproduced by permission of 826 Boston.

Reading

The Wooden Shoes *Los zuecos de madera*

Cassania, a 17-year-old student in Boston who emigrated from Haiti after the earthquake there in 2010, wrote this story about the legacy embodied in of a pair of wooden shoes. *Cassania, una estudiante de 17 años en Boston que emigró de Haití tras el terremoto de 2010, escribió esta historia sobre el legado encarnado en un par de zapatos de madera.*

On January 12, 2010, an earthquake devastated the small island of Haiti. As the earth shook, people were running all over the streets, trying to find a secure place. I saw a house that had fallen into pieces and plenty of people lying dead on the streets—some without a head, arm, or leg. My grandma and I had to leave quickly, so we only had time to take the most important things. I grabbed our cell phones. She grabbed a pair of yellow wooden shoes, but then we decided to leave them in the next room, and we went off. *El 12 de enero de 2010, un terremoto devastó la pequeña isla de Haití. Mientras la tierra temblaba, la gente corría por todas las calles, tratando de encontrar un lugar seguro. Vi una casa que se había desmoronado en pedazos y a muchísimas personas tendidas, muertas, en las calles; algunas sin cabeza, brazo o pierna. Mi abuela y yo tuvimos que marcharnos rápidamente, así que solo tuvimos tiempo de tomar las cosas más importantes. Yo tomé nuestros teléfonos celulares. Ella tomó un par de zapatos de madera amarillos, pero luego decidimos dejarlos en la habitación contigua y nos marchamos.*

Two days after my tenth birthday, April 23, my grandfather gave me a pair of yellow wooden shoes. They were the weirdest shoes that I'd ever seen in my life. Aside from being yellow, they were enormous, shiny, and had large beaks. They also had flower designs on each side. They were very clean, therefore they always had the smell of a newly bought thing. At first, I hated that pair of shoes because they weren't my style and they were not the kind of birthday gift that I wanted. When he gave me the shoes, I accepted them, but it was not a sincere acceptance. I threw them under my bed and went off. How could a ten-year-old girl love a weird pair of yellow shoes? However, my grandfather never gave up. He was extremely persistent and wanted me to know the story behind them, which he was truly proud of. I did not know how significant the shoes were until I sat down and listened to all the struggles that he had to go through. *Dos días después de mi décimo cumpleaños, el 23 de abril, mi abuelo me regaló un par de zapatos de madera amarillos. Eran los zapatos más extraños que jamás había visto en mi vida. Además de ser amarillos, eran enormes, brillantes y tenían unas puntas grandes y afiladas. También*

llevaban diseños florales a cada lado. Estaban muy limpios; por ello, siempre conservaban el aroma de algo recién comprado. Al principio, odié ese par de zapatos, pues no iban con mi estilo y no eran el tipo de regalo de cumpleaños que yo deseaba. Cuando me los entregó, los acepté, pero mi aceptación no fue sincera. Los arrojé debajo de mi cama y me marché. ¿Cómo podía gustarle a una niña de diez años un par de zapatos amarillos tan extraños? Sin embargo, mi abuelo nunca se dio por vencido. Era sumamente persistente y quería que conociera la historia que había detrás de ellos, una historia de la que se sentía verdaderamente orgulloso. No comprendí cuán significativos eran esos zapatos hasta que me senté a escuchar todas las adversidades por las que él había tenido que pasar.

My grandfather Fanis Julson was born in the Dominican Republic. When he was just about seventeen years old, his parents and he moved to Haiti. This wasn't easy for him because he had to leave his friends and family behind, and he had to start adapting himself to a new culture, a new life. But Grandpa Fanis was strong enough to carry his own weight. He was extremely strict with his family, but when he was with his friends he was eager to have fun. He was compassionate, loved without limits, and appreciated even the smallest things in life. Since I was a little girl, people have always compared me to him because we share the same characteristics. He could never trick my mom or me, his own blood. *Mi abuelo Fanis Julson nació en la República Dominicana. Cuando tenía apenas diecisiete años, él y sus padres se mudaron a Haití. Esto no fue fácil para él, pues tuvo que dejar atrás a sus amigos y a su familia, y tuvo que comenzar a adaptarse a una nueva cultura, a una nueva vida. Pero el abuelo Fanis era lo suficientemente fuerte como para valerse por sí mismo. Era sumamente estricto con su familia, pero cuando estaba con sus amigos, siempre estaba dispuesto a divertirse. Era compasivo, amaba sin límites y valoraba hasta las cosas más pequeñas de la vida. Desde que yo era niña, la gente siempre me ha comparado con él, ya que compartimos las mismas características. Él nunca lograba engañarnos ni a mi mamá ni a mí: su propia sangre.*

My grandpa used to live in the rural areas of Haiti. There was always a big lack of money in the family. About a year or so after my grandpa got married to my grandmother, Leonie Camille, things weren't going as well as he planned. Their three children were getting seriously sick. So everyday for fifteen years, he worked two jobs. He has worked as a salesman, but his primary job was being a comedian. He enjoyed entertaining people. He used to wake up at 5:00 a.m. every day, put his wooden shoes on, then go tell stories or act in a play for a certain family. Even when he got paid little money, it was enough to put food on the table for his family. *Mi abuelo solía vivir en las zonas rurales de Haití. En la familia siempre hubo una gran escasez de dinero. Aproximadamente un año después de que mi abuelo se casara con mi abuela, Leonie Camille, las cosas no iban tan bien como él había planeado. Sus tres hijos enfermaban gravemente. Así que, durante quince años, trabajó en dos*

empleos todos los días. Trabajó como vendedor, pero su ocupación principal era la de comediante. Disfrutaba entreteniéndolo a la gente. Solía levantarse a las 5:00 a. m. todos los días, calzarse sus zapatos de madera y luego ir a contar historias o a actuar en una obra de teatro para una familia en particular. Aunque le pagaban poco dinero, este era suficiente para poner comida en la mesa para su familia.

After hearing this intriguing story, I broke into tears. I went to my grandpa and gave him the biggest hug ever. He worked so hard to provide for the woman that he loved. *Tras escuchar esta intrigante historia, rompí a llorar. Fui hacia mi abuelo y le di el abrazo más grande de todos. Trabajó muy duro para mantener a la mujer que amaba.*

I decided to use these shoes for my project. I was so excited. I went home and asked Grandma about the shoes, but she did not answer me. She looked as scared as my cat Mickey whenever he hears a thunderstorm. She has an innocent look, whenever she does anything wrong, you always know because she looks nervous. Having the feeling that she didn't hear me, I asked her the question once again, and that's when she told me that the shoes disappeared. I couldn't believe my ears. I was frustrated. I asked her, "How come you never told me this before, poukisa?" (Why?) *Decidí usar estos zapatos para mi proyecto. Estaba muy emocionado. Fui a casa y le pregunté a la abuela por los zapatos, pero ella no me respondió. Se veía tan asustada como mi gato Mickey cada vez que escucha una tormenta eléctrica. Ella tiene una mirada inocente; siempre que hace algo mal, uno se da cuenta de inmediato porque se pone nerviosa. Con la sensación de que no me había escuchado, le hice la pregunta una vez más, y fue entonces cuando me dijo que los zapatos habían desaparecido. No podía creer lo que oía. Estaba frustrado. Le pregunté: «¿Cómo es que nunca me dijiste esto antes? *Poukisa*?» (¿Por qué?)*

Grandma replied, "I didn't want to see the reaction that I'm seeing right now." *La abuela respondió: «No quería ver la reacción que estoy viendo ahora mismo».*

"But grandma what happened? When did this happen? *Pale avek mwen!* (Talk to me!)" I said angrily. *«Pero, abuela, ¿qué pasó? ¿Cuándo sucedió esto? ¡Pale avek mwen! (¡Háblame!))», dije con enojo.*

She responded, "Calm down honey, one question at a time." Tears started coming down her eyes. Her crying was contagious. I wanted to cry, too, but I couldn't because my anger was stronger than my tears. *Ella respondió: «Cálmate, cariño; una pregunta a la vez». Las lágrimas comenzaron a brotar de sus ojos. Su llanto era contagioso. Yo también quería llorar, pero no podía, porque mi ira era más fuerte que mis lágrimas.*

I never truly knew why Grandpa Fanis gave me the yellow wooden shoes. After what I had to go through, I realized that a gift is not about its physical appearance, but about how meaningful it is to you. Although the shoes aren't physically with me, they are mentally a part of me. The shoes are meaningful to me because, first, they were a gift from the most admirable man in my life. Secondly, the shoes were the tools that Grandpa Fanis used to keep his family from falling apart. They remind me of how many sacrifices, struggles, and efforts he made to provide for his family in a country where you have to be thankful and appreciate everything given to you. When a gift is so important, such as the shoes are to me, the only way that I can express myself is by writing about it.⁶ *Nunca supe realmente por qué el abuelo Fanis me regaló los zapatos de madera amarillos. Después de todo lo que tuve que pasar, comprendí que el valor de un regalo no reside en su apariencia física, sino en el significado que tiene para uno. Aunque los zapatos ya no están físicamente conmigo, mentalmente forman parte de mí. Estos zapatos son muy significativos para mí porque, en primer lugar, fueron un regalo del hombre más admirable de mi vida. En segundo lugar, los zapatos fueron las herramientas que el abuelo Fanis utilizó para evitar que su familia se desmoronara. Me recuerdan la gran cantidad de sacrificios, luchas y esfuerzos que él realizó para mantener a su familia en un país donde uno debe ser agradecido y valorar todo lo que recibe. Cuando un regalo es tan importante —como lo son para mí estos zapatos—, la única manera que tengo de expresarlo es escribiendo sobre ello.*

⁶ Cassania Gilson, "Wooden Shoes," 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), 94–97. 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 រហូតដល់បងប្រុសរបស់ខ្ញុំបាននាំខ្ញុំទៅក្រោមស្លាបរបស់គាត់ 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 មុនពេលដែលខ្ញុំស្គាល់តារាការីតេរបនេះ។ គាត់បានឆ្លើយទៅ Jackson ប៉ុន្តែគាត់ហៅ Jacky នៅតាមផ្លូវ។ គាត់បានទទួលមរតកឈ្មោះនេះថាជាអ្នកគាំទ្រភាពយន្តរបស់ Jackie Chan។ ប្អូនប្រុសរបស់ខ្ញុំបានរៀនការពារខ្លួនតាំងពីគាត់មានអាយុដប់ពីរឆ្នាំ។ គាត់ជាអត្តពលិកដ៏ក្លាហាន និងមានចំណង់ចំណូលចិត្តខ្ពស់។ គាត់ជាអ្នកជំនាញខាងតេក្វាន់ដូ ដែលគាត់បានបង្កើតទម្លាប់មួយ - ម្យ៉ាងទៀត គាត់ញៀន។ គាត់មានការលះបង់ មិនដែលស្ទាក់ស្ទើរក្នុងការធ្វើសកម្មភាពក្លាមៗរបស់គាត់ ហើយមិនដែលដកថយពីការប្រយុទ្ធនាមួយឡើយ។ ដោយសារតែចិត្តសប្បុរសរបស់គាត់ ដរាបណាប្អូនប្រុសរបស់ខ្ញុំចូលទៅក្នុងក្លឹបក្បាច់គុន មនុស្សគ្រប់គ្នាត្រូវឈរមើលគាត់ជាអ្នកដឹកនាំ។ បន្ទាប់ពីការស្វាគមន៍ជាផ្លូវការ ការស្វាគមន៍ក្រៅផ្លូវការបានចាប់ផ្តើម។ សមាជិកនៃក្លឹបបានផ្លាស់ប្តូរការចាប់ដៃសម្ងាត់ជាមួយគាត់ ហើយអ្នកផ្សេងទៀតទះដៃជាមួយគាត់។ នៅក្នុងគំនិតរបស់ខ្ញុំ ខ្ញុំនៅតែអាចមើលឃើញពីរបៀបដែលគាត់សប្បាយចិត្ត ជាមួយនឹងស្នាមញញឹមនៅលើមុខរបស់គាត់ កំពុងនិយាយជាមួយមិត្តភក្តិរបស់គាត់។ មនុស្សគ្រប់គ្នាចង់សន្ទនាជាមួយគាត់។ គាត់បានប្តេជ្ញាចិត្តដឹកនាំក្លឹបជាសាមីវិជ័យ 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 ហើយរបៀបដែលខ្ញុំឃើញអ្នកដទៃកំពុងហាត់កាតេហាក់ដូចជាការហ្វឹកហាត់យោធា។ ខ្ញុំមានអារម្មណ៍មិនល្អ ដូចជាខ្ញុំមិនសមនឹងកន្លែងនោះទេ។ Jacky អាចអានអារម្មណ៍របស់ខ្ញុំដោយមើលមុខខ្ញុំ ដូច្នេះគាត់បាននាំខ្ញុំទៅបន្ទប់ទទេមួយ 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." «ខ្ញុំមិនគិតថាវាជាគំនិតល្អទេក្នុងការដើរតាមគន្លងរបស់អ្នកព្រោះខ្ញុំមិនមែនជាប្រភេទមនុស្សដូចអ្នកទេ» 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 កុំជឿឬស្តាប់មនុស្សដែលនិយាយថាអ្នកមិនអាចធ្វើអ្វីបានឡើយ។ 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»។ គាត់បានប្រគល់ខ្សែក្រវាត់កាវ៉ាតេខ្មៅរបស់គាត់មកឱ្យខ្ញុំ។

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 ចាប់តាំងពីខ្ញុំបានដឹងអំពីដំណឹងសោកនាដកម្មនេះប៉ុន្មានខែក្រោយមក ថាបងប្រុសជាទីស្រឡាញ់របស់ខ្ញុំបានស្លាប់ ខ្ញុំត្រូវថែរក្សាខ្លួនឯង និងក្រុមគ្រួសាររបស់ខ្ញុំ។ ដោយរក្សាខ្សែក្រវាត់កាវ៉ាតេខ្មៅរបស់ 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 ኣኽናፋ ወሲዱ ዝጓዓዘሉ 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። ንጃክሰን መለሰሉ፡ ኣብ ጽርግያ ግን ብጃኪ ሓሊፉ። ንሱ ነቲ ስም ዝወረሰ፡ ኣኸራሪ 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፡ ብኸልእ ኣዘራርባ፡ ወልፊ ነበሮ። ውፋይ 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 ሰብ ከም መራሒ ሰላምታ ክህቦ ኣብ ጎድኑ ደው ክበል ነይርዎ። ድሕሪ እቲ ወግዓዊ ሰላምታ ክበረ፡ እቲ ዘይወግዓዊ ሰላምታ ተጀሚሩ። ኣባላት እታ ክለብ ነቲ ምስጢራዊ ምጭብባጥ ኢድ ምስኡ ተለዋዊጦም፡ ካልኣት ድማ ኣእዳዎም ጸፍጺፎምሉ። ኣብ ኣእምሮይ ክሳብ ሕጂ ፍሽኽታ ኣብ ገዱ እናተራለየ ምስ ኣዕሩኹቱ እናዕለለ ክሳብ ክንደይ ከም ዝተሓጎሰ ይርእዮ ኣለኹ። ኩሉ ሰብ ምስኡ ዕላል ክገብር ደለየ። ከም ሕያዋይ ሰምራዊ 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 ካልኣት ካራተ ክለማመዱ ዝረኣኹሉ ኣገባብ ድማ ወተሃደራዊ ልምምድ ኮይኑ ተሰምዓኒ። ሕማቕ ስምዒት ይስምዓኒ ነይሩ፤ ኣብቲ ቦታ ከም ዘይነበርኩ ኩይኑ። ጃኪ ገጸይ ብምጥማት ስምዒታይ ከንብብ ስለ ዝኸኣለ፡ ናብ ባዶ ክፍሊ ወሲዱኒ ንእኹቶ 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 ሰብ ስለ ዘይኮንኩ ኣሰርካ ምኽታል ብሉጽ ሓሳብ ኣይመስለንን" መለስኩሉ። "ካራተ 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 ሒዙ "ስማዕ ሓወይ ዋላ ሓንቲ ክገብር ኣይክእልን እዩ ዝብሉ ሰባት ፈጹምካ ኣይትእመን ወይ ኣይትሰምዖም። ነቶም ዕሽነት ዝመልእም ሓሳባት ብቐልጡፍ ደርብዮም ስራሕካ ግበር። እንተዘይኮይኑ ኣብ ህይወት ፈጹምካ ኣይትዕወትን ኢኻ። ንነብስኻ ከም ጅንያ ክትረኣ ኣለካ" ኢሉኒ።

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 ምኽረ ንላዕሊ ገለ ነገር ሃበኒ። "ብከንቲባ ዝምወል ውድድር እየ ዝኸይድ ዘለኹ" ኢሉኒ። "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 ሓደት ኣዋርሕ ብዛዕባ እቲ ዘሕዝን ዜና፡ እቲ ዝፈትዎ ሓወይ ከም ዝሞተ ካብ ዝፈልጥ ኣትሒዘ፡ ንነብሰይን ንስድራይን ክከናኸን ተገዲደ። ጸሊም ቀበቶ ካራተ ጃኪ ናብ ልበይ ብምቕራብ፡ ኣሰሩ ክስዕብ ፈቲነ ኣለኹ። ብዘየገድስ እቲ ዝሃበኒ ምኽረ 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.