

Az Újpesti Károlyi István Általános Iskola és Gimnázium

Pályázat

hirdet angol nyelvből a 8. évfolyamos diákjai részére.

A pályázat témája: kortárs amerikai novella fordítása

Feladat: Olvassátok el és fordítsátok le az alábbi kortárs novella részletet.

A kiszótározott, új szavakat szószedet/lista-formában mellékeljétek.

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Aileen Ridings Bennett

"I'll Love You Forever"

I knew he ate mayonnaise on his hotdog but I married him anyway. He divided the bun precisely in half, shook off any loose crumbs, slathered each side with enough mayonnaise to choke a horse, carefully split the hotdog with the fork tine, and filled in the crevice with more mayonnaise, topping it off with only a hint of chili.

Like I said, I married Derrick. He was a college graduate and already an electrical engineer by the time I met him. Mother kept referring to him as affluent.

"Mother, Derrick has asked me to marry him," I imagined springing it on her, knowing exactly what her reaction would be.

I didn't tell her. I didn't tell anyone I was going to marry Derrick.

Mother pressed my yellow-flowered cotton nightgown when we got back home. The five-minute marriage ceremony was in a dilapidated building, performed by a man wearing sunglasses who finally picked up a constantly ringing phone receiver and put it in his desk drawer.

Derrick wanted a church wedding and told me in his quiet, intelligent voice, "I'll love you forever."

There were other reasons I couldn't chance an elaborate wedding. I had a multitude of family, as in five sisters, two brothers, four aunts who came with four uncles, five uncles who came with four aunts because Uncle Tim caught his wife Grace in bed with another man, and enough cousins to completely surround the lower forty at our farm.

No, I couldn't take the chance on a church wedding.

Mother was what was known in our neck of the woods as highfalutin. Mary Katherina Jahraus Pendleton was the way she introduced herself to strangers. She was of German descent, but then I suppose the maiden name of Jahraus would prove that in a heartbeat. Mother talked long and often about her German family coming over from Ilbesheim, Germany, in the late 1700s and, although she had never set foot in Germany, she could describe it like it was a town right up the way from where we lived, outside Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

I might add that the name Jahraus was changed to Yearout when they came to America by everyone except Mother. Tilting her nose, she would proclaim, "The German name carries our aristocracy."

Derrick told the family we were moving to Wyoming to build a power plant.

Justin Allen Tracener was born exactly 9 months and 20 days from the date we married. Mother said thank God for the 20 days since everyone was counting on their fingers.

Bearfoot Village held 500 trailers that held the families of the men hired to build the power plant in Wayland, Wyoming. There were no homes to be found in the sparsely populated town, but I decided a trailer was not the best place to raise a child and struck out determined to find a house. By the grace of God, I beat all the other wives to the house up on Spring Street where a moving van was parked. It was an older home overlooking downtown Wayland. I offered to wax the driveway every Friday if they would rent it to me.

After we got settled in, I decided to have a party, a nice party, fixing hors d'oeuvres, serving wine and punch, a dress-up occasion, even inviting some of the townspeople. We had a beautiful brick patio where I planned to have this party, which would surely prove to the townspeople we weren't riffraff power plant people. I set up tables around the huge outdoor brick fireplace, rounded up white tablecloths and spent days making paper flowers for the centerpieces. The day of the party I polished and waxed and scrubbed and cleaned and made my hors d'oeuvres and special dips. I rented pots of geraniums from the local florist to set around on the brick patio. Derrick was putting Justin to bed just as our first guests, who happened to be our neighbors down the street, arrived. Tom was the only dentist in town and Cindy was a teacher, and both seemed to be a respected addition to my party.

Following Tom and Cindy, several couples from the power plant bunch showed up. All of the townspeople I had invited showed up, too, about which I was glad so we could prove power

plant people were actually normal, well-behaved people. It didn't take long to prove their suspicions true — that power plant people didn't act normal at all.

The next morning I felt like I had been hit in the head with a sledgehammer, and was sick as a dog. I found out shortly it wasn't because I'd had a sip of the punch. Jacob Pendleton Tracener made his appearance nine months later on a cold winter morning in February. The snow was blowing crossways on the road as Derrick inched his way to the hospital.

To say that Justin liked Jake would be an understatement. When Jake was six weeks old, Justin decided to teach him how to ride a tricycle. So help me, I was not on that phone but five minutes when I found the two of them in the cul-de-sac, Jake thrown over the handlebars belly-side down with Justin whizzing around in a circle.

I had just gotten Jake to say "potty" when two things happened. I got pregnant and we moved again, which was beginning to be a family tradition. Don't ask me why these two things had anything to do with each other — it just happened that way.

Derrick was delighted about the new baby on the way, but he didn't have to eat raw potatoes to keep the heartburn away like I did, finally buying potatoes by the peck.

Firebrand, New Mexico, was a town so small it shouldn't have merited a place on the map. The power plant wives soon met up and we resumed our coffee klatches.

And then it happened. Being raised in the South, I had warned Derrick about passing any old slow pickup truck on country roads. The minute you tried to pass, the driver would undoubtedly think you wanted to race and pick up speed. Derrick must not have seen the car coming over the hill toward him.

Molly Katherina Tracener came out feetfirst three months after Derrick was buried in the Jahraus Cemetery, where Mother said an affluent person belonged. As I stood at the coffin and looked at Derrick, my first instinct was to slap him. How dare he leave me! I wondered if his life had passed before him at the time of his death, as our life together was passing before me at the moment. As I gently touched his face, I whispered, "I'll love you forever."

I should have known Molly was going to be a handful. That child came out of the womb dancing and singing a Patsy Cline song. She had wild, frizzy red hair that even as a baby she swished from side to side. Derrick would have been bowled over by our baby girl. She looked out of the same sea-green eyes as his.

Grief over losing Derrick had swallowed me up for four long years, until the day Molly decided that she would fix her own hotdog. Something about her movement caught my eye. I started to watch, transfixed, as she divided the bun precisely in half, shaking off any loose crumbs. I knew what was coming next before her fingers had even reached out for the jar: slathering each side with mayonnaise, carefully splitting the hotdog with the fork tine, filling in the crevice with more mayonnaise. And as she topped it off with only a hint of chili, I felt the warmth of life gather in my bones once again.