

RTV – Radio Slovenija
Radio Drama Department

Tamara Matevc
The Bratonci Pylon
(radio play)

The story of The Christ on a Stone Pillar from Bratonci dates back to 1724. Števan Pivar from Bratonci (1861–1948) told it to Ivan Škafar, whose writing was the basis for my play.

January 2013

RTV Radio Slovenija
Uredništvo igranega programa

Tamara Matevc

Bratonski pil

(radijska igra)

Zgodba o bratonskem pilu je nastala nekje okoli l. 1724, Ivanu Škafarju, čigar zapis je izhodišče moje kratke drame, pa jo je pripovedoval Števan Pivar (1861–1948) iz Bratoncev.

januar 2013

Storyteller EVGEN CAR
Tinek Škafar VLADIMIR VLAŠKALIĆ
Katica ANITA GREGOREC
Innkeeper LUDVIK BAGARI
Crazy farmhand BLAŽ ŠEF
Mayor JOŽEF ROPOŠA

Sound engineers: SONJA STRENAR and MATJAŽ MIKLIČ

Original score, accordion: JANEZ DOVČ

Music selection: DARJA HLAVKA GODINA

Dramaturge: VILMA ŠTRITOF

Director: ANA KRAUTHAKER

Duration: 33'25''

First broadcast: 21st August 2021

Recorded in a mountain hut under Mount Storžič and around it, as well as at Radio Slovenia Studios in May 2021.

Pripovedovalec EVGEN CAR
Škafarof Tinek VLADIMIR VLAŠKALIĆ
Katica ANITA GREGOREC
Oštarjaš LUDVIK BAGARI
Nouri Lapec BLAŽ ŠEF
Župan JOŽEF ROPOŠA

Tonska mojstra: SONJA STRENAR in MATJAŽ MIKLIČ

Izvirna glasba, harmonika: JANEZ DOVČ

Oblikovanje glasbe: DARJA HLAVKA GODINA

Dramaturginja VILMA ŠTRITOF

Režiserka: ANA KRAUTHAKER

Traja: 33'25''

Premiera: 21. avgust 2021

Posneto v Domu pod Storžičem in okolici in v studiih Radia Slovenija maja
2021

Music: accordion.

STORYTELLER: *Near Bratonci, by the road leading from Dokležovje to Beltinci, stands a statue of “The Croatian Jesus” on a stone column from the year 1724. The locals call it “The Thought of God”. It was erected a long time ago by a father and his daughter from the village of Bratonci, in order to thank Our Lady of Turnišče and Christ the Saviour who saved them from a terrible fate ...*

Music: accordion.

STORYTELLER: *This story was told to me by my uncle, the historian and priest Ivan Škafar. He heard it a long time ago from Štefan Pivar, who died in 1948 ... My uncle Ivan Škafar used to say that this man was very learned and knew a lot about the history of the village of Bratonci.*

Rural sounds (cockcrow, husking, church bells, clanging of scythes) and folk song from the Prekmurje region.

STORYTELLER: *In the olden days, peasants who kept horses, were obliged to haul wheat for the Count of Beltinci to Graz in Steyermark, where he sold it at the market ... Many set off on this journey, but only few returned. Nobody knew what actually happened to them. They just never came home ...*

Music: accordion.

STORYTELLER: *Some said that the peasants took the the Count’s money and went off with it. But nobody believed that. You never just leave your family, children, fields ... And it was well known that people from Bratonci were very honest. But why didn’t they return? They sold the wheat in Graz alright but got lost in the fog on their way back. All trails were lost.*

Folk music and rural sounds (cartwheel, haymaking, babies crying), followed by accordion.

Glasba: harmonika.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Ob cesti z Dokležovja v Böltince stoji vštric Bratonec na viskon kamniton podstavki z letnico 1724 kip "hrvaškoga Kristusa", šteromi tü lidje pravmo "božja misel". Tou znamenje sta pred davnin časom postavila oča pa čerka z Bratonec zatou, ka sta jiva Kristus Odrešenik pa törniška mati božja rešila pred grozno smrtjo ...

Glasba: harmonika.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Meni so tou štorijo povedali moj stric, zgodovinar in duhovnik Ivan Škafar, njemi pa Štefan Pijvar jako dugo nazaj, oni so mrli že leta 1948 ... Moj stric Ivan Škafar so pravili, ka so tou bili jako razgledani možak pa ka so dosta znali od bratonske preteklosti.

Zvoki podeželja (brušenje kose, petelin, ličkanje, zvonovi) in prekmurska ljudska pesem.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: V tistij davnij časaj so mogli ništerni kmetje, šteri so 'meli konje, voziti böltinskomi grofi pšenico v Gradec na Štajerskon, kama jo je udavau ... Dosta jij je šlo na pout, nazaj pa jij je prišlo bole malo; Nišče je nej znal, ka se jin je zgoudilo, samo jij je nej več bilou domou ...

Folk music and rural sounds (cartwheel, haymaking, babies crying), followed by accordion.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Ništerni so gučali, ka so kmetje poubrali grofove pejneze pa odišli na lepše. Samo tomi je nej nišče vrval. Doma so 'meli držine pa deco pa njive pa tuj zna se, ka so Bratončari sigdar pošteni bilij ... Eli – nej se znalo, zakoj jij te nega nazaj! V Gradci so fse napravili kak trbej, na pouti domou pa jij je zela megla! Se zgibijla sakša slejd!

Glasba in zvoki podeželja (voz, košnja, jok otroka), kasneje glasba: harmonika.

STORYTELLER: *Anxious about the missing peasants, the Count calls for a trusted man from Bratonci, the good, honest, god-fearing, reliable peasant Tinek Škafar. Tinek listens to the Count and then replies:*

TINEK ŠKAFAR: You know what? I'll get to the bottom of this, I'll end it. It can't go on, the peasants can't just stop at an inn, rest, eat, drink, feed their horses, and then go missing ...

STORYTELLER: *Nodding in agreement, the Count finds it somewhat hard to believe the peasants would trick him for the money ... So he asks Tinek whether he would take his daughter Katica with him, since he heard people saying how strong Katica was. She won every fight with the boys from the village, getting the better of them every time ... But Tinek doesn't want to put his daughter in harm's way, knowing also that his wife Gela would strongly object to that. Still, the Count keeps praising his daughter, making quite an impression on Tinek Škafar with the fact that he has such a bold daughter.*

TINEK ŠKAFAR: All right, let it be. Thank you. We shall be off then tomorrow morning, and you make a Mass offering for our safe return.

STORYTELLER: *At home, he has to face his enraged wife Gela, going on and on about their daughter's imminent ruin on the journey, and so on and so forth ... She doesn't stop until he slaps her face a couple of times and makes a quick promise to bring her a fancy necklace back from Graz, the likes of which no other woman from Bratonci has ever seen, let alone worn around her neck. A little bit consoled, she makes a sign of the cross on her beloved Katica, but not her husband. She is still sulking because of the blows ...*

**Rural Sounds (horse canter, the Koranti, millstone) and music.
Followed by accordion.**

STORYTELLER: *Tinek and Katica Škafar make it safely to Graz via Radgona with their load of wheat. They took care of everything and rested for a while, Tinek hastily buying his wife a necklace at the fair. It wasn't exactly golden, but it had a nice shine to it. Then they headed back home. It was getting dark when they reached an isolated inn.*

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Grof so se jako jako bojali za nje ... Dali so pozvati enoga Bratončara, šterimi so fejest zavüpali, dobroga kmeta, võrnoga, poštenoga pa zanesljivoga, Škafarovoga Tineka.

Škafarof Tinek je posliušu grofa, te pa je pravo:

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Znate ka? Jes bon toj stvari napravo konec! Prišo do dna! Nemre tou samo tak biti, ka odojo kmetje nazaj, se stavljajo v različnij gostilnaj, ka si malo odpomorejo, kaj pojejo pa spijejo pa ka konje nakrmijo ...

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Grof je kjimau, se strinjau, njemi se je tuj vidilo, ka nemre tou tak biti, ka bi njega prinesli okouli za pejneze ... Te je pa grof pijtau, če de Tinek sebof na pout zeu tuj svojo čerko Katico. Kak so jemi lidje radi pravili, ta čerka je bila jako močna, grof je čüu, ka je sikgar, da so se dečki pa deklina bili med sabouf, je una fse namlatila ... Samo Škafarovomi Tineki je pa ta miseu, ka bi svojo čerko s sebof jemal pa jo v nevarnost spravlau, nej preveč dijšala. Znau je tudi, ka se njegova žena Gela s ten nede strinjala pa ka bi doma mel probleme, če bi štel Katico s sebof zeti ... Grof je pa nej enjal pa nej enjal gučati. Škafarovomi Tineki se je pa nej slabo vidilo, ka grof tak fajn guči o njegovi čerki.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Te pa naj bou. Fala. Vütro zaran ideva na pout, vij pa dajte za edno mešo, ka srečno nazaj prijdeva ...

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Doma je žena Gela larmala pa larmala, ka de joj čerko Katico zapravo pa tak dele pa tek dele ... Enjala je larmati komaj te, da joj je dvakrat po tikvi tresno te pa friško obečau, ka joj prnese takši fajni lancek z Gradca, kakšoga je nej nikša drüuga z Bratonec niti šče nej vijdla, ka ka bi ga nosila. Te se je malo potolažila, prekrijžala je svojo lüubleno Katico, samo moža pa je nej štela, zatou ka je bijla čemerna, ka jo je vdaro!

Zvoki s podeželja (konjski dir, kurenti, mlinski kamen) in glasba. Nato harmonika.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Škafarof Tinek pa Škafarova Katica sta pšenico prejk Radgone varno prpelala v Gradec. Tan sta zriktala fse tak, kak trbej, malo sta si počijnola, Škafarof Tinek je na senji friško küupo lancek za ženo Gelo, nej je büu glij zlati, se je pa fejest svejto, te pa sta šla nazaj prouti doumi. Večer, že se je pomali kmica delala, sta prišla do gostilne, štera je stala ščistak na samon.

Struck by a sudden jolt of intuition, which was very strong with her, Katica begs her father not to stop there. But the old man is weary from the journey, so they pull up into the yard where they are greeted by a large grinning dog, looking eager to taste human flesh. Trembling on the cart, they fear they would have to sleep on it, too.

Cartwheel and dog barking. Music.

STORYTELLER: *The innkeeper steps out kicking the dog and glancing at the newcomers mistrustfully.*

INNKEEPER: What do you want?

TINEK: We're a little tired ...

INNKEEPER: I can see that from afar.

KATICA: ... *And hungry.*

TINEK: Can we spend the night at your inn? We'll be off in the morning.

INNKEEPER: Have you been trafficking wheat?

TINEK: Yes, yes. We came a long way.

INNKEEPER: Go on in. *(to the crazy farmhand:)* You go unharness the horses.

CRAZY FARMHAND: Yeah, right. Yes.

Farmhand walking away, Katica and Tinek getting off the cart.

STORYTELLER: *Tinek Škafar steps down from the cart. Katica tugs at his sleeve to prompt him on.*

Footsteps heading towards the inn. Music, horse-neighing, and prayer.

KATICA: Father, this isn't right. I feel my chest sinking...

TINEK: We'll be right behind you. My daughter is not feeling well.

KATICA: This is not an honest tavern.

Katici je iznenada slabo gratalo, fejest slabo, od intuicije, štera je bijla pri njoj jako močna, pa je prosla očo, ka bi se odpelala naprej. Oča pa so bilij že fejest zmatrani, zatou sta zavinoula na dvorišče, ge jiva je pričakal fejest velki pes, šteri je glasno rinčau pa zobe kazau, kak či bi jemi človeško mesou jako močno dijšalo, tak ka sta si niti nej dol z voza vüpala pa sta že mislila, ka ta na vouzi spala.

Voz in lajež psa. Glasba.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Z gostilne je stopo vö oštarjaš, brcno pesa pa neprijazno pogledno prišleka.*

OŠTARJAŠ: Ka bi radiva?!

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Malo sva trüujdniva ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Tou se vama od deleč vijdi ...

KATICA: ... pa lačniva ...

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ja. Lejko pri vas prespijva? Zaran ideva dele.

OŠTARJAŠ: Sta vozila pšenico?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ja, tak je, ja. Duuga pout je za nama.

OŠTARJAŠ: Ota notri ... (*Nouremu lapcu.*) Ti pa konja razpreži.

NOURI LAPEC: Ja. Vepa, ja.

Koraki hlapca se oddaljijo, Katica in Tinek stopita z voza.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Škafarof Tinek stoupi dol z voza, Katica pa ga lovij za rokaf, če ne bi bilou mogouče fseeno bougše, ka bi odišla naprej.*

Koraki proti gostilni. Glasba, rezget konja in molitev.

KATICA: Oča, to je nej dobro, mene v prsij tak šcijple ...

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Fčasi prijdeva. Moji čeri nekaj neje dobro.

KATICA: Tou je nej poštena gostilna ...

TINEK: Come on, in we go, lassie.

Music: accordion.

STORYTELLER: So they enter, just for a couple of minutes. The innkeeper tells the farmhand, who looks like he's not in his right mind, to ladle out some gravy and buckwheat mush and takes the plates to his guests. Tinek and Katica sit down, cross themselves, and start eating.

INNKEEPER: She'll feel better after she's eaten.

TINEK: Yes. Did you make pork and sausage recently?

INNKEEPER: Yes.

STORYTELLER: The crazy farmhand mooches about. He, too, would like to make some conversation.

FARMHAND: Yesterday. They are really fresh.

TINEK: Was the pig fat?

INNKEEPER: It was just the right weight.

FARMHAND: Like it is supposed to be.

TINEK: Yes, yes ... If it's too fat, it's no good, too. Yes, yes. Right you are. It has to be just the right size.

INNKEEPER: So you've come from Graz?

TINEK: That's right.

INNKEEPER: And how was your trip?

TINEK: I think the Count will be satisfied, yes ...

FARMHAND: If the master is happy, the farmhand fares well.

INNKEEPER: Shut up, you blabbermouth!

FARMHAND: When I was little...

INNKEEPER: Go see to the horses, they are due to go.

ŠKAFAROV TINEK: Idemo, idemo ...

Glasba: harmonika.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Fseeno za par minout prideta notri. Gostilničar velej lapci, šteri je nej viditi ščistak pri zdravoj pameti, ka naj jima nadejvle saft pa ajdove žganike pouleg. Te jima oštarjaš fse tou fajn gor na sto prnese, Škafarof Tinek pa Katica si dol sedeta, se pokrijžata, zmolita očenaš pa začneta jesti.*

OŠTARJAŠ: Malo pojej, pa de jej friško bougše ...

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ja. Ste meli koline?

OŠTARJAŠ: Ja.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Nouri lapec se glij nekaj okouli mota, on bi se tuj rad malo zgučaval:*

NOURI LAPEC: Fčera. Ščistak friško je.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: A ... Pa je büu debeli?

OŠTARJAŠ: Glij praf ...

NOURI LAPEC: Takši, kak trbej ...

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ja, ja ... Vej tuj če je preveč debeli, nej dobro, nej ... ja, ja. Tak kak ste pravili. Glij praf more biti ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Vüva pa z Gradca, nej?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Tak je, tak je ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Sta dobro oudala?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ja, ka mislin do grof zadovolni, ja ...

NOURI LAPEC: Ja, če je virt zadovolen, te je lapci dobro.

OŠTARJAŠ: Tu boj, modrija ena!

NOURI LAPEC: Da san büu mali, san ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Konje de trbelo gnati ... Idi jij spucaj ...

TINEK: Where are you taking them?

INNKEEPER: None of your concern.

TINEK: My apologies. Right you are. I was only making conversation.

Music, then accordion.

STORYTELLER: His daughter Katica has almost finished her plate, while Tinek is still making circles with his spoon, brooding over the harsh rebuttal. Sulking, he slowly realises – there is a human hand with fingers on his plate!

Katica runs to the yard, vomiting.

INNKEEPER: Still not feeling well? She ate too fast, gulped it down. Why did she do that? It's all wasted now. But you'll have to pay for it, you know. Why are you not eating? Not good enough for you, huh?

TINEK: No, no ... I'm full. And so tired!

INNKEEPER: Why waste it? Don't you know the number of people starving around the world these days?

TINEK: So, save it for my breakfast.

INNKEEPER: All right. You'll pay for dinner and breakfast, though!

TINEK: Okay, okay ... Do as you like.

INNKEEPER: You'll pay for it?

TINEK: I will, I will ... If I live to see the day ...

INNKEEPER: What do you mean by that?

TINEK: My father once woke up dead. He was alive and well when he went to bed.

INNKEEPER: By God's will ... *(to Katica:)* I hope you threw up on the manure, so you won't be soiling my bed ... I'll go get the keys to the upper room.

Sound of footsteps.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Kama jij pa pelate?

OŠTARJAŠ: Tou je nej vaša briga.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Se opravüčuvljem, praf mate, praf mate ... Mislo san samo, ka va si šče malo zgučavala ...

Glasba in nato glasba: harmonika.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Čerka Katica je mela že skoro prazen tanjer, oča Tinek, šteri pa se je zgočavau z oštarjašon, pa je šče nej dosta pojo. Malo krouži z žlicof po tanjejri, užaljeni, ka ga je oštarjaš tak groubo zavrno, te pa vidi, ka ma pred seuf na tanjeri človeško dlan s prstami!

Katica teče ven na dvorišče in bruha.

OŠTARJAŠ: Ka jej išče izda nej dobro? Prefriško je jela! Ka pa je tak f sebe metala? Na, zaj pa je šlo v nikoj! Samo ... to te seedno mogli plačati! Zakoj pa vij ne jejte?! Nej je zadosta dobro za vas?!

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Nej. Nej. Nemren več. Fejst san zmatrani ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Nemo znan krej metali. Ne vejte, kelko je gnesden lačnij ljudi po svejti?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ja, te pa mi tou krej denite za zajtrk.

OŠTARJAŠ: Dobro. Samo plačali boste zajtrk pa večerjo!

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Dobro, dobro, dobro ... naprafte tak, kak trbej ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Te plačali?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Bon, bon, bon, bon. Če bon šče žijf ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Ka ščete s ten povedati?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: E ... Moj oča so se enkrat nazaj mrtvi zbidijli, spat pa so šli žijvi pa ščistak zdravi ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Kak je boža vola ... (*Katici*): Vüpan, ka si zadaj na gnoji vö metala, pa nej ka bi mi v postelo vö brgüusala ... Samo kluuče v zamem pa idem z vama do gornje iže.

Koraki.

STORYTELLER: *The innkeeper walks away, the daughter whispers in her father's ear:*

KATICA: Father ...

TINEK: What is it?

KATICA: Have no fear, we shall run away.

TINEK: How can I not ... How can we escape the dog outside?

KATICA: I don't know ... We'll manage somehow. There's no other way. You saw what was in store for us ... My feeling was right.

TINEK: Jesus Christ, what are we to do, what are we to do ...

KATICA: I don't know.

STORYTELLER: *The innkeeper returns, carrying keys and candle in each hand.*

INKEEPER: Shall we?

TINEK and KATICA: Yes, yes ... We're coming in a minute ...

Tinek and Katica stand up, leave the table and head for the stairs. Music and dog barking outside.

INKEEPER: What was it that you wanted to ask me?

TINEK: When?

INKEEPER: Just before.

TINEK: I don't know. I can't remember.

INKEEPER: About the horses. Where they will go.

TINEK: Oh, you mean that?

INKEEPER: They'll go to the village fair.

TINEK: Are they yours?

INKEEPER: Who else's? Would I be selling other people's horses?

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Oštarjaš odijde, čerka pa zašepeče oči:*

KATICA: Oča ...

ŠKAFAROV TINEK: Ka je?

KATICA: ... nikaj se ne bojte, vujšla va.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ka se nem ... Kak va vujšla, če je vöni pes?!

KATICA: Ne vejn kak ... Že nikak ... Mogla va, vej ste sami vidli, ka nas tü čaka ... Nej je mene ščenke v prsih prle ščijpalo.

ŠKAFAROV TINEK: Jezus Kristus, ka va napravla, ka va napravla ...

KATICA: Ne ven ...

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Oštarjaš prijde nazaj, v ednoj rouki ma svejčo, v drüugoj pa klüüče.*

OŠTARJAŠ: Idemo?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK, KATICA: Ja, ja ... idemo, idemo ...

Tinek in Katica vstaneta izza mize, odpravijo se po stopnicah navzgor. Glasba in lajež psa zunaj.

OŠTARJAŠ: Ka ste me prle šteli pijtati?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Gda?

OŠTARJAŠ: Prle.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ne vejn. Ne spoumnen se.

OŠTARJAŠ: Kama mo konje pelali?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: A tou mislite?

OŠTARJAŠ: Na senje.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Vaši so?

OŠTARJAŠ: Čidi pa?! Mijslite, ka bom lücke konje udavau ...

STORYTELLER: *In the middle of the stairs, the candle suddenly goes out. Tinek thinks the innkeeper did it on purpose, but the innkeeper quickly adds:*

INKEEPER: It's so windy in here, so draughty ... Does anybody need a hand?

TINEK: Just go on ahead.

KATICA: No need ...

Footsteps.

STORYTELLER: *They reach the room in the darkness. The innkeeper unlocks the door and rushes to the window to block the moonlight.*

INNKEEPER: There, you can sleep here. The beds are made, just lie down. I'm not going down for another candle, now.

TINEK: Okay, thank you very much. We can sleep in the dark, yes.

INNKEEPER: Right. Good night!

TINEK: Yes, God willing.

INNKEEPER: Sleep tight.

TINEK, KATICA: Yes, good night ... Good night.

STORYTELLER: *The innkeeper closes the door behind him. There's a soft click, and his footsteps slowly fade out.*

KATICA: He's locked us in!

TINEK: What shall we do now?

STORYTELLER: *Katica jumps to the window and pulls the curtains aside.*

Katica pulling the curtains aside. Music.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Da so bilij na srejdi stuub, je svejča s čijstoga mira dol vgasnola. Škafarovomi Tineki se je vidilo, ka jo je oštarjaš san dol fudnu, oštarjaš pa se vö zgučavle:*

OŠTARJAŠ: Nekši veter fuda ... Tü je sigdar cuk ... Lejko dan šteromi rokou?

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Vij samo dele ite.

KATICA: Ne trebej.

Koraki.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *V kmici prijdejo do sobe, oštarjaš jo odklene, te pa letij naprej fironge fküper devati, ka ne bi puna luna notri sijala.*

OŠTARJAŠ: Evo, tü ta spala. Vse je napravljeno, lejko si samo dol ležeta. Ne bon zaj nazaj po svečo dol odo.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Dobro, fala ... Fala lepa ... spijva pa lejko tüt f kmici, ja, fala.

OŠTARJAŠ: Tak je. Pa lejko nouč.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Tako, fala, da ... Če bo boug dal, ja ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Dobro spita.

ŠKAFAROV TINEK, KATICA: Ja, lejko nouč ... Lejko nouč ...

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Oštarjaš zapre dveri za seuf, nekaj ščistak potiüü škrtne, te pa se njegovu koraki pomali zgübijo.*

KATICA: Zaklenu naj je!

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ka va pa zaj?

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Katica skoči do okna pa fkrej devlje firunge.*

Katica odgrne zavesu. Glasba.

KATICA: It's pretty high up here.

TINEK: I can't put it out of my mind. A human hand on my plate! Now we know where all those peasants, who never came home from Graz, went.

Katica trying to open the window.

KATICA: I can't ... It's bolted!

Music.

STORYTELLER: In the moonlight, Tinek Škafar notices something heavy hanging from the ceiling.

TINEK: What is that?

KATICA: It's a harrow!

TINEK: Sweet Jesus and Mary!

STORYTELLER: Tinek Škafar rummages for some tinder in his pocket and lights up the room for a brief moment. Above the bed, there hangs a heavy drag harrow with long and sharp metal points.

TINEK: Katica, look, the sheets are blood-stained! Oh, dear Lord in heaven and Virgin Mary! Now I know what he has in mind for us.

Katica still struggling to open the window.

TINEK: After we had fallen asleep, they would have dropped the harrow at us. And in a few days, we would have been someone's lunch ...

Dog barking in the yard.

KATICA: Father, let's go!

TINEK: Where to? Can't you see how high it is?

KATICA: Listen, I'll jump first, and you follow me, okay? I'll catch you down there.

KATICA: Preci visiko je tu.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Nemren pozabiti. Na tanjejri je bijla človeška roka ... Zaj znava, kama so vesnoli fsi voznijki, ka so vozili grofi pšenico v Gradec ...

Katica skuša odpreti okno.

KATICA: Nejde; dol je zabito ...

Glasba.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Škafarof Tinek v siji pune lune nekaj zapazi na stropi f sobi.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Ka pa je tou?

KATICA: Brana!

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Jezus Marija!

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Škafarof Tinek poišče v žepi kresilno gobo, pa soba grata za moment svetla. Na stropi je obejšena žmetna brana z düugimi, ostrimi zobami.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Katica, pogledni, kak je prt krvavej ... Jezus Kristus Bog Marija! Zaj znan, kakše namejne ma z nama!

Katica znova skuša odpreti okno.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Te da bi müva zaspala, bi na naj spüustili brano pa za nekaj dnij bi bila müva na tanjejri ...

Lajež psa z dvorišča.

KATICA: Oča, ideva!

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Kama va šla?! Ne vijdiš, kak je visiko?!

KATICA: Poslušajte, najprvo bom šla jes, te pa vij za menof skočite, dobro? Jes pa vas odspodi zgrabim.

TINEK: Oh, you are not as clever as you are strong, Katica. I think we'd better make a rope out of the sheets. It's much wiser than jumping on our heads from here.

STORYTELLER: They pull the blood-stained sheets from the bed, cutting and tying them into a makeshift rope.

Dog barking in the yard.

KATICA: Father, if the rope turns out too short, you just jump. It won't be far.

TINEK: Okay, okay. You jump soon after me, so the dog won't bite me in the meantime. Can't you hear him bark?

Music: folk song from Prekmurje.

STORYTELLER: In the blink of an eye, they are down. Before they can plan their next move, they hear a thud upstairs. Something has fallen on the bed.

TINEK: The harrow!

KATICA: Run for it!

Dog barking.

TINEK: Not to the yard, the dog is there!

KATICA: To the road, then!

TINEK: No, no, no! Not to the road.

KATICA: Where then?

TINEK: To the left, to the brook and bush!

Footsteps and music: folk song from Prekmurje.

STORYTELLER: The upstairs is suddenly alight, enter the innkeeper and farmhands.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: A, bole si močna, kak pametna, Katica! Rajši s prta napraviva vouže. Nede fejest močno, samo bouše de že kak če od tü na glavou skačeva.

***PRIPOVEDOVALEC:** S postele potegneta krvavi prt, ga razrejžeta pa napravita zasilno vouže.*

Lajež psa z dvorišča.

KATICA: Oča, če de vouže prekratko, vij samo skočite, nete meli visiko.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Dobro, dobro, dobro ... Tij pa friško za menof, ka nede prele pes pri meni. Čuješ, kak laja?!

Glasba: prekmurska ljudska pesem.

***PRIPOVEDOVALEC:** Eden dva trij sta oba nakli pa šče prle, kak se zgučita, kama ta šla, odzgora f sobi nekaj strašno zaruži pa spadne na postelo.*

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Brana!

KATICA: Bejživa!

Lajež psa.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Nej, nej na dvorišče, tan je pes!

KATICA: Te pa na cesto!

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Nej, nej, nej ... Ne na cesto ...

KATICA: Kama pa te?!

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Lejvo, k potoki. V grmouvje!

Koraki in glasba: prekmurska ljudska pesem.

***PRIPOVEDOVALEC:** Odzgora v sobi se vžge posvejt, notri prijdejo oštarjaš pa lapci.*

CRAZY FARMHAND: Where are they? There's nobody under the harrow ...

INNKEEPER: They escaped through the window!

CRAZY FARMHAND: That can't be! I've nailed the window with nails as thick as my finger ...

INNKEEPER: Quickly, follow them! If they run away, we're done for. We're doomed. Go release the dog from the chain. We have to find them, dead or alive ...

Music: accordion.

STORYTELLER: Tinek Škafar and his daughter run as fast as they can, chased by the dog, the innkeeper and his helpers.

Dog panting, wild chase.

STORYTELLER: The dog is barking like mad, making their blood run cold in their veins ... Father Tinek almost faints, breathless, halfway to the shrubs.

TINEK: Katica, dearest ... Save yourself, don't wait for me! Tell your mother I'm sorry for hitting her. I regret each blow and accept God's fair punishment ... Ask your mother to make a sign of the cross over me, when I lay on my deathbed and no to bear resentment in her heart. I never meant to harm anyone ...

STORYTELLER: Katica refuses to leave her father there. She grabs him by the chest and flings him over her back and dashes like the wind. Finally, they reach the shrubbery and a little later, the brook.

TINEK: Thank the Lord and our Lady from Turnišče!

KATICA: Amen!

NOURI LAPEC: Ge pa sta? Tü pod branof nega nikoga ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Vujšla sta! Nad okno!

NOURI LAPEC: Tou je nej mogouče. Jes san okno dol zabüü s tak velikimi cvekami, kak moj prst ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Za njima, pa friško! Če ta vujšla, te smo gotovi! Gotovi smo! Idi pa psa spusti! Moremo jiva najti, živiva ali mrtviva ...

Glasba: harmonika.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Škafarof Tinek pa Katica sta bejžala, kak friško sta mogla pa znala, za njima pa so z dvorišča krenuli pes, oštarjaš pa njegovi lapci ...

Dihanje psov, divja jaga.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Pes je tak lajau, ka jima je ledenejla krf v žilaj ... Oča Tinek je na pol pota do grmovja obnemogel, nej si je več mogeu odijavati, čistak je büü brez lufta.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Katica moja ... Ne čakaj me, bar tij se rejši! Povej materi, ka mi je žau, ka san jo vdaro. Za sakši krat, ka san jo tresno, mi je fejest žau pa bog de me kaštigau za tou tak, kak je praf ... Prosi mater, naj me fajn libeče pokrijža, da bon na trage ležau, pa naj f svojon srci ne gojij zamere do mene, ka san nigdar nej nikaj slaboga nikomi šteu ...

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Katica pa je očo nej štela pistiti, prijala ga je prejk prsi, si ga djala na rbet pa bejžala z njin, kak friško je mogla. Končno sta bila v grmovji pa skoro tüi že pri potoki.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Bogu hvala pa törniškoj Mariji! –

KATICA: Amen!

TINEK: It's not over yet, Katica dearest. We have to be very wise and go downstream with one leg in the water only, to confuse them. When we reach deeper water, we'll go upstream, you see? Uphill.

KATICA: Okay ...

***STORYTELLER:** Katica listens to her father, thinking to herself how clever he is. She gets teary-eyed, pondering what that dog would have done to them if it had caught them, when her father languished.*

Sound of river flowing. Music.

***STORYTELLER:** Feeling deep regret that she hasn't always been the best to him, she promises herself to be a better daughter if they make it home safely. Halfway up the stream, the dog, the innkeeper, and the farmhands reach the water. Father Tinek and his daughter Katica freeze in horror, but quickly snap to it and hide under a big bush, with only their heads peeking out of the water.*

TINEK: Katica ... it's important not to budge, now. Dogs have very sharp hearing.

Music: folk song from Prekmurje.

***STORYTELLER:** The innkeeper and the farmhands are pacing up and down the stream bank.*

Dog running and panting.

INNKEEPER: Where are they now? There's no way they will escape.

CRAZY FARMHAND: I think they went upstream.

INNKEEPER: What makes you think that?

CRAZY FARMHAND: Or downstream.

INNKEEPER: Have no fear, the dog will find them.

CRAZY FARMHAND: Maybe they went up a little, then down a little ... to fool us.

INNKEEPER: Blimey, how stupid you are!

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Nej je šče konec, Katica moja. Šče izda moreva biti, fejest paziti ... Malo va šla pouleg toka, z ednof nogouf po brejgi, z drüugof po vode, tak ka jij zamoutiva. Te pa da prideva do globoke vode, va šla nazaj proti toki! Razmiš? Po brejgi gor!

KATICA: Dobro ...

***PRIPOVEDOVALEC:** Katica poslúuša očo pa si mijsli, kak so oča čedni pa njoj skuze stoupijo v očij. Predstavla si, ka bi se jima lejko zgoudilo, če bi jüva pes zgrabil, da so oča nej več naprej mogli ...*

Šum reke. Glasba.

***PRIPOVEDOVALEC:** Žau ji je bilou, ka je nej sigdar z njimi prijazna bila pa si sana pri sebi obeča, ka de, če se rišijta, ešče boukša čerka, kak do zaj. Že sta šla nazaj po potoki, pa nej sta šče deleč prišla, da so pes, oštarjaš pa lapci prišli do potoka. Oča Tinek pa čerka Katica otrpneta od groze. Ležeta se pod velki grm, samo glava jima vö z vode gleda.*

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Katica ... Zaj se nesmiva več premeknoti ... Pes fejest dobro čüje!

Glasba: prekmurska ljudska pesem.

***PRIPOVEDOVALEC:** Oštarjaš pa lapci odijo gor pa dol pri potoki.*

Tek, sopenje psa.

OŠTARJAŠ: Ge sta zaj? Neta vidva meni vujšla!

NOURI LAPEC: Jes mijslin, ka sta šla gor po potoki.

OŠTARJAŠ: Zakoj tak mijsliš?

NOURI LAPEC: Eli pa dol.

OŠTARJAŠ: Nikaj se ne boj! Pes de jiva najšeu!

NOURI LAPEC: Mogouče pa sta šla najprle malo dol, te pa gor ... Ka bi nas zmejšala!

OŠTARJAŠ: Kak si tij nouri!

CRAZY FARMHAND: When I was little, I thought ...

Dogs barking in the distance. Dog panting.

INNKEEPER: Shut up! Look here. One of them stepped in the mud. See, how deep his foot sank?

CRAZY FARMHAND: How smart you are.

INNKEEPER: And here, this footstep is half-filled with water.

CRAZY FARMHAND: Oh, how smart you are.

INNKEEPER: They can't be very far.

CRAZY FARMHAND: You are so smart.

INNKEEPER: How they will scream when the dog eats them alive. Wouldn't it have been better to die under the harrow?

CRAZY FARMHAND: But what if they went up a while and then down ... to fool us?

Dogs barking in the distance. Dog panting.

INNKEEPER: Stop it, smart-ass!

CRAZY FARMHAND: I didn't mean ...

INNKEEPER: Go, run downstream!

CRAZY FARMHAND: I'd rather run along the stream and keep my feet dry.

INNKEEPER: I'll give you dry feet! You'll see lightening ...

CRAZY FARMHAND: Okay, I'm going, I'm going ...

INNKEEPER: Hurry up!

CRAZY FARMHAND: Yes, yes ...

INNKEEPER: If we don't find them, I'll put *you* on the dinner plate!

Footsteps.

NOURI LAPEC: Da san biu mali, san mislu ...

Lajež psov v daljavi. Sopenje psa.

OŠTARJAŠ: Tüu boj! Se gledaj! Tü je eden v blato stoupo! Gledaj, kak globoko se je njemi nouga pogreznola!

NOURI LAPEC: Kak ste vij pametni.

OŠTARJAŠ: Tü pa je voda stupaj samo do polovice zalijala ...

NOURI LAPEC: Ja, kak ste vij pametni.

OŠTARJAŠ: Nemreta biti deleč ...

NOURI LAPEC: Vij ste tak pametni.

OŠTARJAŠ: Friško za njima!

NOURI LAPEC: Vij ste tak pametni.

OŠTARJAŠ: Tou ta larmala, da de jiva pes trgau. Ne vejn, če je nej ležiša smrt pod branof ...

NOURI LAPEC: Ka pa, če sta šla najprvo malo dol, te pa nazaj gor, ka bi nas zmejšala?

Lajež psov v daljavi. Sopenje psa.

OŠTARJAŠ: Modrijaš, enjaj zaj!

NOURI LAPEC: Vej pa san nej nikaj šteu praviti ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Ajde, bejži! Po strügi dol!

NOURI LAPEC: Jes bi rajši bejžau pouleg potoka, ka ne bi möu mokrij noug.

OŠTARJAŠ: Boš vido, kak te fčesnen...!

NOURI HLAPEC: Že iden, že iden, že iden...!

OŠTARJAŠ: Friško!

NOURI LAPEC: Vepa ja, vepa ja ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Če jiva ne najdemo, boš ti na tanjejri.

Koraki.

CRAZY FARMHAND: It's always my fault. Even when I was little ... Who cares? Nobody pays any attention to me ...

STORYTELLER: The innkeeper and his farmhands are running downstream, their voices and the dog's barking slowly fading out.

TINEK: Thank the Lord and Our Lady of Turnišče! We have faced Death twice and escaped with our lives both times. God willing, we can even make it home in one piece. And I promise to put up a big token of appreciation for Jesus Christ, never to forget how He saved us, together with Our Lady of Turnišče.

KATICA: And I promise, father, I'll never speak out of line to you again. Please, forgive me.

TINEK: It's all right, Katica. I know you are a good person, that's all I care for. And I understand. No hard feelings. I was young, too, once. I've said some things I didn't mean, as well.

KATICA: I will help you raise the pillar.

TINEK: Thank you, thank you ... It will be done quicker if we do it together. Come, now. We must hurry to the village and to the Mayor.

Music: accordion

STORYTELLER: Said and done! Upon returning to the village, they told the Mayor what had happened. The poor man can hardly believe his ears. He summons all the armed men from the village and leads them to the tavern.

Music: accordion

STORYTELLER: Not long before that, the innkeeper and his farmhands returned home. Exhausted and in a bad mood since the two villagers got away, they dropped on their beds and fell asleep. The Mayor had nothing else to do but go from room to room, wake them up and tie them up. He then made them face the villagers in the very same inn where they served Tinek Škafar the human hand on a plate, asking them:

NOURI LAPEC: Sigdar san jes nekaj krijf, že da san büu mali, te san ... , pa koga tou briga, nišče se je nej nigdar nikaj za mene nikaj brigau ...

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Oštarjaš pa lapci bežijo dol po potoki, njüuvi glasouvi pa lajanje pesa se je pomali ne čüjejo več.*

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Fala Bougi pa törniškou Mariji! Dvakrat sva bila v smrtnej nevarnosti pa obakrat sva se rejšila! Če Boug da, va mogouče šče srečno prišla domou. Jes si obečan, ka postaviva velko znamenje f čast Jezusi, ka neva nigdar pozabila, kak sta naj Boug pa törniška Marija rejšila!

KATICA: Jes pa, oča, ka ne bon nigdar več obregasta do vas. Prosin vas, odpüstite mi.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Nikaj nej, Katica, znan, ka si dober človik pa meni je samo tou važno. Pa razmin te tütj, nigdar san ti nej nikaj zamero, jes san tütj ednouk büu mladi, pa sam včasi pravo kaj, ka san nej resno mislo.

KATICA: Jes van pomoren napraviti to znamenje.

ŠKAFAROF TINEK: Fala. Fala. Če va dva, de prle napravleno. Zaj pa odi, friško v ves pa k župani!

Glasba: harmonika.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Kak sta pravila, tak sta tüdi napravila! Prišla sta v ves, šla k župani pa jemi fse dol povedala, točno tak, kak se je zgoudilo! Župan je najprle nej mogeu vrvati, te pa je fküp pouzvau oborožene moške. Vsi fküper so šli dol do oštarije.*

Glasba: harmonika.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: *Nej dugo toga, ka so prišli nazaj tütj oštarjaš pa lapci. Fejst trüjdni, sčrpani pa slabe vole zavolo neuspešne lovine so si dol legli pa fčasi zaspali. Župan je nej möu drüugoga dela, kak da je šou od sobe do sobe, od postele do postele, jih zbidüu pa zvezau. Te je je dau fse prignati v oštarijo, v tisto, v šteri je oštarjaš za večerjo dau pred Škafarovoga Tineka človeško rokou. Da so vküp prišli, jij je pijtau:*

MAYOR: Do you know these two people?

***STORYTELLER:** The innkeeper and the farmhands grow pale. They can't believe their eyes. Standing before them alive and well are the father and daughter from Bratonci, whom they chased the whole night before. The perpetrators are so stunned they can't utter a word. Their reaction confirms the account of the fugitives, so the Mayor demands to see the harrow which took the lives of so many honest peasants from Bratonci! So, they all go up the steep stairs, the Mayor opens the door to the room – and there it is! The harrow that fell on the bed last night.*

MAYOR: How many people have died under this?

***STORYTELLER:** The innkeeper falls silent. The Mayor can tell his heart is stone cold.*

CRAZY FARMHAND: He's downstairs in the basement, sir. But I didn't want to do it, they forced me. I thought it was pork. It tastes the same, all right ...

INNKEEPER: Shame on you, you Judas!

CRAZY FARMHAND: Go down to the basement, sir. The meat in the big tub is human, the one in the small tub is pork, I guess ...

INNKEEPER: Shame on you, bloody Judas!

CRAZY FARMHAND: I just wanted to help, that's all. I wanted to do good.

***STORYTELLER:** They find the stables full of horses. And no one can explain where they came from. The crazy farmhand who can't stop talking explains that they take the horses and carts to distant fairs and sell the once the stables are full.*

MAYOR: You ghastly beasts! You heartless creatures with no conscience.

***STORYTELLER:** The Mayor then ordered all human flesh to be taken to the graveyard and be buried in a Christian manner. I'll say, it was one of the saddest burials ever.*

ŽUPAN: Poznate vij teva dva?

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Oštarjaš pa lapci so blejdi gratali. Nej so mogli vrvati svojin očan. Pred njimi sta stala oča pa čerka z Bratonec, tista dva, šteriva so cejlo nouč zabadaf lovijli. Bila sta žijviva pa zdraviva. Nišče od nij je nej mogeu s sebe spraviti niti ene rejči, tak so bili šokejrani. Po njüuvoj reakciji je župan sprevido, ka sta oča pa čerka z Bratonec istino gučala. Zahtejvau je od oštarjaša, ka naj jemi pokaže tisto brano, pod šterof je mrlo teliko poštenij bratonskij kmetof! Že so šli gor po strmij stubaj, župan je oudpro vrata pa so na posteli zaglednoli brano, štera je vnoči spadnola s stropa.

ŽUPAN: Kelko lidij je mrlo pod touf branof?!

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Oštarjaš je na tou nikaj nej pravo, samo je dol gledau pa župan je vido, ka je njegovu srce čisto zakrknjeno.

NOURI LAPEC: Udspodi f klejti ga mamu, gospoud. Samo jes san nej büu pouleg, mene so prisijlili. Jes san mislo, ka je tou svinja, glij takšega žmaja je ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Sren te boj, Juda Iškarijot!

NOURI LAPEC: Samo dol po stubaj ite, pa f klejt. Tisto v vekšoj kadi je človek, v menjšoj pa lekaj pujcek ...

OŠTARJAŠ: Sren te boj, prekprokleti Juda!

NOURI LAPEC: Jes san šteu samo pomagati ... jes san šteu samo dobro.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: V livaj so najšli dosta konjof. Pa je nišče nej znau pojasniti, od ge so jij doubili. Nouri lapec, tisti, ka je nej mogeu enjati gučati, pa je te razložo, ka so mogli, da se je v livaj nabralo zadosta konjof, po oštarjašovon naročili na živinsko senje jako jako deleč pelati; tan so oudali koula pa živijno.

ŽUPAN: Grozne zverijne ste, vragouvje, stvouri brez srca pa vestij.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Se človeško mesou je dal župan odpelati na cintor pa krščansko pokopati. Tou je büu eden od najbolje žalostnij sprevodof na zemli, bi pravo.

Music: folk song from Prekmurje, accordion. Rural sounds (millstone, bean-husking, geese, wind).

STORYTELLER: *Father Tinek and his Katica then returned home, had a rest and some food. Tinek gave his wife Gela the necklace and promised never to hit her again. Gela was happy they were finally home. Soon after, the father and daughter went to Turnišče to thank Our Lady. On the way, they pondered about the plans that God had in store for them. Only he knew what they were! They made a resolution to try to be as honest and loving as possible, even more than before. Not to forget their good intentions, they commemorated their salvation with a sign of the Christ on a pillar by the road leading from Bratonci to Dokležovje. A stone Jesus, supporting his head with his hand as if in deep mourning.*

Music: accordion.

STORYTELLER: *Some say that Our Lord is sad because His Church here in Slovenia has stolen so much from the poor by amassing money, lying and cheating and never publicly condemning those who pushed all these poor people into poverty. It has even chosen criminals and shamelessly looked the other way ... all in the name of Jesus Christ? Shameless. No wonder the stone Jesus looks so contrite. Others say he is in mourning because the politicians have succeeded in deeply dividing the Slovenian people. "You are done for, poor people," he thinks to himself. If you do not stand up for the common good, solidarity, clean nature, equality, justice, dignity, the welfare state and the rule of law ... you are doomed. If you let the crooks rule, you are doomed."*

Music: accordion. Ambiance of a village tavern.

STORYTELLER: *The last time we drove to Dokležovje, Jesus wasn't on the pillar. Rumour has it that he was seen at the protests. Not only in Murska Sobota, but in Maribor and Ljubljana, as well. In Maribor, they say he was arrested for throwing paving stones at the Police, while in Ljubljana, he was billed for organising the protests. Which is ultimately very true, dear listeners ... Jesus Christ was, is and will always be the main initiator of the struggle against injustice. We can only look up to him. Amen!*

Music: accordion.

Glasba: prekmurska ljudska pesem, harmonika. Zvoki podeželja (mlinski kamen, luščenje fižola, gosi, veter).

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Oča pa Katica sta šla nazaj domov. Malo sta si odejnola pa nekaj maloga pojela. Oča Tinek je dal ženi Geli lancek pa joj obečal, ka je nigdar več nede vdaro. Gela pa je pravila samo ka sta srečno nazaj. Te sta se pa šla zahvalit tórniškoj Mariji. Po pouti sta se pogočavala, ka ma Boug ž njima šče kakše drüuge plane ... kakše, tou pa zna samo on! Glavno je, ka ta zdaj ob sakšoj prijliki probala poštena biti pa dobro delati – ešče bole kak prle. Ka toga, ka sta si gor djala, svojoga dobroga ne bi pozabila, pa f spomin na svojo rešijtef sta pouleg ceste, štera pela iz Böltinec v Dokležovje, nasproti Bratonec postavila pil – kameno podobo Jezuš, štera zaj ma glavou na rokou naslonjeno kak človek, šteri nekaj jako žalüvle.

Glasba: harmonika.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Edni pravijo, ka je njemi zaj f ton časi fejest žau, ka je njegova cerkev tü v Sloveniji tak dosta siromakon pokrala, bogatijla, lagala pa nigdar nej javno obsoudila tiste, šteri so bougi narod v srmaštvo tiral, samo je šče celou z zločincami fküp držala pa je brez sakšoga srama krej gledala ... Pa fse tou v imeni Jezuš Kristuš? Ka jij je te nej sran?!? Nej čüдно, ka se Jezuš Kristuš na kamni tak žalostno držij. Drüugi pa pravijo, ka je Jezuš žalosten, da gleda, kak so nas politiki Slovence med sebof skrejgali. Pa si mijsli, gotovi ste, moji Slovenci, gotovi. Če nete fküper stoupili za dobro fsej nas, za solidarno drüužbo, za čijsto naravo, za enakopravnost, pravico, dostojanstvo, za socialno pa pravno državo... ste gotovi. Če te pistijli, ka van vladajo lopovi, ste gotovi.

Glasba: harmonika. Zvoki vaške gostilne.

PRIPOVEDOVALEC: Nazadnje, da san se pelau v Dokležovje, Jezuš Kristuš na kami nej bilou. Čüu san, ka so ga vidili na protestaj, nej samo f Soboti, tüj v Maribori pa v Lubljani. V Maribori so ga dol zaprli, zatou ka naj bi granitne kocke f policijo metau. V Lubljani pa so jemi položnico dali, zatou, ka je on lekaj glavni organizator protestof bil. Ve tou je istina, dragi moji ... Jezuš Kristuš je sigdar büu, je, pa bou glavni organizator borbe prouti krivican ... Tak ka nan je lejko dober zgled. Amen.

Glasba: harmonika.