

Jeerio tries to find a job

In the land of flaid¹s there lived a promising young man, Jeerio by name, who was interested in Alchemy and Logarithms and Sailing Ships and Chronometers, and everything else a young flaid should be interested in, and more.

He lived in his Mom's house in lower Flaid Land, and when his mother told him she was fed up with his sleeping all day, and napping all night, and said he was getting too big for his desk, and really ought to go out and seek a living, why then Jeerio was terribly sorry, for you see, he liked sleeping.

He knew that packing for a trip was important, so he took with him four books on Alchemy, four books on Logarithms, four books on Sailing Ships, and three books on Chronometers, because he couldn't find a fourth. He knew he would have to eat, so he took a flask of water, ten sandwiches left over from lunch, and fourteen salami rolls.

He had not been gone for ten minutes, before he returned and picked up his umbrella, a change of underwear, a soup pot and a packet of spices, two mugs with pictures of monsters on them, and his pillow.

Jeerio prøver at finde et arbejde

I flaidernes¹ land boede der en lovende ung mand ved navn Jeerio, som var interesseret i Alkymi og Logaritmer og Sejlskibe og Kronometre, og alt det andet en ung flaid burde være interesseret i og mere til.

Han boede i sin mors hus i Nedre Flaidland, og da hans mor sagde til ham, at hun havde fået nok af, at han sov hele dagen og tog lure hele natten, og at han var blevet for stor til sit skrivebord og virkelig burde gå ud og finde noget at leve af, ja, så blev Jeerio forfærdelig ked af det for, ser du, han var glad for at sove.

Han vidste, at det var vigtigt at pakke til en tur, så han tog fire bøger om Alkymi, fire bøger om Logaritmer, fire bøger om Sejlskibe og tre bøger om Kronometre med sig, fordi han ikke kunne finde en fjerde. Han vidste, at han blev nødt til at have noget at spise, så han tog en flaske vand, ti sandwiches, der blev til overs fra frokosten, og fjorten boller med spegepølse.

Han havde dårligt været ude i ti minutter, før han kom tilbage for at hente sin paraply, et sæt undertøj, en suppegryde og en pakke krydderier, to kopper med billeder af monstre på og sin pude.

1 "Flaid" udtales som "fladt"

He thought for a minute, and added a folding chair, a thick pad of paper, at least twice as many pencils as he'd possibly need, and a pencil eraser.

His pet poodle, Twain, was not forgotten. He was to trail along.

On the evening before the Birthday of the Former King, Jeerio and Twain set off. It was a wonderful evening, and the sun was setting, as it so often does, and the birds were singing in the trees—polkas and waltzes, mostly. The trees were bright and green, and there were bright colored flowers on the grass, and very often a squirrel or a rabbit scampered by. Jeerio felt that anything could happen—a job or an entire adventure.

They met very few other flaidis. Perhaps they didn't want to get in the way of the view, or perhaps, as Twain believed, Jeerio should take a bath more often.

I should tell you something about flaidis. They are taller than human beings, with very big, flat heads. They have small eyes and very large mouths, which fortunately are usually smiling. Jeerio wore a tall conical hat with a bell on the top and a turned-up brim, a shirt and pants in very different colors, a cape, and no shoes on his very large feet. None of this was at all unusual for a flaid, although Jeerio felt that his hat was taller and finer than other

Han tænkte sig om et øjeblik og tilføjede en klapstol, en tyk notesblok, mindst dobbelt så mange blyanter, som han nogensinde ville få brug for, og et viskelæder.

Hans puddel Twain blev heller ikke glemt. Han måtte selv følge med.

Aftenen før Den Tidligere Konges Fødselsdag tog Jeerio og Twain af sted. Det var en vidunderlig aften, solen var ved at gå ned, som den så ofte gør, og fuglene sang i træerne - mest polkaer og vals. Træerne var kraftigt grønne, og der var farvestrålende blomster i græsset, og tit kom der et egern eller en kanin hoppende forbi. Jeerio følte, at alt kunne ske - et arbejde eller et helt eventyr.

De mødte meget få andre flaidier. Måske ville de ikke skygge for udsigten, eller måske - mente Twain - burde Jeerio gå i bad oftere.

Jeg burde først fortælle jer lidt om flaiderne. De er højere end mennesker, med meget store, flade hoveder. De har små øjne og meget store munde, der heldigvis som regel smiler. Jeerio gik med en høj, kegleformet hat med en bjælde på toppen og en opadvendt skygge, en trøje og bukser i meget forskellige farver, en kappe og ingen sko på sine meget store fødder. Intet af dette var usædvanligt for en flaid, selv om Jeerio syntes, at hans hat var både

flaids' hats.

It was late in the evening when Jeerio decided to pitch camp, near a burbling stream. He had been walking without stop for many hours, and he was quite tired. Twain was also tired, and said so. Dogs, cats, and many other animals can talk in Flaid Land. They might be able to talk here if they tried harder, which they usually don't.

"How far do you think we've gone?" asked Jeerio, as he set up the folding chair.

"I bet we've gone halfway through Flaid Land," answered Twain.

"I'm going to make soup," said Jeerio.

Jeerio gathered water from the burbling stream, and looked around for ingredients he could add to his soup. He found some chilliee plants, which are something like lettuce but spicy, and some bird's eggs, and put those in the pot, along with some salami, the packet of spices, and a sandwich. He built a fire and boiled the soup over it. He thought of adding a lizard's eye and some bat wings, but that might render the soup poisonous, and even create a magic spell, once he recited:

*Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.*

højere og finere end andre flaiders hatte.

Det var sent om aftenen, da Jeerio besluttede sig for at slå lejr ved en klukkende bæk. Han havde gået uden stop i mange timer og var ret træt. Twain var også træt, og det sagde han. Hunde, katte og mange andre dyr kan tale i Flaidland. Måske kunne de også tale hér, hvis de prøvede hårdere, hvilket de normalt ikke gør.

"Hvor langt tror du, vi er nået?" spurgte Jeerio, mens han slog sin klapstol op.

"Jeg tør vædde på, at vi er nået halvvejs gennem Flaidland", svarede Twain.

"Jeg laver noget suppe," sagde Jeerio.

Jeerio tog noget vand fra den klukkende bæk og kiggede sig omkring efter ingredienser, han kunne putte i sin suppe. Han fandt nogle tjilliplanter, der minder lidt som salat, men er stærke, og nogle fugleæg, og puttede dem i gryden sammen med noget salami, pakken med krydderier og en sandwich. Han byggede et bål og kogte suppen over det. Han overvejede at tilføje et firbens øje og flagermusevinger, men det kunne gøre suppen giftig og endda resultere i en trylledrik, når først han reciterede:

*Boble, boble, kval fordoble
blusse bål og kedel boble. ⁱ*

He had learned about that sort of thing in his Alchemy books.

Den slags havde han lært om fra sine Alkymibøger.

He laid down on the grass, waiting for the soup to be done, and read aloud from one of his books on Alchemy.

Han lagde sig i græsset, ventede på, at suppen blev færdig, og læste højt fra én af sine bøger om Alkymi.

"Chapter one. Theory," he read.

"Kapitel ét. Teori," læste han.

Twain squirmed.

Twain vred sig.

"Alchemy is the art of making substances into other substances; while Higher Alchemy is the art of finding the Primordial Matter.

"Alkymi er kunsten at lave materialer om til andre materialer; mens Højere Alkymi er kunsten at finde Urmaterien."

"Here is an interesting experiment in Alchemy. Take a triple-X flask of water, heat it over a flame of sodium, and add ammonia, lye, parsley, fingernail scrapings, naphtha, and orpiment. Cover the flask, distill for three hours, and heat the distillate, which will be a bright neon brown. Shout "Pyrzqzyl" over the roaring flames, and the distillate will ooze up, assuming the color of bread mold, take on a variety of shapes, and finally splash gaily onto your desk.'

"Her er et interessant eksperiment i Alkymi. Tag en flaske vand med tre krydser på, opvarm den over en natriumflamme, tilføj ammoniak, lud, persille, fingernegleskrab, nafta og auripigment. Dæk flasken til, lad det opløse i tre timer og opvarm derefter opløsningen, som bør være klart neonbrun. Råb "Pyrzqzyl" over de brølende flammer og opløsningen vil boble op, få en mug-agtig kulør, antage en række former og til sidst plaske muntert ud over Deres skrivebord."

"I think I'll try that," he remarked. "Don't you think I should?"

"Det tror jeg, jeg prøver," bemærkede han. "Synes du ikke, jeg skulle?"

"I think you should tend to the soup," said Twain.

"Jeg synes, du skulle tage dig af suppen," sagde Twain.

Jeerio looked at the soup. It *was* done. He served it into the monster mugs, one for himself and one for Twain. I don't think you would have liked it—perhaps Jeerio should have washed the eggs first, and taken the bread off the sandwich—but the flavor was certainly rich and interesting.

Jeerio cleaned up the pot and the mugs afterward—his mother could not do this, because she was back home—and went to bed, yawning dreadfully.

In the morning, they had scarcely been on the road for an hour before they came upon a Dragon. Dragons are common enough in Flaid Land; this one was the size of a small house, perhaps a bungalow, with shiny scaly skin like a snake, batlike wings, fiery eyes, a horn on his head, and a row of sharp spikes down his back. He was bright green. When he breathed, hot steam came out of his nostrils.

"Oh, hello," said Jeerio cheerfully. "I presume you are a Plundering Pyrosaur?"

"I am that which you say," said the dragon, speaking haughtily, as dragons do.

"What's your name?"

"Carnivorous Unanimous the Twenty-

Jeerio kiggede til suppen. Den *var* færdig. Han serverede den i monsterkopperne, én til sig selv og én til Twain. Jeg tror ikke, du havde kunnet lide den - måske burde Jeerio have vasket æggene først eller taget brødet ud af sandwichen - men smagen var i hvert fald kraftig og interessant.

Jeerio gjorde gryden og kopperne rene bagefter - det kunne hans mor ikke, for hun var derhjemme - og gik i seng, mens han gabte noget så forfærdeligt.

Næste morgen havde de dårligt været undervejs i en time før de stødte på en Drage. Drager er almindelige nok i Flaidland; denne her var på størrelse med et lille hus, måske en bungalow, med skinnende, skællet hud som en slange, flagermuseagtige vinger, glødende øjne, et horn på hovedet og en række skarpe pigge ned langs ryggen. Han var kraftigt grøn. Når han åndede ud, kom der varm damp ud af hans næsebor.

"Nåh, halløj," sagde Jeerio muntert. "Jeg går ud fra, at du er en Plyndrende Pyrosaur?"

"Jeg er dét, som du siger," sagde dragen og talte overlegent, som drager gør.

"Hvad hedder du?"

"Kødæder Allesteder den Treogtyvende."

third."

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"Oh. I'm Jeerio."

"Nåh. Jeg hedder Jeerio."

Carnivorous Unanimous the Twenty-third grinned, showing a large number of sharp teeth, each with valuable gold fillings.

Kødæder Allesteder den Treogtyvende smilede og viste et stort sæt skarpe tænder frem, mange af dem med kostbare guldplomber.

"What brings you out so early, so early in the morning?" asked the dragon, in a sort of mocking sing-song.

"Hvad er grunden til, at du er så tidligt, så tidligt på færde?" spurgte dragen i et hånligt tonefald.

"I am searching for an occupation," said Jeerio.

"Jeg leder efter et job," sagde Jeerio.

"An occupation? Is that the name for that beastly gray animal?"

"Et job? Er det navnet på det stygge grå dyr dér?"

"I'm not a beastly animal, I'm a dog," said Twain.

"Jeg er ikke et stygt dyr, jeg er en hund," sagde Twain.

"It can speak!" said Carnivorous, as if surprised. "What's your name?"

"Det kan tale!" sagde Kødæder, som om han var overrasket. "Hvad er dit navn?"

"Twain," replied Twain. "And I come of a high imperial lineage. I date back to St. George's poodle."

"Twain," svarede Twain. "Og jeg er af fornem kejserlig slægt. Jeg nedstammer fra Sankt Georgs puddel."

"I date back to St. George's dragon and farther," said Carnivorous.

"Min familie går tilbage til Sankt Georgs drage og længere endnu," sagde Kødæder.

"How far?" asked Jeerio.

"Hvor langt?" spurgte Jeerio.

"To Arlemange of the Burning Mesa of the Barbarian Plains," replied Carnivorous.

"What does *that* mean?" asked Twain.

"I don't know," said the dragon.

Perhaps it felt embarrassed by this answer, because it paused to clean its back paws. It did this by breathing fire on them, burning off anything that shouldn't be there.

"Sorry to go—" began Jeerio.

"Oh, I can't let you go," interrupted Carnivorous. "It would be totally against the rules of Dragonry! Think of what Arlemange would say!"

"I must go," objected Jeerio. And he walked boldly forward.

"No!" protested Carnivorous, and he aimed a blow at Jeerio's flat head. "I guard the castle of Burntup the magician, and I am under very strict orders not to let a flaid, human, iliu, or even an Ant to cross! If I disobeyed, I'd be painted blue!"

"What's wrong with that?" asked Twain.

"Til Arl den Sorte af den Brændende Mesa på Barbarsletterne," svarede Kødæder. ⁱⁱⁱ

"Hvad betyder *det*?" spurgte Twain.

"Det ved jeg ikke," sagde dragen.

Måske var den lidt flov over det svar, for den stoppede for at rense sine bagpoter. Det gjorde den ved at spy ild på dem og brænde alt væk, der ikke skulle være der.

"Jeg beklager, men vi må videre - " begyndte Jeerio.

"Jeg kan skam ikke lade jer gå," afbrød Kødæder. "Det ville være fuldstændig imod god Drageskik! Tænk på hvad Arl den Sorte ville sige!"

"Jeg må altså videre," insisterede Jeerio. Og så gik han beslutsomt af sted.

"Nej!" protesterede Kødæder, og rettede et slag mod Jeerios flade hoved. "Jeg bevogter troldmanden Udbrændts slot, og jeg har fået meget strenge ordrer om ikke at lade nogen flaid, noget menneske, nogen iliu, nej ikke engang en Myre komme forbi! Hvis jeg ikke adlød, ville jeg blive malet blå!"

"Hvad er der galt i det?" spurgte Twain.

"Would you like to be painted blue?"

"Ville du gerne males blå?"

"Certainly not."

"Bestemt ikke."

"Then you know how I feel," said Carnivorous, and shuddered.

"Så ved du, hvordan jeg har det," sagde Kødæder og gøs.

There was a lull in the conversation. No one knew exactly what to say. Jeerio's mother had taught him things to say to strangers, such as "What is your name?" or "What do you do for a living?" or "There has been a lot of trouble with dragons lately, hasn't there?" But he already knew the answer to the first two questions, and the third one did not seem polite.

Der var en pause i samtalen. Ingen vidste rigtig, hvad de skulle sige. Jeerios mor havde lært ham ting at sige til fremmede såsom "Hvad hedder du?" eller "Hvad er dit arbejde?" eller "Der har godt nok været en del drageproblemer på det sidste, har der ikke?" Men han kendte allerede svarene på de første to spørgsmål, og det tredje virkede ikke så høfligt.

Jeerio sighed. "How am I going to find a job," he said reproachfully, "if I can't venture on?"

Jeerio sukkede. "Hvordan skal jeg finde et arbejde," sagde han anklagende, "hvis jeg ikke kan fortsætte min færd?"

"I know, I know," said the dragon. "A lot of people try to touch my conscience or my good nature, but I'm much too afraid of being painted blue to worry about things like that. I'm very sorry, but Burntup won't allow it. Please, go another way. I'm getting a sore throat."

"Jeg ved det, jeg ved det," sagde dragen. "Masser af mennesker prøver at tale til min samvittighed eller min gode side, men jeg er alt for bange for at blive malet blå til at bekymre mig om den slags. Jeg beklager meget, men Udbrændt vil ikke tillade det. Vær søde at gå en anden vej. Jeg er ved at få ondt i halsen."

"Drink from the moat," suggested Jeerio.

"Drik af voldgraven," foreslog Jeerio.

"I know that trick," said Carnivorous. "When I'm gone, you'll zip by, and I'll get painted. Nothing doing. Go the other way; it goes to Syxesteer. Flaid's there, too. But

"Det trick kender jeg godt," sagde Kødæder. "Mens jeg er væk, smutter I forbi, og jeg bliver malet. Der er ikke noget at gøre. Gå den anden vej; den

you mustn't come this way."

fører til Syxesteer. Der er også flaidér dér. Men I må ikke gå denne vej."

"Oh, all right," said Jeerio.

"Nåh, fint nok så," sagde Jeerio.

"Where does the road go on from there?" asked Twain.

"Hvor går vejen hen herfra?" spurgte Twain.

"It goes everywhere in the world," said Carnivorous.

"Den går alle steder hen i hele verden," sagde Kødæder.

Twain supposed that this was a riddle. Jeerio's riddles were mostly about grapes, or Alchemy, and so Twain preferred not to try to guess it.

Twain gik ud fra, at dette var en gåde. Jeerios gåder handlede mest om vindruer, eller Alkymi, så Twain foretrak ikke at forsøge at gætte den.

Jeerio and Twain took the road to Syxesteer.

Jeerio og Twain tog vejen til Syxesteer.

Not much further on, they came upon a large brown bird, which was hopping about on the grass. Very often it would stop, puff out its chest, and make a sort of honking burping sound. It was bigger than a chicken, and looked twice as large as it was, with a tail-fan of long brown feathers it held proudly out.

Ikke meget længere fremme mødte de en stor, brun fugl, der hoppede omkring på græsset. Ret ofte stoppede den, pustede sit bryst op og lavede en slags båtrende, bøvsende lyd. Den var større end en høne og så dobbelt så stor ud, som den var, med en halevifte af lange, brune fjer, som den holdt stolt frem.

Jeerio and Twain stopped to watch it. It continued hopping around and burping.

Jeerio og Twain stoppede for at kigge på den. Den fortsatte med at hoppe rundt og bøvse.

"Can you talk?" Jeerio asked it. "If not, I think you might make a good dinner."

"Kan du tale?" spurgte Jeerio. "Hvis ikke tror jeg, at du ville være god som aftensmad."

"I can talk, I can talk," said the bird, and honked once more.

"You can say 'I can talk,' but maybe you can't actually talk," suggested Twain.

"I *can* talk," insisted the bird; but Twain still looked skeptical.

"If you can talk, what are you?" asked Jeerio.

"I am a Maichmadder," said the bird. "I am by far the most important bird for at least a hundred feet around."

Jeerio and Twain looked around, but didn't see any birds closer than that anyway. They had to admit, however, that the Maichmadder looked very important.

"Why do you honk like that?" asked Jeerio. "Are you sick?"

The Maichmadder looked offended for a moment, puffed itself up, and honked. "My call is a signal," it explained. "The meaning of the signal is that I am by far the most important bird in this area."

"There aren't any other birds here," said Twain.

"Jeg kan tale, jeg kan tale," sagde fuglen og båttede igen.

"Du kan sige 'jeg kan tale', men måske kan du rent faktisk ikke tale," foreslog Twain.

"Jeg *kan* tale," insisterede fuglen; men Twain så stadig skeptisk ud.

"Hvis du kan tale, hvad er du så?" spurgte Jeerio.

"Jeg er en Maichmadder," sagde fuglen. "Jeg er langt den vigtigste fugl i mindst hundrede fods omkreds."

Jeerio og Twain kiggede sig omkring, men kunne alligevel ikke se nogle fugle tættere på end dét. De måtte dog indrømme, at Maichmadderens så meget vigtig ud.

"Hvorfor bårter du sådan?" spurgte Jeerio. "Er du syg?"

Maichmadderens så fornærmet ud et øjeblik, pustede sig op og båttede. "Mit kald er et signal," forklarede den. "Signalet betyder, at jeg er den vigtigste fugl her i området."

"Der er ingen andre fugle i nærheden," sagde Twain.

"That is because they have understood the signal," said the Maichmadder.

"Det er fordi, de har forstået signalet," sagde Maichmadder.

"What do you do for a living?" asked Jeerio.

"Hvad laver du til daglig?" spurgte Jeerio.

"I eat insects," said the bird. "However, I do this to support myself. My primary purpose is to be the most important bird in this area. In fact," it added, with a honk-burp, "you shouldn't be here."

"Jeg spiser insekter," sagde fuglen. "Det gør jeg dog kun for at klare dagen og vejen. Mit formål i livet er at være den vigtigste fugl her i området. Faktisk," tilføjede den med en båt-bøvs, "burde I slet ikke være her."

"Why not?"

"Hvorfor ikke?"

"This is my area, and no other birds are allowed here."

"Dette er mit område, og andre fugle har ingen adgang her,"

"I'm not a bird, I'm a flaid," said Jeerio.

"Jeg er ikke en fugl, jeg er en flaid," sagde Jeerio.

"I'm not either, but I am a dog, and a hungry one," added Twain.

"Det er jeg heller ikke, men jeg er en hund, og en sulten én," tilføjede Twain.

The Maichmadder turned its head sideways and looked at them, then turned its head the other way and looked at them again.

Maichmadder lagde hovedet på siden, kiggede på dem og lagde derefter hovedet på den anden side og kiggede på dem igen.

"Very well," it said. "As you are not birds, you may stay here for a time. However, you must tell me, as the most important bird in this area, what you are doing here."

"Udmærket," sagde den. "Da I ikke er fugle, kan I blive i et stykke tid. I skal dog fortælle mig, som den vigtigste fugl her i området, hvad I laver her."

"I'm walking on the road," said Jeerio.

"Jeg går på vejen," sagde Jeerio.

"You are seeking adventure?" asked the bird.

"Yes, that's it," said Jeerio, thinking that the bird was more intelligent than he had thought.

"You have no equipment," said the Maichmadder.

"I do! I have books, and a soup pot, and a pillow, and all sorts of things!"

"My dear flaid, for an adventure you need a sword and a shield. These are required to fight the fierce enemies you will meet."

Jeerio was inclined to argue with this, but he was worried that the Maichmadder might be right. People sometimes started off an adventure without a sword, but sooner or later it seemed that they needed one.

"Do you know where I can get one?" he asked.

"I have checked this area thoroughly, and have not seen even one," said the bird. "If there were one here, I would know about it."

"Er du på eventyr?" spurgte fuglen.

"Ja, lige netop," sagde Jeerio og tænkte, at fuglen var mere intelligent end han først havde troet.

"Du har intet udstyr," sagde Maichmadder.

"Jo jeg har! Jeg har bøger og en suppegryde og en pude, og alle mulige ting!"

"Min gode flaid, på et eventyr har du brug for et sværd og et skjold. De er nødvendige for at bekæmpe de grusomme fjender, du vil møde."

Jeerio havde lyst til at komme med et modsvar, men var bange for, at Maichmadder måske havde ret. Folk tog nogle gange afsted på eventyr uden et sværd, men før eller siden lod det til, at de fik brug for ét.

"Ved du, hvor jeg kan få fat i ét?" spurgte han.

"Jeg har undersøgt området grundigt og har ikke set et eneste," sagde fuglen. Hvis der var ét her, ville jeg vide det."

It puffed out its chest and honked again.

Den pustede brystet op og båttede igen.

"In that case, we'll have to keep on," said Jeerio. "Goodbye."

"I så fald bliver vi nødt til at gå videre," sagde Jeerio. "Farvel."

"Goodbye," said the bird. "If you find another Maichmadder—a female Maichmadder, mind you—you may invite her to my area."

"Farvel," sagde fuglen. "Hvis I finder en anden Maichmadder - en hun-Maichmadder vel at mærke - må I gerne invitere hende til mit område."

Jeerio promised to do so, and they travelled on.

Det lovede Jeerio at gøre, og de fortsatte.

"I wish he had been dinner," said Twain. "Do you think you'll get a shield and sword?"

"Jeg ville ønske, han havde været aftensmad," sagde Twain. "Tror du, du får et skjold og et sværd?"

"What do you think?"

"Hvad tror du?"

"No," replied Twain. "Aren't you looking for a job?"

"Nej," svarede Twain. "Leder du ikke efter et arbejde?"

"Of course, but I'm looking for adventure, too."

"Selvfølgelig, men jeg leder også efter et eventyr."

"If you get a job, how can you go on adventures? Where would you put your shield and sword?"

"Hvis du får et arbejde, hvordan vil du så tage på eventyr? Hvad ville du gøre af dit skjold og sværd?"

"I could look for adventures on weekends," Jeerio pointed out. "I could find some Dwarfs—they always have adventures to share—or an evil wizard, or a medium-sized monster, one that I could vanquish in a weekend."

"Jeg kunne lede efter eventyr i weekenden," påpegede Jeerio. "Jeg kunne finde nogle Dværge - de har altid eventyr at dele ud af - eller en ond troldmand, eller et mellemstort monster, ét jeg kunne besejre på en weekend."

Twain looked a little disapproving. There was a long silence, during which they walked on, and each thought their own thoughts, which they had found was a good deal easier than thinking each other's thoughts.

Each of them was thinking of good arguments to prove their point. When they went over them in their heads, each of them found their words inexorable, which means that the other would simply have to give in immediately. However, when they stopped for dinner, instead of having an argument they had dinner. So we will never know if their words were inexorable or not.

The next day Jeerio kept his eye out for swords, or for Maichmadders. But this was soon forgotten, when Syxesteer was spotted.

Syxesteer was a very large city, with elaborate buildings painted blue or red or orange. The houses were tall, so that the street was in shadow; perhaps because of this, there were lanterns set on iron lampposts all along the street. Their road was colored red and the other streets were black, so that you could easily follow it without getting lost.

The city was full of flaid—flaid children playing games or doing their homework or

Twain så lidt misfornøjet ud. Der var lang tids tavshed, og i mellemtiden fortsatte de med at gå og hver især tænke deres egne tanker, hvilket de havde fundet ud af var en del nemmere end at tænke hinandens tanker.

Hver af dem tænkte over gode argumenter til at bevise deres synspunkt. Når de gennemgik dem i hovedet, syntes de begge, at deres argumenter var uomtvistelige, hvilket betyder, at den anden simpelthen ville være nødt til at opgive diskussionen med det samme. Da de stoppede for at få aftensmad, fik de ikke desto mindre aftensmad i stedet for en diskussion. Så vi finder aldrig ud af, om deres argumenter var uomtvistelige eller ej.

Den næste dag holdt Jeerio udkig efter sværd, eller Maichmaddere. Men det glemte han snart, da de fik øje på Syxesteer.

Syxesteer var en meget stor by, med kunstfærdige bygninger malet i blå eller rød eller orange. Husene var høje, så vejen lå i skyggen af dem; måske af den grund var der lanterner sat på jernlygtepæle langs hele vejen. Deres vej var malet rød, mens de andre veje var sorte, så man kunne nemt følge den uden at fare vild.

Byen var fuld af flaid - flaidbørn, der spillede spil eller lavede lektier eller

delivering newspapers, flaid adults watching the children, or riding horses, or buying things, or talking to each other about all sorts of things. They were friendly, as well; Jeerio soon knew ten or fifteen young flaid; and Twain had met even more dogs, most of which became his friends, because of his pleasant disposition.

Between meetings with dogs, Twain busied himself counting houses. 176 houses since the sign with the name of the city on it, they came to the downtown area. He and Jeerio had never so many stores, offices, and important-looking buildings. Businessmen, businesswomen, and businesschildren rushed by busily on business. Boys rode by on bicycles, or tricycles, or even quadricycles and quinticycles. Dogs rushed by after cats; cats ran by before dogs. There were even short, small-headed people with big clumping boots. Jeerio stared at them because he had never seen a human before. If one of them was you, he didn't mean to stare like that and would like to apologize.

The red road ended at the water, because Syxesteer was on the ocean. Beyond the city was blue water as far as they could see, with hundreds of ships and boats.

It struck Jeerio that he should take a boat ride. He rushed up to a flaid who was tying a boat to a dock, and asked if he could buy his boat.

uddelte aviser, flaidvoksne, der holdt øje med børnene eller red heste eller købte ting eller talte med hinanden om alt muligt. De var også venlige; snart kendte Jeerio ti eller femten unge flaid; og Twain havde mødt endnu flere hunde, hvoraf de fleste blev hans venner på grund af hans godmodige temperament.

Mellem sine møder med hunde holdt Twain sig beskæftiget med at tælle huse. 176 huse efter skiltet med byens navn på kom de til bymidten. Han og Jeerio havde aldrig set så mange butikker, kontorer og vigtigt udseende bygninger. Forretningsmænd, forretningskvinder og forretningsbørn skyndte sig travlt forbi på vej til forretningerne. Drengene kørte forbi på tohjulede, trehjulede, eller endda fire- og femhjulede cykler. Hunde løb forbi efter katte; katte løb forbi før hunde. Der var endda lave folk med små hoveder og store, klumpede støvler. Jeerio stirrede på dem, fordi han aldrig havde set et menneske før. Hvis én af dem var dig, var det ikke med vilje, at han stirrede sådan, og han vil gerne sige undskyld.

Den røde vej endte ved vandet, fordi Syxesteer lå ved havet. Foran byen var der blåt vand så langt øjet rakte, med hundredvis af skibe og både.

Det slog Jeerio, at han burde tage på bådture. Han skyndte sig over til en flaid, der var ved at binde en båd til en kaj og spurgte, om han kunne købe hans båd.

"Do you have any money?" asked the man.

As it happened Jeerio had received a large silver coin for the Former King's Birthday. Flaids like to give presents on the King's Birthday, and they saw no reason to stop when they found they had no more kings. The coin was called a meckin, and it was worth about ten dollars, or maybe eleven.

He showed the coin to the man.

"It's not enough for a boat," the man said. "But old Jijo rents boats, and good ones; there he is, you can talk to him."

So Jeerio went to see old Jijo, and asked if he could rent a boat for his large silver coin. Fortunately, old Jijo was a friendly old flaid, and he took a liking to this promising young flaid, who seemed to be interested in Alchemy and Logarithms and everything a flaid should be interested in.

He showed Jeerio a serov, which is a small sailboat with room for one flaid and a dog. Old Jijo showed Jeerio how to pilot it; Jeerio learned quickly because he had read four books on Sailing Ships.

When Jeerio thought he was ready, he cast off, and he and Twain sailed away from Syxesteer. It was a beautiful day,

"Har du nogle penge?" spurgte manden.

Tilfældigvis havde Jeerio fået en stor sølvmønt til Den Tidligere Konges Fødselsdag. Flaider kan godt lide at give gaver på kongens fødselsdag, og de kunne ikke se nogen grund til at stoppe, da de fandt ud af, at de ikke havde flere konger. Mønten hed en meckin, og den var omkring fem hundrede kroner værd, eller måske seks.

Han viste manden mønten.

"Det er ikke nok til en båd," sagde manden. "Men gamle Jijo lejer både ud, gode både; der er han, du kan snakke med ham."

Så Jeerio gik over til gamle Jijo og spurgte, om han kunne leje en båd for sin store sølvmønt. Heldigvis var Jijo en venlig gammel flaid, og han syntes godt om denne lovende unge flaid, der lod til at være interesseret i Alkymi og Logaritmer og alt det en flaid burde være interesseret i.

Han viste Jeerio en serov, hvilket er en lille sejlbåd med plads til én flaid og en hund. Gamle Jijo viste Jeerio, hvordan man styrede den; Jeerio lærte hurtigt, fordi han havde læst fire bøger om Sejlskibe.

Da Jeerio syntes, at han var klar, kastede han los, og han og Twain sejlede væk fra Syxesteer. Det var en

and the breeze blew the boat's flag forward. You might expect that the flag would point backward, but on a sailboat the flag points where the wind is blowing.

I suppose I really should finish this story up and let Jeerio have a job. You all probably want to read something else.

Jeerio piloted the boat for the rest of the day, and when they had slept he started up again. There weren't any storms, or monsters, or seasickness, or collisions—it was all very pleasant. Twain was worried about falling off, or getting hit in the head by the sail, but the worst that happened was that his eyes got bloodshot from the salt in the air.

Imagine Jeerio's feelings when Twain shouted, "Land ho!" He carefully sailed to shore, feeling quite adventuresome. He was eager to explore this new land.

It turned out to be an awful waste. The boat had made a big circle, and the adventurers were back in Syxesteer. They returned the boat to old Jijo, and walked disconsolately through the streets, following the red road, past the area where the important bird lived, past the dragon—not saying a word, because they were so disappointed in their sea journey. Finally they arrived back at his mother's house, where they ate a fine meal.

smuk dag, og brisen blæste bådens flag fremad. Du forventede måske, at flaget pegede bagud, men på en sejlbåd peger flaget derhen, hvor vinden blæser.

Jeg går ud fra, at jeg virkelig burde runde den her historie af og lade Jeerio få et arbejde. I vil sikkert allesammen gerne snart læse noget andet.

Jeerio styrede båden fremad resten af dagen, og da de havde sovet, startede han igen. Der var ingen storme eller søuhyrer eller søsyge eller sammenstød - det var alt sammen meget behageligt. Twain var bekymret for at falde over bord eller få sejlet i hovedet, men det værste, der skete, var, at hans øjne blev blodsprængte af saltet i luften.

Forestil dig, hvordan Jeerio havde det, da Twain råbte, "Land ohøj!" Han sejlede forsigtigt ind til kysten og følte sig ret eventyrlysten. Han var ivrig efter at udforske dette nye land.

Det viste sig at være et frygteligt spild. Båden havde lavet en stor cirkel, og eventyrerne var tilbage i Syxesteer. De afleverede båden tilbage til gamle Jijo og gik nedslåede gennem gaderne ad den røde vej, forbi området hvor den vigtige fugl boede, forbi dragen - de sagde ikke et ord, fordi de var så skuffede over deres sørejse. Til sidst nåede de frem hjemme ved hans mors hus, hvor de spiste et fint måltid.

"How was your trip?" asked Jeerio's Mom.

"Hvordan var din tur?" spurgte Jeerios mor.

"Fine," said Jeerio.

"Fin," sagde Jeerio.

"What went wrong?" she asked.

"Hvad gik der galt?" spurgte hun.

"Our sea journey," said Jeerio.

"Vores sørejse," sagde Jeerio.

"I think your land journey went askew," she answered. "Why didn't you go to the restaurant half a mile down the road from here? It needs a waiter."

"Jeg tror, din landrejse gik skævt," svarede hun. "Hvorfor gik I ikke over til restauranten en halv mil længere nede ad vejen? De har brug for en tjener."

"Why, that's not a bad idea! I will!" said Jeerio, brightening up.

"Jamen, det er da slet ikke en dårlig idé! Det gør jeg!" sagde Jeerio og lyste op.

He kissed his Mom goodbye, and went to the nearby town, Pickapo, where he applied for the waiter job at the restaurant.

Han kyssede sin mor farvel og gik til nabobyen Pickapo, hvor han søgte jobbet som tjener på restauranten.

"It's very strange," he thought, "that I took such a long trip, when there was a job right next door in Pickapo."

"Det er meget mærkeligt," tænkte han, "at jeg tog på sådan en lang tur, når der var et arbejde i Pickapo lige ved siden af."

Jeerio is still working at the restaurant, taking orders, collecting money, cleaning pots and pans, giving coffee to anyone who wants it and some who don't, wiping off the tables, writing out the menu, eating extra desserts, cooking the beef bourguignon, chasing down people who don't want to pay, and all that.

Jeerio arbejder stadig på restauranten og tager imod bestillinger, samler penge sammen, vasker gryder og pander op, giver kaffe til alle, der vil have det og nogle, der ikke vil, tørrer borde af, skriver menuen op, spiser overskydende desserter, laver boeuf bourguignon, jagter folk, der ikke vil betale, og alt det dér.

But he still goes out for adventures on weekends.

Men han tager stadig på eventyr i weekenden.

Notes:

- i Loosely quoted from Niels Brunse's translation of Macbeth. I realise that it doesn't really matter whether I use the same quote as the original, but it does sound appropriately witchy.
- ii I adapted the name, trying to preserve the rhythm of the original.
- iii Another adapted name. Charlemagne = Karl den Store; Arlemange = Arl den Sorte