

Ljubivoje Ršumović

CLAIRVOYANT TALES

Illustrated by Dušan Petričić



Translation
Timothy John Byford



мала лагуна

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The hero of these tales is Clair, a
boy who doesn't need any special
introduction.

Lj.R.

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Clair and Starling

Clair was sitting at the top of a tree, looking into the distance.

He was holding his right hand above his eyes, not so that he could see better, but because if he had held it over his eyes, he wouldn't have been able to see a thing.

Looking into the distance is fun and healthy, both for one's character and for one's soul. It calms one down.

Some clouds passed by in a hurry. They said good morning and went on their way. Clair was used to the clouds and just waved to them and smiled politely.

Suddenly Starling flew down.

He didn't say anything – he just perched on the branch next to Clair and kept his beak shut.

“Is anything the matter?” asked Clair.

“Thanks for your concern. I've lost my flock!” Starling explained quietly, lowering his head.

A tear dropped from one of his eyes.

“Don't cry. Just wait – another flock will come along!”

“But another flock is another flock – it won't be mine!”

“You're right. Look into the distance – that'll help!” was Clair's advice, so Starling looked into the distance.

Soon the sadness left his face, a look of hope appeared and Clair noticed a smile in Starling's eyes.

“Up to now I've only been looking close to!” he said with a cheerful chirrup. “Perhaps that's why I lost my flock.”

“That's quite possible!” agreed Clair.

“Thanks for teaching me to look into the distance.”

“Don't keep on thanking me. It's not good – it makes me suspicious!” Clair told him.

“All right, I won't do it anymore.”

“I don't like to be suspicious!” Clair added.





Starling said nothing.

He didn't know how to be suspicious, or why people were suspicious. He wasn't really sure what being suspicious meant, either. So he kept quiet and Clair started to think what an intelligent bird Starling was.

They both kept quiet for quite some time.

Eight clouds went past. The last one said good evening and when Clair and Starling waved to it, Clair started to talk:

"The evening is the enemy of looking into the distance!"

"What do you suggest?" asked Starling.

"Sleeping."

"What's sleeping?"

"Gosh, you don't know anything, do you?"

"I'm little – that's why I got lost."

"It's all right!" said Clair quickly, noticing another tear in Starling's eye. "Sleeping is looking down into the depths!"

"Will you teach me?" The little one cheered up a little.

"It's easy – you just close your eyes and wait."

Starling closed his eyes and started to wait.

Another eight clouds passed by them but they didn't see them, partly because they had their eyes closed and partly because it was dark.

"The depths are far more beautiful than the distance!" was the last thing that went through Starling's mind before he fell asleep.



Clair and the Strange Creature

Just as he had set out to pay a visit to Red Worm, who lived in the Magic Hazel Tree, Clair came face to face with a strange obstacle.

"Who are you?" Clair asked the Creature who was blocking his path.

"I'm not you!" the mysterious Creature replied at once.

Clair thought about this.

"He's right. He really isn't me, but that doesn't answer my question. If he'd asked me: 'Who are you?' I'd have answered 'I'm Clair!' Then I'd have asked him: 'And who are you?'"

While these thoughts were going through Clair's head, the Creature moved to one side, went past Clair and continued on his way.

Clair looked after him.

"What a Strange Creature!" he said aloud.

The moment he said this, the Creature appeared before him.

"Did you call me?"

"No. I mean yes! Who are you?"

"I am a Strange Creature!"

"You don't say! You just heard that from me. A Strange Creature who created himself and gave himself a name?"

"That's about it."

"And who do you think I am?" asked Clair.

"I couldn't care less," said the Creature coldly, turning round and continuing on his way.

Clair looked around him.

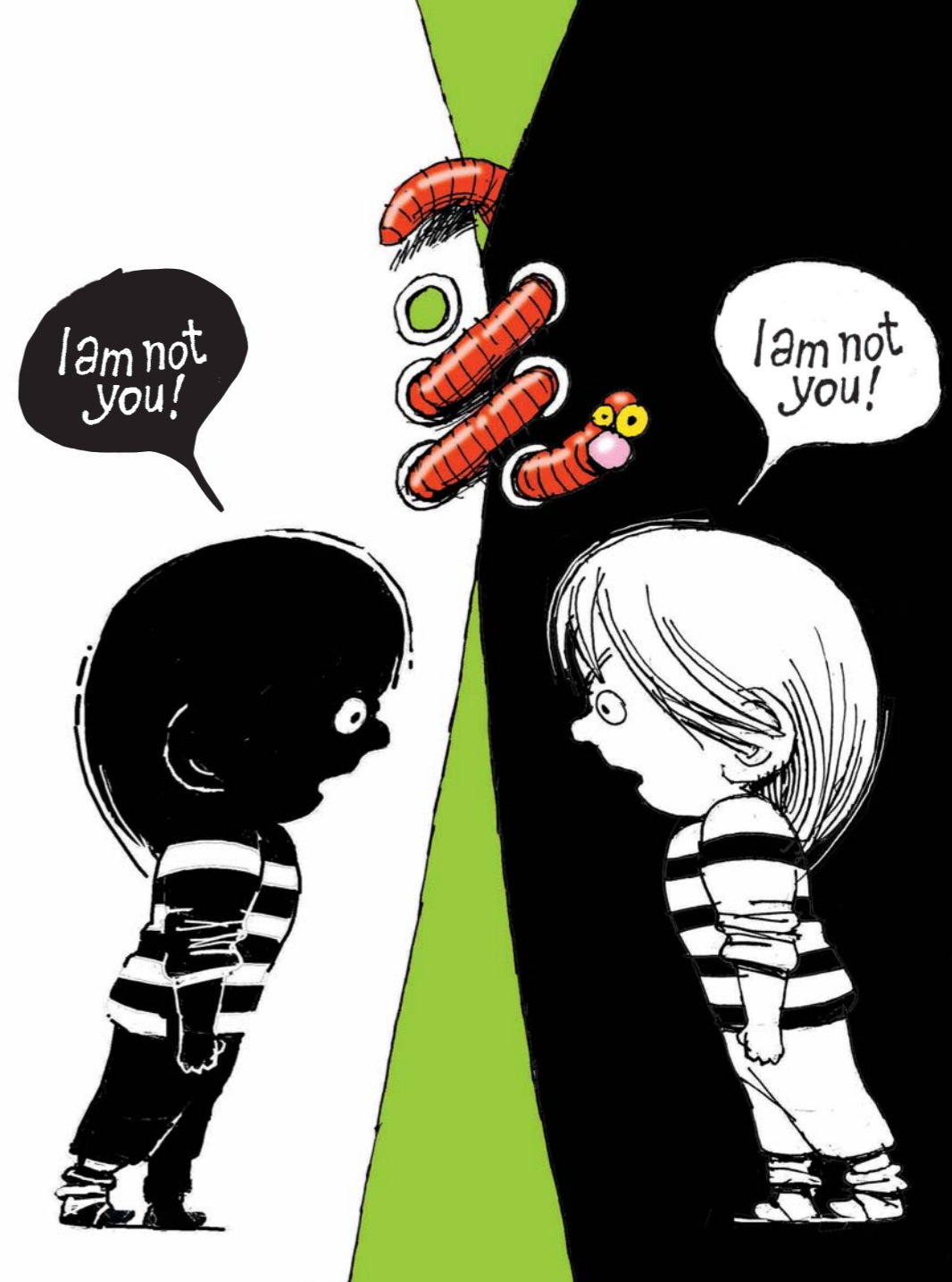
There was nobody in sight. This gave him confidence and he shouted:

"I'm not you!"

Once again the Creature appeared before him.

He was angry. He ground his teeth. He flashed his eyes. He wiggled his ears. As a rule, Creatures have big ears, ideal for wiggling.

"Do you want a fight?" Clair asked severely, taking a step backwards.



“Willingly! Just show me what to do.”

Clair swung his right arm and punched the Creature right on the nose.

The Creature swayed a little, but Clair held on to him to stop him from falling over.

“Thank you,” said the Creature and, with a swing of his arm, delivered an uppercut straight to Clair’s chin.

Clair staggered a little, but the Creature grabbed hold of him to stop him from falling.

“Thank you,” said Clair. “You won!”

“Thank you,” said the Creature. “You won as well!”

As they had both won, they sat down to celebrate.

The north wind crept up and cooled their sweaty faces while they prepared to drink some hazel juice from wooden cups.

“What are you celebrating?” asked Red Worm, who was sitting on a branch of the Magic Hazel Tree.

“Victory!” they answered together.

“Who have you beaten?”

“I’ve beaten him,” said Clair, pointing to the Strange Creature.

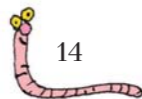
“And I’ve beaten him,” said the Strange Creature, pointing to Clair.

“Then which one of you lost?” giggled the inquisitive Red Worm.

Confused, Clair and the Strange Creature looked at each other.

They kept silent for a little while, then thought for a little while and finally raised their wooden cups towards Red Worm. Then they started to giggle as well, so that nobody noticed that the hazel juice simply did not exist.

They gave Red Worm a wooden cup of hazel juice and the three of them calmly continued to not drink it.



Clair and Tomcat “Sh”

First came the dawn, then daybreak and finally Clair opened the window to greet the Sun up in the sky. But the Sun wasn’t there.

Instead of the sun there were clouds, and from the clouds rain was falling.

Ordinary rain was dropping on the ordinary lime tree beneath Clair’s window. Clair tried to count the ordinary raindrops, but without success.

He ordinarily forgot that he didn’t know how to count.

Suddenly, an extraordinary Tomcat jumped onto the windowsill, as yellow as a lemon and as wet as a fish.

Instead of a cap, he had a sock on his head.

“Do you receive visitors?” he asked Clair, as if they were old acquaintances. “Only rain-soaked ones!” replied Clair.

“I’m one of those,” said Tomcat and jumped into the room.

On the spot where he jumped he left a puddle.

“You really are soaking wet – like a sponge!” said Clair, feeling his back.

“I’ve come straight from the Sava!”

“The Sava? You mean the river?” asked Clair.

“Don’t try to play ignorant. Is your geography really as bad as that?”

“I know everything, except what I happen to ask! And you are cheeky.”

“No I’m not – my name is “Sh”.

“I’m Clair, and you’re still cheeky.”

“All right, I’m cheeky,” Tomcat admitted.

“What on earth were you doing in the river?”

“Saving someone who was drowning.”

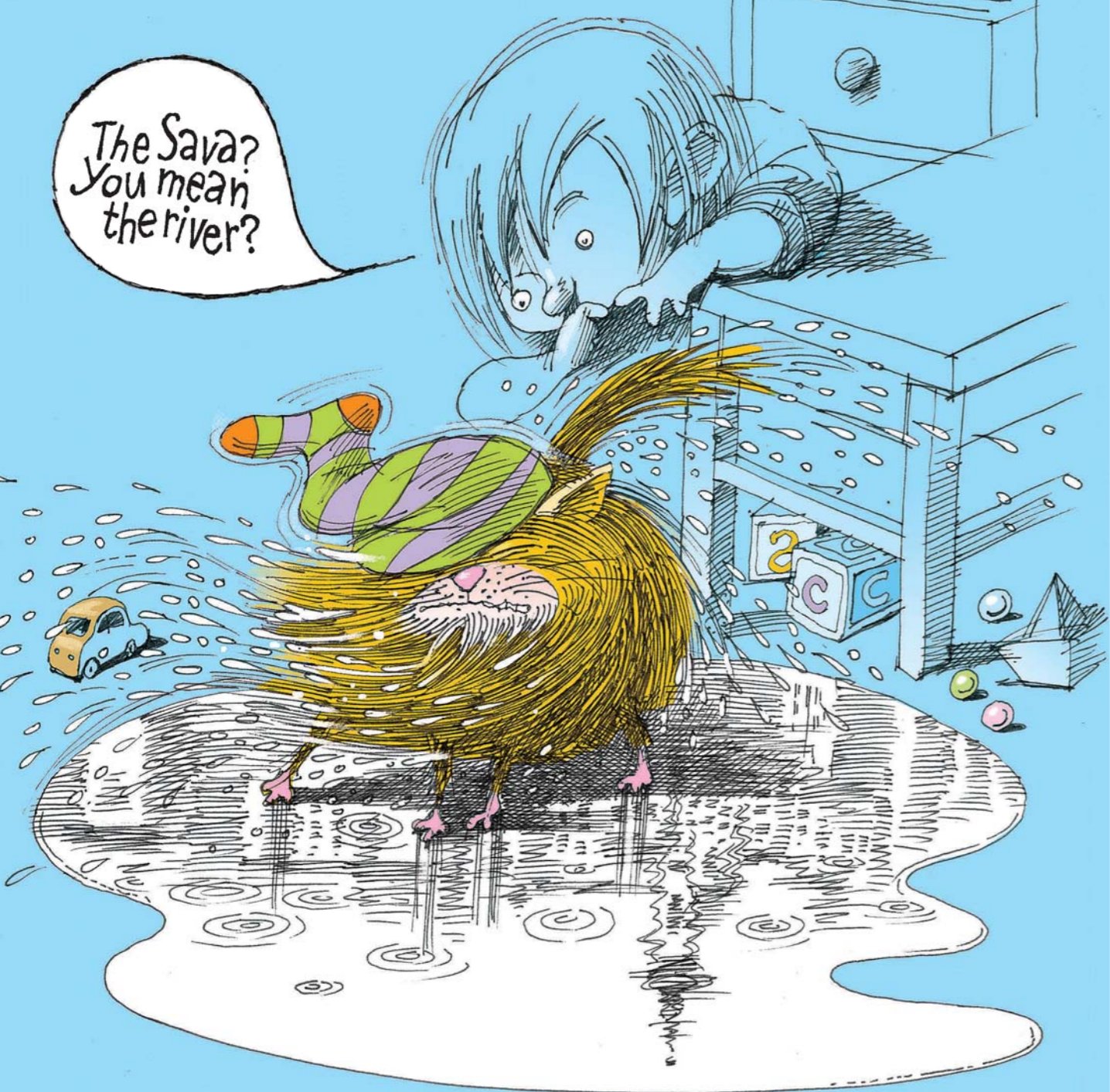
“Who was drowning?”

“I thought it was a mouse, but it wasn’t a mouse, it was a sock!”

“But you’ve put the sock on your head! Excuse the expression, but you look like an idiot.”

“That’s just what some mongrels – strays – said to me while I was coming here.”





“You were lucky – they could have finished you off.”
“Out of the question. I’m not just anybody, you know.”
“I’m sorry – I was so busy talking I didn’t ask you whether you were hungry?”
“Go ahead and ask,” Tomcat “Sh” said cheerfully.
“I’ve got some fish – hake – and I’ve got...”
“Don’t go any further. I’ll have that.”
Clair went to the fridge to fetch the hake, while “Sh” gave himself a good shake, making yet another puddle in the middle of the room.
“If you carry on making ponds all over the room, I’ll make you lick them up!” said Clair angrily.
“It’s your own fault – you shouldn’t have let me in your house in the first place, if you were going to get angry!”
Clair thought for a moment.
““Sh” is quite right!” he said to himself and suddenly realized that it was he who felt guilty. “Because of a couple of small ponds in the room, I am now scolding this noble person, who has saved, or thinks he has saved his sworn enemy from drowning. If I am honest, these two ponds have enriched my natural environment – I can now look at myself in them, swim in them, dive into them...”
“Sh” interrupted his train of thought:
“Do you perhaps have a glass of wine, so that this hake doesn’t think he’s being eaten by some mongrel?”