

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Extract from Waldemar Bonsels' "Himmelsvolk". by A. Mawson

Bonsels, Waldemar

Birmingham, 1939

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Extract from Waldemar Bonsels'

"Himmelsvolk"

by A. Mawson,
125 Trafalgar Road,
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Birmingham, 13.

THE FOREST MEADOW.

Near the forest meadow, on the old lime tree that was hardly yet in leaf, sat Kuno the starling, preening himself in the dim light before sunrise. His breast glistened with black and gold; he was a splendid fellow.

Down by the Traulenbach, which flowed under the lime tree, Onna the wagtail was running in the sand at the edge of the water among the young bulrushes.

"Hallo!" cried Kuno, "stop wagging your tail Mistress, don't you see I have come? It's Spring!"

The water wagtail stopped and looked up.

"Oh", said she, "a starling, we have plenty of those."

"But few like me! Besides I have only just arrived, a little too soon really, you understand?"

"I quite understand" snapped Onna. "You're surely not thinking of nesting here are you?"

"Here? ^{what} ~~what~~ do you think? In the lime tree? Among crows, owls and squirrels, or perhaps near you? What an idea Madam! But I saw at once that you were not perceptive. Do at least do me the favour of keeping still. What a lovely day it is".

"Of all the impertinent fellows", said Onna angrily.

"Oh, just imagine", cried Kuno in surprise "Other people have often made that remark, I can't ^{think} ~~imagine~~ how such a report could have arisen. People are absolutely out for scandal now-a-days. "Strange! But what a glorious day to be sure isn't it? "

"I suppose so" murmured Onna and would have passed on.

"Wait" cried the starling "and do not keep on talking all the time; "it's impossible to carry on a sensible conversation in that way". "What was that you said just now against the Spring? It's funny how you forest birds begin to babble when there's hardly a glimmer of Spring sunshine between the clouds. Just now I met an ordinary finch in the sloe-tree and the fellow told me he was a goldfinch. Really I could die with laughing at such people. He thought his whole family should change their name and then back he flew to his dunghill. Goldfinch indeed!

"I suppose you think he ought to ask your permission?"

"The sloe-tree is already in flower" said the starling thoughtfully. "Have you ever sat right in the midst of its pure white blossom, right in the very middle, in sunshine, if possible? I tell you Madam - but of course

you who live down there in the marsh are really only a bird in name. Now don't detain me any longer - I must be off".

And he gave a little spring and flew straight over the cornfield to where the houses were. A small withered branch snapped and fell down upon the moss, right in the middle of the anemones, who were still still asleep.

At first the water wagtail felt like nursing her anger but then she thought "What's the good? To begin with that fool has gone now, and then it is going to be an absolutely marvellous Spring day." She inhaled the cool air that blew from the trees over the forest meadow.

"There's a smell of earth, violets and dew" said she, "And a freshness that would be unbelievable if one did not feel it all through one's body to the very tips of one's wings." And she flirted her tail again and again in her adorable manner and hurried upstream, in and out among the young shoots of sedge and primrose.

Translated from Waldemar Bonsels' "Himmelsvolk"

by A. Mawson.

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In your reply please refer to

Editorial Department
(MDW)

6th April, 1939

Miss A. Mawson,
125, Trafalgar Road,
Moseley,
Birmingham 13.

Dear Madam,

Replying to your letter of the 1st;
for permission to reprint the passage from
"Himmelsvolk" you should apply to the author. If
you would like to write to him care of us we shall
be pleased to forward your letter. Your typescript
is returned herewith.

Yours truly,

J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.,

MDW

*Zugestimmt.
Believe abeken-*

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