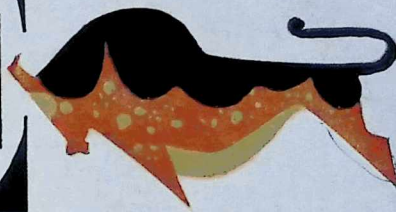
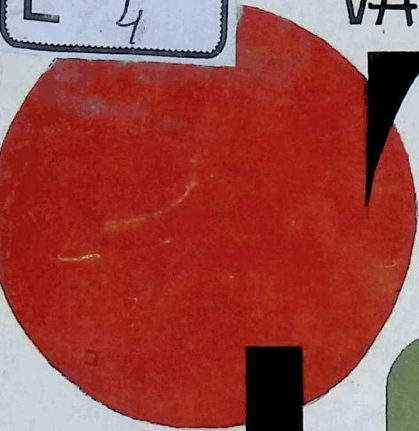


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VAZHA - PSHAVELA

საქართველოს  
ბიბლიოთეკა



# THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS



.GANATLEBA

GEORGIAN LITERATURE

ქართული მწერლობა



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VAZH-PSHAVELA

THE LOFTY

საგვ-2000  
შემოწმებულია

MOUNTAINS

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- Withered Beech ●
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## VAZHA PSHAVELA

Vazha Pshavela was born in 1861 in Pshavi, in the Georgian Highlands. He studied at a theological seminary in Gori. He devoted his adolescence to Greek philosophy and world classics. After graduating from the seminary, he went to Petersburg and attended lectures in the law department of the University. However, he soon went back to his mountains, to Chargali, his native village.

In 1915 Vazha Pshavela fell ill. He came to Tbilisi for treatment but never recovered. On the day of his death he asked for a sheaf of mountain grasses, covered himself with them and died. He is buried in the Mta-sminda Pantheon where many famous men of Georgia lie.

His books reveal to the reader a world of beauty, goodness and love, interminable suffering and bliss, bitter struggle and deep sorrow. His poems, stories and plays depict the courageous fight of man striving to do away with oppression and violence, to crush evil and establish goodness. All the characters in Vazha Pshavela's poems are rebels, champions of humanistic morality, ardent fighters against despotism of any kind.

Vazha Pshavela like Mindia (*The snake-eater*) was endowed with the clear vision and sharp eye of a sage. He heard what the grass said in its rustling, he guessed the secret sorrow of the tiny violet that grew in the dense forest at the foot of the rock. To him the lofty mountains were living beings rearing their heads high up to the sky to kiss its pure bosom; Mother Earth was alive and all the visible things were her children she was a loving mother to them.

Vazha Pshavela's cherished dream was to find a balm to heal any wound, to relieve any pain in this world. He hears a felled tree groaning like a human being when the axe strikes it. He is full of warmth and compassion for the little fawn whose mother has been killed by a ruthless hunter (*The story of a little fawn*).

No matter what Vazha Pshavela writes about his works elevate and chasten the reader. They are permeated with humanism and love for his country. A keen sense of beauty, a chivalrous spirit, love of freedom and high moral standards characterise Vazha Pshavela's poems and stories. In them we read of manly men, of chaste and tender women, we find in them all that is gallant, pure and good in Man and Nature.

G. Natroshvili.

## THE WITHERED BEECH

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veryone loves the high mountains adorned with verdure and flowers. So do I. I love the scent of spring, the green grass that, getting the better of the thawing ice, comes up fresh and unscathed. It gazes at the sun, at all the world; it lies low, it lies still, yet its delicate and languid countenance beams with such ineffable tenderness: it seems to be murmuring,


— I have come back to life! Glory to my Creator! —

How wonderful it is to see the frozen trees, warmed by the spring air, unfurl their leaves or break into blossom. And what can compare with the gloomy, dense, dark depth of the forest!...

But now all that is far from me, and only a solitary withered beech rises before my mind's eye.<sup>1</sup> He stands in the heart of a thick forest, on the top of a crag. Velvety green moss covers the crag. The other trees keep aloof from the withered beech,<sup>2</sup> they seem to shun him deliberately and look upon him haughtily.

Around the withered beech, several raspberry shrubs have grown, their leaves nibbled by roe and deer. Their trailing branches hang over the crag and peer into the river below.

<sup>1</sup> კომენტარები იხ. გვ. 45.



Among the roots of the old beech tree some liquorice plants grow, their notched leaves green, summer and winter alike. There seems to be no breath of life in the withered beech:<sup>3</sup> only two or three branches, no more, still remain on the lower part of the trunk; the upper part is broken off and has plunged crashing into the gorge. Only one of the three branches puts out two or three leaves a year, and even these are faded, withered and yellow. But look at the other trees: they stand laden with the wealth Nature has lavished upon them.<sup>4</sup> They despise the withered beech, they take no notice of him; when they, too, are stripped of their bridal robes and look almost dry, resembling the withered beech, they steal a glance at him....<sup>5</sup> This happens when the full-faced, luminous spirit of the place,<sup>6</sup> her hair streaming loose, comforts Nature with a tale of love, purity and life. Then the trees grumble at the withered beech:

— Why do you stand there staring, you miserable wretch? Listen to what the spirit is saying!

The withered beech heaves a deep sigh<sup>7</sup> and remains deaf to whatever those haughty trees may say; as he listens to the tale of the spirit of the place, every word stabs him to the heart like a knife, and he sheds secret tears.

Poor beech! There was a time when he also stood proud and mighty, and towered above all the other trees, making a vault over the whole forest with his great limbs and foliage. The eagle, sailing majestically down from the mountains into the valley, would settle in the crown of the beech and utter his haughty cry. But now the beech is about to collapse, like one at his last gasp.<sup>8</sup> Here and there the dry bark has peeled off his trunk, showing bare sides. In one place, a long strip has come off, trailing down to the ground. One might think they had stabbed him with a dagger and disemboweled him. There must be many worms in that beech too: whenever I pass, I always see a woodpecker perched on him. There she sits, a plague on her, rapping at the tree with might and main,<sup>9</sup> with that accursed and confounded bill of hers. She screeches, shrieks as if full of malicious joy.<sup>10</sup> In several places she has pecked the beech to the very core, now she is about to start pecking at its heart. But the beech stands unperturbed, his brow unruffled, uttering neither an evil word, nor a good one.

When the wind blows, the other trees sway; only the withered beech never stirs, although formerly, when he was strong and brimming with life,<sup>11</sup> he surged like the sea at every blast. His boughs and leaves would raise a thunderous uproar. There was a time when



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his branches proudly struck and lashed the ground, but now he cannot wrestle with the wind like other trees, he can no longer boldly expose his breast to the tempest. He will never bend; but should he break, what's to be done?...<sup>12</sup> He may break and crash down, falling sideways; his roots will show, upraised as if in prayer, imploring the Lord, appealing for help.

In summer the withered beech looks even more pathetic: the other trees in their green foliage stand hale and hearty<sup>13</sup> and care-free. Thousands of birds alight on their branches to sing. The ring-doves coo, the yellowhammer bursts into a never-ending carol,<sup>14</sup> the bustling rock-bunting hops from twig to twig, filling the forest with her trills. The roe and deer with their lovely heads thrown back shelter under their shade. Those trees, proud of their thick foliage, look down upon the unhappy withered beech. They disdain him.

— You only spoil everything here — they say.

How should they know that the withered beech is much more frequently spoken about than they are, that there are people who like and even love the grief-stricken withered beech.... In the village he is mentioned at least three times a day. If a father asks his children, — Where did you graze the cattle today? — they will say it was round about the withered beech; or a rumour will spread through the village:

— In the rocks below the withered beech, a leopardess has made her den and has whelped. —

— Around the withered beech, the hunters have seen the tracks of the leopardess and her whelps —

— I cut this tinder-fungus from the withered beech,—another will say.

Yes, those foolish trees do not know that men have not yet forgotten the withered beech, they still remember his former glory.

Why despise a creature withered,  
A poor thing whose strength is ebbing?  
One who's gone is often greater  
Than a thousand of the living.  
When I see you so dejected,  
Standing lonely, wasted, chilled  
And by all your kind neglected,  
Then my soul with grief is filled,

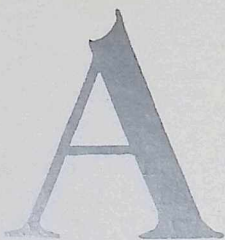
Then I seem to hear the tolling  
Of funereal doleful bells.  
I'll impart to you the sorrow  
That so long within me dwells,  
And the flood of tears that's rolling  
Down my cheeks — of anguish tells.  
Why did you come into this world  
If there is none to mourn your death?  
For you there's neither Heaven nor Hell,  
No one will hear your dying breath.  
Who'll lay you in your lonely grave  
Who'll light for you the taper's flame?  
How hard it is to die and know  
That none will live to bear your name.

At night, once in a while,<sup>15</sup> an owl will perch in his branches and, in a despairing voice, will utter her heartbroken cry:

— Found it? Found it?—And when, fatigued by her own cries, she hears in reply — Not yet, not yet!, — she mournfully hangs down her head and hoots low to herself.

In winter a wolf haunts the place; he stands hunched up near the withered beech and howls, tortured by hunger. The withered beech stands unperturbed, uttering neither an evil word nor a good one. He stands rigid, knowing neither compassion nor hatred; neither friendly nor hostile feelings burn in his heart; the withered beech broods over himself, over his past, present and future; sorrow seems to have eaten deep into his heart.<sup>16</sup> Now and then he gazes down at a tiny shoot that has sprung from one of his roots; the shoot is only waiting for the sun and rain, and then it will grow. This is the only comfort of the withered beech.

## The Jays' Wedding



ll this happened in the heart of a great, dark forest, far away from towns and villages. If you were to ask what it was all about, I would tell you it was the Jays' wedding. The Jay Zakara was marrying the lovely Ketevan, famed far and wide<sup>1</sup> for her beauty and her uncommon playfulness. The young couple were to be married by the venerable Jay Toma.

Raising his eyes devoutly to heaven, Toma pronounced: — O Lord, bless their union, inspire them with mutual love and devotion. May they multiply as fishes in the sea and stars in the skies, may the couch of thy servant Zakara and thy handmaiden Ketevan ever be chaste. Amen. —

Having uttered these words, he laid crowns of pretty flowers on their heads.

— Amen! Amen! — The guests gave the response. Their voices resounded all around. They were jays, yellowhammers, rock-buntings, finches, grouse, partridges, wrens, redstarts, siskins, turtle-doves, pigeons and many others.

Such a multitude of guests had assembled that there was no room to move.<sup>2</sup> A lovely spot had been chosen for the wedding feast: a glen, all flowering and grassy, overshadowed by huge trees.

The flowers were happy: they had also been invited to the wedding. Nearby, there bubbled a cold, crystal-clear spring. A long cloth was spread on the grass and loaded with all sorts of dishes and fruit. Every kind of worm and fly was there, as well as a great variety of grass seeds, and other delicacies.

The bride and bridegroom were invited to take their seats on a couch strewn with flowers, and the guests all sat down for the



feast. Then they fell to eating and drinking with a good heart<sup>3</sup>. All kinds of wines were drunk: ruby-coloured Kakhetian wine flowed in abundance at that table. Everyone drank to the bride and bridegroom, everyone gave them wedding-presents.

Close by, a Woodpecker perched in the hollow of a tree-stump struck up a song.

— Look here, you bawler,<sup>4</sup> what do you mean by not drinking? You'd better do so, and double quick!<sup>5</sup> — the birds shouted to him in chorus.

— Wait a bit, folks, give me time, bless you! I've found a nice fat worm and I want to dig it out; when I've got him, you can make me drink as much as you will; I'll have nothing to worry about then, — returned the Woodpecker and started poking at the rotten stump with his beak. All the company fixed their eyes on him.

— Well, go ahead and show what you're worth!<sup>6</sup> — the birds called out to him. — If you don't get that worm we'll give you a drubbing, but nothing to eat.

For a long time the Woodpecker pecked at the rotten tree and scratched at it with his claws, and not in vain:<sup>7</sup> he pulled out a pretty long,<sup>8</sup> slough-like worm and offered it to the newlyweds.

— Long live the bride and bridegroom! — he cried in a loud voice. — Long live the noble company! Hurray!

— Hear! Hear! Hurray! Well done, Woodpecker!<sup>9</sup> You've disgraced neither yourself nor us, — the birds clamoured. The toastmaster proposed a toast to the "valorous knight", and passed an ibex-horn brimming with wine to the Woodpecker who had displayed such prowess; he tossed it off at a draught,<sup>10</sup> and threw the empty horn back to the toastmaster. It was Toma the Jay who had been elected toastmaster.

— Here they are eating and drinking, and nobody bothers to give us a song, — said the Crow, and began to sing a drinking-song in that sweet voice of his. Here and there it was taken up, and the melody swelled so that the forest was in a tumult, the mountains and valleys shook. The flowers were dying with laughter. Not far off, a little mouse lived in his hole. The uproar had whetted his appetite, and he peeped out. For some time he watched the birds' feast, their merry-making, he saw the rich and juicy dishes, of all colours, of all kinds, and his mouth watered.<sup>11</sup>

He bore it till he could stand it no longer: — Come what may!<sup>12</sup> — he said, and, skipping nearer, he leaped up and landed straight in front of the bride and bridegroom, where nuts were plentiful.



— Long life to the newcomer! Long live Squeaky!—the birds cried in unison.

— That's a fine fellow, good of you to come!<sup>13</sup> — said the birds, flushed with wine.

— God bless you,<sup>14</sup> gentlemen, may you live long and rejoice, may the Lord, our Creator, always keep you merry and prosperous —said the mouse, at the same time busily nibbling with relish at a luscious nut.

— Wine for Squeaky, wine! — called out the toastmaster. — He's got to drink a lot to catch up with us.<sup>15</sup>

— I don't take wine, my good friends. A good nut is the joy of my heart! You go on, enjoy yourselves, and I'll nibble my nut, just don't take notice of me.

— You won't drink? What do you mean by that? Here, you'd better drink, or we'll pour it over your head!—said the toastmaster in a bullying tone and passed the drinking-horn to the Woodpecker. The latter took it from Toma and sat down by Squeaky's side.

— Here, drink this, brother, it's a wedding, isn't it? What d'you mean by cracking nuts? You'd crack nuts, would you?!<sup>16</sup> Here, take hold of this thing, I tell you, — said the Woodpecker, holding out the horn.

— I can't drink, let me alone, there's a good fellow! I can't. What do you want me to do, hang myself?<sup>17</sup> — protested the mouse, averting his face.

— Pour it down his back, ass that he is!—shouted the toastmaster. — So you're not going to drink to the health of the newlyweds, you dunderhead, you!

— I've never in my life had a drop of wine, gentlemen, and you want to get me into the habit of drinking now? How's that, what's the big idea, after all?<sup>18</sup> You're honest and respectable folks, aren't you? Well, for the sake of the young couple, I'll take just an acorn-cup of wine

— Make him drink, the rascal, he's got to drink it! He won't get out of it! What the hell did he mean by coming here if he won't drink!<sup>19</sup> Make him drink, make him drink, — all the birds cried.

The Woodpecker took Squeaky by the scruff of the neck, and putting the horn to his mouth with the other hand, tried to force the wine down his throat.

— If you had your own way, you wouldn't drink, would you?



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Here, the toastmaster's word is law. You see all this assembly? There's not a single one who refuses to drink. You're the only odd one here. Now, take heart, take heart, isn't it a pity to turn away from wine that's as good for a man as mother's milk for a baby, you milksop, you!

The mouse painfully swallowed a few drops of wine, squeaking the while; it was evident he didn't enjoy it.

— Take heart, Squeaky, take heart! Come on! Now! That's it! Fine, my boy!<sup>20</sup> — the birds clamoured, encouragingly.

The mouse threw back his shoulders, craned his neck and tackled the job. He gulped down the wine and almost drained the horn, spilling a few drops on his velvet coat.

— Stop pouring wine all over my coat, you idiot, do you take it for the cap on your silly pate? — he yelled at the Woodpecker. Then he heaved a sigh. Coming to the last mouthful of wine, he cried:

— Long live the young couple! The best-man! Here's to the bridegroom!

— Long may they live! Long may they live! He's drained it! — delighted voices resounded.

The wine had already gone to Squeaky's head, and he began to sing Baiyati. His shrill squeak jarred on everybody's ears. Then he started dancing. All the company were in roars of laughter. The Magpie was his partner, and they both danced the Davluri. Looking on, the Crows split their sides with laughter<sup>21</sup>.

— Oh, I'm tired! — said the Mouse at last. True, his face and breast were dripping with sweat. He lay down where he was, close to the spread. His bloated belly turned heavenwards, he breathed heavily.

At the bottom of the table, the Nightingale sat. The songster didn't share the general merriment, he didn't laugh; sad and thoughtful, he just looked on.

— Sweet Nightingale, why won't you let us hear your wonderful voice? — the birds appealed to him.

The Nightingale refused to sing. — Must I always be in the mood for singing? I don't feel like it today<sup>22</sup>.

Finally, the birds' entreaties prevailed upon him and he began to warble. The birds fell silent, you could have heard a fly buzz. The flowers held their breath, and gazed at him with adoring eyes. The Nightingale sang:

Glory to you, O Lord on high!  
Glory to you, O Nature's might



Glory to you, O bridegroom crowned!  
Long may you live, O lovely bride!  
I'll weave for you a wreath of Love,  
I'll deck it chastely all around,  
I'll spare no pains<sup>23</sup> to twine in it  
The best that on the Earth is found.  
I offer you this precious wreath,  
I'll crown you with it, happy pair.  
My heart is Love; and others' bliss  
Burns like a glowing candle there.  
Today on passion's wings you fly  
You captivate our heart and eye.

Just then, a stag appeared near by. He listened eagerly to the birds' singing and the Nightingale's trills. They awakened a feeling of sorrow in his heart. He recalled something that brought the tears into his eyes, he gave a deep sigh, turned away and vanished in the thicket.

The birds sang in chorus, one and the same song, each in his own voice. It was a hymn to Nature, to the bounty of Mother Earth and the woods. In their song, they rendered thanks for this bounty.

Just then the Eagle came soaring above, surveying the scene.

— The Eagle! The Eagle! — they cried — The King has deigned to come!

At once their hearts came into their mouths.<sup>24</sup> Nobody dared to utter a sound. They all shivered and shook. Indeed, the Eagle was awesome to look at. What was he after? One dash at them and the whole crowd of birds would be reduced to dust.

— Why are you so frightened, folks? Why don't you say something? Do you really think our King would do such as thing as to slaughter us all? Would he stoop as low as that — said the venerable Jay.

— You have only to say the word, and I'll invite the King at once.

Some were positively against it. — Who could stand his glaring eyes, they said; then they added:—What fun should we have then? None whatever!<sup>25</sup>

Others liked the idea. — Let's invite him! Let's!, — they insisted.

The venerable Jay darted straight up and fluttered before the king. The Eagle never changed his course, as if it was only a fly in his way.



— A long life to your Majesty! — the Jay, bareheaded, greeted the king.

— A long life to you, Jay! — was the Eagle's dignified reply.

— O great King! Would you honour us with your presence? We most humbly entreat you! We, all your subjects, beg you on our knees! If your Majesty will condescend to honour us, we, your humble servants, shall be most grateful!

— We will. Why not? Lead the way!

The Jay headed straight down, and the Eagle, folding his mighty wings, swooped after him. It seemed as if the heavens were falling. The whole flock of birds rose into the air, with a great hubbub, to meet the king. The Eagle, in his turn, greeted the birds' assembly.

The king was asked to take a seat at the head of the table. They all stood round bareheaded. Only the Nightingale was nowhere to be seen.

— You may take your seats, — the king said, and the birds sat down, observing superiority in rank and position.

All this occurred on a Monday. The people who had come into the wood to do a bit of work, or may be to shoot, were amazed.

— What has happened? — they wondered. — Who has made away with all the birds,<sup>26</sup> there's not a chirp to be heard.

How could men know that the birds were at the Jays' wedding, feasting and having the time of their lives?<sup>27</sup>

The Eagle was offered wine in several ibex-horns. He drank with a good will and soon grew merry. Raising his terrible voice, he struck up a heroic song; it gave everybody the cold shivers.<sup>28</sup>

— O Lord! — they all prayed. — O Lord! Don't let our King get angry or he'll destroy us all in no time!<sup>29</sup>

The Eagle, however, was not at all inclined to be angry. He asked the birds to make merry, to sing and dance. But their spirits were damped,<sup>30</sup> they didn't know what had come over them. To encourage the birds, the Eagle commanded that the trumpets be blown and the drums be beaten. His command was immediately fulfilled. The Eagle began to stamp around, his mighty claws trampling that flowery spot. Still, nobody would venture to dance. Finally, it was Squeaky who took heart: he skipped such a Lekuri, cut such capers that he sent the dust high up to the skies<sup>31</sup>. Excited and carried away by the dance, he even made bold to leap over the king's head. His unmannerly behaviour displeased the king, but, to preserve his dignity and, considering the occasion, he said nothing; he only scowled at Squeaky so that the little mouse all but gave up the ghost with fright.<sup>32</sup> After this scowl, Squeaky was completely



unmanned.<sup>33</sup> Feeling out of sorts, he took himself off,<sup>34</sup> lay down at the foot of a tree and covered himself up with an aspen leaf.

The Woodpecker proved to be the boldest of the birds. True, he was already rather addled and he yelled such Baiyatis that the hills and dales shook. In the end he got so audacious that he started picking a quarrel with the king himself

-- Whoever made you king?—he said to the Eagle.— We didn't, did we?

-- Look here, hold your tongue, you knave! Hush, be quiet, boldface! — the birds whispered.

— I won't, so there!<sup>35</sup> Why should I be quiet? Just look at them! — the tipsy Woodpecker went on. — What sort of people are you? In your heart of hearts you all hate him, my good friends, but you won't say so to his face. It wants pluck to speak straight out.

The Eagle laughed heartily at the Woodpecker's bluster, but the birds took it in bad part<sup>36</sup>: they wouldn't have their king abused. They seized the Woodpecker, thrust a grass-stalk through his beak and tied him to a tree nearby. The Woodpecker, downhearted, couldn't make out<sup>37</sup> why the birds had punished him so severely.

While the birds were in such a flutter, a Fox sneaked up to them. The sly creature, lurking at the edge of the forest, was biding his time.<sup>38</sup>

— Let them get quite drunk, then I'll take my chance, — he thought. He was about to snap up the bride and bridegroom when the birds caught sight of him. There was a great uproar, a great outcry, the whole flock took wing and scattered in all directions. But the Eagle, with his beak open, fell upon the Fox and made away with him then and there<sup>39</sup>.

The birds had dispersed: some were perched in the trees, others were circling above. Only the Eagle and the Woodpecker remained down below. Even the sick mouse had sought his hole at the sound of the alarm.

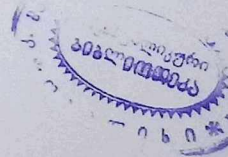
The Eagle set the Woodpecker free, saying:

— I pardon your tomfoolery for this once, because you were drunk. Don't you dare to do so again, or you'll get it hot!<sup>40</sup>

Then he flew up, high up into the sky, and there he soared.

Ketevan and Zakara withdrew into the thicket where they spent the day in each other's arms, exchanging kisses, and in the evening they perched side by side on the branch of a beech-tree and fell asleep.

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## The Mousetrap

**N**ight was coming on when Uncle Estaté returned home from town. It was Christmas Eve, and Estaté had been urging his Pegasus forward so as to be with his family on Christmas Day. True, Pegasus never spared himself: he shambled along the frozen road and, like an old man with his stick, he tapped it feebly with his feeble hoofs, his ears flapping idly. Old age is hard to bear; as the saying goes, it overcame even Rostom, the champion; naturally, it had sapped the strength of Estaté's Pegasus. His master, however, never thought of selling his horse, though the horse was well over twenty and there were plenty of people quite ready to buy him. And do you know who were these would-be buyers<sup>1</sup> of Estaté's Pegasus? Petty tradesmen, hucksters, fowl-and-egg dealers, peddlers who will always scent a bargain to keep business going; but Estaté would refuse outright:<sup>2</sup> — While I live, I'll never part with Pegasus, I owe a great deal to him; he's grown old, you say, so I should let him fall into the hands of rogues to be flayed alive? I'm an old man too, so you would cram me into a basket and roll me down the cliffs, would you? Is that what you people call justice? He's not for sale; he's going to die in my keeping.— Such was the answer with which Estaté turned all buyers away.

Uncle Estaté was a most kindhearted, good-natured man: there was not a single animal in the village who ever bore him a grudge<sup>3</sup>; much less would he offend a man. Merry, ruddy-cheeked, al-

ways beaming, never frowning, a constant middleman in any sharing of property, in any quarrel; and at a feast, it was he who was toastmaster.

-- Well, well, make it up, do! — he would say to brawlers.

— What have you got to quarrel about, my good fellows? Are we going to live for ever? Haven't we all got to die? This earthly life of ours is but a moment, so live pleasantly, what can be better than that? Blood was never washed away with blood, and never will be! It's only water that will wash blood away. Now, now, let's have a hearty smack:<sup>5</sup> first kiss me, and then each other. If you have a dispute to settle, isn't it better to talk it over quietly? Who ever settled anything with fisticuffs? Do you think you can do it? Now you make it up, and I'll stand the dinner<sup>6</sup>.

Estaté was never unsuccessful in mediating, and he was always as good as his word.<sup>7</sup> By trade, he was the village barber, and was well satisfied with life: he owned a farm, a vineyard, a small plot of land, as well as a little mill with just one millstone. Because he loved his fellow-men and was kindhearted, benevolent, hospitable and manly, because he never wronged anybody and was advanced in years,<sup>8</sup> the villagers called him Uncle Estaté. Everyone, young and old, even older folks than he, addressed him as Uncle.

Estaté relished a joke now and then. As he jogged along on his "steed", acquaintances who met him on the way would greet him, — How do you do, Uncle Estaté! Where may you be coming from? — From Jerusalem, — he would reply.

If he was on his way to town and was asked, — Where are you going to? — To Jerusalem, — was his answer, and he would laugh heartily. — You rascals who ask me where I'm going, don't you know that a cat will prowl no farther than the barn? If you keep on asking questions, I'll tell you my horse and I are going to Gandja, Yerevan, to Trebizond or Teheran. Where should we be going but to town? Don't they know that! But such is the custom, they say it just to season their greeting.<sup>9</sup>

## II

When he got home, in his cups<sup>10</sup> as usual, Estaté tethered his horse so close to his one-storey house that Pegasus's head stretched over the edge of the verandah; then the old man called out, — Hey, folks, come out! Won't you receive a guest?

There was a bustle within. — Here's Grandpa, here's Grandpa! — shrilled Sona and Cola, Estaté's grandchildren, a little girl of six and a boy of eight.

— A light, quick! — cried Estaté — What's the matter with you? Are you all asleep?

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when his wife Euphemia, a big, well-rounded woman, came out holding a little lamp.

— Oh, good evening, Euphemia! Well, and how are you, love? As for me, I'm quite well, quite all right, though a bit chilled.

— God bless you!<sup>11</sup> What do you mean, man, by travelling so late at night? Aren't you afraid of wild beasts, to say nothing of other things? — said Euphemia.

— What was I to do, I was delayed. Wild beasts, indeed!<sup>12</sup> And what would they want with me? Are there not plenty of folks who are only fit to be devoured by beasts? — said Estaté.

— Grandpa, you've brought that mousetrap, haven't you? Soda and Cola demanded.—And slippers, and shoes, and dress-lengths? — babbled the children, hanging over the banisters.

— Everything, kiddies, everything, — replied Estaté, taking down his saddle-bags. Just then his Pegasus whinnied, sending such a cloud of vapour out of his nostrils that he all but blew out Euphemia's lamp.<sup>13</sup>

— Ho, there, what are you up to?<sup>14</sup> — she said crossly.

— My poor Pegasus, he wants his barley, — said Estaté. — But he's tired just now, let him rest a little while and then we'll feed him. Poor thing, I've been riding him hard.

Taking off his felt cloak, Estaté threw it over the horse's back; then, his head wrapped in his qabalakhi, saddlebags in hand, he followed his wife into the house. Estaté made straight for the blazing fireplace. He laid the saddle-bags on the wooden couch.

Estaté hadn't yet settled down by the fireside when Euphemia asked him.

— How's Sandro getting on, bless him?

— Quite all right! They've raised his wages: he's making thirty roubles a month now, said Estaté, proud that his son should have turned out to be such a fine fellow. Euphemia rendered thanks to God, while her daughter-in-law came up to her father-in-law to help him off with his shoes.

The children clung to their grandfather, without letting him say a word; they kept chattering about the mousetrap, the slippers and dress-lengths. They were most eager to see the mousetrap. Their grandfather gave each a kiss, promising to take everything out of his saddle-bags by and by.

— Wait a bit, children, let me warm my hands first. I'm cold, and then I'll lay everything out better. How can I do it with my hands in this state? Just look how cramped my fingers are,—and showing them his hands, all blue with cold, he thrust one of them into his pocket and drew out a handful of sweets. — In the meantime, amuse yourselves with these.

— Come here, you little scamps! Stop bothering Grandpa! Sit still! — Sophio scolded the children who were eagerly gathering the sweets scattered over the couch.

— Now, mind, let's have no quarreling,<sup>15</sup> or I'll take that mousetrap straight back to town, — said Estaté and added, — I could do with a cup of tea<sup>16</sup>. I got chilled on the way home and besides, I've had a drop too much,<sup>17</sup> you see.

Before he could go on with his tale, Sophio was already attending to his tea: she went up to the samovar covered with a white cloth, and in a moment<sup>18</sup> she had served her father-in-law a cup of tea and some sugar on a tray.

— God have mercy on those drunkards! I've grown old, but never in my life have I seen the like! Too much tipping by far!<sup>19</sup> Sundays or week-days — it's all the same to them. The wine-cellars are crowded all day long. Young and old, rich and poor—all drink like fish.<sup>20</sup> One might think they were going to be buried today, and none would live to see tomorrow. I can't tell, though, whether it just seems to me, or whether it's really so.

— Oh, well, such is town life, Estaté, my good man! What would ever stop their drinking-bouts? — said Euphemia. — But that's no concern of mine.<sup>21</sup> They may go hang for all I care<sup>22</sup>, or drown themselves in wineskins. You tell me, does Sandro mean to come down here?

— Of course, of course he does. He's sure to be here for the New Year. He's promised that. By the way, best regards<sup>23</sup> from Zaliko and Sidonia.

— Poor dears! Thank you, thank you, — said Euphemia. — So you've seen them?

— Of course! I dined with them yesterday and had the time of my life!<sup>24</sup>

— How are they? How are they getting on?

— Fine! He's grown rich: he says he's already got about a hundred roubles. He never had so much as a hundred copecks here. Just straw, a basket and one donkey have been the making of that cousin of yours,<sup>25</sup> Euphemia.

— God helps those who help themselves! A shrewd man will always do well in town, — Euphemia added.

Just then Estaté's Pegasus whinnied.

— Oh, here I sit enjoying my tea, forgetting all about my horse! The poor creature wants his barley. I must put him in his stall, or he'll get chilled,—said Estaté, rising and making for the door. Having opened it, he begged his horse's pardon for being late with the barley.

— My dear Pegasus! My dear Pegasus! You shall have your barley this minute, at once. Sorry to have kept you waiting, you poor thing! Just wait a bit, Pegasus, and you can have whatever you like, whatever you please! — Estaté said.

On seeing his master, the horse whinnied again, but softly this time: he blew out his nostrils and nuzzled Uncle Estaté's palms. Estaté put the horse in the stall and returned into the house.

— Grandpa, the shoes! Grandpa, the mousetrap! — the children cried with their hands outstretched imploringly.

— It would be a sin indeed not to let them have what they want now!—said Estaté. He wouldn't sit down again, but went straight to where he had laid the bags; undoing one of them, he began to lay out its contents. The children stood breathless, their eyes fixed on his hands. Euphemia, with arms akimbo, looked on proudly; Sophio stood silent nearby, her arms folded over her breast. A big striped tom-cat was pacing to and fro<sup>26</sup> on the wooden couch, his tail up in the air; his coat was singed on both flanks through basking too close to the fire. He rubbed his back against the children, his curled-up tail tickled their brows like the caress of a feather. He seemed to be expecting something too. The cat's name was Mewer, for he was constantly mewling and yawling. Not a single mouse had he ever caught in his life. Who ever saw a mewling cat catch a mouse?

— Look here, where am I to put all this? Give me something, folks! — exclaimed Estaté.

Euphemia instantly brought him a tray and a little low table.

— See this trout! Just look at it! What a beauty! What a toothsome bit it is!<sup>27</sup>—said Estaté, laying on the little table four trout tied together in pairs.

— Fish, mummy, fish! How pretty they are, just see their spots! — cried the children, stroking the fish, as if ready to kiss them. They wouldn't heed their mother's grumbling and admonitions to be still.

— Here's some beef. A fine chunk of meat; I got Gigola the butcher to cut it for me. An old crony of mine<sup>28</sup>, you know. He'd never give me anything bad, not he! Here's some Persian rice, here's tea and sugar. What else? What else?—said Estaté with a broad smile. — Well, and here's some sweet herbs, parsley, cress, and all that! What now? Want anything else, Euphemia? Bless us, let's have another look. Here's some dried fruit for the New Year celebration. I won't be running up to town every day, shall I? And some cardamom seeds, cloves and cinnamon. You've only to add a chicken to all this, Euphemia, and tomorrow we'll have a dinner fit for a king. You know I'm expecting guests, don't you?

— Are you really? Oh well, — rejoined Euphemia.

— Aren't I a fine fellow, Euphemia, my pet?<sup>29</sup> — said the beaming Estaté to his wife.

— Surely you are! Whoever said you weren't,—she said gently, giving him a pat on the shoulder.

— Now let's see what's in the other luggage-van. Let's see what we've got in there — the pick of the basket, and that's that<sup>30</sup>. Come up, don't hide away in corners, — he said, eyeing with pleasure the purchases in the bag.

— Here's a dress-length for Sona, and a pair of shoes.

— Oh, jolly!<sup>31</sup> — sang out Sona, snatching the presents from her grandfather's hands and hugging them close. She wouldn't even let anyone have a look at them.

— Here's shoes for Cola, said Estaté, — stylish, foreign-made, believe it or not! See them shine!

Cola reached out and took the shoes.

— And here's a dress-length for Sophio from her lord and master, — said Estaté, holding out a blue-paper parcel to his daughter-in-law, but Euphemia forestalled her and took it herself.

— Cashmere, girl, cashmere! My son must have grown rich; once he couldn't afford to buy you so much as a cotton print frock. And now, just look! Cashmere, all of a sudden! May you wear it for many happy years, my child!—said Euphemia, handing the dress-length to her daughter-in-law.

— And here's a pair of slippers for you, my dove, my love. Just the right thing for an old woman like you. I haven't bought anything else, sorry, I was out of pocket.<sup>32</sup> What's to be done,<sup>33</sup> we're old folks, me in my old chokha, you in your old dress, my dear Euphemia. Let them be happy, they're young. We can do without all that, can't we?<sup>34</sup>



— Did I ever mind it, my man?<sup>35</sup> I'm very grateful for these,— said Euphemia.

Last of all, with a great to do,<sup>36</sup> Uncle Estaté pulled out the mousetrap, so long expected by the whole family, young and old alike.

— And here's that mousetrap of yours! — he exclaimed: — We'll see how many mice it will catch.

— Bless you, — said Euphemia, highly pleased. — They do lead me such a dance, those damned mice.<sup>37</sup> I can't keep anything in the cupboard.

The children examined the mousetrap. — Let's see what it looks like, grandma, — they cried, eyeing that slayer of mice.

— Nice sort of mouser you are, drat you!<sup>38</sup> — said Euphemia, slapping Mewer who sat basking close to the fire: — I've been watching the creature for a whole year and not once have I seen him catch a mouse. Plague on him,<sup>39</sup> he does nothing but look in your hands, expecting to be fed.

— You get the mousetrap to attend to those mice. Mewer's a wise fellow, he shuns sin.

— Sin, indeed,<sup>40</sup> — said Euphemia, giving the cat a good shove. — Scat, you nasty creature!<sup>41</sup> If he had it in him, he wouldn't mind sinning;<sup>42</sup> the thing is, he's no good at all!

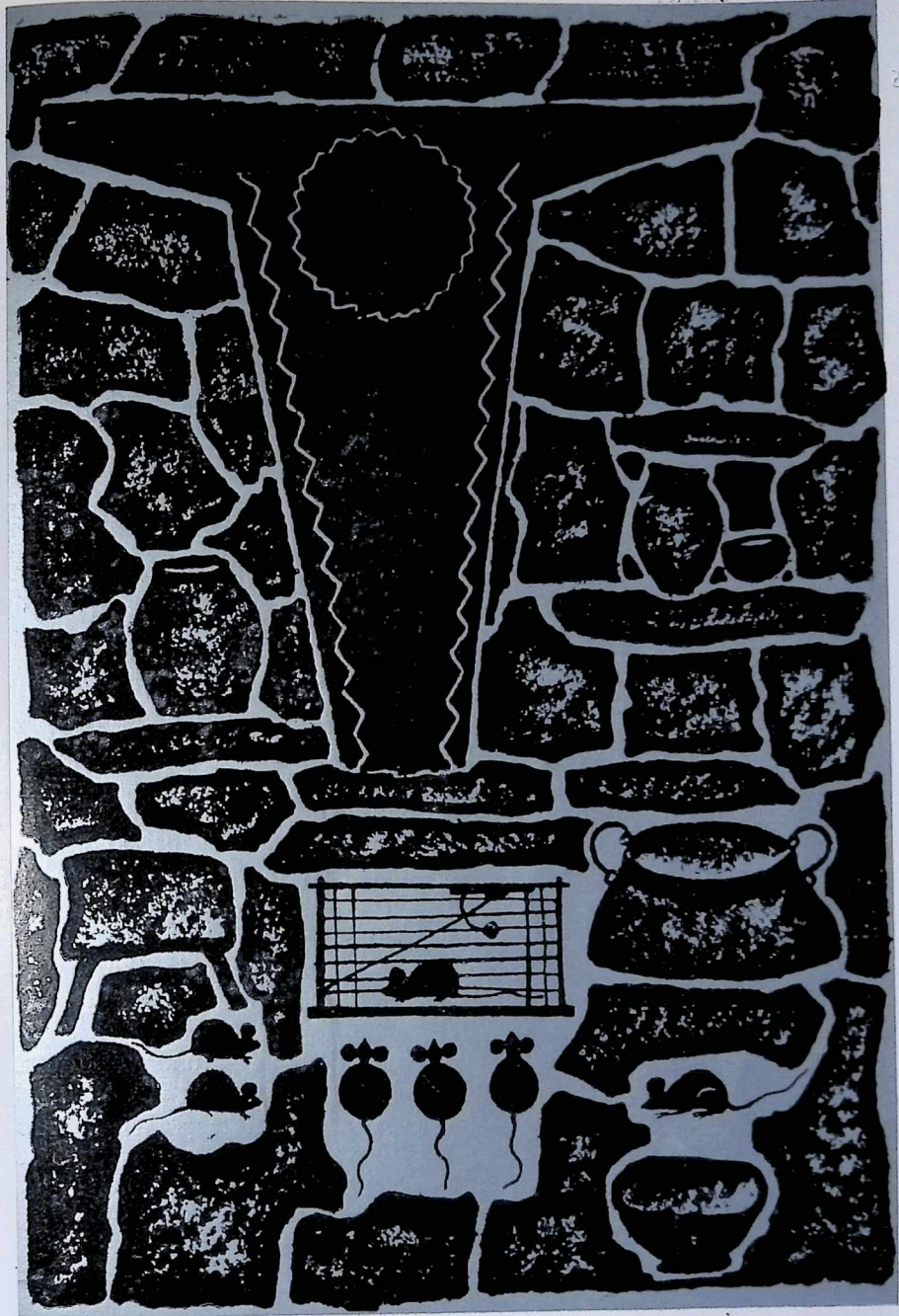
As everybody was eager to pay the mice out,<sup>43</sup> they hoped the trap would do it for them. So they set about making preparations. Euphemia roasted half a walnut in the fire, and stuck it on the hook inside the mousetrap; then, after explaining and showing to the children how the mouse would get in, how it would nibble at the walnut and how the trap would snap to, catching the little rascal, she placed it in the cupboard, with the hook upright.

After a frugal supper, they all went to bed, the children putting their Christmas presents under their pillows ....

Mewer remained alone, dozing at the fireside, while near the hearth, there stood a pot of beans, its lid smoked black as a raven's wing, with the wooden spoon sticking out of it, as it should.

### III

There was a great stir in the Kingdom of Mice. From the cupboard there issued a wonderful scent, a tantalizing and delicious fragrance. A multitude of mice gathered to learn the news, led by the illustrious Hothead, famous for his agility, boldness and daring; he was followed by Frisky, then came Wily, then Bobtail and Grou-



chy. Who could ever tell the names of all the rest! It was a great host, all picked men.<sup>44</sup>

When they first peeped into the cupboard, they were a bit taken aback:<sup>45</sup> they had caught sight of the mousetrap.

— Boys, it's some scurvy trick! — exclaimed Hothead. I've never seen the like of this before. It doesn't look like a bowl, nor like a basin; it's neither a jar, nor a plate, neither is it a sugar-basin, nor a bottle. It's something quite different and strangely wonderful, intricately wrought and woven. And it's just from there that this amazing scent comes. And I can also see the kernel of a walnut inside. Just look at it, just see how easy it is to get at it! The mice scrutinized it, first with one eye, then with the other.

Then Frisky said, — It's a strangely wonderful contraption indeed. Yet caution has never given anyone a headache. It might have been devised for our undoing, don't you think so? Looks like it, at least. My heart and eye tell me not to trust it.

— Truly, indeed! — the mice murmured in assent. — We should inspect it closely, but the thing is, who's to do it?

— And what am I here for? May my enemy's mother weep! Have we grown to be such cowards as to disgrace the Kingdom of Mice? — said Hothead.

— You know best, — conceded the others. — But don't go near, inspect it from a distance, you'd better not approach it. Take the longer way, and you'll get home safe, as the saying goes. — Hothead scuttled up to the mousetrap. The scent of the nut went to his head and he was involuntarily allured by it; however, Hothead avoided the entrance and went round. He circled the mousetrap several times and saw nothing alarming: he thought it was just an ordinary thing made of wire, in which one nut had remained by chance, left there by the thriftless housewife. He came back to his friends and told them what he thought about it.

— What would you say, boys? — said Hothead to the mice. — I don't see anything dangerous there. Will anyone dare to go in, or not?

— Better get away from here. Let's leave it alone whatever it is.... We can very well do without that one half-nut,<sup>46</sup> the mice said,

— Oh, you cowards, you! Call that manliness? What about your bragging: I've done this, I've done that. Shame on that sort of courage! I'll go in, and you'll see what sort of fellow Hothead is! — he said, making for the mousetrap.



The others held their breath,<sup>47</sup> watching from a distance: Hothead skipped briskly up to the mousetrap, pausing for a moment before the entrance. He looked around:

— There's nothing to it, everything is all right. No danger at all, is there? Ugh, you cowards! — he said and stuck his head inside.

Everything was all right: nobody knocked him over the head, nobody pricked his sides. What now? Was anything wrong? Nothing, absolutely nothing? Hothead could very well nibble the nut. Let his friends stand far away and look on, their mouths watering.<sup>48</sup> He came up to the nut and touched it lightly with his teeth, tasting it with relish. He was now quite confident that nothing would happen to him, and he gave a good pull at the nut. And it was just then that misfortune overtook him: the spring worked, and there was a loud snap.

The terror-stricken mice scampered away. They thought the mousetrap was going to pursue them too. Hothead realized his blunder. He whirled around and rushed to the door, but in vain:<sup>49</sup> the door was closed fast, quite fast. He felt miserable, his heart sank,<sup>50</sup> his soul was deeply troubled. He turned to his friends, but there was nobody there.

— Oh, you traitors! — he said. — Fled, hidden away! Are they the sort to come and help me?

He leaped up to the top of the mousetrap, rushed around, hitting the walls; he thrust his muzzle between the wires, tearing at them with his paws, gnawing them with his teeth, squeaking the while. All his efforts were fruitless. A cold sweat broke out all over his body.<sup>51</sup> Then he rested a little. The nut hung intact on the hook; who could ever think of eating it now? Unable to stand it any longer, he called out to his friends:

— Where are you hiding? Haven't you any conscience? Won't you come to my rescue, then? Come out, one at least, to hear my last will and testament.<sup>52</sup> I'm in the hands of our enemies, and I want to bid you all good-bye.

The mice heard every word, and it put them in quite a flutter.<sup>53</sup> To be sure, — they said, — why behave like cowards! It's disgraceful, isn't it? Let's see what we can do for him, we're about to lose the finest fellow of us all, — they said and got ready to help him. Wily led the rest, wailing as she scurried along.

— May I die for you! — Wily said, wiping away a tear. — What on earth am I to do,<sup>54</sup> how can I help you? You should have minded our warnings.<sup>55</sup> You are far too obstinate, you wouldn't lis-

ten to us. Now you're up against it and so are we<sup>56</sup>, — she pawed the wires, trying to pull them apart.

— No fear, I'll manage to get out somehow, there can be no doubt about it. Stop crying! May the valiant Hothead perish if he falls into the hands of man! And should I die, then let my enemies rejoice. But I'll tell my secret to you alone: you know that old walnut tree in the yard, with one of its roots, a thick one, stretching towards the road, don't you? I've got a pit hidden there, full of nuts. Take them and eat them up.

— Oh, dear heart, what do I care for that now!<sup>57</sup> — answered Wily, who was nevertheless pleased to hear his words and committed them to memory.<sup>58</sup>

Just then all the mice came up in a body and surrounded the mousetrap: each one in turn wept and wailed over the misfortune of their brother caught in that cage.

Grouchy sobbed and wailed aloud; the others joined in. All the mice lamented the fate of Hothead, but he spoke to them, rebuking some, encouraging others:

— Don't weep for me, brothers and sisters! May my death be the last of your misfortunes! But there is a vestige of hope that I may escape from this accursed prison.

— How and by what means? May I die for you, but it's impossible, — said Grouchy.

— If there's nothing else to be done, I'll gnaw my way through this wooden door; but how am I to fix my teeth in it,<sup>59</sup> that's the trouble, — returned Hothead.

All the host of mice was woebegone and quite bewildered. Some fell to praying, imploring God to save their brother from disaster; others began to gnaw the wires, but they hurt their little muzzles to no effect.<sup>60</sup>

Day was breaking, and it was time for them to return to their homes, but they just couldn't leave Hothead, all alone, hopeless and forlorn.

Just then Needle placed himself in front of Hothead and began to abuse him and heap reproaches on him.<sup>61</sup>

— It serves you right and that's that!<sup>62</sup> You thought you would get away with it,<sup>63</sup> that day when you snatched a nut from me and devoured it. It has turned into poison for you now. Thank God for helping me in the vengeance that was coming to you. Come on, sir, get out, if you're worth anything<sup>64</sup>, — mocked Needle.

— I shall not get out?! You think I'm going to be here forever, do you? Woe to your mother if I get out!<sup>65</sup> You'll learn then



what Hothead is! The wind will scatter wisps of your fur all over the place, you mark my words! Awfully pleased, aren't you, that I'm in this lock-up? Just wait till I get out, you'll see who's who!<sup>66</sup> — said Hothead furiously.

Wily couldn't stand it any longer, and she gave Needle a good slap on the head.

— Has Hothead fallen so low that you dare speak to him like that, you skunk, you! Is this the time to reproach him? Get out of here,<sup>67</sup> — and Wily attacked Needle. The others, too, fell upon him and sent him flying.

Then the mice discussed the matter: how were they to help Hothead, how to get him out of his prison?

— Brothers and friends! — exclaimed Bobtail at length. — I've got a fine idea, a splendid idea! Now, if you agree with me, let's try it, and if it doesn't work, you can stone me!

— Out with it! If we like it, we're quite willing to approve it, — the mice said.

— D'you know what I have in mind? — Bobtail went on. — This damnable contraption, brought into our hunting-grounds by the accursed hand of man, this thing that has captured our dear brother and friend, our famed Hothead — it must disappear altogether! We'll all get hold of it together and drag it away to our homes, and there we'll wreck it and destroy it, so that not a single bit of it should be seen around. Otherwise, it may do us further harm. Many other simpletons of our tribe will fall victims to it!

— Hear! Hear! Good for you, Bobtail!<sup>68</sup> — the mice cheered in unison. — A fine idea, very fine indeed!

All this discussion put heart into Hothead, and he began boldly and briskly prancing about in the trap, clambering up the wires.

— Well, now, get down to business! We've nothing to gain by delay: they'll catch us and we'll get it in the neck.<sup>69</sup>

The mice, all together, swarmed around the trap. Frisky seized it with his teeth; Grouchy grasped Frisky's tail, Bobtail grasped Grouchy's, Wily took hold of Bobtail's, and so on, and so forth, till the swarm of mice stretched out like yokes of oxen pulling a plough.

— Come on, boys, come on, God bless you!<sup>70</sup> — Hothead urged them from inside the trap. — It's moving, we're making headway,<sup>71</sup> going home!

Indeed, the mice had shifted the trap an inch, and that encouraged them.

— No fear, brother Hothead! May I perish if I let you fall into the enemy's hands, — Grouchy said while the mice paused to take breath. — Stop a minute, take a rest, you'll pull it all the better, — he told them.

— Splendid, that idea of Bobtail's, isn't it? — the mice said, — No one could have thought of anything better!..

Bobtail proudly shook his whiskers.

— So you imagined my head was filled with straw, did you? Nothing of the kind, mates! I live by my wits. Don't you know what tricks I've played? Where I've managed to penetrate, and get out again, what I've hopped over? This tail of mine, wasn't it a trap that snapped it off? It was quite a different sort of trap, yet I got out alive and kicking.<sup>72</sup> Since then, if I chance to come across such an ugly thing, I go my ways, and avoid it.<sup>73</sup> Why should a man seek his undoing? Am I crazy? I'd get inside a bin or basket full of walnuts or hazel-nuts! Was there any sense in Hothead's risking his life just for one half of a walnut?

— Even if there was no sense in it, it was a bold deed, — said Hothead from inside the mousetrap. — What else can you say now? The heart of a real man is quite a different thing. What sort of brave men are you, then? When the trap snapped shut, you all scampered away in alarm: you thought it would run after you. You should have seen what a fight I put up,<sup>74</sup> how I scratched it all over... Well, what have you to say to that?

It was already daylight by the time the mice had dragged the mousetrap up to the hole, urging one another to pull it lustily: they could not understand that the mousetrap would not squeeze through that hole, and yet they were all out to do it.<sup>75</sup>

#### IV

The clergyman ended the service earlier than usual: it was about eleven when the congregation came out of the church. Only Estaté and his daughter-in-law Sophio had attended the service. As for Euphemia, who was expecting guests, she was busy cooking. As usual, Uncle Estaté couldn't imagine a holiday without guests. Euphemia had got everything ready: she had just poured wine into jugs from the great wine-jars buried in the earth when Estaté appeared together with his guests. Maximé, the ruddy-faced old clergyman, walked in front, talking gaily, leaning on a staff of cherry-coloured box-wood, his white beard flowing over his chest. The deacon walked beside him, then came Spiridon, the teacher, and

Mikheil, a retired captain, a veteran of the Russo-Turkish war who lived on his estate, drawing happiness and good-humour from reminiscences of his past and from telling the country folk about his valour and his exploits. A few villagers followed. Catching sight of the approaching guests, Euphemia at once got things ready: she spread a blue cloth over the wooden couch, placed bread here and there, and in the middle she put a dish with a steaming chicken on it, its legs sticking up. Then she set a row of bottles along the table with various dishes in between.

Now the guests were crowding on the verandah, stamping their feet to shake the mud and snow off their shoes.

— Come in, gentlemen, come in, don't worry, never mind the floor,<sup>76</sup> — Euphemia said to the guests, welcoming them into the house.

— Merry Christmas!<sup>77</sup> May you live long, with your husband and children! — the guests greeted her.

— Thank you, the same to you! — said the hostess, bowing to everybody.

— Everything ready, Euphemia, my dear? — Estaté asked his wife. — We are hungry. Here's Father Maximé always telling us, that bread and wine cheer a man's heart, — he ended with a laugh.

— Everything's ready, thank God, — replied Euphemia.

— Truly it does cheer a man's heart, — said Father Maximé, and the others echoed his words.

Estaté invited his guests to table and they took their seats, some on bolsters, others on low three-legged stools. They started with arrack. They drank to Estaté as the toastmaster: first as a customary tribute to his popularity, and secondly as he was the host.

At first Estaté declined the honour, but finally he consented. They fell to with a good heart.<sup>78</sup> After the very first toast, Uncle Estaté struck up a song.

Meanwhile, what were the mice about?... Enraged at those men and their feast, they were tugging at the mousetrap with might and main.<sup>79</sup> We're weeping, while they sing, — they said.

Besides, all those odours drove them crazy, and they raised a wild scratching and scraping with their little claws. One end of the couch, as you know, was quite near the cupboard, so that uncle Estaté's head just reached the lower part of it. Both the host and his guests were getting pretty merry<sup>80</sup>.

— Look here, Euphemia, — cried Estaté, — something's going on here in this cupboard.

— Oh, my!<sup>81</sup> — cried Euphemia, laying two fingers on her lips in astonishment. — With all my bustling around, I clean forgot<sup>82</sup>



about that mousetrap: a mouse must have got into it! — she said, going up to the closet.

— Can it be only one? There's noise enough for a hundred of them to have been trapped, — said Estaté.

— This noise has been going on for some time, but we took no notice of it, — said the schoolmaster, and the others confirmed the fact.

Euphemia flung the closet open, and took hold of the trap at once. She caught sight of a mouse in it, but it being dark in the cupboard, she couldn't see the others. She took out the trap and... oh, wonder of wonders! — there was a great cluster of mice hanging on to it: Frisky, Grouchy, Wily, Bobtail, Flinty and Squinty, and a host of others. All the company stared at the sight and gaped, glasses in hand. The mice had been hanging onto each other hoping to rescue their friend, but having failed, they let go and scattered in all directions. Frisky upset Father Maximé's glass, and the latter, ejaculating, — Damn you!<sup>83</sup> — flung it after him. Bobtail leaped over the schoolmaster's head; Wily sprang straight at Captain Mikheil's breast, who snatched at his sword, accustomed as he was to ward off the foe, but where was that foe? Grouchy had jumped into the village headman's basin of sauce and scalded his feet. Squinty sprang straight into the face of Mewer to whom Sosia the beadle had been offering picked bones; but the cat didn't even bat an eyelid,<sup>84</sup> as if nothing had happened. There was such a tumult in the house!

— Out, you confounded creatures!<sup>85</sup>

— A curse on you all!

— What the devil?!<sup>86</sup> — was heard on all sides.

The mice had completely spoilt the feast. The guests felt hurt,<sup>87</sup> though they were laughing. Were they being made fun of, or what was it all about?<sup>88</sup>

The mice scuttled away. Only Hothead remained in the hands of his enemies, and they would take revenge on him. They clamoured for an awl. They would stab him through and through with it. Euphemia was beside herself with rage. As for Hothead, he couldn't even stir; pale as ashes, he only rolled his eyes miserably. All hope was lost.

— You nasty creature!<sup>89</sup> glared Mikheil.

It was unanimously decided to stab him to death, to assassinate the celebrated champion of the Kingdom of Mice. As for him, sick at heart,<sup>90</sup> his knees quaking, he awaited death. They were going to kill, to stab, to put him to torture, but Estaté stood up for him.<sup>91</sup>

— No, gentlemen! I, as toastmaster, release this mouse, as it is a hallowed day. This mouse must indeed be remarkable to have deserved such sympathy on the part of his brethren. You saw, didn't you, how they tried to help him, how they wanted to rescue him? We must release him, and you should agree, some for God's sake, others out of respect for me.<sup>92</sup>

They could not but consent, and Euphemia let Hothead out of the trap into the snow, hoping that he might perish there.

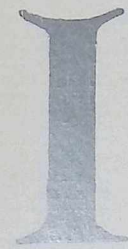
Hothead fought his way through for dear life, sending up a cloud of snow behind him. He rushed under the granary... How happy he was! What things he would tell his friends, what yarns he would spin!...<sup>93</sup>

The guests were amazed that such pity and sympathy should exist among mice. The schoolmaster explained the matter, illustrating his point with examples from the life of birds and beasts...

The feast went on again. Estaté proposed toast after toast. Meanwhile the mice were seeking each other...

When Estaté and his guests had done feasting, the mice began. They got together in the evening; drums, and kettle-drums sounded, tambourines jingled, fifes and zurna shrilled; they danced Lekuri, they sang. Hothead sang Baiyati, eyeing them all proudly and celebrating his victory, while they threw him up in the air and tossed him from one to the other.

# The Violet



was born in the depth of the forest... While I live, my beauty delights the woods, the grass, that moss-grown rock looking at me from afar. My fragrance imbues all around. Everybody loves me: that rotten stump over there keeps his eyes fixed on me, beaming at me all the time. He would like to come up and kiss me, but he cannot. He can only smile at me from a distance, he grins grotesquely, poor thing; but his face lights up with kindness.

Is he the only one to be glad that I live? Even dry-topped trees rejoice looking at me from above; bare-headed themselves, they spread their arms over me: — Our violet might get chilled, something might hurt her, — they think. They never let the heavy shower fall straight upon me: the rain might all at once strip me of my leaves, and losing my leaves would be death to me. All the trees: the birch, the beech, the hazel, the rowan, the elder, press around me and watch over me. They catch and hold the raindrops with their branches, with their leaves, and then sprinkle them gently down over me, letting them fall one by one like dewdrops bathing my face. I raise my head, and a yearning fills me: if only I could sing! If the Creator had only endowed me with the gift of extolling the skies above, the clouds, the sun, the trees that protect me, these mountains, those meadows and the plump little birds with their red and green feathers that waddle over the dry yellow leaves just in front of me! Now and then they twitter playfully in my face, delighted that I am alive. Although I live but one month, no longer, my life is worth more than twenty four months of another's. Still, I do wish I could live longer. This morning a hawfinch broke into song quite near me. Red-throated and fluffy, how pretty she was! Like me she also admired herself, eyeing her breast and shoulders; all living things admire themselves, all take delight in life, all love Nature.

Yesterday there came a rumbling in the sky. The thunder never frightens us: it heralds the rain, and the rain lets us suck at the breast of Mother Earth. The sun is our father, he gazes down at us.



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caressing us and watching over us. The plants are glad of the rain, they are so happy, they go into raptures<sup>1</sup>. Now they will put on new gowns and robes!

The other day my sister the anemone appeared. Poor dear, she is so glad that she keeps nodding and bowing to Mother Earth, to the sunlight; she whispers something to me, she tells me tales of life and love. Now and then she trills with laughter, she throws her arms around me and kisses me.

Yesterday we both cried, my sister and I. How ruthless man is! He wants to make use of whatever he sees. Evidently he does not appreciate our loveliness. A man passed by, with an axe on one shoulder and a gun slung over the other. He went up to a beautiful spreading beech, hacked at it with his axe and felled it. It groaned as it fell, poor thing. Not far from us a little orchid had sprouted. She had not yet broken through the dry fallen leaves<sup>2</sup>. When the tree fell, she threw off those leaves and glowed red<sup>3</sup>. Tears glistened in the depth of her bosom.

At noon a weary, worn-out ring-dove perched in front of us on the branch of an elm tree and began to coo. She also felt happy that spring had come and that she had returned safe and sound<sup>4</sup> to that dear old spot. All of a sudden a gun went off<sup>5</sup>, the ring-dove fell silent. First she hung from a branch by one foot, then she dropped down right in front of me. Her eyes were closed, blood oozed from her bill and dripped over the leaves. The anemone and I trembled all over... And now I cannot hear anything clearly; only a strange booming noise, a rumbling and a confused hum reach me.

Alas, how soon your day is fled,  
Poor little mountain violet!  
The cruel frosts your petals blight,  
The lightning strikes with burning might.  
Your fate, decreed by God, is sad:  
But a short while you make us glad.  
Scarce do you open your sweet eyes—  
Your modest beauty fades and dies.  
And when you feel your death draw near,  
You cry to God, you shed a tear:  
O Lord, — you moan, — why was I born  
If I can't meet another morn?

## It's Rising! It's Getting Light!

**W**ho told this story? Where, or when? Night. Snow-clad hills and valleys, all smothered, fettered, so that the very bones of the Earth seem to be creaking and cracking. Nature lies shrouded in her tomb. Not a sound, not a stir, not a murmur of a playful brook; even the breeze is still, so as not to break the silence that reigns around, not to disturb Nature's sleep and repose. The forest is laden with snow the trunks and limbs of trees are swathed in it.... It was then that a pack of wolves were coming together among the trees on the top of a hill. Some had come earlier and were waiting for the others. They howled, and their deep-throated howling was a call to their fellows: — Come on, don't be late! —

From below, from a distant village, there came a muffled medley of sounds; the smoke rising from the chimneys spread over the village, blanketing it like a mist, like a fog. The star-studded sky glowing above gazed in silence upon the earth.

That night the wolves were going to visit the village. Such was their purpose and intention. That is why they were gathering together: there was nothing for them to eat in the forest. The whole week they had been on their last legs with hunger<sup>1</sup>. They could not even dig the ground for food because of the snow and ice. They came together, a numerous pack, all gnashing their teeth; they were hungry, very hungry. They eyed each other, eager to catch sight of at least one drop of blood on each other's coats, so as to attack one of their kind and tear him to pieces. But would one wolf be enough

for the whole pack? Each would scarcely get a mouthful. Still, it might stay their hunger for a while<sup>2</sup>.

It was indeed an impressive sight, that assembly of wolves: some lay on the snow, others sat on their haunches, or stood with their tails hanging low, all of them with gaping jaws. Thus they discussed their raids and inroads.

— The time is getting on, boys, see, how dark it is! Well, he who is sure of his strength must try it now,<sup>3</sup> — said Totia, an old wolf.

— Hear, hear! — said another. — If we can't get anything else, let's carry off the dogs, at least. You know my tricks, don't you? You lie in ambush,<sup>4</sup> and I'll draw Doggie out and lead him such a dance!<sup>5</sup> I'll lie still, I'll play possum.<sup>6</sup> I'll get him near you, and then you know how to deal with him. —

— We're not cubs, we know how to devour flesh! — said the others laughing. They discussed ways and means of getting into the sheep-fold<sup>7</sup>. At the thought of sheep, their glowing jaws fell still wider apart, and their great teeth glistened like sparks. They gnashed and ground their teeth: their fangs clashed and flashed like fire, lighting up everything around.

They set out in the hope of filling their bellies; they descended the slope, led by Totia, and went on in Indian file,<sup>8</sup> hope glowing in their hearts. But, alas, for the unlucky wolves! Something happened that they had never expected, something that baffled them and ruined their plans. Their hearts sank<sup>9</sup>. What was it, then? They had laid all their hopes on the darkness, but they suddenly noticed that the edge of the sky in the east was getting lighter. They pressed closer together and fixed their eyes on it. In a little while the moon peeped out. It came sailing up and illumined the forest, the mountain, every dark nook; it lit up the whole realm of darkness. The wolves flocked together, growling in a rage:—It's rising, it's rising, it's getting light! — Their eyes, fixed on the moon, darted arrows of hatred, loathing and thirst for vengeance. How they cursed the rising moon!

—Blast your eyes! May you be damned!<sup>10</sup> A curse on you and on the day when you were created! — said the wolves, baring their fangs.

— Oh, if we could only get hold of it, devour it and do away with it!<sup>11</sup> —

It was the old wolf that raged and raved most wildly.

— How many times have you disheartened me, — he said, — how many times have you frustrated me, you accursed, confounded



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thing! How many times have you discouraged me and made my life bitter! How often have I had my muzzle, paws, and breast stained with the blood of beasts; that blood would adorn me for a whole fortnight, and the very sight of it would satisfy my yearning for food. Oh, you Moon, if only I could sink my sharp fangs into you! How I, grey-robed Totia, wish your blood might adorn my shoulders and paws!

The others thought the same and glared at the moon, open-jawed. As for the moon, it rose higher and higher up in the sky; it illumined the foot of every tree, every rock in the forest, and the gloomy gorges; in the village, it lit up every dark nook in the towers and old ruins, and lighted a candle of its own rays on every black tombstone in the graveyard; even the graveyard looked lovely and alive under the moon.

All hope of raiding the village and getting their prey was gone. The night was as light as day. What was to be done? All was lost; bitter was their disappointment and they fell to eyeing one another<sup>12</sup>; they deliberated, they tried to guess which of them was to be their victim, which was to be eaten? Each was ready to dash at another and tear him asunder. Old Totia, his head and muzzle swollen, was crouching behind a bush, lost in thought. He had experienced many a famine and suffered great hardships; it was not hunger that worried him; even now he relied on others to hunt for him. Young wolves used to share their booty with him.

— Hey, Totia, d'you hear? Have you nothing to say now? Don't you see what's going on? We're perishing with hunger. All the clan of wolves, all their kind are about to disappear from the face of the earth. What are your stars telling you now, grandpa?<sup>13</sup>— said one of the wolves, giving him a blow on the head.

— What are you doing, you brute, you ill-bred ass? — said the old wolf angrily. The others pricked up their ears, sensing what was about to happen.

— Well, what about it? — roared the whole pack. — Serves you right!<sup>14</sup> One blow is less than such a bungler as you deserves. Let him feel our teeth! It's all his fault, this light,— they howled in unison. Without losing a moment, they fell upon him tooth and nail...<sup>15</sup>

— Look here, stop it! What are you doing, you brutes? — Totia groaned, showing his teeth, now to one, now to another; but who cared about his growling? In a moment it was all over with Totia,

body and soul.<sup>16</sup> Not a shred of his long-suffering hide was left, only here and there you could see a stain of blood, and that was all.

The wolves were somewhat pacified, but they were still hungry. They looked at one another, each one afraid that he might be eaten now. Frightened, they shrank back. Each one tried to get away from the others. Then there was a cracking in the thicket and a crunching of snow.... The moon had come up, sailing upwards till it almost reached the zenith. It shone bright, and from there, as though keeping watch, it struck awe into all the enemies of the land.

As for the wolves, they rushed headlong through the forest, howling — The light! The light!



## The Lofty Mountains

**T**hey have always stood expecting something. Eternal is the mountains' expectation; like a boundless sea, it fills their heart. Crimson-red and clotted, it quivers in their breast. Outwardly, their countenance reveals nothing but austerity. And that is the token of expectancy. Who can tell what is going on in the heart of the mountains, what flames rage within ready to burst forth?

O mountains, mountains! What are you waiting for? Whom are you waiting for? Is it for your beloved whom you have not seen for a long time? Perhaps you have lost a son? Maybe your brother is far away, or your mother, and you have had no tidings for a long time? No answer. They stand still, their brow unruffled. They have always been waiting, they are still waiting; they will never cease waiting; what can dry up the sea of expectation in their heart? It is everlasting, infinite like the Deity...

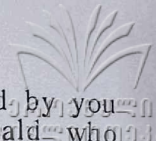
When every living being falls asleep, — the insects, the grass, the flowers, the river, and the restless never-wearying breeze, — then, only then do they heave a sigh and shed tears<sup>1</sup>. When we men are in the same plight,<sup>2</sup> we say:—Oh, what a burden of sorrow lies heavy on my heart!

Why don't you ever sing, O mountains?! Shall I die without hearing your voice, your song? Why will you never laugh? Let me at least see you smile, my dear friends. Could one thought have enslaved you, captured you, overcome you so that all force and every sign of life are now suppressed in your heart and mind?! No, never! At times you, too, rejoice, but men think you feel nothing. I know, don't I, that candles flare up in your heart when the freeborn eagle soars proudly over your summits and descends to rest in your



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lap. How beautiful you are then! Indeed, a child nurtured by you should be brave, bold and handsome! Is he not your herald who speaks to God about you, and brings tidings of you?

Have you no thoughts, ideas, feelings, no dreams? No doubt you have! Those lovely flowers that adorn your breast, what else could they mean? They are your dreams, your hope and comfort. Why do you wrap yourselves in dense mists if not to meditate on something in secret, and to conceal those thoughts from us, the sons of men? Why do you make the grass grow? Why do you let the cool springs flow? Why do you hurl down avalanches? Why do you breed bold bull-ibexes? Whom are you trying to deceive, my dear friends?

They stand as though expecting something. The rain pours down over their heads, the lightning singses their golden locks, the thunder-bolt flashes in play before their eyes and often pierces their heart like an arrow. But this matters nothing. The whole side of a mountain may collapse and rush like an avalanche down into the gorge. Neither does this matter, so long as the crags and rocks are still waiting. Away with all those who do not want to be here with us, here, near the skies, let them remain there, down below!

It snows. It freezes. It is cold. The very stones crack. The mountains have enveloped themselves in a shroud as if they were dead.

— Bury us, weep over us, — they appeal to us. But we hope it is they that will give us burial.

They stand as though expecting something. Their hearts ache, they ache bitterly. Still, they never die, nor do they pine away. They wait. But for whom? For what? For something. Yes, for something. And that something means seeing what they have never seen before. They have seen everything, as far as their eye and heart could reach. Now their eye and heart long for something new, which means that heart and eye are insatiable, does it not? Indeed, it does.

## COMMENTARY

### THE WITHERED BEECH

1. a solitary withered beech rises before my mind's eye — ეული, გამხმარი წიფელი თვალწინ დამიდგება

2. The other trees keep aloof from the withered beech — სხვა ხეები ხმელ წიფელს შორის უდგანან

3. There seems to be no breath of life in the withered beech — ხმელ წიფელს სიცოცხლის ნიშანწყალი აღარ ეტყობა

4. they stand laden with the wealth Nature has lavished upon them — დგანან სარჩოთი დატვირთულნი, რომელიც ბუნებამ უხვად მიანიჭა

5. they steal a glance at him — მალულ მზერას გააპარებენ მისკენ

6. This happens when the full-faced, luminous spirit of the place ... — ეს ხდება, მაშინ, როცა პირსახე, სახენათელი ადგილის დედა...

7. The withered beech heaves a deep sigh --- ხმელი წიფელი ღრმად ამოიხრება

8. like one at his last gasp — სულთმობრძანის მსგავსად

9. rapping at the tree with might and main -- უკაცუნებს ხეს, რაც ძალი და ღონე აქვს

10. full of malicious joy — ნიშნის მოგებით

11. brimming with life — სიცოცხლით სავსე

12. but should he break, what's to be done? -- მაგრამ თუ მოსტყდება, რას იზამ?

13. stand hale and hearty — დგანან უვნებელნი

14. the yellowhammer bursts into a never-ending carol — ქერონა დაპკრავს დაუსრულებელ გალობას

15. once in a while — ათასში ერთხელ

16. sorrow seems to have eaten deep into his heart — მწუხარება თითქოს ღრმად ჩასჭედვია გულში

### THE JAYS' WEDDING

1. famed far and wide — სახელგანთქმული

2. there was no room to move — ტევა აღარ იყო

3. Then they fell to eating and drinking with a good heart — დიდი ხალისით შეუდგნენ ჭამას

4. Look here, you bawler — შენ, ეი, მყვირალე

5. You'd better do so, and double quick! — გირჩევნია დაღე, და სწრაფად!

6. Well, go ahead and show what you're worth! — ჰო, მიდი, ვნახოთ რა ვაქცაცია ხარ!

7. not in vain — არც თუ ტყუილად

8. a pretty long... worm — საკმაოდ გრძელი... ჭია

9. Hear! Hear! Hurray! Well done, Woodpecker! — დახაც, გუნჯარჯოს! ვაშა! ყოჩაღ, კოდლა!

10. he tossed it off at a draught — სულუქცევრად გადაპკრა

11. his mouth watered — პირში ნერწყვი მოუვიდა

12. Come what may! — რაც იქნება, იქნება

13. That's a fine fellow, good of you to come! — შენი კვირიმე, კარგია რომ მოხვედი, ბიჭო

14. God bless you — ღმერთმა დაგლოცოთ

15. He's got to drink a lot to catch up with us — ბევრი უნდა დალიოს, რომ დაგვეწიოს

16. You'd crack nuts, would you? — რა თქმა უნდა თხილს გააქნაწურებ!

17. I can't. What do you want me to do, hang myself? — არ შემიძლია. რა ვქნა, რა წყალში გადავარდე

18. what's the big idea, after all? — რა ახირებაა მაინც და მაინც?!

19. he's got to drink it! He won't get out of it! What the hell did he mean by coming here if he won't drink! — უნდა დალიოს, არაფერი გამოუვა! აქ რას მოეთრეოდა, თუ დღინოს არა სვამდა

20. Come on! Now! That's it! Fine, my boy! მიდი! აბა და შა! ყოჩაღ, ბიჭო!

21. the Crows split their sides with laughter — ყვავებს მუცლები ხელით ეჭირათ

22. I don't feel like it today — დღეს, (სიმღერის) გუნებაზე არა ვარ

23. I'll spare no pains — თავს არ დავზოგავ

24. At once their hearts came into their mouths — უეცრად ყველას ენა მუცელში ჩაუვარდა

25. What fun should we have then? None whatever! — ჩვენ რაღა უნდა ვისაიამოვნოთ? ვერაფერი!  
26. Who's made away with all the birds — ჩიტები ვინ გააწყო

27. How could men know that the birds were at the Jays' wedding, feasting and having the time of their lives? — ხალხმა რა იცოდა რომ ჩიტები ჩხიკეთა ქორწილში იყვნენ ქეიფსა და დროსტარებდნენ

28. he struck up a heroic song; it gave everybody the cold shivers — რაღაც საგმირო სიმღერა შემოსძახა; ყველას ცივმა ქრუნტელმა დაულრა

29. he'll destroy us all in no time! — ერთ წამში ყველას მოგესპობს

30. their spirits were damped — გუნება გაუფუჭდათ

31. cut such capers that he sent the dust high up to the skies — ისეთ ბუქნაში ამოდიოდა, რომ მტვერი ცასა სწვდებოდა

32. the little mouse all but gave up the ghost with fright — თავუნამ შიშისაგან კინაღამ სული განუტევა

33. After this scowl, Squeaky was completely unmanned — ამ შებღვერის შემდეგ წრუწუნა კაცად აღარ ვარგოდა

34. Feeling out of sorts he took himself off — ავად გახდა და წავიდა

35. I won't, so there! — არ გავჩუმდები, რა გინდა!

36. the birds took it in bad part — ჩიტებმა ითაკილეს

37. couldn't make out — ვერ გავგო

38. was biding his time — დროს უტდიდა

39. made away with him then and there — იქვე სული გაფართობინა

40. Don't you dare to do so again, or you'll get it hot! — მეტი აღარ გაბედო, თორემ ვაი შენს ტყავს!

## THE MOUSETRAP

1. would-be buyers — მუშტრები

2. to refuse outright — დიდ უარზე დაღობა

3. there was not a single animal in the village who ever bore him a grudge — მისგან ნაწყენი სოფელში პირტყვიც კი არ იყო

4. Well, well, make it up, do! — ჰაა, აბა შერიგდით!

5. let's have a hearty smack — აბა, მოდიო, პროშტი

6. Now you make it up, and I'll stand the dinner! — თქვენ შერიგდით და სადილი ჩემზე იყოს

7. he was always as good as his word — დანაპირებს ყოველთვის შეასრულებდა (თავის სიტყვას არ გადაეიდოდა)

8. advanced in years — ხანში შესული

9. they say it just to season their greeting — ამბობენ, რომ სალაში გაანელონ (ამბობენ სალმის სანელად)

10. in his cups — შეზარხოშებული

11. God bless you! — ღმერთმა დაგლოცოს (ღმერთმა მშვიდობა მოგცეს)

12. Wild beasts, indeed! — ნადირიო? (ნადირი კი არა და!)

13. he all but blew out Euphemia's lamp — ეფემიას კინაღამ ლამფა გაუქრო

14. Ho, there, what are you up to? — ჰოო, კარგი, რა მოგდის?

15. Now, mind, let's have no quarrelling — ჰაა, აბა, ჩხუბი არ იყოს

16. I could do with a cup of tea — ერთი ჩაი რომ დამალეინოთ

17. I've had a drop too much — ცოტა შეზარხოშებული ვარ

18. in a moment — ერთ წამში, ხელად

19. Too much tipping by far! — მეტისმეტო ლოთობა!

20. all drink like fish — ყველა ლოთობს (უზომოდ სვამს)

21. But that's no concern of mine — მე ეგ როლი მეკითხება

22. They may go hang for all I care — თვალი იმათე დაუდგეთ (ჯანდაბაში წასულან)

23. best regards — დიდი მოკითხვა

24. had the time of my life! — კარგი დროება გავატარე!

25. Just straw, a basket and one donkey have been the making of that cousin of yours — ბზეს, ერთს კალათას და ერთ ვიწარს შენი მამიდაშვილი კაცად გამოუყვანია

26. was pacing to and fro — მილი-მოდიოდა (ბოლოთასა ცემდა)

27. What a beauty! What a toothsome bit it is! — ოჰ, რა არის! რა გემრიელი რამ არის!
28. An old crony of mine — ჩემი ძველი ძმობილია
29. Aren't I a fine fellow, Euphemia, my pet? — კარგი ბიჭი არა ვარ, ეფემია-ჩან?
30. the pick of the basket, and that's that — აქ არის ყველაზე საუკეთესო რაც არის და!
31. Oh, jolly! — დილილმე!
32. Sorry, I was out of pocket — გიბესთან უკაც-რავად გახლდით
33. What's to be done — ეჰ, რას იზამ!
34. We can do without all that, can't we? ჩვენ იოლად გამოვალთ!
35. Did I ever mind it, my man? — ვინ გემდურის, კაცო!
36. Last of all, with a great to do — სულ ბოლოს დიდი ამბით
37. They do lead me such a dance, those damned mice — სული გამომწარეს ამ თავგ-ტიალებმა
38. Nice sort of mouser you are, drat you! — თავგის კარგი დამჭერიც შენა ხარ აი, მეხიკი დაგაყარ!
39. Plague on him — ჭირი მაგას
40. Sin, indeed! — ცოდოს, როგორ არა!
41. Scat, you nasty creature! — დაიკარგე, შე საზიზღარო!
42. If he had it in him, he wouldn't mind sir-ning — ეგ შნო რომ ჰქონდეს, ცოდოს არ მოერიდებოდა
43. As everybody was eager to pay the mice out — რადგანაც ყველას უნდოდა თავგების ჯავრი ამოეყარათ
44. all picked men — სულ რჩეული ვეკაცები
45. they were a bit taken aback — ცოტა არ იყოს შევკრთნენ
46. We can very well do without that one half-nut — კაცლის მაგ ერთი ლებანის გარეშეც გავძლებთ
47. The others held their breath — სხვებმა სული ვანახეს
48. Let his friends stand far away and look on, their mouths watering — დეე, მისმა მეგობრებმა შორიდან უცქირონ და ნერწყვი ყლაპონ
49. but in vain — მაგრამ ამაოდ
50. his heart sank — გული ჩაწყდა
51. A cold sweat broke out all over his body — მოელ ტანზე ცივმა ოფლმა დაასხა
52. last will and testament — ანდერძი
53. it put them in quite a flutter — ამან ისინი (თავგები) შეაჩოქოლა
54. What on earth am I to do — რაღა ვქნა (რაღა თავი ქნას ვახალო)

55. You should have minded our warnings— უნდა გაგეგონა რომ გაფრთხილებდით
56. Now you're up against it and so are we — ეხლა თავიც გასაჭირში ჩაივდე და ჩვენცა
57. what do I care for that now! — მაგის დარდი მაქვს ახლა!?
58. committed them to memory — კარგად დამახსოვრა
59. but how am I to fix my teeth in it — მაგრამ კბილებით როგორ მივუღვე
60. to no effect — ტყუილად, უშედეგოდ
61. heap reproaches on him — საყვედურებით ავსება
62. It serves you right and that's that! — ჰეე, ახია შენზე!
63. You thought you would get away with it— გეგონა შეგარჩებოდა
64. if you're worth anything! — თუ ბიჭი ხარ (თუ შნო გაქვს)!
65. Woe to your mother if I get out! — ვაი დედაშენს, თუ გამოველი!
66. you'll see who's who! — მაშინ ნახავ შენს სეირს!
67. Get out of here — დაიკარგე აქედან!
68. Hear! Hear! Good for you, Bobtail — მართალია, მართალი! ყოჩაღ, კუდავ!
69. we'll get it in the neck— ავს დღეს დაგვაწევენ
70. Come on, boys, come on, God bless you! — გასწით, ბიჭებო, გასწით, ღმერთი გწყალობდე!
71. we're making headway — მივიწეეთ
72. yet I got out alive and kicking — გამოვე-სხლტი ცოცხალი და მარდი
73. I go my ways, and avoid it— გზას ვექცევ და ვერიდები
74. You should have seen what a fight I put up — უნდა გენახათ რა ბრძოლა ავუტეხე
75. they were all out to do it — თავებს აკლავდნენ რომ გაეთრიათ (სათავური)
76. never mind the floor — იატაკის დარდი ნუ გაქვთ
77. Merry Christmas! — მოგილოცინაა ღმერთსაწაული (შობა)!
78. They fell to with a good heart — გაჩაღდა სმა-ჭამა
79. tugging at the mousetrap with might and main — ეწეოდნენ სათავურს, რაც ძალი და ღონე ჰქონდათ
80. the guests were getting pretty merry — სტუმრები კარგად შეზარბოვდნენ
81. Oh, my! — ღმერთო ჩემო!
82. I clean forgot — სრულიად დამავიწყდა





- 83. Damn you! — დაგწყველოთ ღმერთმა (თქვე წყველებო!)
- 84. but the cat didn't even bat an eyelid — კატამ ყურად კი არ გაიბერტყა (სიტყვა-სიტყვით: თვალის ქუთუთოც კი არ დაახამხამა)
- 85. Out, you confounded creatures! — ჰაი, თქვე წყველებო!
- 86. What the devil?! — ეაჰ, რა ამბავია?!
- 87. The guests felt hurt — სტუმრებს ეწყობათ
- 88. Were they being made fun of, or what was

- it all about? — მასხარად იგდებდენ, თუ რაში იყო საქმე?
- 89. You rasty creature! — შე არამხად!
- 90. sick at heart — გულშეღონებულნი
- 91. Estate stood up for him — მფარველად ესტატე დაუდგა
- 92. some for God's sake, others out of respect for me — ზოგი ღმრის გულისათვის, ზოგიც მე მიხატრეთ (მე მეცით პატივი)
- 93. what yarns he would spin!... — რა ტყუილებს შეთხზავდა!...

### THE VIOLET

- 1. they go into raptures — ეელამდის სიხარულით მოიყარნენ
- 2. She had not yet broken through the dry fallen leaves — ჯერ ხმელს, ჩამოსულ ფოთოლს არ ამოსცილებოდა

- 3. glowed red — წითლად გაანათა
- 4. returned safe and sound — უვნებლად, მშვიდობით დაბრუნდა
- 5. All of a sudden a gun went off — უცებ თოფი გაეკრდა

### IT'S RISING! IT'S GETTING LIGHT!

- 1. they had been on their last legs with hunger — შიმშილისაგან ფეხზე ძლივს იდგნენ
- 2. Still it might stay their hunger for a while — ცოტათი მაინც შიმშილს დაიოკებდნენ
- 3. he who is sure of his strength, must try it now — ვისაც თავისი ძალის იმედი აქვს, ახლა უნდა გამოსცადოს
- 4. You lie in ambush — თქვენ ჩაუსაფრდით
- 5. I'll draw Doggie out and lead him such a dance! — მე გამოვიტყუებ, გავუთამაშებ ქედანას
- 6. I'll play possum — ჩაუკვდებ-მოვუკვდები (თავს მოვიმკვდარუნებ)
- 7. They discussed ways and means of getting into the sheep-fold — თათბირობდნენ, თუ როგორ და რანაირად გაეტეხათ ფარეხი
- 8. in Indian file — წალიკად (დამწყობრივებულად, ერთიმეორის მიყოლებით)

- 9. Their hearts sank — გული ჩაწყდათ
- 10. Blast your eyes! May you be damned! — დაგიდგეს თვალი! გაგიწყურეს ღმერთი!
- 11. if we could... do away with it! — ნეტაეი... მოგვესპო მაგისტვის სიცოცხლე
- 12. they fell to eyeing one another — ერთმანეთს თვალიერება დაუწყეს
- 13. What are your stars telling you now, grandpa? — რასა წერს ახლა შენი კარაბადინი, პაპა?
- 14. Serves you right! — ეგრე მოგიხდება!
- 15. they fell upon him tooth and nail — ეცნენ გასაგლეჯად (არ დაიშურეს კბილები და ბრჭყალები)
- 16. In a moment it was all over with Totia, body and soul — ერთ წამში გაათავდა ტოტია, ლეშთან ერთად გაათავდა სულიც

### THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS

- 1. then, only then do they heave a sigh and shed tears — მაშინ, მხოლოდ მაშინ ამოიხრებენ და ცრემლსა ღვრიან

- 2. When we men are in the same plight — როცა ჩვენ კაცთ იგივე გასაჭირი გვაღვას

VOCABULARY

A

abhorrence [əb'hɔrəns] *n* ზიზღი  
 abundance [ə'bʌndəns] *n* სიუხვე  
 in abundance უხვად  
 abuse [ə'bjʊ:s] *s* შეურაცხყოფა, ლანძღვა  
 accustom [ə'kʌstəm] *s* მიჩვევა  
 acorn ['eɪkɔ:n] *n* რკო  
 acorn-cup ['eɪkɔ:n'kʌp] *n* რკოს ნაჭუჭი  
 accursed [ə'kɜ:sɪd] *adj* დაწყევლილი, საქულეკელი  
 acquaintance [ə'kwɛɪntəns] *n* ნაცნობი  
 addled [ædld] *pp* არეული; აქ: შექვიფიანებული, გაღაერული  
 admire [əd'maɪə] *s* მოწონება, თაყვანისცემა  
 admonition [ˌædmə'nɪʃən] *n* ქუთის დარიგება, გაფრთხილება  
 adore [ə'dɔ:ə] *s* გაღმერთება, თაყვანისცემა (ეთაყვანება), ღიღი სიყვარული  
 adorn [ə'dɔ:n] *s* დამშვენება, მორთვა  
 adorned [ə'dɔ:nd] *pp* დამშვენებული  
 adorning [ə'dɔ:nɪŋ] *ppp* მოტრფიალე, მოთაყვანებელი  
 afford [ə'fɑ:d] *s* შეძლება, შესაძლებლობის ქონება  
 agility [ə'dʒɪlɪtɪ] *n* სიმარღვე, სიმკვირცხვე  
 akimbo [ə'kɪmbəʊ] *adv* დონეწმომყოფით  
 alarm [ə'lɑ:m] *n* განგაში  
 alas [ə'lɑ:s] *int* ვაჰჰ!  
 allure [ə'ljuə] *s* მიზიდვა  
 aloft [ə'lɔft] *adv* მაღლა  
 amaze [ə'meɪz] *s* განცვიფრება, გაოცება  
 ambush [ə'mʌbʃ] *n* საფარო  
 to lie in ambush ჩასადრება  
 amuse [ə'mju:z] *s* გართობა  
 appeal [ə'pi:l] *s* მიმართვა თხოვნით, მუდართობა  
 appear [ə'piə] *s* გამოჩენა  
 appreciate [ə'pri:ʃeɪt] *s* დაფასება  
 approach [ə'prəʊtʃ] *s* მიახლოება  
 approve [ə'pru:v] *s* მოწონება (მოუწონეს)  
 arrack ['ærək] *n* არაკი  
 archness ['ɑ:tns] *n* ეშმაკობა, მზაკვრობა  
 arrow ['ærəʊ] *n* ისარი  
 ash [æʃ] *n* ფერფლი  
 aspen ['æspən] *n* ვერხვი  
 assemble [ə'sembəl] *s* მოგროვება, თავმოყრა  
 assembly [ə'sembli] *n* თავყრილობა, კრება  
 assent [ə'sent] *n* თანხმობა, ნების დართვა  
 astonishment [ə'stɔnɪʃmənt] *n* გაოცება  
 asunder [ə'sʌndə] *adv* ცალ-ცალკე

attack [ə'tæk] *s* თავდასხმა, შეტევა  
 attend [ə'tend] *s* მიხედვა, თადარიგის დაქვრა  
 attend service წირებაზე დასწრება  
 audacious [ɔ:'deɪʃəs] *adj* თამამი, თავხელი  
 avalanche ['ævələ:nʃ] *n* ზევაი  
 avert [ə'vɜ:t] *s* მიბრუნება, პირის არიდება  
 await [ə'weɪt] *s* ლოდინი  
 awaken [ə'weɪkən] *s* გაღვიძება  
 awe [a:] *n* შიში  
 awesome ['a:səm] *adj* საზარელი, შიშის მომგვრელი  
 awfully ['ɔ:fʊli] *adv* საშინლად  
 awl [a:] *n* საღვსი  
 axe [æks] *n* ცული

B

babble [bæbl] *s* ტყუილი  
 baffle [bæfl] *s* გეგმის ჩაფუშვა, ხელის შეშლა  
 banister ['bænstɪs] *n* მოაჯირი  
 barber ['bɑ:bə] *n* დალაქი  
 bare-headed ['beə'hedɪd] *adj* თავშიშეგლა, ქულ-მოხდილი  
 bargain ['bɑ:ɡɪn] *n* იაფად ნაყვარი საქონელი, სარფიანი საყვარო შეთანხმება  
 barley ['bɑ:lɪ] *n* ქვირი  
 barn [bɑ:n] *n* საბძელი  
 bask [bɑ:sk] *s* გათბობა, ხუხვა  
 basin [beɪsɪn] *n* ბაღია, ღიღი ჯამი  
 basket ['bɑ:skɪt] *n* კალათი, გოღორი  
 bathe ['beɪð] *s* დაბანა  
 bawler ['bɔ:lə] *adj* მყვირალა  
 beak [bi:k] *s* ნისკარტი  
 beam [bi:m] *n* გაღვიძება, ნათელი ღიმილით ცქერა  
 bean [bi:n] *n* ლობიო  
 beat [bi:t] *s* (beat; beat, beaten) ცემა, დაკვრა (დაკვრა)  
 behave [bi'heɪv] *s* მოქცევა, თავის დაქვრა  
 behaviour [bi'heɪvjə] *n* საქციელი, ქცევა  
 belly ['belɪ] *n* მუცელი, ფაშვი  
 bend [bend] *s* (bent; bent) მოღრეკა, მოხრა  
 best man ['best'mæn] *n* ევიზი, მეკვარე, ხელის-მომიჯღე  
 bewildered [bi'wɪldəd] *pp* (bewilder) საგონებელში ჩაყარდნილი; დაბნეული  
 bid [bɪd] *s* (bade; bidden) ბძანება  
 bid farewell გამოშვილობება  
 bill [bɪl] *n* ნისკარტი



bin [bɪn] *n* კოდი  
 birch [bɜ:tʃ] *n* არყი  
 bitter ['bɪtə] *adj* მწარე  
 blanket ['blæŋkɪt] *n* გადაფარება (საბნის)  
 blast [blɑ:st] *v* გახმობა, გავერანება  
 blast [blɑ:st] *n* შემობერება (ქარის)  
 blaze [bleɪz] *v* ააღება, ანთება, აბრალებს  
 bless [bles] *v* კურთხევა, დალოცვა  
 blight [blaɪt] *v* დაზრობა, დასუსება  
 bliss [blɪs] *n* ნეტება, ბედნიერება  
 bloated [bləʊtɪd] *pp* (bloat) გამობურცული, გა-  
 მობერილი  
 blood [blʌd] *n* სისხლი  
 blow [bləʊ] *n* დარტყმა  
 blow [bləʊ] *v* (blew; blown) დაბერვა, ჩაბერვა  
 blow out ჩაქრობა  
 blunder ['blʌndə] *n* უხეშო შეცდომა  
 bluster ['blʌstə] *n* ბაქიბუქი, ტრაბახი  
 board [bɔ:d] *n* გაშლილი სუფრა  
 Bobtail ['bɒtɪl] *n* კულა  
 bold [bəʊld] *adj* შეუბოვარი, გაბედული; ღალი;  
 თავხედი  
 bouldface ['bəʊldfeɪs] *n* თავხედი  
 bolster ['bəʊlstə] *n* მუთაქა  
 booming ['bu:miŋ] *pp* (boom) მოგუგუნე  
 bosom ['bʊzəm] *n* მკერდი  
 bother ['bɒðə] *v* შეწუხება  
 bottom ['bɒtəm] *n* ფსკერი  
 at the bottom ბოლოს, ბოლოში  
 boundless ['baʊndlɪs] *adj* უსაზღვრო  
 bounty ['baʊntɪ] *n* სიუხვე, მადლი  
 bow [bəʊ] *v* თავის დაკვრა  
 bowl [bəʊl] *n* თასი, ჯამი  
 boxwood ['bɒkswʊd] *n* ბზა  
 bragging ['bræɡɪŋ] *n* ტრაბახი  
 branch [brɑ:ntʃ] *n* ტოტი  
 brave [breɪv] *adj* მაჰამი  
 brawler ['braɪ-lə] *n* მოჩხუბარი, ჩხუბისთავი  
 break [breɪk] *v* (broke; broken) გატეხვა  
 to break into წამოწყება, დაწყება  
 'break through ამოსვლა, ამოძრომა  
 breast [breɪst] *n* მკერდი  
 breath [breθ] *n* სუნთქვა  
 breathe [bri:ð] *v* სუნთქვა (სუნთქავს)  
 breathless ['breθlɪs] *adj* სუნთქვაშეუკრული, სულ-  
 შეუთუთლი  
 breed [bri:d] *v* (bred; bred) გაზრდა, ჯიშის გამო-  
 ყვანა  
 breeze [bri:z] *n* ნიავი  
 bridal [braɪdl] *adj* საქორწილო, საპატარძლო  
 bride [braɪd] *n* პატარძალი, დედოფალი  
 bridegroom ['braɪdgrʊm] *n* ნეფე  
 briskly [brɪskli] *adv* მარადი

brood [bru:d] *v* ფიქრი (დობნას)  
 brook [bru:k] *n* ნაკადული  
 brow [braʊ] *n* წარბი  
 brute [bru:t] *n* პირუტყვი, ბრიყვი  
 bubble [bʌbl] *v* ჩუხჩუხი, ჩქეფა  
 bull-ibex ['bul'ɪbeks] *n* ხარკიხვი  
 bully ['bulɪ] *v* შეტევა, შარის მოღება  
 bungler [bʌŋglə] *n* უშრო, ბოთე  
 bunting ['bʌntɪŋ] *n* ქერონა (ქერონა)  
 burden [bʌ:dn] *n* ტვირთი  
 burst [bɜ:st] *v* (burst; burst) გასკომა, ტყერობა  
 (გატყერება)  
 burst forth ამოფეთქება, ამოსვლა  
 bustle [bʌsl] *n* ფაციფუცი, ფუსფუსი  
 bustle [bʌsl] *v* ფუსფუსი, საქმიანობა (საქმიანობს)  
 bustling ['bʌslɪŋ] *pp* მოუსვენარი  
 butcher ['bʊtʃə] *n* ყსაბი  
 buzz [bʌz] *v* ზუზუნე  
 buy [baɪ] *v* (bought; bought) ყიდი

C

cage [keɪdʒ] *n* გალია  
 candle [kændl] *n* სანთელი  
 captivate ['kæptɪveɪt] *v* დატყვევება, მოხიბლება  
 captive ['kæptɪv] *n* ტყვე  
 capture ['kæptʃə] *v* დაჭერა  
 cardamom ['kɑ:dəmɒm] *n* ილი  
 care [keə] *v* ზრუნვა  
 who cared ვის ენადღებოდა  
 caress [kə'res] *n* აღერბი  
 carol ['kærəl] *n* გალობა, სიმღერა  
 carry ['kæri] *v* წაღება  
 carried away გატაცებული  
 carry out შესრულება, სისრულეში მოყვანა  
 cashmere [kæʃ'mɪə] *n* ქიშმირი  
 catch [kætʃ] *v* (caught; caught) დაჭერა  
 catch sight თვალის მოკვრა, დანახვა  
 caution ['kɑ:ʃən] *n* სიფრთხილე  
 cease [si:s] *v* შეწყვეტა  
 celebrate ['selɪbreɪt] *v* შეიმობა  
 celebration [selɪ'breɪʃən] *n* შეიმი  
 champion ['tʃæmpiən] *n* მოქიდავე, გმირი  
 chance [tʃɑ:ns] *n* შემთხვევა  
 by chance შემთხვევით  
 chant [tʃɑ:nt] *v* გალობა  
 chaste [tʃeɪst] *adj* წმინდა, შეუზღალავი, სათნო  
 cheer [tʃɪə] *v* შემახლება, წახალისება, მოწონების  
 ნიშნად; გახალისება  
 cherry-coloured ['tʃerɪ'kɒləd] *adj* ალუბლისფერი  
 chest [tʃest] *n* გულმკერდი  
 chill [tʃɪl] *v* გაციება  
 chimney ['tʃɪmni] *n* საცაემური  
 chirp [tʃɪ:p] *n* ქლურტული, ჭიკჭიკი

chorus [kə:res] *n* ჯუნდი  
in chorus ერთხმად

Christmas Eve [ˈkrɪsməs ˈi:v] *n* შობის წინაღღე

chunk [tʃʌŋk] *n* ჩალაღი (სუეს ნაწილი)

church [tʃɜ:tʃ] *n* ეკლესია

cinnamon [ˈsɪnəmən] *n* ღარიჩინი

circle [sə:kl] *s* შემოვლა (შემოუარა), ტრიალ

clamber [klæmbə] *s* აბლოტვა, აბობღება

clamour [klæmə] *n* ყვირილი

clan [klæn] *n* გვარი, თემი

clash [klæʃ] *s* აჩქამება, ღრჭილი

claw [klaʊ] *n* კლანჭი, კლანჭებიანი ფეხი

clergyman [ˈkɛlə:dʒɪmən] *n* მღვდელი

cliff [klɪf] *n* ციხაბო კღღე

closet [ˈkloʊzɪt] *n* საკუტუნაო

clotted [klotɪd] *pp* (clot) შეღღეღებული (სისხლი)

clove [klaʊv] *n* მიხაი

cluster [klastə] *n* აიღო

collapse [kəˈlæps] *s* ავადმყოფობისგან ან სისუსტისგან ღაცემა

comfort [kʌmfət] *n* ნუღემი

command [kəˈmænd] *s* ბრძანების გაცემა

compassion [kəmˈpæʃən] *n* სობრალული

completely [kəmˈpli:tli] *adv* სრულიად, სავებიბო

conceal [kənˈsi:l] *s* დამალვა

concede [kənˈsi:d] *s* დანებება, დამობა

condescend-[,kɒndɪˈsend] *s* შეწყნარება, მოწყალე თვალთ შეხეღვა

confident [ˈkɒnfɪdənt] *adj* დანღობილი, დარწმუნებულ

confine [kənˈfaɪn] *s* დღასტურება, დამოწმება

confounded [kənˈfaʊndɪd] *pp* (confound) დაწყვეღლიღ, შეხეღნებულღ

confused [kənˈfju:zɪd] *pp* (confuse) გაღრკვეველი, ზუნღიღანი; დანღეღი

congratulate [kɒnˈgrætjuleɪt] *s* მიღოღვა

congregate [ˈkɒngrɪgeɪt] *s* შეგროვება, შეყრა

congregation [ˌkɒngrɪˈgeɪʃən] *n* მრველი

conscience [ˈkɒnʃəns] *n* სინღისი, ნამუსი

consent [kənˈsent] *s* დღათანებბა

consider [kənˈsɪdə] *s* მხეღეღლობამი მიღება, განხიღვა

constant [ˈkɒnstənt] *adj* მუღმივი

contraption [kənˈtræpʃən] *n* ახალგამოგონებულღ მანქანა

coo [ku:] *s* ღღღღღი

core [kɔ:] *n* გულ-გული (ხის გული)

cotton print [ˈkɒtnˈprɪnt] *n* ჩიითი

couch [kaʊtʃ] *n* სარეცელი, ტახტი

countenance [ˈkauntɪnəns] *n* სახე, სახის გამომეტყვეღება

course [kɔ:s] *n* მსვეღღღობა, მიმართუღება

coward [kaʊəd] *n* მხღალი, მშობარა

crack [kræk] *n* გატყვერობა, გასკღღმა; მტერვეა, მტერვეის ხმა, კნაწუნი

crag [kræg] *n* კღღე

cram [kræm] *s* ჩაჩხირეა; ზეღახოღვა

cramped [kræmpt] *pp* (cramp) დღარუნჩხუღი (სიციეისგან)

crane [kreɪn] *s* კისრის წღარმღება

crash [kræʃ] *s* დღამხერევა, დღამტერვეა

crash down ჩატყღღობა

crave [kreɪv] *s* წღიღი, ძღიერი სურეღი

crazy [kreɪzɪ] *adj* გეი, დღამთხეულღ

creak [kri:k] *s* კრიალი

create [kriːeɪt] *s* შექმნა, გაჩენა

creator [kriːˈeɪtə] *n* შექმნეღი  
the Creator ღმერთი, გამჩენი

creature [ˈkri:ʃə] *n* ქმნიღება, ცხოვეღი

cress [kres] *n* წიწმბა

crossly [ˈkrɒsli] *adv* გაჯავრებოთ

crouch [kraʊtʃ] *s* მიმღღვა, გართხმა (შიშით ან თავდასხმისთვის)

crouch close მიტუტქება

crow [kraʊ] *n* ყვაი

crowd [kraʊd] *n* ბრბო

crowd [kraʊd] *s* შეგროვება, გავსება (ხალხით)

crown [kraʊn] *n* ხის კენწერი; გვირგვინი

crown [kraʊn] *s* გვირგვინის დღღმა

cruel [kruəl] *adj* სასტიკი, უღმობეღი

crunching [krʌntʃɪŋ] *n* კრიალი, ხრამუნღი

cub [kʌb] *n* ღვევი

curse [kɜ:s] *s* წყვეღა

curled-up [ˈkɜ:ldʌp] *adj* აბზეიღი

custom [kʌstəm] *n* ჩვეუღება

customary [ˈkʌstəməri] *adj* ჩვეუღებრივი

**D**

deacon [di:kən] *n* დღავანი

deal [di:l] *s* (dealt; dealt) საქმის დღვერა, მოღვარება

deal with მოქღვეა, გარჯა

deal [di:l] *n*  
a great deal დღღდაღი, ბევრი

dealer [di:lə] *n* მოღაქრე

dagger [dæɡə] *n* ხანჯალი

dale [deɪl] *n* ბარი, ვეღი

dare [deə] *s* გაბეღვა

daring [ˈdeəriŋ] *n* გამბეღლობა

dart [dɑ:t] *s* გატყორცნა, გასროღა

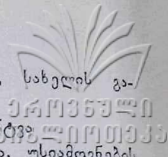
dart up აღმა სეღა, ავარღნა

dash [dæʃ] *n* დღღღე (ღღღღღა), თავღასხმა

daughter-in-law [ˈdɔ:təri:nlɔ:] *n* რძალი

debate [dɪˈbeɪt] *s* თღთბირი, მსჯეღობა

deck [dek] *s* მორთეა



decline [dri'klaɪn] *s* უარის თქმა  
 decreed [dri'kri:d] *pp* (decree) დაწესებული, და-  
 კანონებული  
 deep-throated [di:p'θrouɪd] *adj* ბოხი ხმა  
 deer [diə] *n* ირემი  
 deign [deɪn] *s* მოსურვება, ნება (ინება)  
 deity [di:'ti:ti] *n* ღვთაება  
 deliberate [dri'libəreit] *s* მოფიქრება, წინასწარ-  
 ჰქრება  
 deliberately [dri'libərətli] *adv* საგანგებოდ, ვან-  
 ზრახ; გულმოდგინედ  
 delicate [di'elɪkɪt] *adj* ნაზი, ნატიფი  
 delay [di'reɪ] *s* დაყოვნება, დაგვიანება  
 delicious [dri'liʃəs] *adj* წარმტაცი  
 delighted [dri'laɪtɪd] *pp* (delight) ალტაცებულ  
 den [den] *n* ბუნაგი  
 dense [dens] *adj* ხშირი  
 descend [dri'send] *s* ჩამოსვლა, ჩამოშვება, დაშ-  
 ვება  
 deserve [dri'zə:v] *s* დამსახურება  
 despair [dri'speə] *s* სასოწარკვეთა, იმედის დაკარ-  
 გვა  
 despise [dri'spaɪz] *s* ზიზღი, ჩოთირი (ეჩოთირება)  
 destroy [dri'strɔɪ] *s* განადგურება, დამსხვრევა  
 devise [dri'vaɪz] *s* გამოგონება  
 devotion [dri'vouʃən] *n* ერთგულება, ღრმა სიყ-  
 ვარული  
 devour [dri'vaʊə] *s* შთანთქმა, ხარბად ჭამა, შე-  
 სანსვლა  
 devoutly [dri'vaʊtli] *adv* მოწინებით, მოკრძალებ-  
 ბით  
 dew-drop [di'ju:drɒp] *n* ნამის წვეთი  
 dig [dɪg] *s* (dug; dug) თხრა  
 dignified [di'ɡnɪfaɪd] *pp* (dignify) დაბრაისელი;  
 ღირსეული  
 dignity [di'ɡnɪti] *n* ღირსება  
 direction [dri'rekʃən] *n* მიმართულება  
 disappear [dri'sə'piə] *s* გაქრობა, გაუჩინარება  
 disappointment [di'sə'pɔɪntmənt] *n* იმედის გაც-  
 რუება  
 disaster [dri'zɑ:stə] *n* დიდი და მოულოდნელი უბე-  
 დურება  
 discourage [dri'skʌrɪdʒ] *s* ხალისის წართმევა  
 discuss [dri'skʌs] *s* მსჯელობა, პაექრობა, კამათი  
 discussion [dri'skʌʃən] *n* მსჯელობა, განსჯა  
 disdain [dri'sdeɪn] *s* აბუზად ავლება, ჩოთირი,  
 ზემოდან ცქერა  
 disembowel [di'sɪm'bauəl] *n* ნაწლავების გადმო-  
 ყრეინება  
 disgrace [dri'sgreɪs] *s* შერცხვენა  
 disgraceful [dri'sgreɪsful] *adj* სამარცხვინო  
 dish [diʃ] *n* თეფში, ლანგარი  
 dishearten [dri'shɑ:tn] *s* გულის მოკვლა (გული  
 მოკვლა)

dishonour [dri'sɔ:nə] *s* შერცხვენა, სახელის გა-  
 ტება  
 disperse [dri'spɜ:s] *s* აშლა, დაფანტვა  
 displeasure [dri'spli:zə] *s* წყენინება, უსიამოვნების  
 მიყენება  
 dispute [dri'spjʊ:t] *n* კამათი, დავა  
 distant [di'stənt] *adj* შორი, მოშორებული  
 distance [di'stəns] *n* მანძილი  
 from a distance შორიდან  
 disturb [dri'stɜ:b] *s* შეწუხება, ხელის შეშლა  
 doze [dɔ:z] *s* თევება  
 downhearted [daʊn'hɑ:ti:d] *adj* დალონებული  
 drag [dræg] *s* გათრევა  
 drain [dreɪn] *s* ადცლა, ბოლომდე შესმა  
 draw [drɔ:] *s* (drew; drawn) ამოღება, მიღება  
 draw happiness დატკობა, სიამოვნების მიღება  
 dress-length [dres'leŋθ] *n* საკაბე  
 drinking-bout [driŋkɪŋ'baʊt] *n* ქეიფი, დროს  
 ტარება  
 drinking-horn [driŋkɪŋ'hɔ:n] *n* ყანწი  
 drip [dri:p] *s* წურწურით ჩამოსვლა, წვეთა  
 drive [draɪv] *s* (drove; driven) წაყვანა, გარეცხა  
 drive crazy გაგულისება, გახლებება (გაახელა)  
 drop [drɒp] *n* წვეთი  
 drown [draʊn] *s* დახრჩობა  
 drubbing [drʌbɪŋ] *n* ცემა, ტყეხა  
 drum [drʌm] *n* დაფდაფი, დოლი  
 drunk [drʌŋk] *pp* ნასვამი, მოვრალი  
 drunkard [drʌŋkəd] *n* ლოთი  
 dry-topped [draɪ'tɒpt] *adj* წვერხმელი  
 dust [dʌst] *n* მტვერი  
 dunderhead [dʌndəhed] *n* ბრიყვი, რეგენი

E

eager [i:ɡə] *adj* მოწინებულ  
 eagerly [i:ɡəli] *adv* გულმოდგინედ, მხურვალედ  
 eagle [i:ɡl] *n* არწივი  
 east [i:st] *n* აღმოსავლეთი  
 echo ['ekəʊ] *s* გამეორება  
 edge [edʒ] *n* ნაპირი, კიდე  
 at the edge (ტყის) პირას  
 effort [efət] *n* ცდა, მონდომება  
 elder [eldə] *n* დიდგულა (ფშაუერად—დედგულა)  
 elect [i'lekt] *s* ამაორჩევა  
 elm [elm] *n* თელა  
 encourage [ɪn'kʌrɪdʒ] *s* გამხნიება, წახალისება  
 encouragingly [ɪn'kʌrɪdʒɪŋli] *adv* გამამხნი-  
 ვებლად  
 end [end] *s* დამთავრება  
 endow [ɪn'dəʊ] *s* რაიძეს მიცემა, ბოძება  
 endowed with დაჯალდებული (ნიჭით და სხვა  
 მისთ.)

enemy ['enɪmɪ] *n* მტერი  
 enjoy [ɪn'dʒɔɪ] *v* სიამოვნება, მოწონება (ისიამოვნებს, მოიწონებს)  
 enrage [ɪn'reɪdʒ] *v* გაგულიხება, განრისხება  
 enslave [ɪn'sleɪv] *v* დამონება  
 entrance ['entrəns] *n* შესასვლელი  
 entreat [ɪn'tri:t] *v* მუღარა, კვლავლება (შეევედრა)  
 entreaty [ɪn'tri:tɪ] *n* მუღარა, ხვეწვნა  
 envelop [ɪn'veləp] *v* შეხვევა, შეფუთვინა  
 evident ['eɪvɪdənt] *adj* ცხადი, აშკარა  
 evidently ['eɪvɪdəntli] *adv* ალბათ  
 evil ['i:vəl] *adj* ავი, ბოროტი  
 estate [ɪs'teɪt] *n* მამული  
 exchange [ɪks'tʃeɪndʒ] *v* გაცვლა-გამოცვლა  
 excited [ɪk'saɪtɪd] *pp* (excite) აღელვებული, აღზნებული  
 exclaim [ɪks'kleɪm] *v* წამოძახება  
 exist [ɪg'zɪst] *v* არსებობა  
 expect [ɪks'pekt] *v* სლოდინი  
 expectation [ˌekspek'teɪʃən] *n* მოლოდინი  
 experience [ɪks'pɪəriəns] *v* განცდა (განიცადა)  
 exploit [ɪk'splɔɪt] *n* საგმირო საქმე  
 expose [ɪks'pəʊz] *v* ჩვენება; მიპყრობა (მკერდის)  
 extol [ɪks'tɔl] *v* ჭეხის შესხმა, განდიდება

F

fade [feɪd] *v* ფერმიხდომა, ჰუნობა  
 fail [feɪl] *v* მარცხის განცდა (მარცხი განიცადა, ვერ შესძლო)  
 fall [fɔ:l] *v* (fell; fallen) დაეარღნა; ჩამოცვენა  
 fall asleep დაძინება  
 fail silent გაჩუმება, ხმის გაკმენდა  
 fall upon ძვრება; თავზე დაცემა  
 famine ['fæmɪn] *n* შიმშილობა  
 famous [feɪməs] *adj* განთქმული  
 fang [fæŋ] *n* ეშვი  
 farm [fɑ:m] *n* ფერმა; აქ: კარ-მიდამო  
 fast [fɑ:st] *adv* მაგრად; სწრაფად  
 fate [feɪt] *n* ბედი; ბედისწერა  
 ather-in-law ['fɑ:ðərɪn:lɔ:] *n* მამამთილი; სიმამრი  
 atigue [fæ'ti:g] *v* დაქანცვა  
 fault [fɔ:lt] *n* დანაშაული, ბრალი  
 feast [fi:st] *n* ნალიმი, წვეულება  
 feather ['feðə] *n* ბუმბული  
 feeble [fi:bl] *adj* უძლური  
 feed [fi:d] *v* (fed; fed) კვება; ჰმევა  
 feeling ['fi:liŋ] *n* გრძნობა  
 fell [fel] *v* წაქცევა (ხისა)  
 fellow ['feləʊ] *n* ამხანაგი; ყმაწვილი  
 felt cloak ['felt'kloʊk] *n* ნაზაღი  
 fettered [feted] *pp* (fetter) შებოჭილი

fife [faɪf] *n* დულუკი  
 fight [faɪt] *v* (faught; fought) ბრძოლა  
 fight one's way გზის გაკავება  
 finally ['faɪnəli] *adv* ბოლოს, საბოლოოდ  
 finch [fɪntʃ] *n* ნიბლია (სკვინჩა)  
 fireside ['faɪəsɑɪd] *n* ადგილი ბუხართან (ბუხრის პირას)  
 fisticuff ['fɪstɪkʌf] *n* მუშტი-კრივი  
 fit [fɪt] *adj* საკადრისი, შესაფერი  
 fix [fɪks] *v* დამაგრება  
 fix on მიპყრობა (თვალის)  
 flame [fleɪm] *n* ალი  
 flank [flæŋk] *n* გვერდი, ფერდი  
 flap [flæp] *v* პარტყუნი, ტყაპუნი  
 flare [fleə] *v* დანთება, აბრიალება  
 flash [flæʃ] *v* გაელეება, განათება  
 flay [fleɪ] *v* გატყავება  
 flea [fli:] *v* (fled; fled) გაქცევა, გაქცევით თავის დახსნა  
 flesh [fleʃ] *n* ხორცი  
 fling [flɪŋ] *v* (flung; flung) გადაგდება, ტყორცნა  
 fling open ფართოდ გაღება (კარისა)  
 Flinty ['flɪntɪ] *n* კაფა  
 flock [flɒk] *v* შეჯგუფება. პოგროვება  
 flock [flɒk] *n* გუნდი  
 flow [fləʊ] *v* დინება  
 flowery ['fləʊəri] *adj* ყვავილიანი  
 fluffy ['flʌfɪ] *adj* ლაბუა  
 flushed [flʌʃt] *pp* (flush) შეწითლებული  
 flushed with wine შეზარხმებული, შექეფინებული  
 fluster ['flʌstə] *n* გაჟმამწია, წრიალი; ალიაქოთი  
 flutter [flʌtə] *v* ფარფატი, ფრთების ქნევა  
 fly [flaɪ] *v* (flew; flown) ფრენა, გაფრენა  
 fly [flaɪ] *n* ბუზი  
 foe [fəʊ] *n* მტერი  
 fog [fɒg] *n* ჯანლი  
 fold [fəʊld] *v* დაკეცვა  
 foliage ['fəʊlɪdʒ] *n* ფოთლები  
 foreign-made ['fɔ:ɪn,meɪd] *adj* უცხოური  
 forest ['fɔ:ɪst] *n* ტყე  
 forestall [fɔ:'stɔ:l] *v* დასწრება (დაასწრა)  
 forlorn [fɔ:'lɔ:n] *adj* მარტოდმარტო, მიტოვებული  
 fortnight ['fɔ:'naɪt] *n* ორი კვირა  
 fowl [faʊl] *n* შინაური ფრინველი (ჩვეულებრივ: ქათამი)  
 fragrance ['freɪgrəns] *n* სურნელი, სურნელება  
 freeborn ['fri:bɔ:n] *adj* თავისუფალი, ლალი  
 freeze [fri:z] *v* გაყინვა (ჰყინავს)  
 frequently ['fri:kwentli] *adv* ხშირად  
 frightened ['fraɪtnd] *pp* (frighten) შეშინებული  
 Frisky ['frɪskɪ] *n* ცელკა



frock [frɒk] *n* კაბა  
 frost [frɒst] *n* ყინვა  
 frown [fraʊn] *s* მოღუშვა, წარბის შეკერა  
 frugal ['fru:gəl] *adj* მტირე, ღარიბული, უეპარი  
 fruitless ['fru:tli:s] *adj* უშედეგო, ამაო  
 frustrate ['frʌstreɪt] *s* ჩაშლა, გაფუტება (საქმისა)  
 fulfil ['fʌlfi:l] *s* შესრულება  
 fur [fɜ:] *n* ქათიბი, ბეწვი  
 furiously ['fjʊəriəsli] *adv* გამმაგებით

G

gaily ['geɪli] *adv* მხიარულად  
 gape [geɪp] *s* პირადღებული ყურება  
 gather ['gæðə] *s* შეგროვება  
 gaze [geɪz] *s* დაყინებით ცქერა, მიშტერება  
 general ['dʒenərəl] *adj* საერთო  
 gently ['dʒentli] *adv* ნაზად  
 gift [gɪft] *n* ნიჭი, უნარი, საჩუქარი  
 glare [glɛə] *s* თვალების ბრიალი, მრისხანედ ყურება; თვალის მოშტერლად გაეღვება  
 glen [glɛn] *n* ტაფობი  
 glint [glɪnt] *s* გაეღვება, გაკვესება  
 glisten [glɪsn] *s* გაბრწყინება, ბრჭყვიალი  
 gloomy ['glu:mɪ] *adj* ბნელი, მიბინდებული  
 glory ['glɔ:ri] *n* სახელი, ღიღება  
 glow [gləʊ] *s* გაეზვარება, განათება  
 gnash [næʃ] *s* კბილების კაჭყაწი, კრაჭუნი  
 good-humour ['gʊd'hju:mə] *n* ხალისი, კარგი გუნებ-განწყობა  
 gorge [gɔ:ɟ] *n* ხევი  
 gown [gaʊn] *n* კაბა  
 granary ['grænəri] *n* ბელელი  
 grasp [grɑ:sp] *s* ჩაქიდება  
 grass-stalk ['grɑ:s'stɑ:k] *n* წბილა (ბალახის ღერო)  
 grateful [grɛɪtful] *adj* მადლიერი, მადლობელი  
 graveyard ['grevjɑ:d] *n* სასაფლაო  
 graze [greɪz] *s* ბალახობა, ძოვა  
 greet [gri:t] *s* მიგებება, მისალმება  
 greeting ['gri:ɪŋ] *n* სალაპი, მისალმება  
 grey-robed ['greɪ'rəʊbd] *adj* ლევა სამოსიანი  
 grief [gri:f] *n* მწუხარება  
 grin [grɪn] *s* ღრეჭა  
 grind [graɪnd] *s* (ground; ground) კბილების კრაჭუნი, ღრეჭენა  
 groan [graʊn] *s* გმინვა, კვენსა  
 grotesquely [grəʊ'teskli] *adv* უხეიროდ (სასაცილოდ და უშნოდ)  
 Grouchy ['graʊtʃɪ] *n* ფხორა  
 ground [graʊnd] *n* მიწა  
 grouse [graʊs] *n* კაკაბი  
 growl [graʊl] *s* ღრენა  
 grumble [grʌmbəl] *s* ბუზღუნა

guess [ges] *s* გამოცნობა; მიგნება  
 gulp [gʌlp] *s* ჩაყლაპვა, სწრაფად  
 gun [gʌn] *n* თოფი

H

habit [hæbɪt] *n* ჩვევა  
 hack [hæk] *s* ცულის დაშენა  
 hallowed ['hæləʊd] *pp* (hallow) საუფლო ნაყურთბი  
 hand [hænd] *s* მიწოდება, გადაცემა  
 handmaiden ['hændmeɪdn] *n* მხევალი  
 hang [hæŋ] *s* (hung; hung) ჩამოყიდება  
 happen [hæpən] *s* მოხდენა  
 hardly ['hɑ:dlɪ] *adv* ძლიეს, ის იყო  
 hardship ['hɑ:dpɪp] *n* გაჭირვება, ევაება  
 harm [hɑ:m] *n* ზიანი  
 hate [heɪt] *n* შეძულება  
 hatred ['heɪtrɪd] *n* სიძულელი  
 haughty ['ha:ti] *adj* მედიდური  
 haunch [ha:ntʃ] *n* უყანა ფეხი  
 hawkfinch ['hɑ:ɪntʃ] *n* წიფლის ჩიტა  
 hazel [heɪzəl] *n* თხილნარი  
 hazel-nut ['heɪzəl'nʌt] *n* თხილი  
 headache ['hedetk] *n* თავის ტკივილი  
 head [hed] *s* გაძლოა, წინამძლოლობა  
 head down თავქვე დაშვება  
 headman ['hedmən] *n* მამასხლისი  
 hearth [hɑ:θ] *n* ბუხარი, კერა  
 heave [hi:v] *s* (hove, heaved; heaved) გულმკერდის ასვლა-ჩასვლა  
 heave a sigh ამოხენეშა, ამოხხერა  
 heaven [hevɪn] *n* ზეცა  
 heavenwards ['hevɪnwa:dz] *adv* ზეცისკენ  
 heavily ['hevɪli] *adv* მძიმედ  
 hell [hel] *n* ჯოჯობეთი  
 herald ['herəld] *n* შიკრიკი  
 herald ['herəld] *s* მოსწავება (მოსწავებს, გავუწყებს)  
 herb [hɜ:b] *n* ბალახი (ჩვეულ. სამყურნალო)  
 sweet herbs სანელებელი (მწვანელი)  
 hide [haɪd] *n* ტყავი  
 hide [haɪd] *s* (hid; hidden) დამალვა  
 high [haɪ] *adv* მაღლა  
 on high ზეცაში  
 hit [hɪt] *s* (hit; hit) გარტყმა, მიხეთქება  
 hold [həʊld] *s* (held; held) დაკავება, შეკავება  
 hold one's breath სუნთქვის შეკავება, სულს განაბვა  
 holiday ['hɒlɪdeɪ] *n* დღესასწაული, უქმე  
 honest ['ɒnɪst] *adj* პატროსანი  
 honour [ɒnə] *n* პატივისცემა, პატივი  
 honour [ɒnə] *s* პატივისცემა (აქ: პატივი დასდეს)  
 hoof [hu:f] *n* ჩლოქი

hook [huk] *n* კაუჭი  
 hoot [hu:t] *s* კვილი (ქობისა)  
 hop [hɒp] *s* ხტომა  
 hopeless ['hɒplɪs] *adj* უიმედო, უუფემო  
 hospitable ['hɒspɪtəbəl] *adj* სტუმართმოყვარე,  
 პურადი  
 host [hɒst] *n* გუნდი, სიმრავლე; მასპინძელი  
 hostess ['hɒstɪs] *n* მასპინძელი ქალი, დიასახ-  
 ლისი  
 hostile ['hɒstɪl] *adj* მტრული  
 hostility [hɒs'tɪlɪtɪ] *n* მტრობა  
 Hothead ['hɒθed] *n* ფიცხელა  
 housewife ['haʊswaɪf] *n* დიასახლისი  
 howl [haʊl] *s* ღმუთილი, ყმუთილი  
 hubbub ['hʌbʌb] *n* ხმაური, ყვირილ-ხივილი  
 huckster ['hʌkstə] *n* ჩარჩი  
 hug [hʌg] *s* ჩახუტება  
 huge [hju:dʒ] *adj* უზარმაზარი  
 hum [hʌm] *n* ვრიამული, ზუზუნი  
 humbly ['hʌmbli] *adv* მორჩილად, თავმდაბლად  
 hunched up ['hʌntʃtʰʌp] *pp* (hunch up) ატუზული  
 hunting-ground ['hʌntɪŋgraʊnd] *n* სანადირო ად-  
 გილი  
 hurl [hɜ:l] *s* გაქანება, გადაგდება, მოქნევა  
 hurt [hɜ:t] *s* (hurt; hurt) ტყენა, დამავება; წყე-  
 ნანება  
 hush [hʌʃ] *int* ჩუ!  
 hymn [hɪm] *n* ჰიმნი

I

ibex ['aɪbɛks] *n* (pl -xes [-ksɪz]) ჯიხვი  
 ibex-horn ['aɪbɛks'hɔ:n] *n* ჯიხვის რქა (ყანწი)  
 imagine [ɪ'mædʒɪn] *s* წარმოდგენა  
 imbue [ɪm'bju:z] *s* მიმოფრქვევა, ავსება  
 immediately [ɪ'mi:dɪətli] *adv* მაშინვე  
 implore [ɪm'plɔ:z] *s* ვედრება, მუღარა  
 impart [ɪm'pɑ:t] *s* მინიჭება; აქ: ვაზიარება  
 imploringly [ɪm'plɔ:ɪŋglɪ] *adv* ვედრებით, მუ-  
 დართ  
 impossible [ɪm'pɒsɪbəl] *adj* შეუძლებელი  
 impressive [ɪm'presɪv] *adj* საგულისხმო, შთაბ-  
 ბეჭდავი  
 ill-bred [ɪl'bred] *adj* გაუზრდელი  
 illuminate [ɪ'lju:mɪn] *s* განათება  
 illustrate ['ɪləstreɪt] *s* მაგალითების მოყვანა  
 illustrious [ɪ'lʌstriəs] *adj* სახელოვანი  
 inch [ɪntʃ] *n* გოჭი  
 incline [ɪn'klaɪnd] *pp* (incline) განწყობილი  
 ineffable [ɪn'efəbəl] *adj* გამოუთქმელი  
 infinite ['ɪnfɪnɪt] *adj* უსასრულო  
 inroad [ɪn'ruəd] *n* თარეში, ლაშქრობა  
 insatiable [ɪn'seɪʃɪəbəl] *adj* გაუმადლარი  
 insatiability [ɪn'seɪʃɪəbɪlɪtɪ] *n* გაუმადლობა  
 insect [ɪn'sekt] *n* მწერი

inside ['ɪn'saɪd] შიდა მხარე (attrib. use)  
 inside [ɪn'saɪd] *adv* შიგნით  
 insist [ɪn'sɪst] *s* დაეინება, დაეინებით მოთხოვნა  
 inspect [ɪn'spekt] *s* დათვალიერება, გაჩხრევა  
 inspire [ɪn'spaɪə] *s* ჩანერგვა, ჩაგონება  
 instantly ['ɪnstəntli] *adv* მაშინვე, იმწამსვე  
 intact [ɪn'tækt] *adj* ხელუხლებელი; მთელი, უე-  
 ნებელი  
 intention [ɪn'tenʃən] *n* განზრახვა  
 intricately [ɪn'trɪkɪtli] *adv* ჩახლართულად; აქ:  
 საგანგებოდ  
 invite [ɪn'vaɪt] *s* მიპატიებება, მიწვევა  
 involuntarily [ɪn'vɒləntərɪli] *adv* უნებლიედ  
 issue ['ɪʃu:] *s* გამოსვლა, ამოსვლა (ამოდის)

J

jar [dʒɑ:] *n* ქილა  
 jar [dʒɑ:] *s* უსიამოვნო ხმის გამოცემა  
 jarred on უსიამოვნოდ ჩაესმა  
 jaw [dʒɑ:] *n* ყბა  
 jaws [dʒɑ:z] *n* (pl) პიი (ცხოველისა)  
 jay [dʒeɪ] *n* ჩხიკვი  
 Jerusalem [dʒə'rʌ:sələm] *n* იერუსალიმი  
 jog [dʒɔg] *s* ძუნძული, ჩაქჩაქი (მიჩაქჩაქებს)  
 joke [dʒɔk] *n* ხუმრობა  
 jug [dʒʌg] *n* ღოჭი  
 justice ['dʒʌstɪs] *n* სამართლიანობა, სამართალი

K

keep [ki:p] (kept; kept) დაჭერა, ყოლა  
 keep watch დარაჯობა, გუშაგობა  
 kernel [kə:nl] *n* ლეზანი (კაკლისა)  
 kettle-drum ['kɛtldrʌm] *n* დაფდაფი  
 kid, kiddy [kɪd] [kɪdi] *n* ბავშვი; პატარა  
 kind [kaɪnd] *n* ჯილაგი, მოღგმა  
 king [kɪŋ] *n* მეფე  
 kingdom ['kɪŋdɒm] *n* სამეფო  
 kiss [kɪs] *n* კოცნა  
 knave [neɪv] *n* არამზადა, გაიძვერა  
 knock [nɒk] *s* დარტყმა ცემა

L

lade [leɪd] *s* (laded; laded, laden) დატვირთვა  
 lament [lə'ment] *s* გოდება, ვაება  
 languid ['læŋgwɪd] *adj* მიზნედილი  
 lap [læp] *n* კალთა  
 lash [læʃ] *s* გამოლტვა, დარტყმა, ხეთქება (ეხეთ-  
 ქება, ასკდება)  
 lavish [lævɪʃ] *s* უხვად გაცემა, უხვად მინიჭება  
 lay [leɪ] *s* (laid; laid) დადება, დაწყობა  
 lay out ამოლაგება  
 lay hopes on რაიმეზე დაიმედება  
 lead [li:d] *s* (led; led) გაძლოლა, წყევანა  
 leaf [li:f] *n* (pl. leaves) ფოთოლი





lean [li:n] *v* (leaned, leant; leaned) დაყრდნობა, მიყრდნობა  
 leopardess ['lepədəs] *n* ძუ ჯიქი  
 leap [li:p] *v* (leapt; leaped; leaped) გადახტომა, ხტომა  
 loaded [ləʊdɪd] *pp* (load) დატვირთული, სავსე  
 lock [lɒk] *n* ქოჩობი, კულული  
 lock-up ['lɒkʌp] *n* საპყრობილე, სატუსაღო  
 long-suffering ['lɔŋ'sʌfərɪŋ] *adj* მრავალტანჯული  
 Lord [lɔ:d] *n* ღმერთი; ბატონი, მეუფე, მბრძანებელი  
 lord and master ხუმრ. მეუღლე (მბრძანებელი და ბატონი)  
 lose [lu:z] *v* (lost; lost) დაკარგვა  
 lovely ['lʌvli] *adj* ლამაზი, მოხდენილი  
 low [ləʊ] *adj* დაბალი (სულით მდაბალი)  
 low [ləʊ] *adv* ხმადაბლა; ძირს, დაბლა  
 fallen low დაცემული, შერაცხვენილი  
 lid [lɪd] *n* ხუფი, სარკველი  
 lie [laɪ] *v* (lay; lain) დაწოლა  
 light [laɪt] *v* (lighted, lit; lighted) ანათება, ანთება  
 lightning ['laɪtnɪŋ] *n* ელვა  
 limb [lɪm] *n* კიდური; ტოტი  
 liquorice ['lɪkərɪs] *n* ძირტყვილი  
 lonely [ləʊnli] *adj* მარტოეული  
 lower oneself [ləʊə] *v* აქ: კადრება (იკადრებს)  
 luggage-van ['lʌgɪdʒ'væn] *n* საბარგო ვაგონი  
 lurk [lɜ:k] *v* მიმალება  
 luscious [lʌʃəs] *adj* გემრიელი და სურნელოვანი  
 lustily ['lʌstɪli] *adv* ბეჭითად, თავგამოდებით

**M**

magpie ['mæɡpaɪ] *n* კაჭკაჭი  
 majestically [mə'dʒestɪkəli] *adv* სიდიადით, დიადად  
 majesty ['mædʒɪstɪ] *n* უდიდებულესობა  
 make [meɪk] *v* (made; made) გაკეთება  
 make for გაშურება (გაეშურა, გაემართა)  
 malicious [mə'lɪʃəs] *adj* ღვარძლიანი, ბოროტი; ნიშნის მომგები  
 manage ['mænɪdʒ] *v* მოხერხება  
 manliness ['mænlnɪs] *n* ვაჟკაცობა  
 manly ['mænli] *adj* ვაჟკაცური, გულადი  
 mate [meɪt] *n* ძმობილი, ამხანაგი  
 matter ['mætə] *n* საქმე  
 meadow ['medəʊ] მდელო  
 meantime ['mi:ntaɪm] *n*  
 in the meantime მანამდის, ამასობაში  
 meat [mi:t] *n* აქ: საჭმელი  
 rich and juicy meats მსუქანი და ნოყიერი საჭმელები  
 mediate ['mi:diət] *v* შუაგაცობა, მორიგება

meditate ['medɪteɪt] *v* ოცნება, ფიქრი (ოცნებობს)  
 medley ['medli] *n* არეულობა  
 medley of sounds არეული ხმები  
 meet [mi:t] *v* (met; met) შეხვედრა  
 mention ['menʃən] *v* ხსენება  
 merriment ['merɪmənt] *n* მხიარულება  
 mew [mjʊ:] *v* უნაველი, კნაველი  
 Mewer ['mjʊ:ə] *n* უნაველი  
 middleman ['mɪdlmæn] *n* შუაგაცი  
 might [maɪt] *n* ძლიერება  
 mighty ['maɪti] *adj* ძლიერადი  
 milksop ['mɪlksɒp] *n* ქალაჩუნა, უჭიშო  
 mill [mɪl] *n* წისკვილი  
 millstone ['mɪlstəʊn] *n* დოღაბი  
 mist [mɪst] *n* ნისლი  
 miserable ['mɪzərəbl] *adj* საცოდინი, საწყალი, გაუბედურებული  
 misfortune [mɪs'fɜ:tʃən] *n* უბედურება  
 moan [məʊn] *v* კვნესა  
 mock [mɔ:k] *v* დაცინვა  
 modest ['mɒdɪst] *adj* სადა, უბრალო  
 mood [mu:d] *n* გუნება  
 moon [mu:n] მთვარე  
 morn [mɔ:n] პოეტ. დილა  
 moss [mɔ:s] *n* ხავსი  
 moss-grown ['mɔ:s,graʊn] *adj* დახავსებული, ხავსით დაფარული  
 mourn [maɪn] *v* გლოვა, წუხილი  
 mournfully ['ma:nfʊli] *adv* მწუხარედ  
 mousetrap ['maʊstræp] *n* სათაგური  
 mouthful ['maʊθfʊl] *n* ყლუბი; ლუქმა  
 muffled [mʌfld] *pp* (muffle) მოყრუებული, გაურკვეველი  
 multiply ['mʌltɪplaɪ] *v* გამრავლება  
 multitude ['mʌltɪtju:d] *n* სიმრავლე; დიდი რაოდენობა; გროვა  
 murmur ['mɜ:mə] *n* ჩურჩული, ბუტბუტი; ჩხრიალი  
 mutual ['mjʊ:ʃʊəl] *adj* ურთიერთი, ორმხრივი  
 muzzle [mʌzl] *n* ცხვირ-პირი; დრუნჩი

**N**

neglected [nɪ'glected] *pp*. (neglect) უგულებელყოფილი, მიტოვებული  
 nibble [nɪbl] *v* ცუცქნა; კნენა  
 nightingale ['naɪtɪŋgeɪl] *n* ბულბული  
 newlywed ['nju:liwed] *n* ახალდაქორწინებული  
 nod [nɒd] *v* თავის დაკვრა; თავის ქნევა  
 nook [nu:k] *n* კუნჭული  
 nostril ['nɔ:stri:l] *n* ნესტო  
 notched [nɒtʃt] *pp* (notch) დაკბილული  
 notice ['nəʊtɪs] *n* შეგნევა

take notice ყურადღების მიქცევა, შემჩნევა  
nurture [ˈnɜːtʃə] *n* გამოზრდა, გამოკვება  
nuzzle [ˈnʌzl] *n* დასუნვა; ცხვირით შეხება (ცხოველებისა)

O

observe [əbˈzə:v] *n* წესის დაცვა; დაკვირვება  
obstinate [ˈɒbstɪnɪt] *adj* ჯიუტი, უჯიოთი  
occasion [əˈkeɪʒən] *n* შემთხვევა  
occur [əˈkɜː] *v* მოხდენა (მოხდა)  
odour [ˈoʊdə] *n* სუნია, სურნელი  
offer [ɒfə] *v* შეთავაზება  
one-storey [ˈwʌnˈstɔːrɪ] *adj* ერთსართულიანი  
ooze [uːz] *v* ეთევა  
orchis [ˈɔːkɪs] *n* გუგულისკაბა  
ordinary [ˈɔːdnrɪ] *adj* ჩვეულებრივი  
outcry [ˈaʊtkraɪ] *n* ხმაველი შეძახილი  
outstretched [aʊtˈstretʃt] *adj* გამოწვდენილი  
overcome [ˌoʊvəˈkʌm] *v* (overcame; overcome) დაძლევა, დაჯახა  
overshadowed [ˌoʊvəʃˈædɔʊd] *pp* (overshadow) დაჩრდილული  
overtake [ˌoʊvəˈteɪk] *v* (overtook; overtaken) დაწევა (დაწევა)  
owe [oʊ] *v* (ვინმესგან) დავალებული ყოფნა  
own [aʊn] *v* ფლობა, ქონება  
ox [ɒks] (*pl* oxen) ხარი; (საერთოდ მსხვილფეხა საქონლის ზოგადი სახელოცაა, განსაკუთრებით როცა მრავლობითშია ნახმარი)

P

pack [pæk] *n* ხროვა  
painfully [ˈpeɪnfulɪ] *adv* გაკირვებით, წვალებით  
pale [peɪl] *adj* ფერმკრთალი  
palm [pɑːm] *n* ხელისგული  
parcel [pɑːsl] *n* შეხვეული, შეფუთული (შეკრული რამ)  
pardon [pɑːdn] *n* ბოღიმი  
pardon [pɑːdn] *n* პატიება (პატიება)  
parsley [ˈpɑːslɪ] *n* ოხრახუმი  
partridge [ˈpɑːtrɪdʒ] *n* გნოლი  
passion [pæʃən] *n* სოყვარული, ენება  
pate [peɪt] *n* დაცინე, გოგრა, თავი  
silly pate რევენი  
pathetic [pəˈθetɪk] *adj* შესაბარლისი  
pause [pɑːz] *v* შეჩერება  
paw [pɑː] *v* თათის მოსმა  
paw [pɑː] *n* თათი, ტორი  
pacify [ˈpæsɪfaɪ] *v* დაშოშმინება, დამშვიდება  
peck [pek] *v* კორტნა, კენკვა; ღრუტნა; კაყუნე  
peddler [ˈpedlɜ] *n* მეწვრილმანე  
peel [piːl] *v* კანის გაცლა  
peel off აყრა (ხის ქერქისა)  
peep [piːp] *v* ცქერა

peep into შეჰყეცა, ჩახედვა  
peep out გამოჰყეცა  
peer [piə] *v* გულდასმით ცქერა  
peer into ჩაიქეცა  
Pegasus [ˈpegəsəs] *n* ირონ. მერანი  
penetrate [ˈpenɪtreɪt] *v* შემორომა, შეღწევა  
perch [pɜːtʃ] *v* შეკედომა დასეკუება  
perish [perɪʃ] *v* დაღუბევა  
petal [petl] *n* ყვავილის ფერცელი  
petty [petɪ] *adj* წვრილი  
petty tradesman წვრილი ანთ მოჰქეცე  
picked [pɪkt] *pp* (pick) გამოხრული (ძევალი); გამოხრეული  
piece [piːs] *n* ნაქერი, ლეკმა  
pierce [piəs] *v* გარტეობა, გარგმირევა  
pigeon [ˈpiʒən] *n* შტრედი  
pillow [ˈpɪləʊ] *n* ბალიში  
pine away [paɪnəˈweɪ] *v* დადნობა, დაღევა (სედა-მყოფობისგან, დარდისგან და სხვ.)  
pit [pɪt] *n* ორმო  
playfully [ˈpleɪfʊli] *adv* მხიარულად, გათამაშებით  
playfulness [ˈpleɪfʊlnɪs] *n* სიყველუცე  
pleased [pliːzd] *pp* (please) ნასიამოვნები, გახარებული  
plentiful [ˈplentɪfʊl] *adj* უხვი, საეცე  
plight [plaɪt] *n* გასაკირი  
plot [plɒt] *n* ნაეცეთი (მიწისა)  
plough [plau] *n* გუთანი  
pluck [plʌk] *n* გამბედაობა  
plump [plʌmp] *n* ჩასუქებულები; ღებუ  
plunge [plʌndʒ] *v* ჩაძირევა, ჩაყარდნა  
poison [ˈpɔɪzən] *n* შხამი  
poke [pəʊk] *v* ჩიქნა  
popularity [ˌpɒpjʊˈlærɪti] *n* პოპულარობა  
position [pəˈzɪʃən] *n* თანამდებობა  
positively [ˈpɔzɪtɪvli] *adv* გადაჭრით, კატეგორიულად  
pour [pɔː] *v* დასხმა  
prance [praːns] *v* სიხარულით ხტუნევა, ცმუცევა  
pray [preɪ] *v* ლოცევა; ედრება  
fell to praying დაიწეეს ლოცევა-ედრება  
prayer [ˈpreɪə] *n* ლოცევა  
precious [ˈpreʃəs] *adj* ძვირფასი  
preparation [ˌprepəˈreɪʃən] *n* სამზადისი  
presence [prezn] *n* მოზრძანება, დასწრება  
present [preznt] *n* საჩუქარი  
preserve [prɪˈzə:v] *v* შენარჩუნება  
press around [ˈpresəˈraʊnd] *v* გარშემორტევა, გარს შემოხევევა  
pretty [prɪti] *adj* ლამაზი, კობტა  
prevail [prɪˈveɪl] *v* ჯობნა, დაძლევა  
prey [preɪ] *n* ნადაელო



prick [prɪk] *ს* ჩხელება  
 prick up *დაცქეება (ყურებისა)*  
 prison [prɪzn] *n* ციხე, სატუსალო  
 proceed [prə'si:d] *ს* გამოსვლა (გამოღის), მომდინარება (მომდინარეობს)  
 promise ['prɒmɪs] *ს* დაპირება  
 property ['prɒpətɪ] *n* საკუთრება  
 propose [prə'pəʊz] *ს* წინადადების მიცემა, შეთავაზება  
 propose a toast *სადღვეგრძელოს წარმოთქმა*  
 prosperous ['prɒspərəs] *adj* წარმატების მქონე; დაუხინებელი  
 protect [prə'tekt] *ს* დაცვა; დაფარვა  
 proudly [praʊdli] *adv* ამაყად  
 prowl [praʊl] *ს* ფრთხილი, ქურდული გამოსვლა (ან ხეტიალი) საქმლის საძებნელად  
 pull [pʊl] *ს* მოწევა, მოქაჩვა  
 pull apart *გაგლეჯა*  
 pull out *ამოთრევა, ამოღება*  
 punish ['pʌnɪʃ] *ს* დასჯა  
 purity ['pjʊərɪti] *n* სიწმინდე  
 purchase ['pʌ:ʃɪs] *n* ნაყიპი საქონელი  
 purpose ['pʌ:pəs] *n* მიზანი  
 pursue [pə'sju:] *ს* დადევნება

**Q**

quake [kweɪk] *ს* კანკალი  
 quarrel [kwɑ:rəl] *ს* ჩხუბი, ახირება  
 queer [kwɪə] *adj* ახირებული, უცნაური  
 quiver [kwɪvə] *ს* თიმი, თრთოლა

**R**

rage [reɪdʒ] *ს* მძეინეარება, მრისხანება  
 raid [reɪd] *n* თავდასხმა  
 raise [reɪz] *ს* აწევა  
 rank [ræŋk] *n* რანგი  
 rascal [rɑ:skəl] *n* ყალბანდი, გაიძვერა, ავაზაკი  
 raspberry ['rɑ:zბერი] *n* ყოლო  
 rate [reɪt] *n*  
 at any rate *ყოველ შემთხვევაში*  
 rave [reɪv] *ს* გაშმაგება, ბორგვა  
 raven [reɪvn] *n* ყორანი  
 ray [reɪ] *n* სხივი  
 reach [ri:tʃ] *ს* მიწვდენა  
 realize ['riəlaɪz] *ს* მოსაზრება, მიხვდომა  
 realm [reɪlm] *n* სამეფო, სამყოფელი  
 rebuke [ri'bjʊ:k] *ს* საყვედური, დატევა (დაუტია)  
 redstart ['redstɑ:t] *n* ბოლოცეცხლა  
 red-throated ['redθrouɪd] *adj* ყელწითელი  
 reduce [ri'dju:s] *ს* დაყენა (რაიმე მდგომარეობამდე), გააქცევა  
 refuse [ri'fju:z] *ს* უარის თქმა  
 reign [reɪn] *ს* გამეფება (მეფობს, სუფეფს)  
 rejoice [ri'djoɪs] *ს* გახარება, გამხიარულება  
 rejoin [ri'djoɪn] *ს* დამატება, პასუხის გაცემა

release [ri'reɪlɪz] *ს* განთავისუფლება  
 relish ['relɪʃ] *ს* მოწონება, სიამოვნება; ტანება  
 relish ['relɪʃ] *n* სისიამოვნო გემო  
 with relish *გემრიელად*  
 rely [ri'laɪ] *ს* დაყრდნობა, დანდობა  
 remarkable [rɪ'mɑ:kəბლ] *adj* შესანიშნავი  
 reminiscence [rɪ'mɪ'nɪsəns] *n* მოგონება  
 render ['rendə] *ს* მიძენა, ბოძება  
 render thanks *მადლობის გადახდა*  
 repose [ri'pəʊz] *n* განსვენება  
 reproach [ri'praʊtʃ] *ს* საყვედური  
 rescue ['reskjʊ:] *n* გადაარჩენა, დახსნა  
 resound [ri'zaʊnd] *ს* ახმიანება  
 respectable [rɪ'spektəბლ] *adj* დარბაისელი, პატივსაცემი  
 response [rɪs'pɒns] *n* პასუხი, გამოძახილი  
 restless ['restlɪs] *adj* მოუსვენარი  
 retired [rɪ'taɪəd] *pp* (retire) *სამსახურიდან გადამდგარი*  
 revenge [ri'vendʒ] *n* შურისძიება  
 rice [raɪs] *n* ბრინჯი  
 ride [raɪd] *ს* (rode; ridden) ცხენით სვლა  
 rigid ['rɪdʒɪd] *adj* გამშებული  
 ring-dove ['rɪŋdɒv] *n* ქედანი  
 rise [raɪz] *ს* (rose; risen) ასვლა, აფრენა  
 roar [rɔ:ə] *ს* დღორიღება  
 roast [rəʊst] *ს* შეწევა  
 robe [rəʊb] *n* სამოსი, ქათიბი  
 rock [rɒk] *n* ლოდი, ფრიალო კლდე  
 rock-bunting ['rɒk'bʌntɪŋ] *n* წიბრია ანუ გრატა  
 roe [rəʊ] *n* შველი  
 rogue [rəʊg] *n* თაღლითი, გაიძვერა  
 roll [rəʊl] *ს* თვალბის გადატრიალება; დაჯორება  
 root [ru:t] *n* ძირი, ფესვი  
 rotten [rɒtn] *adj* დამპალი  
 row [rəʊ] *n* რიგი, მწკრივი  
 rowan ['rəʊən] *n* თამელი  
 rub [rʌb] *ს* ხახუნი  
 ruby-coloured ['ru:ბl'kɒləd] *adj* ლალისფერი  
 ruddy ['rʌdi] *adj* ლაქაქა  
 ruin [ru:n] *n* ნანგრევი  
 ruin [ru:n] *ს* განადგურება, დაღუპვა  
 rumour ['ru:mə] *n* ხმა, ხმის დეარდნა  
 rumbling ['rʌmბლɪŋ] *n* გრუნხენი  
 rush [rʌʃ] *ს* სწრაფად დაშვება; გაქროლება, გაქანება  
 ruthless ['ru:θlɪs] *adj* შეუბრალებელი, უღმობელი

**S**

sad [sæd] *adj* დალონებული  
 saddle-bag ['sædლbæg] *n* ხორჩინი  
 sail [seɪl] *ს* ცურვა  
 sale [seɪl] *n* გაყიდვა  
 to be for sale *გასაყიდი*  
 sap [sæp] *ს* დაუძლურება, დაძაბუნება

satisfied [ˈsætɪsfɑɪd] *pp.* (satisfy) კმაყოფილი  
 sauce [sa:s] *n* წვენი  
 saying [ˈseɪŋ] *n* ანდაზა  
 scald [skɑ:lɪd] დაფუჭება, დაწვა  
 scamp [skæmp] *n* ავაზაკი; უქნარა  
 scamper [ˈskæmpə] *v* სწრაფად გაქცევა, დაფრტობა  
 scarce [skeəs] *adv* პოვტ. ძლივს, ძლივსღა  
 scarcely [skeəsli] *adv* ძლივს  
 scatter [skætə] *v* გაფანტვა, გაბნევა  
 scene [si:n] *n* სანახაობა, ადგილი  
 scent [sent] *n* გემის აუბა  
 scent [sent] *n* სურნელი, სუნ  
 schoolmaster [ˈsku:l,mɑ:stə] *n* სკოლის მასწავლებელი  
 scold [skould] *v* დატუქსება, გაიცხება  
 scowl [skaul] *v* დაბღვერა  
 scurry [skʌri] *v* დაფაცურება, მირბენა  
 scurvy [ˈskʌvɪ] *adj* სულმდაბალი, საზოგადოებრივი  
 scurvy trick ხრიკი  
 scuttle [skʌtl] *v* სწრაფად გაქცევა, მოკურცხვლა  
 scrape [skreɪp] *v* ფხაკუნ  
 scratch [skrætʃ] *v* ჩახაზა, ფხაკუნ  
 screech [skri:tʃ] *v* ქვივილი  
 scruff [skraɪ] *n* ქეჩო  
 scrutinize [ˈskru:tɪnaɪz] *v* დათვალიერება, გასინჯვა  
 season [si:zn] *v* განვლება  
 secret [ˈsi:kri:t] *n* საიდუმლო  
 seed [si:d] *n* თესლი  
 seek [si:k] *v* (saught; sought) ძებნა  
 seize [si:z] *v* შეპყრობა, ტაცება (ხელისა), წაგდება (პირისა), ჩაჭიდება (კბილით)  
 sell [sel] *v* (sold; sold) გაყიდვა  
 sense [sens] *v* გრძნობა (იგრძნობ)  
 sense [sens] *n* აზრი, კეთა  
 servant [səˈvɑ:nt] *n* მსახური  
 serve [sə:v] *v* მომსახურება, მორთმევა  
 set [set] *v* (set; set)  
 set out გამგზავრება (გამგზავრა, გამართა)  
 settle [setl] *v* მოგვარება, დამკვიდრება  
 settle down დაჯდომა  
 settle a dispute მორიგება  
 shake [ʃeɪk] *v* (shook; shaken) ძრწოლა, შერხება, გაბერტყვა  
 shamble [ˈʃæmbl] *v* ფეხების თრევა, ლოღვა  
 shame [ʃeɪm] *n* სირცხვილი, შერცხვენა  
 share [ʃeə] *v* განაწილება, გაზიარება, მონაწილეობის მიღება  
 sharp [ʃɑ:p] *adj* ბასრი  
 shed [ʃed] *v* (shed; shed) დაღვრა (ცრემლის, სისხლისა)

sheep [ʃi:p] *n* ცხვარი  
 sheep-fold [ˈʃi:pfoʊld] *n* ფარეხი  
 shelter [ˈʃeltə] *v* თავის შეფარება  
 shift [ʃɪft] *v* გადაწვლა, ადგილის შეცვლა  
 shine [ʃaɪn] *v* ბრწყინება, ღამობა  
 shiver [ˈʃɪvə] *v* ვანკალი, თრთოლა  
 shoot [ʃu:t] *v* (shot; shot) სროლა; ნაფირობა  
 shoot [ʃu:t] *n* ყლორტი  
 shove [ʃʌv] *v* მუჯღუგუნის წყვრა  
 shower [ˈʃaʊə] *n* შხაბუნა წვიმა  
 shrewd [ʃru:d] *adj* გამჭრიახი, მოხერხებული  
 shriek [ˈʃri:k] *v* კივილი  
 shrill [ʃrɪl] *v* გამწოვანი ხმით ყვირილი, ყურთასმუნის წამლებად შეძახება ან დაკვრა  
 shrill [ʃrɪl] *adj* გამწოვანი, მკაცრ  
 shrink [ʃrɪŋk] *v* (shrank, shrunk; shrunk) უკან დახევა, დაფრტობა  
 shrouded [ˈʃraʊdɪd] *pp* (shroud) სულდარში გახმული  
 shroud [ˈʃraʊd] *n* სულდარი  
 shrub [ˈʃrʌb] *n* ბუჩქი  
 shudder [ˈʃʌdə] *v* ხანჯარი, ძრწოლა  
 shun [ʃʌn] *v* თავის არიდება, თავის შორს დაქვრა  
 sigh [saɪ] *n* ოხერა  
 sight [saɪt] *n* სანახაობა  
 simpleton [ˈsɪmpltən] *n* გულუბრყვილი, მიაშიტი  
 sin [sɪn] *n* ცოდვა  
 singe [sɪndʒ] *v* გატრუსვა  
 single [ˈsɪŋɡl] *adj* ერთი, ერთადერთი  
 sink [sɪŋk] *v* (sank; sunk) დაშვება, ჩაძირვა, დატემა, ჩასობა (კბილისა)  
 siskin [ˈsɪskɪn] *n* ჭიჭიკა  
 skip [skɪp] *v* ხტუნვა, ცუნცული  
 skunk [skʌŋk] *n* წუთაკი  
 slap [slæp] *n* სილა, დარტყმა, ჩაცხება  
 slaughter [ˈslaʊtə] *v* შემუსვრა  
 slayer [ˈsleɪə] *n* მკვლეელი, სულთამხუთავი  
 sling [slɪŋ] *v* (slung; slung) გადაგდება; გადაყიდება  
 slipper [ˈslɪpə] *n* ქოში, ჩუსტი  
 slope [sloʊp] *n* მთის კალთა  
 slough [sloʊ] *n* გველის წანაყარი ტყავი  
 sly [slaɪ] *adj* ცბიერი  
 smoke [smoʊk] *n* კვამლი  
 smothered [ˈsmʌðəd] *pp* (smother) დახუთული, სულშეხუთული  
 snake [sneɪk] *n* გველი  
 snap [snæp] *n* ჩხაკანი, ტყაცუნ  
 snap [snæp] *v* დასხლტომა (სათაგურისა)  
 snap off მოკვნება; მოწყვეტა  
 snap up პირის წაღება  
 snatch [snætʃ] *v* ხელის წაღება, ტაცება  
 sneak [sni:k] *v* მიპარვა

snow-clad ['snou'klæd] *adj* თოვლით შემოსილი  
 soar [sa:] *v* ირავს კეთება, ლივლივი  
 solitary ['sɔli'tɛɪ] *adj* მარტოდ მყოფი, ეული  
 songster [sɔŋ'stɜ] *n* მგალობელი  
 sorrow ['sɔrou] *n* ნაღველი, კაენზანი  
 soul [soul] *n* სული  
 spare [speə] *v* დაზოგვა, დანდობა (დაინდო, დაიფარა)  
 spare oneself თავის დაზოგვა  
 spark [spɜ:k] *n* ნაპერწყალი  
 spend [spend] *v* (spent; spent) გატარება (დროისა); დახარჯვა  
 spill [spil] *v* (spilt; spilled) დაღვრა, დაქცევა  
 splendid ['splendɪd] *adj* ბრწყინვალე  
 spoil [spɔil] *v* გაფუჭება  
 spot [spɒt] *n* ადგილი; წინწყალი, ლაქა  
 spread [spred] *n* გაშლილი სუფრა  
 spread [spred] *v* (spread; spread) დაფარება; გავრცელება; გაშლა  
 spring [sprɪŋ] *n* ზამბარა  
 spring [sprɪŋ] *v* (sprang; sprung) წამოხტობა  
 spring [sprɪŋ] *n* წყარო  
 sprinkle [sprɪŋkl] *v* ჰკურება, სხურება  
 sprout [spraut] *v* ამოსვლა, ამოფეთქვა; აღმოცენება  
 squeak [skwi:k] *v* წრწუნნი  
 Squeaky ['skwi:kɪ] *n* წრწუნა  
 Squinty ['skwɪntɪ] *n* ბეცა  
 squeeze [skwi:z] *v*  
 squeeze through შეტევა (შეეცა), შეძრომა  
 stab [stæb] *v* დარტყმა; დაჭრა; ჩხვლეტა  
 staff [stɑ:f] *n* ჯოხი, ყავარჯენი  
 stag [stæg] *n* ხარ-ირემი  
 stain [steɪn] *n* ლაქა  
 stain [steɪn] *v* შეღებვა; დასერა  
 stall [stɑ:l] *n* გომური; ბაგა  
 stamp [stæmp] *v* ბრახა-ბრუხი, ბაკუნნი (ფეხისა)  
 stand [stænd] *v* (stood, stood) დგომა, ატანა  
 stand up for გამოქომაგება, მფარველად დადგომა  
 stare [stɛə] *v* მიშტერება, მიჩერება  
 star-studded ['stɑ:stʌdɪd] *adj* ვარსკვლავებით მოჭედილი  
 state [steɪt] *n* მდგომარეობა  
 stay [steɪ] *v* დაოკება; შეჩერება, გაჩერება  
 steam [sti:m] *v* თრთქლის ასვლა (ორთქლი ასდის)  
 steed [sti:d] *n* რაში  
 stick [stɪk] *v* (stuck; stuck) დარტყობა. მიკრობა  
 stick inside შეყოფა, გაჩხერა  
 stir [stɜ:] *v* განძრევა, შერხევა  
 stir [stɜ:] *n* ჩოჩქილი

stone [stoun] *v* ჩაქოლვა  
 stool [stu:l] *n* უზურგო სკამი  
 three-legged stool დაბალი სამფეხე სკამი  
 straw [strɔ:] *n* თივა  
 strength [streŋθ] *n* ძალა, ძლიერება  
 stretch [stretʃ] *v* გაშლა, გაწვდენა  
 stretch over გადაყოფა, გადაწვდენა  
 stretch out გაშლა, გაქიმვა (გაიშალა, გაიქიმა)  
 strike [straɪk] *v* (struck; struck, stricken) დარტყმა  
 strip [stri:p] *v* განძარცვა (სამოსელისგან), გახდა  
 strip [stri:p] *n* ზოლი, ვიწროდ აცლილი ხის ქერქი  
 striped [straɪpt] *pp* (stripe) ზოლებიანი  
 stroke [strouk] *v* ხელის გადასმა  
 stump [stʌmp] *n* კუნძი  
 stylish [staiɪʃ] *adj* მოხდენილი, პეწიანი  
 subject ['sʌbdʒɪkt] *n* ქვეშევრდომი  
 suck [sʌk] *v* წოვა  
 suffer [sʌfə] *v* გადატანა, ტანჯვა  
 sugar-basin ['ʃʊgə,beɪsɪn] *n* საშაქრე  
 summit ['sʌmɪt] *n* მწვერვალი  
 superiority [sju:piəri'ɔ:riɪ] *n* უფროსობა, უპირატესობა  
 suppress [sə'pres] *v* დათრგუნვა  
 sure [ʃʊə] *adj* დარწმუნებული  
 surely [ʃʊəli] *adv* ოღონდაც, ნამდვილად  
 surge [sɜ:dʒ] *v* ლეღვა  
 surround [sə'raʊnd] *v* შემოხვევა, გარს შემორტყმა  
 survey [sə:'veɪ] *v* თვალის გადავლება, დათვალიერება  
 swarm [swɑ:m] *v* მოგროვება, დახვევა (მიეხვიენენ)  
 swarm [swɑ:m] *n* გუნდი  
 swathed [sweɪðd] *pp*. (swathe) გახვეული, დაბარდნილი  
 sway [sweɪ] *v* რწევა  
 sweat [swet] *n* ოფლი  
 swell [swel] *v* (swelled; swollen) გაძლიერება; გასიება  
 sweet [swi:t] *adj* ტყბილი, მშვენიერი, სააშური  
 sweets [swi:tɪz] *n* კანფეტები  
 swoop [swu:p] *v* სწრაფად დაშვება; უეცარი თავდასხმა  
 sympathy ['sɪmpəθɪ] *n* თანაგრძობა

T

tackle [tækl] *v* საქმის ენერჯულად დაწყება, შებამა  
 tackled the job საქმეს შეეკიდა  
 tail [teɪl] *n* კული  
 take [teɪk] *v* (took; taken) აღება  
 take wing გაფრენა  
 tale [teɪl] *n* ზღაპარი

tambourine [tæmbə'ri:n] *n* ღაირა  
 tantalize ['tæntəlaɪz] *v* გაღიზიანება, წვალება  
 tap [tæp] *v* მსუბუქად კაკუნი, ბაკუნი  
 taper ['tɛpə] *n* წერილი სანთელი  
 taste [teɪst] *v* გემოს ვასინჯვა  
   taste with relish პირის ჩატკბარუნება  
 tear [tɪə] *n* ცრემლი  
 tear [tɛə] *v* (tore; torn) დახევა, დაგლეჯა; დარ-  
   ტემა, ენერგიულად მოსმა (თათისა)  
 tempest ['tempɪst] *n* ქარიშხალი  
 tenderness ['tɛndənɪs] *n* სინაზე; სიყვარული  
 terror-stricken ['terə,stri:kən] *adj* თავზარდაცე-  
   მული  
 tether [teðə] *v* მიბმა (მიაბა)  
 thanks [θæŋks] *n (pl)* მადლობა  
 thaw [θə:] *v* გალხობა, დნობა  
 thicket ['θɪkɪt] *n* ტყეები  
 thirst [θɪə:st] *n* წყურვილი  
 thought [θɔ:t] *n* აზრი, გააზრება  
   at the thought ამის მოგონებაზე  
 thoughtful [θɔ:tfʊl] *adj* დაფიქრებული  
 thriftless ['θrɪftlɪs] *adj* უთადარიგო  
 throw [θrəʊ] *v* (threw; thrown) გადაგდება  
 thunder ['θʌndə] *n* ქექა-ქუხილი  
 thunderbolt ['θʌndəbɔʊlt] *n* მგზი  
 thunderous ['θʌndərəs] *adj* ქექა-ქუხილიანი,  
   მგრგონიანი; ყურთწამლები, გამაყრუებელი  
 thrust [θrɔ:st] *v* (thrust; thrust) გაყრა  
   thrust through გაუყარა  
   thrust into ჩაყოფა  
 tickle [tɪkl] *v* სღიბი, ღუტუნა  
 tidings ['taɪdɪŋz] *n (pl)* ამბავი, ცნობა  
 tinder-fungus ['tɪndə'fʌŋgəs] *n* სააბედე სოკო  
 tiny ['taɪni] *adj* პაწაწინა  
 toast [təʊst] *n* საღვებგაქმელი  
 toastmaster ['təʊst,mɑ:stə] *n* თამადა  
 token ['təʊkən] *n* ნიშანი  
 tomb [tu:m] *n* საფლავი  
 tombstone ['tu:mstəʊn] *n* საფლავის ქვა  
 tomfoolery [tɒm'fʊ:ləri] *n* პამპულობა, მიქარვა  
 torture [tɔ:tʃə] *v* წამება, წუხილი  
 toss [tɒs] *v* გადაგდება  
   tossed from one to the other ხელში აბურთავე-  
   ბდნენ  
 tower [taʊə] *v* ამალდება, ზევიდან ყურება  
   (ხეივანი ვადმოკყურებს)  
 tower [taʊə] *n* კოშკი  
 track [træk] *n* კვალი, ნაკვალევი  
 trade [treɪd] *n* საქმიანობა, ხელობა; ვაჭრობა  
   by trade ხელობით  
 tradesman ['treɪdzmən] *n* ვაჭარი, მოვაჭრე  
 trail [treɪl] *v* თრევა (მიათრევს)  
   trail down გადამოყიდება  
 traitor ['treɪtə] *n* მოღალატე  
 trample [træmp] *v* თელვა, გადათელვა

trap [træp] *n* ხაფანგი, მახე  
 trap [træp] *v* მახეში გაბმა  
 travel [trævl] *v* მოგზაურობა  
 tray [treɪ] *n* ლანგარი  
 tribe [traɪb] *n* ტომი  
 tribute ['trɪbjʊ:t] *n* დაფასება; ვალი, ხარკი  
 trill [trɪl] *n* სტეენა; რაკრაკი  
   trill with laughter კისკისი  
 troubled [trʌblɪd] *pp* (trouble) შეწუხებული  
 trout [traʊt] *n* კალმახი  
 trumpet ['trʌmpɪt] *n* ბუცი, საყვირი  
 trunk [trʌŋk] *n* ხის ტანი  
 trust [trʌst] *v* ნდობა (ენდობა)  
 tug [tʌg] *v* წევა, გათრევა  
 tumult ['tju:məlt] *n* ხმაური, აურხაური  
 turn [tɜ:n] *v* გადაბრუნება  
   turn into გადაქცევა  
   turn out აღმოჩენა (აღმოჩნდა)  
 turtledove ['tɜ:ldəv] *n* გერბიტი  
 twine [twaɪn] *v* დაწნა (გვირგვინისა), დაგრება  
 twitter ['twɪtə] *v* კიკჭკი

U

uncommon ['ʌn'kɒmən] *adj* არჩევულებრივი,  
 განსაკუთრებული  
 undoing ['ʌn'du:ɪŋ] *n* განადგურება, დაღუპვა  
 unfortunate [ʌn'fɔ:tʃɪnt] *adj* ბეზავი, უიღბლო,  
 უბედური  
 unfurl ['ʌn'fɜ:l] *v* გაშლა, გაღაშლა  
 unhappy [ʌn'hæpi] *adj* უბედური  
 union ['ju:njən] *n* შეუღლება, დაქორწინება  
 unison ['ju:nɪzn] *n* შეთანხმება  
 unlucky ['ʌnlʌki] *adj* უიღბლო  
 unman ['ʌnmæn] *v* კაცის გაფუჭება; წახდნა  
   (საქციელი წაუხდა)  
 unmannerly ['ʌn'mænəli] *adj* უზრდელო,  
   ბრყუელი  
 unperturbed [ʌnpə'tɜ:bd] *adj* უშფოთველი  
 unruffled [ʌn'rʌfld] *adj* მშვიდი, წარბუხსრელი  
 unscathed [ʌnskeɪθɪd] *adj* უვნებელი  
 unsuccessful [ʌnsək'sesfʊl] *adj* წარუმატებელი  
 unwearying [ʌn'wɛəriɪŋ] *adj* დაუღალავი  
 upright [ʌp'reɪt] *adj* ამართული  
 uproar [ʌp'rɔ:] *n* ხმაური, ღრიანცელი  
 urge [ɜ:dʒ] *v* წაქეზება  
   urge forward გარეკვა  
 utter [ʌtə] *v* წარმოთქმა, წამოძახება

V

valiant ['væljənt] *adj* მამაცი, ქველი  
 valley ['væli] *n* ბარი, ტაფობი, ხეობა  
 valour ['vælə] *n* სიმამაცე, ვაჟკაცობა  
 vanish ['væniʃ] *v* გაქრობა, გადაკარგვა  
 vapour ['veɪpə] *n* ორთქლი  
 variety [və'raɪəti] *n* სხვადასხვანაირობა, ნაირ-  
   ფეროვნება



vault [va:lt] *n* თალი  
 velvet ['velvɪt] *n* ხვერდი  
     velvet coat ხვერდის ქულაჯა  
 velvety ['velvɪtɪ] *adj* ხვერდოვანი  
 venerable ['venərəbəl] *adj* მსტოვანი, პატივსმული  
 vengeance ['vendʒəns] *n* შურისძიება  
 venture [ventʃə] *v* გაბედვა  
 verandah [və'rændə] *n* დერეფანი  
 verdure ['vɜ:dʒə] *n* მწვანე  
 vestige ['vestɪdʒ] *n* ნასახი, ნატამალი  
 veteran ['vetərən] *n* ძველი და გამოცდილი მებრძოლი  
 victim ['vɪktɪm] *n* მსხვერპლი  
 victory ['vɪktəri] *n* გამარჯვება  
 vineyard ['vaɪnjəd] *n* ვენახი  
 violet ['vaɪələɪt] *n* ია  
 voice [voɪs] *n* ხმა

W

waddle [wɒdl] *v* გოგვა  
 wages [weɪdʒɪz] *n (pl)* ჯამაგირი  
 wail [weɪl] *v* მოთქმა  
 walnut ['wɔ:lnʌt] *n* კაკალი  
 warble [wɔ:bl] *n* გალობა, სტვენა  
 ward [wɔ:d] *v* თავიდან აცილება  
     ward off მოგერიება (იგერიებს)  
 wasted [weɪstɪd] *pp. (waste)* ჩამომხმარი, დაღუპული, დაუზღუპრელი  
 watch [wɒtʃ] *v* თვალთვლი, თვალყურის დევნება  
 wealth [welθ] *n* სიმდიდრე, სარჩი  
 wear [weə] *v* (wore; worn) ტარება  
 weary ['weəri] *adj* მოქანცული  
 weave [wi:v] *v* (wove; woven) დაწნა; დართვა  
 wedding ['wedɪŋ] *n* ქორწილი  
 wedding-present ['wedɪŋpreznt] *n* საქორწილო საჩუქარი  
 weep [wi:p] *v* (wept; wept) ტირილი  
 welcome ['welkəm] *v* გულთბილად მიღება  
     welcome into შეებატიყება, მიებატიყება  
 whelp [welp] *v* ლევეების დაყრა  
 whelp [welp] *n* ლევე  
 what [wɒt] *v* მადის აღძვრა  
 whinny ['wɪnɪ] *v* ხმადაბლა დახვეხინება  
 whirl [wa:ɪ] *v* სწრაფად მობრუნება, მოტრიალება  
 whisker ['wɪskə] *n* ცხოველის ულაგში

whisper [wɪspə] *v* ჩურჩული  
 wildly [waɪldli] *adv* თავშეუკავებლად  
     რებით  
 Wily ['waɪli] *n* ცქმუნა  
 wine-cellar ['waɪn'selə] *n* ღვინის სარდალი  
 wine-skin ['waɪnskɪn] *n* რუმბი  
 wing [wɪŋ] *n* ფრთა  
 wipe [waɪp] *v* მოწმენდა  
 wire [waɪə] *n* მეთული  
 wisp [wɪsp] *n* ნაგლეჯი, ბლუჯა (თმის ბეწვისა)  
 withdraw [wɪð'drɔ:ə] *v* (withdrew; withdrawn) უკანაბევა, მიუარება  
 withered [wɪðəd] *pp* (wither) გამხმარი, დამქნარი  
 woebegone ['woubɪ'gɔ:n] *adj* დამწუხრებელი, ევაბში მყოფი  
 wonder ['wʌndə] *v* გაოცება  
 wonder [wʌndə] *n* სასწაული  
 wonderful ['wʌndəfʊl] *adj* საოცარი; საუცხოო, შესანიშნავი  
 wooden [wʊdn] *adj* ხისა  
 woodpecker ['wʊd,pekə] *n* კოდალა  
 worm [wɔ:m] *n* მატლი, ჭია  
 worn-out ['wɔ:n'ɔ:ut] *adj* დაქანცული, ილაგ-გაწყვეტილი  
 worry ['wɔ:ri] *v* წუხილი (აწუხებს)  
 worth [wɔ:θ] *adj. pred. us.* ღირებულების მქონე; ღირსი  
 wrap [ræp] *v* შეხვევა, შებურვა  
 wreath [ri:θ] *n* გვირგვინი  
 wreck [rek] *v* დაღუწვა, დამსხვრევა  
 wren [ren] *n* ღობემძვრალა  
 wrestle [resl] *v* შებრძოლება, შეჭიდება  
 wrong [rɒŋ] *v* წყენინება; ზიანის მიყენება  
 wrought [rɔ:t] *pp* (work) აქ: მოქარგული

Y

yawl [jɔ:!] *v* ჩხავილი, ღნავილი  
 yearning ['jɔ:nɪŋ] *n* ძლიერი სურვილი, ჭინი  
 yell [jel] *v* დაყვირება  
 yellowhammer ['jelou'hæmə] *n* ქერონა ანუ ქერონა  
 yoke [jɔ:k] *n* უღელი

Z

zenith [zenɪθ] *n* ზენიტი, სიმაღლე

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