

GUNGUNTUN, INVENTOR OF THE BOW AND ARROW

Gunguntun, a caveman's son
Lived the livelong day
'Neath the oak trees in the wood.
At night in his cave he stayed.

With the wolf he wanted to fight
But was too weak to dare;
Winging birds he wanted to catch
But could not fly in the air.

Gunguntun thus shed hot tears
But quickly tired of them
Then he thought of an idea,
This little, brave caveman.

He cut a stick of hazel-wood,
From grass a string he twined,
Bent and tied and . . . made a bow,
The first in all of time.

The second time a hard, sharp flint
In to the tip he tied,
Cried, »Where are you, mountain wolf
And you, oh, birds of the sky?!«

Bears that roamed in dark ravines,
Birds beneath the sun,
None was safe from the arrows of
Hunter Gunguntun.

Praise and wide acclaim he earned
For the thing he'd done,
This young fearless caveman and
Hunter, Gunguntun.

Now the fierce wolf could no more
Our young caveman threaten;
Naturally, for now he had
Such a fearful weapon!

That is why all people praise
Him when on a hunt;
With young Gunguntun in mind
They call a gun a gun.

A MEETING WITH GRANDAD TWIBBLEDONE

Gunguntun one day climbed up
Near a lofty mountain's peak.
Woods and springs, a lonely lake,
Valleys, clearings and a creek.

Not a living soul here — high
Up above crying eagles soar;
Somewhere, there a long way off,
Some wild animal's muffled roar.

Footsteps! ... Something's coming near,
A human being! ... Near the lad.
»Who are you?« — »I'm Twibbledone,
Don't you know your own grandad?!

It's me, my grandson Gunguntun;
All we cavemen now have died,
Of our ancient family
We're the only two alive.

Where have you been?« — »In the town.«
— »I have also been in the town.
I experienced much while there —
Many an up and many a down.

It is said, you know, I died
In Krapina* in a cave.
In a »museum« they keep my bones
In a »glass case« on display.

After endless grief and pain
I became a forester here.
All the others ran away;
I'm the only one left here.

My white beard's down to my waist.
On my shoulder I carry a gun.
Gunguntun, you come with me!
Our force will not be outdone.«

* The remains of one of man's earliest ancestors were found at Krapina, Croatia.

THE TRAIN

Smoking, groaning, whistling, speeding
Fast along those iron rails.
What propels it? Who controls it?
Who abruptly shouts, »Stand still!«

Flaming red its eyes bright glowing,
Coal it swallows, smoke it spews.
Twisting like a snake it shakes with
All its limbs as track it chews.

At the hill it loudly hisses,
Dives into the gloomy shaft.
On the bridge it rumbles, thunders
Then tears off to distant parts.

At the station people leap in.
Hurry up there, if you please!
It fears neither summer heat wave
Nor the cruelest winter freeze.