



**BRAND NEW  
EDITION**

*of*

# **LOKOMOTYWA**

**by**

**Julian Tuwim  
in English**

**All the texts and illustrations**

**by**

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∞

## Julian Tuwim

### „W-wa”

Kto pisze zamiast Kraków – K-ków?  
Nikt. Nie ma w Polsce takich kpów.

Komu by wlażło w mózgowicę  
Na K-wice zmieniać Katowice?

Czy kto z Bydgoszczy robi B-oszcz?  
(Jeżeli zrobi, to go schłoszcz).

Albo z Białegostoku – B-stok?  
(Dostałby za to butem w bok).

Czy jest gdzieś znane jakieś Z-ane?\*

Czy ktoś tak skraca Zakopane?  
\*Z-ane, nie Za-ne! Bowiem Za-ne  
Może być brzydko zrozumiane.

Nie ma też u nas takich praw,  
żeby z Wrocławia robić W-aw.

A skądże ta nawyczka zła,  
Zamiast: Warszawa, pisać: W-wa?

Kto to wymyślił, lichu wie!  
W War-sza-wie mieszkam,  
a nie w W-wie!

Kto z ośmiu liter robi trzy,  
Mam go za cztery. Nie chcę W-wy!

Kto o Jej dobre imię dba,  
Pisze Warszawa, nigdy: W-wa!

A który z was napisze tak,  
Ten nie warszawiak jest, lecz wwiak.

(Prawda, mój Wiechu, że to śmiech?  
Prawda, że jesteś Wiech, nie Wwiech?)

Kocham Cię, piękna! Kocham, o  
Stolico moja! (A nie st-co!)

Wiwat WARSZAWA! Czcijmy ją!  
Precz z obrzydliwą, głupią W-wą!

J.T. poeta, co pochodzi  
(mówiąc najkrócej) z miasta Łodzi

- Julian Tuwim

### W-wa

Who would write Krakow as K-kow for short?  
No one. That's who. Nobody. Nought.

Who being sound of body and head  
Would spell Katowice as K-wice instead?

Who would turn Bydgoszcz into B-oszcz?  
(Boil them alive in a cauldron of borsht).

Białystok make into B-stok instead?  
(Not I, no way, I'd rather be dead).

Our cute Zakopane spell Z-ne, gosh, why?  
Who'd do such a thing? Who, me? No, not I!  
That highland resort is buried in snow,  
As all who do ski there will certainly know.

It really would be a very poor show  
To turn our Wrocław a W-aw, don't you know.

So wherefore and why do some people now  
Spell our Warsaw as W-wa somehow?

Who can explain this, who will now tell?  
If you ask me, plain Warsaw's real swell!

Who then would cut this word in half?  
No sir, that joke just won't make me laugh!

Ww-a is just not enough,  
Count the letters, do the math!

Those who fail to spell it right  
Folks of Warsaw will now fight!

(We don't cut our own names short,  
While a city can't retort)

I do love you, Warsaw town,  
Heart of Poland, best around!

Cheer our Warsaw! Celebrate!  
Keep it's name now proud and great!

I, J.T, let's make this clear,  
Was born in Łódź, I just lived here.

- Julian Tuwim *translated by Cosmirski & Co.*

## A TALE OF TWO POLANDS

I know I have taken liberties with some of the translation of “W-wa” on the previous page... why? Tuwim chose to use certain words just because they rhymed right – I did the same in my adaptation!

Now, look at the map of Poland below...

How many cities can you pinpoint on this map and then name?

How many feature in the poem?

Write them all on the map!



Now, how many of you know that when Julian Tuwim was born, Poland looked a lot different than it does today – in fact, it didn't exist at all, not before it was restored to world maps following the end of WWI and then completely reshaped by international agreements following the end of WWII.

The borders you see above show you how Poland has changed over the centuries – today, it is far, far smaller than in its medieval heyday – once upon a time, when merged with the Lithuanian Commonwealth, it was the largest land based state European maps ever seen! Can you add more city names to the map above – those which are no longer in Poland today?

## YELLOW, GREEN & RED WYVERNS GO, GO GO!

To take a break from reading, grab some crayons or markers or paints and colour in the three wyverns you see below... the one named **Wessex** should be gold or yellow... the one named **Wislá** should be coloured green... the one named **Warsaw** should be bright orange... why? All is explained on the page opposite – for now, get creative, use other colours to add details to these wondrous beasts...

Just keep in mind – all three are original designs of the Warsaw Coat of Arms – which today looks so, so very different!



**WISLA**



**WESSEX**



**WARSAW**





*A young Tuwim*

## Juliana Tuwima LOKOMOTYWA

Stoi na stacji lokomotywa,  
Ciężka, ogromna i pot z niej spływa:  
Tłusta oliwa.

Stoi i sapie, dyszy i dmucha,  
Żar z rozgrzanego jej brzucha bucha:

Buch - jak gorąco! Uch - jak gorąco!  
Puff - jak gorąco! Uff - jak gorąco!

Już ledwo sapie, już ledwo zipie,  
A jeszcze palacz węgiel w nią sypie.

Wagony do niej podoczepiali  
Wielkie i ciężkie, z żelaza, stali,  
I pełno ludzi w każdym wagonie,  
A w jednym krowy, a w drugim konie,  
A w trzecim siedzą same grubasy,  
Siedzą i jedzą tłuste kielbasy,  
A czwarty wagon pełen bananów,

A w piątym stoi sześć fortepianów,  
W szóstym armata - o! jaka wielka!  
Pod każdym kołem żelazna belka!  
W siódmym dębowe stoły i szafy,  
W ósmym słoń, niedźwiedź i dwie żyrafy,  
W dziewiątym - same tuczone świnie,  
W dziesiątym - kufry, paki i skrzynie.

A tych wagonów jest ze czterdzieści,  
Sam nie wiem, co się w nich jeszcze mieści.

Lecz choćby przyszło tysiąc atletów  
I każdy zjadłby tysiąc kotletów,  
I każdy nie wiem jak się wytężał,  
To nie udźwigną, taki to ciężar.

## **LOCOMOTIVE** by **Julian Tuwim** (translated by AB Cosmirsky & Co)

A locomotive waits at the station,  
Heavy and huge – drip, drip... perspiration?  
That's grease – lubrication!  
It waits there, huffing, puffing and blowing,  
Heat from its fiery belly glowing:

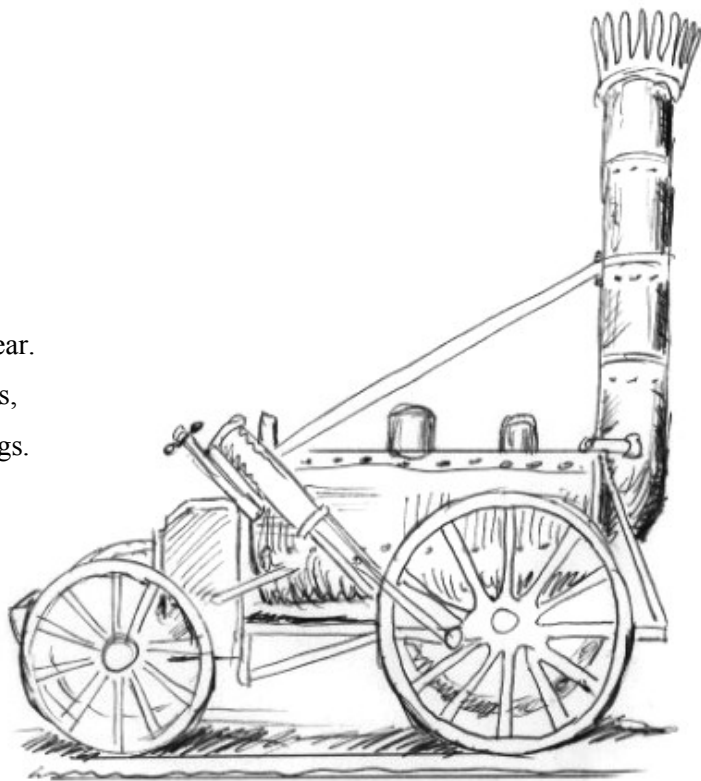
Whoosh – how hot! Gosh – how hot!!  
Phew – how hot!!! Coo – a lot!

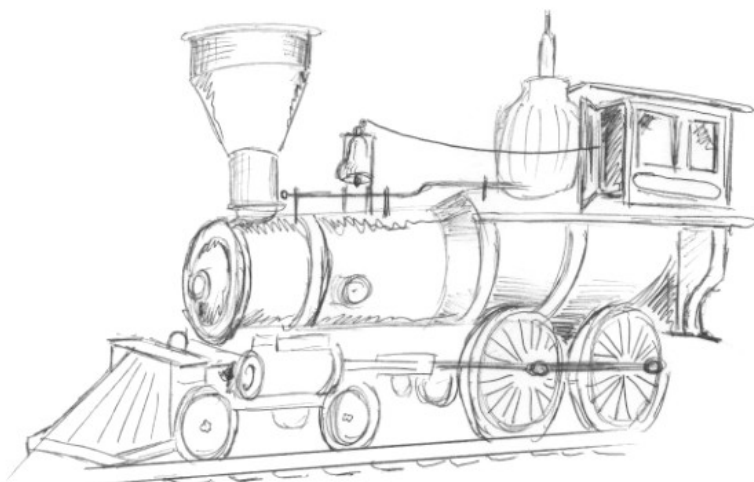
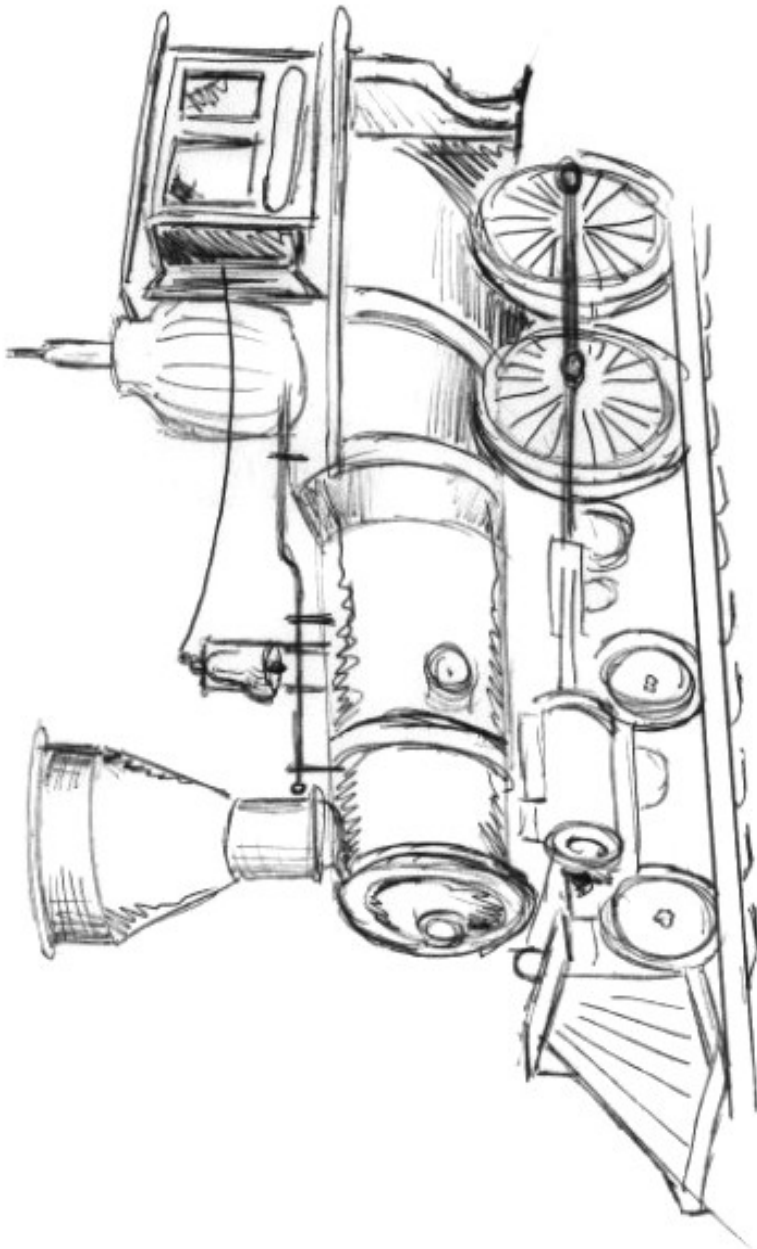
It's barely breathing, not ready to roll,  
Still now the stoker keeps feeding it coal.  
Wagons they add more and more still,  
All huge and heavy, of iron and steel,  
And every wagon packed full of crowds,  
In the first horses, the second holds cows.  
In the third wagon there's just chubby chaps,  
Sitting and lapping fat sausages up.  
The fourth is filled full of bananas,

While the fifth holds six grand pianos.  
In the sixth wagon a cannon – How vast!  
Iron bars propping each wheel up quite fast!  
The seventh holds oak tables and chairs,  
The eighth an elephant, two giraffes and a bear.  
In the ninth wagon – there's just fattened pigs,  
And in the tenth – trunks, cases, packed things.

How many wagons? Forty in all,  
I've no idea what they all hold!

Yet if a thousand athletes arrived  
To eat a thousand steaks each one tried,  
And I don't know how they'd all strain,  
They wouldn't lift it – this heavy old train!





Nagle - gwizd!

Nagle - świst!

Para - buch!

Koła - w ruch!

Najpierw - powoli - jak żółw – ociężale,  
 Ruszyła - maszyna - po szynach - ospale,  
 Szarpnęła wagony i ciągnie z mozołem,  
 I kręci się, kręci się koło za kołem,  
 I biegu przyspiesza, i gna coraz prędzej,  
 I dudni, i stuka, łomoce i pędzi,

A dokąd? A dokąd? A dokąd? Na wprost!

Po torze, po torze, po torze, przez most,  
 Przez góry, przez tunel, przez pola, przez las,  
 I spieszy się, spieszy, by zdążyć na czas,  
 Do taktu turkoce i puka, i stuka to:  
 Tak to to, tak to to , tak to to, tak to to.  
 Gładko tak, lekko tak toczy się w dal,  
 Jak gdyby to była piłeczka, nie stal,  
 Nie ciężka maszyna, zziajana, zdyszana,  
 Lecz fraszka, igraszka, zabawka blaszana.

A skądże to, jakże to, czemu tak gna?

A co to to, co to to, kto to tak pcha,  
 Że pędzi, że wali, że bucha buch, buch?

To para gorąca wprawiła to w ruch,  
 To para, co z kotła rurami do tłoków,  
 A tłoki kołami ruszają z dwóch boków  
 I gnają, i pchają, i pociąg się toczy,  
 Bo para te tłoki wciąż tłoczy i tłoczy,  
 I koła turkocą, i puka, i stuka to:

Tak to to, tak to to,  
 tak to to, tak to to!...



Suddenly – hoot!

Suddenly – toot!

Steam – blow!

Wheels – roll!

At first – so slowly – like a tortoise – meek, mousy.

So moved – the engine – on rails – oh so drowsy.

It tugged at the wagons, against its own will,

Then started rolling, wheel after wheel,

And running faster, picking up speed,

And knocking and rocking and rolling indeed.

But where to? Oh, where to? Where to? Ahead!

Along the rails and bridges it sped,

Through mountains, tunnels, fields and wild woods,

Rushing so, rushing to make time it should...

It drummed out a rhythm, a beat and a rhyme,

Rolling and rocking and clocking good time,

Smoothly and sprightly far now on wheels,

Like a small ball, not made of pure steel!

Not heavy machine, exhausted from toil,

But a fun trifle, a toy of tin foil.

But where from and how does it, why does it go?

What is it, how is it that's pushing it so?

Making it hurry and chatter and flow?

It's steam under pressure that happens to grow,

Hot air from the boiler the pistons does guide,

Pistons then moving the wheels from each side,

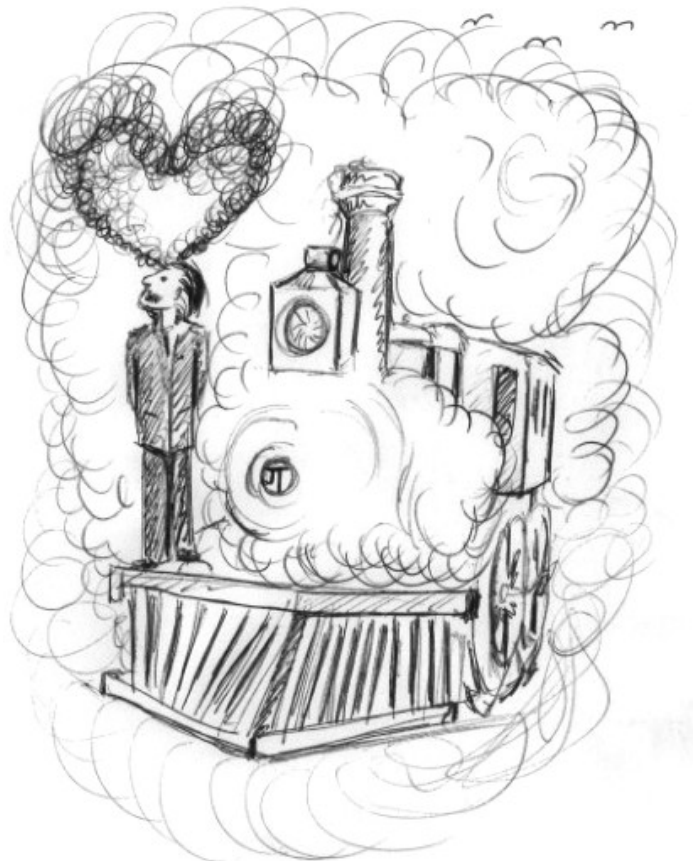
And whooshing and pushing and so the train rolls,

All that hot steam moves all the train holds,

And wheels still rock and knock down the track:

Rickety, clackety, clickety-clack!...

Rickety, clackety, clickety-clack!





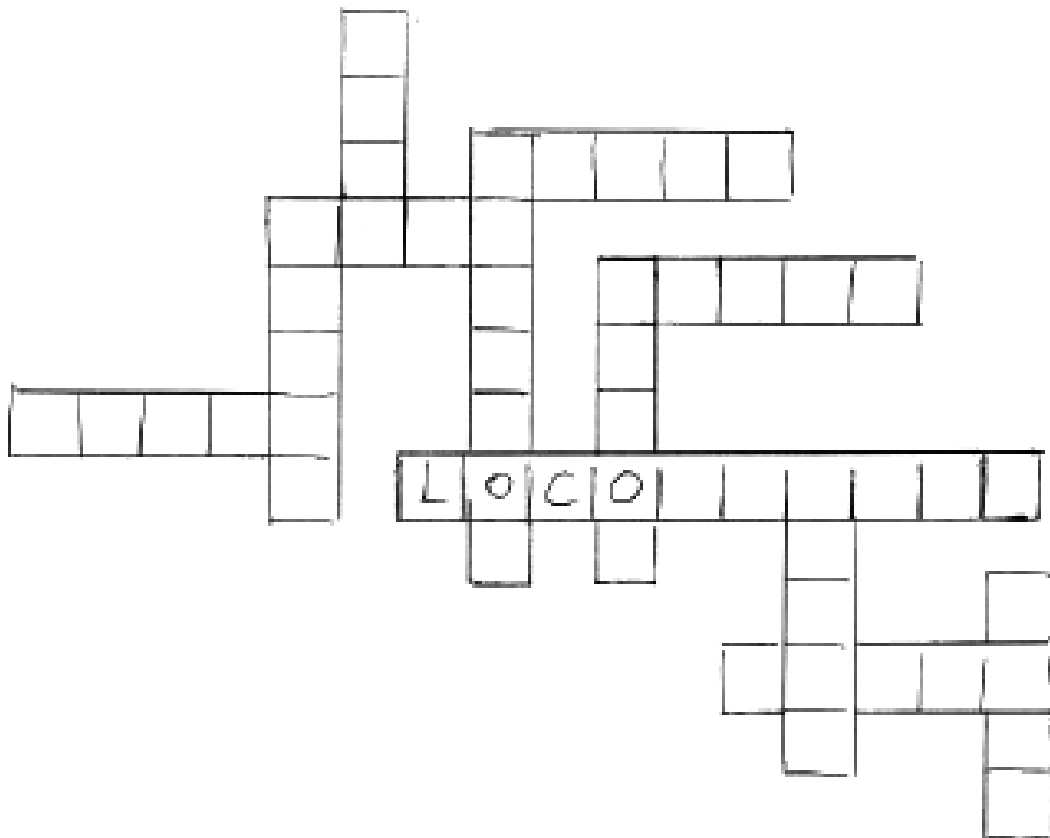
**JULIAN TUWIM – LOKOMOTYWA / LOCOMOTIVE**

*Here to help you relax and learn a little more vocab, here is:*

**CROSSWORD PUZZLE # 2**

- LEFT>RIGHT**
- 1. STEAM
  - 2. WHEEL
  - 3. HEAT
  - 4. LOCOMOTIVE
  - 5. RAILS
  - 6. PIANO

- TOP>BOTTOM**
- FIRE
  - STATION
  - WAGON
  - HORSE
  - TRAIN
  - COAL



## WARSAW MAP GAME

Now, did you have fun with that poem? If you did, underline the bits you enjoyed the most and think – why did I stop and think or laugh right there?

Before we move on to the next poem, have a look at this map of Warsaw – can you label all the districts of the capital city of Poland?

We did the first one for you – this is where Cosmirsky & Co was born and is now based!



## WARSAW MAP GAME PAGE 2

Write down all the world's continents and the three largest cities on each one...

Then notice how the shape of Warsaw is similar to the cross section of the human heart :)



## WWWA 3000 WALL OF WISDOM

The most memorable verses of our age are quotes from classic books and films... Try to match the authors with their quotes – *the first few have been done for you* – use the internet to help, it's what it's there for!

*“Medicine, law, business, engineering, these are all noble pursuits, and necessary to sustain life... But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for.”*

John Keating

*“Hope clouds observation.”*

Frank Herbert

*“What matters most is how well you walk through the fire.”*

Charles Bukowski

*“All styles are good, except those that bore...”*

*“They have all these concepts of what poetry should be. Mostly they are still in the 19<sup>th</sup> century... The politicians and newspapers talk a lot about freedom, but the moment you begin to apply any, either in Life or in the Art-form, you are in for a cell, ridicule or misunderstanding.”*

*“Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood. Now is the time to understand more, so that we may fear less”.*

*“The definition of insanity is repeating the same experiment over and over again, expecting a different outcome.”*

*“You tell me, please, if you can play it safe and still sing the madman's beautiful song? No. I'll tell you. It's impossible. Then... there is this other type, just as sickening, who play the Artist and don't have the Art. Beards. Mary. Sandals. Jazz. Tea. H. Coffee-shops. Poetry readings. Poetry clubs...”*

*“Poles are the best in the world at winning the war and the very best at losing the peace.”*

*“Songs are tiny works of art which can encourage people to think, but cannot do the thinking for them...”*

Wojciech Młynarski

Charles Bukowski

Marie Curie Skłodowska

Frank Herbert

Winston Churchill

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Albert Einstein

Voltaire

John Keating