

Once when I was six years old I saw a magnificent picture in a book, called True Stories from Nature, about the primeval forest. It was a picture of a boa constrictor in the act of swallowing an animal. Here is a copy of the drawing.

Ní gbà kan ri ti mo si je ọmọ ọdun mefa mo ri ìrírí aworan nla kan ninu iwe, ti akọle rẹ'njẹ itan otitọ aye ni pa aginju atijọ. Aworan yì sí jẹ ti ejo nla ti o fe gbe ẹranko mi. Ẹda aworan na si re.

In the book it said: "Boa constrictors swallow their prey whole, without chewing it. After that they are not able to move, and they sleep through the six months that they need for digestion."

Ninu iwe yìí a kọ wipe: "Ejo nla nii gbé awọn ẹranko míran mi ni odidi layii rún wọn. Lẹyin eyii wọn ko le kuro ni bi ti wọn wa, wọn yio sun ni Ibẹ fun oṣu mẹfa titi ounjẹ naa fi kẹ ninu wọn"

I pondered deeply, then, over the adventures of the jungle. And after some work with a colored pencil I succeeded in making my first drawing. My Drawing Number One. It looked something like this:

Mosi ronu jinlẹ gan-an ni kpa iriri aginju naa. Leyin awọn iṣẹ diẹ pẹlu gegèé alawọ Mosi ẹ aṣeyọri ni pa yiya aworan mi akókò. Aworan mi akókò. Osi foju jọ eyi:

I showed my masterpiece to the grown-ups, and asked them whether the drawing frightened them.

Mo fi aworan iṣẹ ọwọmi yìí han awọn agba, mo si bi wọn boya o bawọn lẹru.

But they answered: "Frighten? Why should any one be frightened by a hat?"

Şugbọn wọn dami lohun pe: "Ibẹru kẹ? É sé ti fila ẹ ma ba'eyan lẹru"

My drawing was not a picture of a hat. It was a picture of a boa constrictor digesting an elephant. But since the grown-ups were not able to understand it, I made another drawing: I drew the inside of a boa constrictor, so that the grown-ups could see it clearly. They always need to have things explained. My Drawing Number Two looked like this:

Aworan ti mo ya kin'dẹ n'še fila. Aworan ejo nla nii ton'gbe Erin mi. Şugbọn ni gbati oye rẹ ko ye awọn agba naa, mo si ya omiran: Mosi ya aworan inu ejo na, ki awọn agba na leri daadaa. Wọn ni lati ma ẹ alaye nka fun wọn. Aworan mi keji foju jọ eyi:

The grown-ups' response, this time, was to advise me to lay aside my drawings of boa constrictors, whether from the inside or the outside, and devote myself instead to geography, history, arithmetic, and grammar. That is why, at the age of six, I gave up what might have been a magnificent career as a painter. I had been disheartened by the failure of my Drawing Number One and my Drawing Number Two. Grown-ups never understand anything by themselves, and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them.

Awọn agba' si dahun, ni asiko yií, ni lati fun mi ni imọran lati fi yiya aworan ejo yi si ẹgbẹkan,boya lati inu tabi ita,ki mo si fi àkókò mi sẹ ẹkó lati mọ ni pa agbaye, Itan,iṣiro,ati giirama. Idi rẹ, ti mo fi fi eyi ti ko ba ti jẹ isé nla kikun aworan ni ọmọ ọdun mẹfa. Inu mi si bajẹ gidigaan ni pa yiya aworan ikini ati ikeji. Oye kíń'ye agbalagba fun ara wọn,ati pe o ma'nsu ọmọde lati ma sẹ alaye nkan fun wọn ni gbogbo igba ati lailai.

So then I chose another profession, and learned to pilot airplanes. I have flown a little over all parts of the world; and it is true that geography has been very useful to me. At a glance I can distinguish China from Arizona. If one gets lost in the night, such knowledge is valuable.

Ni pa bẹẹ mo si yan iṣẹ omiran laayo, mo kọ lati wá ọkọ ofurufu. Mo si ti fo òrílẹ̀ èdè agbaye diẹ; osi jẹ otitọ pe ẹkọ imọ agbaye ti wu lo fun mi. Mo le sẹ iyaṭọ China ati Arizona ni pa wiwo wọn. Ti eyan ba sina lórù, Imọ yií si joju.

In the course of this life I have had a great many encounters with a great many people who have been concerned with matters of consequence. I have lived a great deal among grown-ups. I have seen them intimately, close at hand. And that hasn't much improved my opinion of them.

Nipa irin ajo aye yií mo ti ba ọpọlọpọ to tobi pade pẹlu awọn jankan ti ọrọ atunbọtan kan wọn. Mo si ti gbe pẹlu awọn agba gan. Mo ti ri wọn gan lai fi nkan nkan bo, a si ti fi ọwọ wẹẹ ọwọ. Ati pe ko yií ipinu mi ni pa wọn pada.

Whenever I met one of them who seemed to me at all clear-sighted, I tried the experiment of showing him my Drawing Number One, which I have always kept. I would try to find out, so, if this was a person of true understanding. But, whoever it was, he, or she, would always say:

"That is a hat."

Ni gba Ki gba ti mo ba ba ẹnikan ninu wọn pade ti osi jẹ ẹni mi mọ si mi gan, mo ma'ngbiyanju lati fi aworan yiya mi akókọ han,ti mo tọju. Mo si ma'ngbiyanju lati wá boya ẹni yií jẹ oni imọ tòótọ. Eyi keyi ti o ba jẹ yala ọkunrin tabi obirin, yio gbọdọ wipe:

"Fila le leyíí."

Then I would never talk to that person about boa constrictors, or primeval forests, or stars. I would bring myself down to his level. I would talk to him about bridge, and golf, and politics, and neckties. And the grown-up would be greatly pleased to have met such a sensible man.

Emi ko si ni sọrọ nipa ejo nla nii, tabi aginju atijọ naa, tabi oṣupa, sugbọn ati rẹ arami silẹ si ipo wọn. Mo si ma ba a sọ ni pa afara, ere gọọfu, ati oṣelu, ati okun aso mọrun alakowe. Inu awọn agba naa yi o si dun lati ba iru Ọkunrin ọlọgbọn yií pade.