

## ANNOTATED TRANSLATION OF *THUMBELINA* FAIRY TALE

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### ABSTRACT

This research focuses on annotated translation. The object of the research is a fairy tale titled *Thumbelina*, written by Hans Christian Andersen. The purpose of this research are (1) to attain information concerning the difficult problems faced by the researches during the translation process of the source text; (2) to give solutions to the difficult problems. The researchers took eight out of forty-four difficult problems which consists of words, phrases, idiom, and sentences. Those difficulties were solved by referring to translation procedures as stated by Peter Newmark, and supported by monolingual, bilingual, and thesaurus dictionaries.

**Keyword:** *Annotated translation, Hans Christian Andersen, Thumbelina, fairy tale.*

### ABSTRAK

Penelitian ini berfokus pada terjemahan beranotasi. Objek dari penelitian ini merupakan sebuah dongeng berjudul *Thumbelina*, dikarang oleh Hans Christian Andersen. Tujuan dari penelitian ini adalah (1) untuk mendapatkan informasi mengenai problem sulit yang dihadapi oleh para peneliti selama proses penerjemahan naskah sumber; (2) memberikan solusi pada masalah-masalah sulit. Peneliti mengambil delapan dari empat puluh empat masalah sulit yang terdiri dari kata-kata, frasa, idiom, dan kalimat. Kesulitan-kesulitan itu diatasi dengan cara merujuk pada prosedur penerjemahan sebagaimana dinyatakan oleh Peter Newmark, dibantu oleh kamus-kamus eka-bahasa, dwi-bahasa dan thesaurus.

**Kata kunci:** *Terjemahan beranotasi, Hans Christian Andersen, Thumbelina, dongeng*

## I. INTRODUCTION

This research project is an annotated translation of *Thumbelina* (Danish: *Tommelise*), a fairy tale written by Hans Christian Andersen, from English (SL) to Bahasa Indonesia (TL). Hans Christian Andersen was a Danish author who is best known for his fairy tales. *Thumbelina* was one of nine fairy tales Andersen printed between 1835 and 1837 in a series of three booklets. *Thumbelina* appeared in the second of three booklets called *Fairy Tales Told for Children*. The story was translated into English in 1846 by Mary Howitt and started gaining popularity. The tale has been adapted to an animated movie by Warner Bros.

The researchers select this annotated translation of *Thumbelina* fairy tale, from English (SL) to Bahasa Indonesia (TL) with a purpose: (1) to annotate the difficult problems during encountered the translation process; (2) to attain factual information and reason related to the problems faced by the researchers during the translation process; (3) to find out the best solutions to overcome these problems.

The researchers chose *Thumbelina* because the writer of this fairy tale was very good in writing the story, he was able to set a scene in one short paragraph. The story is about a pretty girl named *Thumbelina* who, during her day and age, has a very little power to control what happens to her. Some are kind to her due to her beauty while others try to take advantage of her. In terms of the content, the story has a positive moral message about kindness, and how eventually kindness pays off and good fortune comes her way. In terms of language, the translation of this fairy tale includes translation related to different culture and setting that become some kind of a challenge for the researchers to find the appropriate equivalent meaning from SL to TL.

As stated by Eugene Nida and Charles R. Taber (1969:12), translation consist of reproducing in the receptor language the closest natural equivalent of the source language message, first in terms of meaning and secondly in terms of style.

Newmark (1988:45-48) stated that there are eight methods of translation, also called V-diagram. The eight methods or types of translation fall on four methods oriented with the SL emphasis and the other four oriented with the TL emphasis. The following is the V-diagram adapted from Newmark.



While the translation methods relate to whole texts, translation procedures are used for sentence and the smaller units of language depending on a variety of contextual factors as stated by Peter Newmark in his book *A Textbook of Translation* (1988:81-93). The procedures are as follows:

**a. Transference**

Transference is the process of transferring a SL word to a TL text as a translation procedure. It is the same as Catford's transference, and includes transliteration, which relates to the conversion of different alphabets in English. The word then becomes a 'loan word'. For example:

**SL:** Burdock leaf

**TL:** *Daun Burdock*

*(taken from Thumbelina)*

**b. Naturalisation**

This procedure succeeds transference and adapt the SL word first to the normal pronunciation, then the normal morphology (word-forms) of the TL. For example:

**SL:** Amputation

**TL:** *Amputasi*

**c. Cultural Equivalent**

This is an approximate translation where a SL cultural word is translated by a TL cultural word. Their translation uses are limited, since they are not accurate, but they can be used in general text, publicity, and propaganda, as well as for brief explanation to readers who are ignorance of the relevant SL structure. For example:

**SL:** The palace

**TL:** *Keraton*

**d. Functional Equivalent**

This common procedure, applied to cultural words, requires the use of a culture-free word, sometimes with a new specific term. This procedure, which is a cultural componential analysis is the most accurate way of translating, i.e. deculturalising a cultural word. For example:

**SL:** Feelers

**TL:** *Sungut*

*(taken from Thumbelina)*

**e. Descriptive Equivalent**

In translation, description sometimes has to be weighed against functions. Description and function are essential elements in explanation and therefore in translation. In translation discussion, function used to be neglected, now it tends to be overplayed. For example:

**SL:** A horrible toad

**TL:** *Seekor katak buruk rupa*

*(taken from Thumbelina)*

**f. Through-translation**

The literal translation of common collocation, names of organization, the components of compounds, and perhaps phrases, is known as calque or loan translation. Newmark prefer the more transparent term 'through-translation'. Normally, through-translation should be used when they are already recognized terms. For example:

**SL:** (English) UNESCO  
**TL:** (Indonesia) UNESCO

**g. Shifts or transpositions**

A 'shift' (Catford term) or 'transposition' (Vinay and Darbelnet) is a translation procedure involving a change in the grammar from SL to TL. One type, the change from singular to plural, or in position of adjective is automatic and offers the translator no choice.

A second type of shift is required when an SL grammatical structure does not exist in the TL. Here there are always options.

The third type of shift is the one where literal translation is grammatically possible but may not accord with natural usage in the TL.

The fourth type of transposition is the replacement of a virtual lexical gap by a grammatical structure. Transposition is the only procedure concerned with grammar, and most translators make transpositions intuitively. However, it is likely that comparative linguistics research and analysis of text corpuses and their translations, will uncover a further number of serviceable transpositions for us.

**h. Modulation**

Vinay and Darbelnet on Peter Newmark's book, coined the term 'modulation' to define 'a variation through a change of viewpoint, of perspective and very often of category of thought'. Standard modulations are recorded in bilingual dictionaries. Free modulation are used by translators 'when the TL rejects literal translation', which, by Vinay and Darbelnet's criteria, means virtually always.

Example:

**SL:** I have set my heart upon having a tiny little child.  
**TL:** *Aku sangat mendambakan seorang anak kecil.*

*(taken from Thumbelina)*

**i. Recognized Translation**

You should normally use the official or the generally accepted translation of any institutional term. If appropriate, you can gloss it and, in doing so, indirectly show your disagreement with this official version.

**j. Translation Label**

This is a provisional translation, usually in a new institutional term, which should be made in inverted commas, which can later be discreetly withdrawn. It could be done in literal translation.

**k. Compensation**

This is said to occur when loss of meaning, sound-effect, metaphor or pragmatic effect in one part of a sentence is compensated in another part, or in a contiguous sentence.

**l. Componential Analysis**

This is a splitting up of a lexical unit into its sense components, often one-to-two, -three or -four translations.

These are rather imprecise translation procedures, which you practice intuitively in some cases, *ad hoc* in others. However, for each there is at least one shift which you may like to bear in mind, particularly in poorly written texts:

1. SL adjective of substance plus general noun, TL noun.
2. For expansion, a not uncommon shift, often neglected, in SL adjective, English, TL adverb plus past participle, or present participle plus object.

#### **n. Paraphrase**

This is an amplification or explanation of the meaning of a segment of a text. It is used in an 'anonymous' text when it is poorly written or has important implications and omissions.

## **II. RESEARCH METHODOLOGY**

In this chapter, the researcher will discuss about the methodology of this research, the kinds of data analyzed, the data collecting method, and the analysis method.

### **Types of Research**

There are two kinds of research methodology, namely qualitative research methodology and quantitative research methodology. According to David Nunan

Research is a systematic process of inquiry consisting of three elements or components: (1) question, problem, or hypothesis, (2) data, and (3) analysis and interpretation of data. In this research the researchers use qualitative descriptive research methodology. This exploratory research methodology enables the researchers to analyze and make interpretation of the data as stated in unit analyses.

### **Kinds of Data**

The researchers use original, written data for analysis. The data for this research is taken from a short story with titled *Thumbelina*, written by Hans Christian Andersen, The book that was originated written in Danish translated to English in 1846 by Mary Howitt.

### **Data Collection Method**

The following are the steps and process of data collection:

1. Collecting the materials related to *Thumbelina* fairy tale.
2. Read the fairy tale.
3. Review the fairy tale carefully to understand more of the main point.
4. Translate the SL and annotate difficult problems by underlined the difficult words, phrases, idioms, and also sentences.

### **Data Analysis**

The steps of the analysis are as follows:

1. Identify the problems and make necessary annotation of words, phrases, idioms and sentences.
2. Translate the annotation by word-for-word method by Peter Newmark to get the meaning. Check with related books, dictionaries, or conduct online searching to find out the meaning and equivalent of the annotated words, phrases, idioms, and sentences.
3. Analyze the meaning by using the translation procedures of Peter Newmark.
4. Conclude the result of the analysis.

### **Techniques for Presenting the Results**

The results of the research work are presented in writing

### III. DISCUSSION

During the translation process of Thumbelina, the researchers found some difficult problems that have been annotated as follows:

	Source Language	Target Language	Paragraph
1	I I have <b>set my heart</b> upon having a tiny little child.	Aku <b>sangat mendambakan</b> seorang anak kecil.	1
2	She gave the witch <b>twelve pennies</b> and planted the barley seed as soon as she got home	Dia memberikan sang penyihir <b>dua puluh send</b> an segera menanam bibit gandum itu setibanya di rumah.	3
3	It was a tulip, right enough, but on <b>the green cushion in the middle of it</b> sat a tiny girl.	Benar, bunga itu adalah bunga tulip, namun di bagian <b>putik bunga yang tampak seperti bantalan hijau</b> , duduklah seorang gadis kecil.	4
4	She might get away from us yet, <b>for she is as light as a puff of swan's-down.</b>	Dia bisa saja kabur dari kita dengan mudahnya, <b>karena tubuhnya seringan bulu angsa.</b>	8
5	The old toad sat in the mud, decorating a room with <b>green rushes</b> and yellow water lilies, to have looking its best for her new daughter-in-law.	Sang katak duduk di dalam lumpur, sedang menghias ruangan tersebut dengan <b>ilalang hijau</b> agar terlihat indah di mata menantu barunya.	10
6	She wove herself a hammock of grass, and hung it under a big <b>burdock leaf</b> to keep off the rain.	Dia menenun sebuah tempat tidur gantung dari rumput untuk dirinya sendiri, dan menggantungkannya di bawah sehelai <b>daun burdock besar</b> agar terhindar dari terpaan air hujan.	18
7	Thumbelina was so frightened that she trembled, for the bird was so big, <b>so enormous</b> compared to her own inch of height.	Thumbelina begitu ketakutan sehingga tubuhnya gemetar, karena tubuh sang burung sangat besar dan jika dibandingkan dengan dirinya <b>terlihat seperti raksasa.</b>	32
8	The following night she <b>tiptoed</b> out to him again.	Malam berikutnya dia <b>mengendap-endap</b> menuju ke tempat sang burung.	33

#### Annotation 1

Source Language	Paragraph	Target Language
I I have <b>set my heart</b> upon having a tiny little child.	1	Aku <b>sangat mendambakan</b> seorang anak kecil.

In this annotation, the phraseset **my heart** shows us that the woman wished to have a little child. If it is translated by word-for-word method, the TL will be “**aku telah mempersiapkan hatiku untuk memiliki seorang anak kecil yang mungil**”. The word-for-word translation is correct, however, it is not acceptable. In order to make the translation acceptable, the researchers edit the translation into “**aku menginginkan seorang anak kecil**”, then look up for the synonym of **menginginkan** in the Thesaurus Bahasa Indonesia and found out “**mendambakan**” then the researchers changed the translation of **my heart** into **sangat mendambakan** to emphasize the meaning of the sentence. Here, the researchers refer to one of the translation procedure by Peter Newmark called Modulation.

**Annotation 2**

Source Language	Paragraph	Target Language
She gave the witch <b>twelve pennies</b> and planted the barley seed as soon as she got home	3	Dia memberikan sang penyihir <b>dua belas</b> sendan segera menanam bibit gandum itu setibanya di rumah.

*Oxford Advanced Learner’s Dictionary* describes **penny** as something refer to the coins. Another dictionary, *Collins English Dictionary* also defines **penny** as a bronze coin having a value equal to one hundredth of a pound. In other words, *Collins* also describes penny as a coin of similar value. In US and Canada, **penny** equals to **cent**. *Kamus Inggris Indonesia* by John M. Echols defines **penny** as **sen dolar**. The researchers refer to Naturalization, one of the translation procedures by Peter Newmark and translate **penny** into **sen**.

**Annotation 3**

Source Language	Paragraph	Target Language
It was a tulip, right enough, but on <b>the green cushion in the middle of it</b> sat a tiny girl.	4	Benar, bunga itu adalah bunga tulip, namun di bagian <b>putik bunga yang tampak seperti bantalan hijau</b> , duduklah seorang gadis kecil.

In Annotation 3, **green cushion** is used as an analogy of the center part of the flower. In Bahasa Indonesia, the part of the flower is called **putik**. The researchers translate the **green cushion** in the middle of it as **putik bunga yang tampak seperti bantalan hijau** because green cushion refers to the center part of a flower that looks like a green cushion. If the phrase **green cushion** is translated by word-for-word method, the TL will be **bantalan hijau**.

The researchers used one of the translation procedures by Peter Newmark called **additions** for translating this phrase. This strategy is applied by adding some notes or some information in the translation. The addition of **yang tampak seperti bantalan hijau** explains the flower part which looks like a green cushion in the eye of the tiny Thumbelina.

**Annotation 4**

Source Language	Paragraph	Target Language
She might get away from us yet, <b>for she is as light as a puff of swan’s-down</b> .	8	Dia bisa saja kabur dari kita dengan mudahnya, <b>karena tubuhnya sering bulu angsa</b> .

In this sentence, the idiom she is **as light as a puff of swan’s-down**, a parable of something small and light refers to Thumbelina’s physical appearance. Therefore, the idiom is translated into **tubuhnya**

**seringan bulu angsa** to represent Thumbelina’s small, tiny body. The researchers translated the idiom using a non-idiomatic or plain prose translation by Duff.

**Annotation 5**

Source Language	Paragraph	Target Language
The old toad sat in the mud, decorating a room with <b>green rushes</b> and yellow water lilies, to have looking its best for her new daughter-in-law.	10	Sang katak duduk di dalam lumpur, sedang menghias ruangan tersebut dengan <b>ilalang hijau</b> agar terlihat indah di mata menantu barunya.

The researchers had some difficulties in translating **green rushes**. After doing some research, both online and offline, the researchers found out the meaning of green rushes from a google image. It turns out to be similar to green bushes. Therefore, the phrase **green rushesis** translated into **ilalang hijau**.

In this translation, the writer refers to one of the translation procedure by Peter Newmark called **Modulation**.

**Annotation 6**

Source Language	Paragraph	Target Language
She wove herself a hammock of grass, and hung it under a <b>bigburdock leaf</b> to keep off the rain.	18	Dia menenun sebuah tempat tidur gantung dari rumput untuk dirinya sendiri, dan menggantungkannya di bawah sehelai <b>daun burdock besar</b> agar terhindar dari terpaan air hujan.

The researchers annotated a difficult problem in translating **big burdock leaf**. The burdock leaf does not exist in any dictionaries studied. The researchers searched online and found out that this kind of plant does not grow in tropical countries such as Indonesia, so there is no equivalent meaning in Bahasa Indonesia. In order to solve the problem, the researchers refer to one of Peter Newmark translation procedures called **Transference** and translate **big Burdock leaf** into **daun Burdock besar**.

**Annotation 7**

Source Language	Paragraph	Target Language
Thumbelina was so frightened that she trembled, for the bird was so big, <b>so enormous</b> compared to her own inch of height.	32	Thumbelina begitu ketakutan sehingga tubuhnya gemetar, karena tubuh sang burung sangat besar dan jika dibandingkan dengan dirinya <b>terlihat seperti raksasa</b> .

*Oxford Advance Learner’s Dictionary* defines enormous as something extremely large. Meanwhile, *Collins Dictionary* defines enormous as usually large in size, extent, or degree; immense; vast. Another dictionary, *Merriam Webster Dictionary* defines enormous as very great in size and amount. Based on the context, enormous can be concluded as something that is very big in size.

In translating the annotated word, the researchers refer to one of the translation procedures by Peter Newmark called **Synonym**. The word **enormous** is translated into **raksasa**.

**Annotation 8**

Source Language	Paragraph	Target Language
The following night she <b>tiptoed</b> out to him again.	33	Malam berikutnya dengan <b>berjingkat-jingkat</b> ia berjalan menuju ke tempat sang burung.

**Tiptoed** is originated from the simple form **tiptoe**. *Collins dictionary* defines tiptoe as: (1) to walk with the heels off the ground and the weight supported by the ball of the foot and the toes; (2) to walk silently or stealthily. The word **tiptoed** in this context can be translated into **berjingkat-jingkat**. However, in order to give an impression to the reader that this activity is executed secretly, the researchers looked for a synonym of **berjingkat-jingkat** and found out that the word **mengendap-endap** will be much more suitable for the context.

The researchers refer to one of the translation procedures by Peter Newmark called **Descriptive Equivalent**.

**IV. CONCLUSION**

The purpose of this research is to attain information about difficult problems faced by the researchers during the translation process of the fairy tale titled *Thumbelina* and provide valid solutions to the problems.

Based on the analysis, it can be concluded that the difficult problems annotated were caused by the non-existence of the equivalent meaning of the words and phrases in SL. Another difficulty is finding the acceptable meaning for translation of some words and phrases. The problems solved by employing some of the translation procedures by Peter Newmark. They are modulation, naturalization, additions, descriptive equivalent, functional equivalent, cultural equivalent, transference and synonymy. The researchers also refer to monolingual, bilingual dictionaries and thesaurus both in English and Bahasa Indonesia.

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## Appendix 1

### Source Language

#### Thumbelina(1835)

There once was a woman who wanted so very much to have a tiny little child, but she did not know where to find one. So she went to an old witch, and she said:

"I have set my heart upon having a tiny little child. Please could you tell me where I can find one?"

"Why, that's easily done," said the witch. "Here's a grain of barley for you, but it isn't at all the sort of barley that farmers grow in their fields or that the chickens get to eat. Put it in a flower pot and you'll see what you shall see."

"Oh thank you!" the woman said. She gave the witch twelve pennies, and planted the barley seed as soon as she got home. It quickly grew into a fine large flower, which looked very much like a tulip. But the petals were folded tight, as though it were still a bud.

"This is such a pretty flower," said the woman. She kissed its lovely red and yellow petals, and just as she kissed it the flower gave a loud *pop!* and flew open. It was a tulip, right enough, but on the green cushion in the middle of it sat a tiny girl. She was dainty and fair to see, but she was no taller than your thumb. So she was called Thumbelina.

A nicely polished walnut shell served as her cradle. Her mattress was made of the blue petals of violets, and a rose petal was pulled up to cover her. That was how she slept at night. In the daytime she played on a table where the woman put a plate surrounded with a wreath of flowers. Their stems lay in the water, on which there floated a large tulip petal. Thumbelina used the petal as a boat, and with a pair of white horsehairs for oars she could row clear across the plate-a charming sight. She could sing, too. Her voice was the softest and sweetest that anyone ever has heard.

One night as she lay in her cradle, a horrible toad hopped in through the window-one of the panes was broken. This big, ugly, slimy toad jumped right down on the table where Thumbelina was asleep under the red rose petal.

"Here's a perfect wife for my son!" the toad exclaimed. She seized upon the walnut shell in which Thumbelina lay asleep, and hopped off with it, out the window and into the garden. A big broad stream ran through it, with a muddy marsh along its banks, and here the toad lived with her son. Ugh! He was just like his mother, slimy and horrible. "Co-ax, co-ax, brek-ek-eke-kex," was all that he could say when he saw the graceful little girl in the walnut shell.

"Don't speak so loud, or you will wake her up," the old toad told him. "She might get away from us yet, for she is as light as a puff of swan's-down. We must put her on one of the broad water lily leaves out in the stream. She is so small and light that it will be just like an island to her, and she can't run away from us while we are making our best room under the mud ready for you two to live in."

Many water lilies with broad green leaves grew in the stream, and it looked as if they were floating on the surface. The leaf which lay furthest from the bank was the largest of them all, and it was to this leaf that the old toad swam with the walnut shell which held Thumbelina.

The poor little thing woke up early next morning, and when she saw where she was she began to cry bitterly. There was water all around the big green leaf and there was no way at all for her to reach the shore. The old toad sat in the mud, decorating a room with green rushes and yellow water lilies, to have it looking its best for her new daughter-in-law. Then she and her ugly son swam out to the leaf on which Thumbelina was standing. They came for her pretty little bed, which they wanted to carry to the bridal chamber before they took her there.

The old toad curtsied deep in the water before her, and said:  
"Meet my son. He is to be your husband, and you will share a delightful home in the mud." "Co-ax, co-ax, brek-ek-eke-kex," was all that her son could say.

Then they took the pretty little bed and swam away with it. Left all alone on the green leaf, Thumbelina sat down and cried. She did not want to live in the slimy toad's house, and she didn't want to have the toad's horrible son for her husband. The little fishes who swam in the water beneath her had seen the toad and heard what she had said. So up popped their heads to have a look at the little girl. No sooner had they seen her than they felt very sorry that anyone so pretty should have to go down to live with that hideous toad. No, that should never be! They gathered around the green stem which held the leaf where she was, and gnawed it in two with their teeth. Away went the leaf down the stream, and away went Thumbelina, far away where the toad could not catch her.

Thumbelina sailed past many a place, and when the little birds in the bushes saw her they sang, "What a darling little girl." The leaf drifted further and further away with her, and so it was that Thumbelina became a traveler.

A lovely white butterfly kept fluttering around her, and at last alighted on the leaf, because he admired Thumbelina. She was a happy little girl again, now that the toad could not catch her. It was all very lovely as she floated along, and where the sun struck the water it looked like shining gold. Thumbelina undid her sash, tied one end of it to the butterfly, and made the other end fast to the leaf. It went much faster now, and Thumbelina went much faster too, for of course she was standing on it.

Just then, a big May-bug flew by and caught sight of her. Immediately he fastened his claws around her slender waist and flew with her up into a tree. Away went the green leaf down the stream, and away went the butterfly with it, for he was tied to the leaf and could not get loose.

My goodness! How frightened little Thumbelina was when the May-bug carried her up in the tree. But she was even more sorry for the nice white butterfly she had fastened to the leaf, because if he couldn't free himself he would have to starve to death. But the May-bug wasn't one to care about that. He sat her down on the largest green leaf of the tree, fed her honey from the flowers, and told her how pretty she was, considering that she didn't look the least like a May-bug. After a while, all the other May-bugs who lived in the tree came to pay them a call. As they stared at Thumbelina, the lady May-bugs threw up their feelers and said:

"Why, she has only two legs-what a miserable sight!"

"She hasn't any feelers," one cried.

"She is pinched in at the waist-how shameful! She looks like a human being-how ugly she is!" said all of the female May-bugs.

Yet Thumbelina was as pretty as ever. Even the May-bug who had flown away with her knew that, but as every last one of them kept calling her ugly, he at length came to agree with them and would have nothing to do with her-she could go wherever she chose. They flew down out of the tree with her and left her on a daisy, where she sat and cried because she was so ugly that the May-bugs wouldn't have anything to do with her.

Nevertheless, she was the loveliest little girl you can imagine, and as frail and fine as the petal of a rose.

All summer long, poor Thumbelina lived all alone in the woods. She wove herself a hammock of grass, and hung it under a big burdock leaf to keep off the rain. She took honey from the flowers for food, and drank the dew which she found on the leaves every morning. In this way the summer and fall went by. Then came the winter, the long, cold winter. All the birds who had sung so sweetly for her flew away. The trees and the flowers withered. The big burdock leaf under which she had lived shriveled up until nothing was left of it but a dry, yellow stalk. She was terribly cold, for her clothes had worn threadbare and she herself was so slender and frail. Poor Thumbelina, she would freeze to death! Snow began to fall, and every time a snowflake struck her it was as if she had been hit by a whole shovelful, for we are quite tall while she measured only an inch. She wrapped a withered leaf about her, but there was no warmth in it. She shivered with cold.

Near the edge of the woods where she now had arrived, was a large grain field, but the grain had been harvested long ago. Only the dry, bare stubble stuck out of the frozen ground. It was just as if she were lost in a vast forest, and oh how she shivered with cold! Then she came to the door of a field mouse, who had a little hole amidst the stubble. There this mouse lived, warm and cozy, with a whole store-room of grain, and a magnificent kitchen and pantry. Poor Thumbelina stood at the door, just like a beggar child, and pled for a little bit of barley, because she hadn't had anything to eat for two days past.

"Why, you poor little thing," said the field mouse, who turned out to be a kind-hearted old creature. "You must come into my warm room and share my dinner." She took such a fancy to Thumbelina that she said, "If you care to, you may stay with me all winter, but you must keep my room tidy, and tell me stories, for I am very fond of them." Thumbelina did as the kind old field mouse asked and she had a very good time of it.

"Soon we shall have a visitor," the field mouse said. "Once every week my neighbor comes to see me, and he is even better off than I am. His rooms are large, and he wears such a beautiful black

velvet coat. If you could only get him for a husband you would be well taken care of, but he can't see anything. You must tell him the very best stories you know."

Thumbelina did not like this suggestion. She would not even consider the neighbor, because he was a mole. He paid them a visit in his black velvet coat. The field mouse talked about how wealthy and wise he was, and how his home was more than twenty times larger than hers. But for all of his knowledge he cared nothing at all for the sun and the flowers. He had nothing good to say for them, and had never laid eyes on them.

As Thumbelina had to sing for him, she sang, "May-bug, May-bug, fly away home," and "The Monk goes afield." The mole fell in love with her sweet voice, but he didn't say anything about it yet, for he was a most discreet fellow.

He had just dug a long tunnel through the ground from his house to theirs, and the field mouse and Thumbelina were invited to use it whenever they pleased, though he warned them not to be alarmed by the dead bird which lay in this passage. It was a complete bird, with feather and beak. It must have died quite recently, when winter set in, and it was buried right in the middle of the tunnel.

The mole took in his mouth a torch of decayed wood. In the darkness it glimmered like fire. He went ahead of them to light the way through the long, dark passage. When they came to where the dead bird lay, the mole put his broad nose to the ceiling and made a large hole through which daylight could fall. In the middle of the floor lay a dead swallow, with his lovely wings folded at his sides and his head tucked under his feathers. The poor bird must certainly have died of the cold. Thumbelina felt so sorry for him. She loved all the little birds who had sung and sweetly twittered to her all through the summer. But the mole gave the body a kick with his short stumps, and said, "Now he won't be chirping any more. What a wretched thing it is to be born a little bird. Thank goodness none of my children can be a bird, who has nothing but his 'chirp, chirp', and must starve to death when winter comes along."

"Yes, you are so right, you sensible man," the field mouse agreed. "What good is all his chirp-chirping to a bird in the winter time, when he starves and freezes? But that's considered very grand, I imagine."

Thumbelina kept silent, but when the others turned their back on the bird she bent over, smoothed aside the feathers that hid the bird's head, and kissed his closed eyes.

"Maybe it was he who sang so sweetly to me in the summertime," she thought to herself. "What pleasure he gave me, the dear, pretty bird."

The mole closed up the hole that let in the daylight, and then he took the ladies home. That night Thumbelina could not sleep a wink, so she got up and wove a fine large coverlet out of hay. She took it to the dead bird and spread it over him, so that he would lie warm in the cold earth. She tucked him in with some soft thistle-down that she had found in the field mouse's room.

"Good-bye, you pretty little bird," she said. "Good-bye, and thank you for your sweet songs last summer, when the trees were all green and the sun shone so warmly upon us." She laid her head on his breast, and it startled her to feel a soft thump, as if something were beating inside. This was the bird's heart. He was not dead- he was only numb with cold, and now that he had been warmed he came to life again.

In the fall, all swallows fly off to warm countries, but if one of them starts too late he gets so cold that he drops down as if he were dead, and lies where he fell. And then the cold snow covers him.

Thumbelina was so frightened that she trembled, for the bird was so big, so enormous compared to her own inch of height. But she mustered her courage, tucked the cotton wool down closer around the poor bird, brought the mint leaf that covered her own bed, and spread it over the bird's head.

The following night she tiptoed out to him again. He was alive now, but so weak that he could barely open his eyes for a moment to look at Thumbelina, who stood beside him with the piece of touchwood that was her only lantern.

"Thank you, pretty little child," the sick swallow said. "I have been wonderfully warmed. Soon I shall get strong once more, and be able to fly again in the warm sunshine."

"Oh," she said, "It's cold outside, it's snowing, and freezing. You just stay in your warm bed and I'll nurse you."

Then she brought him some water in the petal of a flower. The swallow drank, and told her how he had hurt one of his wings in a thorn bush, and for that reason couldn't fly as fast as the other swallows when they flew far, far away to the warm countries. Finally he had dropped to the ground. That was all he remembered, and he had no idea how he came to be where she found him.

The swallow stayed there all through the winter, and Thumbelina was kind to him and tended him with loving care. She didn't say anything about this to the field mouse or to the mole, because they did not like the poor unfortunate swallow.

As soon as spring came and the sun warmed the earth, the swallow told Thumbelina it was time to say good-bye. She reopened the hole that the mole had made in the ceiling, and the sun shone in splendor upon them. The swallow asked Thumbelina to go with him. She could sit on his back as they flew away through the green woods. But Thumbelina knew that it would make the old field mouse feel badly if she left like that, so she said:

"No, I cannot go."

"Fare you well, fare you well, my good and pretty girl," said the swallow, as he flew into the sunshine.

Tears came into Thumbelina's eyes as she watched him go, for she was so fond of the poor swallow.

"Chirp, chirp!" sang the bird, as he flew into the green woods.

Thumbelina felt very downcast. She was not permitted to go out in the warm sunshine. Moreover, the grain that was sown in the field above the field mouse's house grew so tall that, to a poor little girl who was only an inch high, it was like a dense forest.

"You must work on your trousseau this summer," the field mouse said, for their neighbor, that loathsome mole in his black velvet coat, had proposed to her. "You must have both woolens and linens, both bedding and wardrobe, when you become the mole's wife."

Thumbelina had to turn the spindle, and the field mouse hired four spiders to spin and weave for her day and night. The mole came to call every evening, and his favorite remark was that the sun, which

now baked the earth as hard as a rock, would not be nearly so hot when summer was over. Yes, as soon as summer was past he would be marrying Thumbelina. But she was not at all happy about it, because she didn't like the tedious mole the least bit. Every morning at sunrise and every evening at sunset, she would steal out the door. When the breeze blew the ears of grain apart she could catch glimpses of the blue sky. She could dream about how bright and fair it was out of doors, and how she wished she would see her dear swallow again. But he did not come back, for doubtless he was far away, flying about in the lovely green woods.

When fall arrived, Thumbelina's whole trousseau was ready.

"Your wedding day is four weeks off," the field mouse told her. But Thumbelina cried and declared that she would not have the tedious mole for a husband.

"Fiddlesticks," said the field mouse. "Don't you be obstinate, or I'll bite you with my white teeth. Why, you're getting a superb husband. The queen herself hasn't a black velvet coat as fine as his. Both his kitchen and his cellar are well supplied. You ought to thank goodness that you are getting him."

Then came the wedding day. The mole had come to take Thumbelina home with him, where she would have to live deep underground and never go out in the warm sunshine again, because he disliked it so.

The poor little girl felt very sad that she had to say good-bye to the glorious sun, which the field mouse had at least let her look out at through the doorway.

"Farewell, bright sun!" she said. With her arm stretched toward it she walked a little way from the field mouse's home. The grain had been harvested, and only the dry stubble was left in the field. "Farewell, farewell!" she cried again, and flung her little arms around a small red flower that was still in bloom. "If you see my dear swallow, please give him my love."

"Chirp, chirp! Chirp, chirp!" She suddenly heard a twittering over her head. She looked up and there was the swallow, just passing by. He was so glad to see Thumbelina although, when she told him how she hated to marry the mole and live deep underground where the sun never shone, she could not hold back her tears.

"Now that the cold winter is coming," the swallow told her, "I shall fly far, far away to the warm countries. Won't you come along with me? You can ride on my back. Just tie yourself on with your sash, and away we'll fly, far from the ugly mole and his dark hole-far, far away, over the mountains to the warm countries where the sun shines so much fairer than here, to where it is always summer and there are always flowers. Please fly away with me, dear little Thumbelina, you who saved my life when I lay frozen in a dark hole in the earth."

"Yes, I will go with you!" said Thumbelina. She sat on his back, put her feet on his outstretched wings, and fastened her sash to one of his strongest feathers. Then the swallow soared into the air over forests and over lakes, high up over the great mountains that are always capped with snow. When Thumbelina felt cold in the chill air, she crept under the bird's warm feathers, with only her little head stuck out to watch all the wonderful sights below.

At length they came to the warm countries. There the sun shone far more brightly than it ever does here, and the sky seemed twice as high. Along the ditches and hedgerows grew marvelous green and blue grapes. Lemons and oranges hung in the woods. The air smelled sweetly of myrtle and thyme.

By the wayside, the loveliest children ran hither and thither, playing with the brightly colored butterflies.

But the swallow flew on still farther, and it became more and more beautiful. Under magnificent green trees, on the shore of a blue lake there stood an ancient palace of dazzling white marble. The lofty pillars were wreathed with vines, and at the top of them many swallows had made their nests. One nest belonged to the swallow who carried Thumbelina.

"This is my home," the swallow told her. "If you will choose one of those glorious flowers in bloom down below, I shall place you in it, and you will have all that your heart desires."

"That will be lovely," she cried, and clapped her tiny hands.

A great white marble pillar had fallen to the ground, where it lay in three broken pieces. Between these pieces grew the loveliest large white flowers. The swallow flew down with Thumbelina and put her on one of the large petals. How surprised she was to find in the center of the flower a little man, as shining and transparent as if he had been made of glass. On his head was the daintiest of little gold crowns, on his shoulders were the brightest shining wings, and he was not a bit bigger than Thumbelina. He was the spirit of the flower. In every flower there lived a small man or woman just like him, but he was the king over all of them.

"Oh, isn't he handsome?" Thumbelina said softly to the swallow. The king was somewhat afraid of the swallow, which seemed a very giant of a bird to anyone as small as he. But when he saw Thumbelina he rejoiced, for she was the prettiest little girl he had ever laid eyes on. So he took off his golden crown and put it on her head. He asked if he might know her name, and he asked her to be his wife, which would make her queen over all the flowers. Here indeed was a different sort of husband from the toad's son and the mole with his black velvet coat. So she said "Yes" to this charming king. From all the flowers trooped little ladies and gentlemen delightful to behold. Every one of them brought Thumbelina a present, but the best gift of all was a pair of wings that had belonged to a large silver fly. When these were made fast to her back, she too could flit from flower to flower. Everyone rejoiced, as the swallow perched above them in his nest and sang his very best songs for them. He was sad though, deep down in his heart, for he liked Thumbelina so much that he wanted never to part with her.

"You shall no longer be called Thumbelina," the flower spirit told her. "That name is too ugly for anyone as pretty as you are. We shall call you Maia."

"Good-bye, good-bye," said the swallow. He flew away again from the warm countries, back to far-away Denmark, where he had a little nest over the window of the man who can tell you fairy tales. To him the bird sang, "Chirp, chirp! Chirp, chirp!" and that's how we heard the whole story.

## Appendix 2

### Target Language

#### Thumbelina (1835)

Dahulu kala ada seorang wanita yang sangat merindukan seorang anak, namun ia tidak tahu kemana harus mencari. Akhirnya, dia pergi ke penyihir dan berkata: "Aku sangat mendambakan seorang anak kecil, tolong beritahu dimana aku bisa mendapatkannya."

“Mengapa? Sama sekali bukan hal yang sulit untuk dilakukan,” jawab sang penyihir. “Kuberikan kau sebutir bibit gandum, namun ini bukanlah jenis bibit gandum yang biasa ditanam petani di ladang ataupun yang biasanya dijadikan pakan unggas. Tanamlah bibit ini di dalam pot maka keinginanmu akan terwujud.”

“Terima kasih!” ujar wanita itu. Dia memberikan sang penyihir dua puluh sen dan setibanya di rumah ia segera menanam bibit gandum itu. Bibit itu seketika tumbuh menjadi sebuah bunga besar yang indah, tampak seperti bunga tulip. Namun, kelopaknya terkatup rapat, seakan-akan masih menguncup.

“Betapa cantiknya bunga ini,” kata perempuan tersebut. Dicuminya kelopak bunga yang indah berwarna merah dan kuning tersebut. Saat ia menciumnya, terdengarlah suara letupan, lalu merekahlah bunga tersebut. Bunga itu memang bunga tulip, namun di bagian tengah putik bunga yang tampak seperti bantalan hijau, duduklah seorang gadis kecil. Dia tampak cantik dan berkulit putih, namun tingginya tidak lebih dari seukuran jempol. Itulah sebabnya ia dinamakan Thumbelina.

Tempat tidur Thumbelina terbuat dari sebungkah cangkang kenari berpelitur halus. Kasurnya terbuat dari kelopak bunga lembayung berwarna biru, dan kelopak bunga mawar menjadi selimutnya. Begitulah dia tidur di malam hari. Pada siang hari dia bermain diatas meja, dimana sang wanita menaruh sebuah piring dengan rangkaian bunga di sekelilingnya. Tangkainya terendam didalam air, dimana sebuah kelopak bunga tulip yang besar mengambang. Kelopak tersebut dijadikan sampan oleh Thumbelina. Dengan menggunakan sepasang bulu kuda, ia dapat mendayung melintasi piring tersebut sambil menatap pemandangan indah di sekelilingnya. Ia juga sangat pandai bernyanyi. Suaranya adalah suara terlembut dan termerdu di dunia.

Suatu malam saat ia tengah berbaring, seekor katak buruk rupa melompat masuk lewat kaca jendela yang pecah sebagian. Katak raksasa berwajah buruk dengan tubuh berlendir tersebut mendarat tepat atas meja dimana Thumbelina tengah berbaring berselimutkan kelopak mawar merah.

“Ini dia calon istri yang tepat untuk anakk!” seru sang katak. Digondolnya cangkang kenari tersebut, dimana Thumbelina tengah terlelap didalamnya, lalu katak tersebut melompat keluar lewat jendela dan mendarat di kebun. Sebuah sungai melintasi kebun tersebut dengan rawa berlumpur di bagian tepian, di situlah sang katak tinggal bersama putranya. Uh! Anak katak tersebut berwajah buruk dan tubuhnya berlendir persis seperti sang induk. “Kooaak, kooaak, aak, aak, aak,” ia hanya mampu berkoak saat menatap wajah gadis rupawan yang tengah terlelap di dalam cangkang kenari.

“Psst, jangan berisik nanti ia terbangun,” ujar katak tua mengingatkan. “Ia bisa saja kabur dengan mudah karena tubuhnya sering bulu angsa. Kita harus mengasingkannya di atas salah satu daun teratai lebar di sungai. Tubuhnya sangat mungil dan ringan sehingga daun itu bagaikan pulau baginya. Oleh karena itu sulit baginya untuk melarikan diri sementara kita mempersiapkan ruangan terbaik di dalam lumpur untuk kalian tinggal bersama.”

Di sungai banyak tumbuh bunga teratai berdaun hijau lebar yang tampak seakan-akan mengambang di permukaan air. Daun yang terletak terjauh dari tepian sungai merupakan daun terbesar, dan kesanalah sang katak tua berenang dengan membawa cangkang kenari berisi Thumbelina di dalamnya.

Gadis malang tersebut terbangun keesokan harinya. Saat ia menyadari dimana ia berada, ia mulai menangis tersedu-sedu. Hanya ada air disekeliling daun besar itu, dan mustahil baginya untuk mencapai tepian. Sang katak duduk di dalam lumpur, tampak asyik menghias sebuah ruangan tersebut dengan ilalang hijau dan bunga lili air berwarna kuning, agar terlihat indah dimata menantu



barunya. Setelah itu dia dan putranya yang buruk rupa berenang menuju daun tempat Thumbelina berdiri. Mereka datang untuk memindahkan kasur milik Thumbelina ke kamar pengantin sebelum mereka membawa Thumbelina ke kamar itu.

Sang katak tua membungkuk dari dalam air di hadapan Thumbelina, lalu ia berkata:

“Perkenalkan putraku. Ia calon suamimu, dan kalian akan hidup bersama di sebuah rumah indah di dalam lumpur.”

“Kooaak, kooaak, aak, aak, aak,” hanya itu yang dapat diucapkan sang putra.

Mereka menggondol tempat tidur mungil yang indah, kemudian berenang seraya membawa tempat tidur tersebut. Thumbelina yang dibiarkan sendirian di atas daun kembali duduk dan menangis. Dia tidak ingin tinggal di rumah katak berlendir itu, apalagi menikah dengan katak buruk rupa. Ikan-ikan kecil yang berenang di dalam air melihat dan mendengar semua perkataan sang katak. Mereka muncul ke permukaan untuk melihat Thumbelina. Begitu melihat Thumbelina, mereka merasa iba karena sang gadis berwajah cantik harus tinggal bersama kodok buruk rupa. Tak boleh dibiarkan terjadi! Mereka berkumpul di seputar batang daun di mana Thumbellina berada. lalu mulai menggigiti batang tersebut hingga putus. Daun itu pun hanyut terbawa arus membawa serta Thumbelina, pergi menjauh sehingga sang katak tidak dapat menangkapnya.

Thumbelina berlayar melewati banyak tempat, dan saat burung-burung kecil di semak-semak melihatnya, mereka bernyanyi, “Betapa cantiknya gadis itu!” Daun tersebut membawa Thumbelina semakin menjauh dan begitulah sehingga Thumbelina akhirnya menjadi seorang petualang.

Seekor kupu-kupu jantan putih nan indah terbang sekelilingnya, dan akhirnya hinggap diatas daun karena ia sangat mengagumi Thumbelina. Thumbelina kembali ceria karena sang katak tidak dapat menjangkaunya. Sepanjang perjalanannya, tampak pemandangan yang menyenangkan di sepanjang tepian sungai. Dan saat bias sinar matahari menimpa air sungai, menjadikannya tampak berkilauan laksana emas. Thumbelina melepas sabuknya, lalu mengikatkan salah satu ujungnya pada tubuh kupu-kupu itu, dan mengikat ujung lainnya pada pinggiran daun tersebut. Sekarang, daun itu meluncur jauh lebih cepat, dan tentu saja Thumbelina pun turut meluncur lebih cepat karena ia berdiri di atasnya.

Tak lama kemudian, seekor kumbang besar terbang melintas dan tanpa sengaja menatap Thumbelina. Tiba-tiba ia mencengkeramkan cakarnya pada pinggang ramping sang gadis, kemudian membawanya terbang ke atas pohon. Menjauh dari daun yang terbawa arus dan menjauh pula sang kupu-kupu yang masih terikat di atasnya dan tak dapat melepaskan ikatannya.

Ya Tuhan! Betapa ketakutannya Thumbelina saat sang kumbang membawanya terbang ke atas pohon. Thumbelina juga merasa sangat bersalah pada sang kupu-kupu putih nan indah yang diikatnya pada daun karena jika sang kupu-kupu itu tidak dapat melepaskan diri, ia akan mati kelaparan. Tetapi sang kumbang tidak peduli. Ditaruhnya Thumbelina di atas sehelai daun terbesar pada pohon tersebut, disuapinya dengan madu dari bunga-bunga dan dipujinya betapa rupawan wajahnya karena Thumbelina sama sekali tidak mirip seperti kumbang pada umumnya. Setelah beberapa saat, beberapa kumbang lain yang juga tinggal di pohon yang sama datang memenuhi undangan sang kumbang penculik. Saat kumbang-kumbang tersebut menatap Thumbelina, kumbang betina mengendus dengan sungutnya, lalu berkata:

“Mengapa ia hanya memiliki dua kaki – sangat menyedihkan!” “Dia sama sekali tidak memiliki sungut” salah satunya berteriak.

“Dia memiliki pinggang ramping – sungguh memalukan! Dia tampak seperti manusia – betapa buruk wajahnya!” ujar semua kumbang betina.

Padahal wajah Thumbelina tetap cantik. Walaupun kumbang yang menculiknya menyadari hal tersebut, ia berpura-pura sependapat dengan kumbang lainnya saat kumbang lain tetap menganggapnya jelek. Tidak ada yang dapat dilakukannya untuk Thumbelina. Kini Thumbelina dapat pergi sesuka hati. Kemudian kumbang tersebut terbang keluar dari pohon bersama Thumbelina dan menaruh Thumbelina di atas sekuntum bunga aster, dimana ia hanya dapat duduk dan menangis karena ia merasa begitu buruk sehingga tak ada yang dapat dilakukan kumbang tersebut untuk membantunya.

Walau demikian, sebetulnya Thumbelina adalah gadis kecil berwajah sangat cantik, selembut dan seindah kelopak bunga mawar.

Sepanjang musim panas, Thumbelina nan malang tinggal seorang diri di hutan. Ditenunnya sebuah tempat tidur gantung dari rumput untuk dirinya sendiri, dan digantungkannya di bawah sehelai daun *burdock* besar agar terhindar dari hujan. Dia mengkonsumsi madu yang diambilnya dari bunga-bunga dan minum dari embun yang ditemukannya di atas daun setiap pagi. Begitulah ia melalui musim panas dan gugur. Kemudian tibalah musim dingin, yang sangat panjang dan sangat dingin. Burung-burung yang biasanya bernyanyi sangat merdu untuknya telah terbang menjauh. Pohon-pohon dan bunga pun mulai layu dan berguguran. Daun *burdock* besar tempat dia tinggal pun telah layu sampai tak tersisa satu pun kecuali tangkai yang mengering dan menguning. Thumbelina sangat kedinginan karena pakaian yang dipakainya telah usang dan tubuhnya sangat kurus dan lemah. Betapa malangnya Thumbelina, dia bisa mati membeku! Salju mulai turun. Karena ukura tubuh Thumbelina hanya satu inci, setiap kali serpihan salju mengenai tubuhnya, ia merasa seolah-olah tengah terguyur sesekop penuh salju. Dia menyelimuti tubuhnya dengan daun yang telah layu, tetapi daun tersebut tidak mampu menghangatkan tubuhnya. Thumbelina tetap menggigil kedinginan.

Di dekat tepi hutan dimana ia berada, terhampar ladang gandum besar yang telah lama dipanen. Yang tersisa hanyalah seongkok jerami kering yang terperangkap di dalam tanah nan membeku. Thumbelina merasa seolah-olah ia tengah tersesat di hutan luas. Ia menggigil kedinginan! Lalu ia menghampiri pintu rumah seekor tikus lading yang memiliki sebuah lubang kecil di tengah-tengah jerami. Di situlah sang tikus berdiam, hangat dan nyaman, dengan ruang penyimpanan penuh berisikan biji-bijian, serta dapur dan ruang makan yang mengagumkan. Thumbelina yang malang berdiri di depan pintu, persis seperti pengemis cilik. Ia memohon untuk diberikan sedikit gandum sebab ia belum makan sejak dua hari yang lalu.

"Ada apa wahai anak kecil yang malang," kata tikus ladang yang ternyata berhati baik. "Masuklah ke kamarku yang hangat dan bersantap malmalam denganku." Dia berusaha menarik perhatian Thumbelina dengan berkata, "jika kau berkenan, kau dapat tinggal denganku sepanjang musim dingin. Namun kau harus merapikan kamarku dan menceritakan dongeng karena aku sangat menyukai dongeng." Thumbelina menyanggupi keinginan sang tikus dan ia menikmatinya.

"Tak lama lagi kita akan segera kedatangan tamu," ujar sang tikus. "Seminggu sekali tetanggaku datang untuk berkunjung. Ia bahkan lebih makmur daripada aku. Rumahnya besar dan dia memakai mantel beledu hitam yang begitu indah. Andai kau bisa menikah dengannya, kau akan hidup bahagia. Sayang ia buta. Kau harus menceritakan kisah-kisah terbaik yang kau ketahui padanya."

Thumbelina tidak menyukai saran ini. Dia tidak akan pernah mempertimbangkan sang tetangga sebab ia adalah seekor tikus mondot. Sang tetangga berkunjung dengan mantel beledunya hitamnya. Tikus ladang terus membanggakan betapa kaya dan bijaksananya sang tetangga serta betapa luasnya rumah sang tetangga yang berukuran dua puluh kali lebih luas daripada rumah

miliknya. Namun dari seluruh ceritanya, sang tetangga sama sekali tidak mempedulikan matahari dan bunga-bunga yang cantik. Dia tidak pernah menceritakan hal-hal baik tentang matahari dan bunga-bunga karena ia belum pernah menyaksikan benda-benda tersebut.

Karena Thumbelina harus bernyanyi untuknya, dia menyanyikan, "Kumbang May, kumbang May, terbang lah menjauh," dan "Biarawan pergi jauh." Sang tikus mondok jatuh cinta pada suaranya yang indah namun dia tidak berkomentar apa pun karena ia jenis mahluk yang sangat hati-hati dalam berbicara.

Sang tikus mondok telah menggali terowongan panjang dari rumahnya ke rumah sang tikus lading. Ia mempersilahkan tikus lading dan Thumbelina untuk menggunakannya kapan saja mereka mau. Dia juga memperingatkan mereka agar tidak takut jika bertemu dengan bangkai burung yang terbaring di lorong terowongan ini. Bangkai burung itu masih lengkap dengan paruh dan bulu. Burung itu pasti belum lama mati, saat awal musim dingin. Tubuhnya terkubur persis di tengah-tengah terowongan.

Tikus Mondok menggigit sebatang obor yang terbuat dari kayu lapuk. Di dalam kegelapan obor tersebut berpendar seperti api. Tikus mondok berjalan di depan tikus lading dan Thumbelina agar dapat menerangi jalan sepanjang lorong yang panjang dan gelap. Saat tiba di tempat terbaringnya bangkai burung, tikus mondok melubangi langit-langit pada bagian atas lorong sehingga cahaya matahari bisa menerobos masuk. Di tengah lorong, terbaring bangkai burung layang-layang. Sayapnya yang indah terlipat di sisi tubuhnya dan kepalanya menelusup di balik bulu-bulu. Burung malang itu pasti mati kedinginan. Thumbelina merasa sangat kasihan padanya karena ia sangat menyayangi semua burung kecil yang telah bernyanyi dan berkicau dengan merdu untuknya sepanjang musim panas. Tetapi tikus mondok menendang tubuh burung itu lalu ia berkata, "Sekarang dia sudah tidak dapat berkicau lagi. Sungguh sangat menyedihkan dilahirkan sebagai burung kecil. Syukurlah, tak satu pun anakku menjadi seekor burung, yang tidak memiliki apapun kecuali kicauan dan harus mati kelaparan ketika musim dingin datang. " "Anda benar sekali, wahai pria bijaksana," ujar tikus lading dengan nada setuju. "Apa guna kicauannya saat musim dingin jika ia kelaparan dan membeku? Namun hal tersebut sangat diangung-angungkan, aku bisa membayangkannya."

Thumbelina tak mengucapkan sepatah katapun. Tetapi ketika tikus lading dan tikus mondok berlalu, ia membungkukkan tubuhnya di sisi burung itu, menyisihkan bulu-bulu yang menutupi kepala burung, dan mencium mata sang burung yang terpejam dengan lembut.

"Mungkin dialah burung yang bernyanyi sangat merdu untukku di musim panas," ujar Thumbelina dalam hati. "Sungguh menyenangkan, burung cantik yang kusayangi."

Tikus mondok menutup kembali lubang yang di langit-langit yang memungkinkan sinar matahari menerobos masuk lalu mengantar pulang tikus lading dan Thumbelina pulang. Malam itu Thumbelina sulit tidur, sehingga dia bangun dan menenun sebuah selimut dari jerami. Dia membawa selimut tersebut kepada sang burung lalu menghamparkan selimut tersebut ke tubuh sang burung sehingga sang burung akan merasa hangat di tengah musim dingin. Diselipkannya beberapa bunga kapas nan lembut yang ditemukannya di kamar tikus lading.

"Selamat tinggal burung kecil nan cantik," ujar Thumbelina. "Selamat tinggal, dan terima kasih untuk lagu indahmu saat musim panas lalu, saat pepohonan dan matahari bersinar begitu hangat di tubuh kita." Thumbelina meletakkan kepalanya di dada burung itu. Ia tersentak merasakan debaran lembut, seolah-olah ada yang berdetak di dalam dada sang burung. Tepat di bagian ini terletak

jantung burung. Dia belum mati – melainkan mati rasa karena kedinginan. Saat tubuhnya dihangatkan, ia kembali bernafas.

Saat musim gugur, semua burung layang-layang terbang ke negara-negara beriklim panas tetapi salah satunya terlambat terbang, menjadi kedinginan sehingga jatuh seolah-olah mati dan terbaring ditempat ia terjatuh. Kemudian salju dingin menutupi tubuhnya.

Tubuh sang burung sangat besar, tampak seperti raksasa dibandingkan dengan tubuh Thumbelina sehingga ia begitu ketakutan dan tubuhnya gemeteran. Namun ia memompa keberaniannya, menyelipkan bunga kapas lebih dekat di seputar tubuh burung yang malang tersebut, mengambil daun mint yang menutupi tempat tidurnya dan menebarkan daun tersebut di kepala sang burung.

Malam berikutnya dia mengendap-endap menuju tempat sang burung. Sekarang burung tersebut hidup kembali. Namun tubuhnya sangat lemah, bahkan ia tak mampu membuka mata sekedar untuk menatap Thumbelina yang berdiri disisinya dengan membawa obor yang merupakan satu-satunya penerangan.

"Terima kasih gadis cilik nan cantik," ujar burung layang-layang yang tengah sakit itu. "Tubuhku sudah terasa hangat. Sebentar lagi tubuhku kembali kuat dan mampu terbang lagi di bawah hangatnya cahaya matahari."

"Baiklah," kata Thumbelina, "Diluar hawa masih dingin, bersalju dan dingin membeku. Tetaplah di sini. Disini hangat dan aku akan merawatmu."

Kemudian Thumbelina membawakan air untuknya yang berasal dari kelopak bunga. Burung layang-layang itu meneguk air, kemudian ia bercerita bagaimana salah satu sayapnya terluka karena semak-semak berduri. Oleh karena itu ia tidak dapat terbang secepat yang lain ketika musim migrasi ke negara beriklim panas. Akhirnya ia pun terjatuh. Hanya itu yang diingatnya. Dia sendiri juga tidak mengetahui mengapa ia berada di tempat dimana Thumbelina menemukannya.

Sang burung layang-layang itu tinggal di dalam lorong sepanjang musim dingin. Thumbelina memperlakukannya dengan baik dan merawatnya dengan penuh kasih sayang. Dia merahasiakan hal ini kepada tikus ladang ataupun tikus mondok karena mereka tidak menyukai burung layang yang malang itu.

Ketika musim semi tiba dan matahari kembali menghangatkan bumi, burung layang-layang itu berkata kepada Thumbelina tiba saatnya untuk berpisah. Thumbelina membuka kembali lubang di langit-langit yang dibuat oleh tikus mondok dan seketika cahaya matahari berlimpah menyinari mereka. Burung layang-layang itu mengajak Thumbelina untuk pergi bersamanya. Thumbelina bisa duduk diatas punggung sang burung saat mereka terbang melintasi hutan. Namun Thumbelina tahu bahwa tikus ladang tua akan merasa kecewa jika dia meninggalkannya, sehingga Thumbelina berkata: "Tidak, aku tak dapat pergi."

"Jaga dirimu baik-baik, jaga dirimu baik-baik, wahai gadis kesayanganku yang cantik," seru sang burung layang-layang, ketika ia terbang menuju arah sinar matahari. Mata Thumbelina mulai berkaca-kaca ketika menatap sang burung pergi karena dia sangat menyayangi burung layang-layang itu.

"Cuiit, Cuiit!" kicau sang burung seraya terbang menuju ke hutan.

Thumbelina merasa sangat frustrasi. Dia sama sekali tidak diijinkan keluar untuk sekedar menikmati hangatnya sinar matahari. Selain itu, biji-bijian yang ditaburkan pada ladang diatas rumah sang tikus ladang itu telah tumbuh tinggi sehingga bagaikan hutan lebat untuk seorang gadis kecil malang yang hanya berukuran satu inci.

"Kau harus membuat gaun pengantinmu musim panas ini," ujar tikus ladang karena tetangga mereka, sang tikus mondok menjijikkan dengan mantel hitam beledunya, telah mengutarakan niatnya lewat tikus lading untuk menikahi Thumbelina. "Saat kau menjadi istri tikus mondok, kau harus memiliki wol dan linen, serta selimut dan lemari pakaian."

Thumbelina harus memintal dan tikus ladang mempekerjakan empat laba-laba untuk membantunya memintal dan menenun siang dan malam. Tikus mondok datang berkunjung setiap petang, dan yang disukainya adalah matahari yang saat ini bersinar terik memanggang bumi, tak akan bersinar seterik sekarang ketika musim panas telah usai. Ya, segera setelah musim panas berlalu dia akan menikahi Thumbelina. Namun Thumbelina sama sekali tidak merasa senang dengan rencana ini karena dia tidak sedikitpun menyukai sang tikus mondok yang membosankan. Setiap pagi ketika matahari terbit dan setiap petang ketika matahari terbenam, diam-diam Thumbelina mengintip dari balik pintu. Saat angin meniup tangkai-tangkai gandum, sekilas ia dapat menatap langit biru. Dia membayangkan tentang betapa cerah dan indahny pemandangan dibalik pintu dan betapa inginnya ia berjumpa burung layang-layang kesayangannya lagi. Namun sang burung tidak pernah kembali. Ia pasti telah terbang jauh mengitari hutan yang indah.

Saat awal musim gugur, gaun pengantin Thumbelina telah selesai dibuat.

"Pernikahanmu tinggal empat minggu lagi," tikus ladang mengingatkannya. Namun Thumbelina menangis dan menyatakan bahwa dia tidak ingin menjadi istri tikus mondok.

"Sialan!" umpat tikus ladang. "Jangan keras kepala, atau aku akan menggigitmu. Kau akan memiliki suami yang luar biasa. Jangankan engkau Ratu pun belum tentu memiliki mantel beledu hitam semewah miliknya. Dapur dan gudang anggurnya penuh dengan persediaan makanan dan minuman. Seharusnya kau bersyukur bisa menjadi istrinya."

Hari pernikahan pun tiba. Tikus mondok pun datang mengajak Thumbelina untuk pulang bersama ke rumahnya dimana dia harus tinggal di dalam tanah dan tidak pernah merasakan hangatnya sinar matahari karena sang tikus mondok tidak menyukai sinar matahari. Gadis kecil yang malang itupun merasa sangat sedih karena dia harus berpisah dari cahaya matahari yang berlimpah yang untungnya masih bisa dilihatnya melalui pintu rumah tikus lading.

"Selamat tinggal, matahari!" serunya. Seraya merentangkan kedua tangannya ke arah matahari, ia melangkah perlahan pergi dari rumah sang tikus ladang. Gandum telah dipanen, dan hanya tersisa jerami yang mengering di ladang. "Selamat tinggal. Selamat tinggal!" serunya lagi, dan merengkuhkan lengan mungilnya pada bunga merah kecil yang tengah merekah. "Jika kau melihat burung layang kesayanganku, tolong sampaikan salamku untuknya."

"Cuiit, cuiit! Cuiit, cuiit!" Tiba-tiba terdengar kicauan burung dari arah atas kepalanya. Dia mendongakkan kepalanya dan terlihatlah burung layang-layang terbang melintas. Burung layang-layang sangat senang dapat melihat Thumbelina kembali, meskipun tak kuasa menahan air matanya saat Thumbelina bercerita betapa bencinya ia harus menikah dengan tikus mondok dan tinggal di dalam tanah tanpa sinar matahari.

"Musim dingin akan segera tiba," ujar sang burung layang-layang kepada Thumbelina, "Aku akan terbang sangat jauh, menuju ke negara beriklim panas. Tidakkah kau ingin ikut bersamaku? Kau

dapat duduk di punggungku. Cukup ikatkan dirimu dengan ikat pinggang, lalu kita akan terbang, jauh dari tikus mondot buruk rupa dan lubangnya yang gelap, melintasi pegunungan menuju negara beriklim panas dimana sinar matahari jauh lebih melimpah daripada disini, menuju tempat yang selalu bermusim panas dan bunga-bunga selalu bermekaran. Ayoterbanglah bersamaku, gadis cilik yang kusayangi. Kaulah yang telah menyelamatkan hidupku ketika aku terjebak kaku di lorong bawah tanah yang gelap itu."

"Baiklah, aku ikut!" seru Thumbelina. Dia duduk di punggung sang burung, meletakkan kakinya pada sayap terentang, dan mengikatkan ikat pinggangnya ke salah satu bulu burung yang terkuat. Kemudian burung layang-layang terbang melesat ke udara melintasi hutan dan danau, terbang tinggi di atas pegunungan besar yang berselimutkan salju abadi. Ketika Thumbelina kedinginan di udara dingin, dia merayap ke balik bulu-bulu burung yang hangat, dengan sedikit menampakkan kepalanya untuk melihat semua pemandangan indah di bawah.

Akhirnya mereka menuju negara beriklim panas. Di sana matahari bersinar jauh lebih terang daripada di tempat Thumbelina berasal, dan langit tampak dua kali lebih tinggi. Di sepanjang parit dan pagar tumbuh tanaman anggur hijau dan biru yang menggiurkan. Lemon dan jeruk bergelantungan di hutan. Tercium aroma *myrtle* dan *thyme* di udara. Di pinggir jalan, anak-anak kecil ceria berlarian, mengejar kupu-kupu berwarna cerah.

Namun burung layang-layang terus terbang menjauh. Pemandangannya semakin indah. Di bawah pepohonan rindang, di tepian sebuah danau nan biru, berdiri sebuah istana kuno yang terbuat dari marmer putih yang berkilauan. Tanaman merambat di pilar-pilarnya yang tinggi, dan di atas pilar itu burung-burung membuat sarang. Salah satunya adalah milik burung layang-layang yang membawa Thumbelina.

"Ini rumahku," ujar burung layang-layang kepada Thumbelina. "Jika kau mau, kau bisa memilih salah satu bunga-bunga indah dibawah, lalu aku akan meletakkanmu kesana, dan kau dapat melakukan semua yang kau mau."

"Asyiiikk!" Thumbelina berteriak kegirangan sambil bertepuk tangan.

Sebuah pilar marmer putih besar telah roboh dan terpecah menjadi tiga bagian. Diantara pecahan itu tumbuh bunga-bunga putih besar yang sangat indah. Burung layang-layang itu terbang menulik dan meletakkan Thumbelina pada salah satu kelopak yang besar. Alangkah kagetnya Thumbelina saat menemukan ada pria mungil pada setiap bunga, ia tampak bersinar dan transparan seolah-olah tubuhnya terbuat dari kaca. Ia mengenakan mahkota emas mungil yang sangat indah, pada bahunya tampak sayap yang bersinar terang, dan tubuhnya tidak lebih besar dari Thumbelina. Pria itu adalah roh bunga. Pada setiap bunga hiduplah seorang pria atau wanita mungil seperti pria itu, namun yang ditemui Thumbelina merupakan raja dari seluruh roh bunga.

"Dia tampan ya?" Thumbelina berbisik pada burung layang-layang. Sang raja agak takut pada sang burung layang-layang, yang tampak seperti raksasa bagi siapa pun yang hanya seukuran tubuhnya. Namun ketika melihat Thumbelina, sang raja merasa gembira, sebab Thumbelina adalah gadis tercantik yang pernah ditemukannya. Sang raja melepaskan mahkota emasnya dan meletakkan mahkota tersebut di atas kepala Thumbelina. Sang raja bertanya apakah dia boleh berkenalan dengannya. Kemudian sang raja melamar Thumbelina untuk menjadi istrinya, yang akan menjadikan Thumbelina sebagai Ratu semua bunga-bunga. Sang raja memang merupakan suami yang sangat berbeda dari katak buruk rupa dan tikus mondot dengan mantel hitam beledunya. Kemudian dia menjawab "bersedia" untuk sang raja yang menawan. Dari setiap kelopak bunga muncullah iring-iringan pria dan wanita bertubuh mungil yang sepertinya terlihat menyenangkan. Masing-masing membawakan hadiah untuk Thumbelina, tetapi hadiah terbaik diantara semuanya

adalah sepasang sayap yang sebelumnya milik seekor lalat perak yang besar. Saat sayap telah terpasang di punggung Thumbelina, ia dapat terbang dari bunga satu ke bunga lainnya, dan kembali lagi dengan cepat. Semua orang bersuka ria saat burung layang-layang bertengger pada sarangnya yang terletak di atas mereka dan menyanyikan lagu-lagu terindah. Walaupun dari hati yang terdalam sang burung merasa sangat sedih karena ia begitu menyayangi Thumbelina dan tidak ingin berpisah dengannya.

"Engkau tidak akan disebut dengan nama Thumbelina lagi," Roh bunga berkata kepadanya. "Nama itu terlalu buruk untuk gadis secantik dirimu. Kami akan memanggilmu Maia."

"Selamat tinggal, selamat tinggal," seru burung layang-layang. Ia kembali terbang jauh dari negara beriklim panas kembali ke negeri Denmark yang jauh, dimana ia memiliki sarang mungil di atas jendela rumah seorang pria yang dapat membacakan dongeng untukmu. Bagi pria itu, burung tersebut berkicau, "Cuiit, cuiit! Cuiit, cuiit!" dan begitulah kita mendengar keseluruhan kisah ini.