Ibi Lepscky

Albert Einstein

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Translated by Ruth Parte Craig
About one hundred years ago, there lived a boy named Albert Einstein.
Albert was a strange boy. Always absentminded. Always messy.
It was a difficult job for him to tie his shoes.

सुमारे १०० वर्षपूर्वी, अल्बर्ट आईनस्टाइन नावाचा एक मुलगा होता.
अल्बर्ट जरा विचित्र मुलगा होता. तो सतत काहीतरी विसरायचा, गोंधळलेला असायचा.
साध आपल्या बुटांची लेस बांधायला सुंदर ल्याला जमत नव्हते.
But he know how to play the violin very well. He did not like to play marbles or ball like other boys his age. Instead, he enjoyed looking for hours and hours at the shape of a leaf and playing with wooden blocks like a little child.

He disliked long sleeves, and as soon as he could, snip went the scissors as he cut his sleeves above the elbow. He was not interested in the boys in his neighborhood, who invited him to play war. He preferred to chase the white chickens scratching in the garden and to try to make friends with them.

पण तो कायोलिन खूप छान वाजवायचा. त्याला व्यावा व्यावा मुलांसारखं गोटवा किंवा चेंडू खेळायला आवडत नसे. त्याच्यांमध्ये तो एखादा झाडांचा पानाचा आकार तास न तास न्याहान्याचा. लहान मुलासारखा लाकडी ठोकठे खेळत बसायचा.

त्याला शार्डोच्या फूंच माही आवडत नसत. संधी मिळतात तो कात्रीनं कापून शार्डोच्या माही आखुड करावाय.

त्याला शेजारपाजारच्या मुलांच्यांमध्ये खेळायला अधिक रस नकारात तारण्यांना युद्धाचा खेळ खेळायला.

अंगणात जमीनीचं बागडणा-या पांढरा कोबडांमध्ये धावायला आणि त्याच्यांशी दोस्ती करायला त्याला जास्त आवडायच.
Albert felt happy only in the company of his little sister, Maja, whom he loved very much and who looked exactly like him. They were as alike as two drops of water.

“Albert is stupid,” said his cousins when they came for a visit and tried to make him join in their games.

“अल्बर्ट मूर्ख आहे” त्याच्या घरी खेळायला आलेला त्याचा चुलतभाऊ एकदा म्हणाला. आपल्या खेळात त्याला आपल्या घातचा तो प्रयत्न करत होता.
Albert ignored them and, with his sister, watched a colony of ants busy at work. He was a child different from others.

His parents loved him very much, but they were very worried about him.

"Albert is a good boy," said his father one night. "But I would like it if he would study a little more and if he would show some interest in history and geography."

"आई विडलांचं थायचावर प्रेम होतं. पण थायची काळजीही वाटायची.

“अल्बर्ट चांगला मुलगा आहे...” त्याचे बडील एके रात्री म्हणाले. “पण थायचे जरा अभ्यासात लक्ष घातलं आणि इतिहास / भूगोल अशा विषयांमध्ये रुची दाखवली तर बरं होईल.”

पण अल्बर्ट थायच्याकडे पूर्ण दुर्लक्ष करायचा आणि आपल्या बहिणीरोबर मुंगचा वारुन बांधताना बघत बसायचा. तो इतरपेक्षा वेगळा मुलगा होता. 
It was true, Albert did not like school. He hated history and geography, and he refused to memorize any lessons. He was interested only in learning arithmetic.

"It would be nice if you could leave, Albert," a teacher told him one day. "Your behavior at school, so distracted and absentminded, and your poor interest in all I teach set bad examples for the whole class."

"अल्बर्ट, तू शाळा सोडलेलं बरी. एक दिवस त्याचे शिक्षक म्हणाले. "तुझं वर्गांत लक्ष्य नसतं. तू किसांकडून आहेस. मी शिकवतो त्यात तुला अजिबात रस नाही हे सगळं इतर मूळपुढे चुकीचं उदाहरण आहे."
Albert did not even like sports and gymnastics. His classmates gave him the nickname of "Albert the Incapable." One day, an older boy dared him by saying, "Look in my eyes if you are brave enough." With his arms hanging at his sides and a faraway look on his face, he seemed lost in another world. And he gently replied, "Excuse me, but I'm not interested in your eyes." The older boy was confused and left, grumbling to himself.

Albert did not even realize it was a dare—he was so unaware of things. With his arms hanging at his sides and a faraway look on his face, he seemed lost in another world. And he gently replied, "Excuse me, but I'm not interested in your eyes." The older boy was confused and left, grumbling to himself.
That night, watching Albert outside, his father spoke to his mother. "I don’t understand how a child could spend so many hours looking at the sky."

His mother smiled and said, "He is trying to see God, He imagines that God is hidden among the clouds, comfortably stretched out in an armchair of granite."

"Oh," sighed his father. "Who will ever be able to understand what Albert has in his mind?"

त्या रात्री बाहेर फिरणा-या अल्बर्टला पाहून त्याचे बड्डील त्याच्या आईला म्हणाले, "हा मुलगा आकाशाकडे बघत तास न तास कसा घालवतो हेच मला समजत नाही.

त्याची आई स्मितहास करून म्हणाली, "तो देव शोधत असावा, देव ढगात एका आरामबुर्जीवर निवास लपून बसला आहे असं त्याला वाटत असणार."

त्याचे बड्डील एक सुस्कारा टाकून म्हणाले, "अल्बर्टच्या डोक्यात काय चाललेल असतं ते कोणाला कधी कठिल का?"
Albert's mother felt a special love and tenderness for Albert. She painted his picture on a little cup, and for the occasion, he was unusually well-groomed. The little cup was always displayed on the family's fireplace.

Albert's mother loved music very much, and in the evenings, she and Albert would improvise little concerts for the rest of the family. She would be at the piano and Albert at the violin.
One day, when Albert had a fever and had to stay in bed for a few days, his father gave him a compass.
"Albert, you can pretend to be the captain of a ship," said his father, "and control the route with the compass."

But Albert was not interested in the game his father suggested. He wanted to know right away why the compass needle was pointing to the big N and what were magnetic fields all about and where were the poles of the earth. He asked question after question. It seemed they would never end.

Finally his father, exhausted, said curtly, "Because that's the way it is. That's all."

एकदा अल्बर्ट ताप आला आणि त्याचा अंध्रुवात काही दिवस पडून राहावं लागलं. तेका त्याच्या वडीलांनी त्याचा एक होकायंत्र दिलं.
“अल्बर्ट, तू एका जहाजाचा कप्तान आहेस आणि होकायंत्रांना जहाजाचा मार्ग ठरवतो आहेस अशी कल्पना कर”.

पण अल्बर्टच्या वडीलांनी सुचवलेला खेळ खेळण्याची बिलकुल इच्छा नकती. त्याचा होकायंत्रांती सुई उत्तर दिशा का दाखवते आहे, मैंनी ती फॉल्डस म्हणजे काय आणि पृथ्वीचे उत्तर आणि दक्षिण ध्रुव कुठे आहेत यात रस होता. तो प्रश्नांमधून प्रश्न विचाराप्रलय लागला. त्याचे प्रश्न संपादनाच तयार नकते.
अखेरचे त्याचे वडील थकून कठोरपणे म्हणाले, “गोष्टी तशा आहेत म्हणून तशा आहेत.. बस.”
Later, Albert’s father, thinking back about the boy’s questions, was amazed that they were such thoughtful questions, so precise and sharp. Suddenly, he realized the truth about Albert. It was a truth that filled him with anguish, pride, and tenderness.

Albert was indeed a child different from all others. His gaze, which everyone thought to be absentminded, really reflected a very busy mind, a mind that was exploring places where nobody else could follow. It was the mind of a genius.
Albert's father was not mistaken.
When Albert grew up, his interest in every process of nature and science never stopped. He became a great scientist and developed new theories in physics that radically changed people’s ideas about the universe. He discovered scientific truths never known before.
His mind made some of the greatest contributions in the history of human thought.