

Battle on the potato field
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Nagyrétfalva is a pretty village, and so rumors go:
Everyone who lives there, loves to eat potato.

Of course they love it, after all, anyone can see it:
It grows by the ton on every useful square inch.

We ain't lying, look at last year, the record has grown:
A hundred and twenty bushels on Szabó's field alone.

Jani Szabó plants the root in the middle of Spring,
So he can have more to harvest in the year coming.

He goes to the fields to see the first sprout
His schoolboy son, Dani, cannot be left out!

Our friend, Jani, inspects potato with his expert eyes
When Dani runs toward him with a happy shout:

"Dad, my dear Daddy, look what I have found!
I've never seen a bug so strange in the garden's ground."

"I've got no time," his father says, smoking on his pipe.
"It's too bad," Dani yells, "his wings are nicely striped!"

János takes a glance at the strange little midge
And looks back on the matchbox the very same minute.

"We've got problems, Dani!" Jani yells with rage.
"These two look like twins, absolutely same!"

"Our potatoes are in danger, we're in for losses, son!
It's the Colorado beetle, to the hell with each one!"

The little bug hunches up, his future's now defined:
His doom is coming to him, and to the whole "bugkind."

He feels like he must sound alarms, warn his fellow bugs:
"Quickly go to hiding! They'll soon try getting us!"

But his head is muddled, he can't even think straight,
He's thrown into the matchbox, locked up in his jail.

"Where did you find the ugly pest?" "There, among the wheat!"
"Right, I left potato in that ground, damn that stupid weed!"

“Potato grew there last year, some were left in the ground
I didn’t have the pig dig them out, now I have to mind.”

“I should have known: the roots are to be dug up
Since they’re the ones to attract the Colorado bug.”

And he grabs a rod. We hope he won’t hit his own head.
Not at all: he sticks it in the ground to mark the beetle’s bed.

He lifts little Dani, sits him on his shoulders
So the two of them run to the town’s Soviet.

The president quickly dials a very useful number:
The people at the other end are waken up from slumber.

The phone loudly rings at the plant protection station:
“Agronomist comrade, a measure must to be taken!”

Just five minutes, and the sprayer machines start their attack.
Evil beetle bands, just wait, you’ll be dying by the pack!

The one who could warn them of the coming blow
Squats inside the matchbox, not a chance to go.

The drummer walks the streets, loud is his holler
“Colorado beetles, your time will soon be over!”

In the meanwhile, Dani didn’t waste time either,
He gathered nine of his friends, each a fierce fighter.

They lined up like students, Jani is their teacher,
Ready for the combat with each harmful creature.

They inspect the plants, not one of them is missed
They use the pesticide they got from the specialist.

Once they see a beetle, they grab it from its nest:
“Take a bath in pesticide, you ugly little pest.”

Needless to say, this makes the insects lose hope.
They can’t to run away from the small hands’ grope.

The bug-chief is cursing the boys and the pesticide.
It doesn’t help too much, no one’s on their side.

In this moment, though, a cloud comes into sight.
“Rain’s coming,” the bug says, “Here ends the fight!”

The battle may be over, the beetles are rescued!
The chief is so happy, he dances with gratitude!

One step to the left, one step to the right,
Until a wiser beetle kicks him in the side.

“I suggest you stop dancing, your excellence, Chief Bug,
Not a real cloud, but pesticide rain, is approaching us.”

Not the battle, we’ll be finished, sooner more than later,
It’s that damn machine, you know, the poison sprayer!”

“You’re lecturing me?!” The chief bug starts to shriek.
He would even hit him, but he’s getting weak.

He died suddenly, without saying what he wanted
His tribe followed him soon, all the bugs departed.

This is how the beetles saw their sordid last day
And Jani’s potato harvest was saved from the decay.

One who’s been snake-bitten, even fears a lizard,
Our friend, Jani, will surely never forget this hazard.

Jani grabs the spade when henbane, nightshade show up,
For those provide food and ground for the potato bug.

Each day of the summer he goes out to the fields
Killing bugs and even grubs, anything he sees.

Like his grown-up father, the grub destroys the plants
But this time he is grabbed by dedicated hands.

Early in the summer is when potato grubs appear
Let us promptly kill him, before they get much bigger.

Now that he’s done everything, János feels much safer,
He will harvest ninety bushels on each and every acre.

Dani, the brave fighter, is happy as a bird
A whole pack of candy was payment for his work.

To preserve them, Dani puts the last bugs on a straight pin
Kids at school can learn about them and their ugly sin.

This is where the story ends, you should learn from it
If you prefer a bigger harvest to the tiny bit.