

**studi  
germanici**



**5** **2014**

# Affari di famiglia

Paolo Febbraro

Il signor Samsa, svegliandosi una mattina da sogni agitati, si trovò trasformato, nel suo letto, in un enorme uccello insettivoro. Si guardò rapidamente attorno. Sua moglie non c'era, forse era in cucina o già diretta al mercato. Tentò allora di pensare a cosa fosse successo. Attraversata con estrema difficoltà e non pochi dolori la soglia della propria stanza, approdò, più libero, nell'androne che introduceva a tutti i locali dell'appartamento. Stette in ascolto: la cucina era muta, ugualmente la stanza da bagno; nessun suono proveniva dalle porte chiuse. Prese ad aprirle una dopo l'altra, ingegnandosi accanitamente, artigliando le maniglie, mentre cercava di non dare ascolto all'inquietudine. Ma vuota era la camera da letto della figlia, vuoto il salottino. E solo quando, trovatala chiusa a chiave, fracassò a colpi di becco la porta che serrava la camera di suo figlio Gregorio, solo allora, spalancandola, comprese tutto e tutto si rifece calmo dentro di lui e la realtà gli apparve di nuovo quotidiana e normale.

# A Family Affair

Paolo Febbraro

One morning, upon waking from agitated dreams, Mr. Samsa found himself, in his bed, transformed into a monstrous insect-eating bird. He looked rapidly around the room. His wife wasn't there. Perhaps she was in the kitchen or already on her way to the market. He tried to think what might have happened. With no small amount of difficulty and distress, he managed to get through the door of his own room and make it into the hallway from which all the other rooms in the apartment led. He cocked his head to listen: there was silence in the kitchen and silence in the bathroom; there was no sound from behind the closed doors. He clawed at the door handles, and, with skill and perseverance, opened them one by one, trying to disregard his sense of unease. But his daughter's bedroom was empty and so was the living room. And only when, after finding it locked, he had pecked through the door to his son Gregor's bedroom, only then, on opening it wide, did everything become clear, and once more calm was restored and once again his life seemed quite familiar and quite normal.

*Translation from the Italian: Peter Douglas*