

LIMERICK

# THE CSI BATTLE WITH THE DEVIL

Author: José Alysson D. M. Medeiros

Co-author: Margaret England Batista



Special Edition

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## **Preface**

This work is the result of a homework proposed by my teacher Margaret, who encouraged me to turn the booklet "A Peleja do Diabo com o Perito Criminal" into this Limerick. This is an English format to a popular poem that tells a story in a humorous or obscene tone. With stanzas of five lines and gallop rhythm (AABBA), is an Irish cousin of our popular Cordel literature.

I dedicate this special edition to my friend and teacher who, besides stimulating culture and learning through play, contributed to the result to be beyond a mere literal translation. In suggesting the use of Limerick, the colloquial language of Cordel literature was kept in its English equivalent, reproducing the desired informality. In addition, for the skill which helped in the preservation of the original message in Portuguese, the supportive teacher deserves co-authoring in this release.

**The author.**

## **Prefácio**

Este trabalho é fruto de um exercício proposto pela professora Margaret, que me encorajou a transformar o folheto "A Peleja do Diabo com o Perito Criminal" neste Limerick. Trata-se de um formato de poema popular, em língua inglesa, que conta uma história em tom humorístico ou obsceno. Com estrofes de cinco versos e ritmo de galope (AABBA), é um primo irlandês da nossa popular literatura de cordel.

Dedico esta edição especial à querida professora que, além de estimular a cultura e o aprendizado de forma lúdica, contribuiu para que o resultado fosse além de uma mera tradução literal. Ao sugerir o uso do Limerick, foi mantida a linguagem coloquial da literatura de cordel no seu equivalente em inglês, reproduzindo a informalidade desejada. E pela habilidade com que contribuiu no resgate da mensagem original em português, a incentivadora merece a coautoria desta versão.

**O autor.**



Xilogravura: José Costa Leite

## THE CSI BATTLE WITH THE DEVIL

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There once was a very good story,  
For those hearts that are full of great glory,  
'Bout the Devil himself,  
'Gainst the guy on the shelf,  
There was never a tale so gory!

The fact happened one night by full moon,  
Two corpses lie dead on the dune;  
They were 'Tone' and 'Rand'  
Below blood, ants and sand.  
Was this murder the work of a goon?

Cops rushed to examine the scene;  
"No-one enter! Not pope, king nor queen!  
We'll call CSI  
For the 'who' and the 'why'  
'Cause no witness at all we have seen!"

The case involved much more than prudence.  
There was no more than just little evidence.  
Roof-tile and ham puzzle,  
Dead man on gun-muzzle.  
It looked like a game of intelligence!

Came suddenly a strange human being.  
Scene inspection seemed just like sight-seeing.  
Well equipped, from his suit  
Took his camera to shoot  
Those traces, all well worth foreseeing.

Marched firmly back and forth, up and down,  
In a circus he'd be the best clown!  
Then sat at sand level  
Suddenly faced with the Devil  
Who said to him; "now just you calm down!"

— Oh dear CSI let me help you  
I'll tell you what happened to these two,  
On arriving in Hell  
They started to tell  
So don't worry about finding a clue.

Look who came, Mr. Snake-Eyes in person  
You're the father of lies, I've all reason.  
The science I use  
Will point to the clues  
Guilty as always are you — and of treason!

Old Nick fast his sentence did send  
It was Tone who sent Rand to his end!  
Aim, mark, fire, quickly shot  
He, before him could stop,  
Caught a tile blow from Rand, Tone's best friend

The CSI? Well he just laughed a lot  
And replied to that old sulphur pot  
How stupid you are,  
No murder so far  
Your poison will just make me cough.

Poor Tone, he always drank so much.  
'Cause strong drink to him was a good crutch  
He downed a good dose  
Then started to choke  
On some ham, in his throat had got stuck.



Xilogravura: Erick Lima

All attention now to poor Rand's head.  
Before it started flooding in red,  
By roof-tile was knocked down,  
Seemed he'd broken his crown,  
All to save his good friend from being dead!

Old Nick was laughed at in the face,  
CSI perfectly solved the case.  
Who on earth are you  
To discover what's true?  
I've examined each and every small trace.

CSI looked deep in Satan's eyes;  
Go away! For to me you have lied.  
Deals or drugs,  
Thieves or thugs  
A crime always leaves traces behind.

Proudly, I'm a crime scene 'vestigator,  
Working hard as a science applicator.  
Engineering, chemistry,  
Any science – biology...  
I don't care 'bout a demon speculator.

Go away from me hell's number one.  
Our chat ends right now, you can't con!  
For justice I work,  
From lies always shirk,  
A horned devil won't make me go wrong!

**- THE END -**

Original text published in Portuguese in October 2012.

Limerick version published in August 2014.



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**Margaret England Batista** is a retired Salvation Army officer from Yorkshire, England, who after living in Brazil for almost thirty years teaches English. As a trained junior school teacher has always upheld the importance of creativity in learning.

**José Francisco Borges (J. Borges)** is an artist (wood engraver), born and resident in *Bezerras*, PE, Brazil, where his studio is. He is the winner of the UNESCO cultural prize, among others.

**José Costa Leite** is an artist (wood engraver), born in *Sapé*, PB, and resident in *Condado*, PE, Brazil. He is known by the critics as the most important wood engraver and *cordelist* alive in Brazil.

**Erick Lima** is an artist, born in *Natal*, specialized in wood engraving, developing his activities among poets of the House of *Cordel* in *Natal*, State capital.

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