

In Ambush (4). *Emboscada (4)*

I am going to tell this Colonel Dabney. *Voy a hablar con el coronel Dabney.*

They said nothing till they reached the wood, torn, disheveled, hot, but unseen.

*No dijeron nada hasta que alcanzaron el bosque, llenos de rotos, desaliñados, acalorados, pero sin ser vistos.*

"Narrow squeak," said Stalky. "I'll swear some of the pellets went through my hair."

*-Nos hemos librado por poco -dijo Stalky-. Me parece que algunos perdigones me han atravesado el pelo.*

"Did you see him?" said Beetle. "I almost put my hand on him. Wasn't he a wopper! Didn't he stink! Hullo, Turkey, what's the matter? Are you hit?"

*- ¿Le habéis visto?, -dijo Beetle-. Yo casi le toco con mi mano. ¡Qué animal! ¡Y cómo olía! ¿Qué te pasa Turkey? ¿Tienes algún golpe?*

McTurk's lean face had turned pearly white; his mouth, generally half open, was tight shut, and his eyes blazed. They had never seen him like this save once in a sad time of civil war.

*El rostro delgado de Mc Turk se había vuelto blanco anacarado; su boca, generalmente medio abierta, estaba cerrada con fuerza, y sus ojos centelleaban. No le habían visto así salvo en una ocasión en tiempos de la guerra civil.*

"Do you know that that was just as bad as murder?" he said, in a grating voice, as he brushed prickles from his head.

*- ¿Sabéis que lo que ha hecho es un crimen? -dijo con una voz chirriante, mientras se quitaba las espinas de su cabeza.*

"Well, he didn't hit us," said Stalky. "I think it was rather a lark. Here, where are you going?"

*-Bueno, no nos ha hecho nada -dijo Stalky-. Pienso que era más bien una broma. ¿Oye, dónde vas?*

"I'm going up to the house, if there is one," said McTurk, pushing through the hollies. "I am going to tell this Colonel Dabney."

*-Voy hasta la casa, si la hay -dijo McTurk, abriéndose paso entre los acebos-. Voy a hablar con el coronel Dabney.*

"Are you crazy? He'll swear it served us jolly well right. He'll report us. It'll be a public lickin'. Oh, Turkey, don't be an ass! Think of us!"

*- ¿Estás loco? Nos insultará. Nos denunciará. Nos darán una azotaina. Turkey, no seas burro. Piensa en nosotros.*

"You fool!" said McTurk, turning savagely. "D'you suppose I'm thinkin' of us? It's the keeper."

*-Estáis locos, -dijo McTurk, volviéndose-. ¿Suponéis que estoy pensando en nosotros? Pienso en el guarda.*

"He's cracked," said Beetle, miserably, as they followed. Indeed, this was a new Turkey—a haughty, angular, nose-lifted Turkey—whom they accompanied through a shrubbery on to a lawn, where a white-whiskered old gentleman with a cleek was alternately putting and blaspheming vigorously.

*“Tiene un ataque de nervios” -dijo Beetle, con pena, mientras le seguían. En efecto, era un nuevo Turkey, arrogante, esbelto, la cara en alto, al que acompañaban a través de los arbustos hasta un prado donde un viejo señor canoso con un palo de golf estaba alternando los golpes con las blasfemias.*