

WEEK 2

Theme: European Fairytale Tradition.
Similarity vs. Diversity. Genesis and Evolution.

Reading: a selection of European folk and fairy tales

A. German fairytales

The Juniper-Tree

(German fairytale of brothers Grimm)

Long, long ago, some two thousand years or so, there lived a rich man with a good and beautiful wife. They loved each other dearly, but sorrowed much that they had no children. So greatly did they desire to have one, that the wife prayed for it day and night, but still they remained childless.

In front of the house there was a court, in which grew a juniper-tree. One winter's day the wife stood under the tree to peel some apples, and as she was peeling them, she cut her finger, and the blood fell on the snow. 'Ah,' sighed the woman heavily, 'if I had but a child, as red as blood and as white as snow,' and as she spoke the words, her heart grew light within her, and it seemed to her that her wish was granted, and she returned to the house feeling glad and comforted. A month passed, and the snow had all disappeared; then another month went by, and all the earth was green. So the months followed one another, and first the trees budded in the woods, and soon the green branches grew thickly intertwined, and then the blossoms began to fall. Once again the wife stood under the juniper-tree, and it was so full of sweet scent that her heart leaped for joy, and she was so overcome with her happiness, that she fell on her knees. Presently the fruit became round and firm, and she was glad and at peace; but when they were fully ripe she picked the berries and ate eagerly of them, and then she grew sad and ill. A little while later she called her husband, and said to him, weeping. 'If I die, bury me under the juniper-tree.' Then she felt comforted and happy again, and before another month had passed she had a little child, and when she saw that it was as white as snow and as red as blood, her joy was so great that she died.

Her husband buried her under the juniper-tree, and wept bitterly for her. By degrees, however, his sorrow grew less, and although at times he still grieved over his loss, he was able to go about as usual, and later on he married again.

He now had a little daughter born to him; the child of his first wife was a boy, who was as red as blood and as white as snow. The mother loved her daughter very much, and when she looked at her and then looked at the boy, it pierced her heart to think that he would always stand in the way of her own child, and she was continually thinking how she could get the whole of the

property for her. This evil thought took possession of her more and more, and made her behave very unkindly to the boy. She drove him from place to place with cuffings and buffetings, so that the poor child went about in fear, and had no peace from the time he left school to the time he went back.

One day the little daughter came running to her mother in the store-room, and said, 'Mother, give me an apple.' 'Yes, my child,' said the wife, and she gave her a beautiful apple out of the chest; the chest had a very heavy lid and a large iron lock.

'Mother,' said the little daughter again, 'may not brother have one too?' The mother was angry at this, but she answered, 'Yes, when he comes out of school.'

Just then she looked out of the window and saw him coming, and it seemed as if an evil spirit entered into her, for she snatched the apple out of her little daughter's hand, and said, 'You shall not have one before your brother.' She threw the apple into the chest and shut it to. The little boy now came in, and the evil spirit in the wife made her say kindly to him, 'My son, will you have an apple?' but she gave him a wicked look. 'Mother,' said the boy, 'how dreadful you look! Yes, give me an apple.' The thought came to her that she would kill him. 'Come with me,' she said, and she lifted up the lid of the chest; 'take one out for yourself.' And as he bent over to do so, the evil spirit urged her, and crash! down went the lid, and off went the little boy's head.



Then she was overwhelmed with fear at the thought of what she had done. 'If only I can prevent anyone knowing that I did it,' she thought. So she went upstairs to her room, and took a white handkerchief out of her top drawer; then she set the boy's head again on his shoulders, and bound it with the handkerchief so that nothing could be seen, and placed him on a chair by the door with an apple in his hand.

Soon after this, little Marleen came up to her mother who was stirring a pot of boiling water over the fire, and said, 'Mother, brother is sitting by the door with an apple in his hand, and he looks so pale; and when I asked him to give me the apple, he did not answer, and that frightened me.'

'Go to him again,' said her mother, 'and if he does not answer, give him a box on the ear.' So little Marleen went, and said, 'Brother, give me that apple,' but he did not say a word; then she gave him a box on the ear, and his head rolled off. She was so terrified at this, that she ran crying and screaming to her mother. 'Oh!' she said, 'I have knocked off brother's head,' and then she wept and wept, and nothing would stop her.

'What have you done!' said her mother, 'but no one must know about it, so you must keep silence; what is done can't be undone; we will make him into puddings.' And she took the little boy and cut him up, made him into puddings, and put him in the pot. But Marleen stood looking on, and wept and wept, and her tears fell into the pot, so that there was no need of salt.

Presently the father came home and sat down to his dinner; he asked, 'Where is my son?' The mother said nothing, but gave him a large dish of black pudding, and Marleen still wept without ceasing.

The father again asked, 'Where is my son?'

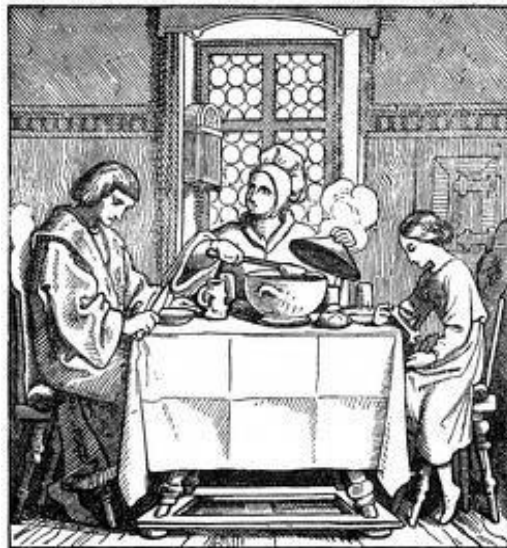
'Oh,' answered the wife, 'he is gone into the country to his mother's great uncle; he is going to stay there some time.'

'What has he gone there for, and he never even said goodbye to me!'

'Well, he likes being there, and he told me he should be away quite six weeks; he is well looked after there.'

'I feel very unhappy about it,' said the husband, 'in case it should not be all right, and he ought to have said goodbye to me.'

With this he went on with his dinner, and said, 'Little Marleen, why do you weep? Brother will soon be back.' Then he asked his wife for more pudding, and as he ate, he threw the bones under the table.



Little Marleen went upstairs and took her best silk handkerchief out of her bottom drawer, and in it she wrapped all the bones from under the table and carried them outside, and all the time she did nothing but weep. Then she laid them in the green grass under the juniper-tree, and she had no sooner done so, then all her sadness seemed to leave her, and she wept no more.

And now the juniper-tree began to move, and the branches waved backwards and forwards, first away from one another, and then together again, as it might be someone clapping their hands for joy. After this a mist came round the tree, and in the midst of it there was a burning as of fire, and out of the fire there flew a beautiful bird, that rose high into the air, singing magnificently, and when it could no more be seen, the juniper-tree stood there as before, and the silk handkerchief and the bones were gone.

Little Marleen now felt as lighthearted and happy as if her brother were still alive, and she went back to the house and sat down cheerfully to the table and ate.



The bird flew away and alighted on the house of a goldsmith and began to sing:

*'My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper-tree
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!'*

The goldsmith was in his workshop making a gold chain, when he heard the song of the bird on his roof. He thought it so beautiful that he got up and ran out, and as he crossed the threshold he lost one of his slippers. But he ran on into the middle of the street, with a slipper on one foot and a sock on the other; he still had on his apron, and still held the gold chain and the pincers in his hands, and so he stood gazing up at the bird, while the sun came shining brightly down on the street.

'Bird,' he said, 'how beautifully you sing! Sing me that song again.'

'Nay,' said the bird, 'I do not sing twice for nothing. Give that gold chain, and I will sing it you again.'

'Here is the chain, take it,' said the goldsmith. 'Only sing me that again.'

The bird flew down and took the gold chain in his right claw, and then he alighted again in front of the goldsmith and sang:

*'My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper-tree
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!'*

Then he flew away, and settled on the roof of a shoemaker's house and sang:

*'My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper-tree
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!'*

The shoemaker heard him, and he jumped up and ran out in his shirt-sleeves, and stood looking up at the bird on the roof with his hand over his eyes to keep himself from being blinded by the sun.

'Bird,' he said, 'how beautifully you sing!' Then he called through the door to his wife: 'Wife, come out; here is a bird, come and look at it and hear how beautifully it sings.' Then he called his daughter and the children, then the apprentices, girls and boys, and they all ran up the street to look at the bird, and saw how splendid it was with its red and green feathers, and its neck like burnished gold, and eyes like two bright stars in its head.

'Bird,' said the shoemaker, 'sing me that song again.'

'Nay,' answered the bird, 'I do not sing twice for nothing; you must give me something.'

'Wife,' said the man, 'go into the garret; on the upper shelf you will see a pair of red shoes; bring them to me.' The wife went in and fetched the shoes.

'There, bird,' said the shoemaker, 'now sing me that song again.'

The bird flew down and took the red shoes in his left claw, and then he went back to the roof and sang:

*'My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper-tree
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!'*

When he had finished, he flew away. He had the chain in his right claw and the shoes in his left, and he flew right away to a mill, and the mill went 'Click clack, click clack, click clack.' Inside the mill were twenty of the miller's men hewing a stone, and as they went 'Hick hack, hick hack, hick hack,' the mill went 'Click clack, click clack, click clack.' The bird settled on a lime-tree in front of the mill and sang:

*'My mother killed her little son; then
one of the men left off,*

*My father grieved when I was gone; two
more men left off and listened,*

*My sister loved me best of all; then
four more left off,*

*She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Now there were only eight at work,*

*Underneath, and
now only five,
the juniper-tree.
and now only one,*

*Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!' then he
looked up and the last one had left off work.*

'Bird,' he said, 'what a beautiful song that is you sing! Let me hear it too; sing it again.'

'Nay,' answered the bird, 'I do not sing twice for nothing; give me that millstone, and I will sing it again.'

'If it belonged to me alone,' said the man, 'you should have it.'

'Yes, yes,' said the others: 'if he will sing again, he can have it.'

The bird came down, and all the twenty millers set to and lifted up the stone with a beam; then the bird put his head through the hole and took the stone round his neck like a collar, and flew back with it to the tree and sang—

*'My mother killed her little son;
My father grieved when I was gone;
My sister loved me best of all;
She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper-tree
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!'*

And when he had finished his song, he spread his wings, and with the chain in his right claw, the shoes in his left, and the millstone round his neck, he flew right away to his father's house.

The father, the mother, and little Marleen were having their dinner.

'How lighthearted I feel,' said the father, 'so pleased and cheerful.'

'And I,' said the mother, 'I feel so uneasy, as if a heavy thunderstorm were coming.' But little Marleen sat and wept and wept.

Then the bird came flying towards the house and settled on the roof.

'I do feel so happy,' said the father, 'and how beautifully the sun shines; I feel just as if I were going to see an old friend again.'

'Ah!' said the wife, 'and I am so full of distress and uneasiness that my teeth chatter, and I feel as if there were a fire in my veins,' and she tore open her dress; and all the while little Marleen sat in the corner and wept, and the plate on her knees was wet with her tears.

The bird now flew to the juniper-tree and began singing:

'My mother killed her little son;

the mother shut her eyes and her ears, that she might see and hear nothing, but there was a roaring sound in her ears like that of a violent storm, and in her eyes a burning and flashing like lightning:

My father grieved when I was gone;

'Look, mother,' said the man, 'at the beautiful bird that is singing so magnificently; and how warm and bright the sun is, and what a delicious scent of spice in the air!'

My sister loved me best of all;

then little Marleen laid her head down on her knees and sobbed.

'I must go outside and see the bird nearer,' said the man.

'Ah, do not go!' cried the wife. 'I feel as if the whole house were in flames!' But the man went out and looked at the bird.

*She laid her kerchief over me,
And took my bones that they might lie
Underneath the juniper-tree
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!*

With that the bird let fall the gold chain, and it fell just round the man's neck, so that it fitted him exactly.

He went inside, and said, 'See, what a splendid bird that is; he has given me this beautiful gold chain, and looks so beautiful himself.'

But the wife was in such fear and trouble, that she fell on the floor, and her cap fell from her head.

Then the bird began again:

'My mother killed her little son;

'Ah me!' cried the wife, 'if I were but a thousand feet beneath the earth, that I might not hear that song.'

My father grieved when I was gone;

then the woman fell down again as if dead.

My sister loved me best of all;

'Well,' said little Marleen, 'I will go out too and see if the bird will give me anything.' So she went out.

*She laid her kerchief over me,
and took my bones that they might lie*
and he threw down the shoes to her,

*Underneath the juniper-tree
Kywitt, Kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!*

And she now felt quite happy and lighthearted; she put on the shoes and danced and jumped about in them. 'I was so miserable,' she said, 'when I came out, but that has all passed away; that is indeed a splendid bird, and he has given me a pair of red shoes.'

The wife sprang up, with her hair standing out from her head like flames of fire. 'Then I will go out too,' she said, 'and see if it will lighten my misery, for I feel as if the world were coming to an end.'

But as she crossed the threshold, crash! the bird threw the millstone down on her head, and she was crushed to death.

The father and little Marleen heard the sound and ran out, but they only saw mist and flame and fire rising from the spot, and when these had passed, there stood the little brother, and he took the father and little Marleen by the hand; then they all three rejoiced, and went inside together and sat down to their dinners and ate.



Frau Trude

(German fairytale of brothers Grimm)

Once upon a time there was a small girl who was strong willed and forward, and whenever her parents said anything to her, she disobeyed them. How could anything go well with her?

One day she said to her parents: "I have heard so much about Frau Trude. Someday I want to go to her place. People say such amazing things are seen there, and such strange things happen there, that I have become very curious.

Her parents strictly forbade her, saying: "Frau Trude is a wicked woman who commits godless acts. If you go there, you will no longer be our child.

But the girl paid no attention to her parents and went to Frau Trude's place anyway.

When she arrived there, Frau Trude asked: "Why are you so pale?"

"Oh," she answered, trembling all over, "I saw something that frightened me."

"What did you see?"

"I saw a black man on your steps."

"That was a charcoal burner."

"Then I saw a green man."

"That was a huntsman."

"Then I saw a blood-red man."

"That was a butcher."

"Oh, Frau Trude, it frightened me when I looked through your window and could not see you, but instead saw the devil with a head of fire."

"Aha!" she said. "So you saw the witch properly outfitted. I have been waiting for you and wanting you for a long time. Light the way for me now!"

With that she turned to girl into a block of wood and threw it into the fire. When it was thoroughly aglow she sat down next to it, and warmed herself by it, saying: "It gives such a bright light!"



Rumpelstiltskin

(German fairytale of brothers Grimm)

By the side of a wood, in a country a long way off, ran a fine stream of water; and upon the stream there stood a mill. The miller's house was close by, and the miller, you must know, had a very beautiful daughter. She was, moreover, very shrewd and clever; and the miller was so proud of her, that he one day told the king of the land, who used to come and hunt in the wood, that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. Now this king was very fond of money; and when he heard the miller's boast his greediness was raised, and he sent for the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a chamber in his palace where there was a great heap of straw, and gave her a spinning-wheel, and said, 'All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you love your life.' It was in vain that the poor maiden said that it was only a silly boast of her father, for that she could do no such thing as spin straw into gold: the chamber door was locked, and she was left alone.



She sat down in one corner of the room, and began to bewail her hard fate; when on a sudden the door opened, and a droll-looking little man hobbled in, and said, 'Good morrow to you, my good lass; what are you weeping for?' 'Alas!' said she, 'I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how.' 'What will you give me,' said the hobgoblin, 'to do it for you?' 'My necklace,' replied the maiden. He took her at her word, and sat himself down to the wheel, and whistled and sang:

'Round about, round about, Lo and behold! Reel away, reel away, Straw into gold!'

And round about the wheel went merrily; the work was quickly done, and the straw was all spun into gold.

When the king came and saw this, he was greatly astonished and pleased; but his heart grew still more greedy of gain, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task. Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the dwarf soon opened the door, and said, 'What will you give me to do your task?' 'The ring on my finger,' said she. So her little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel again, and whistled and sang:

'Round about, round about, Lo and behold! Reel away, reel away, Straw into gold!'

till, long before morning, all was done again.

The king was greatly delighted to see all this glittering treasure; but still he had not enough: so he took the miller's daughter to a yet larger heap, and said, 'All this must be spun tonight; and if it is, you shall be my queen.' As soon as she was alone that dwarf came in, and said, 'What will you give me to spin gold for you this third time?' 'I have nothing left,' said she. 'Then say you will give me,' said the little man, 'the first little child that you may have when you are queen.' 'That may never be,' thought the miller's daughter: and as she knew no other way to get her task done, she said she would do what he asked. Round went the wheel again to the old song, and the

manikin once more spun the heap into gold. The king came in the morning, and, finding all he wanted, was forced to keep his word; so he married the miller's daughter, and she really became queen.

At the birth of her first little child she was very glad, and forgot the dwarf, and what she had said. But one day he came into her room, where she was sitting playing with her baby, and put her in mind of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and said she would give him all the wealth of the kingdom if he would let her off, but in vain; till at last her tears softened him, and he said, 'I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child.'

Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard; and she sent messengers all over the land to find out new ones. The next day the little man came, and she began with TIMOTHY, ICHABOD, BENJAMIN, JEREMIAH, and all the names she could remember; but to all and each of them he said, 'Madam, that is not my name.'

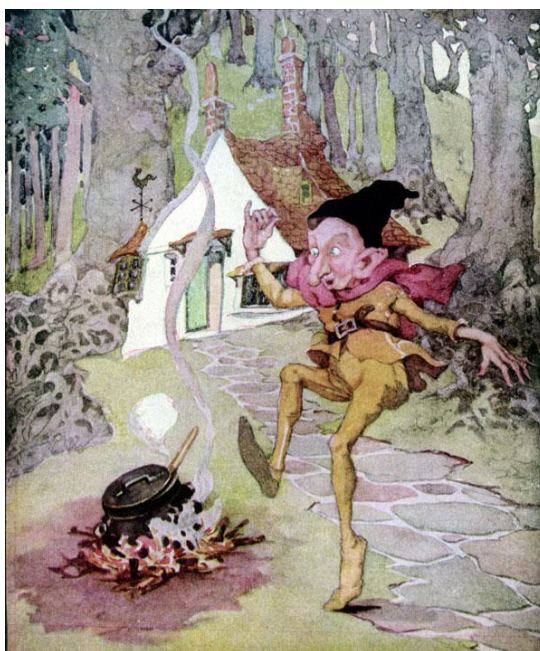
The second day she began with all the comical names she could hear of, BANDY-LEGS, HUNCHBACK, CROOK-SHANKS, and so on; but the little gentleman still said to every one of them, 'Madam, that is not my name.'

The third day one of the messengers came back, and said, 'I have travelled two days without hearing of any other names; but yesterday, as I was climbing a high hill, among the trees of the forest where the fox and the hare bid each other good night, I saw a little hut; and before the hut burnt a fire; and round about the fire a funny little dwarf was dancing upon one leg, and singing:

"Merrily the feast I'll make. Today I'll brew, tomorrow bake; Merrily I'll dance and sing, For next day will a stranger bring. Little does my lady dream Rumpelstiltskin is my name!"

When the queen heard this she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little friend came she sat down upon her throne, and called all her court round to enjoy the fun; and the nurse stood by her side with the baby in her arms, as if it was quite ready to be given up. Then the little man began to chuckle at the thought of having the poor child, to take home with him to his hut in the woods; and he cried out, 'Now, lady, what is my name?' 'Is it JOHN?' asked she. 'No, madam!' 'Is it TOM?' 'No, madam!' 'Is it JEMMY?' 'It is not.' 'Can your name be RUMPELSTILTSKIN?' said the lady slyly. 'Some witch told you that!-- some witch told you that!' cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor, that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out.

Then he made the best of his way off, while the nurse laughed and the baby crowed; and all the court jeered at him for having had so much trouble for nothing, and said, 'We wish you a very good morning, and a merry feast, Mr RUMPLESTILTSKIN!'



B. Russian fairytales

Baba Yaga

(Russian fairytale of Alexandr Afanasyev)

Somewhere, I cannot tell you exactly where, but certainly in vast Russia, there lived a peasant with his wife and they had twins—son and daughter. One day the wife died and the husband mourned over her very sincerely for a long time. One year passed, and two years, and even longer. But there is no order in a house without a woman, and a day came when the man thought, "If I marry again possibly it would turn out all right." And so he did, and had children by his second wife.

The stepmother was envious of the stepson and daughter and began to use them hardly. She scolded them without any reason, sent them away from home as often as she wished, and gave them scarcely enough to eat. Finally she wanted to get rid of them altogether. Do you know what it means to allow a wicked thought to enter one's heart?

The wicked thought grows all the time like a poisonous plant and slowly kills the good thoughts. A wicked feeling was growing in the stepmother's heart, and she determined to send the children to the witch, thinking sure enough that they would never return.

"Dear children," she said to the orphans, "go to my grandmother who lives in the forest in a hut on hen's feet. You will do everything she wants you to, and she will give you sweet things to eat and you will be happy."

The orphans started out. But instead of going to the witch, the sister, a bright little girl, took her brother by the hand and ran to their own old, old grandmother and told her all about their going to the forest.

"Oh, my poor darlings!" said the good old grandmother, pitying the children, "my heart aches for you, but it is not in my power to help you. You have to go not to a loving grandmother, but to a wicked witch. Now listen to me, my darlings," she continued; "I will give you a hint: Be kind and good to everyone; do not speak ill words to any one; do not despise helping the weakest, and always hope that for you, too, there will be the needed help." The good old grandmother gave the children some delicious fresh milk to drink and to each a big slice of ham. She also gave them some cookies—there are cookies everywhere—and when the children departed she stood looking after them a long, long time. The obedient children arrived at the forest and, oh, wonder! there stood a hut, and what a curious one! It stood on tiny hen's feet, and at the top was a rooster's head.

With their shrill, childish voices they called out loud:

"Izboushka, Izboushka! turn thy back to the forest and thy front to us!"

The hut did as they commanded. The two orphans looked inside and saw the witch resting there, her head near the threshold, one foot in one corner, the other foot in another corner, and her knees quite close to the ridge pole.

"Fou, Fou, Fou!" exclaimed the witch; "I feel the Russian spirit."



The children were afraid, and stood close, very close together, but in spite of their fear they said very politely:

"Ho, grandmother, our stepmother sent us to thee to serve thee."

"All right; I am not opposed to keeping you, children. If you satisfy all my wishes I shall reward you; if not, I shall eat you up."

Without any delay the witch ordered the girl to spin the thread, and the boy, her brother, to carry water in a sieve to fill a big tub. The poor orphan girl wept at her spinning-wheel and wiped away her bitter tears. At once all around her appeared small mice squeaking and saying: "Sweet girl, do not cry. Give us cookies and we will help thee." The little girl willingly did so.

"Now," gratefully squeaked the mice, "go and find the black cat. He is very hungry; give him a slice of ham and he will help thee."

The girl speedily went in search of the cat and saw her brother in great distress about the tub, so many times he had filled the sieve, yet the tub was still dry. The little birds passed, flying near by, and chirped to the children:

"Kind-hearted little children, give us some crumbs and we will advise you." The orphans gave the birds some crumbs and the grateful birds chirped again: "Some clay and water, children dear!" Then away they flew through the air.

The children understood the hint, spat in the sieve, plastered it up with clay and filled the tub in a very short time. Then they both returned to the hut and on the threshold met the black cat. They generously gave him some of the good ham which their good grandmother had given them, petted him and asked: "Dear Kitty-cat, black and pretty, tell us what to do in order to get away from thy mistress, the witch?"

"Well," very seriously answered the cat, "I will give you a towel and a comb and then you must run away. When you hear the witch running after you, drop the towel behind your back and a large river will appear in place of the towel. If you hear her once more, throw down the comb and in place of the comb there will appear a dark wood. This wood will protect you from the wicked witch, my mistress." Baba Yaga came home just then.

"Is it not wonderful?" she thought; "everything is exactly right."

"Well," she said to the children, "today you were brave and smart; let us see to-morrow. Your work will be more difficult and I hope I shall eat you up."

The poor orphans went to bed, not to a warm bed prepared by loving hands, but on the straw in a cold corner. Nearly scared to death from fear, they lay there, afraid to talk, afraid even to breathe. The next morning the witch ordered all the linen to be woven and a large supply of firewood to be brought from the forest.

The children took the towel and comb and ran away as fast as their feet could possibly carry them. The dogs were after them, but they threw them the cookies that were left; the gates did not open themselves, but the children smoothed them with oil; the birch tree near the path almost scratched their eyes out, but the gentle girl fastened a pretty ribbon to it. So they went farther and farther and ran out of the dark forest into the wide, sunny fields.

The cat sat down by the loom and tore the thread to pieces, doing it with delight. Baba Yaga returned.

"Where are the children?" she shouted, and began to beat the cat. "Why hast thou let them go, thou treacherous cat? Why hast thou not scratched their faces?"

The cat answered: "Well, it was because I have served thee so many years and thou hast never given me a bite, while the dear children gave me some good ham."

The witch scolded the dogs, the gates, and the birch tree near the path.

"Well," barked the dogs, "thou certainly art our mistress, but thou hast never done us a favor, and the orphans were kind to us." The gates replied:

"We were always ready to obey thee, but thou didst neglect us, and the dear children smoothed us with oil."

"The children ran away as fast as their feet could possibly carry them"

The birch tree lisped with its leaves, "Thou hast never put a simple thread over my branches and the little darlings adorned them with a pretty ribbon."

Baba Yaga understood that there was no help and started to follow the children herself. In her great hurry she forgot to look for the towel and the comb, but jumped astride a broom and was off. The children heard her coming and threw the towel behind them. At once a river, wide and blue, appeared and watered the field. Baba Yaga hopped along the shore until she finally found a shallow place and crossed it.

Again the children heard her hurry after them and so they threw down the comb. This time a forest appeared, a dark and dusky forest in which the roots were interwoven, the branches matted together, and the tree-tops touching each other. The witch tried very hard to pass through, but in vain, and so, very, very angry, she returned home.

The orphans rushed to their father, told him all about their great distress, and thus concluded their pitiful story:

"Ah, father dear, why dost thou love us less than our brothers and sisters?"

The father was touched and became angry. He sent the wicked stepmother away and lived a new life with his good children. From that time he watched over their happiness and never neglected them any more.

How do I know this story is true? Why, one was there who told me about it.

Father Frost

(Russian fairytale of Alexandr Afanasyev)

In a far-away country, somewhere in Russia, there lived a stepmother who had a stepdaughter and also a daughter of her own. Her own daughter was dear to her, and always whatever she did the mother was the first to praise her, to pet her; but there was but little praise for the stepdaughter; although good and kind, she had no other reward than reproach. What on earth could have been done? The wind blows, but stops blowing at times; the wicked woman never knows how to stop her wickedness. One bright cold day the stepmother said to her husband: "Now, old man, I want thee to take thy daughter away from my eyes, away from my ears. Thou shalt not take her to thy people into a warm izba. Thou shalt take her into the wide, wide fields to the crackling frost."

The old father grew sad, began even to weep, but nevertheless helped the young girl into the sleigh. He wished to cover her with a sheepskin in order to protect her from the cold; however, he did not do it. He was afraid; his wife was watching them out of the window. And so he went with his lovely daughter into the wide, wide fields; drove her nearly to the woods, left her there alone, and speedily drove away—he was a good man and did not care to see his daughter's death.

Alone, quite alone, remained the sweet girl. Broken-hearted and terror-stricken she repeated fervently all the prayers she knew.

Father Frost, the almighty sovereign at that place, clad in furs, with a long, long, white beard and a shining crown on his white head, approached nearer and nearer, looked at this beautiful guest of his and asked:



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Иллюстрация к русской народной сказке «Морозко». 1932

"Dost thou know me?—me, the red-nosed Frost?"

"Be welcome, Father Frost," answered gently the young girl. "I hope our heavenly Lord sent thee for my sinful soul."

"Art thou comfortable, sweet child?" again asked the Frost. He was exceedingly pleased with her looks and mild manners.

"Indeed I am," answered the girl, almost out of breath from cold.

And the Frost, cheerful and bright, kept crackling in the branches until the air became icy, but the good-natured girl kept repeating:

"I am very comfortable, dear Father Frost."

But the Frost, however, knew all about the weakness of human beings; he knew very well that few of them are really good and kind; but he knew no one of them even could struggle too long against the power of Frost, the king of winter. The kindness of the gentle girl charmed old Frost so much that he made the decision to treat her differently from others, and gave her a large heavy trunk filled with many beautiful, beautiful

things. He gave her a rich "schouba" lined with precious furs; he gave her silk quilts—light like feathers and warm as a mother's lap. What a rich girl she became and how many magnificent garments she received!

And besides all, old Frost gave her a blue "sarafan" ornamented with silver and pearls.

"Old Frost gave the gentle girl many beautiful, beautiful things"

When the young girl put it on she became such a beautiful maiden that even the sun smiled at her.

The stepmother was in the kitchen busy baking pancakes for the meal which it is the custom to give to the priests and friends after the usual service for the dead.

"Now, old man," said the wife to the husband, "go down to the wide fields and bring the body of thy daughter; we will bury her."

The old man went off. And the little dog in the corner wagged his tail and said: "Bow-wow! bow-wow! the old man's daughter is on her way home, beautiful and happy as never before, and the old woman's daughter is wicked as ever before." "Keep still, stupid beast!" shouted the stepmother, and struck the little dog.

"Here, take this pancake, eat it and say, 'The old woman's daughter will be married soon and the old man's daughter shall be buried soon.'" The dog ate the pancake and began anew:

"Bow-wow! bow-wow! the old man's daughter is coming home wealthy and happy as never before, and the old woman's daughter is somewhere around as homely and wicked as ever before."

The old woman was furious at the dog, but in spite of pancakes and whipping, the dog repeated the same words over and over again.

Somebody opened the gate, voices were heard laughing and talking outside. The old woman looked out and sat down in amazement. The stepdaughter was there like a princess, bright and happy in the most beautiful garments, and behind her the old father had hardly strength enough to carry the heavy, heavy trunk with the rich outfit.

"Old man!" called the stepmother, impatiently; "hitch our best horses to our best sleigh, and drive my daughter to the very same place in the wide, wide fields."

The old man obeyed as usual and took his stepdaughter to the same place and left her alone.

Old Frost was there; he looked at his new guest.

"Art thou comfortable, fair maiden?" asked the red-nosed sovereign.

"Let me alone," harshly answered the girl; "canst thou not see that my feet and my hands are about stiff from the cold?"

The Frost kept crackling and asking questions for quite a while, but obtaining no polite answer became angry and froze the girl to death.

"Old man, go for my daughter; take the best horses; be careful; do not upset the sleigh; do not lose the trunk."

And the little dog in the corner said:

"Bow-wow! bow-wow! the old man's daughter will marry soon; the old woman's daughter shall be buried soon."

"Do not lie. Here is a cake; eat it and say, 'The old woman's daughter is clad in silver and gold.'"

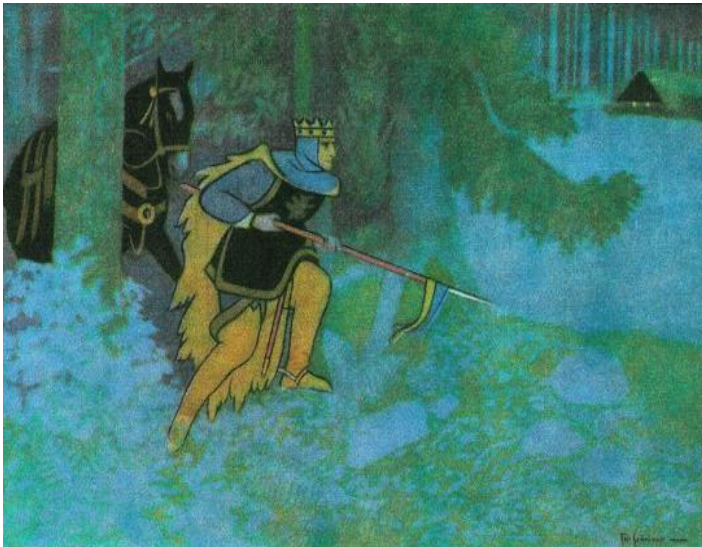
The gate opened, the old woman ran out and kissed the stiff frozen lips of her daughter. She wept and wept, but there was no help, and she understood at last that through her own wickedness and envy her child had perished.

C. Czech fairytales

The first two fairytales are collected by Czech folklorist Karel Jaromír **Erben**.

The Three Golden Hairs

(Czech fairy tale of Karel Jaromír Erben)



There was once a king who took great delight in hunting. One day he followed a stag a great distance into the forest. He went on and on until he lost his way. Night fell and the king by happy chance came upon a clearing where a charcoal-burner had a cottage. The king asked the charcoal-burner to lead him out of the forest and offered to pay him handsomely.

“I’d be glad to go with you,” the charcoal-burner said, “but my wife is expecting the birth of a child and I cannot leave her. It is too late for you to start out alone. Won’t you spend the night here? Lie down on some hay in the garret and tomorrow I’ll be your guide.”

The king had to accept this arrangement. He climbed into the garret and lay down on the floor. Soon afterwards a son was born to the charcoal-burner.

At midnight the king noticed a strange light in the room below him. He peeped through a chink in the boards and saw the charcoal-burner asleep, his wife lying in a dead faint, and three old women, all in white, standing over the baby, each holding a lighted taper in her hand.

The first old woman said: “My gift to this boy is that he shall encounter great dangers.” The second said: “My gift to him is that he shall go safely through them all, and live long.”

The third one said: “And I give him for wife the baby daughter born this night to the king who lies upstairs on the straw.” The three old women blew out their tapers and all was quiet. They were the Fates.

The king felt as though a sword had been thrust into his heart. He lay awake till morning trying to think out some plan by which he could thwart the will of the three old Fates.

When day broke the child began to cry and the charcoal-burner woke up. Then he saw that his wife had died during the night.

“Ah, my poor motherless child,” he cried, “what shall I do with you now?”

“Give me the baby,” the king said. “I’ll see that he’s looked after properly and I’ll give you enough money to keep you the rest of your life.” The charcoal-burner was delighted with this offer and the king went away promising to send at once for the baby.

A few days later when he reached his palace he was met with the joyful news that a beautiful little baby daughter had been born to him. He asked the time of her birth, and of course it was on the very night when he saw the Fates. Instead of being pleased at the safe arrival of the baby princess, the king frowned.

Then he called one of his stewards and said to him: "Go into the forest in a direction that I shall tell you. You will find there a cottage where a charcoal-burner lives. Give him this money and get from him a little child. Take the child and on your way back drown it. Do as I say or I shall have you drowned."

The steward went, found the charcoal-burner, and took the child. He put it into a basket and carried it away. As he was crossing a broad river he dropped the basket into the water.

"Goodnight to you, little son-in-law that nobody wanted!" the king said when he heard what the steward had done.

He supposed of course that the baby was drowned. But it wasn't. Its little basket floated in the water like a cradle, and the baby slept as if the river were singing it a lullaby. It floated down with the current past a fisherman's cottage. The fisherman saw it, got into his boat, and went after it. When he found what the basket contained he was overjoyed. At once he carried the baby to his wife and said:



"You have always wanted a little son and here you have one. The river has given him to us." The fisherman's wife was delighted and brought up the child as her own. They named him Plavachek, which means a little boy who has come floating on the water.

"You have always wanted a little son and here you have one. The river has given him to us." The fisherman's wife was delighted and brought up the child as her own. They named him Plavachek, which means a little boy who has come floating on the water.

The river flowed on and the days went by and Plavachek grew from a baby to a boy and then into a handsome youth, the handsomest by far in the whole countryside.

One day the king happened to ride that way unattended. It was hot and he was thirsty. He beckoned to the fisherman to get him a drink of fresh water. Plavachek brought it to him. The king looked at the handsome youth in astonishment.

"You have a fine lad," he said to the fisherman. "Is he your own son?"

"He is, yet he isn't," the fisherman answered. "Just twenty years ago a little baby in a basket floated down the river. We took him in and he has been ours ever since." A mist rose before the king's eyes and he went deathly pale, for he knew at once that Plavachek was the child that he had ordered drowned.

Soon he recovered himself and jumping from his horse he said: "I need a messenger to send to my palace and I have no one with me. Could this youth go for me?"

"Your majesty has but to command," the fisherman said, "and Plavachek will go." The king sat down and wrote a letter to the queen. This is what he said:

"Have the young man who delivers this letter run through with a sword at once. He is a dangerous enemy. Let him be dispatched before I return. Such is my will." He folded the letter, made it secure, and sealed it with his own signet.

Plavachek took the letter and started out with it at once. He had to go through a deep forest where he missed the path and lost his way. He struggled on through underbrush and thicket until it began to grow dark. Then he met an old woman who said to him:

“Where are you going, Plavachek?”

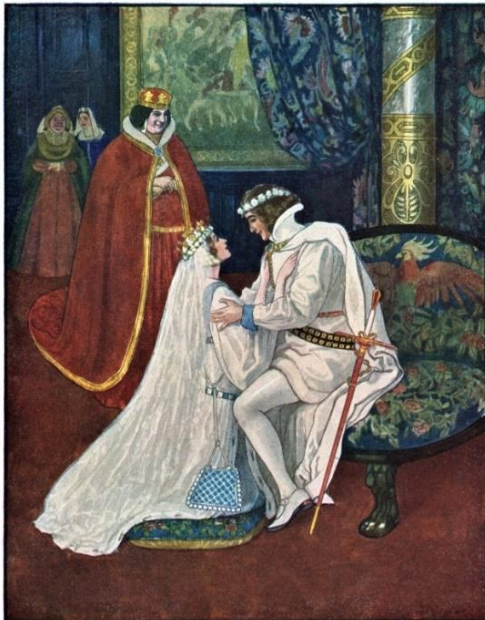
“I’m carrying this letter to the king’s palace and I’ve lost my way. Can you put me on the right road, mother?”

“You can’t get there today,” the old woman said. “It’s dark now. Spend the night with me. You won’t be with a stranger, for I’m your old godmother.”

Plavachek allowed himself to be persuaded and presently he saw before him a pretty little house that seemed at that moment to have sprung out of the ground.

During the night while Plavachek was asleep, the old woman took the letter out of his pocket and put in another that read as follows:

“Have the young man who delivers this letter married to our daughter at once. He is my destined son-in-law. Let the wedding take place before I return. Such is my will.” The next day



Plavachek delivered the letter and as soon as the queen read it, she gave orders at once for the wedding. Both she and her daughter were much taken with the handsome youth and gazed at him with tender eyes. As for Plavachek he fell instantly in love with the princess and was delighted to marry her.

Some days after the wedding the king returned and when he heard what had happened he flew into a violent rage at the queen.

“But,” protested the queen, “you yourself ordered me to have him married to our daughter before you came back. Here is your letter.”

The king took the letter and examined it carefully. The handwriting, the seal, the paper—all were his own. He called his son-in-law and questioned him. Plavachek related how he had lost his way in the forest and spent

the night with his godmother.

“What does your godmother look like?” the king asked. Plavachek described her.

From the description the king recognized her as the same old woman who had promised the princess to the charcoal-burner’s son twenty years before. He looked at Plavachek thoughtfully and at last he said:

“What’s done can’t be undone. However, young man, you can’t expect to be my son-in-law for nothing. If you want my daughter you must bring me for dowry three of the golden hairs of old Grandfather Knowitall.” He thought to himself that this would be an impossible task and so would be a good way to get rid of an undesirable son-in-law.

Plavachek took leave of his bride and started off. He didn’t know which way to go. Who would know? Everybody talked about old Grandfather Knowitall, but nobody seemed to know where to find him. Yet Plavachek had a Fate for a godmother, so it wasn’t likely that he would miss the right road.

He traveled long and far, going over wooded hills and desert plains and crossing deep rivers. He came at last to a black sea. There he saw a boat and an old ferryman.

“God bless you, old ferryman!” he said.

“May God grant that prayer, young traveler! Where are you going?”

“I’m going to old Grandfather Knowitall to get three of his golden hairs.”

“Oho! I have long been hunting for just such a messenger as you! For twenty years I have been ferrying people across this black sea and nobody has come to relieve me. If you promise to ask Grandfather Knowitall when my work will end, I’ll ferry you over.” Plavachek promised and the boatman took him across.

Plavachek traveled on until he came to a great city that was in a state of decay. Before the city he met an old man who had a staff in his hand, but even with the staff he could scarcely crawl along.

“God bless you, old grandfather!” Plavachek said.

“May God grant that prayer, handsome youth! Where are you going?”

“I am going to old Grandfather Knowitall to get three of his golden hairs.”

“Indeed! We have been waiting a long time for just such a messenger as you! I must lead you at once to the king.”

So he took him to the king and the king said: “Ah, so you are going on an errand to Grandfather Knowitall! We have an apple-tree here that used to bear apples of youth. If any one ate one of those apples, no matter how aged he was, he’d become young again. But, alas, for twenty years now our tree has borne no fruit. If you promise to ask Grandfather Knowitall if there is any help for us, I will reward you handsomely.” Plavachek gave the king his promise and the king bid him godspeed.

Plavachek traveled on until he reached another great city that was half in ruins. Not far from the city a man was burying his father, and tears as big as peas were rolling down his cheek.

“God bless you, mournful grave-digger!” Plavachek said.

“May God grant that prayer, kind traveler! Where are you going?”

“I’m going to old Grandfather Knowitall to get three of his golden hairs.”

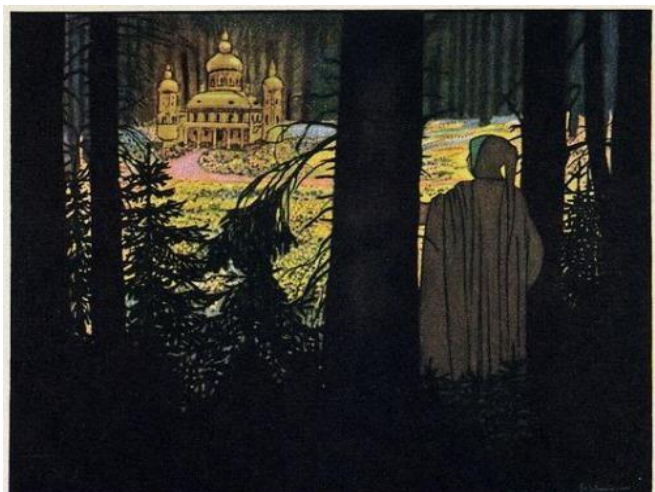
“To Grandfather Knowitall! What a pity you didn’t come sooner! Our king has long been waiting for just such a messenger as you! I must lead you to him.”

So he took Plavachek to the king and the king said to him: “So you’re going on an errand to Grandfather Knowitall. We have a well here that used to flow with the water of life. If any one drank of it, no matter how sick he was, he would get well. Nay, if he were already dead, this water, sprinkled upon him, would bring him back to life. But, alas, for twenty years now the well has gone dry. If you promise to ask Grandfather Knowitall if there is help for us, I will reward you handsomely.” Plavachek gave the king his promise and the king bid him godspeed.

After that Plavachek traveled long and far into a black forest. Deep in the forest he came upon a broad green meadow full of beautiful flowers and in its midst a golden palace glittering as though it were on fire. This was the palace of Grandfather Knowitall.

Plavachek entered and found nobody there but an old woman who sat spinning in a corner.

“Welcome, Plavachek,” she said. “I am delighted to see you again.”



He looked at the old woman and saw that she was his godmother with whom he had spent the night when he was carrying the letter to the palace.

“What has brought you here, Plavachek?” she asked.

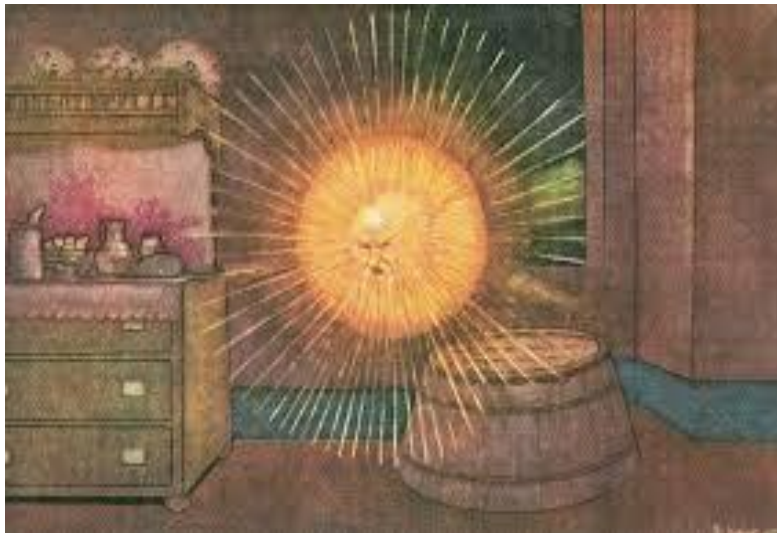
“The king, godmother. He says I can’t be his son-in-law for nothing. I have to give a dowry. So he has sent me to old Grandfather Knowitall to get three of his golden hairs.”

The old woman smiled and said: “Do you know who Grandfather Knowitall is? Why, he’s the bright Sun who goes everywhere and sees everything. I am his mother. In the morning he’s a little lad, at noon he’s a grown man, and in the evening an old grandfather. I will get you three of the golden hairs from his golden head, for I must not be a godmother for nothing! But, my lad, you mustn’t remain where you are. My son is kind, but if he comes home hungry he might want to roast you and eat you for his supper. There’s an empty tub over there and I’ll just cover you with it.”

Plavachek begged his godmother to get from Grandfather Knowitall the answers for the three questions he had promised to ask.

“I will,” said the old woman, “and do you listen carefully to what he says.”

Suddenly there was the rushing sound of a mighty wind outside and the Sun, an old grandfather with a golden head, flew in by the western window. He sniffed the air suspiciously.



“Phew! Phew!” he cried.

“I smell human flesh!
Have you any one here,
mother?”

“Star of the day, whom could I have here without your seeing him? The truth is you’ve been flying all day long over God’s world and your nose is filled with the smell of human flesh. That’s why you still smell it when you come home in the evening.” The old man said nothing more and sat down to his supper.

After supper he laid his head on the old woman’s lap and fell sound asleep. The old woman pulled out a golden hair and threw it on the floor. It twanged like the string of a violin.

“What is it, mother?” the old man said. “What is it?”

“Nothing, my boy, nothing. I was asleep and had a wonderful dream.”

“What did you dream about, mother?”

“I dreamt about a city where they had a well of living water. If any one drank of it, no matter how sick he was, he would get well. Nay, if he were already dead, this water, sprinkled on him, would bring him back to life. For the last twenty years the well has gone dry. Is there anything to be done to make it flow again?”

“Yes. There’s a frog sitting on the spring that feeds the well. Let them kill the frog and clean out the well and the water will flow as before.”

When he fell asleep again the old woman pulled out another golden hair and threw it on the floor.

“What is it, mother?”

“Nothing, my boy, nothing. I was asleep again and I had a wonderful dream. I dreamt of a city where they had an apple-tree that bore apples of youth. If any one ate one of those apples, no matter how aged he was, he’d become young again. But for twenty years the tree has borne no fruit. Can anything be done about it?” “Yes. In the roots of the tree there is a snake that takes its strength. Let them kill the snake and transplant the tree. Then it will bear fruit as before.” He fell asleep again and the old woman pulled out a third golden hair.

“Why won’t you let me sleep, mother?” he complained, and started to sit up.

“Lie still, my boy, lie still. I didn’t intend to wake you, but a heavy sleep fell upon me and I had another wonderful dream. I dreamt of a boatman on the black sea. For twenty years he has been ferrying that boat and no one has offered to relieve him. When will he be relieved?”

“Ah, but that boatman is the son of a stupid mother! Why doesn’t he thrust the oar into the hand of some one else and jump ashore himself? Then the other man would have to be ferryman in his place. But now let me be quiet. I must get up early tomorrow morning and go and dry the tears which the king’s daughter sheds every night for her husband, the charcoal-burner’s son, whom the king has sent to get three of my golden hairs.”

In the morning there was again the rushing sound of a mighty wind outside and a beautiful golden child—no longer an old man—awoke on his mother’s lap. It was the glorious Sun. He bade his mother farewell and flew out by an eastern window.

The old woman turned over the tub and said to Plavachek: “Here are the three golden hairs for you. You also have Grandfather Knowitall’s answers to your three questions. Now good-by. As you will need me no more, you will never see me again.” Plavachek thanked his godmother most gratefully and departed.

When he reached the first city the king asked him what news he brought.

“Good news!” Plavachek said. “Have the well cleaned out and kill the frog that sits on its spring. If you do this the water will flow again as it used to.”

The king ordered this to be done at once and when he saw the water beginning to bubble up and flow again, he made Plavachek a present of twelve horses, white as swans, laden with as much gold and silver as they could carry.

When Plavachek came to the second city and the king of that city asked him what news he brought, he said:

“Good news! Have the apple tree dug up. At its roots you will find a snake. Kill the snake and replant the tree. Then it will bear fruit as it used to.”

The king had this done at once and during the night the tree burst into bloom and bore great quantities of fruit. The king was delighted and made Plavachek a present of twelve horses, black as ravens, laden with as much riches as they could carry.

Plavachek traveled on and when he came to the black sea, the boatman asked him had he the answer to his question.



“Yes, I have,” said Plavachek, “but you must ferry me over before I tell you.”

The boatman wanted to hear the answer at once, but Plavachek was firm. So the old man ferried him across with his twelve white horses and his twelve black horses.

When Plavachek was safely landed, he said: “The next person who comes to be ferried over, thrust the oar into his hand and do you jump ashore. Then the other man will have to be boatman in your place.”

Plavachek traveled home to the palace. The king could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the three golden hairs of Grandfather Knowitall. The princess wept again, not for sorrow this time but for joy at her bridegroom's return.

"But, Plavachek," the king gasped, "where did you get these beautiful horses and all these riches?"

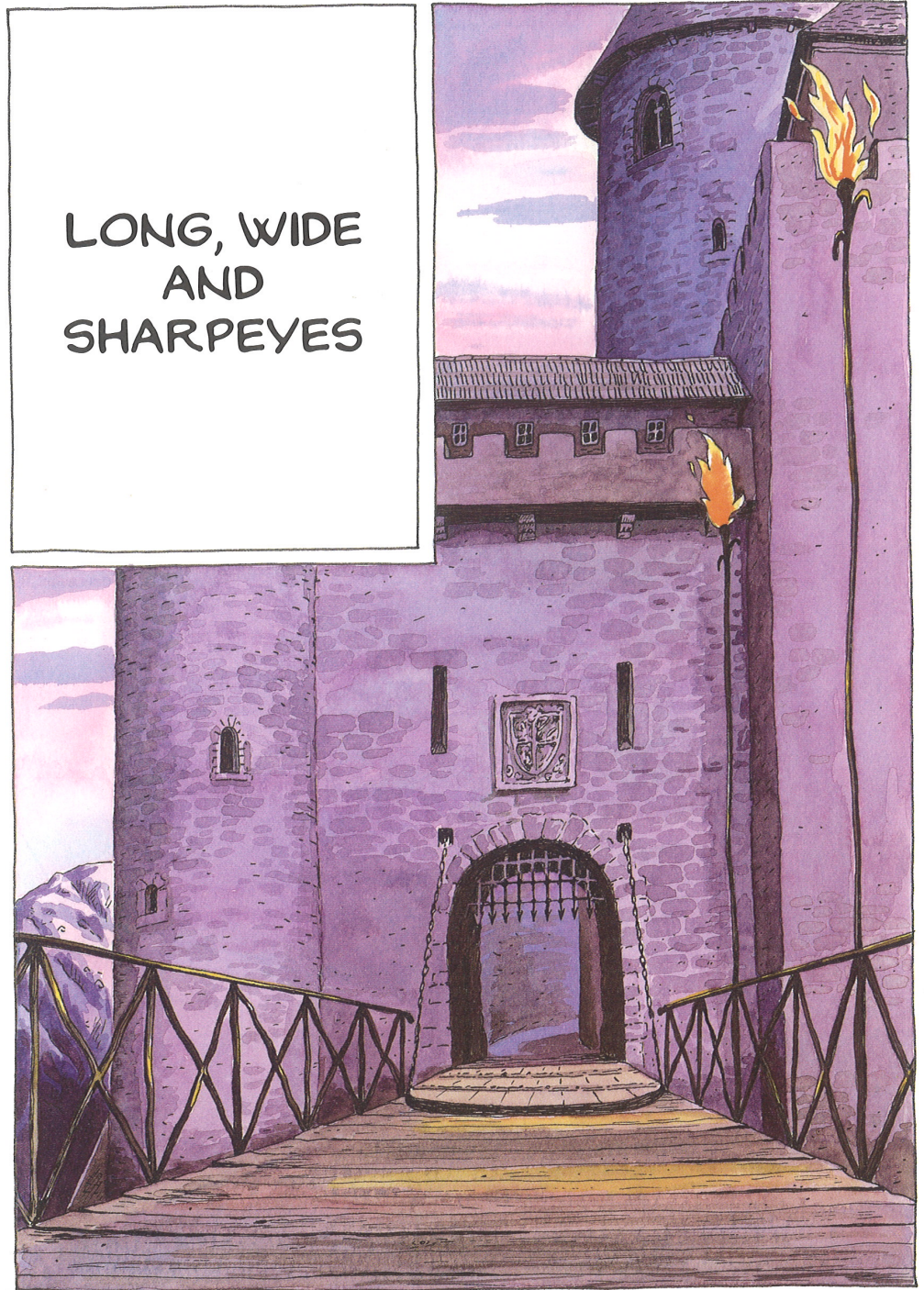
"I earned them," said Plavachek proudly. Then he related how he helped one king who had a tree of the apples of youth and another king who had a well of the water of life. "Apples of youth! Water of life!" the king kept repeating softly to himself. "If I ate one of those apples I should become young again! If I were dead the water of life would restore me!"

He lost no time in starting out in quest of the apples of youth and the water of life. And do you know, he hasn't come back yet!

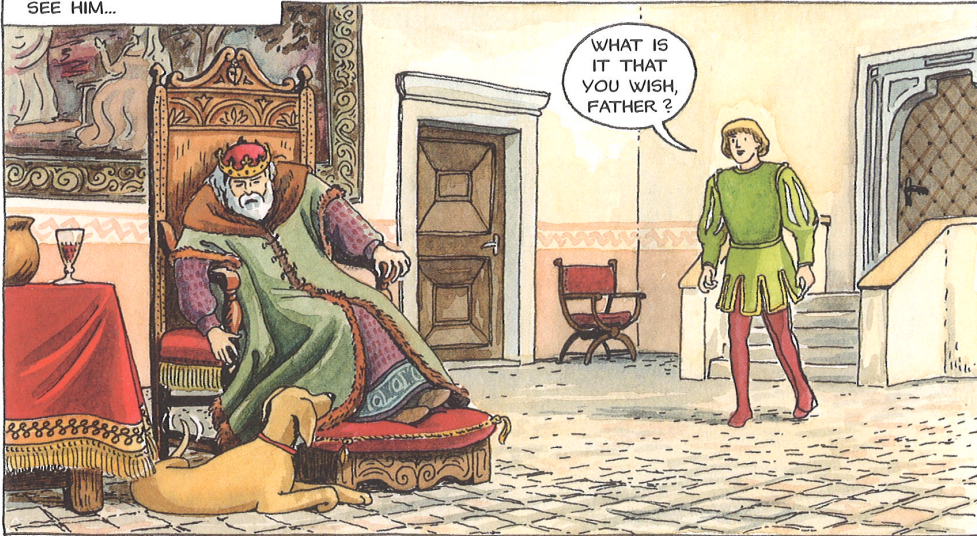
So Plavachek, the charcoal-burner's son, became the king's son-in-law as the old Fate foretold. As for the king, well, I fear he's still ferrying that boat across the black sea.



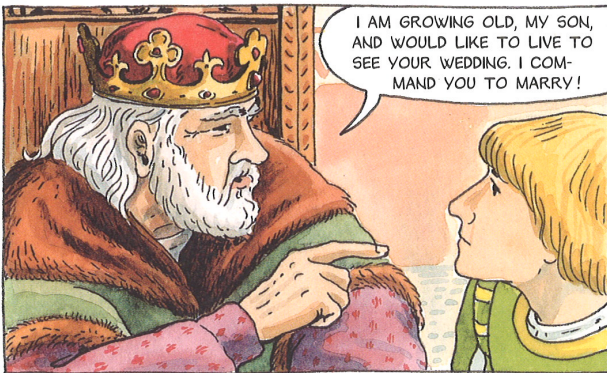
LONG, WIDE
AND
SHARPEYES



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED A KING WHO HAD ONLY ONE SON. ONE DAY, HE ASKED TO SEE HIM...



WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WISH, FATHER ?



I AM GROWING OLD, MY SON, AND WOULD LIKE TO LIVE TO SEE YOUR WEDDING. I COMMAND YOU TO MARRY!



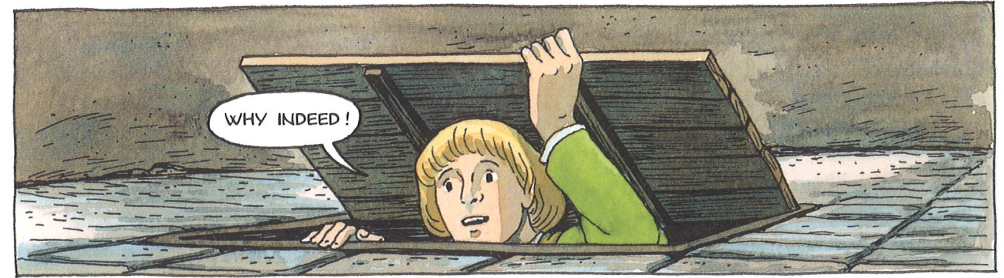
I WOULD LIKE TO, FATHER, BUT I HAVE NO BRIDE. NONE AT ALL!



NOTHING IS EASIER ! GO TO THE VERY TOP OF THE TOWER AT MIDNIGHT. LOOK AROUND AND MAKE YOUR CHOICE!

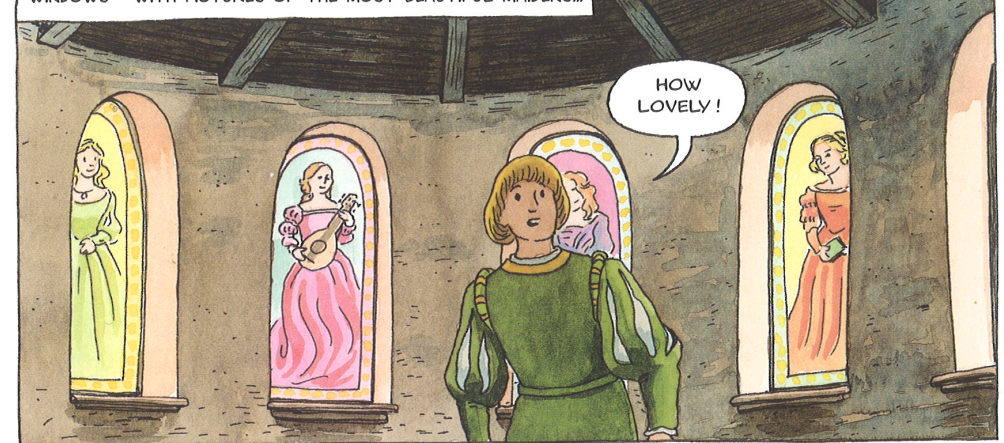


AT LAST I'LL KNOW WHAT'S UP HERE!

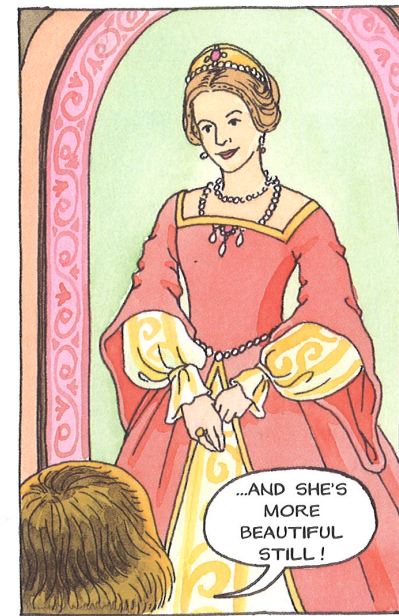


WHY INDEED !

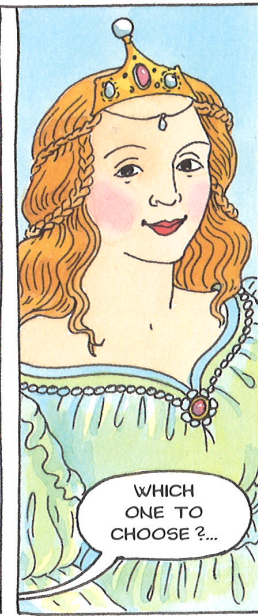
AS IF ENCHANTED, THE PRINCE WALKED ALL AROUND THE TOWER ROOM AND LOOKED AT ALL TWELVE WINDOWS - WITH PICTURES OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAIDENS...



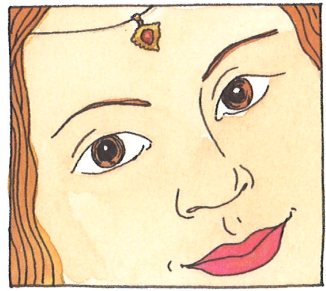
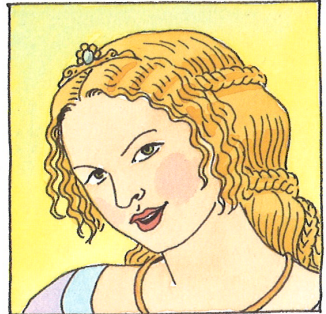
HOW LOVELY !

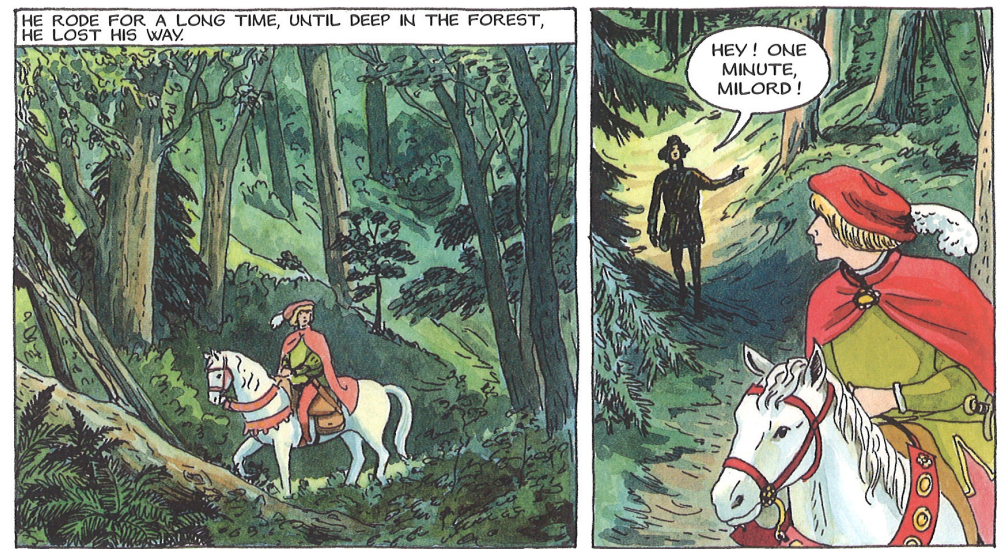
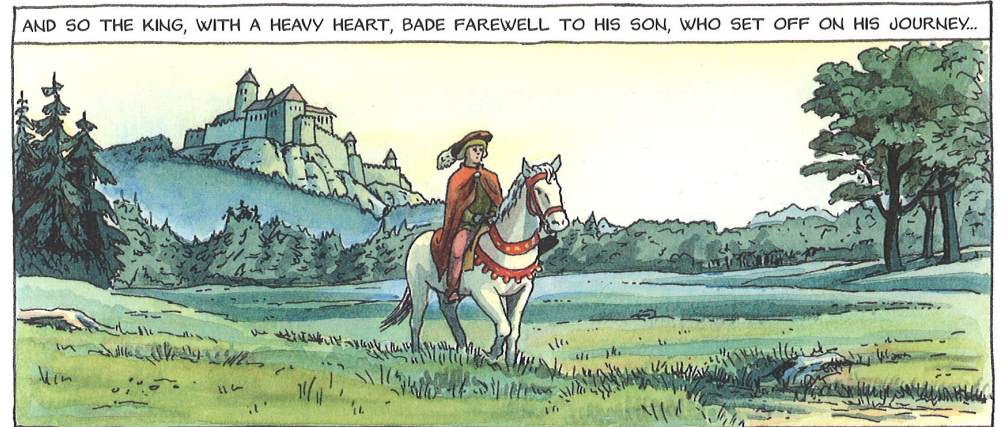
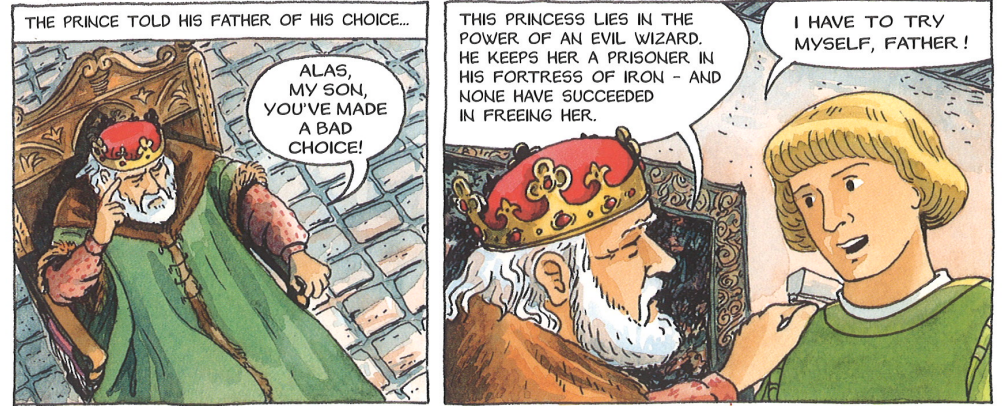
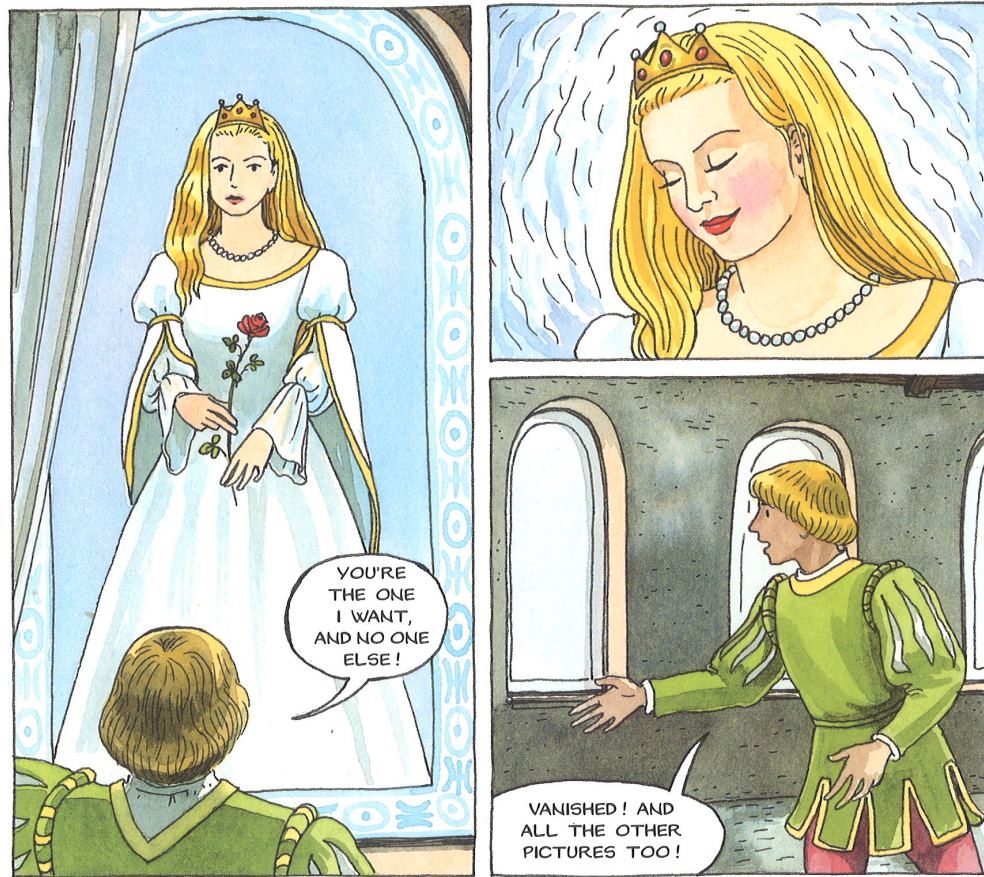
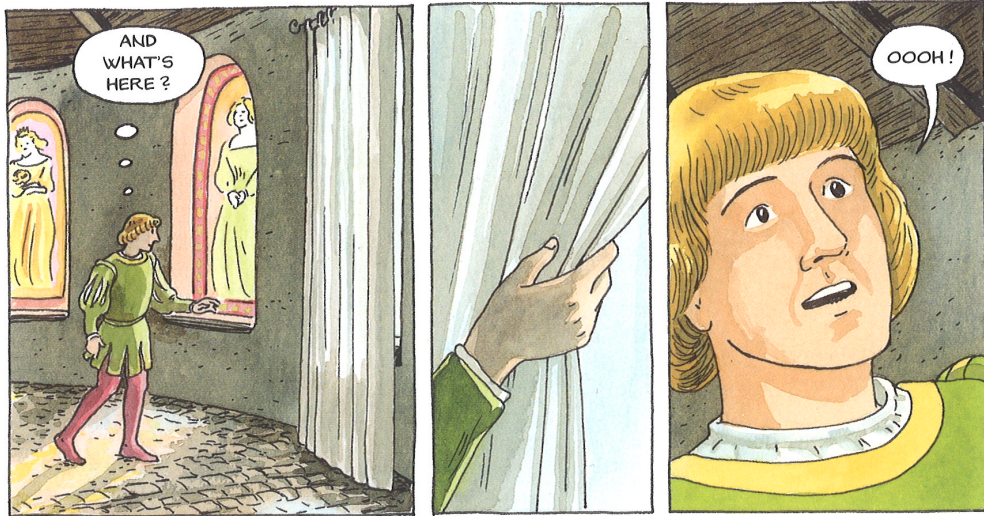


...AND SHE'S MORE BEAUTIFUL STILL!



WHICH ONE TO CHOOSE ?...







WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

TAKE ME INTO YOUR SERVICE, MILORD!



WONDERFUL TRICKS YOU KNOW! BUT PUT THE FLEDGLINGS BACK, AND TELL ME INSTEAD HOW TO GET OUT OF THIS FOREST.

LOOK! I CAN EASILY HAND YOU THAT BIRD'S NEST!



THEY CALL ME LONG, BECAUSE I CAN STRETCH MYSELF OUT.



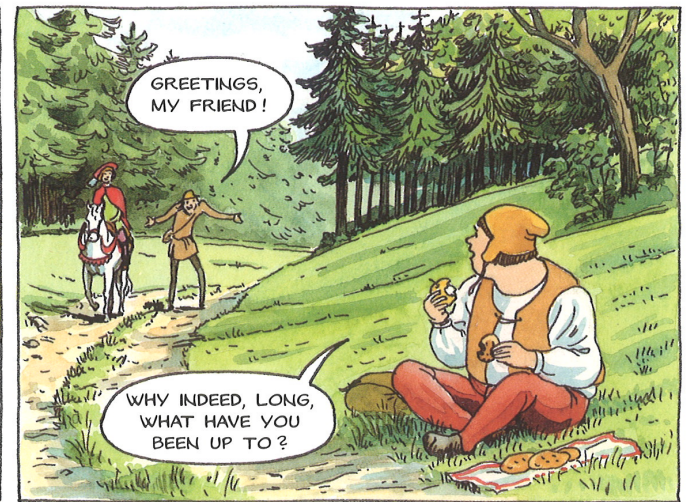
LOOK! I CAN EASILY HAND YOU THAT BIRD'S NEST!



THIS WAY'S THE QUICKEST!



WHY LOOK, IT'S WIDE! WE MIGHT FIND HIM USEFUL AS WELL, MILORD!



GREETINGS, MY FRIEND!

WHY INDEED, LONG, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?



TAKE ME INTO YOUR SERVICE AS WELL, MILORD!

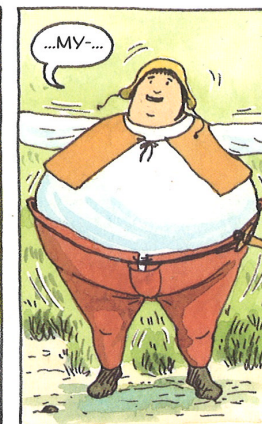
AND WHAT CAN YOU DO?



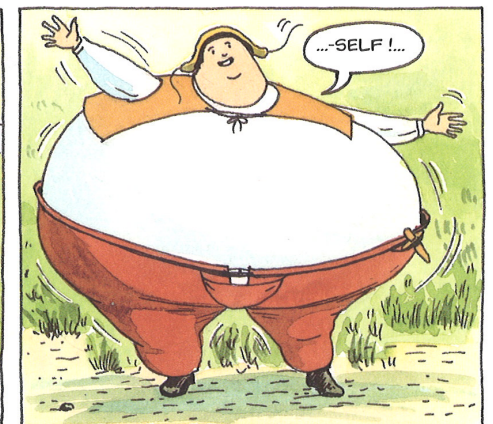
THEY CALL ME WIDE, AND I CAN EX...



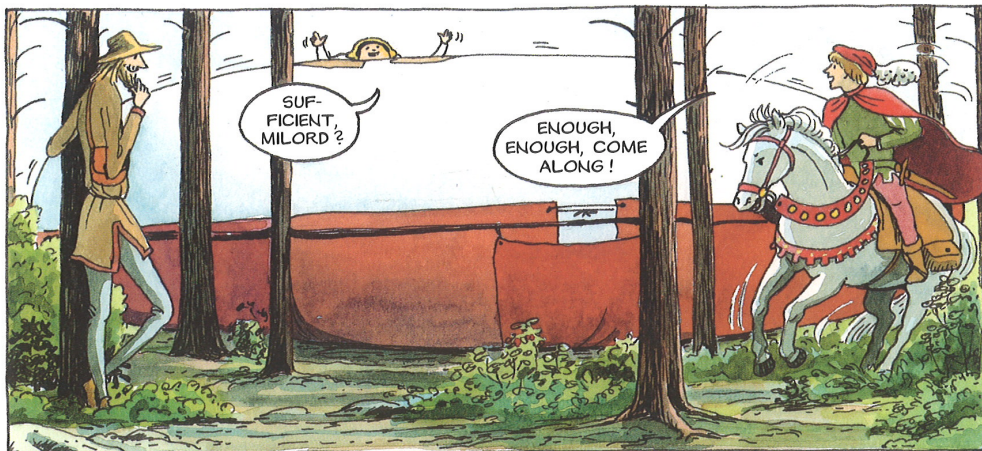
...PAND...



...MY...

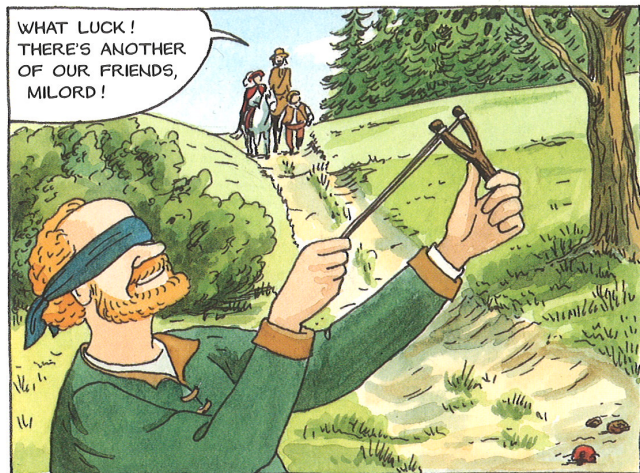


...SELF!...

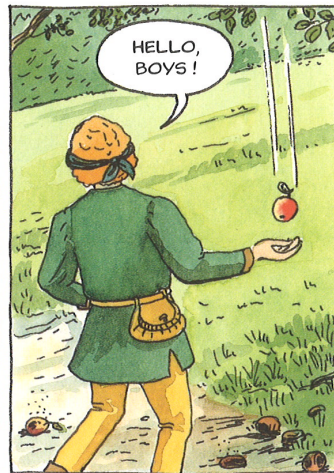


SUF-
FICIENT,
MILORD?

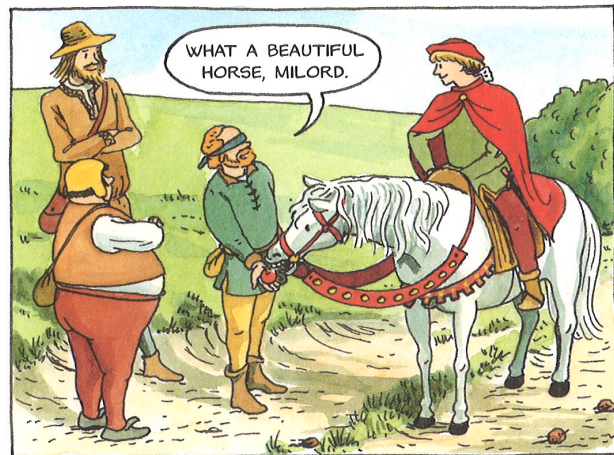
ENOUGH,
ENOUGH, COME
ALONG!



WHAT LUCK!
THERE'S ANOTHER
OF OUR FRIENDS,
MILORD!



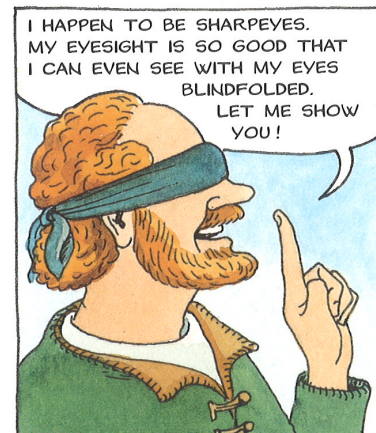
HELLO,
BOYS!



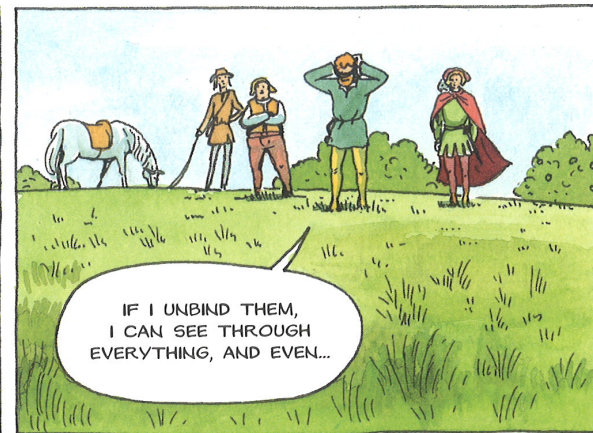
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL
HORSE, MILORD.



HOW CAN
YOU SEE IF
YOUR EYES
ARE
COVERED?



I HAPPEN TO BE SHARPEYES.
MY EYESIGHT IS SO GOOD THAT
I CAN EVEN SEE WITH MY EYES
BLINDFOLDED.
LET ME SHOW
YOU!



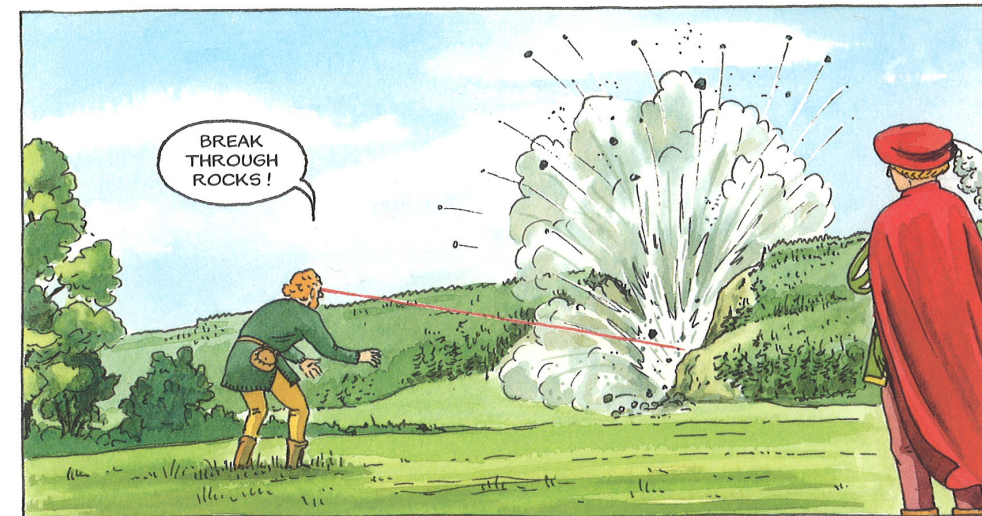
IF I UNBIND THEM,
I CAN SEE THROUGH
EVERYTHING, AND EVEN...



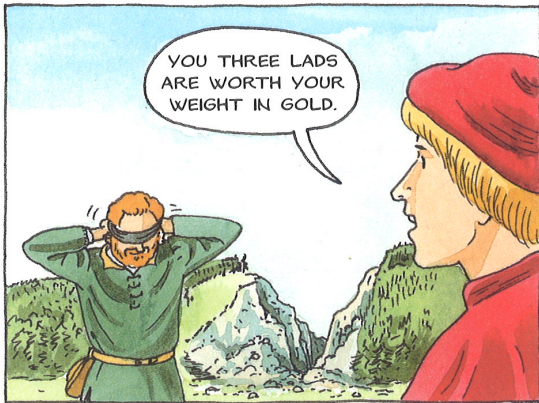
LIGHT A FIRE
WITH THEM!



OR...



BREAK
THROUGH
ROCKS!



YOU THREE LADS ARE WORTH YOUR WEIGHT IN GOLD.



COME ALONG, LET'S HAVE A REST AND I CAN TELL YOU WHERE I AM HEADING...



THE PRINCE RELATED TO THEM HIS STORY OF THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

DO YOU STILL WISH TO SERVE ME?

YES!

WE'LL HELP YOU!

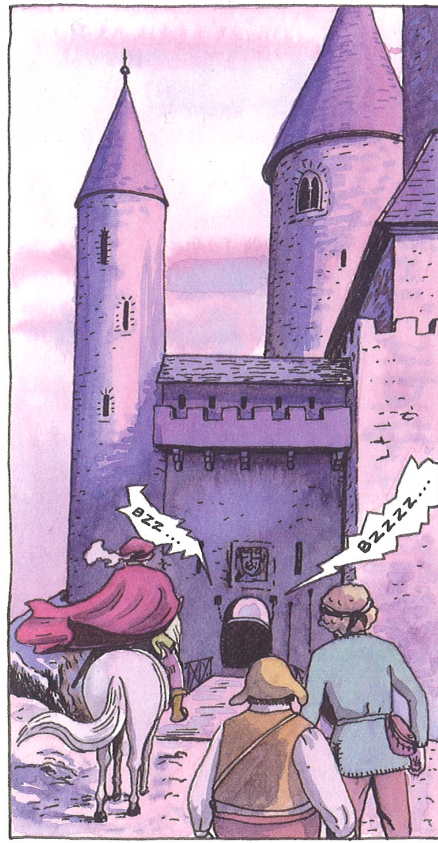
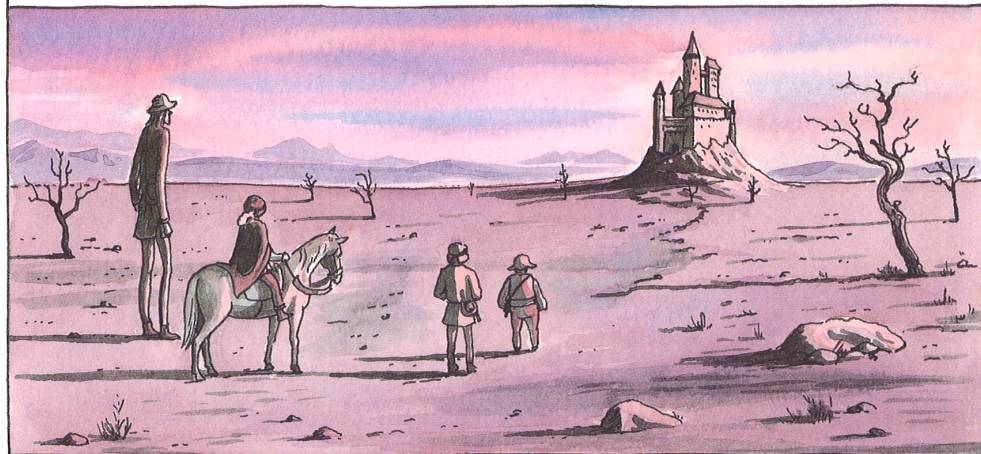
JUST YOU SEE!



RIGHT THEN - OFF WE GO!

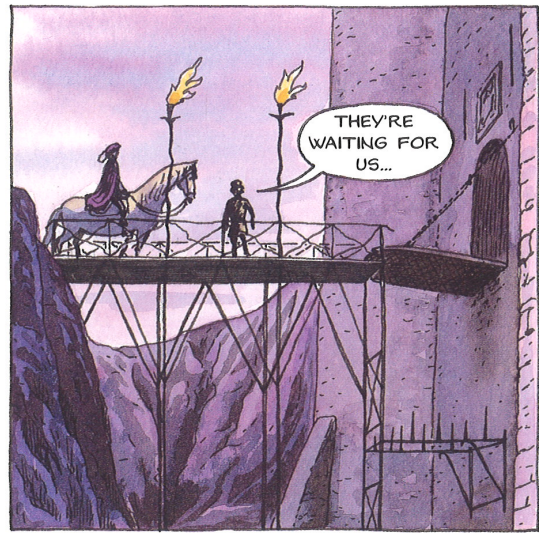
WE CAN TAKE THIS NEW SHORTCUT, IT'LL BE QUICKER!

AND SO THEY RODE AND RODE, UNTIL FINALLY THE IRON FORTRESS ROSE UP BEFORE THEM.



BZZ...

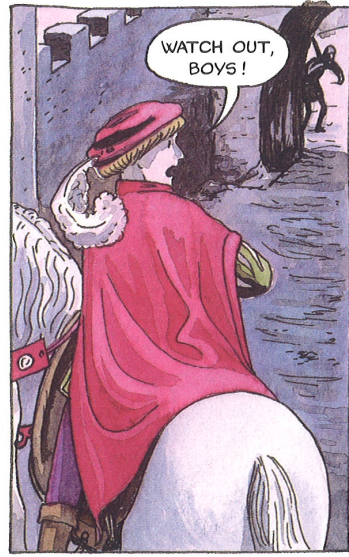
BZZZZ...



THEY'RE WAITING FOR US...



QUIET AS A TOMB...

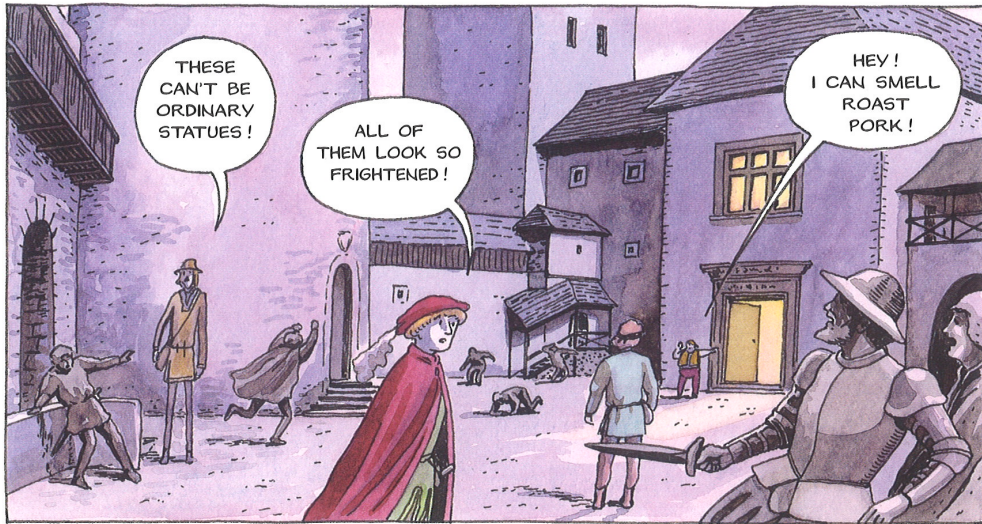


WATCH OUT, BOYS!



HE'S BEEN TURNED TO STONE!

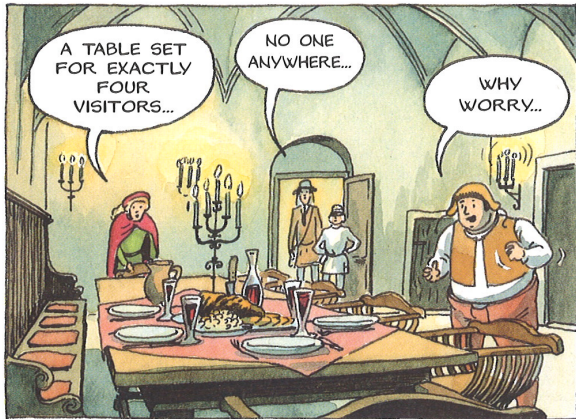
THERE ARE EVEN MORE! COME ON!



THESE CAN'T BE ORDINARY STATUES!

ALL OF THEM LOOK SO FRIGHTENED!

HEY! I CAN SMELL ROAST PORK!



A TABLE SET FOR EXACTLY FOUR VISITORS...

NO ONE ANYWHERE...

WHY WORRY...



EXCELLENT MEAL. TOO BAD THERE'S NO ONE TO THANK.



COME TO SET HER FREE, HAVE YOU?

LET HER GO!

NOT SO QUICK!



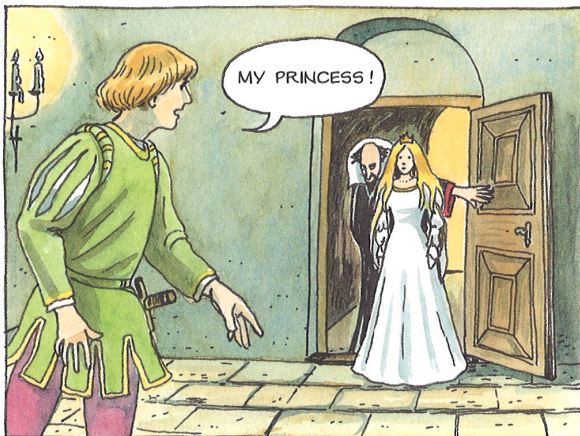
CLANG!



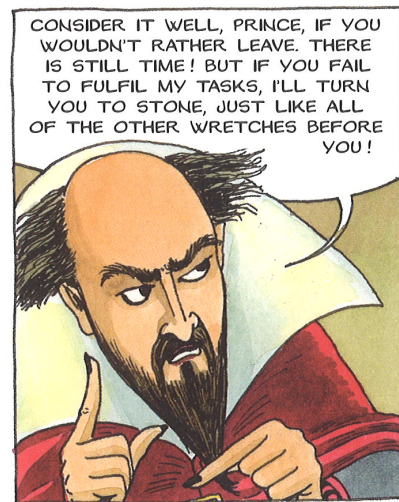
YOUR SWORD WON'T BE MUCH GOOD HERE!



...AND NOW I'LL JUST TAKE A STRETCH...



MY PRINCESS!



CONSIDER IT WELL, PRINCE, IF YOU WOULDN'T RATHER LEAVE. THERE IS STILL TIME! BUT IF YOU FAIL TO FULFIL MY TASKS, I'LL TURN YOU TO STONE, JUST LIKE ALL OF THE OTHER WRETCHES BEFORE YOU!



YOU CAN'T SCARE US AWAY! TELL US WHAT WE HAVE TO DO!

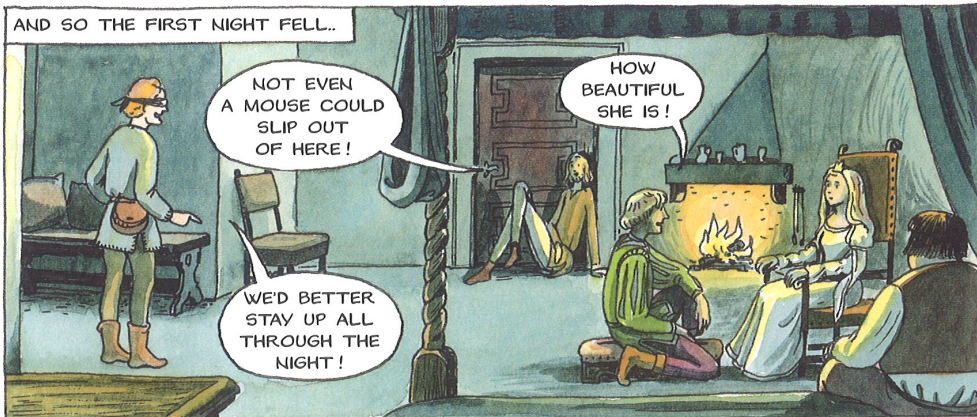


FOR THREE NIGHTS, YOU HAVE TO GUARD THE PRINCESS, AND IF SHE ISN'T IN HER CHAMBER AT THE BREAK OF DAWN, WOE BETIDE YOU!



AND IS THAT ALL?! IT SEEMS LIKE CHILD'S PLAY!

WAIT AND SEE! MY SPELLS ARE AS STRONG AS MY THREE IRON BANDS!



AND SO THE FIRST NIGHT FELL..

NOT EVEN A MOUSE COULD SLIP OUT OF HERE!

HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS!

WE'D BETTER STAY UP ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT!



WE HAVE TO PROTECT...



...THE PRINCESS...



THE PRIN...

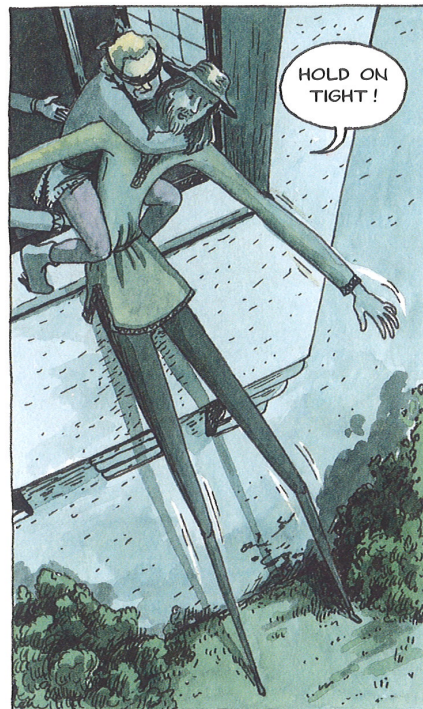


...CEZZ, ZZZZ...

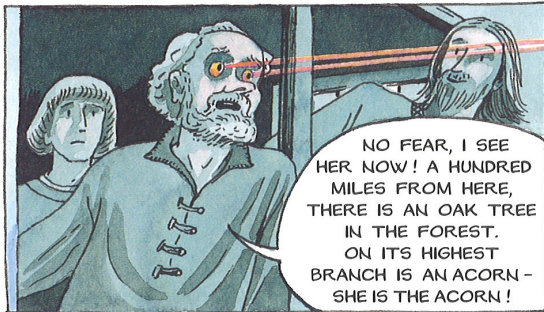


BEFORE MIDNIGHT HAD STRUCK, ALL WERE SLEEPING AS IF STRUCK DEAD. ONLY JUST BEFORE DAWN...

TERRIBLE NEWS, BOYS! THE PRINCESS IS GONE!



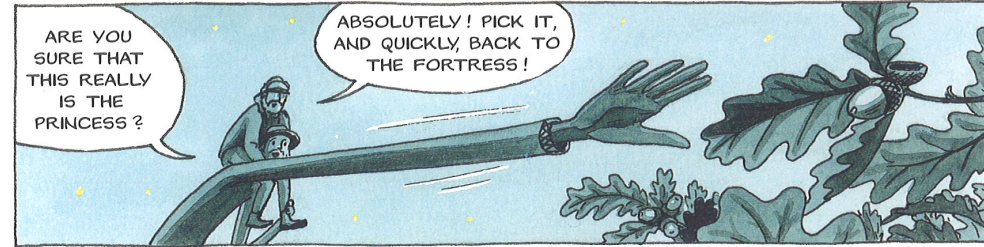
HOLD ON TIGHT!



NO FEAR, I SEE HER NOW! A HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE, THERE IS AN OAK TREE IN THE FOREST. ON ITS HIGHEST BRANCH IS AN ACORN - SHE IS THE ACORN!



KEEP GOING STRAIGHT, AND LEFT BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS!



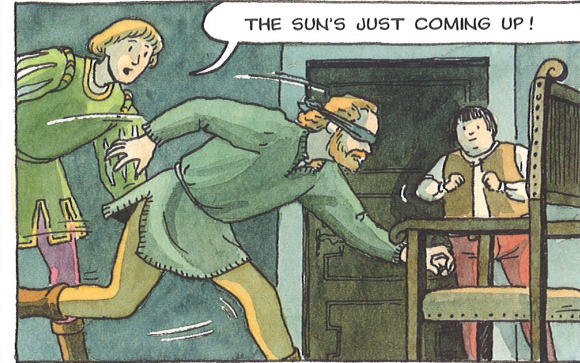
ARE YOU SURE THAT THIS REALLY IS THE PRINCESS?

ABSOLUTELY! PICK IT, AND QUICKLY, BACK TO THE FORTRESS!

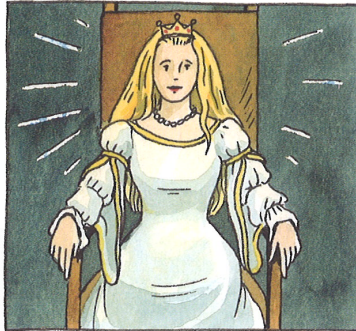


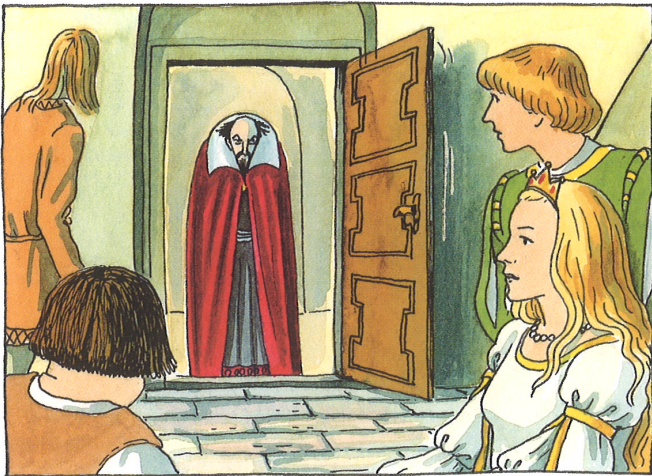
A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY WERE BACK...

WE HAVE HER!



THE SUN'S JUST COMING UP!

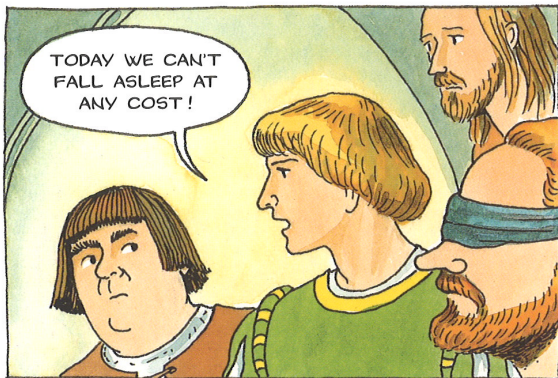




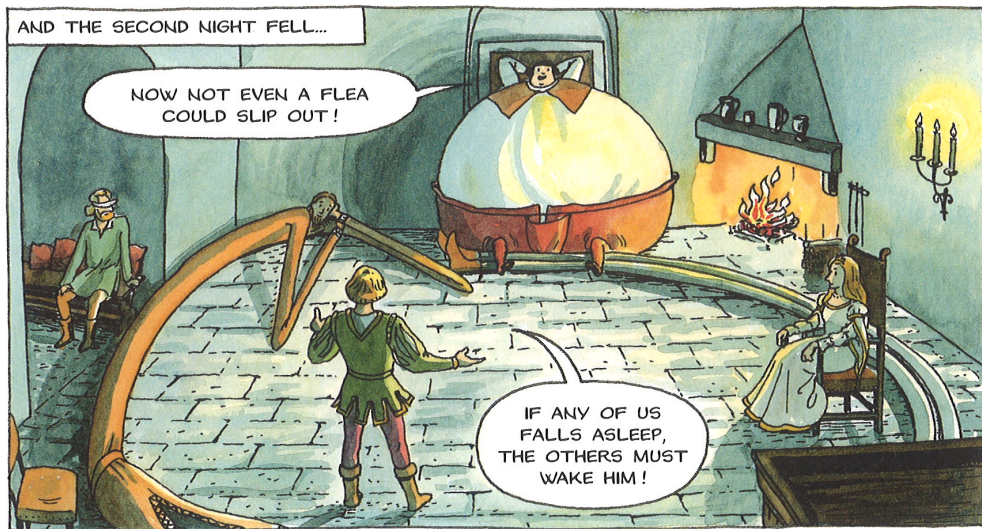
CLANG!



WE'LL STILL HAVE TO SEE WHO'S THE STRONGEST!



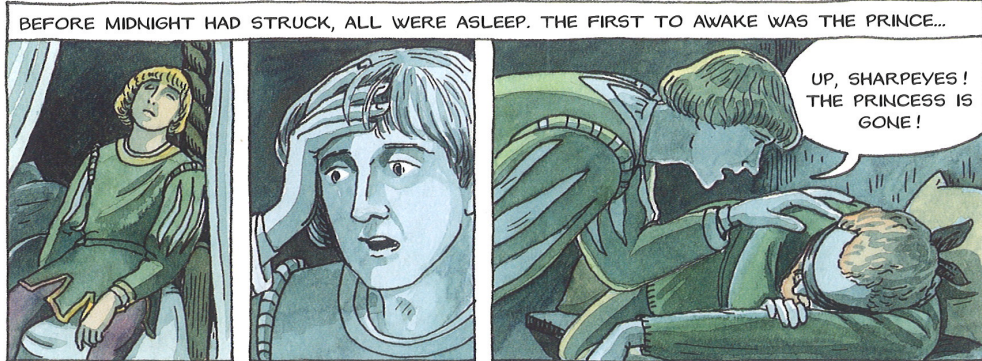
TODAY WE CAN'T FALL ASLEEP AT ANY COST!



AND THE SECOND NIGHT FELL...

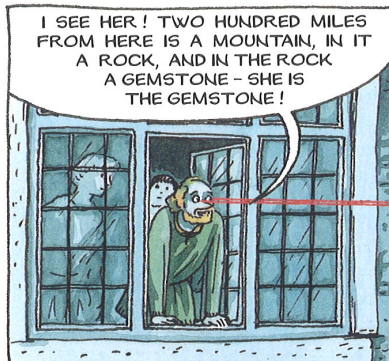
NOW NOT EVEN A FLEA COULD SLIP OUT!

IF ANY OF US FALLS ASLEEP, THE OTHERS MUST WAKE HIM!



BEFORE MIDNIGHT HAD STRUCK, ALL WERE ASLEEP. THE FIRST TO AWAKE WAS THE PRINCE...

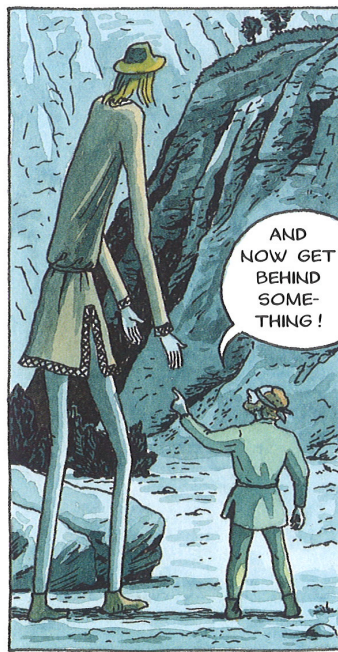
UP, SHARPEYES! THE PRINCESS IS GONE!



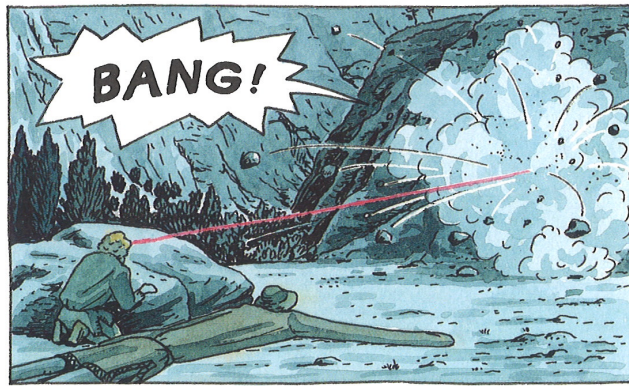
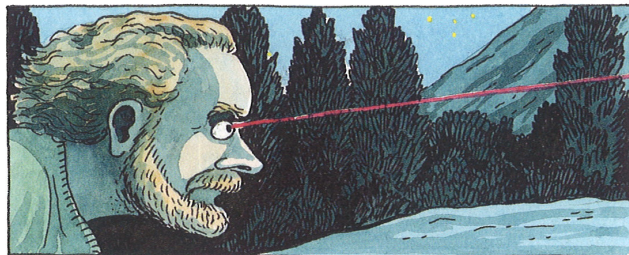
I SEE HER! TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE IS A MOUNTAIN, IN IT A ROCK, AND IN THE ROCK A GEMSTONE - SHE IS THE GEMSTONE!



THAT'S THE MOUNTAIN!



AND NOW GET BEHIND SOMETHING!



BANG!



I HAVE HER!

WONDERFUL WORK, SHARPEVES!



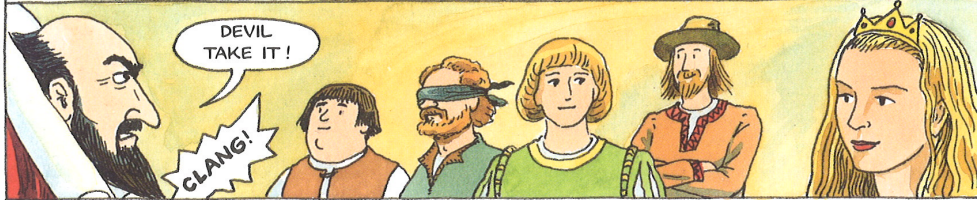
THE SUN'S GOING TO RISE ANY MINUTE...

LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!



THANK YOU, BOYS!

WHEN THE FIRST RAY OF SUN FELL INTO THE CHAMBER, THE WIZARD WAS THERE...



DEVIL TAKE IT!

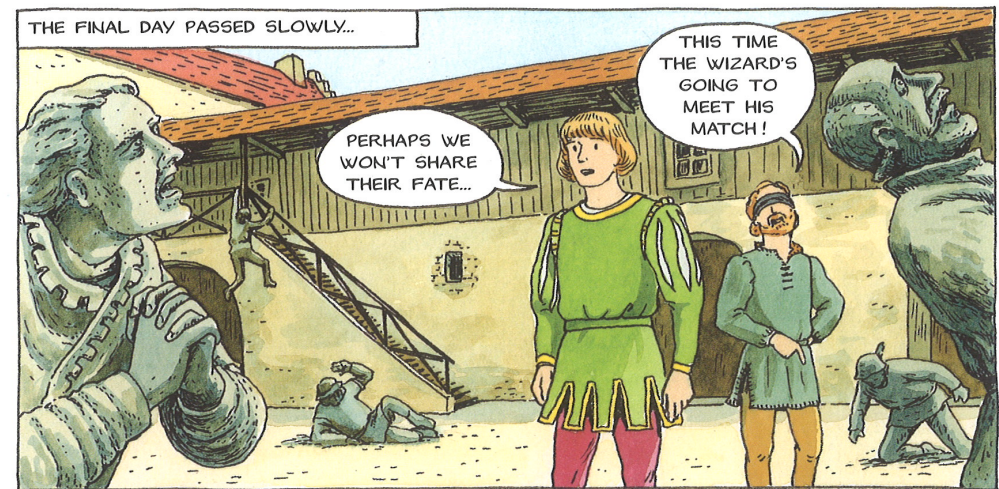
CLANG!



STILL, YOU HAVE ONE MORE NIGHT AHEAD OF YOU! POSSIBLY YOUR LAST!



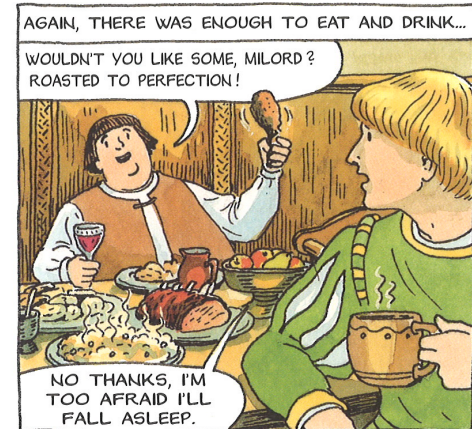
AND I STILL HAVE MY STRONGEST BAND!



THE FINAL DAY PASSED SLOWLY...

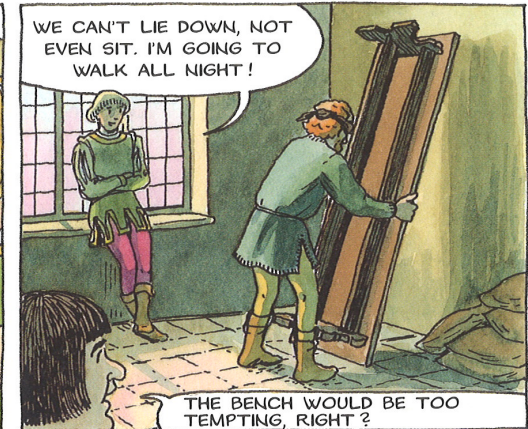
PERHAPS WE WON'T SHARE THEIR FATE...

THIS TIME THE WIZARD'S GOING TO MEET HIS MATCH!



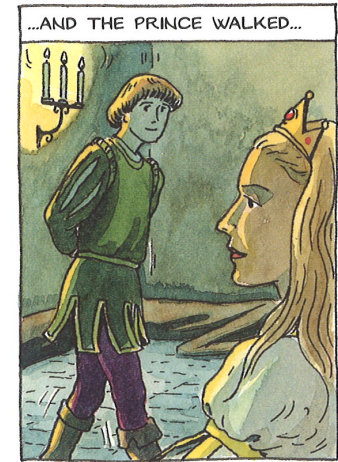
AGAIN, THERE WAS ENOUGH TO EAT AND DRINK... WOULDN'T YOU LIKE SOME, MILORD? ROASTED TO PERFECTION!

NO THANKS, I'M TOO AFRAID I'LL FALL ASLEEP.



WE CAN'T LIE DOWN, NOT EVEN SIT. I'M GOING TO WALK ALL NIGHT!

THE BENCH WOULD BE TOO TEMPTING, RIGHT?



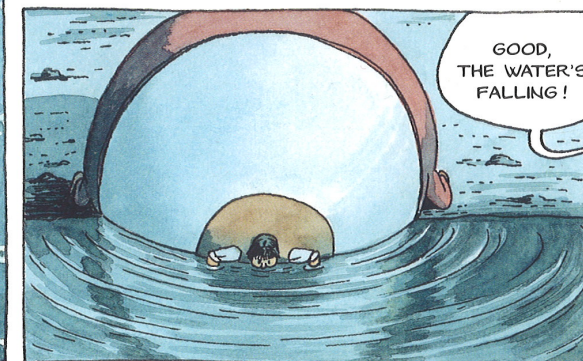
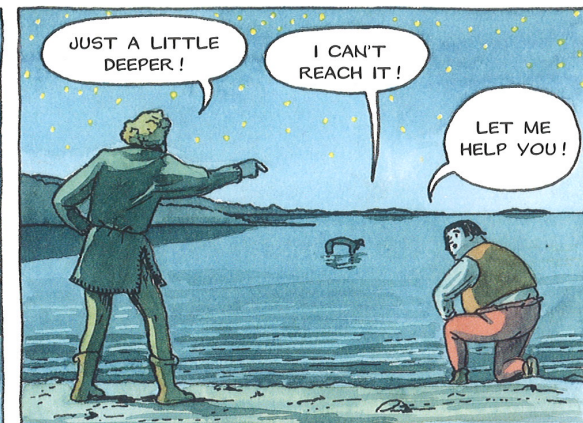
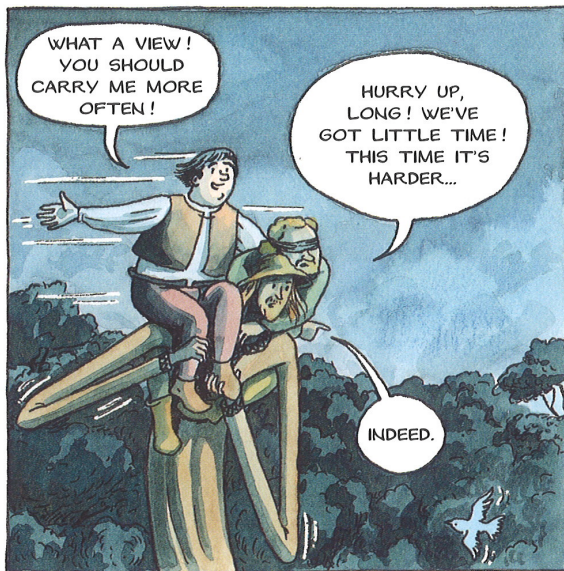
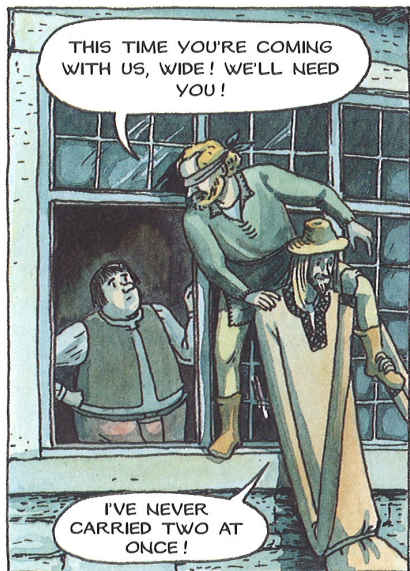
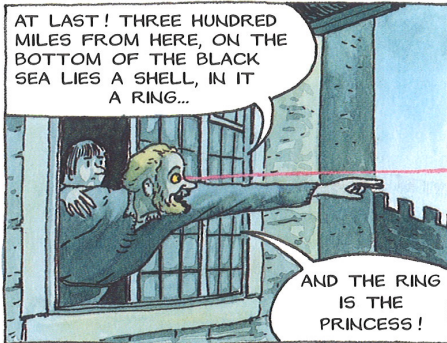
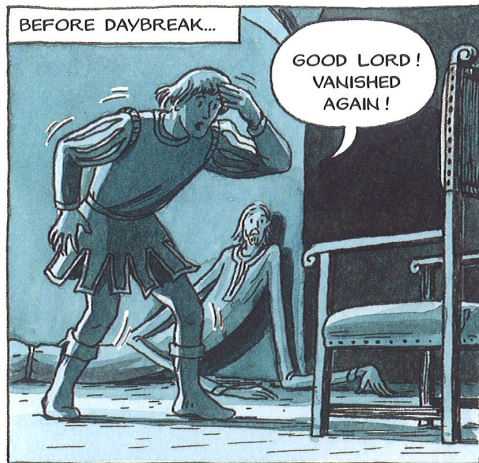
...AND THE PRINCE WALKED...

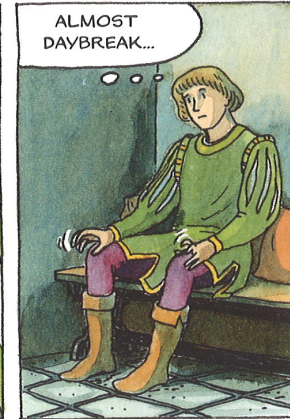
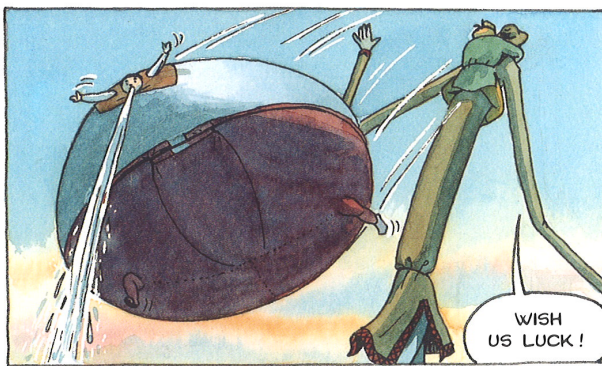
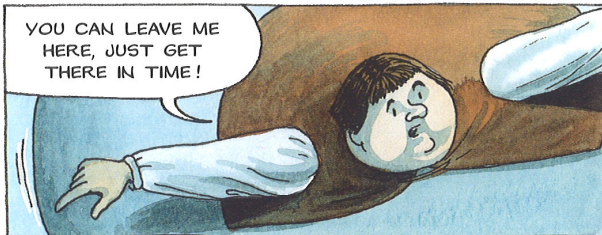
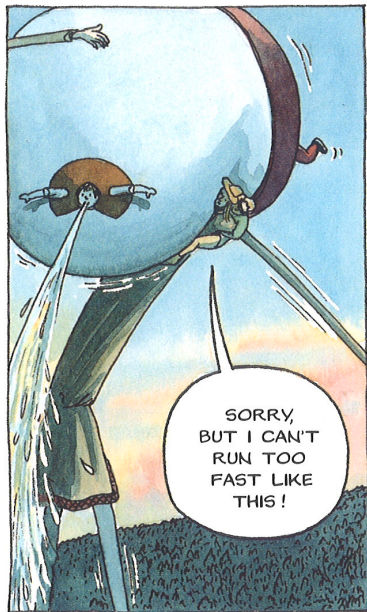
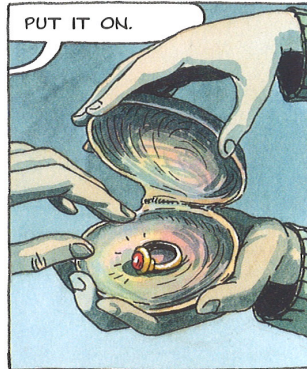
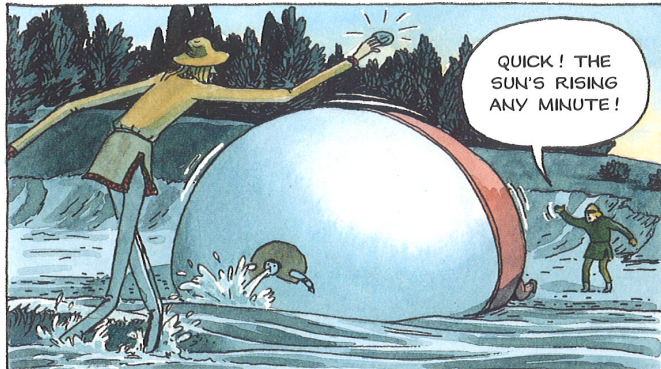
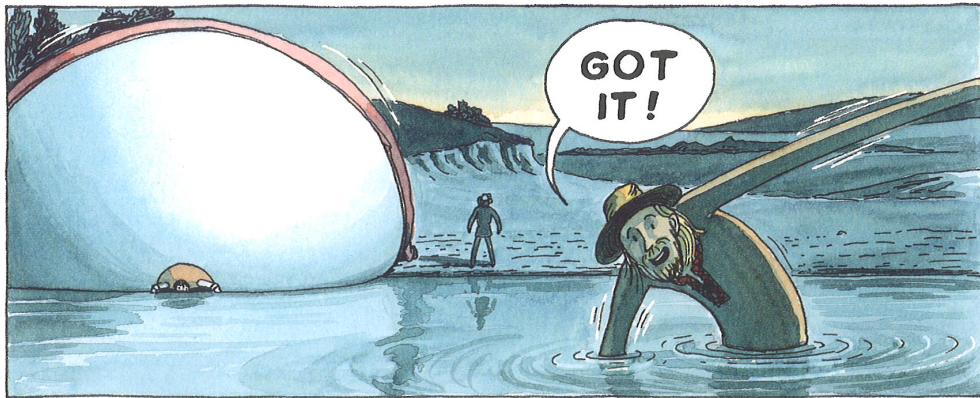


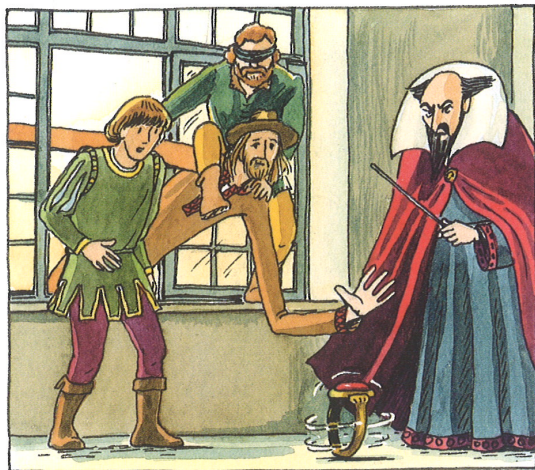
...WALKED AND WALKED...



...BUT STILL HE FELL ASLEEP.







CURSES!

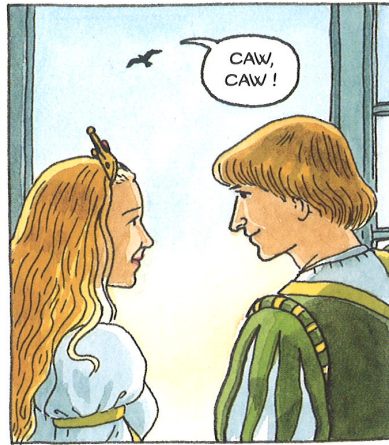
CLANG!



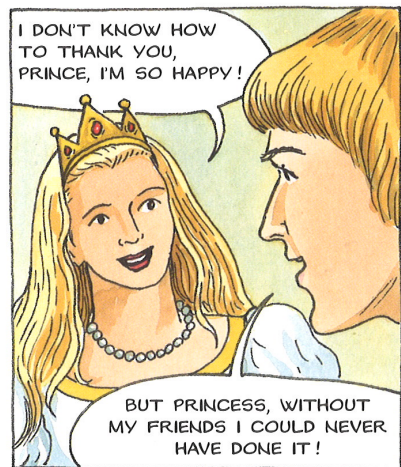
I'VE MET MY END!



THE PRINCE HAS WON! THE PRINCESS IS YOURS, YOURS!

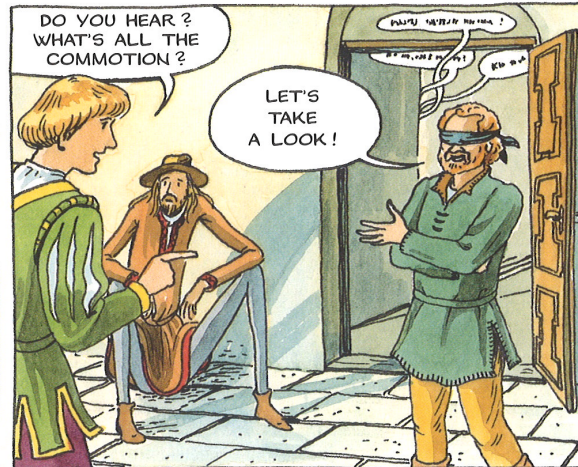


CAW, CAW!



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, PRINCE, I'M SO HAPPY!

BUT PRINCESS, WITHOUT MY FRIENDS I COULD NEVER HAVE DONE IT!



DO YOU HEAR? WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION?

LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



HOORAY!

WONDERFUL!

WHAT HAIL!

EDMUND! EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

YES IT IS, ONLY THIS HAND SEEMS AS IF IT'S TURNED TO STONE!



ALL OF THE HEROES WHOM THE WIZARD HAD TURNED INTO STONE CAME BACK TO LIFE AND REJOICED.

FOR MY TEST, THE WIZARD HID THE PRINCESS IN A PIG'S EAR! HOW COULD I HAVE FOUND HER?!

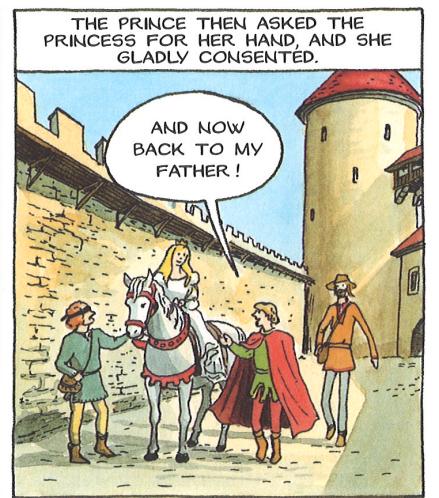
GLORY TO YOU!

HE'S OUR RESCUER!



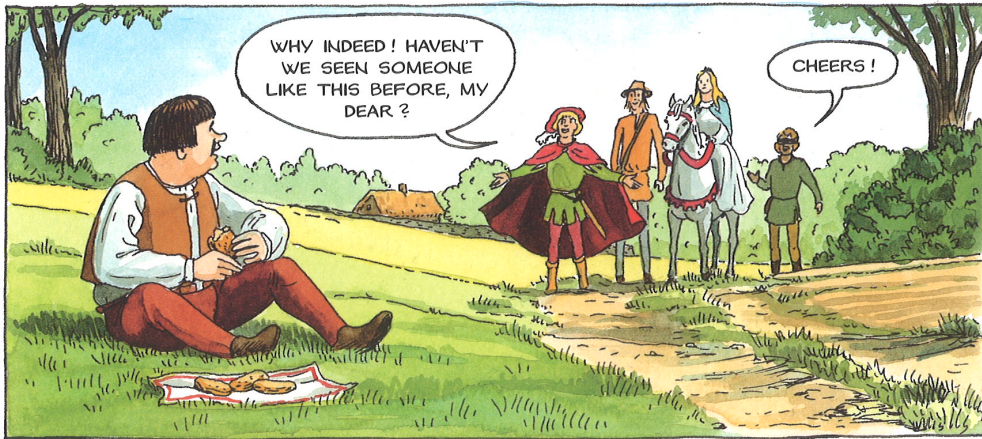
WERE IT NOT FOR MY FAITHFUL SERVANTS, I WOULD BE NO DIFFERENT FROM WHAT YOU WERE!

THEY DESERVE YOUR THANKS!



THE PRINCE THEN ASKED THE PRINCESS FOR HER HAND, AND SHE GLADLY CONSENTED.

AND NOW BACK TO MY FATHER!



WHY INDEED ! HAVEN'T WE SEEN SOMEONE LIKE THIS BEFORE, MY DEAR ?

CHEERS !

THEY SAFELY REACHED THE KING...



MY SON ! MY DAUGHTER !

AND SOON A GLORIOUS WEDDING WAS HELD.



LONG DID THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS TRY TO PERSUADE LONG, WIDE AND SHARPEYES TO STAY, BUT IN VAIN. THE THREE SET OUT INTO THE WIDE WORLD TO LOOK FOR NEW ADVENTURES...



WHAT IF I DRANK UP ALL OF THAT POND ?

THE END

The following three fairytales are collected by **Božena Němcová**.

Clever Manka

There was once a rich farmer who was as grasping and unscrupulous as he was rich. He was always driving a hard bargain and always getting the better of his poor neighbors. One of these neighbors was a humble shepherd who in return for service was to receive from the farmer a heifer. When the time of payment came the farmer refused to give the shepherd the heifer and the shepherd was forced to lay the matter before the burgomaster.

The burgomaster, who was a young man and as yet not very experienced, listened to both sides and when he had deliberated he said:

"Instead of deciding this case, I will put a riddle to you both and the man who makes the best answer shall have the heifer. Are you agreed?"

The farmer and the shepherd accepted this proposal and the burgomaster said:

"Well then, here is my riddle: What is the swiftest thing in the world? What is the sweetest thing? What is the richest? Think out your answers and bring them to me at this same hour tomorrow." The farmer went home in a temper.

"What kind of a burgomaster is this young fellow!" he growled. "If he had let me keep the heifer I'd have sent him a bushel of pears. But now I'm in a fair way of losing the heifer for I can't think of any answer to his foolish riddle."

"What is the matter, husband?" his wife asked.

"It's that new burgomaster. The old one would have given me the heifer without any argument, but this young man thinks to decide the case by asking us riddles."

When he told his wife what the riddle was, she cheered him greatly by telling him that she knew the answers at once.

"Why, husband," said she, "our gray mare must be the swiftest thing in the world. You know yourself nothing ever passes us on the road. As for the sweetest, did you ever taste honey any sweeter than ours? And I'm sure there's nothing richer than our chest of golden ducats that we've been laying by these forty years." The farmer was delighted.

"You're right, wife, you're right! That heifer remains ours!"

The shepherd when he got home was downcast and sad. He had a daughter, a clever girl named Manka, who met him at the door of his cottage and asked:

"What is it, father? What did the burgomaster say?" The shepherd sighed.

"I'm afraid I've lost the heifer. The burgomaster set us a riddle and I know I shall never guess it."

"Perhaps I can help you," Manka said. "What is it?"

So the shepherd gave her the riddle and the next day as he was setting out for the burgomaster's, Manka told him what answers to make.

When he reached the burgomaster's house, the farmer was already there rubbing his hands and beaming with self-importance.

The burgomaster again propounded the riddle and then asked the farmer his answers. The farmer cleared his throat and with a pompous air began:

"The swiftest thing in the world? Why, my dear sir, that's my gray mare, of course, for no other horse ever passes us on the road. The sweetest? Honey from my beehives, to be sure. The richest? What can be richer than my chest of golden ducats!"

And the farmer squared his shoulders and smiled triumphantly.

"H'm," said the young burgomaster, dryly. Then he asked:

"What answers does the shepherd make?"

The shepherd bowed politely and said:

"The swiftest thing in the world is thought for thought can run any distance in the twinkling of an eye. The sweetest thing of all is sleep for when a man is tired and sad what can be sweeter? The richest thing is the earth for out of the earth come all the riches of the world."

"Good!" the burgomaster cried. "Good! The heifer goes to the shepherd!"

Later the burgomaster said to the shepherd:

"Tell me, now, who gave you those answers? I'm sure they never came out of your own head."

At first the shepherd tried not to tell, but when the burgomaster pressed him he confessed that they came from his daughter, Manka. The burgomaster, who thought he would like to make another test of Manka's cleverness, sent for ten eggs. He gave them to the shepherd and said:

"Take these eggs to Manka and tell her to have them hatched out by tomorrow and to bring me the chicks."

When the shepherd reached home and gave Manka the burgomaster's message, Manka laughed and said: "Take a handful of millet and go right back to the burgomaster. Say to him: 'My daughter sends you this millet. She says that if you plant it, grow it, and have it harvested by tomorrow, she'll bring you the ten chicks and you can feed them the ripe grain.'"

When the burgomaster heard this, he laughed heartily.

"That's a clever girl of yours," he told the shepherd. "If she's as comely as she is clever, I think I'd like to marry her. Tell her to come to see me, but she must come neither by day nor by night, neither riding nor walking, neither dressed nor undressed."

When Manka received this message she waited until the next dawn when night was gone and day not yet arrived. Then she wrapped herself in a fishnet and, throwing one leg over a goat's back and keeping one foot on the ground, she went to the burgomaster's house.

Now I ask you: did she go dressed? No, she wasn't dressed. A fishnet isn't clothing. Did she go undressed? Of course not, for wasn't she covered with a fishnet? Did she walk to the burgomaster's? No, she didn't walk for she went with one leg thrown over a goat. Then did she ride? Of course she didn't ride for wasn't she walking on one foot?

When she reached the burgomaster's house she called out:

"Here I am, Mr. Burgomaster, and I've come neither by day nor by night, neither riding nor walking, neither dressed nor undressed."

The young burgomaster was so delighted with Manka's cleverness and so pleased with her comely looks that he proposed to her at once and in a short time married her.

"But understand, my dear Manka," he said, "you are not to use that cleverness of yours at my expense. I won't have you interfering in any of my cases. In fact if ever you give advice to any one who comes to me for judgment, I'll turn you out of my house at once and send you home to your father."

All went well for a time. Manka busied herself in her house-keeping and was careful not to interfere in any of the burgomaster's cases.

Then one day two farmers came to the burgomaster to have a dispute settled. One of the farmers owned a mare which had foaled in the marketplace. The colt had run under the wagon of the other farmer and thereupon the owner of the wagon claimed the colt as his property.

The burgomaster, who was thinking of something else while the case was being presented, said carelessly:

"The man who found the colt under his wagon is, of course, the owner of the colt."

As the owner of the mare was leaving the burgomaster's house, he met Manka and stopped to tell her about the case. Manka was ashamed of her husband for making so foolish a decision and she said to the farmer:

"Come back this afternoon with a fishing net and stretch it across the dusty road. When the burgomaster sees you he will come out and ask you what you are doing. Say to him that you're catching fish. When he asks you how you can expect to catch fish in a dusty road, tell him it's just as easy for you to catch fish in a dusty road as it is for a wagon to foal. Then he'll see the injustice of his decision and have the colt returned to you. But remember one thing: you mustn't let him find out that it was I who told you to do this."

That afternoon when the burgomaster chanced to look out the window he saw a man stretching a fishnet across the dusty road. He went out to him and asked:

"What are you doing?"

"Fishing."

"Fishing in a dusty road? Are you daft?"

"Well," the man said, "it's just as easy for me to catch fish in a dusty road as it is for a wagon to foal."

Then the burgomaster recognized the man as the owner of the mare and he had to confess that what he said was true.

"Of course the colt belongs to your mare and must be returned to you. But tell me," he said, "who put you up to this? You didn't think of it yourself."



The farmer tried not to tell but the burgomaster questioned him until he found out that Manka was at the bottom of it. This made him very angry. He went into the house and called his wife.

"Manka," he said, "do you forget what I told you would happen if you went interfering in any of my cases? Home you go this very day. I don't care to hear any excuses. The matter is settled. You may take with you the one thing you like best in my house for I won't have people saying that I treated you shabbily."

Manka made no outcry.

"Very well, my dear husband, I shall do as you say: I shall go home to my father's cottage and take with me the one thing I like best in your house. But don't make me go until after supper. We have been very happy together and I should like to eat one last meal with you. Let us have no more words but be kind to each other as we've always been and then part as friends."

The burgomaster agreed to this and Manka prepared a fine supper of all the dishes of which her husband was particularly fond. The burgomaster opened his choicest wine and pledged Manka's health. Then he set to, and the supper was so good that he ate and ate and ate. And the more he ate, the more he drank until at last he grew drowsy and fell sound asleep in

his chair. Then without awakening him Manka had him carried out to the wagon that was waiting to take her home to her father.

The next morning when the burgomaster opened his eyes, he found himself lying in the shepherd's cottage.

"What does this mean?" he roared out.

"Nothing, dear husband, nothing!" Manka said. "You know you told me I might take with me the one thing I liked best in your house, so of course I took you! That's all."

For a moment the burgomaster rubbed his eyes in amazement. Then he laughed loud and heartily to think how Manka had outwitted him.

"Manka," he said, "you're too clever for me. Come on, my dear, let's go home."

So they climbed back into the wagon and drove home.

The burgomaster never again scolded his wife but thereafter whenever a very difficult case came up he always said: "I think we had better consult my wife. You know she's a very clever woman."



Prince Bayaya

While the king of a distant country was off at the wars, his wife, the queen, gave birth to twin sons. There was great rejoicing throughout the court and immediately messengers were despatched to the king to carry him news of the happy event.

Both boys were well and vigorous and shot up like little trees. The one who was about a moment the older was the hardier of the two. Even as a toddling child he was forever playing in the courtyard and struggling to climb on the back of a horse that had been given him because it was just his own age.

His brother, on the other hand, liked better to play indoors on the soft carpets. He was always tagging after his mother and never went outdoors except when he followed the queen into the garden. For this reason the younger prince became the mother's favorite.

The boys were seven years old before the king returned from the wars. He looked at his sons with pride and joy and he said to the queen:

"But which is the older and which is the younger?"

The queen, thinking that the king was asking in order to know which was the heir to the throne, slipped in her favorite as the older. The king, of course, did not question his wife's word and so, thereafter, he always spoke of the younger one as his heir.

When the boys had grown into handsome youths, the older one wearied of life at home and of hearing his brother always spoken of as the future king. He longed to go out into the world and seek adventures of his own. One day as he was pouring out his heart to the little horse that had been his companion from infancy, much to his amazement the horse spoke to him with a human voice and said:

"Since you are not happy at home, go out into the world. But do not go without your father's permission. I advise you to take no one with you and to mount no horse but me. This will bring you good luck."

The prince asked the horse how it happened that he could talk like a human being.

"Don't ask me about that," the horse said, "for I can't tell you. But I wish to be your friend and counselor and I will be as long as you obey me."

The prince promised to do as the horse advised. He went at once to his father to beg his leave to ride out into the world. At first his father was unwilling to let him go but his mother gave her permission at once. By dint of coaxing he finally won his father's consent. Of course the king wanted the prince to set forth in a manner befitting his rank with a great company of men and horses. But the prince insisted that he wished to go unattended.

"Why, my dear father, do I need any such retinue as you suggest? Let me have some money for the journey and let me ride off alone on my own little horse. This will give me more freedom and less trouble."

Again he had to argue with his father for some time, but at last he succeeded in arranging everything to his liking.

The day of parting came. The little horse stood saddled at the castle gate. The prince bade farewell to his parents and his brother. They all wept on his neck and at the last moment the queen's heart misgave her for the deceit she had practised and she made the prince solemnly promise that he would return home within a year or at least send them word of his whereabouts.

So the prince mounted his little horse and off they trotted. The horse went at a surprising pace for an animal that was seventeen years old, but of course you have guessed before this that he was no ordinary horse. The years had not touched him at all. His coat was as smooth as satin and his legs were straight and sound. No matter how far he traveled he was always as fresh as a fawn.

He carried the prince a great distance until they came in sight of the towers of a beautiful city. Then the horse left the beaten track and crossed a field to a big rock.

When they reached the rock, the horse kicked it with his hoof three times and the rock opened. They rode inside and the prince found himself in a comfortable stable.

"Now you will leave me here," the horse said, "and go on alone to the nearby town. You must pretend you are dumb and be careful never to betray yourself. Present yourself at court and have the king take you into his service. When you need anything, no matter what it is, come to the rock, knock three times, and the rock will open to you."

The prince thought to himself: "My horse certainly knows what he's about, so of course I'll do exactly as he says."

He disguised himself by bandaging one eye and making his face look pale and sallow. Then he presented himself at court and the king, pitying his youth and his affliction of dumbness, took him into his service.

The prince was capable and quick at affairs and it wasn't long before the king gave over to him the management of the household. His advice was asked in matters of importance and all day long he hurried about the castle going from one thing to another. If the king

needed a scribe, there wasn't a cleverer one anywhere than the prince. Everybody liked him and everybody was soon calling him Bayaya, because those were the only sounds he made.

The king had three daughters, each more beautiful than the other. The oldest was called Zdobena, the second Budinka, and the youngest Slavena.

The prince loved to be with the three girls and as he was supposed to be dumb and in his disguise was very ugly, the king made no objection to his spending his days with them. How could the king possibly think that there was any danger of Bayaya's stealing the heart of one of the princesses? They liked him, all three of them, and were always taking him with them wherever they went. He wove garlands for them, spun golden thread, picked them flowers, and drew them designs of birds and flowers for their embroidery. He liked them all, but he liked the youngest one best. Everything he did for her was done a little better than for the others. The garlands he wove her were richer, the designs he drew for her were more beautiful. The two older sisters noticed this and laughed, and when they were alone they teased Slavena. Slavena, who had a sweet and amiable disposition, accepted their joking without retort.

Bayaya had been at the court some time when one morning he found the king sitting sad and gloomy over his breakfast. So by signs he asked him what was the matter.

The king looked at him and sighed. "Is it possible, my dear boy," he said, "that you don't know what's the matter? Don't you know the calamity that threatens us? Don't you know the bitter three days that are at hand for me?"

Bayaya, alarmed by the seriousness of the king's manner, shook his head.

"Then I'll tell you," said the king, "although you can be of no help. Years ago three dragons came flying through the air and alighted on a great rock near here. The first was nine-headed, the second eighteen-headed, and the third twenty-seven-headed. At once they laid waste the country, devouring the cattle and killing the people. Soon the city was in a state of siege. To keep them away we placed all the food we had outside the gates and in a short time we ourselves were starving. In desperation I had an old wise woman called to court and asked her was there any way to drive these monsters from the land. Alas for me, there was a way and that way was to promise the awful creatures my three beautiful daughters when they reached womanhood. At that time my daughters were only small children and I thought to myself many things might happen in the years before they grew up. So, to relieve my stricken land, I promised the dragons my daughters. The poor queen died at once of grief, but my daughters grew up knowing nothing of their fate. As soon as I made the monstrous bargain, the dragons flew away and until yesterday were never again heard of. Last night, a shepherd, beside himself with terror, brought me the news that the dragons are again settled in their old rock and are sending out fearful roars. Tomorrow I must sacrifice to them my oldest child, the day after tomorrow my second child, and the day after that my youngest. Then I shall be left a poor lonely old man with nothing."

The king strode up and down and tore his hair in grief.

In great distress Bayaya went to the princesses. He found them dressed in black and looking ghastly pale. They were sitting in a row and bewailing their fate most piteously. Bayaya tried to comfort them, telling them by signs that surely some one would appear to rescue them. But they paid no heed to him and kept on moaning and weeping.

Grief and confusion spread throughout the city, for every one loved the royal family. Every house as well as the palace was soon draped in black and the sound of mourning was heard on every side.

Bayaya hurried secretly out of the city and across the field to the rock where his magic horse was stabled. He knocked three times, the rock opened, and he entered.

He stroked the horse's shining mane and kissed his muzzle in greeting.

“My dear horse,” he said, “I have come to you for advice. Help me and I shall be happy forever.”

So he told the horse the story of the dragons.

“Oh, I know all about those dragons,” the horse answered. “In fact, it was that you might rescue the princesses that I brought you here in the first place. Early tomorrow morning come back and I will tell you what to do.”

Bayaya returned to the castle with such joy shining in his face that if any one had noticed him he would have been severely rebuked. He spent the day with the princesses trying to comfort and console them, but in spite of all he could do they felt only more terrified as the hours went by.

The next day at the first streak of dawn he was at the rock.

The horse greeted him and said: “Lift up the stone under my trough and take out what you find there.”

Bayaya obeyed. He lifted the stone and under the stone he found a large chest. Inside the chest he found three beautiful suits of clothing, with caps and plumes to match, a sword, and a horse’s bridle. The first suit was red embroidered in silver and studded with diamonds, the second was pure white embroidered in gold, and the third was light blue richly embroidered with silver and studded with diamonds and pearls.

For all three suits there was but one mighty sword. Its blade was beautifully inlaid and its scabbard shone with precious stones. The horse’s bridle was also richly jeweled.

“All three suits are for you,” the horse said. “For the first day, put on the red one.”

So Bayaya dressed himself in the red suit, buckled on his sword, and threw the bridle over the horse’s head.

“Have no fear,” the horse said as they left the rock. “Cut bravely into the monster, trusting to your sword. And remember, do not dismount.”

At the castle heartbroken farewells were being taken. Zdobena parted from her father and her sisters, stepped into a carriage, and accompanied by a great multitude of her weeping subjects was slowly driven out of town to the Dragon Rock. As they neared the fatal spot the princess alighted. She took a few steps forward, then sank to the earth in a faint.

At that moment the people saw galloping toward them a knight with a red and white plume. In a voice of authority he ordered them to stand back and leave him to deal alone with the dragon. They were glad enough to lead the princess away and they all went to a hill near by from which they could watch the combat at a safe distance.

Now there was a deep rumbling noise, the earth shook, and the Dragon Rock opened. A nine-headed monster crawled out. He spat fire and poison from all his nine mouths and cast about his nine heads, this way and that, looking for his promised prey. When he saw the knight he let out a horrible roar.

Bayaya rode straight at him and with one blow of his sword cut off three of his heads. The dragon writhed and enveloped Bayaya in flames and poisonous fumes. But the prince, undaunted, struck at him again and again until he had cut off all nine heads. The life that still remained in the loathsome body, the horse finished with his hoofs.

When the dragon had perished the prince turned and galloped back the way he had come.

Zdobena looked after him, wishing she might follow him to thank him for her deliverance. But she remembered her poor father sunk in grief at the castle and she felt it was her duty to hurry back to him as quickly as she could.

It would be impossible to describe in words the king’s joy when Zdobena appeared before him safe and uninjured. Her sisters embraced her and wondered for the first time whether a deliverer would rise up for them as well.

Bayaya capered happily about and assured them by signs that he was certain they, too, would be saved. Although the prospect of the morrow still terrified them, yet hope had come to them and once or twice Bayaya succeeded in making them laugh.

The next day Budinka was led out. As on the day before, the unknown knight appeared, this time wearing a white plume. He attacked the eighteen-headed dragon and, after valiant conflict, despatched him. Then before any one could reach him, he turned and rode away.

The princess returned to the castle, grieving that she had not been able to speak to the knight and express her gratitude.

“You, my sisters,” Slavena said, “were backward not to speak to him before he rode off. Tomorrow if he delivers me I shall kneel before him and not get up until he consents to return with me to the castle.”

Just then Bayaya began laughing and chuckling and Slavena asked him sharply what was the matter. He capered about and made her understand that he, too, wanted to see the knight.

On the third day Slavena was taken out to the Dragon Rock. This time the king also went. The heart of the poor girl quaked with terror when she thought that if the unknown knight failed to appear she would be handed over to the horrible monster.

A joyous shout from the people told her that the knight was coming. Then she saw him, a gallant figure in blue with a blue and white plume floating in the wind. As he had killed the first dragon, and the second dragon, so he killed the third although the struggle was longer and the little horse had much to do to stand up against the poisonous fumes.

Instantly the dragon was slain, Slavena and the king rushed up to the knight and begged him to return with them to the castle. He scarcely knew how to refuse, especially when Slavena, kneeling before him, grasped the edge of his tunic and looked up at him so bewitchingly that his heart melted and he was ready to do anything she asked.

But the little horse took matters into his own hands, reared up suddenly, and galloped off before the knight had time to dismount.

So Slavena, too, was unable to bring the knight back to the castle. The king and all the court were greatly disappointed but their disappointment was swallowed up in their joy that the princesses had been so miraculously saved.

Shortly after this another disaster threatened the king. A neighboring king of great power declared war against him. The king sent far and wide and summoned together all the nobles of the land. They came, and the king when he had laid before them his cause promised them the hands of his three beautiful daughters in return for their support. This was indeed an inducement and every young noble present swore his allegiance and hurried home to gather his forces.

Troops poured in from all sides and soon the king was ready to set forth.

He handed over the affairs of the castle to Bayaya and also intrusted to him the safety of the three princesses. Bayaya did his duty faithfully, looking after the castle and planning diversions for the princesses to keep them happy and cheerful.

Then one day he complained of feeling sick, but instead of consulting the court physician, he said he would go himself to the fields and hunt some herbs. The princesses laughed at his whim but let him go.

He hurried to the rock where his horse was stabled, knocked three times, and entered.

“You have come in good time,” the horse said. “The king’s forces are weakening and tomorrow will decide the battle. Put on the white suit, take your sword, and let us be off.”

Bayaya kissed his brave little horse and put on his white suit.

That night the king was awake planning the morrow’s battle and sending swift messengers to his daughters instructing them what to do in case the day went against him.

The next morning as the battle joined an unknown knight suddenly appeared among the king's forces. He was all in white. He rode a little horse and he wielded a mighty sword. He struck right and left among the enemy and he caused such havoc that the king's forces were instantly heartened. Gathering around the white knight they fought so valiantly that soon the enemy broke and scattered and the king won a mighty victory.

The knight himself was slightly wounded on the foot. When the king saw this he jumped down from his horse, tore off a piece of his own cape, and bound up the wound. He begged the knight to dismount and come with him to a tent. But the knight, thanking him, refused, spurred his horse, and was gone.

The king nearly wept with disappointment that the unknown knight to whom he was under one more obligation had again ridden off without so much as leaving his name.

With great rejoicing the king's forces marched home carrying vast stores of booty.

"Well, steward," said the king to Bayaya, "how have the affairs of the household gone in my absence?"

Bayaya nodded that everything had gone well, but the princesses laughed at him and Slavena said:

"I must enter complaint against your steward, for he was disobedient. He said he was sick but he would not consult the court physician. He said he wanted to go himself and get some herbs. He went and he was gone two whole days and when he came back he was sicker than before."

The king looked at Bayaya to see if he was still sick. Bayaya shook his head and capered about to show the king that he was all right.

When the princesses heard that the unknown knight had again appeared and saved the day they were unwilling to become at once the brides of any of the nobles, for they thought the knight might perhaps come demanding one of them.

Again the king was in a quandary. All the various nobles had helped him valiantly and the question now arose to what three of them would the princesses be awarded. After much thought the king hit upon a plan which he hoped would decide the matter to the satisfaction of them all. He called a meeting of the nobles and said:

"My dear comrades in arms, you remember that I promised the hands of my daughters to those of you who would support me in battle. All of you gave me valiant support. Each of you deserves the hand of one of my daughters. But, alas, I have only three daughters. To decide therefore which three of you my daughters shall marry I make this suggestion: let all of you stand in the garden in a row and let each of my daughters throw down a golden apple from a balcony. Then each princess must wed the man to whom her apple rolls. My lords, do you all agree to this?"

The nobles all agreed and the king sent for his daughters. The princesses, still thinking of the unknown knight, were not enthusiastic over this arrangement, but not to shame their father they, too, agreed.

So each of the girls, dressed in her loveliest, took a golden apple in her hand and went up to a balcony.

Below in the garden the nobles stood in a row. Bayaya, as though he were a spectator, took his place at the end of the line.

First Zdobena threw down her apple. It rolled straight to the feet of Bayaya but he turned quickly aside and it rolled on to a handsome youth who snatched it up with joy and stepped from the line.

Then Budinka threw her apple. It, too, rolled to Bayaya but he cleverly kicked it on so that it seemed to roll straight to the feet of a valiant lord who picked it up and then looked with happy eyes at his lovely bride.

Last Slavena threw her apple. This time Bayaya did not step aside but when the apple rolled to him he stooped and picked it up. Then he ran to the balcony, knelt before the princess, and kissed her hand.

Slavena snatched away her hand and ran to her chamber, where she wept bitterly to think she would have to marry Bayaya instead of the unknown knight.

The king was much disappointed and the nobles murmured. But what was done was done, and could not be undone.

That night there was a great feast but Slavena remained in her chamber refusing to appear among the guests.

It was moonlight and from the rock in the field the little horse carried his master for the last time. When they reached the castle Bayaya dismounted. Then he kissed his faithful friend farewell, and the little horse vanished.

Slavena still sat in her chamber, sad and unhappy. When a maidservant opened the door and said that Bayaya wished to speak to her, the princess hid her face in the pillows.

Presently some one took her by the hand and when she raised her head she saw standing before her the beautiful knight of her dreams.

“Are you angry with your bridegroom that you hide from him?” he asked.

“Why do you ask me that?” Slavena whispered. “You are not my bridegroom. Bayaya is my bridegroom.”

“I am Bayaya. I am the dumb youth who wove you garlands. I am the knight who saved you and your sisters from death and who helped your father in battle. See, here is the piece of your father’s cape with which he bound up my wounded foot.”

That this was so was joy indeed to Slavena. She led the white knight into the banquet hall and presented him to the king as her bridegroom. When all had been explained, the king rejoiced, the guests marveled, and Zdobena and Budinka looked sideways at each other with little gasps of envy.

After the wedding Bayaya rode away with Slavena to visit his parents. When he reached his native town the first news he got was of the death of his brother. He hurried to the castle to comfort his parents. They were overjoyed at his return, for they had long ago given him up for dead.

After a time Bayaya succeeded to the kingdom. He lived long and prospered and he enjoyed unclouded happiness with his wife.



Princ Bajaja pri potýčke s drakom.

THE CLEVER PRINCESS

by Božena Němcová

Two craftsmen were wandering through the world. Once they came to a fine castle and looked over the fence into the garden where they saw a beautiful princess walking. "Bořek, do you know what I wish?" asked one of them, a young handsome journeyman.

"You want to be lord of that castle, don't you?" Bořek answered.

"Far from it! You guessed wrongly. I should like to have the princess."

"Jiřík, you are not stupid, but put these vain thoughts out of your head and come, we still have far to travel."

"Bořek, I would give my soul to the devil if I might have that princess."

"I wouldn't do that," Bořek answered and dragged Jiřík from the fence. They walked as far as a cool forest not far from the town and there they lay down in the shade to rest their weary limbs. Bořek fell asleep quickly, but Jiřík lay awake, thinking all the time about the wonderful princess. All of a sudden, a young gentleman clothed in green passed by and seeing that Jiřík was awake, he stopped.

"I wish you good health, young man, where are you going?" he asked Jiřík.

"We are wandering through the world. But I have had enough of it already, I am suffering like a dog."

"I believe you. The best way is to be one's own master."

"Of course it is. If only everyone could be."

"Well, sometimes it just depends on wanting it."

"Wanting is all very well, but sometimes it leads to nothing. – For example, I should like to have the princess from the nearby castle. I have already said that I would give my soul to the devil if I could have her."

"Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do."

"Your wish shall be fulfilled. I am a devil and if you give yourself to me in a quarter of an hour you shall be a rich prince; you will be able to go to the princess and she will fall in love with you and marry you. Here is a sheet of paper and a pen, scratch your little finger and sign your name with your blood."

Without hesitation Jiřík took the quill, scratched his little finger and signed the devil's sheet of paper with his blood.

"So, you are mine now. In how many years shall I come for you?"

"Well, I think in twenty years. After I have enjoyed the love of

a beautiful princess and the pleasures of the world for so long, I shall gladly join you."

"Very well. Here is a pouch full of ducats. Spend as many as you wish, it will always be full. Open your bag. Your clothes will be changed at once into princely garments. Put them on. Some servants are waiting for you behind the pine-wood with a saddled horse. Mount him, go to the castle and say that you are a prince."

"But I cannot speak as befits a prince. I shall give myself away in an instant."

"Have no fear. You have only to think of something and you will know it, and people will believe everything of you. Go now, before your friend wakes up."

Thereupon the devil disappeared.

Jiřík untied his bundle and found there fine rich clothes, which he put on. Then he went to the other side of the wood, where richly adorned servants were coming to meet him. Jiřík sprang onto the fiery horse as skilfully as if he had practised with the best riding master. They set off towards the stately castle.

Meanwhile Bořek awoke and, not seeing Jiřík beside him, he thought he must have gone on ahead. So he gathered up his things and hurried on his way. Let us leave him wandering and see what has been happening in the castle in the mean time.

The young princess was still in the garden when Jiřík arrived at the castle. He sent word to the king that he was Prince So-and-So from



such-and-such a country and was requesting brief hospitality in the castle.

The King welcomed him with great warmth and kindness and

commanded the servants to prepare rooms for him. The servants brought in all the prince's baggage and the finery with which the devil had supplied him. A magnificent feast was prepared. Jiřík dressed himself all in gold in order to please the princess and be noticed by her. And indeed, as soon as the princess set eyes on him, she was captivated by his charm. Her only wish was that the handsome prince might stay with them for ever. Jiřík also had eyes only for her and his words flowed as from a fountain. After he had spent a few days in the castle, he pretended that the time had come for him to leave; in his heart he feared that he would indeed be permitted to go.

But the princess confided her wish to her father and asked him to detain the prince a little while. This her father did, and Jiřík stayed on gladly, for he saw that he was favoured. One day he was alone with the princess and seized the opportunity to declare his love. When he heard that she also loved him, he went to her father and asked him for the hand of the princess. He said that he had no kingdom because he was the youngest son of his father but that he could buy the largest kingdom in the world in an instant. The old King raised no objection and gave them his blessing, appointing Jiřík as viceroy. Soon the wedding was celebrated and Jiřík was as in paradise.

The people liked him because he was good and never unjust to anyone. A few years later the old King died and Jiřík ruled alone.

By now he had two sons and a daughter and he lived very happily with his wife. Sometimes he recalled the devil's words but he always thought:

"That time is still far away and who knows what will happen before then?"

But the time passed quickly and soon only one of the twenty years remained. Only now did Jiřík come to his senses and for very fear he could sleep neither by night nor by day. He walked about the castle as pale as a shadow and looked with pain at his children and his dear wife. Can a loving wife fail to see what is before her eyes? She often asked Jiřík what was wrong but he always had an excuse and refused to give an honest answer. All day he would eat nothing and would lock himself in his chamber so as not to see his wife's tears and have to answer her questions. But one evening the door opened of itself and a young gentleman clothed in green came in.

"Well, Jiřík," he said to the pale King, "do you remember that today the twenty years are up and that you are to come with me?"

"How could I forget? But you see, I must put my affairs in order and say goodbye to my wife. Give me three more days."

"I will do that, and much more. Choose one thing every day, be it anything you wish. If I am unable to do it, I will give the signed paper back to you and shall have no more power over you."

Jiřík thanked the devil and was happy because he thought he might yet cheat the devil. Cheerfully he left his chamber and went to the Queen. The Queen's spirits were lifted too as she saw a smile on her beloved's face, and they went walking together.

"Tell me, my dear, what would you like to have?" Jiřík asked, hoping to learn from the Queen of a task he could set for the devil, for he himself could think of nothing.

"I have everything, and my only wish is that you might be happier."

"I am now happy again. But tell me – it is only words, after all. How would you like the castle to be decorated?"

"From the front our castle is fine enough, but from the back there is no outlook. If that huge rock were not there it would be better."

"You are right," Jiřík answered and decided immediately to assign the task to the devil. In the evening the devil came before the King and asked him what he wished to be done.

"I want you before morning to remove the rock that shades our castle at the back."

"It shall be as you wish," the devil answered and left.

The King thought that the devil would not accomplish this task, and he was startled when, getting up the next morning and going to the window, he saw a wide plain with no trace of the great rock. He fetched his wife and showed her.

"For God's sake, my husband, are you in league with the devil, or are you a magician?" the Queen exclaimed, looking out of the window in amazement.

"I would have done it long ago to please you, but I do not know myself how this has happened. Maybe some goblin overheard our conversation yesterday. Wish something else and we shall see if it comes true too!"

But the Queen was a clever woman. She knew that something was not right and that her husband was concealing something terrible from her. In order to say something, therefore, she wished that the whole plain might become a wonderful garden with flowers and plants and trees from all the countries of the world, all in full bloom. But she thought to herself: "Wait, if this comes true tomorrow, I shall not rest until Jiřík confesses his secret to me." In the evening the devil was given the task of making the plain into a garden full of flowers and trees from all the countries of the world. He promised this and left. When the King awoke in the morning, he was almost dazed by the scent of thousands of flowers which were blos-

soming in all their glory on the wide plain. It was paradise itself! The Queen came to his side and admired the splendid flowers with both terror and delight. Suddenly she turned, took Jiřík's hand and said:

"Now, my dear husband, you can conceal from me no longer the fact that you are in league with the devil. I am sure it must be so. Tell me rather for how long you are bound so that I may comfort you and perhaps give you good advice."

"It is late, my heart, today is the last day, he comes tonight for the last task and then I shall belong to him." Thereupon Jiřík told her the whole story, who he had once been and what had happened to him. The Queen forgave him gladly because she loved him and knew that he had erred for love of her.

"Do not draw attention to yourself by crying and lamenting. We will be merry and when the devil comes in the evening, send him to me. I will think of something by that time."

Jiřík felt reborn and a great weight was lifted from his shoulders. He followed his wife at once and was merry with his children all day, as if nothing had ever been wrong. In the evening the devil came at the agreed hour. He asked the King: "What have you thought of today?"

"Go to my wife, she will tell you what she wishes. I have nothing more to ask."



The devil entered the Queen's room. She was waiting for him.

"Are you the devil who is to carry away my husband?"

"Yes."

"Can I make one request instead of him, for anything I choose?"

"Yes."

"And if you fail to fulfil it for me, you will have no more power over him?"

"No."

"Very well. Come here and pull three hairs from my head – neither more nor less, and I must feel not the slightest pain."

The devil frowned, came to her, quickly took three hairs and pulled them out. But the Queen cried out in pain.

"See, you have already made one mistake; I told you that it must not hurt. But I pardon you. Now take the three hairs and measure them."

The devil measured them and the Queen continued: "Now you must make each of the hairs longer by two cubits. But do not think that you can simply add another person's hair to them; you must make these very hairs two cubits longer."

The devil looked at the hairs for a while but he knew not what to do. He asked the Queen to let him take them to hell and ask his comrades for help. The Queen gave her consent and the devil took the hairs and vanished.

When he arrived in hell, he gathered all his comrades together, laid the hairs on the table before Lucifer and explained what had to be done.

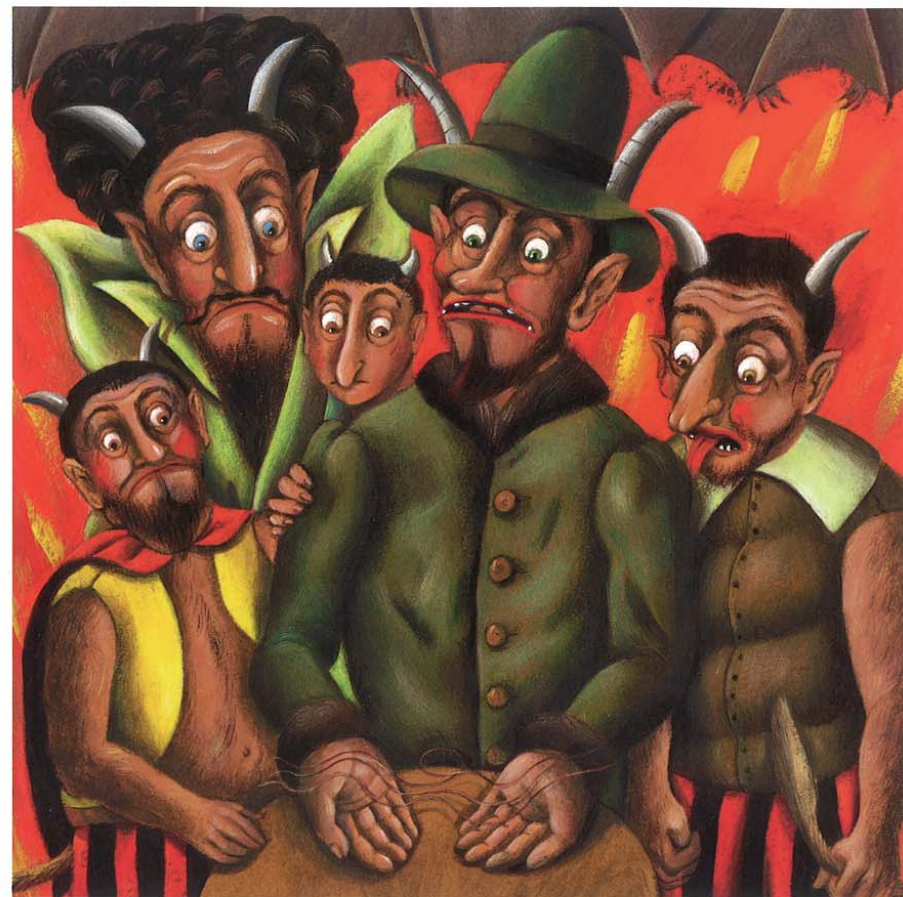
"You have lost this time, you rascal," the lord of hell said, "You have met your match. What is to be done with them? If we pull them, they will break. If we hammer them, they will be crushed. If we put them in the fire, they will burn. There is nothing you can do but go back and hand over not the hairs but the signed paper."

"I will not go to her, it could be the worse for me."

"Why do you not give more heed to what you do? Now go and hand over that which is no longer yours."

The devil had to take the signed paper and hand it over to its rightful owner. So he flew down to the castle but, being afraid to go in, he waited at the window until the King

should open it. When he did so, the devil tossed the paper into the room and disappeared. With utmost joy Jiřík picked up the paper and ran to his wife who knew already how things would turn out. She thanked God for delivering her from danger, and they lived happily ever after.



D. Roumanian Gypsy tale

The Gypsy and the Priest

There was a very poor Gypsy, and he had many little children. And his wife went to the town, begged herself a few potatoes and a little flour. And she had no fat.

All right,' she thought; 'wait a bit. The priest has killed a pig; I'll go and beg myself a bit of fat.'

When she got there, the priest came out, took his whip, thrashed her soundly. She came home, said to her husband, 'O my God, I did just get a thrashing!'

And the Gypsy is at work. Straightway the hammer fell from his hand. 'Now, wait a bit till I show him a trick, and teach him a lesson.'

The Gypsy went to the church, and took a look at the door, how to make the key to the tower. He came home, sat down at his anvil, set to work at once on the key. When he had made it, he went back to try to open the door. It opened it as though it had been made for it.

'Wait a bit, now,' he thinks to himself; 'what shall I need next?'

He went straight off to the shop, and bought himself some fine paper, just like the fine clothes the priests wear for high mass. When he had bought it, he went to the tailor, told him to make him clothes like an angel's; he looked in them just like a priest. He came home, told his son (he was twenty years old), 'Hark'ee, mate, come along with me, and bring the pot. Catch about a hundred crabs. Ha! they shall see what I'll do this night; the priest won't escape with his life.'

All right!

Midnight came. The Gypsy went to the church, lit all the lights that were in the church. The cook goes to look out. 'My God! what's the matter? the whole church is lighted up.'

She goes to the priest, wakes him up. 'Get up! Let's go and see what it is. The whole church is blazing inside. What ever is it?'

The priest was in a great fright. He pulled on his vestment, and went to the church to see. The Gypsy chants like a priest performing service in the great church where the greatest folks go to service. 'Oh!' the Gypsy was chanting, 'O God, he who is a sinful man, for him am I come; him who takes so much money with him will I fetch to Paradise, and there it shall be well with him.'

When the gentleman heard that, he went home, and got all the money he had in the house. All right!

The priest came back to the church. The Gypsy chants to him to make haste, for sooner or later the end of all things approaches. Straightway the Gypsy opened the sack, and the priest got into it. The Gypsy took all the priest's money, and hid it in his pocket.

'Good! now you are mine.'

When he closed the sack, the priest was in a great fright. 'My God! what will become of me? I know not what sort of a being that is, whether God Himself or an angel.'

The Gypsy straightway drags the priest down the steps. The priest cries that it hurts him, that he should go gently with him, for he is all broken already; that half an hour of that will kill him, for his bones are all broken already.

Well, he dragged him along the nave of the church, and pitched him down before the door; and he put a lot of thorns there to run into the priest's flesh. He dragged him backwards and forwards through the thorns, and the thorns stuck into him. When the Gypsy saw that the priest was more dead than alive, he opened the sack, and left him there.

The Gypsy went home, and threw off his disguise, and put it on the fire, that no one might

say he had done the deed. The Gypsy had more than eight hundred silver pieces. So he and his wife and his children were glad that they had such a lot of money; and if the Gypsy has not died with his wife and his children, perhaps he is living still.

In the morning when the sexton comes to ring the bell, he sees a sack in front of the church. The priest was quite dead. When he opened it and saw the priest, he was in a great fright. 'What on earth took our priest in there?' He runs into the town, made a great outcry, that so and so has happened. The poor folks came and the gentry to see what was up: all the candles in the church were burning. So they buried the parson decently. If he is not rotten he is whole. May the devils still be eating him. I was there, and heard everything that happened.