


PRO POKROČILÉ ★★★

Karel Jaromír Erben

Vybrané balady jako prózu převedla Alena Kuzmová



THE
BOUQUET
SLAVIC
LEGENDS

KYTICE – SLOVANSKÉ POVĚSTI

vysvětlení gramatických jevů
otázky pro porozumění textu
vhodné pro žáky i samouky



text namluvili rodilí angličtí a američtí herci

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The Bouquet – Slavic Legends

Kytice – slovanské pověsti

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Karel Jaromír Erben
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Předmluva

K. J. Erben (7. 11. 1811 – 21. 11. 1870) patřil k významným představitelům literárního romantismu. Je znám především jako sběratel lidové poezie. Nejvíce proslul sbírkou *Kytice z pověstí národních*, vydanou poprvé roku 1853 a podruhé v roce 1861 v rozšířené verzi s názvem *Kytice z básní K. J. Erbena*. Zkrácený název sbírky je *Kytice* a obsahuje dvanáct básní oddílu Pověstí národní, jimž předchází úvodní báseň *Kytice*. Je to jediná sbírka básní, kterou K. J. Erben vydal. Jejím podkladem jsou staré slovanské lidové báje. Námětem básní je vesměs provinění člověka, které je nadmíru krutě potrestáno řízením nadpřirozených bytostí či osudu. Sbírkou *Kytice* nepochybně náleží do pokladnice české literatury a zapsala se již do srdcí mnoha generací. Baladické básně inspirovaly v roce 2000 režiséra F. A. Brabce k natočení filmu oceněného čtyřmi Českými lvy.

Knihou *The Bouquet – Slavic Legends* vznikla prozaickým ztvárněním a překladem do anglického jazyka několika vybraných básní z *Kytice*. Jistě ji ocení všichni studenti anglického jazyka, kteří čtou rádi romantické příběhy plné napětí. Zaujme vás nová forma zpracování Erbenových balad, které již důvěrně znáte. Příběhy si budete moci tentokrát přečíst ve zjednodušené angličtině. Za každým příběhem najdete anglicko-český slovníček, který vám pomůže porozumět obtížnějším pasážím. Každou kapitolu uzavírá oddíl “The comprehension questions”, obsahující řadu otázek k příběhu. Pomocí odpovědí na tyto otázky můžete pak zkusit příběh vyprávět. Správnost svých odpovědí si ověříte v oddíle “Answers to the comprehension questions”. V závěrečné části, “Grammatical forms”, si můžete osvěžit nejdůležitější gramatické jevy ve vzorových větách vybraných z příběhů.

Milí čtenáři, přála bych si, abyste s touto knihou strávili příjemné chvíle. Připomeňte si jejím prostřednictvím třeba již poněkud zapomenuté balady ze sbírky *Kytice*, procvičte se v četbě anglického jazyka a možná se i naučíte vyprávět tyto pověsti svým dětem v angličtině.

Vaše

Alena Kuzmová



"Oh, Mother of God, help me!" the woman cried out anxiously as she hurried out of the cave.

The Treasure

A big bell rang out from a little village church on a hillock. It was Good Friday and all the believers in the village were walking in a crowd to prayers. Meanwhile, a white dress flashed through the bushes. It was a young woman carrying her two-year-old child in her arms, hurrying to church. She went faster and faster, since the Passion of the Lord Jesus had already begun.

The woman knew the path through the woods very well. She'd already walked on it many times before. Now, however, she had to stop. There was something strange there. A great cliff jutted into the path, and it was wide open. Somewhere deep in its core glared a bright light. The woman gazed at it in wonder, unable to believe her eyes. 'There used to be just a big rock on this path. Where has the cliff come from?' she wondered. The woman approached the entrance and had to clap a hand over her eyes. How harsh the glow emanating from that bright place was! Every now and then it shone like the moon's clear glow at night, on and off it was like the sunset in the west. 'I wonder what it is. What a strange glare!' she thought. First she was scared to go in. Then, however, she was overcome by curiosity and took a step towards the glare.

As she was approaching the bright place, the glare grew stronger. The woman had to cover her face. When she got nearer, suddenly she saw an entire splendid scene. She had come into a wonderful hall. Its walls shone with gold, the ceiling was lined with rubies, and the columns under the ceiling were made of crystal. On the marble floor flickered two fires: the moon's fire above a pile of silver on the left and the sun's fire above a pile of gold on the right. The hall was alight in the glare of the flames, which revealed this splendid treasure. 'There can't be such beauty even in heaven,' the woman thought in astonishment. She stood for a while, dazzled by the flames, carrying her child on her left arm and rubbing her eyes with her right hand.

When she'd got over the astonishment, she thought: 'Good God! I have to suffer hunger and poverty while such a huge treasure lies hidden here. There's so much silver and gold here underground. I could just take a fistful of this heap and I'd be rich. My little son and I would be so happy!' The woman blessed herself and mustered up the courage to go closer to the shining jewelry. She picked up a piece of silver, but immediately put it back on the ground. Then she picked it up again and put it into the pocket of her apron. 'This must be the hand of God. He's shown me the treasure to make me happy. It would be a sin not to take

advantage of it,' she thought. And so she put her little son on the ground and started to take silver from the heap. When she'd gathered a pocketful of silver jewelry, she filled up her headscarf too. Then, as if in a daze, she turned to leave. At that moment she noticed her child. "Mummy!" her little son shouted to her. "Mummy! Mummy!" he repeated, stretching out his arms towards his mum. "Be silent, my son. I can't carry you. Wait a bit. Your mummy will come back for you," she soothed him and turned to run out of the hall.

The woman emerged from the cave, and beaming with joy, she hurried through the woods to her shack. No sooner had she put the silver into her chest than she hurried back to the cave. Her little son greeted her, laughing joyfully: "Ha! Ha! Mummy!" he called, clapping his little hands. However, his mum took no notice of him. She ran to the opposite wall, which twinkled with gold. She quickly scooped gold jewelry into her apron and headscarf. Her heart leapt for joy and she didn't notice her little son, who had started to cry. "Mummy! Mummy!" he moaned, and stretched out his arms towards his mum. "Stop crying, my son! Be silent and wait for a little while. Look what your mummy has," she said and threw two small gold coins into his lap. "Ding-a-ling! Can you hear how it jingles? Be silent and play, and I'll be back in a little while," she soothed him, and ran out of the cave again, hurrying through the woods to her sorry little shack. "Oh, you shabby shanty. I won't need you any more. I'll go away from these dark woods. I'll move to a better country where happiness is in store for me. I'll go to a big town and buy a castle and I'll become a noblewoman. I'm not a poor widow any more," the woman thought, and she looked with pleasure into the pocket of her apron. If only she hadn't done so! She turned pale with fright and nearly fainted. "What strange magic!" she cried out. She quickly ran into her closet and opened the chest where she'd put the silver. What a shock! Instead of silver, she saw nothing but a heap of stones, and in her headscarf and apron she only had clay. "Poor me!" the woman started moaning. "Forgive me, God. I didn't deserve your blessing," she cried, wringing her hands over the loss. Then suddenly, as if something had stabbed her in the heart, she remembered her little son. "Oh, my child! My dear child!" she called out in the thick forest. With a horrible foreboding the woman dashed through the woods and towards the hillock on which the little church stood.

The singing in the church had already stopped when the woman reached the place where the cliff had been before. Now, however, instead of the cliff there was only a big rock on the path. "What a trick and illusion! Where's the hall?"

the woman cried out in horror. She started running around, looking for the opening in the brush and among the trees, desperately hoping that she'd missed the path. "Woe is me! It's not here either," she cried in despair. Her body was scratched by the brush, her feet were pierced with thorns, but it was all in vain. The entrance had disappeared. When the woman realized what had happened, she cried out in horror again: "Oh, who'll give me my child back? Oh, my dear son, where are you?" At that moment a soft voice whispered in the wind: "I'm here, deep under the ground. Nobody can see or hear me. I am at peace here, without food or drink. I'm sitting on a floor of marble, and my lap is filled with pure gold. There's neither day nor night here. I can just play! Ding-a-ling! Can't you hear how it jingles?" Hearing the voice, the woman threw herself onto the ground and started looking for her little son again, tearing her hair out until she was bloody and deathly pale. The thick forest echoed her moaning: "Woe is me! My dear child, where are you? Where can I find you, my son?"

Days, weeks and months went by and summer had arrived. The bell in the little church kept ringing, inviting the village people to mass. Day after day, a woman with a bent head came to church. She always knelt down and prayed silently. Her face and lips were pale and she was very sad. After the mass, the woman usually went to the woods and stood at a place where a big rock lay on the path. There she only sighed: "Oh, my child!" and her eyes were filled with tears again and again. Day and night people could hear her moaning: "Woe is me! Forgive me, good God!" She could never find peace.

Summer, autumn and winter elapsed. Sadly, the grief in the poor mother's heart hadn't abated. Even the first rays of the spring sun, which warmed up the earth, couldn't bring a smile to her lips. Good Friday had come again and the big bell from the little church on the hillock invited the village people to prayers. The Passion of the Lord Jesus could be heard from within the church. A sad figure with a bent head drifted through the bushes. No, this time the woman wasn't in a hurry. Her step was burdened by painful memories of what had happened a year before. She walked on the path where the big rock had always lain. But what did she see now? Instead of the rock, there was a great cliff in its place. The entrance into the cliff was wide open and a bright light emanated from its core. The woman's hair stood on end with fright. At that moment she was beset by sorrow and guilt. She was beside herself with fear, but she entered all the same, and with new hope she started running into the core of the cliff. She soon found herself once again in that familiar, magnificent hall. Its walls shone