



Project JOY IN EDUCATION

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Joy in history - Our heroes - Bulgarian hero 😊

HITAR PETAR

Hitar Petar or Clever Peter is a peasant trickster character of Bulgarian folklore. He is a poor village farmhand, but possesses remarkable slyness, wit and sometimes slightly sinister. He is often presented as the "typical Bulgarian" and the perpetual antagonist of either the rich nobles and money lenders. He is therefore regarded as a strictly positive figure and a hero of the common folk, representing the idea that the good over-comes the bad and evil.

As a character, Hitar Petar first appeared in the 16th-17th century, when Bulgaria was still under Ottoman rule. There's no certainty on the question from which part of Bulgaria the character originates. Tales on his deeds are presented in the folklore of all regions inhabited by Bulgarians: Dobrudzha, Thrace and Macedonia. In 1873, he was introduced to literature, with Iliya Blaskov publishing several anecdotes involving him.

Hitar Petar is similar to other characters of European and Oriental folklore, more notable are Nasreddin of Islamic folklore, the German Till Eulenspiegel, the Hungarian Csaloka Peter and the Jewish Hershele Ostropoler. HERE IS A STORY ABOUT HIS WITTY MIND :

One day Hitar Petar was walking down the street when he met a rich man. "Hey you," said the rich man, "Why did you not bow to me?"

"Why should I bow to you?" asked Hitar Petar.

"Because I'm rich and have 1000 gold pieces."

"So, you've got 1000 gold pieces. They are yours, not mine, so why should I bow to you?" replied Hitar Petar.

"What if I give you 500 of my gold pieces? Will you bow to me then?" asked the rich man.

"If you give me 500, you'll have 500 and I'll have 500 and we'll be equal. Why should I bow to you then?" said Hitar Petar.

"What if I'm tired of being rich and give you all my gold pieces?" asked the rich man.

"If you give me all your gold coins, that will be good. I'll have 1000 and you'll have nothing. But why then should I bow to you?" And Hitar Petar turned and walked away.

<http://bnr.bg/en/post/100177516/cunning-outwits-trickery>



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e1K8HmiBUM4>

The Drunk Judge

One night, Hitar Petar saw that on the road in front of his house the town judge was walking drunk and he had thrown his leather coat on the ground. Peter got the coat and took it home.

The next day the judge said to his servant, "Last night someone stole my leather coat. Go find the thief and bring him to me."

The servant went around town looking at the people to see if someone was wearing the judge's coat. He entered a cafe. There was Peter with the judge's coat.

"Peter, the judge wants to see you," said the servant.

They went to the court house. It was full of people.

When the judge saw Peter with the coat, he said to Peter, "Peter, for how long have you had that coat?"

"Since last night."

"Well, do you know who's it is?"

"I know," said Peter. "It belongs to a man who was stumbling around like a drunken pig in front of my door. I found his coat thrown away to the side. I took it and wore it, so that when the owner sees it he can claim it. Do you happen to know who's coat this is, your honor?"

"Uh, no, I don't know him," said the judge. "Good luck finding the owner."

Who Ate What

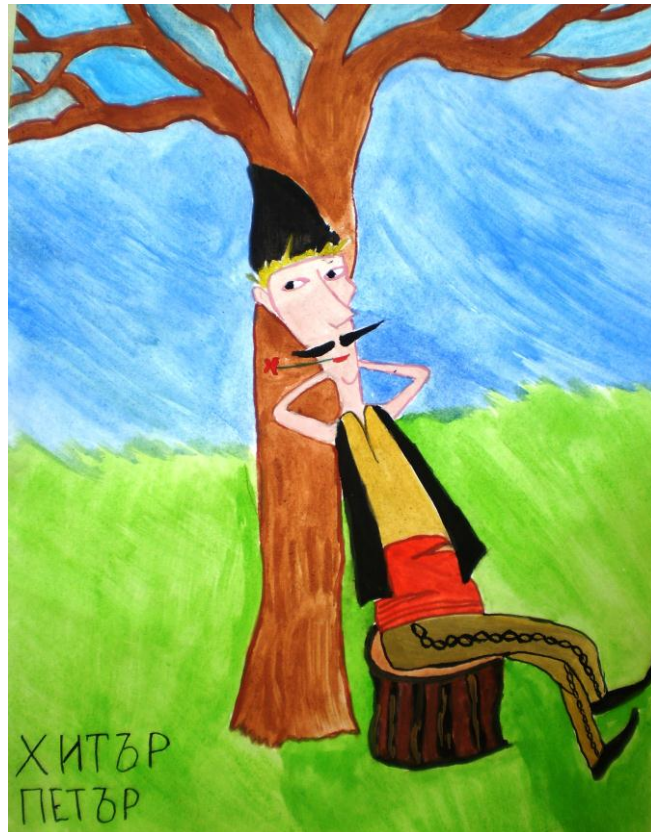
Hitar Petar was invited to a party with roasted lamb. They ate and ate, and drank and drank. At the end of the meal, the others decided to play a prank on Peter.

While one of them distracted Peter, everyone quickly put their bones on Peter's plate. Then they said,

"Hey, look what a pig Peter is! See all of the bones on his plate!" and everyone laughed.

Peter just waited for them to finish laughing.

"I sure have eaten well, but everyone ate like a pig. The way I see it, you have even eaten the bones!"



Hitar Petar And His Shadow

One day Hitar Petar went to the market. It was full of people: some selling, other buying, others eating and drinking in the taverns. He stopped in front of one tavern and looked through the open door. Inside, he saw ten pots of food cooking, each one more delicious than the next. Hitar Petar was hungry, but he had no money. What should he do? In his bag he had brought just one morsel of dry bread. He took out the bread and it over one of the pots of food, the one with the most steam rising from it. He held it there until it became moist. He ate his bread and left.

The owner of the tavern, who had watched silently, stopped him outside the door.

"Hey, where are you going without paying?"

"What should I pay for?"

"For eating." "Oh, didn't you see that I only got some of the steam from above the pot?"

"It may have been only steam, but the steam costs money. For that steam that you ate with your dry bread I had to burn the wood, bring the water, and provide the pots!" "Sir," said Peter, "I understand, but what should I pay you since I don't have any money?"

"If you don't have any money then you shall be beaten ten times with a stick so that you'll know next time to steal some steam."

A croud began to gather around.

"Ok, start beating," Peter said, and stood in the sunlight. "But take care not to

hit me as I didn't touch your food. Otherwise, you're going to get it on your back."

"Then what should I hit?" said the tavernkeeper puzzled.

"Hit my shadow ten times!"

Everyone around began to laugh. The tavernkeeper was ashamed and hid himself in the tavern.

Are you going to believe the donkey or me?

Hitar Petar was sleeping in his yard one day when a neighbor called to him,

"Peter, let me borrow your donkey to collect water from the well."

Peter opened one eye.

"I don't have a donkey."

At that moment, his donkey could be seen grazing.

"I can see your donkey right there in your field," said the man.

Then Peter said angrily, "Are you going to believe the donkey or me!"

Hitar Petar and Krali Marko

Hitar Petar and Krali Marko began to squabble about who is stronger.

"If I squeeze a stone," Krali Marko said, "I will reduce it to dust and ashes!"

And he really did this. He took a stone, pressed it, and reduced it to dust and ashes.

"That's nothing," said Hitar Petar, "If I get a stone and press it, I will make water start running from it."

And he rummaged in his bag, took out a piece of white cheese, pressed it, and squeezed water out of it.

"You are stronger indeed!" Krali Marko admitted astonished.

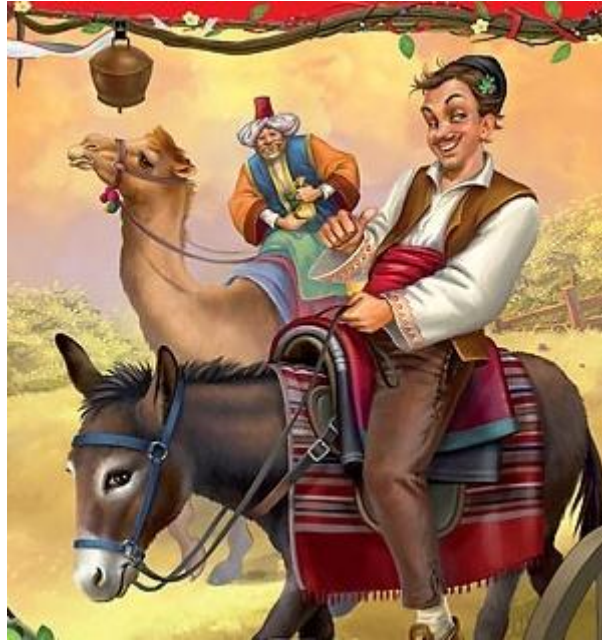
Krali Marko took an iron bar and said, "I can throw this bar to reach the stars!"

And he threw it.

"But I can promise you golden mountains!" said Hitar Petar, "Give me the bar."

He took the bar and hit Krali Marko's head very hard. Krali Marko's sight grew dim.

"You are really stronger than me, I see golden mountains!"



Bulgaria / Haskovo
Primary school "St.Kliment Ohridski"