



eTwinning

A TRIP TO FAIRY-TALE



2016

BUNNY'S HOUSE

Moldavian folk tale



Illustration from Croatia

Once upon a time was a fox and a bunny. Fox had a house hollowed in the ice and bunny a house made from lime shell. Fox still nags the bunny:

“My house is bright, and yours is dark. Mine is bright, and yours is dark!”

But summer came and Fox's house melted. Then she was asked by Bunny:

“Bunny, let me live in your house!”

“I do not want, because you nagged me all winter!”

But Fox did not give up and bunny let the fox to enter into the yard. The next day, the fox was asked again:

“Bunny, let me sit in your porch!”

“I don't let you! Why you nagged me all winter?”

But the fox asked so hard until the bunny let her to sit on the porch. In the third day, the fox said:

“Let me enter in your house, bunny!”

“I don't want! You bothered me too much!”

But the Fox didn't give up and eventually the bunny let her enter. Fox sat on the bench and rabbit on the hearth. On the fourth day, the fox said:

“Honey bunny, let me sit next to you on the hearth.”

“No, I don't let you, because you bothered me too much.”

But Fox did not give in peace the Bunny until he let her to come near him. Passed a day or two and the fox was started to chase the bunny from his house.

“Get out, Bunny, I don't want to live with you!”

And finally she gave him out.

Bunny cries and wipes his tears with his paw. Some dogs saw him and asks:

“Bark, bark, bark, bark. Why are you crying, bunny?”



Illustration from Poland



Illustration from Croatia

“How not to cry, my dear? I had a house from lime shell and the Fox a house from ice. Spring has come and Fox's house was melt. Fox then asked me to live in my house and now look she kicked me out.”

“Stop crying, bunny, we will take her out.”

“You cannot!”

“You will see!”

The dogs approached the house:

“Bark, bark, bark! Get out, sly fox!” But the fox replied back:

“I will get angry and will destroy you!”

The dogs were scared and ran away. And again Bunny cries with bitter tears.

Near him passes a wolf:

“Why are you crying, Bunny?”

“How not to cry wolf? I had a house from lime shell and the Fox a house from ice. Spring has come and Fox's house was melt. Fox then asked me to live in my house and now look she kicked me out.”

“Let me I will take her out immediately.”

“I'm not sure you can. The dogs tried to chase her, but they could not. No you cannot chase her.”

“You will see!”

A wolf came to the house and started shouting angrily:

“Howl, howl ... Get out, sly fox!” But the fox answered from the hearth:

“I will get angry and will destroy you!”

Wolf was scared and fled. And the bunny cried and cried. Here comes an old bear:

“Why are you crying, bunny?”

“How not to cry, teddy bear? I had a house from lime shell and the Fox a house from ice. Spring has come and Fox's house was melt. Fox then asked me to live in my house and now look she kicked me out.”

“Stop crying, bunny”, said the bear. “I will take her out.”



Illustration from Poland

"I'm not sure you can. The dogs and wolf tried to chase her, but they could not. You won't be able to do this."

"Yes I will."



And bear muttering went to the house:

"Growl ... growl ... Get out, sly fox!" But the fox answered from the hearth:

"I will get angry and will destroy you!"

The bear was scared and run away through the woods.

Bunny again cries. Pass a

rooster on the way with a scythe on the back:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! Bunny, why do you cry?"

"How not to cry, Rooster? I had a house from lime shell and the Fox a house from ice. Spring has come and Fox's house was melt. Fox then asked me to live in my house and now look she kicked me out."

"Stop crying, bunny, I will take her out of the house."

"You can't. The dogs, the wolf and the bear tried to chase her, but they could not. You will not be able to do anything."

"Leave me."

A rooster approached to the house:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! I am a rooster with a red cock. I have a scythe, sly fox, so get out from the house!"

"I'm getting dressed", she says. But the rooster does not leave:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! I am a rooster with a red cock. I have a scythe, sly fox, so get out from the house!"

Fox stutter:

"I put on my coat."

Rooster started to sing for the third time:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! I am a rooster with a red cock. I have a scythe, sly fox, so get out from the house!"



Fox was utterly frightened, came down from the hearth and ran. The bunny and rooster moved together and lived like the kings and if they did not die they live even today.



What I liked most in the story was that the rooster chased away the bad fox - because I love roosters.

Paula from Croatia (5th grade)

Friendship overcomes even the strongest enemies.

Greta from Lithuania (9th grade)

DREAMER

Georgian fairy-tale



Illustration from Croatia

Once upon a time, there lived a poor boy and his stepmother. One day the stepmother asked her stepson to watch over the seed.

The boy fell asleep and the hens began pecking the seed. The stepmother was angry and whipped the boy.

“Why did you fall asleep?” she shouted.

“Mother, Mother! Wait a little; I had a

dream. There was the Sun on one side, the Moon on my other side and stars were shining above me.”

The stepmother liked the dream and ordered the boy, “Give me your dream!”

“It’s only a dream, how can I give it to you?” the boy answered.

The stepmother whipped and kicked him out of the house. The dreamer left and after a long walk he reached the king’s palace.

“Where are you wandering, boy, what are you looking for?” the king asked.

The boy told the king his story about the dream. The king liked his dream too and ordered the boy, “Give me your dream!”

“How can I give it to you, it’s only a dream?” the boy replied in surprise.

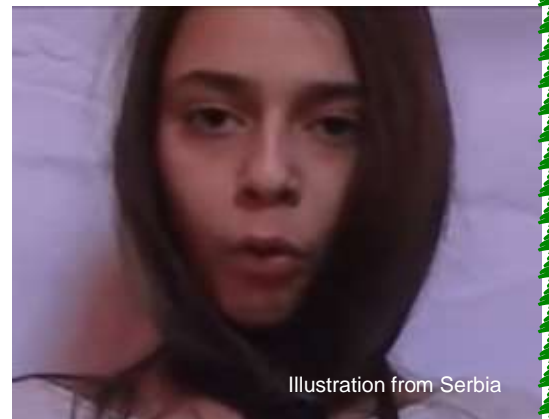


Illustration from Serbia



Illustration from Georgia

The king was very angry and gave the order to put the boy in the prison. The king had a beautiful daughter. The princess was sorry for the poor boy. She fell in love with him. And soon they got married. When the Dreamer became the king, his wife sat on one side and his mother on another side and his sons and daughters stood behind him.

“So, my wife is the Sun, my mother is the Moon and my children are the stars”, said the Dreamer. “So this is my dream and how I could give it to you!” said the Dreamer to his father – in –law.

The king blessed his crown and gave his kingdom to the Dreamer!



Illustration from Georgia

Never give up on your dreams.

Monika from Lithuania (6th grade)

KOLOBOK (THE LITTLE ROUND BUN)

Ukrainian folk tale

Once upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman who were very poor and had nothing at all to their name. And they kept getting poorer and poorer till there was nothing left to eat in the house, not even bread.

Said the old man: "Do bake us a bun, old woman! If you scrape out the flour-box and sweep out the bin, you'll have enough flour."

So the old woman scraped out the flour-box and swept out the bin, she made some dough and she shaped a little round bun out of it. She then lit the oven, baked the bun and put it on the window sill to cool. But the bun jumped out of the window and onto the bench outside, and from the bench onto the ground, and away it rolled along the road! On and on- it rolled, and it met a Rabbit coming toward it.

"I'm going to eat you up, Little Round Bun!" called the Rabbit.

"Don't do that, Fleet-Feet, let me sing you a song instead," said Little Round Bun.

"All right, let's hear it!" "Here it is!"

*"I was scraped from the flour-box
And swept from the bin
And baked in the oven
And cooled on the sill.
I ran away from Grandpa,
I ran away from Grandma,
And I'll run away from you, this minute I will!"*

And off it rolled and away. By and by it met a Wolf coming toward it.



Illustration from Lithuania



Illustration from Moldova

"I'm going to eat you up, Little Round Bun!" called the Wolf.



Illustration from Belgrade (Serbia)

"Don't do that, Brother Wolf, let me sing you a song instead."

"All right, let's hear it!"

*"I was scraped from the flour-box
And swept from the bin,
And baked in the oven,
And cooled on the sill.
I ran away from Grandpa,
I ran away from Grandma,
And I'll run away from you, this minute
I will!"*

And away it rolled. By and by it met a Bear coming toward it.

"I'm going to eat you up, Little Round Bun!" called the Bear.

"Don't do that, Brother Bear, I'll sing you a song instead!"

"All right, let's hear it!"

*"I was scraped from the flour-
box
And swept from the bin,
And baked in the oven,
And cooled on the sill.
I ran away from Grandpa,
I ran away from Grandma,
And I'll run away from you, this
minute I will!"*



Illustration from Lithuania

And off it rolled and away! By

and by it met a Fox coming toward it.

"I'm going to eat you up, Little Round Bun!" called the Fox.

"Don't do that, Sister Fox, I'll sing you a song instead."

"All right, let's hear it!"
*"I was scraped from the flour-box,
And swept from the bin,
And baked in the oven,
And cooled on the sill.
I ran away from Grandpa,
I ran away from Grandma,
And I'll run away from you, this minute I will!"*

“Sing some more, please, don't stop!” the Fox said.

“Hop onto my tongue, so I can hear you better.”

Little Round Bun jumped onto the Fox's tongue and began to sing:

*“I was scraped from the flour-box
And swept from the bin —”*

But before it could go on, the Fox opened her mouth and — snap! — She gobbled it up.



Illustration from Moldova

LITTLE FAIRY

Croatian fairy-tale

Once there lived a King and a Queen. They had a castle on the top of the hill full of different treasures; golden wheat fields, and old oaks woods. They had plenty of all. But their biggest treasure was their little prince. They had wanted him for a long time. When the prince was born, he was surrounded by the most delicate care. The boy was smart, nice and handsome, and the joy of their family. When the prince turned eighteen the King and Queen organized a big celebration in the courtyard of the castle. They served the best they had: delicious food, painted pots, silk tablecloths and all various decorations. They invited the best musicians and burnt thousands of candles. After the feast, all girls from that town gathered and danced in the garden. All the girls watched the prince comely. The celebration was great, but when the people left at last, the prince couldn't sleep. He dressed up again and went out into the night, in the moonlight. He passed through the park and headed to the linden grove, near the castle. He was walking



Illustration from Lithuania



Illustration from Kalush (Ukraine)

slowly, deeply breathing the freshness of the early summer night. He watched the strange shadows, which were created by moonlight and the branches of trees and he enjoyed in the intoxicating scent of linden trees in bloom. Suddenly, he broke out into a glade and thought how weird it was that he hadn't been there yet and how beautiful this small meadow was, surrounded by old heavy treetops. And then he saw something even more beautiful and more peculiar: on the grass, lit by moonlight, stood a small fairy. In a silvery dress with long golden hair, and jewels in the crown. Beautiful, but small like a flame. The prince stopped in disbelief and stared at her.

"Happy birthday, dear Prince!" said Little Fairy.

“I was invited to your celebration too, but I couldn’t come with the girls because I’m so small. So I greet you here, in this moonlight, which is like sunshine to me.”

“I am glad you have come”, said the prince, who liked the little fairy very much.

He approached her and took her hand, but she pulled it away and she disappeared. Her glove was left in his hand, so tiny that he could barely put it on his smallest finger. Dreaming, with the glove on his finger, he walked through the linden grove for a little longer and then he returned home. And he didn’t say a word to anyone about his nightly experience. The next day he was mainly sleeping. And when he finally woke up, he couldn’t wait for the rest of the day to pass. As soon as the night fell, the prince headed again to the linden grove.

He searched for the Little Fairy, searched and searched, he was wandering through the woods and he was returning on the glade, but she was not there. He was getting sadder and sadder and he was thinking how kind, amazing and tiny Little Fairy was, how he didn’t manage to say anything to her, and that he would never see her again. While he was thinking of her, he took her little glove out of his pocket and kissed it – at that moment the fairy appeared in front of him. The prince was delighted to see her and they spend the whole night walking together through the linden grove. And then, while they were walking and talking, something strange happened: the Little Fairy began to grow. When they parted before the dawn, she was twice bigger than the night before, and she could not put on her tiny glove anymore.

“Take care of it!” she said, and then disappeared.

“I will never part with it”, he whispered.

They met in the courtyard every night. The prince was sleeping and daydreaming all days long, waiting for night to come. And he was always a bit restless. He thought that she might not come, that she would simply disappear like she had just appeared. He loved the little fairy more and more, and she grew bigger every night. On the ninth night, the moon was shining with his full glory, and the fairy grew to prince’s height.

“I will come to your courtyard as long as the moon shines”, she said that night.

“No”, the prince said.



Illustration from Kalush (Ukraine)

“That’s not enough for me. I want you to be with me always and forever. I want you to be my wife.”

The Little Fairy looked at his face seriously.

“My dear”, she said finally.

“I would be happy to stay with you, but I can be your wife only if you will always love, no one else, but me. Can you promise me that?”

“Only you, always and forever!” the prince cried and took her to the castle.

So the prince and the Little Fairy got married. They lived happily for 7 years. Then the old king, who was the prince's father, died. He was a good king, and when people heard about his death, everyone who lived close and who lived far away, came to his kingdom to honour him. The most beautiful ladies of his kingdom were passing by his catafalque. Among them,



Illustration from Kalush (Ukraine)

there was also a redhead girl with the fiery look in her eyes. She was standing by the king's catafalque, but that redhead beauty had eyes only for his son, the prince. After some time, the prince noticed her and he looked at her too. He felt

exciting warmth when she smiled at him. When the sad procession to the cemetery finally started, the prince was with his wife, but he turned three times to look at the redhead beauty. Suddenly, his wife tripped on her dress...

“Look, my dress is too long for me”, she said quietly.

But the prince did not hear her words, he didn’t even notice that she began to grow smaller and smaller. On the way back from the cemetery, the prince and the redhead beauty were constantly looking at each other, and the Little Fairy was getting smaller and smaller. When they arrived at the old linden grove, she disappeared.

Now the prince took a girl with eyes like fire for his wife. But he wasn’t happy with her. She was always asking for something, she tried to change him, demanded rarities and impossible things.



Illustration from Lithuania

When he couldn't satisfy her wishes, she would cry or argue with him. And then the Prince realized what he had done. He was crying for his little fairy, and as the time passed by, he felt worse and worse. Every night he would go out in the moonlight and walked among the old linden trees and called for his little fairy. He begged her to come back and he was kissing her little glove. He was calling her and waiting – and so he grew old. But the Little Fairy never returned to him again.



Love without trust does not exist. Lies and betrayal will forever smash a loving hearth and make it invisible.

Lona from Lithuania (8th grade)

OMMI SISSI AND THE CAT

A traditional Tunisian folk tale

There once was a lady called Ommi Sissi.

One day Ommi Sissi was sweeping...sweeping the floor of her house.

While sweeping...sweeping, she found a silver coin.

"What will I do with it? Oh my!"

"God, what will I do with it? What on earth could I buy with this silver coin?" she exclaimed.

"I will buy something for my daughter Fatima. But what?"

"Hmm let's seewhat if I bought an orange? No, the skin of the orange would soil my house which is all clean!"



Illustration from Dolishny Shepit (Ukraine)

"If I bought a pomegranate? No. The juice of the pomegranate would stain the house floor that I have not finished cleaning."

Finally she decided to buy some fish. Her daughter loved fish. After she bought the fish and cooked it, she put it on a plate and hid it in the pantry. Then she went back to sweeping.

Sometime later, the neighbour's cat came over to borrow a knife from Ommi

Sissi. Ommi Sissi told him, "I'm very busy. You can go get it from the kitchen yourself, but please don't open the pantry."

The cat went to the kitchen, and he immediately caught

the smell of something tasty coming from the pantry. He couldn't help himself so he opened it and found the fish. So he ate it all up, hid the bones under the rug, took the knife and left. After a while, Fatima came back home, and she was very hungry, but she did not find the surprise that her mother prepared for her. Instead all she found where some fish bones under the rug. Fatima started weeping, so her mother came in and knew that the cat had eaten all the fish. She decided to teach him a



Illustration from Dolishny Shepit (Ukraine)

lesson. The next day, when the cat came back to return the knife, she jumped on him and cut off his tail.

The cat screamed, “My tail, my tail!!! How am I going to get my tail back?”

Ommi Sissi told him that she will only give him back his tail if he got her some butter from the shopkeeper. The cat went to the shopkeeper and asked him for some butter but the shopkeeper told him, “I will give you some butter, but only if you get me some milk”.



The cat then went to the cow and asked her for some milk, but the cow replied, “I’ll give you milk, but only if you get me some grass”.

The cat then went and asked the field for some grass, but the field replied, “I will give you some grass, but only if you bring me some water”.

So the cat went to the river and asked him for some water, but the river replied, “I’ll give you some water, but only if you promise me to stop doing foolish things.”

The cat agreed and promised that he would never do something foolish and selfish like that again.

He then took the water and gave it to the prairie, who gave him some grass that he gave to the cow, who gave him some milk which he gave to the grocer, who gave him some butter, which he gave to Ommi sissi. Ommi Sissi then gave him back his tail and sowed back on for him.



PEARLY ROSE

Serbian fairy-tale

Under the sea, in the cove where the Sun comes up at noon, lived a shell. Her name was Pearly Rose. She lived in the same place for a long time surrounded by jellyfish, corals and crabs. She liked that place but, day by day, she started wishing for something more.



Illustration from Dolishny Shepit (Ukraine)



Illustration from Lithuania

She wished for a change. She heard of the Upper world from the fish that always talked to Pearly Rose about the beauty of the world above them – the Upper world. Those stories always took her breath away. She wanted to see the daylight, clouds and birds. She wished to feel the smell of the flowers, the touch of the spring

breeze. But, eventually she realized that it was only her dream and that she could not go up. She was really, really sad. Her yearning was so intense that it gradually jelled into a beautiful, shiny pearl. Pearly Rose was overjoyed. She was proud of herself for making such a pretty pearl that everybody else admired.

One day a fisherman took Pearly Rose into his hands and brought her up to the surface. For a moment, Pearly Rose was happy seeing the Sun, clouds, birds and all other things she had only heard about. But her happiness did not last long. She felt her shell cracking and her pearl being pulled away.



Illustration from Greece

Right after that she found herself in the shallow water near the shore. She was sorrowful for losing her precious pearl.

Illustration from Greece



Not long after that a boy found her and took her to his house. He liked her very much. He often put her next to his ear to listen to the sea sounds. But what he did not know was that he was listening to her telling him her sad story.

While Pearly Rose was crying and

suffering in the hands of the boy, the shiny pearl was glittering in the window of the expensive shop causing yearning of others.

Illustration from Croatia



Pearly rose thinks that she will be happy in the new world but she becomes too sad when she leaves her homeland: EAST OR WEST HOME IS THE BEST!

Siwar Boukadi from Tunisia (8th grade)

There is no place like home.

Lithuanian folk proverb

We enjoyed making our photo-story about the fairy-tale "Pearly Rose". We had fun photographing all the scenes and putting them together. Dunja was our diver and she did a great job. Her brother Blaise played the little boy who found the shell. Martin, Ema, Patricija and Martina made the collage with a little help from our teacher Gordana.

Croatian Team: Dunja Hrastić (5th grade), Patricija Hrastić, Ema Priher & Martina Svetec (7th grade), Martin Hrastić (8th grade).

SIGUTĖ

Lithuanian folk tale

Once upon a time there lived a brother who had a sister whose name was Sigutė, she was a very good and beautiful girl. They lived with their witch stepmother, but they did not know that she is the witch. The stepmother had her real daughter, but she was bad and not beautiful at all. She sat in the farmhouse like a guest all flashy dressed and decked, and did absolutely nothing. While brother was at home, Sigute's life wasn't hard, although the stepmother hated her very much. But one day Sigute's brother had to go to the war, to the distant countries and left his sister alone with their stepmother. Then the stepmother began to afflict Sigutė in every way: she had to do the hardest works, clean the house and herd the flock in summer. After all the work Sigutė had to sleep and eat in the barns, together with animals. Therefore, she was very dirty and slovenly.



Illustration from Aleksinac (Serbia)

There were a black dog and a little black cow in the house. They both were able to speak, because it was once said, that long time ago, all animals had the ability to speak. At home, day after day, Sigutė would take the dog for a walk or would go to milk the little cow. Due to talking away with the little cow, she would usually forget to do the household chores or milking, and that would lead to being shouted at by the stepmother. The stepmother would always think that Sigutė is fooling around too much and does not work enough.

One day, while Sigutė was herding the animals, the witch told her to take off her shirt, and while handing over some tow, in a thick voice said to her:

“Spin the spinning tow,
Weave the cloth:
You will wear what you make.”

What was Sigutè supposed to do? She took of her shirt, took the tow, and with tears in her eyes stormed outside. After herding the flock out, she wrapped her arms around the neck of the little black cow and started weeping, she was moaning so hard that it looked as if her hearth would split in two. Because when would she find the time to spin herself a new shirt? The little cow felt sorry for Sigutè and she spoke to her in a thin voice:

“Oh Sigute, Oh my dear,
Please don't cry
I'll spin a new shirt for you.”

Sigutè nicely thanked the little cow and gave her a kiss on the face. As the evening came and Sigutè was herding back the flock, the witch saw that she was downed in a beautiful cloth shirt, she got



surprised and decided to find out how was she able to spin herself a new shirt that quickly. The next day, while Sigutè was herding the flock, the witch, once again, told Sigutè to take of her shirt, and while giving some tow, in a thick voice said to her:

“Spin the spinning tow,
Weave the cloth:
You will wear what you make.”

Once Sigutè had herded the flock, the witch sent her daughter to check on Sigutè and find out how was she able to spin these shirts. While hidden behind some trees, the daughter saw everything: how Sigutè was wrapping her arms around the neck of the little black cow



Illustration from Aleksinac (Serbia)

and crying, how the little cow ate the tow and afterwards spewed out a shirt, and told everything she saw to the witch as soon as she got back home.

The witch realized: “That because the animals are standing up for Sigutè, she would be able to call them as witnesses and tell on the witch to her brother, once he got back, and that would leave the witch in trouble.”

Therefore, she decided to get rid of Sigutė by burning her. Together with her daughter, the witch immediately started digging a hole beneath the threshold of the hut. They had been digging throughout day and night. The next day, before leaving her to herd the flock, the witch did not tell Sigutė to take of her shirt, on the contrary, she even folded her. Once Sigutė had herded the flock to the forest, the witch heated the oven and, after gathering the cinder, poured them in to the hole that had been dig up beneath the threshold. Afterwards, she neatly covered the hole with twigs, laid some straws on the twigs and poured some dirt on top of the straws. Smoothly levelled everything and the hole was gone.



Once Sigutė got back with the flock, the witch called her in a thick voice, this was the first time she had called her since the leaving of her brother, to come inside the hut.

“Come Sigute, come my dearest!
Warm bread is baked today,
Sour kvass is fermented today:
Eat as much as you can – drink as much as you want.”

Sigutė already wanted to go but the dog, who saw what the witch did, came and warned her:

“Don’t go Sigute, don’t do it sister
There is a hole full of cinder beneath the threshold
If you go, you will fall.”

Sigutė had listened the dog and didn't go, therefore the witch became so angry that she ran into the house and broke the dog's first leg.

The next day after Sigutė got back with the flock the witch said to her again:

“Come Sigute, come my dearest!
Warm bread is baked today,
Sour kvass is fermented today:
Eat as much as you can – drink as much as you want.”

But the dog warned her again:

“Don’t go Sigute, don’t do it sister
There is a hole full of cinder beneath the threshold
If you go, you will fall.”

The witch was so angry that she broke the dog's second leg. The same was in the third and fourth day: the witch broke the dog's last two legs. The fifth day, after Sigutė got back with the flock, the witch said to her again:

“Come Sigute, come my dearest!
Warm bread is baked today,
Sour kvass is fermented today:
Eat as much as you can – drink as much as you want.”

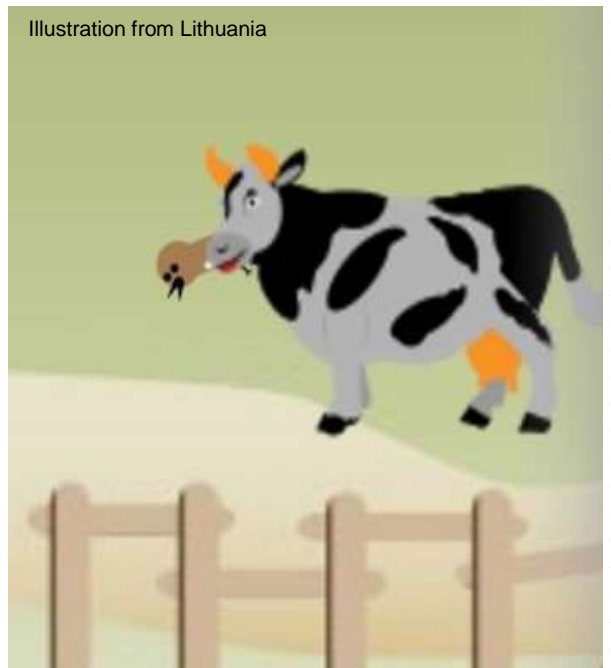
The dog one more time warned Sigutė. This time the witch was so angry that she pulled out the dog's tongue.

“Come Sigute, come my dearest!
Warm bread is baked today,
Sour kvass is fermented today:
Eat as much as you can – drink as much as you want.”

This time there was no one who could warn Sigutė. Sigutė took a step, fell in to a hole and burned. The witch swept up Sigute's ashes and left them under the gates.

The little black cow came near the gates and recognized Sigute's smell. She licked the ashes with her tongue, the green saliva popped and the duck came out.

Illustration from Lithuania



When the war ended, Sigute's brother was finally able to come home. He had to ride through the forest. While riding he heard his sister's voice and stopped to listen. He couldn't see who is singing:

“Oh my brother, oh my dear,
Our witch stepmother
Dug a hole beneath the threshold of the hut
Gathered the cinder and poured them in to the hole,

Oh my brother, oh my dear,
Our witch stepmother
Dug a hole beneath the threshold of the hut
Gathered the cinder and poured them in to the hole,
And said to me:

Come Sigute, come my dearest!
Warm bread is baked today,
Sour kvass is fermented today:
Eat as much as you can – drink as much
as you want.

Oh my brother, oh my dear,
I've listened to the stepmother,
I've listened to that witch,
I took one step and fell in to a hole.

Oh my brother, oh my dear
Our witch stepmother
Swept up my ashes
And left them under the gates.

Oh my brother, oh my dear
The little black cow licked the ashes
The saliva popped out
And I became a duck.”

Finally, the brother saw the duck, who was singing to him. He started asking her questions and she told him everything. He was so angry that decided to revenge the witch. He smeared his horse with a thick layer of resin and rode out back home. The witch heard that her stepson is coming back so she took a golden cup filled with wine and went to wait for him. The brother saw the witch, therefore he quickly jumped from his horse on the other side. The stepmother said to him:

“My dearest son, please take the horse from the path, I'm afraid of him.”

“It's a good horse, he won't kick. Push him with your hand and he will go away.”

She slapped the horse, and her hand got stuck.





Illustration from Lithuania

Then the witch said:

“My dearest son, my hand got stuck.”

“Slap with other hand and this one will bounce back.”

She slapped with other hand and it got stuck too.

“Kick with your leg and both hands will bounce back.”

And her leg got stuck.

“Kick with other one.”

And the second leg got stuck. The witch, caught in great fear, started asking.

“Slap with your forehead and you will bounce back.”

The witch slapped with her forehead and it got stuck.

Then Sigute's brother said to her:

“Now you'll know
How to hurt my sister
Now you'll know
How to burn her.”

He turned to the horse and thus said:

“Run horse where your legs bring you, where your eyes see. Pour and scatter witch's brains all over the world.”

And the horse ran out. And now in snowy winter when it's so cold outside and the snow is shining, remember it's the witch's brains that shine.

Evil always receives the due punishment.

Faustas from Lithuania (7th grade)

THE GIRL FASTER THAN THE HORSE

Serbian fairy-tale

Once there was a girl without parents. She was made of snow and looked after by fairies. The girl was given life by wind, fed with dew, dressed with leaves and beautified with the flowers from the meadow. She was whiter than snow, redder than the rose, shinier than the sun. To say in other words, she was unique.

One day the girl announced the time and the place of the race. She also said that she would marry the winner of the race. There were thousands of suitors with their horses ready to compete. Among them there was a prince himself. The girl was also ready for the race to run on her bare feet, without a horse. All of them stood on the line waiting for the race to start.

The girl said, "I put the golden apple there, at the end of the path. One who first finishes the race and takes the apple will marry me. On the other hand, if I am the winner of the race, all of you will be dead. Be careful!"

The young men looked at each other and they all believed in themselves.

One of them said, "We all know that she can't win the race without a horse. One of us will! The God will decide who will be the winner."

When the girl clapped her hands, everyone rushed. At the half of the race, the girl spread her wings. But the horsemen rushed on their horses even more and outran the girl. When she saw that, she tore out one hair from her head, threw it on the ground, and the big forest appeared. The suitors were confused, and the girl passed them again. But the horses were faster and the girl was passed, too. Then, one tear dropped from her eye on the ground and the river appeared. The men almost got drowned. Only one young man continued the race. It was the prince.

When he saw that the girl was far and almost finished the race, he said three times, "In the name of the God, stop!"

She heard the curse and stopped. The prince grabbed her, put her on the horse. They crossed the river and the highest mountain, but when the prince turned around, he realized that the girl disappeared.



Illustration from Kalush (Ukraine)

Only true people and feelings can bring us happiness.

Students from Aleksinac (Serbia)

The goal of this tale is to show than anything that is related to magic is not eternal...

Students from Aleksinac (Serbia)

THE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND

A myth by Aesop

Once upon a time, the Sun and the North Wind started talking about who of them was the strongest.

"I am stronger", said the Sun.

"No, I am stronger", said the North Wind.

They were so stubborn that none of them gave in. They could not reach to a conclusion nor ever would they because of their stubbornness.

"I suggest that we take a bet", the North Wind said.

"What kind of bet?" asked the Sun.

"I suggest that we choose a man by chance and whoever of us makes him take off his clothes will be the winner."

"I accept the bet", said the Sun.

After a little while, they spotted a man walking alone in the valley. The North Wind started to

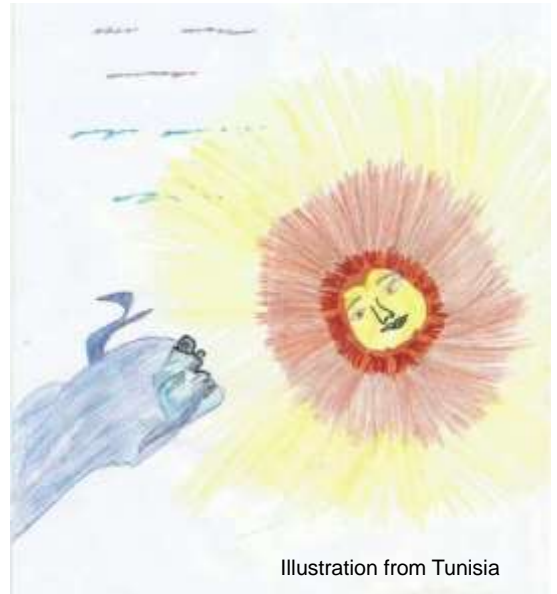


Illustration from Tunisia

blow. The man bent his head and crossed his hands. The North Wind blew even stronger and the man buttoned his jacket and when the North Wind blew even stronger he ran and hid behind a big tree and covered himself with a blanket he was carrying in his bag. The

Illustration from Tunisia



stronger the North Wind blew the tighter the man held the blanket. After a long time, the wind gave up trying and called the Sun to give it a try.

Illustration from Tunisia

The Sun came up and after a little while, the man took off the blanket and his jacket. The Sun shone even stronger and the man took off his shirt. The Sun shone even more and the man looked around the valley and ran to the stream that was watering the land and dived into the water.

"You are stronger", the North

Wind admitted and gave up the bet.

As he was leaving he thought that he suggested the wrong bet against the Sun. But no matter what he was thinking, you the readers have to make the final conclusions.



You are
STRONGER

THE DEATH OF KIKOS

Armenian fairy-tale

Once upon a time there lived a poor peasant and his wife, with three daughters. One day, as the father was working in his field, he felt very thirsty, and sent his eldest daughter to the spring for water. She took a jug and went. Next to the spring grew a large tree. When she came to the spring, the daughter looked at the tree pensively, and thought:

“One day I’ll get married, and have a son whom I’ll call Kikos. Kikos will grow up, and one day he’ll climb this tree. He’ll fall from it, and hit his head on a stone, and be killed. Oh, alas, alas, poor little Kikos!”

She sat down beneath the tree and began to wail, chanting:

“Someday I’ll marry and have a son with hair of chestnut brown. One day, I know, he’ll climb this tree and he’ll come tumbling down. Alas, alas, Kikos dear! Alas, dear Kikos is dead!”

She sat there chanting and weeping, and meanwhile everyone at home was wondering why she had not returned. Her mother sent the second daughter to look for her.

“Find out what’s happened to your sister”, she said.

When the eldest daughter saw her sister approaching, she began to wail louder.

“Come, quick, you poor unfortunate aunt! See what has happened to your poor little nephew Kikos!”

“What Kikos?”

“Why haven’t you heard?” Listen, “Someday I’ll marry and have a son with hair of chestnut brown. One day, I know he’ll climb this tree and he’ll come tumbling down. Alas, alas, Kikos dear! Alas, dear Kikos is dead!”

“Alas, dear Kikos is dead”, the second daughter began to wail.

She sat down next to her sister, and began to weep. Meanwhile the mother became still more anxious. She sent out her third daughter.

“You’d better go and see what has happened to your sisters”, she said.

The youngest daughter went to the spring, and found her sisters sitting there weeping bitterly. “What has happened?” she cried anxiously.

“Don’t you know?” answered her eldest sister.



Illustration from Lithuania

“Someday I’ll marry and have a son with hair of chestnut brown. One day, I know he’ll climb this tree and he’ll come tumbling down. Alas, alas, Kikos dear! Alas, dear Kikos is dead!”



“Alas, dear Kikos! Why have you left your poor old aunt behind?” wailed the youngest sister, and sat down with the other two. And she too began to weep.

Finally the mother couldn’t bear the suspense any

longer, and ran out to the spring herself. All three daughters ran to meet her.

“Come, quick, you poor unfortunate grandmother! See what has happened to your dear little grandson!”

“What grandson? And since when am I a grandmother?” cried the amazed woman.

“Why, don’t you know yet, Mother?” wailed the eldest daughter.

“Someday I’ll marry and have a son with hair of chestnut brown. One day, I know he’ll climb this tree and he’ll come tumbling down. Alas, alas, Kikos dear! Alas, dear Kikos is dead!”

“Alas, alas! Why am I still living, dear Kikos? It were better that your poor old grandmother should be dead herself, than to have this happen to you!” wailed the woman.



The peasant couldn’t understand where they had all gone. He began to look for them, and finally found them at the spring. As soon as they saw him coming, they all ran to meet him, crying.



“Come, quick, you unfortunate grandfather! See what has happened to your favourite grandson Kikos!”

“Who’s a grandfather? Who’s Kikos?” asked the astounded man.

“What’s this all about, anyway? I don’t understand.”

“What! You don’t understand? Haven’t you heard?”

“Someday I’ll marry and have a son with hair of chestnut brown. One day, I know he’ll climb this tree and he’ll come tumbling down. Alas, alas, Kikos dear! Alas, dear Kikos is dead!”

All four of them wailed in chorus, “Alas, dear Kikos is dead!”

The peasant thought a bit. “Look here, you foolish women”, he said.

“Why are you crying? You know you can’t bring poor little Kikos back to life with your tears. Let us go home instead, and invite the neighbours to a feast in Kikos’s memory. Such is life, we come and we depart it.”



Illustration from Lithuania



Illustration from Armenia

All they possessed was an ox and a bag of flour. They killed the ox, and baked bread, and invited the guests. Then they ordered a mass for Kikos’s soul, and held a feast in his memory. That calmed them all, and they went on living as peacefully as before.

Do not cry for something that you do not even have yet. Rejoice at the things that this day has brought.

Paulius from Lithuania (7th grade)

THE LEGEND OF GOLDEN DUCK

Polish legend

Long, long time ago the shoemaker, Lutek lived in the Old Town in Warsaw. He was known as a good companion: happy, hardworking but very poor. In Poland we say as poor as a mouse in church. He worked as an apprentice in his master's workshop. One day he went to his friend, a journeyman who was quite good because he sewed shoes for soldiers. They were having fun, eating, drinking.



Illustration from Croatia

“Here in Warsaw it is easy to get money and find fame but you must be brave and wise”, said the journeyman.

“There is a princess on Ordynacka Street, in the underground of the castle. She is a duck as she is under a charm now. If you find her, you are a winner. She will tell you how to get treasures and become rich. It can happen only once a year. This place is a labyrinth that nobody ever came back from.”

“When?” asked Lutek.

“At Saint John's night.”

“Three days left no more”, thought Lutek.

At that day....

Lutek was going along Krakowskie Przedmieście, Nowy Swiat into Ordynacka Street. He went through a small window



Illustration from Lithuania

without glass into the building. It was dark so he light a handle but still felt frightened. He is going along a long, narrow, spiral corridor down and down. After a quarter he saw a kind of cellar with a lake in the middle. There was a golden duck in it.

“Oh, my dear! He was right. The golden duck is swimming there.”



Illustration from Lithuania

Suddenly the duck changed into a beautiful girl with long, blond hair, a mouth like raspberries and blue eyes like stars.

“What do you want from me, little boy?” asked the duck.

“The princess, I want nothing. I am ready to do what you order me.”

“You will get as big treasures as nobody in the world has. You will be a rich man if you do what I will tell you. Here you are – a bag of golden coins. You must spend the money tomorrow. But nothing can be spent on another person. Even a small coin. Nothing. Remember.”

And she disappeared.

“Ha, ha, ha”, he was laughing.

“Is it hard? I will eat, drink and have fun. I will spend 100 golden coins.”

He went to Swietojska Street to the clothes shop, bought a hat and other clothes. Elegant. A real count.

“It is not easy to spend 100 golden coins for myself.”

He took four horses and a chaise (an open carriage) and went to Wilanow where he spent half a day strolling in the garden. Later he came back to the center and went to the Great Theatre. The first time in his life.



Lutek went into a pub and asked for sausages, blond pudding and rolls. He was eating, eating... enough for three days. It was getting late, not much time to spend the money. He didn't know what to do. He was going along and thinking when he saw an old man.

“Sir, I haven't eaten for 2 days”, the beggar said.

Lutek reached for the coins in his pocket, took a handful of gold and gave it to the old man. "God will thank you, sir. You will be rich and happy", said the old man to express his gratefulness. It started flashing, they heard thunder. "You haven't kept you promise", Lutek heard the voice and saw the duck. After saying that it disappeared.



Lutek looked around, saw the old man who said:

"Money doesn't bring happiness, work and health does. Money is worth when you earn it, when it is given for free it can bring unhappiness."



Lutek came back home happy. He woke up in the morning. Yesterday, he spent only 10 golden coins on himself.

After that, everything went better. He became a journeyman, and a master soon. He married to a beautiful girl, had children and lived happily.

Nobody has ever heard about the golden duck again.

**Easy fortune attracts trouble.
Only hard earned money can
bring you joy and happiness.**

**Veronika from Lithuania
(9th grade)**

**A person who only cares for
money is unable to find
happiness. You can enrich your
inner-self by sharing your
fortune with a deprived person.**

**Greta from Lithuania (9th
grade)**

THE MITTEN

Ukrainian fairy-tale

The day is cold and snowy. The old man walks along a path in the forest. A dog runs behind him. Then the old man loses his mitten.



Illustration from Kalush (Ukraine)



Illustration from Dolishniy Shepit (Ukraine)

Along runs a mouse. She sees the mitten. The mitten is big and warm. And it is a very cold day.

The mouse says, *"I can live here!"*

And she gets inside.

Along hops a frog and asks, *"Who is there in the mitten?"*

"That's me, the mouse. Who are you?"

"I am a frog. Can you let me in?"

"Okay, come in!"

So there are two of them in the mitten.



Illustration from Kalush (Ukraine)



Illustration from Dolishniy Shepit (Ukraine)

Along runs a hare.

He comes up to the mitten and asks,
"Who is there in the mitten?"

"That's me, the mouse and me, the frog. Who are you?"

"I am a hare. Can you let me in?"

"Okay, come in!"

There are three of them in the mitten.

And here comes a fox.

She rushes to the mitten.

"Who is there in the mitten?"

"That's me, the mouse and me, the frog, and me, the hare. Who are you?"

"I am a fox. Can you let me in?"

"Okay, come in!"

So there are four of them in the mitten already!

A boar comes by from nowhere.

"Who is there in the mitten?"

"That's me, the mouse, and me, the frog, and me the hare, and me, the fox. Who are you?"

"I am a boar. Can you let me in?"

"Okay, come in!"

The boar gets into the mitten too.

There are already five of them.

Here trots a wolf.

He comes to the mitten and asks, *"Who is there in the mitten?"*

"That's me, the mouse and me, the frog, and me, the hare, and me, the fox, and me, the boar. Who are you?"

"I am a wolf. Can you let me in?"

"Okay, come in!"

The wolf gets into the mitten.

There are already six of them.

It is so crowded inside! They can hardly move!

A bear climbs through the bushes.



Illustration from Dolishniy Shepit (Ukraine)

The branches crack.

He comes to the mitten, growls and asks, *"Who is there in the mitten?"*

"That's me, the mouse and me, the frog, and me, the hare, and me, the fox, and me, the boar, and me, the wolf. Who are you?"

"There are so many of you! I am a bear. Can you let me in?"

"That is bad! Everyone comes to the mitten and wants to get in! You are too big! The mitten is so crowded!"

"It is so cold! I can fit. Let me in, please!"

"Okay, come in!"

The bear climbed into the mitten.

There are already seven of them.

It is so crowded! They can hear, crack, crack, crack... The mitten is about to burst!

Now the old man looks around. He looks for his mitten.

"Where is my mitten?"

He goes back the path. The dog runs in front of the old man. The dog sees the mitten. It is on the ground and it moves.

"Woof, woof, woof!" Says the dog to the old man.

The animals in the mitten can hear the dog. They are scared.

"Let's run!"

They run out of the mitten and away into the forest.

The old man comes up to the mitten, picks it up and goes home.



WHY WHY GEESE BATHE IN WATER, CATS WASH ON THE TOP OF A STOVE, AND CHICKENS TAKE DUST BATHS

Ukrainian fairy-tale

Once upon a time there lived a man who had a Cat and also some Chickens and Geese. Summer came, it was very hot, and the Geese set out to look for water. They walked and they walked and they met a Chicken.

“Where are you going, Geese?” asked the Chicken.

“To look for water. It's so very hot out.”

“I'll come with you”, the Chicken said, opening wide her beak, for she felt very hot too.

“Go ahead!”

So the Geese and the Chicken went on, they walked and they walked, and they met a Cat.

“Where are you going?” asked the Cat.

“To look for water.”



Illustration from Greece



Illustration from Greece

“May I come with you?”

“Go ahead!”

So the Geese, the Chicken, and the Cat went on together. They walked and they walked, and by and by they came to a lake. The Geese flapped their wings and flew straight into the water, they swam and played about in it, and they liked it so much that they honked loudly in pleasure.

The Chicken and the Cat stood on the shore and looked on. The sun blazed away in the sky, and they would have liked to take a dip but were afraid to. They looked at the water, and they saw a Chicken and a Cat just like themselves in it.

“Those two are not afraid, so why should we be!” they said.



They jumped into the water and nearly drowned, and they were only able to climb out onto



the shore with the greatest of difficulty. The Cat looked at the lake and felt so bad that he was seized with a fit of shivering. He shook off the water and said:

“I will never be so foolish as to try to swim again. I can wash myself very well sitting on a stove.”

“I’ll never be so foolish either”, said the Chicken.

“I can get myself just as clean by taking a dust bath.”



And with that, they set out for home. The Chicken saw some dust on the road and flapped her wings for joy.

“I am going to take a dust bath!” she cried.

“It’s a hundred times more enjoyable!”

And the Cat whisked into the hut, sprang

up onto the stove, and, purring loudly, and began licking himself all over.

“I’ll never trade the stove for a lake”, he said.

“Who wants to swim?”

And from that day on Geese have always bathed in water, Cats washed themselves sitting on the top of a stove, and Chickens take dust baths. And he who doesn’t believe this can watch them and see for himself!

The fairy-tales were translated and illustrated by the pupils from:

- ✎ Vanadzor (Armenia)
- ✎ Sveti Ilija (Croatia)
- ✎ Chania, Crete (Greece)
- ✎ Tbilisi (Georgia)
- ✎ Klaipeda (Lithuania)
- ✎ Floresti (Moldova)
- ✎ Lubsko (Poland)
- ✎ Aleksinac (Serbia)
- ✎ Belgrade (Serbia)
- ✎ Dar Chaabane (Tunisia)
- ✎ Dolishniy Shepit (Ukraine)
- ✎ Kalush (Ukraine)

The adapted version of the fairy-tale for screens is available at

<https://korsigita.wordpress.com/2016/04/30/fairy-tales-that-came-to-life-atgijusios-pasakos/>

The electronic versions of the fairy-tales are available at www.storyjumper.com