**Narrator – Wiktoria Kos**

**King Krak – Ewa Kania**

**Skuba – Kasia Osiak**

**Knight1 – Jan Lachowski**

**Knight2 – Kasia Maślak**

**Knight3 – Adam Pietrusiewicz**

**Scriptwriter – Sandra Obiedzińska**

**The legend**

**of the Wawel dragon**

**Narrator:** In the life of every human being, getting to know the legends is the first thing before learning history, fairy tales and myths.

**Narrator:** These are tales about old, very old times, passed down from generation to generation. Often colorful and cheerful, sometimes fearsome and grim. There is a bit of truth in every legend, and to every truth some untruth is added to give more charm. Like it is said: *‘’legend is a sister of the history’’*.

**Narrator:** The place, in which legends were told with particular pleasure, is primeval, beautiful Cracow.

**Narrator:** It was like that, lets listen…

**Narrator:** The largest Polish river – the Vistula – flows out of the mountains as a rapid stream, and when it reaches the plains, it becomes wider, calmer, more and more dignified. It floats through to Cracow. Here it surrounds a limestone hill, called Wawel, a magnificent castle which is located on it – the habitat of Polish kings.

**Narrator:** Many, many centuries ago, the Polish king – Krak – lived in Wawel Castle. Around the castle, the city grew and developed fast. People lived here busily. They loved and respected their king, because he was good to residents of the kingdom.

**Narrator:** And life would go on calmly, if only the great misfortune won’t fell on the city.

**Narrator:** Under the Wawel hill in one of the caves, the huge and terrible dragon nestled. He had a mouth full of sharp teeth, from which poisonous steam and fire burst. Four huge paws were armed with powerful claws, and when he hit the ground with his tail, it was so booming that the houses in the city were shaking.

**Narrator:** The dragon was drinking water from the Vistula, was devouring sheep and cows, and even was kidnapping young girls. The city was overwhelmed with fear. The children didn’t leave their homes, adults were trembling with fear. And because of that, it looked like no one lived there.

**Narrator:** King Krak called wise men and asked them:

**King Krak:** Please, give me advise, learned men, what should I do to save the city and my beloved people? How to kill a dangerous dragon?

**Narrator:** He also asked the most powerful knights and promised them:

**King Krak:** Which of you, great knights, will fight with the monster and kill him, he will get the award from me. The most important treasure I have: my beautiful daughter as a wife.

**Narrator:** Unfortunately, it wasn’t a good idea. Very educated men didn’t know how to kill the dragon and the bravest of the brave knights didn’t have the courage to kill the awful monster. So the creature still hasn’t given the city calm and quiet. It spread fear and no one felt safe in the kingdom of Krak anymore.

**Narrator:** And when it seemed that there was no help, a young cobbler, named Skuba, came to the king and said:

**Skuba:** My king and lord, I know how to kill the dragon. I need sheep’s skin and a lot of sulphur.

**Narrator:** The knights bursted of laughter.

**Knight1:** Look at him! We have daredevil here!

**Knight2:** You don’t know that no one can defeat the dragon?

**Knight3:** He has already killed many eminent warriors. How can you compare with them?

**Narrator:** The king was surprised and delighted at the same time. He ordered to provide what Skuba demanded.

**Narrator:** Cobbler neatly stitched the skins and stuffed with sulphur, so it looked like a big sheep. Residents from the royal court looked at this work and admired the young boy.

**Narrator:** When the cobbler finished his work, he threw this huge, weird sheep out of the castle walls, under the dragon’s cave.

**Narrator:** Suddenly, the dragon jumped out of the cave and hungrily gobbled up its prey.

**Narrator:** After a few minutes, terrible and powerful roar shook the castle and the city. The flame flared in the stomach of the beast. Breathing fire, the monster rushed towards the Vistula. He drank, drank and drank to extinguish the fire, which smoked his entrails. He drank so long until he burst.

**Narrator:** It was the end of the dragon, which was a nightmare for inhabitants of the city. Everyone was thrilled and cried for a joy and king said:

**King Krak:** Cobbler, you were really wise and brave. Here is the promised award – my beautiful daughter, the princess. She will be your wife.

**Narrator:** The cobbler was thrilled and the princess was happy. Which girl wouldn’t be if she had such a brave and wise husband?

**Narrator:** A rollicking wedding party was held at the Wawel castle, and all the inhabitants of the castle together with the king of Cracow were happy about young couple.

**Narrator:** After the terrible dragon, only this story remained, and in the Wawel hill is a cave called the Dragon Cave. A beautifully sculpted dangerous dragon stands in front of its entrance. Sometimes it even breathes fire - just like the one before centuries.