



SECOND TRIP TO FAIRY-TALE



2017

The Bald Boy and the Squirrel

Turkish fairy-tale

Once upon a time there was a woman and his bald son, and they were living in a town. They were so miserable due to poverty. Sometimes they would not have anything to eat at home; therefore, Bald Boy took a basket to his hand and go wander at the forest. He's got some mushrooms and brought them to her mother to cook. That day was another gloomy day and it was foggy and rainy. Bald Boy went to the forest again to collect some mushrooms and he ate some of them on his way. Later on, he sat under a big and old tree to rest. When he looked up above the branches he saw a squirrel that was just staring at him. When she saw the Bald Boy she got off from the branch that she



was standing and started to cry. Bald Boy held it and tried to calm her down, kissed her, hugged her. Squirrel said, "Aaah, Ahhh. You are treating me very friendly and it has not I had for a long time." And Bald Boy talked about his poverty to the squirrel. And the squirrel felt pity on him and she said, "I will do a favour to you."

They walked for hours and hours and eventually at the end of the forest they saw the rock cliff. The squirrel said that, "Go over the rock cliff and grouses are going to the welcome you. They would be asking you three question to you and you can answer them you will find out what is going to be your reward."

Everything that the squirrel said becomes true and grouses welcomed the Bald Boy, The queen of the grouses said that, "We are going to ask you three question and if you can answer them you are going to get two jar of gold as a reward." The queen showed to Bald Boy a cherry tree and said, "Tell me how many cherries are on that tree?" Bald boy said, "It is a piece of cake as much as number of heather you've got. If you want to find out you can count them."

The answer was taken as a correct. Second question was asked, "Where is the middle of the earth?" Bald Boy said, "You are standing on it, if you don't believe you can measure it."

This answer was also taken as a correct one. For the last question the queen hold to walnuts and asked, “Tell me which one is the heavier?”

“The one that sinks into the water”, said the boy.

As a result this answer was also taken as correct and the boy has got two jars of gold.

He ran to his house and gave the jars of treasures to his mother and went back to the forest to look for the squirrel and when he found it the squirrel was still crying.

“I”, said the squirrel.

“I am the daughter of a Sultan but I was enchanted and I became a squirrel.”

The Bald Boy wanted to help her but squirrel said, “It is very difficult. You have to go to the Mountain of Kaf and you have to pass through a mountain that is guarded by a dragon and you will gather and fetch me the water of emerald.”



Bald boy went to the town and bought a very sharp sword and went to mountain of Kaf. There were giant snakes guarding to front of the cave and Bald Boy was able to kill them by his sword. When the dragon heard the sounds of the snakes; he fled to around to see what was going on. Bald Boy took it as an advantage

and got the emerald water put it in to a bottle.

He run back to the forest and found the squirrel. The squirrel was so happy to see that bald boy was accomplished the mission and as soon as she drunk to the water of emerald she



becomes the prettiest girl on the earth. They went to the Sultan’s palace and when Sultan heard the story he rewarded Bald Boy with millions of gold and treasures. At the end, Bald Boy and his mother lived happily ever after.

The Bully Goat

Ukrainian folk tale

There is a house. An old man and an old woman live in the house. The old man goes to the market. He comes to the market and sees a very nice goat.

“What a nice goat!” he thinks.

He buys her and takes her home. The next morning he tells his eldest son, “Go and take the Goat to the pasture!”

The boy spends the day in the pasture. In the evening he drives the Goat home. They come to



their house and see the old man in his red boots. He waits for them.

The old man asks the Goat, “Are you hungry? Are you thirsty, my dear Goat?”

“I am hungry! I am thirsty!” says the Goat.

The old man is so angry with his son! “My son is not a good boy!” he thinks.

“Go away!” he shouts at his son.

The next day he asks his other son, “Take the goat to the pasture!”

The boy spends the day in the pasture. In the evening he drives the Goat home. They come to their house and see the old man in his red boots. He waits for them. The old man asks the Goat, “Are you hungry? Are you thirsty, my dear Goat?”

“I am hungry! I am thirsty!” says the Goat.

“Go away!” he shouts at his son.

The next day the old man asks his wife, “Take the Goat to the pasture!”

She takes the Goat to the pasture. She spends the day in the pasture. In the evening she drives the



Goat home and sees her husband in his red boots. He waits for them. The old man asks the Goat, “Are you hungry? Are you thirsty, my dear Goat?”

“I am hungry! I am thirsty!” says the Goat.

The old man is so angry with his wife. “Go away!” he shouts at the old woman.

The next day the old man takes the Goat to the pasture. He spends the day in the pasture. In the evening he drives the Goat home. But the old man is clever. He leaves the Goat behind and runs home fast. He is home now and waits for the Goat. Here she comes!



“Are you hungry? Are you thirsty, my dear Goat?”

“I am hungry! I am thirsty, dear old man!” says the Goat.

Now the old man is really angry! He goes and grabs a sharp knife! The Goat sees the knife. She is scared! She runs away! She runs and runs, and runs!

In the forest the Goat sees a hut. It is a hare’s hut. She runs into the hut, looks around and says, “I like the hut! I can stay here!”

The Hare comes home and hears that there is someone in the hut.

“Who is in my hut?”

“I am a big bully Goat. I can butt you with my horns. I can stamp on you. So go away!” says the Goat.

The Hare is scared. He runs out of the hut. He sits down and cries. Along comes the Bear.

“Why are you sad?” asks the Bear.

“I am so sad,” says the Hare.

“There is a big bully goat in my hut,” cries the Hare.

“Don’t cry, dear Hare!” says the Bear. “I can help you!”

The Bear runs down to the hut and asks, “Who is there in the hut?”

“I am a big bully Goat. I can butt you with my horns. I can stamp on you. So go away!” says the Goat.

The Bear is scared and he runs away. “I am sorry, dear Hare. I can’t help you! I am scared!” says the Bear.



The Hare sits down again and cries. Along comes the Wolf and asks, “Why are you sad?”

“I am so sad,” says the Hare.

“There is a big bully goat in my hut,” cries the Hare.

“I can help you,” says the Wolf.

“You can’t,” cries the Hare.



“The Bear can’t help me, so you can’t either!”

“I can!” says the Wolf.

“Who is there in the hut?”

“I am a big bully Goat. I can butt you with my horns. I can stamp on you. So go away!” says the Goat.

The Wolf is scared too. “I am sorry, dear Hare, I can’t help you,” says the Wolf. “I am scared too!”

The Hare sits down again and cries. Along comes the Fox and asks, “Why are you sad?”

“I am so sad,” says the Hare.

“There is a big bully Goat in my hut,” cries the Hare.

“I can help you,” says the Fox.

“You can’t,” cries the Hare.

“The Bear can’t help me. The Wolf can’t help me. So you can’t either!”



"I can!" says the Fox.

The Fox runs down to the hut and asks, "Who is there in the hut?"

"I am a big bully Goat. I can butt you with my horns. I can stamp on you. So go away!" says the Goat.

The Fox is scared and she runs away. "I am sorry, dear Hare. I can't help you! I am scared too!" says the Fox.

The Hare sits down again and cries. Along comes the Crayfish and asks, "Why are you sad?"

"I am so sad," says the Hare.

"There is a big bully Goat in my hut," cries the Hare.

"I can help you," says the Crayfish.

"You can't," cries the Hare.

"The Bear can't help me. The Wolf can't help me. The Fox can't help me. So you can't either!"

"I can!" says the Crayfish.

The Crayfish crawls down to the hut and asks, "Who is there in the hut?"

"I am a big bully Goat. I can butt you with my horns. I can stamp on you. So go away!" says the Goat.

"No," says the Crayfish.

The Crayfish crawls and crawls. Here he is in the house. He stops and says, "I can pinch you with my claw! I can nip you with my claw!"

He pinches the Goat and the Goat says, "Ouch!"

She jumps up. She runs out of the house and away down the road.

The Hare is glad. The Hare is happy. He comes into the hut and says, "Thank you, thank you, dear Crayfish!"



Illustrations from Turkey (Kastamonu)

Jirtdan

Azerbaijani fairy-tale



Illustration from Ukraine (Uzyn)

Once upon a time, there was a little boy who lived in a village with his grandmother. Now this little boy was so small that people used to call him "Jirtdan," which means "tiny."

Jirtdan loved his grandmother very much, and she loved him, too. She used to bake him delicious cakes and tell him stories. And Jirtdan used to help her by bringing water from the spring or by going to the forest to find firewood.

One day grandmother invited all of Jirtdan's friends together and gave each of them some bread and butter and told them to go to the forest and bring back some firewood. "But take care of Jirtdan! He's younger and smaller than all of you." She said.

So the boys left, carrying their bread and butter. After a while, they reached the forest and started cutting wood. Everybody was working-well, except Jirtdan.



Illustration from Azerbaijan

"Jirtdan, why aren't you cutting wood?" the other boys asked.

"My grandmother gave you bread and butter so that you would cut wood for me, too," Jirtdan replied.

So the boys cut wood for Jirtdan, too. When they finally finished, it was starting to get dark. The boys started gathering up their bundles of wood. But Jirtdan didn't do.

"Jirtdan, why aren't you carrying your bundle of wood?" the boys asked.

"My grandmother gave you bread and butter so that you would carry my bundle of wood," Jirtdan replied.

So the boys picked up Jirtdan's bundle, too. When they started to leave, they saw that Jirtdan just sat on the side of the path, with tears running down his face. "Why are you crying, Jirtdan? Why aren't you coming with us?" the boys asked.

"My grandmother gave you bread and butter so that you would carry me when I got tired," Jirtdan told them.



Illustration from Ukraine (Uzyn)

So one of the boys lifted Jirtan onto his back, and they all started on their journey homewards. But soon it grew dark.

The boys walked and walked, but they couldn't find their way out of the black forest. They were lost. As they looked around, they heard a dog barking off in the distance. In the opposite direction, they saw a light. They wondered what they should do. Finally, they asked tiny Jirtan, "Jirtan, maybe you know. Which way should we go? Over there where the dog is barking or in the opposite direction where there is light?"

Jirtan thought a moment. "If we go where the dog is barking, maybe it will attack us. Let's go towards the light."

And so they started walking towards the light. As they came closer, they realized the light was shining out from a house. They knocked at the door, but nobody answered. Then they went in and decided it would be a good safe place to stay until morning.

Suddenly, the children heard a huge noise. The boys were so frightened. They ran and tried to hide. The door opened, and a big, ugly div entered his house. The div looked behind the doors, under the tables and under the bed until he found all the boys. "Who are you and what are you doing in my house?" the div asked. And with a quiet, scared voice, one of the boys said, "We went to the forest to get some wood. But it got dark, and we got lost. That's when we saw the light in your house." The div looked at the boys. He could smell how tasty they would be. But he realized that he wouldn't be able to eat all of them at the same time, so he decided to get them to go to bed so that he could eat them one by one while they were sleeping.

"Why don't you stay here?" the div suggested. "You would never find your way home in the dark. Stay here with me safely inside the house. I'll make a place for you to sleep in the other room."

And so the boys agreed and went to bed. Finally, everybody was asleep, except Jirtan. The div waited quietly in the next room hoping that the children would soon fall asleep.

A little later he crept quietly into the room. "Who is asleep? Who is awake?" he whispered

"Everybody is asleep, but Jirtan is awake," Jirtan replied.

"Why is Jirtan awake? What does Jirtan want?"

"Well, every night my grandmother makes me scrambled eggs before I go to bed." So the div went into the kitchen and made Jirtan a plate of scrambled eggs. Then he brought it to Jirtan and went back into the next room, waiting for the moment when Jirtan would fall asleep.



Illustration from Azerbaijan



It was nearly morning when the div once again crept quietly into the room where the boys were sleeping. "Who is asleep? Who is awake?" he whispered for the second time. "Everybody is asleep, but Jirtan is awake!" again came the reply. "Why is Jirtan awake? What does Jirtan want?" the div asked. "Well, every night before going to bed, my grandmother brings me water from the river in a sieve," Jirtan replied. So he ran out the door down to the river to bring water in a sieve.

Immediately, Jirtan wakened the boys. "Quick! Quick! Let's get out of here. The div wants to eat us. Let's get out of this house!"

So the boys ran out as fast as they could. In the distance, they could see the div trying to fill the sieve with water. And so the boys quickly crossed the river without making a sound. Eventually, the div looked up and saw them on the opposite side of the river. He started running after them. "Hey boys, let me go with you. Tell me how you got across the river!"

Jirtan pointed to the big, heavy mill stone which was lying close to the div. The mill stone was used for grinding wheat and had a big hole in the middle of it.

Jirtan called back to the div. "Do you see that big mill stone? Pick it up, and put it over your head. Then you can cross the river."

The stupid div followed Jirtan's advice and, of course, the heavy stone around the div's neck pulled him down to the bottom of the river.

And that's the story of how tiny little Jirtan outwitted the div and was able to return safely with his friends to his grandmother.



The Cat and the Cock

Ukrainian folk tale

Once upon a time there lived a Cat and a Cock who loved one another dearly. The Cat would play his fiddle and the Cock would sing, the Cat would go out to get food for the two of them, and the Cock would stay at home and look after the house. Every time the Cat prepared to go out he would say to the Cock: "You mustn't let anyone into the house, Cock, or go out yourself, no matter who calls you."

"I won't, don't you worry," the Cock would reply, and he would get into the house and stay there till the Cat came home. Now, a Fox once saw the Cock and decided to lure him out and catch him. She crept up to the window of their house when the Cat was out and called out: "Come out, Cock, and join me, and I'll give you grains of wheat and some water clear and sweet." But the Cock called out in reply:

*"Cock-a-doodle-doo, I'll do without,
For I promised Puss I'd not go out!"*



The Fox saw that this was not the way to go about things, so one night she crept up to the house, threw some wheat grains under the window for the Cock to see and herself hid behind a bush.

By and by the Cat went out hunting as usual, and the Cock opened the window and looked out. There was no one about, he saw, but there, scattered on the ground, lay some luscious grains

of wheat. The Cock was eager to eat them and said to himself: "I think I'll go out and peck at those grains for a bit. There is no one about, so no one will see me or tell Puss on me." But no sooner did he step over the threshold than the Fox was upon him. She seized him by the scruff of his neck and away she ran to her own house! And the Cock called out to the Cat:

"Save me, Brother Puss, I pray!

Fox's taking me far away.

For her bushy tail

I can't see the trail.

*If you don't come, friend,
I will meet my end."*

Now, the Cat was a long way off and he did not hear the Cock, and by the time he returned home it was too late for him to go after the Fox. He tried to overtake her, but could not, so back he went home and wept and cried. But he got to thinking after a while, and, taking his fiddle and a bright pictured sack, set out for the Fox's house. Now, the Fox had four daughters and a son, and before going out hunting that day, she told them to keep an eye on the Cock and to heat a potful of water so that as soon as she was back she could kill and cook him for dinner. "And mind you let no one into the house while I'm away," she said.

Away she went, and the Cat came up to the house, stood under the window and began to play and to sing the following song:

*"Fox's house is big and tall,
Her four little daughters are beauties all,
And Pilipko, her only son,
Is very sweet to look upon.
Step outside, young Foxes, do,
And I'll sing some more for you!"*

Now, the Fox's eldest daughter felt that she must go and see who it was playing and she said to the others: "Stay here in the house and I'll go and see who it is that plays so well."

She came out of the house, and the Cat rapped her smartly on the nose, whisked her into his sack and began to play and to sing again:

*"Fox's house is big and tall,
Her four little daughters are beauties all,
And Pilipko, her only son,
Is very sweet to look upon.
Step outside, young Foxies, do,
And I'll sing some more for you!"*

The Fox's second daughter went out to see who it was playing, and the Cat rapped her on the nose and whisked her into his sack. And the very same thing happened to the Fox's two younger daughters. There sat their brother Pilipko in the house and waited for his sisters, but they did not come back.

"I think I'll go out and get them to come home," said he to himself, "or our mother will give me a good hiding when she gets back."

He stepped outside, and the Cat rapped him on the nose too and whisked him into the sack! Then he hanged the sack on a dry willow tree and ran into the Fox's house. He found the Cock and untied him, and the two of them ate all of the Fox's food, overturned the pot of boiling water, broke all the dishes and ran home. And the Cock did just as the Cat told him ever after and never, never disobeyed him.



Illustrations from Moldova

The Day and the Night

Ukrainian folk tale



There once lived the Day and the Night. They were neighbours and even friends. One day, the Sun came to see them and began to play with flowers and trees. The Day enjoyed the game and befriended the Sun, forgetting all about the Night.

When the

Night saw this, she got angry at the Sun because everyone liked the Sun and did not pay attention to the Night.

The Night decided to do some mischief. She invited the Sun to her house and when it came, she locked it in the dark room. Thus, the Night began to rule the Earth. Everything fell asleep.

On the third day, the snow-white Lily-of-the-Valley woke up and began to wake all the woodland creatures.

"We must save the Sun because we shall all die without it," she said.

The flowers asked the kind Fairy to help them. The Fairy rescued the Sun. When the Sun appeared in the sky, the flowers rejoiced, began to nod their heads greeting it. The Night saw this and said,

"If I were luminous, everyone would like me too."

"It is not enough to be luminous, you should have a shining soul," the Fairy replied.

The Day happened to hear their conversation and said,

"Don't be sad, dear Night! Let us divide the earth time in two halves: when the Sun shines, this period will be called DAY, and when it does not shine, it will be NIGHT."

And they have shared the time ever since.



The meeting of mice

Armenian fairy-tale

Once upon a time an old man brought a cat to his house and all the mice started to starve. The oldest mouse held a general council to consider how to survive in such times. Even the long light tales who ruled the country attended the meeting. The oldest mouse addressed the participants of the meeting:

“Listen, dear relatives! Although, I have neither wife nor son, but I am the oldest and the most respected mouse here. Soon I will be very old,

I feel powerless, my legs are weak, and I feel that my end is near. But I’m forced to die on empty stomach, because a hunger came into my house: angry cat is lying near the warehouse door. Anyone who sees him, returns to its home and quietly prepares to die. This cat is nimble and quick, he



catches the mouse and plays with it until the half-dead mouse disappears in the cat’s greasy mouth. We can’t let our kin to disappear! I have brought the bell, which we have to hang on the cat’s neck. The bell will ring and it will notify us when the cat is coming. In this way we would be able to run and hide. But we have to decide who will hang the bell on the cat’s neck?



Alo, maybe you?”

“No, Alo won’t do it.”

“Balo, you?”

“Balo is afraid.”

“Chsto, you?”

“Chsto is a loser.”

“Msto, you?”

“Msto is very small.”

“Psto, you?”

“Have you lost your mind?!”

“Hambo, you?”

“I’m weak.”

“Chambo, you?”

“I understand that someone has to hang the bell. But how do you imagine it? I cannot tell the cat to come to me! Let Bsto and Khto bring the cat,” said Chambo.

“Have you lost your mind? Take the bell for yourself! Who is Bsto and why Khto?” expressively said Bsto.

“Shut your mouths, you fools! Do you want me to tell the speech or to hang the bell on your grave?” shouted the old mouse and ran out of the meeting.



Illustrations from Lithuania

The crooked duck

Ukrainian fairy-tale



Once upon a time in a small but picturesque village lived an old hunter. He liked hunting for the wild hares and ducks. He lived with his wife but they didn't have children. In late autumn, when snowed the old man went to the forest for hunting. When he went past the forest lake he saw the duck was swimming there.

"How did it appear here?" he thought.

"All wild ducks have already flown away to the South. Maybe it broke its wing?"

At first he wanted to hunt that duck, but then he changed his thought.

"When the lake freezes, I'll take it from the ice. In spring It lay eggs, so I with my wife will have own ducks in summer."

At some days the lake was covered with the ice and the hunter saw the duck onto the ice. He began to catch it but the duck was wild so started to run away, shouted, scratched with its beak and its claws. The old hunter caught it and took the duck at home. When the granddad put it on the floor the wild duck hid under the oven and sat for three days there. At the fourth day the duck started to eat. The old hunter and his wife saw that the duck had healthy wings but its leg was broken – so the duck was crooked. So hunter's wife took care of duck.

Once an old woman began to notice that something strange happened at home. She went to bring water when she came back home she saw the fire was made, the meal was cooked; she began to sew than came out of the home when came back home her work was finished.

Her neighbour asked, "What girl goes to the well? Oh, she is pretty but crooked."

The old hunter and his wife were scared. Some old granny said, "Someone lives in your home but you can't see it. You have to show that you are going to go somewhere but you have to lurk. If you see somebody you will put on with a big black headscarf and hold it strongly."

When old hunter came back home with his wife he said, "Granny bakes pies and loaves we'll go to the fire tomorrow."

At the next day they'll sit on the cart and go to the fair but the hunter came back home and lurked by the oven. At some time he saw his crooked duck ran out under the oven. When it touched to something, wonder happened there: the broom swept the floor, the axe hacked firewood, the fire made itself, the knife peeled potatoes.

At first the hunter was surprised a lot but then when the crooked duck ran past him, he covered with the big black headscarf and caught it.

When he hold the headscarf strongly, he heard some words, "Old man, let me go, I will be your daughter!"

He took away the headscarf and saw a nice girl, she was so pretty as the sun but one her leg was crooked. The crooked duck has turned into a girl. So that girl began to live with the old hunter and his wife. The old man and his woman loved her, like their daughter. They lived happily during winter. When spring came the girl asked his father to make a spindle and a gold chair, "I would like to go out and spin."

He made all things for her. One day when grass was green, the sun shone brightly, she took her chair, spindle and went out, sat on the chair and began to spin. Suddenly she saw wild ducks that came back from the South, those were her brothers and sisters. They saw the girl on the chair and sang,

"There is our Maiden
There is our girl
In the nice yard

On the gold chair
Let's give her a feather
She'll put it on and fly with us"

The young girl replied,

"I will not fly with you!
When I broke my leg,
You left me alone
And flew yourselves,
I will not fly with you!"

Then she saw the second flock of the ducks, there were her aunts and uncles. They saw the girl on the chair and sang,

"There is our Maiden
There is our girl
In the nice yard
On the gold chair
Let's give her a feather
She'll put it on and fly with us"

The young girl replied,

"I will not fly with you!
When I broke my leg,
You left me alone
And flew yourselves,
I will not fly with you!"

At some time two ducks flew low because they were tired. They were her parents. They saw their daughter and sang the same song,



"There is our Maiden
There is our girl
In the nice yard
On the gold chair
Let's give her a feather
She'll put it on and fly with us"

The young girl replied,

"I will not fly with you!
When I broke my leg,
You left me alone
And flew yourselves,
I will not fly with you!"

But her parents didn't fly. They flew and flew, sang and sang their song, asked her, cried and pinched their feathers which dropped on their daughter. The girl stood up of the chair, fell on the ground and all feathers revolved around her. So she turned into the duck, waved her wings and flew with her parents. When the old hunter and his wife ran out, the duck wasn't there. They stayed alone with the chair, the spindle and their memory.



Illustrations from Lithuania

The Goat with Three Kids

Moldavian folk tale



Once upon a time there was a goat with three kids. The little one was hardworking and always listening to his mother. But the middle and the big kids were looking for trouble all the time.

One day, the mother goat told her kids, "Dear kids, I have to go in the woods to bring food. Please, keep the door locked after I'll leave and don't open it until you hear my voice. When I am back, you'll hear this little song,

*"Three kids, little kids
Open door to your mommy
Mommy's bringing to you all
Fresh grass on the lips
Milk and salt on the back."*

"Do you understand?"

And all the three kids answered together, "Yes, mama!"

"So let me kiss you goodbye and I'll be back soon with lots of goodies!"

Mother goat went in the woods, the little kid locked the door and all started playing in the house.

Meanwhile, the bad wolf, having heard the conversation between the mother goat and the kids about the song, started singing the same song to the kids, hoping this way he would trick them and they would open the door to him.

*"Three kids, little kids
Open door to your mommy
Mommy's bringing to you all
Fresh grass on the lips
Milk and salt on the back."*

The big kid as soon as he heard the song jumped down to open the door, thinking that his mother was there!

But the little one cried, "Don't open the door! It's not mother, she has a lovely voice, and this one is rough and harsh!"

When the wolf heard such things, he went to the blacksmith to ask him to sharp his voice! Then he came back and started singing again,

*"Three kids, little kids
Open door to your mommy
Mommy's bringing to you all*



*Fresh grass on the lips
Milk and salt on the back."*

The big kid was very sure that now it was his mama.

"Who else could be? I'll open the door, she must be tired and full of goodies."

"My brother! I feel it's not mama. Please, don't open!" says the little one.

But the big kid didn't listen and opened the door! The middle kid hid under a blanket and the little one in the fireplace.



The big kid didn't open the door well and in a blink of an eye the wolf ate it greedily. He started searching the rest of the house, he was sure that other kids must be in the house.

"Well, well...It seems to me that I've heard more voices. I'll rest a little before leaving."

Then he laid on the blanket and felt something under the blanket. It was the poor middle kid! The hungry wolf ate it too.

When the wolf left, the little kid went out the fireplace, blocked the door and started crying inconsolably over his brothers.

Meanwhile, the mother goat came back home from the woods and she started to sing the song,

*"Three kids, little kids
Open door to your mommy*

Mommy's bringing to you all

*Fresh grass on my lips
Milk and salt on my back."*

The little kid jumped to open the door and fell in his mother arms, crying desperately and started to tell the sad story to his mother. Mother goat cried and cried until she decided to punish the bad wolf. She started cooking all kind of goodies, made a hole in the garden, covered it with woods, embers and brambles and made a table and a chair in wax. When everything was ready, she went in the forest to look for the wolf to invite him to the mourning feast. The wolf was getting some rest in the shadow of an old oak.

"Good day to you, goat! What brings you here?"

"A tragedy happened when I was in the woods. Somebody ate all my kids and now I came to invite

you to eat something for their memory and remembrance."

"Glad about your invitation!" says the wolf.

They went to the goats' house, and while mother goat was crying in pain, the wolf was pretending that he was very shocked by the news and tried all the time to blame the bear for what had happened. Back at the house, mother goat invited the wolf to seat on the wax chair, and started bringing him food.



"Bon Appétit," says the goat.

"Thank you," the wolf answered politely and, being very greedy, he was eating very fast all the tasteful food.

While he was eating, the wax chair melted and the wolf fell in the fire hole!

"Get me out of here!" screamed the wolf, "I am burning alive!"

"Burn there, wolf, like my heart burned of pain in my chest after my babies."

"Don't let me die! Have mercy!" implored the wolf.

"Did you have mercy for my kids?" asked the mother goat.

The news about the wolf's death soon travelled through the forest and were heard by all the goats. And all the goats were pleased with the well-deserved end of the bad wolf.



Illustrations from Azerbaijan

The Orphan Elenyte and Joniukas the Lamb

Lithuanian folk tale

Once upon a time there lived Joniukas and his sister Elenyte. After the death of their parents, the children left their home and went to search for happiness. It was a hot summer day, the sun was shining. Joniukas felt thirsty, he wanted to drink but there was no water around. Then he saw the footprint of a horse left in the sand full of water and said to his sister:

"Elenyte, I'm so thirsty I will drink this water."

But the sister said: "Don't drink brother, if you do you will turn into a foal."

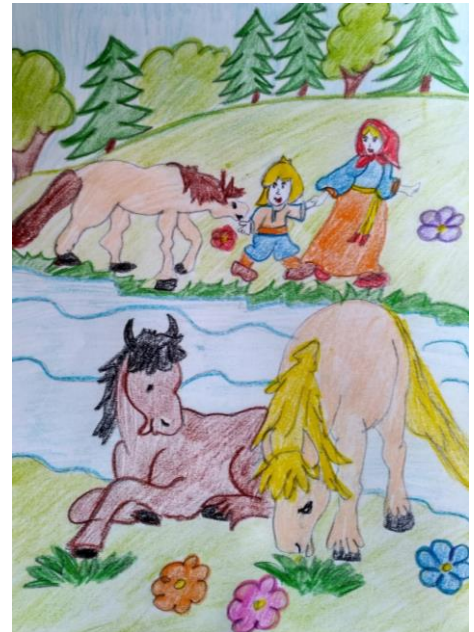
And they went further. Joniukas saw the footprint of a bull full of water and he wanted to drink from it, but Elenyte said:

"Don't drink this water, if you do you will turn into a bullock."

And they went further. Joniukas was so thirsty he couldn't walk. He saw the footprint of a sheep left in the sand full of water and this time he did not

ask the sister's permission and drank from it. Elenyte looked around and saw a lamb instead of her brother. She put her arms

around his neck and cried but nothing has changed, Joniukas was turned into a lamb.



So, they went further. In the evening they came near the King's castle but they did not go inside the yard because there were angry dogs. Elenyte took the lamb and climbed on a haystack and fell asleep. In the morning the king asked his servants to go and see who is lying on the stack. The servants said that it is a little girl with a lamb. The king ordered to bring the girl to him. The servants brought her.



The king learned that she is an orphan and decided to raise her. So, Elenyte remained in the castle. After some time the king decided to kill the lamb but the girl asked him not to do that and explained that the lamb is her brother. At first the king didn't want to believe her but later he left the lamb

alone. Several years passed. Elenyte grew up. She was slim, beautiful and good girl. The king liked her very much so they got married.

But there also lived a witch, which wanted the king to marry her at any cost. The witch was very



jealous: she decided to do something bad to Elenyte. One day Elena went to take a bath. The witch pushed her into a pond, and went to the king dressed as her. Elena was turned into a golden shiner. The witch feigning illness went to the bed and said to the king: "This sheep bores me to death, please order to kill him!"

The frightened king said: "Have you lost your mind? You always say that this lamb is your brother Joniukas... You always loved him so much!"

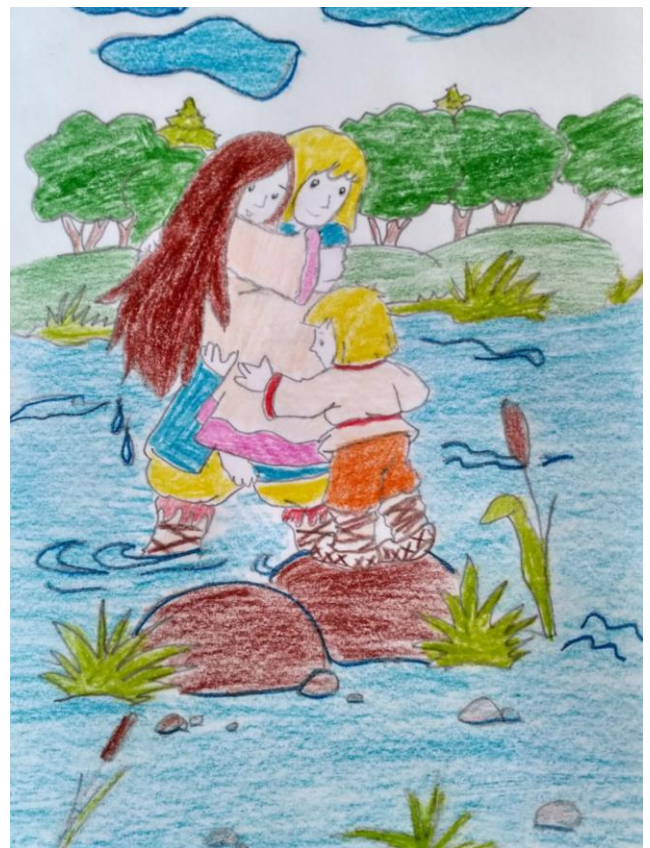
Then the witch answered to him: "I was stupid... I said this on purpose... Do you really think that this sheep could be my brother? I'm very sick and if I did not get its meat I will die."

The king felt sorry for the lamb and he did not dare to kill him. Actually, he was very suspicious why his wife who loved the lamb so much now wants to eat

him. The lamb realized that the witch is going to kill him; he went on the edge of the pond where his sister now lived and started to sing: "Elena, sister, Elenyte, Elenyte! The mister is going to kill me. The servants are sharpening their knives, the girls are preparing the dishes, and the witch is craving for my meat."

Elenyte answered from the lake: "My brother, lamb, oh lamb! Please tell the king that the villagers must weave a silken net and catch a golden shiner."

The servants heard the lamb and his sister, so they went to tell everything to the king. The next day the king hid under the bushes. The lamb went on the edge of the pond and started to sing: "Elena, sister, Elenyte, Elenyte! The mister is going to kill me. The servants are sharpening their knives, the girls are preparing the dishes, and the witch is craving for my meat." And his sister replied. The king has overheard all that has been said: he went to the castle and ordered his people to weave a silken net and catch a golden shiner. After the golden shiner was pulled out of the water, she and the lamb became humans again. The king recognized his true wife and immediately understood that the witch wanted to take Elena's place. The king ordered to kill the witch, and Elenyte, her brother, and the king all lived together in his castle, happily ever after.



The Wawel dragon

Polish legend

Long, long ago when woods full of wild beasts extended to the banks of the Vistula river king Krak built a castle on Wawel hill. Then his people built a city at the foot of the hill. It was named Krakow – after the king.

One night the city was struck by fear. The terrible dragon came and made his home in a cave under the Wawel hill. He ate sheep, cows and goats, scared the farmers so much that they didn't let their animals graze in the field near the Vistula river.

The royal council assembled at Wawel castle to find a way to defeat the monster. Many brave knights had tried to kill the dragon, but before they could get close enough to him, he blew fire on them. People of Krakow had no hope.

But one day a young shoemaker went to the king and said, "I have an idea how to do away with the dragon!"

The king Krak listened to the boy and said, "You are very clever and bright boy! Everyone has to listen to this boy! You are to do everything he tells you to."

The boy took a skin of a sheep from the butcher and some sulphur from a miner. Then he stuffed the sheep's skin with the powdered sulphur and then sewed the sheep up. The stuffed sheep looked like the real one.

He put the sheep by the dragon's cave and waited behind a rock for the dragon to come out. After a while, the dragon came out from his cave. He saw the animal and greedily ate it. The sulphur caught fire and the monster felt his stomach burning. He ran to the river and drank so much water that he filled up like a balloon, then he exploded and died. And that was how the Wawel dragon met his end.



Illustrations from Turkey (Izmit)

Three rings

Serbian fairy-tale

Once upon a time, a king and his son lived happily and ruled their kingdom. When the time for the prince to marry came, his father sent a letter to the other king with a ring in it in order to ask the beautiful princess to marry his son. The messenger gave the letter to the other king. He read it and called his daughter to inform her about the letter and to hear her answer. She told her father that she would marry the prince only if he brought her three rings, the first made of stars, the second made of the moon and the third made of the sun.



Soon, the messenger was sent to bring the princess' answer to the prince and his father. The king was devastated. He even promised the half of his kingdom and big fortune to the one who could find those rings, but, in vain. At last, the prince himself decided to start searching. He wandered and wandered, and when he lost the hope that he would find three rings and wanted to give up, he met an old lady. He greeted her and she said,

"God bless you! I hope this is going to be the happiest day in your life! I will help you! I am the doctor who will cure your anguished body and soul."



The old lady's words surprised the prince. She, then, said, "I know everything about you and your problem. Now, listen- take, please, this herb from my chests and put it in yours. Then, comb the half of my hair in front of, and the other half along my shoulders and stay here till the morning."

The prince did everything that the old lady had said to him. In the evening the old lady said, "When you see the first star on the sky, take the herb from your chest and say, "Dear God, give me the ring."

The prince did all this and the star ring fell of the sky in front of his feet. Then, the old lady said the prince to do the same thing again when the moon appeared. After he repeated the procedure, the moon ring fell from the sky.

Before the dawn, the old lady told, "Listen carefully, when the sun rises, look at it directly through my hair and say, "Dear God, convert this hair into the sun ring."

The prince again did do, and he god the sun asked the old lady what him to pray for her as not to tell anyone about hand and went home.



everything he had been said to ring. He was very happy. He she wanted in return. She said she was going to die soon, and this event. The prince kissed her

Then, he visited the other kingdom along with his father to give the princess three rings and marry her. They all lived happily ever after.



Illustrations from Ukraine (Chervnitsi)

Two squirrels and the fox

Ukrainian folk tale

Two squirrels found a nut and started to argue:

"It's mine," said one squirrel.

"I was the first to spot it."

"No, it's mine," cried the other squirrel.

"I picked it up."

The fox happened to hear their argument.

"Stop quarrelling," she said. "I will reconcile you two!"

The fox stood between the squirrels, broke the nut into two halves and said,

"This half is for the one who spotted the nut and the other half is for the one who picked it up. The kernel belongs to me for reconciling you two."

Having said that, the fox gave the squirrels the empty nutshells, then put the kernel into her mouth and she ran away.



Illustration from Serbia

The cap

Turkish folk tale

THE CAP

One day Nasreddin Hodja was talking to his friend. His friend asked him:

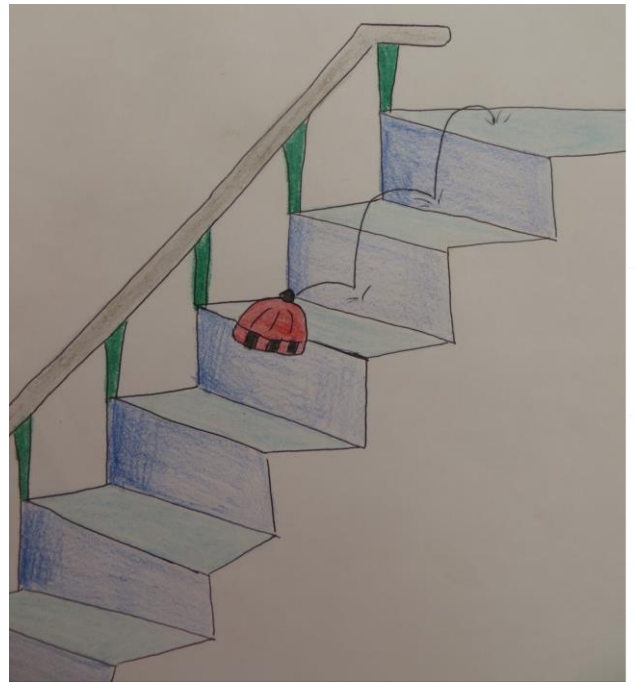
“Nasreddin Hodja, I heard a big noise from your house. What was that?”

“Nothing, my wife and I just had an argument and my cap fell down the stairs”, answered Hodja.



“But Hodja, does the cap caused such a big noise?”

“You have to understand! I was wearing that cap”, explained Hodja.



Illustrations from Lithuania

The shopping

Turkish folk tale



One day Nasreddin Hodja went to the bazaar to buy a bag. He saw a beautiful bag and began to bargain with the seller. They agreed that the bag will cost one Turkish lira. On his way out Nasreddin noticed another bag that he liked.

“How much for it?”

“Two Turkish liras, Hodja”, answered the seller.



Then Nasreddin said:



“I bought it and I can go now.”

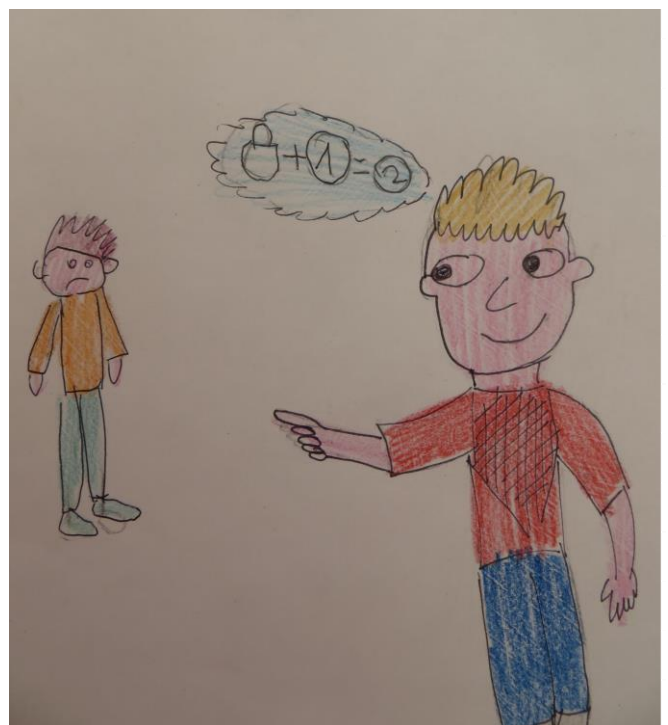
He left the first bag and took the second one. Nasreddin was already near the exit when the seller started to yell:

“Hodja, this bag costs two Turkish liras and you gave me only one Turkish lira!”

Hodja got angry:

“How dare you?! First I paid you one Turkish lira for the bag that I

gave back to you. It costed me one Turkish lira. Two bags cost two Turkish liras. Why are you asking me for money?!”



Illustrations from Lithuania

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

-  Vanadzor (Armenia)
-  Baku (Azerbaijan)
-  Klaipeda (Lithuania)
-  Floresti (Moldova)
-  Rawa Mazowiecka (Poland)
-  Aleksinac (Serbia)
-  Izmit (Turkey)
-  Kastamonu (Turkey)
-  Dolishniy Shepit (Ukraine)
-  Chernivtsi (Ukraine)
-  Kalush (Ukraine)
-  Uzyn (Ukraine)

The adapted version of the fairy-tales for screens is available at
<https://korsigita.wordpress.com/2017/05/07/impressions-from-the-second-trip-antrosios-keliones-ispudziai/>