A stylized globe of the Earth with green continents and blue oceans. The text is overlaid on the globe.

Once upon a time  
around the world

## About This Project

"Internationale Begegnung in Gemeinschaftsdiensten e.V.", IBG for short, has been organizing international workcamps since 1965 to promote international solidarity and friendship. Since April 2020, IBG has also been offering virtual camps.

This international children's stories book is the result of a virtual camp: Young women from 8 different countries around the world participated in the project to exchange and discuss children's stories from their respective country. In 8 online sessions within two and a half weeks they exchanged stories about fairytales, values and cultures. The virtual camp was conceptualized and coordinated by Jessica Melzer as part of a long term training program she attended with IBG.

## Über dieses Projekt

"Internationale Begegnung in Gemeinschaftsdiensten e.V.", kurz IBG, organisiert seit 1965 internationale Workcamps, um Solidarität und Freundschaft über Grenzen hinweg zu fördern. Seit April 2020 bietet IBG auch virtuelle Camps an.

Dieses internationale Kindergeschichtenbuch ist das Ergebnis eines virtuellen Camps: Junge Frauen aus 8 verschiedenen Ländern der Welt nahmen an dem Projekt teil, um Kindergeschichten aus ihrem jeweiligen Land auszutauschen und zu diskutieren. In 8 Online-Sitzungen innerhalb von zweieinhalb Wochen tauschten sie sich über verschiedene Märchen, Werte und Kulturen aus. Das virtuelle Camp wurde von Jessica Melzer im Rahmen eines Fortbildungsprogramms von IBG konzipiert und koordiniert.



**IBG**  
Internationale Begegnung  
in Gemeinschaftsdiensten e.V.

Gefördert vom:



Bundesministerium  
für Familie, Senioren, Frauen  
und Jugend

# Prolog

This collection of stories is meant to give you the opportunity to learn about different cultures. In this book, you will find 9 traditional children's stories that are typical for the different countries they come from.

Besides the stories, Eva from Slovakia, Gina from Germany, Henna from Finland, Ioana from Romania, Irina and Anna from Ukraine, Yeliz from Turkey, Svetlana from Russia and Stavroula from Greece also illustrated the stories themselves – because nothing is more beautiful than sharing your imagination.

I want to thank all of the participants of the virtual camp: This book would not exist without you!

And lastly, I wish you all, the readers, a lot of joy with this book full of magical fairytales from all over the world!

Jessica Melzer

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# A Rooster and Two Little Mice

## A Ukrainian Fairytale

There were two little mice – Krut' and Vert' and a rooster Golosyste Gorlechko'. The little mice were only dancing and singing all the time. The rooster rose at dawn, woke everyone up with a song and started doing his chores. Once he was sweeping the yard and found a spike of wheat.

»Krut', Vert'«, cried the rooster, »look what I found! «

The mice came and said: »Oh, if only we had it ground..«

»And who will grind it? «, the rooster asked.

»Not me!«, one mouse said.

»Not me!«, said the second one.

»I'll grind it«, the rooster said to them.

And he got down to work. And the little mice kept on playing.

The rooster ground the spike and cried again: »Hey, Krut'! Hey, Vert'!  
Go see how many grains I have ground!«



Drawn by Eva

The little mice popped up.

»Now one has to take the grain to the mill and grind the flour«, they said.

»And who will do it?« the rooster asked.

»Not me!« Krut' cried.

»Not me!« Vert' said.

»Well, I'll do it«, said the rooster. He put the bag on his shoulder and left.

And the little mice kept jumping - they were playing next to the willow. The rooster came home and called the little mice again.

»Hey Krut'! Hey Vert'! I brought flour.«

The mice ran, rejoiced: »Oh dear rooster! Now we should have the dough kneaded and the pies baked.«

»Who will knead it?« the rooster asked.

And the little mice said again:

»Not me!« squeaked Krut'.

»Not me!« squeaked Vert'.

The rooster thought and said: »I'll probably have to do it.«

So the rooster kneaded the dough, brought firewood and lit it in the furnace.

And when the furnace was warm enough, he put the pies inside.

The little mice also kept themselves entertained: they were singing and dancing. So the pies were baked, the rooster took them and put them on the table. The mice came at once. There was no need to call them.

»Oh, I'm so hungry!« says Krut'.

»I'm so hungry too!« says Vert'.

They sat down at the table.

And the rooster said: »Wait, wait, wait! First, could you tell me who found the spike?«

»You did«, the mice said.

»And who ground it?«

»You did«, Krut' and Vert' answered more quietly.

»And who kneaded the dough? Who warmed up the furnace? Who baked the pies?«

»You did«, the little mice said even more quietly.

»What did you do?«

What were the little mice supposed to say? Nothing! They began to get out of the table, and the rooster did not hold them. Who will treat such lazy ones with pies?

# ПІВНИК ТА ДВОЄ МИШЕНЯТ

## Ukrainian Original

Жили собі двоє мишенят – Круть та Верть і півник Голосисте Горлечко. Мишенята було тільки й знають, що танцюють та співають. А півник удосвіта встане, всіх піснею збудить та й до роботи береться. Ото якось підмітав у дворі та й знайшов пшеничний колосок.

– Круть, Верть, – став гукати півник, – а гляньте-но, що я знайшов!

Поприбігали мишенята та й кажуть:

– Коли б це його обмолотити...

– А хто молотитиме? – питається півник.

– Не я! – одказує одне мишеня.

– Не я! – каже й друге мишеня.

– Я обмолочу, – каже до них півник. І взявся до роботи. А мишенята й дали граються.

От вже й обмолотив півник колосок та й знов гукає:

– Гей, Круть, гей, Верть, а йдіть гляньте, скільки зерна я намолотив!

Поприбігали мишенята.

– Треба, – кажуть, – зерно до млина однести та борошна намолоти.

– А хто понесе? – питає півник.

– Не я! – гукає Круть.

– Не я! – гукає Верть.

– Ну, то я однесу, – каже півник. Узяв на плечі мішок та й пішов.

А мишенята собі одно скачуть – у довгої лози граються. Прийшов півник додому, знов кличе мишенят:

– Гей, Круть, гей, Верть! Я борошно приніс.

Поприбігали мишенята, порадили:

– Ой півничку! Вже тепер тісто треба замісити та пиріжечків спекти.

– Хто ж міситиме? – питає півник. А мишенята й знов своє:

– Не я! – пищить Круть.

– Не я! – пищить Верть.

Подумав, подумав півник та й каже:

– Доведеться мені, мабуть.

От замісив півник тісто, приніс дрова та й розпалив у печі. А як у печі нагоріло, посадив пиріжки. Мишенята й собі діло мають: пісень



Drawn by Irina

співають, танцюють. Аж ось і спеклися пиріжки, повиймав їх півник, виклав на столі. А мишенята вже й тут. І гукати їх не треба.

– Ох, і голодний я! – каже Круть.

– А я який голодний! – каже Верть. Та й посідали до столу.

А півник і каже:

– Стривайте-но, стривайте! Ви мені перше скажіть, хто знайшов колосок?

– Ти, – кажуть мишенята.

– А хто його обмолотив?

– Ти, – вже тихіше відказують Круть із Вертем.

– А тисто хто місив? Піч витопив? Пиріжків напик?

– Ти, – вже й зовсім нищечком кажуть мишенята.

– А що ж ви робили?

Що мали казати мишенята? Нічого. Стали вони тут вилазити з-за столу, а півник їх і не тримає. Хто ж отаких ледарів пиріжками пригощатиме?



# Golden, Silver and Pearl

## A Greek Fairytale

Once upon a time, there was a queen who really wanted to have a daughter. She had three fountains in her garden. None of them was giving water though. The first was giving gold, the second silver and the third pearls. After a year of praying, the queen conceived her first daughter. The day of the princess' birth was when the gold fountain got dry. So the queen decided to name the girl Golden. Some months later the queen prayed for another daughter. The day of the princess's birth was when the silver fountain got dry. So the queen decided to name the girl Silver. But the queen wanted one more princess. Luckily she was given one after a few months. On the day of the third princess's birth, the pearl fountain got dry and the queen named the girl Pearl.

The little royal sisters were growing happily among golden jewelry, silver fabrics and toys of pearl. They grew up to be good hearted, smart and loved by everyone. It was time for Golden to get married and one morning, as she was going to meet her fiancé in her carriage, a strong wind took everything in its path and the carriage with the princess included. The queen took it wholeheartedly and put the black, thinking she had lost her first daughter for good.

It's been a year since Golden's disappearance and another prince from another kingdom asked Silver's hand in marriage. The queen threw away the black and happily started arranging her daughter's wedding. One morning, as the princess was going to the market in her carriage, a strong wind took everything in its path. Again the queen started looking around for her and as soon as she realized that her second daughter was gone, she started grieving and wore the black once again. Few years later, a handsome prince from a far away kingdom wanted to marry Pearl. The queen was happy again, wore colors and started preparing her youngest daughter's wedding.

The day before the wedding, as the princess was going to choose her gifts, a strong wind took everything in its path, including her. The queen was inconsolable. She has lost all her precious daughters. After Pearl's disappearance, the queen was only beside her three dry fountains asking for her daughters.

After some months, she decided it was time to stop mourning and go to look for her girls. She rode her horse and she started visiting all the houses of her kingdom. »Have you seen my daughters Golden, Silver and Pearl?« she was asking. »No, we have not seen them« was always the answer. The queen was crossing mountains, rivers, fields and forests with no results in her search. One morning she found a small cottage. She got in and found an old woman.



Drawn by Yeliz

»Have you seen my daughters Golden, Silver and Pearl?«

»No, my lady I have not. But tell me, how did you manage to cross the huge canyon? «

»Canyon? I saw no canyon. The road until here was smooth and safe.«  
»I am glad my dear. Please sit down and eat with me. After we eat, ride your horse to the north and you will find them.«

When the queen finished her meal, she thanked the old woman and continued her quest. For weeks she was walking and riding through woods and forests, her hair had become long, messy and they had lost their shining black color. Her clothes were tattered and she did not resemble at all her former self.

After days, she arrived in front of a castle, as enormous as hers. A huge man opened the door. After she explained that she has been travelling for weeks and she was in need of shelter, he welcomed her inside. He ordered his slaves to bring food. Suddenly, three girls came out carrying trays of well baked bread and meat. The queen could not believe in her eyes. The girls were her daughters. She did not react. She kept eating when she suddenly said to the man »In my home town there is a huge canyon, deeper from all of the canyons in the world.« The man challenged her saying his canyon is deeper and asked her to follow him outside so as to show it to her. When she saw it she said that indeed his was the deeper canyon and after giving him her biggest smile, she pushed him from the cliff to his death.

She quickly returned to the man's palace and after she hugged her daughters who could not believe their mother was there for them, took three of his horses and fled to their kingdom. The whole country was happier than ever that their queen and her princesses were back. The princes were so happy their fiancées were back to their arms. A month later Golden, Silver and Pearl got married and their mother had all the strength to reign with prosperity.

# Η Χρυσαφένια, η Ασημένια και η Μαργαριταρένια

## Greek Original

Κάποτε ζούσε μια βασίλισσα που ήθελε πάρα πολύ μια κόρη. Η βασίλισσα είχε στον κήπο της τρεις βρύσες οι οποίες όμως δεν ανάβλυζαν νερό. Η πρώτη έδινε χρυσάφι, η δεύτερη ασήμι και η τρίτη μαργαριτάρι. Μετά από πολλές προσευχές, η βασίλισσα κατάφερε να αποκτήσει μία κόρη. Την ημέρα της γέννησης της πριγκίπισσας, η χρυσή βρύση στέρεψε και έτσι η βασίλισσα ονόμασε την κόρη της Χρυσαφένια. Μετά από λίγους μήνες η βασίλισσα ευχήθηκε για μία ακόμα κορούλα. Την μέρα της γέννησης της δεύτερης πριγκίπισσας, η ασημένια βρύση στέρεψε και έτσι η βασίλισσα ονόμασε την κόρη της Ασημένια. Η βασίλισσα όμως λάτρευε τα κορίτσια και ήθελα να κάνει ακόμα μία και έτσι και έγινε. Την ημέρα που γεννήθηκε η τρίτη πριγκίπισσα η μαργαριταρένια βρύση στέρεψε και έτσι η βασίλισσα ονόμασε την μικρή Μαργαριταρένια. Η αδελφούλες μεγάλωναν χαρούμενα μέσα σε χρυσά κοσμήματα, ασημένια υφάσματα και παιχνίδια από μαργαριτάρια. Ήταν καλόκαρδες, έξυπνες και αγαπητές σε όλους. Η Χρυσαφένια είχε πια γίνει κοπέλα της παντρειάς και ένα πρωί, καθώς πήγαινε να συναντήσει τον αρραβωνιαστικό της με την άμαξά της, ένας πολύ δυνατός αέρας πήρε τα πάντα στο διάβα του, και την πριγκίπισσα μαζί. Η βασίλισσα το πήρε κατάκαρδα και φόρεσε τα μαύρα πιστεύοντας πως έχασε για πάντα την κόρη της.

Ένας χρόνος πέρασε από την εξαφάνιση της Χρυσαφένιας και ένας πρίγκιπας από ένα μακρινό βασίλειο ζήτησε το χέρι της Ασημένιας. Η βασίλισσα με χαρά πέταξε τα μαύρα και άρχισε να ετοιμάζει τον γάμο της κόρης της. Ένα πρωί, καθώς η Ασημένια πήγαινε στο παζάρι να διαλέξει τα προικιά της, αέρας δυνατός τα σήκωσε όλα, και την πριγκίπισσα μαζί. Ξανά η βασίλισσα βγήκε στους δρόμους να ψάχνει την κόρη της και μόλις κατάλαβε ότι και η δεύτερη κόρη της χάθηκε, φόρεσε τα μαύρα και άρχισε το πένθος.

Μερικά χρόνια αργότερα, ένας όμορφος πρίγκιπας από ένα μακρινό βασίλειο, ζήτησε να παντρευτεί τη Μαργαριταρένια. Η βασίλισσα, όλο χαρά και πάλι, έβγαλε τα μαύρα και άρχισε να ετοιμάζει το γάμο της μικρής της κόρης. Τη μέρα πριν από το γάμο, καθώς η Ασημένια πήγαινε να διαλεξει τα δώρα της, ένα δυνατός αέρας σήκωσε τα πάντα στο πέρασμά του, και την πριγκίπισσα μαζί. Η βασίλισσα ήταν απαρηγόρητη. Είχε χάσει όλες τις λατρεμένες κόρες της. Μετά την εξαφάνιση της Μαργαριταρένιας, η βασίλισσα, που την έχανε που την έβρισκες, δίπλα στις βρύσες της καθόταν και ζητούσε τα παιδιά της. Μετά από μερικούς μήνες, η βασίλισσα αποφάσισε ότι ήταν ώρα να σταματήσει τον θρήνο και να ψάξει τις κόρες της. Καβάλησε το άλογό της και επισκέφθηκε όλα τα σπίτια του βασιλείου της. “Μήπως είδατε τις κόρες μου τη Χρυσαφένια, την Ασημένια και την Μαργαριταρένια;” ρωτούσε. “Όχι δεν τις έχουμε δει.” ήταν πάντα η απάντηση. Η βασίλισσα διέσχιζε βουνά, ποτάμια, πεδιάδες και δάση χωρίς αποτέλεσμα. Ένα πρωί, έφτασε σε ένα μικρό σπιτάκι. Μπήκε μέσα και βρήκε μια γριά.

-Μήπως είδες τις κόρες μου τη Χρυσαφένια, την Ασημένια και την Μαργαριταρένια?

-όχι κυρά μου. Αλλά πες μου, πως διέσχισες το μεγάλο φαράγγι?

-Φαράγγι? Δεν είδα κανένα φαράγγι. Ο δρόμος ήταν εύκολος και ασφαλής.

-Χαίρομαι καλή μου. Κάτσε να φας μαζί μου και μετά πάρε το άλογό σου και τράβα προς το βορρά και θα τις βρεις. Αφού η βασίλισσα έφαγε, ευχαρίστησε την γριά και συνέχισε την αναζήτησή της. Για εβδομάδες πήγαινε μέσα από δάση πυκνά, τα μαλλιά της είχαν ανακατευτεί, μακρύνει και είχαν χάσει τη λάμψη τους. Τα ρούχα της είχαν κουρελιαστεί και δεν έμοιαζε καθόλου με τον εαυτό της. Μετά από μέρες έφτασε σε ένα κάστρο, τόσο μεγάλο όσο το δικό της. Ένας πανύψηλος άντρας άνοιξε την πόρτα και άφησε τη βασίλισσα να μπει και να την φιλοξενήσει μην ξέροντας ποια είναι. Διέταξε τις σκλάβες του να τους φέρουν να φάνε. Ξαφνικά, τρία κορίτσια μπήκαν στην τραπεζαρία κρατώντας δίσκους.

Η βασίλισσα δεν μπορούσε να πιστέψει στα μάτια της. Αυτές ήταν οι κόρες της, αλλά δεν αντέδρασε καθόλου. Συνέχισε να τρώει και μετά από λίγο είπε στον άντρα “στην πόλη μου υπάρχει ένα φαράγγι και πιο βαθύ δεν υπάρχει στον κόσμο.” Ο άντρας, της είπε πως το φαράγγι στο

κάστρο του είναι το πιο βαθύ και έτσι την προσκάλεσε να πάνε έξω να το δει.



Drawn by Stavroula (colour the picture if you like)

Η βασίλισσα συμφώνησε με τον άντρα και καθώς αυτός στεκόταν στην άκρη του, η βασίλισσα τον έσπρωξε στον θάνατό του. Η βασίλισσα γρήγορα μπήκε στο κάστρο, και αφού αγκάλιασε τις κόρες της που δεν πίστευαν ότι η μητέρα τους τις βρήκε, πήραν τρία άλογα και έφυγαν για το βασίλειό τους. Όλο το βασίλειο και οι πρίγκιπες ήταν πανευτυχείς που οι πριγκίπισσες ήταν πίσω ασφαλείς. Μετά από ένα μήνα έγιναν οι γάμοι των κοριτσιών και η βασίλισσα ήταν και πάλι δυνατή για να συνεχίσει να βασιλεύει με ευημερία.

# The Bear Fooled By The Fox

## A Romanian Fairytale

Once upon a time, there was a tricky fox, as all foxes are. She was looking all day for something to eat. As the night was approaching, the fox went out to the side of the road and laid down under a bush, thinking of what else to do so that she could find something to eat. Sitting and thinking the fox smelled fish with her snout, she stretched out on her front paws, and then she raised her head a little and, looking down the road, she saw a cart coming.

»Good!« the fox thought. »Here is the food I was waiting for.«

And she immediately came out from under the bush and stretched out in the middle of the road, as if she were dead. As the cart approached the fox, the peasant saw the fox and, believing that she was really dead, went to the fox, looked at her closely, and, seeing that she was not even breathing, said: »How did this fox die here ?! Wow! What a beautiful piece I am going to make to my wife from this fox's fur!«

Saying so, he grabbed the fox by the head and, dragging her to the cart, threw her over the fish. But, as the cart started, the hungry fox started pushing the fish out of the cart with her feet. The cart squeaked, and the fish began to fall out from within the cart.

After the mischievous fox threw a lot of fish on the road, and thought there was enough fish for a feast, she jumped out of the cart and, in a hurry, started gathering the fish from the road. After gathering it in a pile, she immediately started eating it, because ... she was very hungry. Just when she started eating, the bear came to her.

»What a nice meal !!! But so much fish do you have! Please, give me some, I am hungry too.«

»No, I didn't catch all this fish for someone else. If you like fish so much, go and dip your tail in the pond, like me, and you would eat fish too.«

»Teach me, please, because I don't know how to catch fish.«

Then the fox gritted her teeth and said:

»Don't you even think about it ! Look what a big risk I took when I got

the fish and I don't take risks for anybody but myself, come on! Listen, do you want to eat fish? Go to the puddle at the edge of the forest in the evening, put your tail in the water and stay still, without moving, until about daybreak; you will catch a lot of fish, maybe double or triple the amount I took out.«

The bear, not saying a word, ran in a great rush to the puddle at the edge of the forest and dipped his whole tail in the water. That night was so cold that if you were to put your tongue in the water, it would freeze. For some time now, the bear no longer was able to bear the pain of his tail, so he decided to take all his mightiness and get out the tail from the freezing water. Guess what happened? The poor bear, instead of catching fish, was left without a tail! He began to moan terribly and went in a hurry to the fox's house to show her what she did to him. But the fox knew what was about to happen and so she was able to avoid the bear's wrath. She had to come out of the bush and dug into a tree nearby; and when she saw the bear coming without a tail, she began to laugh.

»Hey, boy! But did the fish eat your tail, or were you too greedy and wanted to take all the fish out of the pond?«

The bear, hearing that she was still laughing, stooped even harder and hurried to the tree; the bear could not fit inside. Then he looked for a branch with a hook and started rummaging through the hollow, to get the fox out. He gave her a mouthful... But when the bear grabbed the fox's leg, she shouted:

»Hey! I don't care, because you're pulling on the tree.«

And when he tried the second time, she shouted:

»Wow, come on! Be careful, you're breaking my leg!«

The bear was annoyed in vain, because everything was in vain, he still couldn't get the fox out of the tree's hollow. And so the bear was fooled by the fox!

The moral of this story is: Though the bear knew how to catch fish in a fair way, he got greedy and looked for an easy way to satisfy his hunger, but the right way involves hard work and effort. By searching for a shortcut, he tried to deceive his own nature, but ended up being deceived by the sly fox, which, by nature, is known as a trickster.





Drawn by Svetlana

# Ursul păcălit de vulpe

## Romanian Original by Ion Creanga

Era odată o vulpe vicleană, ca toate vulpile. Ea umblase o noapte întreagă după hrană și nu găsise nicăiri. Făcându-se ziua albă, vulpea iese la marginea drumului și se culcă sub o tufă, gândindu-se ce să mai facă, ca să poată găsi ceva de mâncare. Șăzând vulpea cu botul întins pe labele de dinainte, îi vine miros de pește. Atunci ea rădică puțin capul și, uitându-se la vale, în lungul drumului, zărește venind un car tras de boi. — Bun! gândi vulpea. Iaca hrana ce-o așteptam eu. Și îndată iese de sub tufă și se lungește în mijlocul drumului, ca și cum ar fi fost moartă. Carul apropiindu-se de vulpe, țăranul ce mâna boii o vede și, crezând că-i moartă cu adevărat, strigă la boi: Aho! Aho! Boii se opresc. Țăranul vine spre vulpe, se uită la ea de aproape și, văzând că nici nu suflă, zice: Bre! da' cum naiba a murit vulpea asta aici?! Ti!... ce frumoasă cațaveică am să fac nevastei mele din blana istui vulpoi! Zicând așa, apucă vulpea de după cap și, târând-o până la car, se opintește și-o aruncă deasupra peștelui.

Apoi strigă la boi:

"Hăis! Joian, cea! Bourean". Boii pornesc.

Țăranul mergea pe lângă boi și-i tot îndemna să meargă mai iute, ca să ajungă degrabă acasă și să ieie pelea vulpii. Însă, cum au pornit boii, vulpea a și început cu picioarele a împinge peștele din car jos. Țăranul mâna, carul scârțâia, și peștele din car cădea. După ce hoața de vulpe a aruncat o mulțime de pește pe drum, bine...șor! sare și ea din car și, cu mare grabă, începe a strânge peștele de pe drum. După ce l-a strâns grămadă, îl ia, îl duce la bizunia sa și începe a mânca, că ta...re-i mai era foame!

Tocmai când începuse a mânca, iaca vine la dânsa ursul.

— Bună masa, cumătră! Ti!!! da' ce mai de pește ai! Dă-mi și mie, că ta...re! mi-i poftă! — la mai pune-ți pofta-n cuiu, cumătre, că doar nu pentru gustul altuia m-am muncit eu.

Dacă ți-i așa de poftă, du-te și-ți moaie coada-n baltă, ca mine, și-i avea

pește să mănânci.

— Învață-mă, te rog, cumătră, că eu nu știu cum se prinde peștele. Atunci vulpea rânji dinții și zise: Alei, cumătre! da' nu știi că nevoia te duce pe unde nu-ți e voia și te nvață ce nici gândești? Ascultă, cumătre: vrei să mănânci pește? Du-te desară la băltoaga cea din marginea pădurei, vârâ-ți coada-n apă și stăi pe loc, fără să te miști, până despre ziuă; atunci smuncește vârtos spre mal și ai să scoți o mulțime de pește, poate îndoit și-ntreit de cât am scos eu.



Drawn by Ioana

Ursul, nemaizicând nici o vorbă, aleargă-n fuga mare la băltoaga din marginea pădurei și-și vârâ-n apă toată coada!... În acea noapte începuse a bate un vânt răce, de îngheța limba-n gură și chiar cenușa de sub foc. Îngheată zdravăn și apa din băltoagă, și prinde coada ursului ca într-un clește. De la o vreme, ursul, nemaiputând de durerea cozei și de frig, smuncește o dată din toată puterea. Și, sărmanul urs, în loc să scoată pește, rămâne făr' de coadă! Începe el acum a mornăi cumplit și-a sări în sus de durere; și-nciudat pe vulpe că l-a amăgit, se duce s-o ucidă în bătaie.

Dar șireata vulpe știe cum să se ferească de mânia ursului. Ea ieșise din bizunie și se vârâse în scorbura unui copac din apropiere; și când văzu pe urs că vine fără de coadă, începu a striga:

– Hei cumătre! Dar ți-au mâncat peștii coada, ori ai fost prea lacom și-ai vrut să nu mai rămâie pești în baltă?

Ursul, auzind că încă-l mai iț și în răs, se înciudează și mai tare și se răpede iute spre copac; dar gura scorburei fiind strâmtă, ursul nu putea să încapă înlăuntru. Atunci el caută o creangă cu cârlig și începe a cotrobăi prin scorbura, ca să scoată vulpea afară, și să-i deie de cheltuială... Dar când apuca ursul de piciorul vulpei, ea striga: "Trage, nătărăule! mie nu-mi pasă, că tragi de copac..." Iar când anina cârligul de copac, ea striga:

"Valeu, cumătre! nu trage, că-mi rupi piciorul!"

În zadar s-a năcăjit ursul, de-i curgeau sudorile, că tot n-a putut scoate vulpea din scorbura copacului.

Și iaca așa a rămas ursul pâcâlit de vulpe!

# A huge turnip

## A Slovakian Fairytale

Once upon a time, there was a dad. The dad planted turnip on the field. The turnip grew and it grew huge – way-too-big. The dad decided to pull the turnip out. He pulled, and pulled, but couldn't pull it out.

The dad called the mom:

»Please, mom, help me pull the turnip out.«

Dad, mom pulled the turnip, they pulled but they couldn't pull it out.



Drawn by Irina

Once upon a time, there was a dad. The dad planted turnip on the field. The turnip grew and it grew huge – way-too-big. The dad decided to pull the turnip out. He pulled, and pulled, but couldn't pull it out.

The dad called the mom:

»Please, mom, help me pull the turnip out.«

Dad, mom pulled the turnip, they pulled but they couldn't pull it out.

They called the son:

»Please, son, help us pull the turnip out.«

Dad, mom, and son pulled the turnip, they pulled but they couldn't pull it out.

They called the daughter:

»Please, daughter, help us pull the turnip out.«

Dad, mom, son, and daughter pulled the turnip, they pulled but they couldn't pull it out.

They called the grandpa:

»Please, grandpa, help us pull the turnip out.«

Dad, mom, son, daughter, and grandpa pulled the turnip, they pulled but they couldn't pull it out.

They called the grandma:

»Please, grandma, help us pull the turnip out.«

Dad, mom, son, daughter, grandpa, and grandma pulled the turnip, they pulled but they couldn't pull it out.

They called the doggy:

»Please, doggy, help us pull the turnip out.«

Dad, mom, son, daughter, grandpa, grandma, and doggy pulled the turnip, they pulled but they couldn't pull it out.

They called the kitty:

»Please, kitty, help us pull the turnip out.«

Dad, mom, son, daughter, grandpa, grandma, doggy, and kitty pulled the turnip, they pulled but they couldn't pull it out.

A mouse went around and she saw as the whole family pulls the turnip but they cannot pull it out.

The mouse said:

»I will help you pull out the turnip!«

Dad, mom, son, daughter, grandpa, grandma, doggy, kitty, and mouse pulled the turnip, they pulled and pulled it out and they all fell over.

The end.

# O veľkej repe

## Slovakian Original

Kde bolo, tam bolo, bol raz jeden otecko. Otecko zasadil na poli repu.

Repa narástla veľká – preveľká. Otecko sa rozhodol repu vytiahnuť.

Ťahal repu, ťahal, ale ju nevytiahol.

Otecko zavolať mamičku:

"Pod' mi prosím pomôcť, mamička, vytiahnuť repu."

Ťahali repu otecko, mamička, ťahali, ale ju nevytiahli.

Zavolali synčeka:

"Pod' nám prosím pomôcť, synček, vytiahnuť repu."

Ťahali repu otecko, mamička, synček, ťahali, ale ju nevytiahli.

Zavolali dcérku:

"Pod' nám prosím pomôcť, dcérka, vytiahnuť repu."

Ťahali repu otecko, mamička, synček, dcérka, ťahali, ale ju nevytiahli.

Zavolali dedka:

"Pod' nám prosím pomôcť, dedko, vytiahnuť repu."

Ťahali repu otecko, mamička, synček, dcérka, dedko, ťahali, ale ju nevytiahli.

Zavolali babku:

"Pod' nám prosím pomôcť, babka, vytiahnuť repu."

Ťahali repu otecko, mamička, synček, dcérka, dedko, babka, ťahali, ale ju nevytiahli.

Zavolali psíčka:

"Pod' nám prosím pomôcť, psíček, vytiahnuť repu."

Ťahali repu otecko, mamička, synček, dcérka, dedko, babka, psíček, ťahali, ale ju nevytiahli.

Zavolali mačičku:

"Pod' nám prosím pomôcť, mačička, vytiahnuť repu."

Ťahali repu otecko, mamička, synček, dcérka, dedko, babka, psíček, mačička, ťahali, ale nevytiahli.

Išla okolo myška a videla ako celá rodina ťahá repu ale nemôže ju vytiahnuť.

Myška si povedala:

"Pomôžem vám vytiahnuť repu!"

Ťahali repu otecko, mamička, synček, dcérka, dedko babka, psíček, mačička, myška, ťahali a vytiahli ju a všetci popadali na zem.

Koniec.



Drawn by Eva



# Teremok\*

## A Russian Fairytale

\**Teremok* is a small wooden house

Once upon a time, there was a teremok. The teremok was standing in the field, when a little mouse ran by it. The mouse saw the teremok, stopped and asked:

»Terem-teremok! Who lives in the terem? «



Drawn by Ioana

Nobody replied. The mouse entered the house and began to live there.

A froggy-croak rode to the house and asked:

»Terem-teremok! Who lives in the terem?«

»Me, the little mouse! Who are you? «

»I am a froggy-croak. «

»Come here to live with me! «

The frog jumped in the teremok and they started living together.

A bunny-runaway ran by. He stopped and asked:

»Terem-teremok! Who lives in the terem? «

»Me, the little mouse! «

»Me, the froggy-croak! Who are you? «

»I am a bunny-runaway. «

»Come to live with us! «

The bunny jumped in the teremok and all three of them started living together. A foxy-sister walked by. She knocked on the window and asked:

»Terem-teremok! Who lives in the terem? «

»Me, the little mouse. «

»Me, the froggy-croak. «

»Me, the bunny-runaway. Who are you? «

»I am a foxy-sister. «

»Come to live with us! «

The foxy-sister climbed into the teremok. The four of them began living together. A wolfy-grey side came running, looked through the door and asked:

»Terem-teremok, who lives in the house? «

»Me, the little mouse. «

»Me, the froggy-croak. «

»Me, the bunny-runaway. «

»Me, the foxy-sister. Who are you? «

»I am a wolfy-grey side. «

»Come to live with us! «

The wolf got into the house. The five of them started living together and singing songs. Suddenly, a clubfoot bear came. The bear saw the teremok, heard the songs, stopped and roared:

»Terem-teremok! Who lives in the terem? «

»Me, the little mouse. «

»Me, the froggy-croak. «

»Me, the bunny-runaway. «

»Me, the foxy-sister. «

»Me, the wolfy grey-side. Who are you? «

»I am a clubfoot bear. «

»Come to live with us! «

The bear tried to get into the teremok. He tried and tried and tried and tried, but he could not get in any way and so he said:

»I would rather live on your roof. «

»You will crush us. «

»No, I will not. «

»Well, get on! «

The bear got on the roof and just sat down and – crack! – the teremok broke.

The teremok crackled, fell down to the side, and everything fell apart. The little mouse, the froggy-croak, the bunny runaway, the foxy-sister and the wolfy-grey barely had the time to run out. Everyone was safe. They began carrying logs and sawing boards to build up a new teremok – and built a better one than the previous.

# Теремок

## Russian Original

Стоит в поле теремок. Бежит мимо мышка-норушка. Увидела теремок, остановилась и спрашивает:

– Терем-теремок! Кто в тереме живет?

Никто не отзывается. Вошла мышка в теремок и стала там жить.

Прискакала к терему лягушка-квакушка и спрашивает:

– Терем-теремок! Кто в тереме живет?

– Я, мышка-норушка! А ты кто?

– А я лягушка-квакушка.

– Иди ко мне жить! Лягушка прыгнула в теремок. Стали они вдвоем жить.

Бежит мимо зайчик-побегайчик. Остановился и спрашивает:

– Терем-теремок! Кто в тереме живет?

– Я, мышка-норушка!

– Я, лягушка-квакушка! А ты кто?

– А я зайчик-побегайчик.

– Иди к нам жить! Заяц скок в теремок!

Стали они втроем жить. Идет мимо лисичка-сестричка. Постучала в окошко и спрашивает:

– Терем-теремок! Кто в тереме живет?

– Я, мышка-норушка.

– Я, лягушка-квакушка.

– Я, зайчик-побегайчик. А ты кто?

– А я лисичка-сестричка.

– Иди к нам жить! Забралась лисичка в теремок. Стали они вчетвером жить.

Прибежал волчок-серый бочок, заглянул в дверь и спрашивает:

– Терем-теремок! Кто в тереме живет?

– Я, мышка-норушка.

– Я, лягушка-квакушка.

– Я, зайчик-побегайчик.

– Я, лисичка-сестричка. А ты кто?

— А я волчок-серый бочок.

— Иди к нам жить!

Волк влез в теремок. Стали они впятером жить. Вот они в теремке живут, песни поют. Вдруг идет медведь косолапый.

Увидел медведь теремок, услышал песни, остановился и заревел во всю мочь:

— Терем-теремок! Кто в тереме живет?

— Я, мышка-норушка.

— Я, лягушка-квакушка.

— Я, зайчик-побегайчик.

— Я, лисичка-сестричка.

— Я, волчок-серый бочок. А ты кто?

— А я медведь косолапый.

— Иди к нам жить!

Медведь и полез в теремок. Лез-лез, лез-лез

— никак не мог влезть и говорит:

— А я лучше у вас на крыше буду жить.

— Да ты нас раздавишь.

— Нет, не раздавлю.

— Ну так полезай! Влез медведь на крышу и только уселся — трах! — развалился теремок.

Затрещал теремок, упал набок и весь развалился. Еле-еле успели из него выскочить мышка-норушка, лягушка-квакушка, зайчик-побегайчик, лисичка-сестричка, волчок-серый бочок — все целы и невредимы.

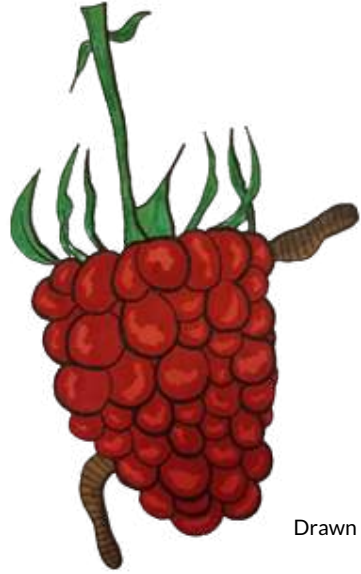
Принялись они бревна носить, доски пилить — новый теремок строить. Лучше прежнего выстроили!



Drawn by Svetlana

# The Raspberry Worm

## A Finnish Fairytale



Drawn by Gina

»Yikes!« yelled Teresia.

»Yuck!« yelled Aina.

»What is it?« yelled the big sister.

»A worm!« yelled Teresia.

»In a raspberry!« yelled Aina.

»Swat it!« yelled Lauri.

»So much noise for a little worm«, said the big sister surprised.

»You see, we were cleaning the raspberries, and the worm crawled out from the biggest one«, said Teresia.

»And if somebody had eaten the berry, he would have eaten the worm as well«, continued Aina.

»So what«, said Lauri.

»To eat a worm and bite it to death!« said Aina.

»Big deal«, laughed Lauri, and looked at the worm, which slithered now on the table. »Let's crush it!«

But Teresia put the worm carefully on a raspberry leaf and carried it outside. Aina noticed a sparrow watching the worm with a greedy eye. So she took the raspberry leaf and worm all the way to the forest and hid them under a raspberry bush.

The dinner was soon, and they had raspberries and milk for dessert.

After the dinner the big sister said: »We have now eaten all the raspberries, and we don't have jam for the winter yet. I'd like us to have two more baskets of raspberries.«

Aina and Teresia decided to go to the forest at once to pick up more berries.

»Greetings to the raspberry worm«, said Lauri mockingly. »Next time I'll meet it, I'll have the honor to eat it!«

It was beautiful in the forest, and there were plenty of crowberries and blueberries there. But there were very few raspberries. The girls went further and further from home, until they reached a large area of raspberry bushes. There were bushes as far as they could see, carrying more berries than they had ever seen before.

The baskets filled quickly, and the girls headed for home. But it was easier said than done. They had never been this far away from home in the forest, and there were no roads or paths to follow. Soon the girls understood that they had lost track and they had no idea which way home was. Dusk started to settle and the girls started to get worried. However, they were determined to go on and walked until it got pitch-black in the forest. At that point they realized that they were again next to the large raspberry bushes - the place where they had started their way home.

The girls sat on a gray stone and started to cry.

»I'm hungry«, said Teresia.

»Me too«, said Aina. »I wish we had brought big sandwiches with us.« At that moment Aina felt something on her lap. It was a big sandwich, just like she had wished for. A similar sandwich appeared also on Teresia's lap. It was strange.

»Do we dare to eat these?« asked Aina.

»Yes we do!« said Teresia. »I just wish we had a glass of milk too!«

At that moment there was a big glass of milk in her hand. The girls couldn't deny it was odd, but they were really hungry and they ate with a great appetite. Then Aina yawned, stretched her arms, and said: »I would love to sleep in a nice, soft bed!«

At that moment two warm and soft beds appeared next to them. The girls were so tired that they did not even remember to think how strange all this was. They climbed into their beds and fell soon asleep.

They did not wake up until the sun was shining high in the sky. The girls understood that they had slept all night in the middle of the raspberry bushes.



»There must be a kind spirit living among these bushes«, Aina concluded.  
»I wish we had a nice cup of hot chocolate and something tasty to eat with it!«

At that moment there was a silver tray between Aina and Teresia, and two pretty cups of hot chocolate and two warm and fresh cinnamon buns.

»I'd like to know who has sent all these presents for us«, wondered Teresia.

»It is me, dear girls«, said suddenly a voice from the bushes.

The girls looked around, astonished, and saw a small old man with a friendly face in the middle of the bushes.

»Don't be afraid of me«, said the old man, »I am the Raspberry King. I rule this kingdom of raspberry bushes, and I have lived here for thousands of years. But once in every hundred years I must transform into a little raspberry worm for one whole day. Thus I don't become overly proud despite all my kingly powers and might.«

»Yesterday was the day of my transformation«, went the Raspberry King on, »and it may have ended really badly, had you two not saved me. I'm happy that I found you here in my raspberry kingdom and was able to help you as well as I could. Now I will send a bird to show you the way home. Farewell, darling children, and thank you for your kindheartedness! The Raspberry King will show you that he is not ungrateful.«

The girls shook hands with the Raspberry King and thanked him. They were glad that they had saved the little worm the day before. When the girls turned for home, the Raspberry King sent his regards to Lauri:

»Next time we'll meet, I'll have the honor to eat him!«

The girls startled and begged him not to do that.

»Well, for your sake, I will forgive him«, promised the Raspberry King.

»Tell Lauri that I have a surprise for him too.«

The girls followed the bird home happily. Everybody at home was relieved to see the girls. They had been looking for them all night.

Lauri brought a basket for the girls and said that a strange old man had

just delivered it. Aina and Teresia found beautiful bracelets in the basket and there was a brooch for Lauri too. It had a note attached to it, saying “Lauri, please don’t ever hurt the weak”.

The big sister found no less than twelve large baskets full of raspberries in the kitchen. And the jam they made from the berries tasted better than any jam ever again.

# Vattumato

## Finnish Original by Zacharias Topelius

- Hui! huusi Teresia.
- Hyi! huusi Aina.
- Mitä nyt? huusi isosisko.
- Mato! huusi Teresia.
- Vatussa! huusi Aina.
- Lyö sitä! huusi Lauri.
- Noin paljon meteliä pienen madon takia, ihmetteli isosisko.
- No kun me puhdistimme vadelmia, niin se kömpi kaikkein suurimmasta, sanoi Teresia.
- Ja jos joku olisi syönyt marjan, hän olisi syönyt madonkin, jatkoi Aina.
- Entä sitten, sanoi Lauri.
- Syödä nyt mato ja purra se kuoliaaksi! sanoi Aina.
- Ja mitä siitä, nauroi Lauri, ja katsoi matoa, joka luikerteli nyt pöydällä. - Liiskataan se!

Mutta Teresia otti madon varovasti vadelmanlehden päälle ja kantoi sen ulos. Aina huomasi varpusen, joka katseli ahneesti matoa. Niinpä Aina vei vadelmanlehden ja madon metsään asti ja piilotti ne vadelmapensaaseen alle.

Pian oli päivällisaika. Jälkiruuaksi syötiin vadelmia ja maitoa. Heti päivällisen jälkeen isosisko sanoi:

- Kaikki vadelmat on nyt syöty, eikä meillä ole vielä hilloa talveksi. Olisi hyvä, jos meillä olisi vielä kaksi korillista vattuja.
- Aina ja Teresia päättivät lähteä heti metsään keräämään lisää marjoja.
- Terveisiä vattumadolle, ilkkui Lauri.
  - Seuraavan kerran kun tapaamme, saan kunnian syödä sen suuhuni.
- Metsässä oli kaunista, ja siellä oli paljon variksenmarjoja ja mustikoita. Mutta vadelmia oli vähän. Tytöt kulkivat yhä kauemmaksi kotoa, kunnes lopulta tulivat valtavan vattupensaikon luo. Pensaita oli silmänkantamattomiin, ja niissä kasvoi enemmän marjoja, kuin tytöt olivat ikinä nähneet.

Korit olivatkin pian täynnä, ja tytöt lähtivät kohti kotia. Mutta se oli helpommin sanottu kuin tehty. He eivät olleet koskaan olleet näin syvällä metsässä, eikä metsässä ollut teitä eikä polkuja. Pian tytöt huomasivatkin, etteivät he enää tienneet, missä suunnassa koti oli. Hämärä alkoi laskeutua, ja tytöt alkoivat hätääntyä. He kuitenkin jatkoivat päättäväisesti eteenpäin, kunnes metsässä oli aivan pimeää. Silloin tytöt huomasivat olevansa tutulla paikalla suuren vattupensaikon luona - siellä mistä he olivat alun perin lähteneet kotiin päin. Tytöt istuivat harmaan kiven päälle ja alkoivat itkeä.

- Minulla on nälkä, sanoi Teresia.

- Minullakin, sanoi Aina.

- Olisipa meillä isoja voileipiä mukana.

Samalla hetkellä Aina tunsi jotakin sylissään. Se oli iso voileipä, juuri sellainen mitä hän oli toivonut. Samanlainen leipä oli ilmestynyt myös Teresian syliin. Se oli kummallista.

- Uskaltaako näitä syödä? kysyi Aina.

- Uskaltaa! sanoi Teresia. - Kunpa meillä vain olisi vielä lasi maitoa!

Samalla hetkellä hänen kädessään oli iso lasillinen maitoa. Se oli kieltämättä kummallista, mutta koska tyttöillä oli kova nälkä, he söivät hyvällä ruokahalulla. Sen jälkeen Aina haukotteli ja venytteli käsiään, ja totesi: - Nytpä olisi mukava päästä nukkumaan pehmeään vuoteeseen! Samalla hetkellä heidän vierelleen ilmestyi kaksi lämmintä ja pehmeää vuodetta. Tytöt olivat niin väsyneitä, etteivät jaksaneet ihmetellä enempää, vaan kiipesivät vuoteisiin ja olivat pian unessa.

He heräsivät vasta kun aurinko jo paistoi korkealla taivaalla. Tytöt ymmärsivät nukkuneensa koko yön vadelpensaiden keskellä.

- Näiden vattupensaiden keskellä täytyy asua jokin hyvä henki, päätteli Aina. - Saisinpa nyt kupin kaakaota ja jotain hyvää kastettavaa kaakaon!

Samalla hetkellä Ainan ja Teresian välissä oli hopeinen lautanen, jolla oli kaksi sievää kupillista kaakaota ja kaksi tuoretta, lämmintä korvapuustia.

- Haluaisin kyllä tietää, keneltä kaikki nämä lahjat ovat, tuumi Teresia.

- Se olen minä, tyttökullat, sanoi silloin ääni pensaasta.

Tytöt katselivat ihmeissään ympärilleen ja näkivät pensaiden keskellä pienen ystävällisen ukon.



Drawn by Henna

- Älkää pelätkö minua, sanoi ukko, - minä olen vattukuningas. Hallitsen tätä vadelpensaiden valtakuntaa, ja olen asunut täällä jo tuhansia vuosia. Mutta kerran sadassa vuodessa minun täytyy muuttua pieneksi vattumadoksi yhden kokonaisen päivän ajaksi. Silloin en käy ylpeäksi

kaikesta kuninkaallisesta vallastani huolimatta.

- Eilen oli juuri tämä muutospäiväni, jatkoi vattukuningas, - ja minulle olisi voinut käydä tosi huonosti, jos te ette olisi pelastaneet minua.

Onneksi löysin teidät täältä vattuvaltakunnastani ja sain kiitoksena auttaa teitä niin hyvin kuin vain pystyin. Nyt voin vielä lähettää teille linnun oppaaksi kotimatkallemme. Hyvästi kalliit lapset, ja kiitos hyväsydämisyydestänne! Vattukuningas näyttää, ettei hän ole kiittämätön.

Tytöt ojensivat vattukuninkaalle kätensä ja kiittivät häntä. He olivat iloisia, että olivat eilen pelastaneet pienen madon. Kun tytöt olivat lähdössä kotiin päin, vattukuningas lähetti vielä terveisiä Laurille: - Seuraavan kerran kun tapaamme, minulla on kunnia syödä hänet! Tytöt pelästyivät ja pyysivät yhteen ääneen, ettei vattukuningas tekisi sitä.

- Teidän vuoksenne annan Laurille anteeksi, lupasi vattukuningas.

- Kertokaa Laurille, että minulla on hänellekin yllätys. Tytöt seurasivat lintua iloisin mielin kotiin. Kotona oltiin onnellisia, kun tytöt palasivat. Heitä oli etsitty koko yö. Lauri toi tytöille korin ja kertoi, että sen oli tuonut aivan äsken joku omituinen vanha mies. Korista löytyi Ainalle ja Teresialle kauniit rannerenkaat, ja siellä oli myös rintaneula Laurille. Sen mukana oli viesti, jossa luki "Lauri, ethän koskaan satuta avuttomia". Isosisko löysi keittiöstä kokonaista kaksitoista suurta koria täynnä vattuja. Niistä saatiinkin niin herkullista hilloa, ettei samanmoista ole sen koommin nähty.

# Tiny Shiny Pot

## A Turkish Fairytale

Once upon a time, a poor mother and her daughter lived in a village near the palace. The mother was spinning yarn from night until morning and the girl was selling it at the market and that is how they were making a living.

One day when the girl was returning home from the market she sold her yarn, she saw a tiny shiny pot. It was colourful and shining beautifully. She could not stand so instead of buying bread with her money, she bought this tiny shiny pot.

She came back home but she didn't have any bread in her hands. She only had that pot. Her mother was very angry with her daughter and so she threw it into the street. Mother and daughter went to bed hungry that night. The girl was very upset both because they slept hungry and because she had upset her mother.

The next day a granny was passing by the house. She looked at the tiny shiny pot in the street. She took it, brought it home, washed and cleaned it. She wrapped stuffed leaves and put them in it. She put the pot on the stove and cooked her food. Just as she was about to open the lid and sit down for dinner, the tiny shiny pot started talking:

»Dear granny, I am a poor girl's pot. If you let me go, I wish I could give this food to her and her mother«

Granny was surprised that the pot has spoken. She believed the pot and she let it go. Then the pot got up from there and rolled like a ball. It went towards the girl's house and knocked in the door. The girl ran to the door:

»Who is it?«

»Tiny shiny pot.«

»What is inside?«

»Stuffed leaves.«

She was so happy to see it again when she opened the door.

»I am the tiny shiny pot. I have stuffed leaves. If you throw me back to the street I will come back immediately.«



Drawn by Stavroula (colour the picture if you like)

The girl poured the stuffed leaves into a bowl. Then, she put the pot back into the street in case her mother gets angry again. The mother and daughter sat down and ate the meal with pleasure.

That day the sultan's wife was going to the bath. She saw the tiny shiny pot in the street, and she said to her servant: »Take that pot, please« and the servant took the pot. They reached the bath. After that, the sultan's wife put her diamonds and pearls in the pot.



Just as she was having bath, the pot started talking:

»Beautiful lady, I am a poor girl's pot. If you let me go, I could give these diamonds and pearls to her and her mother and rescue them from poverty.«

Sultan's wife was surprised that the pot had spoken. She thought there was wisdom in it. So, she let it go. The pot got up and rolled like a ball. It went towards the girl's house and knocked on the door.

»Who is it?«

»Tiny shiny pot.«

»What is inside?«

»Diamonds and pearls.«

She was so happy to see the pot again and took all of the diamonds and pearls in the pot so they began to live in prosperity.

»I am a tiny shiny pot. I have diamonds and pearls. If you throw me back to the street I will come back immediately.«

The girl put the pot back into the street again. The next day sultan's son was going to the bath. He saw the tiny shiny pot. He said to his servant:

»Take this beautiful pot.« The servant took the pot and he came to the bath. Sultan's son had a nice bath. Then, he got dressed. The pot took the man inside of it. The pot got up and rolled like a ball. It went towards the girl's home and knocked on the door.

»Who is it?«

»Tiny shiny pot.«

»What is inside?«

»The sultan's son.«

When the girl opened the lid of the pot, the sultan's son got out of it. He fell in love with the girl and he asked: »Will you marry me? I would like to marry you with all my heart.« They had a wedding for forty days and forty nights. The girl and the sultan's son lived happily all their life. Also, they threw back the pot into the street so the pot could help other people in need.

# Tencerecik

## Turkish Original

Bir zamanlar yoksul bir anne ve kızı saraya yakın bir köyde yaşarlarmış. Anne sabahtan akşama kadar iplik eğirir kızı da onu pazarda satarmış böyle geçinirlermiş. Bir gün, kız pazarda ipliği satıp eve dönerken bir tane parıl parıl parlayan ışıllı ışıllı ışıldayan renkli bir tencerecik görmüş. Dayanamayıp ekmek yerine bu parıl parıl parlayan tencereciği satın almış. Eve gelmiş fakat elinde ekmek yokmuş. Sadece tencerecik varmış. Annesi kızı çok kızmış ve tencereciği sokağa fırlatmış. O gece anne ve kızı gece aç yatmışlar. Kız aç yattıklarına mı yoksa annesini üzdüğüne mi üzülün bilmiyormuş.

Ertesi gün, bir nine evin yanından geçiyormuş. Bir de ne görsün güzel mi güzel ışıllı ışıllı bir tencerecik. Nine tencereciği almış evine getirmiş onu bir güzel yıkayıp temizlemiş. Sonra içine yaprak sarması sarmış tencereciğin içine koymuş. Onu ocağa koyup bir güzel pişirmiş. Nine akşam yemeğine oturmuş , tam onun kapağını açacakken tencerecik dile gelmiş:

-Sevgili nine, ben yoksul bir kızın tenceresiyim. Eğer gitmeme izin verirsen , ona ve annesine bu yemeği vereceğim.

Nine tencereciğin konuştuğuna çok şaşırılmış. Ona inanmış ve tencereciğin gitmesine izin vermiş. Tencerecik oradan kalkmış ve yuvarlana yuvarlana kızın evine doğru gitmiş. Kapıyı çalmış. Kız kapıya koşmuş:

-Kim o?

-Tencerecik.

-İçinde ne var?

-Sarmacık.

Kız kapıyı açtığı anda tencereciği gördüğüne çok sevinmiş.

“Ben tencerecik

İçimde var sarmacık

Beni atsan beni sokağa

Dönerim hemencecik.”

Kız sarmaları bir kaseye koymuş. Sonra annesi ona kızar diye tencereciği yine sokağa koymuş. Anne ve kızı sarmaları afiyetle yemişler. O gün, sultanın hanımı hamama gidiyormuş. Tencereciği görürü görmez hizmetkarına seslenmiş:

Şu tencereciği alın.

Hizmetkar tencereciği almış ve hamama ulaşmışlar. Sultanın hanımı elmaslarını incilerini tencereciğe koymuş. Tam banyo yapacağı sırada tencerecik dile gelmiş:

Güzeller güzeli sultanım. Ben yoksul bir kızın tenceresiyim. Eğer gitmeme izin verirsen, elmaslar ve incileri onlara götürüp onları yoksulluktan kurtaracağım. Sultanın hanımı çok şaşırılmış. Vardır bunda bir hikmet diye düşünmüş ve gitmesine izin vermiş. Tencerecik oradan kalkmış ve yuvarlana yuvarlana kızın evine doğru gitmiş. Kapıyı çalmış.

-Kim o?

-Tencerecik.

-İçinde ne var?

-İncik boncuk.



Drawn by Yeliz

Kız kapıyı açtığında tencereciği gördüğüne çok sevinmiş.  
Tencereciğin içinden tüm elmas ve incileri almış. Annesi ve kızı bolluk içinde yaşamaya başlamışlar.

“Ben tencerecik  
İçimde incik boncuk  
Beni atsan sokağa  
Dönerim hemencecik.”

Kız yine tencereciği sokağa koymuş.  
Ertesi gün şehzade hamama gidiyormuş ve giderken tencereciği görmüş. Hizmetkarına:

-Bu güzel tencereciği al, demiş.

Hizmetkar tencereciği almış ve hamama gelmişler. Şehzade bir güzel banyonu yapmış, giyinmiş. Tencerecik şehzadeyi hemen içine almış. Kızın evine yuvarlana yuvarlana gitmiş. Kapıyı çalmış:

-Kim o?

-Tencerecik.

-İçinde ne var?

-Şehzadecik.

Kız tencerenin kapağını açınca şehzade dışarı çıkmış. Şehzade kıza aşık olmuş ve sormuş:

-Benimle evlenir misin?

-Bütün kalbimle.

Kırk gün kırk gece düğün yapmışlar. Kız ve şehzade tüm hayatları boyunca mutlu yaşamışlar. Başka yoksullara yardım edebilsin diye tencereciği sokağa atmayı da unutmamışlar.

# The city musicians of Bremen

## A German Fairytale

There once was a man who had a donkey which carried the sacks to the mill assiduously since a long time. But now the energy of the donkey is beginning to fade, so he can't be used to work anymore. The owner of the donkey thought about giving him away. But the donkey noticed, that his owner had something bad in mind, so he ran away to Bremen. He thought he could become a street musician.

When he was walking for a while he met a hound laying on his way who cried miserably.

»Why are you crying like that, big dog?« was asking the donkey.

»Why“ said the hound in a sad tone »because I'm old, I'm getting weaker every day and because I can't go hunting anymore, my owner wanted to shoot me. So I ran away. But how am I going to earn my livelihood?«

»You know what“, said the donkey, »I'm going to Bremen and I'm going to become a street musician there. Come and play together with me. I play the lute and you play the kettledrum.«

The dog agreed and they continued to walk together.

It didn't take a long time until they saw a cat sitting on their way which made a face as long as a fiddle.

»Who bothered you, old beardcleaner?«, questioned the donkey.

»Who can laugh when they are going to get killed“, answered the cat.

»I'm old and because my teeth get dull and I rather sit behind the oven than hunting mice my owner tried to drown me. I could sneak away but good advice is expensive. What can I do?«

»Come with us to Bremen! You understand the night music. We wanted to become street musicians of Bremen together.«

The cat thought it was a good idea and walked with them.

When the three went walking together, they passed by a farm. There sat the rooster of the farm on the gate and crowed with might and main.

»Your screaming is ear-piercing« said the donkey. »What’s going on with you?«

»The housewife ordered the cook to cut off my head this evening. Tomorrow, on Sunday, they have guests over and so they wanted to eat me in their soup. That’s why I’m screaming out loud as long as it is possible.«

»What?« told the donkey.

»It’s better if you come with us! We will go to Bremen, something better than death will you find there for sure. You have a good voice and if we make music together, your voice will sound wonderful.«

The rooster liked the idea and now they were four. Four animals who walked together.

But the city of Bremen was far away so in the evening they found themselves in a forest where they wanted to spend the night.



Drawn by Henna

The donkey and the dog laid under a big tree, the cat climbed on a branch and the rooster flew on the treetop. There it was the safest for him. Before the rooster went to bed he looked in all the cardinal points. He noticed a flare in the distance. He said to his companions that there could be a house, since there is a light. The donkey answered:  
»Then let's go there, because here it's not good to stay the night.«  
The dog agreed and said that a few bones with a bit of meat would be good for him.

So they all set out for the spot, where the light was. Soon they saw it shining brighter and it became bigger and bigger until they came to a brightly lit bandit house. The donkey, who was the tallest, walked to the window and looked inside.

»What do you see, donkey?« asked the rooster.

»What I see?« answered the donkey. »A set table with nice food and drinks. The bandits are sitting around the table and they are enjoying themselves! «

»That would be nice for us«, said the rooster.

The animals thought what they could do to rout the bandits. Finally, they found a way. The donkey put his front legs on the window, the dog jumped on his back, then the cat jumped on the dog's back and in the end the rooster flew on the head of the cat. When they were ready, they all started to make their music: the donkey screamed, the dog barked, the cat meowed and the rooster crowed. Then they jumped through the window in the living room, so that the windows clattered.

They scared the living daylight out of the bandits with their horrifying noise. They thought a ghost came through the window and ran away into the forest. Now the four companions sat at the table and ate to the heart's content. When everyone was finished, they closed the light and the friends all looked for a place to sleep like they wanted. The donkey laid in the dung, the dog behind the door, the cat on the stove next to the warm ash. The rooster flew on top of the roof. And because they were all tired from the long way, they fell fast asleep.

When midnight passed and the bandits saw from far away that there was no light in the house anymore and everything seemed peaceful, the chef of the group said:

»We shouldn't have let that frighten us« and send a bandit back, to see if someone is in the house.

The bandit discovered that there was no noise. He wanted to light a light. Then he saw the fiery eyes of the cat and thought they were glowing coals. He held a match on it, to ignite it. But the cat couldn't take a joke and jumped in his face and scratched him with all its power. He got scared and wanted to run out the back door, only the dog that was laying there jumped up and bit him in his leg. When the bandit ran over the yard by the dung heap the donkey gave him a big hit with its hooves. The rooster, which was woken up by the noise, screamed from the roof: »Kikeriki!«

Now the bandit ran as fast as he can back to his chef and said: »In the house is a horrible witch, she breathed on me and then she scratched my whole face. At the door stood a man with a knife who stabbed my leg. In the yard, there was a black monster that hit me with a wooden stick and on the roof, there was a dragon. He was the judge and he screamed: 'Bring me the rascal!'. So I ran away.«

From now on the bandits never dared to go into the house. And the four city musicians of Bremen liked the house so much that they never wanted to leave.



# Die Bremer Stadtmusikanten

## German Original by The Grimm Brothers

Es hatte ein Mann einen Esel, der schon lange Jahre die Säcke unverdrossen zur Mühle getragen hatte, dessen Kräfte aber nun zu Ende gingen, so daß er zur Arbeit immer untauglicher ward. Da dachte der Herr daran, ihn aus dem Futter zu schaffen, aber der Esel merkte, daß kein guter Wind wehte, lief fort und machte sich auf den Weg nach Bremen; dort, meinte er, könnte er ja Stadtmusikant werden. Als er ein Weilchen fortgegangen war, fand er einen Jagdhund auf dem Wege liegen, der jappte wie einer, der sich müde gelaufen hat.

"Nun, was jappst du so, Packan?" fragte der Esel.

"Ach," sagte der Hund, "weil ich alt bin und jeden Tag schwächer werde, auch auf der Jagd nicht mehr fort kann, hat mich mein Herr wollen totschiagen, da hab ich Reißaus genommen; aber womit soll ich nun mein Brot verdienen?"

"Weißt du was?" sprach der Esel, "ich gehe nach Bremen und werde dort Stadtmusikant, geh mit und lasse dich auch bei der Musik annehmen. Ich spiele die Laute und du schlägst die Pauken."

Der Hund war's zufrieden, und sie gingen weiter.

Es dauerte nicht lange, so saß da eine Katze an dem Weg und macht ein Gesicht wie drei Tage Regenwetter.

"Nun, was ist dir in die Quere gekommen, alter Bartputzer?" sprach der Esel.

"Wer kann da lustig sein, wenn's einem an den Kragen geht," antwortete die Katze, "weil ich nun zu Jahren komme, meine Zähne stumpf werden, und ich lieber hinter dem Ofen sitze und spinne, als nach Mäusen herumjagen, hat mich meine Frau ersäufen wollen; ich habe mich zwar noch fortgemacht, aber nun ist guter Rat teuer: wo soll ich hin?"

"Geh mit uns nach Bremen, du verstehst dich doch auf die Nachtmusik, da kannst du ein Stadtmusikant werden."

Die Katze hielt das für gut und ging mit.

Darauf kamen die drei Landesflüchtigen an einem Hof vorbei, da saß auf dem Tor der Haushahn und schrie aus Leibeskräften.

"Du schreist einem durch Mark und Bein," sprach der Esel, "was hast du vor?"

"Da hab' ich gut Wetter prophezeit," sprach der Hahn, "weil unserer lieben Frauen Tag ist, wo sie dem Christkindlein die Hemdchen gewaschen hat und sie trocknen will; aber weil morgen zum Sonntag Gäste kommen, so hat die Hausfrau doch kein Erbarmen und hat der Köchin gesagt, sie wollte mich morgen in der Suppe essen, und da soll ich mir heut abend den Kopf abschneiden lassen. Nun schrei ich aus vollem Hals, solange ich kann."

"Ei was, du Rotkopf," sagte der Esel, "zieh lieber mit uns fort, wir gehen nach Bremen, etwas Besseres als den Tod findest du überall; du hast eine gute Stimme, und wenn wir zusammen musizieren, so muß es eine Art haben."

Der Hahn ließ sich den Vorschlag gefallen, und sie gingen alle vier zusammen fort.

Sie konnten aber die Stadt Bremen in einem Tag nicht erreichen und kamen abends in einen Wald, wo sie übernachteten wollten. Der Esel und der Hund legten sich unter einen großen Baum, die Katze und der Hahn machten sich in die Äste, der Hahn aber flog bis an die Spitze, wo es am sichersten für ihn war. Ehe er einschlief, sah er sich noch einmal nach allen vier Winden um, da deuchte ihn, er sähe in der Ferne ein Fünkchen brennen, und rief seinen Gesellen zu, es müßte nicht gar weit ein Haus sein, denn es scheine ein Licht.

Sprach der Esel: "So müssen wir uns aufmachen und noch hingehen, denn hier ist die Herberge schlecht."

Der Hund meinte: "Ein paar Knochen und etwas Fleisch dran täten ihm auch gut."

Also machten sie sich auf den Weg nach der Gegend, wo das Licht war, und sahen es bald heller schimmern, und es ward immer größer, bis sie vor ein helles, erleuchtetes Räuberhaus kamen.

Der Esel, als der größte, näherte sich dem Fenster und schaute hinein.  
"Was siehst du, Grauschimmel?" fragte der Hahn.

"Was ich sehe?" antwortete der Esel, "einen gedeckten Tisch mit schönem Essen und Trinken, und Räuber sitzen daran und lassen's sich wohl sein."

"Das wäre was für uns," sprach der Hahn.

"Ja, ja, ach, wären wir da!" sagte der Esel.

Da ratschlagten die Tiere, wie sie es anfangen müssten, um die Räuber hinauszujaun und fanden endlich ein Mittel. Der Esel musste sich mit den Vorderfüßen auf das Fenster stellen, der Hund auf des Esels Rücken springen, die Katze auf den Hund klettern, und endlich flog der Hahn hinauf, und setzte sich der Katze auf den Kopf. Wie das geschehen war, fingen sie auf ein Zeichen insgesamt an, ihre Musik zu machen: der Esel schrie, der Hund bellte, die Katze miaute und der Hahn krächte. Dann stürzten sie durch das Fenster in die Stube hinein, dass die Scheiben klirrten. Die Räuber fuhren bei dem entsetzlichen Geschrei in die Höhe, meinten nicht anders, als ein Gespenst käme herein, und flohen in größter Furcht in den Wald hinaus.



Drawn by Gina

Nun setzten sich die vier Gesellen an den Tisch, nahmen mit dem vorlieb, was übriggeblieben war, und aßen nach Herzenslust. Wie die vier Spielleute fertig waren, löschten sie das Licht aus und suchten sich eine Schlafstelle, jeder nach seiner Natur und Bequemlichkeit. Der Esel legte sich auf den Mist, der Hund hinter die Tür, die Katze auf den Herd bei der warmen Asche, der Hahn setzte sich auf den Hahnenbalken, und weil sie müde waren von ihrem langen Weg, schliefen sie auch bald ein.

Als Mitternacht vorbei war und die Räuber von weitem sahen, daß kein Licht mehr im Haus brannte, auch alles ruhig schien, sprach der Hauptmann:

"Wir hätten uns doch nicht sollen ins Bockshorn jagen lassen," und hieß einen hingehen und das Haus untersuchen.

Der Abgeschickte fand alles still, ging in die Küche, ein Licht anzünden, und weil er die glühenden, feurigen Augen der Katze für lebendige Kohlen ansah, hielt er ein Schwefelhölzchen daran, daß es Feuer fangen sollte. Aber die Katze verstand keinen Spaß, sprang ihm ins Gesicht, spie und kratzte. Da erschrak er gewaltig, lief und wollte zur Hintertüre hinaus, aber der Hund, der da lag, sprang auf und biß ihn ins Bein, und als er über den Hof an dem Mist vorbeikam, gab ihm der Esel noch einen tüchtigen Schlag mit dem Hinterfuß; der Hahn aber, der vom Lärmen aus dem Schlaf geweckt und munter geworden war, rief vom Balken herab: "Kikeriki!"

Da lief der Räuber, was er konnte, zu seinem Hauptmann zurück und sprach:

"Ach, in dem Haus sitzt eine greuliche Hexe, die hat mich angehaucht und mit ihren langen Fingern mir das Gesicht zerkratzt. Und vor der Tür steht ein Mann mit einem Messer, der hat mich ins Bein gestochen. Und auf dem Hof liegt ein schwarzes Ungetüm, das hat mit einer Holzkeule auf mich losgeschlagen. Und oben auf dem Dache, da sitzt der Richter, der rief: 'Bringt mir den Schelm her!' Da machte ich, dass ich fortkam."

Von nun an getrauten sich die Räuber nicht weiter in das Haus, den vier Bremer Musikanten gefiel's aber so wohl darin, dass sie nicht wieder herauswollten.



Drawn by Gina

# The Story about Ivasyk Telesyk

## A Ukrainian Fairytale

Once upon a time, there were a man and a woman. They were old and had no children. The old man and woman were very sad:

»Who will take care of our death, when we have no children?«

Then the woman told to the man:

»Go to the forest, cut down a tree for me there, and we will make a cradle, then I will put a tree in a cradle and I will sway, here will be at least solace for us!«

At first the old man didn't want to do it, and the woman asked and asked again. He obeyed, went, cut down a piece of wood, made a cradle ... The woman put that piece of wood in the cradle, once she sang a song: Luli-luli, Telesyk, I baked kuleshyk\*, I will feed you.

She swayed and swayed until they went to bed at night. They get up in the morning - right out of that tree appeared their little son. They were so happy! And they called that son Telesyk.

That son was growing and growing - and he has become so beautiful that his mother and father cannot get happy enough of him. When he grew up, he said:

»Make me, Dad, a golden boat and a silver paddle, I will catch a fish and feed you!«

So the father made a golden boat and a silver paddle, lowered into the river, and he left. So he went down the river, caught fish and fed his parents, caught and gave away - and went again. And his mother cooked food. And he says:

»Look, son, as I call, then swim to the shore, and if someone else will call you, then swim away!«

So his mother cooked him breakfast, brought him to the shore and called:

»Telesyk, Telesyk! Come, come to the shore! I will give you to eat and drink!«

\*Kuleshyk is a traditional Ukrainian porridge

Telesyk heard it.

»Closer, closer, little boat, to the shore! This is what your mother brought for breakfast.«

He swam. He reached the shore, ate, drunk, pushed the golden boat with a silver puddle and swam on to catch the fish. And the snake heard the mother calling Telesyk, and came to the shore and let him shout in a thick voice:

»Telesyk, Telesyk! Come, come to the shore! I will give you to eat and drink!«

And he heard it.

»It's not my mother's voice!«

»Sail, sail, little boat away! Sail, sail, little boat away!«

He waved a puddle and sailed away. And the snake stood and stood and walked away from the shore.

Later Telesyk's mother cooked him dinner, carried him to the shore and called:

»Telesyk, Telesyk! Come, come to the shore! I will give you to eat and drink!«

He heard it:

»Closer, closer, little boat, to the shore! This is what my mother brought me for dinner.«

He sailed to the shore, ate, drank, gave his mother the fish he caught, pushed the boat and swam away. Then the snake came to the shore and called him with a thick voice:

»Telesyk, Telesyk! Come, come to the shore! I will give you to eat and drink!«

And he heard that it was not his mother's voice, and swam away:

»Sail, sail, little boat, go! Sail, sail, little boat away!«

The snake saw that he could do nothing, and went to the blacksmith:

»Blacksmith, blacksmith! Give me such a thin voice as Telesyk's mother!«

So the Blacksmith made it. She went to the shore and began to call:

»Telesyk, Telesyk! Come, come to the shore! I will give you eat and drink!«

And he thought it was his mother.

»Closer, closer, little boat, to the shore! That's my mother brought me food!«

And he swam to the shore. And the snake took him out of the boat and carried him to his house.

»Snake Olenka, open up!«

Olenka opened the door, the snake entered the house.

»Snake Olenka, heat the stove so that the stones fall apart, and bake me Telesyk, and I'll go and invite guests, and we'll have a celebration.«

He said it and ran to invite guests. So Olenka heated the stove so warm that even the stones fall apart and then she says:

»Sit down, Telesyk, on a shovel!«

And he says: »When I can't, how can I sit down?«

»Sit down!« says Olenka. He put his hand on the shovel.

»So?« He says.

»No, sit down completely!« He laid his head.

»So, maybe?«

»No, no! Sit down all over!«

»How then? Is that so?« and put his foot down.

»No,« says Olenka, »not so!«

»Well, show it,« says Telesyk, »because I don't know how.« She began to show, but just sat down, and he grabbed it with a shovel and threw it into the oven, and covered the oven with a damper, and he locked the house, climbed on a tall sycamore tree and sat down. Here is a snake arriving with guests.

»Snake Olenka, open up!«

No answer.

»Snake Olenka, open up!«

No answer.

»That's Olenka! She's already blown away somewhere.«

Here the snake itself opened the house, guests came, sat at the table.

The snake opened the damper, took it out of the oven, and they ate it - they thought it was Telesyk. They drank well, went outside and swung on the grass.



»I'll roll, I'll fall, having eaten Telesyk's meat!«  
And Telesyk from a sycamore:  
»Roll, fall, eating Olenka's meat!«  
They listen ... »Where is it?«  
And again:  
»I'll roll, I'll fall down, having eaten Telesyk's meat.«  
And he said again:  
»Roll, fall, eating Olenka's meat!«  
They ask again:  
»What is it?«  
»Let's look, let's look« and they saw Telesyk on a sycamore tree. They rushed to the sycamore and began to gnaw it. They gnawed so much that they broke their teeth, and then rushed to the blacksmith:  
»Blacksmith-blacksmith, make our teeth to bite that sycamore!«  
So the Blacksmith made it. They started again ... They're about to bite. When a herd of geese flew by. Telesyk asked them:  
»Geese-geese, geese! Take me on wings and take me to my father, to my father to eat and drink.«  
And the geese say:  
»Let those geese to take you!«  
And snakes gnaw, gnaw ... A herd of geese is flying again. Telesyk also asks:  
»Geese-geese, geese! Take me on wings and take me to my father, to my father to eat and drink.«  
And these say to him:  
»Let the geese who is flying after us to take you!«  
And the sycamore is cracking. The snakes took a rest and gnawed again, took a rest and gnawed again... A herd of geese is still flying. Telesyk asks them:  
»Geese-geese, geese! Take me on wings and take me to my father, to my father to eat and drink.«  
And they say:  
»Let the last one take you!«  
And they flew by.

Sad Telesyk is sitting, the sycamore is about to fall! An he sees a small goose who is flying and is trying to follow his herd.

»Goose-goose! Take me on your wings and take me to my father.«

»Sit down!«

He says and grabbed him by the wings. He was very tired and was flying very low. And the snake chases after him and almost grabs him. But they didn't catch up Telesyk. So he brought and put Telesyk on the yard, and walked around the yard, grazing.



Drawn by Anna

Here sits Telesyk on the yard and listens to what is being done in the house. And the woman baked buns, and took them out in the oven, and said:

»It's one for you, Father, and it's one for me!«

And Telesik outside:

»And for me?«

Then she takes out the buns again and:

»Here's one for you, Father, and it's for me!«

And Telesyk again:

»And for me?«

They heard.

»What it is?«

»Do you hear something sounding, Father?«

»Well,« says the father, "that's probably Telesyk talking«

And again mother:

»Here's a bun for you, and it's for me!«

»And for me?« says Telesyk.

»So, he still speaks!« says the woman and looks out the window, right on the yard she saw Telesyk. Then they came out of the house, and caught him, and brought him into the house, and were so glad.

And the goose walked around the yard, then the mother saw.

»He's a goose walking. I'll go catch and kill.«

And Telesik says:

»No, mom, do not cut him, but feed him! If it weren't for me here, I wouldn't be with you. He saved me!«

And they fed him, and gave him drink, and put millet under his wings.

He ate and flew away.

There was a fairy tale for you, and a bagel for me!

# Казка про Івасика Телесика

## Ukrainian Original

Жили собі дід та баба. Вже й старі стали, а дітей нема. Журяться дід та баба: «Хто нашої й смерті догляне, що в нас дітей нема?» От баба й просить діда:

— Поїдь, діду, в ліс, вирубай там мені деревинку, та зробимо колисочку, то я положу деревинку в колисочку та й буду колихати; от буде мені хоч забавка!

Дід спершу не хотів, а баба все просить та просить. Послухався він, поїхав, вирубав деревинку, зробив колисочку... Положила баба ту деревинку в колисочку, колише й пісню співає: Люлі-люлі, Телесику, Наварила кулешику, Буду тебе годувати.

Колихала-коліхала, аж поки полягали вони увечері спати.

Встають уранці — аж з тієї деревинки та став синок маленький. Вони так зрадили, що й не сказати! Та й назвали того сина Телесиком.

Росте той синок й росте — і такий став гарний, що баба з дідом не навіщаються з нього.

От як підріс він, то й каже:

— Зробіть мені, тату, золотий човник і срібнеє весельце, буду я рибку ловити та вас годувати!

От дід зробив золотий човник і срібнеє весельце, спустили на річку, він і поїхав. То оце він їздить по річці, ловить рибку та годує діда й бабу, наловить та віддасть — і знову поїде. А мати йому їсти носить. Та й каже:

— Гляди ж, сину, як я кликатиму, то пливи до бережка, а як хто чужий, то пливи далі!

От мати наварила йому снідати, принесла до берега та й кличе: Телесику, Телесику! Приплинь, приплинь до бережка! Дам я тобі їсти й пити!

Телесик почув.

— Ближче, ближче, човнику, до бережка! Це ж моя матінка  
снідати принесла.

Пливе. Пристав до бережка, наївся, напився, відпхнув золотий  
човник срібним весельцем і поплив далі рибку ловити.

А змія їй підслухала, як мати кликала Телесика, та прийшла до  
берега і давай гукати товстим голосом:

Телесику, Телесику! Приплинь, приплинь до бережка! Дам я тобі  
їсти й пити!

А він чує.

— То ж не моєї матінки голос! Пливи, пливи, човнику, далі!

Пливи, пливи, човнику, далі!

Махнув весельцем — човник і поплив. А змія стояла-стояла та їй  
пішла від бережка геть.

От мати Телесикова наварила йому обідати, понесла до  
бережка та їй кличе:

Телесику, Телесику! Приплинь, приплинь до бережка! Дам я тобі  
їсти й пити!

Він почув:

— Ближче, ближче, човнику, до бережка! Це ж моя матінка мені  
обідати принесла.

Приплив до бережка, наївся, напився, віддав матері рибку, що  
наловив, відпхнув човник і поплив знову.

А змія приходить до берега та знов товстим голосом:

Телесику, Телесику! Приплинь, приплинь до бережка! Дам я тобі  
їсти й пити!

А він почув, що не материн голос, та махнув весельцем:

— Пливи, пливи, човнику, далі! Пливи, пливи, човнику, далі!

Човник і поплив далі.

Змія бачить, що нічого не вдіє, та пішла до коваля:

— Ковалю, ковалю! Скуй мені такий тоненький голосок, як у  
Телесикової матері!

Коваль і скував. Вона пішла до бережка й стала кликати:

Телесику, Телесику! Приплинь, приплинь до бережка! Дам я тобі  
їсти й пити!

А він думав, що то мати.

— Ближче, ближче, човнику, до бережка! То ж мені матінка їсти принесла!

Та й приплив до бережка. А змія його мерщій ухопила з човна та й понесла до своєї хати.



Drawn by Anna

— Зміючко Оленко, відчини!

Оленка й відчинила, змія ввійшла в хату.

— Зміючко Оленко, натопи піч так, щоб аж каміння розпадалося, та спечи мені Телесика, а я піду гостей покличу, та будемо гуляти.

Та й полетіла кликати гостей.

От Оленка натопила піч так, що аж каміння розпадається а тоді й каже:

— Сідай, Телесику, на лопату! А він каже:

— Коли ж я не вмю,— як його сідати?

— Та вже сідай! — каже Оленка. Він і положив на лопату руку.

— Так? — каже.

— Та ні-бо: сідай зовсім! Він положив голову:

— Отак, може?

— Та ні-бо, ні! Сідай увесь!

— А як же? Хіба так? — та й поклав ногу.

— Та ні-бо,— каже Оленка,— ні, не так!

— Ну, так покажи ж,— каже Телесик,— бо я не знаю як. Вона й стала показувати, та тільки сіла, а він за лопату та й укинув її в піч, і заслінкою піч затулив, а сам замкнув хату, зліз на превисоченого явора та й сидить.

От змія прилітає з гостями.

— Зміючко Оленко, відчини!

Не чує.

— Зміючко Оленко, відчини!

Не озивається.

— От вража Оленка, вже десь повіялась.

От змія сама відчинила хату, повходили гості, посідали за стіл.

Відслонила змія заслінку, вийняла з печі, та й їдять — думали, що то Телесик. Попоїли добре, повиходили надвір та й качаються по траві.

— Покочуся, повалюся, Телесикового м'яся наївшись!

А Телесик із явора:

— Покотіться, поваліться, Оленчиного м'яся наївшись!

Вони слухають... Де це? Та знов:

— Покочуся, повалюся, Телесикового м'яся наївшись.

А він знову:

— Покотіться, поваліться, Оленчиного м'яся наївшись!

Вони далі:

— Що воно таке?

Давай шукати, давай дивитися, та й угледіли Телесика на яворі.

Кинулись до явора та й почали його гризти. Гризли-гризли аж зуби поламали, а не перегризуть. Кинулись до коваля:

— Ковалю-ковалю, покуй нам такі зуби, щоб того явора перегризти!

Коваль і скував. Вони як почали знову... От-от уже перегризуть.  
Коли летить табун гусей. Телесик їх і просить:

Гуси-гуси, гусенята! Візьміть мене на крилята Та понесіть до  
батенька, А в батенька їсти, й пити, Ще й хороше походити!

А гуси й кажуть:

— Нехай тебе середні візьмуть!

А змії гризуть-гризуть... Аж летить знову табун гусей. Телесик і  
просить:

Гуси-гуси, гусенята! Візьміть мене на крилята Та понесіть до  
батенька, А в батенька їсти, й пити, Ще й хороше походити!

Так і ці йому кажуть:

— Нехай тебе задні візьмуть!

А явір аж тріщить. Відпочинуть змії та й знов гризуть,  
відпочинуть та й знов... Аж летить іще табун гусей. Телесик так  
їх просить:

Гуси-гуси, гусенята! Візьміть мене на крилята Та понесіть до  
батенька, А в батенька їсти, й пити, Ще й хороше походити!

І ці кажуть:

— Нехай тебе заднє візьме!

Та й полетіли.

Сидить сердешний Телесик, от-от явір упаде, от-от доведеться  
пропасти! Коли це летить собі одне гусеня: відбилося — насилу  
летить, Телесик до нього:

Гуся-гуся, гусенятко! Візьми мене на крилятко Та понеси до  
батенька, А в батенька їсти, й пити, Ще й хороше походити! От  
воно:

— Сідай!— каже та й ухопило його на крила. Та втомилось  
сердешне, так низько несе. А змія за ним — ледве не вхопить  
його — женеться. Та таки не наздогнала. От воно принесло та й  
посадило Телесика на призьбі, а само ходить по двору, пасеться.  
От сидить Телесик на призьбі та й слухає,  
що в хаті робиться. А баба напекла пиріжків, та виймає в печі, і  
каже:

— Це тобі, діду, пиріжок, а це мені пиріжок!



А Телесик знадвору:

— А мені?

То це вона знову виймає пиріжки та:

— Оце тобі, дідусю, пиріжок, а це мені!

А Телесик знову:

— А мені?

Вони й почули. Що це?

— Чи ти чуєш, діду, щось наче гукає?

— Та то,— каже дід,— мабуть, так учувається.

Та знов баба:

— Оце тобі, дідусю, пиріжок, а це мені!

— А мені? — каже з призьби Телесик.

— Отже, таки озивається! — говорить баба та зирк у вікно — аж на призьбі Телесик. Вони тоді з хати, та вхопили його, та внесли в хату, та такі раді...

А гусятко ходить по двору, то мати й побачила.

— Он гусятко ходить. Піду впіймаю та заріжу.

А Телесик каже:

— Ні, мамо, не ріжте, а нагодуйте його! Коли б не воно, то я б у вас і не був.

От вони нагодували його, й напоїли, і під крильця насипали пшона. Так воно й полетіло.

От вамказочка, а мені бубликів в'язочка.

# Your Imagination Pages

Now if your imagination got inspired – here are some pages for you to draw pictures of the fairytales:









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