

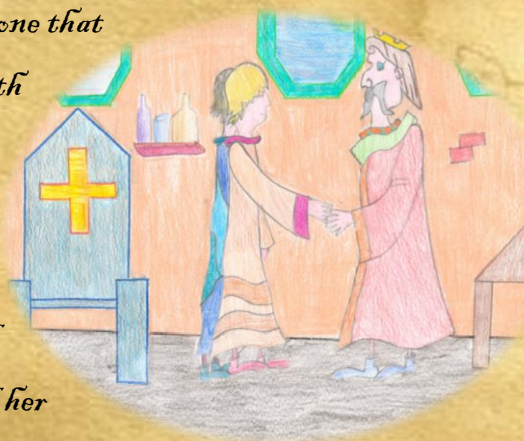
Italian Legends

The Legend of Nymph



Nymph was an attractive princess who lived with her father in the castle on the lake near the slopes of the mountains Lepini. Life was sweet for her, but not far from here in direction of the sea, there were large marshes infested of malaria and mosquitoes, that made impossible every kind of life.

Nymph's father wanted ardently to dry out those lands. He decided to summon the two neighboring kings: Martino, the good, that Nymph secretly loved, and Dark, the wicked wizard king. The king said to them that he would grant her daughter as a bride to the one that would drain the marshes. The king Martino tried with great efforts to build channels but he did not succeed to defeat the marshes and swamps. The king Dark, instead didn't do anything, and only in the last day assigned by the king, drained out the marshes and swamps with a magic. Nymph then, in order to avoid her marriage with the Dark, threw herself into the lake and disappeared forever. The gardens of Nymph, in province of Latina are today private property of the noble family Gaetani, the powerful family that counts among its ancestors also a Pope: Boniface VIII, who lived at the times of Dante Alighieri.



Rich in flowers of every type and streams, the gardens of Nymph crossed by a clear brook, can be visited every first Sunday of the month. The gardens often are used for holding concerts of classical music and sometimes for making movies. The legend tells that these gardens are so attractive and so beautiful because the princess, that still lives there, caresses the plants and the flowers every day.

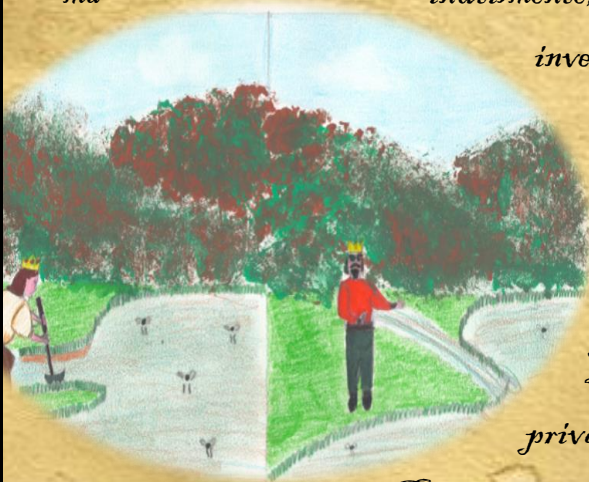


La Leggenda di Ninfa

Ninfa era una bellissima principessa che viveva con il padre nel castello sul lago, alle pendici dei monti Lepini, nel Lazio. La vita era dolce per lei, ma a poca distanza, in direzione del mare, esistevano grandi paludi infestate di malaria e zanzare, che rendevano impossibile ogni forma di vita.



Il padre di Ninfa desiderava ardentemente bonificare quelle terre. Allora convocò i due re confinanti: Martino, il buono, che Ninfa segretamente amava, e Moro, il malvagio re stregone. Il re disse loro che avrebbe concesso Ninfa in sposa a colui che avesse prosciugato le paludi. Martino si fece in quattro per costruire canali e opere d'ingegno, ma



inutilmente, e non riuscì a sconfiggere la palude. Moro, invece, non fece niente, e solo nell'ultimo giorno assegnato dal re, con una magia prosciugò la palude. Ninfa allora, per non andare in sposa a Moro, si gettò nel lago e scomparve per sempre nelle acque. I giardini di Ninfa, in provincia di Latina, sono oggi proprietà privata della nobile famiglia

Taetani, la potente casata che annovera tra i suoi avi anche un Papa: Bonifacio VIII, che visse ai tempi di Dante. Ricchi di fiori di ogni tipo e ruscelli, i giardini di Ninfa, attraversati da un limpido ruscello, sono oggi visitabili ogni prima domenica del mese. Vengono utilizzati per tenere concerti di musica classica e talvolta per girare film. La leggenda racconta che sono bellissimi perché la principessa, che vive ancora lì, accarezza ogni giorno le piante e i fiori.



Who was Circe?

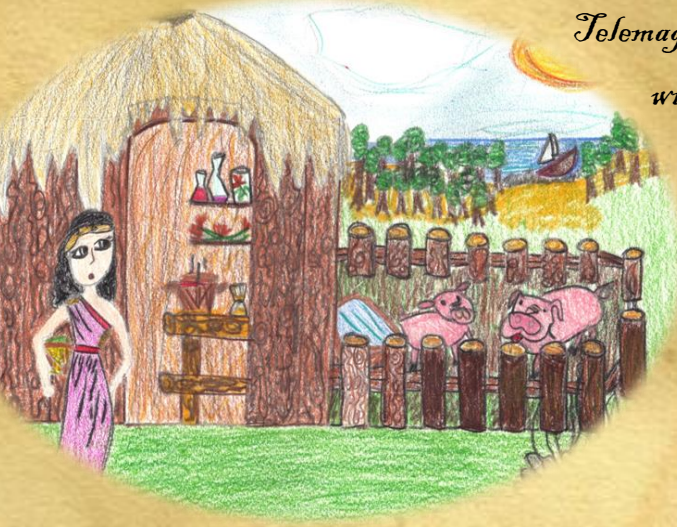
In Greek mythology Circe was a magic goddess. She was the daughter of Helios, the god of the sun and Perseide. Circe was famous for her vast knowledge of potions and herbs. Through the use of magical potions she transformed her enemies or those who offended her into animals. She lived on Fea island (today cape Circeo) in a forest protected by lions and wild animals.

The legend of Circe

Circe invited Ulysses and his companions to a friendly feast but she gave them a potion which transformed them into pigs. Ulysses didn't transform himself because he used a herb called "moly" given to him by the god Hermes who explained how to resist the spells and the seductions of Circe. After freeing his fellows, Odysseus and Circe became lovers and he remained on the island for one year celebrating and drinking wine. When he wanted to restart to go back to Ithaca she helped Ulysses and gave him some advice to survive during the travel.

Other poets extended the story; a version says that Odysseus had a son from the sorceress (Telegonus) sent by Circe to search for Ulysses but it took him too much time to return to Ithaca and. When he found him Telegonus accidentally killed his father.

Telemagus took Penelope and her son Telemachus with him on Fea island where Circe made them immortals. Telemagus married Circe while Penelope became Telemachus's wife.



Chi era Circe?

Nella mitologia greca Circe era una divinità magica. Figlia di Elio, il dio del sole e Perseide. Circe era famosa per la sua grande conoscenza di erbe e pozioni. Tramite l'uso di intrugli magici trasformava i suoi nemici o tutti quelli che la offendevano in animali. Viveva sull'isola di Lea (oggi Promontorio del Circeo) in una foresta protetta da leoni e belve feroci.



La leggenda di Circe

Circe invitò Ulisse e i suoi compagni per un pranzo amichevole ma diede loro delle pozioni che li trasformarono in maiali. Ulisse non si trasformò perché aveva usato l'erba "moly" donatagli dal dio Hermes che gli spiegò anche come evitare le magie e le seduzioni di Circe. Dopo aver liberato i suoi compagni, Ulisse e Circe divennero amanti e lui restò sull'isola per un anno festeggiando e bevendo vino. Quando lui volle ripartire per Itaca lei lo aiutò dandogli dei consigli per sopravvivere nel viaggio.

Altri poeti estesero la storia, una versione dice che Odisseo ebbe un figlio dalla maga (Telegono) mandato da Circe per cercare Odisseo che impiegò troppo tempo per tornare a Itaca, ma quando lo trovò, Telegono uccise accidentalmente suo padre. Telemaco portò con sé Penelope e suo figlio Telemaco sull'isola di Lea dove Circe li rese immortali. Telemaco sposò Circe mentre Penelope divenne moglie di Telemaco.



Polish Legends

The magic pigeons in Tracow legend

The story takes place, when Tracow was ruled by Henry IV. The Prince was a very ambitious man. His dream was to become a king, but he knew that he wouldn't get the crown without the support of the apostolic capital. Those times the Pope's support could be earned by allocating a lot of money for the Church. Henry was a rich man, but even all of his gold wasn't enough to make a good impression on the Pope.

The Prince was trying to come up with a way to gather money for the trip to Rome. A witch came to help him. She changed the Prince's knights into pigeons, so they could fly on top of the church's tower. The birds started pecking on the walls. The pieces of the wall falling on the ground started to change into golden coins. The Prince managed to collect three full wagons of gold. After that, the witch told him to go on a trip to Rome and then come back with the crown. She promised that if he came back as a king, she would change the knights back into people.

Henry left immediately. The road to Rome was long and the Prince was very lavish. By the time they arrived in Rome, the wagons were empty. There was nothing left to convince the Pope to make him the king. Henry never came back to his kingdom.

The enchanted pigeons still wait for their master on the Tracow's market. They like to sit on other people's shoulders, hoping that one day they'll find Henry and become humans again.



Legenda o zaczarowanych krakowskich gołębiach

Historia ta działa się w czasach, kiedy w Krakowie rządził Henryk V^{ty} Prawy. Książę był człowiekiem bardzo ambitnym i żądnym władzy. Jego marzeniem było zostać królem. Wiedział jednak, że nie zdobędzie korony, jeżeli nie będzie miał poparcia Stolicy Apostolskiej. W^o tamtych czasach poparcie papieża zdobywało się odpowiednio dużymi datkami na Kościół. Henryk V^{ty} Prawy był bogatym władcą, ale nawet całe jego złoto nie wystarczyło by, aby zrobić wrażenie na papieżu. Książę zastanawiał się więc, jak mógłby zdobyć odpowiednią ilość pieniędzy na podróż do Rzymu.

Z pomocą przyszła mu wiedźma spod Krakowa. Wiedźma przemieniła drużynę księcia w gołębie i rozkazała polecieć na wieżę Kościoła Mariackiego. Tam zakłete ptaki zaczęły dziobać i odłupywać mury Kościoła. Spadające na ziemię kamyczki zamieniały się w najprawdziwsze monety z najczystsze go złota. Wtedy Wiedźma nakazała, by Henryk jak najszybciej ruszył do Rzymu. Obiecała mu, że gdy powróci do Krakowa jako król, jego drużynę przemieni w ludzką postać. Henryk niezwłocznie wyruszył.

Droga do Rzymu okazała się daleka, a Książę był bardzo rozrzutny. Lubił pić najlepsze wino i miodo, jeść najlepsze potrawy i tak w czasie podróży złoto ubywało, aż wozy zrobiły się puste... Nic mu nie zostało. Nie mógł przekonać papieża, nie miał pieniędzy. Książę nie wrócił do swego grodu. Zaczarowane gołębie do dziś czekają na swego pana na krakowskim rynku. Chętnie przysiadają na ramionach różnych ludzi z nadzieją, że ujrzą Henryka i odzyskają ludzką postać.

Golden shoes

A long time ago, there lived a boy called Wawrzek. Woodcraft was his passion. One day, he got so engaged with this activity that a cow he was supposed to watch over escaped, and ruined the parson's field. He was too scared to go home, so he ran into the woods and lost his way. After a long time, he reached Tracow, the capital of Poland. There, a priest took care of him. Soon, the priest found out about Wawrzek's talent and let him train woodcraft with Veit Stoss, who was a great artist from Germany. Wawrzek's talent was also appreciated by a king, and the monarch gave him a pair of golden shoes. Wawrzek wanted to wear them for an opening ceremony of the altar made by Veit Stoss, but he lost one of them. It fell behind the altar. It was found almost four hundred years later in 1867, while maintenance works were being done.

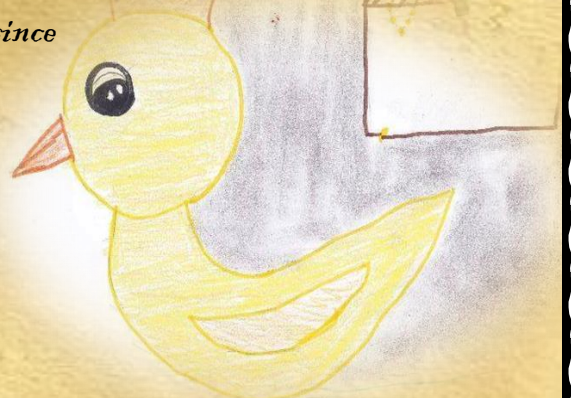
Legenda o Żółtej ciżemce

Dawno temu żył sobie chłopiec o imieniu Wawrzek. Bardzo lubił rzeźbić w drewnie. Pewnego dnia zajęcie tak go pochłonęło, że nie zauważył, jak krowa, której pilnował, zniszczyła zboże na polu proboszcza. Chłopiec bał się wrócić do domu i podbiegł do lasu. W lesie zgubił drogę. Bardzo długo wędrował, aż doszedł do Krakowa. Tam zajął się nim Ks. Kanonik, który zauważył talent Wawrzka. Zapisał go na naukę do Wita Stwosza - znanego w Krakowie rzeźbiarza. Talent chłopca docenił też król Kazimierz Jagiellończyk i dał Wawrzekowi żółte trzewiczki-ciżemki. Chłopiec chciał je założyć na uroczystość otwarcia ołtarza, ale tworząc rzeźbę zgubił jeden z nich. Bucik wpadł za ołtarz i przeleżał tam prawie czterysta lat. Odnalazł się dopiero w czasie prac konserwatorskich w roku 1867.

Golden Duck

Long, long time ago there was a young shoemaker Lutek. He was very happy and diligent, but poor. He worked at the foreman workshop in the Old town where he didn't earn much money.

Once he went to his friend who was a wealthy man. Lutek asked him how to earn more money. His friend advised him to go to Old castle dungeons. There was a legend about a princess enchanted in a golden duck who used to live there. The duck is the one who knows how to become rich. She can reveal this secret one night a year - during Midsummer night. Lutek decided to try his luck and went to the dungeons at Ordynacka street during Midsummer night. He was scared of the meeting with the golden duck, but it was the only chance for him to become rich. He went down to the dungeons, lit the candles and saw a pond. There was a golden duck in it. Suddenly the duck changed into a beautiful princess. She looked amazing. Her hair was gold and very long, her eyes were like stars. She told Lutek that he could be rich under one condition. He had to spend 100 ducats only for himself. He could not give money to anybody. Next day Lutek started to spend the ducats. He bought clothes, food, he went on a trip to Wisanow. He went to the theatre. He was thinking how to spend the rest of the money when he met an old man. He was a cripple who had fought during the war and had lost one hand. Lutek took pity on him and gave him the rest of ducats. As soon as he had done it there was a thunder and lightning. The princess appeared and told him that he failed, because he did not follow the rules and spent money on somebody else. Then she disappeared. From that moment Lutek's life changed. He did not get the fortune he was hoping for but he met a girl and married her. They had children and lived very happily. Golden duck or princess has never been mentioned since that time, which is quite wise, because her selfish approach is not good to follow. If you think of others more than yourself, you will be respected.



Legenda o Złotej Kaczce

Dawno temu, żył sobie szewczyk o imieniu Lutek. Był bardzo wesoły i pracowity, ale niestety nie miał grosza przy duszy, był biedny. Pracował u pewnego majstra na Starym Mieście, gdzie mało zarabiał. Pewnego dnia poszedł do znajomego szewca, któremu dobrze się wiedło. Gzeladnik poradził mu, żeby udał się do podziemi starego zamku, gdzie podobno znajdowała się tam Królowna, zaklęta w Złotą Kaczkę. Ona na pewno podpowie, jak zdobyć ogromne skarby i stać się bogaczem. Jednakże można to zrobić jedynie w Noc Świętojańską. Lutek skorzystał z rady znajomego. W Noc Świętojańską udał się do podziemi przy ulicy Ordynackiej. Bardzo bał się spotkania ze Złotą Kaczką, ale była to dla niego jedyna szansa na wzbogacenie się.

Zszedł do piwnic, zapalił świece i zobaczył jezioro, o którym szewc opowiadał, po którym pływała Złota Kaczka. Nagle kaczka przemieniła się w piękną Królowną. Włosy miała złote i długie do ziemi, usta jak maliny i oczy jak gwiazdy. Królowna powiedziała szewczykowi, że będzie bogaty pod warunkiem, że wyda jutro 100 dukatów, ale tylko na siebie. Nie może ich wydać na nikogo innego. Lutek następnego dnia wydał dukaty. Kupił sobie ubrania, jadł, pił, pojechał bryczką na wycieczkę do Wilanowa, był na przedstawieniu w Teatrze Narodowym. Wieczorem szedł ulicą i zastanawiał się, gdzie wydać dukaty. Spotkał starca-inwalidę bez ręki z orderami na piersi. Młodzieniec zlitował się nad potrzebującym i dał mu resztę dukatów. Nagle... Zagrzmiało, błysnęło i pokazała się Księżniczka. Przypomniała, że nie spełnił obietnicy, gdyż wydał dukaty nie tylko na siebie. Potem zniknęła. Od czasu udzielenia pomocy potrzebującemu Lutkowi sprzyjało szczęście. Ożenił się, miał dzieci i żył długo w zdrowiu i szczęściu. O Złotej Kaczce słuch zaginął. Może to i dobrze, bo musiało być bardzo zła, jeśli dobro własne stawiała ponad pomoc innym. A przecież powinno być odwrotnie. Najpierw powinno się pomagać biednym i potrzebującym, a potem dbać o siebie.

Latvian Legends

Rundāle castle

During the day Rundāle castle is a baroque style building which amazes the tourists with its majesty and luxury, but when the sun sets, this place becomes the world of ghosts. There are lots of legends and myths about the ghosts of Rundāle castle. One of them tells about Count Zubov's ghost, who is riding in a cart pulled by six horses through the Lions' gate in the middle of the night. The legend says that one day the Count had went to entertain himself. On the road that he had taken, there had been a little girl playing in the middle of it. The coachman had called to ask her to move aside but she hadn't heard him, because she had stayed on the road and kept playing. The Count had ordered to ride over her. When the coachman refused to do that, the Count had slapped him, taken the reins out of his hands and forced the horses to ride over the girl. At the last moment the horses had turned and jumped over the ditch. Little girl had been alive, but Zubov had come home all dirty and bruised. The next day, when he had been found in his room, he'd hung himself. They say that the Lion's gate still opens in dark nights and a cart pulled by six white horses rides past it, lead by Count Zubov. There is another legend about Zubov, Lady in White and Lady in Black. Russian duchess Catherine II's favorite had been Count Zubov, so she'd often visited Rundāle castle. Catherine had loved him passionately and wanted to be his only woman, but Zubov had started a relationship with some local girl and he hadn't cared for Catherine anymore. When she had discovered this, she'd ordered to get the girl a white dress, cut off her head and bring it to the duchess on a golden plate. Zubov had given away his gardener's daughter to die and hidden his lover in the castle.



Catherine had heard about Zubov's betrayal only on her deathbed and promised to find the girl. And so the Lady in White - the gardener's daughter - is still looking for her head and the Lady in Black - Catherine II - is searching for Zubov's true lover.

Rundāles pils

Dienas gaismā Rundāles pils ir baroka stila celtne, kas ar savu greznību sajūsmīna apmeklētājus, bet, saulei norietot, šī vieta pārvēršas un te sāk valdīt garu pasaule. Ir daudz un dažādas leģendas par Rundāles pils spokiem. Šeit mieru sev nespēj rast grāfu Zubova gars, kurš nakts stundās sešu zirgu pajūgā brauc cauri Lauvu vārtiem. Leģenda vēsta, ka reiz grāfs braucis izklaidēties. Uz ceļa, pa kuru braukuši, rotaļājusies maza meitenīte. Kučieris uzsaucis, lai dod ceļu, bet viņa nav dzirdējusi, jo palikusi turpat, mierīgi sēžot. Grāfs pavēlējis braukt bērnām virsū. Kad kučieris atteicies to darīt, viņš iesitis kučierim plauku, izrāvis no rokām grožus un triecis zirgus virsū meitenei. Taču zirgi pēdējā brīdī pasītušies sānis un pārsēkuši grāvim. Meitenīte bijusi sveika un vesela, bet Zubovs pārradies mājās netīrs un nosēts ar zilumiem. Nākamajā dienā Zubovs atrasts savā istabā pakāries. Stāsta, ka vēl tagad tumšās naktīs atveras Lauvu vārti un, zvaniem skanot, saukā pa tiem dodoties seši balti zirgi ar karieti, kuru vadot pats Zubovs. Ar Zubovu dinastiju saistās arī pils leģenda par Balto un Melno dāmu. Krievijas carienes Katrīnas II favorīts bijis grāfs Zubovs, tāpēc viņa bieži ciemojusies Rundāles pilī. Katrīna viņu kvēli mīlējusi un vēlējusies būt par viņa vienīgo sievieti, taču Zubovam sākušās vētrains attiecības ar kādu vietējo meiteni, un viņš vairs nav licies zinīs par Katrīnu. Viņa, par to uzzinājusi, likusi meiteni ietērpt baltā kleitā, nocirst viņai galvu un atnest to carienei uz zesta papsātes. Zubovs, to padzirdējis, nāvei atdevis sava dārznieka meitu, bet mīļoto slēpis pilī. Par Zubova nodevību Katrīna II uzzinājusi uz nāves gultas un zvērējusi meiteni atrast. Tā nu vēl tagad pa pili kļūstot Baltā dāma jeb dārznieka

meita, meklējot savu nocirsto galvu, un Mēlnā dāma jeb Katrīna Liesā, kas meklē Zubova patieso mīļoto.

How the man was created

Once upon a time while spending time and having fun in a beet garden God made a man with one eye, one ear, one leg and one arm. And then he said:

— Spean the good, hear the good, do the good and walk good paths.

Then after hard work God went to have a mid-day nap. Devil didn't want to lag behind, so he sneaked up to God piece of work and put a second eye, a second ear, a second ear, a second arm and leg. Grinning he said:

— Spean the evil, hear the evil, do the evil and walk the evil paths.

And then Devial ran away.

Then God woke up, stretched his legs and blew the life into the human and set it free.

After a while God saw that there are not enought humāns and thought for a while what to do. He didn't think for long. He took apples, divided them into halves and spread them all across the world. Then he said:

— Let each one search for its second half!

Every human till this day are looking for its second half. And hummans who are from one apple lives happily, while those who are not from the same apple argues and fights.

Kā radies cilvēks

Reiz dievs biešu dobē mīclījis māsus un pa jokam uztaislījis cilvēku ar vienu aci, vienu ausi, vienu roku un vienu kāju, sacīdams:

— Labu redzēt, labu dzirdēt, labu darīt un labus ceļus staigāt!

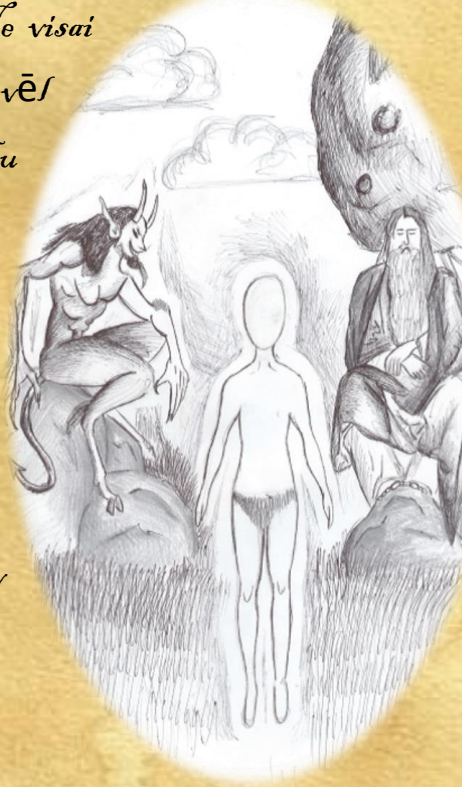
Dievs pēc grūtā darba nolicies diendusā. Vēlms nav gribējis atpazīt, piesavīties pie dieva darinājuma un ielīcis cilvēkam otru aci, otru ausi, roku un kāju, smīnēdams:

— Ļaunu redzēt, ļaunu dzirdēt, ļaunu darīt un ļaunus ceļus staigāt!

Un aizskrējis prom. Dievs pamodies, izstaipījis kaulus, iepūtis cilvēkam dzīvību un aizlaidis savu radījumu pasaulē. Tā radies cilvēks. Nē visai labs, ne visai ļauns. Vēlāk dievs redzējis, ka cilvēku vēl nepietiek. Ko darīt? Isgi negudrodams, paņēmis sieku ābolu, pārgriezis katru ābolu uz pusēm un izkaisījis visas puses pa zemi, pārvērdams tās par cilvēkiem. Un reizē sacījis:

— Katrs lai meklē savu otro pusi!

Tā cilvēki vēl šodien meklē ikviens savu otro pusi. Un, kas ir no viena ābola, dzīvo satīcīgi, bet tie cilvēki, kas nav no viena ābola, strīdas un plēšas.



Rīgas Kristaps

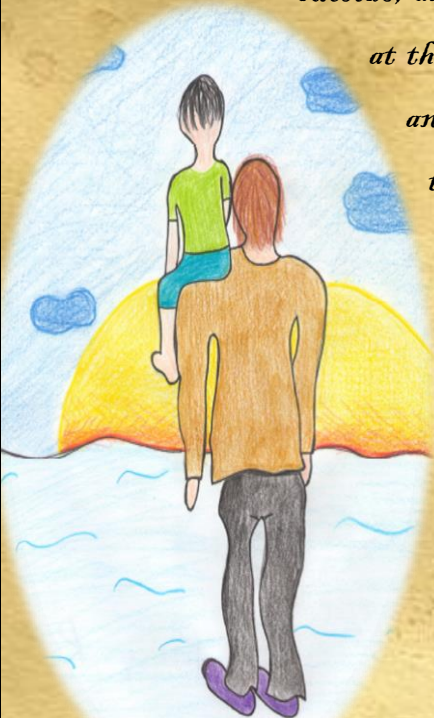
Kristaps bijis pārcēsājs pār Daugavu. Viņš bijis liels un spēcīga auguma. Viņam bijusi neliela būdiņa Daugavas malā, kurā viņš dzīvojis. Kad vajadzējis pāri ceļt no viena krasta uz otru, cilvēki viņu saukuši. Reiz kādā vakarā bijis jau stipri vēls, Kristaps dzird, upes malā raud bērns. Kristaps izgājis no būdiņas un jautājis: "Ko tev, mazais, vajag?" - "Vajag pāri uz otru pusi!" Kristaps sāgā negribējis braukt, bet nu domājis, bērns tā raud, pārvedīs arī. Paņēmis bērnu un nesis uz laivu. Bet tavu brīnumu, - bērns kļūst arvien smagāks un smagāks, ka nebijis vairs pa spēkam ņādz laivai aiznest. Tumsa arī jau krietna, bērns it kā iemidzis. Kristaps nodomājis: pārvedīšu rītā. Tā paņēmis bērnu, ienesis savā

būdiņā un noguldījis gultā. Pats nolicies turpat zemē nosnausties. Rītā pamodies, Kristaps piecēlies un gājis pie gultas, lai paņemtu bērnu un pārvestu pāri upei. Bet tavu brīnumu – bērns vairs nebijis! Tikai tai vietā, kur bērns gulējis, atradusies liela naudas čupa. Kristaps par šo naudu nopircis visu Rīgu, jo Rīga bijusi tik maza, ka vilks varējis cauri izskriet. No tā laika Kristaps iesaukts par Rīgas Kristapu.

Christopher of Riga

Christopher was a ferryman of the Daugava. He was big, with strong body. He had a small hut near the Daugava, where he lived. When needed to be brought to the other coast, people asked him. Once, one evening it was already really late when Christopher hears a crying child. Christopher went out of the hut and asked: "What do you need, child?" – "I need to get over to the other coast!" Christopher didn't want to go, but he thought, the child is really sad, and decided to bring him to the other side of the river. Then he took the child and brought him to the boat. But the kid is getting heavier and heavier, finally the kid was so heavy that he could not carry him to the boat. It was really dark outside, and the child was asleep. Christopher decided to transfer him

at the morning. He took the child, and brought him into his hut, and placed him on the bed. Then he lied down on the ground and took a nap. He woke up in the morning, got up and went to bed to wake up the child and transport him across the river. But the child was gone. At the place where the child slept, was a big pile of money. For the money that he had, he bought Riga because the city was so small, that a wolf could run through! So that's why he is called Christopher of Riga.



Czech Legends

Bruncvík

Once upon a time there was a lord named Bruncvík. He was a king of wisdom and greatness. Once he felt like he had been on the throne for too long so he decided to travel the world. His wife named Néménie decided to stay in the Czech kingdom to protect the realm. He was accompanied by his best knights. He travelled to all four corners of the world. He travelled through the driest deserts and through the heat of the jungle. He saw amazing waterfalls and the highest mountains.

Suddenly he got lost with all his men and found an abandoned island covered in yellow gleam. This light came from a mighty mountain and whoever saw this light was bonded to this island forever. Therefore whoever laid a foot on that island could never leave. This island was so solemn that there were barely any trees nor lakes or rivers and also no animals could be found on this deserted island.

Throughout the time most of the knights died dishonourably on this horrible island, except Bruncvík and his old servant named Basadán. Basadán figured out that the majestic bird named Noh flew over the island annually. He found the way for his lord to escape the island. He killed his horse and he sowed in his lord with his sword. The bird actually flew over and picked up the horse with the lord inside and then it flew back to its nest to feed its young chicks. The chicks started to feast on the horse, but king Bruncvík cut his way out and slaughtered them all. Later he escaped from the nest and hid in the woods.

After a couple of days he heard a terrible noise. Out of curiosity he went closer to see what was happening. He kept on coming closer until he saw a majestic lion fighting nineheaded dragon. Seeing how proud and honourable the lion was, he decided to help him cutting the heads off the dragon one by one, until he fell exhausted on the ground. The lion appreciated his help and killed the dragon by tearing him apart.

Bruncík was very wise, but full of fear so he fled to the top of the tree admiring the power of the lion. But the lion was waiting under the tree the whole time. Bruncvík waited three days and three nights in the heights of the tree until he fell down exhausted and tired. He didn't stay a long time without help, because the lion brought him some food and water. After that he lay down at his feet and humbly protected the lord with gratitude. Ever since the lion followed him everywhere he went. Later Bruncvík found out another ability of the lion which was: loyalty. Once he got back home, he got a stonemason to make him crest with a lion in the middle of it.

O Bruncvíkovi

Před tisíci a tisíci lety vládl v České zemi kníže Bruncvík. Byl to moudrý a dobrý král. Když vládl několik let, rozhodl se, že půjde do světa. Jeho manželka Neoménie zůstala doma - v Čechách. Bruncvík neodšel sám, ale s doprovodem několika rytířů. Testoval po mořích, na severu, na jihu, na západě a dokonce i na východě byl, viděl ostrovy, pouště, vodopády, seznámil se s novými lidmi, zvířaty i rostlinami. Na jedné cestě, bylo to asi na východ, přišla velká bouře a Bruncvík se svými muži se ztratili. Náhle uviděli ostrov a na něm silné žluté světlo. Toto světlo přicházelo z vysoké hory. Ten, kdo světlo uviděl, byl k ostrovu a ke světu navždy připoután. Bruncvík a jeho rytíři vstoupili na ostrov, ale už nemohli odplout. Ten ostrov byl pustý. Nebyly tu řeky ani pole, nežili zde lidé, zvířata a nerostly zde rostliny ani stromy. Brzy hodně mužů zemřelo, až nakonec zůstali pouze Bruncvík a jeho starý sluha Baladán. Ten si všiml, že každý rok přiletá na ostrov velký pták Noh, a dostal nápad, jak zachránit svého knížete. Zabil koně a knížete s jeho mečem do kůže zašil. Pták Noh opravdu přiletěl, sebral kůži s knížetem a odletěl do svého hnízda ke svým mladým ptáčatům. Ta se vrhla na kůži, ale kníže měl u sebe meč a ptáčata zabil. Nakonec z hnízda uprchl a schoval se v lese. Po několika dnech uslyšel hrozný řev. Šel blíž a blíž

a najednou viděl, jak spolu bojují velký devítihlavý drak a lev. Bruncvík se chvíli díval na lva, viděl, jak statečné, silné a hrdé zvíře to je, a rozhodl se lvu pomoci. Začal drakovi utínat jednu hlavu po druhé, bojoval se lvem bok po boku. Když už byl hodně unavený a nemohl v ruce ani meč držet, dokončil zápas lev, který slabého draka roztrhl na dva kusy. Bruncvík se lva nejdříve velmi bál, a proto se před ním schoval na strom. Lev však celou dobu seděl pod stromem a čekal. Ki dlouhé dny a ještě delší noci král v koruně stromu vydržel, ale poté slabý hladem, unavený a nemocný ze stromu spadl. Kniže nezůstal dlouho bez pomoci. Lev mu brzy přinesl obživu. Potom si lehl k jeho nohám a svděčností ho chránil. Od té doby lev následoval Bruncvíka, kam šel. A tak Bruncvík poznal ještě další vlastnost lva, kterou je věrnost. A když se Bruncvík vrátil zpět domů, nechal si vytesat do znaku lva – jako symbol statečnosti, síly, hrdosti a věrnosti.

Story about Golem

There are many different legends about a Golem and every legend has a different content and this is one of them. In a story a Golem was a statue made of clay which became alive after insertion of a šem in its head and fulfilled orders of the man who put the šem in its head. But a Golem rested too, during Friday religious service and he adhered to holiday rest from work so the holy commandment wasn't broken. The šem is a magical thing which after insertion in Golem's head made him alive and after removing put him to sleep. The story says, a famous Prague Jew Rabbi Löw had a dream, where it was written: make a creature of clay, which will help you to fight with your enemies. So he made a Golem to protect the Jewish ghetto in Prague from Christians who often attacked it. Everything was alright and the Golem successfully protected Jews. But one day, the Rabbi's daughter got sick. The hopeless father took care of her during the day and night, but her illness was still getting worse. On Friday night the father had to leave to make traditional religious activities and forgot to remove the šem from the Golem's head,

because he was very tired. As there wasn't any order given to Golem, he started destroying precious furniture, statues and other equipment of the Rabbi's house. A scared servant ran to the synagogue and begged the Rabbi to stop the Golem. Finally, the Rabbi came and removed the šem out of Golem's head. As he removed it during a Jewish holiday, the Golem fell apart to dust. After that, the Rabbi threw the šem into the Vltava river, so that nobody could find it, because the šem was so powerful, that if somebody found it, he could have control of the whole world.

Legend o Golemovi

Existuje mnoho různých legend o Golemovi a každá legenda má jiný obsah a toto je jedna z nich. V tomto příběhu je Golem sechav vyrobená z hlíny, která obživne po složení šemu do jeho hlavy a potom se složení sniží kázáním, který vsložil šem do jeho hlavy. Ale Golem také odpočíval, v pátek příběh o službách a také udržoval po činech svátci chata, aby nebylo porušeno svaté příkázání. Šem je magická věc, po jejíž složení Golem obživne a odstranění ho uspí. V příběhu je psáno, že známý pražský Žid Rabi Löw mĚssen, ve kterém se mu zjevilo:

Vytvoř bytost hlíny, která tipem ůže bojevat s

vašimi nepřáteli. Tak vytvořil Golema, aby chránil Židovské ghetto

v Praze proti křesťanům, kteří ho často napadali. Všichni bys

v pořádku a Golem úspěšně Židy chránil. Ale

jednoho dne Rabiho dcera onemocněla. Bez naděje jýtec se o

nistara v průběhu dne a noci, ale nemoc se stále zhoršovala.

Jednoho pátečního večera muselotec odejít, aby

se zúčastnil tradičních náboženských aktivit,

ale zapomněl odstranit šem z Golemovy hlavy,

jelikož už byl unavený. A proto žene mĚl Golem



zadán žádný příkaz, začal ničit vzácný nábytek, sochy a další vybavení Rabiho domu. Vyřešený sluha běžel do synagogy a prosil Rabiho aby zastavil Golema. Nakonec Rabi přišel a odstranil šém z golemovy hlavy. Vzhledem k tomu, že ho odstranil během židovského svátku, Golem se rozpadl v prach. Po tom Rabi hodil šém do Vltavy, aby ho nikdo nemohl najít, proto šém byl tak silný, že pokud by ho někdo našel, mohl by převzít kontrolu nad celým světem.

Svatý Václav

Wenceslaus I or Wenceslas I was the duke of Bohemia, from house of Premyslid, since 921 until his assassination in 935, which was committed by his own brother, Boleslav the Cruel in Boleslav's seat - Boleslav. After this, Boleslav overtook the reign. Wenceslas was worshiped as a holy man after his death because of his devotion and became a patriot of our country.

His remains are seated in Prague castle in St. Vitus chapel, but the skull is being exposed on special occasions. According to Charles IV orders, Crown of Saint Wenceslas was supposed to be on his skull all the time except coronation of the Czech kings.

His portrait can also be found on our Czech coins, both old and new ones.

We can't be sure about the information we have about St. Wenceslas because it's especially from legends, countries, surroundings and from chronicles, written by Widukind of Corvey. In the year 929, southwestern Bohemia was attacked by Saxon troops. Because the attack was completely unexpected, the troops were able to get through and came close to Prague. Wenceslas, who appeared to be quite non-confrontational person, decided to obey. The



negotiation with Saxon king - Henry the Fowler (Jindřich I. Ptáčník) resulted in paying yearly tribute by Bohemia, which comprised gold, silver and cattle to Bavaria at first, and to Saxony afterwards. This tribute was one of many reasons why Boleslav I killed his brother and after he took over, he stopped paying the tribute, that led to a war, which lasted 14 years. The war ended in the year 950, the castle, managed by Boleslav's son was under siege and Boleslav decided to negotiate, instead of attacking. This negotiation like Wenceslas', led to peace between Bohemia and Saxony. There are speculations, that Boleslav started to pay the same tribute as his brother did, which meant that the war was completely unnecessary, but weren't sure about this. What we can be sure about, is that he was undoubtedly one of the most famous and significant persons in our history.

Svatý Václav

Svatý Václav byl Českým vévodou z rodu Přemyslovců, od roku 921 až do jeho zavraždění v roce 935 v Boleslavi, za kterým stál jeho vlastní bratr Boleslav. Následkem toho převzal Boleslav vládu. Svatým byl Václav jmenován až po své smrti, díky své bezbřehé zbožnosti a stal se patronem naší země. Dodnes je vyobrazen na našich mincích.

Historické informace o Svatém Václavu jsou nepřesné a je jich málo, protože často pocházely z kronik sousedních zemí. Jeho ostatky jsou uchovány na Pražském hradě v katedrále Sv. Víta a jeho lebka je vystavována při zvláštních příležitostech. Dle příkazu Karla IV. musí být koruna Svatého Václava neustále posazena na jeho lebku, kromě korunovace Českého krále.



Turkish Legends

Maiden's tower

According to the most popular Turkish legend, an emperor had a much beloved daughter and one day, a fortuneteller prophesied that she would be killed by a venomous snake on her 18th birthday. The emperor, in an effort to thwart his daughter's early demise by placing her away from land so as to keep her away from any snakes, had the tower built in the middle of the Bosphorus to protect his daughter until her 18th birthday. The princess was placed in the tower, where she was frequently visited only by her father. On the 18th birthday of the princess, the emperor brought her a basket of exotic fruits as a birthday gift, delighted that he was able to prevent the prophecy. Upon reaching into the basket, however, a snake that had been hiding among the fruit bit the young princess and she died in her father's arms, just as the oracle had predicted. Hence the name Maiden's Tower.



Kız Kulesi

Kehanete göre krala kızının 18'ine bastığında bir yılın tarafından sekularak öleceği söylenir. Bunun üzerine kral denizin orta yerine bu kuleyi inşa ederek çaresizce kızını buraya kapatır. Hatta ve hatta yılın tehlikesine karşı birçoğunsem alınır. Bir gün Kral'ın kızı hastalanır, ateşlenir ve yataksara düşer bunun üzerine tüm hekimler seferber olur



ancak çare bulunamaz en sonunda bir hekim Kral'ın kızını iyileştirir ve Kral o günü bayram ilan eder kutlamalar, törenler ardı arkası kesilmez.. Kuleye gönderilen üzüm sepeti hesaba katılmamıştır bu sepetin içinde küçük bir yılan vardır ve Kral'ın kızını sokar ve söylenenler çıkmış Kral'ın kızı ölmüştür. Kral kızına Ayasofya'nın üzerinde bir tabut yaptırmıştır ve rivayete göre yılanın kızı hala rahatsız ettiği söylenmektedir.

Shahmaran

Thousands of years ago there were snakes living underground. They are called 'meran' and they were all wise and caring. They live in peace. The Queen of merans is called Sahmeran. She is young and beautiful. According to legend, Tamsab is the first human being who saw them. He sells wood for a living. One day he and his friends explore a cave full of honey; but his friends are not very kind; therefore, they leave him in the cave so they can get more honey. After that Tamsab sees a hole in the cave, there is light. He enlarges it and enters a magnificent garden. There are flowers and snakes. One of the most beautiful snakes is coloured milk white. He gains her trust and lives for long years there. After years he insists that he would like to visit his family. So Sahmeran lets him go on condition that he won't tell anyone where she is. He keeps his word for long time. But one day the sultan of land gets sick and a vizier says that the only cure is eating meat of Sahmeran and Tamsab shows the way. She says to Tamsab, "Make me boil in earthenware dish. Let the sultan eat my meat and make the vizier drink the water where I was boiled in". When it happens, the vizier dies, but the sultan keeps living. Tamsab becomes a vizier. According to legend snakes don't know that Sahmeran is dead. One day snakes will come to Tarsus city when they learn about it.



Şahmeran

Binlerce yıl önce yedi katlı yeraltında Tarsus'ta yaşayan yılanlar vardı. Meran adı verilen bu yılanlar, gerçekten akıllı ve şefkatsi idi. Onlar barış içinde yaşarlardı. Meranların kraliçesine Şahmeran denirdi. O genç ve güzel bir kadındı. Efsaneye göre, Şahmeranı gören ilk insan Temşab oldu. O, geçimi için odun satan fakir bir ailenin oğluydu. Bir gün Temşab ve arkadaşları bal dolu bir mağara keşfederler. [3] Balı çıkarmak için Temşab'ı aşağıya indiren arkadaşları, paylarına daha çok bal düşmesi için onu orada bırakıp kaçarlar. Temşab mağarada bir delik görür ve buradan ışık sızdığını farkeder. Tebindeki bıçak ile deliği büyütünce, ömründe görmediği kadar güzel bir bahçeye girer. Bu bahçede eşi benzeri olmayan çiçekler ve bir havuz ile pek



çok yılan görür. Havuzun başındaki tahtta süt beyaz vücutlu bir yılan oturmaktadır. Şahmeran'ın güvenini kazanan Temşab uzun yıllar bu bahçede yaşar. Yıllar sonra, ailesini çok özlediğini söyleyip gitmek için yalvarır. Bunun üzerine Şahmeran da kendisini salıvereceğini, ancak yerini kimseye söylemeyeceğine dair söz vermesini ister. Şahmeran'a söz verip ailesine kavuşan Temşab uzun yıllar verdiği sözde durarak Şahmeran'ın yerini kimseye söylememiş. Bir gün ülkenin padişahı hastalanmış. Vezir, hastalığın çaresinin Şahmeran'ın etini yemek olduğunu söylemiş ve her yere haber salınmış. Temşab kuyunun yerini gösterince Şahmeran bulunup dışarı çıkarılmış. Şahmeran Temşab'a; "Beni toprak çanakta kaynatıp suyumuzu Vezire içir, etimi de Padişaha yedir" demiş. [1] Böylece Vezir ölmüş Padişah da iyileşip Temşab'ı veziri yapmış. Efsaneye göre Şahmeran'ın öldürüldüğünü yılanlar o günden beri bilmemektedirler. Tarsus'un, Şahmeran'ın öldürüldüğünü öğrenen yılanlar tarafından bir gün istila edileceği rivayet edilir.

French Legends

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature who was ever seen. Her mother was excessively fond of her; and her grandmother doted on her still more. This good woman had a little red riding hood made for her. It suited the girl so extremely well that everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother, having made some cakes, said to her, "Go, my dear, and see how your grandmother is doing, for I hear she has been very ill. Take her a cake, and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding Hood set out immediately to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village. As she was going through the wood, she met a wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he dared not, because of some woodcutters working nearby in the forest. He asked her where she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and talk to a wolf, said to him, "I am going to see my grandmother and carry her a cake and a little pot of butter from my mother."

"Does she live far off?" said the wolf

"Oh I say," answered Little Red Riding Hood; "it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village."

"Well," said the wolf, "and I'll go and see her too. I'll go this way and go you that, and we shall see who will be there first."

The wolf ran as fast as he could, taking the shortest path, and the little girl took a roundabout way, entertaining herself by gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and gathering bouquets of little flowers. It was not long before the wolf arrived at the old woman's house. He knocked at the door: tap, tap.

"Who's there?"



"Your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood," replied the wolf, counterfeiting her voice; "who has brought you a cake and a little pot of butter sent you by mother."

The good grandmother, who was in bed, because she was somewhat ill, cried out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened, and then he immediately fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment, for it had been more than three days since he had eaten.

He then shut the door and got into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding Hood, who came some time afterwards and knocked at the door: tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

Little Red Riding Hood, hearing the big voice of the wolf, was at first afraid; but believing her grandmother had a cold and was hoarse, answered, "It is your grandchild Little Red Riding Hood, who has brought you a cake and a little pot of butter mother sends you."

The wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

Little Red Riding Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bedclothes, "Put the cake and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come and get into bed with me."

Little Red Riding Hood took off her clothes and got into bed. She was greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her nightclothes, and said to her, "Grandmother, what big arms you have!"



"All the better to hug you with, my dear."

"Grandmother, what big legs you have!"

"All the better to run with, my child."

"Grandmother, what big ears you have!"

"All the better to hear with, my child."

"Grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see with, my child."

"Grandmother, what big teeth you have got!"

"All the better to eat you up with."

And, saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon Little Red Riding Hood, and ate her all up.



LE PETIT CHAPERON ROUGE

Il était une fois une petite fille de village, la plus éveillée qu'en eût su voir : sa mère en était fesse, et sa mère-grand plus fesse encore. Cette bonne femme lui fit faire un petit chaperon rouge qui lui seyait si bien, que partout on l'appelait le petit Chaperon rouge.

Un jour, sa mère ayant cuit et fait des galettes, lui dit : « Va voir comment se porte ta mère-grand, car on m'a dit qu'elle était malade. Porte-lui une galette et ce petit pot de beurre. »

Le petit Chaperon rouge partit aussitôt pour aller chez sa mère-grand, qui demeurait dans un autre village. En passant dans un bois, elle rencontra compère le Loup, qui eut bien envie de la manger ; mais il n'osa, à cause de quelques bûcherens qui étaient dans la forêt. Il lui demanda où elle allait. La pauvre enfant, qui ne savait pas qu'il était dangereux de s'arrêter à écouter un loup, lui dit : Je vais voir ma mère-grand, et lui porter une galette, avec un petit pot de beurre, que ma mère lui envoie. — Demeure-

t-elle bien loin ? lui dit le loup. — Oh ! oui, dit le petit Chaperon rouge ; c'est par delà le moulin que vous voyez tout là-bas, à la première maison du village. — Eh bien ! dit le loup, je veux l'y aller voir aussi : je m'y en vais par ce chemin-ci, et toi par ce chemin-là ; et nous verrons à qui plus tôt y sera.

Le loup se mit à courir de toute sa force par le chemin qui était le plus court, et la petite fille s'en alla par le chemin le plus long, s'amusant à cueillir des noisettes, à courir après des papillons, et à faire des bouquets des petites fleurs qu'elle rencontrait.

Le loup ne fut pas longtemps à arriver à la maison de la mère-grand ; il heurte : toc, toc. — Qui est là ? — C'est votre fille, le petit Chaperon rouge, dit le loup en contrefaisant sa voix, qui vous apporte une galette et un petit pot de beurre, que ma mère vous envoie. — La bonne mère-grand, qui était dans son lit, à cause qu'elle se trouvait un peu mal, lui cria : Tire la chevillette, la bobinette cherra. — Le loup tira la chevillette, et la porte s'ouvrit. Il se jeta sur la bonne femme, et la dévora en moins de rien, car il y avait plus de trois jours qu'il n'avait mangé.

Ensuite il ferma la porte, et s'alla coucher dans le lit de la mère-grand, en attendant le petit Chaperon rouge, qui, quelque temps après, vint heurter à la porte : toc, toc. — Qui est là ? — Le petit Chaperon rouge, qui entendit la grosse voix du loup, eut peur d'abord, mais, croyant que sa mère-grand était enrhumée, répondit : C'est votre fille, le petit Chaperon rouge, qui vous apporte une galette et un petit pot de beurre, que ma mère vous envoie. — Le loup lui cria en adoucissant un peu sa voix : Tire la chevillette, la bobinette cherra. — Le petit Chaperon rouge tira la chevillette, et la porte s'ouvrit.

Le loup, la voyant entrer, lui dit en se cachant dans le lit, sous la couverture : Mets la galette et le petit pot de beurre sur la huche, et viens te coucher avec moi. Le petit Chaperon rouge se déshabille, et va se mettre dans le lit, où elle fut bien étonnée de voir comment sa mère-grand était faite en son déshabillé. — Elle lui dit : Ma mère-grand, que vous avez de grands bras ! — C'est pour mieux t'embrasser, ma fille ! — Ma mère-grand, que vous avez de grandes jambes ! — C'est pour mieux courir, mon enfant !

— *Ma mère-grand, que vous avez de grandes oreilles ! — C'est pour mieux écouter, mon enfant ! — Ma mère-grand, que vous avez de grands yeux ! — C'est pour mieux te voir, mon enfant ! — Ma mère-grand, que vous avez de grandes dents ! — C'est pour te manger ! Et, en disant ces mots, ce méchant Loup se jeta sur le petit Chaperon rouge, et la mangea.*

Puss in Boots

There was a miller whose only inheritance to his three sons was his mill, his donkey, and his cat. The division was soon made. They hired neither a clerk nor an attorney, for they would have eaten up all the poor patrimony. The eldest took the mill, the second the donkey, and the youngest nothing but the cat.

The poor young fellow was quite comfortless for having received so little. "My brothers," said he, "may make a handsome living by joining their shares together; but, for my part, after I have eaten up my cat, and made myself a muff from his skin, I must then die of hunger."

The cat, who heard all this, but pretended otherwise, said to him with a grave and serious air, "Do not be so concerned, my good master. If you will but give me a bag, and have a pair of boots made for me, that I may scamper through the dirt and the brambles, then you shall see that you are not so poorly off with me as you imagine."



The cat's master did not build very much upon what he said. However, he had often seen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice, such as hanging by his heels, or hiding himself in the meal, and pretending to be dead; so he did take some hope that he might give him some help in his miserable condition. After receiving what he had asked for, the cat gallantly pulled on the boots and slung the bag about his neck. Holding its drawstrings in his forepaws, he went to a place



where there was a great abundance of rabbits. He put some bran and greens into his bag, then stretched himself out as if he were dead. He thus waited for some young rabbits, not yet acquainted with the deceits of the world, to come and look into his bag.

He had scarcely lain down before he had what he wanted. A rash and foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag, and the master cat, immediately closed the strings, then took and killed him without pity.

Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace, and asked to speak with his majesty. He was shown upstairs into the king's apartment, and, making a low bow, said to him, "Sir, I have brought you a rabbit from my noble lord, the Master of Carabas" (for that was the title which the cat was pleased to give his master).

"Tell your master," said the king, "that I thank him, and that I am very pleased with his gift."

THE BOY

Un meunier ne laissa pour tous biens, à trois enfants qu'il avait, que son moulin, son âne et son chat. Les partages furent bientôt faits ; ni le notaire, ni le procureur n'y furent point appelés. Ils auraient eu bientôt mangé tout le pauvre patrimoine. L'aîné eut le moulin, le second eut l'âne, et le plus jeune n'eut que le chat.

Ce dernier ne pouvait se consoler d'avoir un si pauvre lot : « Mes frères, disait-il, pourront gagner leur vie honnêtement en se mettant

ensemble ; pour moi, lorsque j'aurai mangé mon chat, et que je me serai fait un manchon de sa peau, il faudra que je meure de faim. »

Le Chat, qui entendait ce discours, mais qui n'en fit pas semblant, lui dit d'un air posé et sérieux : « Ne vous affligez point, mon maître ; vous n'avez qu'à me donner un sac et me faire faire une paire de bottes pour aller dans les broussailles, et vous verrez que vous n'êtes pas si mal partagé que vous croyez. »

Quoique le maître du chat ne fît pas grand fond là-dessus, il lui avait vu faire tant de tours de souplesse pour prendre des rats et des souris, comme quand il se pendait par les pieds, ou qu'il se cachait dans la farine pour faire le mort, qu'il ne désespéra pas d'en être secouru dans sa misère.

Lorsque le Chat eut ce qu'il avait demandé, il se hotta bravement, et, mettant son sac à son cou, il en prit les cordons avec ses deux pattes de devant, et s'en alla dans une garenne où il y avait grand nombre de lapins. Il mit du son et des lasserons dans son sac, et s'étendant comme s'il eût été mort, il attendit que quelque jeune lapin, peu instruit encore des ruses de ce monde, vînt se furrer dans son sac pour manger ce qu'il y avait mis.

À peine fut-il couché, qu'il eut contentement ; un jeune étourdi de lapin entra dans son sac, et le maître Chat, tirant aussitôt les cordons, le prit et le tua sans miséricorde.