

Three Horses

Tri koně

anglické a české
texty

kontrolní otázky

vysvětlení frází
a gramatických
jevů

cvičení s klíčem

Baltské pohádky Jaroslava Tichého
přeložila a pro výuku zpracovala
Alena Kuzmová

THREE HORSES

Baltic Fairy Tales by
Jaroslav Tichý

Translated by *Alena Kuzmová*

Předmluva

Kniha *Three Horses* obsahuje šest krásných pohádek zpracovaných v anglicko-českém znění. Pohádky byly vybrány z původní knihy Jaroslava Tichého *Diamantová sekera*, která vyšla poprvé v roce 1964 a od té doby se dočkala řady vydání. Krásné a poučné pohádky pobaltských národů jsou stále oblíbené mezi dětskými i dospělými čtenáři. Vystupují v nich jak prostí lidé, tak i urození bohatíři, nadpřirozené bytosti, chytrá zvířátka a zázračné předměty.

Kniha *Three Horses* je určena středně pokročilým studentům angličtiny, kteří si chtějí četbou dále rozšiřovat slovní zásobu, naučit se vyprávět příběhy v anglickém jazyce, osvojit si zajímavá slovní spojení a procvičit si gramatiku. Za anglickým zněním pohádky následuje vždy český překlad, což umožňuje samoukům porozumět dobře celému příběhu. Za každou pohádkou najdete souhrnné otázky, vysvětlení obtížnějších frází a několika gramatických jevů, které si můžete procvičit v následujících cvičeních. Odpovědi na souhrnné otázky a řešení ke cvičením jsou obsaženy v klíči na konci knihy.

Milí studenti, přála bych si, abyste s knihou *Three Horses* strávili příjemné chvíle. Doufám, že vám četba poskytne nejen zábavu, ale také radost z pokroku, kterého jste již ve studiu angličtiny dosáhli.

Vaše

Alena Kuzmová

OBSAH

PŘEDMLUVA	3
THREE HORSES	7
TŘI KONĚ	26
ODPOVĚZTE NA OTÁZKY:	42
PROSTUDUJTE SI TYTO FRÁZE:	46
GRAMATIKA:	49
CVIČENÍ:	55
THE FROST FATHER AND THE FROST JUNIOR	61
MRÁZ OTEC A MRÁZ JUNIOR	64
ODPOVĚZTE NA OTÁZKY:	67
PROSTUDUJTE SI TYTO FRÁZE:	69
GRAMATIKA:	71
CVIČENÍ:	74
JUMP INTO THE KNAPSACK!	77
HUP DO MOŠNY!	86
ODPOVĚZTE NA OTÁZKY:	93
PROSTUDUJTE SI TYTO FRÁZE:	95
GRAMATIKA:	97
CVIČENÍ:	102
THE WOLF AND THE LITTLE SHEEP	107
VLK A OVEČKA	112
ODPOVĚZTE NA OTÁZKY:	116
PROSTUDUJTE SI TYTO FRÁZE:	118

GRAMATIKA:	120
CVIČENÍ:	124
WHY IS THE WATER IN THE SEA SALTY?	129
PROČ JE VODA V MOŘI SLANÁ?	137
ODPOVĚZTE NA OTÁZKY:	144
PROSTUDUJTE SI TYTO FRÁZE:	146
GRAMATIKA:	148
CVIČENÍ:	153
THE GOLDCREST AND THE GOLDBLOCKS	158
O ZLATOHLÁVKOVI A ZLATOVLÁSCE	169
ODPOVĚZTE NA OTÁZKY:	179
PROSTUDUJTE SI TYTO FRÁZE:	181
GRAMATIKA:	184
CVIČENÍ:	189
KEY TO EXERCISES / KLÍČ KE CVIČENÍM:	195
THREE HORSES / TŘI KONĚ	195
THE FROST FATHER AND THE FROST JUNIOR / MRÁZ OTEC A MRÁZ JUNIOR	204
JUMP INTO THE KNAPSACK! / HUP DO MOŠNY!	209
THE WOLF AND THE LITTLE SHEEP / VLK A OVEČKA	216
WHY IS THE WATER IN THE SEA SALTY? / PROČ JE VODA V MOŘI SLANÁ?	223
THE GOLDCREST AND THE GOLDBLOCKS / O ZLATOHLÁVKOVI A ZLATOVLÁSCE	231
COPYRIGHT	240

Three Horses

I don't know in which country and in what days, but once upon a time there was a king. There were thick forests, vast fields and fertile meadows in his dependencies. Everything would have been as it should be if hay hadn't started to disappear in the meadows. Every night three haycocks disappeared without trace. The king's servants could run their feet off, they were awake for the whole nights, but it was all in vain. They couldn't catch the thief and guard the haycocks.

And so the king commanded to announce all over the kingdom: "He who'll catch the thief – even if it was the poorest beggar – can marry one of the king's three daughters."

Not far from the royal palace lived a peasant whose three sons were growing up just at that time. The oldest son, who was the craftiest of them, heard about the king's announcement and said: "My beloved mother, my dear father! I'll go to catch the thief. Maybe you'll see your son walking down the aisle with the king's daughter one day."

"All right then, go!" said Father. Mother didn't say anything. She only baked white bread, cut a slice of bacon, boiled eggs and put it

all into the sack so that her son wouldn't be sad when he was awake at night. He was her favourite.

And so the oldest son set off for the king's meadow. He sat down behind a haycock, put his sack in front of him and started having dinner. He was eating bread and bacon and breaking one egg after another when suddenly a lizard ran out from the grass and said: "Give me a tiny little too. I'm hungry."

"Like hell I will!" answered the oldest son. "Do you really think that my mother has prepared the meal for you? Run away while you are in one piece!"

"All right then," said the lizard. "But remember: you won't succeed in what you've resolved." And it vanished into thin air.

Having eaten to his heart's content, the oldest son climbed onto the haycock. 'Here I'll have the whole meadow in front of me like on the plate,' he said to himself. He sat on the haycock and kept looking till he fell asleep. When he woke up in the morning, the haycock that he'd slept on at night was gone. And two others which had stood nearby had disappeared too. The oldest son had no choice but to come back home.

His younger brother – he was up to all the dodges too – started to poke fun at him: "Although you are the oldest, it didn't get you anywhere. When I come there, the thief won't run away from me!" And he went. But he experienced the same thing as his older brother.

And then the youngest son, who was thought to be a simpleton, said: “Daddy and Mummy! And what if I went? I may catch the thief.”

“Not by any means!” they pitched into him. “Your clever brothers couldn’t catch him, and you, a silly, should make it? Don’t go anywhere!”

But the youngest son didn’t obey. He took a bread crust – his mother hadn’t given him anything for the trip – and went. He walked straight into the royal palace and said: “Do show me the king’s little daughters! I must have a look at them so that I know whether they are young and pretty. Maybe they aren’t even worth the trouble.”

The king and his courtiers couldn’t help laughing at the country manners. But in the end the king commanded to send for the princesses after all.

“Well, do you like my daughters? You may find them old. Or do you think they aren’t pretty?” asked the king.

“No, they are pretty,” answered the youngest son. “All of them are beautiful as the sun but I like best the youngest one. I’ll marry her when I’ve caught the thief.”

“First you must catch him,” said the king, “and after that you can choose.”

“I’ll do so,” said the youth. He took off his cap, made a bow to the princesses and left for the meadow.

He stopped in the middle of the meadow and started to think: ‘How should I do that? Shall I have something to eat first and then

guard? Or shall I first guard and then have dinner?’ At last he decided to take some food first. He sat down behind a haycock, took out the bread crust and suddenly saw a lizard running around.

“Give me a little,” said the lizard. “I’d like to try it too.”

“To tell the truth, I don’t have exactly a big stock,” answered the youngest son. “But I’ll give you half of what I’ve brought.”

The lizard devoured the bread in two shakes and said: “You’ll succeed in what you’ve resolved. Climb onto the haycock and sleep peacefully. When the thieves come, I’ll wake you up, and then it’ll be just up to you. At midnight, three horses will appear in the meadow; seize two of them by their manes and mount the third one. And don’t be afraid of anything, everything will turn out well.”

The youngest son did as the lizard had advised: he climbed onto the haycock and fell asleep. At midnight, the lizard gave him a scratch on his face with its little paw. He woke up, rubbed his eyes and suddenly saw three horses going down from the sky to the ground. The first horse’s hair shone with silver, the second one’s gleamed with gold and the third one’s sparkled with diamonds. The horses flew down and directly to the hay. At that moment the youth jumped to his feet, seized two horses by their manes and got on the third one.

But what started going on now! The horses flew up to the sky. The youngest son almost held his breath. His ears were buzzing, his curls were streaming in the wind. The horses flew up to the very clouds and whinnied: “Dismount, man, or you’ll come to grief!”

“No, I won’t,” said the youngest son. “I still feel like riding.”

The horses started to gallop again. They flew up to the very stars and whinnied: “Dismount, man, or you’ll come to grief!”

“That remains to be seen who’ll come to grief,” answered the youth. “You are already all covered with foam, but I’m not, I just hold tight.”

Thereupon the horses started flying even more swiftly. They flew up to the Moon and whinnied for the third time: “Dismount, man, or you’ll come to grief!”

“Well, I’d dismount for all I care. But you’ve flown up too high for me to reach the ground. When you get tired of the tag about the sky, let yourselves down and I’ll dismount.”

What could they do? They tore down like boulders from the mountains. The youth didn’t move a muscle and they stood on all fours on the ground again.

“Well,” said the horses, “you’ve defeated us. But it’s no shame to serve such a strapping young man like you. Now take off the bridles from us and hide them in your bosom. And if you sometimes feel like going for a horse ride, just wave a bridle and we’ll appear in front of you in no time. If you wave the silver bridle, the silver horse will run up to you. If you wave the golden one, the golden horse will appear. And if you give a sign with the diamond bridle, then you can expect the diamond horse. And in accordance with the horse you mount, you’ll wear the clothes too. If you sit down on the silver horse, you’ll get dressed in silver, if you mount the golden one, you’ll sparkle with gold, the diamond horse will cover you in diamonds from head to toe. And don’t be afraid, we’ll never touch

the king's hay any more." After saying this, the horses disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them.

The youngest son waited till the morning and then went to the palace. "And now I'll marry your youngest princess," he said to the king. "All haycocks stand in their places like yesterday."

The king repaired to the meadow and checked the haycocks. And indeed – none was missing. However, the king didn't know whether to be happy or sad. He had no desire to marry off his daughter to a country lad.

"Listen," said the king, "take one hundred ducats and come back home. I won't give you my daughter."

"Very well then," answered the youngest son, "only fools waive money. And your daughter, who you don't want to give me now, will choose me herself as her groom one day anyway. I'm still young, I can wait."

"Ahem, I reckon that you'll wait long, lad," said the king and shelled out one hundred ducats to him.

The youngest son took the money, put it into his pocket and thought hard. 'If I bring the ducats home,' he said to himself, 'my brothers will steal them from me.' That's why he didn't go home. He went to the royal gardener and asked him if he could become his apprentice. And he gave him all his money for the apprenticeship beforehand.

A year later, the king commanded to announce that his oldest daughter would be choosing her groom on a given day and time. If some high-born men wanted to court her, they were supposed to

come to the royal palace. The king's daughter was very pretty and the king was going to give her a handsome dowry. Why shouldn't the grooms court her! The princes and czarevitches started getting together to the palace from all quarters.

At daybreak on the appointed day, the royal gardener picked the most beautiful flowers in the garden and ordered the apprentice to take them to the oldest princess. The apprentice took the bouquet, ran to the tower where the princesses lived and knocked on a little window. "Hey, princess, I've brought you a bouquet! The gardener told me to give it to you."

Suddenly all three princesses looked out of the window and the oldest one stretched out her hand. The apprentice pulled out the prettiest floret from the bouquet, threw it to the youngest princess secretly and then gave the whole bouquet to the oldest one. The oldest princess took the bouquet and gave the apprentice four golden coins. He hid the coins and went back to the gardener.

"Well?" asked the gardener. "Have you delivered the bouquet?"

"Yes, I have," answered the apprentice.

"And has the princess given you anything?"

"Nothing. She's just ordered me to come to the square to see how she'll be choosing her groom."

"What would you do in the square!" said the gardener. "There will be all princes, czarevitches and high-born guests there. No, stay sitting at home."

"All right," said the apprentice, "I'll sit at home."

He went some distance apart, pulled out little golden coins from his pocket and started tossing them from one hand to the other.

“What are you carrying in your hand?” the gardener asked him.

“Nothing but some buttons,” answered the youngest son. “I found them on the way when going to the princess. Look how they glisten!”

‘What a fool! He can’t distinguish money from buttons!’ thought the gardener and told his apprentice: “Indeed nice buttons. Let me have them, I’ll hide them for you. If you find some others, we can sew them on your camisole.”

“I’ll give them to you if you let me go to the square,” said the apprentice.

“What shall I do with you,” answered the gardener. “OK, go then if you desire to go there so much.” That was just what the apprentice wanted to hear. He gave the gardener his money and ran out of the gate.

At noon, all bridegrooms gathered in the square and lined up one by another. Then suddenly a rider rushed forward from behind the corner. He was sitting on a silver horse and was wearing silver clothes. The gear on the horse was silver too. The rider rode across the whole square and lined up as the last one.

All of a sudden the princess came out of the palace. She walked along the line of grooms, having a good look at them so that she would choose a man after her heart. She passed all the grooms and stopped only in front of the silver rider. “This one will be my husband!” she exclaimed. No sooner had she said that than the silver

horse and his rider soared up into the air and disappeared in the clouds. What could the princess do? She had no choice but to choose another groom. And on the very same day her wedding was celebrated.

A year later, the king's younger daughter also desired to choose her bridegroom after her heart. The king again invited princes and czarevitches from all countries. In beautiful clothes and on spruced horses, they met in the town on the given day.

On that day in the morning, the gardener picked some flowers again and ordered his apprentice to take them to the princess. And so the apprentice took them and went to the palace.

“Hey, princess!” he exclaimed below the little window. “I’ve brought you a bouquet from the gardener.”

At that moment the younger princess leant out of the little window and the youngest one peeped out from behind her sister's shoulder. Also this time the apprentice pulled out the prettiest floret, threw it to the youngest princess secretly and then gave the whole bouquet to her older sister. The princess took the bouquet and gave the apprentice four golden coins. He took them to the gardener and was allowed to go to the square again.

In the square, all bridegrooms were already standing in a line one by another, waiting for the princess to come. Then suddenly horse shoes rang on the pavement and a rider in golden clothes on a golden horse rode out from behind the corner. He rode around the square and took his place as the last one in the line. At that moment the king's daughter came out of the palace and the rider on the

golden horse took her fancy at once. She didn't even have a look at the other grooms and walked straight towards the golden rider. But when she'd come nearer, the rider jerked the golden reins and soared up heavenwards. And so the princess had no choice but to choose another groom. A wedding was held again and there was merrymaking, feasting, music and dancing like at the country fair.

And a year later, it was time for the youngest princess to get married too. The king invited the handsomest and highest-born princes and czarevitches for the bride was also the most beautiful and loved of all his daughters.

On the appointed day, the gardener's apprentice got up at daybreak. He picked an armful of flowers, bound them with silk ribbon and carried them to the youngest king's daughter. The princess took the bouquet, enjoyed it, and then she pulled out the most beautiful red floret and threw it to the young gardener.

Around midday, the bridegrooms lined up one by another in the square. The bell on the bell tower had already struck eleven times, and with the twelfth chime horse shoes rang on the pavement. A rider rode into the square, his horse was ablaze with diamonds and the rider himself was also sparkling that the eyes hurt. He rode around the square and lined up as the last one.

At that moment the princess came out of the palace. She walked along the row of grooms but didn't even have a look at them, and stayed standing in front of the diamond rider. She looked into his eyes and her heart started pounding. "This one will be my husband," she said. But the rider only whistled and soared up into the air. He

disappeared in the clouds like a phantom. Only a red floret fell down from the sky to the princess's feet. She picked up the floret and recognized it at once. It was the very same floret she'd given the young gardener in the morning. And she didn't choose any other groom any more.

"I don't want any czarevitch or a prince," she told her father. "If you really want me to get married, marry me off to the young gardener who brought me the bouquet this morning."

The king got angry so much that he even stamped his feet. He persuaded his daughter one way and another, but in vain. The princess didn't want anybody else. What could the king do? He gave her away in marriage to the young gardener. However, he didn't celebrate their wedding and as a dowry he gave his daughter an old mill. "Go and live as you like," he told the groom and his bride, "but keep out of my sight."

And so they went to their mill and lived there happily. They'd been living there for three years and they might have spent there further thirty-three years, but a bad piece of news spread all over the country. The enemy was going to attack the kingdom.

Having heard the news, all strapping young men with their pikes and swords gathered in the royal town. The youngest son-in-law came too. "I wanted to keep out of your sight for ever," he said to the king. "But if a war breaks out, everybody must go to fight the enemy. Give me a horse and a weapon."

They gave him an extremely long rusty sword and an old, bald, and what's more lame nag so that he would become the laughing-

stock of everyone. “The sword is good, that’s all right,” said the youngest son-in-law. “But the horse is not particularly lively. I’ll have to ride ahead. Just don’t hang around here very long or I’ll run into the enemy and then you won’t have anyone to battle against.”

After that he mounted his mare and spurred on her. The mare slowly started to go. But her legs came apart in all directions while walking, her head was spinning, her tail was swaying from side to side. The youngest son-in-law was bouncing on her like a bag of oats.

He kept on riding till he got to a pond. ‘That suits me,’ he said to himself. ‘I’ll have to water the mare. She’s quite exhausted, poor little thing!’ He dismounted from the nag and took her to the water. But that year lots of frogs had multiplied in that pond. They jumped out of water and skipped around the nag’s mouth that she couldn’t even have a drink.

“Scatter right now, you frog’s rabble!” shouted out the king’s son-in-law. “Don’t frighten my good horse.” But predictably, the frogs didn’t obey. They kept on skipping here and there and croaking: “Croak, croak!” “That’s enough!” the king’s son-in-law got angry. He unsheathed his sword and started to swing it in all directions.

At the very moment the king’s troops arrived. “Hey! You’ve already started fighting, haven’t you?” the soldiers laughed at him.

“Take no notice of that,” he answered. “First I’ll deal with it here, and there it won’t do without me either.” The soldiers laughed ready to burst and continued their journey.

They kept on riding till they encountered the enemy. The swords rang, the lances clashed. The king's troops were strong, but the enemy troops were even stronger. They fought like tigers and lashed into the king's soldiers left and right. The king's troops couldn't withstand the onslaught. They lost their balance, turned their back on the enemy and ran like the clappers.

Then suddenly a silver horse and on it a rider in silver clothes flew down from the sky. The rider cried out, whistled, swung his sword – and the enemy soldiers' heads started rolling down from their shoulders. He killed lots of them and the remaining ones ran away. Then the rider soared up again. He disappeared in a flash and vanished into thin air. The king's soldiers rejoiced, displayed their flags and rode back with music to the royal town. The youngest son-in-law welcomed them by the pond and stumbled after them on his mare.

And in the royal town the flags were already fluttering and music was thundering in the square. The king himself went towards his troops and invited all of them to a merry feast.

“You fought bravely,” he said, “now you can eat, drink and feast for the whole week.”

Of course the soldiers were delighted and paid homage to the king, only the youngest son-in-law said: “Well, you can feast here, but I'll go home. My dear wifie promised me when I was back from the war, she'd cook a full plate of semolina pudding for me. There's hardly any better meal in the world.” Thereupon he dismounted

from his horse and made for the mill. The king didn't persuade him. 'I'd have to be ashamed of such a son-in-law anyway,' he thought.

A year later, the enemy raised even a bigger army and marched straight to the king's capital. The heroes from all parts of the country gathered again and with the din and sabre rattling they were getting ready for the march. The youngest son-in-law came too and he called at once: "Where's my good horse? And where's my sharp sword?"

They took the lame nag out for him and brought the rusty sword. He girded himself, mounted the mare and drove her along the familiar road. By the pond the mare herself stopped and bent down to the water. And the frogs again skipped out of water onto the bank. "Croak, croak!" The youngest son-in-law said: "Oh yes, we haven't seen each other for ages, you goggle-eyed fellows!"

Suddenly a pillar of dust lifted on the road: the king's army had set out on the march. The youngest son-in-law quickly drew his sword and started to flourish it in all directions. The king's soldiers laughed: "Didn't you kill them all last year?"

"No, I didn't," answered the youngest son-in-law. "And this year they've multiplied even more. Just go on. The enemy troops won't run away from me. But keep wide awake so that you won't run away from them."

And the enemy troops were already waiting at the border of the realm. No sooner had the king's soldiers come near than the foreign troops pointed their lances, sounded the bugles and rushed at them. The king's soldiers got frightened so much that they didn't even