



Erasmus+

**Creative writing according to a Croatian fairy tale**

**Tvorivé písanie podľa chorvátskej rozprávky**



**Ivana Brlić Mažuranić**

**Stribor's Forest / Peter's Story / Striborov les**

**best stories/najlepšie príbehy**

**made up by pupils from/vymyslené žiakmi**

**Základná škola s materskou školou**

**Želiarska 4, Košice, Slovakia**

**2015-2017**



## PETER´S STORY

EMA HAJDUKOVÁ, CLASS 7A

The old woman had wood but later she decided to move to the cottage in the forest.

Peter got married the Snake woman. The Snake woman did not love Peter, she only used him. As he did not know about it, some time later he fell in love with the Snake woman. But something was strange... The Snake woman went to the forest every second day.

Peter´s mom lived in the forest and saw the Snake woman meeting the another man. The old woman went to Peter´s house and described him everything that she saw. But Peter did not believe his mother.

Several weeks later Peter´s mom died.

The young man suspected his wife cheating him so he followed her to the forest. He was so sad and angry because he saw that his wife really met the another man. He ran home.

When the Snake woman came home Peter suggested that they would divorce. His wife agreed.

Peter was sad and he wanted to say “sorry“ to his mother. But his mother was dead. Peter went to her grave regularly. After that bad experience Peter never had a girlfriend.

1

## PETROV PRÍBEH

EMA HAJDUKOVÁ, 7.A

Starena mala drevo, ale neskôr sa rozhodla, že sa presťahuje do chatky v lese.

Peter sa oženil s Had'ou ženou. Hadia žena Petra neľúbila, iba ho využívala. Keďže on to nevedel, po nejakom čase sa do Hadej ženy zaľúbil. Ale čosi bolo čudné... Hadia žena chodila každý druhý deň do lesa.

2

Petrova mama bývala v lese a videla, ako sa hadia žena stretáva s iným mužom. Starena šla do Petrovho domu a povedala mu, čo všetko videla. Ale Peter svojej mame neveril. O niekoľko týždňov Petrova mama zomrela.

Mladý muž mal podozrenie, že ho manželka podvádza, a tak ju sledoval až do lesa. Bol smutný a našťvaný, pretože videl, že jeho manželka má naozaj iného muža. Bežal domov.

Keď prišla domov hadia žena, Peter jej povedal, že sa chce rozviesť. Manželka súhlasila.

Peter bol smutný a chcel sa svojej mame ospravedlniť, ale tá už bola mŕtva. Peter pravidelne chodieval na jej hrob. Po tejto zlej skúsenosti Peter už nikdy nemal priateľku.



One day, a young man went into the forest. He didn't know that the forest was enchanted. Some of the magic was good and some bad - to each as they deserve.

Now, this forest was to remain enchanted until it was entered by someone who preferred his sorrows to all the joys of the world.



3

The young man set off to cut wood when suddenly a snake slid out from a tree and began to fawn upon him.



Peter's story



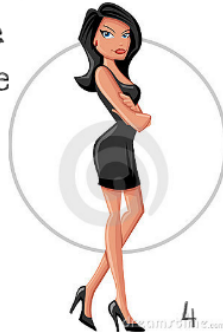
Now this wasn't a real snake but a human being transformed into a snake for her sins, and she could only be set free by one who was willing to marry her.

'Dear me, what a pretty snake. I'd really like to take it home!' said the young man cheerfully.

Peter's story

3

'Here's a silly fool who is going to help me out of my trouble,' thought the Snake. So she turned herself into the most beautiful woman. 'Here I am! Take me home and marry me!' said the Snake woman to the young man.



Peter's story

The young man was good - natured and shy. Moreover, he was ashamed to say 'No' to her mouth. So he took the woman by the hand and led her home.



Peter's story

5

4

This is your daughter-in-law, said the youth, while he was entering the house with the woman.

'Thank God, my Son,' replied his mother and looked at the pretty girl. But the mother was old and wise, and knew at once what her daughter-in-law was hiding in her mouth.

'You have chosen a very pretty bride, my Son, only be careful because she might be a Snake.'

Peter's story

6

The young man was shocked. How could his mother know that the other had been a Snake? 'Surely my mother is a witch!' he thought. And from that moment he hated his mother.



Peter's story

7

So, the three of them began to live together. The daughter-in-law was ill-tempered, spiteful and greedy. The mother was very sad, and thought to ask god for help but then changed her mind. For then god would know that my son was unkind. ' she thought to herself.

Peter's story

8

The daughter-in-law gave the old mother all sorts of dangerous tasks. First, she sent her to climb the highest mountain to bring snow from the top just for her to wash in.



Peter's story

9

5

Then, she asked her to go to the frozen lake to catch a fish for dinner. Each time the old mother somehow survived and carried out the task



Peter's story

10

On the third day after more shouting and rude words, the old mother's heart was so saddened that she went outside into the bitter cold, sat down in front of the house and cried: 'Oh God, help me!'



Peter's story

11

AS she was saying these words, she saw the girl coming towards her. The girl was poor, her dress was torn at the shoulder and she was blue with cold. She was carrying some wood for kindling.



Peter's story

12

'Will you buy some wood?' She asked the old mother. 'I have no money, my dear, but if you like, I will mend your sleeve.' So, the old mother mended the girl's sleeve. And the girl gave her a bundle of wood, thanked her kindly and went on happily because her shoulder was no longer cold.



Peter's story

13

6

The old woman had a wood, but later she moved to the cottage to the forest. Peter got married with Snake - woman. Snake - woman didn't love Peter, she only used him.



Peter's story

True False  
☐ ☒



14

But after some time Peter felt in love with Snake - woman. But every second day Snake - woman went to the forest. In the forest lived Peter's mom and she saw Snake - woman like she met with other man.



Peter's story

15

Old woman went to the Peter's house to said to him that Snake - woman met with other man in the forest. But Peter didn't believe his mother.



Peter's story

16

After several weeks Peter's mom died. Peter had suspicion that his wife met with other man. He followed her to the forest and he saw his wife with man. He was sad, angry and he ran at home. When woman came home Peter said that he want retire. His wife agreed.



Peter's story

17

7

Peter was sad and he want to said sorry to his mother. But his mother was died. He went to her grave regularly. After that experience Peter never had a girl.



Peter's story

18



## Peter's Story

Thomas Tufft, class 6A

The daughter-in-law took all the wood from the old mother and then she decided to give her a new task:

“Go to a cave full of waterfalls and spikes and get a rose to my garden. “The old mother went to the cave, took the rose and ran out quickly of there. But suddenly she slipped on a wet stone and ... she started falling down into a hole. Fortunately, while she was falling down, she saw a way back up to the surface. She was lucky because she was not injured. She finally came home and gave the red rose to her daughter-in-law.

“Now you have that you wanted, so go away“ said the old mother. The daughter-in-law started laughing loudly. But she didn't know about the poison in the rose... The poison turned the bad daughter-in-law into a little snake which crawled into the forest.

... And the old mother and her son were happy forever.

8

## **Petrov príbeh**

### **Thomas Tufft, 6.A**

Nevesta vzala od starej matky drevo a rozhodla sa, že jej dá novú úlohu:

“Chod’ do jaskyne plnej vodopádov a klincov a prines ružu do mojej záhrady.” Stará matka vošla do jaskyne, vzala ružu a rýchlo odtiaľ utekala preč. Ale odrazu sa pošmykla na mokrom kameni a ... začala padat’ do jamy. Našťastie, keď padala, všimla si cestu na povrch. Mala šťastie, pretože nebola zranená. Napokon prišla domov a dala svojej neveste červenú ružu.

“Teraz máš, čo si chcela, nuž odíď! – povedala stará matka. Nevesta sa hlasno rozosmiala. Ale nevedela, že v ruži je jed ... Jed premenil zlú nevestu na hada, ktorý sa odplazil do lesa.

... A stará matka so synom žili navždy šťastne.

9

## PETER'S STORY

**ZDENKA BODNÁROVÁ, CLASS 9A**

But the old mother didn't know, that the wood which the girl gave her was from the enchanted forest. When she used it for kindling, the magic was set free. The daughter-in-law got cursed by this magic and since then she couldn't say a word. She could just hiss in a language of snakes. She was very ashamed so she ran away hiding from people. The son saddened and he was mad at his mother. "You're a witch and I hate you!" he shouted at her and set off to find his wife. The old mother didn't want to do any of this. She was unhappy, she loved her son and wanted the best for him. So she took all her daughter-in-law's sins upon herself. The old mother turned to a snake, and her son's wife could speak like a human again. But she didn't come back to her husband. She found a richer man and she ran away with him. Don't worry, it wasn't a happy end for her. This man was a rude mobster and he sold her to Africa.

The old mother turned to a snake and went to the enchanted forest. She was the person, who preferred her sorrows to all the joys of the world, so the magic turned her back into a human. She went to find her son and his wife, not knowing what had happened.

Meanwhile, her son ruined by sadness and sorrow wanted to take his own life. The old mother found him and stopped him, but he still hated her. He left her and with a lost soul he wandered around the world for the rest of his life. With broken heart she returned to the forest, that was not enchanted anymore. There she lived, alone and broken, till she passed away. But she was kind, she always helped the little girl if she needed. The old mother realized that it all started with a sin. Do not get drawn into sin and do not trust magic with an impure heart.

10

## PETROV PRÍBEH

**ZDENKA BODNÁROVÁ, 9.A**

No stará matka nevedela, že drevo, ktoré jej dalo dievča, bolo zo začarovaného lesa. Keď ho použila na kúrenie, uvoľnila sa mágia. Nevesta bola touto mágiou zakliata, a od tohto momentu nemohla prehovoriť ani slovo. Mohla iba syčať v jazyku hadov. Bola veľmi zahanbená, a preto ušla, skrývajúc sa pred ľuďmi. Syna to zarmútilo a bol nahnevaný na svoju matku. „Si bosorka a nenávidím ťa!“ zakričal na ňu a vydal sa hľadať svoju manželku. Stará matka nechcela nič z toho urobiť. Bola nešťastná, svojho syna milovala a chcela preňho to najlepšie. Tak vzala na seba všetky hriechy svojej nevesty. Stará matka sa zmenila na hada a manželka jej syna mohla opäť hovoriť ako človek. Nevrátila sa však k svojmu manželovi. Našla si bohatšieho muža a s ním aj utiekla. Nebojte sa, nebol to pre ňu šťastný koniec. Tento muž bol hrubý gangster a predal ju do Afriky.

Stará matka sa zmenila na hada a odišla do začarovaného lesa. Ona bola osobou, ktorá uprednostnila vlastný zármutok pred všetkou radosťou sveta, a tak ju mágia premenila späť na človeka. Šla pohľadať svojho syna a jeho manželku, netušiac čo sa stalo.

Medzitým si jej syn, zničený zármutkom a žiaľom chcel vziať vlastný život. Stará matka ho našla a zastavila, lenže on ju stále nenávidel. Opustil ju a so stratenou dušou sa potuloval po svete až do konca života. So zlomeným srdcom sa matka vrátila do lesa, ktorý už viac nebol začarovaný. Tam žila, sama a zlomená, až kým nezomrela. Bola však láskavá, zakaždým pomohla malému dievčatku, ak to potrebovalo. Stará matka si uvedomila, že to celé začalo hriechom. Nenechajte sa zatiahnuť do hriechu a s nečistým srdcom nedôverujte mági.

## Peter's Story

**Kristián Koribský, class 7A**

The old woman made a good deed, when she helped the poor girl who needed it. God told her that she had to go to the same enchanted forest as her son and plant a tree which her son cut down. She planted the another tree at the same place.

12

When the tree started to grow, something happened, the snake woman disappeared. She forgave her son. The son found the another - more beautiful girl and they got married.

All the three were happy and son forgot the snake woman and she never came back to him, because she was enchanted.

## Petrov príbeh

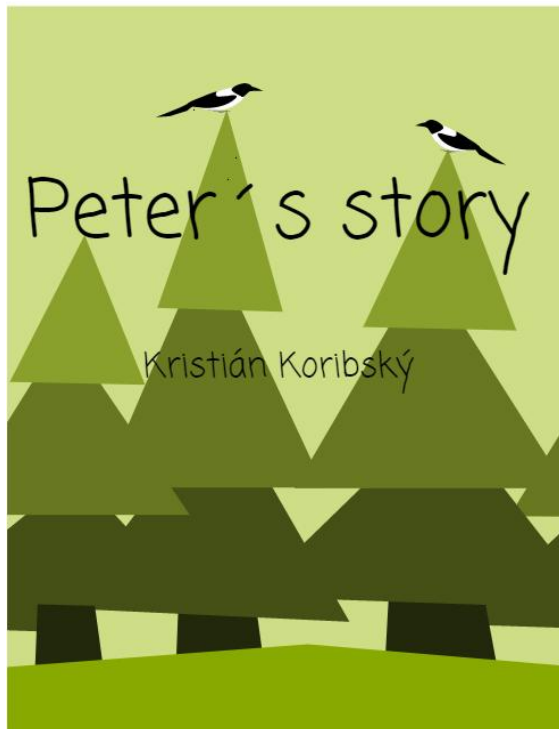
Kristián Koribský, class 7A

Stará žena urobila dobrý skutok, keď pomohla chudobnému dievčaťu, ktoré to potrebovalo. Boh jej za to povedal, aby šla do začarovaného lesa, ako jej syn a zasadila strom na tom istom mieste, kde ho jej syn vyrúbala. A tak zasadila nový strom na rovnakom mieste.

13

Keď strom začal rásť, niečo sa stalo, hadia žena zmizla. Stará žena odpustila svojmu synovi. Syn si našiel iné – krajšie dievča a zosobášili sa.

Všetci traja boli šťastní a syn už aj zabudol na hadiu ženu Tá sa k nemu už nikdy nevrátila, pretože bola začarovaná.



One day, a young man went into the forest. He didn't know that the forest was enchanted. Some of the magic was good and some bad - to each as they deserve. Now, this forest was to remain enchanted until it was entered by someone who preferred his sorrows to all the joys of the world.



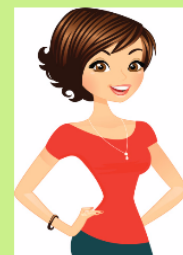
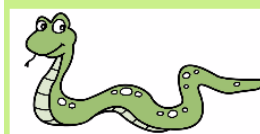
14

The young man set off to cut wood when suddenly a snake slid out from a tree and began to fawn upon him. Now this wasn't a real snake but a human being transformed into a snake for her sins, and she could only be set free by one who was willing to marry her. 'Dear me, what a pretty snake. I'd really like to take it home!' said the young man cheerfully.



'Here's a silly fool who is going to help me out of my trouble,' thought the snake. So she turned herself into the most beautiful woman. 'Here I am! Take me home and marry me!' said the snake woman to the young man.

The young man was good-natured and shy. Moreover, he was ashamed to say 'No' to her mouth.

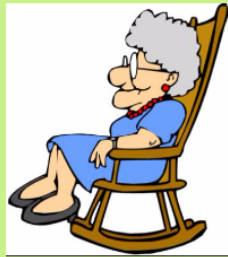


So he took the woman by the hand and led her home.

This is your daughter-in-law, ' said the youth, while he was entering the house with the woman.

'Thank God, my son, 'replied his mother and looked at the pretty girl. But the mother was old and wise, and knew at once what her daughter-in-law was hiding in her mouth.

'You have chosen a very pretty bride, my son, only be careful because she might be a snake.



The young man was shocked. How could his mother know that the other had been a snake? 'Surely my mother is a witch! 'he thought. And from that moment he hated his mother.

So, the three of them began to live together. The daughter-in-law was ill-tempered, spiteful and greedy.



The mother was very sad, and thought to ask god for help but then changed her mind. 'For then god would know that my son was unkind, ' she thought to herself.

The daughter-in-law gave the old mother all sorts of dangerous tasks. First, she sent her to climb the highest mountain to bring snow from the top just for her to wash in.

Then, she asked her to go to the frozen lake to catch a fish for dinner. Each time the old mother somehow survived and carried out the task. On the third day after more shouting and rude words, the old mother's heart was so saddened that she went outside into the bitter cold, sat down in front of the house and cried: 'Oh God, help me!'



As she was saying these words, she saw the girl coming towards her. The girl was poor, her dress was torn at the shoulder and she was blue with cold. She was carrying some wood for kindling. 'Will you buy some wood?' she asked the old mother. 'I have no Money, my dear, but if you like, I will mend your sleeve.'



So, the old mother mended the girl's sleeve. And the girl gave her a bundle of wood, thanked her kindly and went on happily because her shoulder was no longer cold.



My  
prediction of  
the story

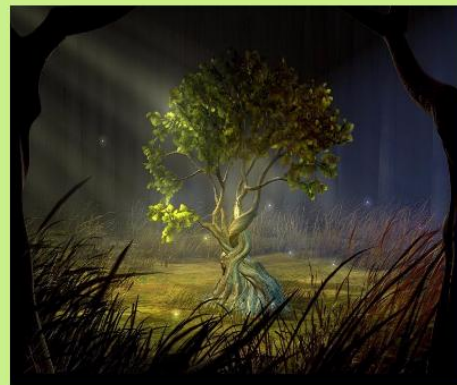
The old woman made a good deed, when she helped the poor girl who needed it. God told her that she had to go to the same enchanted forest as her son and plant a tree which her son cut down.



She planted the another tree at the same place.



When the tree started to grow something happened, the snake woman disappeared.



She forgave her son. The son found the another-more beautiful girl and they got married.



All the three were happy and son forgot the snake woman and she never came back to him, because she was enchanted.



**PETER'S STORY**  
**SOFIA KULIKOVÁ, CLASS 8A**

Mother came inside and put down a bundle of wood.

“Are you here again?” screamed the daughter-in-law.

“What’s this?” she kicked the wood on the ground.

At the moment when she touched the wood she transformed into the snake. But she transformed back very quickly.

“Ugh, you were prettier when you were the snake” said mother.

“You cannot say it to my dear Peter. If you say it, I will lock you in the enchanted forest!” the daughter-in-law screamed.

“Okay, okay” said mother quickly, but she had a plan in her head.

18

—————3 weeks later—————

“I am cold” said the daughter-in-law.

“You are cold, not me. Put the wood into the fireplace” her dear replied.

The daughter-in-law looked at mother who gave her a piece of wood. When the wood touched her hand, she turned into the snake right in front of her husband.

“What? Are you a snake?! Get out of my house and my family” he screamed.

The snake left their house quickly and never came back.

—————The end—————

**PETROV PRÍBEH**  
**SOFIA KULIKOVÁ, 8.A**

Mama prišla dovnútra a zložila kopu dreva.

“Zase si tu?” okríkla ju nevesta.

“Čo je to?” kopla do dreva na zemi.

V momente, keď sa dotkla dreva, zmenila sa na hada. Avšak veľmi rýchlo sa pretransformovala naspäť.

“Uh, bola si krajšia, keď si bola had,” povedala mama.

“Nemôžeš to povedať môjmu drahému. Keď mu to povieš, zamknem ťa v začarovanom lese! skríkla.

“Dobre, dobre” zamumlala mama, ale v hlave sa jej rodil plán.

---

Po 3 týždňoch

---

“Je mi zima” povedala nevesta.

“Tebe je zima, nie mne. Prilož do ohňa” povedal jej drahý.

Nevesta sa pozrela na mamu, ktorá jej dala kus dreva. Keď sa ho nevesta dotkla, premenila sa na hada rovno pred jej mužom.

“Čo? Ty si had? Strat’ sa z môjho domu a aj z mojej rodiny!” zakričal.

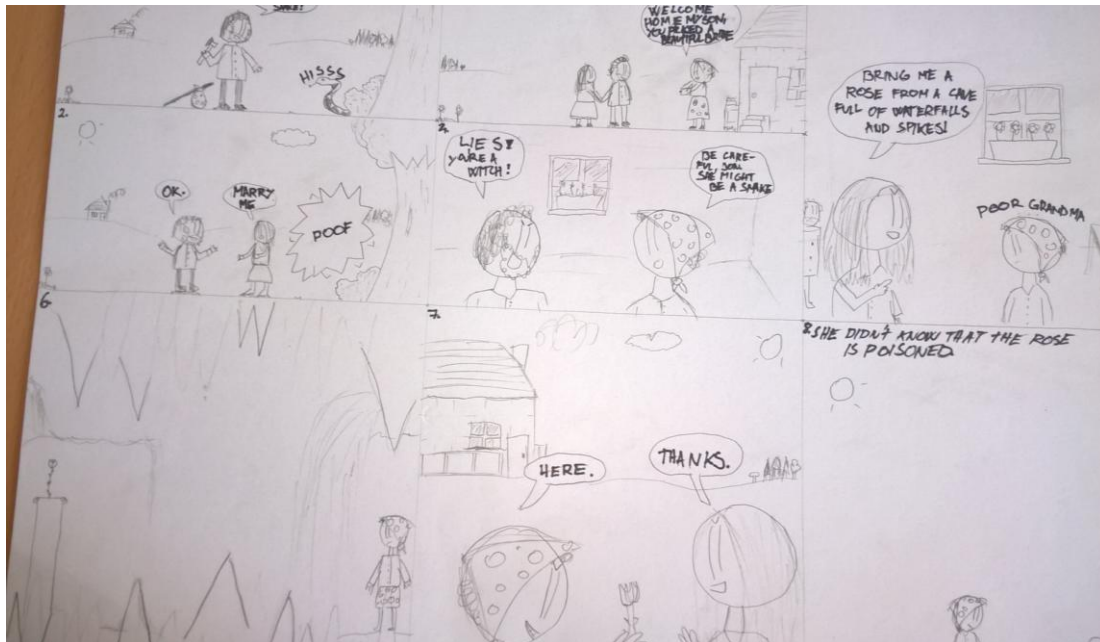
Jeho ex nevesta rýchlo opustila dom a už sa nikdy nevrátila.

---

Koniec

---

Peter's Story – Filip Kmec, class 6. A



20

Peter's Story – Lenka Kohnmayerová, class 7. A



## Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić



Ivana Brlic Mazuranic was born in Ogulin on April 18, 1874, in very well known Mazuranic family, grandchild of Ivan, poet, politician and Croatian ban, and daughter of Vladimir lawyer and legal historian. Through her marriage to Vatroslav Brlic, lawyer and politician in Slovenski Brod, she became part of yet another family very well known in Croatian society; it provided Ignjat Alojzije, writer and linguist, and Andrija Tokvart Brlic, politician and journalist, important names of a line that was as well known in Croatian cultural and social life as the Mazuranic family. Surrounded by capacious libraries in the both houses, by an atmosphere of work and patriotism, she attained a very considerable learning in her own home, learned languages and lived a rich and intense inner life. She devoted all her work to her family, to education and to her literary creations.

Highly valued by both national and foreign critics, she obtained the title of "Croatian Hans Cristian Andresen" for the collection of Tales of Long Ago. Her place as the best writer in Croatian children's literature is assured. She had the ability to identify with the psyche of the child, to understand the purity and naivety of the world of children. Her works have been translated into many languages and she was nominated for the Nobel prize for literature. In the 1937 she became the first woman ever to be elected to the Croatian Academy of Sciences and Arts. She died in Zagreb on September 21, 1938.

Source: [http://www.usvijetubajki.org/ivana\\_brlic-mazuranic60/biography/default.aspx](http://www.usvijetubajki.org/ivana_brlic-mazuranic60/biography/default.aspx)

## Stribor's Forest

One day a young man went into Stribor's Forest and did not know that the Forest was enchanted and that all manner of magic abode there. Some of its magic was good and some was bad — to each one according to his deserts.

Now this Forest was to remain enchanted until it should be entered by someone who preferred his sorrows to all the joys of this world.

The young man set to and cut wood, and presently sat down on a stump to rest, for it was a fine winter's day. And out of the stump slipped a snake, and began to fawn upon him. Now this wasn't a real snake, but a human being transformed into a snake for its sins, and it could only be set free by one who was willing to wed it. The snake sparkled like silver in the sun as it looked up into the young man's eyes.

"Dear me, what a pretty snake! I should rather like to take it home," said the young man in fun.

"Here's the silly fool who is going to help me out of my trouble," thought the sinful soul within the snake. So she made haste and turned herself at once out of a snake into a most beautiful woman standing there before the young man. Her sleeves were white and embroidered like butterflies' wings, and her feet were tiny like a countess's. But because her thoughts had been evil, the tongue in her mouth remained a serpent's tongue.

"Here I am! Take me home and marry me!" said the snake-woman to the youth.

Now if this youth had only had presence of mind and remembered quickly to brandish his hatchet at her and call out: "I certainly never thought of wedding a piece of forest magic," why, then the woman would at once have turned again into a snake, wriggled back into the stump, and no harm done to anybody.

But he was one of your good-natured, timid and shy youths; moreover, he was ashamed to say "No" to her, when she had transformed herself all on his account. Besides, he liked her because she was pretty, and he couldn't know in his innocence what had remained inside her mouth.

So he took the Woman by the hand and led her home. Now that youth lived with his old Mother, and he cherished his Mother as though she were the image of a saint.

“This is your daughter-in-law,” said the youth, as he entered the house with the Woman.

“The Lord be thanked, my son,” replied his Mother, and looked at the pretty girl. But the Mother was old and wise, and knew at once what was inside her daughter-in-law’s mouth.

The daughter-in-law went out to change her dress, and the Mother said to her son:

“You have chosen a very pretty bride, my boy; only beware, lest she be a snake.”

The youth was dumbfounded with astonishment. How could his Mother know that the other had been a snake? And his heart grew angry within him as he thought: “Surely my Mother is a witch.” And from that moment he hated his Mother.

So the three began to live together, but badly and discordantly. The daughter-in-law was ill-tempered, spiteful, greedy and proud.

Now there was a mountain peak there as high as the clouds, and one day the daughter-in-law bade the old Mother go up and fetch her snow from the summit for her to wash in.

“There is no path up there,” said the Mother.

“Take the goat and let her guide you. Where she can go up, there you can tumble down,” said the daughter-in-law.

The son was there at the time, but he only laughed at the words, simply to please his wife.

This so grieved the Mother that she set out at once for the peak to fetch the snow, because she was tired of life. As she went her way she thought to ask God to help her; but she changed her mind and said: “For then God would know that my son is undutiful.”

But God gave her help all the same, so that she safely brought the snow back to her daughter-in-law from the cloud-capped peak.

Next day the daughter-in-law gave her a fresh order:

“Go out on to the frozen lake. In the middle of the lake there is a hole. Catch me a carp there for dinner.”

“The ice will give way under me, and I shall perish in the lake,” replied the old Mother.

“The carp will be pleased if you go down with him,” said the daughter-in-law.

And again the son laughed, and the Mother was so grieved that she went out at once to the lake. The ice cracked under the old woman, and she wept so that the tears froze on her face. But yet she would not pray to God for help; she would keep it from God that her son was sinful.

“It is better that I should perish,” thought the Mother as she walked over the ice.

But her time had not yet come. And therefore a gull flew over her head, bearing a fish in its beak. The fish wriggled out of the gull’s beak and fell right at the feet of the old woman. The Mother picked up the fish and brought it safely to her daughter-in-law.

On the third day the Mother sat by the fire, and took up her son’s shirt to mend it. When her daughter-in-law saw that, she flew at her, snatched the shirt out of her hands, and screamed:

“Stop that, you blind old fool! That is none of your business.”

And she would not let the Mother mend her son’s shirt.

Then the old woman’s heart was altogether saddened, so that she went outside, sat in that bitter cold on the bench before the house, and cried to God:

“Oh God, help me!”

At that moment she saw a poor girl coming towards her. The girl’s bodice was all torn and her shoulder blue with the cold, because the sleeve had given way. But still the girl smiled, for she was bright and sweet-tempered. Under her arm she carried a bundle of kindling-wood.

“Will you buy wood for kindling, Mother?” asked the girl.

“I have no money, my dear; but if you like I will mend your sleeve,” sadly returned the old Mother, who was still holding the needle and thread with which she had wanted to mend her son’s shirt.

So the old Mother mended the girl’s sleeve, and the girl gave her a bundle of kindling-wood, thanked her kindly, and went on happy because her shoulder was no longer cold.

That evening the daughter-in-law said to the Mother:

“We are going out to supper with godmother. Mind you have hot water for me when I come back.”

The daughter-in-law was greedy and always on the look-out to get invited for a meal.

So the others went out, and the old woman was left alone. She took out the kindling-wood which the poor girl had given her, lit the fire on the hearth, and went into the shed for wood.

As she was in the shed fetching the wood, she suddenly heard something in the kitchen a-bustling and a-rustling — “hist, hist!”

“Whoever is that?” called the old Mother from the shed.

“Brownies! Brownies!” came the answer from the kitchen in voices so tiny, for all the world like sparrows chirping under the roof.

The old woman wondered what on earth was going on there in the dark, and went into the kitchen. And when she got there the kindling-chips just flared up on the hearth, and round the flame there were Brownies dancing in a ring — all tiny little men no bigger than half an ell. They wore little fur coats; their caps and shoes were red as flames; their beards were grey as ashes, and their eyes sparkled like live coal.

More and more of them danced out of the flames, one for each chip. And as they appeared they laughed and chirped, turned somersaults on the hearth, twittered with glee, and then took hands and danced in a ring.

And how they danced! Round the hearth, in the ashes, under the cupboard, on the table, in the jug, on the chair! Round and round! Faster and faster! They chirped and they chattered, chased and romped all over the place. They scattered the salt; they spilt the barm; they upset the flour — all for sheer fun. The fire on the hearth blazed and shone, crackled and glowed; and the old woman gazed and gazed. She never regretted the salt nor the barm, but was glad of the jolly little folk whom God had sent to comfort her.

It seemed to the old woman as though she were growing young again. She laughed like a dove; she tripped like a girl; she took hands with the Brownies and danced. But all the time there was the load on her heart, and that was so heavy that the dance stopped at once.

“Little brothers,” said the Mother to the Brownies, “can you not help me to get a sight of my daughter-in-law’s tongue, so that when I can show my son what I have seen with my own eyes he will perhaps come to his senses?”

And the old woman told the Brownies all that had happened. The Brownies sat round the edge of the hearth, their little feet thrust under the grate, each wee mannikin beside his neighbour, and listened to the old woman, all wagging their heads in wonder. And as they wagged their heads, their red caps caught the glow of the fire, and you’d have thought there was nothing there but the fire burning on the hearth.

When the old woman had finished her story, one of the Brownies called out, and his name was Wee Tintilinkie:

“I will help you! I will go to the sunshiny land and bring you magpies’ eggs. We will put them under the sitting hen, and when the magpies are hatched your daughter-in-law will betray herself. She will crave for little magpies like any ordinary forest snake, and so put out her tongue.”

All the Brownies twittered with joy because Wee Tintilinkie had thought of something so clever. They were still at the height of their glee when in came the daughter-in-law from supper with a cake for herself.

She flew to the door in a rage to see who was chattering in the kitchen. But just as she opened the door, the door went bang! the flame leapt, up jumped the Brownies, gave one stamp all round the hearth with their tiny feet, rose up above the flames, flew up to the roof, — the boards in the roof creaked a bit, and the Brownies were gone!

Only Wee Tintilinkie did not run away, but hid among the ashes.

When the flame leapt so unexpectedly and the door banged to, the daughter-in-law got a start, so that for sheer fright she plumped on the floor like a sack. The cake broke in her band; her hair came down, combs and all; her eyes goggled, and she called out angrily:

“What was that, you old wretch?”

“The wind blew up the flame when the door opened,” said the Mother, and kept her wits about her.

“And what is that among the ashes?” said the daughter-in-law again. For from the ashes peeped the red heel of Wee Tintilinkie’s shoe.

“That is a live ember,” said the Mother.

However, the daughter-in-law would not believe her, but, all dishevelled as she was, she got up and went over to see close to what was on the hearth. As she bent down with her face over the ashes Wee Tintilinkie quickly let out with his foot, so that his heel caught the daughter-in-law on the nose. The Woman screamed as if she were drowning in the sea; her face was all over soot, and her tumbled hair all smothered with ashes.

“What was that, you miserable old woman?” hissed the daughter-in-law.

“A chestnut bursting in the fire,” answered the Mother; and Wee Tintilinkie in the ashes almost split with laughter.

While the daughter-in-law went out to wash, the Mother showed Wee Tintilinkie where the daughter-in-law had set the hen, so as to have little chickens for Christmas. That very night Wee Tintilinkie fetched magpies’ eggs and put them under the hen instead of hens’ eggs.

The daughter-in-law bade the Mother take good care of the hen and to tell her at once whenever the chickens were hatched. Because the daughter-in-law intended to invite the whole village to come and see that she had chickens at Christmas, when nobody else had any.

In due time the magpies were hatched. The Mother told her daughter-in-law that the chickens had come out, and the daughter-in-law invited the village. Gossips and neighbours came along, both great and small, and the old woman’s son was there too. The Wife told her mother-in-law to fetch the nest and bring it into the passage.

The Mother brought in the nest, lifted off the hen, and behold, there was something chirping in the nest. The naked magpies scrambled out, and hop, hop, hopped all over the passage.

When the Snake-Woman so unexpectedly caught sight of *magpies*, she betrayed herself. Her serpent's nature craved its prey; she darted down the passage after the little magpies and shot out her thin quivering tongue at them as she used to do in the Forest.

Gossips and neighbours screamed and crossed themselves, and took their children home, because they realised that the woman was indeed a snake from the Forest.

But the Mother went up to her son full of joy.

“Take her back to where you brought her from, my son. Now you have seen with your own eyes what it is you are cherishing in your house;” and the Mother tried to embrace her son.

But the son was utterly infatuated, so that he only hardened himself the more against the village, and against his Mother, and against the evidence of his own eyes. He would not turn away the Snake-Woman, but cried out upon his Mother:

“Where did you get young magpies at this time of year, you old witch? Be off with you out of my house!”

Eh, but the poor Mother saw that there was no help for it. She wept and cried, and only begged her son not to turn her out of the house in broad daylight for all the village to see what manner of son she had reared.

So the son allowed his Mother to stay in the house until nightfall.

When evening came, the old Mother put some bread into her bag, and a few of those kindling-chips which the poor girl had given her, and then she went weeping and sobbing out of her son's house.

But as the Mother crossed the threshold, the fire went out on the hearth, and the crucifix fell from the wall. Son and daughter-in-law were left alone in the darkened cottage. And now the son felt that he had sinned greatly against his Mother, and he repented bitterly. But he did not dare to speak of it to his wife, because he was afraid. So he just said:

“Let's follow Mother and see her die of cold.”

Up jumped the wicked daughter-in-law, overjoyed, and fetched their fur coats, and they dressed and followed the old woman from afar.

The poor Mother went sadly over the snow, by night, over the fields. She came to a wide stubble-field, and there she was so overcome by the cold that she could go no farther. So she took the kindling-wood out of her bag, scraped the snow aside, and lit a fire to warm herself by.

But lo! no sooner had the chips caught fire than the Brownies came out of them, just the same as on the household hearth!

They skipped out of the fire and all round in the snow, and the sparks flew about them in all directions into the night.

The poor old woman was so glad she could almost have cried for joy because they had not forsaken her on her way. And the Brownies crowded round her, laughed and whistled.

“Oh, dear Brownies,” said the Mother, “I don’t want to be amused just now; help me in my sore distress!”

Then she told the Brownies how her silly son had grown still more bitter against her since even he and all the village had come to know that his wife truly had a serpent’s tongue:

“He has turned me away; help me if you can.”

For a while the Brownies were silent, for a while their little shoes tapped the snow, and they did not know what to advise.

At last Wee Tintilinkie said:

“Let’s go to Stribor, our master. He always knows what to do.”

And at once Wee Tintilinkie shinned up a hawthorn-tree; he whistled on his fingers, and out of the dark and over the stubble-field there came trotting towards them a stag and twelve squirrels!

They set the old Mother on the stag, and the Brownies got on the twelve squirrels, and off they went to Stribor’s Forest.

Away and into the night they rode. The stag had mighty antlers with many points, and at the end of each point there burned a little star. The stag gave light on the way, and at his heels sped the twelve squirrels, each squirrel with eyes that shone like two diamonds. They sped and they fled, and far behind them toiled the daughter-in-law and her husband, quite out of breath.

So they came to Stribor's Forest, and the stag carried the old woman through the forest.

Even in the dark the daughter-in-law knew that this was Stribor's Forest, where she had once before been enchanted for her sins. But she was so full of spite that she could not think of her new sins nor feel fear because of them, but triumphed all the more to herself and said: "Surely the simple old woman will perish in this Forest amid all the magic!" and she ran still faster after the stag.

But the stag carried the Mother before Stribor. Now Stribor was lord of that Forest. He dwelt in the heart of the Forest, in an oak so huge that there was room in it for seven golden castles, and a village all fenced about with silver. In front of the finest of the castles sat Stribor himself on a throne, arrayed in a cloak of scarlet.

"Help this old woman, who is being destroyed by her serpent daughter-in-law," said the Brownies to Stribor, after both they and the Mother had bowed low before him. And they told him the whole story. But the son and daughter-in-law crept up to the oak, and looked and listened through a wormhole to see what would happen.

When the Brownies had finished, Stribor said to the old woman:

"Fear nothing, Mother! Leave your daughter-in-law. Let her continue in her wickedness until it shall bring her again to the state from which she freed herself too soon. As for yourself, I can easily help you. Look at yonder village, fenced about with silver."

The Mother looked, and lo! it was her own native village, where she had lived when she was young, and in the village there was holiday and merry-making. Bells were ringing, fiddles playing, flags waving, and songs resounding.

"Cross the fence, clap your hands, and you will at once regain your youth. You will remain in your village to be young and blithe once more as you were fifty years ago," said Stribor.

At that the old woman was glad as never before in her life. She ran to the fence; already her hand was on the silver gate, when she suddenly bethought herself of something, and asked Stribor:

"And what will become of my son?"

“Don’t talk foolishness, old woman!” replied Stribor. “How would you know about your son? He will remain in this present time, and you will go back to your youth. You will know nothing about any son!”

When the old woman heard that, she considered sadly. And then she turned slowly away from the gate, went back to Stribor, bowed low before him, and said:

“I thank you, kind lord, for all the favour you would show me. But I would rather abide in my misery and know that I have a son than that you should give me all the riches and happiness in the world and I forget my son.”

As the Mother said this, the whole Forest rang again. There was an end to the magic in Stribor’s Forest, because the Mother preferred her sorrows to all the joys of this world.

The entire Forest quaked, the earth fell in, and the huge oak, with its castles and its silver-fenced village, sank underground. Stribor and the Brownies vanished, the daughter-in-law gave a shriek, turned into a snake, wriggled away down a hole, and Mother and Son were left alone side by side in the middle of the Forest.

The son fell on his knees before his mother, kissed the hem of her garment and her sleeve, and then he lifted her up in his arms and carried her back to their home, which they happily reached by daybreak.

The son prayed God and his Mother to forgive him. God forgave him, and his Mother had never been angry with him.

Later on the young man married that poor but sweet girl who had brought the Brownies to their house. They are all three living happily together to this day, and Wee Tintilinkie loves to visit their hearth of a winter’s evening.

Source: <http://ivanomania.com/en/fairy-tales/stribors-forest/>

## Striborov les

### začiatok rozprávky

Jedného dňa mladý muž išiel do Striborovho lesa a nevedel, že les bol začarovaný a že nachádzali tu príbytok všetky druhy kúziel. Niektoré kúzla boli dobré a niektorí zlé - každému podľa zásluh.

Tento les mal zostať začarovaný dovtedy, kým do neho nevstúpi niekto, kto by uprednostnil svoje trápenie pred všetkými radosťami tohto sveta.

Mladík sa odhodlal a rezal drevo. Teraz sa posadil na peň, aby si oddýchol, pretože to bol príjemný zimný deň. Z pňa sa vyšmykol had a začal sa po ňom plaziť. Tentokrát to nebol skutočný had, ale ľudská bytosť premenená na hada pre svoje hriechy. Mohla by byť oslobodená iba niekým, kto by bol ochotný si ju vziať. Had sa trblietal na slnku ako striebro a pozrel sa do očí mladého muža.

„Prepánajána, aký pekný had! Aj by som ho zobral domov," povedal mladý muž zabavene.

„Tu je ten hlúpy blázon, ktorý mi pomôže z môjho trápenia," myslela si hriešna duša vnútri hada. Takže sa poponáhľala, premenila sa ihneď z hada na najkrajšiu ženu a postavila sa pred mladého muža. Jej rukávy boli biele, vyšívané ako krídla motýľov a jej chodidlá boli maličké ako grófk. Ale pretože jej myšlienky boli zlé, jazyk v jej ústach zostal hadí.

„Tu som! Odnies si ma domov a vezmi si ma za ženu!" povedala hadia žena mladíkovi.