



Erasmus+

Creative writing according to a Latvian fairy tale

Tvorivé písanie podľa lotyšskej rozprávky



Anna Sakse

Jasmine / Jazmín

best stories/najlepšie príbehy

made up by pupils from/vymyslené žiakmi

Základná škola s materskou školou

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Jasmine

Adam Ben Peretz, class 6A

The artist was still angry with Jasmine. Jasmine got the white colour. He was very unhappy because he wanted the yellow one like the dandelions have. Jasmine went to the goddess of all flowers to complain. Her name was Flora.

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She calmed Jasmine down and explained him: “Your sweet smell is so beautiful that everyone will know you because of it. People will give your name to their children proudly.” You are very special even without the colour that you wanted.

Jasmine wasn't disappointed anymore and since then it is enriching people's gardens and parks with a beautiful sweet smell.



Jazmín

Adam Ben Peretz, 6.A

Umelec bol stále nahnevaný na Jazmín. Jazmín dostal bielu farbu. Chcel takú žltú, ako mala púpava. Preto sa išiel sťažovať bohyni všetkých kvetov. Volala sa Flora.

2

Flora Jazmín upokojila a vysvetlila: „Tvoja sladká vôňa je taká nádherná, že každý ťa podľa nej spozná. Ľudia budú svoje deti hrdo pomenúvať po tebe. Si jedinečný aj bez farby, ktorú si chcel.“

Odvtedy už Jazmín nebol sklamaný a svojou krásnou vôňou obohacuje ľuďom záhrady a parky.





JASMINE

TEREZA HUSÁKOVÁ, CLASS 4A

When Jasmine realized, what he had done, he wanted to apologise. But the Artist was already gone. So Jasmine decided to find the Artist's house and he would apologise.

After long weeks Jasmine finally found him. He politely knocked on the door and the Artist opened. "Hello, Mr. Artist. I am sorry for my behaviour," Jasmine apologised.

"Never mind, you recognized your mistake and underwent such a long journey. I will reward you with two colours. Golden yellow, that you wished for, will decorate the heart of your flower and the petals will be white," said the Artist.

Decorated Jasmine returned to his family. Finally, all bushes, trees and flowers were colourfully happy.

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JAZMÍN

TEREZA HUSÁKOVÁ, 4.A

Keď si Jazmín uvedomil, čo urobil, chcel sa ísť ospravedlniť. Ale maliar bol už preč. Tak sa Jazmín rozhodol, že nájde maliarov dom a ospravedlní sa.

Po dlhých týždňoch ho konečne našiel. Jazmín slušne zaklopal a maliar mu otvoril. „Dobrý deň, pán maliar. Prepáčte mi, ako som sa správal,“ ospravedlňoval sa Jazmín.

„To nevádí, uznal si svoju chybu, prekonal si takú dlhú cestu. Za to ťa odmením až dvomi farbami. Srdce tvojho kvetu bude zdobiť zlatožltá, ktorú si si želal a lúče budeš mať biele,“ povedal maliar.

A tak sa namaľovaný Jazmín vrátil k svojej rodine. Napokon všetky kriky, stromy a kvety boli farebne šťastné.

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JASMINE

LUKÁŠ SZÁNTO, CLASS 8A

All the flowers already got their own colours, except from Jasmine. But the Artist had no colour left.

Other flowers were happy and satisfied of their colours. Only Jasmine was waiting for the colour he will get. “But I donot have any colour for you.”said the Artist. “I have spent all of them on other flowers, trees and branches.” “Please, the Artist, see all your bags and pockets, maybe you can find some colour even if it is not a beautiful one. I will accept any that you find.”

The Artist found avery old can with white colour that no one wanted. “Sir, I like this colour the most of all. It is so pure and beautiful. Can I have it?”

“Sure,” said the Artist, took a brush and painted Jasmine with the white colour.

6



JAZMÍN

LUKÁŠ SZÁNTO, CLASS 8A

Všetky kvety dostali svoju farbu, okrem Jazmínu. Ale umelec už nemal žiadnu zvyšnú farbu.

Ostatné kvety boli šťastné a spokojné so svojou farbou. Len Jazmín čakal, akú farbu dostane.

„Ale ja už nemám žiadnu farbu,“ povedal umelec. Všetky farby som použil na kvety, stromy a kríky.”

„Prosím, pán maliar, prezrite všetky tašky a vrecká, možno nájdete nejakú farbu, aj keď nebude veľmi pekná. Príjmem akúkoľvek.”

Maliar našiel veľmi starú plechovku s bielou farbou, ktorú nikto nechcel. „Pane, mám rád túto farbu zo všetkých najviac. Je taká čistá a krásna. Môžem ju dostať?” „Samozrejme,“ povedal maliar, vzal štetec a namaľoval Jazmín na bielo.

7



Jasmine

Michal Utl'ák, class 6A

No colour was in the box. Jasmine was sad and dissapointed. He was waiting patiently but nobody painted him. So he went away from the forest and tried to find some artist. But he could not find any.

One day he met a Banana tree. He asked: "Do you know where some artist is? I am without the colour." The Banana tree pointed to the west. So Jasmine went to the west side of the globe. But no artists were there.

On his way he met an Apple tree. He asked: "Dear Apple tree, don't you know where some artists are?" The Apple tree answered: "Over there, in the forest".

He came into the forest and there finally met the artist. The artist said: "Welcome, dear Jasmine! You are with no colour! So what colour would you like?" Jasmine replied: "I wanted to be golden, but now I would like to be yellow! Only yellow..." The artists agreed and Jasmine painted yellow.

After Jasmine came back home, all the flowers admired him and said: "Wow, how amazing colour!" And since that time Jasmine has been the popular flower...



Jazmín

Michal Utl'ák, 6.A

V škatuli nezostala žiadna farba. Jazmín bol smutný a sklamaný. Čakal trpezlivo, ale nikto ho nenamaľoval. Preto odišiel z lesa a snažil sa nájsť nejakého maliara. No žiadneho nenašiel.

Jedného dňa stretol banánovník. Opýtal sa: „Nevieš, kde sú by som našiel nejakého maliara? Som bez farby.“ Banánovník ukázal na západ. A tak sa Jazmín vydal na západnú stranu zemegule. Ale umelcov nenašiel.

Cestou stretol jabloň. Opýtal sa: „Milá jabloň, nevieš, kde sú nejakí maliari“? Strom odpovedal: „Tam, v lese“.

Išiel teda Jazmín do lesa a tam konečne našiel maliara. Maliar povedal: „Vitaj, drahý Jazmín! Veď si bez farby! Aká farbu by sa ti páčila?“ Jazmín odpovedal: „Chcel som byť zlatý, ale teraz chcem byť žltý. Len žltý...!“ Maliar súhlasil a namaľoval Jazmín na žltó.

Keď sa Jazmín vrátil domov, všetky kvety ho obdivovali a hovorili: „Wow, aká úžasná farba!“ A odvtedy je Jazmín obľúbeným kvetom...



Jasmine

Katarína Drangová, class 6A

Jasmine was very sad and angry because he did not get the colour that he had chosen - yellow and gold. He liked the yellow-gold colour very much because it was like the Sun. Jasmine did not like the Artist. When the Artist went home, Jasmine stole the colours of every flower because he wanted the revenge.

But at night he could not sleep because conscience bothered him.

In the morning, when the painter returned, Jasmine explained everything to him and asked him to colour all the flowers again. Jasmine apologized to all the flowers.

The Artist returned colours to all the flowers and decided to give a gift to Jasmine. He gave him his dream of yellow-gold. Jasmine was happy and together with him all the other flowers.

Jasmine finally found friends and even the best friend, too. They were happy until they wilt together.

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Jazmín

Katarína Drangová

Jazmín bol veľmi smutný a nahnevaný, pretože nedostal farbu, ktorú si vybral - žltó-zlatú. Jazmín mal veľmi rád žltó-zlatú farbu, lebo miloval slnko. Nemal rád maliara.

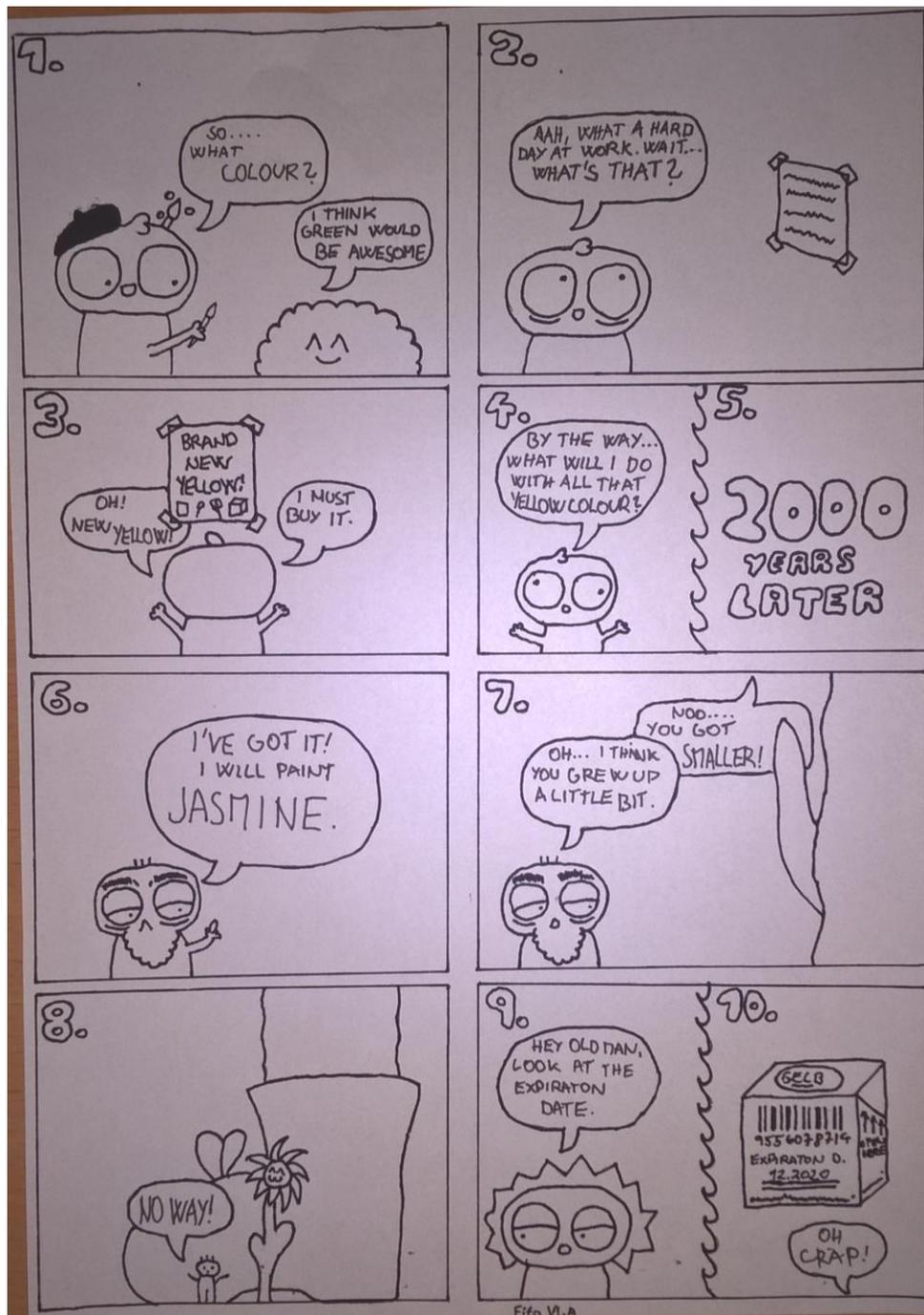
Keď maliar odišiel domov, Jazmín ukradol farby všetkým kvetom. Chcel sa im pomstiť. Avšak v noci nemohol spať, pretože ho trápilo svedomie.

Ráno, keď sa maliar vrátil, Jazmín mu všetko vysvetlil a poprosil ho, aby všetkým kvetom farbu vrátil. Jazmín sa všetkým kvetom ospravedlnil.

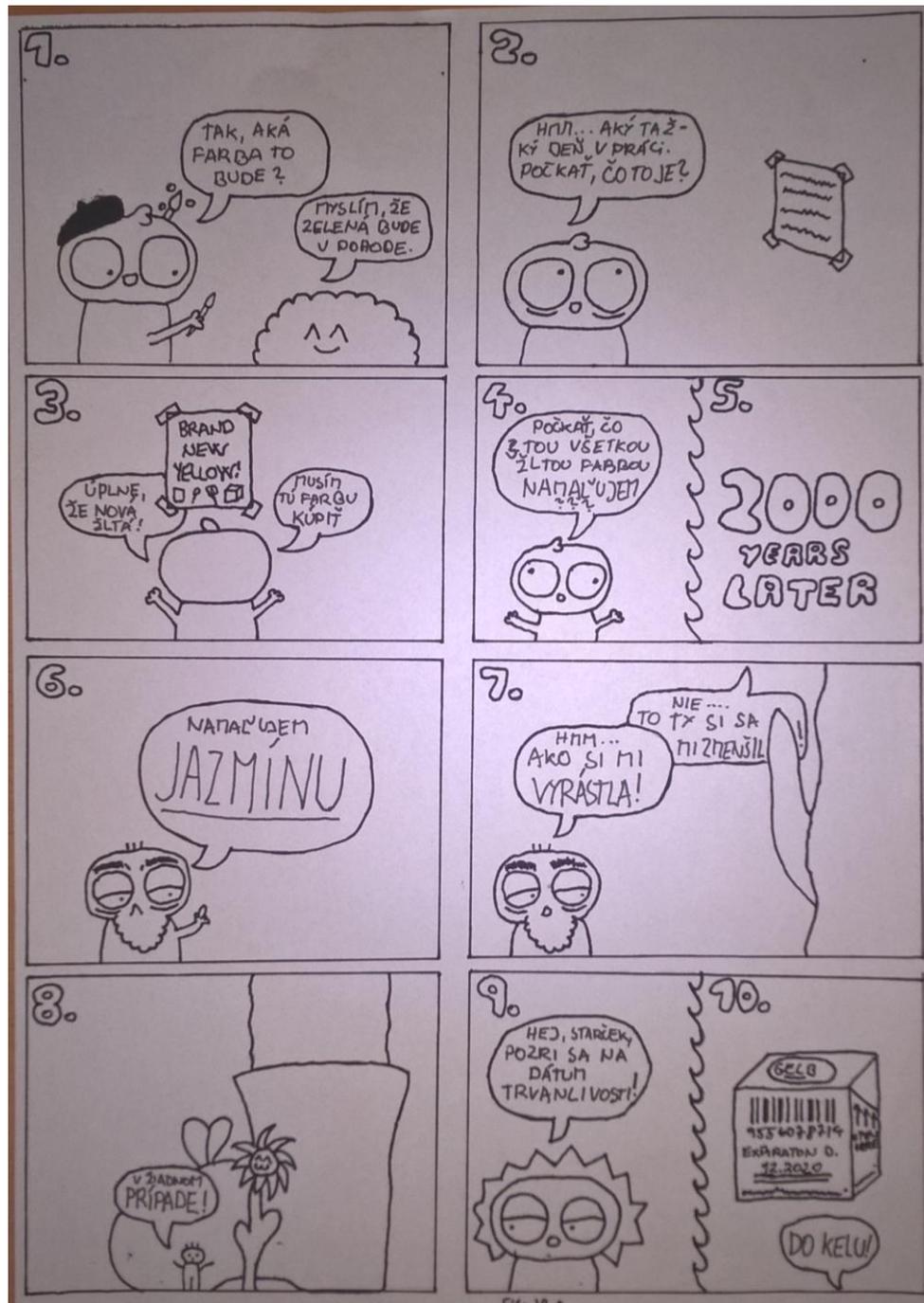
Maliar vrátil farbu všetkým kvetom a rozhodol sa dať Jazmínu dar. Dal mu jeho vysnívanú žltó-zlatú. Jazmín bol šťastný a spolu s ním aj všetky ostatné kvety.

Konečne si Jazmín našiel kamarátov a dokonca si našiel aj najlepšieho kamaráta. Boli šťastní, až kým spolu nezvädli.

Jasmine
Filip Kmec, 6. A



Jazmín
Filip Kmec, 6. A



Jasmine

Class 1A



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Jasmine-

Natália Utl'áková, Viktória Forgáčová, 3A



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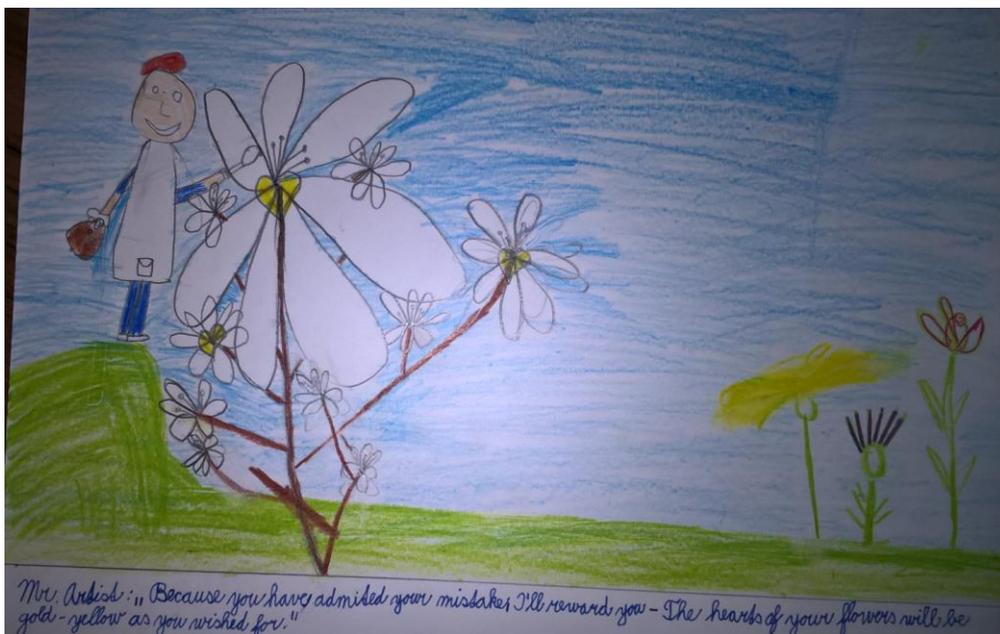


Jasmine

Samuel Halász, Filip Andrejčák, 4A



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Anna Sakse



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Anna Sakse (1905 – 1981) was a Latvian writer best remembered for her fairy tales and children's stories. She also wrote under the names Austra Sēja, Smīns, Trīne Grēciņa and Zane Mežadūja.

She was born into a poor farming family in Vidzeme and studied teaching and Baltic philology at the University of Riga but left without completing a degree. Sakse next worked at translation and proofreading for various publications.

She married Edgars Abzalons. In 1934, she joined the Communist party, then illegal. At the start of World War II, she left for Russia. During this time, she was editor of the Latvian communist journal *Cīņa*. She returned to Latvia in 1944 at the same time as the Soviet army entered the country.

In 1965, she was awarded the title People's Writer of the Latvian SSR. Some of her works appeared in Russian translations before they were published in Latvian. Her works have been translated in several eastern European and Asian languages.

She died in Riga at the age of 76. Her son Evgenii Andreevich Salhias de Tournemire wrote historical novels.



Anna Sakse

Jasmine

Once upon a time – and a very long time ago it was – flowers had no colours. Then one day an Artist arrived with an enormous box of paints and an armful of brushes.

“Come along, all of you, come and choose what colour you’d like to be,” he said to the flowers and the bushes and the trees. They gathered hastily and lined up to peep at the gorgeous bright paints of the Artist.

It so happened that Jasmine grew closest to where the Artist stood, and therefore spoke first, saying he wanted to be yellow-gold, like the hair of the Sun he loved so dearly.

“How dare you squeeze in before Queen Rose?” the Artist cried, pushing Jasmine aside.

“I wasn’t squeezing in anywhere. This is my place, I’ve stood here for years!” Jasmine replied heatedly.

“Well, royalty always comes first. You ought to know that! As a punishment you’ll be the last to choose, and before you beg for it humbly!”

“You’re mistaken, dear Sir! I never beg for anything!”

The Artist took very great trouble over the Roses. Unbelievable, the variety of colours they demanded! Red, and yellow, and pink, and orange. The only colour they spurned was blue-reminds you of country wenches, they said. So blue was left over, and unwilling to waste it, he blotched it all over the Forget-Me-Nots and Cornflowers who had actually asked for crimson. However, the Artist held that it became these children of nature, and I am inclined to agree with him.

The Poppies smiled at the Artist so enticingly that he lavished his best scarlet upon them. The Dahlias ingratiated themselves to him by flattery, whereupon he spent several days selecting for them the subtlest shades and hues.

The simple Nettle was humble; when asked what colour he would like for himself he murmured:

“Anything will do, the gentleman knows best...”

The Artist made his blossoms grey and asked him if he was satisfied.

“Certainly, Sir. You know best what I merit, Sir. We can’t be all equally bright, can we? If we were all as lovely as the Rose, how could anybody tell the Rose was beautiful?”

The Thistle, however, displayed more personality and received a pale purple.



The tiny little pansies clustered about the Artist dropping deep curtsies, and looked so sweet and charming that he imagined them as little girls and painted little girls' faces on their blossoms-gay, and sad, and solemn.

The Apple Tree promised him a basket-full of apples in the autumn, so he painted its petals a delicate pink. He took his time over it, and was careful to climb from branch right to the very top of the tree, so as not to miss a single blossom.

The Lilacs thought up a special way of inducing the Artist to make them beautiful. They sent a delegate who said to him:

“You may come every spring and break off as many of our branches as you wish to give to your sweethearts-oh, I beg your pardon, to your sweetheart, I meant to say. The more branches you break the better we shall grow.”

“What a tactless error to make!” The Artist pushed the speaker to one side, yet his brothers, or most of them, managed to wheedle some lovely colours for themselves.

The Dandelions brought the Artist a cup brimful with milk fresh from their own stems, so he dashed upon them a generous layer of the very same yellow-gold that Jasmine had coveted.

The colour reminded him of Jasmine.

“Well, my lad? What about it?” he said to him sarcastically. “There isn't very much left of this, but if you beg for it very humbly I'll keep it all for you.”

“I'll do nothing of the kind!” Jasmine retorted defiantly.

“What? Don't you know that proud beggars are God's foes?” Jasmine's defiance was beginning to annoy the Artist. “I'll tell you what: if you can't bring yourself to talk humbly you could bend down and bow to me!”

“I'll sooner break than bend!” said proud Jasmine.

The Artist picked up his brush that was still dripping with yellow paint and flicked it into Jasmine's face, shouting:

“What do you think you are, eh? You won't beg, and you won't bend eh? All right, you'll stay as colour less as you are now, for ever and ever!”

That is how Jasmine remained pale and delicate in blossom; and if you try to bend him he will break...

Anna Sakse

Jazmín

Kde bolo tam bolo - a pred veľmi dlhou dobou kvety nemali žiadne farby. Potom jedného dňa Umelec prišiel s obrovskou škatuľou farieb a s náručou plnou štetcov.

"Pod'zte, vy všetci, príd'zte a vyberte si farbu, ktorú by ste chceli mať," povedal kvetinám, kríkom a stromom. Zhromaždili sa náhlivo a zoradili sa, aby nahliadli do nádherných žiarivých farieb Umelca.

Stalo sa, že Jazmín rástol najbližšie k miestu, kde stál umelec, a preto prehovoril prvý, povedal, že chce byť zlato-žltý ako vlasy Slnka, ktoré tak vrúcne miloval.

"Ako sa opovažuješ predbehnúť Kráľovnú Ružu?" zvolal Umelec a odtlačil Jazmín stranou.

"Nepredbehol som nikoho. Toto je moje miesto, stál som tu už roky!" Jazmín odpovedal rozhorčene.

"No, kráľovská rodina je vždy na prvom mieste. Mal by si to vedieť! Ako trest, budeš posledný, ktorý si vyberie farbu a nie skôr ako budeš prosieť o to pokorne!"

"Mýlite sa, drahý pane! Nikdy o nič nežobrem!"

Umelec si dal veľmi veľkú námahu, aby vybral farby pre ruže. Neuveriteľné, aké množstvo farieb požadovali! Červenú a žltú a ružovú a oranžovú. Jediná farba, ktorú zavrhl, bola modrá pripomínajúca oblečenie vidiečanky. Takže modrá bola nazvyš, a nechotný ju premárniť, frkol ju na nezábudky a nevädze, ktoré v skutočnosti žiadali o karmínovú (tmavočervenú). Avšak, Umelec rozhodol, že sa stali deťmi prírody a ja som naklonený súhlasiť s ním.

Maky sa usmiali na umelca tak lákavo, že nešetril svojou najlepšou šarlátovou (jasne červenú) na ne. Georgíny sa mu zavďačili lichôtkami, načo strávil niekoľko dní výberom najjemnejších odtieňov a tónov pre nich.

Jednoduchá pŕhľava bola pokorná; keď sa jej spýtal, akú farbu by si želala pre seba, zamrmlala:

"Ktorákoľvek bude dobrá, pán vie najlepšie ..."

Umelec namaľoval jej kvety na sivo a spýtal sa, či je spokojná.

"Iste, pane. Vy viete najlepšie, čo si zaslúžim, pane. Nemôžeme byť všetky rovnako pestré, všakže? Keby sme boli všetky rovnako krásne ako Ruža, ako by mohol niekto povedať, že Ruža je krásna?"

Bodliak však prejavil viac osobnosti a získal svetlo fialovú.

Malinké sirôtky sa zhlukli okolo Umelca, poklesli v hlboké poklony a vyzerali tak sladko a očarujúco, že on si ich predstavoval ako malé dievčatká a namaľoval tváre malých dievčatiek na ich kvety -veselé a smutné a vážne.

Jabloň mu sľúbila kôš plný jabĺk na jeseň, tak on namaľoval jej lupienky jemne ružové. Vyhradil si na to čas a bol opatrný, liezol z konára priamo na úplný vrchol stromu, aby nevynechal ani jeden kvet.

Orgovány vymysleli jedinečný spôsob, ako prinútiť umelca, aby ich urobil krásne. Poslali svojho zástupcu, ktorý mu povedal:

"Môžete prísť každú jar a odlomiť si toľko konárov koľko si budete želať pre vaše lásky – oh, prepáčte, pre vašu lásku, chcel som povedať. Čím viac konárov odlomíte, o to lepšie porastieme."

"Akej neslušnej chyby ste sa dopustili!" Umelec odtlačil hovorcu nabok, zatiaľ jeho bratom, alebo väčšine z nich sa podarilo získať nejaké krásne farby pre seba.

Púpavy priniesli pre Umelca šálku prekypujúcu čerstvým mliekom z ich vlastných stoniek, takže naffkal na ne výdatnú vrstvu presne tej samej zlato-žltej, po ktorej túžil Jazmín.

Farba mu pripomenula Jazmín.

"Nuž, môj chlapče? Čo s tým? " Povedal mu uštipačne. "Nezvýšilo sa z nej už veľa, ale ak veľmi pokorne o ňu poprosíš, ponechám celú pre teba."

"Neurobím nič také!" Jazmín odvrkol vzdorovito.

"Čo? Nevieš, že hrdí zobráci sú Boží nepriatelia?" Vzdor Jazmína začal hnevať Umelca. "Poviem ti, čo: ak nedokážeš prinútiť seba rozprávať pokorne, mohol by si sa zohnúť a pokloniť sa!"

"Skôr sa zlomím než sa ohnem!" Povedal pyšný Jazmín.

Umelec zdvihol svoj štetec, z ktorého ešte stále kvapkala žltá farba a švihol s ním do tváre Jazmína a kričal:

"Čo si myslíš, že si, eh? Nebudeš prosiť a nezohneš sa, eh? V poriadku, zostaneš tak bezfarebný aký si teraz, na veky večné! "

Tak sa stalo, že Jazmín zostal bledý a jemný v kvete; a ak sa ho pokúsíte ohnúť, zlomí sa ...