


PRO POKROČILÉ ★★★

**Karel Jaromír Erben**

Vybrané balady jako prózu převyprávěla Alena Kuzmová



THE  
BOUQUET  
SLAVIC  
LEGENDS

KYTICE – SLOVANSKÉ POVĚSTI

vysvětlení gramatických jevů  
otázky pro porozumění textu  
vhodné pro žáky i samouky



text namluvili rodilí angličtí a američtí herci

edika.

# The Bouquet – Slavic Legends

## Kytice – slovanské pověsti

Vyšlo také v tištěné verzi

Objednat můžete na  
[www.edika.cz](http://www.edika.cz)  
[www.albatrosmedia.cz](http://www.albatrosmedia.cz)



**Karel Jaromír Erben**  
**The Bouquet – Kytice – e-kniha**  
Copyright © Albatros Media a. s., 2016

Všechna práva vyhrazena.  
Žádná část této publikace nesmí být rozšiřována  
bez písemného souhlasu majitelů práv.

  
**ALBATROS MEDIA** a.s.

**Karel Jaromír Erben**

# **The Bouquet – Slavic Legends**

## **Kytice – slovanské pověsti**

---

**Vybrané balady jako prózu převyprávěla Alena Kuzmová**

**Edika  
Brno  
2016**

# CONTENTS

<b>Předmluva</b> .....	<b>5</b>
<b>The Treasure</b> .....	<b>7</b>
<b>The Wedding Shirts</b> .....	<b>15</b>
<b>The Willow Tree</b> .....	<b>23</b>
<b>The Golden Spinning Wheel</b> .....	<b>29</b>
<b>Christmas Eve</b> .....	<b>39</b>
<b>The Noon Witch</b> .....	<b>45</b>
<b>Záhoř's Bed</b> .....	<b>49</b>
<b>The Water Goblin</b> .....	<b>63</b>
<b>Answers to the comprehension questions</b> .....	<b>69</b>
<b>Grammatical forms</b> .....	<b>79</b>

## Předmluva

K. J. Erben (7. 11. 1811 – 21. 11. 1870) patřil k významným představitelům literárního romantismu. Je znám především jako sběratel lidové poezie. Nejvíce proslul sbírkou *Kytice z pověstí národních*, vydanou poprvé roku 1853 a podruhé v roce 1861 v rozšířené verzi s názvem *Kytice z básní K. J. Erbena*. Zkrácený název sbírky je *Kytice* a obsahuje dvanáct básní oddílu Pověstí národní, jimž předchází úvodní báseň *Kytice*. Je to jediná sbírka básní, kterou K. J. Erben vydal. Jejím podkladem jsou staré slovanské lidové báje. Námětem básní je vesměs provinění člověka, které je nadmíru krutě potrestáno řízením nadpřirozených bytostí či osudu. Sbírkou *Kytice* nepochybně náleží do pokladnice české literatury a zapsala se již do srdcí mnoha generací. Baladické básně inspirovaly v roce 2000 režiséra F. A. Brabce k natočení filmu oceněného čtyřmi Českými lvy.

Knihou *The Bouquet – Slavic Legends* vznikla prozaickým ztvárněním a překladem do anglického jazyka několika vybraných básní z *Kytice*. Jistě ji ocení všichni studenti anglického jazyka, kteří čtou rádi romantické příběhy plné napětí. Zaujme vás nová forma zpracování Erbenových balad, které již důvěrně znáte. Příběhy si budete moci tentokrát přečíst ve zjednodušené angličtině. Za každým příběhem najdete anglicko-český slovníček, který vám pomůže porozumět obtížnějším pasážím. Každou kapitolu uzavírá oddíl “The comprehension questions”, obsahující řadu otázek k příběhu. Pomocí odpovědí na tyto otázky můžete pak zkusit příběh vyprávět. Správnost svých odpovědí si ověříte v oddíle “Answers to the comprehension questions”. V závěrečné části, “Grammatical forms”, si můžete osvěžit nejdůležitější gramatické jevy ve vzorových větách vybraných z příběhů.

Milí čtenáři, přála bych si, abyste s touto knihou strávili příjemné chvíle. Připomeňte si jejím prostřednictvím třeba již poněkud zapomenuté balady ze sbírky *Kytice*, procvičte se v četbě anglického jazyka a možná se i naučíte vyprávět tyto pověsti svým dětem v angličtině.

Vaše

Alena Kuzmová



"Oh, Mother of God, help me!" the woman cried out anxiously as she hurried out of the cave.

# The Treasure

A big bell rang out from a little village church on a hillock. It was Good Friday and all the believers in the village were walking in a crowd to prayers. Meanwhile, a white dress flashed through the bushes. It was a young woman carrying her two-year-old child in her arms, hurrying to church. She went faster and faster, since the Passion of the Lord Jesus had already begun.

The woman knew the path through the woods very well. She'd already walked on it many times before. Now, however, she had to stop. There was something strange there. A great cliff jutted into the path, and it was wide open. Somewhere deep in its core glared a bright light. The woman gazed at it in wonder, unable to believe her eyes. 'There used to be just a big rock on this path. Where has the cliff come from?' she wondered. The woman approached the entrance and had to clap a hand over her eyes. How harsh the glow emanating from that bright place was! Every now and then it shone like the moon's clear glow at night, on and off it was like the sunset in the west. 'I wonder what it is. What a strange glare!' she thought. First she was scared to go in. Then, however, she was overcome by curiosity and took a step towards the glare.

As she was approaching the bright place, the glare grew stronger. The woman had to cover her face. When she got nearer, suddenly she saw an entire splendid scene. She had come into a wonderful hall. Its walls shone with gold, the ceiling was lined with rubies, and the columns under the ceiling were made of crystal. On the marble floor flickered two fires: the moon's fire above a pile of silver on the left and the sun's fire above a pile of gold on the right. The hall was alight in the glare of the flames, which revealed this splendid treasure. 'There can't be such beauty even in heaven,' the woman thought in astonishment. She stood for a while, dazzled by the flames, carrying her child on her left arm and rubbing her eyes with her right hand.

When she'd got over the astonishment, she thought: 'Good God! I have to suffer hunger and poverty while such a huge treasure lies hidden here. There's so much silver and gold here underground. I could just take a fistful of this heap and I'd be rich. My little son and I would be so happy!' The woman blessed herself and mustered up the courage to go closer to the shining jewelry. She picked up a piece of silver, but immediately put it back on the ground. Then she picked it up again and put it into the pocket of her apron. 'This must be the hand of God. He's shown me the treasure to make me happy. It would be a sin not to take

advantage of it,' she thought. And so she put her little son on the ground and started to take silver from the heap. When she'd gathered a pocketful of silver jewelry, she filled up her headscarf too. Then, as if in a daze, she turned to leave. At that moment she noticed her child. "Mummy!" her little son shouted to her. "Mummy! Mummy!" he repeated, stretching out his arms towards his mum. "Be silent, my son. I can't carry you. Wait a bit. Your mummy will come back for you," she soothed him and turned to run out of the hall.

The woman emerged from the cave, and beaming with joy, she hurried through the woods to her shack. No sooner had she put the silver into her chest than she hurried back to the cave. Her little son greeted her, laughing joyfully: "Ha! Ha! Mummy!" he called, clapping his little hands. However, his mum took no notice of him. She ran to the opposite wall, which twinkled with gold. She quickly scooped gold jewelry into her apron and headscarf. Her heart leapt for joy and she didn't notice her little son, who had started to cry. "Mummy! Mummy!" he moaned, and stretched out his arms towards his mum. "Stop crying, my son! Be silent and wait for a little while. Look what your mummy has," she said and threw two small gold coins into his lap. "Ding-a-ling! Can you hear how it jingles? Be silent and play, and I'll be back in a little while," she soothed him, and ran out of the cave again, hurrying through the woods to her sorry little shack. "Oh, you shabby shanty. I won't need you any more. I'll go away from these dark woods. I'll move to a better country where happiness is in store for me. I'll go to a big town and buy a castle and I'll become a noblewoman. I'm not a poor widow any more," the woman thought, and she looked with pleasure into the pocket of her apron. If only she hadn't done so! She turned pale with fright and nearly fainted. "What strange magic!" she cried out. She quickly ran into her closet and opened the chest where she'd put the silver. What a shock! Instead of silver, she saw nothing but a heap of stones, and in her headscarf and apron she only had clay. "Poor me!" the woman started moaning. "Forgive me, God. I didn't deserve your blessing," she cried, wringing her hands over the loss. Then suddenly, as if something had stabbed her in the heart, she remembered her little son. "Oh, my child! My dear child!" she called out in the thick forest. With a horrible foreboding the woman dashed through the woods and towards the hillock on which the little church stood.

The singing in the church had already stopped when the woman reached the place where the cliff had been before. Now, however, instead of the cliff there was only a big rock on the path. "What a trick and illusion! Where's the hall?"



the woman cried out in horror. She started running around, looking for the opening in the brush and among the trees, desperately hoping that she'd missed the path. "Woe is me! It's not here either," she cried in despair. Her body was scratched by the brush, her feet were pierced with thorns, but it was all in vain. The entrance had disappeared. When the woman realized what had happened, she cried out in horror again: "Oh, who'll give me my child back? Oh, my dear son, where are you?" At that moment a soft voice whispered in the wind: "I'm here, deep under the ground. Nobody can see or hear me. I am at peace here, without food or drink. I'm sitting on a floor of marble, and my lap is filled with pure gold. There's neither day nor night here. I can just play! Ding-a-ling! Can't you hear how it jingles?" Hearing the voice, the woman threw herself onto the ground and started looking for her little son again, tearing her hair out until she was bloody and deathly pale. The thick forest echoed her moaning: "Woe is me! My dear child, where are you? Where can I find you, my son?"

Days, weeks and months went by and summer had arrived. The bell in the little church kept ringing, inviting the village people to mass. Day after day, a woman with a bent head came to church. She always knelt down and prayed silently. Her face and lips were pale and she was very sad. After the mass, the woman usually went to the woods and stood at a place where a big rock lay on the path. There she only sighed: "Oh, my child!" and her eyes were filled with tears again and again. Day and night people could hear her moaning: "Woe is me! Forgive me, good God!" She could never find peace.

Summer, autumn and winter elapsed. Sadly, the grief in the poor mother's heart hadn't abated. Even the first rays of the spring sun, which warmed up the earth, couldn't bring a smile to her lips. Good Friday had come again and the big bell from the little church on the hillock invited the village people to prayers. The Passion of the Lord Jesus could be heard from within the church. A sad figure with a bent head drifted through the bushes. No, this time the woman wasn't in a hurry. Her step was burdened by painful memories of what had happened a year before. She walked on the path where the big rock had always lain. But what did she see now? Instead of the rock, there was a great cliff in its place. The entrance into the cliff was wide open and a bright light emanated from its core. The woman's hair stood on end with fright. At that moment she was beset by sorrow and guilt. She was beside herself with fear, but she entered all the same, and with new hope she started running into the core of the cliff. She soon found herself once again in that familiar, magnificent hall. Its walls shone

with gold, the ceiling was lined with rubies and the columns under the ceiling were made of crystal. On the marble floor flickered two fires: the moon's fire on the left and the sun's fire on the right. The woman approached in fear and hope, looking around the room. Was she attracted by silver or gold? Oh no, she didn't care for the jewelry any more. "Ha, ha! Mummy! Ha, ha! Mummy!" the woman heard all of a sudden. "Oh, my child, my dear son! I've been grieving for you the whole year," she cried out and in a desperate hurry she took her child in her arms. She immediately started running out of the cave, and heard a horrible creaking, then a great din as the hall behind her fell into ruin. "Oh, Mother of God, help me!" the woman cried out anxiously as she hurried out of the cave. And what happened then? Everything went silent, and a big rock lay on the path just as before. The cliff and the opening into its core had disappeared without a trace. At the church, the Passion of the Lord Jesus had just finished.

The woman frantically ran through the woods, pressing her child to her breast. She kept running until she stopped in front of her sorry little shack. "Oh, my good God, thank you, thank you!" she cried out in tears, kissing her child's forehead, little hands and lips, drowning in happiness. Then suddenly something sparkled in her little son's lap. "Oh, this is the pure gold which I gave you a year ago so that you could play! How much sorrow I've experienced for the sake of the gold! I've cried my eyes out. I don't care for jewelry any more. You are the most precious treasure for me, my son."

A long time has passed since then, and long ago the little church was pulled down and the forest was cut down for lumber. But the people of the village still tell the story of the widow and her treasure.

## Vocabulary

<b>abate</b> [ə'beɪt]	polevit, utiřit se	<b>flicker</b> ['flɪkə]	plápolat (oheň)
<b>apron</b> ['eɪprən]	zástěra	<b>for the sake</b> [seɪk] <b>of</b>	kvůli (čemu, komu)
<b>be beside oneself</b>	být bez sebe strachem	<b>foreboding</b> [fo:'bɔ:ɪdɪŋ]	nebláhá předtucha
<b>with fear</b> [fɪə]		<b>forehead</b> ['fo: , hed]	čelo
<b>be in a daze</b> [deɪz]	být jako omámený	<b>frantically</b> ['fræntɪkəlɪ]	zoufale
<b>be in store</b> [sto:] <b>for sb</b>	čekat na koho (v budoucnu)	<b>gather</b> ['gæðə]	nasbírat
<b>be in vain</b> [veɪn]	být marný	<b>gaze</b> ['geɪz]	upřeně hledět
<b>beaming with joy</b>	rozradostněný	<b>glare</b> [gleə]	záře; zářit
[ 'bi:mɪŋ wɪð 'dʒɔɪ]		<b>glow</b> [gləʊ]	záře
<b>bent</b> [bent]	sklopený (hlava)	<b>go by</b> [gəʊ 'baɪ]	uplynout (čas)
<b>bless</b> [bles] <b>oneself</b>	pokřizovat se	<b>Good Friday</b> [gud 'fraɪdeɪ]	Velký pátek
<b>blessing</b> ['blesɪŋ]	požehnutí	<b>grieve</b> [gri:v] <b>for sb</b>	trápit se pro koho
<b>bloody</b> ['blɒdɪ]	zkrvavený	<b>guilt</b> [gɪlt]	vina
<b>breast</b> [brest]	hrud', prsa	<b>hand of God</b> [hænd əv 'gɒd]	prst Boží
<b>brush</b> [brʌʃ]	kleští; houští	<b>harsh</b> [hɑ:ʃ]	ostrý (světlo)
<b>burden</b> ['bɜ:dn]	zatížit	<b>He disappeared</b>	Nezbylo po něm ani památky.
<b>bushes</b> ['buʃɪz]	houští, křoví	<b>without a trace</b> [treɪs].	
<b>cave</b> [keɪv]	jeskyně	<b>headscarf</b> ['hed , ska:ɹf]	šátek na hlavu
<b>chest</b> [tʃest]	truhla	<b>heap</b> ['hi:p]	hromada
<b>clay</b> [kleɪ]	hlína	<b>Her hair stood on</b>	Naježily se jí hrůzou vlasy.
<b>cliff</b> [klɪf]	skála	<b>end with fright.</b>	
<b>closet</b> ['kloʊzɪt]	komora	<b>hillock</b> ['hɪlək]	pahorek
<b>core</b> [ko:]	nitro	<b>illusion</b> [ɪ'lu:ʒən]	mámení, klam
<b>creaking</b> ['kri:kiŋ]	skřípot, vrzání	<b>in astonishment</b>	v úžasu
<b>cry one's eyes</b> [aɪz] <b>out</b>	moci si vyplakat oči	[ə'stonɪʃmənt]	
<b>crystal</b> ['krɪstl]	křišťál	<b>in despair</b> [ɪn dɪs'peə]	v zoufalství
<b>cut down</b> [kʌt 'daʊn]	pokácet	<b>jewelry</b> ['dʒu:əlri]	drahokamy, klenoty
<b>dash</b> [dæʃ]	letět, pádit	<b>jingle</b> ['dʒɪŋɡl]	cinkat
<b>dazzle</b> ['dæzəl]	oslepený	<b>joyfully</b> ['dʒɔɪfəlɪ]	radostně
<b>deathly pale</b> ['deθli , peɪl]	bledý jako smrt	<b>jut</b> [dʒʌɪ]	vychývat
<b>desperate</b> ['despəɪt]	zoufalý	<b>kneel down</b> [ni:l 'daʊn]	pokleknout
<b>din</b> [dɪn]	lomez	<b>lap</b> [læp]	klín (část těla)
<b>ding-a-ling</b> [, dɪŋ ə 'lɪŋ]	cililink	<b>lined with rubies</b>	vyložený rubíny
<b>drowning in happiness</b>	tonoucí ve štěstí	[ , laɪnd wɪð 'ru:bɪz]	
[ 'draʊnɪŋ ɪn 'hæpɪnɪs]		<b>lumber</b> ['lʌmbə]	dříví
<b>echo</b> ['ekəʊ]	ozývat se	<b>magic</b> ['mædʒɪk]	kouzlo
<b>elapse</b> [ɪ'leɪps]	uplynout (čas)	<b>magnificent</b> [mæg'nɪfɪsənt]	nádherný, velkolepý
<b>emanate</b> [emə , neɪt]	vyzařovat	<b>marble</b> ['mɑ:bl] <b>floor</b>	mramorová podlaha
<b>every now and then</b>	chvillemi, občas	<b>mass</b> [mæs]	mše
<b>faint</b> [feɪnt]	omdlít	<b>meanwhile</b> ['mi:n , waɪl]	zatím
<b>fistful</b> ['fɪstfʊl]	hrst	<b>moan</b> [məʊn]	nařikat
<b>flash</b> [flæʃ]	mihnout se	<b>moon</b> [mu:n]	měsíc, luna

<b>mummy</b> ['mami]	<i>maminka</i>	<b>She was beset</b> [bi'set]	<i>Zmocnilo se ji hoře.</i>
<b>murmur</b> ['mɜ:mə]	<i>mumlat, šumět</i>	<b>by sorrow</b> ['sorəu].	
<b>noblewoman</b>	<i>šlechtična</i>	<b>She was overcome by curiosity</b> [, kjuəri'ositi].	<i>Přemohla ji zvědavost.</i>
[ 'nəubl , wumən]		<b>silver</b> ['silvə]	<i>stříbro</i>
<b>on and off</b>	<i>chvílemi</i>	<b>sin</b> [sin]	<i>hřích</i>
<b>opening</b> ['əʊpənɪŋ]	<i>otvor</i>	<b>soft voice</b> [softi 'vois]	<i>tichý hlas</i>
<b>Passion</b> ['pæʃən] <b>of the</b>	<i>pašije k umučení Ježíše</i>	<b>sorry</b> ['sori]	<i>nuzný</i>
<b>Lord Jesus</b> [lo:d 'dži:zəs]		<b>splendid</b> ['splendid]	<i>velkolepý</i>
<b>path</b> [pa:θ]	<i>stezka</i>	<b>suffer</b> ['sʌfə]	<i>trpět, zakoušet</i>
<b>pierced</b> [piəst]	<i>propíchaný</i>	<b>sunset</b> ['san , set]	<i>západ slunce</i>
<b>pile</b> [pail]	<i>hromada</i>	<b>take advantage of sth</b>	<i>využít čeho</i>
<b>pocketful</b> ['pokitful]	<i>plná kapsa</i>	<b>tear</b> ['teə] <b>one's hair out</b>	<i>rvát si vlasy</i>
<b>Poor</b> ['puə] <b>me!</b>	<i>Já nešťastnice!</i>	<b>thick forest</b> [θik 'forist]	<i>hluboký les</i>
<b>poverty</b> ['povəti]	<i>nouze</i>	<b>thorn</b> [θo:n]	<i>trn</i>
<b>pray</b> [prei]	<i>modlit se</i>	<b>treasure</b> ['treʒə]	<i>poklad</i>
<b>prayer</b> ['preə]	<i>modlitba</i>	<b>trick</b> [trik]	<i>úskok</i>
<b>precious</b> ['preʃəs]	<i>vzácný</i>	<b>turn pale</b> [tɜ:n 'peil]	<i>zblednout leknutím</i>
<b>pull down</b> [pul 'daun]	<i>zbořit</i>	<b>with fright</b> [fraɪt]	
<b>pure gold</b> ['pjʊə , gəʊld]	<i>ryzí zlato</i>	<b>twinkle</b> ['twiŋkl]	<i>třpytit se</i>
<b>ring out</b> [riŋ 'aʊt]	<i>rozeznít se</i>	<b>Where has the cliff</b>	<i>Kde se tu vzala ta skála?</i>
<b>rock</b> [rok] ( <i>Amer.</i> )	<i>kámen, balvan</i>	<b>come from?</b>	
<b>scoop</b> [sku:p]	<i>nabírat</i>	<b>widow</b> ['widəu]	<i>vdova</i>
<b>scorn</b> [sko:n]	<i>pohrdnout</i>	<b>Woe</b> [wəʊ] <b>is me!</b>	<i>Běda mi!</i>
<b>scratched</b> [skræçt]	<i>podrápaný</i>	<b>wring</b> [riŋ] <b>one's</b>	<i>lomit rukama</i>
<b>shabby</b> ['ʃæbi]	<i>nuzný, ošumělý</i>	<b>hands</b>	
<b>shack</b> [ʃæk]	<i>chýše</i>		
<b>shanty</b> ['ʃənti]	<i>chatrč</i>		

## The comprehension questions:

---

1. Why was the woman surprised to see the cliff in the wood?
2. What was it that tempted the woman into the cave?
3. What did the woman find in the core of the cliff?
4. **‘It would be a sin not to take advantage of it,’ she thought.**  
What does “it” mean in this sentence? What did the woman do afterwards?
5. Why couldn’t the woman carry her little son when leaving the cave?
6. **“Oh, you shabby shanty. I won’t need you any more.”**  
Why did the woman think that?
7. What did the woman see in the pocket of her apron and in her chest instead of gold and silver jewelry?
8. **“Forgive me, God. I didn’t deserve your blessing,” she cried.**  
What did the woman blame herself for?
9. **“Woe is me! It’s not here either,” she cried in despair.**  
What was the woman looking for?
10. **“Woe is me! My dear child, where are you? Where can I find you, my son?”**  
Why did the woman moan like that?
11. When did the cliff and the entrance into its core appear again?
12. How did the woman feel when she entered the cave a year later? Who did she find there?
13. **“Oh, Mother of God, help me!” the woman cried out anxiously.**  
What happened after she’d said this?
14. **“I don’t care for jewelry any more.”**  
Why did the woman change her attitude to the treasure?



“Now look at me, don’t fear, and jump after that bundle across that wall,” he encouraged the girl.

## The Wedding Shirts

This ghost story happened one dark night. That night the moon was watching over a small village from above, like a big bright eye. The lights in every dwelling had already gone out except for a small house at the edge of the woods. The clock in one of its little rooms had already struck eleven, but a lamp above the kneeler was still shining. A young girl could be seen through the little window, kneeling below a picture of the Virgin Mary. The girl's head was bowed and her hands were crossed on her chest. Tears trickled down her cheeks and every so often they made her dress wet. The girl moaned: "Oh, my dear father, where are you? The grass grows on your grave. And where are you, my mother? You are lying by my father. And what about you, my little sister? Why did you pass away so young? And you, my dear brother, what bullet killed you on the battlefield?" Thus the girl complained about her lonely fate.

"And where did you go, my love?" the girl continued her lament. "You comforted me before you went away. You told me to sow some flax seeds and think of you every day. I did everything as you said. The first year, I spun the flax, the second year, I wove the linen, and the third year, I sewed the shirts. You told me when the shirts were finished, I should weave myself a wedding crown. Everything is finished; the shirts are in my chest and my crown is already dry, and you are still somewhere far away. You've disappeared like a stone in the sea. I've already been waiting for three years, but I don't know whether you are still alive," the girl lamented. Then, suddenly, she fixed her eyes on Mary, and began to plead: "Oh, Mary almighty, help me, please. Bring back my love from abroad. Either bring him back to me or cut my life short. I don't want to live without him. Oh, Mary, almighty Mother of God, stand by me in my sorrow."

At that moment the picture on the wall moved. The girl cried out in terror. The lamp sputtered out. 'Maybe it was just a draught of wind,' thought the girl. 'But what if it was a bad omen?' Then suddenly someone knocked on the little window. "Are you sleeping, my girl, or are you awake?" she could hear her boyfriend's voice. "I am back from abroad. Don't you recognize me? Or have you forgotten about me? Maybe you love someone else," sounded the voice. The girl couldn't believe her ears. Her heart leapt for joy. "Oh, my love, is it really you? You know that my heart has always beaten only for you. I've just been praying for you," she said soulfully. "Oh, my girl, quit praying and hurry up! . I've come to fetch you, my bride. Just look at the bright moon! It'll light the way for us,"

said the voice impatiently. “Oh dear! What are you saying?” exclaimed the girl in surprise. “Where would we go in the dark night? Can’t you hear the wind raging? Let’s wait until it’s daylight,” she suggested. “It makes no difference if it’s day or night,” answered the voice. “I’m tired and I sleep in the daytime. We’ll be married before the first roosters crow. Just stop worrying and hurry up! This very night you’ll be my wife,” the voice outside promised the girl.

It was the thick of night, and only the moon lit the sky. There was silence all around except for the raging wind. And in the dark night, two pilgrims marched; he walked ahead and she a step after him. In the silence, dogs howled as they picked up the travellers’ scent. It was as if they wanted to say that a dead man was nearby. “It’s a fine, clear night, my love. About this time, the dead climb out of their graves. Before you know where you are, they are close to you. My love, do you feel no fear?” asked the man. “Why should I fear?” said the girl. “You’re by my side, and God’s eye watches over me. But tell me, my darling, if your father is still alive. And will your mother be happy to meet me?” the girl wanted to know. “Oh, my dear, you want to know a lot. Come quickly and all will soon be clear. But hurry, time doesn’t wait and we have a long way to go,” the man told his bride. “Love, what’s that in your right hand?” he asked then. “I’ve brought some prayer books,” she answered. “Oh, throw them away right now!” he ordered. “Those prayers are heavier than stones. Throw them away so you can keep up with me,” he said. Then he seized her books and threw them away, and at once they covered ten miles.

They kept on walking and their journey wound through hills, thick forests and along the rocks. Wild dogs barked all around, as if they had picked up the scent of some nearby misfortune. And the man always went ahead, while the girl hurried after him. Her white feet hurt from the wretched journey and left bloody tracks behind on the thorny bushes and stones. Then suddenly the man spoke to his young companion again. “It’s a nice, clear night, my love. At this time the dead walk among the living. Before you know where you are, they’re close to you. My darling, do you feel no fear?” “Why should I fear?” said the girl. “You’re by my side and God’s hand shelters me. But tell me, my love, what is your house like? Is it furnished well? A clean and bright room? And is the church nearby?” “You want to know a lot, my love,” he answered. “You’ll see everything this very night. Just hurry up, there’s little time and we’ve a long way to go. What’s that round your waist, my dear?” he asked his bride. “I’ve brought along my rosary,” she said. “Oh, it twists around you like a snake and cuts off your breath. Throw



it away! There's no time to lose," he said. Then he seized her rosary and threw it away and they flew twenty miles at one bound.

Now their journey wound through lowlands, across meadows, streams and moors. There were blue jack-o'-lanterns fluttering and wheeling around in two rows of nine, over the moor. It was as if they were accompanying a corpse to the grave. The frogs in the stream croaked a strange funeral song. And the man always went ahead, while the girl followed him. Her legs were already growing weak, and her bloody feet, cut by the sharp grass, stained the ferns. And the man spoke to his young bride again. "It's a fine, clear night. Just now, the living go to their graves. Before you know where you are, the grave is near. Aren't you afraid, my darling?" "Oh no, I'm not. You're by my side and God's will shelters me," the girl answered. "Just don't hurry so much and let me have a short rest. I'm exhausted, my legs are failing and pain, like a knife, is stabbing into my heart," she begged. "Don't be afraid, my girl, we'll soon be there," he comforted her. "The feast is ready, our guests await. And time flies quickly. But what are you wearing on that string around your neck?" he asked. "A cross from my mother," the girl answered. "Oh, that damned bit of gold! Its sharp edges prick you and they do the same to me. Throw it away and you'll feel like a bird!" he said as he grabbed the little cross and threw it away. Within a moment they flew thirty miles at one bound.

Then, all of a sudden, a tall building appeared on the wide plain. Its windows were long and narrow and a bell tower soared from its roof. "Hey, my girl – we're here at last! Can't you see it?" the man asked his bride. "Good heavens! That church, perhaps?" asked the girl in terror. "A church? No, that's my castle!" the man cried out. "That graveyard and the rows of crosses?" asked the girl nervously. "Those aren't crosses, that's my orchard!" exclaimed the man with laughter. "Hey there, my darling, look at me and leap over this wall!" he encouraged his bride. The girl was seized with terror. "Oh no, leave me alone! Your eyes are wild and horrible. Your breath is as fetid as poison and your hands are icy hard as death," she said with disgust. "There's no need to fear, my darling," said the man encouragingly. "We'll have great fun at my place. There's plenty of everything there, plenty of meat, but no blood. Tonight it's going to be different, though. What have you got in that bundle, my love?" he asked. "Those are the shirts that I have sewn," the girl answered. "We won't need more than two: that's one for you, and one for me," said the man. Laughing, he took her bundle and tossed it onto the grave beyond the fence. "Now look at me, don't fear, and jump after that

bundle across that wall,” he encouraged the girl. “But you’ve gone ahead and I’ve followed you all this way up till now,” answered the girl. “So be the first to jump and show me the way again,” she suggested. Not suspecting a trick, the man leapt over the fence. The girl took advantage of that moment and started running away. Only her white dress was visible in the darkness as it flowed around her in her flight. Her evil companion couldn’t see that there was a shelter close by.

The girl slipped into a little building, whose door wasn’t locked. There weren’t any windows in the room, merely moonlight flashing through the cracks. She hastily bolted the door, shaking like a leaf and begging God for help. Then she fixed her eyes on an odd shape in the middle of the room. She went closer and almost fainted in horror. It was a corpse lying on a board. Then suddenly some strange noise could be heard outside. The monsters from the graves started running around, clattering their jaws and singing their song: “The corpse belongs in the grave’s dark hole, woe to him who neglects his soul!” And then someone knocked at the door of the girl’s shelter. “Hey, dead man, stand up and draw back that bolt for me!” sounded the horrible voice. And the girl recognized it was her evil companion at the door. At his command the dead man opened his eyes, raised his head, and looked around. In despair the girl began to pray earnestly: “Good God, help me! Don’t give me up to Satan’s power! Dead man, lie down, and do not rise. God grant you eternal peace!” said the girl in mortal fear. And the dead man lay down and shut his eyes as before. But her evil groom knocked at the door again. “Hey, dead man, stand up and open your room for me!” he ordered. And the corpse rose from the board and with his stiff arm pointed to the bolt on the door. The girl cried out in horror: “Oh, save my soul, Lord Jesus Christ! Have mercy in my hour of need! Dead man, lie down, and do not stand. God comfort you and me too,” she said. And the dead man lay down again and stretched his limbs, just as before. However, the evil companion outside wasn’t going to surrender. He pounded on the door even more fiercely. “Hey! Dead man, stand up and give me that living girl!” he shouted. Oh, poor, poor girl! The dead man got up for a third time and fixed his big, bleary eyes on the poor maid. She was half-dead with fright, but she gathered her strength and started praying: “Oh, Mary, stand by me, plead with your dear Son for me. Forgive me for my wicked prayer. Forgive my sin! Oh, free me, Mary, Mother of grace, from evil.” And lo! A rooster began to crow nearby and soon all the roosters in the village responded. And the dead man, just as fast as he’d risen before, suddenly fell to

Toto je pouze náhled elektronické knihy. Zakoupení její plné verze je možné v elektronickém obchodě společnosti eReading.