

České pohádky pro malé děti

Czech fairy Tales
for Small Children

anglicko-české vydání



České pohádky pro malé děti – angličtina

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Eva Mrázková, Ailsa Marion Randall
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*The bell rings,
the tale begins...*

*Zvoneček zazvoní,
pohádka začíná...*





Content

Obsah





The Gingerbread House.....	8
O perníkové chaloupce	9
The Big Beet.....	22
O veliké řepě.....	23
Little Red Riding Hood	28
Červená karkulka.....	29
The Doughnut	40
O koblížkovi	41





The Naughty Goats.....	50
O neposlušných kůzlátkách.....	51
Lazybones	58
O Budulínkovi	59
The Cockerel and the Hen	70
O kohoutkovi a slepičce	71
Tom Thumb.....	80
O Palečkovi.....	81





How the Old Man Swapped Until He Dropped.....	92
Jak dědeček měnil, až vyměnil	93
The Twelve Months	108
O dvanácti měsíčkách.....	109
Salt Above Gold.....	124
Sůl nad zlato	125
The Clever Mountain Girl.....	144
Chytrá horákyně	145



The Gingerbread House

A lumberjack lived happily in a cottage near a forest with his wife and children, Hansel and Gretel. They were poor, but the father tried to take care of his family as best as he could. At dawn he would go into the forest to cut down trees and he often returned home late in the evening. The children spent their days at home with their mother trying to help her with everything; they tried even more when they noticed that their mother had become ill. She started to waste away and nothing could help her and, in time, she was struck down by a terrible disease.

Before he had overcome his grief, the father brought a new mother to the children. The children were still small and could not be at home on their own when he went out to work. So he got married, but soon regretted it. The new wife initially put on an act and tried to please everyone, but in fact she was evil and she didn't like the children or their father. The children were afraid of her and the father also got out of her way when he could.

The stepmother soon got tired of taking care of the household and the children, so she ordered her husband: "Take the children to the forest – I don't want to see them again. Leave them there, and maybe someone will take care of them."

The man resisted for some time, but the woman would have gone on and on, so one morning, with a heavy heart, he said: "Hansel, Gretel, take some jugs;

O perníkové chaloupce



V chaloupce poblíž lesa šťastně žil dřevorubec se ženou a dětmi Jeníčkem a Mařenkou. Sice byli chudobní, ale otec se snažil postarat o rodinu co nejlépe. Už za rozbřesku proto odcházel do lesa kácet stromy a často se vracel domů až pozdě večer. Děti trávily celé dny s maminkou doma a snažily se jí se vším pomáhat; obzvlášť se snažily, když si všimly, že maminka onemocněla. Maminka chřadla stále víc a nic nepomáhalo – za čas podlehla zlé nemoci.

Ještě zármutek ani nepřbolel a otec dětem přivedl novou matku. Děti byly ještě malé a nemohly být doma samy, když on odejde za prací. Oženil se tedy, ale brzy litoval. Nová žena se zpočátku přetvařovala a chtěla se všem zalíbit, ale ve skutečnosti byla zlá, neměla ráda děti ani otce. Děti se jí bály a také otec jí šel raději z cesty.

Macechu brzy omrzelo starat se o domácnost i děti, poručila tedy muži: „Odvedeš děti do lesa. Už je nechci víckrát vidět. Nechej je tam, třeba se o ně někdo postará.“

Muž po nějaký čas odolával, ale žena by ho uštvala, proto jednoho rána s těžkým srdcem řekl: „Jeníčku, Mařenko, vezměte si džbáněčky,

you need to go to the forest today to pick strawberries.” The children jumped after him with glee and reached the depths of the forest, where they had never been with their father before. They were full of joy when their father showed them a crimson clearing that smelled of strawberries.

“Children, fill up your jugs, but don’t forget to fill up your stomachs, too,” the father told them, “I’m going to cut down some trees, but don’t worry; you’ll hear my axe, so you’ll know I’m not far away.” He left quickly and tied a wooden mallet to a tree a little further on. The wind swayed it back and forth, the mallet hammering into the trunk of the tree, and from afar the sound was like the chopping of an axe. The father did everything his wife had told him, and quickly returned home without the children.

Hansel and Gretel were not worried – they enjoyed the quiet time without their stepmother scolding them, basking in the sun and enjoying the sweetest strawberries. Towards the evening they filled up the jugs and followed the sound of the axe to find their father.

But what was this? Why was there a mallet hanging here? And where was their father? The children’s throats tightened with worry, and they ran around in confusion, looking and calling for their father.



půjdete dnes se mnou na jahody.“ Děti za ním vesele poskakovaly a došly hluboko do lesa, kde s tatínkem ještě nikdy nebyly. Když jim tatínek ukázal mýtinku, která se červenala a voněla jahodami, zaradovaly se.

„Děti, nasbírejte plné džbánky, ale nezapomeňte se také pořádně namlsat,“ řekl tatínek. „Já půjdu kácet stromy, ale nebojte se, uslyšíte mou sekeru, a tak budete vědět, že nejsem daleko.“ Rychle odešel a o kus dál uvázal na strom dřevěnou palici. Vítr jí pohupoval sem a tam, palice tloukla do kmenu stromu a zdálky ten zvuk připomínal sekání sekery. Otec udělal všechno, co mu žena přikázala, a bez dětí se rychle vracel domů.

Jeníčkovi a Mařence se nestýskalo, užívali si klidný čas bez macešina peskování, vyhřívali se na sluníčku a pochutnávali si na nejsladších jahodách. Kvečeru naplnili džbánky a vydali se po hlase sekery za tatínkem.

Ale co to? Proč tu visí ta palice? A kde je tatínek? Dětem se úzkostí stáhla hrdla, běžaly zmateně kolem a volaly tatínka a hledaly ho.





“Father left us here and went home. How could he forget us?” Hansel whined.

“No, Hansel, Father will soon be back,” said Gretel to her brother, but she was also on the verge of tears. “Let’s wait here where Father can find us.”

But their father didn’t come. The children looked at the setting sun and ran off to look for him. It was getting dark quickly, and Hansel was crying and saying that he was afraid of the dark. His older sister Gretel reassured him that no one would hurt them in the woods, but Hansel still shook with fear.

“I’ll climb up a tree and look around if I can see a light somewhere,” said Gretel, and in a moment she pointed from the top of the tree: “Hansel, there’s a light in the distance!” The children held hands and headed towards the light.

„Tatínek nás tu nechal a šel domů. Jak na nás mohl zapomenout?“ fňukal Jeníček.

„Kdepak, Jeníčku, tatínek se určitě brzo objeví,“ utěšovala bratříčka Mařenka, ale sama také měla slzičky na krajíčku. „Počkáme, tady nás tatínek najde.“

Ale tatínek nepřicházel. Děti s obavami pozorovaly zapadající sluníčko a rozběhly se otce hledat. Rychle se stmívalo a Jeníček se rozplakal, že se bojí tmy. Starší Mařenka ho uklidňovala, že v lese jim přece nikdo neublíží, ale Jeníček se dál trásl strachem.

„Tak já vylezu na strom a rozhlédnu se, jestli někde neuvidím světýlko,“ navrhla Mařenka a za chvíli z vršku stromu ukazovala: „Jeníčku, tam v dálce je světýlko!“ Děti se chytily za ruce a zamířily za světlem.





After a while, they came out of the forest into a clearing and in it stood a cottage. But it wasn't just an ordinary cottage... it was made entirely of gingerbread. They liked the cottage very much – the aroma from it was beautiful! The children glanced cautiously through the window into the room and startled the ugly old woman and the fading, neglected old man inside. Hansel's tummy was rumbling, and so – although he was scared – he suggested: “Gretel, I'm going to climb up onto the roof and throw you down some gingerbread, and both of us can eat it.”

“Hansel, don't go there, what if they see us?” Gretel worried, but Hansel was already happily breaking off gingerbread tiles from the roof.

The old woman inside pricked her ears, poked at her sleeping husband, and grunted: “I heard a clatter outside, go and see if someone is taking our gingerbread.”

The old man peeked out of the door and said: “Who is stealing our gingerbread?”

“It's just a breeze...” whispered Gretel, hiding under the window. The old man contented himself with the answer and walked back inside. The children then crunched on gingerbread and fell asleep behind the cottage after their long day. First thing in the morning, Hansel climbed up onto the roof despite Gretel's warning and pulled off another big piece of gingerbread.

Po chvíli vyšly z lesa na mýtinu, na které stála chaloupka. Ale nebyla to jen tak obyčejná chaloupka... Byla celá z perníku. Chaloupka se jim moc líbila, a jak krásně voněla! Děti opatrně nahlédly okénkem do místnosti a polekaly se ošklivé báby a klimbajícího zanedbaného dědka. Jeníčkovi hlady kručelo v břiše, a tak – přestože se bál – navrhl: „Mařenko, já vylezu na střechu a shodím ti dolů perníček, najíme se z něho oba.“

„Jeníčku, nelez tam, co když nás přistihnou?“ strachovala se Mařenka, ale Jeníček už spokojeně ulamoval ze střechy perníkové tašky.

Babice vevnitř nastražila uši, dloubala do pospávajícího dědka a zaskřehotala: „Venku něco šramotí, běž se podívat, jestli nám někdo nebere perník.“

Dědek vykoukl ven ze dveří a zavolal: „Kdopak nám tu krade perníček?“

„To jenom větříček...“ odpověděla tenoučkým hláskem Mařenka schovaná pod okénkem. Dědek se s odpovědí spokojil a odbelhal se dovnitř. Děti potom chroupaly perníček a unavené po celém dni za chaloupkou usnuly. Hned zrána Jeníček i přes Mařenčino varování opět vyšplhal na střechu a odloupl další pořádný kus perníku.



“Hey, go and look out there, I hear something clattering on the roof,” the old woman frowned, still half asleep. The old man put his nose out of the door again and said: “Who is stealing our gingerbread?”

“No one, it’s just a breeze...” Gretel tried to get rid of the old man as she had the previous night. But this time, she failed. The old man noticed Hansel behind the chimney and Gretel hiding under the window and went inside to tell the old woman.

“Catch them fast, they’ll make a nice roast!” the old woman cried, licking her lips.

“Hurry up, Hansel, we need to run away now, otherwise things look bad for us!” yelled Gretel, who had heard the woman talking. As Hansel slid down from the roof, Gretel grabbed his hand and they ran as fast as they could. The old man rushed after them, but he was so fat and clumsy that he couldn’t catch up with them.

The children were scared, and when they saw an old woman in the field, they rushed towards her and called out: “Old lady, we are being chased by an evil man from the gingerbread house. Tell us where we should run or the old man will grab us and the old woman will bake us!”

“Run along this path into the woods, children,” the old lady said, “and don’t worry, I will hold the old man up.”

The children ran off in the direction the old woman had showed them. In the blink of an eye, the old man appeared: “Woman, did you see any children over there?”

“I work here, I don’t look at what’s going where!”

