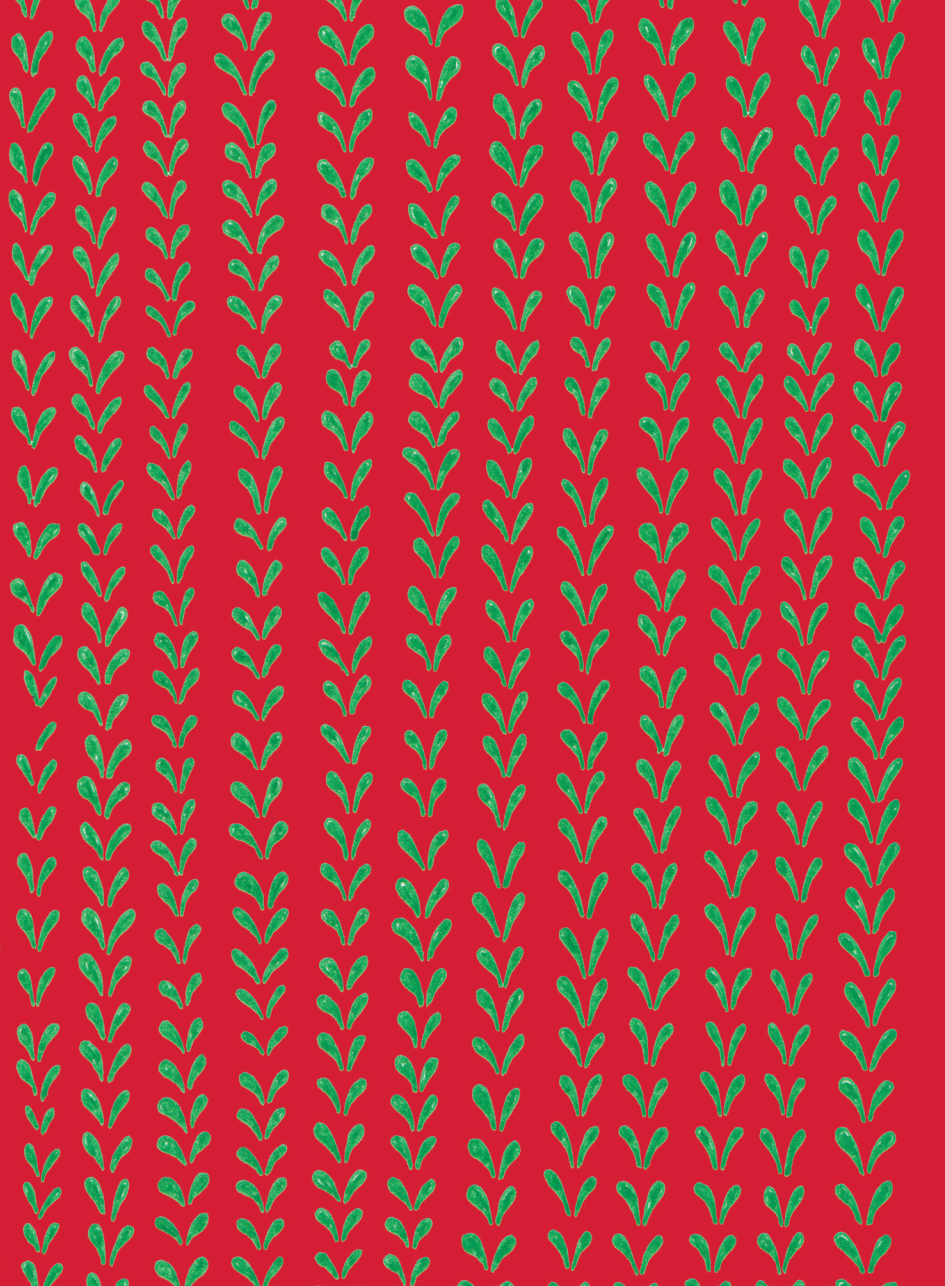


ČESKÁ  
POHÁDKA







o smolíčkovi a jelenovi  
se zlatými parohy



Smoliceck





Bylo nebylo za devaťero horami bydlel v chaloupce pod lesem jelen se zlatými parohy a malý Smolíček. Jelen chodil každý den na pastvu, a když odcházel, napomínal Smolíčka: „Kdyby někdo přišel, nikomu neotvírej.“ „Já nikoho nepustím!“ sliboval pokaždé Smolíček.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Smoliceck. He lived in a little house in the woods with a deer whose name was Golden Antlers. Every day when Golden Antlers went out to graze he told Smoliceck to lock the door after him and on no account to open it. “I won’t open the door,” Smoliceck always promised. “I won’t open it until you come home.”

Jednoho dne byl jelen opět na pastvě a Smolíček zůstal doma sám.

Ťuk, ťuk, ťuk, klepal někdo venku na dveře.  
„Kdo to?“ zeptal se Smolíček. „Och, zima, zimička!“  
Ozvaly se venku nějaké hlásky.  
„Smolíčku, pacholíčku,  
otevři nám svou světničku.  
Jen dva prstíčky tam strčíme.  
Jen co se ohřejeme,  
hned zase půjdeme.“





Já nesmím nikomu otevřít," řekl Smolíček a neotevřel.  
„Dobře jsi udělal," pochválil ho jelen, „byly to Jezinky. Kdy-  
bys jim byl otevřel, byly by tě vzaly a odnesly.“

Now one day Smolicek was again at home alone and  
there was a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" Smolicek called out.

From the outside sweet voices answered:

"Smolicek, Smolicek, please open the door.

Just a wee little crack for two fingers – no more!

So that we can get them warm.

Then leave without doing you the least bit of harm!

So open, Smolicek, please open the door!"

But Smolicek didn't open the door.

"You're a good boy," Golden Antlers said. "Those must  
have been the wicked little wood maidens. If you had  
opened the door they would have carried you off to their  
cave!"

Druhý den, jakmile jelen odešel, zase někdo ťukal na dveře.

„Kdo to?" ptal se Smolíček.

„Och zima, zima!

Smolíčku, pacholíčku,

otevři nám svou světničku.

Jen dva prstíčky tam strčíme.





Jen co se ohřejeme,  
hned zase půjdeme.

The next day after Golden Antlers had gone out, again there came a knocking on the door, and when Smoliceck called out:

“Who’s there?” voices sweeter than before answered:

“Smoliceck, Smoliceck, please open the door!

Just a wee little crack for two fingers – no more!

So that we can get them warm.

Then leave without doing you the least bit of harm!

So open, Smoliceck, please open the door!”

„Chudinky! Jak se tam venku třesou zimou,“ říkal si Smolíček, „snad přece nejsou tak zlé? Já jim trošku pootevřu, aby se ohřály – jen trošičku, aby sem dva prstíčky vstrčily!“ Smolíček pootevřel dveře a Jezinky tam vstrčily napřed své prstíčky, potom hned celé ruce a už byly všechny tři ve světničce, milého Smolíčka vzaly a utíkaly s ním z chaloupky pryč do lesa.

Ouvej, ouvej, plakal Smolíček, i vzpomněl si na jelena a volal:

„Za hory za doly,  
mé zlaté parohy,  
kde se pasou?





## Smolíčka pacholíčka Jezinky pryč nesou!”

The little wood maidens kept on begging him and shivering and shaking and telling him how cold they were, until Smolicek felt very sorry for them.

“I don't think it would matter,” he said to himself, “if I opened the door just a teeny weeny bit.”

So he opened the door just a tiny crack. Instantly two little white fingers popped in, and then two more, and then little white hands, and then little white arms, and then all the little wood maidens were in the room! They took hold of him and dragged him out of the house and away towards the woods!

Smolicek screamed out with all his might:

“Oh, dear Golden Antlers, wherever you are  
In valley or mountain or pasture afar,  
Come quick! Don't delay!

The wicked wood maidens are dragging away  
Your little Smolicek!  
Come quick! Don't delay!”

Naštěstí se jelen pásl v blízkosti, a jak zaslechl Smolíčkovo naříkání, cupity cupity přes hory přes doly – už tam byl. Jak Jezinky zahlédly zlaté parohy, nechaly Smolíčka a byly





pryč. „Neříkal jsem ti, abys nikoho nepouštěl,“ domlouval mu jelen, „vezmou-li tě Jezinky ještě jednou, nemusíš se mě dovolat.“

This time with good fortune the deer was not far away. When he heard Smoliceck's cry, he bounded up, drove the little wood maidens off, and carried Smoliceck home on his antlers.

“Did not I tell you not to open the door? If the little wood maidens take get hold of you again, I might be far away and not hear you calling.”

Po nějakém čase, když byl Smolíček opět sám doma, přišly zase Jezinky a fukaly na dveře.

Smolíčku, pacholíčku,  
otevři nám svou světničku.

„Jen dva prstíčky tam strčíme.

Jen co se ohřejeme,  
hned zase půjdeme.“

For some days no one came to the door. Then again one afternoon there was a knocking and sweet voices called out:

“Smoliceck, Smoliceck, please open the door

Just a wee little crack for two fingers – no more!







So that we can get them warm.  
Then leave without doing you the least bit of harm!  
So open, Smolicheck, please open the door!"

„Och, však já už vás znám!“ řekl Smolíček, „neotevřu – zase byste mě rády odnesly?“ – „Smolíčku, Smolíčku! Nic se neboj, my ti nic neuděláme, ale zima nám je, zima! Rády bychom se u vás ohřály: jen, co se ohřejeme, hned zase půjdeme.“

A tak dlouho prosily a plakaly, až ho uprosily, že jim pootevřel a Jezinky hup do světničky, Smolíčka popadly a z chaloupky s ním do lesa.

But Smolicheck said to them: "No, I won't open the door, not even a teeny weeny crack, because if I do you'll catch me as you did before and drag me off!"

Then when the little wood maidens began to shake and to shiver and to cry with the cold and to beg him to open the door just a little crack so that they could warm their hands. Finally he opened the door a little crack and instantly all those naughty little wood maidens pushed into the room, seized Smolicheck, and dragged him off.

„Och, ouvej, ouvej! Kdybych byl poslechl, co mi zlaté parohy radily!“ naříkal Smolíček a začal zase volat.



„Za hory za doly  
mé zlaté parohy,  
kde se pasou?  
Smolíčka pacholíčka  
Jezinky pryč nesou!“  
Však marně volal, jelen ho neslyšel.

Smoliceck called out with all his might:  
“Oh, dear Golden Antlers, wherever you are  
In valley or mountain or pasture afar,  
Come quick! Don't delay!  
The wicked wood maidens are dragging away  
Your little Smoliceck! Come quick! Don't delay!”  
But this time Golden Antlers was far away and didn't hear  
him.

Zatím Jezinky Smolíčka odnesly až k sobě domů, zavřely ho  
do sroubku a dobře ho krmily, aby ztloustl – chtěly si ho  
potom upéct. A když myslely, že už je dost tučný, přišly  
k němu.

„Smolíčku, pacholíčku,  
natáhni ručičku  
a vystrč ze sroubku  
prstíček ven.“

Smolíček vystrčil malou skulinkou ven prstíček a Jezinky ho

do něj řízly, až krev tekla.

„Už je dost vykrmený!“ řekly, vzaly ho ze sroubku, položily na korýtko a nesly do pece. Smolíček plakal a prosil, ale nic mu to nebylo platné.

So no one came to help Smolicek and the wood maidens carried him off to their cave.

They locked him away in a cabin and stuffed him with food.

One day they came to him:

“Smolicek, stretch out your little hand, just one finger, out of the cabin!” So he did. They cut his little finger with a knife and decided he was fat enough to be roasted.

“Yum, yum!” the wicked little wood maidens cried. “He’s fat enough! Today we can roast him!” So they took off his clothes and laid him in a kneading trough and prepared him for the oven.

Smolicek just screamed and screamed, but the louder he screamed the more the little wood maidens laughed and clapped their hands.

I vzpomněl si zas na svého jelena a volal:

„Za hory za doly,

mé zlaté parohy,

kde se pasou?

Smolíčka pacholíčka

Jezinky do pece nesou!"

Cupity cupity přes hory, přes doly! Jelen byl tu, nabral Smolíčka na své zlaté parohy a donesl ho domů do chaloupky.

Potom už Smolíček vždycky poslouchal jelena a nikdy nikomu neotevřel.

A Jezinky? Ty už potom nikdy více nepřišly.

Just as they were pushing him into the oven, Smolicek roared out:

"Oh, dear Golden Antlers, wherever you are

In valley or mountain or pasture afar,

Come quick! Don't delay!

The wicked wood maidens are roasting today

Your little Smolicek! Come quick! Don't delay!"

Suddenly there was the sound of crashing branches and

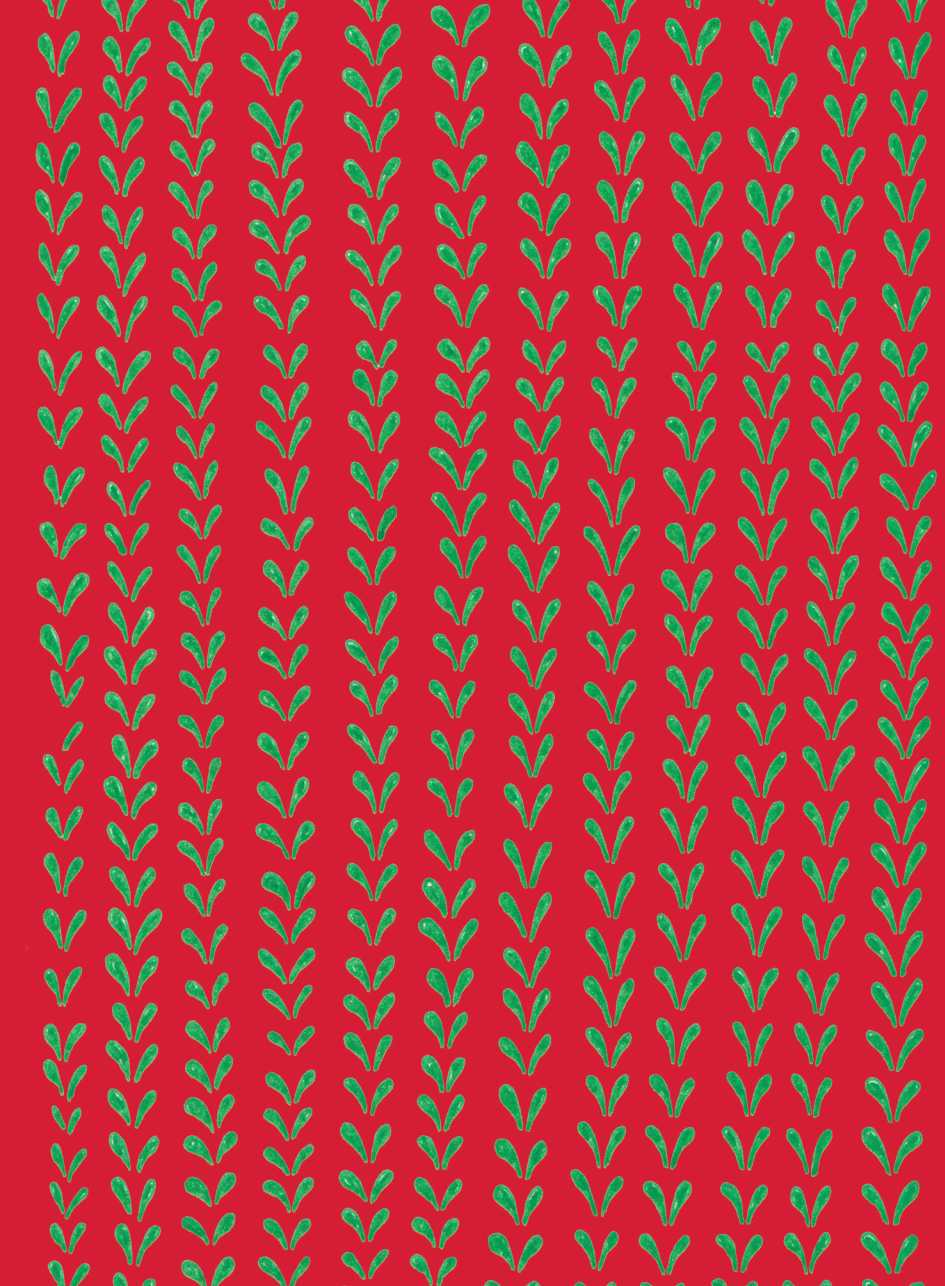
Golden Antlers came bounding into the cave. He tossed

Smolicek upon his antlers and off he sped as swift as the wind.

And Smolicek said he would never, never, never again open the door.

And this time he never did!







Autoři projektu:  
Petra Holubářová, Lucie Machová  
Převyprávění pohádky:  
Petra Holubářová  
Ilustrace a grafické zpracování:  
Michaela Časková

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