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HrnečKu, vař!

Cook, Little Pot, Cook!

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V jedné vsi žila chudá vdova s dcerou. Střecha jejich malé chalupy se rozpadala a na půdě měly několik slepic. V létě obě ženy sbíraly v lese jahody, na podzim na polích klásky, v zimě dříví v lese. Dcera chodila prodávat do města vejce, co jim slepice snesly. Tak se spolu živily.

Jednou matka onemocněla a dcera musela jít do lesa na jahody sama. Vzala hrnec a kus černého chleba a šla. Když měla hrnec plný jahod, přišla v lese k jedné studánce, uvelebila se u ní a rozbalila si jídlo. Bylo právě poledne. Ale sotva začala jíst, objevila se stařenka ve vetchých šatech se starým hrnečkem v ruce.

"Ach má zlatá panenko," povídá ta žebračka, "to bych jedla!" Od včerejšího rána jsem neměla ani kousek chleba v ústech. Nedala bys mi kousek chleba?"

"Jistě, babičko, můžete si ho vzít třeba celý. Já se najím doma, vždyť to mám blízko. Jenom jestli ten chleba pro vás nebude moc tvrdý."

"Zaplať pánbůh, má zlatá panenko! Ale když jsi, panenko, tak hodná, musím ti taky něco dát. Tuhle ti dám tento hrneček. Když ho doma postavíš na stůl a řekneš: 'Hrnečku, vař!', navaří ti tolik kaše, co budeš chtít. A když budeš myslet, že už máš kaše dost,





řekni: "Hrnečku, dost!" a hned přestane vařit." Než se dívenka vzpamatovala, babička zmizela bůhvíkam. Doma mamince vylíčila setkání se zvláštní stařenkou. Rozhodly se, že hrneček hned vyzkoušejí. Postavily hrnek na stůl a dívka zavolala: "Hrnečku, vař!" a napjatě čekaly, co se bude dít. A opravdu! Ode dna to začalo bublat, kaše bylo víc a víc a než by deset napočítal, byl už hrneček plný výborné voňavé kaše. Tak děvče přikázalo: "Hrnečku, dost!" a hrneček přestal vařit. Matka a dcera se pustily do jídla.

Po jídle se dívka vypravila do města prodávat vejce. Tentokrát se jí nedařilo, musela proto na dobrého kupce čekat až do večera. Matka se jí nemohla doma dočkat. Dostala také hlad a chuť na kaši. Postavila tedy starý hrnek na stůl a poručila: "Hrnečku, vař!" Tu se v hrnečku začala hned kaše vařit, a sotva se otočila, byl už plný.

"Počkej chvilku, dojdu si pro misku a lžíci," povídá si matka pro sebe po cestě do spíže. Když se vracela, na prahu kuchyně vytřeštila oči. Kaše se z hrnečku valila na stůl, ze stolu na lavici a z lavice na podlahu. Zaskočená matka zapomněla, jak má hrneček zastavit. Přiskočila a přikryla ho miskou, ale miska spadla na zem a



rozbila se a kaše se hrnula neustále dál jako povodeň.

Z kuchyně se roztékala do předsíně a pořád jí přibývalo. Matka se utekla schovat na půdu a potom na střechu a bědovala, co to dcera přinesla domů za dárek. Kaše bublala a valila se pořád dál, vytékala okny i dveřmi na pěšinu a až na náves. Kdo ví, jak by to všechno dopadlo, kdyby se v tu chvíli nevracela dcera z města a rychle nezavolala: "Hrnečku, dost!"

Ale na návsi byl už takový kopec kaše, že sedláci, když tudy večer jeli z pole domů, vůbec nemohli projet a museli se tou kaší prokousat na druhou stranu!







In a village there lived a poor widow with her daughter. The roof of their little cottage was falling down and in the attic they had several hens. In the summer, both women gathered strawberries in the forest, in the autumn ears of wheat in the fields, in the winter wood in the forest. The daughter went to town to sell the eggs, that the hens layed, and that's how they lived together.

One time when the mother was sick, the dauhter had to go into the woods for strawberries alone. She took a pot and a piece of black bread and off she went. When she had a pot full of strawberries, she came to the spring in the woods, settled down beside, and unpacked her lunch. It was just midday. But just as she began to eat, an old woman in a poor dress with an old pot in her hand appeared.

"Oh, my sweetheart", said the beggar, "I would eat so much." Since yesterday morning I did not have a piece of bread in my mouth. Could you give me a piece of it?"

"Of course, you can have the whole slice if you want. I'll eat at home, it's nearby. I hope the bread won't be too crusty for you?"

"The Lord pays you, my sweatheart! But because



you are such a good girl, I must give you something in return. I'll give you this special cup. When you put it on the table at home, you say, "Cook, Little Pot, cook", It starts cooking porridge for you, as much as you want. And when you think it's enough, just say, "Stop, Little Pot, stop!" and the pot will immediately stop cooking. Before the girl had got over the surprise, the old woman had disappeared, who knows where. At home she told her mother about meeting the extraordinary old woman. They decided to try out the pot straight away. They put the pot on the table and the girl called out "Cook, Little Pot, cook!". They waited anxiously to see what happen. And indeed it began to bubble from the bottom. There was more and more porridge and before counting ten, the pot was full of tasty lunch, which smelled great. So the girl said, "Stop, Little Pot, stop!". And the pot stopped. The mother and daughter started to eat.

After the meal, the girl went to the town to sell eggs. But this time it wasn't easy and she had to wait until the evening for a good customer. Back home her mother couldn't wait for her any longer. She was hungry and fancied some porridge. So she put the old pot on the table and said "Cook, Little Pot, cook!" And the pot





started cooking. The porridge started to boil in the pot. She had barely turned around and the pot was full. "Wait a minute, I'll get a bowl and a spoon" she says to herself on the way to the pantry. When she returned, at the kitchen door her eyes widened. The porridge had overflowed the top of the pot onto the table, from the table onto the bench, and from the bench onto the floor. The surprised mother forgot how to stop the pot. She leapt forward and covered it with a bowl, but the dish fell down and broke and the porridge flowed constantly like a flood

From the kitchen it spread, ever increasing to the hall. The mother ran to hide herself in the attic and then on the roof, and lamented what the daughter had brought home for a gift. The porridge bubbled and gushed more and more, leaking through the windows and doors and onto the path as far as the village square. Who knows how things might have turned out if the daughter hadn't returned that moment from the town and quickly called out "Stop, Little Pot, stop!"

In the village there remained such a mountain of porridge that farmers returning home in the evening from the field, could not even go through, and they had to







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

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