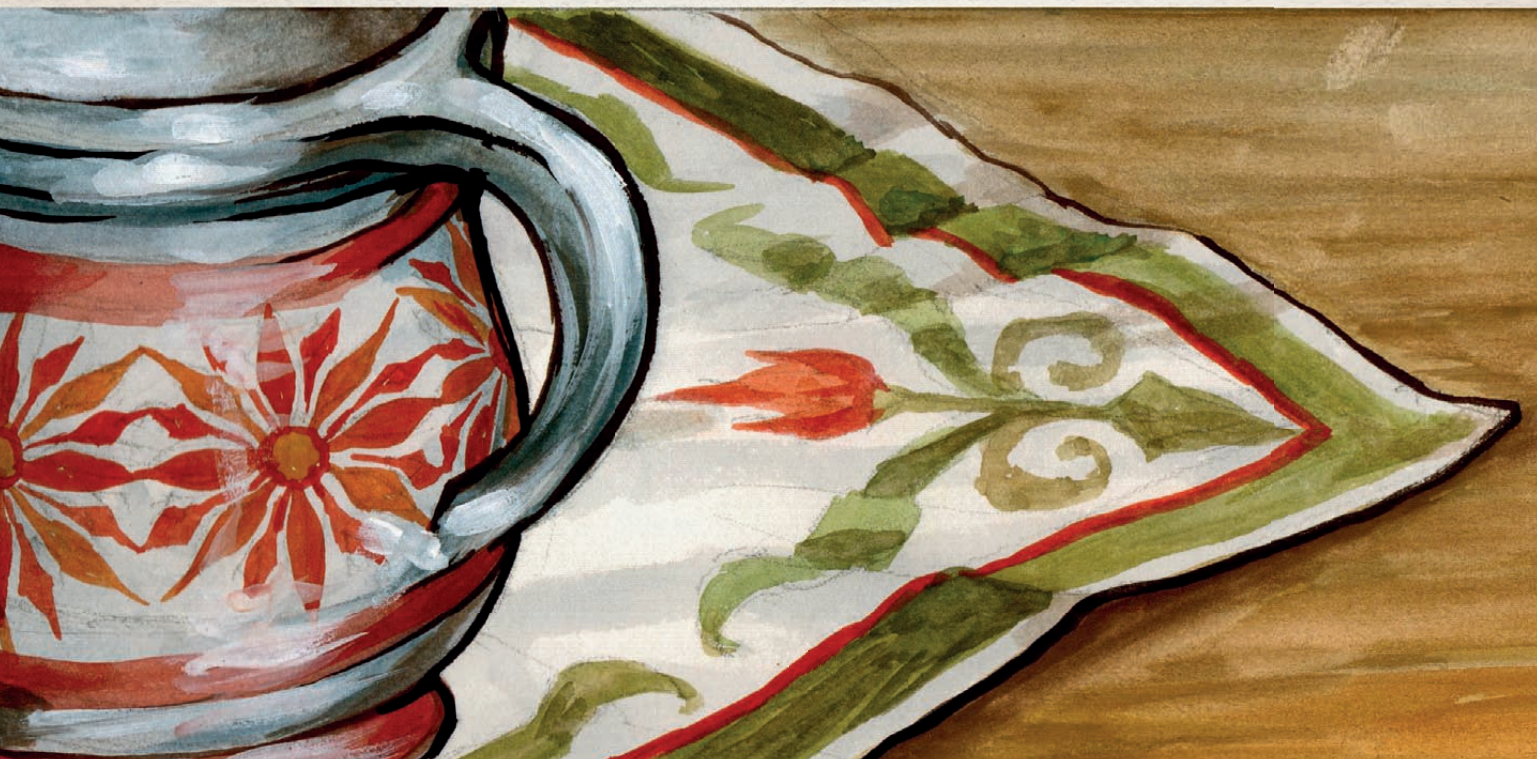


Cook, Little Pot, Cook!

In a village there lived a poor widow with her daughter. The roof of their little cottage was falling down and they patched up the holes with whatever they could find. 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 and also took care of several hens. The daughter went to town to sell the eggs so that they could at least have some money.

One time when the mother got sick, the daughter had to go into the woods for strawberries alone. For lunch she wrapped up a piece of dark bread to take with her. Around noon she was tired and hungry, so she sat by a spring and unwrapped her food. But just as she began to eat, an old woman in a dress with an old pot in her hand appeared.

“Oh, dear girl, I’m hungry! I haven’t eaten anything at all since yesterday morning ... could you give me a piece of bread?”



Hrnečku, vař!

V jedné vesnici žila chudá vdova s dcerou. Střecha jejich malé chalupy se rozpadala a díry záplatovaly, čím se dalo. V létě obě ženy sbíraly v lese jahody, na podzim na polích klásky, v zimě dříví v lese, staraly se o několik slepic. Dcera chodila prodávat do města vejce, aby měly aspoň nějaké peníze.

Jednou matka onemocněla a dívka musela jít do lesa na jahody sama. K obědu si s sebou zabalila kousek tmavého chleba. Kolem poledne byla unavená a hladová, uvelebila se tedy u studánky a rozbalila si jídlo. Ale sotva začala jíst, objevila se stařenka ve vetchých šatech a starým hrnečkem v ruce.

„Ach, děvčátko, to jsem hladová! Od včerejšího rána jsem vůbec nic nejedla... Nedala bys mi kousek chleba?“



“Of course, you can have the whole slice if you want. I’ll eat at home, it’s nearby. I hope the bread isn’t be too hard for you?”

The old woman thanked the girl and as a reward for her kindness gave her the pot and explained:

“This is not an ordinary pot. When you put it on the table at home and say ‘Cook, Little Pot, cook’, It starts cooking porridge for you; as much as you want. When you think it’s enough, just call out ‘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 would happen. And indeed, it began to bubble from the bottom. There was more and more and in no time the pot was full of tasty porridge, which smelled great. So the girl said, “Stop, Little Pot, stop!” And the pot stopped. The Mother and daughter started to tuck in.

After the meal, the girl went to town to sell eggs. But this time it wasn’t easy and she had to wait until the evening for a good customer.

Back at 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.

“Wait a minute, I’ll get a bowl and a spoon,” she muttered on her way to the pantry. When she returned, at the door to the kitchen 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.

„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?“

Stařenka dívce poděkovala a jako odměnu za její dobrosrdečnost jí darovala hrneček a vysvětlila jí:

„To není ledajaký hrneček. Když ho doma postavíš na stůl a řekneš: ‚Hrnečku, vař!‘, navaří ti kaše, kolik budeš chtít. Až budeš myslet, že ti kaše stačí, zavoláš jen: ‚Hrnečku, dost!‘ a hrneček 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 hrneček byl plný výborné voňavé kaše cobydup. Tak děvče přikázalo: „Hrnečku, dost!“ a hrneček přestal vařit. Matka a dcera se s chutí 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!“ a hrneček vařil.

„Počkej chvilku, dojdu si pro misku a lžíci,“ zamumlala na 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.





The astonished mother couldn't remember quickly how to stop the pot. She leapt forward and covered it with a bowl. However, this did not stop the flow of porridge. The dish fell to the ground, shattered and more and more porridge flowed, like a flood. From the kitchen it spread, ever increasing, to the hall. The mother ran to hide in the attic and then on the roof, and lamented about the false gift her daughter had brought home. 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 at that moment from the city and quickly called out "Stop, Little Pot, stop!"

At the village there remained such a mound of porridge that farmers returning home in the evening from the field had to munch through it all.

Zaskočená matka si rychle nemohla vzpomenout jak hrneček zastavit. Přiskočila k němu a přikryla ho miskou. Tím však proudy kaše nezastavila. Miska spadla na zem, rozbila se a kaše se hrnula dál a dál jako povodeň. Z kuchyně se roztékala do předsíně a pořád jí přibývalo. Matka se utekla schovat na půdu a potom na střechu a lamentovala, co dcera přinesla domů za vypečený dárek. Kaše bublala a valila se pořád dál, vytékala okny i dveřmi na pěšinu a až na náves.

Kdo ví, jak by všechno dopadlo, kdyby se v tu chvíli nevracela dcera z města a rychle nezavolala:

„Hrnečku, dost!“

Na návsi zůstal takový kopec kaše, že sedláci vracející se večer z pole domů se museli tou kaší prokousat!