

V.KATAEV

ЦВЕТИК-СЕМИЦВЕТИК

(отрывок)

Жила девочка Женя. Однажды послала её мама в магазин за баранками. Купила Женя семь баранок: две баранки с тмином для папы, две баранки с маком для мамы, две баранки с сахаром для себя и одну маленькую розовую баранку для братика Павлика. Взяла Женя связку баранок и отправилась домой. Идёт, по сторонам зеваёт, вывески читает, ворон считает. А тем временем сзади пристала незнакомая собака да все баранки одну за другой и съела: съела папины с тмином, потом мамины с маком, потом Женины с сахаром.

Почувствовала Женя, что баранки стали что-то чересчур лёгкие. Обернулась, да уж поздно. Мочалка болтается пустая, а собака последнюю, розовую Павликову бараночку доедает, облизывается.

– Ах, вредная собака! – закричала Женя и бросилась её догонять. Бежала, бежала, собаку не догнала, только сама заблудилась. Видит – место совсем незнакомое, больших домов нет, а стоят маленькие домики. Испугалась Женя и заплакала. Вдруг откуда ни возьмись – старушка.

– Девочка, девочка, почему ты плачешь? Женя старушке всё и рассказала. Пожалела

V.KATAYEV

RAINBOW FLOWER

(excerpt)

Translated by F.Glagoleva

There was once a girl named Zhenya. One day her mother sent her to the bakery for some bread rings. Zhenya bought seven bread rings: two with caraway seeds for her father, two with poppy seeds for her mother, two with sugar coating for herself, and a little pink one for her brother Pavlik. The bread rings were on a string, just like beads. Zhenya started hack for home with the string of bread rings. She walked along looking up and down, reading the signs on the way, just passing the time of day.

Meanwhile, a strange dog came up to her from behind and began eating the bread rings. First it ate the ones for her father with caraway seeds, then the ones for her mother with poppy seeds, then her own two that had sugar coating on them, Zhenya suddenly felt that the string of bread rings was very light. She turned around, but it was too late. There was nothing but the string left in her hand, and the dog was just swallowing the last piece of Pavlik's little pink bread ring and licking its chops.

“Oh, you horrid dog!” Zhenya cried and ran after it. She ran and ran, but couldn't catch it. Finally, she got lost. When she stopped, she saw that she was in a strange place. There were no big

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THE FLOWER OF SEVEN COLORS

(excerpt)

Translated by C.Hunter and L.Rudova

Once upon a time, there lived a girl called Zhenya. One day, her mother sent her to the store to buy some ring-shaped rolls. Zhenya bought seven rolls: two with caraway seeds for her father, two with poppy seeds for her mother, two sprinkled with sugar for herself, and a small pink glazed one for her little brother, Pavlik. Zhenya took the bunch of rolls and set off home. She walked back, gaping around her, reading the signs on the way, and counting the ravens. Meanwhile, a strange dog appeared behind her and one after another snatched the rolls: it ate her father's with the caraway seeds, then her mother's with the poppy seeds, and then Zhenya's sugar-sprinkled rolls. Suddenly, Zhenya realized that the bag with the rolls had become much too light. She turned, but it was already too late. The empty bag lay dangling as the dog, licking its chops, was finishing the last pink roll bought for Pavlik. “Ah, you beastly dog!” shouted Zhenya, and set off after it.

She ran and ran, yet couldn't catch the dog, and only got lost. She looked around and realized that her surroundings were completely unfamiliar; there were no big houses in sight, only small ones. Zhenya became frightened and began to cry.

старушка Женю, привела её в свой садик и говорит:

– Ничего, не плачь, я тебе помогу. Правда, баранок у меня нет и денег тоже нет, но зато растёт у меня в садике один цветок, называется – цветик-семицветик, он всё может. Ты, я знаю, девочка хорошая, хоть и любишь зевать по сторонам. Я тебе подарю цветик-семицветик, он всё устроит.

С этими словами старушка сорвала с грядки и подала девочке Жене очень красивый цветок вроде ромашки. У него было семь прозрачных лепестков, каждый другого цвета: жёлтый, красный, зелёный, синий, оранжевый, фиолетовый и голубой.

– Этот цветик, – сказала старушка, – не простой. Он может исполнить всё, что ты захочешь. Для этого надо только оторвать один из лепестков, бросить его и сказать:

Лети, лети, лепесток,
Через запад на восток,
Через север, через юг,
Возвращайся, сделав круг.
Лишь коснёшься ты земли –
Быть по-моему вели.

Вели, чтобы сделалось то-то или то-то. И это тотчас делается.

Женя вежливо поблагодарила старушку, вышла за калитку и тут только вспомнила, что не знает дороги домой. Она захотела вернуться в садик и попросить старушку, чтобы та про-

houses there, just very little ones, Zhenya began to cry. Suddenly an old woman appeared.

“Why are you crying little girl?” she asked.

Zhenya told the old woman what had happened.

The old woman was sorry for Zhenya, She led her to her little garden and said; “Don’t cry, I will help you, I don’t have any bread rings and I don’t have any money either, but there is a very special flower growing in my garden, it is a rainbow flower and it can do anything you ask it to. I can see that you are a good girl, even though you are absent-minded, I will give you the rainbow flower, and it will help you.”

With these words the old woman picked a very pretty flower from one of the flower beds. It looked like a daisy. It had seven petals, but each one was of a different color. One was yellow, one red, one blue, one green, one orange, one violet, and one light blue,

“This is not an ordinary flower.” the old woman said. “It can make any wish come true. All you have to do is tear off a petal, throw it up in the air, and say:

Fly, petal oh –
East to West you go.
Then North to South
And turn about.
Touch the ground, do,
Make my wish come true.

Then you say your wish, and it will come

Suddenly, an old woman appeared out of nowhere.

“Little girl, little girl, why are you crying?”

Zhenya told the old woman everything. The old woman felt sorry for Zhenya, and led her into her little garden.

“Don’t cry. I’ll help you. It’s true I don’t have any ring-shaped rolls or money, but, on the other hand, there’s a special flower in my garden, a seven-petaled flower of different colors that’s capable of anything. I can tell you’re a good girl despite your absentmindedness. I’ll give you the flower of seven colors, and it’ll always look after you.”

With these words, the old woman plucked a beautiful flower from the flower bed and handed it to Zhenya. It looked like a daisy. It had seven pellucid petals, each of a different color: yellow, red, green, dark blue, orange, violet, and light blue.

“This is no ordinary flower,” said the old woman. “It can fulfill any of your wishes. For this to happen, you need only pluck off one petal, throw it in the air, and say:

*Fly, petal, fly
From west to east,
From north to south.
Return when you’ve flown all around.
The second that you touch the ground,
Make true the wish that left my mouth.”*

Zhenya thanked the old woman politely, came

водила её до ближнего милиционера, но ни садика, ни старушки как не бывало. Что делать? Женя уже собиралась, по своему обыкновению, заплакать, даже нос наморщила, как гармошку, да вдруг вспомнила про заветный цветок.

– А ну-ка, посмотрим, что это за цветик-семицветик!

Женя поскорее оторвала жёлтый лепесток, кинула его и сказала:

Лети, лети, лепесток,
Через запад на восток,
Через север, через юг,
Возвращайся, сделав круг.
Лишь коснёшься ты земли –
Быть по-моему вели.
Вели, чтобы я была дома с баранками!

Не успела она это сказать, как в тот же миг очутилась дома, а в руках – связка баранок!

Женя отдала маме баранки, а сама про себя думает: «Это и вправду замечательный цветок, его непременно надо поставить в самую красивую вазочку!»

Женя была совсем небольшая девочка, поэтому она влезла на стул и потянулась за любимой маминой вазочкой, которая стояла на самой верхней полке.

В это время, как на грех, за окном пролетали вороны. Жене, понятно, тотчас захотелось узнать совершенно точно, сколько ворон – семь или восемь. Она открыла рот и стала счи-

true.”

Zhenya thanked the old woman. She went out of the garden gate and suddenly remembered that she was lost and didn't know how to get home. She wanted to turn around and ask the old woman to take her to the nearest policeman, but both the little garden and the old woman had disappeared. What should she do? Zhenya was just about to start crying, as usual – she even crinkled up her nose – and then, suddenly, she remembered about the magic flower.

Zhenya tore off the yellow petal, threw it up, and said;

“Fly, petal, oh –
East to West you go.
Then North to South
And turn about.

Touch the ground, do,
Make my wish come true,

Make me be back home again with the bread rings.”

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than she was back in her own house, holding a string of bread rings!

Zhenya gave them to her mother and thought; “This is really a wonderful flower. I'll put it in the prettiest vase we have.”

Zhenya was only a little girl; so she climbed up on a chair and stretched her hand toward her mother's favorite vase that stood on the top shelf. Just then some crows flew by the window. And of

out of the gate, and then all of a sudden remembered that she didn't know her way home. She wanted to return to the garden and ask the old woman to lead her to the nearest policeman, but neither the little garden nor the old woman was there. What was she supposed to do? Zhenya had already made up her mind to cry, as usual, scrunching up her nose like an accordion, but suddenly remembered her cherished flower of seven colors.

“Well, let's see what our flower of seven colors can do!”

Zhenya somewhat hastily plucked the yellow petal, threw it in the air and said:

*Fly, petal, fly
From west to east,
From north to south.
Return when you've flown all around.
The second that you touch the ground,
Make true the wish that leaves my mouth.*

“Make it possible for me to return home with the rolls!”

No sooner had she finished speaking than she found herself at home, and in her hands – the bunch of rolls!

Zhenya handed the rolls to her mother, thinking to herself:

“This is really and truly a remarkable flower and I must place it in the most beautiful vase.”

Zhenya was quite a small girl and therefore she needed to climb onto a chair and stretch up high to

тать, загибая пальцы, а вазочка полетела вниз и – бац! – раскололась на мелкие кусочки.

– Ты опять что-то разбила, тяпа-растяпа! – закричала мама из кухни. – Не мою ли самую любимую вазочку?

– Нет, нет, мамочка, я ничего не разбила. Это тебе послышалось! – закричала Женя, а сама поскорее оторвала красный лепесток, бросила его и прошептала:

– Лети, лети, лепесток,
Через запад на восток,
Через север, через юг,
Возвращайся, сделав круг.
Лишь коснёшься ты земли –
Быть по-моему вели.

Вели, чтобы мамина любимая вазочка сделалась целая!

Не успела она это сказать, как черепки сами собой поползли друг к другу и стали срастаться.

Мама прибежала из кухни – глядь, а её любимая вазочка как ни в чём не бывало стоит на своём месте. Мама на всякий случай погрозила Жене пальцем и послала её гулять во двор.

course Zhenya had to know exactly how many of them there were – seven or eight? She opened her mouth and began to count on her fingers when – bang! – the vase toppled off the shelf and crashed into a thousand pieces.

“My goodness, what a child!” her mother called angrily from the kitchen. “What have you broken this time? I hope it's not my favorite vase!”

“Oh, no, Mommie! I didn't break anything!” Zhenya called back. She quickly tore off the red petal, threw it up, and whispered:

“Fly, petal, oh –
East to West you go.
Then North to South
And turn about.
Touch the ground, do,
Make my wish come true.

Make Mommie's best vase whole again!”

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than the tiny pieces began moving toward each other and fitting themselves together.

Her mother came in from the kitchen – and there was her favorite vase sitting prettily on the top shelf as always. Zhenya's mother shook her finger at her – just in case, you know – and sent her out to play in the yard.

reach her mother's favorite vase, which stood on the top shelf. At this moment, as if by fate, some crows flew by the window. Zhenya instantly wanted to find out precisely how many crows there were – seven or eight. She opened her mouth and began to count, bending each finger in turn, and then – bang! The vase fell to the floor and shattered into tiny pieces.

“You've broken something again, scatterbrain!” shouted her mother from the kitchen. “Not my favorite vase?”

“No, no, Mommy, I haven't broken anything. It's your hearing!” shouted Zhenya, plucking the red petal with the greatest possible haste, throwing it in the air, and whispering:

*“Fly, petal, fly
From west to east,
From north to south.
Return when you've flown all around.
The second that you touch the ground,
Make true the wish that leaves my mouth.”*

“Make Mommy's favorite vase whole again!”

She had no sooner finished speaking than the pieces turned into an unbroken vase once more. Mother ran in from the kitchen, but her favorite vase was in its place, as always. Just in case, Mother shook her finger and sent Zhenya to go for a walk.