

1. Pateikiame po 6 kiekvienos kalbos (anglų k., rusų k., vokiečių k. ir prancūzų k.) trumpuosius tekstus ir po 1 ilgąjį kiekvienos kalbos tekstą. Iš viso 28 tekstai.

2. **Išversti trumpuosius tekstus siūlome iki 2023 m. kovo 15 d.**

**Registracija vyks iki 2023 m. sausio 30 d.**

3. Moksleivis tekstą gali rinktis su mokytojo (darbo vadovo) pagalba, bet verčia jį **savarankiškai**.

4. Versdami tekstus moksleiviai gali naudotis žodynais. Darbas atliekamas rašant ranka arba kompiuteriu. Rašančių ranka prašytume tai daryti įskaitomai. Primename, jog tekste esantys eilėraščiai taip pat turi būti išversti (pažodinis arba poetinis vertimai).

5. Verčiant pasirinktą tekstą laikas nėra ribojamas.

6. Išverstus tekstus maloniai prašome išsiųsti vienu iš būdų:

a) elektroniniu vertimo lapu, kurio adresas yra <https://www.vkif.lt/darbu-siuntimas> (atsivertę šį puslapį, rasite vertimo vietą ir anketą, kurią reikia užpildyti ir išsiųsti; išsiuntę darbą, gausite patvirtinimą, kad vertimas gautas).

b) jei neturite galimybės naudotis elektroniniu vertimo lapu, išverstus tekstus galite siųsti ir Lietuvos paštu, adresu: **VKIF „Tavo žvilgsnis“, J. Jasinskio g. 16G, LT-01112 Vilnius**. Drauge su tekstais paskutiniame puslapyje pateikiame unifikotą vertimo lapo pavyzdį, kuriame yra anketinė dalis. Nepamirškite jos užpildyti. Tai yra vertimo švarraštis.

7. Vertinant darbus dėmesys bus kreipiamas į kūrybinį vertėjo požiūrį perteikiant mintis gimtąja kalba, kūrinio nuotaikos atitikimą, gramatines ir kalbos klaidas.

8. Pageidaujantys versti iš anglų kalbos moksleiviai, kurių anglų kalba yra gimtoji, į anketinės dalies 5,8 ir 9 klausimus atsako – „gimtoji kalba“.

9. Iliustruotojas neprivalo būti vertėjas. Iliustruotojas gali pasirinkti bet kurį tekstą. Su teksto turiniu, reikalui esant, gali padėti susipažinti mokytojai arba darbo vadovai.

10. Iliustravimo darbai gali būti atlikti įvairiomis technikomis, jie gali būti įvairiausių formatų. Darbus prašome išsiųsti iki 2023 m. kovo 15 d.

11. Iliustracijos originalą būtina siųsti Lietuvos paštu, adresu: **VKIF „Tavo žvilgsnis“, J. Jasinskio g. 16G, LT-01112 Vilnius**. Iliustracijas galite siųsti elektronine forma (jeigu darbas buvo kuriamas kompiuteriu), adresu: <https://www.vkif.lt/darbu-siuntimas>

12. Siunčiant originalą Lietuvos paštu būtina nurodyti autoriaus vardą ir pavardę, amžių, švietimo įstaigos pavadinimą pritrivintame baltame 2,5 x 9 cm formato lapelyje, dešinėje piešinio pusėje. Kitoje (atvirkščioje) pusėje priklijuokite užpildytą anketinę dalį (kaip ir vertėjų), nepamiršdami nurodyti teksto, kurį iliustruojate.

13. **Vertinsime darbus tų mokyklų arba atskirų dalyvių, kurie pateikė elektronines paraiškas su reikiamais duomenimis.**

14. Geriausių darbų autoriams bus įteikti diplomai, kitiems dalyviams – padėkos, o mokytojams – projekto vykdytojo pažymėjimai.

15. Tie projekto dalyviai, kurie norėtų pelnyti ilgojo teksto vertėjo diplomą, **turi išversti siūlomą arba savo pasirinktą didesnės apimties tekstą arba visus šešis ta pačia kalba pateiktus trumpuosius tekstus**. Darbų atlikimo laikas – 2023 m. kovo 15 d. **Pasirinkus versti savo tekstą, būtina atsiųsti ne tik vertimą, bet ir jo originalą.**

16. Geriausių darbų autorių sąrašą pateiksime mokykloms 2023 m. gegužės pabaigoje. Kad sąrašas būtų paskelbtas laiku, prašytume nevėluoti ir laiku pateikti atliktus darbus.

17. Susidarius saugiai aplinkai 2023 m. rudenį, geriausių darbų autorius vėl pakviesime keliauti. Jeigu saugios aplinkos dar nesulauktume, tai pasinaudotume įsteigtu prizų fondu, kuriame gausu stalo ir kompiuterinių žaidimų, knygų, turizmo ir sporto inventoriaus, dovanų su projekto „Tavo Žvilgsnis“ veiklos atributika.

18. Norėdami pasiteirauti, rašykite adresu [zvilgsnis@vkif.lt](mailto:zvilgsnis@vkif.lt), būtinai nurodydami savo tel. numerį tam, kad susiklosčius neatidėliotinai situacijai, projekto konsultantai galėtų su Jumis susisiekti.

19. Jūsų atliekami VKIF projektų darbai gali tapti Brandos darbo dalimi.

20. Maloniai primename, jog pateikti tekstai svetainėje bus matomi visiems. Kad šių tekstų vertimai ir jų iliustracijos būtų vertinami, reikia atlikti dalyvių registraciją. Ją turi atlikti grupės vadovas(-ė) arba pats dalyvis ar jo tėvai. Paraiška dalyvauti projekte pildoma mūsų svetainėje prisijungus prie savo paskyros per skiltį *Mano VKIF* (pirmą kartą būtina registracija).

Once there was a little pink Rosebud, and she lived down in a little dark house under the ground. One day she was sitting there, all by herself, and it was very still. Suddenly, she heard a little TAP, TAP, TAP, at the door.

"Who is that?" she said.

"It's the Rain, and I want to come in;" said a soft, sad, little voice.

"No, you can't come in," the little Rosebud said.

By and by she heard another little TAP, TAP, TAP on the window pane.

"Who is there?" she said.

The same soft little voice answered, "It's the Rain, and I want to come in!"

"No, you can't come in," said the little Rosebud.

Then it was very still for a long time. At last, there came a little rustling, whispering sound, all round the window: RUSTLE, WHISPER, WHISPER.

"Who is there?" said the little Rosebud.

"It's the Sunshine," said a little, soft, cheery voice, "and I want to come in!"

"N – no," said the little pink rose, "you can't come in." And she sat still again.

Pretty soon she heard the sweet little rustling noise at the key-hole.

"Who is there?" she said.

"It's the Sunshine," said the cheery little voice, "and I want to come in, I want to come in!"

"No, no," said the little pink rose, "you cannot come in."

By and by, as she sat so still, she heard TAP, TAP, TAP, and RUSTLE, WHISPER, RUSTLE, all up and down the window pane, and on the door, and at the key-hole.

"WHO IS THERE?" she said.

"It's the Rain and the Sun, the Rain and the Sun," said two little voices, together, "and we want to come in! We want to come in! We want to come in!"

"Dear, dear!" said the little Rosebud, "if there are two of you, I suppose I shall have to let you in."

So she opened the door a little wee crack, and in they came. And one took one of her little hands, and the other took her other little hand, and they ran, ran, ran with her, right up to the top of the ground. Then they said, -

"Poke your head through!"

So she poked her head through; and she was in the midst of a beautiful garden. It was springtime, and all the other flowers had their heads poked through; and she was the prettiest little pink rose in the whole garden!

The sons of Noah were named Shem, Ham and Japheth. These sons in turn became the fathers of children so that the descendants of Noah were very numerous.

One of these descendants, named Nimrod, was a mighty hunter and a man of power and authority in the land, and it has even been said that the people worshiped him as a god.

In those days men liked to build high towers reaching away up toward the heavens. Perhaps they were afraid of another flood, and perhaps they simply wished to show what they could do; but however that may be, ruins of towers can still be seen in various parts of the world, one of the most noted of which is that of the "Tower of Nimrod." It is forty feet high and stands on the top of a hill near the River Euphrates in Asia.

In the time of Nimrod, the people said, "Let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto Heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." So they began to build the tower, and they made it very strong indeed, and kept raising it higher and higher toward the heavens, thinking, Jewish tradition, or story, tells us, that they would have a shelter in which they would be perfectly safe from any flood which might come, or any fire. There were some of the people also who wished to use the tower as a temple for the idols which they worshiped. Six hundred thousand men worked upon this wonderful tower, so the story goes on to say, and they kept up the work until the tower rose to a height of seventy miles, so that, toward the last, it took a year to get materials for the work up to the top where the laborers were employed. Of course this story is exaggerated, but without doubt the tower rose to a great height and was a wonderful piece of work.

God was not pleased with what the people were doing, however, because they thought themselves so great and powerful that they had no need of Him, and so He put an end to their bold plans.

Up to this time all the people of the world had spoken the same language; but now, when they were working upon this wonderful tower, they commenced to talk in different tongues so that they could not understand each other, and there was great confusion. Owing to this, they were obliged to give up the building of the tower, and they separated themselves into groups, or divisions, each division speaking the same language, and then they spread out over the world, forming the various nations.

The tower was called the Tower of Babel because of the babel, or confusion, of tongues which had taken place there, and it was left unfinished to be a monument of God's power and man's weakness without Him.

These men were skilful in building, else they never could have gone as far as they did in their stupendous work, and God was willing that they should exercise their skill, as He is willing that people shall do now; but when they thought themselves equal to Him, they learned how weak they really were in comparison. The story teaches the great lesson of dependence upon God and submission to His will and His laws.

The Revolution was about over. Americans were very happy. Their country was to be free.

At this time a little boy was born in New York. His family was named Irving. What should this little boy be named?

His mother said, "Washington's work is done. Let us name the baby Washington." So he was called Washington Irving.

When this baby grew to be a little boy, he was one day walking with his nurse. The nurse was a Scotch girl. She saw General Washington go into a shop. She led the little boy into the shop also.

The nurse said to General Washington, "Please, your Honor, here is a bairn that is named for you."

"Bairn" is a Scotch word for child. Washington put his hand on the little boy's head and gave him his blessing. When Irving became an author, he wrote a life of Washington.

Little Irving was a merry, playful boy. He was full of mischief.

Sometimes he would climb out of a window to the roof of his father's house. From this he would go to roofs of other houses. Then the little rascal would drop a pebble down a neighbor's chimney. Then he would hurry back and get into the window again. He would wonder what the people thought when the pebble came rattling down their chimney. Of course he was punished when his tricks were found out. But he was a favorite with his teacher. With all his faults, he would not tell a lie. The teacher called the little fellow "General."

In those days naughty school-boys were whipped. Irving could not bear to see another boy suffer. When a boy was to be whipped, the girls were sent out. Irving always asked the schoolmaster to let him go out with the girls.

Like other boys, Irving was fond of stories. He liked to read about Sindbad the Sailor, and Robinson Crusoe. But most of all he liked to read about other countries. He had twenty small volumes called "The World Displayed." They told about the people and countries of the world. Irving read these little books a great deal.

One day the schoolmaster caught him reading in school. The master slipped behind him and grabbed the book. Then he told Irving to stay after school.

Irving expected a punishment. But the master told him he was pleased to find that he liked to read such good books. He told him not to read them in school.

Reading about other countries made Irving wish to see them. He thought he would like to travel. Like other wild boys, he thought of running away. He wanted to go to sea.

But he knew that sailors had to eat salt pork. He did not like salt pork. He thought he would learn to like it. When he got a chance, he ate pork. And sometimes he would sleep all night on the floor. He wanted to get used to a hard bed.

But the more he ate pork, the more he disliked it. And the more he slept on the floor, the more he liked a good bed. So he gave up his foolish notion of being a sailor boy.

Some day you will read Irving's "Sketch Book." You will find some famous stories in it. There is the story of Rip Van Winkle, who slept twenty years. And there is the funny story of the Headless Horseman. When you read these amusing stories, you will remember the playful boy who became a great author.

The Phoenicians, who were the neighbours of the Jews, were a Semitic tribe which at a very early age had settled along the shores of the Mediterranean. They had built themselves two well-fortified towns, Tyre and Sidon, and within a short time they had gained a monopoly of the trade of the western seas. Their ships went regularly to Greece and Italy and Spain and they even ventured beyond the straits of Gibraltar to visit the Scilly islands where they could buy tin. Wherever they went, they built themselves small trading stations, which they called colonies. Many of these were the origin of modern cities, such as Cadiz and Marseilles.

They bought and sold whatever promised to bring them a good profit. They were not troubled by a conscience. If we are to believe all their neighbours they did not know what the words honesty or integrity meant. They regarded a well-filled treasure chest the highest ideal of all good citizens. Indeed they were very unpleasant people and did not have a single friend. Nevertheless they have rendered all coming generations one service of the greatest possible value. They gave us our alphabet.

The Phoenicians had been familiar with the art of writing, invented by the Sumerians. But they regarded these pothooks as a clumsy waste of time. They were practical business men and could not spend hours engraving two or three letters. They set to work and invented a new system of writing which was greatly superior to the old one. They borrowed a few pictures from the Egyptians and they simplified a number of the wedge-shaped figures of the Sumerians. They sacrificed the pretty looks of the older system for the advantage of speed and they reduced the thousands of different images to a short and handy alphabet of twenty-two letters.

In due course of time, this alphabet travelled across the Aegean Sea and entered Greece. The Greeks added a few letters of their own and carried the improved system to Italy. The Romans modified the figures somewhat and in turn taught them to the wild barbarians of western Europe. Those wild barbarians were our own ancestors, and that is the reason why this book is written in characters that are of Phoenician origin and not in the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians or in the nail-script of the Sumerians.

We are the children of a practical age.

We travel from place to place in our own little locomotives which we call automobiles.

When we wish to speak to a friend whose home is a thousand miles away, we say "Hello" into a rubber tube and ask for a certain telephone number in Chicago.

At night when the room grows dark we push a button and there is light.

If we happen to be cold we push another button and the electric stove spreads its pleasant glow through our study.

On the other hand in summer when it is hot the same electric current will start a small artificial storm (an electric fan) which keeps us cool and comfortable.

We seem to be the masters of all the forces of nature and we make them work for us as if they were our very obedient slaves.

But do not forget one thing when you pride yourself upon our splendid achievements.

We have constructed the edifice of our modern civilization upon the fundament of wisdom that had been built at great pains by the people of the ancient world.

Do not be afraid of their strange names which you will meet upon every page of the coming chapters.

Babylonians and Egyptians and Chaldeans and Sumerians are all dead and gone, but they continue to influence our own lives in everything we do, in the letters we write, in the language we use, in the complicated mathematical problems which we must solve before we can build a bridge or a skyscraper.

And they deserve our grateful respect as long as our planet continues to race through the wide space of the high heavens.

These ancient people of whom I shall now tell you lived in three definite spots.

Two of these were found along the banks of vast rivers.

The third was situated on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The oldest centre of civilization developed in the valley of the Nile, in a country which was called Egypt.

The second was located in the fertile plains between two big rivers of western Asia, to which the ancients gave the name of Mesopotamia.

The third one which you will find along the shore of the Mediterranean, was inhabited by the Phoenicians, the earliest of all colonizers and by the Jews who bestowed upon the rest of the world the main principles of their moral laws.

This third centre of civilization is known by its ancient Babylonian name of Suri, or as we pronounce it, Syria.

The history of the people who lived in these regions covers more than five thousand years.

It is a very, very complicated story.

I cannot give you many details.

I shall try and weave their adventures into a single fabric, which will look like one of those marvellous rugs of which you read in the tales which Scheherazade told to Harun the Just.

Drachten, The Netherlands. 'I want to take you on a walk', said Hans Monderman, abruptly stopping his car and striding hatless into the freezing rain. He led the way to a busy intersection in the centre of town, where several odd things soon became clear. Not only was it virtually naked, stripped of all lights, signs and road markings, but there was no division between road and sidewalk. It was basically a bare brick square. But despite the unusual layout, a steady stream of trucks, cars, buses, motorcycles, bicycles and pedestrians moved fluidly and easily, as if directed by an invisible conductor. When Mr Monderman, a traffic engineer and the intersection's proud designer, deliberately failed to look for oncoming traffic before crossing the street, the drivers slowed for him. No one honked or shouted rude words out of the window. 'Who has the right of way?' he asked rhetorically. 'I don't care. People here have to find their own way, negotiate for themselves, use their own brains.'

Used by some 20,000 drivers a day, the intersection is part of a road-design revolution pioneered by the 59-year-old Mr Monderman. His work in Friesland, the district in Northern Holland that includes Drachten, is increasingly seen as the way of the future in Europe. His philosophy is simple, if counter intuitive. To make communities safer and more appealing, Mr Monderman argues, you should first remove the traditional paraphernalia of their roads-traffic lights and speed signs, the centre lines separating lanes from one another, even the speed bumps, bicycle lanes and pedestrian crossings. In his view, it is only when the road is made more dangerous, when drivers stop looking at signs and start looking at other people, that driving becomes safer. All those signs are saying to cars, "This is your space, and we have organized your behaviour so that as long as you behave this way, nothing can happen to you", Mr Monderman said. That is the wrong story.'

The Drachten intersection is an example of the concept of 'shared space', where cars and pedestrians are equal, and the design tells the driver what to do. In Mr Monderman's view, shared-space designs thrive only in conjunction with well-organized, well-regulated highway systems. Variations on the shared-space theme are being tried in Spain, Denmark, Austria, Sweden and Britain, among other places. The European Union has appointed a committee of experts, including Mr Monderman, for a Europe-wide study.

A few years ago, Mr Monderman, now considered one of the field's great innovators, was virtually unknown outside Holland. He was working as a civil engineer, building highways in the 1970s when the Dutch government, alarmed at a sharp increase in traffic accidents, set up a network of traffic-safety offices. Mr Monderman was appointed Friesland's traffic safety officer. In residential communities, Mr Monderman began narrowing the roads and putting in features like trees and flowers, red-brick paving stones and even fountains to discourage people from speeding, following the principle now known as psychological traffic calming, where behaviour follows design. He created his first shared space in a small villa where residents were upset at it being used as a daily thoroughfare for 6,000 speeding cars. When he took away the signs, lights and sidewalks, people drove more carefully. Within two weeks, speeds on the road had dropped by more than half. In fact, he said, there has never been a fatal accident on any of his roads.

Mr Monderman concedes that road design can only do so much. It does not change the behaviour, for instance, of the 15 per cent of drivers who will behave badly no matter what the rules are. Recently a group of well-to-do parents asked him to widen the two-lane road leading to their children's school, saying it was too small to accommodate what he derisively calls 'their huge cars'. He refused, saying the fault was not with the road, but with the cars. 'They can't wait for each other to pass?' he asked. 'I wouldn't interfere with the right of people to buy the car they want but nor should the government have to solve the problems they make with their choices.'

The Ghoustly Bridegroom – Part 1

A long time ago, on a mountain in the Odenwald - that forested part of southern Germany where the Main river meets the Rhine - Baron Von Landshort's castle stood. These days nearly nothing is left of it, but in those days it looked down on the country around it – like its owner.

The baron was a proud man from the Katzenellenbogen family. His father, a great army man, had left him the castle, and the baron took care of it as well as he could.

Other old German families had sold their uncomfortable castles in the hills and built more comfortable houses in the valleys. But the baron stayed and continued with the old family ways. This meant he often argued with his neighbours, because his ancestors had once disagreed with theirs.

The baron had only one child, a beautiful daughter. Two unmarried aunts cared for her when she was a child, and taught her all the important things a young lady should know.

By the time she was eighteen, she could read without trouble. She could also write her name without forgetting a single letter - and big enough for her aunts to read without their glasses. She could dance, play the guitar, and sing several beautiful love songs from memory, too.

Her aunts, who had lived for love when they were young, always kept a careful eye on her, and made sure she never got into trouble. She never left the castle alone, and had to listen to endless talks about the importance of politeness.

'You must always obey your father,' one aunt told her.

'Never get close to men, and never believe a word they say.' said the other.

Her aunts felt sure that, although other young women might make mistakes in matters of love, this would never happen to the baron's daughter.

'Without her father's approval, she won't look twice at the best-looking young man in the world, even if he's dying at her feet,' they thought.

Plenty of other people lived in the baron's castle with him. He had many poorer relatives who often visited him for big family paid for by the baron.

They always told him after a few drinks. 'There's nothing more enjoyable than our visits to your home.'

The baron was a small man with a big heart. He loved telling stories about the brave old Katzenellenbogen fighters who stared down proudly from their pictures on the castle walls. His special favourites were ghost stories. Each story he told was always listened to happily by his poor relatives, even if it was the hundredth time they'd heard it.

This was the baron's life. He was like a king in his castle, and believed himself to be the cleverest man in the world.

On the day when my story begins, the baron had planned a big party in the castle to celebrate the arrival of his daughter's future bridegroom.

The baron and a very grand old man from one of the finest families in Bavaria had decided to join their fortunes together by marrying their children to each other. Letters of great politeness were sent and replied



to. Although they hadn't even seen each other, the young pair were engaged to be married, and the date for the wedding was decided.

Young Count von Altenburg had left the army in order to come and fetch his bride from the baron's castle. Earlier he'd sent a letter from the nearest city, which the baron had read with interest:

*Friday, Wurtzburg*

*Sir,*

*I have some business to finish here in Wurtzburg which has made me later than I planned, but I'll arrive soon.*

*Von Altenburg*

Now everyone in the castle was making things ready for the young man's arrival. The future bride was wearing her finest clothes. Her two aunts had argued all morning about every single thing she should wear, so she'd left them arguing and had chosen her clothes herself. Luckily she had good taste. She looked as lovely as any young bridegroom could wish for, and her excitement meant that her pink face and shining eyes made her look even more beautiful than usual.

Her sighs and the dreamy look in her eyes all told of the gentle hopes and fears that fought together in her little heart. And now her aunts were at her side, telling her what to do and what to say to her lover when he arrived. Unmarried aunts are always good at that kind of thing!

The baron was running worriedly here and there, telling his servants to take care with this or that. He had nothing special to do, but was a naturally active man who hated sitting still when all around him were in a hurry.

The castle kitchen was full of food, and a small cow was cooking on the fire, together with the fattest birds from the nearby forest. The most excellent drinks the baron had to offer were all ready for the young count to taste.

But the young bridegroom was late. After some hours, the sun began to disappear behind the mountain tops. The baron climbed to the highest room in the castle and looked out of the window, hoping to see the count and his servants coming along the mountain road.

Once he thought he could see them, but it was only some men on horses who went past his castle. In the end, it became too dark for the baron to see the road clearly.

While all this was happening, in a different part of the Odenwald forest, two young men were riding along. One was Count Von Altenburg, who was going unhurriedly to meet his future bride. The other was a good army friend of his – Herman von Starkenfaust – whom he'd met by chance in Wurtzburg.

Starkefaust was one of the strongest, bravest men in Germany. He was returning from the army to his father's castle. This was close to Baron Landshort's home, although their two families never spoke because their ancestors had argued long ago.

The two young men were travelling the same way, so they agreed to ride onwards together.

The count told his servants, 'You can follow and catch up with me later.'

Then he rode off with his friend through the forest. On the way they first talked happily about their memories of army life. Then the count became a little boring when he started speaking about his future bride.

‘Everyone says she’s so beautiful, and I’m really looking forward to married life,’ he said.

In those days German forests were as full of robbers as German castles were full of ghosts. So it’s not surprising that, when they reached the loneliest part of the Odenwald, they were attacked by a group of thieves. Both fought bravely, but soon they were losing the battle.

Just then, the count’s servants arrived and ran to help them. The criminals ran away. But before leaving, one of them pushed his knife deep into the count’s side, leaving him badly hurt on the forest floor.

Slowly and carefully his servants carried him back to the city of Wurtzburg. There they took him to a man of the church who was also famous for his doctorly skill, but it was too late for half of the man’s skills to be of any use. No medicines could save the young count now. He was dying.

His last words were to the friend who stood at his bedside. ‘Go at once to the castle of Landshort and explain why I couldn’t come to meet my bride.’

He wasn’t perhaps the most loving of lovers, but he was a serious young man, and asked Starkenfaust to give the sad news as nicely as possible.

‘If you don’t, I won’t rest in my grave.’ he said.

‘I’ll do what you ask,’ Starkenfaust promised, giving the dying man his hand.

The count took it and held it for a while, but soon he became feverish, and began talking crazily.

‘I mustn’t break my promise. I must ride to Landshort myself to meet my bride.’

He died while he was trying to get out of bed, run out of the door and jump onto his horse.

Starkenfaust cried a little over his friend’s early death. Then he began to think of the difficult job he’d agreed to do.

‘How can I visit the castle of my father’s enemy unasked, bringing depressing news that will destroy his hopes and happiness?’ he said to himself.

On the other hand, he was very interested in meeting this young Katzenellenbogen woman whom people said was so beautiful, and who was kept locked away from the world in her father’s castle. He loved beautiful women, and he enjoyed adventures.

Before leaving Wurtzburg, he arranged for the count’s funeral to take place in the cathedral, where several of Von Altenburg’s relatives were buried. The rest he left to the young man’s servants.

## **The Ghoustly Bridegroom – Part 2**

Now let’s return to the Katzenellenbogen family, who were waiting for their guest - and for their dinner. Night came, and still the count hadn’t arrived. Their dinner couldn’t wait. The meats were nearly burnt, the cook was half worried to death, and everyone in the castle had hungry faces, like soldiers who hadn’t eaten for months.

In the end, the baron gave orders for the meal to begin immediately. Everyone was just sitting down at the table, when suddenly they heard the sound of a horn at the castle gate. A stranger was outside, asking to enter. Quickly the baron went to welcome his future son-in-law.

The gate opened, and the stranger, horn in hand, waited outside. He was a tall, fine-looking young man on a black horse. His face was pale, but he had shining mysterious eyes and a look of proud sadness about him.

The baron was surprised to see he'd come alone, without any servants. At first he felt annoyed.

'Doesn't that young man realize this is an important visit, and an important family he's marrying into?'

But then he calmed down, saying to himself, 'His youthful excitement has made him hurry here before his servants.'

'I'm sorry,' began the stranger, getting down from his horse, 'to arrive like this at this hour.'

The baron stopped him from saying more by welcoming him warmly and politely. He was proud of his own skill at speaking. Once or twice the stranger tried to stop the river of fine words, but he couldn't. In the end he just looked down at the ground and let it all wash over him.

By the time the baron had finished, they were deep inside the castle. Once more the stranger tried to speak, but this time he was stopped by the arrival of the women of the family, bringing his nervous young bride to meet him. He stared at her for a moment like a man in a dream. His eyes shone lovingly as he took in her beautiful face and figure.

One of the unmarried aunts whispered something in the young woman's ear. She tried to speak, lifting her bright blue eyes from the ground to look at her bridegroom nervously, but the words died on her soft lips.

Then she looked back at the floor, although there was now the ghost of a smile on her pretty face, showing she liked what she'd seen. Indeed it was impossible for a young girl of eighteen, who often dreamt of love, not to be pleased by this good-looking young man.

Because their guest had arrived so late, the baron said, 'Let's leave all talk of the wedding until tomorrow.'

He at once invited the young man to join them at the long table in the great hall where dinner waited for them.

From the walls the pictures of the baron's hard-faced ancestors looked down on them as they ate. Next to them there were old battle flags with lots of holes in them, several badly beaten bits of armour, and the heads of a number of wild animals from the nearby forest that different Katzenellenbogens had hunted, caught, and killed over the centuries.

The young man didn't take much notice of the other dinner guests, and touched little of the fine meal. He seemed too busy with his bride to think of things like that.

He spoke softly to her in words that those sitting next to them found hard to catch. But a woman can always hear the soft, sweet voice of her lover. His seriousness and gentleness seemed to touch the young lady deeply, and she listened closely to all he said, sometimes smiling and sometimes serious.

From time to time she said something back to him. And when he wasn't looking at her, she watched him out of the corner of her eye and sighed happily.

The two unmarried aunts, who both knew the mysteries of the heart well, told their neighbours at the table, 'We're sure the two of them fell in love the moment they met.'

The dinner went on happily. The baron's poorer relatives ate hungrily, in the way that people with little money do after they've spent days walking in the mountains.

The baron told his best stories with great success. When it was a mystery story, his listeners were suitably surprised, and when it was amusing, they laughed in all the right places.

Other, cleverer relatives told even funnier stories, or whispered things in the ladies' ears that made it hard for them not to laugh. One very happy, round-faced man sang some not very polite songs that made the unmarried aunts' faces turn red.

But instead of enjoying the fun of the party, the bridegroom looked a little out of place. His face became more miserable as the evening went on, and - strangely - the baron's funny stories made him look even sadder.

Sometimes he seemed to forget all around him. At other times he looked round the hall with restless eyes that spoke of an uneasy heart.

His conversations with his bride became more serious and mysterious. Her pretty face became clouded with worry, and she began to shake nervously at his words.

The people sitting near them noticed. They couldn't understand why the bridegroom looked so miserable, but his coldness, darkened the warm happiness of all around him.

People began whispering to each other and shaking their heads. Songs and laughs died on people's lips, and there were uncomfortable silences in conversations.

Then people began telling stories about ghosts and other wild figures of the night. Each story was more frightening than the one before it. In the end, the baron made several ladies scream at the now very famous story of the 'goblin horseman'. He told of how the strange mannish thing on a black horse came quietly one dark midnight and took the beautiful Leonora, the only child of her mother and father, from her room, and how she was never seen again alive after that night.

The bridegroom listened to this story with interest. Just before the baron finished, the young man began to stand up. He grew taller and taller until - to the baron at his side - he seemed like a great mountain of a man standing over him. Immediately the story was finished, the young man sighed deeply and said goodbye to everyone. They were all surprised, and no one was more surprised than the baron himself.

'Are you planning to leave at midnight? But everything's ready for you to stay with us tonight! Please go to your room now if you'd like to lie down.'

The stranger shook his head sadly, saying, 'I must lie in a different place tonight.'

There was something about this answer, and the way it was said, that made the baron's heart stop for a second. But he pulled himself together and again warmly invited the young man to stay.

The stranger shook his head silently. Waving goodbye to everyone, he walked slowly from the hall. The unmarried aunts sat as still as stones, and the bride began to cry.

The baron followed the stranger outside to where his black horse was waiting. As they stood at the castle entrance, the stranger turned and spoke to the baron in a deep, loud voice which the high roof above them made deeper and louder.

'Now we're alone I'll tell you why I must go. I have business that cannot wait which calls me away.'

'Can't you send someone in your place?'

'No. I must go myself. I have to be in Wurtzburg Cathedral.'

'Yes, but not now. Tomorrow you'll take your bride and marry her there.'

'No!' replied the stranger, ten times more seriously than before. 'I'm not going to marry. Death is waiting. I'm a dead man. I was killed by robbers. My body lies in Wurtzburg. At midnight they'll bury me. My grave is waiting. I mustn't be late!'

With that, he jumped on his horse, rode across the wooden bridge that took him to the road, and soon disappeared in the dark, windy night.

The baron returned worriedly to the great hall and told everyone there what had happened. Two ladies fainted, and others felt sick at the idea that they'd eaten dinner at the same table as a ghost.

Some said, 'Perhaps he's the Wild Hunter.'

He's a famous ghostly figure in many old German stories: a tall, strong, larger-than-life fighter, riding a black horse through the air at midnight. He often calls loudly to the group of noisy big black dogs around him. Their eyes always shine with red fire when they smell the warm meat of lonely travellers still out on the road after dark. The Wild Hunter hunts the living, and a crazy crowd of thin grey figures always dances after him. These are the ghosts of the newly dead – headless, armless, or legless – who moan and bleed helplessly as they're pulled by the Hunter and his dogs through the endless night sky.

Others disagreed with that idea. 'Perhaps he came out of the dark rocky heart of a mountain, or from deep under the ground below an old tree in the forest,' they said.

Anyone who didn't really believe the bridegroom was a terrible ghost or goblin of some kind had to change their ideas the following day. Next morning a letter arrived at the castle explaining about the young count's murder, and his funeral in Wurtzburg Cathedral.

### **The Ghostly Bridegroom - Part 3**

The news of the count's death at the hands of robbers shocked everyone in the castle. The baron locked himself away in his room. His guests, who'd come to celebrate with him, couldn't think of leaving him now in his time of trouble. They walked around the castle or met in the hall in groups, talking and shaking their heads. And they ate and drank more than ever to try and make themselves feel more cheerful.

But for the bride things were even worse. Just think of losing the man of your dreams before you've even taken him in your arms – and what a man he had been!

'The ghost of him was so polite and so fine-looking,' she said to herself. 'And I'm sure when he was alive, he was even politer and finer than that!'

She filled the castle with her moans and sighs.

On the second night after she'd met - and lost - the love of her life, she went to her room. One of her aunts - the fatter one - went with her. She didn't want the girl to sleep alone. This aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in Germany, was telling one of her longest stories when she fell asleep in the middle of it.

The room looked out on a garden. Lying in bed, the young woman watched the moon shining on the leaves of the tree that stood outside her window. As she listened, the bell of the castle clock sounded twelve times. It was midnight!

Suddenly she heard soft guitar music coming from the garden. She left her bed and went to the window. A tall figure stood below, among the shadows of the trees. It looked up at her and just then, the silvery light of the moon shone down on it. She recognized the face. It was her ghostly bridegroom!

Suddenly she heard a loud scream in her ear, and her aunt - who'd woken up and followed her niece to the window - fell into her arms. When she looked down at the garden again, the ghost had disappeared.

It was now the aunt that needed the most looking after. She was really terrified. The young woman, on the other hand, felt that there was something even in the ghost of her lover that touched her heart. He seemed to her so manly. And although the shadow of a man is not really enough to please a girl who's sick with love a manly ghost is better than no man at all.

The aunt said, 'I never want to sleep in this room again.'

The niece answered, 'And I'll never sleep in any other room in the castle except this one.'

So the niece decided to sleep in the room alone.

'Promise me faithfully you won't tell anyone about the ghost,' she asked her aunt.

'I promise,' the aunt replied.

The niece didn't want to lose the only happiness she had in the world. She didn't want to leave the room near that garden which her lover's ghost haunted at night.

I'm not sure if the aunt kept her promise or not. She loved telling stories, and it's fun to be the first person who learns about a piece of news and can then inform others. People say she kept her promise for over six days, but she didn't have to keep things secret for longer than that.

While she was sitting at the breakfast table on the seventh day, a servant came in, saying, 'Nobody can find the young lady. Her room's empty, she hasn't slept in her bed, and her window's open. She's gone!'

Everyone at the breakfast table was shocked at the news. Even the poorer relatives stopped eating for a moment. Then the fat aunt - who could say nothing when she first heard the news - suddenly began telling the story of what she'd seen in the garden, adding, 'The goblin's taken her!'

Two of the servants added, 'It's true! We heard a horse hurrying down the mountain road at about midnight. It was surely the ghostly bridegroom on his black horse, taking his bride away to the grave!'

All strongly believed what they said was true because awful things like this often happen in Germany, as you'll see if you read all the reports about them.

What a terrible thing to happen to the baron! Both as a father and as part of the great Katzenellenbogen family it was unspeakably awful.

'Has a ghost taken my only daughter to the grave, or am I going to have a wild hunter as a son-in-law, or maybe half-goblin grandchildren?'

As usual he began running around worriedly and everyone in the castle became nervous.

He gave orders to his men, 'Take your horses and ride through the Odenwald forest at once. Look for my daughter on every hill, in every valley, and along every road.'

The baron himself had just pulled on his boots and was ready to get on his horse's back when he saw something that made him stop.

A young lady was riding towards the castle on a white horse, and a young man on a black horse was riding beside her.

She rode up to the gate and jumped down from the horse. At once she fell at the baron's feet and put her arms round his legs. It was his lost daughter, and her friend was - the ghostly bridegroom!

The baron was very surprised. He looked first at his daughter and then at the ghost and almost couldn't believe his eyes.

The ghost seemed in much better health since his visit to the land of the dead. His clothes were rich and fine, and he looked strong and manly in them. He was no longer white-faced and miserable. His face was pink and full of life, and happiness, shone from his large brown eyes.

The mystery was at an end. The young man (as I'm sure you've guessed already) introduced himself to the baron as Herman von Starkenfaust.

He explained about his adventure with the young count, and told of how he'd hurried to the castle to bring the sad news, but that the baron had stopped him speaking again and again.

'When I saw the bride, she won my heart,' he went on, 'So I decided to stay for a while as the count in order to spend a few hours at her side.

'I was thinking about how I could say goodbye and go when suddenly your story about the goblin, Baron, gave me the idea for the strange way in which I left.

'Because you and my father are enemies, I knew later visits of mine wouldn't meet with your approval,' he added. 'So I came back in secret, haunting the garden below your daughter's window. There I met her, talked to her, won her heart, and carried her off with me to church where we've just celebrated our wedding.'

Normally the baron was a hard man. He liked his daughter to obey him, and his ancestors' enemies were his enemies, too. But he also loved his daughter, and he'd believed he would never see her again. Now he was happy to see her alive. And, although her husband was the son of his enemy, at least he wasn't a goblin!

'Young man,' he began, I have to say there's something not quite honest and true about the way you told me you were dead.'

But one of his friends, who was an old army man, said, 'Everything's fair in the name of love.'

Another old soldier added, 'Von Starkenfaust has recently been in the army, and what he's done needs to be seen in a different light because of that.'

So everything ended happily. The baron told his daughter and son-in-law there and then, 'I'm ready to forget what's happened and to welcome you both into my home with open arms.'

Everyone in the castle began celebrating again. The poor relatives made the young man's ears burn red with all the nice things they said to him:

'You're so brave.'

'You're so kind.'

'And so rich!'

The aunts, it was true, were a little shocked at the way their niece had forgotten so quickly everything that they'd tried to teach her.

'It was a serious mistake not to have metal bars put across her window,' said the thinner of the two, and her sister agreed.

The father aunt was very annoyed.

‘I can’t tell my wonderful story of the ghost in the garden any more,’ she thought. ‘Because the only ghost I’ve ever seen wasn’t real after all.’

But the niece seemed very happy indeed to find out that her ghostly bridegroom was in fact a living husband in the end.



## VERTIMŲ IR ILIUSTRACIJŲ PROJEKTAS TAVO ŽVILGSNIS 2023

<b>1. Švietimo įstaigos pavadinimas</b>	
<b>2. Moksleivio (-ės) vardas, pavardė</b> (spausdintinėmis raidėmis)	
<b>3. Mokytojo (darbo vadovo) vardas, pavardė</b>	
<b>4. Verčiamo/ilustruojamo teksto pavadinimas</b> (lietuvių kalba)	
<b>5. Užsienio kalba, iš kurios verčiama/ilustruojama</b>	
<b>6. Moksleivio klasė/kursas</b>	
<b>7. Moksleivio amžius</b>	
<b>8. Tai Jūsų pirmoji ar antroji užsienio kalba?</b> (pildo tik vertėjai)	
<b>9. Užsienio kalbos mokymosi metai</b> (pildo tik vertėjai)	