

Wizard Laskonka

Jarka, the chatterbox came to the bakery one day. Well, you know how it goes, when Jarka meets Betty, she begins to rub her hands together: „Let's have a gossip.“

As soon as lady Bakres saw her walk in, she was pushing a cake into her hand to hear a gossip. And she didn't have to wait long.

As soon as Jarka finished her cake, she started: „He muttered something about work and did not fix a hole in the fence. She put on weight, the other one had lost weight, and someone else got stuck somewhere else. That woman had become smarter, the other one was losing her mind, and another gobbled up the whole goose. A man bought a dog again, and another had a donkey at home. And he does not deny he has a bat at home. Those had lost their tortoise and a crocodile had a stomach ache yesterday...“

„Really!? I cannot believe it!“ wondered lady Bakres after a while.

The Baker loaded a dozen of loaves in the oven to make sure they are nicely baked and also listened to what Jarka, the chatterbox was saying. She can tell gossip about every single person in the village. And even if she didn't know anything, she would make it up.

So they both listened with their ears, eyes and mouth open not to miss a single word.

But suddenly, out of blue, smoke started to come out. The Baker forgot about the loaves and they burnt to the ground. Fire caught a wooden shovel and the bakery got caught up

Vedomkár Laskonka

Jedného dňa prišla do pekárne tárajka Jarka. To viete, keď tá Jarka stretne Betku, už si mädlí ruky: „Bude na klebietku.“

Sotva ju pekárka vo dverách zbadala, hneď ju koláčmi krmila, aby jej tárajka čo-to vytárala. A tá sa nenechala dlho núkať.

Len čo koláč schrúmala, už aj rapotala: „Ten mudroval o robote a neopravil dieru v plote. Tá stučnela, tamten schudol, ten sa kdesi pozabudol. Tá zmúdrela a tá zhlúpila, tá vám celú húsku zlupla. Ten si kúpil znovu psíka, tomu v izbe osol hika. Ten už ani nepopiera, že má doma netopiera. Tí stratili korytnačku, krokodíl mal včera hnačku...“



in fire. Lady Bakres fainted and Jarka – the chatterbox did not hesitate, grabbed both of her legs and dragged her out to get some fresh air. There she screamed „Fire! Call the fire brigade! No. 150!“

The Baker didn't faint, he quickly poured a bucket of water on the flames, however it wasn't enough. He also had to run out not to get burnt.

Fire fighters arrived after a little while, put out the fire, however not much was left of the bakery. Almost everything burnt to ashes. Desperate Baker was walking around the burnt-down bakery when suddenly someone patted him on a shoulder.

„I am Wizard Laskonka. I have never met anyone in the wide world who would bake a cake as good as you.“

Baker's eyes widened, he looked at the stranger and listened on. Well, he was left with nothing else.

„Too sweet, powdery, distasteful – there is no such wizard and there is no such magic that would make the cake like yours. If you promise never to stop baking it, I'll help you to recover the bakery.“

„I can easily promise you that, but I'm not in a mood to joke about it,“ frowned the Baker.

„I am serious, I always am! Now, go back to where you had been before the flames blazed, and say out aloud: The most powerful ruler of time, let the bakery be back again!“

„I think I am dreaming,“ thought the Baker. „Well, but I'll give it a try, it won't cost me a penny.“

He walked up to the burnt oven and quickly said the spell while he remembered it.

„Nehovorte!? No toto! Čo nepoviete?!“ čudovala sa podchvíľou pekárka.

Pekár ešte naložil do pece tucet bochníkov, aby sa pekne pekli, a tiež sa započúval, čo tá tárajka Jarka tára. O každučkom v dedine vedela akú-takú drobotinu. A keby aj nevedela, povymýšľala by si.

A tak obaja načúvali, uši, oči, ústa otvárali, len aby im nebodaj čosi neušlo.

Lenže z ničoho nič sa na nich začal valiť dym. Zabudol veru pekár na bochníky, a tie pekne do tla zhoreli. Z pece vyšľahol oheň na drevenú lopatu a od nej sa chytila celá pekáreň. Pekárka omdlela, tárajka nelenila, schytila ju za obe nohy a vyvliekla na vzduch. Tam zrevala: „Horiíí! Zavolajte hasičov! Číslo 150!“

Pekár neomdlel, chytro vylial na plamene vedro vody, lenže to pramálo stačilo. Musel sa aj on pratať von, aby nezhorel.

Hasiči o malú chvíľu prišli, oheň zahasili, lenže z pekárne veľa nezostalo. Takmer všetko zhorelo na uhoľ. Zúfalý pekár obchádzal zhorenisko, keď tu mu zrazu ktosi zaklopal na plece.

„Som vedomkár* Laskonka. Nikde, kde som dosiaľ bol, som nikoho nestretol, kto by koláč ako tvoj v širom svete napiekol.“



* vedomkár - zastar. ľudový lekár, veštec, čarodejník

Miracle! Ashes disappeared and a dozen of loaves had been baked in front of him. He heard Jarka, the chatterbox but something stopped him from leaving the oven to listen to gossip.

Wizard Laskonka filled his bag with cakes, left a coin on the counter and disappeared.

chatterbox [ˈtʃætəbɒks]	tárajka
gossip [ˈɡɒsɪp]	klebeta
fix [fiks]	opraviť
fence [fens]	plot
put on weight [weɪt]	pribrať, stučniť
lose weight [luːz]	schudnúť
gobble up [ˈɡɒbl ʌp]	zhltnúť
goose [ɡuːs]	hus
donkey [ˈdɒŋki]	osol
deny [diˈnaɪ]	poprieť
bat [bæt]	netopier
tortoise [ˈtɔːtəs]	korytnačka
stomach ache [ˈstamək eɪk]	bolenie brucha, žalúdka
believe [biˈliːv]	veriť
dozen [ˈdɒzn]	tucet
village [ˈvɪlɪdʒ]	dedina
flame [fleɪm]	plameň
suddenly [ˈsʌdnli]	náhle
forget [fəˈɡet]	zabudnúť
faint [feɪnt]	omdlieť
hesitate [ˈhezɪteɪt]	váhať

Pekár vyvalil na čudáka oči a počúval ďalej. Všetci iné mu ani nezostávalo.

„Precukrený, sypký, zlý – niet takého vedomkára, čo tvoj koláč vykúzlil. Keď mi sľúbiš, že ho neprestaneš nikdy piecť, pomôžem ti prinavrátiť pekárňu.“

„To ti ľahko sľúbim, lenže teraz nemám chuť na žarty,“ zamračil sa pekár.

„Nikdy nežartujem. Choď len pekne tam, kde si bol predtým, než plamene šľahali, a vyriekni nahlas: Najmocnejší vládca Čas, nech pekárňu je tu zas!“

„Asi sa mi sníva,“ pomyslel si pekár. „Nuž, ale vyskúšam, však za to nič nedám.“

Postavil sa k obhorenej peci a rýchlo vyriekol kúzlo, pokým si ho ešte pamätal.

Div divúci! Zhorenisko zmizlo a pred ním sa dopekali tucet bochníkov. Začul tárajku Jarku, no čosi mu bránilo odísť od pece a načúvať, čo tára.

A vedomkár Laskonka si naplnil kapsu koláčmi, na pult položil mincu a odišiel.



Debate

„Wishing you a good day,“ a bun greeted a donut.

„Good day to you, good day to you. How lovely and sugary you look. What is your filling? Is it sweet cheese?“

„Jam. And I always forget whether it is raspberry or strawberry. But I think a strawberry was drawn on the jar,“ remembered the bun. „And what is the flavour of your cream? Oh, please don't say it! Let me guess. Apricot?“

„Oh, yes. Well guessed. But it is a whipped cream I have on my head. And a tiny bit of raspberry flavour, too. Lady Bakres had used it today.“

„Do not worry, it doesn't show. I immediately knew it was of apricot flavour.“

„Thank you for your reassurance,“ said the donut happily.

„Oh, look, a walnut cake is here. Hello,“ the bun greeted politely.

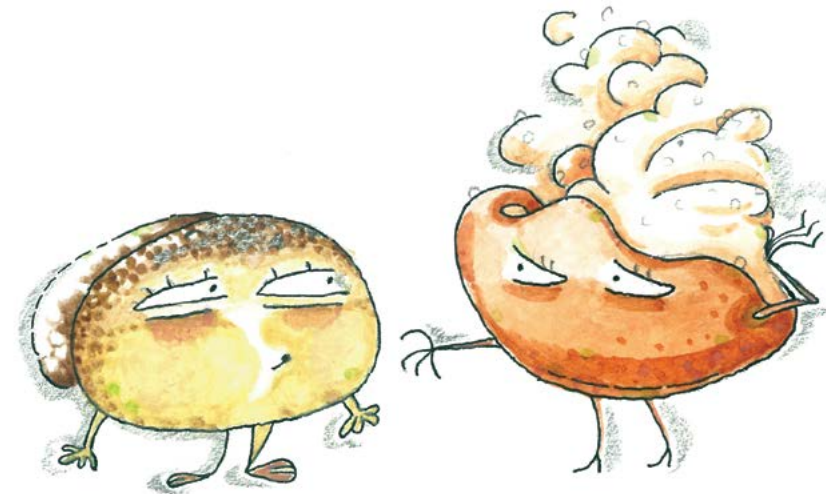
„Apparently, nuts go into your teeth. And poppy seeds, too,“ whispered the bun to the donut so the walnut cake could not hear.

„But I can hear you. You know, I have very good hearing. Well, no worries, I don't get offended. Who loves walnut cakes, does not care whether they have teeth full of nuts,“ he preached to both, the bun and the donut.

Thus, all three of them talked when suddenly, some kind of great wonder sat down next to them. The big something seemed polite as it greeted them nicely.

The bun, the donut and the cake all greeted it back and looked it up and down for a moment.

Debata



„Dobrý deň prajem,“ pozdravila buchta šišku.

„Aj vám. Aj vám. Aká ste pekná, pocukrovaná. Čím ste plnená? Tvarohom?“

„Lekvárom. Vždy zabudnem, či malinovým alebo jahodovým. Ale tuším jahoda bola nakreslená na pohári,“ predsalen si spomenula buchta. „A vás natreli akým krémom? Nehovorte! Budem hádať. Marhuľovým?“

„Ó, áno. Máte pravdu. Ale to mám penu na hlave, nie krém. Trocha ma zababrali aj malinovou. Aj také dnes robila pekárka.“

„Nebojte sa, nie je to vidno. Hneď som vedela, že ste marhuľová.“

„Ďakujem, upokojili ste ma,“ potešila sa šiška.

„Á, pozrime sa, už je tu aj orechový koláč. Dobrý deň,“ pozdravila ho buchta.

The bun was most curious and approached it first: „Do not get offended, may I ask who you are? I’ve never met you here before.“

„Oh, sorry, I should have introduced myself. I’m new here. Lady Bakres baked me for the very first time today. My name is profiterole, but mostly I am baked in a restaurant.“

„Pro-fi-te-role? Is it you? I’ve heard about you. What flavour is your filling, may I ask?“ inquired the walnut cake.

„Beaten egg whites with sugar. You should try. Here on the side, I have some extra cream left over. Have a taste, feel free to lick it off,“ offered profiterole.

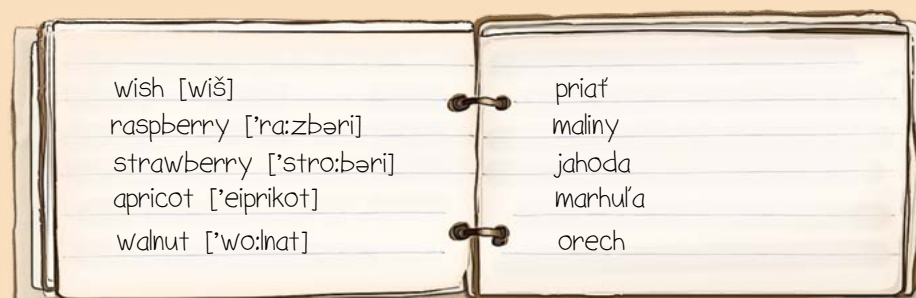
„Nice and sweet,“ indulged the donut. „I’m just wondering, you seem far too big.“

„There are bigger ones. Wipe your mouth as you have some cream all over your mouth. Oh, it’s always happening to me, whoever rubs against me gets all smudgy.“

„Interesting,“ said the donut and began to yawn. He was getting tired.

„And my powdered sugar gets everywhere,“ said the bun and was already dosing away.

Walnut cake wasn’t listening as he had long been fast asleep.



„Orechy vraj idú do zubov. Aj mak,“ pošuškala buchta šiška tak, aby ju koláč nepočul.

„Ale ja vás počujem! Viete, mám veľmi dobrý sluch. No, žiadne obavy, neurážam sa. Kto ľúbi orechové koláče, nestará sa, či má zuby plné orechov,“ poučoval koláč obe dámy. Buchtu aj šišku.

Takto si všetci traja hrkúťali, keď sa k nim posadilo akési veľké čudo. Ako sa ukázalo, bolo vychované a pozdravilo.

Buchta, šiška a koláč odzdravili a chvíľu si ho premeriavali.

Buchta bola najviac zvedavá a oslovila ho prvá: „Ak sa neurazíte, smiem sa spýtať, kto ste? Ešte som vás tu nikdy nestretla.“

„Och, prepáčte, mala som sa hneď predstaviť. Som tu nová. Pekárka ma dnes upiekla prvýkrát. Volám sa šamrola, ale väčšinou ma pečú v cukrárni.“

„Šam-ro-la? To ste vy? Už som o vás počul. Čím ste plnená, ak sa smiem spýtať?“ vyzvedal orechový koláč.

„Vyšľahané bielka s cukrom. Môžete okošťovať. Tu na boku mi dala priveľa krému. Len pokojne oliznite,“ núkala im šamrola.

„Aká sladučká,“ zalizovala sa šiška. „Len sa mi zdá, že akási priveľká.“

„Sú aj väčšie. A utrite si ústa, trochu som vás zamazala. To sa mi vždy stane. Kto sa o mňa obtrie, hneď sa celý zababre.“

„Zaujímavé,“ povedala šiška a začala zívať. Bola už akási unavená.

„Ja zase všetkých posypem práškovým cukrom,“ ozvala sa ešte buchta a aj tá už pomaly driemala.

Orechový koláč nepočúval, ten už dávno spal.