

**LUTKE IZ DAVNINE  
IVANE BRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ**



Međunarodni centar za usluge u kulturi  
Zagreb, 1994.

**I. B. M.  
AMONG THE PUPPETS**



I.K.S.  
Zagreb 1994

ur:  
lnica : Livija KROFLIN

slation into English:  
vod na engleski : Nina H. KAY-ANTOLJAK

t Cover:  
naslovnoj stranici: Ivana BRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ

t Cover Design:  
vna oprema: Zlata CUNDEKOVIĆ

Međunarodni centar za usluge u kulturi,  
Zagreb, Hrvatska, 1994.

CIP - Katalogizacija u publikacij  
Nacionalna i sveučilišna biblioteka, Zagreb

UDK 886.2(02.053.2)-2=862=20

I.B.M. Among the puppets / |editor = urednica Livija Kroflin :  
translation into English = prijevod na engleski Nina H. Kay-Antoljak]. -  
Zagreb : Međunarodni centar za usluge u kulturi, 1994. - 152 str. : 21 cm. -  
(Biblioteka Lutkanija)

Na spor. nasl. str.: Lutke iz davnine Ivane Brlić Mažuranić. - Tekst usporedo  
na hrv. i engl. jeziku. - Sadržaj: Stribor's forest : a fairy tale in three acts :  
(based on story of the same name by Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić) = Šuma  
Striborova : bajka u 3 slike : (po istoimenoj priči Ivane Brlić-Mažuranić) /  
Vojmil Rabadan. Palunko the fisherman and his wife : a fairy tale for the  
stage for young and old : based on Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić's story of the  
same name = Ribar Palunko i njegova žena : scenska bajka za malu i  
veliku publiku : (po istoimenoj priči Ivane Brlić-Mažuranić) / Milan Čečuk.

ISBN 953-96010-2-9

1. Rabadan, Vojmil 2. Čečuk, Milan

940818058

ŠUMA STRIBOROVA  
STRIBOR'S FOREST

Vojmil Rabadan

# ŠUMA STRIBOROVA

BAJKA U 3 SLIKE

(PO ISTOIMENOJ PRIČI IVANE BRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ)

# STRIBOR'S FOREST

A FAIRY TALE IN THREE ACTS

(BASED ON STORY OF THE SAME NAME BY IVANA  
BRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ)

DRAMATISED BY VOJMIL RABADAN

Autorsko pravo (c) Dubravka Rabadan

VA PRAVA PRIDRŽANA.

Reprodukcija teksta bilo djelomično ili u cijelosti zabranjeno je. U slučaju da netko želi ovaj tekst koristiti u javnoj upotrebi (postaviti na scenu, javno čitati, tiskati) potrebno je dobiti odobrenje vlasnika autorskog prava, Dubravke Rabadan, 41000 Zagreb, Ul. Pavla Hatza 12, Hrvatska. Tel.: +385 / 41 / 277-614.

Copyright (c) Dubravka Rabadan

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Unauthorised reproduction of this text, in full or in part, is prohibited by law. Those wishing to make public use of this text (in stage productions, public readings or in print) may acquire the necessary permission by applying to the owner of the copyright: Ms. Dubravka Rabadan, Pavla Hatza 12, HR-41000 Zagreb, Croatia. Phone: +385 / 41 / 277-614.

*Likovi:* STRIBOR  
MAJKA  
SIN  
SNAHA  
DJEVOJČICA  
MALIK TINTILINIĆ  
DUŠIĆI

Događa se u šumi Striborovoj i u kućici Majčinoj.

CHARACTERS:

STRIBOR  
MOTHER  
SON  
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW  
MAIDEN  
TINY TINTILINICH  
HEARTH SPRITES

The action takes place in STRIBOR's forest and in MOTHER's cottage.

PRVA SLIKA

ŠUMA U SNIJEGU

DJEVOJČICA: Hladni vjetri šumu biju,  
Led i zimu nose,  
Moje krpe slabo griju,  
Zebu noge bose.

Nemam majke, nemam kuće,  
Tuža sam i sama,  
Kud ću, led kad stisne ljuće  
I kad padne tama?

*... i plačući drva.*

*... i dojure, na njima bogata Gospođica.*

GOSPOĐICA: Oho! Tko si ti, odrpana bijedo?

DJEVOJČICA: Siromašna djevojčica bez doma i roda. Lutam  
od nemila do nedraga, gola i bosa, jedna i gladna!

GOSPOĐICA: A što radiš ovdje?

DJEVOJČICA: Sabirem otpale grane, da ih prodam za koranicu  
kruha...

GOSPOĐICA: Oho! A znaš li ti čija je to šuma?

DJEVOJČICA: Ne znam, svijetla gospođice!

GOSPOĐICA: Onda znaj da je ta šuma moja, i nitko u njoj ne  
smije uzeti ni jednog jedinog listića ako ja to ne  
dopustim!

SCENE 1.

A SNOW-BOUND FOREST

MAIDEN: Cold winds beat the forest,  
bringing ice and frost,  
My clothes barely warm me,  
My feet pay the cost.

With no mother, nor home,  
I'm so sad, if only,  
I knew where I was going  
Wouldn't feel so lonely.

*In tears, she collects kindling. A sleigh dashes up to her, bearing the grand  
Her Ladyship.*

HER LADYSHIP: Aha! Who might you be, you miserable thing?

MAIDEN: A poor girl with no home and no family. I am wander-  
ing around from place to place, ragged and barefoot,  
miserable and hungry!

HER LADYSHIP: And what do you think you are doing here?

MAIDEN: Collecting fallen branches, so I can sell them for a  
crust of bread ...

HER LADYSHIP: Aha! And do you know who owns this forest?

MAIDEN: I do not, fair lady!

HER LADYSHIP: Then let me tell you that this forest is mine,  
and no-one can take so much as a single leaf, unless I say  
so!

MAIDEN: I really didn't know that. Forgive me and allow me to  
take only some dry twigs from your forest. Only those that  
have fallen from the trees.

DJEVOJČICA: Ja to doista nisam znala. Oprostite i dopustite mi da iz vaše šume uzmem malo suhog granja. Samo ono što je otpalo sa stabla.

GOSPOĐICA: A što ćeš mi platiti za to?

DJEVOJČICA: Što mogu da vam platim ja siročče, kad nigdje ničeg nemam?

GOSPOĐICA: Onda ostavi granje i gubi se iz moje šume! Šuma je moja, pa je i otpalo granje moje, a ja ti ga besplatno ne dam!

DJEVOJČICA: Smilujte se, svijetla gospođice! Vas čeka ras-košan i ugrijan dvor, a ja nemam ni slamnata krova da se zaklonim kad padne noć. Poklonite mi to granje da naložim sebi vatricu! Vaša je šuma golema, neće se ni opaziti ako dvije grančice iznesem!

GOSPOĐICA: Ne, ne, i stoput ne! Istina je da je moja šuma golema, ali je i golem broj siromaha na svijetu. Kad bi svaki uzeo iz moje šume jednu grančicu, ja bih postala siromah! Ostavi granje i odlazi ili ću te svojim saonicama pregaziti! Kočijašu, tjeraj!

*Zagrmi.*

*Stribor se pojavi.*

STRIBOR (*mahne rukom, saonice se prevnu*):  
Okrutnice, stani! Tvoju škrtost, zloću  
Odavno ja gledam, sad te kaznit hoću!  
Ja sam Stribor, moćni duh, što šumama vlada.  
Tebe i tu šumu začarat ću sada!  
Ti ćeš postat zmija, šumom ćeš se vući,  
Dok te neka dobra duša ne odnese kući!  
A tu šumu neka zima zauvijek opkoli,  
Dok ne dođe netko koji više voli  
Tuđu sreću nego svoju!

*Gospodica se pretvori u zmiju i otpuzi.*

*Stribor se okrene Djevojčici.*

HER LADYSHIP: And what will you pay me?

MAIDEN: What could a poor girl like me possibly pay you, when I have nothing to pay with?

HER LADYSHIP: Then put down those branches and be gone from my forest! The forest is mine, so the fallen branches are mine too, and I won't give them to you for free!

MAIDEN: Have pity, fair Lady! Your fine, warm castle awaits you, and I don't have as much as a straw roof to shelter me when night comes. Give the branches to me so that I can make a fire! Your forest is so huge, you will not even notice if I take out a couple of branches!

HER LADYSHIP: No, no, a thousand times no! True enough, my forest is huge, but there is a huge number of paupers in the world. If each of them were to take one branch from my forest, I would become poor too! Leave the branches and go, or I'll run you down with my sleigh. Coachman, drive on!

*It starts to thunder. STRIBOR appears.*

STRIBOR (*He waves his hand, and the sleigh overturns.*):

Stop, base creature! Miserly soul!  
I've been watching you.  
So heartless and so evil,  
Now punishment is due.  
I am Stribor, the Spirit King,  
These forests know my rule.  
A spell on you and the forest,  
Too long you've been so cruel.  
A snake you'll be, a crawling thing,  
'less someone takes you under his wing.  
Winter will reign throughout these woods  
Until someone kind comes along,  
Who cares for the welfare of others  
More than for her own.

*HER LADYSHIP changes into a snake and slithers away. STRIBOR turns towards the GIRL.*

A ti dijete drago,  
Uzmi granje, vrijedit će ti više no sve blago!

*ane.*

**VOJČICA:** Šuma je opet ledena i pusta ... Stribora je nestalo ... Možda nije ni bio tu, možda sam ja sve to sanjala ... Uh, kako me zima štipa kroz poderanu košuljicu. Naložit ću vatru ovim suhim granjem, da se malo ugrijem!

*eše vatru.*

*om je plamen liznuo, iskoče iz vatre crveni Dušići i zaigraju kolo oko vojčice i ognja.*

**ŠIĆI:** Mi smo družba malena,  
Djeca vatre, plamena!  
Gdjeno oganj gori,  
Tu se Dušić stvori!  
Hitri smo ko iskrice,  
Naše žarke sestrice!  
Oko vatre hitimo,  
Dobre ljude štitimo!

**EVOJČICA:** Tko ste vi, mali ljudi?

**MLIK TINTILINIĆ:** Mi smo dobri Dušići ... Kupimo se oko vatre i pomažemo dobrim ljudima ... A ja sam Malik Tintilinić, najmanji od sve braće ...

**MLIČI DUŠIĆI:** ... i najpametniji ...

**MLIČI DUŠIĆI:** ... i najveseliji ...

Ha, ha, ha

Hi, hi, hi!

**EVOJČICA:** Dragi Dušići, kad ste tako dobri i pametni, izvedite me iz ove šume i nađite mi neko noćište!

**MLIK TINTILINIĆ:** Idi uvijek ravno ovom stazicom! Ona će te dovesti do kolibice! Pokucaj na vrata, uđi i ponudi na prodaju to suho granje koje ti je moćni Stribor poklonio!

Tko od tebe uzme luči,  
Sreću nać će svojoj kući,

And you, sweet child, take branches full measure,  
They'll be more to you than any treasure!

*STRIBOR disappears.*

**MAIDEN:** The forest is cold again, and empty... Stribor has disappeared... Perhaps he was never here, perhaps it was all a dream. Oh, how the cold pinches at me through this tattered shirt. I'll set a fire with these dry branches to warm myself a little!

*She lights the fire.*

*As soon as the first licks of flame rise, the red HEARTH SPRITES leap from the fire and dance in a circle around the GIRL and the fire.*

**SPRITES:** A tiny happy band we are,  
Hiding there beneath the char,  
When the flames start to burn,  
Hearth Sprites, it's your turn!  
We're swift as shining sparks,  
Glowing sisters in our larks.  
Round the fire dash and leap,  
Honest people in our keep.

**MAIDEN:** Who are you, little people?

**TINY TINTILINICH:** We are Hearth Sprites... We gather around the fire and help good people... And I am Tiny Tintilinch, the smallest of all the brethren...

**SPRITE I:** ... and the cleverest ...

**SPRITE II:** ... and the merriest ...

Ha, ha, ha,

Hi, hi, hi!

**MAIDEN:** My dear Sprites, since you are so good and wise, lead me from this forest and find a place for me to spend the night!



Gdje ti svoj zapališ krijes,  
Naš će odmah početi ples!

*Još jednom zaplešu i zapjevaju.*

*Onda svega nestane.*

DJEVOJČICA: Opet je svega nestalo! Idem stazicom, pa što sreća dade!

*Ode.*

ZMIJA: Ogavna odrpanka! Ona je kriva da me Stribor u Zmiju pretvorio! Uh, al bih je bila ujela da je ognjeni Dušići nisu čuvali ... Sad se moram mučiti kao zmija dok me netko kući ne ponese! Jao meni, nitko neće biti tako lud da Zmiju kući nosi! Teško ću se ja ove čarolije riješiti!

*Psiče i ode.*

*Stanka.*

*Dolaze Majka i Sin.*

MAJKA: Evo nas na poznatoj čistini, sine dragi! Ti obori sjekirom koje stabalce, a ja ću sabirati suho granje, da ogrjeva za kuću smognemo!

SIN: Ne muči se, majko! Ja ću sam drva cijepati, a ti se odmaraj! Dugo smo snijeg gazili, mora da si sustala!

MAJKA: Jest, malko sam umorna, ali nije teško sabirati granje, pomoći ću ti!

SIN: Ne, ne, majko! Ti si stara i slaba, neću da se mučiš! Sjedni na panj i odmaraj se!

MAJKA: Hvala ti, jedini moj, što tako voliš i paziš svoju staru majku!

SIN: Kako te ne bih volio, kad si ti najzlatnija majčica na svijetu! Koliko si se mučila dok si se za mene malenog brinula da me hraniš i odgajaš! Sada sam velik i jak, pa je moja najveća sreća da se ja za tebe brinem!

TINTILINICH: Just go straight along this path! It will lead you to a small cottage! Knock at the door, go in and offer to sell the branches, which the mighty Stribor gave you.

Whoever takes your magic twigs,  
Will soon be joining in our jigs,  
Your little fire will light the home,  
With joy as sweet as honeycomb.

*The SPRITES start to dance and sing again.  
Then everything disappears.*

MAIDEN: Everything has gone again! I'll take the path and see what fortune brings!

*She departs*

SNAKE: Disgusting creature! It's her fault that Stribor turned me into a snake! Ah, but I would have bitten her if the Sprites had not guarded her... Now I have to slither as a snake, until someone takes me home! Woe is me, who would be so foolish as to take a snake home! This spell will be hard to cast off!

*She hisses and leaves.*

*A pause.*

*MOTHER and SON arrive.*

MOTHER: We know this clearing, my dear boy! You chop down a tree with your axe, and I will collect some dry branches so we have wood for the cottage!

SON: Don't strain yourself, Mother! I will chop the wood myself while you rest! We have tramped through the snow for so long, you must be exhausted!

MOTHER: Yes, I am a little tired, but it's not hard to collect twigs. I'll help you.

SON: No, no, Mother! You are old and weak, I don't want you to strain yourself! Sit on a tree-stump and rest!

**JKA:** Blago meni dok si takav, sine! Dobro, ti radi, a ja ću tamo dolje vatricu ukresati, da ti nekoliko toplih krumpira ispečem!

**N:** To možeš, majčice! Ja sam uvijek gladan!

**JKA:** Neka, sine! Tko voli da radi, na sm'je trpit gladi!

**N:** A lijenčina što dangubi, na večeru pravo gubi!

*rati u smijehu Majku.*

**MIJA:** Ovaj je momak dobar! Pokušat ću njega prevariti da me kući nosi! (*Momak se vraća.*) Zdravo, lijepo momče! Ako si dobar, kako si krasan, pomoz mi!

**N:** Gle, lijepo li gujice! Blista kao srebro i govori kao čovjek! Rado bih je kući ponio! (*Zmiji.*) Kakvu pomoć od mene tražiš, zmijice srebrna?

**MIJA:** Ja ti nisam obična zmija ... U šumi je užasna studen, smrznut ću se! Ponesi me kući, da se vatre nagrijem!

**N:** To sam i sam htio! Dođi, ponijet ću te kući!

**MIJA (za se):** Ha, ha, ha, našla sam budalu koja će me osloboditi, a sebe upropastiti! Stribore, ja sam spašena! Ha, ha, ha!

*etvori se u djevojku.*

**N:** Prekrasna djevojka! Otkud se najednom stvorila!

**MIJA:** Ja sam tvoja zmijica koju si htio kući nositi ... rekla sam ti da nisam obična guja ... No, što stojiš? Zar ti se ovakva ne sviđam? Hoćeš li da opet postanem zmija?

**N:** O ne, ne, ovako si tisuću puta ljepša!

**MIJA:** Hoćeš li me i ovakvu kući povesti?

**N:** Hoću, hoću, samo ako ti hoćeš da dođeš u našu skromnu sirotinjsku kolibicu!

**MIJA:** Zato sam i izašla preda te! Ja sam šumska vila! Mnogi su kraljevići i vitezovi prosili moju ruku, a ja sam baš tebe odabrala!

*Majka se vraća.*

**MOTHER:** Thank you, my dear, for your love and care of your old mother!

**SON:** How could I not love you, when you are the sweetest mother in the world! How hard you worked to care for me when I was small, to feed me and raise me! Now I am big and strong, and nothing makes me happier than to care for you!

**MOTHER:** How blessed I am, with such a son! Alright, you work, and I will light a fire down there and roast you a few potatoes!

**SON:** That you can do, Mother! I am always hungry!

**MOTHER:** Let it be so, son! The labourer is worthy of his hire!

**SON:** And he who wastes the day, gets no dinner for his pay!

*He laughs as he sees his mother on her way.*

**SNAKE:** This is a good lad! I shall try to trick him so he takes me home! (*The boy comes back.*) Greetings, young man! If you are as good as you are handsome, help me!

**SON:** Look! What a beautiful serpent! Shining like silver and talking like a lady! I would like to take it home! (*To the snake.*) What help do you seek from me, little silver snake?

**SNAKE:** I am not an ordinary snake... It is terribly cold in the forest and I shall freeze! Take me home so that I can bask by your warm fire!

**SON:** That's just what I wanted to do! Come, I shall take you home with me!

**SNAKE (To herself):** Ha, ha, ha, I have found a fool who will set me free, and ruin himself! Stribor, I am saved! Ha, ha, ha!

*The SNAKE turns into a Young Woman.*

**SON:** Beautiful lady! Where did you come from all of a sudden?

**SNAKE:** I am your little snake, the one you wanted to take home... I told you I was not just an ordinary serpent... Well, what are you standing there for? Don't you like me like this? Do you want me to become a snake again?

**SON:** Oh no, no, you are a thousand times more beautiful like this!

MAJKA: Sine, krumpiri su pečeni, dođi da založiš! O, tko je ta strana djevojka?

SIN: Moja nevjesta, majko!

MAJKA: Tvoja nevjesta? A gdje si je našao?

SIN: Ovdje u šumi. Ona je mene našla i odabrala me za svog viteza! Sad ću je kući povesti!

MAJKA: A znaš li barem tko je ona i otkuda je došla?

ZMIJA: Prestani s tvojim glupim pitanjima, stara! Tvoj sin nije malen balavac, već odrastao momak kome tvoji savjeti ne trebaju! (*Sinu.*) Reci joj neka nas ostavi na miru! Zar ti nisi u svojoj kući gospodar?

SIN: Jesam, jesam, kako ne bih bio! Sad ćeš odmah vidjeti! Majko, ostavi nas na miru! Ja hoću da vodim ovu krasoticu kući i vodit ću je! Sad nemam volje da cijepam drva! Ti sakupi suha granja i donesi ga na leđima kući! Ali mnogo drva uprti, jer neću da se moja nevjesta smrzava! I upamti: ja sam u kući gospodar, stara!

*Ode sa Zmijom.*

MAJKA: O sine, sine, kako si se najednom promijenio! Začarala te nepoznata djevojka, koja mora da je vještica il' neki zloduh, što hoće da te upropasti! Jao meni, kako da te njene čarolije spasim?

*Ode sabirući suho granje.*

STRIBOR (*pojavi se*):

Lukava je zmija momka prevarila,  
U ljepotu - djevojku sad se pretvorila,  
Al joj zmijski jezik u ustima osta,  
Po njemu će Majka poznat opakoga gosta!  
Izvan ove šume Stribor nema moći:  
Sad mladiću može tek Majka pomoći!

ZASTOR

SNAKE: Will you take me home like this too?

SON: I shall, I shall, if you will only come to our humble cottage

SNAKE: That's why I came before you like this! I am a forest fairy! Many princes and knights have asked for my hand but I have chosen you!

*MOTHER returns.*

MOTHER: My son, the potatoes are ready. Come and eat! Oh who is this strange girl?

SON: My bride, Mother!

MOTHER: Your bride! And where did you find her?

SON: Here in the forest. She found me and chose me for her knight! Now I shall take her home!

MOTHER: Do you at least know who she is, and where she came from?

SNAKE: Stop asking these stupid questions, Old Woman! Your son is not a little boy but a grown man who doesn't need your advice! (*To SON.*) Tell her, let her leave us alone! Aren't you the master in your house?

SON: Of course I am! How could it be otherwise! Now you'll see Mother, leave us in peace! I want to take this beauty home... and I shall! I don't feel like chopping wood now! You collect some dry branches and bring them home on your back! But make sure there's plenty of wood, because I don't want my bride to freeze! And remember, old woman: I am the master of the house.

*SON leaves with the SNAKE.*

MOTHER: Oh, my son, my son, how you have changed all of a sudden! You have been enchanted by a strange girl who must be either a witch or an evil spirit, who wants to ruin you! Woe is me, how can I save you from her spell?

*MOTHER goes on her way, collecting dry twigs.*

*STRIBOR appears.*

DRUGA SLIKA  
KOLIBICA MAJKE I SINA

*snaha dolaze pjevajući.*

*ma još izvana.*

Što me briga da je zima,  
Kad mi draga bundu ima!  
Neka vjetar puše, vije,  
Mene bunda toplo grije!  
Ha, ha, ha!

*su.*

Đ: Evo, draga, to je moja kućica! Dosad moja, a odsada i  
tvoja i moja!  
AHA: Zaboravio si da imaš majku! Da je kuća njezina, a ne  
tvoja!  
Đ: Već sam ti putem rekao da sam ja gospodar i kuće i sve-  
ga što imamo!  
AHA: Tu je hladno! Zašto ne gori vatra na ognjištu?  
Đ: Ostali smo bez drva. Zato smo i pošli u šumu ja i majka.  
AHA: Gdje je stara?  
Đ: Zaostala je! Mi smo išli brzo, pjevajući, a ona teško ide,  
jer mora drva vući!

*ujeh.*

**STRIBOR:** The naïve lad's cheated by her wily spell,  
The Snake's done her magic and looks like a belle.  
But her snake tongue's forked like no other,  
She may fool him, but not his Mother!  
Only this forest feels Stribor's might,  
But his Mother can save him from his plight!

*CURTAIN*

**SCENE 2.**

**THE MOTHER AND SON'S SMALL COTTAGE**

*The SON and the DAUGHTER-IN-LAW arrive singing.  
Their song can be heard from outside the cabin.*

What do I care if its winter!  
My dear love has fur to warm her.  
Let the wind blow cold or freezing,  
With this coat there'll be no sneezing!  
Ha, ha, ha!

*They come into the cottage.*

**SON:** There you are, my darling, this is my little house. Mine until  
now, and from now yours and mine!  
**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** You forgot that you have a mother!  
That it's her house, and not yours!  
**SON:** I already told you on the way here that I am master of the  
house, and of everything we have!

SNAHA (*ogledava se*): Ovo je, čini se, kuhinja! Imaš li još kakvu prostoriju?

SIN: Kako ne! (*Otvora vrata.*) Imamo veliku sobu! Evo, tu je!

SNAHA: A tko spava na ta dva kreveta?

SIN: Majka i ja!

SNAHA: Sad ću ja spavati na majčinu krevetu! Stara mora napolje iz sobe!

SIN: Dobro, premjestit ćemo je u kuhinju, samo ti budi vesela i zadovoljna!

*Ulazi Majka s drvima na leđima.*

SNAHA: Gdje si tako dugo, stara? Šećeš s noge na nogu, a mi se tu smrzavamo bez vatre!

MAJKA: Teško je breme, a ja stara i slaba. Jedva sam se do kuće dovukla. Sine, pomози mi da drva na zemlju spustim!

*Sin pođe Majci.*

SNAHA (*zadrži ga*): Ostavi! Nije to tvoja briga! (*Majci.*) Radi sama svoj posao! On je gospodar u kući, ne mora slušati tvoje zapovijedi! (*Sinu tiho.*) Reci joj da je soba odsada moja!

SIN (*malo nesigurno*): Majko ... moja nevjesta veli da u sobi nema za te mjesto!

MAJKA: Dobro, sine, prenesi moj krevet ovamo!

SNAHA: Kako ne! Tvoj krevet meni treba! (*Sinu tiho.*) Reci joj nek sebi prostre kakvu vreću na podu kraj ognjišta!

SIN: Krevet ti ne možemo dati, majko! Prostri sebi kraj ognjišta gunj! (*Ode u sobu.*)

SNAHA: Kakav gunj! Staru vreću prostri, bit će za tebe dovoljna! (*Sjedne.*) Klekni i čizme mi skini! (*Majka klekne i izuva je.*) A sad naloži vatru i priredi večeru, dobru i obilnu večeru! Nisam došla ovamo da postim!

*Ode sa Sinom u sobu.*

MAJKA (*još uvijek pod bremenom*): Jadna Majko, što si dočekala!

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** It's cold in here. Why isn't the hearth fire burning!?

**SON:** We had no more wood. That's why we went into the forest, my mother and I.

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** And where is the old woman?

**SON:** She lagged behind! We walked quickly, singing, but she walks slowly because she has to drag the wood!

*They laugh.*

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW** (*Looking about.*): This seems to be the kitchen! Do you have any more rooms?

**SON:** Of course! (*He opens a door.*) We have a larger room! It's in here!

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** And who sleeps on those two beds?

**SON:** Mother and I!

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** From now on, I'll sleep in your mother's bed! The old woman has to get out of this room!

**SON:** Alright, we'll move her into the kitchen - just as long as you are pleased and happy!

*MOTHER comes in with the fire-wood on her back.*

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** Where have you been so long, Old Woman? You dawdle along and we are freezing here without a fire.

**MOTHER:** It's a heavy burden, and I am old and weak. I hardly managed to drag it home. My son, help me to put this load of wood down on the floor!

*The SON goes towards his MOTHER.*

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW** (*Holding him back.*): Leave her! It's not your concern! (*To MOTHER.*) Do your work yourself! He is master of the house, he doesn't have to obey your orders! (*Quietly to the SON.*) Tell her, that the room is mine from now on!

**SON** (*With some hesitation.*): Mother... my bride says there is no place for you in the room!

Još jutros bio je moj sin najbolje dijete na svijetu, a sad ga je ta neznanka učinila zlim i bezdušnim! Jao meni, kako ću ta drva s leđa skinuti?!

**VOJČICA S LUČIMA** (*pojavi se na vratima*) : Ja ću ti breme prihvatiti, bakice!

**KA**: Hvala ti, dušice, živa i zdrava bila! Tko si i kud ćeš po toj strašnoj zimi, a samo je poderana košuljica na tebi!

**VOJČICA**: Siroče sam, nemam svoga doma. Prodajem luči. Kupi ih, bako, da zaradim koji groš!

**JKA**: Nemam, dušo, novaca. Ništa ti ne smijem dati, jer nisam više gospodarica u svojoj kući!

**VOJČICA**: Onda ću ti ja pokloniti luči, da imaš čime vatru naložiti ... Evo, uzmi koliko ti treba!

**JKA**: Hvala ti, dijete, a ja ću tebe ovom maramom ogrnuti, da mi se slabašna ne smrzneš ... (*Omota je svojom maramom.*)

**VOJČICA**: Hvala, bako, sad ću lakše dalje, kad mi je toplije!

**JKA**: Sretno pošla, mila moja, i bolju kuću našla, gdje mlađi starije poštuju i paze! (*Isprati je na vrata.*) Sad moram brže vatru naložiti! Potpalit ću lučima male sirotice. Suhe su, i začas će planuti ...

*i vatru.  
šići iskoče.*

**JKA**: Oh, tko ste vi, crveni čovuljci?

**JŠIĆI**: Mi smo družba malena,  
Djeca vatre, plamena!  
Gdjeno oganj gori,  
Tu se Dušić stvoril!  
Hitri smo ko iskrice,  
Naše žarke sestrice!  
Okolo vatre hitimo,  
Dobre ljude štitimo!

(*Govore.*) Mi smo dobri Dušići ... Kupimo se oko vatre i pomažemo ljudima ...

**MOTHER**: Alright, my son, bring my bed in here.

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW**: Not so quickly! I need your bed!  
(*Quietly to the SON.*) Tell her she can spread a sack on the floor beside the fire!

**SON**: We cannot let you have the bed, Mother! Spread yourself a blanket beside the fire! (*He goes into the other room.*)

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW**: What do you mean, a blanket! You can use an old sack. That will be good enough for you!  
(*DAUGHTER-IN-LAW sits down.*) Kneel here and take off my boots! (*MOTHER kneels and pulls off the boots.*) And now make a fire and get dinner ready, a good hearty dinner! I didn't come here to be hungry!

*She follows SON into the other room.*

**MOTHER** (*Still with the load on her back.*) : Poor Mother, what you have lived to see! Only this morning my son was the best child in the world, but now that stranger has made him wicked and heartless! Woe is me, how will I take this load from my back!

**MAIDEN** (*Appearing at the door.*) : I will take your load, grandmother!

**MOTHER**: Thank you, my dear! May you be cheery and well. Who are you and where are you bound for in this terrible cold, with only a torn shirt to cover you!

**MAIDEN**: I am an orphan, with no home of my own. I sell kindling. Buy some, grandmother, so that I earn a few cents!

**MOTHER**: I have no money, my dear. And I dare not give you anything as I am no longer mistress in my own house!

**MAIDEN**: Then I will give you something, take some twigs to light your fire... Here, take as much as you need!

**MOTHER**: Thank you, child, and you seem so weak that I will wrap this shawl about you so that you don't freeze (*She wraps her shawl around the girl.*)

**MAIDEN**: Thank you, grandmother, I will go more easily on my way now that I'm warmer!

**MOTHER**: Good fortune, my sweet, and may a better home keep you from the cold, where they respect and care for the old!

TINTILINIĆ: Ja sam Malik Tintilinić, koji od sve braće  
Najveći je mudrac i najviše skače!  
Svud se skićem, u kuće ulazim,  
Odsad, Majko, ja na tebe pazim!  
Mi ćemo ti poso svršit, ne tuguj, ne plači,  
Već u kolu s nama i ti skači!

*Sve plešući veselo obave sav posao: drva nacijepaju, kuhinju počiste, večeru prirede.*

MAJKA: Ah, Dušići moji mili,  
Tužnu ste me utješili!  
Sreća vas je amo zvala,  
Od srca vam, djeco, hvala!

TINTILINIĆ: Sav je poso svršen! Majko, ruku pruži,  
Pa zapleši s nama, kud nam kolo kruži!  
Po ognjištu,  
Po dvorištu,  
Na stolicu  
I policu,  
Skok na klupu!

Lup po ćupu!  
Brzo, brže, skači, pleši,  
Nek se majci srce tješi!

MAJKA: I ja s vama plešem ko curica  
I smijem se slatko ko grlica!  
Svaka tuga mora s vama proći!  
*(Smijeh Snaha u sobi.)*

Jao, bjež'te, sad će Snaha doći!

TINTILINIĆ: Ja znam, majko, tko je tvoja snaha!  
Neka dođe, dat ćemo joj straha!

*Svi se posakriju.*

SNAHA *(ulazi sama)*: Kakva je to galama bila ovdje, nesrećo  
stara?

MAJKA *(mimo)*: Večera ti je skuhana, snaho!

SNAHA *(za se)*: Baš fino miriše jelo, al neću staru pohvaliti!

*(MOTHER sees her to the door.)* Now I must quickly set a fire!  
I'll light it with the kindling the sweet orphan gave me. The  
twigs are dry and will catch alight in a second...

*MOTHER lights the fire.*  
*The SPRITES leap out.*

**MOTHER:** Oh, who are you, you tiny red people?

**SPRITES:** A tiny happy band we are,  
Hiding there beneath the char,  
When the flames start to burn,  
Hearth Sprites, it's your turn!  
We're swift as shining sparks,  
Glowing sisters in our larks.  
Round the fire dash and leap,  
Honest people in our keep!

*(Speaking.)* We are the good Fire Sprites... We gather  
around the flame and help good people...

**TINTILINICH:** I am Tiny Tintilinić, my brothers say I'm best,  
First in leaping, first in wit, I always pass the test.  
You will find me everywhere,  
Up on the shelf, beneath your chair,  
We will get your chores done, no more tears and woe,  
Join in our dance! Let's go.

*They all dance merrily and do everything that has to be done: they chop the  
wood, clean the kitchen, and prepare dinner.*

**MOTHER:** My thanks, little Sprites,  
My sadness has flown!  
Good fortune has brought you,  
I'm no longer alone.

**TINTILINICH:** All the work's behind us!  
Mother, take this chance,  
Follow where we lead you, you'll enjoy this dance.  
Across the hearth,  
And down the path,

(Majci.) Čini mi se da ti je jelo zagorjelo. Gadno smrdi!  
Zašto nisi pazila? Misliš li da ću ja zagoreno jesti?

JKA: Što govoriš, kćeri? Kakvo zagoreno jelo! Miriše da bi  
ga i mrtav čovjek jeo!

AHA: Ne prepiri se sa mnom! Ako ja kažem da smrdi, onda  
smrdi! Hoću da se umijem! Daj mi vode!

JKA: Evo, tu je umivaonik s vodom!

AHA (prevrne umivaonik): Ta voda nije svjež! Donesi mi s  
vrha brda snijega da se umijem!

JKA: Ako želiš snijega, puno ga je dvorište i polje! Ne mo-  
ram ići na brdo po snijeg!

AHA: Taj snijeg na polju nije čist! Meni treba čistog snijega  
s vrha brda, i to odmah! (Viče u sobu.) Dođi ovamo, dragi!  
Tvoja mati neće da mi donese snijega s brda da se  
umijem!

N: Poslušaj je, majko! Ona je sad gospodar ovdje!

JKA: Zar ti želiš, sine, da ti majka u planini strada?

N: Želim, majko, da svaku želju moje nevjestice ispuniš!

AHA: Tako je, svaku moju želju, jesi li čula? Kad se vratiš  
s brda, idi na smrznuto jezero, načini u ledu rupu, pa  
mi na toj rupi uhvati šarana za večeru!

AJKA: Provalit će se led pod mnom, propast ću u jezero!

AHA: To je tvoja briga! (Vrišti.) Idi, slušaj me!

N: Ne srđi moje nevjestice, majko! Idi, slušaj je!

AJKA: Idem. I bolje je da poginem, kad ovako Majku mučite!

NTILINIĆ (izviri kraj Majke): Ne boj se, Majčice! Ti pođi u štalu  
i sjedni na toplo sijeno, a mi ćemo ti snijeg s brda i  
šarana iz jezera donijeti!

du on i Majka.

NAHA: Dragi, umoran si, idi u sobu da otpočineš!

N: U sobi je hladno! Ja bih radije sjedio s tobom uz vatru!

NAHA (oštro): Idi u sobu, kad ti govorim! Ja sam tu gospodar,  
moraš me i ti slušati!

N: Dobro, dobro, dušice, slušam te, idem, samo se nemoj  
srđiti! (Otrči u sobu.)

NAHA: Ovo jelo previše dobro miriše, neću da ga s njime

On the chair,  
Up in the air,  
On the stool,  
Play the fool,  
All together, leap apart,  
Joy to lighten Mother's heart!

MOTHER: This jig reminds me of a time long past,  
When my heart was young and my feet were fast.  
No place for sadness while you are here!

(The sound of DAUGHTER-IN-LAW's laughter from the next room.)

But go now, for the Bride draws near!

TINTILINICH: I know, Mother, who he's taken for wife!  
Let her come, she's in for strife!

All the SPRITES hide

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW (She comes in alone.): What is that racket  
in here, you miserable old thing?

MOTHER (Calmly.): Your dinner is prepared, daughter-in-law!  
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW (To herself.): It does smell good, but I  
won't praise the old woman! (To MOTHER.) That food must  
be burnt. It smells awful! Why weren't you more careful?  
Do you expect me to eat burnt food?

MOTHER: What are you saying, daughter! Nothing has burnt!  
It smells so delicious that a ghost would be tempted!

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: Don't argue with me! If I say it smells  
awful, then it smells awful! I want to wash! Give me  
water!

MOTHER: Here. Here is the washbasin.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW (Overturning the washbasin.): That water  
is not fresh. Bring me snow from the top of the mountain  
so that I can wash!

MOTHER: If you want snow, the yard and fields are full of it! I  
don't have to go up the mountain for snow!

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: That snow in the fields is not fresh! I  
need clean snow from the top of the mountain, and I need  
it now! (Shouting towards the next room.) Come in here,



dijelim, sve ću sama pojesti! Najprije da vrata zaključam, da se ne bi stara vratila!

*Krene prema vratima.*

*Jedan Dušić uhvati je otraga za suknju i ne da joj dalje.*

Što je to? Suknja mi je o neki čavao zapela!

*Obazre se: taj Dušić nestane, drugi je iza leđa uhvati. I tako dalje.*

Sad sam opet tu zapela ... Uh, ova je kuća puna čavala!  
... Neka, ne moram zatvoriti vrata ... Idem jesti!

*Dok dođe do ognjišta, Dušići je opet love i sprdaju se njom. Kad se nagnula na lonac, iz lonca sukne plamen i opali je.*

Jao, jao, plamen mi je lice opržio ... Ništa ne vidim... U pomoć, dragi, u pomoć! *(Otrči u sobu.)*

*Dušići se pokažu smijući se.*

*Otvore vrata i uvode Majku.*

*Dovuku čabar.*

TINTILINIĆ: Eto, Majko! Tu je šaran i pun čabar snijega,  
Baš kako je željela, sa najvišeg brijega!

SNAHA *(uleti)*: Sve je to ona stara vještica zlobno udesila da mi napakosti! *(Ugleda čabar.)* Oho, što je to?

MAJKA: Snijeg s vrha brda i šaran iz smrznutog jezera, sve kako si željela!

SNAHA: Ne vjerujem ja tebi, stara! Da ponjušim je li šaran svjež!

*Nagne se nad čabar.*

*Dušići skoče i tisnu joj glavu dolje.*

*Ona vrisne, uspravi se, a na nosu joj visi šaran i praćaka se.*

darling! You mother does not want to bring me snow from the mountain so I can wash!

SON: Do as she asks, Mother! She is mistress here now!

MOTHER: My son, surely you don't want your mother to perish up there?

SON: What I want, Mother, is for you to fulfil my bride's every wish!

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: That's it! My every wish, did you hear? When you come back from the mountain go down to the lake, make a hole in the ice, and fish out a carp for my dinner!

MOTHER: But the ice will give way beneath me, and I will fall into the lake!

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: It's not my concern! *(Screaming.)* Go now, do as I say!

SON: Do not make my bride angry, Mother! Go now, do as she says!

MOTHER: I'm going. It would be better for me to perish when you torment your mother so!

TINTILINICH *(Peeping out from behind MOTHER.)*: Do not fear, Mother! Go to the stable and sit in the warm hay, and we will bring you snow from the mountain top and a carp from the lake!

*MOTHER and the SPRITES go out.*

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: Dear one, you are tired. Go into the room and rest!

SON: But it's cold in there! I would much rather sit here with you beside the fire.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW *(Sharply.)*: Go into the room, when I tell you! I am mistress here, you have to listen to me too!

SON: Alright, alright, dear heart, I'm going, just don't be angry! *(He runs into the next room.)*

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: This food smells delicious, I won't share it with him, I'll eat it all myself! But I'll lock the door first, in case the old woman comes back!

*She goes towards the door.*

- Jao meni, joj, joj, joj,  
Pojest će mi nosić moj ...
- Pomozi, dragi, joj, joj, joj! ...

*'juri u sobu.*

*tar fijuk vjetra.*

NTILINIĆ: Majčice, čuješ li vjetar? Mi sad moramo nestati, jer nas gospodar Stribor zove... Ali sutra ćemo opet doći ...

AJKA: Dodite, mili moji, propast ću bez vas! Sve se bojim da je moja snaha vještica!

NTILINIĆ: Pa i jest. Ona ti je ukleta šumska guja, ima i sad zmijski jezik u ustima, zato tako psuje i grdi!

AJKA: Kako bih mogla sinu dokazati da je to zmija?

NTILINIĆ: Nije toteško! Braćo, nađite kavez s mladim svrakama! (*Dušići odlete.*) Svaka zmija rado jede svračiče. Kad ih tvoja snaha ugleda, polakomit će se, isplazit će jezik da ih ujede, pa će tvoj sin vidjeti da je to zmijski jezik! (*Dušići donesu kavez sa svračićima.*) Eto, kavez je tu! (*Vjetar zviždi.*) Stribor nas opet zove! Zbogom, bako, dobra ti sreća!

*testanu.*

NAHA (*dojuri bijesno sa Sinom*): Sad ćeš mi, stara nesrećo, za sve platiti!

MAJKA: Stani, snaho, da vidiš što te čeka tu!

NAHA: Svračići! Moje namilije jelo! Jao, ne mogu otvoriti kavez! Ali dohvatit ću ja njih kroz žice!

*Isplazi šiljast jezik zmijski.*

SIN: Jao, nevo, što ti je to u ustima?

MAJKA: Zmijski jezik, sine! Sad si na svoje oči vidio koga u kući hraniš! Otpremi tu zmiju otkud si je doveo!

SNAHA: Ne vjeruj joj, dragi, ja sam dobra šumska vila koja ti sreću nosi, a ona je vještica koja me svojim čarolijama

*One of the Sprites grabs at the back of her skirt and stops her from moving forward.*

What's happening? My skirt must have caught on a nail!

*She turns around: the Sprite disappears, and another one grabs her from behind. And so on.*

Now I've caught my skirt again ... This house must be full of nails! ... It doesn't matter, I don't have to lock the door ... I'll eat now!

*When DAUGHTER-IN-LAW comes over to the fireplace, the Sprites again catch hold of her and tease her. When she leans over the pot, flame rises from the pot and scorches her.*

Ohh, Ohh, the flame burnt my face... I can't see a thing... Help, darling, help! (*She runs into the next room.*)

*Laughing, the SPRITES show themselves. They open the door and lead MOTHER in. They drag in a wooden pail.*

TINTILINICH: Here, Mama! Here is the fish and a pail-full of snow,

From the peak as she ordered, where you couldn't go!  
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW (*Rushing back into the kitchen.*): That old witch arranged all this to spite me.

MOTHER: Snow from the mountain-top and a carp from the frozen lake, everything just as you ordered it!

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: I don't trust you, old woman! Let me smell it! Is the carp fresh?!

*DAUGHTER-IN-LAW bends over the wooden pail. The SPRITES jump up and push her head down. She screams, straightens up, and the struggling carp hanging from her nose.*

Oh woe, oh woe, oh woe is me,  
He'll eat my little nose...  
Help, darling, oh, oh, oh! ...

progoni! Pitaj je otkuda joj ti svračići! Otjeraj je iz kuće!  
Otjeraj je, jesi li čuo?

SIN: I ja vidim da je vještica! Nosi mi se iz kuće, stara, nisi mi  
više majka nit ja tebi sin! Odlazi!

SNAHA: Odlazi!

*Odu u sobu.*

MAJKA: Sve uzalud, sasvim ga je začarala ... Ništa ne vidi i ne  
razumije ... Idem iz kuće kud bilo, samo da zmiju ne  
gledam ... Ništa neću ponijeti, samo malo luči koje mi  
je ona Djevojčica poklonila, da negdje u šumi vatru  
naložim ...

*Uzme luči i izađe.*

*Sin i Snaha izvire iz sobe.*

SNAHA: Je li otišla? Čini se da jest ... Konačno smo se stare  
nesreće riješili!

*Vatra utrne.*

*Prozori se otvaraju i lupaju.*

*Kruh sa stola nestane.*

SIN: Što je to? Vatra se najednom utrnula, kruha je sa stola ne-  
stalo, prozori se sami otvaraju ...

SNAHA: To nas stara vještica još progoni svojim čarolijama...  
Ne brini se za to, hajdemo u sobu!

SIN: Idi ti sama u sobu, ja ću odmah doći ...

SNAHA: Pa dobro, kako ti drago! (*Ode u sobu.*)

DJEVOJČICA (*nađe na otvorena vrata*): Smiluj se, dobri čovječe,  
daj mi da prenoćim pod tvojim krovom! U blizini nema  
druge kuće, a napolju je zima da drveću od nje granje  
puca!

SIN: Ne smijem te primiti ... Nisam ja ovdje gospodar ...

DJEVOJČICA: Tjeraš mene kao što si majku za volju uklete

*She runs into the next room.  
A sharp gusting of wind is heard.*

TINTILINICH: Mother, do you hear the wind? We must go  
now. Stribor, our master, is calling us... But we will come  
again tomorrow...

MOTHER: Do come, my dears, I will be lost without you! I am  
so afraid that my daughter-in-law is a witch!

TINTILINICH: So she is! She is a cursed forest serpent, and  
even now she has a snake's tongue in her mouth. That's  
why she curses and scolds so much!

MOTHER: How could I prove that to my son: how could I prove  
that she is a snake?

TINTILINICH: That won't be hard! Brothers! Find a cage of  
young magpies. (*The SPRITES fly away.*) All snakes love to  
eat young magpies. When your daughter-in-law sees  
them, she will become greedy, put out her tongue to hiss  
at them, and your son will see that it's the tongue of a snake!  
(*The SPRITES return with a cage of young magpies.*) You see, the  
cage is here! (*The wind whistles.*) Stribor is calling us again!  
Farewell, grandmother, and good luck to you!

*The SPRITES disappear.*

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW (*Rushing in angrily, accompanied by SON.*):  
Now, you old misery, you'll pay me for everything!

MOTHER: Wait a moment, daughter-in-law! Just look what's  
waiting for you here!

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: Young magpies! My favourite food!  
Oh, I can't open the cage. But I shall grab them through  
the wires!

*She pokes out her pointed serpent's tongue.*

SON: Oh, my bride, what is that in your mouth?

MOTHER: A serpent's tongue, my son! Now you have seen with  
your own eyes, whom you are sharing your table with.  
Send that snake away, back to where she came from.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: Don't believe her, darling. I am a good

zmije otjerao. Zato vatra neće da ti gori, a kruh neće da te hrani.

: Što mogu, kad moja Neva tako hoće ...

AHA (*viče iz sobe*): Gdje si? Što radiš? S kime to govoriš?

: Jao, evo je, bježi, molim te, jer će biti zla!

VOJČICA: Idem, idem, ali upamti: nema većeg zločina nego majku svoju ne poštivati! (*Ode.*)

AHA (*uleti*): Što je opet bilo? S kime si sad govorio?

: Ni s kim, draga ... Tu nije bilo nikoga ... Sam sam sa sobom govorio ... Znaš, mila moja, možda ipak nije lijepo što

smo sirotu staru otjerali iz kuće ... Smrznut će se u šumi!

AHA: Nek se smrzne! To sam ja i htjela! Zaslužila je tu kaznu, kad se usudila reći da sam ja zmija, ha, ha, ha!

## ZASTOR

forest fairy, who brings you good luck; she is the witch who is hounding me with her spells! Ask her where she got those magpies! Drive her out of this house! Drive her away, did you hear?

SON: I too can see she is a witch! Get out of my house, you hag!

You are no longer my mother nor I your son! Get out!

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: Get out!

*They go together into the next room.*

MOTHER: It was all for nothing, she has completely bewitched him ... He sees nothing and understands nothing... I shall leave this house and go just anywhere, just so I don't have to look at that serpent. I shall take nothing with me except some kindling which that girl gave me, so that I can light a fire somewhere in the forest ...

*MOTHER takes some kindling and departs.*

*DAUGHTER-IN-LAW and SON peer out of the next room.*

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: Has she gone? It look like it... Finally we have got rid of the old misery!

*Suddenly the fire goes out.*

*The windows fly open and start flapping.*

*The bread disappears from the table.*

SON: What is happening? The fire suddenly went out, the bread's disappeared from the table, the windows are opening themselves...

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: That's the old witch still after us with her spells... Don't worry about it, let's go into the other room!

SON: You go yourself, I will be there in a minute...

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: Alright, as you like! (*She goes into the room.*)

MAIDEN (*Coming in at the open door.*): Have mercy, good man, allow me to spend the night under your roof! There are no other houses nearby, and it is so cold that the branches on the trees are cracking!

TREĆA SLIKA  
ŠUMA KAO U PRVOJ SLICI

MAJKA (*posrće po snijegu*):

Idem, idem, ne znam sama kuda ...  
Posrću mi stare noge od zime i truda ...  
Al više od svega bol me muči, jao,  
Što je dobri sin moj sada tako zao!  
Ah, ne mogu dalje ... Nemam više snage ...  
Zapalit ću luči djevojčice drage ...

*Sjedne i ukreše vatru.*

*Odmah se pojave Dušići i zapjevaju svoju pjesmu, plešući uokrug oko Majke i plamena.*

DUŠIĆI: Mi smo družba malena,  
Djeca vatre, plamena!  
Gdjeno oganj gori,  
Tu se Dušić stvori!  
Hitri smo ko iskrice,  
Naše žarke sestrice!  
Okolo vatre hitimo,  
Dobre ljude štitimo!

MAJKA (*ganuta*): Dušići moji dragi, niste me zaboravili! Niste me ostavili samu na putu!

TINTILINIĆ: Ne čudi se, majko! Koga mi jednom zavolimo,

SON: I cannot take you in... I am not master here...

MAIDEN: You are driving me from your door the way you did your mother... for the love of a cursed serpent. That is why your fire does not burn, and the bread refuses to nourish you.

SON: What can I do... when my Bride wants it that way...

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW (*Shouting from the next room.*): Where are you? What are you doing? Who are you talking to?

SON: Goodness, here she is! Go, please, or there will be trouble!

MAIDEN: I'm going, I'm going, but remember: there is no crime worse than not respecting your own mother! (*She leaves.*)

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW (*Rushing in.*): What's happening now? Who were you talking to?

SON: With no-one, darling... There was nobody here... I was talking to myself... You know, my dear one, perhaps it's not right that we threw the poor old thing out of the house... She'll freeze in the forest!

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: Let her freeze! I hope she does freeze! She deserves it, when she dares to say that I am a snake, ha, ha, ha!

CURTAIN

SCENE 3.

THE FOREST - AS IN SCENE 1.

MOTHER (*Stumbling through the snow.*):

Wandering, wandering, don't know where ...  
My strength ebbs in this cold air ...  
But it pains me most that I have seen,  
My gentle son become so mean!  
My will is gone... I have to rest ...  
That lass's kindling will help me best.

tôga više ne ostavljamo, ako nas sam svojom zloćom ne otjera!

**AJKA:** Ah, mili moji, zloća je mene u svijet otjerala ... Stid me je i reći da me sin iz kuće prognao ...

**TINTILINIĆ:** Znamo mi sve, Majko, ako i nismo bili tamo kad se to dogodilo. Zato ćemo te sad odvesti do Stribora, starješine našega.

Mudar je naš Stribor, dobro srce imade  
I nevolji svakoj vazda lijeka znade!

*opne se na glogov tm, zvizne u prste.*

*vojuri jelen, kome na svakom paroščiću blista zvjezdica.*

*a njim juri dvanaest vjeverica, a u svake dva oka kao dva draga kamena.*

Sjedni, Majko, jelenu na pleća,  
Pa hajdemo Striboru, gdje te čeka sreća!

*Majka sjedne na jelena.*

*Duščići zajaše vjeverice i zapjevaju.*

**DUŠIĆI:** Po planini,  
Po dolini,  
Kroz šumarke,  
Jame, jarke,  
Skok po trnu  
I po grmu,  
Juri, leti, put ne griješi,  
Da nam Stribor Majku tješi!

*Čitava povorka odjuri kao vihor.*

*Sin i snaha dolaze.*

**SNAHA** (*sva usopljena, vuče Sina za sobom*) : Brže, brže, mlitavče  
i kukavice! Pobjeći će nam stara nesreća!

**SIN:** Ali zašto hoćeš da trčimo za majkom? Otjerao sam je iz

*She sits down and lights a fire.*

*The SPRITES immediately appear and sing their song, dancing in a circle around MOTHER and the fire.*

**SPRITES:** A tiny happy band we are,  
Hiding there beneath the char,  
When the flames start to burn,  
Hearth Sprites, it's your turn!  
We're swift as shining sparks,  
Glowing sisters in our larks.  
Round the fire dash and leap,  
Honest people in our keep.

**MOTHER** (*Moved.*) : My dear little Sprites, you haven't forgotten me! You have not left me alone on my sad journey.

**TINTILINICH:** Don't be surprised, Mother! When we grow to love someone we never abandon them, unless they drive us away with their wickedness!

**MOTHER:** But, my dears, it was wickedness which drove me out into the world. I am ashamed to say it, but my son threw me out of the house...

**TINTILINICH:** We know all about it, Mother, although we were not there when it happened. That's why we have come to take you to Stribor, our master.

Our Stribor is wise and his heart is good,  
He'll know a cure if anyone would!

*TINTILINICH climbs up onto a hawthorn bush, and whistles through his fingers.*

*A deer with a bright star on each of the points of its antlers gallops up. The deer is followed by twelve scurrying squirrels, each with eyes like two precious stones.*

**TINTILINICH:** Mount up, Mother, on the back of the deer,  
We're off to see Stribor, good fortune is near!

*MOTHER sits on the deer's back.*

*The SPRITES mount onto the backs of the squirrels and start singing.*

kuće kako si htjela, zašto da je još i u šumu progonimo?  
SNAHA: Znam ja zašto to radim! A ti, budalo, šuti i slušaj me!  
(*Za se.*) Moram spriječiti da stara dođe do Stribora, inače  
sam propala! (*Sinu.*) Hajde, miči se, ne vuci se kao puž!  
Brže, brže, pobjeć će nam stara!

*Povuče ga u šumu.*

*Povorka s Majkom opet projuri kroz šumu pjevajući.*

*Zatim naiđu opet Sin i Snaha.*

SIN: Nemoj tako žuriti, ne mogu da te stignem! Nisam zec da  
trčim ko strijela!

SNAHA: Rekoh ti, ne zadržavaj me, il će biti zla! Moram stići  
staru! Hajde, naprijed, naprijed!

*Odvuče ga.*

*Opet projuri jelen s Dušićima.*

*Opet se dovuku Sin i Snaha.*

SIN: E, sad ne idem ni koraka dalje! Znoj curi s mene ko na  
ljetnom suncu, duša mi je na jezik izašla! Ne idem dalje,  
pa gotovo!

SNAHA: Ne prkosi mi, jadniče! Ne znaš ti tko sam ja! Pretvorit  
ću te u podzemnog crva, ako odmah ne potrčiš naprijed!  
Jesi li čuo? Leti, leti!

*Odvuče ga.*

*Jelen i Dušići stignu do velikog duba usred šume.*

TINTILINIĆ: Evo nas, majko, stigli smo do Striborova dvora!  
MAJKA (*sjaše s jelena*): Ja nigdje ništa ne vidim. Samo drveće  
i grmlje!

TINTILINIĆ: Vidjet ćeš ti još svašta, Majko! Samo se malo strpi!

*Svi Dušići udare u piskutav smijeh. Oni to uopće neprestano rade.*

**SPRITES:** Up the mountain,  
'Cross the glen,  
Through the valleys,  
Caves and gullies,  
Leap on buckthorns,  
Spin on acorns.  
Hurry, fly, don't lose your way,  
Our Stribor helps Mama this day.

*The whole procession rushes off like the wind.  
SON and DAUGHTER-IN-LAW arrive.*

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW** (*All out of breath, dragging the SON along  
behind her.*): Hurry, hurry, you weakling! Coward! The old  
hag will get away from us!

**SON:** But why do you want us to race after Mother? I drove her  
from the house, just as you wanted, why are we chasing her  
through the forest?

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** I know why! And you, you idiot, stop  
babbling and do as I say! (*To herself.*) I must stop the old  
woman from reaching Stribor, or else I am done for! (*To  
the SON.*) Come on, move yourself, don't drag along like a  
snail! Hurry, hurry, the old woman will get away from us!

*She pulls him into the forest.  
The procession and MOTHER are seen dashing through the forest, singing.  
Then SON and DAUGHTER-IN-LAW also appear.*

**SON:** Slow down a bit, I can't keep up with you! I am not a rabbit  
who rushes along like an arrow!

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** I told you, don't hold me back, or there  
will be trouble! I have to catch up with the Old Woman!  
Come on, forward, forward!

*She pulls him along.  
The deer and the SPRITES hurry past again.  
Dragging themselves along, SON and DAUGHTER-IN-LAW appear.*

**SON:** That's it, I'm not going a step further! I am sweating as

UŠIĆI: Dobri duše, Stribor-care,  
Slušaj tvoje družbe glas!  
Gledaj muke majke stare,  
Nađi njenom jadu spas!

*rast se otvori.*

*tribor izlazi.*

TRIBOR: Što želite, družbo moja mila?  
TINTILINIĆ: Vodimo ti ovu Majku, jer je uvijek bila  
Plemenita i svom sinu najbrižnija mati,  
Sad od snahe-guje stradava i pati!  
TRIBOR: Sve to znam! U miru hajte ... Umiri se, Mati! ... Gle-  
daj!

*fahne štapom.*

*šuma se razdvoji: pojavi se krasno malo selo, puno sunca i vesela naroda,  
to se uz gusle i ciku vrza po sajmu.*

MAJKA: Krasno selo!  
STRIBOR: Moraš ga poznati!  
MAJKA: Ah, pa to je moje selo, gdje sam bila dijete!  
Iste kuće, bašče, sokak ... eno k meni lete  
Drugarice iz djetinjstva, sve su opet mlade!  
Kako je to moguće?  
STRIBOR: Stribor čari znade  
Što će i tebi mladost vratit sada!  
Pogledaj se!

*Veliko čarobno ogledalo stvori se pred Majkom, koja se najednom  
pretvorila u krasnu djevojku.*

MAJKA: Bože! Doista sam mlada!  
STRIBOR: Jest i vječno bit ćeš mlada u mom carstvu, Mati,  
U to kolo veselo i ti se uhvati!

*Majka se uhvati u kolo s djevojkama.*

though the summer sun were burning down, my soul is  
ready to leave me! I am going no further, and that is final!  
**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** Don't try to defy me, you wretch! You  
don't know who I am! I will turn you into an earth-worm  
if you don't keep going! Do you hear me! Run, run!

*She drags him along.*

*The Deer and the SPRITES reach a large oak in the forest.*

**TINTILINICH:** Here we are, Mother, we have reached Stribor's  
court!

**MOTHER** (*Getting down from the Deer's back.*): I can't see anything  
anywhere. Just trees and bushes.

**TINTILINICH:** You will see all sorts of things soon, Mother!  
Just be patient for a while!

*All the SPRITES burst into squeaky laughter. They seem to be doing that all  
the time.*

**SPRITES:** Our Good Stribor - Spirit King!  
Before you now this plea we bring.  
Mother's troubles call to Thee,  
Find a way to set her free!

*The oak tree opens.*

*STRIBOR comes out.*

**STRIBOR:** What is it you want, my dear friends?

**TINTILINICH:** Mother we bring here before you, 'cause she  
always been

The best of the mothers that we have known.

Now his Snake-Bride torments her and Mother's alone.

**STRIBOR:** I know all that! Peace now... Calm yourself, Mother!...  
Look!

*He waves his staff.*

*The forest opens: a lovely little village appears, full of sun and cheerful  
people, who are wandering around a fair to the sound of music and merry-  
making.*



*Sin i Snaha dovuku se postrance.*

SNAHA: Prekasno smo stigli ... Stara je već našla Stribora ...  
Ali ne ću još da gubim nadu! Počekat ću za grmom,  
možda ta sreća neće dugo trajati! Dođi sa mnom,  
kukavice!

*Odvuče sina u šumu.*

*Majka najednom prekine kolo i istupi iz njega.*

STRIBOR: Što ne plešeš, draga? Zar se ne veseliš?

MAJKA: Ne, u srcu nosim bol ...

STRIBOR: Zar još nešto želiš?

MAJKA: Ne ljuti se: sve je to divno kao bajka,  
Al za sinom čeznem ...

STRIBOR: On je zao, nezahvalan ...

MAJKA: Znam, al svaka majka  
I zločesto dijete voli možda još i više  
Nego dobro, jer ga žali ...

STRIBOR: Zar te ne baciše  
Iz tvog doma sin i snaha? Kao divlja hajka  
Kroz šumu te i sad gone?

MAJKA: Znam, al ipak majka  
Ne može zamržit sina ni zaboraviti ...  
Bez njega ti, Stribore, neću sretna biti ...  
Pusti me da odem ...

STRIBOR: Kući ako se vratiš,  
Ostarit ćeš opet, morat ćeš da patiš,  
Snaha će te mučit ...

MAJKA: Rado trpjet sve ću,  
Da pomognem sinu ... Ja njegovu sreću  
Više volim nego svoju ...

*Zagrm.*

SNAHA (*koja je već prije izvirivala prateći, što se zbiva, doleti sad i navali  
na Majku, pružajući otrovni jezik*):

**MOTHER:** What a beautiful village!

**STRIBOR:** You surely recognise it!

**MOTHER:** Oh, it is my village, the place where I grew up! The  
same houses, gardens, and paths ...

Look, who's running down the lane,  
The friends of my childhood, all young again!

How is that possible?

**STRIBOR:** Stribor knows spells by the score,  
Your youth returns from days of yore!  
Look at yourself!

*A large enchanted mirror appears in front of MOTHER, who has suddenly  
turned into a beautiful young girl.*

**MOTHER:** My Goodness! I really am young again!

**STRIBOR:** Yes, you are, and you always will be in my empire,  
Mother. Join hands with the merry dancers now!

*MOTHER joins the other girls in their dance.*

*SON and DAUGHTER-IN-LAW creep up at the side.*

**DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:** We are too late... The Old Woman has  
already found Stribor... But I won't give up hope yet! I will  
wait behind this bush, perhaps this happiness won't last  
long. Follow me, you coward!

*She pulls him back into the forest.*

*Suddenly MOTHER stops, leaving the circle of dancers.*

**STRIBOR:** Why don't you dance, sweet soul! Are you not  
merry?

**MOTHER:** No, there is sorrow in my heart ...

**STRIBOR:** Is there something else you wish for?

**MOTHER:** Please don't be angry: this is all as wonderful as in  
a fairy tale, but I yearn for my son...

**STRIBOR:** He is wicked and ungrateful...

**MOTHER:** Yes, I know, but every mother loves her naughty  
child, perhaps even more than the good one, as she sorrows  
for him...