



# REEEC

Russian, East European, and Eurasian Center  
University of Illinois at Urbana - Champaign

## *Slavic Story Time*

### **How I Passed My Younger Days**

□ Room set-up: black marker for song lyrics, computer and projector to play the cartoon version of the fairy tale, tables set up with craft supplies (see below).

1. While playing the cartoon muted on Youtube read aloud the Hungarian fairy-tale “How I Passed My Younger Days.” This award-winning cartoon (Chicago Children’s Film Festival 2008) was directed by Mária Horváth and produced by Kecskemét Film, Hungary. Enclosed translation by Zsuzsanna Magdó. See supplementary materials.
2. Listen to and sing “Eketek peketek cukora pé” by Kolompos.
3. To Make your own Hungarian puli (dog) , you will need:
  - i. 20-25 cm wooden chopsticks
  - ii. ¼ lbs white/black/brown curly yarn
  - iii. black felt for the dog’s eyes
  - iv. red felt for the dog’s tongue
  - v. thread, needle, glue
  - vi. 15x20 cm book

Make your doggy:

1. Clip the end of the yarn into the book and roll the yarn around the book. The
  - a. more layers, the better.
2. Cut the yarn along the length of the book and sew it together in the middle loosely to stabilize the threads.
3. Cut the yarn shorter by 2 inches at one end to shape the puli’s head.
4. Sew the yarn on the stick on both ends.
5. Cut out the eyes and tongue of the puli from the black and red felt and glue it on.
6. Sew two long threads to the puli’s head and tail.
7. You are ready to walk your dog!



Compiled by Zsuzsa Magdo

## How I passed my younger days



Now when I was born and was only six weeks old, I went out into the street on a hot summer's day. There I met a true old friend of mine, who was a bottle ahead of me and staggering around with it. We made a pair of oxen out of mud, a cart and sacks to load onto it and took them off to the mill to grind them there.

In those days there was a water mill at the end of the village, but now it wasn't home. The miller was strolling up and down on the water and so we asked him to ask the mill to come home. He waved for it and shouted until up it came and we could start grinding. Now, since the miller didn't have a scoop, he pulled my head off and used that as a scoop. When we were finished and I was on my way home, who did I meet but a group of women and young girls. They started laughing at me. "What are you laughing at?" I asked. "Ah, you don't have a head!" they said. And that's how I realized that I left my head behind at the mill. Back I went, put the head onto my neck and I ran home again. But the women and the girls started laughing at me again! "Now what are you laughing at?" I asked. "Your nose is at the back of your head?!" they giggled. So I gave my head a good twist, set it right and kept walking home. But then I remembered that I had stuck my whip in the ground behind the mill pond. Back I went again. When I got there what did I see? A great big tree had shot up from it and my old whip was up on top of the tree. Up and up I climbed and there at the top, what did I find but a hawk chasing a whole cloud of little birds. The little birds, all of them one by one, flew right up through my sleeves into my shirt and right up my legs into my pants. Quick as a flash I tied up my sleeves and pants. Wasn't I happy that I'd caught so many birds! Yes, indeed.



But then, all these birds in my shirt and pants started chirping and tweeting, giving me a piece of their mind. Suddenly, up they flew with me and carried me off far far away. As I was flying, I noticed some women washing and scrubbing clothes on the beaches of the Adriatic Sea. They looked up and shouted: "Oh, look at the big bird!" But I thought I heard them say "Oh, let go of your pants!" So that's what I did and out flew the birds and down I plopped into the sea. I

made such a big splash that I emptied the sea of water. Only the fish were left around me on the dry sea bed. I thought to myself that I might as well gather up a fine lot of them and so I did. Then I decided not to waste any more time in the Adriatic because I was far from home.



I set out for home through Hot land. Now Hot land is a strange country indeed. People there don't build their houses on the ground but up in the air, at the height of a man, and they use ladders to get in their homes. The people in Hot land are all big and tall. In fact, everything there is big. For example, the church was so big that during mass the priest and the chorister needed the assistance of four hussars on horseback. When the priest chanted "The Lord be with you," one of the hussars spurred his horse. Once he reached the second hussar, he sang "The Lord be with you" to the second, the second to the third, the third to the fourth and the fourth sang it to the chorister. The mass took so long that when it ended the members of the congregation were so hungry that they had their stomachs touching their backs. But that was no problem at all, since the altar was made of ham and the candles were in fact sausages.

The belfry of the church was just as big and tall as the church itself. When two carpenters were building it, both dropped their hatchets. By the time one of them reached the ground, its handle had got rotten. The second fell long enough for a lark to nest and hatch its chicks on it. The church bell was so large that the only way they could get it into the belfry was to carry it up when it was still a baby bell and let it grow up there.

It was hotter than hot in Hot land. So hot in fact that when slaughtering a pig, all that one needed to do to roast it was to put it in a pan and stick it out the window into the sun. I didn't waste too much time here either. Soon I had enough of Hot land and continued my journey home.

That's how I got to Cold land. There it was so cold there that the egg white once frozen would become so bright that you could read a newspaper by its light. Now because of the cold, you couldn't speak to another person there unless both of you could read. The reason was that when one uttered a word, it froze immediately to one's mouth for the other person to read and then it had to be melted away with candlelight.

But I didn't stay for too long in Cold land either. I embarked on the way home. However, at some point, I got so fed up with the journey that I simply stuck my whip into the earth and climbed up to the heavens. There I met my grandmother. "The best of day to you, Grandma! Do you have some bread and jam for me?" I asked. "Oh dear, son" said she, "up here we don't really eat." "You



don't? Then how do I get down from here quickly?" An old man came and I told him as well that I wanted to get back down, because there was no bread and jam to be had here at all. The old man remembered that they had a chest of bran and that if we twisted a rope out of it, I could lower myself down. And as true as I'm here, we plaited it fine enough but a mouse somehow got into the rope and when I was lowering myself back down, the mouse chewed through the rope and I plopped down into the ground. Then I heard some bells and I thought I was somewhere close to my village's church. But no, I was at the edge of the neighboring village! What's more I was well and truly drilled into the earth. I shouted my lungs out asking people to dig me out but no body came. So, I had to run home for a spade and dig myself out.

And that's all I remember of my own younger days and how I passed my childhood.



## **Eketekete-cukota-pé by Kolompos**

Eketekete cukota pé  
Ábel-bábel dominé  
Csiszi á, csiszi-bé  
Csiszi-csoszi kompodé

[Children] Eketekete tsukota pai  
AAbel-baabel dominai  
Chisi aa, chisi bai  
Csisi, chosi, kompodai

Antanténusz, szórakatenusz  
Szóraka-tiki-taka, ala-bala bambénusz

[Parents] Antantainus, sorakatainus  
Soraka-tiki-taka, ala-bala bambainus

[Together] Eketekete tsukota pai  
...[Say twice, sing twice]

Egy boszorka van  
Három fia van  
Iskolába jár az egy  
Másik bocskort varrni megy  
A harmadik kinn a padon  
A dudáját fujja nagyon  
Dana-dana-dan  
De szép hangja van.

[Children] There's a witch  
She has three sons  
To school one goes  
Sandals the second mends  
Out on the bench the third  
His bagpipe blows.  
Dana-dana-dan  
What beautiful sound it has.[Repeat]

[Children] Eketekete tsukota pai ...  
[sing twice]

[Parents] Antantainus ... [Say twice]

[Together] Eketekete tsukota pai ...  
[sing four times]

Source: <http://mese.tv/page/versfilmek-dalok>