



# REEEC

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

## *Slavic Story Time*

### **Sebastian, the Dragon Slayer - Hungary**

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 "Sebastian, the Dragon Slayer." agy. Budapest: Móra Könyvkiadó, 1969. Translation by Zsuzsanna Magdó attached to supplementary materials.
2. Sing "A juhásznak jól megy dolga."
3. Handprint Dragon Craft. Instructions and template from a third party website.

Bring the following:

4. Print-out of the template on variously colored 8x11 inch construction paper
5. ii. Dragon eyes – Oriental Trading Watch Them Wiggle Eyes – 6-13mm – Black \$5.99 500 Piece(s). IN-57/4503. WARNING: CHOKING HAZARD. Not for children under 3 years.
6. iii. Sheets of colored 8x11 inch cardstock paper
7. iv. Scissors, glue
  - i. Make your dragon:
  - ii. Cut out the head, mane, tail and two legs of the dragon from colored paper template you printed out.
  - iii. Draw around your hand 4 times on differently colored paper, and cut your drawings out.
  - iv. Glue the handprints in a line across your large sheet of paper to form your dragon's body, referring to the photo below for positioning. Stick on the mane and the head. Add the tail and two legs. Stick on the two stickers as eyes. You can draw on the pupils, nostrils and teeth with a black pen.



Compiled by Zsuzsa Magdo



**A juhásznak jól van dolga**

A juhásznak jól van dolga.  
Egyik dombról a másikra  
Terelgeti nyáját, fújja  
furulyáját,  
Bú nélkül éli világát.

Ha megunta furulyáját,  
Előveszi a dudáját.  
Belefújja búját a birka bőrébe,  
Szélnek ereszti belőle.



**The shepherd fares well ...**

The shepherd fares well with his things,  
From one hill to the next  
He tends his flock, plays on his flute,  
Without woe lives his life.

If he gets bored of his flute,  
He takes his bagpipe,  
Blows his sorrow into the sheep's skin,  
Rushes it into the wind.

**Song online:** <http://egyszervolt.hu/dal/gryllus-a-juhasznak-jol-van-dolga.html>.

*Sárkányölő Sebestyén : magyar népmesék.* By János Berze Nagy. Budapest: Móra Könyvkiadó, 1969.



Once upon a time, there lived a poor man and he had three sons. They were so poor that they didn't have anything, not even a morsel to eat. The three sons decided to visit the king and complain to him about their great misery. As they strolled and dawdled along the road, they encountered an old shepherd tending his flock. 'Hey, if I were the grazer here,' said the eldest son, 'I'd give every pauper a sheep.' 'From this moment on,' said the old shepherd, 'you will be the herdsman here.'

The other two sons continued with their journey in the company of the old man. After a while they reached a hawthorn thicket. 'If grapes grew instead of hawthorns here and I'd be the caretaker,' said the second son, 'I'd give each vagrant a bunch of grapes.' 'Good, let it be yours,' said the old shepherd. The hawthorn thicket turned to a vineyard on the spot and the second son stayed behind to tend for it.

The third son continued the journey with the old shepherd. After a while he reached the Danube. At the sight of this big river, the small son cried 'if I'd be a ferryman here, I'd take everybody over to the other side of the river for free.' The old shepherd agreed and from then on continued his journey alone.

As he walked, he decided to turn back to the first son. There was the grazer strolling and whistling in a good mood. 'You have lots of beautiful sheep, my son,' said the old man, 'you could give me one.' 'If I'd give everybody a sheep, I'd have none left for myself at the end,' cried the first son. At these words, the old man waved his staff and turned the whole mountain into stone.

Then the old man went to see the second son. 'This vineyard is beautiful,' he told him, 'you will have a bountiful yield.' 'You could give me a couple of clusters of grapes to me.' 'You shall not have even a single grape

until hell freezes over,' said the second son. He barely finished the sentence when the vineyard suddenly turned into a hawthorn thicket again.

It was already late in the evening when the old shepherd reached the ferryman on the river Danube. He shouted across the river 'Come and pick me up with your flat-boat.' The ferryman's wife was about to deliver their child. The old man had to loll about for a little while but the ferryman finally came for him. The ferryman would not accept anything, not even a penny for payment. In the meantime, the little baby was born and the old man was asked to be the godfather.

When the lad turned seven, he looked as if he were a young man in his twenties. 'Well, Sebastian' said the old man to him one day, 'I'll give you a sword.' 'If you command 'come on my sword, chop off his throat!' it will cut the throat of anybody you'd like.' The young man thanked him greatly. 'And now,' the old man continued, 'find the neighboring king because he needs as many shepherds as there are days in year.' 'But don't ask for high wages, only for 12 dollars, a stallion and a saddle.' 'Herd your sheep with the melody of a flute in the rosemary woods and don't be afraid of anything!'

Sebastian walked up to the neighboring king and asked him, 'Your Majesty, are you in need of a shepherd?' 'Of course,' the king answered and employed him immediately. 'Take out the sheep and play on this flute but do not venture beyond the bridge because you will be dead.' Sebastian led the sheep to the grasslands and when he was deep in the rosemary woods, he placed his woolen coat and started playing his flute. A fresh stream was running nearby. As he was playing his flute, he suddenly heard that the water was buzzing and saw a seven-headed dragon emerge from the stream. 'What winds brought you here?' asked the dragon. 'You want the same fate as the other shepherds?' Sebastian grabbed his sword and he calmly asked 'Why? What was their fate?' 'I'll show you in a minute,' bellowed the dragon and made a dash against the shepherd. Sebastian swung his sword above his head and clamored 'Come on, my sword, chop off his throat!' The seven heads of the dragon fell one after another.

The next day, when Sebastian was exactly in the middle of his breakfast, a nine-headed dragon emerged from the stream. He quickly met the same fate as the previous one. The king could not comprehend how this could be. Until now, a shepherd was lost every day but the new one came back at

the evening for the second time. ‘It’s all the same,’ the king thought, ‘the explanation will inevitably turn up.’

Sebastian took the sheep to graze on the third day once more. As he wanted to scoop a little water from the stream with his hat, the twelve-headed dragon charged at him. ‘Birds are not allowed here! What are you doing here?’ the dragon bellowed. Sebastian quickly drew his sword and said ‘common my sword, chop off his throat!’ The dragon quickly remained with only one head. ‘Oh, oh,’ he yammered, ‘Sebastian, the Dragon slayer, let me keep this one head of mine and I will serve you well!’ Sebastian let him keep his head.

Under the bridge, there was a huge cave. The dragon led Sebastian there. They stepped inside the cave and the realms that Sebastian laid eyes on were even larger than the king’s. He also found the numerous shepherds and flocks that the dragons had stolen. ‘Come with me to the king,’ Sebastian told them and instead of saying good-bye, he cut of the dragon’s remaining head.

At home, the king said he understood who stood before him. In the spurt of the moment, he offered his daughter’s hand and half of his country to Sebastian. ‘Give me the girl fast,’ laughed Sebastian ‘but keep half of your land because I have got a more bountiful one already.’ The young couple had their wedding the same day and, unless they died, they have lived happily every after.



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