

Matka si pomyslela:
„Keď prídu pytači, moju dcéru si ani nevšimnú.“
A odvtedy s Holenou iba o tom premýšľali, ako sa
peknej dievčiny zbaviť.

Raz v polovici januára rozkázala Holena sestre:
„Choď do hory a nazbieraj mi kyticu fialiek.“
„Čo ti to prišlo na um?“ začudovala sa Maruška.
„Veď pod snehom fialky nerastú.“
„Neodvrávaj!“ okríkla ju macocha a vystrčila
Marušku z dverí.



The mother thought:
“When the suitors come they won’t even notice my
daughter.”

And since then, the only thing that she and Holena
could think of was how to get rid of the beautiful
maiden.

One day in mid-January Holena ordered her sister:
“Go to the forest and pick me a posy of violets.”
“Whatever’s crossed your mind?” wondered
Marushka. “No violets grow under the snow.”
“Stop grumbling!” snapped the stepmother as she
thrust Marushka out of the door.



pytač
suitor



dievčina
maiden



rozkázať
to order



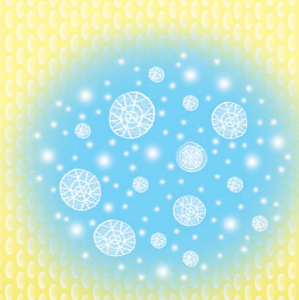
hora, les
forest



kytička
posy



fialka
violet



sneh
snow



odvrávať
to grumble