*Приложение 1*

**ПОЛОЖЕНИЕ**

**О ПРОВЕДЕНИИ ЛИТЕРАТУРНОГО ЧЕЛЛЕНДЖ-МАРАФОНА[[1]](#footnote-1)**

**«ЧИТАЕМ ПЕТРА ЕРШОВА»,**

посвящённого 205-летнему юбилею П.П. Ершова

для учителей предметных областей

«Русский язык и литература», «Иностранные языки» и «Искусство»

(по произведению П.П. Ершова «Конёк-горбунок»)

1. Общее положение
   1. Настоящее положение определяет порядок проведения и условие участия в челлендж-марафоне «Читаем Петра Ершова» (далее – Марафон).
   2. Марафон проводится по двум параллельным направлениям: чтение текста сказки П. Ершова наизусть на русском и английском языках.
   3. Сроки проведения Марафона – с ***10 ноября по 30 декабря 2020 года***.
2. Организаторы Марафона
   1. Организатором Марафона является ГУ ДПО «Институт развития образования Забайкальского края» (<http://irozk.ru/>).
   2. Организатор утверждает Положение о Марафоне, решает вопросы организации и проведения Марафона, подводит итоги.
   3. Положение о проведении челлендж-марафона размещается на сайте ГУ ДПО «ИРО Забайкальского края» (<http://irozk.ru/>), на страницах блогов сетевого сообщества педагогов Забайкальского края:
3. Русский язык и литература: <http://online.zabedu.ru/groups/3/content/posts>;
4. Иностранные язык: <http://online.zabedu.ru/groups/5/content/posts>.
5. Искусство: <http://online.zabedu.ru/groups/15/content/posts>.
6. Цели и задачи марафона
   1. Цель Марафона: повышение интереса обучающихся к чтению произведений русской классической литературы.
   2. Задачи Марафона:

* популяризация сказки П. Ершова «Конёк-горбунок»,
* развитие творческих способностей обучающихся;
* содействие сотрудничеству между педагогами и обучающимися;
* расширение сетевого взаимодействия между образовательными организациями Забайкальского края;
* совершенствование навыков выразительного чтения;
* совершенствование навыка говорения на иностранных (английском) языках;
* формирование умения использовать интернет-ресурсы в просветительских целях.

1. Условия и порядок участия в Марафоне
   1. Участниками марафона являются обучающиеся 5-9 классов и учителя предметных областей «Русский язык и литература», «Иностранные языки», «Искусство» общеобразовательных организаций Забайкальского края.
   2. Условием участия в Марафоне является передача права исполнения отрывка сказки П. Ершова «Конёк-горбунок» от одного участника другому в течение периода проведения Марафона (*Деление текста на отрывки см. в Приложении 2*).
   3. Каждая образовательная организация края может подготовить по ***одному*** участнику для исполнения отрывков сказки на русском и иностранном (английском, *Приложение 3*) языках (всего ***два*** участника от одной образовательной организации).
   4. Организаторы оставляют за собой право составить список участников (образовательных организаций) по предварительной заявке. Срок подачи заявок с 15 ноября по 30 ноября 2020 г.
      1. Заявка подаётся на электронный адрес или телефон (SMS-сообщение) организатора Марафона, указанный в пп. 4.6.2., 4.10 настоящего Положения.
      2. В Заявке указываются: ФИО, класс участника; ФИО, должность педагога, подготовившего участника; информация об образовательном учреждении.
   5. В случае, если первый тур Марафона (полное прочтение участниками сказки П. Ершова «Конёк-горбунок») завершится ранее, чем 20 декабря 2020 г., передача права на прочтение может осуществляться далее, до конца срока проведения Марафона (20 декабря 2020 г.)
   6. Участники присылают организаторам Марафона видеозапись исполнения предварительно согласованного с организаторами отрывка сказки П. Ершова «Конёк-горбунок» для размещения в специально созданной для проведения Марафона группе в социальной сети ВКонтакте (<https://vk.com/club200032050>).
      1. Требования к прочтению заранее согласованного отрывка:

* проникновение в идейный и художественный смысл читаемого;
* выразительность;
* эмоциональность;
* соблюдение орфоэпических норм языка, на котором исполняется отрывок (русский, английский);
* творческий подход (использование при подготовке материалов марафона костюмов и музыкального сопровождения приветствуется, но не является обязательным).
  + 1. Для размещения видеозаписи исполнения отрывка сказки П. Ершова «Конёк-горбунок» в группе Марафона в социальной сети ВКонтакте необходимо прислать видеоматериал в одном из форматов: MP4, AVI, MPEG2, MPEG4 на адрес электронной почты: [Drobnayelena@yandex.ru](mailto:Drobnayelena@yandex.ru) (для русскоязычного направления Марафона); [ms.elenapasynkova@mail.ru](mailto:ms.elenapasynkova@mail.ru) (для англоязычного направления Марафона).
    2. Видеозапись, подготовленная для конкурса, должна содержать в названии: ФИО участника, класс и информацию об образовательном учреждении.
    3. Материалы видеозаписи исполняемого отрывка должны содержать следующую информацию:

1. Имя и фамилию исполнителя отрывка, класс; полное название образовательной организации (Напр.: МБОУ СОШ № … г. Читы) (*участник представляется интернет-аудитории*);
2. Текст отрывка (*выразительное чтение наизусть*);
3. Указание образовательной организации, которая получает право прочтения следующего отрывка (напр.: «Мы передаём право на участие в марафоне (название образовательной организации, населённый пункт, район, если необходимо));
   1. При отсутствии перечисленной в п. 4.6.4. информации материалы к публикации не принимаются.
   2. Принимая условия Марафона, каждый участник даёт согласие на размещение видеозаписи в официальной группе мероприятия в социальной сети ВКонтакте.
   3. Комментарии к роликам, размещённым в официальной группе Марафона, не должны содержать высказываний, оскорбляющих чувства и достоинство других участников.
   4. По вопросам, связанным с условиями проведения Марафона и участия в нём обращаться по телефонам:

+7 914 513 8163, Любовь Николаевна Фефелова (для русскоязычного направления);

+7 964 468 8675, Елена Владимировна Пасынкова (для англоязычного направления).

1. Подведение итогов Марафона
   1. Информация об итогах проведения Марафона размещается на официальном сайте ГУ ДПО «Институт развития Забайкальского края» на позднее 15 января 2020 г.
   2. Все участники марафона (обучающиеся и подготовившие их педагоги) получают Сертификаты участника.
   3. Авторы десяти видеоматериалов (обучающиеся и подготовившие их педагоги) по каждому из направлений Марафона, набравших наибольшее количество голосов поддержки («лайков»), награждаются Дипломами победителя челлендж-марафона «Читаем Петра Ершова».
   4. Итоги Марафона будут подведены с 20 декабря по 30 декабря 2020 г.

*Приложение 2.*

Отрывки сказки П. Ершова «Конёк-горбунок», предлагаемые к прочтению:

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| ***№ отрывка*** | ***Границы отрывка (от <…> и до)*** | |
| ***На русском языке*** | ***На английском языке*** |
|  | *Петр Павлович Ершов. Конек-Горбунок*  *Начинает сказка сказываться…*  За горами, за лесами,  За широкими морями,  <…>  И ему сказал отец:  «Ты, Гаврило, молодец!» | *The Little Humpbacked Horse*  *Translated by L. Zelikoff; N. Giroux*  Past the woods and mountains steep, Past the rolling waters deep,  <…>  And to save their crops from harm Was, each night to guard their farm. |
|  | Стало в третий раз смеркаться,  Надо младшему сбираться;  <…>  Я же снова выйду в поле  Силы пробовать на воле». | As the day drew near its close,  Up the eldest brother rose  <…>  You have proved that you're a man And have not disgraced me, Dan!" |
|  | «Ладно», – думает Иван  И в пастуший балаган  Кобылицу загоняет,  <…>  Хоть смеяться – так оно  Старикам уж и грешно. | As next day drew near its close, Up the second brother rose  <…>  And his father said with pleasure: "You, Gavrilo, are a treasure." |
|  | Много ль времени аль мало  С этой ночи пробежало, —  <…>  Взяли двух коней тайком  И отправились тишком. | Evening once again drew near, Now the third should don his gear,  <…>  Silken mane in ringlets streaming To the ground, all golden gleaming. |
|  | Вечер к ночи пробирался;  На ночлег Иван собрался;  <…>  Братья больно покосились,  Да нельзя же! согласились. | "Oh, ho ho-so this is it! You're the rogue-but wait a bit!  <…>  But-she found her match at last- To her tail Ivan stuck fast. |
|  | Стало на небе темнеть;  Воздух начал холодеть;  <…>  А Иван под воз присел,  Вплоть до утра прохрапел. | Finally, she said to him, Spent, and trembling in each limb  <…>  Afterwards, you'll set me free, Let me roam at liberty." |
|  | Тут коней они впрягали  И в столицу приезжали,  <…>  И, оставив часть отряда,  Он поехал для доклада. | Now, Ivan thought this all right, Found her shelter for the night  <…>  I believed him on the spot- Off the devil's back I got." |
|  | Приезжает во дворец,  «Ты помилуй, царь-отец! —  Городничий восклицает  <…>  Дал в прибавок пять рублей.  Царь-то был великодушный! | And Ivan then said no more- Yawned and soon began to snore,  <…>  Through the fields, as though on win Heedless of the nettle stings. |
|  | Повели коней в конюшни  Десять конюхов седых,  <…>  Словом: наша речь о том,  Как он сделался царём. | Thrice they fell, and thrice they rose, Bruised their eyes and tore their cloth  <…>  After which, in secret, they Took the steeds and stole away. |
|  | *Скоро сказка сказывается, а не скоро дело делается.*  Зачинается рассказ  От Ивановых проказ,  <…>  В стойлы спрятался тайком  И обсыпался овсом. | Night her shadows softly spread, And Ivan set out for bed.  <…>  Grabbed his ears and held them tight, Shouting out with all his might; |
|  | Вот и полночь наступила.  У него в груди заныло:  <…>  Пальцы в шапку запустил,  Хвать перо - и след простыл. | Little humpback's sinews quivered, He stood on his feet and shivered  <…>  Yet must dodder out his span- Come, you're not a fool, Ivan." |
|  | Царь лишь только пробудился,  Спальник наш к нему явился,  <…>  Кнут свой сбоку прицепил,  Словно утица поплыл. | "If that's so," Ivan said, "well, I suppose you'd better sell  <…>  And, if they are all you say, We shall buy those two today. |
|  | Вот Иван к царю явился,  Поклонился, подбодрился,  <…>  Вон, холоп!" Иван заплакал  И пошел на сеновал,  Где конек его лежал. | When he stopped outside the gate, All the people straightaway  <…>  Gave five rubles for good measure- Generous a tsar was he! |
|  | Горбунок, его почуя,  Дрягнул было плясовую;  <…>  В сгибах золотом бежит,  На верхах свечой горит. | Back the Tsar drove to Ivan, Said to him: "Look here, my man,  <…>  To the rhythm of his song, And the marvel of the throng. |
|  | Вот конек по косогору  Поднялся на эту гору,  <…>  Уложили царский клад  И вернулися назад. |  |
|  | Вот приехали в столицу.  "Что, достал ли ты Жар-птицу?" –  <…>  Разны песни попевает  И на гусельцах играет..." |  |
|  | Спальник тут с полатей скок -  И со всех обеих ног  Во дворец к царю пустился  <…>  Царь велит в свою светлицу  Мне достать, слышь, Царь-девицу.  Что мне делать, горбунок?" |  |
|  | Говорит ему конек:  "Велика беда, не спорю;  Но могу помочь я горю.  <…>  За шатер Иван забился  И давай диру вертеть,  Чтоб царевну подсмотреть. |  |
|  | Ясный полдень наступает;  Царь-девица подплывает,  <…>  "Гей! Позвать ко мне Ивана!" -  Царь поспешно закричал  И чуть сам не побежал. |  |
|  | Вот Иван к царю явился,  Царь к нему оборотился  <…>  *Доселева Макар огороды копал, а нынче Макар в воеводы попал.*  <…>  Где крестьянки лен прядут,  Прялки на небо кладут. |  |
|  | Тут Иван с землей простился  И на небе очутился  <…>  Вмиг все раны заживит,  Долгим веком наградит". |  |
|  | Тут Иванушка поднялся,  С светлым месяцем прощался,  <…>  А проказника дельфины  Все тащили за щетины,  Ничего не говоря,  И явились пред царя. |  |
|  | "Что ты долго не являлся?  Где ты, вражий сын, шатался?"  <…>  Тут кит-чудо замолчал  И, всплеснув, на дно упал. |  |
|  | Горбунок-конек проснулся,  Встал на лапки, отряхнулся,  На Иванушку взглянул  И четырежды прыгнул.  <…>  И скажу тебе, отец,  Будешь знатный молодец!" |  |
|  | Царь не вымолвил ни слова,  Кликнул тотчас стремяннова.  <…>  Помолился на забор  И пошел к царю во двор. |  |
|  | Там котлы уже кипели;  Подле них рядком сидели  Кучера и повара  <…>  Сердцу любо! Я там был,  Мед, вино и пиво пил;  По усам хоть и бежало,  В рот ни капли не попало. |  |

*Приложение 3.*

**The Little Humpbacked Horse**

Translated by L. Zelikoff; N. Giroux

***1***

Past the woods and mountains steep,  
Past the rolling waters deep,  
You will find a hamlet pleasant  
Where once dwelt an aged peasant.  
Of his sons-and he had three,  
Th'eldest sharp was as could be;  
Second was nor dull nor bright,  
But the third-a fool all right.  
Now, these brothers planted wheat,  
Brought it to the royal seat,  
By which token you may know  
That they hadn't far to go.  
There they sold their golden grain  
Counted carefully their gain  
And, with well-filled money bags,  
Home again would turn their nags.  
But, upon an evil day,  
Dire misfortune came their way-  
Someone, 'twixt the dark and dawn,  
Took to trampling down their corn;  
Never had such grief before  
Come to visit at their door;  
Day and night they sat and thought  
How the villain could be caught,  
Till at last it dawned upon them  
That the way to solve the problem  
And to save their crops from harm  
Was, each night to guard their farm.

***2***  
As the day drew near its close,  
Up the eldest brother rose  
And, with pitchfork, axe in hand,  
Started out his watch to stand  
Dark and stormy was the night,  
He was overcome with fright  
And, of all his wits deprived,  
In the nearest haystack dived.  
Slowly night gave way to day;  
Our brave watchman left his hay,  
And, with water from the well,  
Soused himself-then, with a yell,  
Pounded on the cottage door;  
And you should have heard him roar!

"Hey, you sleepy owls," cried he-  
"Open up the door-it's me!  
I am soaked right to the skin!  
Hurry, there, and let me in!"  
Quickly they the door unbarred  
Letting in their sentry-guard.  
Then they started questioning-  
Had he noticed anything?  
First, in prayer he bent his head,  
Cleared his throat, and then he said  
(After bowing left and right):  
"Why-1 never slept all night!  
And I really wonder whether  
There was ever fouler weather!  
Cats and dogs it poured, no joking!  
Feel my shirt-it's simply soaking!  
Oh, it was an awful night!  
But, then, everything's all right."  
Father praised his son with pleasure,  
Said: "Danilo, you're a treasure!  
You have served me well, my son,  
I can only say, well done!  
You have proved that you're a man  
And have not disgraced me, Dan!"

***3***  
As next day drew near its close,  
Up the second brother rose  
And, with pitchfork, axe in hand,  
Also went his watch to stand.  
Such a fearful frost set in,  
That he shivered in his skin.  
Teeth a-chatt'ring in his head,  
Freezing, from his post he fled.  
All night long, bereft of sense,  
He walked round his neighbour's fence.  
What a dreadful night he passed!  
But the morning came at last,  
Found him on the porch once more  
Pounding on the cottage door.

"Hey, you sleepy owls," yelled he,  
"Let your brother in-it's me!  
I am frozen, frozen quite-  
It was dreadful cold last night!"  
Quickly they the door unbarred  
Letting in their sentry guard.  
Then they started questioning-  
Had he noticed anything?  
First, in prayer he bent his head,  
Through his teeth, he slowly said  
(After bowing left and right):  
"Why, I never slept all night!  
And I really wonder whether  
There was ever colder weather!  
It was cold, I'd have you know-  
1 kept running to and fro-  
Wasn't it a chilly night!  
But, then, everything's all right."  
And his father said with pleasure:  
"You, Gavrilo, are a treasure."

***4***  
Evening once again drew near,  
Now the third should don his gear,  
But he never turned a hair.  
Sitting on the oven there,  
Singing with his foolish might:  
"O, you eyes, as black as night!"  
Then to coax and beg Ivan  
Both the elder sons began;  
Bade him go and guard the grain;  
They grew hoarse-but all in vain.  
Father finally said: "Here,  
You just listen, Vanya dear,  
Go on watch, and if you do.  
This is what I'll do for you:  
I shall give you beans and peas,  
And some pictures, if you please."

At these words, Ivan climbed down,  
Donned his coat of russet brown,  
Pocketed a lump of bread  
And on sentry-go he sped.  
  
Night fell and the white moon rose.  
On his beat Ivan now goes,  
Looking sharply all around;  
Then he sits upon the ground,  
Munching slowly at his bread,  
Counts the bright stars overhead.  
Suddenly, a neigh resounded-  
To his feet our sentry bounded;  
Peering round with shaded eyes,  
In the field a mare he spies.  
Now, this mare, I'd have you know,  
Whiter was than whitest snow,  
Silken mane in ringlets streaming  
To the ground, all golden gleaming.

***5***  
"Oh, ho ho-so this is it!  
You're the rogue-but wait a bit!  
I don't like such nasty jokes  
Played on honest farming folks!  
Trifling never was my line  
And I'll jump upon your spine,  
Nasty little plague," said he  
And, approaching stealthily,  
Seized her tail as in a vice,  
Mounted on her in a trice,  
Landed on her with a smack,  
Back to front and front to back.  
But the mare, whose blood was hot,  
Started bucking on the spot.  
  
Eyes ablaze with angry glow,  
Like an arrow from its bow  
Over hills and valleys sped,  
Over streams and gullies fled,  
On her haunches rearing, prancing  
'Neath the forest branches dancing  
All her wiles and strength in vain  
Plying, to be free again.  
But-she found her match at last-  
To her tail Ivan stuck fast.

***6***  
Finally, she said to him,  
Spent, and trembling in each limb  
"Since you sat me, I confess  
I am yours now to possess;  
Find a place for me to rest,  
Care for me as you know best,  
But-remember this my warning:  
That for three days, every morning  
You must let me out to graze.

At the end of these three days,  
Two such handsome steeds I'll bear  
As have ne'er been seen, I swear  
And a third I promise you,  
Only twelve hands high, with two  
Little humps upon his back-  
Ears-a yard long; eyes-coal-black  
If you wish, why, sell the two,  
But, Ivan, whate'er you do,  
Part not with the little steed,  
Though you be in direst need,  
Nor for gold, nor silken raiment,  
Nor for lucky charm in payment.  
Faithful friend to you he'll be,  
Where you go, on land or sea;  
 He'll find shade from summer's heat,  
Keep you warm in snow and sleet,  
Find your food in time of need,  
Quench your thirst with cooling mead.  
Afterwards, you'll set me free,  
Let me roam at liberty."  
  
***7***

Now, Ivan thought this all right,  
Found her shelter for the night  
In an empty shepherd's shack;  
O'er its door he hung a sack;  
Then he homeward made his way  
With the early light of day,  
Singing merrily: "Heigh-ho,  
Vanya would a-wooing go."  
  
Up his brothers from their beds  
Jumped in fright, and scratched the  
Stammering: "Who knocks so loud  
"Me, the Fool," came answer proud  
So they opened up the door,  
Let him in, and roundly swore  
At Ivan-how did he dare  
Give his brothers such a scare?  
But Ivan, with heedless air,  
Climbed up on the oven, where,  
Lying down in all his clothes,  
He related, at repose,  
His adventures-while, amazed,  
Open-mouthed, his hearers gazed.  
"Well, I didn't sleep all night,  
Counting all the stars so bright.  
Possibly, the moon was there,  
Though I really wouldn't swear-  
Satan suddenly appeared,  
Bristling whiskers, bushy beard,  
Cat-like face and saucer eyes;  
  
I stared on in stark surprise  
As that devil, with his tail,  
Whipped the wheat as with a flail.  
You know, joking's not my line-  
So I jumped right on his spine.  
He led me a dance, look you-  
Nearly broke my head in two.  
But I'm not a fool-not quite-  
Like a vice, I held him tight.  
How that cunning rascal tried!  
Finally, he begged and cried:  
  
'Spare my life this once, please do!  
For twelve months, I promise you  
Not to break a single law,  
Christian folks to plague no more.'  
I believed him on the spot-  
Off the devil's back I got."

***8***

And Ivan then said no more-  
Yawned and soon began to snore,  
While his brothers, though they tried  
Not to, laughed until they cried,  
Laughing at that booby's joke-  
You'd have thought that they would choke!  
Father, too, could not refrain-  
Laughed, and cried, and laughed again,  
Though it is a sin, they say,  
For old men to laugh that way.  
  
Well, Danilo-(I should say-  
This was on a holiday)  
Tipsy, reeled along the track  
Leading to that shepherd's shack.  
There he saw a handsome pair-  
Steeds, with manes of golden hair,  
And beside them, in its stall,  
Stood a horse, so queer and small,  
Two humps on his little back;  
  
Ears a yard long; eyes-coal-black.  
All the fumes immediately  
Left Danilo's head, and he  
Murmured: "Hm! At last it's clear  
Why that fool is sleeping here!"  
Breathless bursting home, Danilo  
Cried excitedly: "Gavrilo,  
Come and see that lovely pair  
Our young fool has hidden there-  
Steeds, with manes of golden hair-  
No one saw their likes, I swear."  
Fast as legs could carry, Dan,  
Barefoot, with Gavrilo ran,  
Through the fields, as though on win^  
Heedless of the nettle stings.

***9***  
Thrice they fell, and thrice they rose,  
Bruised their eyes and tore their cloth  
Ere they reached the shepherd's shad  
Rubbing one another's back.  
Here, two chargers met their gaze-  
Snorting, ruby eyes ablaze,  
Silken tails in ringlets streaming,  
Golden in the shadows gleaming;  
  
And their hoofs, of diamonds made,  
Were with monster pearls inlaid.  
Yes, it cannot be denied-  
Horses fit for tsars to ride.  
And they nearly burst from spleen  
As they stared upon this scene;  
Th'eldest, gaping, scratched his head-  
"Where'd he get them from?" he said.  
"This just proves the ancient rule-  
Fortune favours but the fool.  
They went home in glee together  
Chatting, in the highest feather,  
Of the steeds, their future feast,  
And that little wonder beast.  
  
Slowly, Time crept on its way,  
Hour by hour and day by day;  
Sunday came and found them dressed  
For the town, in all their best;  
See them at their icons praying,  
Then, for Father's blessing staying,  
After which, in secret, they  
Took the steeds and stole away.

***10***  
Night her shadows softly spread,  
And Ivan set out for bed.  
Through the village he went, swinging  
Munching at his crust, and singing;  
Through the meadow now he skips,  
With his hands upon his hips;  
In the shack, upon his toes,  
Like a very lord, he goes.  
Everything was in its place-  
But the steeds-of them no trace!  
Only tiny humpback, neighing,  
Fawned around his feet, a-playing,  
Flapping both ears left and right,  
Prancing gaily in delight.  
At this sight, Ivan wept sore,  
As he leaned against the door.  
"Oh, my horses black as night,  
With your golden manes so bright!  
Did not I look after you?  
What foul devil stole you? Who?  
  
Humpback neighed and shook his head:  
"Do not fret, Ivan," he said.  
"Yes, your loss is great, I know-  
But I'll help you in your woe.  
Blame the devil for his deeds-  
Your two brothers stole those steeds.  
Dry your tears, Ivan-make haste-  
We have not much time to waste.  
Mount my back-when I say: 'Go,'  
Hold to me for all you know.  
Though I'm small-that's true, of course,  
I'm as good as any horse.  
Once I get into my pace  
Any demon I'll outrace."  
  
Saying this, he stretched out flat,  
On his back Ivan then sat,  
Grabbed his ears and held them tight,  
Shouting out with all his might;

***11***  
Little humpback's sinews quivered,  
He stood on his feet and shivered  
Shook his mane and, with a neigh,  
Like an arrow sped away.  
Only dust clouds marked the course  
Of the rider and the horse.  
On they flew, as quick as thought-  
In a trice, the thieves were caught.  
  
Seeing him, his brothers stared,  
Scratched their heads, confused and scar  
Wrathfully, Ivan exclaimed:  
"Brothers, are you not ashamed!  
Though you're cleverer than Ivan,  
Still, Ivan's an honest man.  
I did not rob you-not I!"  
Th'eldest, squirming, made reply:  
"We are both to blame, I fear,  
But, dear brother-listen here-  
And, consider if you please  
That we lead no life of ease;  
  
Though we sow a lot of wheat,  
We can hardly make ends meet.  
Quit-rent's always overdue,  
The police, they fleece us too.  
So, Gavrilo, here, and I  
All last night ne'er closed an eye  
Talking of our sorry plight  
And of how to put things right;  
  
So, to meet our many needs,  
We resolved to sell your steeds  
For a thousand at the fair-  
Not a ruble less, I swear;  
And, in gratitude to you,  
Bring you back a gift or two-  
High-heeled boots of finest leather,  
And a cap, with bells and feather.  
Then-the old man's frail and ailing-  
He can work no more-he's failing,  
Yet must dodder out his span-  
Come, you're not a fool, Ivan."

***12***  
"If that's so," Ivan said, "well,  
I suppose you'd better sell  
My two golden-crested horses-  
Take me with you-let's join forces.'  
If thoughts could, their thoughts wo  
But, perforce, they feigned goodwill  
  
'Neath the wain and snoring, slept  
Till the dawning of the day,  
When to town they drove away,  
Halting at the Hostlers' Fair,  
Opposite the Palace there.  
Now, there was an old tradition  
That, without the Mayor's permission  
Nothing could be bought or sold,  
Nor for barter, nor for gold.  
  
Then the Mayor rode in the Fair,  
Saw two chargers standing there-  
Handsome horses, black as night,  
Silken manes in ringlets bright  
Golden in the sunlight streaming,  
Flowing tails, all golden gleaming.  
Here the old man stroked his beard  
And his anger disappeared.  
Then the Mayor gave out strict order  
'Gainst all tumults and disorders,  
That those steeds, on no condition,  
Might be sold without permission;  
Set a guard, and off to Court  
Raced to hand in his report.  
  
Straightway to the Tsar went he.  
"Pardon, Gracious Majesty!"  
In I rode-what did I see  
When I got inside the Fair?  
I saw two such chargers there-  
Handsome horses, black as night,  
Silken manes in ringlets bright,  
Golden in the sunlight streaming,  
Flowing tails, all golden gleaming,  
And their hoofs, of diamonds made,  
Were with monster pearls inlaid."  
  
Cried the Tsar excitedly:  
"We shall have to go and see-  
And, if they are all you say,  
We shall buy those two today.

***13***  
When he stopped outside the gate,  
All the people straightaway  
Kneeled and wildly cheered: "Hurray!'  
In reply, the Tsar smiled brightly,  
Bowed, and from his coach sprang light  
Charmed by those two steeds, the Tsar  
Gazed at them from near and far,  
Praised and praised them once again,  
Softly stroked each golden mane,  
Gently patted each steed's spine,  
Felt their necks, so sleek and fine.  
  
After he had gazed his fill,  
He turned round with right goodwill,  
Saying: "My good people, who  
Owns these handsome chargers two?  
Who's the master?" Here, Ivan,  
Arms akimbo, like a Pan\*,  
Pushed his brothers both aside,  
Puffed his cheeks and proudly cried:  
"Tsar, these steeds belong to me,  
I'm their owner, too, you see."  
  
"Will you sell them to me, say?"  
"No, I'm swapping them today."  
"What will you be taking, then?"  
"Twice five caps-and that makes ten,  
Full of silver-that's my price!"  
So the coins were in a trice  
Counted out-the Tsar, in pleasure,  
Gave five rubles for good measure-  
Generous a tsar was he!

***14***  
Back the Tsar drove to Ivan,  
Said to him: "Look here, my man,  
Now, my grooms can't hold those two-  
So, there's nothing else to do,  
But to come along with me.  
I shall issue a decree,  
Make you Master of my Horse,  
Like a lord, you'll live, of course;  
You'll have raiment of the best,  
Gold brocade upon your chest;  
On my royal word-you'll see!  
Are you willing?" "Well, I'll be ...  
In the Palace I shall live!  
And to me, the Tsar will give  
Handsome raiment of the best,  
Gold brocade upon my chest!  
  
Like a lord, I'll live in clover,  
Rule the Royal Stables over!  
I, a ploughboy, now will be  
Voivode to His Majesty!  
Well, I never! Your commission,  
I accept, Tsar, on condition-  
That you never treat me rough,  
Always let me sleep enough-  
Or you'll see no more of me!"  
  
Whistling to his horses, he  
Sauntered through the city, singing,  
Carelessly his mittens swinging,  
Followed by his steeds a-prancing  
And his humpbacked horse a-dancing  
To the rhythm of his song,  
And the marvel of the throng.

***15*PART TWO**

Well, good friends and Christians true  
Fellow-countrymen-look you-  
Our young fellow made his way  
To the Palace that fine day.  
He is Master of the Horse  
And he doesn't pine, of course,  
For his brothers and his dad.  
And, indeed, why should our lad,  
Living in the Royal Court,  
Waste on them a single thought?  
He has garments gay in plenty  
And possesses five and twenty  
Chests, all full of caps and shoes  
Out of which to pick and choose.  
All he does is eat his fill,  
Slake his thirst, and sleep at will.  
  
So, no wonder that he bore  
Malice towards Ivan, and swore  
That he'd die, but soon or late  
Drive the upstart from the gate.  
But the rogue, his good time biding  
And his double-dealing hiding,  
Feigned to be Ivan's best friend,  
Masked his feelings to this end,  
Thinking-''Wait, you dirty lout,  
Time will come, I'll turn you out."

***16***  
So, the chamberlain began  
As weeks passed, to watch Ivan;  
And he noticed that he never  
Fed or groomed those steeds, or ever  
Took them out for exercise;  
Yet those steeds, to his surprise,  
Always were, whene'er paraded,  
Brushed and burnished, manes a-braided,  
Tails, in flowing ringlets streaming,  
Glossy coats, like satin gleaming,  
  
"Now, whatever can this mean?"  
Sighed the chamberlain in spleen-  
"Can it be, a goblin sprite  
Comes and plays his pranks at night?  
Watch him-that's what I shall do.  
And it should be easy to  
Spin a story in a flash  
And to settle that fool's hash.  
I shall tell the Tsar, of course,  
That the Master of the Horse  
Is a wicked infidel,  
  
And a sorcerer as well;  
That Old Nick his soul has taken,  
That he has God's Church forsaken,  
Bows before the Cross of Rome,  
During Lent, eats meat at home."  
  
So, the former Chief of Horse  
(Yes, the chamberlain, of course)  
That same evening hid away  
In a stall, beneath some hay.

***17***  
Blackest midnight came at last,  
Pit-a-pat, his heart beat fast;  
Lying there, with bated breath,  
He peeped out, as still as death,  
Waiting for that sprite-when hark!  
Loud the door creaked in the dark,  
And the horses pawed the ground  
As the sprite, without a sound,  
Entered-though he looked, of course,  
Like the Master of the Horse;  
First he barred the door; then he  
Took his hat off carefully,  
And from it he slowly took  
Out his kerchief, which he shook  
Till the Fire-Bird's feather blazed;  
  
While the chamberlain, amazed,  
Nearly screamed there in the hay,  
Almost gave himself away.  
Unsuspectingly, the sprite  
In a corn-bin placed the light,  
After which, with tender care,  
He commenced to groom the pair;  
Braided their fine manes so long,  
While he sang a merry song;  
Meanwhile, crouching there and quiver:  
Hair all bristling, skin shaving,  
Stared the chamberlain in fright  
At the joker of the night.  
He could not believe his eyes-  
Sure the sprite was in disguise!  
It nor horns nor whiskers wore-  
It was a handsome lad he saw!  
Hair with ribbons gaily dressed,  
Gold brocade upon his chest;  
  
Saffian boots right to his knees-  
This was Vanya, if you please!

***18***  
Very well! I'll tell the Tsar  
What a smart young man you are!  
Just you wait until tomorrow-  
You'll remember me with sorrow!"  
But Ivan, quite unaware  
Of the evil lurking there,  
Gaily sings his little song,  
As he braids those manes so long.  
After he had groomed each steed,  
Filled each tub with cooling mead,  
And the bins with choicest corn,  
He let out a sleepy yawn,  
Wrapped the feather up once more,  
Laid himself upon the floor;  
By his horses made his bed  
With his hat beneath his head.  
  
With the dawn, the chamberlain  
Stretched his limbs to ease the strain  
And, on hearing our Ivan  
Snoring loud as Yeruslan,  
Rose, and on his tip-toes crept  
Cautiously to where he slept,  
Snatched the feather from his hat  
Then he vanished-just like that!

***19***  
As the Tsar woke with a snore,  
There he stood, right at the door;  
Bowing low, until his head  
Hit the floor, he whined and said:  
"To confess, Your Majesty,  
I have dared to come to thee!  
Be not angry with thy slave-  
Suffer me to speak, I crave."  
"Speak, without exaggeration  
And without prevarication."  
Yawned the Tsar. "If you tell fibs,  
Know, the knout will count your ribs."  
Gathering his courage, he  
Said: "God bless Your Majesty!  
On the Holy Cross, forsooth,  
I am telling you the truth.  
All the Court knows it is true-  
That Ivan conceals from you  
That which can't be bought or sold  
Nor for silver, nor for gold-  
It's a Fire-Bird's feather, see,  
Which he hides, Your Majesty."  
"What! A Fire-Bird's! And he dare,  
Cursed varlet, such a rare ...  
Oh, the villain-wait and see  
What a whipping there will be!"  
"That's not all," the chamberlain  
Whispered, as he bowed again.  
  
  
"Were it but the feather, he  
Might retain it, Majesty-  
But, he boasts, as I have heard,  
That, did you but say the word,  
He could bring the Bird of Fire  
To your Royal Chamber, Sire."  
And the spy, with servile tread,  
On all fours approached the bed,  
Dropped the treasure-and once more  
Banged his head upon the floor.

***20***  
Long the Tsar, enchanted, gazed,  
Chortled, stroked his beard, amaze  
Bit the feather's tip, then he  
Placed it under lock and key,  
Shouted in impatience and,  
As confirming his command,  
Waved his sceptre in the air:  
"Hey ! You! Fetch me that fool there  
  
All the lords-in-waiting ran  
Instantly to fetch Ivan;  
But, colliding near the door,  
Fell and sprawled upon the floor,

While the Tsar in huge delight

Roared with laughter at the sight;

So his lords, all quick to see

What so pleased His Majesty,

Winks exchanged as they once more

Threw themselves upon the floor.

Whereupon, amused thereat,

He gave each a brand-new hat,

After which they once more ran

Hurrying, to fetch Ivan;

And without an accident

This time, on their mission went.

***21***

When they reached the stables, they

Rushed inside without delay,

Fell upon our poor fool there,

Kicked him, punched him, pulled his hair,

Fully half an hook or more-

All Ivan did, was to snore,

Finally, a stable groom

Woke him with a stable broom.

Jumping up, Ivan bawled out:

"Varlets-what are you about?

I shall teach you not to worry

Me, you villains, in a hurry,

When I'm sleeping in my bed."

But the lords-in-waiting said:

"Up! The Tsar sent us to say

That you come without delay!"

"Oh, the Tsar? Ah, well, then, wait-

1 will dress and go there straight,"

Yawning answered our Ivan.

So he put on his kaftan,

Tied his girdle in its place,

Combed his hair and washed his face;

And strode forth in pompous pride,

Horse whip dangling by his side.

22

When he reached His Majesty,

Our Ivan bowed low, then he

Hummed and hawed and puffed his chin

Said: "Why did you spoil my rest?"

Here, the Tsar jumped up in bed,

Left eye squinting, seeing red.

"Silence," wrathfully roared he-

"It is you must answer me!

By what law and what decree

Have you from Our Majesty

Hidden what is ours by right?

Yes-the Fire-Bird's feather bright?

Am I not your lawful Tsar?

Answer, heathen that you are!"

But Ivan made answer bold-

Waved his hand and shouted: "Hold!

When did I give you my hat?

How could you discover that?

What-have you got second sight?

You can lock me up, all right,

You can have me beaten flat-

I've no feather, and that's that!"

"You'll be flogged! Now answer me!'

"But I'm speaking plainly-see,

I've no feather-and, how, pray,

Could such wonders come my way?"

***23***

Here the Tsar sprang to the floor,

Shook the feather with a roar-

"What is this? Now will you dare

Stand and contradict me there?"

Here Ivan gave just one look,

Like a storm-tossed leaf he shook,

Dropped his hat in sheer dismay.

"Ah, you don't know what to say,"

Said the Tsar. "But wait, my man ...'

"Mercy, mercy," cried Ivan,

Gravelling upon the floor,

At the Tsar's feet, sobbing sore-

"Pardon me this once, please do

And I'll lie no more to you."

"You'll be pardoned for the nonce,

Seeing you have sinned but once,"

Said the Tsar. "But bear in mind

I'll not always be so kind.

Gracious, when I'm angry-why,

I make hairs and heads to fly!

That's what I am like, my man,

So, let's not waste words, Ivan.

You have boasted, as I've heard,

That, did I but say the word,

You could bring the Bird of Fire

To the Chamber of your Sire.

Now, do not say 'No' to me-

Do your best and bring one, see?"

***24***

Up Ivan bounced like a ball:

"Nothing of the sort at all,"

Shouted he, and wiped his eye;

"I that feather don't deny-

But the talk about the bird

Is as false as it's absurd."

Wrathfully, the Tsar's beard shook:

"What I argue with you? Look!

If you do not bring to me

That Fire-Bird, in weeknights three,

To my Royal Chamber, now,

By my Royal Beard I vow,

Hide yourself where e'er you please-

Under ground, or under seas-

I'll have you impaled, my man!

Off, you scum!" In tears, Ivan

To the hayloft made his way

Where his little humpback lay.

***25***

Hearing him, his humpback ran

Full of glee to meet Ivan;

But on seeing him in tears,

Almost sobbed, and drooped his ears:

"Why, Ivanushka, so sad?

Tell me what's the matter, lad,"

Said he, fawning round his knees.

"Put your mind, Ivan, at ease,

Tell me what has happened, please-

Just confide in me, Ivan,

I will help you if I can.

Are you ill? If not, then who

Has upset you? Tell me, do."

And Ivan, in bitter tears,

As he kissed his humpback's ears,

Said: "The Tsar-Oh, have you heard?

Bids me bring a Fire-Bird!

Oh, whatever shall I do?"

In reply, his horse said: "True,

Your misfortune's great, I know.

But I'll help you in your woe.

You rejected my advice-

Now, you have to pay the price;

For remember, when you found

That bird's feather on the ground,

I told you, for your own sake,

Not to touch it; in its wake

Many sorrows, many woes

Follow everywhere it goes.

Now, Ivan, you see that I,

When I warned you, told no lie.

***26***

But, Ivan, 'twixt you and me-

This is easy as can be;

Service lies ahead, my man.

Now, go to the Tsar, Ivan,

Say to him in language plain:

Tsar, I need the best of grain,

And two troughs; then, if you please

Wine-brought in from overseas;

Tell them that they must make haste

For I have no time to waste-

I'll be off at dawn of day.'"

So the Tsar gave strict commands

To fulfil Ivan's demands;

Called Ivan a brave young man,

Said: "God speed you" to Ivan.

Dawn had scarce begun to peep,

Humpback roused Ivan from sleep:

"Hey, my lad-stop snoring, do,

Up! your duty's calling you !"

So Ivan got up and dressed

Warmly for his royal quest;

Took the grain and took the wine,

Tightly tied the troughs with twine,

Put it all into a sack,

Climbed upon his horse's back,

Chewing on a piece of bread,

To the rising sun he sped,

Off to seek that Fire-Bird.

1. *Челлендж* (англ. Challenge) – жанр интернет-роликов, в которых блогер выполняет задание на видеокамеру и размещает его в сети, а затем предлагает повторить это задание своему знакомому или неограниченному кругу пользователей.

   *Марафон –* длительное, многоступенчатое мероприятие.

   *«Конёк-Горбунок»* – русская литературная сказка в стихах, написанная Петром Ершовым в 1830-х годах. Главные персонажи произведения – крестьянский сын Иванушка-дурачок и волшебный конёк-горбунок. Лёгкость стиха, множество метких выражений, элементы едкой социальной сатиры определили широкую популярность этой сказочной поэмы. «Конёк-Горбунок» переведён на 27 языков (в том числе, английский) и напечатан общим тиражом семь миллионов экземпляров. До 1917 года сказка переиздавалась 26 раз, а в СССР она выдержала более 130 изданий. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)