



ВАДЗЯНІК

WADZIANIK, THE WATER SPIRIT



- ТОЎСТЫ СТАРЫ З ВОДАРАСЦЯМІ ЗАМЕСТ ВАЛАСОЎ ♂ HEAVY MAN WITH SEAWEED HAIR
- ЖЫВЕ Ё ВОЗЕРЫ ЦІ РЭЧЦЫ 📍 LIVES IN A LAKE OR RIVER
- ЗМЯНЯЕ ФОРМУ 🔄 CHANGES LOOK
- НЕ ЛЮБІЦЬ СМЕЦЦЕ Ё ВАДЗЕ, ЖАРТЫ 😊 DOESN'T LIKE DIRT THROWN INTO THE WATER, JOKES
- ДАПАМАГАЕ ЗНАЙСЦІ СКАРБЫ 🎒 HELPS TO FIND TREASURES
- ПЕРАТВАРАЕЦЦА Ё РЫБУ, БЯРЭ ДУШУ ТЫХ, ХТО ЎТАПІЎСЯ ⚡ TURNS INTO FISH, TAKES A SOUL OF DROWNED PEOPLE
- СВІСТ, ПОПЕЛ, НЕ КУПАЦЦА НОЧЧУ І НА КУПАЛЛЕ 🛡️ WHISTLE, ASH, DO NOT SWIM AT NIGHT AND DURING MIDSUMMER NIGHTS



У ЯКІЯ МЕСЯЦЬ ГОДУ ВЕРАГОДНА СУСТРЭЦЬ ДУХАЎ?



IN WHAT MONTHS OF THE YEAR ARE YOU LIKELY TO MEET THE SPIRITS?





ХІХІТУН

HINHTOON, THE GIGGLE SPIRIT



- ЦЕХІ СМЕХ ♂ QUIET LAUGHTER
- ЖЫВЕ ЗА СПІНАЙ У ЧАЛАВЕКА 📍 LIVES BEHIND A PERSON
- НЕ ЗМЯНАЕ ФОРМУ 🔄 DOESN'T CHANGE LOOK
- НЕ ЛЮБІЦЬ КАЛІ НАД ІМ САМІМ СМЯЮЦА 😊 DOESN'T LIKE WHEN PEOPLE LAUGH AT HIM
- НЕ ДАПАМАГАЕ ЗНАЙСЦІ СКАРБЫ 🗝️ DOESN'T HELP TO FIND TREASURES
- БАЧЫЦЬ БУДУЧЫНІЮ ⚡ SEES FUTURE
- ХУТКА ПАВЯРНУЦЦА І ЎБАЧЫЦЬ ТВАР 🔄 QUICKLY TURN AROUND AND LOOK INTO HIS FACE

КЛАДНІК

Усе дзеці і дарослыя любяць клады, ці, па-іншаму, скарбы. А што ёсць скарб? Гэта – каштоўныя камяні, залатыя манеты ці дарагія упрыгожванні. Кожны марыць хоць адным вокам паглядзець на ўсё гэта! І, канешне, забраць сабе такі скарб, калі атрымаецца!

Ведаеш, Бэй, я люблю скарбы яшчэ больш, чым людзі. Калі нехта толькі ямку пад скарб капае, я адразу багу. Любуюся новай цацкай, гуляюся і нікому не дазволю блізка падыходзіць. За маю любоў да кладаў мяне так і празвалі – Кладнік.

Чыстае золата і срэбра на маёй адзежы і ботах. У руцэ я трымаю **скіпэтар** з дыямантаў і сапфіраў. Мая хата падобная на мяне: ўся блішчыць і ззяе золатам, а каштоўныя каменьчыкі свецяцца паўсюль як лямпы. Самы багаты Дух я ва ўсім свеце, але ў той жа час і самы бедны. Чаму бедны? Бо нікога я не магу прадаць ці аддаць з таго, што маю.

Сквапнасць завецца гэта.

Гэтая сквапнасць мацней за мяне. Такая моцная, што я з голаду буду паміраць, а свае клады не прадам! А есці мне трэба, амаль як чалавеку. Далёка не ва ўсіх Духаў ёсць гэтая нязручная патрэба. Ледзьве ад голаду перастаўляю я ногі, шукаю ўсюды, што б мне паесці: у лесе, у гародзе, нават у смецці. Калі не знайду – прыйдзецца мне з'есці душу чалавека, які клад прыйшоў шукаць. Душа дасць мне надойга энергіі і сілы, мо яшчэ і лепш за звычайную ежу.

Некаторыя дурныя людзі самі мяне завуць: "Прыходзь, Кладнік, багацце маё ад людзей захавай!". **Якая ўдача!** Я вельмі рады, бо і скарб магу забраць і чалавека, калі атрымаецца, пад зямлю звяцятнуць. І ўсё гэта – мне, мне аднаму!

Табе зусім не страшна? Усё роўна хочаш знайсці клад? Добра, тады вось табе **падказка**: адзін дзень у год, выношу я мае клады на паверхню каб прасушыць і праветрыць. Сотні кладаў, вельмі далёка адзін ад аднаго. Паспрабуй зцягнуць хоць колькі залатых манет, можа як раз табе і пашанцуе?

KLADNIK, THE TREASURE KEEPER

All children and adults adore treasures. What is treasure? Usually it is some precious stones, golden coins and expensive jewellery. Everyone dreams, at least, to throw a glance at all this! And to have something for yourself, if you get a chance, of course!

You know, Bye, I love treasures even more than people do. If someone just starts digging a hole to bury a treasure, I'll be right there. I admire and play with my new toy and won't let anyone close. For my love for treasures, they call me Kladnik*.

The pure gold shines on my robe and boots. In my hand I carry a **sceptre** of diamonds and sapphires. My home is like me: it is glittery and decked with gold; precious rocks are burning everywhere as lighting. I am the richest Spirit in the world, but, at the same time, the poorest one. Why the poorest? Because I can't give away even a tiny piece of my wealth.

This is called **greed**.

This greed is stronger than me. So strong, that even when I'm hungry I don't sell any of my treasures! And I need to eat, almost like a human. Not many of us Spirits have this inconvenient habit. Starving, I look for food everywhere: through woods, gardens and even in the garbage bins. If I don't find anything I'll have to eat a soul of a treasure hunter. The **soul** usually gives me enough energy to keep going for a long time. It is even better than usual food.

Some stupid people call me and say: "Come here, Kladnik, keep my treasures safe!" **What luck!** I'll keep the treasure for myself and maybe take a human underground. All for me!

Not scared? Still want to find a treasure? Well, here is a **clue**: one day a year I bring my treasures to the surface to dry. Many treasures, they are spread miles away from one another. Try to pick some golden coins, are you the lucky one?

* The word "klad" means "treasure" in Belarusian and other Slavic languages

HALERA, THE DISEASE SPIRIT

I hate talking about my life. I became too old and too tired of all of you. What should I tell kids about myself? What stories are left? I don't like children. Nor adults. And animals even less! I don't talk to anyone, only if I'm asked. I've been hunted all the time, because people believe "that I bring **diseases and venom**". What stories do you expect from me, Bye?

Perhaps it used to be true long, long ago. The story goes: "a tall, gangly woman came to villages...". Well, I would call myself at least "a slender lady". But people haven't got a single nice word for me, so drop it! So...a woman, "...she carried seeds with her. Not just usual seeds, but seeds with **magic powers**. She threw the seeds around, she touched water and beer with her hand. Later people became ill with heavy **diseases**, some of them even passed away.

Things change. The slender lady has become old. It is hard for her to go from place to place. What's more: great **fear** is in my heart, like never before. People are trying everything to destroy me. Imagine, they came up with this: if you draw a circle around your village, and not just draw, but plough it deeply into the ground, I won't be able to enter. First I thought it was one of those silly stories, I didn't believe a single word!

Until one day I was heading to a village. And what did I see: **male twins**, looking exactly alike, were ploughing the land. They drove two white oxen, making a circle around the village. And I had to pass into that place, because of an order I had: somebody had to die there from a disease. I came closer to the circle... And I couldn't go any further! I hit and I rammed, but nothing worked. Like someone invisible was fighting back at me... someone I didn't know. I tried to get in from another side but couldn't get through! So I ran away, as fast I could, the only way that was left.