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мови та література, переклад включно)*

### **A Wonderful Girl**

Groves and meadows of green. They shine joyfully in the warm sun, and a little boy runs cheerfully through it. The boy runs through meadow, through groves, admires flowers, basks on green, silky grass. He is happy, a mean sad thought hasn't come to his mind yet, so he runs enjoying freedom. He feels good, as if invisible wings were flying him through clear air, in the sea of golden beams, among sonorous piping of birds. Tired of running the boy came to his mother.

– Mother! – he says. – It's so beautiful and sunny there! Blooming flowers, chirping birds!

– Go play, my dear boy! – says the mother woefully. – Play, while you are free, till misfortune knocks at your door.

And the boy ran back in a grove, but it was not as joyful. He kept thinking, why his mother was talking about misfortune and why would it come to him. Lost in thought he sat on fresh grass. A thought after thought in his small head. About his darling mother, about sunny groves and meadows with birds and butterflies, and the misfortune waiting for him... Bad misfortune! Why is it? He doesn't want it, he will overcome it, conquer it. Maybe mummy didn't mean it? Maybe it won't happen? Many different thoughts flashed through this little child's head. Dreams overflow dreams and having closed his eyes, he had soon forgot it all – green grove, flowering meadows and jolly chirping birds...

But what's that? It looks like at the very edge of the grass there was a delightful girl. Her eyes were shining stars, her silky hair was waving down her shoulders and back. She was wearing green garments with a blue belt on her waist. But she was gloomy, as if clouds were covering her high pale forehead, and her lovely eyes gave a sad and sorrowful look. She was going towards him silently. The boy saw her pale hands cuffed in shackle. Shackle pressed to her delicate hands, it wounded her pale body to the bone...

The girl came up to him, bent and softly sang her quiet song to him. It was full of sorrow and great grief, and little boy's heart painfully ached in his breast. She sang about how she was hurt by her sisters, tortured by great torment, cuffed in heavy shackle...

She raised her hands, rattling her shackle and showed the boy her wounds. And the boy saw her suffering as he saw her wounds. She kept singing and singing, so the boy understood her fate. With solemn heart, he reached his hands to her. The girl picked him up and kissed his clever little head.

– Forget me never. – she said. – And when you grow older, come and set me free.

Having said this, she disappeared. There is no girl more wonderful, I can't hear her song. Only green branches bend over the boy and birds chirp cheerfully, as trying to cheer him up. And he sits there. Sad, bitter song is playing in his heart as he still feels a girl's kiss on his forehead.

The sun has set behind the mountains and the darkness opened her arms to the earth. Only then the boy came to himself, in thought he came home and told his mother nothing. He went to bed without saying a word and couldn't fall asleep till morning.

The boy grew older. He remembered the poor girl and everyday he sang her song. Others heard it and made fun of him, they said he was chasing a dream, they said the girl wasn't real. Yet he doesn't care. He believes with all his heart and his faith has no edge... He works, knowing that the time will come. The time, when frail pale hands break free from shackle and he will see her happy and joyful...

*Borys Grinchenko, 1884*