

Opište tento text tak, že každý řádek opíšete normálně a hned ten stejný řádek opíšete pozpátku. Pak odřádkujete 2x. Takže vám vznikne text v odstavcích po 2 řádcích. Tak jako v minulém úkolu.

Odešlete do 22. května 2020. **Do záhlaví napište své Příjmení!!**

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was covered with gold and his eyes were made of precious jewels. Everybody admired him.

He is very beautiful, one important person said. But not very useful, he added, because he did not want people to think that he was not practical.

Why can't you be like the Happy Prince? a mother asked her crying son. The Happy Prince never cries!

I am glad there is somebody in this world who is quite happy, said a disappointed man as he looked at the wonderful statue.

He looks just like an angel, said the children as they came out of the cathedral.

How do you know? said a Master of Mathematics. You have never seen an angel.

We have, in our dreams, answered the children. The man frowned, because he did not like when children were dreaming.

One night a little Swallow flew over the city. His friends had flown away to Egypt six weeks before. He had stayed behind because he was in love with the beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river, and she was so attractive that he stopped to talk to her.

Shall I love you? said the Swallow. The Reed bowed. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, to show her his love. This lasted all through the summer.

It is very silly, said the other Swallows. She has no money and there are so many reeds in the river. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away.

The Swallow felt lonely. He was already tired of his love. She doesn't talk to me, he said, and she is always flirting with the wind. It was true, because the Reed always bowed gracefully when the wind blew. She stays home all the time, he continued, but I love travelling, and my wife should love travelling, too.

Will you come away with me? he finally said to her. But the Reed shook her head because she liked her home very much.

But I am going away, he said and flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night he arrived at the city. Where shall I sleep? he said.

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

I will sleep there, he cried. It is a nice place, with plenty of fresh air. So he sat down just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

I have a golden bedroom, he said softly to himself as he looked round. But just as he was preparing to go to sleep, a large drop of water fell on him. How is it possible? he cried. There are no clouds in the sky. How can there be rain? The Reed always liked the rain, but that was because she only cared about herself.

Then another drop fell.

What good is a statue that cannot protect me from rain? I must look for a better place, he said and wanted to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up. What did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden face. He was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow felt sorry for him.

Who are you? he said.

I am the Happy Prince.

Why are you crying then? asked the Swallow.

When I was alive and had a human heart, answered the statue, I did not know what tears were, because I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where crying was not allowed. In the daytime I played with my friends in the garden, and in the evening I danced in the Great Hall. There was a high wall around the garden but I never asked what was behind it. Everything around me was so beautiful. Everybody called me the Happy Prince. And I was really happy. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have placed me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city. My heart is made of metal but I can't help crying.

Is he not built completely of gold? said the Swallow to himself. But he did not say it aloud, because he was very polite.

Far away, continued the statue, far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman at a table. Her son is very ill and he has a fever. He is thirsty, but she has nothing to give him, because she is very poor. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, can you bring her the jewel out of my armour? My feet cannot move from this column.

My friends are waiting for me in Egypt, said the Swallow. They are flying up and down the River Nile and they are going to sleep in a tomb of a great and glorious king.

Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, said the Prince, will you not stay with me for one night and help me? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad.

I do not like boys, answered the Swallow. Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys who were always throwing stones at me.