

1. Meeting Buleen

Alenka with her young brother Tonik were sitting in the garden behind the house and watching the clouds slowly moving on the sky. The sun set out sometimes a little, but although it immediately hid behind the clouds it was quite warm. They were enjoying about half an hour in the garden but then Alenka got the idea that they could pick some raspberries.

There was a path behind their garden that they had taken many times with their mother and father leading to the end of the forrest, where there always was a plenty of raspberries. And it was not far at all. The path was turning down a little and it was already possible to see the forrest. First they were picking strawberries just at the end of the road which lead towards the old small tunnel. There were not many here, though, because people who often come to the forrest to pluck mushrooms or just for a walk pick them. So they returned a bit to find a narrow path leading deeper into the forrest. It didn't take too much time, they already walked this way this summer at least ten times. There was a huge amount of raspberries. They were picking the ripest ones, first into their mouth, then into the mug, then into the mouth again when Tonik suddenly got the idea that they could also have a look at the bushes if there was not by chance any small boletus like the last time when they were there with their father.

The peeped into the bushes and suddenly they saw a strange thing. First they thought it was some kind of a stork's nest. "But a stork's nest is normally rather on chimneys, isn't it?" doubted Alenka. Then both of them noticed that this nest actually looks like a balloon made of wickers, covered from one half with the ground and with a circle hole just above the ground.

"I already know," blurted out Tonik. "This must be the cungle!" "What is it?" wondered Alenka and shook her head at such a strange word. She did not know if her brother was not pulling her leg or if he didn't by perhaps make a slip of the tongue.

"Yeah, this will be the Buleen's cungle," repeated Tonik. Alenka already knew from her mum that Buleen can live in the forrest but she has never seen him before and actually she did not take it from her mother that much. Her mother has never told her if she had ever really seen any Buleen.

Alenka preferred not to speak about it with anybody at school. Only once she asked her best friend about the Buleens. Her friend started laughing first but then she felt sorry. But she kept on saying that it cannot be the truth. Alenka remembered all that now when she heard her young buddy.

“But what is it – the cungle?” she asked. Tonik immediately answered in an excited way: “Well, that is where the Buleen lives!” “Well, the size would be ‘xactly,” said Alenka. She knew from her mum that a Buleen is usually as big as a huge loaf of bread. She immediately remembered everything else that her mum had told her about Buleens and she started to relate it to Tonik in order that he would not think that she did not know Buleens at all.

But in reality Alenka did not have any idea what a Buleen really looks like. Since to see a Buleen is a really precious experience! It looks a bit like a humble-bee or a giant fly. So maybe actually rather as a bear cub. But its face almost looks like our human face, but its tongue is always put out and rolled up. It looks quite lovely with its gloating eyes.

O bulínech

1. Setkání s bulínem

Alenka s bráškou Toníkem seděli na zahradě za domkem a dívali se na mraky, jak pomalu táhnou po obloze. Sluníčko občas vykuklo, ale i když se zrovna schovalo za mraky, bylo docela teplo. Asi půl hodinky je to na zahradě bavilo, ale pak Alenku napadlo, že by si mohli nasbírat trochu malin. Za jejich zahradou vedla polní cesta, po které už mockrát šli s maminkou a tatínkem na kraj lesa, kde bylo malin vždycky plno. A nebylo to vůbec daleko.

Cesta se stáčela malinko dolů a už byl vidět les. Nejdříve trhali maliny přímo u cesty, která dál vedla až ke starému tunýlku. Moc jich tu ale už nebylo, protože byly otrhané od lidí, kteří tudy často chodí do lesa na houby nebo jen tak na procházku. Vrátili se tedy kousek zpátky, aby našli úzkou nenápadnou cestičku vedoucí hlouběji do lesa. Netrvalo jim to dlouho, však už tudy tohle léto šli aspoň desetkrát.

Malin tam bylo plno. Sbírali ty nejzralejší, nejdřív do pusy, pak do hrníčku, pak zase do pusy, když Toníka najednou napadlo, že by se mohli taky podívat do křoví, které bylo

hned vedle malin, jestli tam zase náhodou nesedí hříbek jako minule, když tu byli s tatínkem.

Nakoukli do křoví a najednou uviděli zvláštní věc. Připadalo jim to napřed jako nějaké čapí hnízdo. „Ale to přece bývá spíš na komínech, ne?“ zapochybovala Alenka. Pak si oba všimli, že tohle hnízdo vlastně vypadá spíš jako balón z proutí zahrabaný napůl do země a těsně nad zemí má kulatou díru.

„Já už vím,“ vyhrkl Toník, „tohle je určitě kungla!“ „Cože to je?“ divila se Alenka a vrtěla hlavou nad tím divným slovem. Nevěděla, jestli si z ní bráška nedělá legraci nebo jestli se třeba nepřeřekl.

„Jo, to bude bulínská kungla,“ opakoval Toník. Alenka už věděla od maminky, že v lese může bydlet bulín, ale ještě nikdy ho neviděla a vlastně to mamince zase tak moc nevěřila. Maminka jí totiž nikdy neřekla, jestli někdy toho bulína sama doopravdy viděla.

Ve škole o tom Alenka radši nikdy s nikým nemluvila. Jenom jednou se na bulíny ptala své nejlepší kamarádky. Ta se začala nejdřív smát, ale pak jí to bylo líto. Pořád ale říkala, že to nemůže být pravda. Na to všechno si teď Alenka vzpomněla, když brášku uslyšela.

„Ale co je to ta kungla?“ zeptala se. Toník hned vzrušeně odpověděl: „No v ní přece ten bulín bydlí!“ „No, velikost by byla akorát,“ řekla Alenka. Věděla od maminky, že bulín bývá velký asi jako velikánský bochník chleba. Hned si vzpomněla na všechno, co jí maminka o bulínech ještě říkala a začala to vyprávět Toníkovi, aby si nemyslel, že ona bulíny vůbec nezná.

Ve skutečnosti ale Alenka neměla ani ponětí o tom, jak bulín doopravdy vypadá. Uvidět bulína, to je totiž obrovská vzácnost! Vypadá trošku jako nějaký veliký čmelák nebo moucha, ale obří. Takže možná vlastně spíš jako takový medvídek. Má ale tvář skoro jako my lidé, jen má jazyk pořád vyplazený a stočený do ruličky. Má vykulené oči a vypadá docela roztomile.