



*...doufám, že  
„Norsko procitne ze spánku“  
A.P. Beyer*

Absalon Pedersøn Beyer: Om norgis rige (O norské říši)

*„Dánsko je jezero  
a Norsko řeka, která do jezera vtéká  
a bez níž by jezero vyschlo“*

Ludwig Holberg







Theodor Kittelsen



THE KILLING

BERGTROLD

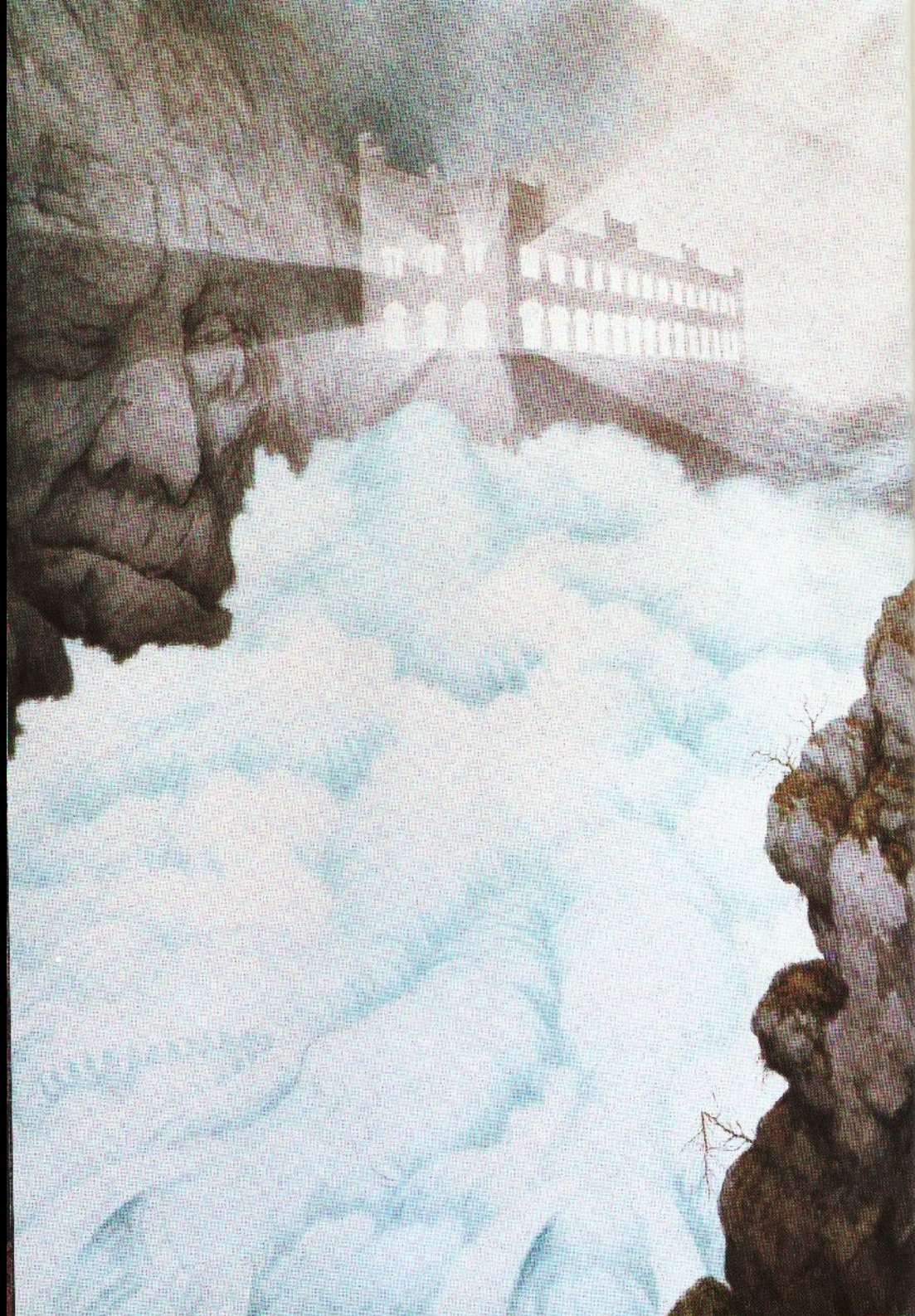


T. K. F. 1900











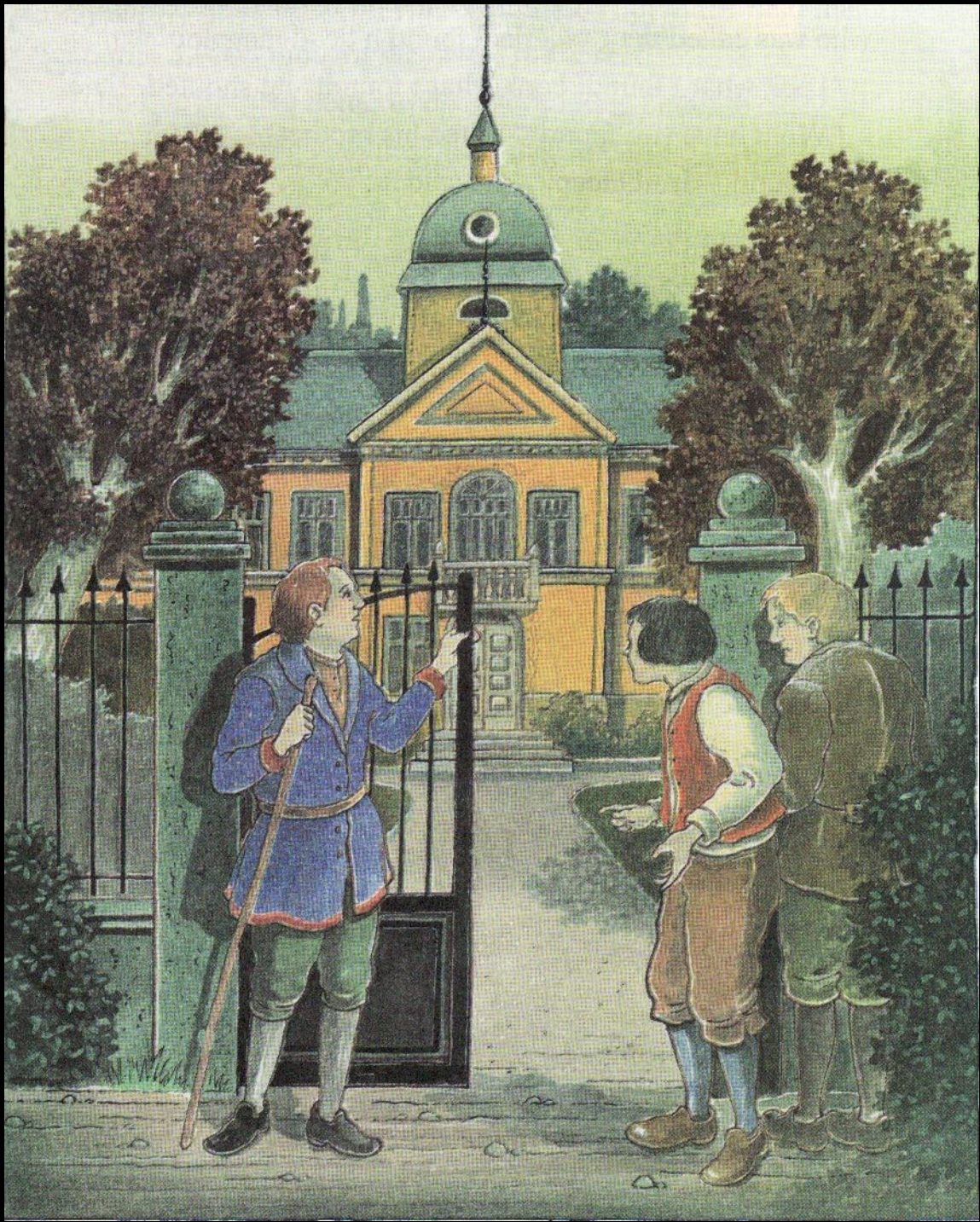


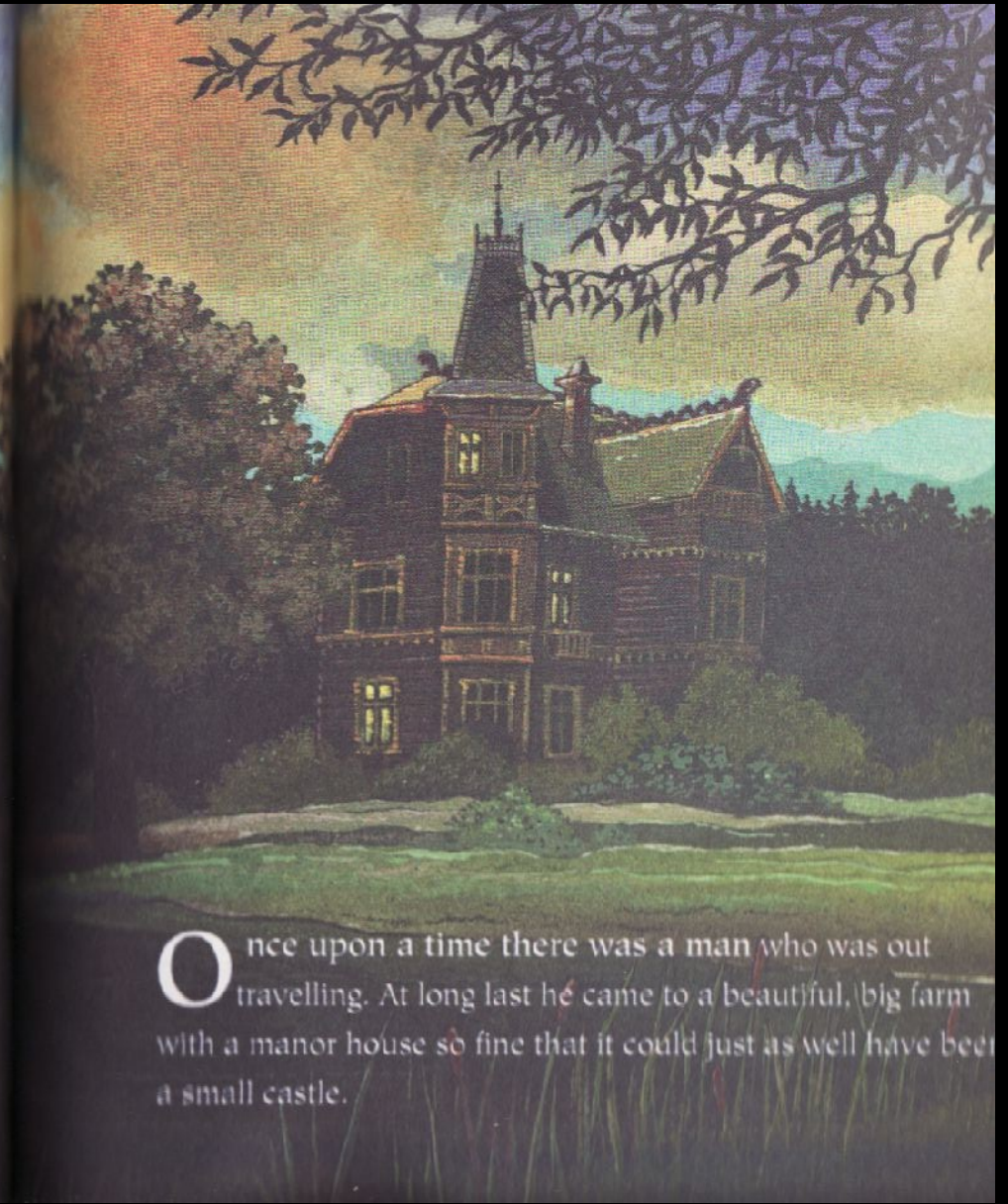
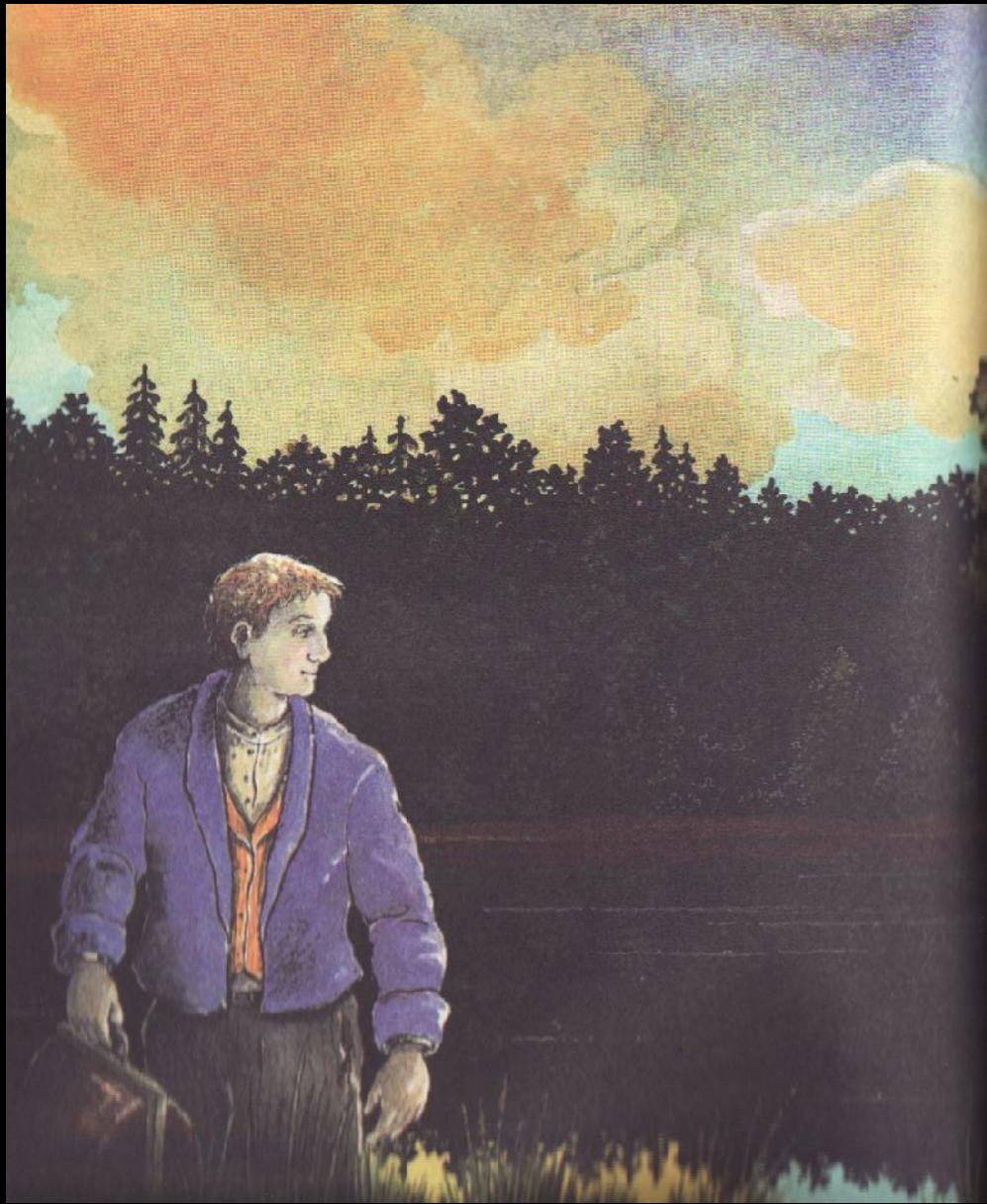


"I think I'd rather like to have a go first," said Espen, and they had to let him.

He took his axe from his knapsack and fixed on its handle again. "Chop and cut!" said Espen to the axe. And it chopped and cut so splinters flew, and in next to no time the oak was on the ground. After this Espen took his pick and attached the handle. "Dig and delve!" said Espen, and the pick hammered and dug, throwing up earth and stones,







Once upon a time there was a man who was out travelling. At long last he came to a beautiful, big farm with a manor house so fine that it could just as well have been a small castle.