

Text

The blind (слепой) man and the great artist

Every day in one of the streets of Vienna a blind man played the violin. His dog sat near him with a cap in its mouth. People, who were passing them, dropped money into the cap.

One day, when the weather was very cold, the man was playing for a long time, but nobody wanted to give him anything. The poor man thought that he would have to go to bed without supper. He was so tired and so weak that he stopped playing.

At the moment a young man came up to him and asked him why he had stopped playing. The blind man said he had played for two hours but nobody had given him anything. "Give me your violin. I shall help you", said the man. And with these words he began to play. He played so well that people began to gather and soon there was a big crowd (толпа). Everybody wanted to listen to the fine music and to thank the young man for the pleasure.

Soon the cap was full of money.

"I don't know how to thank you", said the blind man. "Who are you?"

"I am Paganini", was the answer.