This book is presented to:

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from:

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written and illustrated
by
Olga Verasen

Magic Fairy Tales
for children and parents
Hello, dear readers!

Do you know why these Fairy Tales are magical?
Because they reveal our amazing, wonderful and beautiful world where we all live.
These Fairy Tales share with you wise stories illustrating how to be happy.
Yes-yes! Fairy Tales, can do this . . .
They help us to believe in our dreams, our strengths, our uniqueness and the uniqueness of everyone who lives on our Earth.
In fact, Fairy Tales reveal much more! Therefore . . . Welcome to “Magic Tales for Children and Parents”!

P.S.
For parent’s eyes only: all children are really also adults, just a little younger . . .
For children’s eyes only: all adults are actually children, just a little older . . . as am I.

With love, Olga Verasen.
In our amazing, and wonderful world, there stands an amazing, and wonderful house with big-eyed windows. This house is called Happy Home.

Happy Home is perched on a hill. Nearby is a garden, opening onto a big meadow, and a little further lies a lake bordered by a forest. Happy Home has many neighbors.

There are squirrels, rabbits, birds, hedgehogs, butterflies, bumblebees, grasshoppers, ladybugs and many other inhabitants of the meadow, lake and forest. They are very friendly!

When spring comes, Happy Home loves to warm his walls in the sun. He enjoys listening to bird songs and seeing the new leaves as they appear and grow on the trees.

When summer comes, Happy Home loves to smell the scent of colorful flowers, watch the pretty butterflies flitting in the meadow, and listen to grasshoppers play their little green violins.

Happy Home also likes autumn. He is full of joy upon smelling the wonderful aroma of ripe apples. He loves to listen to the rain drops drumming on his roof, and watch the leaves on the trees change color.

When winter comes, Happy Home loves to feel the frosty
fresh air. He listens to the silence and watches in peace as the white fluffy flakes of snow blanket everything.

In this Happy Home live Fairy Tales . . .

Yes, yes! Fairy Tales! They are all so different: big and small, funny and serious. Fairy Tales look like marvelous, bright, singing birds. Their wings sparkle in the sun with all the colors of the rainbow . . .

Fairy Tales know many amazing stories about Happiness and they share their stories as a gift to everyone on Earth. Where do they come from? No one knows . . .

Every evening Fairy Tales gather back at Happy Home. Fairy Tales arrive on the porch and Happy Home opens his door. He welcomes them to a wonderful big round table laden with hot aromatic tea, fruits and tasty jam-coated bread. What a delicious feast!

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Yesterday Ladybug learned to count to seven. Her friend Ant taught her.

It all started when Ant looked at Ladybug’s back and said, “One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! H-mm . . . You have seven spots on your back!”

Ladybug looked into a droplet of dew to see herself, and also saw the seven spots on her back.

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!” she repeated and then asked. “Why are there only seven?”

“I don’t know!” replied Ant. “But tomorrow I can ask my friend, big fluffy Bumblebee. Bumblebee flies far and wide and can find answers to any question!”

“Wonderful, thank you very much!” said Ladybug excitedly. “I’ll be waiting for you!” She really wanted to know why she had seven spots on her back.

Today Ladybug woke up very early, washed her face with dew, spread her small wings and expectantly flew to the meadow. She fluttered down onto a large white daisy and waited for her friend Ant.

Ladybug looked down at the path on which Ant usually walked and exclaimed loudly, “One, two, three! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!” She really wanted everyone to
know that she had seven spots on her back, so she shouted once more, “One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!”

In order to see her friend Ant sooner, Ladybug flew to a tree that grew in the middle of the meadow. She sat down on a leaf, neatly folded her soft wings, and began to count again, “One, two, three . . .”

“Hey . . . what have you forgotten?” an angry voice buzzed beside her.

“Oh!” exclaimed Ladybug. She looked around and saw a large fluffy Bumblebee.

“E-e-e . . . Excuse me . . . Did I bother you?” asked the confused Ladybug.

“Yes! I was basking in the sun, and you interrupted me!” Bumblebee again buzzed angrily.

“Oh, please excuse me! Are you cold?” asked Ladybug.

Bumblebee buzzed more kindly. “Well . . . not very . . . This morning I was carrying out an important mission for Ant and got soaked with dew!”

Bumblebee raised his antennae, puffed out his striped abdomen and continued importantly, “I did a favor for Ant! Now I’m sitting and warming up in the sun!”

“Wow!” Ladybug began jumping joyfully, “It’s about my spots, isn’t it?”
Little Fluffy Cloud was cleaning the sky as she always did. Today, she looked at the early morning smudges that required her attention, and grumbled, “The sky is so big and I am so small! How can I clean it? This job is so hard for me!”

She stopped for a minute, looked around, and thought, “Maybe Wind can help me . . .” But Wind was nowhere to be found.

Feeling sorry for herself, Little Fluffy Cloud sighed and started to work again—slowly.

Sun woke up, saw Little Fluffy Cloud, and said cheerfully, “Good morning!”

Little Fluffy Cloud answered, “Maybe for someone the morning is good, but for others it isn’t!” She began to clean the sky so forcefully that it was a wonder a hole didn’t appear.

“Is it so hard to clean our sky?” Sun asked, smiling.

“Yes! Because the sky is so big and I’m so small!” Little Fluffy Cloud muttered.

“When you don’t think about it, you can do everything that needs to be done very easily.” Sun smiled and spread her warm rays more brightly in the morning sky.

“It would be better if someone helped me!” complained Little Fluffy Cloud, looking around.
Rising higher and brighter in the sky, Sun said, “When you expect help, you get angry if it’s late or never comes.”

Little Fluffy Cloud sighed, “But my work is hard, and there’s so much of it!”

“Are you tired?” Sun asked and gently stroked Little Fluffy Cloud with her soothing rays.
Young Grasshopper anxiously waited for the sun to set, occasionally glancing at the little green Violin that lay beside him. Wrapped in soft moss, this Violin had waited a long time under the Christmas tree and finally, she was needed . . .

The green Violin was small and old, with scratched sides and a little crack in the middle, but her sounds could be heard from far away and everyone in the whole neighborhood loved to listen to her.

How many times did Grasshopper remember his Grandpa playing this Violin . . . Every evening, when the last rays of the sun disappeared behind the tops of the trees and the first stars began to twinkle in the sky, Grandpa Grasshopper took out his little green Violin, carefully adjusted the strings, and began to play.

Beautiful sounds, like magic threads, connecting to each other creating a gentle, beautiful melody that floated in the air . . .

One day he called young Grasshopper over, gave the Violin to him and said with a wise smile, “Here, now you hold it . . . Take care of her.”

“What about your Song?” asked young Grasshopper. “It is now your turn.” Grandpa Grasshopper said and gently
stroked young Grasshopper on the head.

“But I can’t play like you!” exclaimed young Grasshopper. Grandpa Grasshopper nodded knowingly and said, “It isn’t necessary. Everyone has their own Song to play.”

“If everyone has his own song,” asked young Grasshopper, “Why do our neighbors listen to you every evening?”

“To hear yours after . . .” responded Grandpa Grasshopper. Puzzled, young Grasshopper thought for a while and then asked with a shake of his head, “What do you mean?”

“Everyone has their own Song in their heart, but sometimes this song is so quiet they can’t hear it.” Grandpa Grasshopper said.

“Does your Violin help them hear their heart’s song?!” young Grasshopper exclaimed with excitement.

“I hope so!” Grandpa Grasshopper said with a smile.

“Are all songs from the heart the same?” young Grasshopper said with growing interest.

“No, our songs are all different!” Grandpa Grasshopper answered.

Young Grasshopper was silent for a while again. Then he carefully touched the Violin and timidly asked, “Grandpa . . . Tell me please, what will my song be?”

“About what your heart sings.” Grandpa Grasshopper answered with a smile and hugged young Grasshopper.

Young Grasshopper thought for a moment, then sighed and said, “No . . . I can’t! I don’t know what to play!”

Grandpa Grasshopper thoughtfully stroked the Violin, smiled encouragingly, and said, “Just remember that you have a Violin!”

Young Grasshopper carefully took the Violin, thanked his Grandpa and jumping away. In fact, the little green Violin made him very happy, but he didn’t know any melodies. So he just wrapped up the Violin in soft moss, hid it and then hurried away to play in the meadow.
In our big world there lives a little bird named Little Bird Why. She has yellow fuzz for feathers, because she is still small.

Little Bird Why wants to grow up and become a big bird, just like her Mother Bird and Father Bird.

Mother Bird and Father Bird tell her that if she eats well and runs fast, she will grow up to be a big, beautiful bird.

Little Bird Why can run fast, but sometimes she forgets to eat, because she is always trying to find answers to her many questions…

“Why do trees grow?”
“Why do ants need a big house?”
“Why does it get cold in the winter?”
“Why do frogs croak?”

She asked so many questions that Mother Bird and Father Bird started to call her “Little Bird Why”.

One morning, Little Bird Why woke up and looked very closely at her tiny fuzzy wings and asked Mother Bird, “Why do I need these?”

“Those are your wings,” said Mother Bird smiling.

Little Bird Why looked very closely at her Mother Bird’s and Father Bird’s wings, paused to think, and then, not
satisfied, asked, “Yes, but why do I need wings?”
   “In order to fly,” replied Mother Bird.
   “Why do I need to fly?” asked Little Bird Why.
   “What do you mean why?” asked Mother Bird. “There is
   nothing more wonderful than to rise into the big blue sky and
   fly!”
   But Little Bird Why still wasn’t satisfied and asked again,
   “And why do we need to fly into the big blue sky?!”
   “Because you are a bird!” said Father Bird.
   Little Bird Why flapped her wings quickly and hopped in
   one place. She tried to rise into the big blue sky and fly away,
   but she couldn’t.
   “So why do I have wings, if I can’t fly?” Little Bird Why
   asked again.
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Teddy Bear always cries when it rains . . .

Whenever raindrops start falling from the sky, Teddy Bear becomes very sad. From his eyes, round as buttons, one by one, the tears begin to fall.

The teardrops leave thin tracks on Teddy Bear’s soft wool, as they run down his cheeks and gather at the tip of his nose, from there drip-drop-dripping to the ground . . .

Today a gray cloud again appeared in the sky. For a long time it hung over the forest, then floated into the middle of the sky. Soon small rain droplets started falling down on the land. It was beginning to rain.

“Oh-oh-oh! Again the sky is crying . . . Oh-oh-oh! I need to help!” Teddy Bear thought for a moment, then he ran quickly to his favorite place on the shore of the lake.

“The sky always cries when it starts raining,” Teddy Bear anxiously puffed, as he settled himself under a tree.

“It’s very sad to cry alone. It’s much better to cry with someone else. So, I will help the sky!” thought Teddy Bear. Sighing, he began to remember sad stories to make himself cry.

“Oh-oh-oh! Yesterday Ant got stuck between two pine cones. Oh-oh-oh! And the little striped Beetle, who lives under the old stump, froze in the morning and probably caught
a cold,” Teddy Bear sighed.

The first tears rolled down to the tip of his nose, drip-drop-dripping to the ground.

He looked at the sky compassionately. “Yes, yes, it’s all so sad, our neighbor, Woodpecker, screamed yesterday. Probably, someone offended him. It’s so hard for all birds. They need to fly all the time. Oh-oh-oh,” Teddy Bear blubered.

He looked again at the sky, wiped his nose and continued to find everyone else’s problems . . .

Two fish peered out of the lake, shook their heads and disappeared after slapping their tails on the water.

Still sobbing, Teddy Bear thought, “Oh-oh-oh! I am so sad, because fish can only live in water. It’s so hard! They need to swim all time! And they can’t even talk. Oh-oh-oh!” Teddy Bear sighed and wiped his wet nose with his paw.

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Paper lay on the table and sighed, looking at herself with pleasure from all sides. “Oh, I’m so beautiful, I’m so white!” she said.

Next to Paper lay a new box. Paper saw the box and thought in surprise, “H-mm, what is this? Yesterday there was nothing near me.”

In this new box live Colors and Brush. Brush is very quiet, but Colors are actively curious. Colors begin to jump in the box.

“Oh, what are you doing?!” Brush quietly exclaimed.

“We want to see what’s out there!” Colors answered, and began to jump even higher.

The box opened, and Colors peeked out.

“Wow . . . It’s so beautiful! I want draw it so much!” Colors shouted in glee and again started to bounce up and down excitedly.

“Oh-oh, be careful,” Brush whispered.

“Why?” Colors asked indignantly.

“Oh-oh, I think you’re being too loud,” Brush said shyly.

Colors wanted to say something, but just then they saw Paper next to them on the table and greeted her saying, “Hello! Wow . . . You’re so beautiful! And it’s so wonderful that you
have so many white sheets! We can draw on your sheets with our beautiful colors!"

Paper looked at Colors and snorted, “What?! Draw on my beautiful white sheets?! I will never give you even one wonderful sheet! Never!”

“Why not?” asked Colors in confusion.

“Because I’m so beautiful as I am! I always want to be white!” Paper said proudly.

She shuffled away from the box where Colors and Brush lived. Pausing, she added, “Definitely not! I want to stay pure and white!”

“We’re sorry . . .” said Colors sadly. They looked around again, sighed, and hid back in their box.

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About the author

Olga Verasen was born and raised in the Far East in Russia. She moved to Belarus in 1990, then moved to Moscow. Olga has been living with her husband Joff in Vermont since 2016. She is a mom of two sons and a daughter.

Field of activity

Economist, biologist and ecologist
Scientific activity in the field of development of environmental education and ecological culture, harmonious development of the child's personality in interaction with nature.

Teacher, coach
Over 20 years of professional experience of interaction with children and parents, students and teachers, employees of companies from 15 countries. Certificate of Professional Compliance of the European Coaching Association. Winner of the International Ecological Award “EcoWorld” for the creation and implementation of educational programs for the formation of ecological culture and harmonious development of children.

Writer, screenwriter
Author of 9 books and co-author of 2 books in three languages: Russian, Belarusian and English. Among the published works of more than 30 fairy tales, a novel, plays for the theater, screenplays, scenarios of children's television programs. Laureate, winner, a nominee of international contests of books, performances, and screenplays (Belarus, Russia, USA).

Artist-creator of paintings and illustrations
More than 15 author exhibitions in Belarus, Russia, and the USA. Artworks are in private collections in 10 countries.

Publisher
Author and creative director of the project "Books-values for family history." Founder of the Family Academy.

Volunteer
Author and participant of projects on sustainable development of territories, children’s education, children’s health, development of harmonious relations between children and parents from the year 2000 to present.

Membership
The Children's Writer's Guild, USA

More information about the activities, as well as about the Academy's programs, series of books, including the project “Books are values for family history”, on the website https://olgaverasen.com/
This is the first book in the “Rainbow” series “Magic Fairy Tales for Children and Parents.”

These Fairy Tales have their own magic stories. They appeared many years ago as stories that I created for my kids. Later the Fairy Tales became books from different languages, plays for theater, screenplays, art and education programs. They have become prize winning Fairy Tales as they participated in several national and world literary contests.

Why? Because the heroes of these books speak simply about what is important for everyone . . . They are happy to be friends with you and your family and help create a foundation for happiness in life.

Welcome to Magic Fairy Tales!
With love, Olga Verasen

Olga Verasen
Writer, screenwriter, artist.
Pedagogue, coach, founder of the Family Academy. Author of the project “Books are values for family history”. Mom of three children.
https://www.olgaverasen.com/