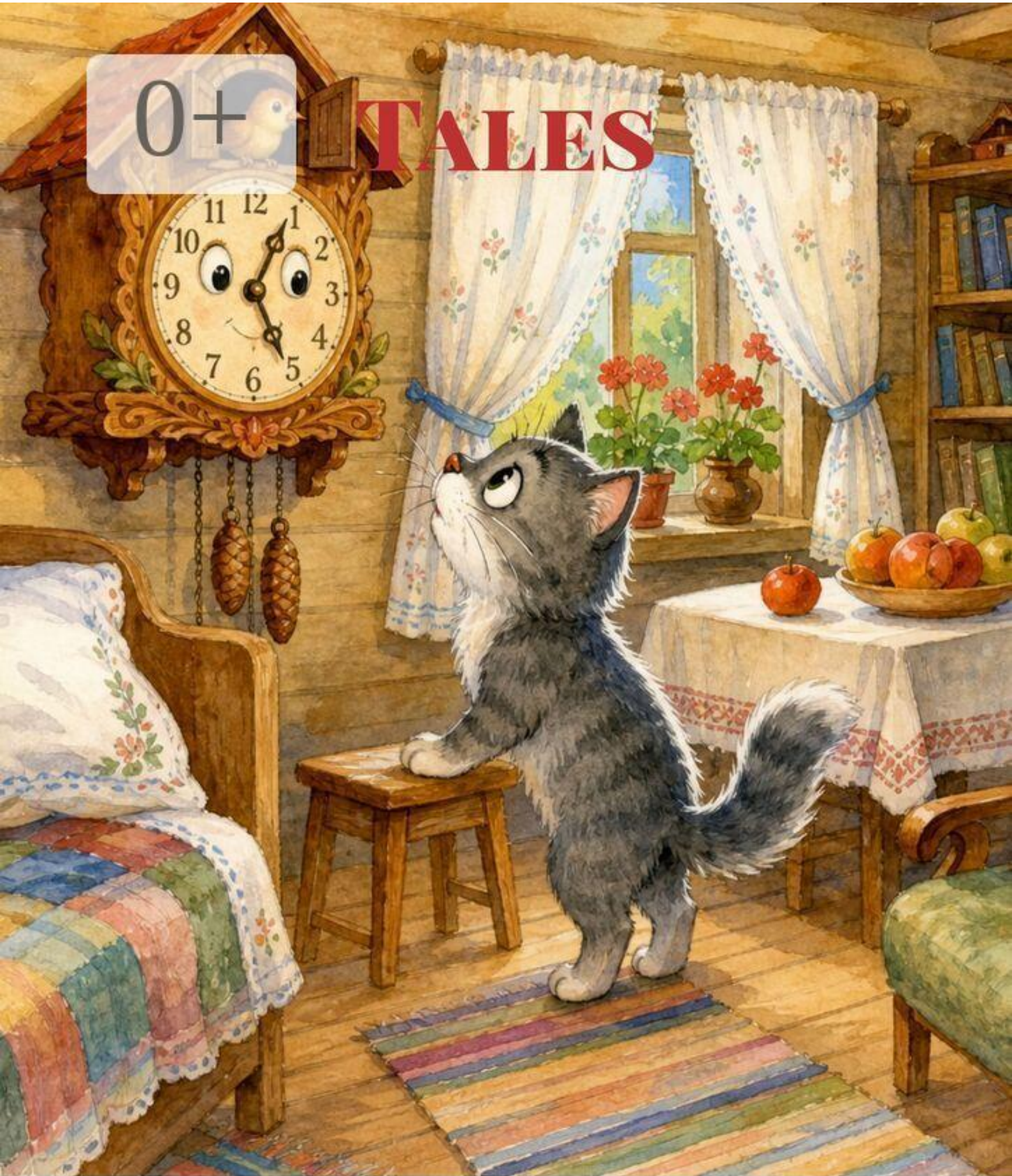


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TALES



IRINA POROSHINA

Irina Poroshina

Tales

«Издательские решения»

Poroshina I.

Tales / I. Poroshina — «Издательские решения»,

This collection of fairy tales is specially made for the youngest, most curious little minds. Through wonderful and exciting adventures, the bright, kind, and helpful characters will gently teach your little ones all about politeness, friendship, and the joy of helping one another.

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Tales

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The Blossom-Tree

Once upon a time, after a long, snowy and cold winter, beautiful Spring returned to the earth. Merry little brooks began to flow as the snow melted under the warm, cozy sun. And from beneath the melting drifts, as it grew warmer day by day, a tender little blade of green grass peeped out!



The little blade of grass looked around this way and that.

“Hooray! Spring is here!” she cried, waving her young stem-arms high in the air and blinking merrily up at the sun.

“Yes, it’s Spring!” chirped a young, playful breeze, catching her joy and spinning around. “Look, little grass, warm days are coming soon! The birds and bees will fly about, and this tree will be covered in lots of lovely blossoms!”

“A Blossom-Tree?” wondered the grass, her green leaves fluttering.

“Yes!” cried the breeze. “It will look like one giant, beautiful flower! The whole world will smell so sweet because of this blossom-tree, and I will carry its scent around and around, as far as I can fly!”

“How exciting,” said the grass, waving her little hands. “But tell me, what are bees?”

“The bees, tee-hee!” The breeze whirled and scampered around the grass and the tree, making a funny sound. “Whirrrr-whoosh! Oh, I can’t buzz quite as well as they do! Ah, well...”

“Do they fly through the air too?”

“Yes, they fly, but not like me. They have wings of their own! And when they fly, they make the drollest buzzing sound!”

“And what about the birds?” continued the curious little grass.

“Tee-hee!” laughed the breeze, darting by. “The birds know how to fly too, but of course, not like me. They have wings as well, and they are much bigger than the bees’ wings!”

“And why is that?” asked the grass.

“Because birds are much bigger creatures than bees! Their wings are covered in soft little feathers!”

“Look up!” rustled the breeze, and the little grass tilted her head back to look at the sky.

“Oh! Can these be the blossoms?” she gasped in pure delight.

“Yes, they are, look your fill! Aren’t they beautiful?” The breeze danced about the tree, smelling the white blossoms that had started to bloom all at once across the branches.

“What a beautiful sight!” rejoiced the breeze. The little grass clapped her hands and, stretching her arms wide, gazed up at the flowering canopy.

The blossoms opened wide and looked around. They greeted one another and smiled back at the morning sun.

“Hello, blossoms!” shouted the grass from below.

“Hello there!” echoed the light voice of the breeze.

“Hello everyone,” smiled the blossoms, unfolding their snow-white petals. “Do you know our little secret?”

“What kind of secret?” laughed the breeze. “Is it that the bees are coming to visit, and that they have wings?”

“So you know about the bees!” giggled the blossoms. “Well and good. Yes, we are waiting for them eagerly. They will arrive soon, and we are going to give them our sweet pollen! They love it so much, but our true secret lies elsewhere!”

“But why would you give them your pollen?” pondered the little grass.

“Yes, why?” echoed the breeze.

“Well,” spoke the blossoms together, their voices full of gentle pride, “first of all, we are kind and helpful. We will give them our pollen, and the clever bees will make sweet honey from it.”

“That is very interesting! But where is the secret in that?” rustled the breeze.

“Shall we tell them? Shall we whisper our little secret?” the blossoms murmured to one another among the branches.

“Oh, do tell them!” laughed the tree, breathing in the sweet, floral scent of its own boughs.

“No, you tell them, please,” whispered the shy little blossoms.

“Very well, then,” said the tree, waving a big branch with quiet dignity. “Hello, Master Sun, little Grass, and playful Breeze! I am the Blossom-Tree!”

“We can see that plainly! You are exceedingly beautiful, and you have so many flowers!” clapped the little grass. “Please, tell us the secret!”

“Listen closely, then,” spoke the grand Blossom-Tree. “Look over there, the bees are already flying this way... For a few days, they will gather sweet pollen from the blossoms, and then they will fly away. And when they are gone, you, Master Breeze, will blow a great breath, and every one of these blossoms will fall down to the earth”.

“How can they fall? They are so very lovely...” lamented the little grass, her heart sinking.

“Must I blow them away?” whispered the breeze, settling softly upon the earth. “But I don’t want to! They are far too beautiful! Let them stay upon your branches, Blossom-Tree!”

“Don’t worry,” smiled the tree, “for that is the very heart of our secret”.

The tree swayed its boughs, and the blossoms clapped their petals in delight.



“Do tell us,” wept the little grass, a tear of morning dew glistening on her stem, for she feared the beautiful flowers would soon vanish forever.

“Ha-ha-ha!” laughed the blossoms merrily. “Why, we will change into apples!”

“Can it be so?” gasped the breeze, stirring with excitement.

“Yes, truly, that is our secret! First we are blossoms, and then we turn into fine, ripe apples!”

“Hooray!” shouted the breeze and the little grass together, clapping for joy. “Now we know the secret of the Blossom-Tree!”

The breeze laughed a ringing laugh and soared right up to the very top of the tree.

“So I am a good fellow after all, and I will do everything right? When I blow and send the petals dancing down to the grass, it is exactly as it should be?”

“You are a very good fellow,” smiled the warm sun from above. “You will do everything exactly right, and the beautiful Blossom-Tree will turn into a splendid Apple-Tree!”

The Dandelion's Secret

Once upon a time, a beautiful butterfly was flying around a bright spring meadow. Her big wings shimmered with all the lovely colours of the rainbow. She fluttered from flower to flower, humming a little tune to herself and eating sweet pollen.

Suddenly, the butterfly spotted a large, shiny drop of morning dew on a green blade of grass. She was very thirsty, so she was delighted. She fluttered her wings, flew around the grass, and landed gently on it so the drop wouldn't fall. Then she began to drink.



“Hello, beautiful flower!” a little voice cried out from behind her.

The butterfly started, spilling the drop of dew. Feeling a little cross, she turned around to see who had disturbed her.

“What do you mean, flower?” she laughed, looking at a big, yellow dandelion. He had lots of petals arranged in perfect circles around his head, looking just like a big, fluffy yellow hat.

“Well, what else are you?” the dandelion asked loudly. “Look at your brightly coloured petals!”

“These aren’t petals, they are wings!”

“And what are wings?” the dandelion asked in surprise.

“They are my special petals,” the butterfly giggled, “the ones that help me fly! Watch this!”

The butterfly soared up into the air above the dandelion, looped the loop, and settled softly on the green grass nearby.

The dandelion watched her flight in absolute amazement. He tried his best to flap his yellow petals, but even though he had plenty of them, he couldn’t lift off the ground. He let out a deep sigh, only to hear the butterfly bursting into laughter.

“Ha-ha, it won’t work, dandelion, because you don’t have wings! I’m going to flap my wings now and fly far away, right past this meadow. Do you know how exciting it is out there? There’s a river — it’s full of water that flows and sparkles in the sun! And there are dragonflies, they have different wings and can fly too. Oh, and there are frogs: they are green, they can’t fly, they just hop and croak — and they try to eat me! Goodness, aren’t you listening to me?”

The dandelion had gathered all his petals together, tucked them into a tight little ball, and turned away.

“Oh, you’re upset with me...” The butterfly took off and circled gently over the dandelion.

“No,” the dandelion said quietly, letting out a big yawn. “Your story about the river was really interesting. It’s just that the sun is going down, and when it goes away, I pack my petals onto a soft pillow, close them up, and go to sleep.”

“Oh goodness me, I really have been chatting for too long, little dandelion! The sun is going to bed, so it’s time for me to head home. Bye!”

“Goodbye...” the dandelion yawned sleepily. He tucked his petals safely inside his green leaves, curled into a snug ball, and went to sleep.

A few days passed. The butterfly came back to visit the dandelion every day. They laughed, told each other stories, and became the best of friends. But one day, the butterfly didn’t show up. The dandelion began to feel sad. Just then, he saw a young, playful breeze dancing past.

“Hello, Breeze!” the dandelion shouted loudly, worried that the wind wouldn’t notice or hear him if he spoke too softly.

“Hello, dandelion!” rustled the breeze. “How are things?”



"I'm friends with the butterfly, but she hasn't come today," the dandelion said anxiously. "I can't fly, you see. I know there's a river past the meadow, and she's probably there. Could you fly over, Breeze, and tell her I'm waiting for her?"

"Well, let's fly there together!" blustered the breeze.

"But I'm just a flower, Breeze. I don't know how to fly," the dandelion said sadly.

"Oh," laughed the breeze, "don't you know your own secret, dandelion?"

"What secret?" the dandelion asked in surprise.

"This one!" chuckled the breeze. "You are a flower that can fly! Look at yourself: your petals have turned into soft, fluffy umbrellas!"

"Oh my..." whispered the dandelion, looking down at himself. "So this used to be my soft, fluffy pillow! But where are my yellow petals? I'm just like a fluffy little ball now!"

"That's right!" smiled the breeze. "Shall we fly away and find your butterfly then?"

"But how?" asked the dandelion, feeling a little worried.

“Like this!” The breeze blew a great puff at the dandelion, and the fluffy umbrella-petals soared into the air. The breeze caught them up, and they flew off towards the river to look for the butterfly.



“It’s the river, hooray!” the dandelion shouted, landing on the grass right next to the water, which was running and sparkling in the sun.

“Hi, butterfly!” laughed the dandelion when he spotted his friend. She was sitting by the water, looking at herself in the reflection as if it were a mirror.

“Who’s that?” she asked in surprise, looking all around.

“It’s me, the dandelion! I’ve flown here to tell you my secret: I can fly too, when my petals turn into light, fluffy down!”



“Hooray! That’s amazing, I’m so glad!” clapped the butterfly. “Now I know that flowers can fly too!”

“That’s right,” laughed the dandelion, “and now I know it too!”

The Tale of Tom the Cat and the Clock

Once upon a time, there lived a cat named Tom, who belonged to a grandmother. He had a great life: he ate, slept, and went for walks. Whenever he got bored, he went to the barn. There was lots of straw there, which was home to a great many mice — Tom would watch, wait, and catch them. He also loved to lie in the sun and watch the birds in the tree, dreaming of catching them just like the mice. But the birds sat high up on the branches or flew around. Even when they hopped on the ground, they were very careful and flew away at the slightest rustle.

Now, Tom had a big dream: he wanted to reach a box that hung high up on the wall of the house. A little bird lived inside it. Every now and then, she would pop out, say “cuckoo!” and hide back inside the box.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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