

12+

Vasdirgr *Collection* *of fairy tales*



Vasdigr

Collection of fairy tales

«Издательские решения»

Vasdigr

Collection of fairy tales / Vasdigr — «Издательские решения»,

This is not just a collection of fairy tales, but also an exposition of the philosophy, worldview, and thoughts that I would like to convey to the reader. The cover was generated by GigaChat. And the images were created using Chat GPT. I believe that all of this should not be a problem, but rather a kind of help. I am sure that every reader will find the idea I have embedded in the book. It will be wonderful if the hardcover and colorful images help you immerse yourself in reading with pleasure.

© Vasdigr

© Издательские решения

Содержание

The tale of the Invisible Discord and the Golden Ear	7
The tale of how the Tiger Cub lost its sparkle	17
The tale of how the Fawn searched for its name	24
The Tale of the Silver Thread	36
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	44

Collection of fairy tales

Vasdigr

© Vasdigr, 2026

ISBN 978-5-0071-0303-9

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

Hello, dear reader, I present to everyone's attention a collection of fairy tales written by me.

This is a translated version of my book; the entire text was translated in order to convey my thoughts to a wider audience. I hope the effort will pay off in the form of the reader enjoying the work I've written. However, some of the pictures containing text were not translated, but they still reflect the visual style of the fairy tales, so this won't be a problem. Treat them as subtitles and try to enjoy the fairy tales without unnecessary skepticism. I must warn you, I am a fan of philosophy and knowledge of our world, and therefore each of the fairy tales has a huge meaning—not just the moral at the end, but also the idea that I would like to convey, maybe even teach something.

For convenience, I even wrote out the meaning separately after each fairy tale, I wrote what I wanted to put in, but if you find thoughts for yourself, I will only be happy: let everyone be able to first touch the idea, and then immerse themselves in the story itself — or vice versa, first live an adventure with the characters, and then reflect on the fact that what it holds in itself. And, by the way, I did not write out some of the meanings, leaving the freedom of imagination and reason. All for the benefit of the reader.

It contains deep thoughts for children and their parents: for a child, it is a fascinating journey full of miracles and challenges, in which you can realize something good, and for an adult—a mirror in which eternal questions are reflected. I promise that it will be interesting to read for people of all ages: in these fairy tales, everyone will find something different — some will see exciting adventures, others—subtle philosophical parables, others—quiet wisdom that warms the soul.

Every fairy tale (except for a few, which I did consciously, again to leave some freedom of thought) is illustrated with pictures: visibility has never harmed anyone, and sometimes it even opens up new facets of the story. An image can pick up that very unspoken emotion, enhance the atmosphere, and let the eye catch on to a detail that the word only briefly indicated. Together, text and image create a special space where the imagination works even more vividly. But I must say that somewhere the image is a priority, and the text complements, and somewhere—on the contrary, I am sure you will figure out exactly where, for yourself. If I messed up, I'm sorry, I'm also a human, I can be wrong.

“The Tale of Princess Bublina and the Baker Who Didn't know how to Bake” and Ban, Ale and the Forgotten King are direct references to my other works, where I don't want to show the visual yet, because one work has not yet been fully released, and the second one is waiting for completion, for which I apologize.

And before I forget, all these stories are made up. When I wrote them, I didn't mean anything that might offend someone, offend them, or send them in the wrong direction. I am not responsible for misinterpretation of the lines, I did them for the development of the reader, but in an exceptionally positive way. I really hope that you will understand everything correctly, draw the right conclusions, and most importantly, you will just enjoy reading this collection. These are my sincere wishes.

Let these fairy tales become an island for you, where you can go for an hour and come back a little different — a little more attentive to yourself and the world. Welcome to this world! Before

reading, take a comfortable pose, be patient (if you read to someone small (or big), you will need time, because these fairy tales can really take you away),delicious food and read to your heart's content. I really hope you enjoy immersing yourself in each story. Thank you and Good Luck!

The tale of the Invisible Discord and the Golden Ear



In the thickest part of a dense forest, where sunny bunnies play hide-and-seek with moss, lived three inseparable friends: the squirrel Pouncey, the hedgehog Stomper and the mouse-baby Squeak.

They lived in the same hollow of an old oak tree. Pouncequick was the fastest and most agile — he got nuts from the highest branches, skimming along the bark like a smooth river. Stomper was strong and efficient — he carried dried leaves and mushrooms into the hollow, carefully placing them in rows, as if building a cozy winter castle. And Squeaky was the most attentive and wise — she made sure that the supplies didn't go bad, and always knew where everything was: she whispered short mementos under her breath, like spells of order. A real collaboration.



They had everything in common: food, joy, and even songs — in the evenings they softly hummed forest tunes, and the wind picked them up, carrying them through the glades. It was said of them in the forest: “One for all, and all for one.”

One day Pouncequick found an unusual spikelet in a clearing. It was not simple, but golden, and every grain in it glowed like a small sun, casting warm reflections on the grass.



“Look out! This is the Golden Ear of Luck! Whoever eats it will become the strongest and smartest person in the world! Pouncequick exclaimed, his eyes alight with excitement.

My friends came running to watch. The colossus was so beautiful that everyone’s heart ached: in this radiance there was a promise-of something great.

— I found it!” So it’s mine! Pouncequick was saying, involuntarily clutching the find to his chest.

— But you wouldn’t have carried it without me, I was making my way through the thorn bushes!” Stomper retorted, frowning and picking at his needles.

— And you would have quarreled and fought without me!” I am the wisest, so the grains should go to me! Squeaky squeaked, her voice trembling with resentment.



They argued for three days and three nights. The voices were getting louder, and the eyes were getting angrier, as if someone else's cold fire was burning in them. In the end, an angry Pouncequick snatched up an ear of corn, broke it into three pieces, and shouted:

“Well, don’t! Every man for himself!”



He took his share of the corn and rode away up the oak tree, leaving only the rustle of leaves behind. Stomper hoisted his load on the thorns and went down under the roots, where the ground smelled damp and lonely. And the Squeaker took the last part and hid in an old hole, where the silence weighed on her ears.

At that very moment, an icy wind blew through the forest. It was-an invisible Discord. It fed on quarrels and anger, seeping through the cracks between words and thoughts. It seeped into the hollow and settled in the empty corner where the communal bowl had been, and the air there became heavy, as if soaked with bitterness.

The friends separately decided to eat their own pieces of the golden ear. Pouncequick, to get even faster, took his first bite. So what? His tail became fluffier, and his eyes sparkled, but... he felt a strange weight, as if an invisible burden had been placed on his shoulders. He felt sad, and the grain tasted as bitter as wormwood.



Stomper took a bite. His needles were stronger than steel, but it hurt to curl up in a ball, and he felt even more sad, knowing that strength without comfort is emptiness.

The squeaker nibbled on her own piece in the hole. Her mind sharpened, and she began to see in the dark, to distinguish every sound, but this made her afraid, because everything was empty, and the silence screamed louder than any sound.

And then the trouble started. It was dark in the hollow where they lived, as if the forest itself had turned away from him.



The dry leaves were beginning to rot, and the nuts were beginning to turn wormy, because Pouncequick didn't bring freshones, Stomper didn't clean up the trash, and Squeaker didn't check the supplies.-The invisible discord grew. He became visible, a gray and slimy mist that crept across the floor, whispering evil words and howling:

“Quarrel! Quarrel! Every man for himself! Then you will die!”

Pouncequick sat on the highest, wettest branch, shivering as the cold crept under his fur. Down below, under the roots, Stomper was crying, and his tears fell on the damp ground. In the hole, Squealer squeezed her eyes shut in fear, trying to hide from her own insight.



Suddenly the oak tree swayed violently. This is Discord-the invisible man decided to uproot it. Sure enough, the oak tree began to crack, as if it was groaning in pain. The roots were rotting, the branches were withering, and it seemed as if life itself was being drained from the tree. They were cold and hungry, and fear made their movements difficult.

“Help me!” Pouncequick shouted, his voice rising to a thin squeak.

— I can’t run, my feet are stuck in the wet ground!” Stomper shouted, feeling the power become a burden.

— I don’t see a way out! Squeaker squealed, and her sharp mind suddenly seemed like a trap.



Panic filled the area, the chaos drowning out the screams. But in the midst of all this noise, Pouncequick heard something he had forgotten in the last few days. He could hear the oak’s heart pounding, deep, steady, patient. It clattered in time with their old friendship, as if to remind them: “You are one. Go back to each other.” Good old wise oak spoke in the voice of the earth itself: a low, low rumble that carried all their shared evenings and songs.

The threat had reached a high point, and it was necessary to act. And then Pouncequick, forgetting his pride, shouted at the top of his lungs:

“Stomper, Squealer! Come to me! Into the hollow tree! It’s about to collapse, but together we are stronger!”

Stomper crawled up, tearing at the roots with difficulty, leaving furrows in the ground. Squeaky ran out of the hole, and the fear of being near her receded. They met at the entrance to the hollow, where the air was thick with tension. But a gray wall of Discord blocked their path.

“I won’t let you!” You have betrayed each other! You are weak individually! mist hissed, and there was a triumphant laugh in his voice.

The fog took on a dangerous shape, engulfing everything around it, trying to destroy the very memory of friendship. But the animals didn’t back down. Even though they didn’t have enough strength, they continued to stand there, looking into each other’s eyes. Pouncequick clenched his

fists, Stomper held out his needles, and Squeaky gathered her thoughts, looking for only one, the only correct one. They gathered the remaining, half-eaten pieces of corn together, keeping hope alive with all their might.



They took hold of their paws. Pouncequick for Stomper, Stomper for Squeaker.-The invisible Discord saw this and laughed.

“Ha! Three weaklings I will sweep away like dust!

The fog boiled, thickened, and tried to smother the light. But the little animals were standing shoulder to shoulder, and there was more to their clasped paws than just warmth. The oak tree saw this and decided to help: its roots tightened, its branches straightened, and from the very core of the tree there came a soft hum, like a song that no one heard, but everyone felt.

Then-the fog began to melt. Because from the three legs pressed together, a golden light shone so brightly that the gray gloom was dispelled as if it had never been there. This light was stronger than any magic. It was the light of Friendship and Unity-warm, alive, real.

Discord screeched and disappeared, leaving only a light dampness that was quickly dried by the sun. And in the center of the hollow tree, right on the floor, a new Golden Ear flared up-large, whole and inseparable, shining not with external beauty, but with inner warmth. But the friends didn't even look at the ear of corn. They hugged, feeling the heaviness go away and peace take its place.



“I’m sorry, Pouncequick,” Stomper said, and there was no reproach or resentment in his voice, only sincerity.

“It’s my fault,” Squeaky Squeaked, and the tears in her eyes were tears of relief.

— No, we’re all together, and if we’re together, we don’t even need a magic ear. We’re strong enough, “Pouncequick whispered, hugging his friends to him.

The oak tree stopped cracking. The branches turned green and covered with new leaves, and the sun came out, scattering golden spots of light over the forest. The golden ear fell at their feet of its own accord, and the grains scattered all over the forest, but now each grain tasted good, because it was shared not with malice, but with love, and in each one there was a part of the common warmth.

Since then, the friends never quarreled. And if someone started to get offended, the others would say, “Remember-the Invisible Discord. One is just a squirrel. One is just a hedgehog. One is just a mouse. And together we are a FORCE.”

And they lived happily ever after, because they knew the main secret: unity begins with the ability to forgive and be close when it is difficult, when it is scary, when it seems that there is no way out. And there is real magic in this simple but great skill.

End

A fairy tale that strength is in unity and friendship, and discord and selfishness destroy even the strongest community.

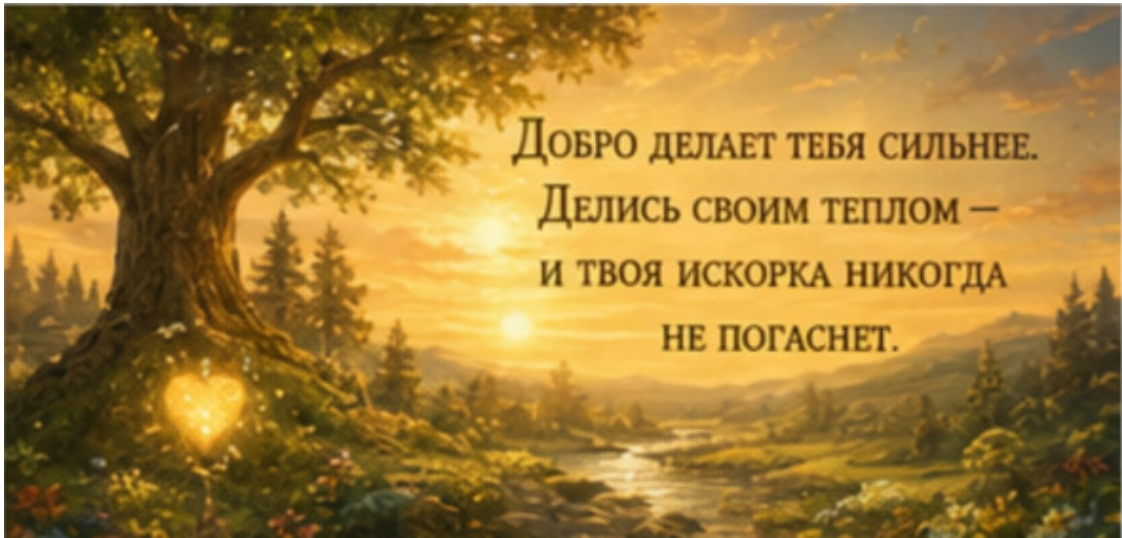
The value of teamwork. Each hero has his own strong side: Fast Pouncequick, Strong Stomper, Wise Squeaker. Together, they created a coherent system where abilities complemented each other. When they broke up, the whole farm collapsed — this is a clear metaphor for how a common cause falls apart if there is no cooperation.

Danger of selfishness and quarrels. The dispute-over the Golden Ear and the desire to appropriate it for themselves launched a destructive chain: an invisible Discord came to the forest-, and the well-being of friends began to crumble. The quarrel is shown here not as an everyday trifle, but as a real threat that takes shape and power.

Forgiveness and a return to unity. The climax of the fairy tale is the moment when pride recedes before the need to be together. Heroes overcome resentment, connect, and it is their unity that is stronger than any “magic power”.

The real power is not in magic, but in the connection between people (and animals). The Golden Ear first promises superpowers, but in the end it turns out that the real magic is in the ability to hold on to each other and act together. Even the magic itself is “rewritten” in the finale: the grains become delicious only when they are shared with love.

The tale of how the Tiger Cub lost its sparkle



In the heart of the Green Forest, where sunbeams played in the streams, there was a Tiger Cub named Ginger.

He was the most fun animal in the area. When Ginger laughed, his red hair began to glow with a warm golden light, and a small hot Spark of Kindness rang in his chest — as if a tiny sun was hiding under his heart.



One morning Ginger was walking along the path and saw an old Hedgehog that couldn't get over a snag that stuck out of the ground like the claws of a sleeping giant.



“Let me help you!” The Tiger Cub shouted and held up its back.

But then Aunt Owl darted out from behind a bush, her wings cutting the air with a dry rustle, and her eyes glittered as cold and sharp as two shards of ice.

“Stop it!” Why waste time with an old man? You’re a Tiger! You must be strong and formidable. And kindness makes you weak and funny.



Ginger pondered these words. He really wanted to be strong. He stepped aside, and the spark in his chest faded just a little — like someone putting their hand over a candle. But the idea was gaining momentum in his mind, bursting with spines of confidence. Every day Rusty listened to the Owl more often, and her words fell into his soul like heavy stones.

— If you want to rule in the forest, don’t let anyone get away with it. Take a carrot from the Hare and show them who’s in charge. Scare the Bird and let it know its place.

Ginger did exactly as the Owl had told him. He snarled at toddlers, grabbed other people’s toys, and laughed when someone fell.

At first, it seemed to him that he had become big and important — as if he had grown a whole head. But the forest around him was changing, and the changes were quiet but merciless. The birds stopped singing as he passed, their trills breaking off like taut strings. His friends turned away from him, hiding their eyes, as if they were ashamed to look at what he had become. And the worst thing is that the stripes on his skin stopped glowing. They were dull and gray, like the autumn sky before rain, when even hope is hidden in the shadow of clouds.



In the end, Ginger was left all alone.



He sat on a high hill and stared out at the empty clearing where laughter had once rang out. The spark in my chest was almost gone, and I felt cold and empty inside — so empty that the silence seemed louder than any growl. He felt bad, but he didn't understand why, because he was doing everything he could to become strong.

As time passed, the forest suddenly resounded with a terrible crash — low, heavy, as if the earth itself sighed in pain. This old oak tree, under which the squirrels loved to play, began to fall from a strong wind. Its branches creaked like moaning voices, and its trunk sloped lower, ready to collapse at any second. The squirrels squealed in fear as they huddled against the trunk, their tiny paws trembling and their eyes huge with terror.

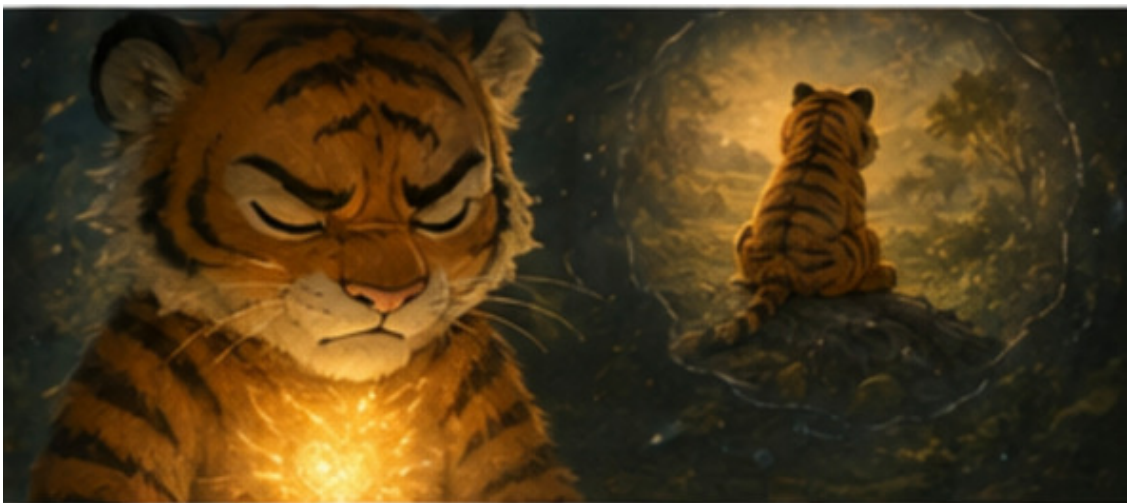


The owl screamed.

“Stay out of it, Tiger! It’s dangerous! If you want to survive, save your own skin!”

Ginger froze. Two voices were fighting inside him. The Owl’s whisper spoke: “You are strong, run, a one-time weakness for the sake of strength,” and somewhere deep, barely audible, the same Spark rang: “Help!”. It was so small that it seemed as if it was about to fade out forever, to dissolve into the icy silence of solitude.

But Ginger remembered sitting alone on the hill. He remembered how terrible it was to be alone and afraid when no one would reach out and say a warm word.



And he made a choice. With a loud growl that echoed through the forest, scattering the darkness — the Tiger Cub charged forward. He put his strong back under a falling branch and held it while the squirrels jumped out. A branch cut his shoulder badly, and the bark bit into his skin like claws,

but he didn't even squeak; the pain was nothing compared to what might have happened if he'd been a coward.



When all was still, the squirrels hugged the Tiger Cub with gratitude, their noses poking at his side and their tails quivering with joy. A Hare, a Hedgehog, and even a Bird came running out of the forest, and it perched on his shoulder and sang softly a single note, clear and bright as a drop of dew. Everyone was praising Ginger, and these words fell on his soul like warm rays, awakening what was barely smouldering.



And then a miracle happened. The faint streaks on Ginger's skin flared up again, but now they burned brighter than the sun, casting a golden light around them that warmed rather than blinded. And most importantly — The spark in his chest turned into a huge warm fire that was enough to warm the entire forest, even its darkest corners.



An Owl approached. She was grim, her feathers bristling as if she was uncomfortable with the light.

— You were stupid, you risked your life for some squirrels.

Ginger looked at her and smiled-calmly, without malice, because there was no room for her in his heart.

“No, Owl. Power is not just about taking it away. I realized that real power is when you have something to give. I took risks, but now I have friends. And you were left alone with your anger. Isn’t that a weakness?”



“Life gives everyone challenges. And you passed your test, well done. I thought you were doomed,” the Owl said, and suddenly there was something like weariness in her voice, not mockery.

“So it was on purpose?” Ginger asked, and there was no resentment in his question, only a desire to understand.

“I’m sorry, but yes. You should have known better,” the Owl replied, and with a flutter of its wings, it flew away without saying anything more. Her shadow slid across the grass and disappeared among the trees.

And Ginger was everyone’s favorite again. But now he knew the main secret: to make your Spark burn, you need to share its warmth with others. After all, good does not decrease when you share it — it only grows stronger, like a flame that is thrown dry branches. And evil is just a void that disappears in the light of true friendship, leaving not even a shadow.



End.

Strength is in kindness and responsibility. True strength is not in intimidating and dominating, but in the ability to support and protect, even at the cost of personal risk.

Kindness doesn’t make you weak. On the contrary, willingness to help requires courage and inner firmness.

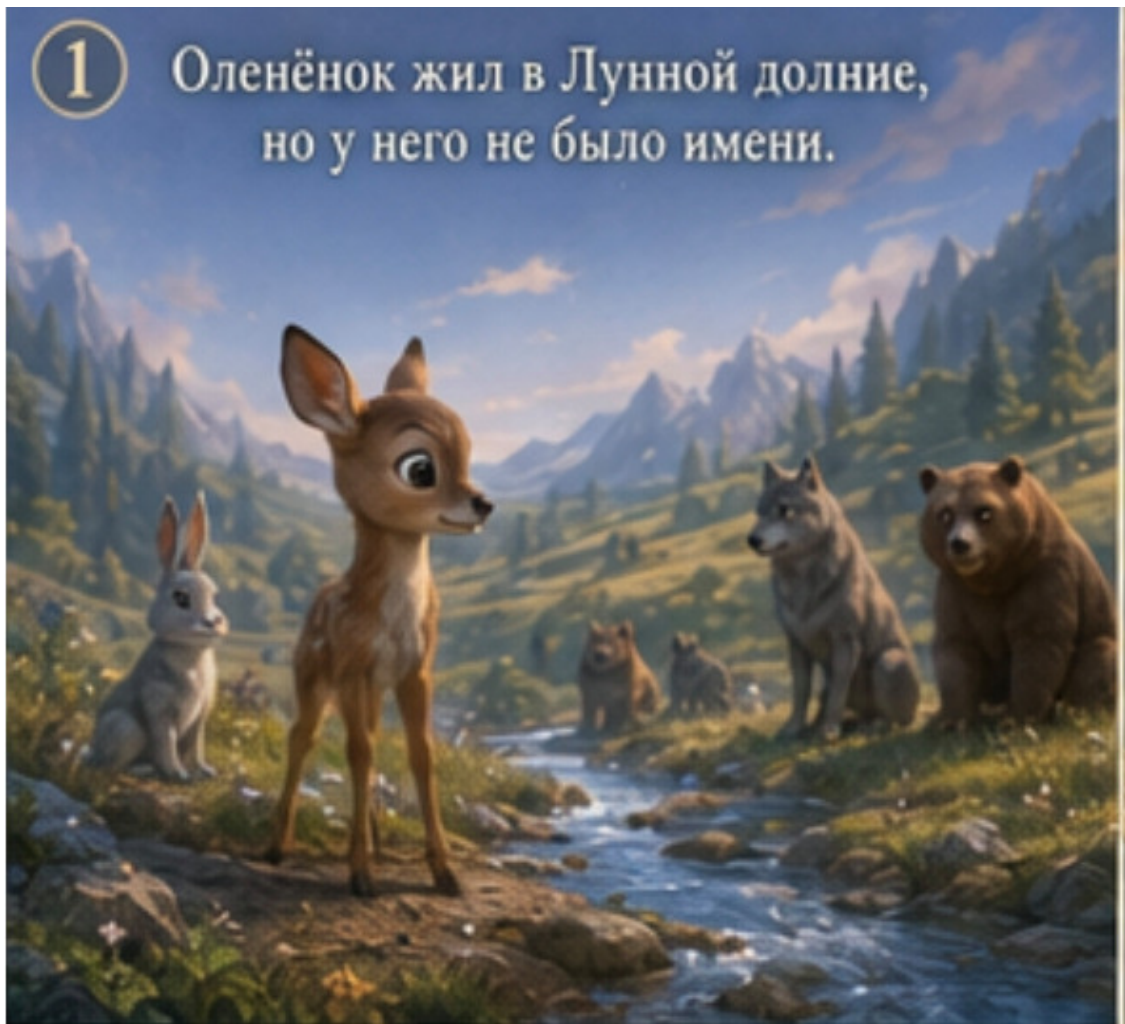
Loneliness as a consequence of cruelty. By alienating others, the hero deprives himself of warmth and light; friendship and concern give him back both light and strength.

Challenges help you grow up. Through mistakes and difficult choices, Ginger gains a mature understanding of what it means to be strong and kind at the same time.

The tale of how the Fawn searched for its name

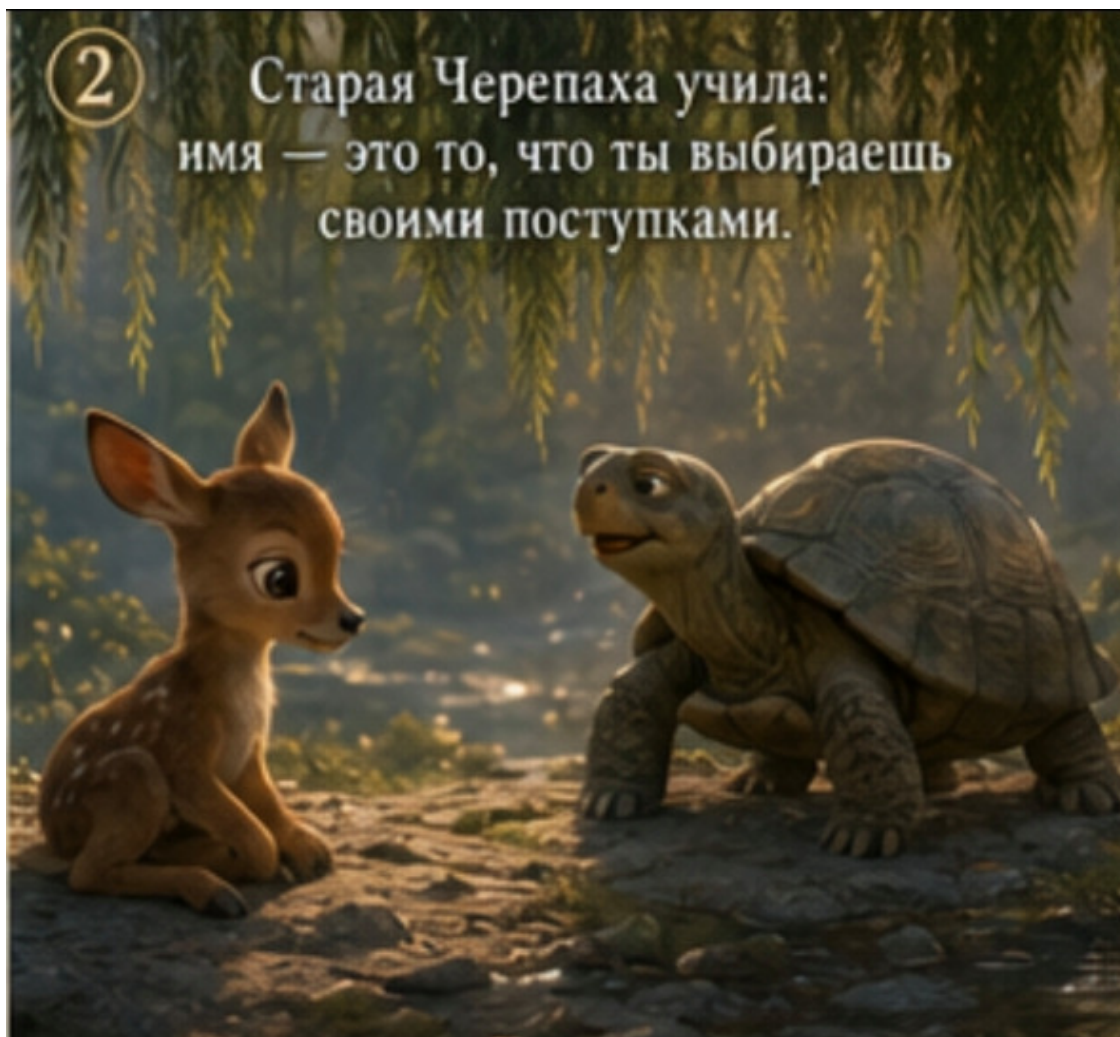


In a distant Moon Valley, where the grass smells of honey and the rivers flow with milk, there lived a small Fawn. All the animals in the valley had names: the hare was called Earwig, the Wolf was called Gray Fang, and the Bear was called Affectionate Paw. For some reason, the Fawn didn't have a name.



Every morning he woke up with the question: “Who am I?” He ran to the wise Old Turtle, and she always said:

“A name isn’t something you’re given. A name is something that you choose by your actions. One day you will hear your name in the rustling leaves.



The fawn really wanted to know its name, but so far it was just a Fawn.

One day trouble came to the valley. The river, which gave water to all the inhabitants, began to become shallow. There was so little water left that even the frogs had to sit in puddles and stare mournfully at the dry banks. The air above the valley became dry and prickly, as if nature itself was holding its breath in anxious anticipation.



The beasts gathered a council. The old Turtle read from ancient writings that there is a Crystal Spring high in the mountains, but the water from there goes only to those who commit “Three Honest Deeds”. No one knew what that meant.



Gray Fang the Wolf said:

— I'll go." I am strong, I will get this water by force!

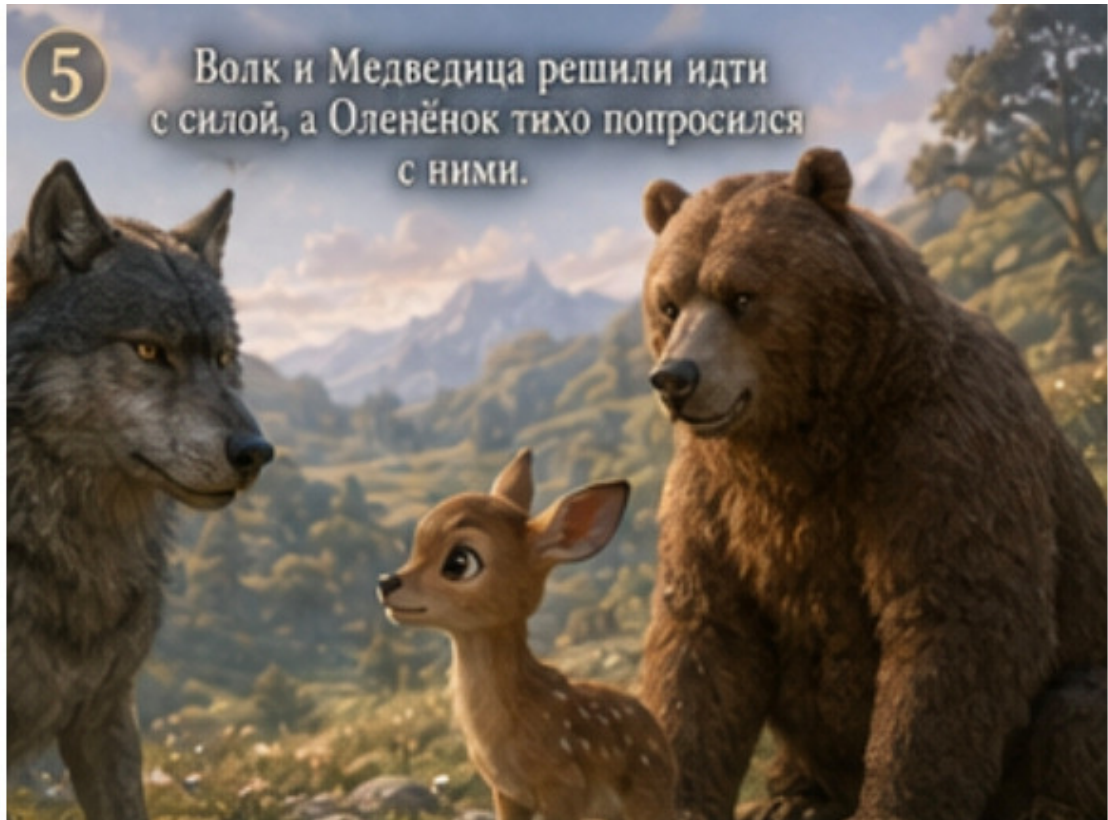
Bear Affectionate Paw said:

— I'll go." I'm big, I'll dig a new channel!

And the Fawn saw something much more important in this and asked quietly:

"Can I come with you?"

The animals smiled, not insultingly, but affectionately. After all, they knew that the Fawn was just a baby who didn't even have a name, but they agreed. The squad went in search of it.



The journey was long. The sun crept slowly across the sky, casting long, sullen shadows, and the air grew drier. The Wolf was the first to get tired. He sat down under a tree, breathing heavily. — I need water!” I’ll take her by force, even if it’s wrong!

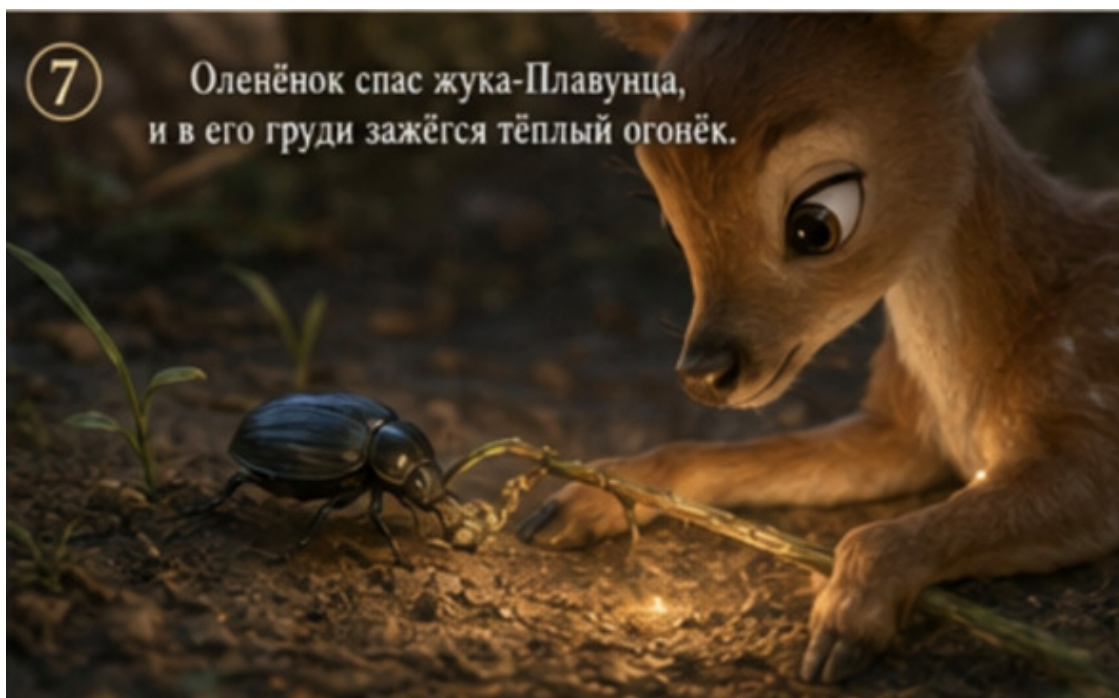


But the Fawn noticed that nearby, in a hole, a small floating beetle was swarming, which was trying to roll over on its paws. Its slender legs kicked the air helplessly, as if it was struggling with fate itself.

“Wait, Wolf, we’ll help him first,” said the Fawn.

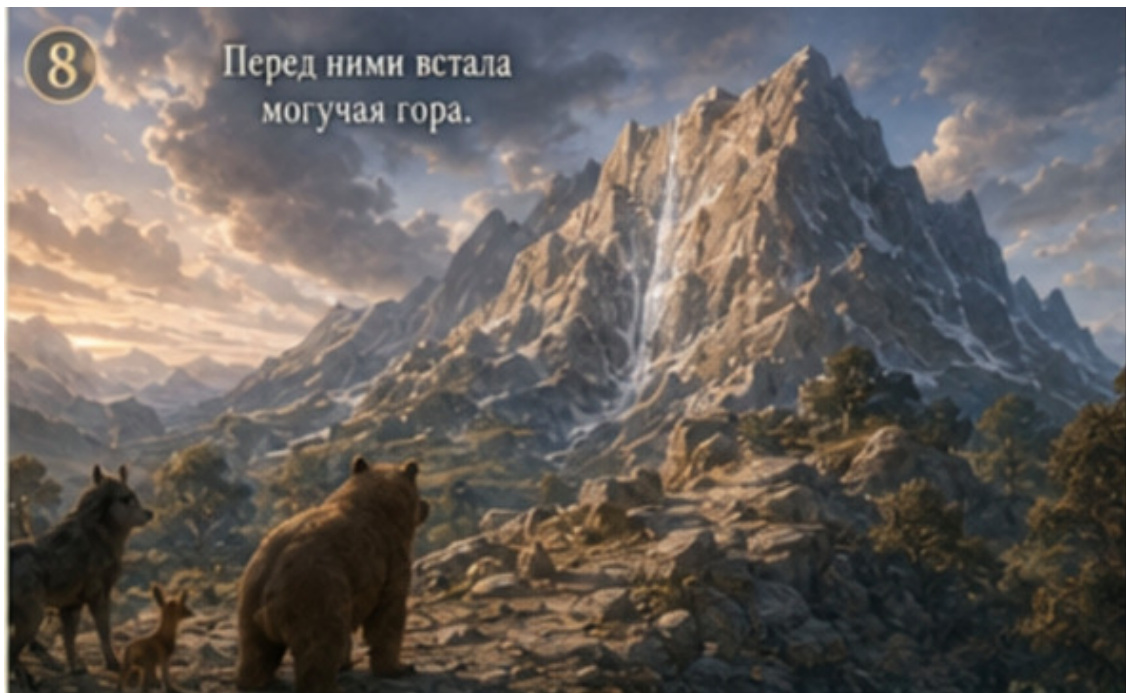
“Nonsense! Wolf snorted.

But the Fawn didn’t hear him, driven by a single thought. He had already given the beetle a blade of grass, and the beetle, clinging to it with all its strength, finally rolled over.

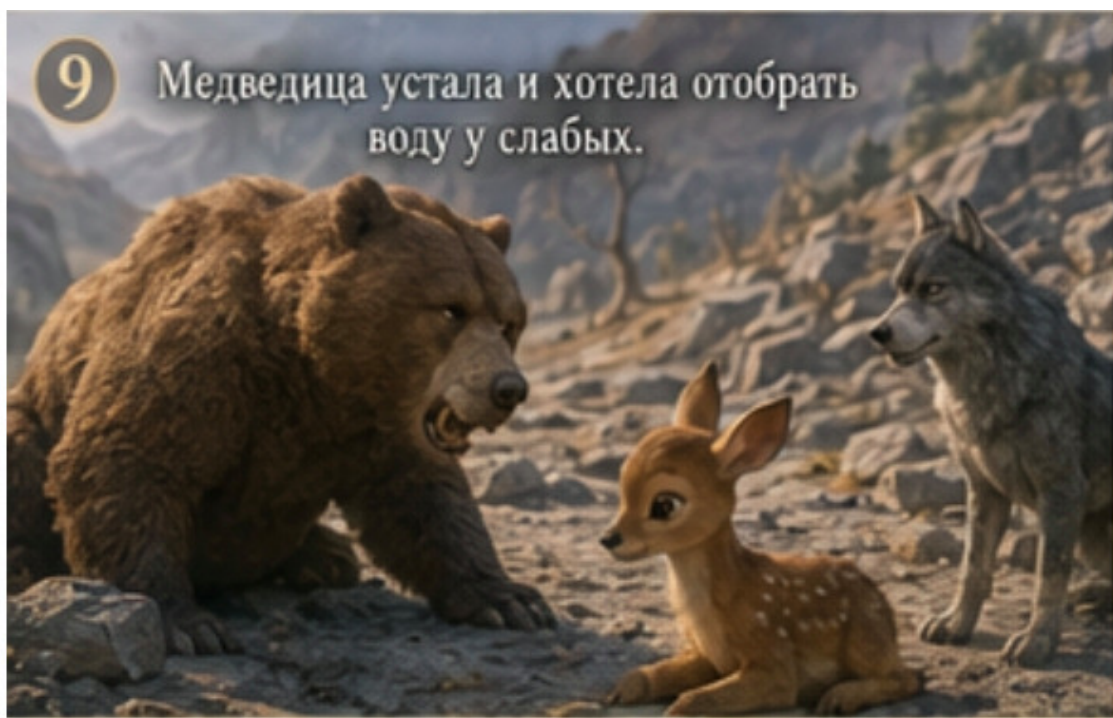


Something like gratitude flickered in his eyes-, and the Fawn felt a soft, warm glow spread through his chest — as if a tiny light had been lit inside him. They continued on their way.

A mighty mountain rose before them, strong, tall, and forbidding. Its slopes were strewn with sharp rocks, and the peaks were lost in the clouds, as if hiding from other people’s eyes. But there was no choice, they climbed up. A few meters upcняся, the bear stamped her paw in exhaustion.



— I'll dig a canal, but I'm tired. I will take the water from those who are weaker than me!



But the Fawn saw a bird that had lost its nestlings. The chicks lay on the rocks, their beaks open helplessly, as if they were begging the sky to give them back their home. The fawn carefully built a new cradle for them with twigs, while the Bear was resting.



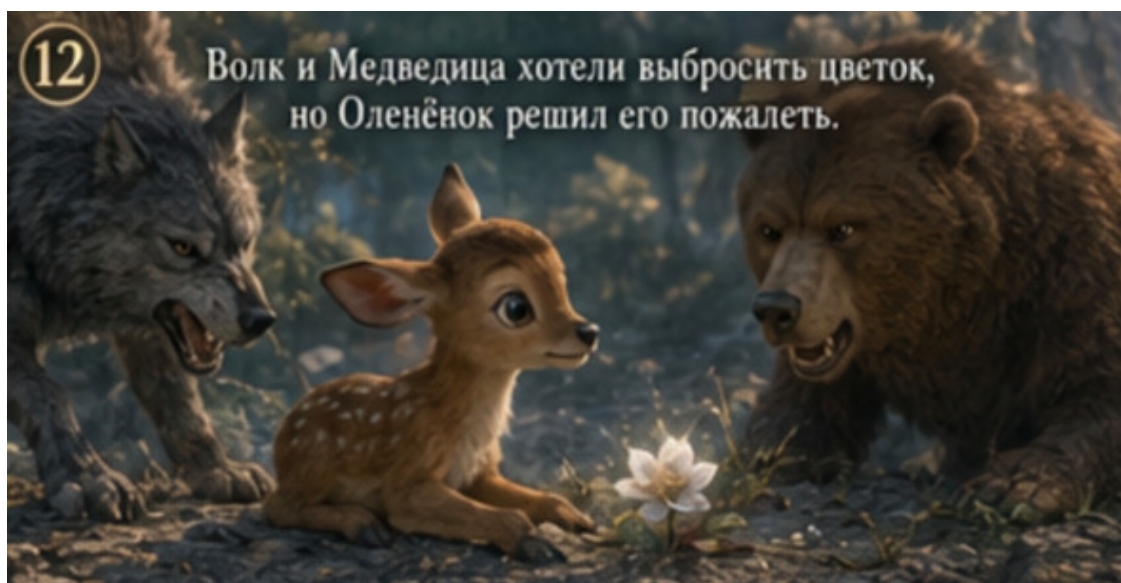
The wolf and the Bear were indignant.

— We're wasting time!" We won't make it! You're preventing us from being strong!

But the Fawn was silent. Every time he helped someone, he felt a pleasant warmth in his chest, but he still didn't know what it was. He lifted the cradle higher, pulling out his feathered friend.

Somehow, they had reached the Crystal Spring. But it was empty. At the bottom was a small, dried flower. Its petals were as thin as parchment and fragile, as if they could shatter with a single breath. Next to the spring was a stone slab with the inscription:

"You're nothing as long as you think only of yourself. You are everything when you think of others. Only then will the source wake up."



The wolf and the Bear examined the flower.

"It's just a weed! Let's throw it away! Терявкнул Wolf snapped.

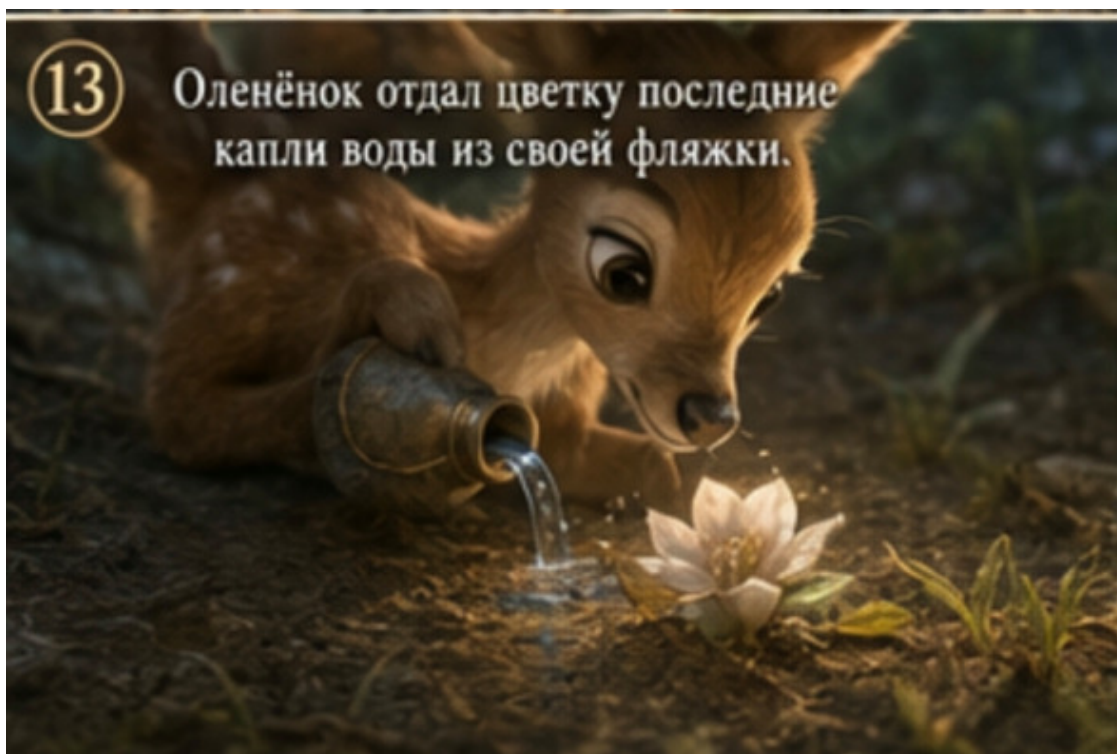
“But he’s alive!” The Fawn said softly.

The wolf was angry.

— If you take pity on this weed, we’ll all die of thirst!” Choose: either us or this flower!

The fawn was looking at the flower. Its petals were dry and brittle. He looked at the Wolf and the Bear, who thought they were strong but were willing to sacrifice everything around them. And then he looked down at his hooves, and the memory of the recent past began to come back to him. He remembered the beetle and the bird — all those times when he didn’t think about whether it was “right” or “useful”, but just helped, because the heart couldn’t pass by.

And the fawn made a choice. He knelt down and gave the flower the last drops of water from his flask — the water he was carrying for himself. A drop fell on a dry petal.

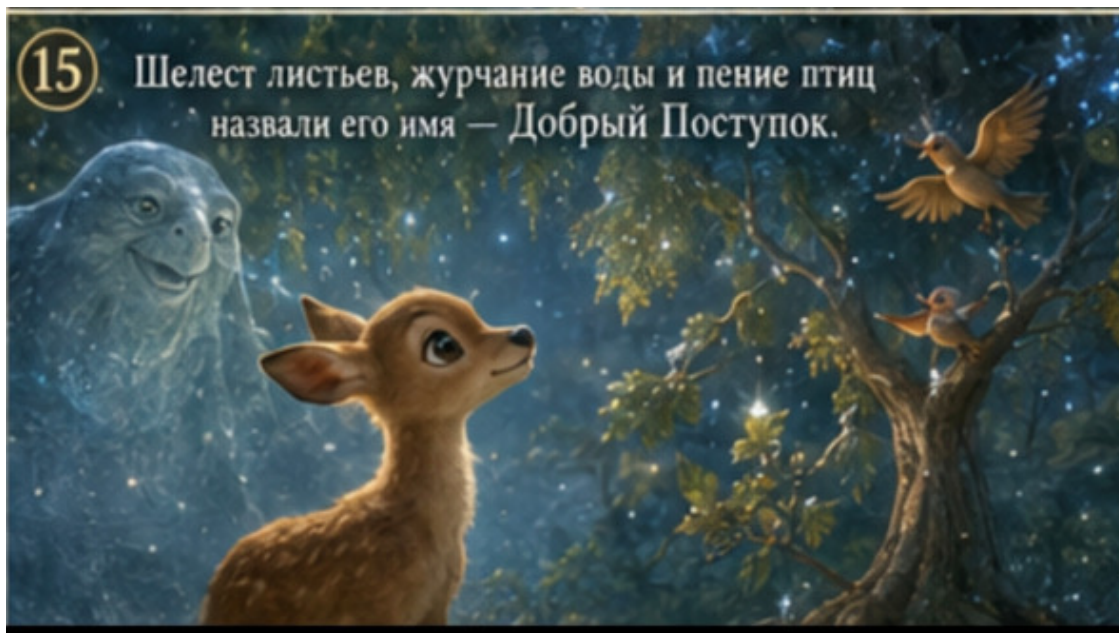


The wolf and the Bear closed their eyes in despair: “All is lost!” But at the same time, the flower flashed with a dazzling silver light. It turned into a huge key that struck out from the ground.

The Crystal Spring was filled to the brim with pure, living water. Water flowed down into the valley, filling the river. Its murmur was like a soft, joyful laugh, as if the earth itself had finally breathed a sigh of relief.

The Wolf and the Bear looked at the Fawn in amazement. They realized that the real strength was not in the fangs or paws, but in choosing the weaker one at the most important moment, not themselves.

A happy fawn was kneeling by the water. And then he heard it. A rustle of leaves whispered his name. His name rang out in the trickle of the stream. His name came through the birdsong.



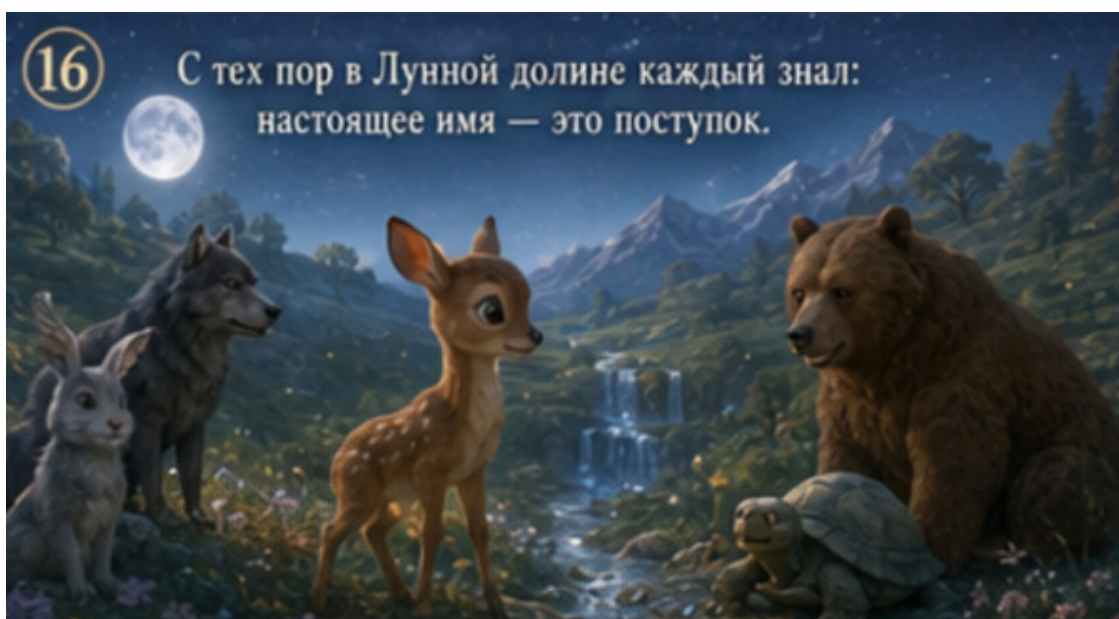
He raised his head, and the image of an Old Turtle appeared in front of his eyes, as if made of moonlight. She asked softly, "What is it?"

— Did you hear your name?" What's your name?"

The fawn smiled and said:

"My name is a Good Deed. Because I realized that an animal (or human) becomes itself only when it stops thinking about who it is and starts thinking about how it can help another.

Since then, everyone in Moon Valley has known that if someone-does something unselfish, they say: "This is an act — and this is your real name." The wolf learned to be patient, the Bear learned to be caring, and the Fawn finally found himself when he stopped looking for himself and started just doing good.



And in the evenings, when the moon shone softly down the valley, the Fawn liked to stand by the river and listen to the water whisper to the rocks, as if it were repeating his name over and over

again. And in those sounds, he could hear the quiet but firm certainty that he had found his place in the world — and it was where his help was needed most.

End

Its main idea is that the real name of a person (or beast) is formed from his actions, and not given from the outside. The fawn searched for itself, asking the question “Who am I?”, but found the answer when it stopped thinking about itself and began to help others-selflessly and at the call of its heart.

The juxtaposition of strength and kindness. The Wolf and the Bear believe in brute strength and are willing to sacrifice the weak for the common good, but it is the sensitivity of the Fawn that awakens the source. So the fairy tale gently shows that the true power is in the ability to be compassionate and make choices in favor of another.

The price of selflessness. The fawn gives up the last drops of water, risking everything. His action is not a calculation, but an inner feeling: he helps, because he cannot do otherwise. And this is what becomes the key to the miracle.

Turning “small” into meaningful. The fawn is a baby with no name, a “nobody” in the eyes of others, but his small good deeds are more important than great strength. This emphasizes the value of even modest but sincere kindness.

Self-acceptance through action. The name “Good Deed” is not just a nickname, but a formula for self-determination: you become yourself when you act according to your conscience.

The Tale of the Silver Thread



In a far northern country, surrounded by eternal snow and pine trees, there was a Cozy town. It was inhabited by animals that had long forgotten what cold was. Because each house was warmed by a small Memorial Candle. If the candle burned steadily, the house was warm and cozy, and the old people told their grandchildren stories, and their voices intertwined with the crackle of the flame, as if the story itself whispered its secrets softly.

Toptyzhka the bear lived in the most beautiful house. He was very proud of his candle — it was golden and burned the brightest, throwing cheerful reflections on the walls, like sunbeams. But when Grandpa started saying, “When we used to live in the Ancestral Den...”, Toptyzhka would roll his eyes and look out the window, where the wind was blowing snow dust across the roofs.



— Well, as much as you can! We are now modern bears! We have batteries and felt boots. Why do I need to know how they used to catch fish with their paws in the Den without a fishing rod? Everything is so boring!

Once the city was hit by a hurricane “Oblivion”.



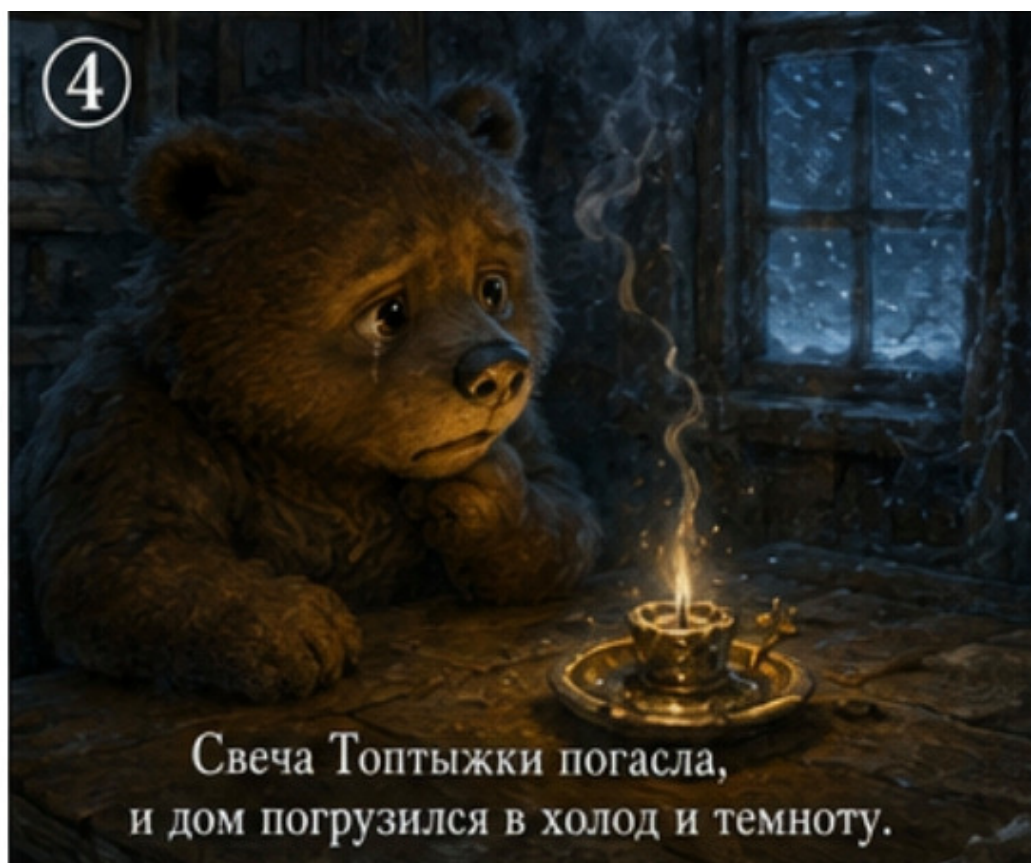
It wasn't simple, but magical. It didn't blow away the roofs, but it penetrated right through the windows and blew out the candles. Fiut! "and one candle went out. Fiut! "and the other one. The flames flickered as if they wanted to hold on, but an invisible force pulled them down, extinguished them, and a prickly cold settled in the houses, like a cold silence.

The animals ran, shouted, and tried to rekindle them with matches, but the flames wouldn't obey. It hissed and faded, as if it resented being forgotten. Then an old Elk came out of the town hall with a watch on a chain-their ticking was once considered the most reliable in the city, because they went in time with the beating of the hearts of their ancestors.



“You can’t light candles just like that! The fire is lit only from the Silver Thread that stretches from our candle to the candle of our grandfathers, great-grandfathers and grandfathers. Who broke this thread-he lost heat.

Toptyzhka ran to his golden candle. It burned down, flickering faintly, and its light no longer painted happy bunnies on the walls, but trembled like a frightened heart. He tried to remember some of his grandfather’s stories to warm up the flames, but all he remembered was that his grandfather was” boring.” And the candle went out.



The house was dark and icy cold, as if the very air itself had turned to sharp crystals, scratching at my skin. The city was sinking into a gray fog, thick as a forgotten word that you can't remember. The houses were getting cold, the animals were shivering under their fur coats and crying, and their tears froze on their eyelashes like tiny icicles. Those who remembered stories about their ancestors-old Hedgehog, Aunt Squirrel-their candles burned faintly, but they held on, as if they were clinging to a thin thread of memory. And those who laughed at the old people and said: "It's all fiction," they froze the most, as if the cold knew who to look for.

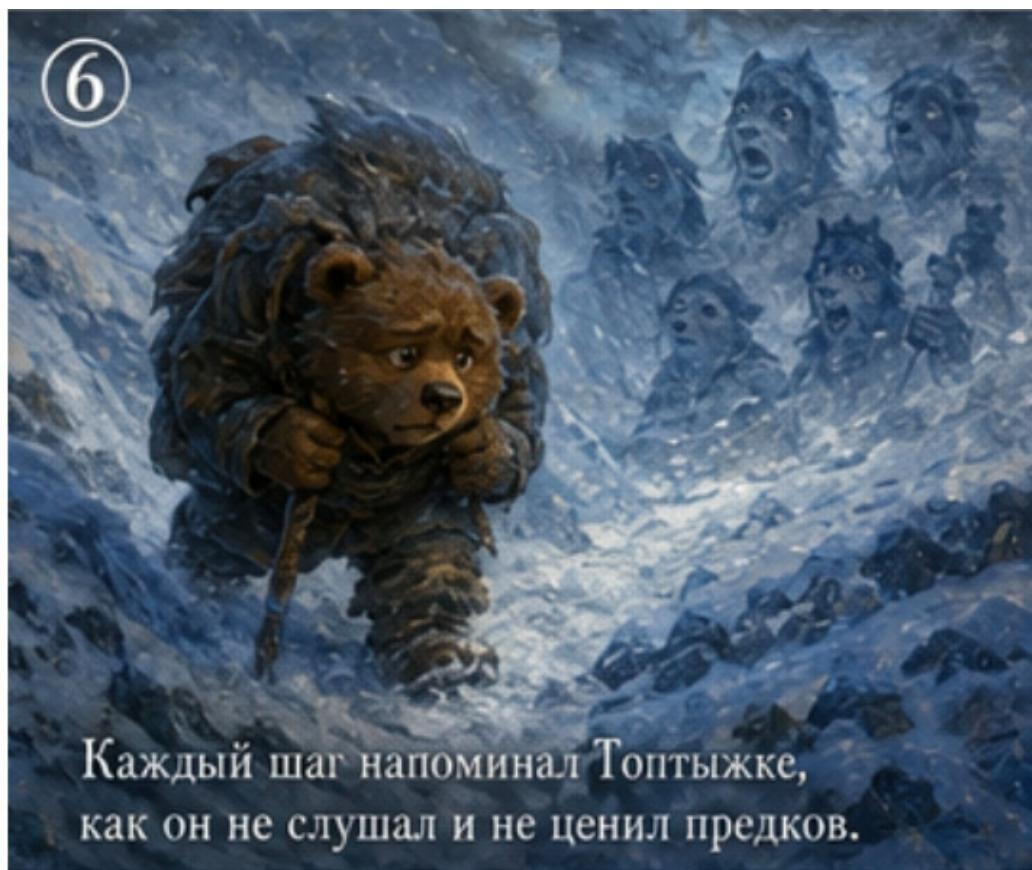
— I have to fix this!" Stomper whispered, and his breath immediately turned into a cloud of frost.

"There is one way," the old Raven whispered to him, the only one that could fly in this fog, for its wings were made of whispering winds and old songs. — On the highest mountain, where the eternal ice is, is the Echo Library.



There you can hear the voices of everyone who lived before us. But the way there is terrible. And the less you value your ancestors, the harder it will be for you to go. Every step you take will remind you of how you brushed them off.

Toptyzhka went. It was true that every step was difficult for him.



The snow underfoot turned to a mush, heavy as wine, impossible to wash off. Voices rang in my ears: “You didn’t listen to us... You didn’t remember us...For you, we were nothing...” He stumbled, fell, but crawled on, and each time he got up, he felt the cold creep under his fur, as if it wanted to get to his heart. He thought of his grandfather, who had taught him to distinguish footprints in the snow — not just paw prints, but whole stories written by the wind and time. I remembered how my grandmother used to bake cakes made of moss, and their pungent smell mixed with the aroma of pine resin, and it seemed that the whole northern land lived in this smell. He remembered how his great-grandfather had fought a blizzard to protect his family, and his voice had sounded like a song in the storm that no one could drown out. And with each memory, he could feel a tiny light burning in his chest, weak but stubborn, like a spark that wouldn’t give up.

Stomper reached the Echo Library. It was a huge ice cave, where each stalagmite rang like a bell, and their ringing formed an endless melody of memory. In the middle of it was an Eternal Monument, a torch in which the shadows of all the animals that had lived in these forests for a thousand years danced, and their silhouettes alternately merged and diverged, as if they were telling each other old stories.



— I'm here!" Tell us how to save our city! Stomper shouted, and the echo picked up his voice, repeated it three times, and then died away.

The torch went out. And in the silence that followed, so thick that you could touch it with your hands, a voice from the depths of time rang out:

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «Литрес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на Литрес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.