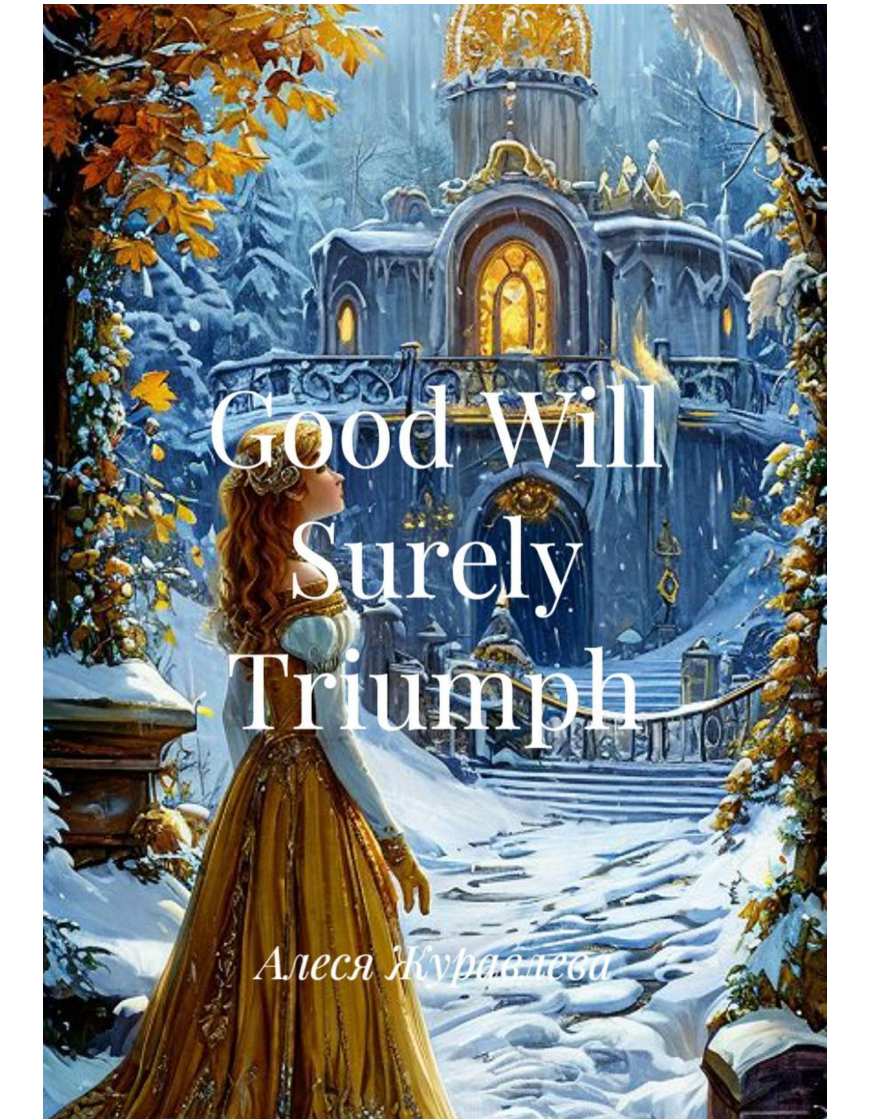


A detailed illustration of a woman with long, wavy red hair, wearing a golden gown with a white collar and a decorative headpiece. She is standing in a snowy landscape, looking up at a large, ornate castle with multiple towers and golden domes. The castle is partially covered in snow and has warm light emanating from its windows. The scene is framed by snow-covered trees and branches with yellow and orange autumn leaves. The overall atmosphere is magical and wintry.

Good Will Surely Triumph

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Аннотация

Alesya Zhuravleva's "Good Will Surely Triumph" is a nostalgic and heartwarming reflection on the enduring power of fairy tales and family traditions. The story follows Anya, from her childhood Saturday ritual of watching filmstrips with her parents to her adulthood, where she passes this same tradition on to her own daughter. Through the lens of classic Russian fairy tales like "Morozko," "The Frog Princess," and "The Turnip," the narrative explores how these simple stories instill profound values. Zhuravleva beautifully illustrates how fairy tales, rooted in the love of her parents, became more than just entertainment; they shaped Anya's character, teaching her compassion, resilience, and the unwavering belief that good will always triumph over evil.

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Алеся Журавлева

Good Will Surely Triumph

Tradition

On Saturdays, a special silence settled over our house. Not a heavy one, like before a thunderstorm, but light and ringing, like a little silver bell of anticipation.

Outside the window, rain rustled softly or snow creaked under the feet of rare passersby. But inside the room, everything already breathed with wonder. Dad would take the filmstrip projector down from the top shelf, smelling of warm plastic and memories. Mom would stand on her tiptoes and pin a white sheet to the wallpaper. It billowed up like a light cloud, and Mom would carefully smooth out every little wrinkle. That was what tradition demanded.

Little Anya sat on the floor, her legs tucked under her, watching as a transparent strip of film slipped into the projector — a shimmering river of light and shadow.

Click. Another click. And the gentle whisper of her parents: "Come sit closer, it's about to start."

The room receded and melted away. The first picture appeared on the sheet: a painted wooden tower among snow-covered fir trees, or a summer forest full of flowers, or a royal

castle. At the castle gates, a frozen girl in a simple dress was knocking. Anya was no longer Anya. She was Thumbelina in a walnut cradle, gazing at a swallow.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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