
Magical
Stories

Danila Zuev

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Zuev D.

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Magical StoriesTen heartwarming fairy tales that invite young readers into a wonderful world of adventure, magic, and meaningful discoveries.Join the little heroes as they search for lost happiness, meet a dragon who cannot fly, explore an enchanted forest, follow a rainbow bridge, and uncover the secret of an ancient oak tree.Each story shares an important lesson about friendship, kindness, courage, patience, caring for others, and never giving up. Along the way, children discover that true happiness is often found in the simplest things: helping a friend, sharing a kind word, or spending precious time with someone they love.Created for children ages 4–8, this collection is perfect for bedtime reading, quiet family moments, and introducing young readers to the magic of storytelling.

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THE LIGHTHOUSE THAT LIT THE STARS

English literary translation

Chapter 1. The House by the Sea

At the edge of a little seaside town stood an old lighthouse. It was tall and white, though time had turned its walls grey and soft green moss had settled on its steps. By day, the lighthouse watched over the sea. By night, its great lamp once shone to guide ships safely along their way.

Alice lived in a house beside the lighthouse with her grandfather. He had been the lighthouse keeper long ago. He knew the names of the winds, could guess the weather by the colour of the waves, and could spend hours telling stories about the distant shore beyond the horizon.

“Grandpa, is it true that the lighthouse used to light the stars?” Alice asked one day, studying an old photograph. In it, the night sky glittered more brightly than she had ever seen.

Grandpa smiled and adjusted his glasses. “That’s what the old sailors used to say. They believed the light from our lighthouse reached beyond the clouds and woke the dimmest little stars. But that was a very long time ago.”

“Why doesn’t it do that anymore?” Grandpa looked out at the sea. A quiet sadness passed through his eyes. “Perhaps people have forgotten to look up.”

Chapter 2. The Light That Went Out

That night, Alice could not fall asleep. Waves whispered beyond her window, the wind gently rattled the shutters, and only a handful of distant stars shone overhead. She climbed out of bed and went to the window.

The lighthouse stood dark. Its lamp had not worked for years. Ships now found their way with modern instruments, and no one seemed to need the old light anymore.

In the morning, Alice found Grandpa in his workshop. Tools, faded photographs, and a small brass key lay scattered across the table.

“I want to make the lighthouse shine again,” she said. “That won’t be easy,” Grandpa replied. “The mechanism is old, and some of its parts have been missing for years.” “Then we’ll find them.”

Grandpa studied his granddaughter and, for the first time in a long while, smiled from the heart. “All right. We’ll begin with the simplest thing. Even the biggest adventure can start with one small step.”

Chapter 3. The Secret of the Glass Room

Together they climbed the winding staircase to the very top of the lighthouse. The steps creaked beneath their feet, and strips of blue sea flashed through the narrow windows. Beneath the dome was a glass room containing an enormous lens.

Grandpa carefully lifted the cloth covering the mechanism. The lens was still whole, but dust coated its surface. Beside it was an empty round socket. That was where a small crystal prism had once been kept.

“Without it, the light cannot reach the sky,” Grandpa explained. “According to the old legend, the prism held not fire, but three things: joy, hope, and the memory of those we love.”

Alice frowned. “But how can we find joy or hope? You can’t put those in your pocket.” “Sometimes they hide inside the things we do,” Grandpa said. “We only have to learn to notice them.”

On the inside of a little metal door, Alice spotted a faint inscription: “Three sparks make one light. The first lives in kindness, the second in hope, and the third in love.”

Chapter 4. The First Spark

The next day, Alice went into town to look for the first spark. In the square, she saw a boy sitting beside the fountain, trying to mend a broken toy boat.

“I can’t fix it,” he sighed. “I wanted to give it to my little brother, but the mast snapped.”

Alice sat beside him. Together they found a thin wooden stick, made a new sail from paper, and carefully fixed the mast. Soon the boat looked ready to sail again.

The boy’s face lit up. “Thank you! Now my brother can play with it.” Alice felt a tiny, warm light glowing inside her.

When she returned to the lighthouse that evening, a little golden spark rested in her palm. It did not burn, and the breeze could not blow it out. Grandpa gently placed it in the first hollow of the old mechanism. “Kindness,” he whispered. “We’ve found the first spark.”

Chapter 5. The Second Spark

Alice went down to the shore to search for the second spark. At the pier, she met an old fisherman sitting on an overturned boat and gazing at the horizon.

“Why are you so sad?” she asked. “The storm damaged my boat,” he replied. “I thought I would never go out to sea again.”

Alice called for Grandpa. Together with the fisherman, they examined the boat, found some good boards, and began to repair it. The work was slow. Every now and then they had to stop and rest, but none of them gave up.

When the final board was in place, the fisherman ran his hand along the side of the boat. “I’ll try again,” he said. “I don’t know what tomorrow will bring, but now I believe I can sail once more.”

At that moment, a blue spark appeared above the water, bright as the morning sky. Alice carefully carried it to the lighthouse, and Grandpa placed it beside the first. “Hope,” he said. “It helps us take the next step, even when we cannot yet see the whole way ahead.”

Chapter 6. The Third Spark

Only the last spark remained. Alice wondered where to find it. She helped the neighbours, fed the seagulls, and picked up litter along the shore, but nothing happened.

That evening, she and Grandpa sat together in the kitchen. The sky was growing dark, and their tea was cooling on the table. Grandpa took out an old photograph. In it, he was young, and beside him stood Alice's grandmother, smiling at the sea.

"I miss her," Grandpa said softly. "She always believed the lighthouse would shine again one day. After she was gone, it became hard for me to climb those stairs."

Alice took his hand. "Grandma is still with us, isn't she? In your stories, in the photographs, and in everything she taught us."

Grandpa nodded. They sat together for a long time, remembering Grandma's stories and her bright, ringing laugh. Then the photograph began to glow softly. Above it appeared a third spark, warm and pink, like the light of the kindest sunset.

"Love doesn't disappear when someone is no longer beside us," Alice said. "It stays in what we remember and in the good things we carry on doing."

Grandpa carefully placed the third spark into the mechanism. All three lights shimmered together, and the old lens gave a quiet, musical chime.

Chapter 7. A Light for the Whole Sky

On the chosen night, Alice and Grandpa climbed to the top of the lighthouse. Beyond the glass lay the dark sea. Clouds slowly drifted apart, revealing the deep night sky.

Grandpa turned the brass key. At first, nothing happened. Then a soft click sounded inside the mechanism. The three sparks began to circle within the lens, joining together until they became one golden beam.

The light burst from the lighthouse, swept across the waves, passed over the rooftops, and rose above the clouds. It touched the sky—and the stars began to shine, one after another. First the tiniest ones, then the great bright stars. Soon the whole sky looked like an enormous sea filled with shimmering lights.

People came out of their houses and looked up. The fisherman stood by the pier beside his repaired boat. The boy held his little toy ship. Even those who had not noticed the stars for years stopped and lifted their eyes.

“So the legend was true,” Alice whispered. “Yes,” Grandpa replied. “But the lighthouse does not light the stars all by itself. It reminds people that the light is already inside them.”

From that night on, the lighthouse shone again. But its greatest wonder was not the old lens or the magical sparks. It lived in the people who helped one another, held on to hope, and took care of the love they shared.

Alice often climbed to the top to watch the stars. And every time, one seemed to twinkle more brightly than the rest—as if it were thanking her for refusing to leave the old lighthouse in the dark.

The Moral of the Story

True light is born from kindness, hope, and love. Even a small act can restore faith and warm many hearts. And the memory of those we love continues to shine through the good things we do.

THE LITTLE BUNNY WHO LOST HIS HAPPINESS

English literary version

Chapter 1. A Morning Without Joy

In a cosy burrow beneath an old birch tree lived a little bunny named Timmy. He had soft grey ears, a tiny white spot on his nose, and a fluffy tail like a little cloud.

Every morning, Timmy woke to sunshine peeking through his window. His mother brought him a warm breakfast, his father told funny stories, and his friends waited outside.

But one morning, nothing made him as happy as it used to. His porridge tasted ordinary, the sunshine seemed too bright, and his favourite wooden toy car no longer interested him.

“What’s wrong, Timmy?” his mother asked.

“I don’t know. I think I’ve lost my happiness.”

His mother hugged him. “Perhaps it’s only hiding somewhere. Try looking for it. But remember: sometimes we search far away for something that is very close to us.”

Chapter 2. Along the Forest Path

Timmy packed a little backpack, put a carrot inside, and set off into the forest. The first animal he met was Rusty the squirrel, who was collecting nuts.

“Rusty, have you seen my happiness?” Timmy asked.

“No,” said the squirrel. “But I feel happy when I find the tastiest nut. Perhaps your happiness likes tasty things too!”

Timmy tried a nut. It was crunchy and sweet, but his happiness did not return.

Further along the path, he met Prickles the hedgehog, who was gathering apples.

“I’m looking for my happiness,” Timmy explained.

“Look how the dew sparkles on the grass!” the hedgehog suggested.

The drops shone like tiny glass beads. For a moment Timmy felt pleased, but then his sadness returned.

Chapter 3. A Little Mouse in Trouble

By midday, Timmy reached a stream and heard a faint squeak. Beneath a tree root sat a little mouse. One paw was caught between two twigs, and his grains were scattered on the ground.

“Don’t worry. I’ll help you!” Timmy said. Carefully, he moved the twigs apart, freed the mouse, gathered the grains, and helped carry them to the mouse’s burrow.

“Thank you! I thought I would never get home!” the mouse exclaimed.

When Timmy saw his smile, he felt a warm glow inside his chest. It was quiet, but real.

“I think I’ve found something that feels a little like happiness,” he whispered. But then he remembered that he was still searching for his lost happiness and hurried on.

Chapter 4. The Wise Owl's Advice

Timmy decided that happiness must live somewhere very high up, so he made his way to the old oak. Sophie the wise owl was sitting on a branch.

"What do you think happiness is?" she asked.

"Perhaps it's when something amazing happens every day and nothing is ever boring," Timmy replied.

The owl tilted her head. "But what if happiness doesn't always have to be extraordinary? What if it sometimes feels like a warm home, a familiar voice, or a hand that helps you get back on your feet?"

"I want to see it with my own eyes," said Timmy.

"Then keep looking," the owl advised. "Just remember to notice the things you pass along the way."

Chapter 5. The Way Home

The sun began to sink behind the trees. Timmy was tired, and his backpack was almost empty. He sat on a soft patch of moss and realised he did not know where to go next.

Fireflies began to glow in the forest. Timmy remembered how his mother tucked him beneath his blanket, how his father made him laugh before bedtime, and how his friends called him out to play.

He remembered his tasty breakfast, the sunshine on the windowsill, and the mouse's smile after he had helped him.

"Could it be that I've been walking right past my happiness all this time?" he wondered. Then he stood up and hurried home.

Chapter 6. Happiness Behind a Familiar Door

His mother was waiting at the entrance to the burrow. When she saw Timmy, she wrapped him in a tight hug.

“We were worried about you!”

“I’m sorry, Mum. I thought I had lost my happiness, so I searched for it all over the forest.”

His father had set the table, and their friends were there too. They listened to Timmy’s stories about the squirrel, the hedgehog, the owl, and the little mouse.

Timmy looked at their familiar faces, heard his father laughing, and felt his mother’s warmth. His friends had saved him the cosiest place.

Suddenly, he understood. His happiness had never disappeared. It was there in kindness, friendship, caring, and the simple moments he had once thought were ordinary.

“I’ve found it! It was right here. I was so busy searching for something magical that I stopped noticing all the good things I already had.”

Chapter 7. The Little Joys

From that day on, Timmy never stopped dreaming of adventures. He still explored the forest and met his friends, but every morning he took a moment to notice something good.

Sometimes it was warm porridge, sometimes one of his father's funny stories, a patch of sunshine dancing on the wall, or his friends' footprints along the path.

Whenever someone needed help, Timmy tried not to walk past. He knew a kind deed could make both the one who received help and the one who offered it feel happier.

If his happiness ever seemed to go missing again, Timmy would stop and look around. The most precious treasures are not always far away. They often live nearby—in loving hearts, loyal friends, and the little joys of every day.

The Moral of the Story

Happiness is often hidden in simple things: family, friendship, caring, and kind deeds. Sometimes all we need to do to find it is pause and notice the good things already around us.

THE DRAGON WHO COULDN'T FLY

English literary version

Chapter 1. The Dragon Who Stayed on the Ground

In the Valley of Misty Mountains, where clouds clung to the sharp peaks, lived a young dragon named Finn. He had strong paws, shiny green scales, and enormous wings that he was very proud of.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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