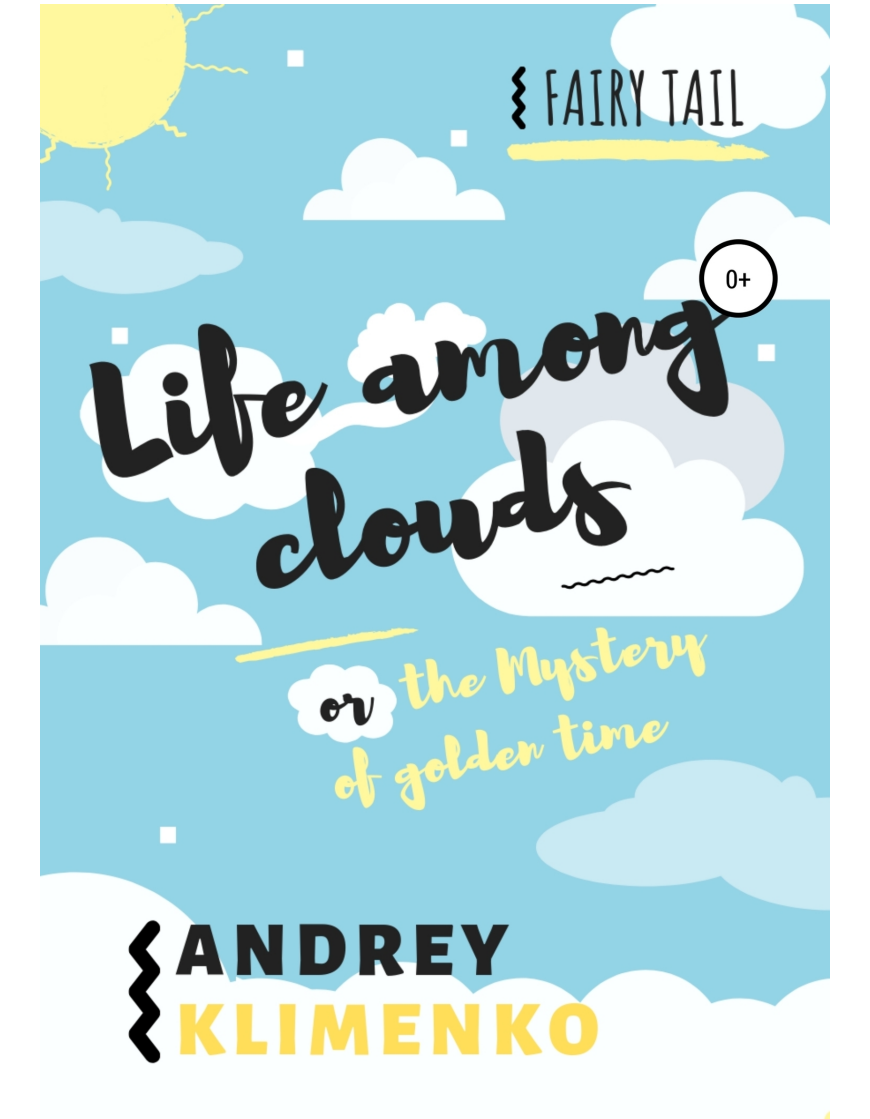




FAIRY TAIL

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Life among clouds

or the Mystery
of golden time

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Andrey Alekseevich Klimenko

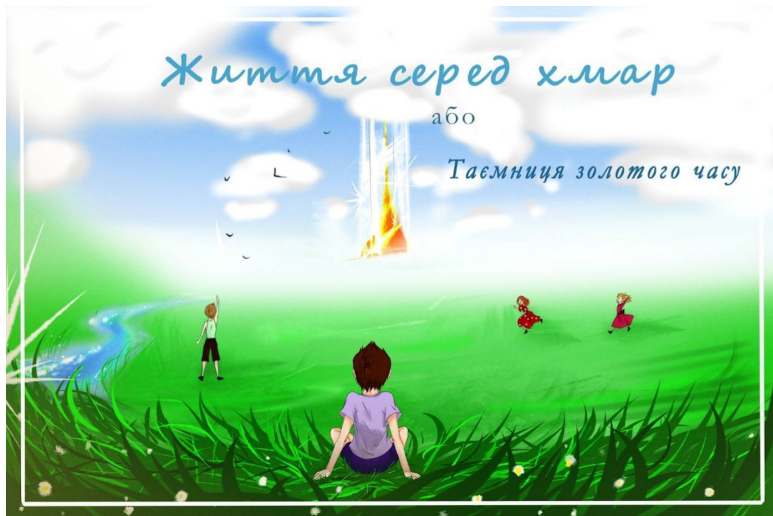
Life among clouds, or the Mystery of golden time

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=43266995

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Аннотация

This little fairy tale will be able to help the fathers and mothers to explain one of the most popular questions of the kid skillfully and interestingly: “Where am I from? Why I was born? “Going to an amazing Flower World with your children, you get vivid impressions and emotions that you want to feel again and again. Illustration for the book cover: Vladimir Slipets



Once upon a time, a little boy lived on a large and beautiful planet. He was very nosy and wanted to know as soon as possible about the world he lived in. The planet on which our little baby lived was wrapped in gentle rays of the sun, penetrating through a dense mass of snowy clouds, which roamed lightly over the very ground. Some clouds descended so low that it seemed they decided to relax, stretched out with a transparent lace in fragrant flowers. The others were foul-frozen on the huge, green crowns of leafy trees. The inhabitants of the planet were very cheerful and safe. Every day they had fun playing in a variety of games. They drove into loose clouds and were very fond of watching

the white “rams” who were having fun with their own bizarre figures. Our little hero liked such a playful company and he with great enthusiasm all his time spent in the fun. On the planet there was no time, anger and hostility, everything went on its turn in friendship and harmony.

In the world of small inhabitants there were mountains, valleys, rivers and even waterfalls, which flowed with a silver rain. But all the kids were very interested in a magnificent glass building, which rose above the flowering planet. The top of the building was hidden in the clouds and this glass cylinder attracted even more attention to the inhabitants of the planet. Kids stayed for a long time around the “object” and watched as if a thin stream of golden sand had turned into a sand tower. The glass house never lost its relevance to the children, so they had a desire to learn more about the mysterious skyscraper. Interest in the tower forced the little researchers to reveal the mystery of the mysterious cylinder. And if you tightly squeeze the eye to the glass of a huge building, you can hear melodic whisper of golden sand. Everyone liked such an unusual game and some interested listeners said that in the musical rustle of sand heard one obscure for them the word “time, time, time...», someone believed in it, and someone doubted.

Every kid had nice friends and helpers – little angels who told fairy tales and carefully guarded their children. Small inhabitants could always turn to their angels for help.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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