

Valery Larchenko

FOREST TALES



Fairy Tales For Little Ones

Valery Larchenko

**Forest Tales. Fairy
Tales For Little Ones**

«Издательские решения»

Larchenko V.

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This book of tales for babies was written by the Belarus writer Valery Larchenko. Fairy tales are really very interesting and will not leave indifferent any kid. Good and humanistic magical stories about animals, they teach goodness, compassion, mutual aid and the ability to intercede for another. To help the weak, the one who got into trouble. These are the qualities that must be brought up in a child from infancy. And a kind wise tale can help in this. Sweet reading to you and your baby!

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HOW BEES PUNISHED AN EVIL AND GREEDY BEAR

Once, a bear, Clumsy Foot, walked through the forest, hungry, seeking for some food to eat. Suddenly, he saw a bee Buzzy, flying towards him.

– Hello, bear, Clumsy Foot!

– Hello you, too, little Bee Buzzy! Where do you fly to?

– I'm flying to the far meadow. The red, sweet, clover bloomed in there.

– May I go with you, to taste the sweet, red, clover?

– Of course! let's go! The meadow is big and there is enough clover for everyone.

Bee Buzzy flew forward and bear Clumsy Foot hobbled after her.

They came to the meadow. And there is clover, like a red carpet.

The bee began to fly from flower to flower, collecting sweet nectar. But, the bear grabbed several flowers with his paw, chewed it, and spat it out.

– Is this enough to satisfy hunger??

And Buzzy is going to fly back, already, with full buckets of flower nectar.

– Give me one bucket. I want to taste, – Clumsy Foot begs.

“No, bear!” little bee says to him, “I cannot give you this nectar.” These buckets I will carry to the hive. And from this nectar we will make sweet fragrant honey and feed our babies. And if I give nectar to you, then our children will remain hungry.

– Oh, – bear got angry here, – then I will come, and I will take away all your honey!

– See, how big and strong I am. And you are tiny. What can you do to me? Bee Buzzy didn't say anything. She just buzzed angrily and flew to her beehive.

All day long little bee Buzzy and her girl-friends flew around, collected the flower nectar. Full honeycombs turned out.

And then the bear came out of the forest tired, hungry and angry.

– Bees, give me my honey!” Bear roars.

Bees were surprised

– Is this your honey? Did you fly to the meadow? Did you collect nectar from flowers?

Did you make honey from this nectar?

– No, bear, we will not give you any honey!

– Ah, don't you give it to me? – Clumsy Foot roars even louder.

– Well, then I'll take it from you. And I will turn your hives upside down.

And bear stumbled straight to the beehives.

Bees grew very angry. They began to gather in a swarm. And then they pounced on the bear. And they began to sting him from all sides.

The bear spanned, spanned, trying to fight off the bees. Waved his clawed paws, but everything was useless. Not a single bee he was able to hook. And the bear himself already had his nose swollen and his eyes were swollen; only narrow slits remained. But still the bear could not get to the hive. Finally, Clumsy Foot was not able to withstand the bee stings. He turned back and began to run away, trying to escape from the bees. Only his hairless soles flash through the woods.

And bees fly after bear and sting him in these very soles.

And then bees went back home to the hive. It is necessary to feed little Bees with sweet honey, to put them to bed, and to sing them a lullaby.

And bear got it right! Do not open your mouth on someone else's loaf!

THE GREATEST FRIEND

Once upon a time there was an eagle in the world. He was big and strong. The eagle flew high over the fields, forests and mountains, looking out for prey.

But one day, when an eagle was flying over one village, a shot rang out suddenly and the eagle fell to the ground.

A bleeding eagle was spotted by a sparrow that flew past.

Sparrow was very scared and wanted to fly away.

“Help me!” – Whispered the eagle. “The hunter shot me and hurt my wing.”

“But you will eat me,” answered the sparrow. “No, I won’t touch you!” The eagle said, barely audible. “I give you the word of the eagle!”

Sparrow nibbled the medicinal herbs of the plantain and tied up the wound to the eagle. Then the sparrow flew to the far spring and

carried the spring water in the dipper to the eagle. And also, the sparrow dragged the pieces of meat that he stole at the village feast.

So the sparrow courted an eagle until it fully recovered and by and by was fully grown.

“Thank you, little Sparrow!” Said the eagle, saying goodbye. “From now on you are my greatest friend.”

And the eagle flapped its wings and flew away into the distant blue sky...

Once, a sparrow flies through the garden. Chirps, enjoys the sun.

Suddenly, a cat! Jump! Grabbed sparrow, squeezed in sharp claws, going to eat him.

And then, like a whirlwind flew. This eagle saw from the sky, in what a trouble a sparrow fell and rushed to help him.

Like a stone, an eagle fell on a cat. He beats her with his powerful wings, scratching with sharp claws, pecks a cat with a curved, hooked, beak.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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