

DANA ERIK



Fantastic Fables

Book 4

Dana Erik

Fantastic Fables. Book 4

«Издательские решения»

Erik D.

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The fantastic fables of Dana Erik impress through their simplicity and their laconic nature based on child-like spontaneity. But at the same time, the reader can perceive the depth of the experience and meaningfulness of the author herself. In them, you begin to live side by side with the heroes, hover together on the clouds, and then to descend into the abyss. But most importantly, they make you look inside yourself and ask: and who are you in this world?! The artist, Aiperi

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Dana Erik

Artist Aiperi (Olga Maksimenko)

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About author



My name is Dana Erik. I was born and grew up in the southern part of the wonderful country of Kazakhstan in a city called Shymkent! Here I absorbed warmth, kindness and the beauty of relationships that I was lucky enough to see. I grew up in a family of kind and open people who I love and respect! I also respect people of different cultures, who I see as different flowers in a garden, each with their own unique color and scent! I have 3 wonderful children that I raise. And through it all, I have had to go through complex lessons in life, which are continuing and through which I learned to find joy that I want to share with you. In my stories, you can also feel sadness, but there is no life without it.

I love reading, dancing and cooking. And, of course, I love to dream. If you imagine yourself as a bird, then I would hug you with my wings.

The burrs and the bird



The burr boy, languishing under the scorching sun, thought that it is good to be a bird and to fly where you want. Instead he was forced to stand from morning to night, and from night to morning, and all your life like that. He felt so sorry for himself. “What did I do to deserve this?” – he complained. “No one can even hug me. And I want Love so much. Neither a bird nor any other animal wants to deal with me. I will prick everyone, will hurt everyone. Even the burr girl looks at me with pity. And I like her so much that I would like to approach her. But what can I give her except pricks that it hurts...” And every day the same thoughts overcame him.

The bird, flying from one end of the Earth to another, was envious of the burr. “Standing there and resting, nothing bothers this burr – no need to look for food, neither to dodge the enemies. Who will eat it anyways, this burr. I would like to be like that – to love and not to grieve. What a difference it would be for me – all the time in search of food for my nestlings. The moment you fly away somebody tries to steal the eggs from the nest or to kidnap the nestlings. How much grief I have suffered – impossible to count. My energies ran out. My wings are completely worn out. Sometimes I just want to let it all hang out. What did I do to deserve all that?”

The burr girl stood and stared at the burr boy because she really liked him and because he stood across from her, her gaze was always turned on him. Sometimes she was hesitant that he would notice her gaze, because she is so ugly and prickly. During the nights she cried quietly that her life was passing by like that and there would be no Love.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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