



DANA-Erik

Fantastic  
Tables

Book 2

# **Dana Erik**

## **Fantastic Fables. Book 2**

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### **Аннотация**

These parables are surprising lessons in life that entice you with their unique combination of simplicity, stunning sincerity and profound insight. They also carry just a hint of understatement that gives the reader a chance to interpret the message themselves. Anna Lari, Manager of Hertfordshire Press

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# **Fantastic Fables**

## **Book 2**

**Dana Erik**

*Artist Aiperi (Olga Maksimenko)*

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## About author



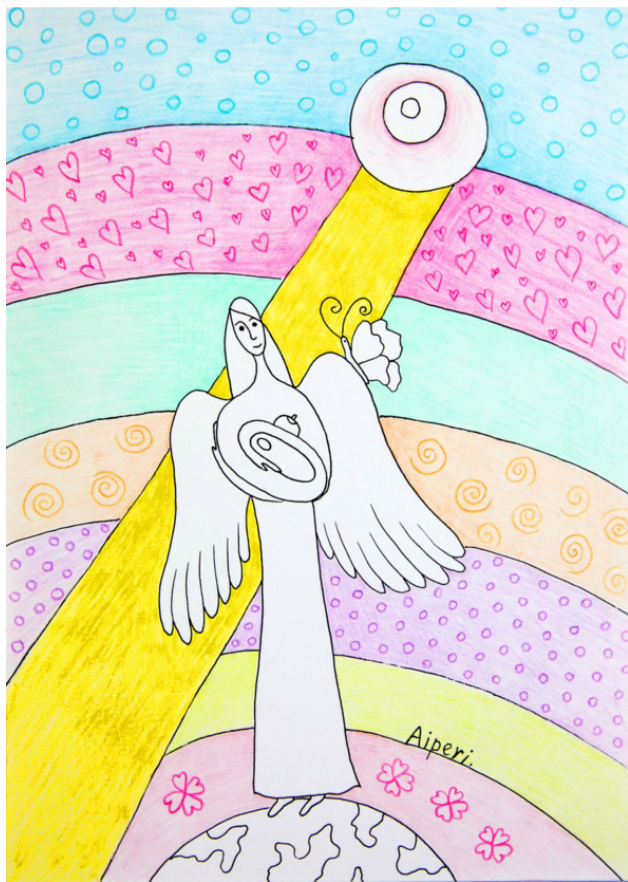
My name is Dana Erik. I was born and grew up in the southern part of the wonderful country of Kazakhstan in a city called Shymkent! Here I absorbed warmth, kindness and the beauty of relationships that I was lucky enough to see. I grew up in a family of kind and open people who I love and respect. I 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.

# Fay Mama

In the cold, dark room, the baby lay in bed, pulling a blanket up to his chin. He lay quietly with his eyes open. He had learned not to cry because everyone had stopped paying attention to his cries. His parents were too busy, and he was often occupied with himself. On this night, he was again told not to interfere and to go to his room. He did not even take offense at them. He thought this was the way things were for him.

Before his eyes, a cloud appeared from nowhere with the face of a cute, smiling woman stretching out her soft hands to him and gently lifting him.



She lifted him tenderly as if he was her baby, and began rocking him gently, and singing in a velvety voice. He felt that he had fallen into something very soft and warm.



He felt as good as ever!

– Who are you? – He asked her.

– I am Fay Mama.

– How's this? Mama? But what about my mother? Why have you come to me and hugged me?

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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