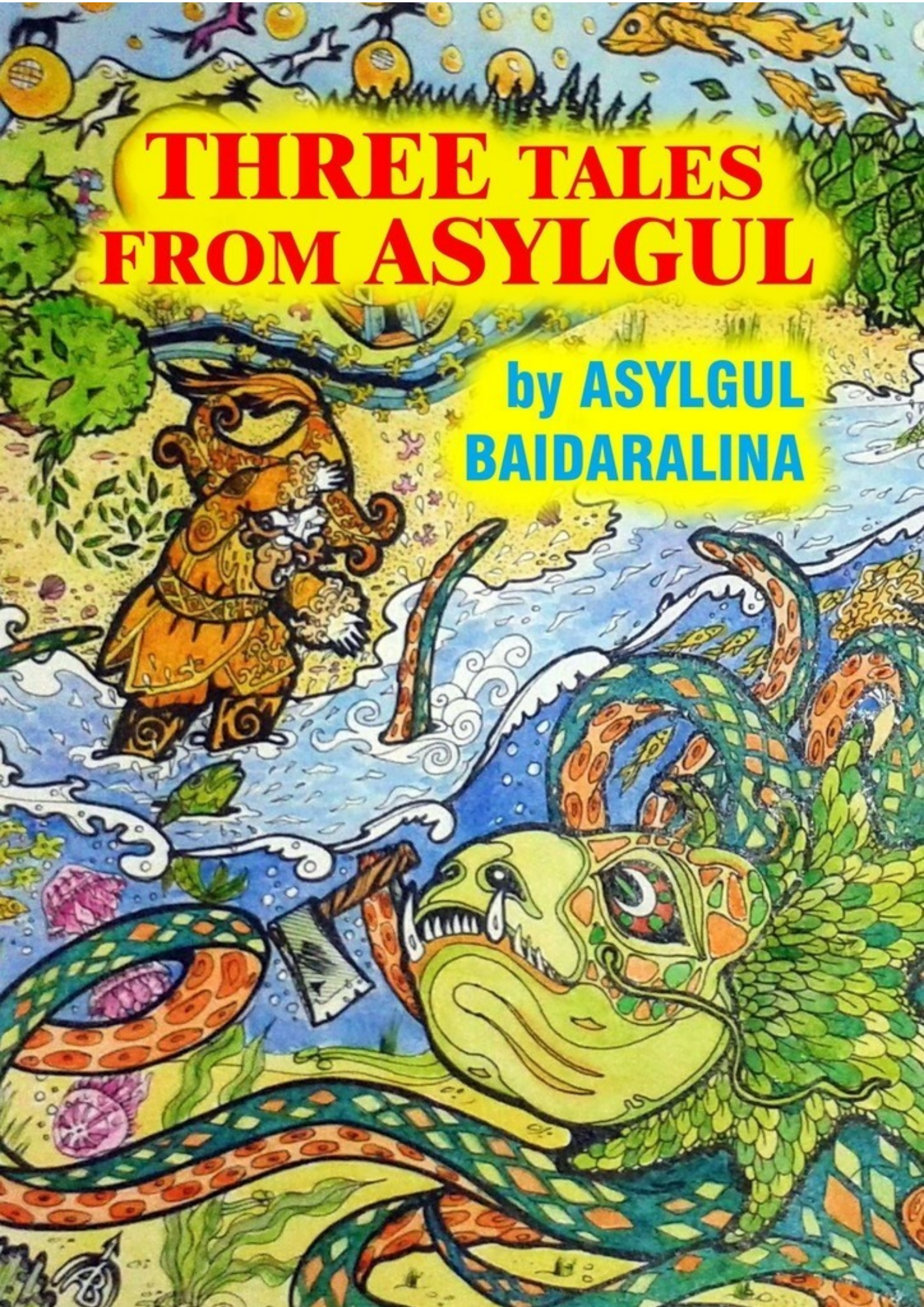


THREE TALES FROM ASYLGUL

by ASYLGUL
BAIDARALINA



ASYLGUL BAIDARALINA
THREE TALES FROM ASYLGUL

«Издательские решения»

BAIDARALINA A.

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This book contains three story-tales: one is the Hen's Dream, the second is The Iron Axe and the Magic Lake, and the third is The Seven Magical Days with Our Aunt Sara-Apai. All three stories are different and have illustrations that I drew for readers to show the characters and their adventures. You can also color the black-and-white drawings which I included in this book. I hope you will enjoy reading it!
My best wishes!

ISBN 978-5-44-987265-4

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ASYLGUL BAIDARALINA

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HEN'S DREAM



Long, long time ago, there was one young Hen living among other chickens at the henhouse in one village. She didn't look any different from other hens, but her soul and her mindset were special.

Her sweet dream was to be able to fly high and long like a swan, to swim in the ocean, and to meet her special rooster, with whom they would love only each other, make a nest and live a happy life together.

«What's a chicken's life?» she asked herself. «To be useful for humans, lay eggs for them, and in the end you will become soup anyways. What kind of life is this?» cried the little Hen, sad from her thoughts.

The Hen's mood was low as she became more sorrow. Finally, out of desperation she decided to reach for her dreams. And she made herself busy.

First, she found an old basket in the yard. Then she started gathering all kinds of birds' feathers, short and long, all over the barnyard and from the near water pond.

Second, jumping from branch to branch on the trees she collected the tree resin.

Third, she put all of the feathers together and made four long wings, using the resin to fix them in place.

Forth, she mixed the animal sinew with resin and made four webbed feet, similar to the swans'.

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After this, she said her farewells to the henhouse. Then she wore the two of her new wings, took her extra two wings and four webbed feet, and took a deep breath. She flapped her wings, took off, and started her journey to look for her special rooster.

She flew around many farms looking for him, but without success. The Hen was tired, but she kept trying, until finally one day she landed in some barnyard.

There were two roosters in that barnyard: one young and another one older, plus about a dozen of hens with chicks. The older rooster didn't let the young rooster anywhere near his hens.

The young Rooster just sat there sadly, because he was also a special bird, and he too looked in the skies dreaming about being able to fly and swim. He too wanted to meet his special hen, who would share his dreams.

So, one day he looked in the sky and saw our Hen from a distance. She flew up to him, introduced herself and told the young rooster about her dream:

«I have a dream, and I am flying from afar to reach it. May I share it with you?» asked the Hen. «Of course, please do, I am listening!» said the Rooster.

«Will you be interested in flying far away with me, starting a new life, finding our own way, and building our nest together?» asked the Hen from the Rooster.

«For a long time I was dreaming to meet a hen like this! But I never met someone as special as you!» said the Rooster. «Here I am, standing before you!» laughed the Hen.



«But to make our dream work, we will have to fly far, far away. How are we going to do that?» asked the Rooster.

«I didn't fly all the way here just to chat with you. I made long wings for each of us to fly far away. And I made four webbed feet for us to swim in water!» replied the Hen.

«In this case, I am ready to fly away by your side! On my part, I will be a good protector of our nest, and I promise to always deliver food for our family!» said the Rooster.

«I like you!» said the Hen. «Here, put on these wings that I made for you.»

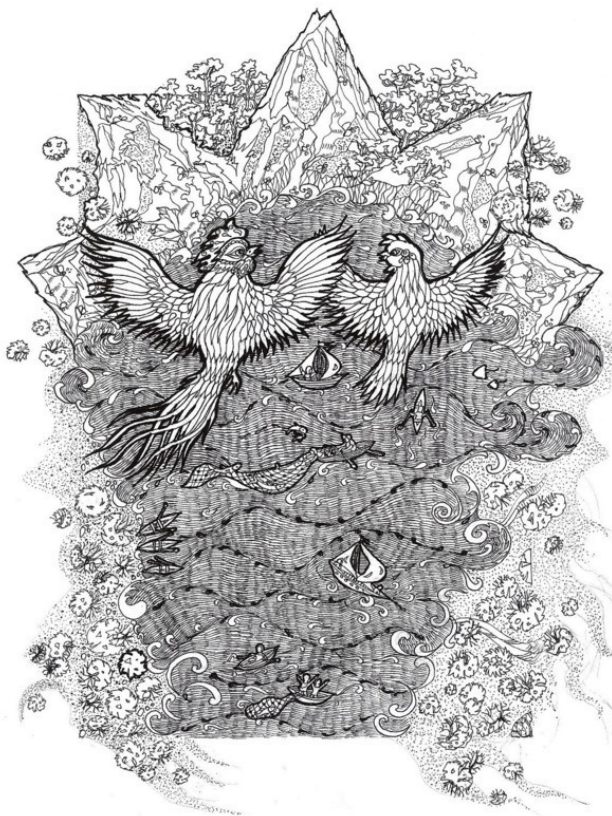
She helped him to put the wings on. The Rooster gave her a strong hug. The two of them flew up high, and headed far away.

They found a wonderful place at the beautiful cedar tree forest on the mountain top near a seashore. There our winged friends picked a steady branch of a pine tree, and started building their nest.

The Hen laid eggs and started sitting on them. The Rooster went looking for food in the sea and forest, using his wings to fly and his webbed feet to swim.

When their chicks were born, they all turned into a new bird species, able to fly and swim. They were beautiful, with their feathers that shined like a sun and had a tint of emerald, ocean-like color. Their lives were full of interesting challenges and adventures, with many good stories.

The Hen and the Rooster were brave parents and had a healthy spirit, therefore they lived happily together. They were good role models for the future generations.



The meaning of their story for us is as follows:

Even if you are just a little bird that cannot fly or swim, don't give up, for you are like a playdough: you can shape yourself in any way you wish. Never give up, just stand up, take a few steps, and continue your journey!

No matter what, always trust yourself and do better, because it takes a lot of work to reach for your happiness. If your wings are tired, get some rest and try again.

With one, two, three flaps of your wings you will be closer to making your dreams come true!

And remember,

The Life always tells you: «I Love You!»

THE IRON AXE AND THE MAGIC LAKE

A foreword from the author

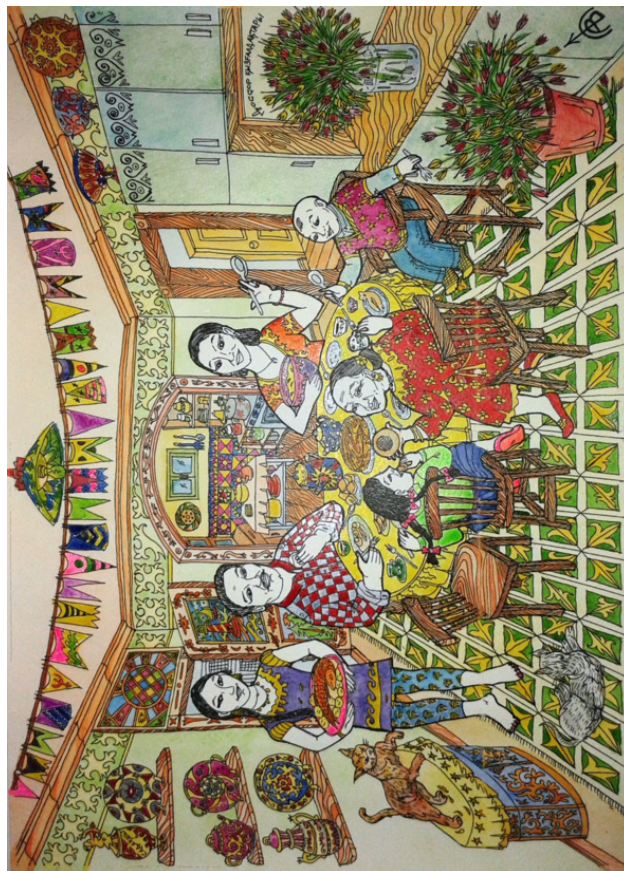
When we were kids, we lived in our house in a village at the vast steppes of the Western Kazakhstan, in the land called the Qazaq Eli.

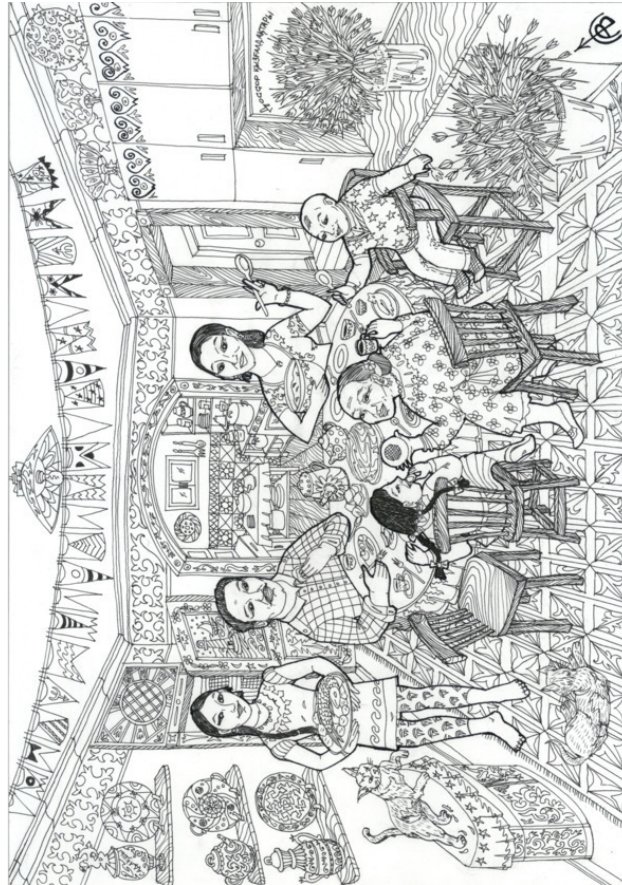
The people of my land are very tough on the outside, and their words are sometimes sharp; but inside they are kind, honest, and hospitable. Our mentality is forged by the harsh nature of where we live. We grew wild and free like the steppe wolves, in a good way.

Hot summers with just a few shadow-giving trees, cold falls and freezing winters with big snow storms, and beautiful springs with blooming snowdrop flowers and tulips.

If you look at our land from a bird's eye height, you will see there are no mountains, no rivers or lakes, and no forests; just empty flat plains. But it was the best place in the world for us in our childhood.

In a way, the Steppe felt like an ocean to me. Maybe that is why I fell in love with the real ocean when I first saw it after many years...





When I recall my childhood, the following memory comes out: my mother prepared tasty dinner, and we all ate it seating at our round table. It was in the spring time, and the inside of our house was filled with sweet-smelling tulips from my steppe. It was majestic!

I loved our village with a name of Dossor, our house, tulips in spring, and our big apple tree that we often climbed on. That apple tree was planted by our grandfather Matbai: he grafted different species of apples onto one tree, so the different types of apples grew on it. I think, maybe my grandfather's soul was in this tree...

With these thoughts I will start writing this one story from my childhood. One summer evening it was rainy and windy outside. The electricity went off in our little house located in an open plain. The thunder and lightning bolts were striking loudly in the sky.

My little sister and brother and I were seating quietly in our Grandma's room. The sounds on the outside appeared to be so scary and mesmerizing, almost magical.

Our Dad lit an old oil lantern and came by. He hugged us and started telling us one old story tale. Dad heard this story from his father, our grandfather. It was about the Iron Axe and the Woodcutter.



In the old time, magical creatures sometimes appeared before humans. Back then one old Woodcutter lived near the forest. He was providing for his family with his old iron axe. He cut firewood and sold it at a local market, and with this little earning he bought necessary things for living.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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