

Madeline

The Slipper

Fairy tales



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The Slipper. Fairy tales

«Издательские решения»

Madelaine

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The protagonist of one of the volumes of Madeleine's fairy tales is the Slipper. Yes! Yes! Excellent women's slipper! Slipper's adventures are devoted to fairy tales. Throughout the story, the Slipper experiences many amazing, subtle adventures: she dances to the Music of the Wind and meets the Wise Owl, disappears, picks up a dress and gets a Flower, walks through the clouds, meets the Crystal Baby Camel.

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The Slipper Fairy tales

Madelaine

*Dedicated to Chupochka, Topochka, Pinka Chipka, Slivka, various
cute girls and boys*

Translator Vladislav Yuldashev

Illustrator Madelaine

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Introduction 1

«The Slipper», volume 3 of Madelaine's fairy tales. Yes! Yes! Excellent women's slipper! Slipper's adventures are devoted to fairy tales.

Throughout the story, the Slipper experiences many amazing, subtle adventures: she dances to the Music of the Wind and meets the Wise Owl, disappears, picks up a dress and gets a Flower, walks through the clouds, meets the Crystal Baby Camel.

And, if at the beginning of the book the author sees the Slipper in the museum of one Star, then at the end we leave the Slipper alone with the melody that captured it.

The storyline develops in a fictional world where the main character is a woman's Slipper. The main storyline develops in the format of 20 fairy tales, most of which are dedicated to the Slipper.

Introduction 2

In this book of fairy tales, children, we will mainly talk about the Slipper and her difficult life, full of exciting adventures!

And we will begin our fascinating reading with a fairy tale that every daughter, a future Woman will surely ask, and this question worries everyone – here it is: what happened to Cinderella's Slipper lost on that staircase, which flew off her feet because she was running, trying to make it before midnight when the carriage turned back into a pumpkin?

And... About what has probably become with Cinderella's Slipper

Then, as everyone knows, they tried on the Slipper, looking for the owner, and with difficulty found Cinderella, which she turned out to be. But this is not all the adventures of Slipper, this unfortunate and happy at the same time series of losses, find, weddings and suddenly riches fell on their heads – is not over!

Then the Slipper was handed over to the home Museum, like the well-known singers and singers, where the Slippers and the Shoes stand in a kind of special room in orderly rows. And some were bought just by whims!

Some are only dressed once. Some of them are loved and worn, while others have forgotten. All of them, neatly straightened on the shelves, are then shown at the Oscars and on television.

It was in such a place that our wonderful Slipper turned out to be. What is there to do? Don't choose your place of residence! They say they loved the Slipper there and even occasionally wore it for dinner later. But, in general, there were many other different Slippers in the life of the Slipper, so I had to stand collecting dust for a long time, even in that Museum. But in general, these Museums are a good thing, so our Slipper has survived to modern days, where we, fortunately, met again with her!

The Slipper and clouds

It was a beautiful autumn day. Yellow and red maple leaves swirled in the air. The sun was not so bright anymore. And late, yellow apples ripened, the most delicious, which smelled in the whole neighborhood, such extraordinary French perfume, which Paris does not know and will never recognize! Staying at home on such days is impossible. I would like to kick leaves in the park and collect herbariums, see off a wedge of birds flying to the South in the sky...

So, Slipper decided to run away from home... And, I must say, her idea was a success!

While the hostess was in the kitchen baking a delicious cake, the Slipper, having straightened all her golden bows, fell from the windowsill, where she was drying in the sun from yesterday's autumn rain – right into the heap of those very beautiful leaves! From a large number of very bright colors: yellow, red with a wonderful green overflow, the Slipper was at first in pleasant bewilderment. The leaves were soft, and Slipper admired them to her heart's content! However, being a serious lady in black and gold shades, the Slipper with all her severity decided to stop this... not very decent... disgrace and got out of the heap of leaves!

Lacquered with her toe, gently pushing aside the leaves to see others under them, the Slipper wandered along the avenue of this Beauty of Beauty. Then I watched the boys play football. And she collected herbariums, carefully examining the colors and coloring. She picked up a whole bunch of leaves. And when he turned out to be very large, so that she could not hold him in an armful, she looked at the squirrels that were jumping over the age-old trees. The squirrels were small and fluffy and funny. Such that the Slipper opened her mouth in surprise: «Oh, like in a fairy tale!» She exclaimed. When the squirrel jumped down and, briskly grabbing the nut, jumped on a branch a little higher. But, in general, it was not a fairy tale, but just an autumn Russian park.

And then she walked past the pond and there was a bridge over which she climbed to Heaven. And then she walked on the clouds. From some of them I had to jump over to others, and from others smoothly do «Pa». And then the next cloud picked up the Slipper and easily carried it to the right over the forest, then to the left over the city. Sometimes the slipper met flocks of birds and they explained to her how best to go down or how to catch a favorable wind to ride on the clouds dashingly. The slipper loved it. Sometimes it even turned out to overtake some bird and she shouted after the Slipper: «Have a nice trip!»

When the sun illuminated the firmament with its golden sunset rays, the Slipper went down through the clouds.

The walk went well! And, with drooping gold bows, the Slipper wandered home...

The Crystal Baby Camel

And this is what happened to the Slipper once.

It was an unhappy time in her life. The hostess almost accidentally threw her into the attic, forgetting there. The Slipper was in a box full of different varieties. There were: grandma's postcards and her buttons, dad's old coins, a collection of stamps donated by a friend, and a bunch of other things.

The oblique rays of the sun illuminated the floor and pretentious wooden decorations during the day with a bizarre interweaving of sunbeams, and by evening they decorated everything around with the colored reflections of the sun. It was boring in the attic and, in fact, Slipper only liked the sunset, when there really was something to see. The colors became warm and pleasant and the sun was no longer unbearably bright...

Then the Slipper began to walk a little, examining everything around. When the postcards were finished, she would find old books with black ink drawings of landscapes and studying those took the whole evening. And, then, Slipper liked old things, and she found the Crystal Baby Camel, found once at the bottom of that very box, to be especially interesting. «Very interesting!» – Thought aloud Slipper. «Hi-Hi!» – the camel answered her. «I thought I was alone here!» – exclaimed Slipper. «No, not alone. I am here too. I only sleep constantly. We are all camels „Aw!“ – the Slipper stretched in disappointment, – Well, sleep. I will not interfere with you.» And the Crystal Baby Camel again stretched out lazily, like all camels, quietly, therefore and imperceptibly, wagging its tail.

The Slipper continued to go about her business and this time she decided to devote the evening to poetry. She rarely opened their volume because there were no pictures. But the melancholy mood of the camel was transmitted to her. Poems captured our Slipper.

Standing on her toe, she blurted out a quatrain with expression. Then she stretched on her toe, made the final figured «Pa» in the air, the last final chord to the verse. The reading was delightful, how adorable are the golden bows on the side of the Slipper! Satisfied, she sank to the floor, catching her breath. The verse was of amazing beauty and subtlety, and the Slipper itself is Beautiful!

The Owl

A fairy tale for the smartest

Overnight. Decent Slippers do not go so late and do not show their nose on the street. But not ours! This one is always curious. And the adventure began, it would seem, with a trifle. «Oh, what a star over there, next to the month!» – exclaimed unfortunately the Slipper, lifting her toe to see the star better, but because of the thick cherry foliage – nothing happened. «Don't be nice these cherries! Never again will I eat a single one, since everything is so! " – Slipper was upset. It was dark outside. But I wanted to look at the starry sky on which the stars were located like precious stones. Was not!

The slipper smoothed her gold bows and cautiously looked out the door. The night was warm and pleasant in every sense. The frogs croaked harmoniously, and the crickets sang along to them. Sometimes some sleepy bird gave a voice, chirping, she fell silent, and in the bass in this natural orchestra, frogs performed. «Music» was unimaginable!

The Slipper dared to go around the cherry, and after walking a little more, the Starry Sky opened up in front of it. The stars were laid neatly in a row, then figuratively, forming with their clusters a variety of wonderful views. And that, bright, shone exactly next to the month beautifully, almost in its half-circle. The Slipper stood on its toe and slightly raised itself to better see the star. Yes, and froze in admiration! And suddenly someone nearby loudly and unexpectedly shouted: «Wow!» Unable to resist, the Slipper, having made a somersault in the air, tripping over some snag, fell, finally, reaching the ground. «What is it? Who is it?» – she exclaimed in a fright. «It's me, Owl, I'm here in the foliage on a branch,» someone answered her and again hooted menacingly, «Wow!» «Owl??? I don't know any Owls! Where is Sowa from here?? – Slipper answered indignantly, collecting her gold bows, sparkling in the dark like jewels, – But I fell because of the one who said this: wow! " «I am not at all to blame here, I am the wisest in the area, I know this for sure!» – answered the Owl. «But how is that? I fell! And I lost all my bows! Help! No one will protect me!?" – the poor Slipper was indignant. «Usually I protect everyone. I am the judge here because I am the wisest. Now I will protect you. Calm down, – the Owl answered in a calm and reasonable tone, having stopped shouting, – I am listening to you attentively: what happened to you?»

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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