



Madlen

Dreams of Princess Sonya

Fairy tales

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«Издательские решения»

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The most beautiful, adorable, amazing gentle tales in the world. Manuscript started on 05.06.14 and finished on 05.08.2014

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*To all my millions of children who haven't lived...
The most beautiful, adorable, amazing gentle tales in the world
Manuscript started on 05.06.14 and finished on 05.08.2014, about this
period other 9 volumes of tales were written, of which this volume is the last
completed*

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Princess Sonya

In the Light of the Rays of the Sun in the Noble World, there was no one more magical and beautiful than Princess Sonya. Princess, who always sleeps and dreams. Noblewoman, who entered the history of the Noble, who disappeared, as dreams evaporate in the morning – the World. Let her dreams as pure and bright as the rays of the sun, illuminating her crystal bedroom with a large featherbed and unassailable mountain of pillows, the height of which no brave nobleman or noblewoman could not take – will remain forever with us! For sleep is the Great Art, to which noble hearts obey from family to family. Laying at his feet the delightful freshness of the early morning, full of dew in the emerald grass, which bows its stalks and closed buds before the all-embracing Kingdom of Sleep.

Cities and countries, Nature and the Stars are his domain. Like Princess Sonya – entire generations of nobles, who laid down at her feet admiringly all their strength, courage and, even, lives. For Sleep, just as she does, takes to her domain quietly and imperceptibly, as buds pave the way for the most Beautiful of Princesses. Just as a flower petal falls in the Light of the Rays of this Sun.

And Sonya's life flowed in a measured and magical way, as the most beautiful dreams are seen. Her morning began when the Sun stood high and its rays dazzled with their gold, coloring everything in Sonya's bedchamber with precious paint. And the day was ending when the month was falling asleep and the stars were pale in the mist-covered sky. And no one had the strength to raise the capricious Princess even a moment earlier. Noble blood was bubbling in her and only sunsets were pleasing to her. As if someone's mockery, she lived in a sleepy, disappearing into nowhere noble world. The sunset, colored by the amazing colors of the evening firmament, was truly delightful.

So was Sonya's unapproachable beauty. Her light head was like the lightest light, her thin waist as transparent as air, her figure seemed to float in the air, or, in a haughty pose, to be woven of Dream, as weightless as it was present in this mortal World. Her permanent pallor was only accentuated by the glow of white, blinding lace like light. The pastel skirts of her open bedchamber window, bloomed with unimaginable colors, seemed to lose their petals at the slightest breeze.

It seemed that if she moved, she would walk like water on land strewn with flowers! However, the Princess did not allow herself such things in the solitude of her bedroom. Only on holidays or going out into the World. Where walking among the other Princesses, she left behind a flowery, unforgettable trace. The flowers that she dropped were, of course, not simple, magical. Just take one of them whether as a keepsake, or just stunned by its beauty, as in your life there came harmony, disappearing quarrels and scandals. If you inhale its fragrance – sleep would come until the deepest morning.

Bowing to her magic, Princess Sonya was invited to those countries where there was noise and war, for example. As soon as she stepped on that land with her small, wonderful foot, the shots fell silent, the fights stopped, and peace came, as in a fairy tale or a dream. Thousands of white doves flew after the Princess, supporting her attire. And when she, filling everything around her with peace, returned home, the birds were left behind. They were scattered among the pigeon-houses and released at weddings. If a pigeon at the wedding was from the entourage of Princess Sonya, the newlyweds were very lucky. That's why they loved Sonya.

And also for her Magic Dreams, which was not and will not be more beautiful. She always had a secretary with her: your favorite Storyteller. Who wrote down all Princess Sonya's dreams in separate thick books, which made more than one volume of fairy tales.

The dreams were mostly magical. All the good that was seen in them would certainly come true. However, it was also interesting to listen to them, because they were all wise and instructive. Whoever heard them became somehow intelligent beyond his years, whether he was an ordinary man. Not a nobleman at all, or the most foolish and beggarly person. Therefore, the recorded Dreams

of Princess Sonya used to be kept in a special closet under a big lock. Because there is no need for a commoner to know everything that a Nobleman knows. But with the passing of the Noble World, some of the Sleeping Toms were scattered, some were lost due to the change of eras. What remains of them is a small part that I will present to your attention, in a verbatim transcription of them, with preservation of punctuation, spelling and even intonation of Princess Sonya herself.

The Kingdom of Sleep

In the light of the rays of this Sun. Princess Sonya is the most beloved Princess of the Dream Realm. That comes to everyone in the evening and lets him go to the streets of stars in the morning. Its only creator and inventor is Princess Sonyechka. The architecture of sleep, the adventures and amazing discoveries, the characters of the realm under her charge and dreams, adding more and more fascinating plots – everything is handled by her.

The Sleepy Kingdom is located somewhere just above the skyline, not reaching the first star.

And if during the day, my children, you behave well and obediently and go to sleep quietly, you will certainly be let into the Dream Realm through the carved Gate, which is not open to everyone. Perhaps there you will meet its young creator: the imaginative Princess. In that case, consider yourself very fortunate. I think she will take you through its most amazing streets and show you many interesting things. And maybe you'll meet her best friend there: the Princess of Heaven, who lives a little higher up in the Blue of Heaven. Going down for a little chat with Sonyechka.

If you plunge into Sleepy Adventures, don't forget! Don't take anything unnecessary back! Anything you take with you from the Dream Realm will stay with you for a long time. Whether it's a hundred thousand popsicles or a little dog, it doesn't matter. It's all yours! Such are the Laws of the Dream Realm.

May all your most cherished dreams come true in it. So, let's go! Through the pages of the Dream Realm.

Air Castles

In the Light of the Rays of this Sun, Princess Sonya, the sleepest of Princesses, the most fragile, dreamy proud girl – spent more than half her life asleep.

When the hustle and bustle was behind her and the Princess family moved into the new Castle – Sonya was herself again. Her wonderful eyes once again shone with their special, inherently her own sparks of joy.

Life slowly went back to normal. The Princess's usual activities and favorite things were back. Again whipping a pile of pillows, she drowned in them. Started to sail on the Air Brigantine on white waves of clouds. Walked through the Air Castles of the Kingdom of Dreams, playing Cloud Snowballs.

Due to the recent events of the move, she began to dream about castles. One day at an open window, spreading the blue of the sky, where she fell asleep in a soft armchair to the singing of the birds, holding the hand of her beloved papa. Somebody (Cineva, Cineva), nobody knows who, always appearing out of the blue and scattering stars on the Night Sky and the Lights of the Big City with Amazing Ornaments, set the Princess on the Earth with an Air Staircase. It went somewhere in the distance, high up in the sky, so that Sonyechka had to lift her pretty head very high to see what it ended at the top.

And then, at the top of the Sky, the Princess saw: the Air Castle. Amazing and majestic! Its gates were wide open, inviting the Princess to make an interesting Adventure. Climbing the stairs Sofia found herself in a large hall of the Air Castle, the ceiling of which was supported by cloud columns. Pretty little leg of the Princess up to her ankles sank in a gentle cloud. Pleasant to the touch in every way! Above her head the birds were chirping, folding songs of Happiness. On the walls, between the big round windows where the Sky was reflected, hung pictures of amazing beauty on which were images of clouds of unimaginable shapes that merged into one, well recognizable: a bouquet of flowers, or a cute dog, or something else.

The walls of the Air Castle were colored with sunlight and gilded with precious dust. Wonderfully shimmering and sparkling with luxury and wealth. In large golden tubs at the entrance and all over the castle were golden roses. Nightingales especially loved them, hiding between the leaves and buds. All other objects were of pure gold or clouds. The finest weave of gold lace adorned the pillars with bouquets of golden forget-me-nots in gold embossed vases, gold covers were carelessly thrown over soft airy chairs, and gold curtains were tied with lush gold bows.

It seemed as if no one lived in the Air Castle. However, none of this was true! Its owner, being a very busy, businesslike gentleman who loves to travel. Anyway, he did visit his Air Castle quite often. In his remaining time, he asked Mr. Somebody to look after them, and allowed excursions. He was quite satisfied with such a state of affairs, and there were plenty of people willing to pay quite a lot of money for Air Beauty.

One of the reasons why Sonya was gallantly met at the exit by Somebody who gave her a hand. As soon as the princess's feet touched the first step of the Air Staircase, the Air Castle melted into thin air as the princess looked away. Running down the steps, melting into the air one by one, Sophia stumbled and... fell into the Cloud! Where, as well, an Air Staircase was carefully attached – to another Cloud. Running down ladders from Cloud to Cloud she found herself at the bottom.

The walk on the Clouds was a success! The princess was pleased. For a long time she remembered the details, telling papa about what Cloud felt like: it looked like soft, cool absorbent cotton or like a small, fluffy white dog. The ones that were like whipped dough rolled perfectly into balls. You could play snowballs with them. And take a couple with you as a souvenir!

On holidays, when guests would gather, Sonyechka would take out from the crystal Jewelry Box in the sideboard the snowballs wrapped in an openwork napkin... Cloudy Snowballs! Everyone gasped

and grabbed their heads, carefully, a little fearfully, trying to touch the weightless ball. Satisfied with the treasure, Sonyechka smiled, letting me examine the curiosity and turn it in my hands. However, after one Prince tried to throw an air snowball at the New Year's table at the Princess, Sonya stopped showing her treasure. The box then got dusty somewhere, and then got lost altogether.

Somebody

* (*Cineva*)

In the Light of the Rays of this Sun, there are different days. Some days are hot, so that smoke puffs up from the asphalt, others are a month until noon, or it suddenly starts pouring rain on empty space. Today a rosebush at the gate blossoms and fragrances the whole garden, and the next day it closed its buds and seems to be asleep. Nature has no bad weather. Every weather is a blessing. And all trouble is the caprice of men. Never mind wet shoes! It's so nice to walk in a puddle in summer after it's been raining, just to get knee-deep in it! Or the heat. Never mind! Such intoxicating evenings, drinking tea with a basket of apples and smacking cold sour cream!

“What if you don't have a shoe change or a cold cabbage soup?” You ask, “Is that a problem?” Well, no! No way! In all these cases, someone will definitely take care of you. A serious gentleman, about 45 years old. In a black hat of medium size, tailored suit, blue shirt and shiny leather expensive boots, with the same briefcase and a strange brand of unknown company on it: “ЖИЗНЬ”, which means “Life”.

This Unknown Somebody, who always appears to shoot stars or lights down to Earth, or to put up an aerial staircase to visit the Air Castle, also makes the rosebushes look nice and has a pretty butterfly sure to flutter about. He is also able to stop the rain in a jiffy, so that Princess Sonyechka is able to undo everything in reverse with her spell alone. It is said that it is He who hangs the Month in the Sky, though no one knows for certain.

However, without the Somebody, our lives would become dull, tedious, filled with terrors. It's frightening to think: how can we live if the Stairway of the Air is not put back in place, and nobody ever throws even a small handful of stars to Heaven by nightfall? But Mr. Somebody does everything very delicately and tactfully, saving even the most difficult situations. That's why he is loved. If, my children, you meet one somewhere, someday, thank him heartily for everything.

Golden Flower

In the Light of the Rays of the Sun dreams are different: magical and not so magical, beautiful and horrible, alien, golden, light, airy as smoke, flying like birds into the blue-blue sky, charming, wonderful, or... about the Golden Flower!

That Princess Sonya dreamed of one May spring. When the fragrance of blossoming apples and cherry blossoms – There's nowhere to escape. The sidewalks and rooftops are covered with it, and it seems as if it's snowing with flowers. If you don't know there is no such thing, you might well believe it. A simple lilac bush behind someone's fence in May will outdo, with ease, any Coco Chanel! The cherry tree is already filling up with juicy berries. Snowdrops and violets are inaccessible. It seems there is nothing more to desire in this abundance.

Sonyechka fell asleep quickly. And she had this extraordinary dream. She dreamt of a large Golden Flower. Its bud was as big as the Princess herself. All pure gold! Each petal was airy, almost weightless, alive, shining from the Sunbeams. Glittering so brightly that even in her sleep Sonya squeezed her big, beautiful eyes the color of the Sky.

In the middle of the Golden Flower were pretty little stamens, curling openwork into large and other curls. The leaves fluttered as if in the wind. Dewdrops could be seen on some. But it was not dew at all, but precious jewels, scattered by some foolish rich man! They were worth a fortune! Some were real diamonds, and others were crystal-blue topazes, reflecting the Blue of Heaven.

Sonja had never seen such beauty before! As she approached the Golden Flower closer, she felt a wonderful fragrance, comparable to the finest perfumes in the world. All worries and sorrows, all bad things receded at that moment and were forgotten forever. Sonyechka's legs lifted off the ground by themselves and she flew away, together with sparrows carrying miniature golden flowers in their beaks. And then a butterfly flew up to her and sat on her shoulder. It quietly folded its big, beautiful, with gilding and bright spots of all known and unknown colors – wings and sat still. Everything around was wonderful and magical.

Sonyechka wanted to think of everything wonderful, as wonderful as everything around her! She remembered her most cherished dream, and it immediately came true. Then another one came true.

All night Princess Sonya made wishes, and they came true. Waking up in the morning the happiest of Princesses, still sleepy and half-asleep in the last of the moments of sleep she managed to remember what else she dreamed. And she woke up! The most cherished thing she wanted was very near. Not in a dream, but in reality. She had only to stretch out her hand.

Next to her, on a velvet pillow, lay the Golden Flower, fulfilling all her dreams.

A Dream of Princess Sonya being Stolen from behind a High Fence

In the Light of the Rays of the Sun, Princess Sonya slept and slept, being transported several times a day to the Kingdom of Sleep. Where, however, she liked, because there were amazing Adventures waiting for her.

This time, entering the Beautiful Gate, Sonyechka felt something wrong. For the streets, familiar to her, were somehow different. Everything said that time had stopped here for 100-200-300 centuries. The alleys paved with wild stone, twined with ivy and flowers, with old houses, the buildings of some kings, showed her the wonderful clothes of passers-by walking toward her as on a fashionable catwalk.... The princess was transported back a long way.

The sun shining above her and the unceasing chattering from the open windows and the birdsong in the lush emerald foliage were no less than two hundred years old! Sonyechka bought a newspaper from a peddler in an old dialect and a couple of juicy yellow apples, which she gladly ate, as well as receiving a bouquet of roses from the unknown knight. Walking in the velvet inter-season, between summer and autumn, enjoying the light breeze, still clear skies, the silence of the provincial town in which, suddenly, by the will of the Dream she found herself.

By the way, it was her favorite city, the one where she currently lived. It was quite recognizable by its architectural monuments and surviving sculptures. Sonja assumed that not so far away in the other direction, her Castle, whose ancestral history goes back at least three hundred years. And, of course, she immediately went looking for it! The streets were intricately curved and ornately looped: she recognized them with difficulty. The houses were surrounded by high stone fences with heavy gates on creaking hinges. Branches of trees hung from the top, full of a good crop. It was easy to pick and eat what you wanted....

Soon she saw her family castle on a hill and ran to it enthusiastically, excited about a possible meeting and what she would see there. The castle was exactly the same! Only the color of the facade, the gates and the garden, the massive fence, through which, it seemed, there was no way to get inside – were not recognized by her. But all-all the towers, the columns, the wrought-iron cockerel (an indicator of the winds) – everything was her own, native.

The princess stepped inside and was greeted by a friendly servant and a small, fluffy, white dog which nestled his black, curly nose into her knee. Her great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother lived in the castle: a rather sweet old lady, a lover of artists, musicians and poets. A portrait of her in oil on canvas survives to this day.

Sonya was escorted into the living room, through the many flights of stairs and corridors, where she was treated to tea with raspberries and pudding from pretty little cups painted in khokhloma on lace doilies. Then she went for a walk in the cherry orchard, where ripe fruit strewn everything under her feet. Her grandmother told her long stories about life, and the Princess, in response, told her own. Nightingales delighted their ears with songs, and the rose bushes were tied with lush scarlet bows – as a gift to Sonyechka.

When they returned from the garden, Grandma gathered her favorite cats at the piano, and they danced and played an encore! They were excellent musicians, because they moved their soft paws on the keys quickly and not badly. Grandma was dancing in her chair, giving the cats her smiles and completely forgetting about Sonyechka, and she slowly took advantage of the moment and ran away! Truly, Sleepy Granny was so engrossed in creativity that she did not notice the departure of her great-great-great-great-great-great-granddaughter.

Sleepy found herself in the garden holding her way back to the Gate of the Dream Realm. However, she didn't get very far. Indeed, sleep is sleep, and sleepy grandmothers are sleepy grandmothers, and sleepy fences are not what they seem.

As soon as she reached the fence, a Young Man had come running over it: a handsome, dashing, freckled and fair-haired as the Sun itself, or precisely its Ray. And he stole Sonyechka!

Such impudence the Princess had not expected! In the strong arms of the Stranger, she soon found herself on the street, and then in a carriage behind the curtained windows which could not be seen at all. It grew dark and the sky was covered with bright stars, which shone a gentle light on the carriage, which kept going and going to nowhere.

The stranger, not letting go of the Princess's hand, was silent. The hooves of the frisky horses seemed to beat away at Charlie's dance on the stone sidewalk. And there was no end to it...

If any of them had known that they were about to rush through the covenanted Gate at full throttle, there was no telling what any of them would have done. But no one but the chasing horses noticed the Gate to the Dream Realm looming ahead, through which they entered and exited.

And so Sonya awoke in her soft bed, full of plush dogs and pillows of all sorts of cute shapes and colors, -with the first rays of the Sun peeking confusedly into the maiden bedroom, quite a Young Bride.

One hundred thousand popsicles

In the Light of the Sun's rays, life is booming, and everything is growing. Princesses turn from little girls into big and beautiful princesses.

It is arranged so that the last rays of the brightest light in the universe remember all the children's wishes and fulfill them: from the last forces to break through the night blackness in the Kingdom of Dreams. Therefore, some of the wishes come true and some do not. At night, Sunny has a hard time getting to the little princesses to have their lives filled with flowers and dolls. In that Happy Time, in those Amazing Days, when Sonyechka was still very young – she was lucky with the fulfillment of her most cherished wish.

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