author
Andrey Epifanow

Yulia Solodovnikova illustrator

0+

Olaf and friends

0+

MORE THAN 60 watercolor illustrations

Yulia Solodovnikova

Olaf and Friends…

«Автор»

2015

Solodovnikova Y. V.

Olaf and Friends… / Y. V. Solodovnikova — «Автор», 2015

ISBN 978-5-532-05479-0

Once upon a time, a young elf named Olaf lived in the forest and wanted to find pine trees for the masts of his ship. Along the way, he met new friends who joined Olaf in his journey to faraway lands. This is a story of a voyage, of adventures, and of friendship. The story teaches the reader how to face problems as something temporary that one can overcome, that random events can always move us forward, and that it is easier to overcome small fears if you are not alone but sometimes you have to be on your own to solve the larger ones. There is magic all around us — we just need to try to see it. In this story, a child can find many interesting

ISBN 978-5-532-05479-0

© Solodovnikova Y. V., 2015
© Автор, 2015

Содержание

Chapter 1. A Secret in the Forest named Olaf 5
Chapter 2. How Olaf the Elf Met Yessy the Coon in the Pine Tree Forest 11
Chapter 3. The Brave Hare 16
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента. 19

Andrey Epifanow, Dmitrii Pastushenkov, Yulia Solodovnikova Olaf and Friends…

Chapter 1. A Secret in the Forest named Olaf

Once upon a time, under a big old oak next to the Forest Lake, there lived one kind elf named Olaf.

Olaf was a relatively young elf—he was just 188 years old and soon he would go to school and learn about magic. Meanwhile, he spent his days reading books that his parents and grandparents gave him. Olaf missed his relatives who now lived in a faraway forest. The young elf decided to live closer

to the Forest Lake. This lake was magical and elves often called it The Mirror Lake. It reflected all the stars at night, all the clouds, and everyone who looked into the lake.

One day, a Cloud flew to the lake to see how she looked. But in the Mirror Lake she only saw a big, dark gray cloud. The cloud started crying. As soon as the tear drops fell into the water, the cloud could no longer see her reflection and she cried even more. Do you remember a really big rain not long ago, my little friend? It was our sad cloud.

Olaf loved his lake and often went fishing. When he sat by the lake with a rod, spending long hours looking at the bobber, he dreamt about a journey to faraway lands across big seas and oceans. Olaf wanted to go to a place where he can see elephants, giraffes, and hippos. He dreamt about sea waves and imagined how marvelous it would be to look into the stars in the night sky that are reflected in the eternal expanse of the Mirror Lake.

Olaf's thoughts were sometimes interrupted by fish hitting the bobber. When the bobber starts moving, it means that the fish is about to swallow the bait. But Olaf was too late to strike the rod

and let the fish go. The fishing hook was empty but Olaf tried again. But he couldn't stop thinking about adventures.

Long ago, Olaf had built a ship with oars. The ship only missed three sailing masts that could be made from tall straight pine trees.

The bobber went underwater again… But again Olaf was too late. "Let it go," said Olaf, sadly replacing the bait.

In the silence that you can only have when fishing, you can hear many things that cannot be noticed in everyday life. In one of those silences while watching the bobber, Olaf heard two birds flying above his head. As any other creature living in the forest, Olaf understood the language of

animals and birds. The two martins that Olaf heard talked about a sad lonely cow that they saw when flying above the fields. The cow strayed away from her herd and was left alone in the meadow.

Olaf completely forgot about fishing, quickly picked up his belongings, and ran to rescue the cow. There were not many meadows in the area where you could find a herd of cows, so Olaf in a quick and firm manner went into the direction from where the martins flew. The elf was worried about the cow—he was afraid that wolves could attack her. Also, it was the time to milk the cow as it was in the early morning.

Soon Olaf came to the meadow and found the cow. She was really scared.

The polite elf in a calm voice introduced himself:

“I am Olaf, the forest elf. I will take you home. What is your name? And where do you live?”

“My name is Biggy Moo, and I live in the village,” said the cow after she calmed down a little bit.

“What do the houses in your village look like?”

“All the houses in my village have roofs made of red tile. The farmers I live with have a blue house that is in the very far end of the village,” said Biggy Moo after she was calm again.

“I know this village,” said Olaf, which made Biggy Moo very happy. “But why didn’t they find you? They probably looked for you when you got lost.”

“I was eating really tasty meadow grass and sometimes found sweet berries—probably, wild strawberries. I didn’t find any more berries closer to the forest, and did not notice how I left the meadow. Probably, it was when the shepherd and farmers were looking for me. When it got darker, I realized that I need to go back but no one was here.”

Olaf took the cow by the bell so that he would not attract much attention, and took the cow to the village. They quickly passed the forest trails and came to the village of Biggy Moo. The cow immediately recognized her house and hurried to the gate that were open. Biggy Moo asked Olaf to go inside:

“I will always be happy to give you some milk or something tasty.”

“See you, Biggy Moo!” said Olaf and waved his hand.

After Olaf left, he heard how happy were the farmers when they saw their favorite cow. Olaf smiled and thought: “Maybe I did not catch any fish but I did a good deed!” When the elf returned home, he had some oatmeal for breakfast and decided to take a little nap…

Chapter 2. How Olaf the Elf Met Yessy the Coon in the Pine Tree Forest

The time had come to go and find some tall pine trees for the ship. In the forest where Olaf lived you could only find broadleaved trees but for a good sailing mast you need to use tall and straight pine trees. It was the early summer. The weather was warm both during the day and at night. For the trip, Olaf took only the most important things: an axe, matches, and a raincoat. The elf heard about the pine tree forest from an owl who lived not far from his house.

“My relatives live in the pine tree forest,” said the owl. “It is a forest with tall pine and Christmas trees and very special air.”

Olaf couldn’t wait to go the forest, to breathe this air and to find the best sailing masts for his ship. Before the trip, he decided to stop by the owl’s house once again and double check the directions with all the turns that would be ahead.

“Thank you, owl, I wrote everything down just in case, so I would not get lost,” Olaf exclaimed before setting off.

Have a wonderful trip, Olaf!” said the owl and waved her wing.

From the beginning, the road seemed very interesting.

As soon as Olaf came to an unknown place, he met a very peculiar coon. The coon’s behavior was a little strange and Olaf could not resist paying attention to him. The coon was looking for something in one place, and, then, he ran to the opposite side and started digging again. Olaf was interested in how it all would end. The coon very soon got tired, sat on the ground, and started crying.

Olaf came to him and asked, “Why are you so sad?”

“I lost…,” said the discouraged coon.

“Lost what?”

“It!”

“It what?” Olaf did not understand.

“The whistle.”

“What whistle?”

“The magic whistle.”

“What do you mean ‘magic whistle?’”

“When you blow this whistle you can control the air.”

“Why do you need it?”

“Why don’t you understand?” The coon seemed surprised. “In the village there are houses, on their roofs there are these things that start spinning as soon as the wind starts blowing,” he explained.

“Windmills?” Olaf interjected.

“Probably.”

Though Olaf did not really understand the importance of the coon’s whistle, he still decided to help him find it.

“Are you sure that you lost it somewhere here?” asked Olaf.

“I’m not sure,” sighed the coon.

“When was the last time you saw the whistle? Was it somewhere nearby?”

“In my opinion, but I’m not sure…,” the coon was trying to remember, “I was sitting on a stump on the hill. There were many wild flowers around me and in the distance I could see some windmills.”

“I think that you know this place very well. You probably go there often.”

“Yes… The Hill of Dawns and Dusks – it is one of my favorite places. This is where I saw the whistle last time.”

“Let’s go there!” said Olaf.

On their way they started talking. The coon told Olaf that his name was Yessy and that he liked to wander along the forest looking for interesting items.

“Ok, here we are! The Hill of Dawns and Dusks!” said Yessy.

The view from the hill was

magnificent.

On one side there was a river and a dense forest, on the other side—a little village with windmills and large fields where animals were pasturing.

Yessy stood on a stump and said, “Every day I stand here and call for the wind.”

“Let’s find the whistle!” said Olaf, who sat on his haunches. “Why did you try to find the whistle there? I don’t really understand it.”

“I did not notice that I lost the whistle at once, and when I understood that I did lose it, I started looking for it in the grass under my feet and in nearby bushes,”

Yessy jumped from the stump and looked into the grass from the other side.

Soon Olaf heard the happy coon, who shouted,

“There it is! I found it!” Yessy started blowing the whistle and pointed at the windmills and told Olaf, “Look!” The windmills were spinning and the village came back to life in the eyes of Olaf. “It is a truly magical whistle…,” said Olaf.

Chapter 3. The Brave Hare

The wind pleasantly tousled Olaf's hair. It reminded him of sailing masts and the journey to faraway lands and sea adventures ahead. He decided to ask his new friend Yessy to join him, so he told his friend, "I am about to sail off for an adventure across the rivers, seas, and oceans. Right now, I am on my way to find some sailing masts in the pine tree forest. Do you want to join me in my adventure? We will have so much fun!"

"And with my magic whistle the journey will be even more fun!" Yessy was very happy about the invitation and whistled so loudly that the trees bent because of the wind. "I know this forest well and can show you where to find some good pine trees!"

They quickly reached the pine tree forest.

"Here the pine trees are straight but not very tall," said Olaf, who knew what to do, "Let's go deeper into the woods—there we can find good pine trees near the river at the far edge of the bank by the sheer drop."

They walked faster and suddenly saw a strange looking bush. From a distance you could have seen that it was shaking. The friends decided to take a look at the bush but they did not know what was going on. When they came up to the bush, Olaf spread out the branches and saw a big hare. The hare was shaking in fear.

Olaf smiled and bended toward the hare, so he could see him very close and said in calm voice, “DON’T BE AFRAID.”

The Olaf's words worked their magic and the hare stopped trembling. With both ears up, the hare squinted one eye and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Olaf the Elf," Olaf said.

"Nice to meet you, Olaf. And I am the Brave Hare!"

Both Olaf and Yessy could not keep from laughing.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, купив полную легальную версию на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.