

Children's stories with a moral



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AGE 6-10

Children's stories with a moral

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THE LEGEND OF THE BLACK SEA

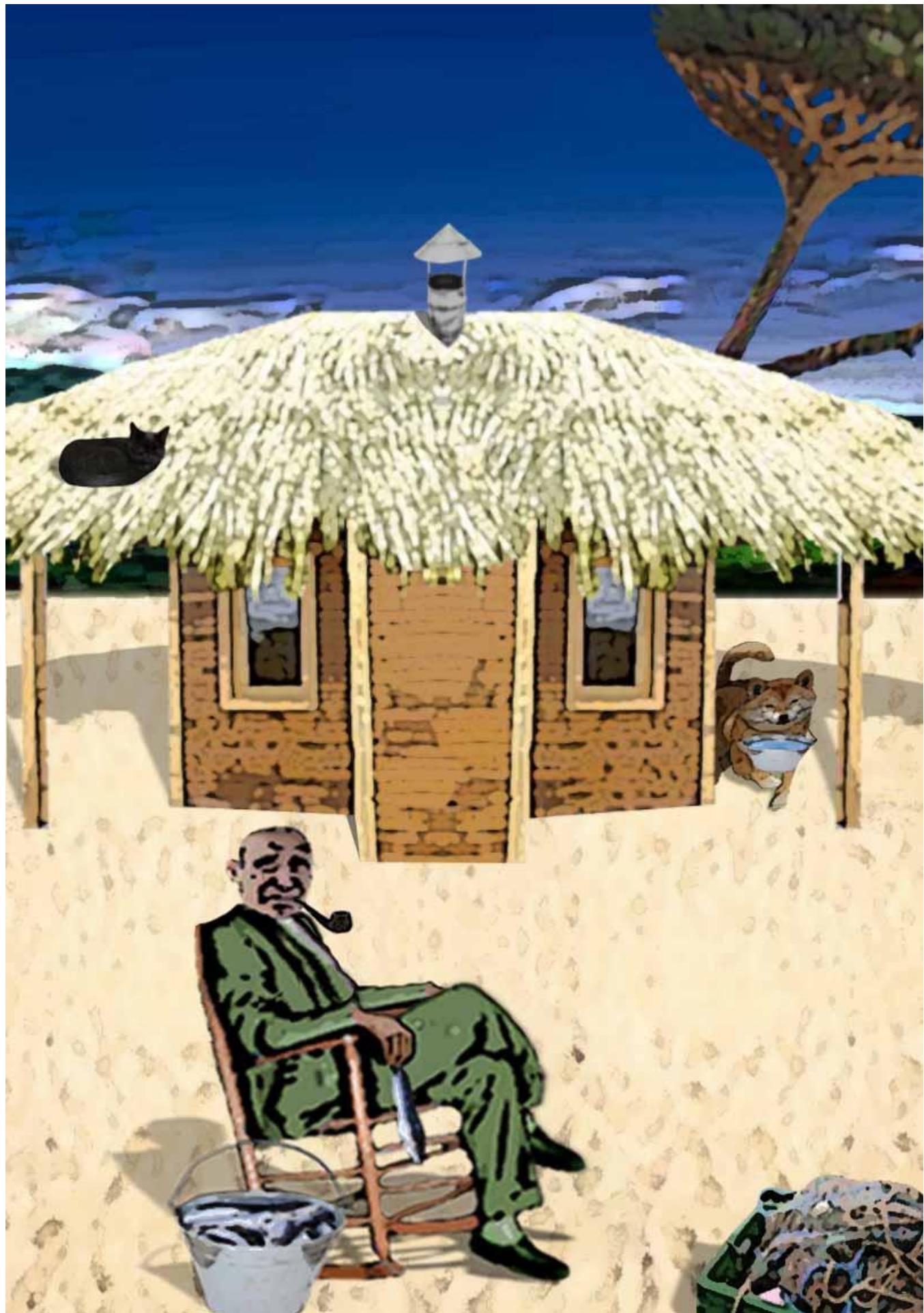
There once lived an old man on the shore of a beautiful sea. All day he wove nets and caught fish. There were so many that the old fisherman shared them with his animals. He had a nice dog and an evil black cat. The dog was called Boley and the cat was called Serzhina.

"Boley!" shouted the old man to his dog and it came at once.

"Boley, bring me some water because I'm thirsty!"

The dog dashed away and in a little while came back with the water.





"Here's a fish for you," the old man said as he stroked him.

"Serzhina!" shouted the old fisherman to his cat this time, but Serzhina didn't appear.

"Serzhina! Serzhina!" he shouted again, but again nothing happened.

"Serzhina, do you want a fish?!"

As soon as the old man said these words, the cat jumped from the roof and mewled around his legs with a phony purr.

"I want a fish. Meow, meow..."

"Here is your fish. Now bring me my hat, because I'm getting hot."

The cat took the fish and then jumped on the hat rack and brought the old fisherman the hat.

"Black cat, evil cat," yelped the dog.

"Don't say that!" the old man scolded him.



The next day the old fisherman got sick. He had a high temperature and couldn't get out of bed.

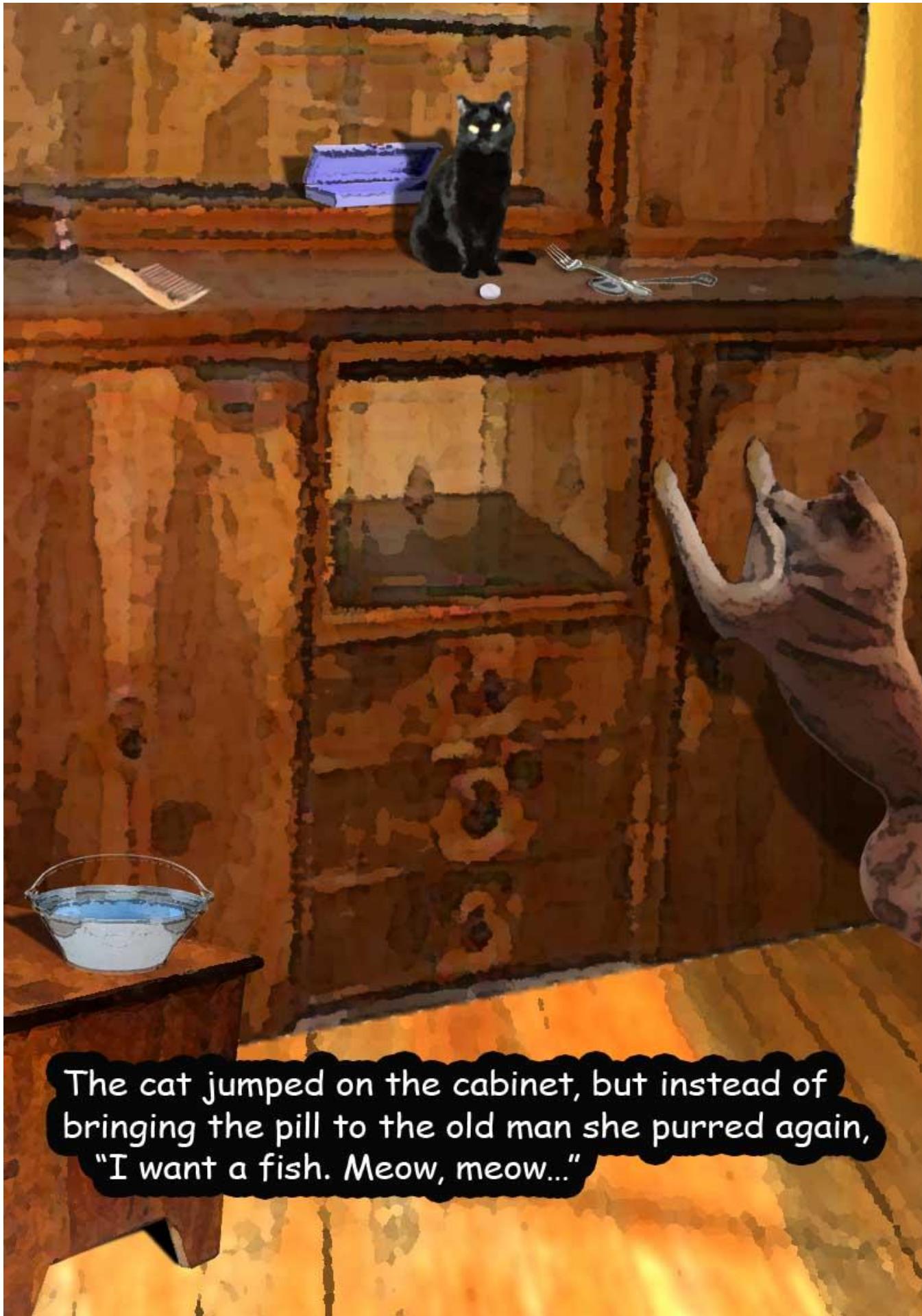
"Boley, bring me a pill from the cabinet," he said. The dog tried to jump on the cabinet where the pills were, but he couldn't reach it.

"Serzhina!" called the old man, but the cat didn't appear.

"Serzhina! Serzhina!" he shouted again, but again nothing happened.

"Serzhina, do you want a fish?!"
As soon as the old man said these words, the cat jumped from the roof and mewled,

"Meow, meow...I want a fish."
"Serzhina, I can't go fishing today because I'm sick. When I get better, there'll be enough for everyone. Hurry, Serzhina, bring me the pill from the cabinet."



The cat jumped on the cabinet, but instead of bringing the pill to the old man she purred again, "I want a fish. Meow, meow..."

"Serzhina, please, bring me the pill; otherwise, I won't be able to get up," sadly repeated the old man, but the cat didn't budge.

The poor old man didn't know what to do and began to cry from anguish.

All at once the dog yelped,

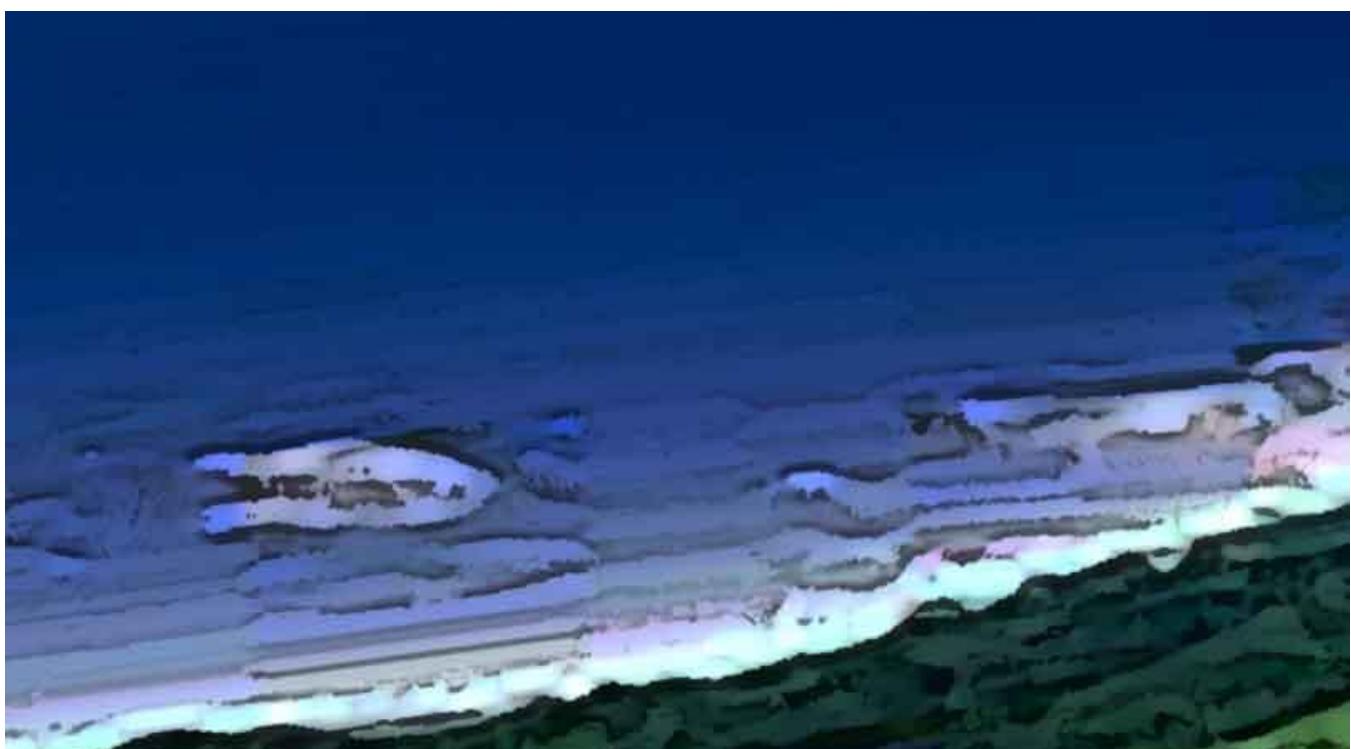
"Woof, woof, woof..."

The old man turned toward Boley and saw a pill on the ground,

"For sure it accidentally fell," he thought to himself and looked toward the shelf where Serzhina was.

The dog brought the pill to the old fisherman and a little while later his temperature began to fall.





When the old man woke up the next morning, he was healthy again. He impatiently threw the net into the sea and caught a lot of fish. He sat down on his chair in front of the house and watched the waves with his pipe in his hand.



"Master, this cat will be our undoing! Let's drive her away! Black cat, evil cat!" yelped the dog.

"May it never be! You'll see that Serzhina will change and will become good."

"Master, do you remember that you said the same thing about her mother. That cursed black Isolda, who tore up your nets every night while she was alive?"

"Boley, we have to believe in the power of good. You'll see. One day Serzhina will change and will become good."

The old fisherman drew on his pipe and became lost in thought but not for long because the dog again said,

"Master, aren't we going to have breakfast?"

"Do you want a fish?"

"Woof, woof!" barked the dog with his tongue lolling out.

The old man threw him a few large mackerels and patted him on the neck.



Just then the hungry Serzhina jumped off the roof.

"Meow, meow, I want a fish."

The old man threw her a fish and then said,

"Please, Serzhina, don't act that way again."

The cat purred and continued to rub against the old fisherman's hand while he slept peacefully on the chair.

Unfortunately, when he woke up, the old man saw that the thatched roof of his house was burning.



"Boley, Serzhina, help me! Bring water from the sea! Hurry!"

The dog dashed off, but the cat didn't budge. The old man threw her a fish and she ran to the water, but after a while she stopped. The old fisherman threw another fish to the black cat, and once again she began to help put out the fire but only for a short while. A little later the fish ran out and Serzhina stopped again. The dog kept on until he was exhausted, but the fire covered the whole house.

The poor old man wept because he had been left without a home.

"Enough! I can't take any more! Black cat, evil cat!" he raged. Then he grabbed Serzhina and angrily threw her into the sea.

Finally, the old man had escaped from the black cat; however, the sea grew black.



A few minutes later, a small black kitten with a crooked tail turned up beside the burned cottage.

"Shoo! Shoo! Get away from here! No more black cats!" angrily said the old fisherman and chased the kitten away.

"Master, I hope, that you finally have some sense in your head," yelped Boley.

"Boley, should we hurry up and build the house anew? What do you say?" enthusiastically suggested the old man.

"Woof, woof... but first let's eat. I'm hungry again!"

"But the fish are all gone." The old man scratched his head.

"So let's go fishing then!" suggested the dog.
"Okay, Boley, bring the net!"



Unfortunately however, when the old man threw the net into the black sea, he only caught a few small mackerels. The following day the same thing happened again only it was even worse. So day after day, the fish got less and less and the old man and the dog got hungrier and hungrier and the sea remained black.

One morning the poor old man refused to throw out the net, since for the past few days it had always been empty. He had become so desperate and weak from the scarce bits of food that he fell to his knees in the sand with hands out-stretched toward the sea,



"Why!?"

"Because you lost your faith in goodness!"
answered a herring-gull as it landed on the wood
of the burned-out house.



"But there was no good in Serzhina!"

"There is good and bad in everyone, but it depends on you which you will believe!"

"It was her fault that my house burned," complained the old man.

"Yes, but before that she saved your life!"

"How?"

"Fisherman, are you sure that that pill accidentally fell off the cabinet?"

The old man began to think it over, but the gull continued,

"As I said, it entirely depends on you, whether you will believe in the good or the bad."

Not long after that, the old fisherman heard the loud bark of Boley.

When he turned around, he again caught sight of the little black kitten with the crooked tail. The poor little thing was curled into a ball and was not brave enough to move, since Boley wouldn't quit barking at it.

The old man approached and Boley yelped,
"It wanted to steal our last piece of fish!"

"Because it's hungry."

"Master, don't you remember? Black cat, evil cat!" yelped the dog even more angrily.



"No, Boley, it's simply hungry like us. See how small and skinny it is."

Even though the dog continued to growl at the kitten, the old man divided the last fish into three pieces.

"Here, Boley, this is for you. This is for me and that is for you, little one."

The old fisherman gave the meat to the black kitten and started to pet it. Immediately the kitten became agitated and scratched him with its sharp claws.

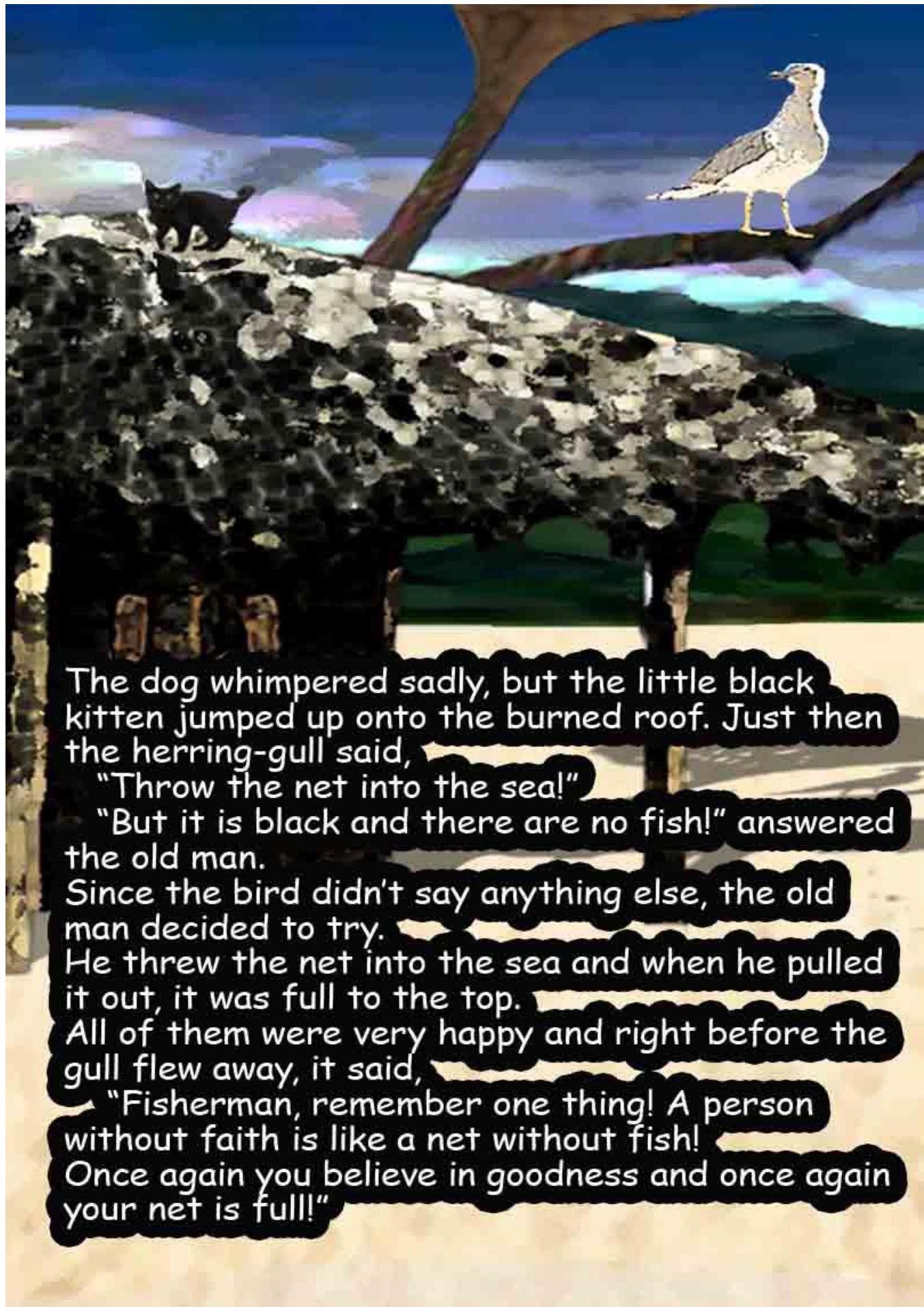
"Black cat, evil cat!" yelped Boley.

"Don't say that!" the old man scolded him. "It's just scared because it doesn't know us."

The three of them ate the fish and watched the sea, but after a while the old fisherman again sadly said,

"We don't have anything else to eat. Now we'll die from hunger."





The dog whimpered sadly, but the little black kitten jumped up onto the burned roof. Just then the herring-gull said,

"Throw the net into the sea!"

"But it is black and there are no fish!" answered the old man.

Since the bird didn't say anything else, the old man decided to try.

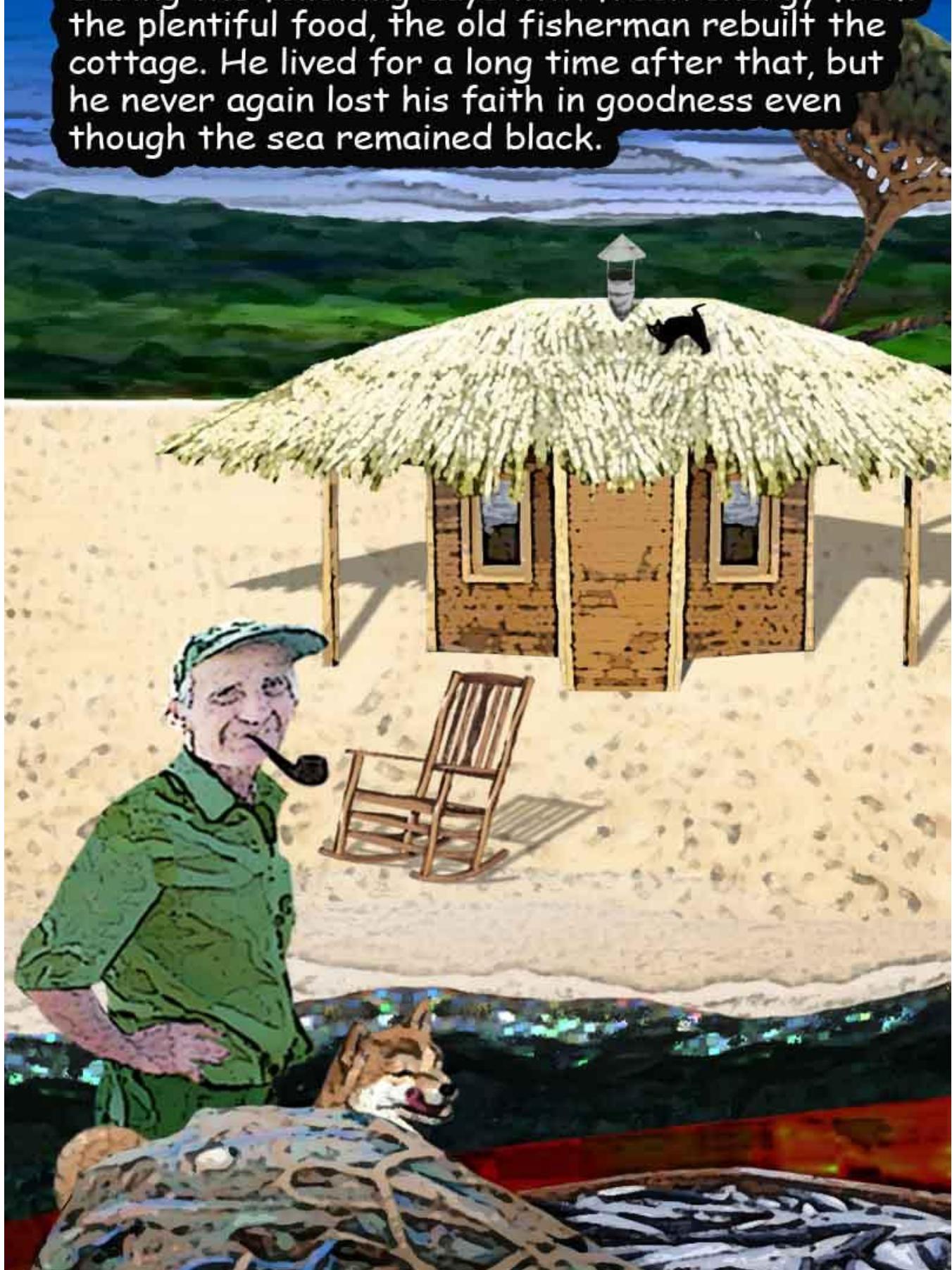
He threw the net into the sea and when he pulled it out, it was full to the top.

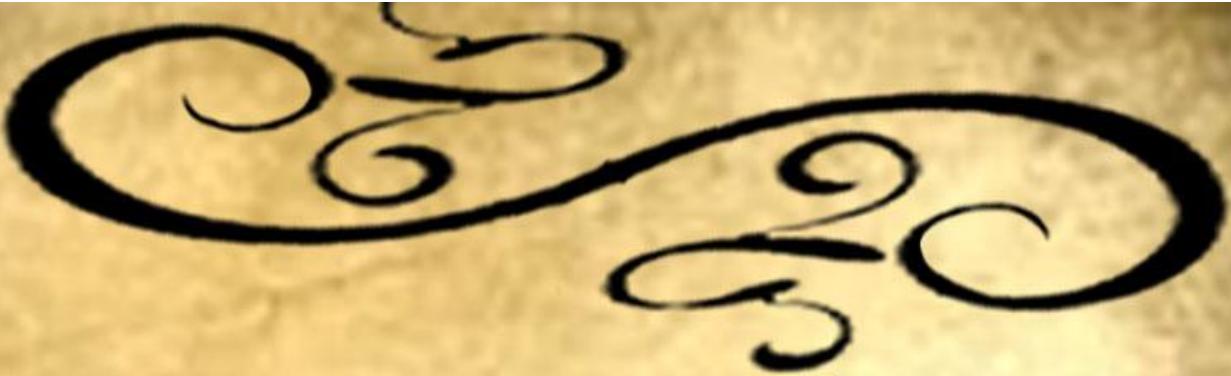
All of them were very happy and right before the gull flew away, it said,

"Fisherman, remember one thing! A person without faith is like a net without fish!"

Once again you believe in goodness and once again your net is full!"

During the following days with fresh energy from the plentiful food, the old fisherman rebuilt the cottage. He lived for a long time after that, but he never again lost his faith in goodness even though the sea remained black.





The End



MOMMY

In a splendid castle on the ocean shore there lived a King.

The poor man had lost his Queen in childbirth, just as she had given life to their first-born daughter, Princess Selena.



Following that miserable day, the King would not let his little daughter, Selena, out of his sight, for he knew he would not be able to live with himself if anything happened to her, too.



One evening Princess Selena asked her father:
"Daddy, could you not hold my hand when we
go to the seashore tomorrow?"
"You're too young for that, darling daughter."



"Please, Daddy, just for a little bit!"

"You may fall and hurt yourself."

"But, Daddy, the kids don't want to play with me when you're holding my hand."

"I told you, my love, you are still too young."

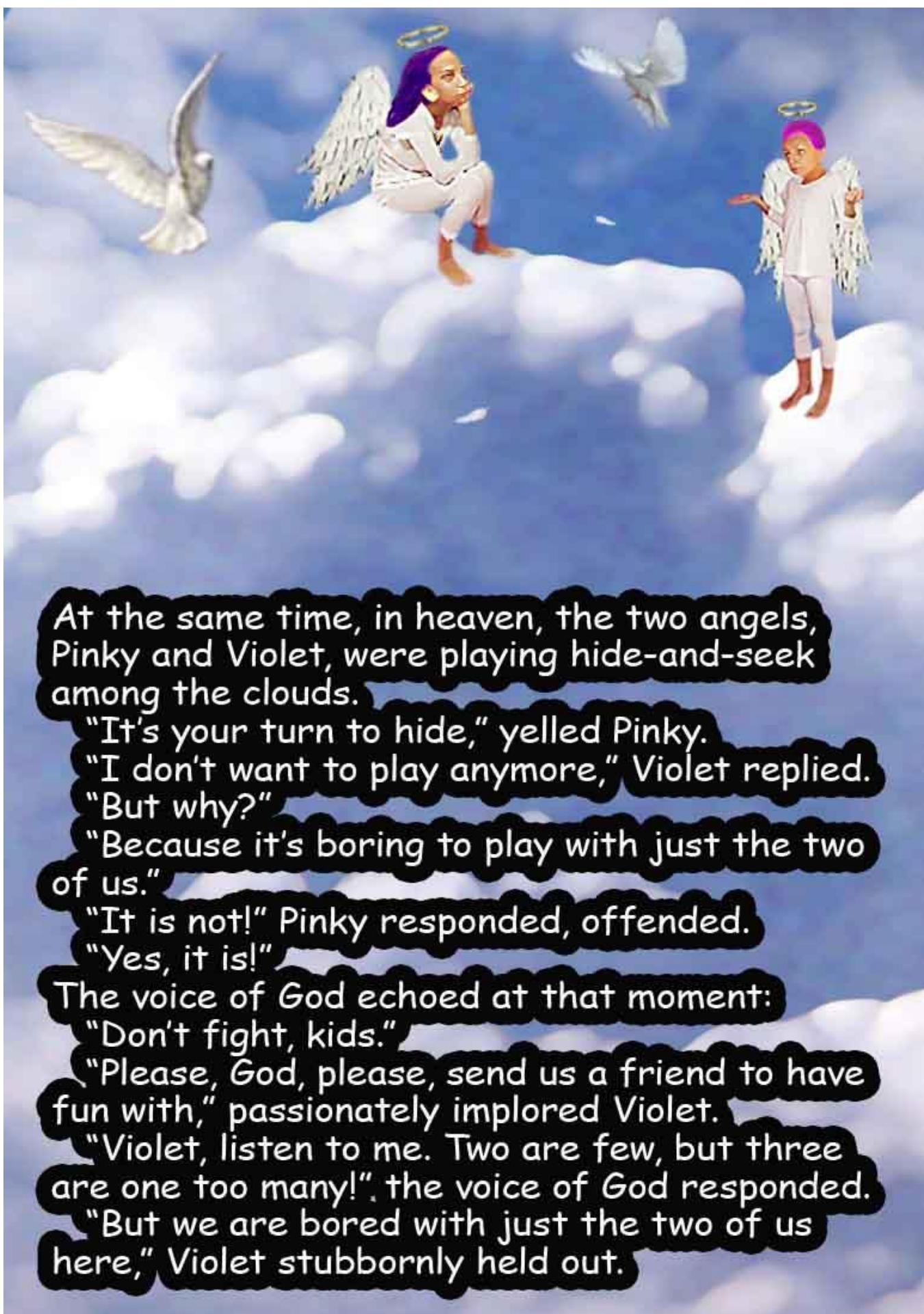
The King kissed his child goodnight and fell asleep. Princess Selena, however, was so sad that she spent almost the entire night crying.

"If I only could play with the kids for a while" her thoughts tortured her.

The next day the princess woke up sick and could not get out of bed all day. A day later her condition remained unchanged.

Thus passed an entire week.

Young Selena's fever would not break in spite of the good care of the best healers in the kingdom.



At the same time, in heaven, the two angels, Pinky and Violet, were playing hide-and-seek among the clouds.

"It's your turn to hide," yelled Pinky.

"I don't want to play anymore," Violet replied.

"But why?"

"Because it's boring to play with just the two of us."

"It is not!" Pinky responded, offended.

"Yes, it is!"

The voice of God echoed at that moment:

"Don't fight, kids."

"Please, God, please, send us a friend to have fun with," passionately implored Violet.

"Violet, listen to me. Two are few, but three are one too many!", the voice of God responded.

"But we are bored with just the two of us here," Violet stubbornly held out.

"You always find fault in everything," Pinky shouted.

"Then, I'm just not going to talk to you anymore!" Violet retorted, stung by his comment.

"As if I care!" Pinky cried, even more irritated, before flying away.

"Violet, two are few, but three are one too many," the voice of God reiterated.

"Blah-blah-blah..." Violet mocked.

"Alright, then. So be it!" God's voice echoed among the clouds. Almost immediately, down on earth, the illness defeated Princess Selena, and she weakly closed her eyes.

The poor King could not let go of her little body in his arms.

"Wake up, Selena," he cried. But the princess did not open her eyes, as by that moment she was already engaged in play with Pinky amidst the clouds.

At last, the young princess's wish had come true, and she couldn't get enough of the games and fun shared with her new friend, Pinky.

"Pinky, you seem to have forgotten all about me in such a short time," Violet announced angrily the next morning.

"Didn't you say that you didn't want to play with me? Because I was too boring. Who's boring now?" came Pinky's conceited response, as he continued to play with Princess Selena.



Violet didn't say anything. She was just flying away from them, when she heard the voice of God.

"Didn't you request a playing buddy? Why are you crying now?"

"Because I lost my friend."

"This is what happens when you don't listen to me."

"I want Pinky back," the angel started weeping harder.

"Okay, Violet, I'll make your wish come true, but only if you tell me what the moral from all of this is."

"Two are few, but three are one too many."

"Correct!" God's voice replied.

And just like that, down on earth, Princess Selena opened her eyes in her father's lap.

The King beamed happily, but his smile soon faltered.

"Daddy, I had so much fun in the clouds. We played whatever we wanted. But you weren't there, and I missed you..."



"This is all my fault," the King wailed. "It was because of me that you got ill, my child. I almost lost you... My darling daughter, I'll never stop you from doing anything anymore. I promise!"

"You won't hold me by the hand when we are at the beach?"

"That's right. I won't."

"Thank you so much, Daddy," the princess rejoiced.



At last, everyone was happy.
Princess Selena found lots of new friends at
the beach, while the two angels, Pinky and
Violet, grew closer than ever.

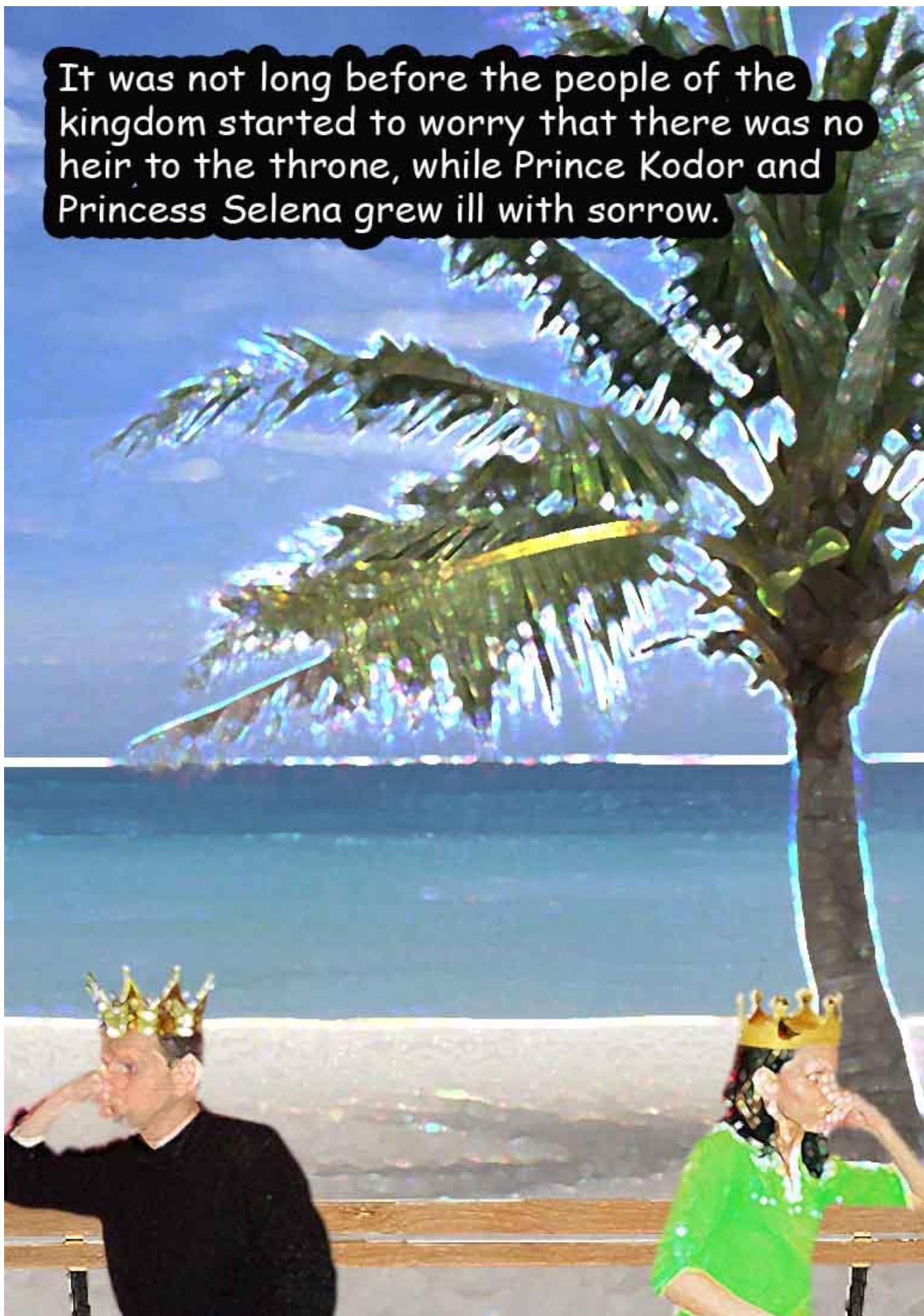


Thus the years passed.

Princess Selena grew more and more, until one day she married the brave and handsome Prince Kodor.

But even though they lived in happiness and bliss, their cradle remained empty of an offspring for a long time.

It was not long before the people of the kingdom started to worry that there was no heir to the throne, while Prince Kodor and Princess Selena grew ill with sorrow.



It was at that time that Violet was wandering from cloud to cloud in heaven looking for Pinky.

"Ha, there you are. I have been looking for you."

"Why were you looking for me?" Pinky inquired.

"What do you mean, 'why?' To play, of course."

"Violet, I don't want to play anymore."

"Why don't you want to play, Pinky?"

"Because it's been so long since I played with Princess Selena. She was so nice and kind. I miss her!"

God's voice echoed through the skies then:
"Do you want to see her again?"
"Yes!" Pinky exclaimed excitedly.
"Okay, I'll send you to her, but you'll call her
'Mommy.' Do you agree?"
"Yes. But what is 'Mommy?'"
"You'll find out," the voice of God responded,
just as Violet burst into tears.
"Pinky, what am I going to do without you?"



"Who says you'll be without him? Ha-ha-ha..."
As soon as God started laughing, the two angels
found themselves in Princess Selena's belly.
Nine months later, when the princess finally
gave birth, the King went to visit her.

"Dear daughter, now you'll have to be twice as
responsible, as you'll be taking care of both your
husband and your first-born child."

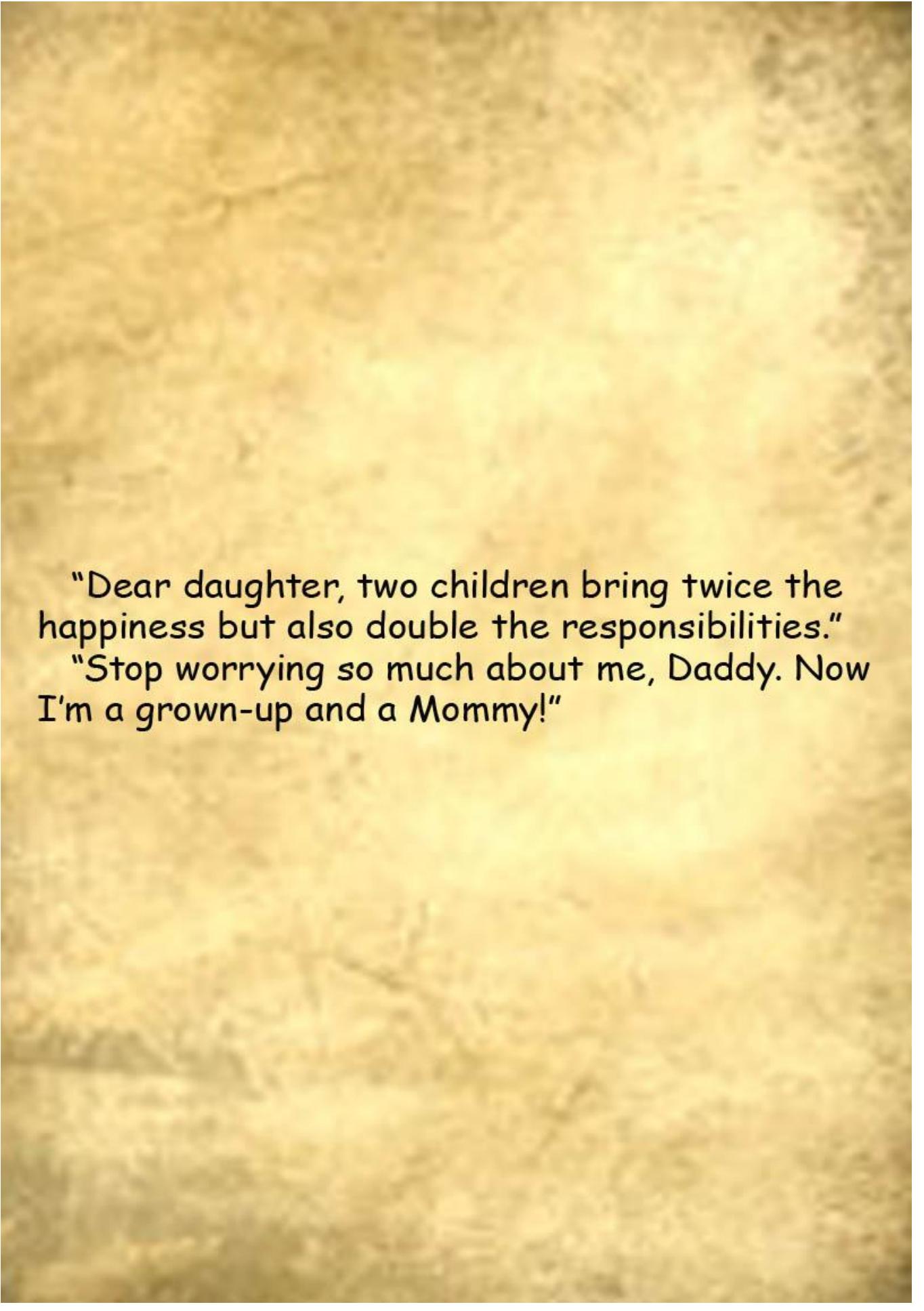
"Ha-ha-ha," the princess giggled.
"What's so funny?" the King asked.
"Come with me to the nursery, and you'll see
for yourself," Princess Selena informed him.

When he entered the nursery, the King saw not one but two cribs.

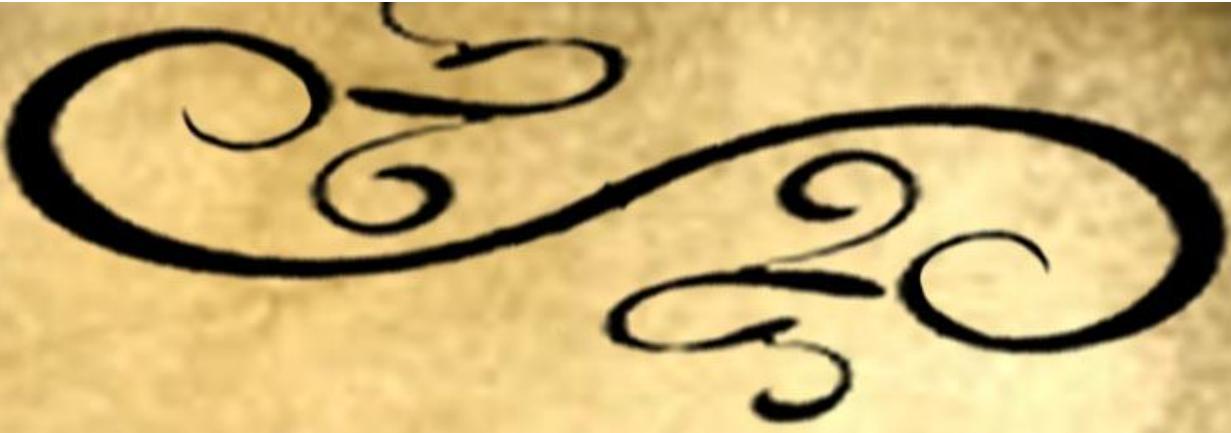
"Do you see now why I was laughing, Daddy? It's because I have two children. That's Pinky in the pink crib, and Violet in the purple one," the princess proudly announced.

The King was speechless with happiness at first. But shortly thereafter, he came to himself and once again started to fret over his daughter.



A faint, watermark-like illustration of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a light-colored dress, holding a small child in her arms. The child appears to be a baby or young child. The entire image has a warm, yellowish tint.

"Dear daughter, two children bring twice the
happiness but also double the responsibilities."
"Stop worrying so much about me, Daddy. Now
I'm a grown-up and a Mommy!"



The End

