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MAGIC HEROES'
TRICKS ON EARTH
AND IN THE AIR

Fairy tale

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For children of preschool and primary school age

Magical heroes threaten people with great disasters. You will learn how the residents defended their city from hostile forces attacking it. In a fairy tale, ancient legends are intertwined with historical facts. You will make a fascinating journey into the underworld, where you will discover the secrets of hillmen (dwarves and trolls). Then you will learn about the adventures of fiery heroes flying over the earth, listen to the songs of old ships, ammunition and bark beetles, and also visit space, where you will meet artificial satellites.

We invite to a fairy tale everyone who loves interesting travels, incredible adventures, wonderful transformations, magic and humour.

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PART ONE
THE WONDERFUL TALES
OF THE CITY OF BUKOVIKI

APPEARANCE OF MAGIC HEROES

Only a few old houses remained suitable for habitation in the small village of Barabai, located on the edge of the forest. The people who lived in them liked to drink wine and did not like to work. They were so lazy that there was almost nothing in their houses; they even cooked their meals on bonfires or in small stoves built from stones outdoors. In them they burned all sorts of branches and rotten wood, picked up in the forest. They ate what they could gather in the forest or catch in the nearby lake.

Residents wandered around the forest, day and night, trampling everything.

They would talk to one another, “Let’s go and look for some food in the forest. Maybe a bird has been caught in a snare, or maybe a rabbit will run to us for lunch.”

“Let’s go! I’m really hungry. There are ripe berries in the forest and there are probably snails there. We can collect some wood for the oven too.”

So they went frequently into the forest.

When it got dark, fireflies lit up among the trees. There were a lot of them, especially on the edges of the swamp, which was in a large damp lowland area called Magra. Fireflies dispelled the darkness, and so the fog that rose above the swamp could not thicken; it dispersed like thin smoke above the rotten old roots in the swamp.

The forest was wonderful and mysterious. Bright beautiful flowers grew in the swamp, and fog rose above them on damp evenings and mornings. As a result, a thick carpet of silver-green moss and many varieties of mushrooms grew around – from bright-red, spotty fly agarics to orangey milkcap mushrooms.

All through the summer, the residents of the village of Barabai stomped around the forest and gradually trampled on all the fireflies. And then on one cold evening in August they lit a fire on the edge of the swamp. It was very damp, and the bonfire did not burn well. The lazy people left without pouring water on the hot embers. That night happened to be a special one – it was a time for magic, and the Magra lowland was a magical place, so wood and swamp spirits and witches flocked there. They cast spells, and under the magic the darkness thickened. An impenetrable fog rose from the swamp in this darkness and it condensed into clumps, from which was formed the body of the gloomy Babai. The rotten wood and branches on the hot embers of the smouldering



fire suddenly billowed with thick smoke and then burst into flames. The smoke rose up and became Fury, all in fiery needles, she began to soar in the air over Babai's right shoulder. From that moment on, she became his constant companion.

Babai, as he felt his strength, shook himself, looked around and roared, "I'll show everyone here who the master of the forest is!"

And his companion whispered in his ear, about what a mess they could make of the forest, and what mischief they could cause for the whole area. Together they moved deeper into the damp lowlands of Magra. On their way, they sang a song they had invented:

*"We are swamp darkness,
We are a thunderstorm,
We will destroy everything,
And incinerate all around!"*

Babai was fat and heavy - a lump of solid fog. On the way, he knocked off mushroom caps and Fury rolled over them spearing yellow and red mushrooms onto the spikes on her back. When they reached the forest lake, she flew above the water and admired herself, "Oh, how beautiful I am!" And she flattered