

Vanda Petrova

The adventures of little Zaryanichka!

Cycle of books
mythological planetary fantastic

6+

Ванда Петрова

The adventures of little Zaryanichka!

«Автор»

2021

Петрова В. М.

The adventures of little Zaryanichka! / В. М. Петрова — «Автор»,
2021

The first book "The Adventures of Little Zaryanichka!" the cycle "Zaryanichka" of mythological planetary fiction in English and transliteration (Latin), is not only an original work in prose and poetry that has no analogues in literature, but is also an original language in the understanding of all foreign readers who want to master all shades of the Russian language, and so , who is studying English, will help to easily master the English alphabet (Latin), diphthongs, triphthongs. The main character is Zaryanichka. A warm, radiant pebble in Zaryanichka's cam not only does not fade, but is also capable of working miracles - a symbol of life that does not turn into an extinguished black smoldering corner thanks to devotion, loyalty, boundless love for everything good and noble. The path to the triumph of good over evil in the Magic Land is not easy and goes through difficult trials, selfless struggle and sorrowful loss. Stage writing is 100% acceptable for children's films and cartoons.

© Петрова В. М., 2021

© Автор, 2021

Содержание

From the author	5
Story line	6
Synopsis	7
The adventures of little Zaryanichka!	9
Prologue	9
CHAPTER 1	10
Song of the Morning Dawn	10
CHAPTER 2	20
Little Daughter of the Morning Dawn – Zaryanichka	20
CHAPTER 3	24
Zaryanichka among snow whirlwinds	24
CHAPTER 4	30
Zaryanichka in the cold sleeve of the Black Blizzard	30
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	32

Ванда Петрова

The adventures of little Zaryanichka!

From the author

Well-being and good luck, friends!

Your author, Vanda Petrova

Editor and system administrator, Dmitry Nikitchenko.

Story line

Mythological planetary fantastic.

The exceptional originality of the work, which has no analogue in fiction and the scenic character of writing, is interesting and exciting when reading and is 100% acceptable for reproduction of children's films and cartoons.

The mythological literary work «Zaryanichka» is a cycle of books, characterized by unity of plot-composition, space, time of action of all parts and being a whole cyclical work.

Zaryanichka, the daughter of the Morning Dawn, accidentally hits the Earth and has become an ordinary little girl with scarlet braids.

On Earth, Zaryanichka meets with Good and Evil. Feeling the pain of separation from the mother and the state of loneliness.

Zaryanichka masters all the trials of due to his kindness, responsiveness, ability for unlimited self-sacrifice, believing in the Kind ...

The originality of the work is that its heroes are not only human, but are one or another (good or evil) forces of nature. And through the real manifestations of the forces of nature, their properties, the plot of the fantastic developed. Therefore, the fantastic is mythological.

The book tells about the immutable eternal theme – the theme of justice; about the struggle of good with evil and life-affirming truth that good is always stronger than evil.

Dear readers, read in detail about Zaryanichka and her friends on the pages of the «Zaryanichka» Cycle.

Synopsis

The mythological literary work «Zaryanichka» is a cycle books characterized by common characters, unity of plot-composition, space, time of action of all parts and being a whole cyclical work, each cycle of which is perceived both as a self-valuable work of literary art and as part of greater work.

The book tells about the immutable eternal theme – the theme of justice; about the struggle of good against evil and life-affirming truth that evil is always weaker than good.

The originality of the work is that its heroes are not only people, but are one or another (good or evil) forces of nature. And through the real manifestations of the forces of nature, their properties, the plot of a gets developed. Therefore, the is mythological.

Action time is not limited to temporary space. Due to the specifics of the plot, it correlates with the seasons, but takes place in a certain place (the possession of the Good Wizard). The common scene of action is Earth and Sky.

Genre: artistic – mythological fiction.

The main genre of books is fiction.

The book contains and a poetic genre.

The motive of good and evil.

In the book «Zaryanichka» the myth of good and evil – why evil, in particular its interpretation, is perceived as – good.

Outwardly, good and evil have the same variables, and therefore every evil has a chance to be represented as good, and in this form can lead to compassion, admiration, the desire to imitate and become a habit. In the myth of «Zaryanichka» evil has no difficulties, because good and evil are fundamentally different only in their essence (inner essence).

There is good and evil in life. In appearance (man) in good and evil, the same is on the surface, only spirituality changes, or not ...

Many difficulties arose in the little Zaryanichka on the way to the desired meeting.

The motive of good and evil: In the book «Zaryanichka» the myth of good and evil – why evil, in particular its interpretation, is perceived as – good.

The main idea of the tale is the struggle between Good and Evil, human and inhuman.

The path to the triumph of Good over Evil passes through friendship and betrayal, deprivation, cold and hunger.

The protagonist – Zaryanichka. On the ground – a child (little girl) named Zaryanichka with scarlet braids (pink hair, color of dawn).

The main characters of the mythological planetary fantastic.

Forces of good:

– **Zaryanichka** – daughter of the Morning Dawn;

– **Morning Dawn** – the forces of nature, mother Zaryanichki. Symbol of life, hope, happiness;

– **A spark** (tiny cosmic body) – symbol of life, in the small fist of little Zaryanichka – on Earth becomes a transparent small stone, warm and scarlet light, that is, in space – a spark, on Earth – **a warm, transparent, scarlet, tiny, small stone – a symbol of life**, that's why Zaryanichka intuitively protects him and ensures that he does not fade away and does not cool down, and a warm, transparent, scarlet, tiny, small stone helps Zaryanichka in difficult times with her inner light and warmth:

– **the Sun;**

– **Borea;**

– **White Blizzard** – the forces of nature, acting on the side of Good.

And many others in the plot of the whole cycle ...

Friends Zaryanichki:

– **birds:** Penochka (very beautiful singing little songbird), Starling, Chiryk (sparrow), Titmouse;

– **trees:** Oreshnik (nut bush), Tuya (conifer);

– **animals:** kitten.

The blue bird is a symbol of happiness and fulfillment of a dream.

Evil forces:

– **Enemies Zaryanichki:** minions (accomplices) of Evil: Burdock, Thistle, Toadstool, Kuskuda, Spider;

– **Black Purga (blizzard)** – the forces of nature, acting on the side of Evil, (She hates the Morning Dawn);

– **Pozomka** (drifting snow dust, frosty wind without snow above the surface of previously fallen snow in winter, the snow is raised up by this wind and is called – Pozomka) – the forces of nature, acting on the side of evil. Daughter of Black Purgi.

And many others in the plot of the whole cycle ...

Indifferent natural phenomena, humanized beings:

– snow whirlwinds;

– snowflakes;

– frost;

– winds;

– clouds.

And other indifferent heroes, humanized living beings and indifferent natural phenomena in the narration of the work ...

And many others in the plot of the whole cycle ...

Friends, read in detail about Zaryanichka and her adventures on the pages of books from the Zaryanichka cycle.

First book of Cycle

(mythological planetary fantastic)

The adventures of little Zaryanichka!

Prologue

When it was, which way,
Perhaps in – your, perhaps quite,
We will not remove from this secret cover,
After all, each of us is ready to be fearless ...
But it's a little late, and now
About the daughter of Dawn begins the tale ...

CHAPTER 1

Song of the Morning Dawn

Preface to the first chapter.

This first chapter tells about the life-affirming song of the Morning Dawn – mother Zaryanichka. Readers will also meet the friends of the Morning Dawn and Zaryanichka.

The text of the song tells about the beauty of the early morning, that the predawn mist left droplets of moisture on the grass and flowers, called dew, grass and flowers showered with these droplets of moisture are very beautiful at sunrise, but the dew will evaporate from the grasses and flowers from the warm sunny rays, and is sung in the song «Wake up the Earth from fogs and grew». In the song it is sung about the beauty of white birches and their thin branches, comparing them with silk threads, with silk braids, about which it is sung and in the song «Braid, tidy the silk birch braids». The words of the song are turned to the Earth, so that it meets the sunrise, as it is sung in the song:

«Wake up, Earth, grow from mists and grow, Braid, tidy up the silk of birch braids».

Also, in the song it is sung that the sun rises for everything that is on Earth:

«For children and flowers, For animals and chicks, For a blade of grass, any ...».

And the song says that all that is around us is our planet Earth and the sun rises for our beautiful planet Earth.

The song is called the song of life, because it carries love for everything around us, the world in which there is a place for everyone: all of humanity, all plants, all birds, all animals and animals both on earth and in the seas and oceans, the whole plant and living world of the planet has a place on our beautiful planet Earth: «dear Earth».

Readers will also meet the friends of the Morning Dawn and Zaryanichka.

With Zaryanichka herself, the little daughter of the Morning Dawn, readers will meet in the second chapter.

Beginning of the first chapter.

Nature has slept and quietly and quietly flowed into the tune of the Night lullaby for Zaryanichka

...

Quietly, quietly, the lullaby for Zaryanichka flowed into the tune of Night...

And quietly, quietly, the lullaby for Zaryanichka flowed in the melody of the Night ...

Lullaby of the Morning Dawn «Zaryanichka»

Sleep in the morning

small animals in a hole,

fish – in a river backwater,

birds – in the forest ...

Funny lightnings are sleeping

Mother Thunderstorm, they dream sweetly,

sleeping mists in the meadows

The sun is in the white clouds ...

Waking up to sleep

he hovers over the Earth,

fulfills all desires,

All returns are lost.

Sleep, animals, fish, birds,

sleep, frisky lightning ...
Do not frighten off cilia sleep
my dear Zaryanichki.
O-o-o-o-o ...,
Zaryanichka, fall asleep ...

Kolybel'naya pesnya Utrenney zari «Zaryanichka»

Spyat v predutrenney pore
zveri malye v nore,
rybki – v zavodi rechnoy,
ptashki – v zarosli lesnoy...
Spyat vesolye zarnitsy,
Mat'-groza im sladko snitsya,
spyat tumany na lugakh,
Solntse – v belykh oblakakh ...
Vsem prosnut'sya Son meshayet,
nad Zemloyu on vitayet,
vse zhelan'ya ispolnyayet,
vse propazhi vozvrashchayet...
Spite, zveri, ryby, ptitsy,
spite, rezvye zarnitsy...
Ne spugnite sna resnichki
moyey miloy Zaryanichki,
bayu, bayu, bayu, bay,
Zaryanichka, zasypay ...

Nighttime was running out, but Night splashed moonlight on paths, glades, sifted through the tree crowns with delicate patterns on grass and flowers, charmed with the nightingale trill, plunged everything into the world of tempting magical dreams under the enchanting melody of night mirages ...

Song of the Night

I keep all secrets, and there is no doubt about it,
And I give my world to everyone, the world of sweet dreams ...
In the early morning world is joyful and bright.
And this wonderful hour, the magical Dream noted
With his gift of dreams that he brought to as a gift
Under the night canopy woven from the stars
Hope strengthened and gave love
Is it because Night calls everyone again ...

Pesnya Nochi

Vse tayny ya khranyu, i v etom net somneniy,
I vsem svoj mir daryu, mir sladkikh snovideniy ...
V predutrenney pore mir radosten i svetel.
I etot divnyy chas volshebnyy Son otmetil
Svoim podarkom groz, chto on vam v dar prinos
Pod pologom nochnym, mnoy sotkannym iz zvozd,
Nadezhdu ukrepil i podaril lyubov',

Ne potomu li Noch' vse prizyvayut vnov' ...

But already sneaking through the fields along the copses, weightlessly stepping over flowers and grasses, the early Dawn ...

Dawn Song

I, morning Dawn,
My bounty does not count ...
Any azure color
I have in my basket ...
I will bestow the fields
Rakits, poplars,
And the whole moon world
Life-giving dew ...
And everything will sparkle
Magical beauty ...

Pesnya Rassveta

Ya, utrenniy Rassvet,
Shchedrot moikh ne schest' ...
Lyuboy lazurnyy tsvet
V moyey korzinke yest' ...
Ya odaryu polya,
Rakity, topolya,
I ves' podlunnyy mir
Zhivitel'noy rosoy ...
I zasverkayet vso
Volshebnoy krasotoy ...

Dawn collects moon patterns from herbs, showering them with generously cool dew, chasing away night mirages ... The full moon, just reigning in the whole moonlit world ...

Song of the Night

I keep all secrets, and there is no doubt about it,
And I give my world to everyone, the world of sweet dreams ...
In the early morning world is joyful and bright.
And this wonderful hour, the magical Dream noted
With his gift of dreams that he brought to as a gift
Under the night canopy woven from the stars
Hope strengthened and gave love
Is it because Night calls everyone again ...

Pesnya Nochi

YA khraryu vse sekrety, i v etom net nikakikh somneniy,
I ya otdayu kazhdomu svoj mir, mir sladkikh snovideniy,
Vse tayny ya khraryu, i v etom net somneniy,
I vsem svoj mir daryu, mir sladkikh snovideniy ...
V predutrenney pore mir radosten i svetel.
I etot divnyy chas volshebnyy Son otmetil
Svoim podarkom groz, chto on vam v dar prinos

Pod pologom nochnym, mnoy sotkannym iz zvozd,
Nadezhdu ukrepil i podaril lyubov',
Ne potomu li Noch' vse prizyvayut vnov' ...

And a round dance of stars, shining brightly in the dark blue night sky, becomes invisible in the early morning twilight until the next Night ...

And Dawn has already brightened the crowns of trees, the roofs of houses, dimmed the light of night lamps on the streets of cities and villages, and inexorably moved towards the night shadows, crowded them with flowers and grass under the dense crown of bushes and trees. But even there, the Mirages of Night did not find refuge for long, Morning makes its way into the dense thickets of juniper, under the crowns of centennial pine trees closed in the top, under the thin branches of quivering white birches, filling every corner in nature with light, ringing voicably about the arrival of a new day with the voices of the restless cockerel orchestra ...

Ku-ka-re-ku-u-u ...!!!

Ku-ka-re-ku-u-u ...

Dawns!

Morning is coming again!

Wake up, the whole Earth ...!

Mountains, rivers and fields ...!

Wake up, People-e-e!!!

Do not sleep, look, your age!

Wakes you all Kukarek!

Ku-ka-re-ku-u-u ...!!!

Ku-ka-re-ku-u-u ...!!!

Ku-ka-re-ku-u-u ...

Rassvetayet!

Utro snova nastupayet!

Prosypaysya, vsya Zemlya ...

Gory, reki i polya ...

Prosypaysya, Chelovek!

Ne prospi, smotri, svoj vek!

Budit vas vsekh Kukarek!

Ku-ka-re-ku-u-u ...

Receded Night by vast shoulders of his brother Horizon, carrying star-studded cloak, scattering from the edges of their garments, tiny stars on the pre-dawn sky.

And ringing out voicably about the arrival of a new day with the voices of the restless cockerel orchestra ...

Wake up, the whole Earth ...!

Mountains, rivers and fields ...!

Wake up, People-e-e!!!

Do not sleep, look, your age!

Wakes you all Kukarek!

Ku-ka-re-ku-u-u ...!!!

Prosypaysya, vsya Zemlya ...

Gory, reki i polya ...
Prosypaysya, Chelovek!
Ne prospi, smotri, svoj vek!
Budut vas vsekh Kukarek!
Ku-ka-re-ku-u-u ...

A pre-dawn breeze drove light cirrus clouds from the east. And the clouds of light white sailboats sailed into an unknown journey through the bright pre-dawn azure of the firmament ...

In the east, the vault of the sky grew brighter and brighter, turning into a scarlet color that was barely noticeable yet ...

But with every minute the scarlet color of the sky in the east became brighter and brighter and now half the sky turned bright scarlet, the color of the Morning Dawn. The pre-morning breeze subsided, all of nature stood still, waiting ...

The song that is sung for the Morning Dawn!

Oh you, Zorya! Zoryushka!
Berries with mushrooms
They became visible under the bushes,
So that the feet are not wet in the dew,
Take the dew from the road
And we are a song for you
Let's sing, loving you!
Morning Dawn ...
The whole Earth is waiting for you ...
Love scarlet face
Young man and old man
Round dance girls
Crystal water waves,
Birds fly to you
Sweet to all of us your outfit
Morning Dawn
The whole earth is waiting for you!
Ahhh ...

Velichal'naya pesnya Utrenney Zare!

Akh ty, Zorya! Zoryushka!
Osveti nam polyushko,
Chtoby yagody s gribami
Vidny stali pod kustami,
Chtob v rose ne mokli nogi,
Zaberi rosu s dorogi,
A my pesnyu dlya tebya,
Propoyom, tebya lyubya!
Utrennyaya Zarya ...
Zhdut tebya vsya Zemlya...
Lyubyat tvoj alyy lik
Yunosha i starik,
Devushek khorovod,
Volny khrustal'nykh vod,

Ptitsy k tebe letyat,
Mil vsem nam tvoy naryad,
Utrennyaya Zarya,
Zhdot tebya vsya Zemlya!
A-a-a ...

And the Morning Dawn rose, covering the east of the sky with the scarlet train of her clothing and singing in her clear and gentle voice:

Song of the Morning Dawn!

A-a-a ...
Wake up, Earth, from the mists and grew,
Plait, tidy birch silk braid,
Lick your wonderful spring water to wash,
Soon the sun rises in the sky blue
For boys and flowers to animals and chicks
For every blade of grass ...
And to meet with you,
Dear land,
A-a-a ...
A-a-a ...

Pesnya Utrenney Zari!

A-a-a ...
Prospaysya, Zemlya, ot tumanov i ros,
Zapletay, pribiray shelk berezovykh kos,
Lik svoj divnyy omoy klyuchevoyu vodoy,
Skoro Solntse vzoydet v vyshine goluboy
Dlya rebyat i tsvetov,
Dlya zverey i ptentsov,
Dlya travinki lyuboy ...
I dlya vstrechi s toboy,
Dorogaya Zemlya,
A-a-a ...

And the song of the Morning Dawn floated above the Earth – the Song of Life.

The birds awoke and chirped in their nests. They began to spread their wings and prepare to fly out of the nests into the high morning sky. Herbs raised their leaves to the scarlet morning sky. Flowers, listening to the Song of Life, squinted after sound sleep, opening their inflorescences towards the Morning, exuding their fragrance in the freshness of the early morning.

Tender bells with flowers greet the Morning Dawn with a gentle song chime, heard only by nature, welcoming the Morning Dawn.

The flowers, listening to the Song of Life, squinted after a sound sleep, plowing their inflorescences towards Zara, exuding their fragrance in the freshness of early Morning. Tender bells shook their flowers, greet the Morning Dawn that has ascended to heaven with a gentle song chime, heard only by nature ...:

Flowers sing – bells

Din-don ... Din-don ...
Din-don ... Din-don ...

Our cheerful ringing is not heard
Not a cowgirl on a meadow
He plays the horn himself ...
Not two friends at the pond,
Water splashes out loud ...
Not to the tractor driver in the fields,
Not a flock of jackdaws in poplars ...
Everyone is busy with something else,
They don't listen to us ringing ...
Only Morning listens to our ringing
And our singing under Din-don ...
Din-don ... Din-don ...
Din-don ... Din-don ...

Pesnya tsvetov – kolokol'chikov

Din'-don ... Din'-don ... Din'-don ...
Din'-don ... Ne slyshen nash vesolyy zvon,
Ni pastushonku na luzhke,
On sam igrayet na rozhke ...
Ni dvum podruzhkam u pruda,
Tam gromko pleshchetsya voda ...
Ni traktoristu na polyakh,
Ni staye galok v topolyakh ...
Vse chem-to zanyaty drugim,
Ne slushayut, kak my zvenim ...
Lish' Utro slushayet nash zvon
I nashe pen'ye pod Din'-don ...
Din'-don ... Din'-don ...
Din'-don ... Din'-don ...

White daisies opened their flowers and stared into the sky at the Morning Dawn and in anticipation of the first morning rays of the Sun.

Tall, slender white birches, brightly greener after the predawn fog, as if frozen under the scarlet canopy of the Morning Dawn. And the nightingale on the birch branch ceased to whistle loudly, only softly clicked, welcome the coming of the morning, the Morning Dawn and waiting for the Sun to rise. Only tender bells, their flowers, greet the Morning Dawn a gentle song chime, heard only by nature ...:

Flowers sing – bells

Din-don ...
Din-don ...
Our cheerful ringing is not heard
Not a cowgirl on a meadow
He plays the horn himself ...
Not two friends at the pond,
Water splashes out loud ...
Not to the tractor driver in the fields,
Not a flock of jackdaws in poplars ...
Everyone is busy with something else,

They don't listen to us ringing ...
Only Morning listens to our ringing
And our singing under Din-don ...
Din-don ...
Din-don ...

Pesnya tsvetov – kolokol'chikov

Din'-don ... Din'-don ... Din'-don ...
Din'-don... Ne slyshen nash vesolyy zvon,
Ni pastushonku na luzhke,
On sam igrayet na rozhke ...
Ni dvum podruzhkam u pruda,
Tam gromko pleshchetsya voda ...
Ni traktoristu na polyakh,
Ni staye galok v topolyakh ...
Vse chem-to zanyaty drugim,
Ne slushayut, kak my zvenim ...
Lish' Utro slushayet nash zvon
I nashe pen'ye pod Din'-don ...
Din'-don ... Din'-don ...
Din'-don ... Din'-don ...

The water in the forest spring on the lawn surrounded by hazel bushes absorbed the scarlet color of the Morning Dawn and became soft pink. And drops from the key, beating from the middle of a small lake, which came out of the spring water, sparkled with multicolored lalas, sprinkling their splashes into the crystal waters of the spring ...

Spring Water Drops Song.

We are the prettiest of all!
We have any color!
Scarlet and – blue!
And – green in the grass!
Gold on – foliage!
We are more beautiful than flowers!
We are under the light of Dawn
We are burning with a scarlet light!
We live on – flowers!
On the grass, on the bushes!
We are particles of water
On sparkling waves!
We are more beautiful than flowers!
We are under the light of Dawn
We are burning with a scarlet light!

Pesnya kapel' rodnikovoy vody.

My zhivom v rodnike!
Ustremlyayemsiya vverkh!
Kak rosa na trave,
My krasiveye vsekh!

U nas tsvet yest' lyuboy!
Alyy i – goluboy!
I – zelonyy v trave!
Zolotoy na – listve!
My – krasivey tsvetov!
Kapli iz – rodnikov!
My pod svetom Zari
Alym svetom gorim!
My zhivom na – tsvetakh!
Na – trave, na – kustakh!
My – chastichki vody
Na iskristykh volnakh!
V rodnikakh!
V rodnikakh!
V rodnikakh ...
V rodnikakh ...
My – krasivey tsvetov!
Kapli iz – rodnikov!
My pod svetom Zari
Alym svetom gorim!
V rodnikakh!
V rodnikakh!
V rodnikakh ...

The grass rustled at the spring and a small hedgehog came down to the water from the grass and froze at the spring, only quietly sniffing with its tiny nose.

On the road that led to the forest, the first berries and mushroom pickers with lukoshkami (with baskets) appeared. And they also stopped and, putting their palms to the eyes with their visor, looked at the Morning Dawn ...

The dew under the scarlet morning sky flashed with all shades, from purple-red to pale pink, in the shadow it shone with emerald ...

Song of the morning dew.

We are the dew on the grass
The colors of the scarlet Dawn!
On flowers, on foliage,
We are everywhere, everywhere!
Zarya and I are getting up!
We are the dew on the grass
The colors of the scarlet Dawn!
On flowers, on foliage,
We are everywhere, everywhere ...

Pesnya utrenney rosy.

My – rosa na trave,
Tsveta aloy Zari!
Na tsvetakh, na listve,
My – povsyudu, vezde!
My s Zaroyu vstayem!

My – rosa na trave,
Tsveta aloy Zari!
Na tsvetakh, na listve,
My – povsyudu, vezde ...

Every blade of grass, every leaf and every petal of a flower sparkled and shimmered with morning paints under the scarlet sky of the ascended Morning Dawn.

Morning Dawn touched the cool morning sky azure, but more than ever, flared up to the joy of the whole world.

The full moon was almost hiding behind the mountain, but stopped, she admired the Morning Dawn, the wonder of nature is beautiful!

Get up people, animals, birds, fish! Do not overlook the amazing gift presented to you by the generous mother-nature – the sunrise of the Morning Dawn!

And where is the little daughter of the Morning Dawn – Zaryanichka?

The Morning Dawn sings the song of Life for the whole world, the Moon has gone beyond the mountain. The sky looks at the Morning Dawn – admires her, everyone is listening to the song of the Morning Dawn ...

Who looks after the little Zaryanichka so that nothing bad happens to her?

We will find out about this very soon in the next second chapter of this book.

Extended meaning of some words in the first chapter:

– **Morning Dawn** – Mother of little Zaryanichka in the mythology of the book;

– **On the road leading to the forest, the first berries and mushroom pickers with baskets appeared** – those who are going to pick berries and mushrooms;

– **Lukoshko** (with **lukoshkami** – **plural**, a lot of people and each person has his own **lukoshko**) – **basket**, made of thin willow branches or from branches suitable for this flexible bush.

CHAPTER 2

Little Daughter of the Morning Dawn – Zaryanichka

Preface to the second chapter.

In this chapter, for the first time readers will get acquainted with the baby Zaryanichka – baby daughter Morning Dawn.

Zaryanichka is still next to her mother, Morning Dawn. Around Zaryanichki pink clouds that resemble a pink fluff flamingos. The last sparks from night stars and comets fly by ...

Here is the last tiny night sparks flies not far from Zaryanichka. Zaryanichka stretches behind this tiny sparks, but at this time she herself falls ...

At this time, no one looks at little Zaryanichka, everyone is busy with their own business. And Zaryanichka begins its flight to Earth.

And the first one to meet her on her journey is the evil Black Purga. Black Purga hates mother Zaryanichki, Morning Dawn, because when the Morning Dawn appears, becomes light the prominent evil deeds of Black Purga.

People do not like Black Purga, but people love the Morning Dawn and this also makes Black Purgu angry.

Seeing Zaryanichka flying from the sky, Black Purga grabs her and shoves her into her sleeve, where it is very cold. Black Purga wants to destroy the little daughter of the Morning Dawn Zaryanichka so that the Morning Dawn from grief turns pale, does not sing the Song of Life any more, so that it becomes dark and no one would see the evil deeds of Black Purga.

What happens to Zaryanichka further, read in the next third chapter of this book.

Beginning of the second chapter.

The Morning Dawn spreads across the sky blue with scarlet flashes – wings, is poured by a gentle enchanting Song of Life, glorifies the arrival of Morning, the beginning of a new Day, the rising of the Sun!

Song of the Morning Dawn!

A-a-a-a-a ...

Wake up, Earth, from the mists

Up the silk birch braids,

Face wash with spring water,

Soon the sun will rise in the blue above ...

Glorifies Morning Dawn Life on Earth, glorifies Life in the whole moonlit world ...

For guys and flowers,

For all children and flowers,

For a blade of grass any ...

A-a-a-a-a ...

Pesnya Utrenney Zari!

A-a-a ...

Prosyaysya, Zemlya, ot tumanov i ros,

Zapletay, pribiray shelk berezovykh kos,

Lik svoj divnyy omoy klyuchevoyu vodoy,

Skoro Solntse vzoydet v vyshine goluboy

Dlya rebyat i tsvetov,

Dlya zverey i ptentsov,
Dlya travinki lyuboy ...
I dlya vstrechi s toboy,
Dorogaya Zemlya,
A-a-a ...

And there-there, at Horizon itself, on the stretching scarlet train of the mother's clothes in scarlet mists similar to the flamingo's fluff, the little daughter of Morning Dawn – **Zaryanichka**.

Clouds, like the wings of a flamingo, float near Zaryanichka, touching it with their light edges. Clouds invite Zaryanichka on journey ...

Song of the Clouds

Are flying, Zaryanichka, with us,
With fluffy clouds!
Under the sun, there is a warm wind!
From there all Seen!
Rivers, forests, lakes,
Villages, fields and mountains ...
We have been friends with the winds for a long time ...
Fly, Zaryanichka, with us ...

Pesnya Oblakov

Letim. Zaryanichka, s nami,
S pushistymi oblakami,
Pod Solntse, tam toplyy veter,
Ottuda nam vso na svete
Vidno, kak na ladoshke,
Slovno griby v lukoshke,
Reki, lesa, ozora,
Sola, polya i gory ...
My druzhim davno s vetrami ...
Letim, Zaryanichka, s nami ...

But Zaryanichke good and joyful next to her mother – Morning Dawn. And white fluffy clouds float on past Zaryanichka ...

Coming out of the pink sky, the clouds gradually becoming white again, but this is already far from Zaryanichki. And around Zaryanichki all the clouds are pink, like the wings of pink flamingos.

Late stars becoming sparkling tiny lights in the pink color of the sky and clouds. Everything around is filled with a sense of peace and the joy of starting a new day.

While playing, Zaryanichka takes a scarlet fog in her hands and throws into the sky ...

Fun and joyful Zaryanichka next to his mother, with a gentle sky.

The sky is painted in scarlet! Morning of a new Day! And Morning also welcomes the Morning Dawn ...

Morning Dawn Greetings!

Greetings,
New Day, Dawn!
Your clear warm light!
Scarlet life color!
And your beauty!

To you, Dawn, I sing
The voices of birds ...

Privetstviye Utrenney Zare!

Privetstvuyu tebya,
Dnya novogo, Zarya!
Tvoy yasnyy toplyy svet!
Tvoy alyy zhizni tsvet!
I krasotu tvoyu!
Tebe, Zarya, poyu
Ya golosami ptits ...

And heard the call of Morning, the nightingales whistled and snapped ...

All feathered inhabitants of the Earth chirped ...
Chok! Chok!
Chok! Chick ...!

So, she plays, Zaryanichka moves further and further away from her mother, laughing and frolicking on the edge of her spacious mother's clothes.

The heavens listened to the wondrous singing, admired the Morning Dawn, which raised its scarlet arms – wings, red flame spread over the transparent blue, and did not notice how little Zaryanichka reached the last flying spark. Mom's clothes slipped out from under Zaryanichka and Zaryanichka flew like a tiny scarlet spark ...

Zaryanichka's mother, Morning Dawn, sings the Song of Life to the entire universe, does not look around and does not see what is happening there.

The sky admires Morning Dawn and does not see what is happening in the distance.

The moon is in its lunar palace. And the Moon does not see the falling Zarinichka ...

The clear Sun behind a high mountain, enchanted by the singing of the Morning Dawn, does not dare to set foot on the mountain, so as not to drown out the light of the Morning Dawn with bright rays.

No one sees that Zaryanichka is falling and there is no one to save her ...

And Zaryanichka already flies over the Earth in jets of morning fresh air, where at this time of the year there are frosts and blizzards, where the evil Black Blizzard is raging!

But there were also snow whirlwinds, they loved to climb higher and higher. And there, on the frosty heights, whirlwinds of snow swirled. Long eyelashes with snow whirlwinds from frosty frost turned white, fluffy.

And snow whirlwinds fluffy from snowflakes and frost with mischief and curiosity peered into the snow cover with large (blue, gray, green ...) eyes, echoing with frost and snowflakes, creating its own melody of winter ...

Song of snow whirlwinds

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...
We are snow whirls!
Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...
Everywhere we go,
Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...
We all meet,
Fiu..., Fiu ... Fiu ...

Pesnya snezhnykh vikhrey

F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...

My – snezhnyye vikhri!

F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...

Vezde my byvayem,

F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...

Vsekh my vstrechayem,

F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...

Vso zametayem.

F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...

F'yu ...

F'yu ...

Snow whirlwinds carried to the melody of winter, either rising from the clouds or falling to fluffy snowdrifts.

Like swings, then up and down, Zaryanichka flies in a snow ...

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

Snow vortices obscure the earth and it is not known what awaits you Zaryanichka ...

What happens to Zaryanichka further, read in the next third chapter of this book.

Extended meaning of some words in the first chapter:

– **Black Purga** – in the narrative is the embodiment of evil deeds.

CHAPTER 3

Zaryanichka among snow whirlwinds

Preface to the third chapter.

Readers from the previous chapter already know that Dawn's little daughter Zaryanichka wanted to catch a flying spark and fell ...

And no one sees that little Zaryanichka is no longer with them.

In this third chapter, readers will learn about the further adventures of Morning Dawn's little daughter.

Who will come to her aid and what will happen next with Zaryanichka, we read in the narration of this third chapter.

The beginning of the third chapter.

So, playing, Zaryanichka farther and farther from mom, laughing and frolicking on the edge of mom's spacious clothes.

The sky listened to amazing singing, admired the morning dawn, which raised its red arms – wings, red flame spread over the blue and did not notice how little Zaryanichka reached out to the last flying spark. Mom's clothes slipped out from under Zaryanichka, and she flew, flew to the ground with a small scarlet spark ...

The morning dawn, singing the Song of Life in the entire Universe, does not look back and does not see what is happening there.

The moon is already in the palace, and it is no longer visible what is happening in the sky, where the Morning Dawn sings the Song of Life. And the Moon does not see how Zaryanichka falls ...

The sun behind the high mountain, enchanted by the singing of the Morning Dawn, does not dare to set foot on the mountain so as not to drown out the light of the Morning Dawn with its bright rays. And the Sun also does not see that the daughter of the Morning Dawn Zaryanichka is falling ...

And no one sees that Zaryanichka is falling and there is no one to save her ...

And Zaryanichka is already flying over the Earth, where at this time of the year there are frosts and snow whirlwinds, where the evil Black Blizzard is raging!

But there were also snow whirlwinds, they loved to climb high – high.

Snow whirlwinds, fluffy from snowflakes and frost, with mischief and curiosity peered into the snow veil with large (blue, gray, green ...) eyes.

It was on this day that snowstorms swept past, rising above the clouds, calling out to frost and snowflakes, creating their own melody of winter.

Zaryanichka among the snow vortices.

Preface to the third chapter.

Readers from the previous chapter already know that the little daughter of the Morning Dawn, Zaryanichka, wanted to catch a flying spark and fell ...

And no one sees that little Zaryanichka is no longer with them.

In this third chapter, readers will learn about the further adventures of the little daughter of the Morning Dawn.

Who will come to her aid and what will happen next with Zaryanichka is read in the narration of this third chapter.

Beginning of the third chapter.

So, playing, Zaryanichka farther and farther away from her mother, laughing and frolic on the edge of her mother's spacious clothes.

Heaven listened to amazing singing, admired the morning dawn, which raised its red hands – wings, a red flame spread across the blue and did not notice how little Zaryanichka reached for the last tiny to spark flying by. Mom's clothes slipped out from under Zaryanichka, and she flew flew to the ground like a tiny scarlet sparkstar ...

Morning Dawn, Sings the Song of Life throughout the Universe, does not look back and does not see what is being done there.

The Moon is already in its palace, and it is no longer visible what is happening in the sky, where the Morning Dawn sings the Song of Life. And the Moon does not see how Zaryanichka falls ...

Sun behind a high mountain, fascinated by the singing of the Morning Dawn, does not dare to step on the mountain so as not to dampen the light of the Morning Dawn with bright rays. And the Sun also does not see that the little daughter of the Morning Dawn, Zaryanichka, is falling ...

And no one sees that Zaryanichka is falling and there is no one to save her ...

And Zaryanichka is already flying over the earth, where at this time of the year there are frosts and snow whirlwinds, where the evil Black Purga is raging!

But there were also the snow whirlwinds, they loved to climb high – high.

The snow whirlwinds, fluffy from snowflakes and hoarfrost, with mischief and curiosity peered into the snowy shroud with large (blue, gray, green ...) eyes, rising above the clouds, calling to the frost and snowflakes, creating their own melody of winter ...

Snow whirlwinds song

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

We are snow whirls!

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

Everywhere we go,

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

We all meet,

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

Fiu ...

Fiu ...

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

We roam the world,

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

We all know the planet

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

And where that grows,

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

And where does anyone live,

Fiu ... Fiu ... Fiu ...

Fiu ...

Fiu ...

Pesnya snezhnykh vikhrey

F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...

My – snezhnyye vikhri!
F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...
Vezde my byvayem,
F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...
Vsekh my vstrechayem,
F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...
Vso zametayem.
F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...
F'yu ...
F'yu ...
F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...
My brodim po svetu,
F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...
Vsyu znayem planetu,
F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...
I gde chto rastot,
F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...
I gde kto zhivot.
F'yu ... F'yu ... F'yu ...
F'yu ...
F'yu ...

Fluffy snowflakes sang along with snowy whirlwinds in gentle voices ...

Song of snowflakes

Ohu o ... o u o ... o u o ...
We are snowflakes for whirlwinds,
Ohu o ... o u o ... o u o ...
Snowy down
Ohu o ... o u o ... o u o ...
From the clouds come,
Ohu o ... o u o ... o u o ...
We are white carpet
everywhere.
Ohu o ... o u o ... o u o ...

Pesnya snezhinok

O-u-u-o ... O-u-u-o ... O-u-u-o ...
My vikhrey snezhinki,
O-u-u-o ... O-u-u-o ... O-u-u-o ...
Snega pushinki,
O-u-u-o ... O-u-u-o ... O-u-u-o ...
Iz tuch priletayem,
O-u-u-o ... O-u-u-o ... O-u-u-o ...
Vso ukryvayem
Belym kovrom
O-u-u-o ... O-u-u-o ...
O-o-o ..., u-u-u ..., o-o-o ...

Together with snowflakes and snow whirls and frost also sang his song ...

Song of frost

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

I simply, frost,

M ... m ... m ...

But still, please hide your nose,

M ... m ... m ...

In a hurry, I can pinch you by the nose,

M ... m ... m ...

I am busy very, very always,

Just horror!

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

I am a whirlwind companion,

M ... m ... m ...

So that the snow was flowing,

M ... m ... m ...

Snowflakes were fluffy,

M ... m ... m ...

Near the roads,

On the mound,

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

I simply, frost,

M ... m ... m ...

But still, please hide your nose,

M ... m ... m ...

In a hurry, I can pinch you by the nose,

M ... m ... m ...

I am busy very, very always,

Just horror!

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

Pesnya moroza

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

M ... m ... m ...

Ya laskovyy, dobryy, ya, prosto, moroz,

M ... m ... m ...
No vso zhe, pozhaluysta, spryach'te svoy nos,
M ... m ... m ...
Ya v speshke mogu vas za nos ushchipnut',
M ... m ... m ...
Ya zanyatyy ochen' i ochen' vseгда,
Prosto zhut'!
M ... m ... m ...
M ... m ... m ...
M ... m ... m ...
Ya vikhryam poputchik,
M ... m ... m ...
Chtob sneg byl sypuchiy,
M ... m ... m ...
Snezhinki pushilis',
M ... m ... m ...
Pukhom lozhilis' vozle dorog,
Na bugorok,
M ... m ... m ...
M ... m ... m ...
M ... m ... m ...
Ya laskovyy, dobryy, ya, prosto, moroz,
M ... m ... m ...
No vso zhe, pozhaluysta, spryach'te svoy nos,
M ... m ... m ...
Ya v speshke mogu vas za nos ushchipnut',
M ... m ... m ...
Ya zanyatyy ochen' i ochen' vseгда,
Prosto zhut'!
M ... m ... m ...
M ... m ... m ...
M ... m ... m ...

Picked up the snowy whirlwinds of the freezing Zaryanichka, and to the melody of winter, they carried it, rising up behind the clouds ...

The high snowy peaks of the mountains are left behind, and the snow whirlwinds carry everything and carry Zaryanichka ...

Snow whirlwinds overshadow the earth and it is not known what waits there ...

What will happen to Zaryanichka further, read in the next fourth chapter of this book.

Extended meaning of some words in the second chapter:

– **Purga – Black Purga**, a kind of snowstorm;

But a snowstorm can also be when the snow does not fall from the clouds on the ground, a snowstorm picks up the already fallen snow on the ground, raises this snow and carries this snow to another place, creating new snowdrifts where there were none;

– **Purga also same** is called when thick heavy snow falls from from the clouds, and at the same time a very strong frosty wind is blowing, this winter frosty wind captures the snow on the ground and the snow that falls at that time clouds. And this whole snow: and the one that was already on

the ground, and the one that is now falling out of the clouds, drives this whole snow with its force of strong frosty wind.

The wind at this time can change direction, or two winds can blow towards each other.

CHAPTER 4

Zaryanichka in the cold sleeve of the Black Blizzard

Preface to the fourth chapter.

In this third chapter, readers will find out who the Black Purga is.

Black Purga, a kind of snowstorm. But a snowstorm can also be when the snow does not fall from the clouds on the ground, a snowstorm picks up the already fallen snow on the ground, raises this snow. And carries this snow to another place, creating new snowdrifts where there were none.

Purgaa is called when thick heavy snow falls from from the clouds, and at the same time a very strong frosty wind is blowing, this winter frosty wind captures the snow on the ground and the snow that falls at that time clouds And this whole snow: and the one that was already on the ground, and the one that is now falling out of the clouds, drives this whole snow with its force of strong frosty wind. The wind at this time can change direction, or two winds can blow towards each other.

There is such a Russian characteristic for Purghia «Neither zgy not seen» – «Nothing not to see», it should be understood in such a way that such a strong frosty wind blows and carries (moves through the air) so much snow that even, if you stretch hand, the fingertips will be badly visible, because of the thick veil of the snow that carries (moves through the air).

When Purga blows, strong howling, whistling sounds are created by the wind, and these sounds can change their intonations, that's why say – Purga howls at all voices, very sadly (sadly – lonely and scary), this howl is very depressing.

According to the plot of the book, Purga is called «black», because Purga, according to the plot of the book, are the forces of evil. Purga according to the book's plot hates everything bright, hates the Sun, because there is no Purgi under the Sun, hates the light of the day, because when Purga blows, gloomily (not light, but as if evening has already come, even during the day), Purga hates and Morning Dawn, because when the Morning Dawn is in the sky, then Purga also cannot rage, it cannot knock down people (and generally everything) from the road (shoot down – guide to the other side of the road, or to another direction, that the person gets lost (getting lost is not t know which way it should go), and die from the cold in the snow.

Black Purga hates the Morning Dawn for the fact that the Morning Dawn does not allow Black Purge to make dusk by day (gray light) with its scarlet light, and does not allow Black Purge to ruin people and all living creatures on Earth. Because, the Morning Dawn shows everyone the way, and does not allow to get lost, and does not allow to die in the snow, in the cold.

In the book in this chapter, there is a song, where Black Purga boasts of herself that she is so angry and furious (fierce is the highest degree of anger). Black Purga in the song sings that it does not need, neither the Sun, nor the Month, nor the Moon, nor the Morning Dawn. Black Purga sings in her song that she would be glad to put out all the lights, so that it was always and everywhere dark, and so that she could rage all the time (blow with a strong wind, twist the snow, cover all roads, freeze people, and all living creatures on Earth). And humming (howling) Black Purga herself in her song to all voices: O-o-o ... A-a-a-a ... O-o-o ...

According to the plot of the book, Black Purgy has its own sleigh, there are also horses, very strong and very fast. The horses of Black Purgy are as black as the Black Purga. In horses aspid (aspid – aspid very black), long manes. When the horses of Black Purgy, waving their manes, then soot flies from these manes (soot is the name of black dust after burnt wood, coal, and everything else that has burned completely). This soot rises into the sky, and becomes dark, like at night, and even darker. And when these the Black Purgy horses beat with their black hooves on the ground or

in the snow, black crows fly out from under the hoofs and spin in the air, loudly and disgustingly cawing loud and shrill.

This Black Purga will see Zaryanichka, which will fly in the middle of the snow whirlwinds over the head of Black Purgy.

Black Purga will see Zaryanichka and immediately recognize her that this is the little daughter of the Morning Dawn.

Snow vortices, becoming weak in this place, do not hold Zaryanichka firmly in the air. And the freezing Zaryanichka falls closer and closer to the Black Purgy.

Black Purga sees that Zaryanichka falls. Black Purga howls with evil joy that now she will catch and steal little daughter from the Morning Dawn. Black Purga catches Zaryanichka and quickly hides in a wide sleeve of clothes.

«And rushed (rushed – very quickly) on black blizzards – horses, past rocks, along steeps and gully. Sataney (sataneya – a common folk word for extremely negative, a very bad feeling of joy from a committed very evil act) from the evil joy that stole her little daughter, from such, for Black Purgy hateful (hate is extreme hostility), Morning Dawn!

And Black Purga on its black blizzards – horses rushes (moves quickly to the intended target, rides quickly, jumps fast, everything – quickly to the intended target) to the very top of a high mountain:

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.