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Marina Korsakova

THE
THREE
PIGLETS
IN BUSINESS



THE BIG GAME

THE PLUSHIENOMICS PROJECT

Marina Korsakova

**The Three piglets in business.
The big game**

«Издательские решения»

Korsakova M.

The Three piglets in business. The big game / M. Korsakova —
«Издательские решения»,

ISBN 978-5-00-640140-2

Everyone knows that the three little piglets got rid of the wolf and lived happily in their wonderful house. But do you know that the story continues? The Junior piglet convinces the brothers to try themselves in the construction business. The team is gathering. Someone in a black cloak comes and turns out to be a tricky competitor. Looks like the little piglets are close to losing the house of their own... Read the exciting and instructive story from Marina Korsakova!

ISBN 978-5-00-640140-2

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The Three piglets in business. The big game

Marina Korsakova

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ISBN 978-5-0064-0140-2

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Preface for parents

On the one hand, this is a fun book. It's full of apple pies, cinnamon pears, mushroom soups and all that tasty stuff... perhaps, there are too many carbs in this book, you know!

On the other hand, this is an educational book. It covers planning and control, explains how to resolve conflicts and what types of people there are (apologies, not "people", of course, but Piglets, Ferrets and Hedgehogs).

This is a children's book, but like any good children's book, it is for the adults too.

For the adults doing home renovations, planning to start their own business or raising a child. The book contains important messages, such as "when you build a house for others, don't forget to ask them about what *they* want" or "people that seem to be carelessly flattering about might prove very useful one day, because different individuals bring different ideas". There are also creative tips like making a "worry book" for managing the risks.

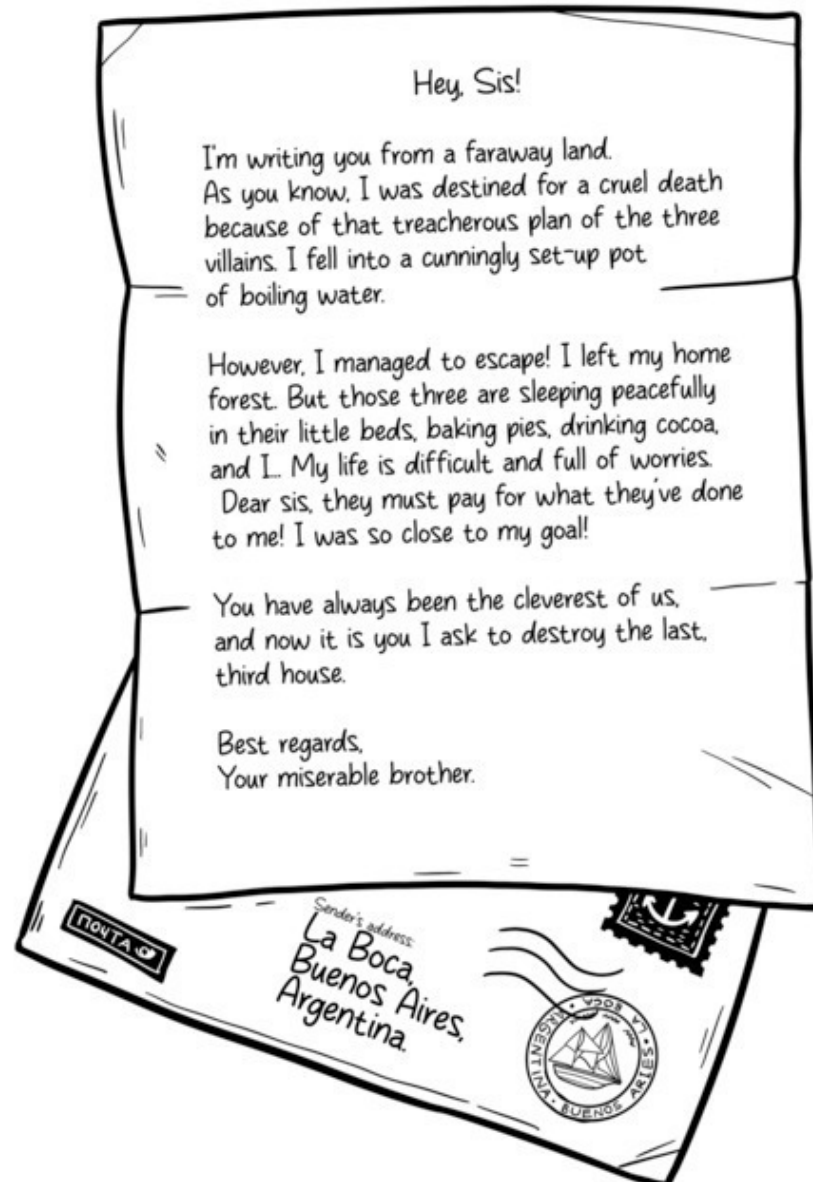
It offers advice how to motivate yourself when you've lost the strength to keep going.

It teaches how to act when mistakes are made: recognize, apologize and make better.

In short, this is a book for the children whose parents want them to become successful grown-ups. Successful at work and in relationship. And finally, this is a great book for the adults who also would like to grow up a little.

#

*Anastasia Rubtsova,
Psychotherapist
and Mom.*



Preface

Hey, Sis! I'm writing you from a faraway land.

As you know, I was destined for a cruel death because of that treacherous plan of the three villains. I fell into a cunningly set-up pot of boiling water.

However, I managed to escape! I left my home forest. But those three are sleeping peacefully in their little beds, baking pies, drinking cocoa, and I... My life is difficult and full of worries.

Dear Sis, they must pay for what they've done to me! I was so close to my goal!

You have always been the cleverest of us, and now it is you I ask to destroy the last, third house.

*Best regards,
Your miserable brother.*

*Sender's address: La Boca,
Buenos Aires, Argentina.*

Chapter 1.

The Adventure Begins

#

Tea with apricot jam. – New dream. – Who is to roll in yellow leaves? – The medal above the bed. – The end of the piggy bank.

#

“It’s good we got rid of Wolf, though!” Biggie said and turned the logs in the fireplace. The days in early September were still warm, but the evenings were getting colder.

“That’s right,” Middle said, stirring apricot jam into his tea.

The currant and sage tea leaves was good by itself, but the jam made it especially fragrant.

Junior thought the same, and twirled his tail in agreement. But he had a thought, which he dared to say out loud for the first time:

“What are we going to do now?”

“Drink tea,” Middle said. “Bake pies. Tomorrow we’ll make rolls...”

There were a lot of apricots this year, and Middle was concerned about using them all up. He believed in using everything wisely. He was very organized and had big plans: cakes, jams, marmalades, apricot marshmallows...

“No,” Junior said. “What are we going to do *in general*? What’s our plan? We’ve run away from Wolf. We’ve protected the small house. We’re having fun, we go for walks... We’ve created a collection of dried plants. But... I want my own room!”

The big brothers’ snouts widened in surprise.

“Should we build another small house?” Junior asked. “Or even two. Or not a small house, but a big one? There are many animals in the forest. Wolf might come back. And anyway, it’s not about Wolf... It’s about adventure!”

The big brothers’ snouts stretched forward.

“I’ve been thinking,” Junior continued. “Why do we live in such an... ordinary house? We have only one room and it’s not very pretty... Why don’t we build a *new* house? With a library, a music studio and a winter garden?”

The big brothers’ snouts stretched forward even more, now resembling little elephant trunks. Biggie was the first to get over the surprise and, with a loud sneeze, pulled his snout back in.

“Actually, that kind of makes sense,” he said thoughtfully, addressing no one in particular. Ever since the piglets started living without their parents, Biggie felt responsible for his brothers. “If we build a nice new house for the animals, we will not only do the right thing, but also earn a lot of coins.”

“Why?” Middle asked cautiously. Sometimes he thought that his eldest and youngest brothers had a much better connection between them, despite the age difference.

“So that after we can do another right thing!” replied Junior enthusiastically. ‘We’ll build a house, earn some coins, use those coins to build more houses, then a bakery. There will be a whole city! Come on,” Junior tugged at the Middle’s tail. “It’ll be so fascinating!”



“Fascinating?!” the Middle was annoyed. “How exactly are we going to do that?... We will have to draw a blueprint. Then dig a big hole for the foundation. Build the walls... and the roof. Take care of plaster, paint, flooring. And all these other ideas of yours... a winter garden! It’s not a simple house like ours. And even our house, forgive me for saying, we only managed to build on the third attempt.”

Junior blushed and Biggie smiled.

“Building a new house is much much more complicated!” Middle finished his thought.

“Wait a minute,” Biggie said. “No one is saying that it’s easy. But that what makes it so interesting! At first, we’re bound to make mistakes, how could we not? We do it once, we do it twice and that’s how we learn! But imagine: we will build a great house, one that has been never built in the forest before!” The piglet got even more excited. “The best and strongest one. And the most beautiful. All the animals will admire it and be proud of us! And then the piglets will go down in history as the best builders!”

Middle shrugged his shoulders and poured tea into large clay mugs.

“Don’t you want it?” Biggie continued. “And we’ll earn lots of coins, to fill not just one piggy bank, but ten! You will be able to buy anything you want: all the paints, books, bicycles! A big stove and the best jam pots!”

“I’m not sure,” said Middle thoughtfully. “I have everything I need.”

He put his rubber boots on and stepped out of the house. He had to prune the rose bushes.

* * *

Not everyone knows that the heroic three piglets who rid the forest of Wolf were not the only piglets living in the forest. In fact, there were three more piglets! They lived in the Railway Neighborhood, a spruce forest not far from the station. Unlike *our* piglets, the *other* three piglets were grey with subtle stripes on their backs. That’s why they were called the Striped.

That day the sky was gloomy and the air smelled of mushrooms as it does after the rain. As he was walking along the bridge over the river, Middle heard a loud whistle. The Striped piglets were swaggering towards him.

“Hi, bro!” the eldest Striped said. They were all the same height, but the eldest wore a jaunty cap.

“Hello,” replied Middle politely. Other forest inhabitants were quite afraid of the Striped, but The Pink piglets considered them cousins and got along well with them.

“How are you?” asked the Striped in a cap, spitting out acorn shells. “What’s up?”

“We’re thinking of building a house.”

“Why?” The Striped were surprised. “You already have a house.”

“Yeah,” Middle said. “But we want a big house with a winter garden. So that other animals can live there. The business. Wanna join?”

“Nah,” the eldest Striped answered. “We’ve got lots to do. You know, stuff like fishing, chewing acorns. Then when the leaves turn yellow, we’ll have to roll in them. And building... It’s too much responsibility. And winter’s coming soon.”

“Sure,” Middle agreed. The responsibility troubled him a lot. So many things could go wrong: not enough timbers, the roof could cave in... The tools, the boards, the bricks! Truth be told, Middle himself thought that it would be better to just make jam in peace, and, after all, to roll around in yellow leaves, but for some reason he didn’t want to agree with The Striped piglets right now.

“There is this guy in the hood,” another striped piglet without a cap spat. “He also wanted to do this... Business thing! He set up a shop with all sorts of stuff! And guess what? He spent all the piggy bank money and went broke! Nah, business isn’t our thing. We’ll find an easy job somewhere... A part-time, maybe.”

“Well, bro,” the third Striped summed up. “You do your thing. And we’ll do ours. Ciao!”

The eldest Striped lifted his cap, and all three disappeared into the bushes.

Middle took a long walk, thinking about everything. The fallen leaves were rusting under his hooves. When he returned home, his brothers were already asleep wrapped in their blankets. Their shared piggy bank stood on the table among the plates and cups. It clearly has been well shaken and looked quite sad now. A notebook with some calculations and drawings laid next to the piggy bank.

Middle washed the dishes and prepared the dough for the breakfast rolls. Life seemed quiet and simple. Well, maybe they will change their minds...

* * *

The excited look on Junior’s face and the determined look on Biggie’s in the morning made it clear that yesterday’s conversation had not been forgotten. Despite Middle’s protests, the brothers had barely finished their breakfast and set the piggy bank back on the table.

“This house will be so beautiful!” Junior continued to dream. “With colorful walls! With a terrace to drink cocoa on! We’ll plant raspberry bushes around it!”

Biggie nodded in approval.

“Do you remember how you ate raspberries last year and had a stomach ache after?” remarked Middle teasingly.

Junior fell silent.

“Building a big house is extremely hard!” Middle continued. “We’ll have to hire builders! What if they don’t work hard enough? What if it rains? The walls could be destroyed! And you... you can’t do anything! Yes, you can draw your little pictures, but you’ve never decorated an entire house! What if it turns out badly and everyone laughs at you? Do you want to be embarrassed?” he continued to pressure his brother.

“No, I don’t,” Junior said. He got upset and removed the notebook from the table.

“Wait,” said Biggie. “Do you remember,” he turned to the middle piglet, “the first time you made an apple pie, and you ruined it? Half of the pie was undercooked, while the other half was burnt. And Granny Owl was yelling at you that you must have tried to poison her?” Junior giggled. “And you said that you would never ever bake again.”

Middle blushed.

“And look what wonderful pies you bake now!” Biggie continued. “And you,” he turned to his little brother. “Do you remember how afraid you were to swim in the lake? How you thought that it was too deep and that you would definitely get bitten? How we stepped into the water with you and held you... And now? Who has the medal for the best swimmer hanging over his bed?”

It was all true. Even though he panicked at first, with hard training Junior had become an excellent swimmer. Recollecting, the little brother looked after hard training. Remembering this, the little brother looked disapprovingly at Middle, who shrugged.

“We *can* do this,” Biggie summed up, “Never mind that we don’t know how to do it yet. We’ll *hold* each other! We’ll learn how to construct big walls, and how to build a winter garden... There must be books about it. We will definitely learn! Look at us!” Biggie poked at a shiny copper kettle, which had just happened to be on the table. It reflected three perky little snouts. “We’ve managed to figure out our lives,” he continued. “We bake pies, we swim in the lake, and we got rid of Wolf! Even if we don’t succeed, trying is more interesting than doing nothing and just staring at the ceiling...”

“...And more interesting than spitting acorns!” Middle suddenly blurted out.

“Exactly!” Biggie agreed.

“So, are we breaking it?” Junior squealed with delight.

Well, this time the piggy bank’s pitiful look didn’t help. Three confident hooves fell on it at once.

A mountain of coins was laying on the table.

The adventure had begun.



Chapter 2.

The Struggle at the Walnut Meadow

An announcement appears on the tree. – Someone tall in a black cloak. – Why does your tail itch? – A bitter defeat. – An unexpected decision.

Birdsong woke Junior up. The sun was shining through the window. Having splashed cold water on his snout, the piglet looked round. If his brothers had seen him, they would have made him wash his snout properly!

After some contemplation, Junior decided to go pick wild blueberries for breakfast and left the house.

Junior knew how to find joy in every sunny day. He liked to swim, go boating on the lake or just walk around with his basket. The piglet always turned his little snout in all directions in search of curious, tasty and beautiful things. And now, having circled around the forest for about half an hour, Junior returned not only with ripe berries, but also with a big bunch of wildflowers.

The piglet noticed something new on the tree near their little house. It was an announcement.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We are happy to announce a competition for the best construction project of a residential complex! The winner will be reimbursed for all expenses by the Forest and receive the title of Chief Forest Builder!

Everyone can participate!

The competition will take place at the Walnut Meadow at noon.



Junior dashed home so quickly that he nearly spilled all the blueberries he had picked.

Biggie and Middle were quite busy. Biggie was estimating the amount of stones and timber needed, and Middle was drawing and muttering something to himself. Glasses of milk were placed on the table and oatmeal porridge was simmering on the cooker.

“Come! There! At the Walnut! With me!” Junior screamed at the doorstep.

“What?!” the brothers asked in unison.

“The best! At noon! The Meadow!” Junior ran in circles in great agitation.

Biggie sighed, grabbed Junior and splashed some water on his face. Having calmed down, Junior was finally able to explain what was the matter.

“We shouldn’t take part in this competition,” Middle moaned, rearranging jars and pots. “We won’t win anyway. Okay, I agree, let’s build the house, but without any competitions! Better yet, we just stick to picking mushrooms like the other animals...”

“But if we win, we’ll get our piggy bank back!” Junior cried. “We’ll be able to buy bicycles and open a bakery! We’ll become the leading builders in the forest, and everyone will respect us!”

Middle and Junior the piglets looked inquisitively at their eldest brother.

“We can go and just have a look,” Biggie decided. “Okay! Porridge, blueberries, milk and let’s go!”

* * *

The big forest clock struck noon. The Walnut Meadow was crowded.

Aunt Elk and her twin daughters were eating salty popcorn from a packet. The athletic hares were snacking on carrot slices.

In the middle of the Meadow stood a table covered with a white tablecloth, with a jug of water. Two self-important ferrets were sitting at the table.

“Applicants for the competition are requested to step forward, please!” the fatter Ferret said.

An otter walked past the piglets, followed by someone tall in a black cloak.

“Come on,” Junior whispered, gently nudging Biggie in the side. “This is our chance to become Chief Builders!”

“Don’t,” Middle grabbed his elder brother by the jacket from the other side. “It’s too hard! We have no experience at all!”

Biggie pondered over it... Middle was right. It would be hard to win the competition. But was it easy to raise the brothers? To build the stone house? To protect it from Wolf? Still, he succeeded. Maybe all the best things in the world are difficult at first?

He closed his eyes, took his brothers' hooves in his and stepped forward.

"Dear competitors!" Fat Ferret addressed the animals. "Please introduce yourselves."

"I am Otter," Otter said politely. "I've built ten houses on the lake shore."

The figure in a black cloak chuckled.

"Thank you," Thin Ferret said. "Your turn."

"We're piglets," Junior said. Suddenly he got nervous and decided to check with his brothers. "We are piglets, aren't we?"

"Yes, we are piglets," Biggie confirmed. "We have built three excellent houses."

The black cloak chuckled again.

"We've built three excellent houses," Biggie continued. This black-cloaked creature started to annoy him. "And we're ready to build more!"

"And what about you?" Fat Ferret addressed the figure in a black cloak.

The black-cloaked turned. Something red sparkled.

"I am Fox," purred the contestant. "And I am very pleased to take part in such a wonderful competition, especially since it is held by such respectable organizers!"

Fat Ferret straightened up. Thin Ferret took a sip of water from the jug. The middle piglet felt an unpleasant chill.

"It's important that all the animals live in beautiful and comfortable houses," Fox continued. "The materials have to be the best, wouldn't you agree, colleague?" Fox turned to Otter.

Biggie felt a bit sick in his stomach.

"Only the most professional, talented and skillful builders should work for our dear, highly respected and beloved forest residents!" Fox finally finished.

The ferrets applauded. Junior shuddered because his tail started to itch.

"Tell us about your projects," the ferrets addressed all the competitors.

"I will build houses for the forest residents on the river," Otter began the presentation. "I will use the very best logs and clay. Everyone will get separate apartments with a water entrance. It's very convenient, and that way they'll also get fresh fish delivered straight to the kitchen!"

The ferrets exchanged glances.

“And how will the animals that can’t swim enter their apartments?”

Otter thought for a moment.

“We’ll have to give them swimming rings,” she stated authoritatively. The ferrets wrote something down in their notebooks.

Next was the piglets’ turn.

“Well,” Biggie began. “We’ll build house. Good house...” and suddenly he was lost for a moment. It turned out it was not that easy to tell a whole crowd about your idea.

“We will build house, and we promise,” Junior added excitedly, “we promise that... we will build house!”

The animals waited. Thin Ferret unwrapped a candy, and the rustling sound travelled through the silence.

“We have been living in this forest all our lives,” Middle said. “We value your trust and we will build that house as if it was our own!”

The first autumn wind blew in suddenly. That reminded the piglet of how the house he had built for himself had been blown away by Wolf. It seemed to him that everyone else thought the same thing.

“All right,” the ferrets said. “Please, dear Fox, please, continue.”

“Thank you,” said Fox, and took a graceful step towards the big oak tree. There she pulled out from the depths of her cloak a rolled-up poster, unrolled it and pinned to the tree trunk.

The poster said in capital letters, “IMAGE. PRESTIGE. DESIGN”. Then in smaller letters: “The Newest Technology”. And in very small letters: “First Class! High Quality!”.

“Dear Forest residents!” Fox said, elegantly clearing her throat. “The residential complex ‘The Wise Fox’ is all about being daring and unique. The newest technology.” Fox pointed to the poster. “Luxurious views. Legendary landmarks. Tasteful color schemes.”

“What is a tasteful color scheme?” asked the hares.



“White, cream, beige and silver,” explained the Fox kindly. Seeing that the hares still didn’t get it, Fox added: “No yellow, green... or,” Fox glanced at the piglets, “like... what do they call it... oh, pink.”

“But we like pink,” the twin elks seemed upset.

Fox examined them closely and then added:

“There will be mirrors everywhere in the housing complex!”

“We like mirrors,” the twin elks cheered up.

“There will be a lot of glass everywhere in the house,” Fox continued. “Glass and metal. It will be a sparkling house, like a big sparkling snowball or an iceberg. It will be a very modern see-through house, like a white lollipop. Clean design, a lot of space, the most modern there can be! Faster, higher, stronger!”

The hares started clapping.

“First class!” Fox said, concluding the presentation and pointing at the poster with an elegant gesture. “Top quality!”

The Meadow fell silent. White clouds floated over the serene sky. Fox bowed, waving her rich bushy tail. The animals shouted “Yay!”

“According to the terms of the competition,” Fat Ferret said, “today we have to decide which of the competitors will proceed to the second round. And I think we all can see that the most likely candidate for the title of Chief Forest Builder is Fox, and of course she makes it to the second round!”

Fox was glowing and looking at the hares. Her face was full with affection, as if she was imagining them stewed in cream.

“What we need to decide is,” Thin Ferret continued, “whether the piglets and Otter proceed to the second round?”

“Definitely!” said Marten, who was very fond of fresh fish.

“Sorry, but the swimming rings... that’s just too much!” Aunt Elk snorted.

“I agree,” Fat Ferret said. “In that case, the three piglets are advancing to the second round together with Fox.”

“Wait a minute,” Fox intervened. “What piglets?” she looked around, and then for some reason under her feet. “These ones?! Well, let’s be honest, are they real builders? Just some misfits with snouts...”

Junior howled in offence. The clock struck at the Walnut Meadow.

“It’s time for lunch,” Thin Ferret said, collecting the notebooks. “I suggest the following. All the competitors go to the second round! Though, of course, not all of them deserve it!” He looked sternly at Junior. “Tomorrow in the second round we will be joined by another competent judge, Bear. And we will make the final decision who stays in the competition!”

The animals hurried for lunch. The mushroom soup aroma spread over the forest.

The three little piglets went home. Their spirits were low.

* * *

Drowning their sorrows in strong herbal tea, the piglets were discussing what just happened. Middle was first to speak.

“I’ve always thought,” he cleaned his throat, “that this whole idea was rather risky.”

“It’s just this Fox,” Junior said. “She is very... mean actually. She butters everyone up. She’s... stupid! And her poster is stupid! And... I’m not a misfit with a snout!”

“No,” Biggie said thoughtfully. “She’s smart. And her idea with a poster was good.”

Middle and Junior looked at their brother in surprise.

“You,” Junior asked suspiciously. “Whose side are you on anyway?”

“I’m on our side,” Biggie replied. “And for us to win, we have to be honest with ourselves. We have to admit that someone can do things better than us. We have to learn from them. The jury liked Fox. She was really good. She had a great speech, and she knew exactly what she wanted to say... But we were not prepared and got confused.”

The piglets were silent.

“I didn’t like Fox either,” Biggie continued. “She’s arrogant and I don’t trust her. But if we want to build a house, win the competition and become real entrepreneurs, we must not criticize her, but work hard and improve ourselves.”



...After making a batch of cherry compote, they spent the rest of the day preparing a new speech.

In the morning Bear joined the jury at the Walnut Meadow, Otter did a talk about water houses, Fox repeated her sweet speech, and then the three piglets took the floor.

“Well,” Fat Ferret said skeptically, “after we’ve heard the brilliant presentation of ‘The Wise Fox’ residential complex, what could you possibly offer?”

“We would like to present our house, which will be called ‘The Friendly Animals’!”

Biggie stepped forward. Middle stood beside him, and Junior was holding little pictures in his hooves. He had been drawing them all the night, and was now ready to hande them to his brothers.

“So, our house will be called ‘The Friendly Animals’, ” the eldest piglet repeated. His voice grew stronger. “The biggest room will be the common room, where we can talk, play board games, and have tea with some cookies in the evenings.”

“There will be a lot of light light in the house,” Junior said. “We will make beautiful wooden furniture for everyone. When the weather is good, we can have breakfast on the terrace.”

“And when the weather is bad, we can close the windows,” Middle added. “And it will be a very warm house. And a very cozy one.”

“We’ll paint the walls in different colors, and make a little room under the roof and put cushions there, so that you can drink hot chocolate and read. And we’ll have a real pizza oven in the kitchen!” Junior finished the speech.

“What about the grounds?” Fat Ferret asked in a bored voice.



“We suggest to build the house in the Apple Meadow, where the big pine trees and raspberry bushes are. We’ll create vegetable patches and a herb garden next to the house,” the thrifty middle piglet said. “And there will also be a small pond with goldfish!”

Marten perked up.

“Just for decoration!” Biggie added sternly. “And around the pond we will plant tulips.”

“We’ll build a house,” Middle continued, “that will be fun to live in! And everyone will have plenty of space for their things. So that when you want to be alone, you can be alone, and when you are sad, you can easily find someone to talk to and play with.”

“Well,” Bear said. “To me it’s all clear. Despite the fact that Otter is a more experienced builder than the piglets, they are the ones who make it to the finals!”

Fox’s eyes sparkled.

“Honorable jury, much respected Bear,” she said. “I have a suggestion. The piglets indeed have little experience... and, as we all witnessed yesterday, they don’t always take the task seriously. I suggest we make a deal. If the piglets finish their constructing on time and their house turns out to be the best, they get both the piggy bank and the title of Chief Builder. But if I win, they give the forest residents their own, wonderful, very cozy brick house!”

Bear thought for a moment. That made sense. He nodded.

“We agree!” the eldest piglet exclaimed for all of them, being overwhelmed with their first victory.

Junior and Middle stood next to him shoulder to shoulder. Despite the tough new terms, they had won the competition today and they were very pleased!

And Fox was also very, very pleased...

Chapter 3.

Future House Design

A rubber duck as a gift. – Will the antlers fit? – Comforting cinnamon curls. – Who's a good boy? – The most important book is hidden in a safe place.

Now that the piglets' participation in the competition was confirmed, they had to start with the main thing. And that was the planning of the future house.

That evening, after having the middle piglet's apple pie (which was really quite perfect: sweet, crumbly, not at all soggy or burnt!), the three piglets opened a blank notebook and began to make notes.

"I think it should be a two-story house," Biggie said.

The brothers agreed.

"Let's make the rooms small, like ours, so we can accommodate more residents. We have a snug room which still fits three beds in it."

The brothers agreed.

"And we need to put a bookcase in each room so that everyone can read and study," Biggie said. "And everyone should have a desk!"

The brothers agreed.

"I think," Middle said, "that we need a pig pantry on each floor. Or even two. To store pots, jam jars and acorn jelly. And a cupboard for dishes."

The brothers agreed.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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