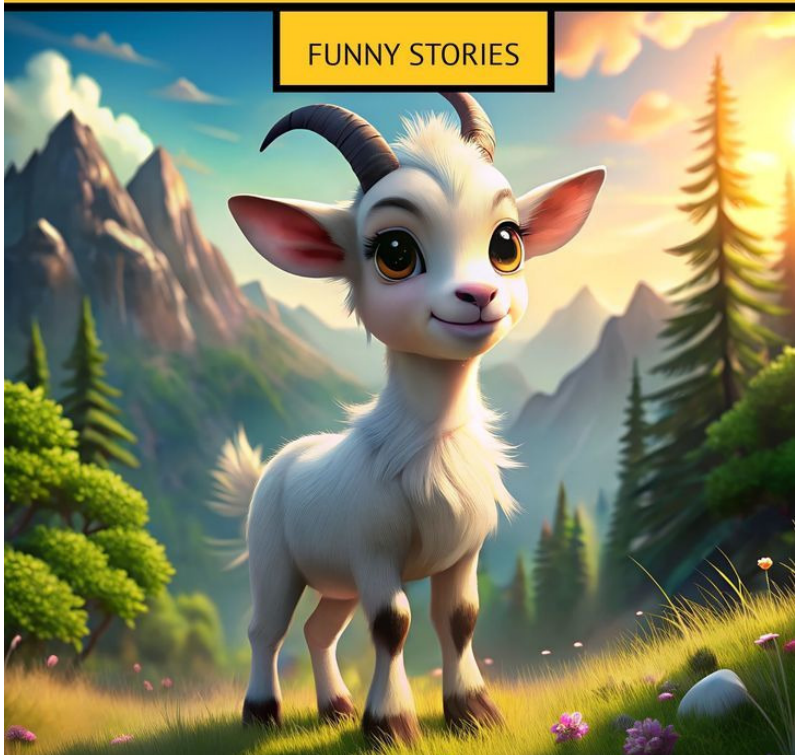


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АЛЕКСЕЙ САБАДЫРЬ

The adventures of the brave kid

FUNNY STORIES



Алексей Сабадырь
**The adventures of the
brave kid. Funny stories**

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Аннотация

Little goat Mitya is a real hero! He lives in a cozy hut on the edge of the forest with his mother and sister Zoya. But Mitya can't sit still – he is curious, mischievous and thirsty for adventure! Mitya sets off on an exciting journey through the forest. On his way, he encounters funny and dangerous adventures: searching for water in a well, saving hares from a cunning fox, helping a squirrel and even trying to return a fallen star to the sky! Colored illustrations will delight your children!

The adventures of the brave kid Funny stories

Алексей Сабадырь

Chapter 1 – First adventure

Illustrations Recraft ai

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In a cozy little cottage on the edge of a sprawling forest lived a young kid, a little goat named Mitya. He lived with his mom and sister, Zoe. Mitya was a very mischievous and curious little goat.



- Good morning, Mitya, – said his mom. -It's time to get up; breakfast is getting cold.
- If only I could make breakfast come to me, feed me, and wash the dishes, that would be great! – said Mitya.
- That only happens in fairy tales, – his mom replied.
- What's for breakfast? – asked Mitya.

– Your favorite stewed cabbage and pancakes with condensed milk, – his mom answered. – Your sister will eat your portion now, so get to the table quickly.

– That Zoe again, – muttered Mitya, and went to the kitchen. When they had all finished breakfast, his mom said,
– I need your help today.
– What? We won't go for a walk? – asked Mitya.
– If you finish your chores, you can go for a walk, – his mom answered.

– What should we do? – asked Mitya.
– Today we need to plant cabbage, carrots, and beets. Take the shovel, Mitya, and dig some holes. Zoe will plant the cabbage seedlings, – said his mom.

When the cabbage planting was finished, they moved on to the carrots and beets. His mom showed Mitya how to use a hoe, and he started making furrows where Zoe dropped the seeds.

Soon, the work was done, and his mom let Mitya go play. Mitya was jumping around in the meadow when a fox came up to him and asked,

– Where did you come from in our parts?
– My mom found me in the cabbage, – replied Mitya.
– And were there many of you like this in the cabbage? – asked the fox.

– Enough to last you a lifetime, – replied Mitya.
– Aren't you afraid to walk alone in the woods? – asked the fox.

– Who should I be afraid of? Well, maybe you, red one, – replied Mitya.

– Maybe me, too, – said the fox and was about to jump on the kid, but Mitya managed to jump aside, and the fox hit her head on a stump.

– What, red one, doesn't your head hurt? – asked Mitya.

– We'll meet again, – said the fox, and ran off.

– I don't doubt it, – replied Mitya.

A hedgehog came out of the bushes and said,

– Well done, Mitya, for standing your ground. I see you have a brave heart. But be careful, she's very cunning, and she won't forget this. You can always count on me.

– Thanks, Uncle Hedgehog, – said Mitya.

– “Bravo, bravo, – said a magpie. -Call me when there's a rematch; I'd love to watch that.

– She's been asking for it. I have children, too, and I'm scared to leave them alone without supervision, – said a squirrel, sitting on a tree.

– We need to stick together, and if necessary, help each other in trouble, – said Mitya.

The happy little goat went skipping home and was so eager to tell his mom his story.

– I chased away the fox today, – boasted Mitya.

– You have to be careful, son. Be wary of the fox, the wolf, the bear. They will always be looking for a reason to eat you, – said his mom.

– Let them try! When I grow up, I'll fight them all off, – said Mitya, and began to jump for joy.

Chapter 2 – Water from the well

Mitya's mom sent him to get water from the well, which was located at the other end of the forest.

– Can I come with you? – asked his little sister.

– Come on, but stay close, – said Mitya.

– Yes, sir, – said Zoe, saluting with her hoof.



Mitya took a small cart, put a bucket and a water jug on it, and they set off on their journey.

As they walked, they saw a mole sticking its head out of the ground.

– Who’s passing by? – asked the mole.

– It’s Mitya the kid and his little sister, Zoe, – answered Mitya.

– Mitya, can you tell me what day it is? – asked the mole.

– It was Tuesday this morning. Don't you know? – asked Mitya.

– I'm blind, so I often get confused about the calendar, – answered the mole.

– Then you need to see a doctor, – advised Mitya.

– No, it runs in the family. My ancestors were always blind, too, – said the mole.

– Maybe you should buy glasses. You might get your sight back, – asked Mitya.

– That's a good idea. I should think about it, – answered the mole.

They went on, and Mitya saw a giant snake climbing up a tree to feast on the baby birds that were sitting on the branch in their nest.

– Get down from there right now, or you'll be sorry! – yelled Mitya.

– Who are you? – asked the snake.

– I'm Mitya the kid – protector of all the weak and defenseless, – replied Mitya.

– You're a protector! Ha! Ha! Ha! You look at yourself. If I get down from here, you won't like what happens to you, – hissed the snake.

Zoe hid behind the cart and trembled with fear.

Mitya looked around for something, anything, that could help him in this battle with the snake. He saw a long stick. As the

snake descended to the right distance, Mitya hit it several times with the stick. The snake fell, hissed, and slithered away.

– Thank you, kid, I don't forget kindness, – said a titmouse.

He went over to Zoe, hugged her, and asked,

– You were scared?

– I was scared, – said Zoe.

– Don't worry, I'm your brother, so I won't let anyone bully you, – said the kid.

They reached the well and started to get water. Once they had filled the jug and the bucket, they rested a little and then set off back home.

On their way back, a bear came toward them.

– So, this is the tough guy who's shown up in the forest. Well, well, well, – said the bear.

– Yes, I am. What about it? – asked the kid.

– I've heard about your heroic deeds. That fox is still at home taking headache pills. Do you mind sharing your water with me? – asked the bear.

– No, you can have it, – said Mitya, and gave him the bucket of water.

The bear drank his fill and said,

– You're a good guy. Brave, honest, noble. I like you, and just because I like you, I offer you my friendship. If you're ever in trouble, just call on me. I'll always come to your aid, – said the bear.

– And you won't eat us now? – asked Zoe, scared.

– What, sweetie? There's enough normal food in this forest. I don't go hungry. You go home. Your mom is probably waiting for you, – said the bear, and went away.

Mitya continued driving the cart with water when he saw a raccoon hiding in the bushes. Mitya asked him,

– Who are you hiding from, raccoon?

– Well, I promised the boar I'd help him with his chores, but I didn't come. Now I'm afraid he's going to make a cutlet out of me, – said the raccoon.

– You need to keep your word. Don't worry about him. I'll take care of everything, – said Mitya, stepping out of the bushes with the raccoon.

Just then, the boar came running to the raccoon, all angry. He said,

– So, that's how you treat me! I come to you with an open heart, and you don't even come to help me.

– Sorry, boar, but he was busy. I asked him to help me get some water. That's why he agreed. Not right away, though. He said he'd made an agreement with you, but I told him to help me first. Then we'd help you with your chores. So forgive him. It's my fault, – said Mitya.

– So what should we do now? – asked the boar.

– Nothing, he's now free, so he's at your disposal. Don't be angry at us, it's better to drink some of my water. It's clean, from the well, – said Mitya.

He drank the water, calmed down, and said,

– Thank you, kid, the water is really good. I got a little angry, but I don't hold any grudges against you. Well, raccoon, let's get to work? – said the boar.

– Of course, boar, whatever you say, – answered the raccoon, winking at the kid.

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