



Valerio Larcheni

*Animal Stories
for Kids*

For Kids

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«Издательские решения»

Larcheni V.

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Do you love animals? Do you love exciting stories? Then get ready for some amazing adventures featuring brave creatures! This book tells fantastic tales about animals, who go on incredible journeys, solve mysteries, and make wonderful friends. So, next time you're looking for a good book, try picking up a story about an animal and their amazing adventures. You might just discover a new favorite character and a whole world of exciting possibilities!

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Jackie the Brave Ram

Imagine a big, green meadow, like a giant, fluffy carpet. In that meadow, fluffy sheep were munching on yummy grass. They wandered about, nibbling here and there, enjoying the sunny day. And leading the flock, keeping an eye on everyone, was Jackie, the ram. He was also eating grass, but he was mostly busy making sure all the sheep were safe and sound.

Suddenly, “WHOOSH”! Out of the trees burst a big, bad wolf named Big Teeth. His eyes lit up like yellow lightbulbs when he saw the sheep. He licked his lips and thought, “Yum! Sheep for dinner!”

Big Teeth started sneaking towards the sheep, his tongue hanging out, ready to pounce. He was so excited to catch one!

Jackie the ram saw the wolf, “Uh oh!” He was scared. His knees felt wobbly, and he thought about running away. “Maybe,” he thought, “I can just escape and leave the wolf alone.”

But then Jackie remembered his sheep. If he ran, the wolf would chase them and gobble them all up! “No!” Jackie thought. “I can’t let that happen. I have to protect my sheep!”

So, Jackie took a deep breath and bleated loudly, “BAAAAA!” He lowered his head and CHARGED towards the wolf!

The wolf opened his mouth wide, ready to eat Jackie! But Jackie was too quick! He jumped into the air and, “BAM!” He head-butted the wolf right on the teeth with his strong horns!

“OWWWWWW!” yelped the wolf. His teeth hurt, his jaw ached, and he didn’t want sheep for dinner anymore! He just wanted to run away and hide!

As the wolf turned to flee, Jackie wasn’t done! He jumped again and “BOOM!” He head-butted the wolf right on his backside!

Big Teeth went tumbling head over heels! Then he scrambled to his feet and ran as fast as his legs could carry him, disappearing into the forest. He didn’t even look back!

The sheep were safe! Jackie, the brave ram, had protected them from the big, bad wolf.

And that’s the story of Jackie the brave ram. He was scared, but because he cared about his sheep, he found the courage to be strong and protect them. It shows you that even when you’re afraid, if you’re responsible for others, you can be a hero too!

The Fox and the Silly Hens

The yard buzzed with chicken activity. “Cluck, cluck, cluck!” They pecked at scattered grains, scratched in the dirt, and diligently hunted for tasty bugs and worms. Life was simple, routine, and chicken-y.

Suddenly, a flash of red! A sly, red fox appeared at the edge of the fence, his eyes gleaming. She spotted the chickens, and his tongue darted out to lick his lips.

“Hello, beautiful chickens!” the fox sang in a smooth, unctuous voice.

“Hello, you, unknown red beast!” the chickens clucked back, a little nervously.

“Let’s come live with me,” the fox coaxed, his voice dripping with sweetness. “Around my house, there are green, emerald lawns. And the ground is teeming with countless, juicy worms!

She spread his paws wide. “And what a spacious hut I have! Not like your old chicken coop. The kitchen alone is *this* big!”

The chickens exchanged excited clucks. “Let’s go, of course, let’s go!” they agreed eagerly. “Let’s live in faraway lands and graze on emerald lawns! Let’s gobble up those fat bugs and worms and live in a huge, spacious hut!”

Just then, a rooster, Silver Spurs Scarlet Comb, strutted out of the henhouse. His feathers gleamed in the sun.

“Where are you going, beautiful girls?” Silver Spurs Scarlet Comb asked, his voice sharp and menacing.

“Well,” one of the hens chirped, “this never-before-seen red beast is inviting us to live in his faraway lands! He says there are green, emerald lawns all around his house, and countless worms in the ground! And his hut is so spacious, not like our old henhouse. And the kitchen is *this* big!” She too, spread her wings wide.

The rooster peered over to see this ‘never-before-seen red beast.’ And who should it be? A fox!

Silver Spurs Scarlet Comb was an old, experienced rooster. He knew that sly, red-haired rogue all too well.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo! Help! Fox! Polkan to the rescue!” rooster crowed with all his might.

Immediately, a dog named Polkan, the yard’s loyal guard dog, came barreling toward the sound of rooster’s call. He saw the fox and, with a mighty bark, pounced! The fox yelped in surprise, and red fur flew as he tried to escape. The fox barely managed to scramble away, fleeing for his life.

Panting, Silver Spurs Scarlet Comb turned to the hens. “Well, beautiful girls,” he said, shaking his head, ‘are you telling me the kitchen of this ‘exotic beast,’ this ‘unseen beast,’ is so huge?”

“And what big pots are in that kitchen! Did you see?”

Silver Spurs Scarlet Spurs sighed. “You silly, silly hens. You should be thanking Polkan that you didn’t end up in those pots!

Somovich the Wise Catfish and the Troublesome Net

Once upon a time, way down in a deep, dark pool lived a catfish named Somovich. His home was nestled under a big, old, twisty snag. Somovich was a BIG catfish, and he was super-duper old. He couldn't even remember how many birthdays he'd had! Just... lots and lots!

But Somovich wasn't just big and old. He was also super wise and very, very kind. If any fish in the river was sad or needed help, they would swim straight to Somovich. And old Somovich? He NEVER said no. He helped every single fish he could.

One day, oh dear, trouble arrived! Somovich was swimming along in a quiet little part of the river, when suddenly... "WHAM!" He was caught in a fisherman's net! "Oh no!"

What could he do? He pulled and wiggled, but the net held tight. He couldn't swim forward; he couldn't swim backward. He was stuck!

The other fish saw poor Somovich caught in the net. They swam over from everywhere in the river. They wanted to help their friend! But... how? The net was too strong. They couldn't pull it apart.

Rakovich the crayfish was in a hurry! He scuttled and scurried as fast as his little legs could carry him. He needed to reach his friend Somovich, the catfish, but the journey was long, oh so long!

Just then, some clever fish swam by. They saw Rakovich puffing and panting, and an idea popped into their heads! They gently scooped up Rakovich, lifted him all the way to the top of the water, and placed him on a big, white water lily pad.

The fish grabbed the stem of the water lily and started pulling! Rakovich held on tight, waving his claws as he zoomed across the sparkly water. It was like a water lily taxi!

Soon, they arrived at the place where Somovich was trapped in some nasty nets. Rakovich jumped off the lily pad and sank to the bottom. "Time to get to work!" he thought.

He started snipping and snapping at the net with his strong claws. "Oh boy, these ropes are tough!" he grumbled. But Rakovich didn't give up. He kept cutting and biting until finally, the net was in pieces! Somovich was free!

That evening, the fishermen came to collect their nets. But when they pulled them up, they were ripped and torn! And guess what? There were no fish to be found! The fishermen grumbled and shook their fists at the lake, knowing someone had outsmarted them.

Somovich was so grateful to Rakovich and the helpful fish. He invited everyone to his underwater house for a party! He served tea and yummy pretzels. They all laughed and told stories, especially about how they tricked the grumpy fishermen. What a fun day in the lake!

Crooked Paw and the Busy Bee

Crooked Paw the bear was walking through the forest. His tummy was rumbling! He was so hungry. He was looking everywhere for something yummy to eat.

Suddenly, he saw a little bee buzzing towards him. It was Zhuzha!

“Hello, Crooked Paw!” buzzed Zhuzha.

“Hello to you too, little Zhuzha,” said Crooked Paw. “Where are you flying off to?”

“I’m flying to a faraway meadow,” answered Zhuzha. “The sweet, red clover is blooming there!”

Crooked Paw’s ears perked up. “Can I go with you and eat some sweet clover?” he asked.

“Of course! Let’s go!” Zhuzha replied. “The meadow is big and there’s enough clover for everyone!”

Zhuzha zipped ahead, and Crooked Paw lumbered along behind her.

Soon, they reached the meadow. “And wow!” There was SO much clover! It was a sea of red flowers!

Zhuzha started buzzing happily from flower to flower, collecting sweet nectar. That’s the sugary liquid inside the flowers that bees love!

Crooked Paw grabbed a big handful of clover. He chewed and chewed, but then he spat it out. “Yuck!” he grumbled. “Is it even possible to get full on *this*?”

Meanwhile, Zhuzha had filled her tiny buckets with nectar and was getting ready to fly back to her hive.

“Give me one bucket,” begged Crooked Paw. “I want to try it!”

“No, Crooked Paw,” said Zhuzha, using the bear’s nickname. “I can’t give you my nectar. I have to take these buckets to the hive. We will make sweet, yummy honey from it and feed our babies. If I give it to you, then our babies will be hungry!”

“Ah!” Crooked Paw got angry. He stomped his foot. “Then I will come and take *all* the honey from you!” he roared. “Look how big and strong I am! And you are tiny! What can you do to me?”

Zhuzha didn’t say anything. She just buzzed angrily. Then, she zoomed off as fast as she could towards her hive. She knew she had to warn her family about the grumpy bear!

All day long, Zhuzha the bee and her friends buzzed around the meadow. They were busy little bees, collecting yummy nectar from the colorful flowers. They flew back and forth, filling their tiny baskets with the sweet juice. Back at the hive, they turned the nectar into delicious, golden honey! The honeycombs were getting so full, they were practically overflowing!

“But then, oh no!” A big, grumpy bear showed up. His name was Crooked Paw, and he looked very tired, very hungry, and very, very angry.

“Give me back my honey, bees!” Crooked Paw roared. His voice was so loud it made the flowers tremble!

The bees were so surprised! “Your honey?” they buzzed. “Did you fly to the meadow, Crooked Paw? Did you collect nectar from the flowers? Did you make the honey?”

“No, bear,” Zhuzha replied bravely. “We made this honey. So we won’t give it to you!”

“Oh, you won’t, huh?” Crooked Paw bellowed even louder. “Well, then I’ll just take it! I’ll turn over all your hives and smash them to pieces!”

And with that, the grumpy bear lumbered towards the beehives, ready to cause trouble.

That was the last straw! The bees started buzzing angrily. They gathered together in a big, buzzing swarm. And then, they attacked! They flew right at Crooked Paw and started stinging him from all sides!

The bear spun around and around, trying to swat the bees away. He waved his big, clawed paws, but the bees were too quick for him. He couldn’t catch a single one! His nose started to swell up, and his eyes became tiny slits because they were so puffy. He couldn’t even see the hive anymore!

Finally, the bee stings were too much to bear. Crooked Paw couldn’t take it anymore! He turned around and ran away as fast as his clumsy legs could carry him. All you could see was the soles of his paws flashing as he sped away.

But the bees weren’t done yet! They flew right after him and stung him on those very soles! “Ouch!”

When Crooked Paw was finally gone, the bees flew back home to their hive. They had to feed the little baby bees some sweet honey, sing them a sleepy lullaby, and tuck them into their tiny bee cribs.

And as for Crooked Paw? He got exactly what he deserved! He learned a valuable lesson: “Don’t try to steal what isn’t yours!” From that day on, he knew better than to mess with Zhuzha and her friends.

Sparrow and the Little Seed

Once upon a time, there was a tiny sparrow. He loved to hop around in the fields after the farmers had gathered all the wheat. One day, he saw something small and brown on the ground.

“Oh! A grain!” chirped the sparrow. He was about to gobble it up when...

“Wait!” squeaked a tiny voice.

The sparrow stopped. The grain was talking! “Please don’t eat me! Plant me instead.”

The sparrow scratched his head. “Plant you? But I’m hungry! One little grain won’t fill me up.”

The little grain pleaded, “Just put me back in the ground, please!”

The sparrow thought about it. He knew one grain wasn’t much. So, he carefully pushed the grain back into the soil with his beak.

Winter came, and it was cold and snowy. The sparrow was hungry. He remembered the little grain he’d buried.

“I wonder how that little grain is doing?” he thought.

He flew to the field and landed near where he’d planted it. “Little grain, are you cold?” he called out.

A tiny voice whispered from under the ground, “Oh, sparrow, it’s very cold! But if you could cover me with snow, it would be like a warm blanket.”

The sparrow flapped his wings and pushed snow over the spot. “There you go! A nice, warm blanket of snow! Don’t freeze, little grain!”

When spring arrived, the sun began to warm the earth. The sparrow flew back to the field. He was so curious! What happened to the grain?

He looked and looked...and then he saw it! A little green sprout was poking out of the ground.

“Who are you?” asked the sparrow.

“I’m the little grain!” chirped the sprout. “I slept under the snow all winter, and now the sun has woken me up!”

The sparrow visited the sprout every day. He watched it grow taller and stronger.

Then, summer came, and a golden ear of wheat appeared at the top of the sprout. The ear grew bigger and bigger, filled with lots of tiny grains.

As summer ended, the sparrow flew in and saw something amazing! Many little grains had fallen from the ear onto the ground.

“These are my children,” said the ear of wheat. “Plant them too, and see what happens!”

The sparrow was so excited! He carefully buried the new grains in the ground!
He watched them carefully, shooing away any bugs that tried to nibble.

And guess what? Soon, the grains sprouted! They grew taller and taller, until the sparrow had a whole field of beautiful, golden wheat, heavy with ears!

“Wow!” chirped the sparrow.

The grains whispered from their ears, “Now, sparrow, take some of us and take us to the mill. They can grind us into flour, and you can make something yummy to eat!”

So the sparrow gathered some of the ripe wheat. He carried it carefully to the mill (which felt like a very long trip for a little bird!). The miller ground the wheat into soft, white flour.

The sparrow took the flour back to his little house. He mixed it with water and other goodies, and then... he baked pancakes and pies! The smell was delicious!

The sparrow sat in his house, eating his warm, fluffy pancakes and sweet pies. He wasn't cold or hungry anymore. He felt so happy and grateful.

“Thank you very much, grains!” he chirped to the field outside.

And the grains rustled in the wind, “This is for you, sparrow! Thank you for taking care of us, pampering us, and cherishing us! Thank you very much for everything!”

The sparrow smiled. He learned a very important lesson that day: Good always comes back with good. If you are kind and helpful, good things will happen to you too!

How Squirrels Saved a Chick

High up in a tall pine tree, a fluffy squirrel was busy. He was jumping from branch to branch, twig to twig, looking for the best, ripest pine cones. He was a very busy squirrel!

“Chirp, chirp! Phew, phew!”

The squirrel stopped. What was that sound? It sounded like crying! He peeked down through the green needles.

There, sitting on a branch, was a little bird. She was sobbing, tiny tears rolling down her face. She looked so sad!

“What happened? What happened?” squeaked the squirrel. “Why are you crying so bitterly?”

The little bird sniffed. “Oh, Mr. Squirrel,” she chirped sadly, “I’m so upset. I have a cozy nest in the branches, right above the wild raspberry bushes. And my little chicks, my little rascals, live there.”

She took another shaky breath. “Today, my chicks were playing and being a bit naughty, and one of them fell right out of the nest!”

More tears welled up in her eyes. “Some children from the village came to pick raspberries. They saw my chick and... and they took him home with them! Now he’s all alone!”

“Oh dear!” said the squirrel.

“I’m so worried,” the bird sobbed. “My little chick will perish. He won’t survive in a cage. I don’t even know what to do.”

“Don’t you worry your little feathers!” said the squirrel. He puffed up his chest. “We’ll think of something! We won’t let your baby perish!”

The squirrel started to chirp and cluck, a special squirrel call. Soon, squirrels from all the nearby trees came scampering over. He told them all about the bird’s misfortune.

“We need to help our neighbor!” he said. “We can’t leave her alone with her sadness!”

So, the squirrels set off on a rescue mission! They jumped along the branches, ran along the twigs, with the little bird flying ahead to show them the way.

Finally, they arrived at the house where the bird’s son was. The squirrels scurried up to the window.

“There he is!” whispered one of the squirrels. On the windowsill, outside the window, was a little cage. The chick was inside, all ruffled and sad. He looked like he was in a really bad state.

“We need to save the baby right now!” declared the squirrel.

Suddenly, one of the squirrels noticed something. “Look!” he squeaked. “The window... it’s open a little bit!”

Quick as a wink, the squirrels pushed the window open wider and jumped into the room! They ran around the cage, chattering excitedly.

“But... how do we open it?” asked a small squirrel with extra fluffy tail. “I don’t know how to open a cage!”

They all looked at the cage, tilting their heads. It had a little latch, but it was too small for their paws to grab. The squirrels buzzed around, trying to figure out how to work it.

A clever squirrel, with a particularly bright and curious eye, noticed that the latch could be pushed from the side. He nudged a twig through the bars of the cage, wiggling it until it pressed against the latch.

“We need to gnaw through the wooden bars!” squeaked Old Whiskers, the wisest squirrel of them all. His bushy tail twitched, and his little eyes twinkled with a clever idea.

No sooner said than “YUM! YUM! YUM!” The squirrels, with their busy little teeth, started gnawing and chomping. They gnawed so fast, wood chips flew everywhere! And guess what? They made a HOLE!

Out flew... “CHIRP!” A tiny little chick.

But oh no! “He can’t fly yet!” cried a little squirrel named Nutsy. The chick wobbled and flapped, but he just couldn’t stay in the air.

Quick as a wink, the squirrels scooped up the chick in their paws, being very, very careful. “We have to get him home!” squeaked Chippy.

They rushed through the trees, the little chick nestled safe and sound. Above them, a mother bird flew, “CHIRP! CHIRP! CHIRP!” She was chirping so happily!

Kids Hedgehogs and Old Hedgehog

The little hedgehogs were running through the forest, pitter-patter, pitter-patter! It was a busy time of year. They were picking up yummy mushrooms and bright red apples. They carefully poked the mushrooms and apples onto their prickly backs – like putting little hats on their thorns!

Winter was coming soon, “brrr!” They needed lots and lots of food to keep them warm and full all winter long. Their mommy and daddy hedgehogs were working hard too, but it was a BIG job, and the little hedgehogs wanted to help.

Suddenly, they saw someone sitting on a tree stump. It was old Mr. Hedgehog! He was leaning on his walking stick and looked a little bit sad.

“Hello, Mr. Hedgehog!” they chirped.

“Hello, little ones!” Mr. Hedgehog said in a raspy voice. “Where are you hurrying off to so quickly?”

“The apples are super ripe on the apple trees!” one hedgehog squeaked. “And the forest is bursting with mushrooms!” another hedgehog added. “We’re picking them up, curling into spiky balls, and carrying them home on our backs. We need to have lots of food for winter!”

“And why aren’t you getting food, Mr. Hedgehog?” a little hedgehog asked, tilting its head.

Mr. Hedgehog sighed. “Oh, my dears! It’s hard for me to run anymore. And it’s even harder to curl up into a ball! My old spines don’t prick the mushrooms and apples very well. I’m just too old. I might have to go hungry this winter.”

The little hedgehogs looked at each other with worried little eyes.

“No, Mr. Hedgehog!” one cried. “You won’t be hungry!”

“We won’t let you go without food!” another added.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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