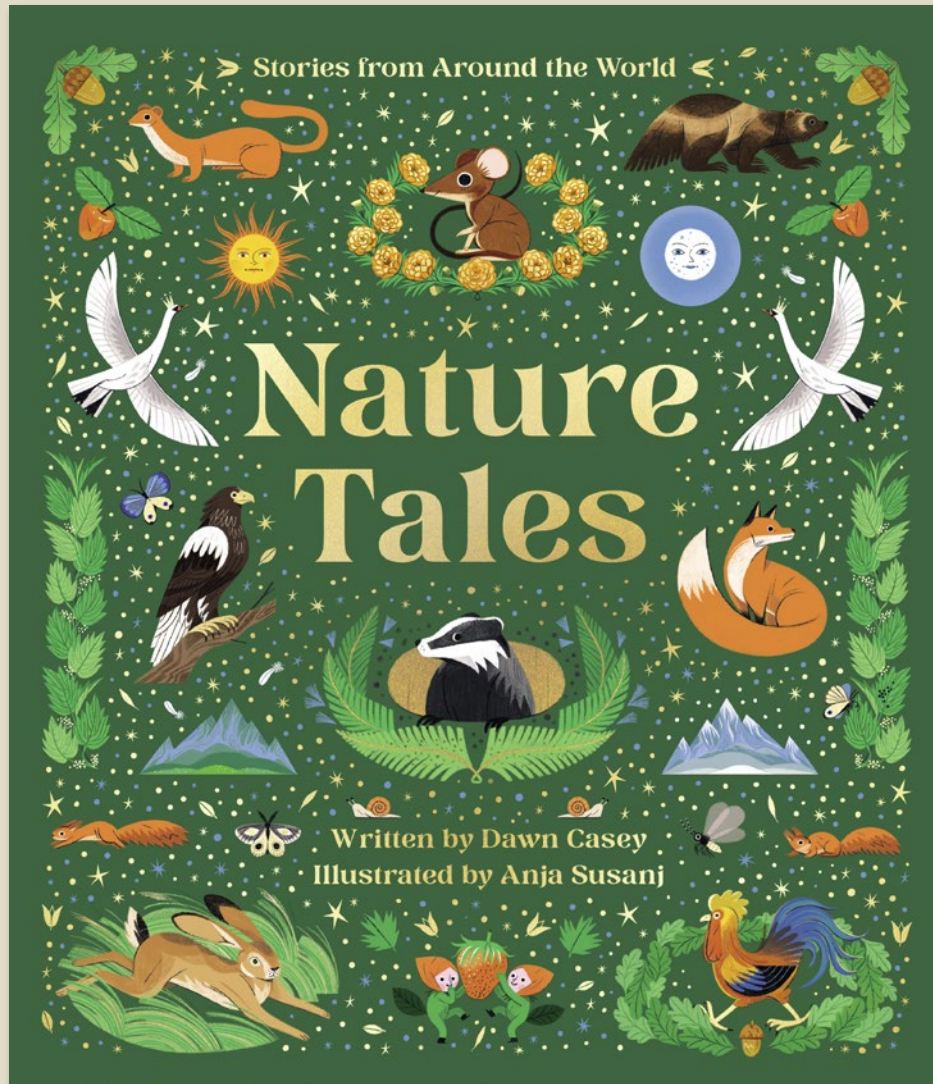


Nature Tales



A collection of nature folk tales

- CONTENTS: The Bramble's Gift **Greece**; Fox's Tail **Norway**; Little Brown Mouse **Himalayas**; Pigeon and Bee **Ukraine**; The Magic Acorn **Russia**; Wild Strawberries **Britain**; Eagle and Owl **Wales**; Hare's Ears **Siberia**; The Hedgehog and Hare **Germany**; Little Lark, Robin Redbreast and Jenny Wren **France**; Little Red Squirrel **America**; Rabbit's Tale **Brazil**; The Healing Apple Tree **Poland**; The Pine Tree **Japan**; Badger Boy **Ireland**; Bringing Back Wolf **Mexico**; The Birth of Bear **Finland**; The Stork's Nest **Morocco**.
- A timeless, treasured classic that speaks to all ages, following on from the success of *Star Stories* (2018), *Winter Tales* (2020) and *Enchanted Tales* (2023).
- Includes stories from every continent, giving it a universal appeal.

Nature Tales



The Nettle Queen
A folktale from Denmark

Nettles grow in great families and give us many gifts: food, medicine, cloth and dye. Nettle leaves are so rich and tender that many creatures love to eat them – the plant uses its sting to make sure that not too many of its leaves get muncht! Nettle tea is zingy green. Nettle soup helps our bodies and bones grow strong and healthy. People have been using nettle stems to make cloth since Bronze Age times.

Once there was a king who had six sons and one daughter, Eliza. The king loved his family dearly. So, when the king's wife died, he was sunk in grief. But his advisors told him: the country needs a queen! Besides, the children need a mother. So, though his heart had not yet healed, the king married again.

His new queen felt at once the lack of love. Hurt hardened her heart. One day, when the boys woke her with their noise, she snapped. "Get out!" she shouted. "Just go! Fly away!"

Words have power. As she pointed, the boys' skin sprouted feathers. Their arms became wings. Their necks stretched. And they flew: six white swans.



Wild Strawberries
A folktale from Britain

In the busy days of summer, wild strawberries grow. They are smaller than the cultivated ones, and sweeter – a sign of summer's magic. In the forests of Britain, they grow in the shade of trees. The berries are tiny, but they are packed with juice. They are a treat for many animals, including foxes and rabbits.

And the girl, Eliza?
Now, the queen made a strong, dark dye – in a great pot, walnut shells bubbled and brewed. She poured the dye into Eliza's bath. It stained her hair and changed her face – she looked so different, even her own father did not know her.

"Who let a stranger in here?" he cried. "Throw her out!"
Eliza fled, into the forest. She wandered the woods, wishing her brothers were with her. But the trees and the plants, the birds and the animals were all with her. She talked to them, as if they were her brothers.

"Hello, Butterfly!"
"Hello, Nettle, may I pick a leaf? Ow!"
The sting made the tips of her fingers tingle. Just then, along came a woman, gathering nettles for soup. She picked a dock leaf for Eliza, to soothe her skin. She showed her the tiny butterfly eggs, sheltered beneath a nettle leaf. She taught her how to pick the very top tips of the plant, which are best to eat. Eliza thanked the woman, and she asked her, "Please... Have you seen six boys – princes?"

The woman shook her head. "No... no princes... But I did see six swans, down on the river."
Eliza followed the river all the way to the sea. But she didn't find her brothers. She did find a white feather, on the shore. She sat on the sand with the feather in her hand. And as the sun began to set, there came a sound – over the pounding of the waves – the singing of wings.

From over the horizon came six wild swans. As they landed, their white feathers fell away. There stood six boys – Eliza's brothers! Then there was hugging and kissing and laughing and crying, and more hugging.

"Every day, when the sun rises, we turn into swans," said her youngest brother. "We only become boys again when the sun sets. We live far off over the ocean, but every day, we fly back, to look for you."
"Now you've found me," said Eliza. "Take me with you!" So Eliza and her brothers gathered supple willow and tough rush, and together they knotted a mat.



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