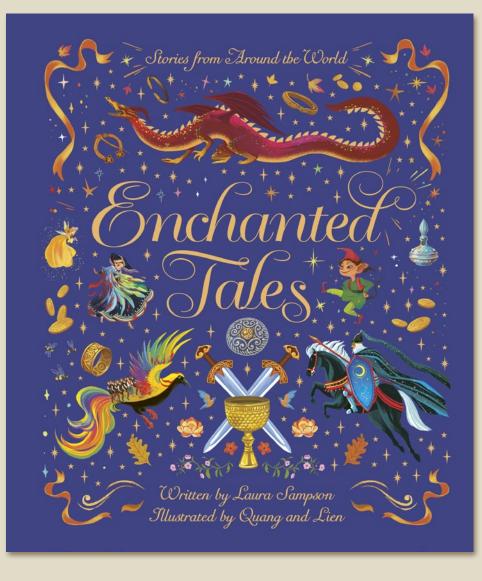
Enchanted Tales



A spellbinding treasury of magical tales

- A timeless, treasured classic that speaks to all ages, following on from the success of *Star Stories* (2018) and *Winter Tales* (2020)
- Universal appeal, including stories from cultures on every continent
- *Winter Tales* has sold more than 80,000 copies across 15 territories
- Cover: Arlin + foil

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Enchanted Tales



A Summer



The Magic Fish A tale from China

A tule from China

The Brothers Orimm version of "Cinderellas" is the one many of us are familiar with, but there are hundreds – maybe oven thousands – of different versions of this talle from around the globs. This version fram China was the first to be written down, over 1,000 years ago.

Once upon a time, in a little shed outside a little house in the cave mountains of Southern China, there lived an orphan called Ye-Tsien. She was bright-eyed, civer, kind and good at making hings. Ye-Tsien's stepmother loved her own doughter best, so Ye-Tsien had to do all the heaviest, most dangerous work, like collecting firewood from the deep forest or water from the high mountain posk. One day, Ye-Tsien was collecting water when up from the bottom of a deep mountain poet there was a shinnmering and a glittering. It travelled up and up unit scenething broke the surface – a tiny, shiring, golden fish! The fish looked up at Ye-Thien, Ye-Tsien kooked back – and from that moment, the fish

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The Magne Fuli

and Yo'Tsien became friends. She took it home, placed it in a basin and fed it every day with scraps from her own plate. The fah grew and grew until, one day, it had grown so big she had to take it back to the pool. Still, Ye-Tsien visited the golden fish every day, and each time the fish would poke its shining golden head out of the water and greet her.

A few weeks later, the Stepmother was hungry and had an idea. Secretly, she followed Ye-Tsien to the pool. She saw how the huge, sparkling, deliciouslooking fish always came out for Ye-Tsien but stayed deep under the water when anyone decame by. *How can I outwit this clear fakt* she thought.

The next day, back at home, the Stepmother gave Ye-Tsien new clothes to put on and sent her on a long errand down the mountain. Then she disquised hered in Wi-Tsien's old clother, went to the pool and called the fish. When it bubbled up from the bottom of the pool, the Stepmother was ready with a knife. She took the golden fish home, chopped it up, cooked it and served it up to eat with her forvarite duaghter.

"Delicious!" they both said, wiping their mouths. They ate every morsel and threw its bones away on the rubbish heap.

The following day, Ye-Shein hurried to the mountain pool and calledbut no fish came. Big tears fell from her eyes and splashed into the empty pool. But as the cried, the air thickneed, altimmering and glittering, and a figure appeared. It spoke in a voke that reminide her of safety: Today you cry, today you weep,

But look upon the rubbish heap. Your fish friend's magic bones are there. They'll grant you wishes, never fear.

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