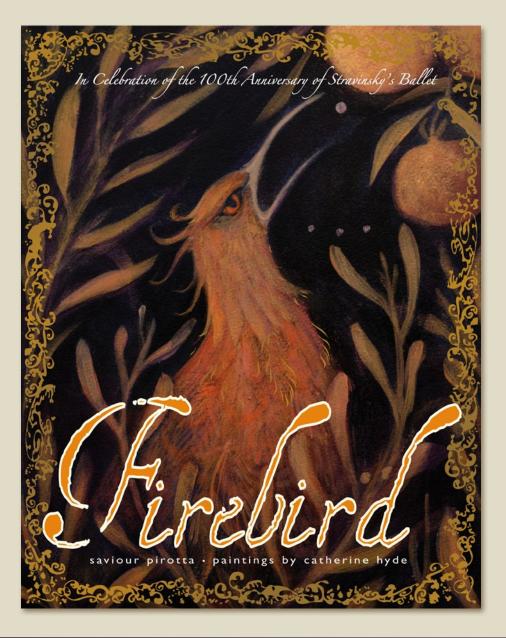
Firebird



Retelling of a classic folktale that will fascinate young readers!

- Artist has illustrated the work of Poet Laureate Carol Ann Duffy
- Longlisted for Kate Greenaway Medal
- Winner of Aesop Accolade and Oppenheimer Toy Portfolio Award
- Spellbinding folktale, retold by a world class author with incredible painting illustrations.
- Gold foil cover and foiled firebird inside

Firebird

He held on until he hourd a map. The firefied had hesters free and sourced up into the sky, leaving only a single golden feather in

When have showed the feather to his father, it fit up the entire throne room.

"So, the bound is true!" declared the kine. "Wheneve brings use

Right away Prince Dimins set out to find the further. He make on and on until he came to a crossouch at the edge of the kingdom. There he use a hore rock on which was convert a sourcise.

Take the middle read and you will raffer hanger and cold.

Take the right rand and you will live, though your horse will die.

Take the left read and you will die, though your horse will live.

"They all sound too dangerous," said Prince Dimitri, used to the shelvered life of a prince, and he galloped back to the palace. The sent slep Prince Vaille in each to each the foliability. No having not of his nebitives to she his thinking for him, he was also mared by the warning on the boulder and setured house to his failure. Then Prince Itam said to the king. "Papa, roup I go its watch of the feetful state."

Who detailed one in coursed where were above furnitures hour failure."







"Dale one to the faction!," underedhom, classification onto Groy ShiPi hark. Assay they sped, not of the gloonyliness and into a cyl. Gen'y Wild organtions and into a cyl. Gen'y Wild organtion and into a company with its "On the other into of this wall be the garden of King Dalons," said the wolf. "In the assumes home you will find then this the changing dat once, "the other casp holds the fraction." Each to festion in the deep, but I same you know the said only believe."

Ivan stole into the garden and found the three birds in the summer house, just as the wolf had described. He was about to put his hand inside the firebird's cage when he noticed that it was made of beaten gold. Surely it would be a pity to leave such a treasure behind? He tried lifting it off its hook, but immediately alarm bells rang all over the palace and he was captured by the king's guards.

"I see by your fine clothes that you are a prince," said King Dolmat.

"Why would you try to steal my firebird?"

"It is your bird that is the thief," replied Ivan. "It took my father's golden apples and I was sent to bring it to justice."

"I should lock you up in prison," said King Dolmar, "but instead I shall send you on a mission. Beyond the mountains to the west lives King Afron. He promised me a horse with a golden mane, but never sent it. Bring me the horse and I'll give you the firebird and her cage."



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