Chapter 1

Raindrops

I invite you to immerse yourself in the world of the ancient Greeks and feel how ancient rhythms affect the soul of modern man.

Where did I as a psychologist awaken such an interest in poetry?

When I was a teenager, I studied at a Waldorf school for some time. There was an interesting subject - speech. We practiced declaring poems by tapping the rhythms with our palms. Short, long. Long, short. And so on.

Deep immersion in the rhythms left behind an extraordinary impression.

When we hear words, they make an impression on the soul: on imagination and thinking, on sensations and feelings.

As for the rhythms, each of them has its own influence, its own magic and healing properties. The ancient Greeks left behind, we inherited, a whole wealth of rhythms.

Poetic speech has rhythm and rhyme, it is measured. Rhyme is the consonant line endings in a poetic work. Rhythm, in other words, verse size, is a uniform alternation of stressed (long) and unstressed (short) syllables, regularity and coherence in sound. There are two-syllable, three-syllable and four-syllable rhythms. The rhythmic unit of a poem, which consists of the same number of both stressed and unstressed syllables, is called a foot, - depending on the number of syllables in the foot and on which syllable the stress is, the poems have different verse sizes. To determine the verse size, the following designations are used: "V", "—" and "/", where V is an unstressed syllable, — is the stressed syllable, / is the division of the word into syllables. The smallest unit of time in a poem (the duration of pronouncing a short syllable) is called mora.

At the turn of 2023-2024, I wrote poems in different rhythms. Not only the memories, but also the birth of my daughter, inspired me to do this.

When I turned to rhythms again, living them helped me morally take care of a small creature in wartime. Therefore, I want to share with you my experience on how not to lose yourself in the midst of everyday life in difficult times, and teach you how to use the treasures of ancient cultures for the benefit and strengthening of your soul.

There...

You are mine.
Through the days.
No, no.
Through the time
of Us-Us,Without
everyone,Know-Know,Unites

this and that
Feeling
of The-Ty.

One,
one, no
, no,
yes, yes.

We-we
went,

Tinker Bell
You-you,
Tinker Bell
I am you.
Not here.

Only there,
Lish I,
Lish you.

We-we.
There, there.

(rhythm of pyrichia*)

15.04.24

* PYRYCHIA (Greek – military dance) – a foot of two short, unstressed syllables (VV). Foot is the shortest segment of a certain verse meter, concentrated in a group of syllables with a relatively unchanged accent (rhythmic accent).

Silk Road

Where singing was heard.
Where the blossom abounded.
There is a barn at the gate.
Silk family.

Where the beech grows,Where
the beetle crawls,-
It's night outside,There
is a stove in the houses,Salt
on the cheeks,There
is pain in the soul.
Golden bird,Show
the way!

Where the treasure will be found,Where
the wolf will run
There is a heart order,There
silk grows.

(rhythm of ionium*)

21.04.23

And day

Horse. Pythia.
Lion. Hearth.
Bird. Lily.
Night is eternity and
Day - humanity.
Dreams are stone.
Temple. Greece.

(rhythm of ioniums)

21.04.23

* IONIUS (Greek – the area of Ionia) – a rhythm consisting of two short and two long syllables, has two varieties (VV — —, — — VV).

Four of Swords

Forest and Steppe.
Rain, fog.
Animals, birds.
I hear the bell ringing, loud
, roaring.
Shine, thunderstorm, -
In the sky a sword

(rhythm amphimacre*)

09.04.24

Roar, beast, wolf.
Rain, thunder heard.
Brilliance, sword, firmament.
Time is an age, a moment.
The gift is gone. The treasure.
Movement of wings deeper.
Forest, steppe. Was.
Year, day, moment.

(Molossian rhythm**)

09.04.24

* AMPHIMACR (Greek – elongated on both sides, long around) – in ancient metrics, a poetic size with a three-syllable foot, having two long syllables and one short inside (—V—).
** MOLOS (Greek – the Molossian people) – in ancient verse, a verse size of six mora, consisting of three long, stressed syllables (— — —).

Trail

I will go out along the evening
Summer Trail.
Touch and glow.
The fern-tree
Will fill with visions,Fill
with drawings,Colors
, shape.
Rustle and rustle.
A song from the past
Will lead along the path.

(rhythm dactyl*)

04.04.24

Enchantment

Magic, Pierrot.
Witch. Tarot,
Candles, crystal.
Twice to the ball, -
Dancing, costume,Poppy
and raisins.
A glance met, -
A miracle of the eyes.
Orpheus plays.
Harp Moon.
Loves, sigh...

(rhythm choriamb**)

02.04.24

*DACTYL (Greek – finger) – verse size with a three-syllable foot and an stressed first syllable (—VV).
** HORIYAMB (Greek – chorus of iambs) – in ancient metrics, a complex six-syllable foot consisting of a choreographer and an iambic (—VV—). Choraeus is a verse size in which the stressed syllable comes first, and the unstressed syllable follows next(—V). Iambic is a verse size in which the stressed syllable follows the unstressed syllable (V—).

Temple

I.
Heavy rain,Fog
, thunder.
Standing. Key to the gate. Temple.
I was looking for a ripe fruit of knowledge, -
Hearts mind, essence, facet.
A river, a forest...

(Bahia rhythm *)

II.
The forest is eternal.
Night, stars.
Bird, animals.
Ringing, whispering.

(rhythm of antibahia**)

25.03.24

*BAKHII (Greek – attacking, advancing) – verse size with a three-syllable foot and an unstressed first syllable (V— —).

**ANTIBAHIUS (Greek – hard falling) – verse size with a three-syllable foot and an unstressed third syllable (— — V).

Rain in Bogotá

A flower in love
In the March rain,You
bloom, you bloom.
Does it rain, or does it not know, -
How much,How
ardently
That spring flower
is waiting for it
?Emeralds-pearls
These are the children of a blooming plum.
How tenderly
He Loves, -
He does not know, he does not know.
Having collected rainwater,Waits
.

(rhythm of amphibrachia*)

22.03.24

*AMPHIBRACHIUS (Greek – short around) – a verse size of four moras with a three-syllable foot and an accentuated (long) second syllable (V-V).

The oar of the night

of the World, the morning shine is easy
Weasel, warms with warmth blows.
The lady entered the house in the morning.
He does not sleep, he writes.
Sad look.
Love, silence.
Eye gaze - clear eyes, -
This is a moment, a memory, an oar of the night.
Sand, waves...
The boat is sailing
Not a day is a year, it will answer strangely.

(rhythm anti-paste*)

24.03.24

*ANTISPASTE (Greek – against spasms) – in ancient verse a foot consisting of two long syllables between two short ones (V--V).

Spring...

Predators, distance.
I'll get up.
There are many consciences everywhere.
I'm in a hurry, I'm sneaking.
I'll paint the groves, -
Your secrets
are colorfully ringing,Noises
.
In the spring,
in a dream.
I look carefully at those dreams.
Flickering, -
They flicker,And
I'll be back in a moment.

(rhythm anapest*)

11.03.24

*ANAPEST (Greek – reverse, reflected backwards) – poetic size, the feet of which in ancient verse consist of two short and one long syllable (VV-).

Confession

of Oblivion -
being,
being.
Love,
early,
early.

Spring,
na-na-na.

Feelings-senses
.

We were brought together, -
velo,
velo.
Confession
is secret,
secret.

Pendant,
bell-bell,
bell-bell.
I'll find it,
I'll find it.

(rhythm – anapest, amphibrachium, iamb*)

15/07.04.24

*YAMB (Greek – to mock) is a verse size consisting of two-syllable feet with an emphasis on the second syllable (V-).
The name of this rhythm has an interesting history - one of the Greek myths mentions the young lady Yamba, a servant of the Eleusinian king Caeleus, who managed to cheer up the sad Demeter - with her jokes she caused her a long-awaited smile.

Chapter 2

Rainbow Walk

Exercises

1. Read the finished poem - try to feel how the rhythm affects you:- tapping with your palms - walking - with your voice, pronouncing part of the word for a long time or short.

2. Come up with your own poem. Long. Will it be short. That's not the point. Whether the words are well chosen is not the most important thing. Choose a rhythm to your taste and try to play with it, fantasize.

3. If you are in high spirits, dreamy. Or vice versa, you feel heaviness, immersed in earthly affairs. Try to live the opposite mood. In the table you will find pronounced descending rhythms for an elevated state, which will help the troze to ground, feel a strong support, and, conversely, growing rhythms for inspiration, lightness, playfulness (1):

Rhythms of elevation	Grounding rhythms
Growing	Descending
● —, ●● —, ●●● —, ●●● — ●● — —, ●●, ●●●	— ●●, — ●, — — ●, — ●●●, — — — ● — —, — — —
Descending-ascending	Ascending and descending
— ●● — ●, — ●● —, — ● —, — ● — — — — ● —	●● — ●, ● — ●, ● — — ●

From time to time, a person needs balance. This happens when one of the bowls of your soul scales is too full. Try to feel and live the opposite!

You can work with rhythms in a rhythmic way, with rhythmic repetition. Immersing yourself in certain rhythms on a certain day or month.

Weekly work with rhythm

Each day of Sunday has its own personal ruler - this principle is expressed in the star of magicians.

Read the myths of the planet in question on the corresponding day, composing or reciting a poem with the rhythms proposed in the table, starting this practice from Sunday, whose ruler is helios (1):

Days of the week	Greek gods	Rhythms	
Sunday ☼	Helios	Ionius	
Tuesday ♂	Ares, Artemis	Anapest Horei	
Wednesday ☿	Hermes	Amphibrachius Antipaste	
Thursday ♃	Zeus	Bahija Antibahius Iambic	
Friday ♀	Aphrodite	Dactyl Horiyamb	
Saturday ♄	Cronos	Amphimaker Spondey Molos Epitrite	
Monday ☽	Selene (Demeter, Hecate)	Pyrychius Tribrachius Peon 1,2,3,4	

Write down your observations based on the following questions: what can the story described in the myth tell you; how it resonates in your own life; what it can be associated with; about what events; What does the image remind you of?

Notes

Your impressions? What mood does it evoke?
Your poetic lines
Your dreams while working with rhythms

Sunday ☼ Helios Ionius

Sunday ☼	Helios	Ionius VV— —, — — VV

Tuesday ♂	Ares, Artemis	Anapest VV— Horei — V

Wednesday ☿	Hermes	Amphibrachius V—V Antipaste V— —V

Thursday 긔	Zeus	Bahija V— — Antibahius — — V Iambic V—

Friday ♀	Aphrodite	Dactyl —VV Horiyamb —VV—

Saturday ♄	Cronos	Amphimacrus —V— Spondey — — Molos — — — Epitrite 1,2,3,4 V — — —, — V — —, — — V —, — — — V

Monday ☽	Selene (Demeter, Hecate)	Pyrychius VV Tribrachius VVV Peon 1,2,3,4 —VVV, V—VV, VV—V, VVV—

Lunar work with rhythm

Think about the virtue and practice pronouncing the appropriate rhythm, starting on the 21st of the previous month.

Pay attention to one of the 12 sensations (2, 3, 4). How do you practice them in everyday life? Is it enough? Can you feel your body moving? Aromas, sounds, colors of the world around us.

Months	The 12 virtues	12 senses	Rhythms
January ♑	Courage	Words	Spondey Molos Epitrite
February ♒	Restraint	Thoughts	Amphimaker
March ♓	Kindness	Another person	Iambic
April ♈	Awe	Touch	Anapest
May ♉	Peace	Life	Horiyamb
June ♊	Shutter speed	Movement	Amphibrachius
July ♋	Devotion	Balance	Pyrychius Tribrachius Peon 1,2,3,4
August ♌	Compassion	Flavor	Ionius
September ♍	Courtesy	Taste	Antipaste
October ♎	Customer satisfaction	Dawns	Dactyl
November ♏	Patience	Heat	Horei
December ♐	Appropriateness	Sound	Bahija Antibahius

Notes

Your impressions? What mood does it evoke?
Your poetic lines
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December 21 - January 21

January 21 - February 21

February 21 - March 21

March 21 - April 21

April 21 - May 21

May 21 - June 21

June 21 - July 21

July 21 - August 21

August 21 - September 21

September 21 - October 21

October 21 - November 21

November 21 – December 21

References

(1) Angelica Nutteri Zodiac – rhythm, tonality, space
(2) Rudolf Steiner Anthroposophy. Fragment
(3) Norbert Glass 12 senses
(4) Wolfgang-M. Auer Worlds of Feelings. To develop feelings, to cultivate perception, to learn with joy

CHAPTER 3

Dreaming

the way that once, according to an ancient Chaldean legend,
Queen Ishtar passed through the seven gates

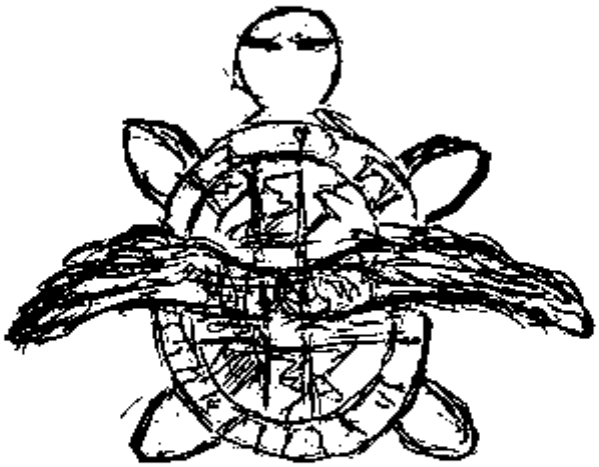
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IBSN -?

Author

Volosheniuk Daria Volodymyrivna Place of birth Kyiv 1993 Clinical psychologist
Anthroposophically-oriented psychotherapist
Specialist in fairy tale therapy and symboldrama I created my own technique - Semimicrok work with a fairy tale
Researcher of the afterlife I am working to connect modern scientific research with ancient beliefs. So to speak, a hunter of antiquity. Do you remember there was once such a series?..

The first part of the book is devoted to poetry. In it, I propose to plunge mentally into the world of the ancient Greeks and feel how ancient rhythms still affect the soul of a modern person. The path that Queen Ishtar once passed through seven gates, according to an ancient Chaldean legend. The path of a modern person to understand himself, his relationships and the meaning of life. Into the world of dreams...



My ancestor's wings

It was early autumn in the yard.
It was night.
Monthly.

I was in the room, opposite the portraits of my ancestors hung. And although the moon shone outside the window, the twilight enveloped me in a strange fog. Whether it was the taste of family comfort, or the breath of a distant secret, something strange filled my food. The moonlight did break into the room, my great-great-grandfather's eyes shone, his gaze piercing me to my heels. He wore a purple mantle. His long locks of hair, like little snakes, seemed about to creep out of the way.

Darkness enveloped me. I lit a candle. In the glare of candles, I imagined again and again as if the room came to life, filled with silhouettes of long-forgotten ancestors. There was a light citrus aroma, I dreamed.

On the table near the candles lay a gold ring, a family heirloom, with a rare amber cabochon gleaming majestically in its core. Why rare, you will be embarrassed. Of course, it was a rare amber, white, inside of which a small bee rested - it belonged to my great-great-great-grandfather.

Along with the ring of my ancestor, there was a legend that was told from generation to generation - as if thanks to the ring he could communicate with the dead. How, none of the living relatives knew. His children and grandchildren were not interested in this topic. Perhaps she was scaring them. Perhaps they did not see the point in this. One way or another, I was attracted to this strange legend. My gaze wandered, now plunging into amber with its little bee, then rising to the portrait. My inquisitive gaze dived down and then rose up.

So the days passed. One ordinary day, everything changed. I came close to discovering the secret of my great-great-grandfather, which he took with him to the grave. That day I received a letter. No return address. Of course, I read it. It was a love letter. Old. Yellowed. With a blob. With a seal on which a green shell was depicted - the family coat of arms of the one who wrote to my great-great-great-grandfather.

That same night I had a dream in which a large green turtle came up to me and said:

- Sit on my back, I'll take you to him.

After I climbed onto its shell, wings began to grow from it, and we took off. We were flying, sinking lower and lower. Into the abyss. The darkness parted. Something was lighting our way. It was an amber ring with a bee. It shone, lighting our way. The wind rose to meet us, showering us with maple leaves - we found ourselves as if in a starfall. I was swaying from side to side. Accustomed to the oscillation, I watched around with interest - we were hugged by mountains covered with earth and clay. Amethysts - purple quartz - shone. Yellow and pink quartz shimmered delicately. We plunged into the bowels of the earth. The turtle flew so slowly that I even ran my palm over the pointed ends of the rock crystal - it shone like the first snow. A rumble was heard. I felt a strong heat. Lava was flowing towards us, and I was scared. A small bee flew out of the amber ring. With a flapping of her fragile wings, she pushed the bench away from us. Accompanied by it, we entered the mouth of the volcano, and

flew through it. I saw stone statues, among which stood a pewter man. He walked towards us, waving his hand at me. The turtle stopped, I climbed off it and looked closely, - it was my great-great-great-grandfather. He hugged me and thanked me for reuniting him with his beloved. A small bee sat on his back, and soon large wings rose behind him.

He took off.
Flapping his wings down and up, he moved away with his beloved.
I sat on the turtle again, and we flew back. Having passed the opposite path, I got off it, and, feeling a jolt under my feet, woke up.

22.1.24



Mysterious melody

Once upon a time there lived a shepherd and his name was Mikhail. Short, thin, in a word, inconspicuous. Modestly dressed, as befits a shepherd. He had a flute. His great-grandfather also carved it out of oak wood. This is how his father, grandfather and great-grandfather grazed sheep, playing the flute. A mysterious melody flowed from her like a magic wand, driving away predators. Uf uf uuuf, uf uf uuuf, - noticing a wolf in the distance, the shepherd played.

The sheep quietly grazed peacefully on the meadow, enjoying the friendly summer days, the warm sun among fragrant herbs. A dense forest rose around the meadow, through which they were taken out as soon as it was daylight. The return journey was darker at sunset. Each time they walked through the forest, about halfway through, they met a large oak tree, the same one from which the shepherd's great-grandfather carved a flute. Returning with the flock to the village, the young shepherd stopped near an oak tree. He bowed respectfully, and played a mysterious melody. It poured through the forest, driving away predators. This is what he did every night, leaving the oak. It was a special melody that was passed down from father to son. So Mykhailo should have passed it on to his son. He also found a good wife - a modest, kind woman. After giving him four daughters, she died. So he did not wait for his son. The youngest daughter was like her mother - quiet, gentle, compassionate. When she grew up, she asked her father to pass on to her his shepherd's talent...

Three years passed, - the youngest daughter of the shepherd learned to play the flute, the sheep got used to it, became attached. Feeling the nearness of death, the shepherd father called his youngest daughter and put his flute in her hands. In the morning he was gone. For three years she accompanied her father. Now she was left alone to graze the sheep. As soon as she became scared, she began to play the flute, inventing various melodies that gave her courage.

The three elder sisters were very jealous of her. One day they followed, waited for their sister to doze off, and stole the flute. The young shepherdess woke up and saw that the magic flute had disappeared. She cried bitterly. How can you return to the village with such a large flock of fragile sheep now? Evening was just approaching. A pack of wolves was about to approach. One of the sheep, sensing her anxiety, gently leaned her muzzle against her earlobe and closed as if she were saying something to her mistress. Suddenly the shepherdess said:

- Come on, I'll sing the most mysterious melody!

At sunset, they set off. The shepherdess young woman held her breath and entered the forest. The sheep followed her. With a light heart, she reached the great-great-grandfather oak. Darkness descended. It was dark. The wolves howled. Their howls grew louder and louder. The crackling of the bushes through which they made their way was already heard nearby. It got colder. The shepherdess trembled. She mentally sang a mysterious melody, and bowed. Straightening up, she breathed in the pleasant forest air, and sang a mysterious melody aloud. The wolves came out to meet her with a formidable grin. Now she sang this melody with words that repeatedly swirled in her head:

A dark, dark night
A pack of wild wolves
Forest all around, beasts

Around, around
I see the light, the spirits
I'll stand in front of an oak tree
The battle, the lights, the abyss
Lights, lights
The wind will tell the wolves,
The temple, not the wolves, the temple is here.
Taraaam, taraaam

She sang, sang, sang. The wolves retreated. Soon they disappeared altogether, the howling subsided. The shepherdess felt how hard her heart was beating. She was warm. Humming softly, she led her flock on. So they passed through the forest.

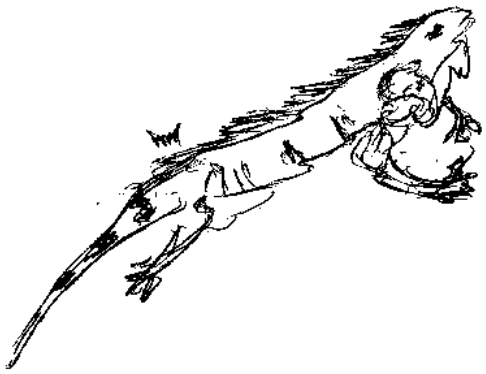
When she returned to her house, there was a great-great-grandfather's oak flute on the table. There were no sisters in the house. She didn't see them anymore - they also disappeared.

The flock of sheep became very large - their wool was enough to warm not only the shepherd's village, but also all the neighboring ones, and many distant ones. The owner of the sheep was very old and lonely - no children or grandchildren. Soon he died, and the shepherdess took the sheep to her. That sheep saw how her children and grandchildren grew up. And when the shepherdess herself was gone, she rushed to her grave, gently rubbed her face on the tombstone, lay down and fell asleep in eternal sleep next to her mistress.

Some later said that this sheep was unusual - she saw the soul of the shepherd's mother and kept in touch between them. And now she went to accompany the shepherdess to her mother so that they could finally meet.

15.1.24





Key

Long winter evenings are rich in stories, as we usually spend them around the hearth in the family circle, in the circle of friends, like-minded people. Alone with loved ones. Alone with yourself. We tell each other all sorts of different things. We listen with admiration to someone's revelations... Read... And tonight is no exception. Let me take the floor and share one witty story that happened to me many, many years ago.

One day, returning from school, I saw a carpenter on a bench, which he himself made. On moonlit summer evenings, couples sat there, whispering about something. Soon I will find out what it is about. And now my attention was attracted by a figurine, which, the well-known master Pietro, diligently, thoughtfully carved out of wood.

"Ai Pietro, you are carving out some idol again," I turned to him, mocking. A light breeze arose, bringing with it a delicate aroma.

- You make fun of me all the time. However, now there is no time for jokes. I have one order very unusual.

My eyes were running. He noticed my interest:

- Sit down. I will gladly share with you. Only in secret. Promise that no one - and I, of course, promised.

He continued in a whisper:

- This figurine is unusual and for an unusual person I make it.

I looked - he was holding a lizard in his hands, the figurine was almost ready. It remained to make it smooth and, probably, varnish it.

- For the witch.

Then a classmate began to call me, who always urgently needed something from me. Basically write off something. I quickly got up from the bench and went to meet him so that he would not even see the unusual secret figure out of the corner of his eye - this is still that gossip. And the secret must remain a secret. Even someone else's. Pietro, saying goodbye to me, winked at me as a sign of gratitude.

A classmate tugged at my pigtail and asked:

- And why are we so cutely hooting with our carpenter? Poor Pietro, how many years will he have to wait for you to become his bride.

- Ugh, you fool. By all means, with twos, you will write all the tests, gossiping.

He, like a true gentleman, undertook to carry my satchel, promising that he would no longer carry all sorts of nonsense, even such romantic ones, until he had written all the tests for five. There are 4 with a stretch. And I undertook to reach him to these four, maybe a half, so that he would not meddle in other people's affairs.

It's a shame, but in the following days I didn't meet Pietro. I was upset not because I fell in love with him, as my classmate used to chatter. Because I was interested in what kind of witch Pietro carved a lizard for, and why she needed it.

Summer has come, the holidays. I spent the whole summer at my grandmother's at the seaside. Ty forgot about what happened. It was September 1, when I returned from school, warmed up lunch and thought - it's a pity that summer flew by quickly. At least it doesn't end. Quietly knocked on the door. I looked through the peephole - there was no one. They joked. As soon as she moved away, they knocked again. And again there was no one at the door. They knocked for the third time, more persistently. In the end, I opened the door a little, leaving the chain, - a lizard slipped through the crack. She was exactly the same as the one Pietro had carved, and she spoke in his voice:

"Help me find the witch," they asked. So I remembered. And I again became interested in who the witch was and why she needed a lizard.

"Okay," I agreed to help, quickly answering.

She called me to follow her, and soon we were at Pietro's house.

- Lift me up to the castle.

I brought the lizard to the lock, and the door opened. The lizard directed me to the desk. There were huge tomes, all kinds of manuscripts, a skull, an elm branch, various wooden figures.

- Take the skull ... - I took it and hid it in my bag. Meanwhile, the lizard ran out. And I didn't see her anymore ...
At night I had a dream in which Pietro, sitting on a bench and sawing out a lizard, said to me:

- The skull needs to be turned.

And I woke up. Who should I return to?

On this day, the news spread by the same classmate was discussed throughout the school - that the grave of a famous composer was dug up, and a headless skeleton was found in it. Without a skull.

I was afraid to go to the cemetery myself, but it became clear that it had to be done... Late at night we came to the cemetery, me and the same classmate. He looked at me in amazement, but undertook to put the skull to the body. Then he took me home, and looked at me again in surprise. So we didn't mention it anymore. He didn't ask me to write it off anymore. Soon it became noticeable to me and everyone else that he was immersed in his studies. He was especially interested in human anatomy...

My classmate grew up and became a doctor. Over time, he saved the lives of many.
And he saved me...

P.S. And Pietro and the witch - it was they... He gave her a golden lizard.

"Tinker bell," echoed among the grass, "then a little Indian girl was playing with it, imagining that she had a key in her palms, and with it she opened the ground.

8.1.24





Old sculptor

It was a long time ago, but they say that there were times when a statue stood in this very place. And somehow she came to life. And it was like this. The old sculptor had four students, among whom one stood out in particular - he was slender, well-built, short in stature, his curls swayed playfully with every blow of the wind. And the eyes! How they sparkled!. It seemed that he could sculpt a statue with just his gaze ...

On the summer veranda, the old master placed all his best creations to sell them - among them were three statues, of special value, secretly preserved for years:
- a small pigeon ready to take off - from stones,
- delicate wooden rose,
- a human figure made of ivory, the figure of a girl stepping on the waves - this third fascinated the young master. And as he looked at her, he did not take his eyes off for a moment. One night he made his way to the veranda, looked at his lifeless eyes, and whispered:

- Come to life.

He smiled contentedly, as if he really was a wizard. This is how he imagined himself. And he went to bed, inspired by the summer coolness.

The next morning, the tumult arose - the most valuable statue disappeared. Thieves, thieves. Without hesitation, they undertook to judge. Everyone knew how the young master, the teacher's favorite, sighed over this statue.

So he was captured. And to prison. In the fall, they should have sent it to the galleys. They caught the thief, but the statue was never found...

He sits tired, and he does not sleep, he hears - three other students are talking under the window. They came to mock:

- And I saw how he declared his love for that statue. "Revive," he whispers. Moon sorcerer.
- So he didn't steal it.
-Yes.
- She came to life, and ran away herself.
"That's a fool."
- Let the mind pick up on the galleys.

In fact, the teacher was so jealous of his talented student that he hid that statue himself.
- Stupid or what am I, to sell such a work of art, who will make me happy with the old man.
But in vain he mocked - a few weeks after the young master was convicted, the statue disappeared from his hideout. It was no longer laughable.

Meanwhile, the young master dreamed how he would like to see the world. So he will see it on the galleys. Should I complain. Sad but bold thoughts overwhelmed him.

- Knock-knock, knock-knock.

He looked out the window, through the bars... And I couldn't believe my eyes! There is a young lady standing who was a statue. He puts his hand through the grate, giving him a scroll. And in it the writings are mysterious.
- Give this scroll to the guard in the evening when he comes to visit you. Don't forget! - and disappeared.

In the evening, he did just that. I gave the guard a scroll - he turned it around, looked at it and immediately fell asleep. The young master ran out of the dungeon, and took the scroll with him. Went to the teacher's veranda to check if the statue came to life. He was taken by surprise - the old master was not in the mood, and then there was a beast on the bait. He grabbed his student by the barges, wanted to shake him well, but the scroll attracted his attention. He snatched the scroll, unfolded it, and froze.

The master, who had been diligently creating statue after statue for many years, turned into a statue himself. Three other students found him petrified. They made fun of them, they sold their teacher. Of course, they took him to another city so as not to meet his acquaintances. That's how they were tracked. Then they talked about three men from these places - fate, as it were, turned out to be surprisingly similar. One pigeon pecked. The second saw someone behind a rosebush, rushed there, and scratched himself - he could not get out, as if he had fallen into a trap. And with the third, in general, mysticism. It was as if he saw a girl among the waves of the sea. A friend, she says. Quite the same as one of the statues of my teacher. And he went to meet her. He went, went. And disappeared behind the waves. They rushed to save him, but suddenly such a storm arose that everyone fled from the shore. In the morning, the sea threw the drowning man ashore...

We saw on the other bank how the old master was talking to the young - they were the same student and teacher. Only hundreds of years later... The young master looked at the waves and saw her... And she was walking among the waves to meet him. And that's how they finally met... Hundreds of years later.

1.1.24





Copper coffin

Once upon a time, it was. One day, the prince was driving around his possessions, and saw a lovely young lady. He tied the horse to one birch, and the girl he liked stood behind the other birch. Her hair was long, it swayed among the grass and flowers. She was slender, green-eyed. And she looked at the prince in such a way that his heart sank frantically and almost jumped out.

A summer breeze tickled their faces. Everything around was fragrant and exuberant. Butterflies fluttered. The squirrel jumped from branch to branch. The birds chirped loudly. And somewhere in the distance came the sound of water. The day was clear. The midday sun shone gently in the girl's eyes. The prince walked up to her, and asked gently,

- Who are you?
- Your dream! She answered, turned around and left.

But he did not sleep.

"Your dream, your dream," was heard around.

The prince returned to his castle very puzzled. Many loved him. Now that he could love himself, his love melted right under his nose. Soon he stopped thinking about this young lady. But every night he had the same dream—the same girl, the same birch; A summer breeze swayed the branches, and it whispered incessantly: your dream, your dream...

Years passed. Once the prince heard about a sorceress who lived on the outskirts of his kingdom. Tai went to her with his misfortune. She enters the house, and there the old grandmother is sitting at the table - gray-haired, her braid spreads on the floor, one eye twitches. The raven on his shoulder turns out. The prince wanted to get out of here, but he was scared.

- Oh, young man, why does she have such a coward?! The one-eyed woman laughed.

The prince stretched out:

"Yes, I ... I would ... I wouldn't..." – he paused.

- Sit down, son, I'll help you as much as I can. I don't feel sorry for you. The young lady is fascinated. Perhaps you will overcome the evil spell, since she chose you. Maybe you can revive it. Otherwise, he will take you to himself. Because she is dead, dead. Only a ghost walks her. And what comes to you every night ... Look, with this amulet," the little frog gives him, "go over the mountain, find a cave, enter and see it. Go around her bed three times. She will wake up. But do not rejoice in advance. An evil sorcerer guards her, eye does not twitch. This is where the frog will come in handy. See that you do not offend him, and do not destroy him.

He headed for the cave. It was a long way. The frog croaked and croaked. The prince was exhausted, wanted to throw him into the lake, a wild face came out of the surface of the water, - then the old woman laughed:

- Why does she need such a coward?..

He felt uncomfortable, went further and was gentler with the frog, and it fell asleep, leaving him alone at last. We got to the cave. The prince enters - there is a light there, some box is glowing. And this is a copper coffin, a girl lies in it. He became scared. I was about to leave, but I heard a croak from my pocket:

- Kva-kva, kva-kva, leave me. Kva-kva. And go yourself. Kwa-kwa,

Immediately he changed his mind about leaving the cave. How is it that some frog is braver than him.

He walked around the coffin three times, not taking his eyes off the girl. The first time he walked around her - she moved her fingers, raised her hand, stomped her foot. The second time I went around her - she was panting. The third time he went around her - she opened her eyes. The evil sorcerer quietly walked up to the prince from behind and grabbed him by the neck. Let's strangle the prince, - he could barely pronounce: la... Lyaya. The frog woke up to an exclamation and jumped out of his pocket. As soon as he heard it, the sorcerer's ears were ringing. He was already old, lost his balance, and stumbled. The bottom of the cave was stone - his skull was broken into three parts.

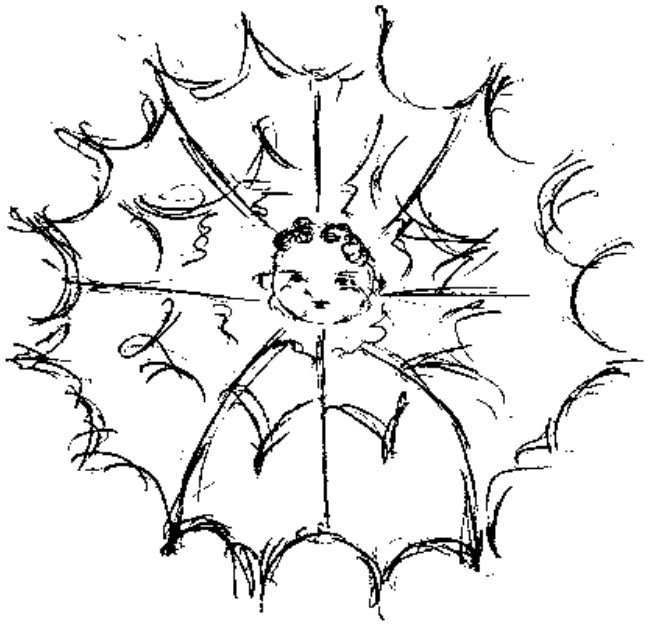
The prince helped the young lady get up from the copper coffin. He thanked the frog...

Now, together with his beloved, he has returned to his kingdom. He did not forget about the hut on its outskirts. I wanted to thank the old sorceress, thank her with silver and gold.

The house was empty. A car-car came from outside. It was a raven circling over her.

18.12.2





Hello daddy

Far away, far from villages and cities, near an ancient forest, there was a hut. A lonely old woman lived in it. He was gray-gray, and his beard hung down to the floor. In winter, when it was cold, he wrapped it from head to toe. So he withstood the most severe frosts. The hut was not heated, the firewood was not carried. Anyone would have stumbled upon entering this hut. And only the stars blinked with understanding of the high in the sky. The old man ate roots, dried fruits in winter. And in the summer, everything that nature will give - mushrooms, berries, herbs. Peace.

Once, when winter came, so much snow fell that it covered the hut to the top. The frost was fierce. Everything was covered with ice. The old man found himself in his hut, as if inside a huge crystal. Snowflakes glistened outside the window. It seemed that spring would never come. For the first time in his long life, he became agitated.

One evening, while having dinner, the old woman was eating the last root. Dried fruits have long run out. He would certainly starve to death. And he still wanted to live a little. At least one more spring. Listen to the chirping of birds for the last time. Admire the flowers.

He looked at the window covered with snow from top to bottom, and suddenly one of the snowflakes addressed him:

- A good young man, - what a young man he is?.. But his heart was really good, - do not be sad, I will show you the way to warmth and light. Let me enter the hut.

He opened the window - a snowflake flew into the hut. She said softly:

- Heat the heat. The heart is hot.

She opened the door. The snow wall parted in front of them, the snowflake glittered and illuminated the path. And they walked together between two ice walls. The light poured from the snowflake far ahead. The old man had a kind and trusting heart, and he followed the snowflake step by step, not afraid of anything. With a quiet hope in this very heart.

It seemed that there would be no end and no end to that path. Fatigue approached the old man. But he continued to follow the snowflake, without even once complaining...

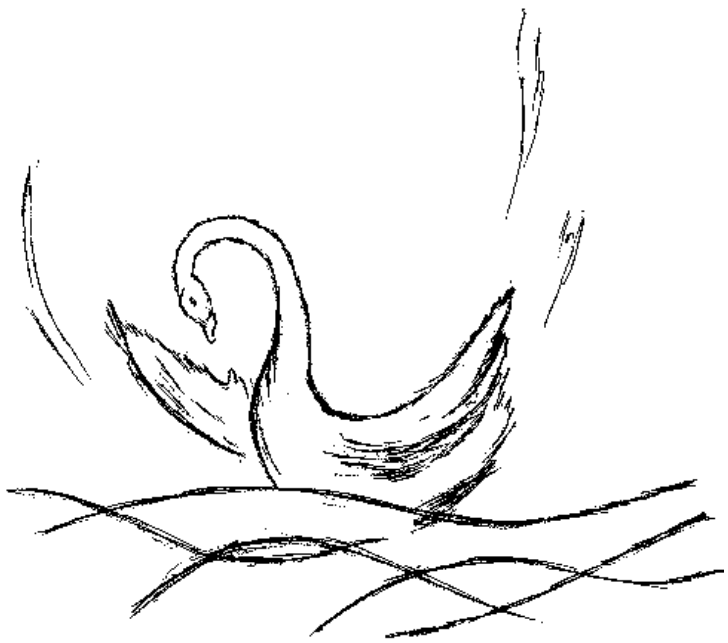
A warm wind blew in his face. It smelled of something sweet. Finally, they walked out of the icy corridor into a sunny lawn. The month of May was already in full swing. It was so warm that the snowflake, of course, melted instantly. She became a small drop of water. The old man looked at her and saw a beautiful tiny face. In the rays of the sun, this last mention disappeared. One of the rays illuminated this place, and a tiny girl appeared on it:

"Hello Daddy," she said. - I've been looking for you for so long.

He built a new hut, a large one. The girl became his daughter. And it grew to the delight of the old woman. And he lived for a long, long time. Now they wintered together. It was warm and cozy. A light crackled in the furnace. Snowflakes glistened on the windows. The stars shone in the sky. One of the stars fell right next to the hut. A beech tree grew in this place. He told me this story.

11.12.23





Gold bars

There lived a prince and his name was Antoine. He was tall, slender, like a Greek column, like an obelisk. He had a white horse, which he loved very much. Every morning he rode it on horseback from one village to another, and returned. And very hardworking people lived in these villages - they worked from dawn to evening. Therefore, the kingdom that the prince owned flourished. But one morning trouble suddenly came. Riding, as usual, on horseback from one village to another, he noticed that no one was working, everyone was lounging on the grass and resting for themselves. He had been watching it for several weeks. Since he was timid, he could not order the return of work. He was even ashamed to ask what had happened. So both villages were seized with laziness. The previously flourishing life began to decline. People ate roots and weeds, beetles. They walked unwashed. They quarreled. Once and even more, because of some trifle, a fight between a resident of one village and a resident of another threatened to turn into a serious massacre. The peasants folded their sickles and sharpened their swords. And this is what happened. They found a chest filled to the brim with gold, right at the junction of two villages. And they could not divide it in any way. So it lay and lay to itself, until the two swore.

One day, Antoine went to the lake and saw a white swan there. I looked at him. And he swam to the shore and spoke in a human voice:

- Why are you so sad?

The prince shared his trouble with him.

- Don't lose hope, Antoine! Here are two feathers for you, hold it. Ride with them on your white horse from one village to another. And at midnight stick them in - one on one side of the chest, and the other on the other. Two spirits will appear. Don't be scared. If they want to attack you, the tall one needs to say "high heaven is the flight of flocks", and the short one needs to say "know the gold is the treasure of the swan", and run to the lake.

Antoine rode on horseback from one village to another, and back. And at midnight he started to the crossroads of two villages, where the ill-fated chest was located. He stuck the first feather - a high spirit appeared, swirling around the prince. The whirlwind arose in such a way that it was about to carry him away, but he was not frightened and said, as the swan had taught him:

- High paradise - a flight of flocks, - the spirit itself was blown away by a strong gust of wind.

Antoine stuck in the second feather - the chicken rose above the field. A second spirit emerged from the ground and let's drag the prince into his stinking swamp.

- Know gold - the treasure of the swan, - said the prince. The earth shuddered, the spirit fell back into the abyss.

The gold bars rang. Antoine opened the chest, and from there the little men began to jump out like little suns - a bright light radiated from them.

"Thank you, dear prince," said one of the little men from whom the most light radiated, "thank you for freeing us from the evil spell that turned us to gold. Now we can treat people as before

- and they fled. And not just anyone - high to one village, and low to another. Only the bell rang from afar. And it dawned, dawned. The sun rose, enveloping Antoine in its rays:

- Well, I'll go look at my possessions.

And pleasant things awaited him - as before, everyone was busy, everyone had a knack for something. People rejoiced. The sonorous laughter of the kids was heard.

Antoine returned to the lake to thank the swan. But instead of him, he saw a beautiful girl on the shore, you can't take your eyes off - soon she became his wife.

They lived happily ever after - a kingdom with two villages that they ruled prospered - it became known all over the world thanks to its skillful craftsmen and hardworking peasants, whose bread was the most delicious in the whole world. And a white horse stood near the stable, tapping its hoof with satisfaction. His horseshoes turned gold.

4.12.23





Silver vase

Once upon a time, a family lived in a glorious kingdom. It was a very unusual family. The parents had six sons and one daughter - sweet, with blond hair, blue eyes. And the brothers are all black-eyed, black-eyed, black-eyed, one darker than the other.

They lived in a large house and ate rice porridge every morning. The house had many items made of pure silver - spoons, forks, vases, garlands. The house glowed mysteriously. It was deep in the forest. Every autumn, when the leaves were falling, the girl collected the herbarium and put it in a silver vase on the table. She was accompanied by a little gnome.

This fall, as usual, the dwarf did not come. She herself went into the forest, collected the herbarium and brought it home. However, the silver vase disappeared from the table. She soon noticed that all the brothers had also disappeared. She waited for them with her parents until the following fall. And she went in search. I wandered through the forest for a long time. Finally, she sat down on a stump and cried bitterly. Tears dripped and rang as they hit the ground. The girl rubbed her eyes and looked down. There, at her feet, moistened by her tears, sat six ladybugs.

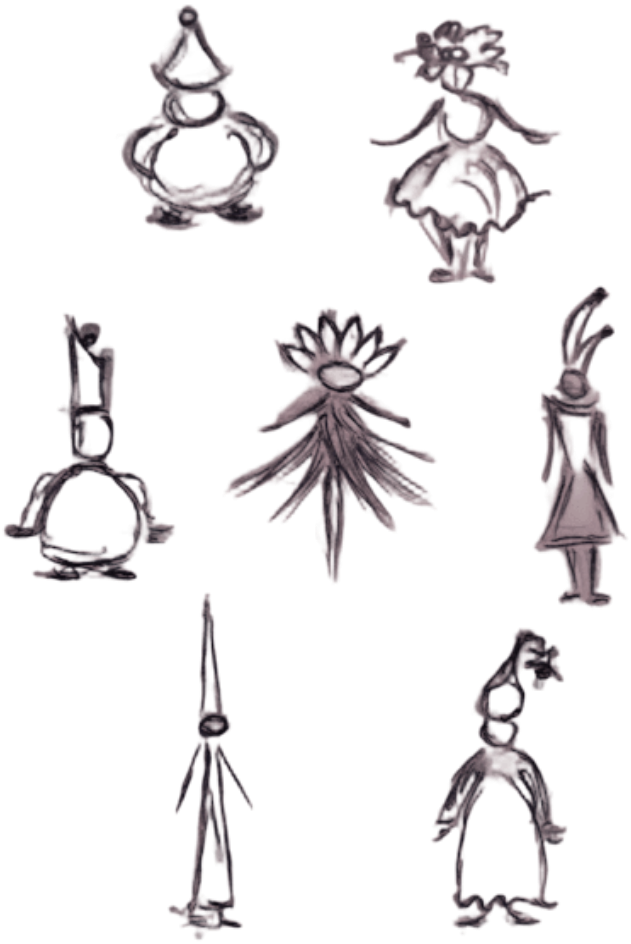
"Don't worry," said one of them with the most dots, "we'll help you.

Three ladybugs sat on her left shoulder, the other three on her right. They flapped their wings and transferred the girl to another kingdom. They flew to the entrance of the cave, and she felt that they, her brothers, all six, were somewhere here. The girl had to enter the cave of the sorcerer bear to bring back her brothers. Entering, she called the owner of the cave. Someone lit a candle. The girl saw the beast in the dawn, asked him to understand how much she missed her brothers, and to return them. Instead, he asked her six riddles. Each of the ladybugs whispered a clue. With each correct answer, he became kinder. The old spell has dissipated. Each of the ladybugs, flying up to the silver vase, suddenly became a human. They were her brothers, all six. The bear picked up a silver vase, and also turned into a human. It turns out that he was a prince who was once bewitched. In the corner there was a cabinet with various vases. Outside, a noise became audible - human voices, fuss, joy. These were the inhabitants of the kingdom whose souls were also enchanted and placed in vases.

The great kingdom came to life again. Everyone was very happy to meet each other. Boundless happiness. As if hundreds of years had not passed. And the prince married a girl who was looking for her brothers. By this time, she had grown up and was charming. A wonderful wedding celebration was arranged for the whole world. Guests from other kingdoms gathered. We had fun and danced. And only the little dwarf peeked out from behind the tree, carefully watching the action. This was the same dwarf who helped the bride collect the herbarium when she was a child.

27.11.23





Shadow, shadow

Once upon a time, when they still flaunted the ability to make glass and ride a horse, the king and queen lived. They ruled a great kingdom that flourished. A son was born to them - a blond glorious boy. His happy childhood was spent in the garden near an old cherry tree - it was his favorite tree. Every spring, when it bloomed, it seemed to him as if little angels were peeking out among the leaves. Then berries appeared, - in the rays of the evening sun, burgundy ripe cherries seemed dark purple, - this is how love ripens, - said his old nanny. The little prince was the only child of the king and queen. He was lonely. Once, while sorting through the pebbles under an old cherry tree, he noticed little men, they peeked out from under the blades of grass. They had long watched the glorious blond boy, who played alone all the time. And today he noticed them and invited them to play with him...

The royal family lived in a luxurious palace. The walls were decorated with old paintings. Openwork tulles embroidered with gold hung on the windows. In the large ballroom, crystal glasses and golden vases were on the tables... The flowers that stood in golden vases have long since faded. The petals have fallen. The entire floor was dotted with dry petals. They were covered with dust. There has been no music here for a long time. And only a golden chandelier with seven candlesticks remembered the last time a polka was danced under it - when the king was alive... The wise old king blessed his son and handed him his throne when he was very young. The seven candles that adorned the golden chandelier with their light burned out. They surrounded the king's bed. They burned until dawn. And as soon as the last candle went out, he gave up his spirit. Since then, the prince has tried his best to take care of the kingdom. His young energy was enough for everything. Early at dawn he left his palace through the golden gates in a golden chariot drawn by seven golden-maned horses - turning to the left they neighed happily, when turning to the right the rays of light diverged around from their golden horseshoes.

One cloudy morning, the gate did not open. Only in the evening they were opened. A chariot driven by the prince's cousin drove out through them. The prince himself became seriously ill and lay down. He was seized with heat. He had been in a fever for a whole week. He recovered. However, he was never seen in the chariot again. Peasants and artisans who loved the prince noticed that the horse, turning to the left, did not rust merrily, and when turning to the right, only dust flew from the hooves. The prince's cousin rode out in chariots in the afternoon.

People did not understand what was happening. The real ruler of their kingdom seems to have been replaced. How many famous doctors from different kingdoms had visited his chambers, he sat on the bed and looked at the wall, even through the wall, so strange was his gaze. Under the castle, as in a prison in his palace, his young years passed - the prince's hair began to turn gray, and he was still quite young, he was barely 30 years old. Meanwhile, his kingdom was ruled by his cousin. A sorcerer helped him - turning like a serpent at night, he confused all the manuscripts, mixing them with each other. And during the day he gave management advice. Guided by them, the cousin, who temporarily replaced the legitimate ruler, imposed severe punishments.

In the confusion, it was impossible to make the right decisions. Many mistakes were made that caused the kingdom to fall into decline and strife. Some people punished others without

hesitation. The people suffered from unknown diseases - of course, the doctors did not know how to treat them, because all the medical canons, which had been developed over the centuries, were confused. The real ruler, the prince, attracted by something unknown, finally left the palace - this day was his birthday. He was 30 years old. He went out every day. But no one cared about him - they thought he was crazy. So he wandered around and around. Like a shadow. Only children greeted him with loud laughter and teased him:

"Shadow, shadow, he is the shadow of our kingdom," he heard behind him.

"Shadow, shadow," echoes were heard.

"A shadow, a shadow, a shadow," the wind howled.

"Shadow, shadow," he muttered in his mind.

Once he was wandering through the forest and found himself near a lonely house - there lived a young witch who treated peasants. Kings have their own famous certified doctors, so he did not know her. And she knew him. Who doesn't know the prince? A gentle voice called him from the window of the house, urging him to enter. As we have already noticed, the young witch knew the prince well, and, moreover, was in love with him. Therefore, I prepared a magic potion for him in advance. He received a vial from her, and went to the sorcerer's secret shelter.

On the serpent's table was an inkwell with a pen. The ink was so dry that it was impossible to pull out the pen and write a new story. Then the prince took the vial out of his pocket and poured its contents into the inkwell, and the ink became liquid again. He took out the pen and wrote new laws for his kingdom instead of those that the serpent obliged everyone to live by.

Seven glasses of magic potion, stolen by a predatory serpent from the bowels of the earth, stood very high. The prince stretched out his right hand seven times, taking them out one by one. And with his left he put them on the table. And when he put the last, seventh, on the table, they rang one after another. Like notes. One after another. And then they began to shimmer, - and in the melody that they all sang together, The prince recognized an ancient melody composed by the first ruler of the kingdom he inherited.

The melody sounded three times. The glasses lit up with the colors of the rainbow, and one by one seven dwarfs jumped out of them. The one dressed in yellow sackcloth went up to the prince, thanked them for their deliverance, and handed him a berde. Wings grew on their shoes, and they flew out of the cave of the doctor of fools, and scattered around to help the people.

The prince received an oak berth as a reward, and wisely ruled his kingdom until old age. An oak grove grew on the outskirts of the kingdom - these were trees, planted by seven dwarfs, whom he freed.

4.3.24

The path of Queen Ishtar, which we have walked in this book, is possible go also on the move

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