



Young

Writers



LET'S UNITE CHILDREN
OF THE UNIVERSE!



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Mother

Once upon a time there lived one mother. The mother was ready to do everything for her children. The mother loved her children with all her heart. She was ready to give all her life for the children. The mother had two children. One of the children was 2 years old, the other – 3 years old.

The mother had the difficulty to look after her children. She has no one but her children. The Mother lost her parents when she was 2 years old. She raised up her children in poor family and conditions. One day, children were taken from her and placed in the Shelter. The mother was crying all days long looking on the pictures of her children. She could hardly sleep during the nights. She liked to take the clothes of her children and tighter squeezed to herself...

Finally, the mother found the job. She worked hard for her children all days long. The mother came to visit her children. Tears started to fall down from her eyes. Her children were unbelievable happy. The mother kissed and hugged her children. It has been a long time since they saw each-other...

Time passed. Children went to school. One day the mother once again came to visit her children. Children asked the mother:

-Mom, we would like to go to school like the other children. When you will take us from the Shelter?

The mother stopped. The tears from her eyes rolled down her cheek. Children came to mother and wiped her tears. The mother said:

-I will take you very soon from here. I promise!

The mother could find the job with a better salary. She bought a house and could provide best living conditions for the children. One month later, the mother took her children from the Shelter. Children said:

-Mom, we knew you would come and take us!

Hard days are left behind. The mother and her two children were glad to have fun. Now children spent their days reading and listening to their mother.

Ilgara Jafarova, SOS Children's Village Baku





Golden well

Once upon a time there lived one Shakh in one Village. Biri var idi, biri yox idi. İri bir kəndin padşahı var idi. Shakh had a lot of royal troops. One morning Shakh sent half of his troops to one important place. And one day Shakh decided to ask one of his troops the following:

-Go with those troops!

The troop rode on his horse and set off the road. After a considerable journey, the troop sees a shining thing behind the trees. He took his weapons and approached the shinning thing. How do you think he saw There was a beautiful well there. Strange sounds were coming from inside. The troop decided to came inside the well and saw the golden water. The foam inside the water was exploding. Suddenly, the gin came out of the water. Gin said:

-Who are you?

The troop became frightened and could only pronounce various sounds. Suddenly the troop decided to swing a lance. The gin got very angry and killed the troop. After a while, the troops sent by Shakh returned back. Shakh said:

-Where is the troop I sent to greet you?

The troops have waited for some more time. On the next morning the Shakh sent his troops to find that troop, who was missing. The troops set off the road. After a short journey, the troops saw something shinning behind the trees. They approached the tress and like the first troop, these troops saw the big golden well. When troops looked inside the well, the saw their missing troop. Immediately every one gathered inside the well. And the gin appeared from the water. But these troops were frightened as well and started to swing the lances. Half of the troops were killed by the gin again. The other half run away...

SECOND PART

Shakh said:

- It seems that my troop has died there...

One of the troops answered:

-Yes, our Shakh. We saw something shining behind the trees. When we approached closer. There is one golden well and there is golden water inside.

-Quickly gather all the troops and set off! You need to learn the secret of the golden well as soon as possible!- said the Shakh.

Suddenly, 10-year-old boy stepped out from the line.

-My Shakh, i just heard about the golden well. I would like to go with the troops and I need to talk to the Gin.

Shakh could agree with the boy. But the boy insisted so much, that the Shakh finally agreed. The troops together with the child set off. When they approached the well, the troops said:

-Hey, child. Now you can enter the well.

The child entered inside the well. The gin appeared from the water and said:

- Hey, child, don't you afraid of me?
- Let's have a talk,- said the child.
- I appeared from the water to talk to you,- said the Gin.

The troops come here and hurt me. That is why i killed half of their troops.

- No one will damage your well, anymore,- said the child.

Gin agreed with the child. The boy went outside the well.

- Have you finished the talk with the Gin,- asked the troops.
- Yes, I have finished,-answered the boy.

Everyone returned to the Shakh. The child explained what happened to him to the Shakh. Shakh said:

- Thank you, child. You did what I wanted. Firstly, I didn't believe you. Now, I believe you.

Shakh gave the child gold and precious things and sent back home. And the golden well forever stayed on the same place...

SOS Children's Village Baku





In the land of miracles

Once upon a time, there lived one girl. Her name was Leyla. One day, when Leyla was walking in the street, she saw the walking piece of glass. This glass wasn't look like the other glasses, it has many-many beautiful patterns from the shiny stones.

Leyla liked this stone very much! She took this glass home and put it on the table. She wanted to see what is the inside of this shiny glass. Leyla tried to break the glass. One attempt, second attempt... However, the glass didn't want to break. Suddenly, the shiny glass rose itself into the air. It seemed like someone was living inside this glass. Leyla heard the voice from inside the glass:

- Help me!

Leyla looked inside and saw shiny fairy. The fairy said:

- Please, help me to get out from here. The queen of the Land of Miracles, Elena, put me here. Only you can help me. You need to find the way to the Land of Miracles, take the sand of the miracle flower and miracle water.

Leyla was listening to the fairy's words attentively. The fairy described the way to the Land of Miracles to Leyla.

Leyla had a trip to the Land of Fire and could find it. She couldn't believe her eyes! She saw many beautiful fairies. Leyla rushed to the miracle flower, took the sand and the water, which asked her the fairy. Suddenly, one from the fairies approached Leyla and asked her:

- Hey, human, what are you doing here? Human are prohibited to enter this land. This is the Land of Miracles. You need to get out from this land, otherwise the queen Elena will put you into the glass too!

Leyla understood that this fairy is the friend of the fairy, which is inside the glass. Leyla rushed from the Land of Miracles and found the way home. She mixed the miracle sand from the flower and miracle water, and then she poured it into the glass. The glass broke up and the fairy inside was rescued and saved! The fairy said:

- I am so grateful for you to save me. I will make your three wishes come true.

Leyla told her three wishes into the fairy's ears and all her wishes came true. The fairy said:

- Now, I need to go home. You are welcome to visit the Land of Miracles any day.

Leyla said goodbye to the fairy. The fairy gave to Leyla the miracle mirror as the small present and gratitude. Now, Leyla will be able to see what and where the miracle fairy is. Leyla was so happy that day!





Magical flowers

Once upon a time, there lived one girl whose name was Layla. Layla has a mother – Elnara. One day Elnara bought her daughter Layla one fairy tales book. Layla read the book and very soon finished it. Layla approached her mother and said:

-Mom, can I tell you the fairy tales i read?

Mother answered:

-Of course, my daughter, tell me.

With a big excitement Layla started to tell the mother about fairy tale “Magical Flowers”. After finishing the fairy tale, Layla looked at her mother and said:

-Mommy, I want to have my own flowers too. I will water them every morning, look after them. I love flowers very much! Could you buy me flowers?

Mother hugged the daughter and kissed on her forehead and then said:

-My clever daughter, I will buy you the flowers.

Next morning, mother bought Layla 5 flowers in the pot. Mother gave information to Layla on the names, from which country and colors of the flowers. With a big attention Layla was listening to her mother.

Soon after, Layla's friend Aysel came and with astonishment looked on the flowers:

-How beautiful they are! Can I pick one flower?

Mother said that flowers are also alive. They can not be torn and offended. From that day Layla was even more interested with the flowers. With a big love, Layla looked after ehr flowers...





Stream of happiness''

Once upon a time there was a little stream in the town. If anybody began to feel thirsty and drank from it, the bad feelings would have blot out from his mind and sweet memories would have left. So, people called it 'The STREAM OF HAPPINESS'. This stream was ruled by only one man- the emperor; the emperor was giving just one cup of water to the people. Because, if someone drank much of it, he would become mad. Once the stream was seized by a witch, she did not let anyone to drink from that stream. When the emperor heard about it, he tried to return it back to the people. But how? The emperor started to think and only after that, he made up his mind, he took a big silver cup to the witch and told: if she drank from this cup, she would become the most powerful witch all of the world .The witch was greedy and she could not refuse and drank. In a moment, she went crazy and took the plunge in the ravine. The people and emperor continued living a long and happy life.

SOS Children's Village Kutaisi, Georgia





The realm of trees

The sky used to be blue all the time. Any time I opened my eyes and looked up, I could not see anything besides that blue colour. Hardly ever appeared any clouds. That was all. I did not know many colours. Only four of them: green, blue, white and colour of the bench located next the swing at the park. I had not been aware of that colour for a long time. It was dark and not so pleasant to look. Therefore, it was broken in some places and that damage gave it more gloomy look. I would ask my mother about the colour of the bench but she would never give me an exact answer. All in all she would open her many, many green arms and would say in a sympathetic manner: Tree-sha, you are too small for this. That was the end of any conversations between us all the time. It is interesting, what could be so special in that bench colour? No trees would ever answer me for that question, but the unanswered questions were flying like butterflies around me. Even the butterflies were blue all around.

I remember, when I was young, a butterfly sat on my branch, its wings were different colours, one of them white and one of them blue. Since my mother refused to tell me her secret about the bench colour, the butterfly was the second one, whom I asked the same. The butterfly left without saying any words. I was looking at the same colour floating butterflies around me but the white-blue one has never appeared.

That colour did not seem like dark but the bench was always dark. When I looked through the famous (existed) colours in my mind I would always put those three colours together on of them was that dark colour. That 'colour' buried in me forever.


Time was passing. The bench became darker and my mom's arms got strange pale.

„ Tree-sha does not look like the other trees. Tree-sha is too small and young. Where is her fruit? “I heard once the old Oak tree was gossiping my mom. I also heard how he shook his arms in a belittling manner. I do not know, why but I felt pain. I felt how anger shook my leaves. My leaves were very soft and fluffy. My mom would cuddle me all the time and told me how tender and lovely leaves I had.

„ Tree-sha needs some time. I can take care of her how I can. “My mom did not sound very confident but birds whistle covered her voice. The Oak tree scoffed.

„ Really? You cannot lie. It does not work for you that well. Cannot you see how weak and small she is? How much time does she need to grow up? She will never catch you up. “

„ My Tree-sha will grow up “told my mom in a persuasive voice. She hugged me more tightly but that was not a gesture of taking care. That was the gesture of something else. Something that cannot be explained. Despite of this, I did not feel any discomfort because I loved when my mom protected me. I felt safe and sound under her arms. Her branches would me warm at night and they would calm me down by day.



Why did that old Oak tree called me small and weak? What did he mean with the words that I could not grow up? I had too many questions to answer but I did not say anything to my mom next day. She herself seemed very sad and preoccupied. I anticipated the reason of my mom's sadness was much more important than that bench colour. The moon had set exactly seven times but I still kept quiet. My inner feeling dictated me that being silent was much better.

„ Tree-sha, you know how much I love you... “my mom broke the silence at last. Her timid words were flying in the air. But finally they reached me. I felt goose bumps on my small branches.

„ I am aware mom “I replied quietly but I couldn't not feel the same love from her at that moment.

„ No, you don't know “she told me more quietly.

„ Yes, I do not know that, as I do not know the colour of that bench. “And I pointed at that dark background. Mom smiled though that smile was not the smile of happiness.

„ You can find the answer of those questions by yourself. “

„ How are you? I am here, with you all the time, but you don't tell me anything. “I looked at her with the annoyed look but she was staring at the sky.

„ The rustle of the leaves is never be late. Therefore is should be very late. I have a huge hope that this is not that case. “I got very confused. I did not know what was she saying, but before I asked her something she hugged me very tight and softly whispered into my ear, „ I love you Tree-sha, You should remember this. “

These words were the last words from my mom. I could not find her next day. She was nowhere. I nervously started looking for my mom first and the old Oak tree but he disappeared.

I felt cold that night first time in my life.

First time I felt how I missed her.

I was asking every tree about my mom but no one knew anything about her. Moreover, they were looking surprised at my tine branches. Maybe they were laughing at me in their hearts. The rustle of their leaves sounded like laughter for my ears. It was hard to me not to pay attention to them. But little by little, as I got negative responses from them I learned how to take it easy. Let bygones, be bygones... No one in the world was able to be in the same places at the same time. We could not react about everything in the same way. We were not able to take down number 45th Moon from the sky.

I kept thinking about my mom. Why did she leave me? Maybe somebody forced her. I know into the deep of my heart that she loved me and she would never, ever leave me on her own. I kept looking for her without any results but I was not going to give up. I could not count how many time the Moon came out and went out. I felt the time, long time it passed, since I left home. I had never been anywhere besides the Realm of Trees in my life. Maybe I would never go outside if my mom did not disappear. So badly I wanted her to see with her widely open arms on the meadow. I felt her smell and warmth every sunset. She was so sweet, so warm... I had looked for that scent for a long time but could not find anything stronger and nicer than that smell.

„ Tree-sha, Tree-sha, Tree-sha... “I kept repeating my name over and over again. I did not want to forget it. Little by little my mom’s face was fading and so was mine. I felt how fast my arms were growing. How strong and rough they were getting. I was worried about that but it was a long time without my mom and even that roughness lost its meaning for me.

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I was in the park for the Fool Moon when I first saw people. They were two of them: a mother and her daughter. The woman had long, waist length fair hair. The little girls short, thing hair was waving in the wind. I felt the familiar scent.


„ Have your ice-cream quickly, it is going to melt “There was no one besides them in that area. That is why I could hear the woman’s thin voice so clearly. I even did not have to stop moving my branches. The small, blue dress girl started eating the ice-cream more quickly. Though she would drop the stick she was holding. I do not know why but if I could I put my whole life in a container, that container would be a big pack of those slippery sticks. My life being with my mom was like eating ice cream. as exactly my childhood. You are eating ice-cream and you think it will never end but it might slip and fall all of a sudden because you are eating too quickly. You are eating too quickly because you want to enjoy the taste of sweetness as you are trying to make it in time?

As that child...

The woman looked at the dropped ice cream with a bored look and took something from the purse. I was looking surprised at the woman how she started burning something white and how she was passing the bench coloured smoke from her mouth. I was breath taken.

How grey it is and black at the same time. The ginger hair glanced at the smoke and smiled. „ Mom, what is this? “

„ Nothing Alisa. “The woman answered exactly the way as my mom would answer me but I already switched my thoughts to another thing.



Grey and black, black and grey. I realised these were the colours my mom used to hide from me. That was the second time I was asking myself: why these colours were special? What a stupid... I even could not finish arranging my thought in my head when the woman dropped something white on my leg. I got blind all of a sudden. It hurt me, horrible hurt. Can it be more painful when a child hurts a knee while playing ball? Would it be more painful if the Moon and the Sun did not show up? These were unanswered bitter questions which were reminded me almost every night. More painful thing I could remember It was when my mom left.

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„ Oh, these humans... “They cannot realise how many stupid things they do. Poor girl! – I felt how someone was tenderly touching me on the painful branch. The touch felt like soft leaves. I opened on eye to see who was caressing on my wound. There was a young tree next to me, which was angrily rustling his green leaves.

„ Have you woken up? “Asked me relieved and gently removed his leaves from me... Even the neighbours heard you screaming. Has it happened to you yet? It is strange. It is stranger than humans. Oh, by the way, my name is Tree-Vour. What’s your name? “As soon as he saw my facial expression he handed his branch to shake and I immediately handed mine just to be polite.

„ I am Tree-sha “

„ Tree-sha, Tree-sha, Tree-sha, It is a beautiful name “he said it in a melodic manner. It was long time since somebody addressed me by my name. It was strange to hear that.

„ What’s wrong with these people? Are they going to burn me? How rude of them! “

„ They have been acting like this all the time, why are you surprised

It is true that changes are never late but things are too complicated

When it comes to humans“

We were still in the park. It was still warm. I looked around and when I could not see the blond woman I calmed down. My branch still was painful but a little bit less painful than it was yesterday. It was a long time since I talked to someone. No wonder that (I opened the sack of words) I started talking continually with Tree-Vour. I told him everything. I told him that I left to find my mom. I saw the flash of sadness in his eyes.

„ My parents were taken by humans “– It was the first time someone answered my questions on their own. ‘I have not seen them since that“

I did not know what that meant, neither did Tree-Vour.

„ I do not know why mine abandoned me “I complained sadly.

„ I think your mom acted right. Look at yourself Tree-sha! “– Tree-Vour leaned his large branches towards me.„ I think you are an apple tree. You are growing up. Cannot you see that? “I could really see that. Here and there on the branches I had round shapes. I notice how strong my braches became around 20 moon lights before.

„ Your apple appears to be red “sang Tree-Vour to me. I smiled when I heard a new colour. It was the most wonderful colour after the blue. „ you want to go back to your mother land? I am sure; your mom will be there. I can come with you.”

Tree-Vour opened his braches widely, ready to leave.

„ Will you really come with me? “

„ Yes. We’ve know so much about each other. I think we are already friends. Nothing is le left for me here. Why should not I go with my friend to find her mother? “Tree-Vour had warm and nice smile.

I felt warmth inside my heart. You could think that was not enough and I glanced a butterfly all of a sudden. She was sitting exactly on Tree-Vour’s head. One of her wings was blue, the other one –white. It was exactly the same butterfly which I saw many moons lights before.

The butterfly taught me to trust.

Now I was aware of the colours and moreover, my mom would hug me tightly at the Tree realm. Though, at this time, I would not have to be under her shade but in an open place where I would be able to see the Sun, the Moon and also the colourful butterflies.

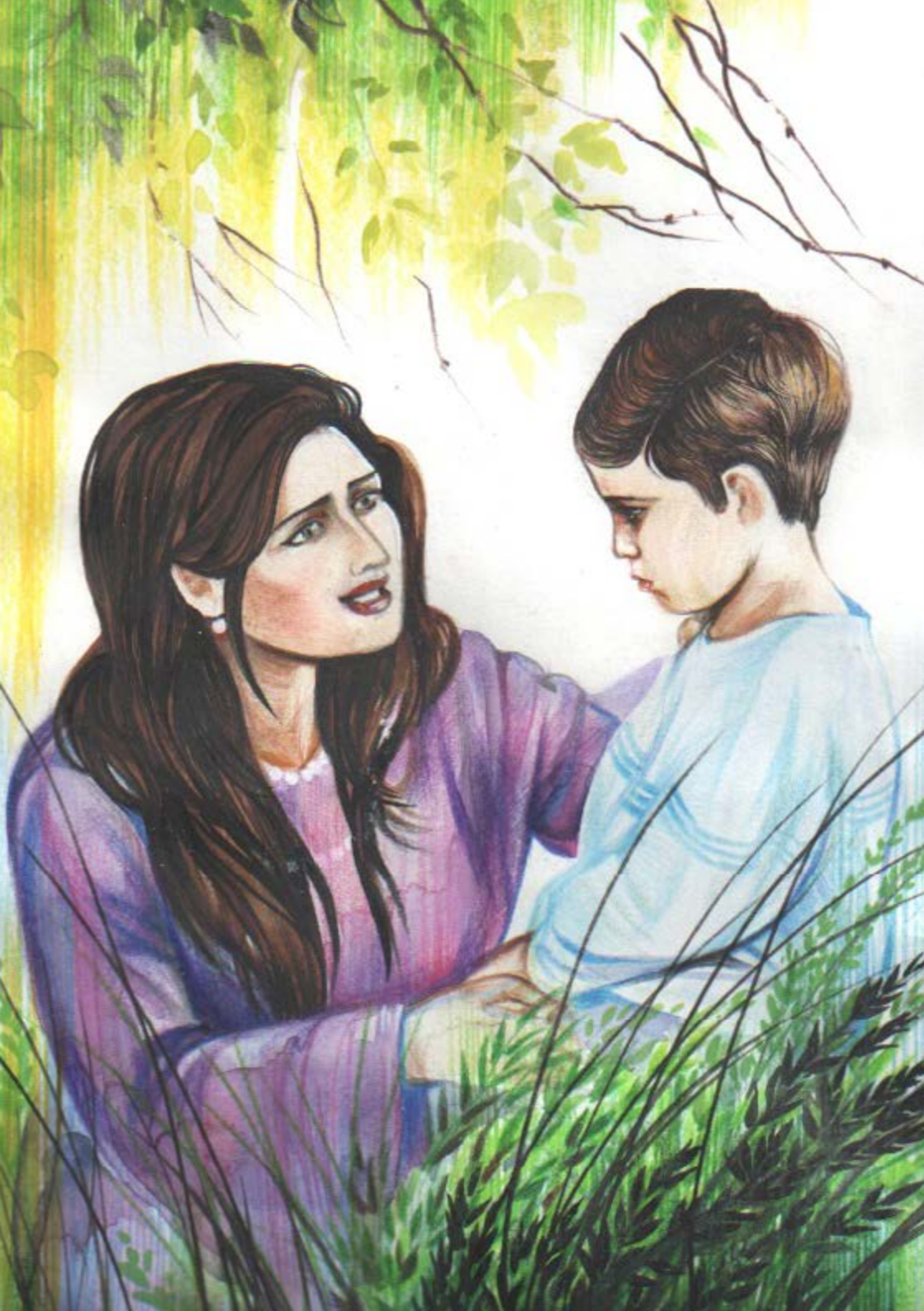
I would not be worried if she did not meet me. Mothers need their children. They need more than the children themselves.

I was not cold that night.

First time in my life, I fell in love with my friend.

SOS Children’s Village Tbilisi, Georgia





The right choice

Once upon a time there lived one child. He attended school, made his homework and was a diligent pupil. But...he had one problem. His problem was to get angry very often. If someone made him angry more than three times, he couldn't keep his anger inside.

One day, his school mate said a bad word to the child. It was the last lesson. The child got so angry that he wanted to beat that boy. Even after he went outside, he was still very angry. He was so angry that he took the boy's jacket and threw it on the ground. When the child returned home he told everything to his mother. Mother said:

-My son, always try to listen to the God's voice.

-My difficulty is that my own voice is louder than the God's voice,- answered the child.

-See, the other children listen to their own voices, that is why sometimes they are in bad situations,-said the mother.

-Thank you, mommy. I will try!, answered the child.

The next morning was everything alright. The child since that day always tried to remember mother's words.

Children, never forget to listen to the God's voice!

YNAM, Georgia





It's All in the Mind

Once in a small town, there lived a boy called Mannu. He loved to run. Most of the people in his neighbourhood knew him as the boy who loved to run. They said he never took the first step; instead he took his first sprint. Long or short distance, Mannu never walked; he always ran. Mannu practised running all the time, and it was the greatest pleasure that he knew.

One day, while Mannu was practising in the park, four boys saw him running. They challenged him for a race. Mannu accepted the challenge. All five of them ran the race, and Mannu, who always practised hard, won the race. The other boys made faces to show their displeasure.

A coach was there in the same park and he saw the race. He came forward to congratulate Mannu, and asked him, "I've never seen somebody running as fast as you do. What's your name, child?"

"My name is Mannu," said Mannu.

"Have you ever thought about taking a part in a track race?" the coach asked.

Nothing fascinated Mannu more than track racing. He had seen athletes running on the tracks like horses in battlefields, determined to lead the race. Mannu had always wanted to race on the tracks.

"Can I, Sir?" Mannu asked; his eyes twinkling now.

"Of course, why not?" answered the coach. "But you'll have to practise very very hard for that," he added.

"I will do whatever it takes, Sir," Mannu said. It was more of a vow to himself than to the coach.

From the next day on, Mannu practised with his coach through days and nights – determined as Mannu was to participate and win the track race.

Soon, the time came when Mannu positioned himself on the race track. But as luck would have it, the four boys whom Mannu had beaten in a race before, were also participating in the event.

The four boys knew that if Mannu were to run in the race, they had little chance at winning the race. And so, they'd spread wooden chips and sharp nails on Mannu's track.

When the race was flagged, Mannu ran with full force, thrusting himself forward, even as sharp nails poked through his shoes. His eyes were fixed at the finishing line; he could see nothing else.

The crowd cheered along and followed Mannu to the finishing line.

Mannu finally won the race, and what a well deserved victory it was!





The Power of the Weak

We have the courage,
We sing the hope song,
We may not have a leg,
but we still stand strong.

We too have the right
to run
and to play

We too have a voice,
we do have our say

Dreams are not dreamed
from the eyes

But from the mind

Our minds have the faith
to turn dreams into reality

For it's the power of the weak
that makes every victory.

KATHA, India





The Magical Tree

There was a village called Komapur. It had very fertile soil and any sort of plant or tree grew very fast in it. However, in the same village there was another tree, which was very strange. This tree at its wish would grow taller or shorter or make fruits appear or disappear at any time but nobody saw the magic happening. It was said that the fruits of this tree were juicy and sweet. Anyone who so much as saw them was attracted to them and wanted to eat them. Nobody dared to touch the fruits of the magical tree.

One day a boy went to the tree and was tempted by the fruits of that were hanging from the branches. Although he read the warning "It is forbidden to touch this tree" he climbed the tree anyway. He started plucking the fruits and was very happy. But as soon as he took a bite, lo! He turned into a rat.

A smart boy was watching all this. He figured this was all the doing of the witch who lived by the river. He decided to go to the witch's hut. As soon as he entered he saw the witch taking off on his broomstick. He found the potion that could destroy the tree on her table and took it.

He rushed to the boy turned rat and sprinkled some on him, which turned him into a boy again. After this, the smart boy poured all the remaining potion on the magical tree and the tree was destroyed for good.

Sahyogchhak, India





The Precious Cave

There was once a cave in a remote village which was known to be magical. One could hear various sounds coming from it and everyone was scared of it. One day Teenu and his family visited the village to meet their grandparents during the holidays. Teenu wandered outside and found the cave. He did not know that it was a magical cave and went inside. It was very dark inside the cave and Teenu closed his eyes and saw many butterflies. But then he saw a swamp and screamed in fear. He ran ahead to escape the swamp. Within the swamp there was a pool and then he walked into the pool he found a pit.

From the pit he heard noise and was curious to find out. He looked in. There was a bird inside the pit who would not stop crying. She looked very upset. She told Teenu it was because she had hurt her wings and then she laughed. Teenu felt very bad for her and gave her wings a gentle massage. When he did that a fairy emerged from the bird and asked him to wish for something. Teenu wished to cross the pit and the fairy helped him do it. Walking ahead Teenu found a magical lamp. When he rubbed it, a genie came out and granted him three wishes. Teenu said his first wish was that, he reach home safely. His second wish was that nothing should ever happen to his parents and his third wish was that the genie be set free from his cage within the lamp. Since that day Teenu lived a happy life.

Sahyogchhak, India



