



with Jill Haywood

come across - topar amb
grateful - agraït
mesmerising - fascinant
Knelt - agenollat
silver - platejat
wings - ales
oak - roure



Avui a l'Story Time escoltem una història d'una fada que es troba molt soleta.

The Fairy and the Frog

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful fairy. She had deep blue eyes but her eyes were sad. The fairy was kind and good. She always helped people or animals she came across on her travels. She rescued foxes from hunters' traps. She made sure that children lost in the woods found their way safely home to their families. She helped a horse when it got stuck in a large patch of mud. She really was the most helpful fairy ever!

The fairy's name was Jazandra. Jazandra did not have a house. She carried a few items of clothing in her small blue backpack and she travelled the country giving aid wherever she could. She picked berries as she walked and knew all the plants in the fields and forest which were safe to eat. Often, as she passed by farms, the farmers' wives would give her a pie or a loaf of freshly baked bread.

Unfortunately Jazandra had a problem. She was very lonely. She walked through the forest alone. She ate mushrooms, berries and nuts alone. She swam in the lake alone. She walked the paths through the old oak forests alone. She loved the forests, but she had no one to accompany her. She had people to talk to as the farmers always stopped to chat with her, the people and animals she helped were always very grateful and stayed to converse with her but then she continued her

journey and the other people stayed in their homes. There were a lot of different animals, trees and flowers along the path, but Jazandra was alone.

She started to sing to herself while she walked. The young fairy had learnt many songs while she travelled. At that moment Jazandra was singing an old song which talked about lakes and rivers. Suddenly, she heard a voice singing with her. The voice was very deep. It was a beautiful voice. Jazandra stopped walking, and looked around to see who was singing with her. She couldn't see anyone. She stopped singing. The other voice stopped too.

"Hello," she said, "Who is there? Please don't stop. It's wonderful to hear someone else sing. I would love to listen to you for hours. You have such a lovely voice."

"Oh thank you!" said the voice. "So do you! I have been following you since I heard you. I was not sure if you would be angry at me for singing with you. "

"No, of course not." replied Jazandra. "I always sing alone and it makes me so happy to have someone to sing with. Please continue the song so that I can listen to you."

The voice began to sing again. Jazandra swayed with the rhythm. The voice was mesmerising. She could spend her whole life listening to this voice. But who did the voice belong to?

The voice was louder now, closer to Jazandra. She looked around and saw nothing, then she looked down at the ground and saw a frog, a green frog. When the frog finished his song he looked up at Jazandra. The fairy knelt on the grass under the tree and held out her hand. The frog hopped onto the palm of her hand and she lifted the frog until he was level with her eyes. The fairy's blue eyes looked straight into the frog's green eyes. Jazandra smiled.

"You have the most amazing voice I have ever heard."

She leaned forward and softly kissed the top of the frog's head. There was a flash of purple light and the frog turned into a man. No, not a man, a fairy. He had small silver wings on his back just like Jazandra's.

Jazandra looked at the miracle in front of her.

"Would you like to travel with me?" she asked timidly.

"Yes, of course!" replied the frog, errrr man, errrr fairy. "I don't like walking alone, or singing alone."

The two fairies held hands and began to sing as they walked through the old oak forest.

They looked at each other and smiled. They were going to be very happy very happy walking together.

Acabem trobant amics del anima on i quan menys ho esperem.