

Uroš Petrović

Fairy Tales

The First Seven



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■ Laguna ■

Original title:
Uroš Petrović
BAJKE – PRVIH SEDAM

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Fairy Tales

The First Seven

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Whiteness



In the Arctic Ocean, a white whale gave birth to a baby whale and its mother called him with a whistle that sounded something like Fyu. She took good care of him, knowing that any separation would expose him to the great dangers of the infinite blue. So the two of them dived merrily from the dark depths to the coves with floating icebergs, coming to the surface only to breathe the sharp air of the North.

Right in one of the narrow, long bays, something terrible happened to them - they were surrounded by a flock of orcas, killer whales. The water churned. The predators attacked from all sides. Then Fyu's mother abruptly dived under her calf and with her soft forehead pushed him up hard. Surprised, the little whale flew out of the water and landed on the deep snow-covered shore.










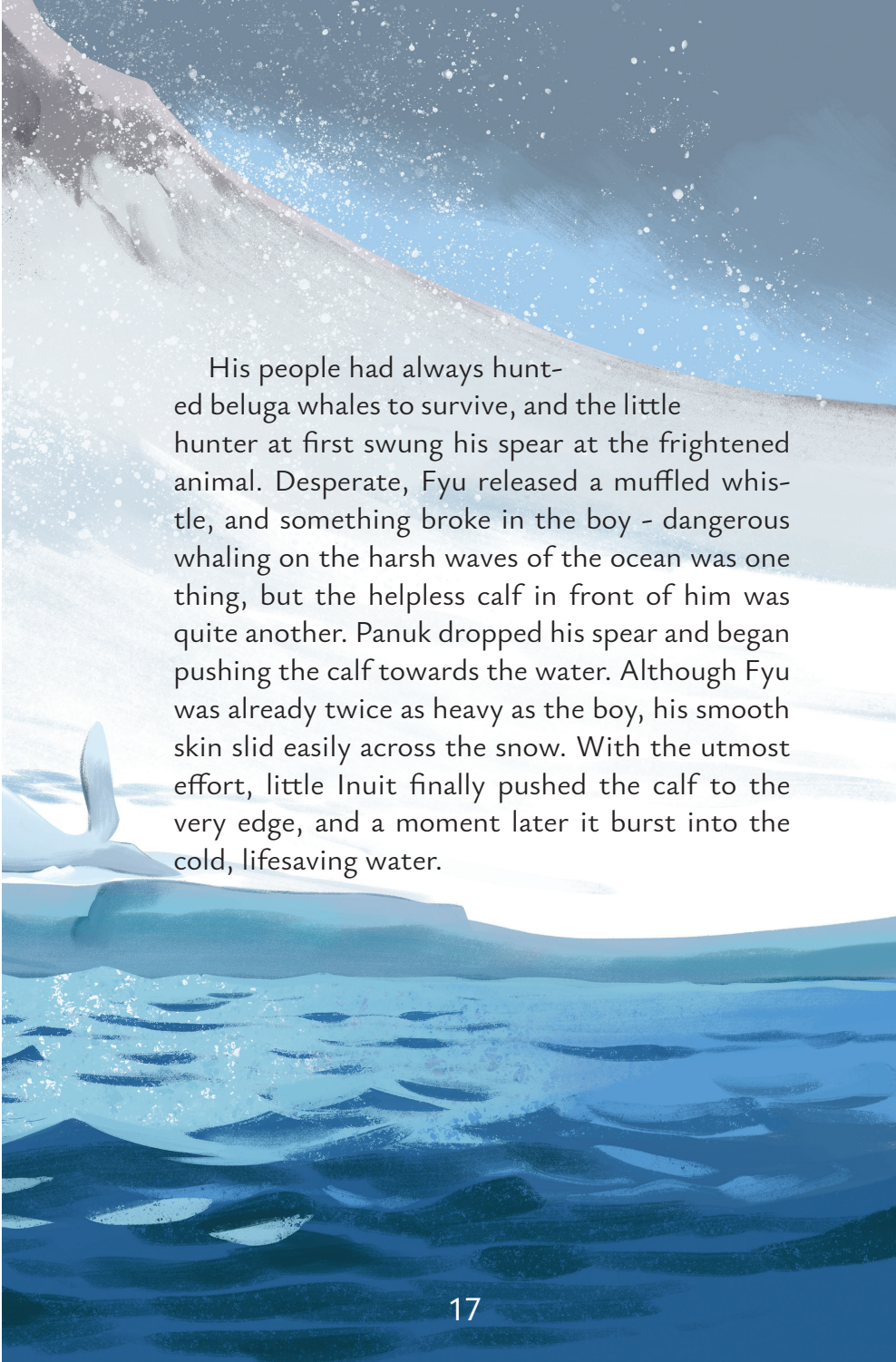
The raging waves soon calmed down. The resulting silence was broken only by the mute roar of a small whale and the distant call of hungry polar bears. Fyu was scared. He tried to call his mother, not realizing that his whistling could attract someone to whom the invitation was not intended.

And indeed, a creature clad in thick fur crept cautiously toward the stranded baby. It was Panuk, a boy whose name in the Inuit language means “island”. He was carrying a sharp spear with a ribbed top and a bag made of bear fur.



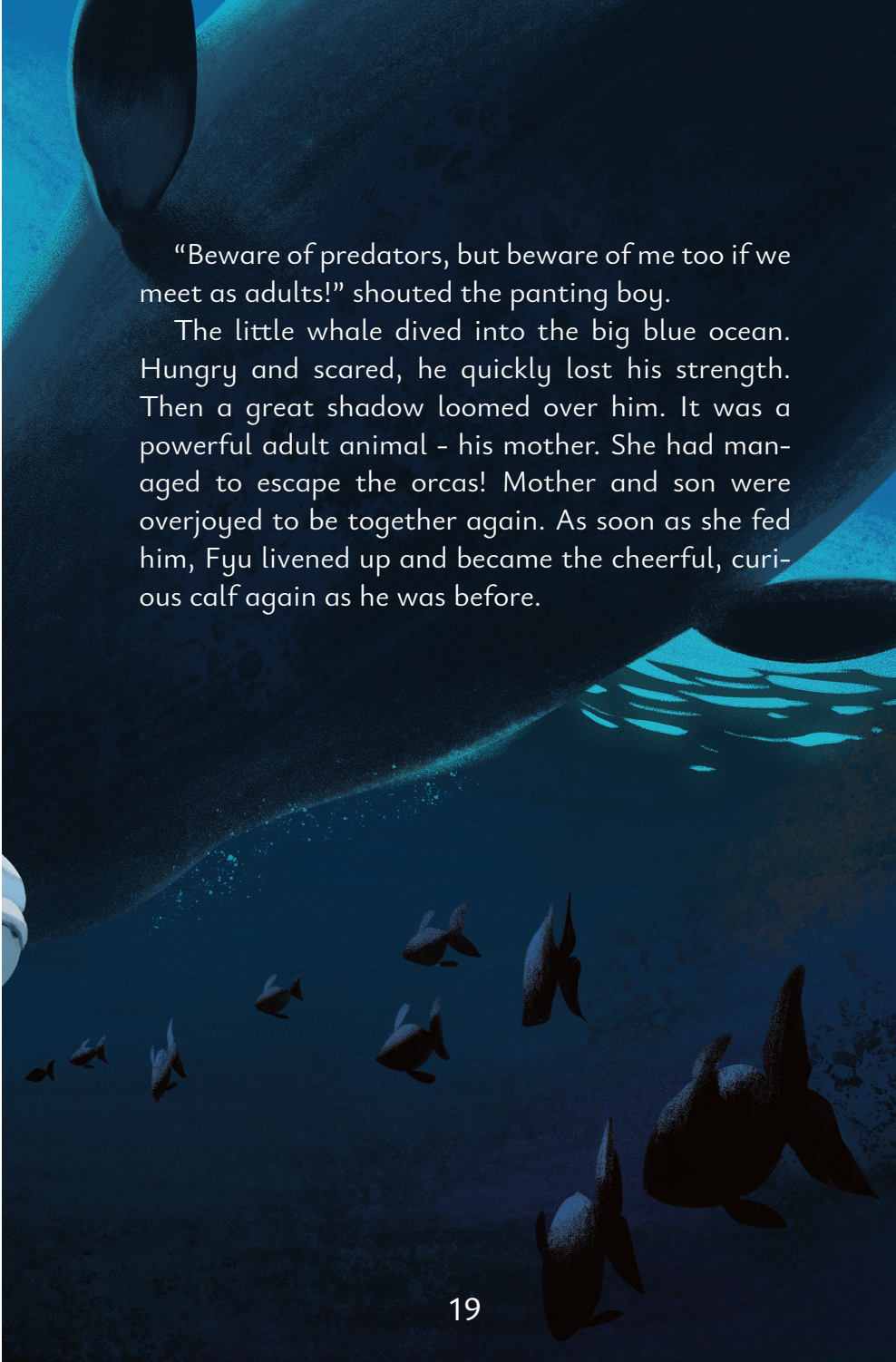
A whimsical illustration of a boy with a large, bushy white wig, wearing a green jacket and brown boots, leaning over a white whale in a snowy landscape. The whale is partially submerged in blue water. In the background, there are snow-covered mountains and a small wooden structure. The scene is filled with falling snow.

“Where did you come from?” he exclaimed in surprise when he saw a little whale in the snow.



His people had always hunted beluga whales to survive, and the little hunter at first swung his spear at the frightened animal. Desperate, Fyu released a muffled whistle, and something broke in the boy - dangerous whaling on the harsh waves of the ocean was one thing, but the helpless calf in front of him was quite another. Panuk dropped his spear and began pushing the calf towards the water. Although Fyu was already twice as heavy as the boy, his smooth skin slid easily across the snow. With the utmost effort, little Inuit finally pushed the calf to the very edge, and a moment later it burst into the cold, lifesaving water.

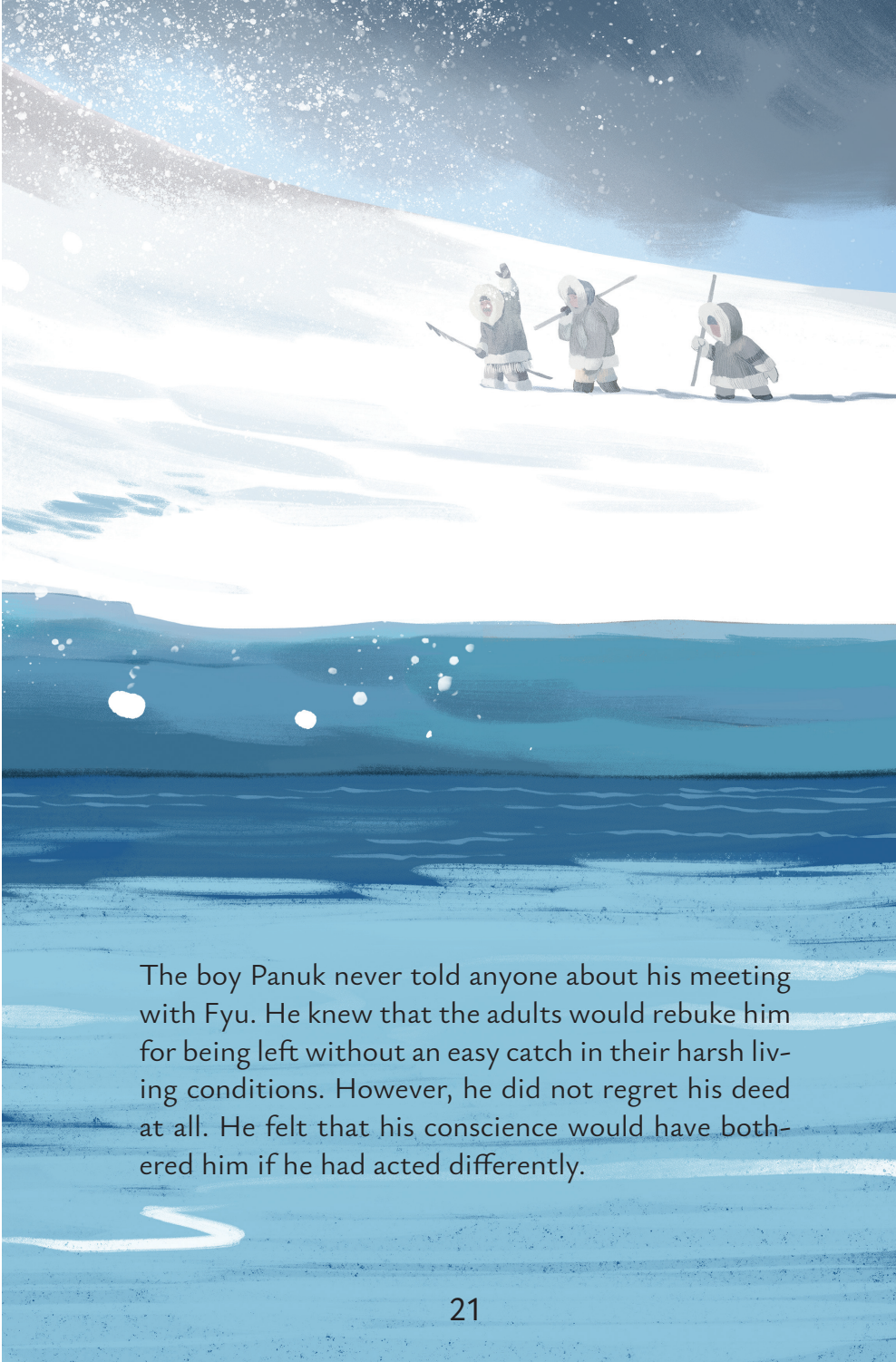




“Beware of predators, but beware of me too if we meet as adults!” shouted the panting boy.

The little whale dived into the big blue ocean. Hungry and scared, he quickly lost his strength. Then a great shadow loomed over him. It was a powerful adult animal - his mother. She had managed to escape the orcas! Mother and son were overjoyed to be together again. As soon as she fed him, Fyu livened up and became the cheerful, curious calf again as he was before.





The boy Panuk never told anyone about his meeting with Fyu. He knew that the adults would rebuke him for being left without an easy catch in their harsh living conditions. However, he did not regret his deed at all. He felt that his conscience would have bothered him if he had acted differently.





Many years later, something happened that entered the myths and legends of the North, which are still retold today by the warm hearths inside the igloos, Inuit ice houses. Namely, once a powerful hunter Panuk, in breaking his spear, only managed to infuriate a huge polar bear.