

The Little Prince 2



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Chapter One

Hello Mr. Antoine de Saint-Expuery,

I apologize to you for differentiating the last chapter of your masterpiece, The Little Prince, from other chapters and placed it in the first chapter of my book. I have an excuse for and I am assured it will be convincing for you too. My excuse is that regardless the degree of sentences beauty and manipulate in other chapters of your book, these chapters enhance their importance when being joined together but the last chapter not only is beautiful and influential by itself but also it expresses a very significant issue, the issue of the disappearance of a character that all chapters of your book were written by its emergence. The pleasant beginning of your book came into the existence in a very spot that you, yourself, there were looking for a person, a sound or something that even for a second can step into your world isolated from any calculations and ponderings. That was a character that the bitter end of your book was written by his disappearance and return of your loneliness. Do you

remember your desperate following sentences? “This scene for me is the most depressing one in the world. This is the very scene of the last few pages but I depicted that again to give an idea about you well that it is the very spot on which The Little Prince was emerged and fade away on the Earth. Look at this scene carefully to ensure that if you once travel to the Sahara, you can make out this spot. If you come across this spot, in reality, I ask you not to pass over it hurriedly and to stop for some seconds beneath that star. Then, if a child comes to you if he laughs and has Goldilocks...” And this issue was left inside you like a secret forever.

Chapter Two

When a person faces a secret that has neither an end for his questions nor a beginning for his answers, he will be ensured such sort of undisclosed is by far much more diverse than other secret types. Such coverts are not of sorts that while unrevealed, they are of attractiveness and beauty. They are not even of such type that becomes appealing when revealed. Probably, now you ask yourself if there is any other kind of secrets. The answer to this question for you who had a secret of another type is simply positive, the clandestine of your young friend’s, The Little traveler’s, vanishing that its both revealed and unrevealed forms are of attraction and loveliness. The trick of revealing of that secret, which I consider you

got it before it was revealed for you, is simply one thing and that is homecoming to the spot where all those loves and hatreds are rooted in. The spot where if it enlarges the origins of badness plant, it will become small to that degree that no space for the flourishing of the best flower will remain so at no time flowers and gardeners will meet each other and never the secret of not-being will be revealed to anybody.

Chapter Three

Being of The Little Prince emerged in my life; I had not read your book and even had not known you. If I had read your book, I would have known well that such truthful work must have been uttered by your clean and veracious soul and not just by your pen. Someday in my upbringing, I watched a very stunning animation of a Goldilocks person that it was represented for me as a little, young person living in his small planet with his great heart.

The small planet of that person was so small that it had room for two active volcanoes, one dead volcano, and a delicate rose. I slowly but surely understood those were of the Little Traveler's possession. Every morning when Goldilocks got up, he began to uproot the baobabs which were intended to ruin the whole planet with their unstoppable growth. When he got calm down from the expelling of the planet enemies,

he removed the ashes of his volcanoes suspiciously not to let them explode and set everything in the fire. At last, he spent all his left over time with his rose that did not hurt anything intentionally or accidentally. So it was of his great concern. Since the Little Traveler was in a way away from the concerns of humans of the Earth, He could attract and commune with me so well. I do not mean I was not interested in his planet. I liked it so much that every night, I sat looking at all the stars that unlike the Earth, they were laughing like hawk bell out of their moving kindnesses.

Chapter Four

Days and Nights passed from the time of watching of that beautiful animation until it was the time for the broadcasting of its last episode. It was just at that time I found out a significant issue. The matter which not only did I become aware of it in the past but also I could not be aware of it deeply. The issue was that in all his journeys, the Little Traveler was not looking for a friend for him and was searching for something else in his friendships. That thing which I could get it after passing awhile was not but a reality. That was a certainty which all humans are after it even without their considerate. After drawing to a close the broadcasting of that animation when there was no news about the Little Traveler, I, an awkward kid, ran to hit upon not just a friend but the reality which that

Goldilocks was after it, the very thing which was born in me by him. I ran so enthusiastically that in a shouting manner I punched the bars of my heart prison to let it be released to its world. I had to release it on a line-less paper of painting. What a perpetual world it is to reach the beautiful outside from a beautiful inside.

Chapter Five

If once your big world was a little man who had a very small world, when you missed him a lot and desired to meet him, you would look at the sky carefully to see his little planet. Then, by seeing any small planet you would tell yourself: "Is it probable it is his land?" It was adequate for you to turn the small land of him into a great world for you. Closely like you, I loved the Little Traveler with its entire apparently small world, the world which he had made for himself by removing of the volcanoes ashes, watering the rose and uprooting dangerous baobabs. So I could do with to draw the pictures of all his belongings next to him. Therefore, I sat down and depicted the planet and its volcanoes as beautifully as possible on a paper and I surmised that it appeared as I had expected. But at that age, drawing that rose with its folded plates was not an easy job for me and I had to work on that with a lot of delicacy and care. It was as if all spent delicacy and care would not have caused the painting of the rose to seem perfect. I

believe I was broken by someone's arrogance. Whatever the motive for that stoppage was, it was a good ground for me to put that drawing in my childhood paintings chest and nothing like other drawings keep it for myself unfinished.

Chapter Six

Years passed from drawing that unfinished picture until one day out of a mere accident, I saw your book in a window-shop. First, I was taken aback not as it was a fillip to my childhood years but as up to that split second I did not make out the gorgeous animation of the Little Traveler was adopted from a very beautiful book. Right as I found out to this point and because of the stunning sensation I had in that animation, I decided to buy it. Right away, I bought and read it. But, not like the animation which its pictures were easy to value, the book was not. I did not mean its precise understanding requires concentration and meditation. I meant to like your drawing of an elephant in the stomach of a boa, to understand its real meaning needed to be away from the world of the adults and the world of numbers and calculations. Then, your book nothing like philosophy-like concepts exactly like 'children's stories must and mustn't' became understandable.

Chapter Seven

Once upon a time, there was a young boy who was not akin to anybody. No human belonged to his world and he did not belong to the humans' world. His thoughts for people were something unheard of even the pictures created by his hands were not proverbial to them. The boy of our story was a painter, whose first sketches of animals for others seemed to be just a hat.

The adults had told him: "One has to think of another occupation. That is why he was disillusioned about painting. It was even more than just painting as the boy was disappointed by his own world and was thinking about traveling to another land. That journey could be promising only by flying on an airplane. So, the boy was thinking of a pilot who was alone completely while he was always traveling from a land to another. One day when he was flying over the hot Sahara, his plane broke down. There, he could not find a mechanic and not even a human to ask him for a help. Let down with everybody and everywhere, he was high and dry away from any imaginable hamlet. There was not even on its own trace of life there. There, a Goldilocks lad fell down on a pimple on the Earth, a lad who was from the boy's world.

The boy came to this point when his painting was meaningful for the lad, the painting of a boy which swallowed an elephant.

The lad also felt sympathy with the boy in a way. He was also thwarted with everyone, of people's arrogance. He was feeling alone. The only trouble they faced was thirst. The boy was thirsty for a shining drop, that its shininess was soothing his heart which was the home of a fine-looking rose. The lad was thirsty for fountains that could make his heart feel well as he loved such fountains in the heart of a desert. There was a long way of miles to their wishes, a way unseen by the darkness of the sky. The lad was not disillusioned though. That hope was a way leading to a well, an old well where there could be found no other well more gorgeous than that. The only thing more beautiful than the fact that as their world was the same; their wishes were of the same things too. The lad owned fountains and the boy a shining drop. All these similarities were like a miracle which its basis was love originated in God, the very God who was no one else but Him in the beginning.

Chapter Eight

Now, apart from your book, there was no other fillip for me to keep in mind that unfinished drawing and to longing for taking it out of the old chest of my childhood and to look at it well... But regardless of the point of care, I paid while looking at that drawing, what I saw before my eyes were everything excluding what was seen in my childhood. It was as the going through of your book to my thoughts opened my eyes

to a reality, a certainty that clarifies well that your real friend, on my drawing paper, before me and in my eyes frames focused his look to any point except me. I was not offended while I had drawn his picture wholeheartedly as now I knew very well that there is a look filling his eyes and it was unfeasible many adults understood this point, the point that the answer to considerate that was just likely by the word of love. The love just sees the reality and moves toward it and will be soothed by being next to the reality. This time, I faced such a reality that a beautiful rose with all her small lies was the greatest reality of the Little Traveler's life. So I had to acknowledge that and to draw the picture of the rose next to him. I sat down and considering the fact that I became more experienced in drawing after passing all those years, I drew the picture of the Little Traveler's rose as delicately as possible on a separate piece of paper to copy that on the main drawing patiently later. In my opinion, that painting of the rose was both more beautiful than its novel picture and also it seemed younger than that.

Finishing my drawing at such area of prettiness made me cry unconsciously out of pleasure: "This is the striking and young rose of the Little Traveler!"

I did not finish my words yet that a scaring typhoon entered from the open window of the room severely and made a mess in a second but it seemed that the

typhoon had the strength just enough to lift up the rose picture to take it away with itself. That painting was of such magnitude for me this time that I agreed to fight alongside the typhoon for and finally, I could keep that picture of the rose which was not but the picture of a wrinkle-faced rose anymore.

Chapter Nine

Days passed from the time of the fight between the powerful typhoon and that weak rose until it was the day I was to add that painting of the wrinkled rose to the main painting. I took the rose picture and began to smooth the paper bit by bit as copying a wrinkled picture to another paper was not easy.

I said, "The typhoon made the Little Traveler rose old."

Unexpectedly, while being shocked, I heard a quiet and dignified voice saying, "The Little Traveler's rose is not similar to this however old she got."

I looked around without delay. There was no one in the room or even if there were, because of the dread my head was like a sail facing a terrible typhoon and could not move around. I was not so grown up to proceed in the vein of an adult to stare on a point from its start to its final stage more than ever if he was frightened to death.

When the voice said, "Please, draw the Little Traveler's rose as it is.", my mind got blocked and in that startling instant, it left me no other alternative but going after the order of that anonymous voice. So, while thrilling with each inch of my body, I drew a young rose on the surface of Goldilocks' planet.

The voice said, "Maybe this rose is so young and nice but it's not akin to mine."

This time, I stared at the boy drawn by myself, the boy who now was judging my drawing of the rose. Yes, the talking person was him, the very drawing of Goldilocks boy or your little friend. Nothing of that kind boy was in the vein of a drawing now. It had a touchable volume and your little friend was laughing wholeheartedly. He breathed fast and was pale. Perhaps he got depressed from his planet inhabitants. But the number of inhabitants there were less than hands fingers. Yes! The rose was the cause of that discontent.

I came to my senses and asked Goldilocks in surprise, "How did you come here?"

While keeping away from the rose, Goldilocks said quietly, "You'll get it later but I came here now to see the picture of my flower as it is."

"I drew your flower as it is. But as it looks very old and young, you don't make out her."

- "I can recognize her however she seems to be."

I asked in astonish, "Then how? Humans can't be acquainted with such situation effortlessly."

He said quietly, "There is a light in the existence of it which directs me. If lights become visible apparently, they may put out or weaken but internally ... that bright lamp shines in the darkness of the sky."

Now I was ensured to some point that the boy who was asking me drawing the picture of shining rose must have arisen himself from the world of reality as the shininess of a rose can be looked at by a reality named eye of heart and eyes could never be embodied in the hearts of paper characters. So I ought to give him the right that even if I had shown him the most beautiful flower in the best place, he would still be in love with a simple flower placed in a small and unknown planet since for the first time he had brought up that strange bud there, for the first time he witnessed its flourishing and was the first one who cherished that rose and listened to her nags and complaints patiently. So, it was a flower shining for him up to that amount and maybe for you too. Do you commit to memory you and your little friend were seeing everything in that isolated and dark desert with the eye of your hearts? Do you remember you saw the stars like thousand hawk bells and the water well like millions of fountains and the rose like the most

shining lamp in the galaxy? Of course, if that rose can be called grass.

This time, Goldilocks asked worriedly, “What’s wrong? Maybe you can’t draw the picture of my shining rose?”

I was wordless.

He sighed regretfully and said, "It's a long time since I haven't seen my rose and I think I won't soon. If you draw me her picture, you could console me a little."

Neither me as a immature painter nor any professional one could take on such an unfeasible task. He was really missing his rose exactly like a kid missing one of his toys. I bear in mind those seconds that in such cases adults promised us to find that missing toy sometime later either they desired to look for that or not. I think I had no other way to promise him drawing his rose sometime later. It could help him at least until the time of forgetting of his desire.

So, I said right away, "I can do that."

Goldilocks was taken aback then he said joyfully, “So do it. What are you waiting for?”

While hesitating to find an answer, I said, “Now, it is not a right time.”

- "Now it's the best time for drawing my rose picture. She is fresher early in the mornings than other times."

I was filliped and while drawing the picture of the sun and a piece of cloud, I said, "Early in the morning we have to make ourselves fresher by having breakfast. Our rose and I ,after having a good breakfast, will become a good painter and model. Even you who have to consume your mind to judge have to eat something. As far as a man is hungry, he can do nothing."

Goldilocks said quietly, "How can I eat something with such sorrow overwhelmed me?"

He had the right. I had seen loads of hungry people whose stomachs were full of sorrow. Immediately, I took some pastries my mom had put on my table at a previous time and while placing some of them next to him, I said, "If you assure to eat some pieces of them, I promise to take all your sorrows away.

I pointed to the drawings of those two old and young roses and continued, "I ask these two roses to be our witness that I promise to draw your rose as shining as it is."

Goldilocks knitted his brows and said, "These days' flowers regard each other as rivals so they are not good witnesses for each others' benefits."

I was filliped and said with fun, "Really! I forgot that attractive flowers are each others' rivals. It was not clear what would your rose reaction if I had followed your words and had drawn a rose on your planet and she had seen that young rose in her home and next to you?"

I picked up an eraser and while erasing the picture of that young rose from Goldilocks' planet, I said, "As I am cleaning this unsullied picture, you take these pastries and make them warm over one of those active volcanoes."

Goldilocks was taken aback and looked at the volcanoes thoughtfully. He took the pastries unhurriedly and went toward the dead volcano.

I said in astonish, "A man's land is like his home but your land is your home so if you might have gone somewhere else, you must have known that your volcanoes had been in their place still even supposing today luxuriates superseded many powerful things."

"While this dead volcano is of no power, the power of luxury never won over that. That's why it is standing there forever."

"Well, if it is standing, why don't you know that here is not the place of active volcanoes?"

- "The place of a dead volcano is much higher than the active one. While it is always agitated due to unclearness of its active times, it grants others peace."

- "What do these words have to do with making pastries warm then, more than ever inside a dead volcano?"

- "A volcano who felt the coldness of time by its heart has to feel other creatures' coldness after getting active and has to make their hearts warm."

I was filliped and said, "So, what makes your heart warm is that the dead volcano gets active."

I continued more seriously than before, "While I don't know your intention, I know it well that before the pattern of any activity in that dead volcano; baobabs will become giant trees on your planet. It's better for making those pastries warm, you go to active volcanoes."

- "Even baobabs can be uprooted by a lamb or something else before they gain the power, but what about those volcanoes which had the power from the commencement? When they can't keep any creature next to themselves, what the use of their activity is."

I said quietly, "Well, that's right they can't keep anything next to them but from some other aspects they can be counted useful."

- "Powerful volcanoes can't be relied on by any means. They are each other's rivals like delicate flowers."

This time I said in a completely impatient way, "As it's apparent from your words, you are offended by on the go volcanoes. Well, the centers of those volcanoes are full of magma but there is nothing in this dead volcano while you stand before it in such a sad manner."

- "The heart of the dead volcano is dirt free like that of rose."

- "Your rose like active volcanoes was active and emitting heat. But nothing is coming out of this dead volcano."

- "This dead one...."

He did not utter the rest of his words and sat next to it and like a dead volcano kept silent.

Chapter Ten

After hours of Goldilocks' hush, I put my hand on his shoulder, broke the silence and said, "What about this dead one? You are sitting next to it for hours and it had no reaction."

Goldilocks broke his silence quietly and said, "Yes, unlike my rose that right as I sat next to her just for a second, she began talking for hours."

I was taken aback and said, "Do volcanoes talk? What is the importance of this volcano's talking?"

"The significance of the dead volcano's talking is for my rose sake."

I was taken aback and said surprised, "What do you mean by these words?"

"This dead volcano will clarify the reality of my rose for those active volcanoes."

I said sadly, "The reality of your rose? Are you still thinking of the rose?"

Goldilocks kept silence.

"Did I not tell I would draw her picture after breakfast?"

He kept silent.

"It's clear you did not hear any of my words."

He kept silent.

I said hesitatingly, "In this case, I'm not going to hear your words too."

Goldilocks kept silence and it was probable this time he reacted the same not only aligned with my disappointing words but also with all my words. Many adults regard each other solemn as far as they are not aware of each other's attachments. But when everything becomes obvious for them, they looked upon their most severe attachments funny. But the world of childhood is a simple world. I commit to memory so well that a doll which was one girl's attachment was another one's an unreachable wish. After knowing his interests, I did not have to dishearten Goldilocks from continuing what he felt like to accomplish with my disappointing words. So I broke his silence with this sentence, "Since then, I'm not going to listen to any of your words as it's time to listen to the dead volcano's words."

Goldilocks, who was averting his eye contact with me since then, began to look at my averting eyes. I avoided eye contact with him not as I was offending him out of honesty but as for making him content, I had to tell him a lie before, that very false assure. I found out that he could recognize honesty and lie through others' eyes as it is the same in the world of childhoods. When a child utters a lie, his eyes can't confirm that. But some adults know so professionally to tell lies with their eyes that they can't perform it with their tongues to that degree.

I said again, "While the silence of volcano means reality, its not-talking provides an opportunity for some to take it as a lie."

This time, Goldilocks got up excitedly and while moving his head close to the dead volcano said, "You are right. If this dead volcano keeps silent, it may make active volcanoes to be misunderstood."

He continued sadly, "Sometimes my rose made me judge wrongly by keeping silent. But how can we make this dead volcano to talk?"

- "On my planet, Earth, I have seen many times that with a sparkle to mind, all words of the heart could be taken out."

Goldilocks became more excited and said, "Well, I think this will act positively on my planet too as our planets once a year reaches each other on a common orbit."

I said surprised, "You mean we ought to sparkle the volcano? But how?"

Goldilocks said thoughtfully, "Not a sparkle. Everything has its own language. For example, instead of sparkle, we can use some lava. Then, we will witness its eruption."

He laughed and persisted, "While I'm not interested in the world of business, I think it's not a bad transaction. We give the volcano some lava and it will erupt for us."

His smile got bitter gradually and added, "Ah! I got enthusiastic with my heart and soul."

As kindly as possible, I said, "Don't worry Goldilocks! As we feel the slightest danger, I will extinguish the lava."

- "My concerns are about the illuminating of the reality of my rose and not lighting of the volcano."

- "It is very likely. Everybody got keyed up about revealing of a reality even your rose whose secret is deduced to be told to you."

- "But she will get consoled deeply by telling me about her state."

I said quite sadly, "But this transaction is right on the contrary to the one of volcano and lava. This is not a nice transaction at all that the expense of your rose's heart peace is your heart agitation."

- "If you draw lava for the volcano, I will be consoled like my rose."

I hesitated for a second, and without a word, took my colorful pencils box and took yellow and red pencils out of it and began to draw lava unconsciously."

At those moments, Goldilocks drew my attention and shouted, "Stop! If you keep drawing lava, you, yourself, will turn to lava too."

I stopped drawing and shouted at him worriedly, "Go away from the volcano as much as possible."

With a happiness caused by making Goldilocks happy I continued, "See! As I promised, I drew such lava for it that its greatness could not be found in your active volcanoes."

Goldilocks was taken aback and without moving an inch said desperately, "You are right but the greatness of this volcano did not cause it to talk even a word."

This time I said with a little hesitation, "It is just burnt; we have to wait for a little."

"A volcano that has been burnt once, after being burnt once more begins to repeat all it had been heard."

I came to my senses and said quietly, "You are right."

While putting the color pencils back to the box, I continued desperately, "Even if it repeated what it had heard, it would have never been able to express the

reality of your rose. In its dead time, it had not experienced the state of your rose. So, how it can retell them at the time of its eruption?”

With a heavy sadness, Goldilocks sat on his planet and stared at the sky calmly.

Chapter Eleven

The sun was going to set. The very sunset that was supposed to occur right at the time of the Little Traveler’s depression. But sitting on the soil of his small planet for him was as complicated for him as it was for the sun when leaving the sky of the big planet of Earth. I had a small doll that for years it had been sitting on a small chair and there was no disparity if it was sitting on the soil or a chair. I put that chair on Goldilocks’ planet but it was of no differentiation for him too. When people’s emotions face failure, it is possible that even their brain can’t be of any help anymore and they, themselves, will become an inanimate doll. It does not have to happen for him. He was so young for such an incident, very young.

So, I broke the silence and said quietly, “Did you leave your rose to find out her reality?”

Goldilocks said quietly, “Yes.”

- "But the bitter reality is that you must not have left the rose who had left her land so soon. You can go again to her and at least at the time of her doleful death, you can make her life happy. How short it is going to be."

Restlessly Goldilocks looked at the sky and while pointing the sun, he said, "The sun is leaving its sky so soon but this is because of the sorrow of very frantic people and not because there is no likelihood for it to come again."

- "Well, it is because the issue of the sun is diverse from the issue of flowers. The sun can ensure its high bed, sky, that if it sets today and makes it dark, it will rise tomorrow and brightens its surrounding. But what about flowers? Can they ensure their low bed, soil, that they will beautify it forever? Of course, they can't. That's why if soil until the falling of the last drop of rain in the living home for flowers, with the falling of the first snowflake, will be their death bed. This soil takes all his life from the sky."

This time, Goldilocks said more worriedly and excitedly, "But I have seen flowers that bite the dust in winters and move up their head in springs."

I thought for a second and said, "Yes, you are right, these are flowers that despite losing their petals, keep

their roots. So, the bitter reality is your departure from a lasting flower."

This time Goldilocks with a heavy sadness said, "But the only bitter reality was my rose selfishness that led to my departure."

"May a rose overwhelm with selfishness show its internal reality? Was the certainty of your rose anything else excluding selfishness? Selfishness has another reality within itself named vulnerability. Have you seen thick trees? I believe they are not as selfish as if they were, they could not reach that stage of greatness. So, we don't be obliged to leave a vulnerable creature until it becomes firm since if it breaks in loneliness, it can't afford its restore alone."

Again Goldilocks said excitedly, "But my friend....!"

He left his sentence incomplete and I said quite impatiently, "What about your friend? As far as you are not back to your rose, her memories act as a snake poison that causes your death."

"But my friend, snake, did something I began from the scratch."

I said surprisedly: "Your friend, snake? How can a dangerous snake be a harmless thing for you? It will make your head clean of any thought before you can tell it your thoughts."

I was taken aback but I continued excitedly, “Perhaps you mean that snake who once took you to your planet.”

Goldilocks said quietly, “Yes!”

I said surprisedly, “Well, He had taken you home, so what are you doing here especially after a long time being away from your rose? You missed her so much that you seek your consolation in a picture of her. What reality was it that the dead volcano was supposed to tell you about her?”

Goldilocks kept silent for some seconds. Then he moved to me slowly and gradually began to reveal the reality he had in his heart and the answers of questions I had in my mind.



Farideh Jahandideh

Farideh Jahandideh is an Iranian young writer, illustrator and animator. Farideh mostly write and paint for children and young adults. Her books have greatly appreciated by Iranian young boys and girls. Her main era of activities involve novel, poetry, film scripts and children's stories, Animation, illustrating children's books, painting. Farideh lives in Tehran at present and engages to pen fantastic books for children and young adults throughout the world. ***Jahandideh awarded in different literary festivals and prizes, such as:***

-Winning Honorary certificate of award for selected poems from the Ministry of Culture and Islamic Guidance of Tehran province, 2011.

- Winning Honorary certificate of award for selected poems from the ceremony of Shahryar's memories held by the Ministry of Culture and Islamic Guidance of Tehran

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She wrote many books, among them are:

-Little Prince 2nd (ISBN: 9786000493950)

-Dead Lanterns (ISBN: 9789647252836)

-Gluttonous King (ISBN: 9786006745428)

-Frowny Aunt (ISBN: 9786006745510)

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-Gossipy Crow (ISBN: 9786006745633)

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