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FRIENDS

When she hatched out of the egg, little tadpole Ellie looked around.
“Where might I be?” she asked herself. “I’m not in the egg for sure. Well, who am I?”

Ellie’s little brothers and sisters had long scattered around the lake and she had no one to ask except...

“Hey, who am I?”

“You,” Lake pondered, “seem to be a tadpole, but is it so?”

“I don’t know. Tell me!”

“And, it seems to me, you are called Ellie, but are you?”

“Oh, come on!” Ellie became angry and swam away.

While she was swimming, she saw a water flea.

“Hi! I’m Daphne. Who are you?” the flea squealed.

“I don’t know,” the newly hatched tadpole replied.

“Then leave! There is no place for creatures that don’t know who they are. Hey, listen up! She doesn’t know who she is!”

“Ha-ha-ha!” the other water fleas giggled.

“Ho-ho-ho!” the lake laughed.

“Cro-cro-cro!” the frogs snickered.

“Bubble-plop-bubble!” the fish chuckled.

“Poor little tadpole!” a kind clam on the bottom said. “Come to me! Don’t listen to them!”

The tadpole approached.

“I’m Auntie Mussel. From now on, you’re Ellie!”

The little tadpole took to her name. She became friends with Auntie Mussel and every water day the two of them talked, made each other laugh and told stories.

Thus months and months passed. Ellie grew up and became a green frog. One morning she woke up and noticed the lake had become shallower. On the next morning it was even shallower, and on the third one – a large puddle. Most fish were gone. The frogs also ran far away, but Ellie did not leave Auntie Mussel.

“Go!” Auntie urged her powerlessly.

“I won’t leave you!” the froglet persisted.

In the end, Auntie Mussel coaxed her and she started leaping in some direction. She leapt and leapt, though aimlessly. First, she reached the sea.

“Hey, Sea!” croaked Ellie. “Can I settle by you?”

“Go sway, stupid frog!” the Sea replied. “I am salty.”



Ellie leapt in another direction, embittered and insulted. Leaping, she reached the River Iskar. Again, she asked:

“Hey, you Iskar! Can I settle by you?”

“No!” the Iskar answered. “I’m an impetuous river and I flow fast.

And so, from one water basin to another, Ellie came leaping to the Frog Swamp and repeated tiredly one more time her question, awaiting a negative answer:

“Hey, Swamp! Can I settle by you?”

“Yes, of course you can!” the Swamp replied indifferently.

Happily, Ellie plunged into the dark water. She started jumping, swimming, singing, and all of a sudden saw a little dewdrop on a reed leaf.

“Hey, you little dewdrop! I am Ellie, and who are you?”

“I’m “nobody”. Mother Dew chased me away. The Sea and the Iskar don’t want me and so I found shelter here, but name, name – I have none. I’m “nobody”.

“Well, do you want to be Somebody?”

“Ah, yes!” the dewdrop “nobody” replied blissfully.

“Then, from now on, you’re Somebody!” said Ellie. This dewdrop named Somebody reminded her very much of herself.

“And,” Ellie added, “Do you want to travel together? It’ll be merrier!”

“Well, yes! Of course!” Somebody replied.

“Then – let’s go!” Ellie offered.

Ellie put Somebody in her mouth and said goodbye to the Swamp.

“Bye,” it said indifferently.

Then the two friends set off. They may still be travelling – the froglet Ellie and the dewdrop Somebody.

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