



**NARRation – Aquisition
of Basic skills In Libraries
and Schools**



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THE RIVULET

High in the mountain, a thunderclap echoed. Then a second one followed. Like a war horn, it announced to the small grey clouds scattered in the sky that they should head quickly for the single, lonely mountaintop. And it was waiting for them impatiently, as no one had paid it a visit for a long time.

Gathered together around it, the small clouds engaged in a play. They gathered, split up and gathered again. However, as in any play, soon after that they fell out and began to cry. Their tiny teardrops flew to the ground in a complex dance, which only they could do. The mountaintop watched them in enchantment. The trees started rustling, and applauded the complicated pirouettes of the small water ballerinas. Touching the ground, the dancing little teardrops embraced each other and turned into little raindrops, and their strong embrace produced a small rivulet.

Barely a toddler, it wiggled impatiently under the fallen leaves and branches, and went downhill. Inexplicably, it found it easier to run downwards than upwards. It's not that it didn't try, but that didn't work. The mountaintop waved it goodbye and again stared at the sky.

The rivulet merrily sang while murmuring; it ran, stopped, and with little, goggled eyes examined everything in its way. Soon afterwards, it found friends and was no longer alone. Little blades of grass raised their heads when it passed them by; gaily-coloured butterflies gracefully flew over it; little forest animals plopped in a friendly greeting. Even the pebbles became more beautiful, shiny, and clean.

The rivulet did not understand why everybody thanked it, but it was happy it was loved and passed by them downhill.

Shortly afterwards, it grew tired and sat for a while at a magical place, so beautiful that it almost fell asleep, but having restored its strength it set off again. It always had friends by its side, but they only accompanied it to some place and then parted. These partings saddened the rivulet. It started dreaming of a friend that would always be with it and looked left and right to find one. And all around it, there were flowers, bees, butterflies, and birds!

Suddenly, a wet sigh was heard. The rivulet thought to itself it had sighed, only it didn't remember when exactly. And while it was wondering, a new wet sigh was heard – from the left. Oh, no – from the right! The rivulet ran as hard as it could to the right, but there some moss growled out angrily not to disturb it. "Then, to the left!" it said to itself and with an elegant jump in the opposite direction it found itself among ferns with wide leaves, immersed in silence and darkness.



And there, huddled up and lonely, a springlet that had just come out to the surface was quietly sighing, uncertain of which way to take. The rivulet glowed with happiness, in the way only rivulets can glow. Having caught the sun rays, its water was as if made of gold. It babbled and bravely started forward to extend a friendly hand first.

And so the springlet was no longer alone!

Together, they confidently started babbling downhill to the delight of all forest plants and animals, which waited impatiently for them to go past them to drink from their clear water.

