

# The book of tales about environment



with learningapps exercises

# The hedgehog



Once upon a time, when animals still understood each other's speech, hedgehogs had a very sad life. They were much, much smaller in stature, their pink backs were covered with sparse, soft fur. Their shape was also very funny because of their long nose, the end of which resembled a huge shoe button.

All larger animals see the poor as prey. Because of their color, they couldn't even hide, so they were often attacked even by birds. They could not protect each other, because adult hedgehogs lived alone. Only the similarly small mouse did not hurt them, it mocked them.

They were constantly hungry because it wasn't during the ventured out of hiding. They went to get food at night. Because they could not see well, they did not go out into the open fields. They drove very carefully under bushes, next to walls, at the base of fences. They had to make do with the insects and snails found there. In order not to starve in winter, they tried to sleep through the winter months.

It once happened that Samu - that's what our hero was called - ventured out of his accommodation before sunset, because he could smell a very delicious delicacy - wild pear - with his excellent sense of smell. He thought he would get it, it would be good for the pantry. Since it was the end of September, he was diligently collecting.

He came under a huge chestnut tree. The tree has already dropped its fruit in abundance, and it is also preparing for winter rest. One of its giant cases hit the hard ground right in front of Samu. At that moment, it split in two, and the shiny, brown seed rolled far away from it. Yes, but from the great momentum, one half of the prickly shell ended up on Samu's back. It completely covered the little hedgehog, who was hiding on the ground in fear.

He didn't even know how long he had been under the dark cover when he heard someone approaching. He recognized it by its smell: it was the fox, the fox that was constantly mocking and chasing him!

-What will happen to me now? - he thought anxiously.

- Now it's over, so I can't run away!

His heart was pounding, he tensed even more.

The fox soon discovered the pile. He felt that the hedgehog was lurking there, but no matter how hard he poked and sniffed, the shell was pressed against Samura so that he couldn't reach it. Finally, in anger, he slammed the pile. But at that moment he screamed in pain. One of the spikes of the stinger case pierced deep into the sole. He limped away from there, leaving Sam to his fate.

The little hedgehog, with its protective spikes on its back, didn't get home until late at night. From then on, he always used it to get food, no one could hurt him anymore.

By the time winter came and he was packing up his pantry, the case had dried out so much that it had come off his back. Fortunately, he didn't have to move out from under the tree where he was hiding.

That winter, Samu kept dreaming about the spikes. Every dream ended in supplication:

- I wish real thorns would grow on our backs!

Since she was not selfish and sighed her desire on behalf of all the urchins, the Dream Fairy granted her wish. In the spring, every hedgehog woke up to find its back covered with white-brown spines instead of soft fur.

It so happened that over time, larger predators learned to respect spiny-backed hedgehogs. They dared to grow bigger, because they were no longer afraid of being seen.

Of course, for the sake of peace, they still go hunting in the evening, in the dark. Well, they also sleep through the winter months under logs, curled up among roots or in piles of straw.

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=prfbsq8tk23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=p0aoe4naj23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pgihy9wq323>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=p9ewxbcfj23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=p6oqxt5tt23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pwy8wbc523>

# The Big City Wonder



It happened once, perhaps not so long ago, that the trees, bushes, and plants began to disappear among the sky-high houses of a city that had grown huge.

At first, people didn't even notice the change, they just rushed about their daily tasks. The concrete pavement crunched under their feet, car tires squealed on the asphalt of the roadway. In the shapeless hall of the huge department stores, among the artificial flowers and under the glowing neon lights, they didn't even notice that the rays of the sun or the May breeze barely touched their faces. They were also so used to the noise of the constantly puffing vehicles that they didn't even miss the birdsong and the chirping of the crickets. They were in a hurry, always in a hurry. They grabbed their lunch at the counter of a fast food restaurant, then ran back to work. In the evening, they were happy when they got home and had nothing to worry about.

In the furthest corner of this noisy, crowded concrete lot, a parking lot the size of a handkerchief was anxiously waiting for his fate to be fulfilled. Only a few swaying bushes, a tree waving its branches sadly in the stray wind, and the worn lawn carpet made up its greenery. There were no residents either. Only a solitary gerbil, a few hedgehogs, and one or two birds spent their lives there.

There was only one bench for resting, and it was also very shabby. It used to be a magnificent grove! Of course, squirrels were also jumping on the trees, and they were thoroughly tired by the time they visited from one end to the other.

Then, here and there, they pinched the land of the houses, tore out a part of the row of buildings from its territory. The poor thing slowly shrunk, and the squirrels moved out of it a long time ago. These few animals didn't even remember the heyday of the park, they were already born into this cramped world. However, now they also longed for a more lush green, a fresher world.

They were disturbed by the noise of the city, their throats were choked by the exhaust gas, their little hearts were alarmed by the rushing world.

They had just gathered under the old linden tree to discuss what to do. Where, where should they dare, because the world beyond the lawn was full of dangers for them. They were just waiting for the thrushes, because the departure depended on them. Their little chick wasn't ready for the big trip yet. That's when the tragedy happened. The hurrying thrush mother took off a moment before her mate had landed on the nest. And the excited little one was stretching after his mother, and hey! He popped out of the nest.

Well, there was great alarm, bitter chirping, wailing. The helpless parents hovered over the little one in despair.

The others also ran there, but they couldn't help either. This desperate ranting alarmed one of the boys living in the neighboring block. Running to the window, he curiously observed what the unusual noise could be. Then he discovered it. He pulled up his sneakers and ran down into the tiny green. He didn't have to search much, he quickly discovered the nature of the problem. Since there were only a few trees standing there, he quickly found the nest. Well, he took the helpless thrush, put it in his shirt pocket, and was already holding on to the top. He only looked around when he had already placed the frightened bird in the orphaned nest. He felt how good it was among the green foliage. How nice it was to climb the tree! Even the air was different there. He was still a little sad riding on the thick tree branch, watching the excited animals. He didn't even know that these little creatures lived among them. He came down from the tree with great determination. He got to work right away. He dug, raked, watered.

In the beginning, the people living there didn't pay attention to him, but soon he had friends. Increasingly several people beautified and took care of the park. The newly planted flowers are beautiful they were dotted with colors. The trees and bushes thanked him with lush foliage and fresh green care. More and more birds built their nests among the leaves, and then it happened miracle:

even a pair of squirrels chose the beautified park as their home. It so happened that this little boy, with hard work, perseverance, care and he saved the parking lot with a lot of organization. By the time he became an adult, they had grown also planted seedlings and bushes. Under the lush trees, sitting on one of the benches he proudly pointed to the crown of the old linden and told his son the old story. On summer evenings, at dawn, the scent of flowers escaped from the open windows of the houses surrounding the park and cheerful chirping of birds. The people who had lived there for a long time were amazed when how could the lilac, the sweet smell of the linden and the little birds last so long without a song.

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pya9uvw1j23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=phnh8wj23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=po1ducse323>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pbr51grrt23>

# The tale of the dandelion



In the small town's park, everything enjoyed spring. The trees were bathed in the rays of the May sun, the flowers opened their petals. In the middle, there was a carved rose lake. Her beautiful buds were just blooming. Lilies with long, straight stems and velvety petals were strewn around it. Roses and lilies complimented each other. They never ran out of beauty of words.

All of a sudden, the rose noticed that at its base - completely hidden - was a small, yellow one little flower virit. He turned to the flower indignantly, and his questions began to rain down: -Who are you? How dare you disturb my peace? Who allowed you to open next to me? My name is dandelion, answered the flower softly.

The rose turned red from the poison, and then it killed the flower. He told her that he was cherished by the people, and there were vases waiting for him to decorate festive tables. The breeze carries its scent far away, lovers bend over to its flowers.



The lilies soothed the blushing rose: "Don't get poisoned!" they said. - This flower doesn't even have a proper name! Then they listed the many different names that suddenly came to their mind: - They have already called it kacics, kikirichs, frog salad, dandelion, and who knows what else! - they laughed out loud, denigrating the little flower.

Upon hearing this, the rose was furious that such a small nothing plant was taking care of it near him!

The little dandelion sank in shame. He wished he could get far away from there. Where they might find something good and beautiful in it. The seeds soon ripened, and here a miracle! A huge, flaky sphere formed in the place of the yellow flower, and the sorbitol seeds were picked up by the wind that wandered over it. They landed like parachutes.

The years passed, and with the arrival of spring, more and more tiny yellow flowers poked their heads out everywhere. Between the rails of the mountain railway, and even in the cracks of the pavement, they were already yellowing when the flowers of the park were just waking up. The rose was forgotten to be pruned more and more often. His beautiful form disappeared, he became overgrown. It was also disfigured by the corollas of the withered flowers. One spring, it happened that a small dandelion hid at its base again. He greeted the rose softly and politely, who just snorted. He whispered to her about the miracle that had happened to him. He said that people discovered how delicious salads and vegetables can be made from tender leaves. They can even cure some problems with it. Naughty children make wreaths and chains from its flowers.

The rose listened in shame. He was amazed to see how many there are, and that this flower can live even among the stones of the square. Without human hands, he just goes wild and withers.

Sure enough, since then, the dandelion has reached everywhere with the help of its parachutes. It has become a flower that has seen the world, but sometimes you have to be very careful not to settle in a place where you are not welcome.

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pmawomxlk23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pmhds5k4523>

# The curious little otter



Once upon a time, where it wasn't, on the faraway mountains from here, in the lush forest, there was a huge, sunny field. A deep lake sprung up in the middle, its water was choked by a swift stream. The army of forest states quenched their thirst with the sweet water of the lake. Deer, bears, foxes, asses, hares met on its shores, happily frolicking with the small scents that live in the lake. Because the lake was home to many bright scaly fish, sharp fish to crabs, to frogs performing concerts in the evenings.

In a huge rock castle standing on the water, the lord of the lake lived, the fearsome mustached but very friendly old otter. His subjects loved him very much because he was a fair and just ruler. He maintained order and discipline in his empire. Among his many children and many grandchildren, Mr. otter, who was blessed with kindness and love, often went to the top of the lake and joined the morning into conversations: he learned about the affairs of the inhabitants of the forest, and provided the smaller animals with his wise advice. Sons and daughters worked diligently, keeping the branches and roots of the bushes and trees that were leaning towards him in order. From time to time, they also put order among the stones of the stream flowing into the lake. At such times, their little things would rustle around them, because it was so much fun frolicking among the stones, playing hide and seek among the thick roots of the old tree. Sometimes they wandered off, but they always found their way back to the stream. Their parents also looked for their little ones, forgetting about themselves, swimming in case they didn't get home in time.

Once, that youngest, but most eager, otter cub did not make it home with the other grandchildren. They waited for a while, then began to search anxiously. The adults guessed that he had found something interesting at the stream, so they headed there. However, they did not get an answer, despite their efforts. No matter how much I asked the returning frogs, no one saw the little otter.

The wise old otter also called the inhabitants of the forest to help: search under bushes, between branches, in crevices, in hollows. That's how the brown bear found the living thing at the base of a blueberry bush. He gingerly lifted the little animal on his palm, whose matted fur was stuck to something, and little's belly was horribly swollen.

Seeing his grandson, the old otter immediately guessed that someone had poured something ugly into the stream again. He also remembered that when he was younger, he had been there once, when he had dipped in an oil slick. So he asked the birds of the forest to bring sweet grass for tea from the other side of the mountain. He alerted the squirrels to find out where the source of the trouble.

Luckily, he got stuck in the pile of leaves and twigs, but his bright color beckoned the little otter. So he plunged into the water, then he took a good sip out of it in fear. He got so sick that he could barely get ashore and just dragged himself to the nearest sheltering bush. Out found the bear, luckily before dark.

While the little otter recovered from the sweet grass tea, his grandfather and the inhabitants of the forest cleaned the water of the stream. The squirrels organized a patrol to protect the cleanliness of their habitat, and immediately notified the larger animals if they detected trouble. They quickly collected the waste, so the water of the stream was always clean and fresh.

The Curious little otter never again ventured on a journey of discovery alone. After his medical school, he helped his parents to keep the lake and its surroundings clean in preservation. When he grew up, he inherited his grandfather's empire and became as wise and just a master of the lake as the old otter was. protected him ,his residence so that his sons, grandsons and other residents could live in safety and peace for a very, very long time.

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pxc4fsaxk23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=ptv7yfobj23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pee9x1od523>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pob8h1r4n23>

<https://learningapps.org/display?v=pxc4fsaxk23>