

FAIRY TALE THERAPY  
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book  
FOR LARGE AND SMALL



Weronika Madryas

# THE LOST SHADOW



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BAJKOWE STUDIO Weronika Maorys  
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**WERONIKA MADRYAS**

The Lost Shadow



## **The mysterious disappearance of the shadow belonging to Felix the trudger**

It must be admitted that not a great deal is known about the births of trudgers. However, when it comes to how they grow up, spend their time and how they like to live, the situation is far better.

Anyone who has ever seen a trudger knows that a member of this species of woodland inhabitant is a little taller and much slimmer than the average gnome, has large feet with dextrous toes and strong claws, and on their heads is a large mass of thick, dark hair. Trudgers don't wear hats or have beards. From a distance, they somewhat resemble a brown dandelion clock, for trudgers' hair is evenly cut and stands to attention, like an army about to go to war, while their figures are slender as a stalk. Their round, gleaming eyes are surrounded by lacy eyelashes, almost as long as those of a flutterby, but as straight as an arrow, and not elegantly curled.

It should also be stressed that every self-respecting trudger has his shadow, which accompanies him every step of the way, filling out certain features of the owner, especially those related to the way they move and gesticulate.

This shadow will happily tail along behind its owner, or run out ahead of it whenever they cross valleys or forests, or trudge along a familiar path.

Trudgers like to wander, so their shadows are extremely lively and ready to move.





It's hard then to imagine just how surprised Felix was, when one evening he noticed that his shadow had disappeared.

Felix, like all trudgers, lived in a spacious den, well lit by lamps and with all possible conveniences.

The moment when he noticed his shadow was missing was just before bedtime. He stretched out on the soft sheets and gazed at the wall next to the bed. He lifted his hands up and bent a finger, intending to engage in a little shadow play, as he did every evening. But the bent finger didn't cast the expected shadow, just like the other four fingers and the other five on the other hand.

- Crumbs! – he whispered aghast, sitting up in bed.
- Crumbs! – he repeated helplessly, seeing the wall remain empty.
- Shadow, my dear shadow! – he cried, looking closely around.

Everyone knows that shadows are mostly silent and not terribly keen on talking. So it wasn't really the lack of a reply that unnerved Felix, but the absence of any signs of its presence. After all, shadows can't hide or camouflage themselves, unless they merge into a host of similar shadows.

He tossed aside the quilt, stuffed with herbs and pine cones, and peered under the bed. All in vain. There was no shadow, and Felix soon realised that it wasn't anywhere in the bedroom, or anywhere else in the house. The mysterious disappearance meant that the trudger couldn't sleep and spent the whole night pacing around his den. By dawn, he had made up his mind that he would visit his flutterby friend for advice.

Only once he had decided this did he fall into an uneasy sleep.



## **Bibi the flutterby makes a promise**

- Maybe you were unkind to it somehow? – the flutterby asked, after carefully listening to the whole story.
- I don't think so – the trudger replied, scratching his large, slightly upturned nose with his index finger.
- Are you sure? – insisted Bibi the flutterby, who was enormously tenderhearted and perspicacious.

She knew Felix well enough to know his hot temper and impulsiveness. She sensed that the shadow had its reasons for leaving.

She crouched on a mossy stone and, playing with an unruly touse of fair hair, looked closely at Felix trudging around her. *Something is clearly bothering him* – she said to herself, seeing her friend fidget and his careworn features.

- Can you think of anything? – she asked again.
  - I think so – he said haltingly, sitting at the flutterby's feet.
- Gosh, she's pretty* – the thought flitted through his mind, when Bibi leant towards him and her petite, pretty nose brushed against his forehead. She giggled playfully and fluttered her silver wings.

- Do tell – and she smiled charmingly, encouraging him to reveal more.

Felix frowned, for he had remembered how he had complained about his shadow to a beetle.

- I admit, I was a little... - he scratched behind his ear, looking for the right word.
- A trifle snappy with him – he reluctantly admitted after a time.
- That's what I suspected – sighed Bibi and she looked accusingly at him.
- Just how snappy? – she persisted, impatiently tapping her little foot.
- Very, very snappy – he said remorsefully, averting his gaze from the flutterby's critical stare.



– I said my shadow was nasty and spiteful – he admitted sheepishly.

– And that he was constantly copying me – he added.

His eyes welled up with tears at the memory of how cruel he had been to his shadow.

– This is a serious matter – whispered Bibi, shaking her head with concern.

