

SOPHIA POLITOU-VERVERI

# Myrsini

## and the Blessed Pomegranate Tree

Illustrations by

VIVI MARKATOS



I am **Sophia Politou-Ververi**. My kids call me  
mummy douce, that means sweet mum.  
You can call me as you wish, but first let me  
Introduce myself.

Inside me there are :

Many notes as I am a piano teacher.  
Many letters as I have been writing fictional  
stories

Since I was a child.

Many images as I read many books.  
Many voices as I am talking to the fairytales'  
heroes.

Many colors like the voices and the emotions.

A few numbers as I was never good at  
maths

Although I can remember numbers easily.

Enough sugar as I am a sweets lover.

All the things in blue because I love the sea  
And dolphins.

The sky's voices because I talk to a  
Bird named Xeriola (he knows everything)

Come and fly with Xeriola's  
wings,

Through the fairytales, we will travel  
everywhere

So as to find the truth!

e-mail: [spolitou@yahoo.gr](mailto:spolitou@yahoo.gr)

SOPHIA POLITOU-VERVERI

# Myrsini and the Blessed Pomegranate Tree

Illustrations by:  
Vivi Markatos

Translated from Greek by:  
Eleni Pogka



Sophia Politou-Ververi, Myrsini and the Blessed Pomegranate Tree  
ISBN: 978-618-5040-75-8  
May 2014  
Original Title: Η Μυρσίνη και η ποδιά η ευλογημένη

Illustrations by:	Vivi Markatos vmarkatos@yahoo.gr
Translation from Greek:	Eleni Pogka apogkas@gmail.com
Proofreading-Editing:	Tina Moschovi tinamosch@hotmail.com
Page layout:	Minos-Athanasios Karyotakis www.facebook.com/minosathanasios.karyotakis
Cover:	Iraklis Lampadariou www.lampadariou.eu

Saita publications  
42 Athanasiou Diakou str, 652 01, Kavala, Greece  
T.: 0030 2510 831856  
M.: 0030 6977 070729  
e-mail: info@saitapublications.gr  
website: www.saitapublications.gr

Note: The font is offered by Aka-acid ([www.aka-acid.com](http://www.aka-acid.com))



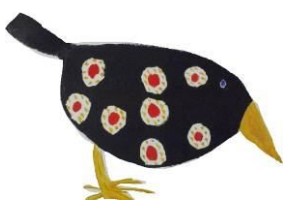
Creative Commons license  
Attribution-Non Commercial-No Derivs 3.0  
Unported

With the agreement of the author and publisher, you are free to share, copy, distribute and transmit the work under the following conditions: attribution, non commercial use, no derivative works.  
Detailed information on the license cc can be found at:  
<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0>





To Panagiotis,  
To my daughter Myrsini-Katerina,  
To my son Dimitris,  
To my nephews Marios, Katerina, Alexandros, Stergios,  
To the nephews in the island,  
To all the world's children  
With love!



## *"The feathery Xeriola"*

Hello!

I am the feathery Xeriola,  
I am the one who knows it all!

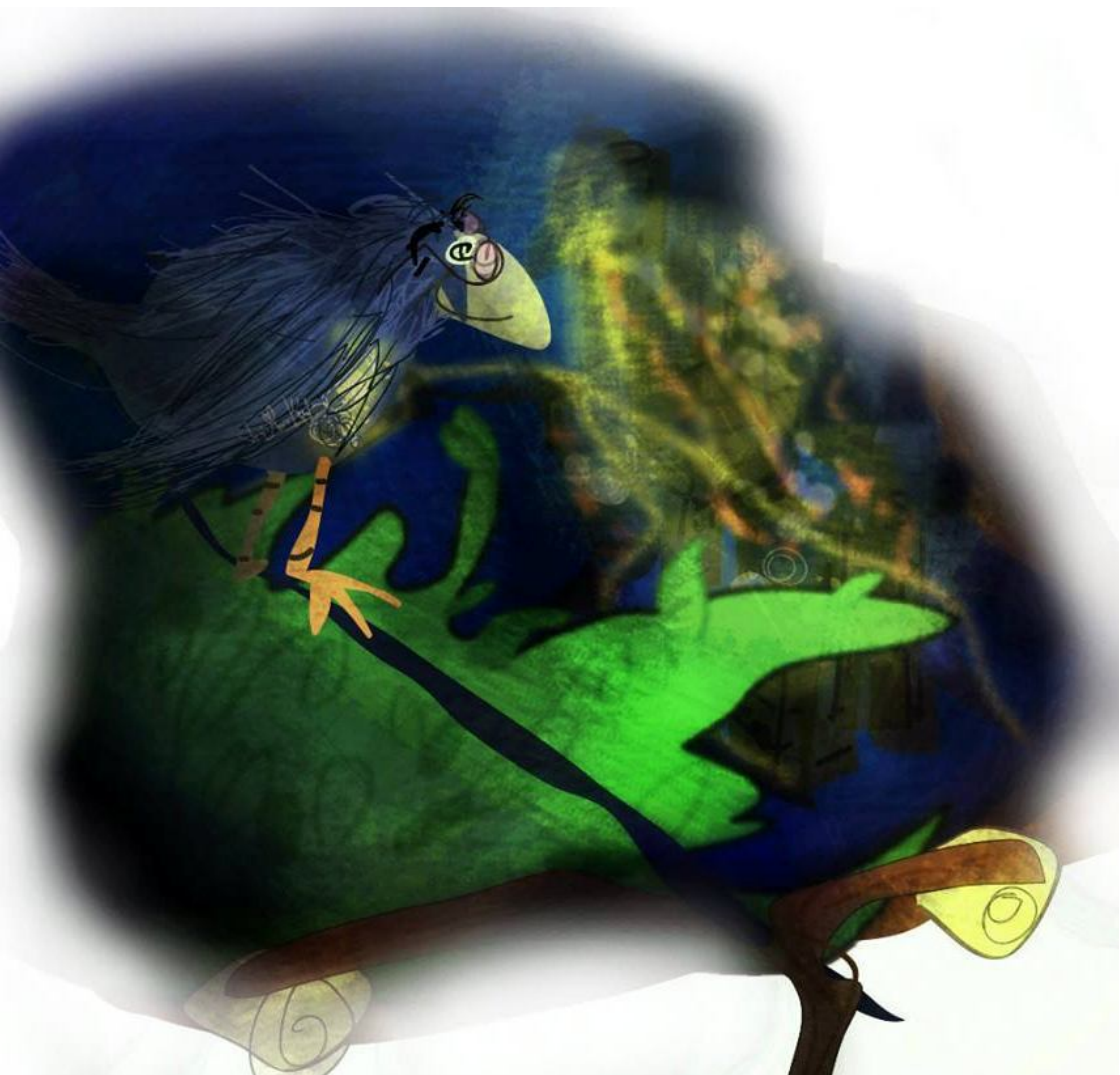
I come from the forest in the North  
Where the woods are dense  
And the smell comes heavy  
From the wet brown soil.  
It is where my nest is.

I am a poor feathered traveller  
I fly all over the world.  
My wings are big  
And my heart is always wide open...  
To fairytales, stories and myths.  
I am a travelful tales' collector.

When the soft wind gets cold,  
The right time comes.  
It is then  
When I close my eyes,  
Open up my wings  
And fly away  
Following the path of the wind.



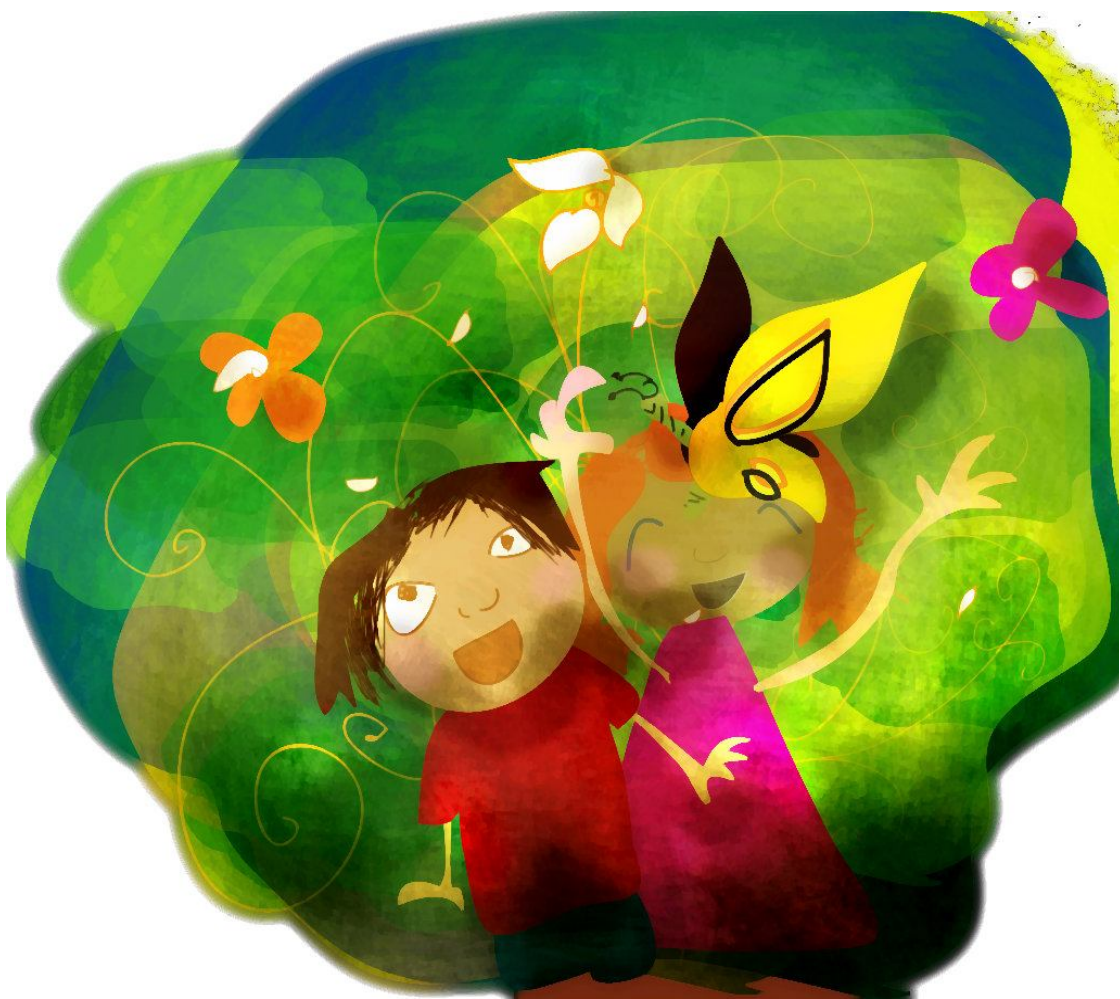
Every time, the wind takes me to another place,  
I discover different colors and smells,  
Unique flavors, magical tales  
And the world's stories are a lot,  
Like the children who are waiting to hear them.



I usually stick on a roof or in the branch of a dogwood tree.  
Then I walk in the backyard where I hang about outside a school.  
I strain my ear and I hear all the thoughts and stories  
And I put them in my traveller's bundle.

It is my favourite stories,  
Which stick like glittering dots,  
On my spotless black.  
So, I became spotted and that's the truth.





Round and round  
The pomegranate tree,  
Myrsini is dancing free  
And is putting in her  
pinafore dress  
Pomegranate fruit fresh!







Deep inside the green mountains, where the water flows in a singsong voice, satisfying the thirst of animals, trees and nymphs of the wood... It's up there, a bit far away from the fresh valley, where landmen have built a small village.

Nothing was missing from this little village, which was worth your jealousy. The life-giving sun was shining, taking care of their animals and growing their plants. The water was flowing, watering old and young people along with children, and washing houses and gardens. The children's smiles, the grandmothers' spindles, the millers' watermills, the dames' breads, and the teacher's blackboard were full of joy and liveliness. As for the weekends, the Sunday clothes full of rejoicing were ready for the church, and the coffee along with its Turkish delight was waiting happily at the little cafes of the main square.



Everything seemed to flow smoothly, easily and peacefully like a fairytale until ... one hot summer noon a nightmare, that scared everyone, came up out of a sudden and changed everyone's life. At first, the wolves in the forest and the dogs from sheep folds sniffed the nightmare in the air and began to mourn with a long howl.





Then, the deer and foxes saw it coming closer and left their nests in haste. The lambs also saw it from their pens, too, and wanted to knock down the fences. The snakes felt its warmth, and after coming out of their holes, they got lost in haste into their secret paths. The birds frightened flew away from the nests, leaving their little eggs behind.

But the grey smoke of the nightmare in the sky did not let them find their way.

The dogs kept barking when the church bell of St. Demetrios rang so hastily, so frighteningly and so loud that nobody could go on sleeping any more. 'Run far away villagers!' yelled the priest in the extremely hot air. 'FIRE!', 'THE FOREST IS ON FIRE!', 'We are getting burned; Run to save yourselves!'





The villagers had not experienced such a fear and panic before. Their village, lying proud above the hill for months, years and centuries, was offering delight deep down at the bottom of men's heart. Grandparents, who came from far away, built it with a strong desire and tenderness, and thanks to them, the children were growing up in the village with rosy cheeks and sparkling bright little eyes. Their breath also smelled like fresh milk and cinnamon and their sweat had the sweet smell of flower honey. Now, all these succumbed to the sweltering smoke of flames and their threatening warmth, which was taking away these scents and games, the tree climbing, the butterfly and frog hunting, the cicada song, the chase games in the forest, the hide-and-seek behind the bushes. Everything was gone...



## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

