

SOPHIA POLITOU-VERVERI

WATER & SOIL



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!

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Translation from Greek by:
Andromahi Velonaki



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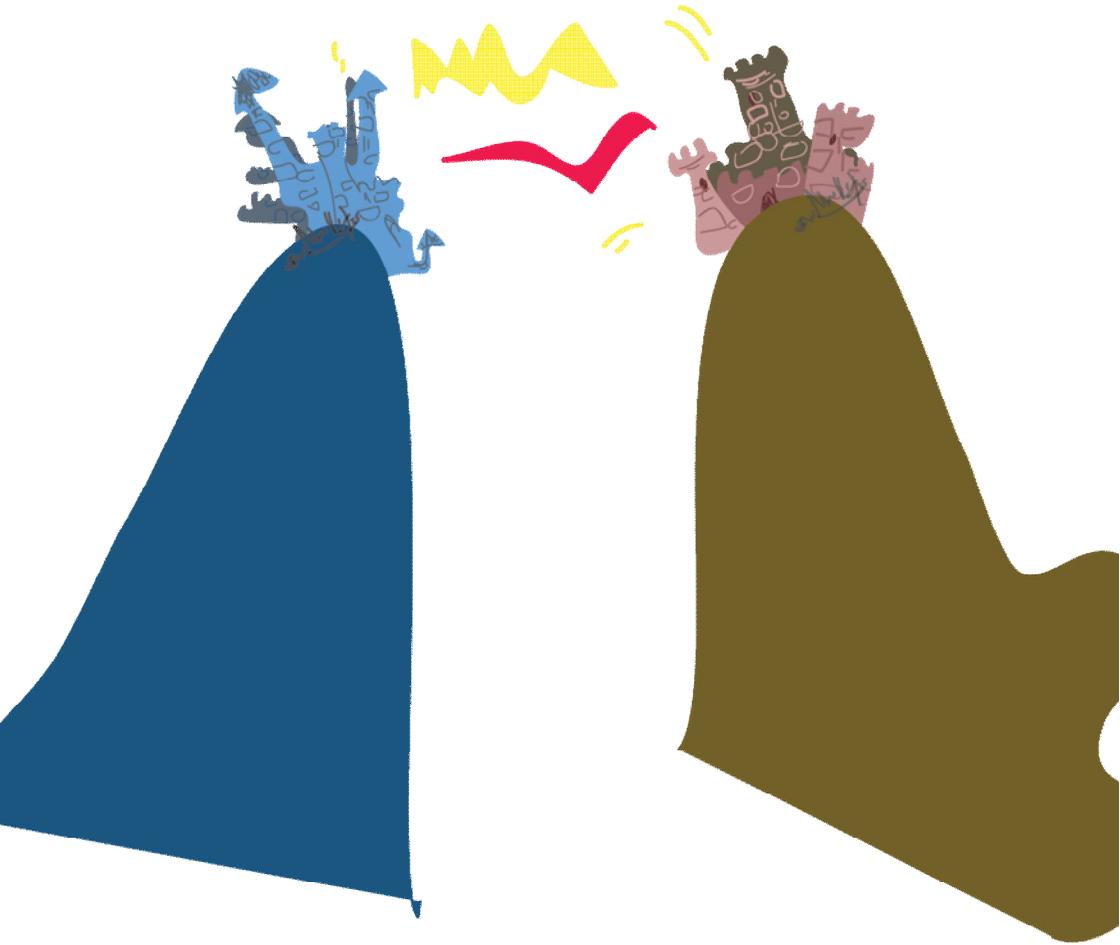
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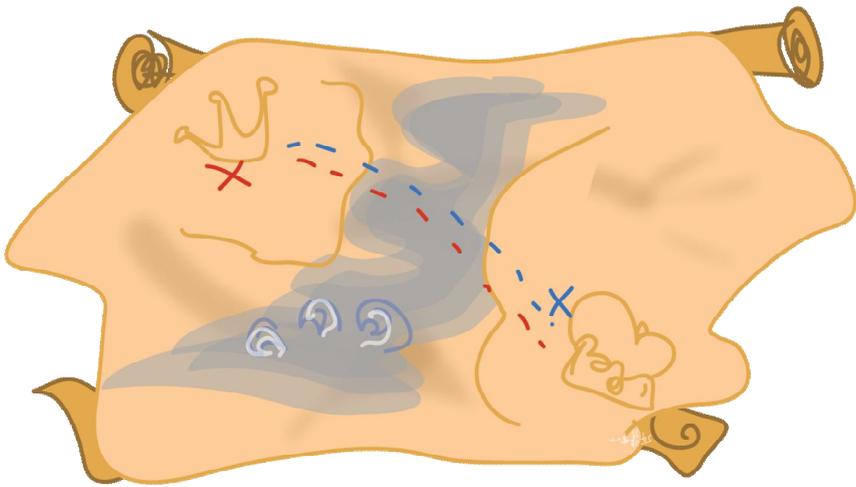
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To my family, Panagiotis, Dimitris and Myrsini-Katerina,
without their support I wouldn't be here,
to all my nephews, to my restless aunt Theodosia
Svolaki-Bantzou,
to Vivi Markatos, to Saita Publications,
to all the children of the world!

Once upon a time there were two kings, **One** and **Other**. Their kingdoms were side by side, and while the most natural thing would be for them to be beloved friends, these two had managed to be loathed enemies! And the reason for this plight was... a river!





These two kingdoms were divided by a strong, lively, filled with clear water river, which turning and curving, diving and splattering, carried away everything that was in the way, tree branches, villager's hat taken by the air, logs, rocks and of course soil from its river bank. Water and soil were sliding, meeting at the sea and disappearing in its embrace. So, the river was becoming wider and wider but its level was becoming lower and lower. But for this natural change, king **One** was blaming king **Other** for stealing his water and king **Other** was blaming king **One** for stealing his soil!

-Who took my water? Who took my water?

-Who took my soil? Who took my soil?

-You did!

-No, you did!

-Why did you take the water? Why did you take the water?

-Why did you take the soil? Why did you take the soil?



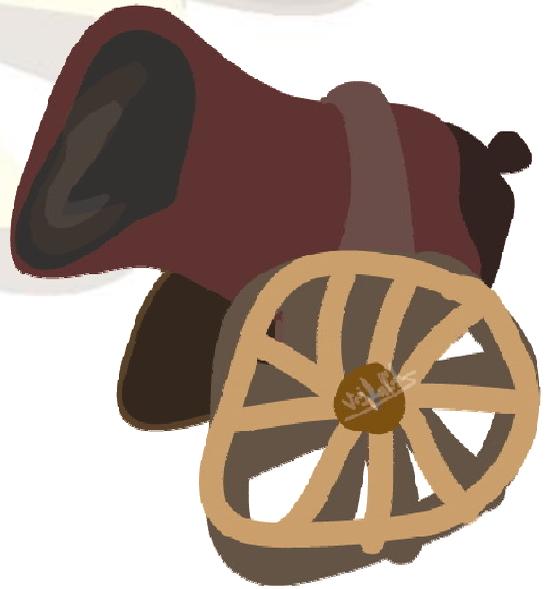
They were screaming and screaming, **One** to **Other**, and their screams were never ending.

One was pointing **Other** with his finger, the known as index finger, as if he wanted to claw the **Other's** eye out. In the end, since they couldn't find a solution, and they could neither find the stolen soil nor the stolen water, they decided to start a war and whoever won would take possession of the defeated king's kingdom and the river!

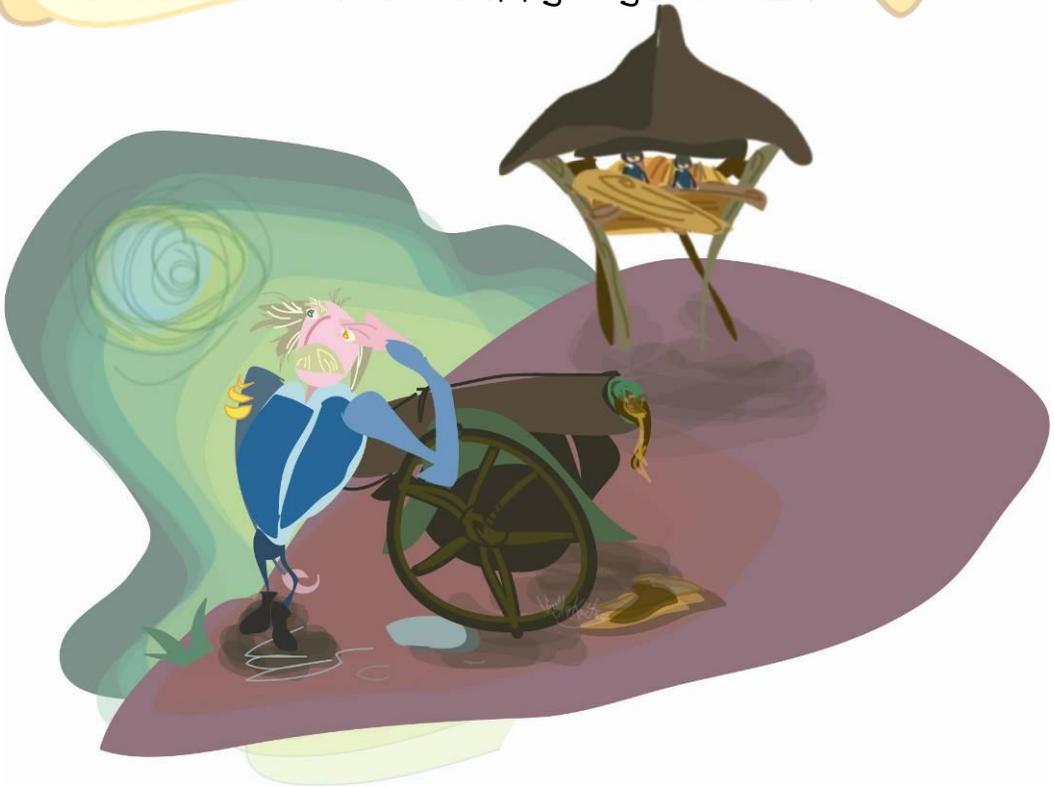




They immediately ordered generals and warriors, who began to prepare in both kingdoms huge canons, the canons of the Mud War! These canons were very effective. Last time thanks to their mudfires, they repelled a huge swarm of hungry locusts that were craving the valley's grains, which the villagers of both kingdoms were living on.



So, the soldiers of the one kingdom went to the bank for water and soil, while on the same bank opposite, the soldiers of the other kingdom were trying to gather... soil and water too, because mudfires were made of these two ingredients. So, they began fighting each other and as they were ready to attack each other, they realized the obvious; that instead of both fighting for the same things, they could be friends again for the same things. Water and soil belong to everyone, so they could share them instead of fighting over them.



In order to make mudfires you need cooperation, water and soil together, that means the one kingdom and the other. Why are they fighting, then?

The warriors, then, called their fellow warriors, and they called all the others, and they built a bridge, and they began back and forth from one camp to the other. And once they made together enough mudfires, they began throwing them to the two kings!



The kings were in shock, got scared and while they were running around, One bumped into Other, fell down with a huge “bam” and when they saw their faces covered in mud, then...they burst out laughing!

They were laughing and laughing and they couldn't stop laughing, and then the soldiers began laughing too, and the horses, and the donkeys, and the rooster on the roof, and the canons and all the villages in both kingdoms, until the night began to fall. Then, they made the greatest feast in the history of fairytales.



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