

SILVER TALES



HUGG

the

HERO

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THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY



CHAPTER ONE

Far, far away on the edge of the sea, there was a tiny hill. On top of the hill perched a tiny village, with tiny cottages all in a row. Every morning a cool sea breeze would blow

up the hill and down the tiny streets. Every evening the sun would sink down into the endless sea, painting the water and the sky red and orange and gold.

Now, in this tiny village, at the end of the road, there was a tiny cottage with three square windows, one round

brown door, and a tiny black dog named Little Bit. Inside this cottage lived a happy family with a dad and a mom, a girl named Mavis, and a tiny



boy named Hugo.

The dad was a beekeeper
and spent his days taking care

of the tiny
bees in the
beehives. He
protected
them all year,
and then
every fall he



would harvest the golden sweet honey they made. He would bottle it in tiny jars and sell it in the village.

The mom was a baker and made the best tiny pies in the whole village. She made cherry pies and blueberry pies and apple pies and her own special honey pies. Singing happy

songs, she rolled the crust out
and cut up the fruit and slid
pies in and out of the oven.

Then she would line up all the
pies on the windowsill to cool
in the sea breeze.

Mavis loved to walk down
the hill every day to
collect tiny shells on



the seashore. She would pick only the very best ones with perfect patterns going round and round and round and round. The little pink shells were the ones she liked best of all. She took them back up the hill to the tiny cottage and turned them



into seashell bracelets.

Almost every member of the family was happy with this tiny life, but not Hugo. Even though he was a tiny boy, he had a big dream. As a matter of fact, he had a huge dream, a giant dream, an AMAZING DREAM. It was amazing that a tiny boy like Hugo could have

such a large dream in his head.

You see, Hugo dreamed about being a hero: Hugo the Hero! He would be the most famous hero in the kingdom, and everywhere he went people would shout his name: *Hugo! Hugo! Hugo! Hugo!* He dreamed of rescuing damsels, defending villages, or riding a white horse