

SILVER TALES



ATLAS

AND HIS AMAZING

ADVENTURE



by Mandi Coombs



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Long ago, in the
Kingdom of North,
there was a great rocky
mountain. The great
mountain stood tall above
a long, winding river. The
long river ran next to a

thick green forest. Right in the middle of the thick forest was a small stone cottage, and in that small cottage lived a boy named Atlas.

For Atlas, there was no place more wonderful



than his home. The cottage was cozy and filled with the people he loved.

On the north side of the cottage was a small garden that Atlas helped his mother care for.

They made many happy memories in the garden together. Pumpkins, carrots, and berries of all

kinds grew in the garden.
His family loved to eat
what they grew.

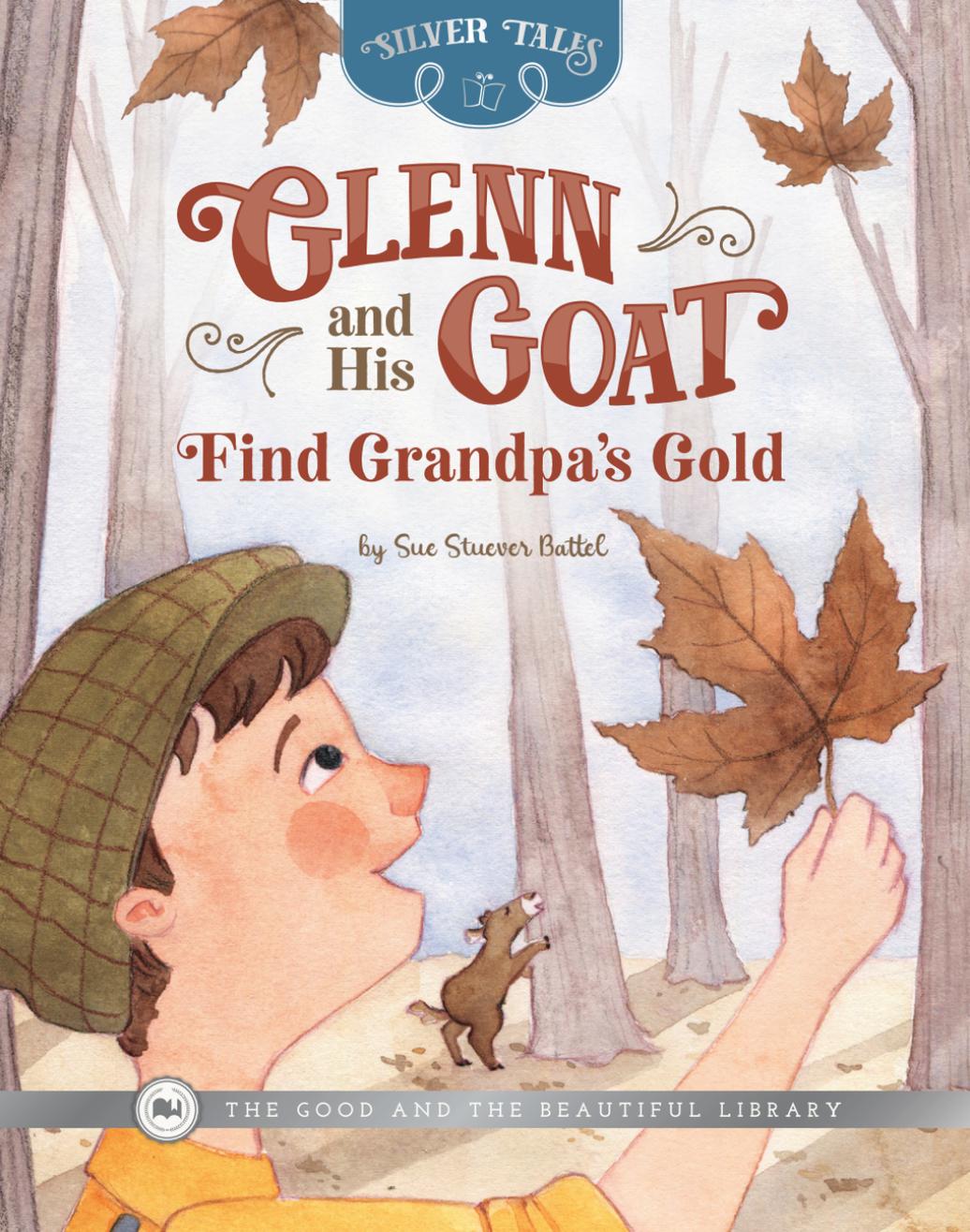
On the east side of the
cottage was a long, hollow
log that made a perfect
spot for Atlas to sit. Early
in the morning, when the
forest was quiet, he liked
to sit and listen to see if
he could hear the animals

run in and out of the trees. Sometimes he would see a hungry squirrel scurry from branch to branch looking for food.

On the south side of the cottage was a clearing where Atlas played with his two brothers. The clearing was always sunny and warm. The brothers



SILVER TALES



GLENN
and His **GOAT**
Find Grandpa's Gold

by Sue Stuever Battel



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Chapter One



Little Glenn sat in the wooden chair with his elbows on the large kitchen table. He peered out the window as his big brother Alfred made his way down the dirt path to the road. He watched as Alfred took each step in his

brown boots. Glenn rested his cheek on the palm of his hand as Alfred swung the family axe over his shoulder and stepped out of sight.

Alfred was twelve now, and big, so he had his very own job. The money he earned chopping trees for old Mister Elmer was much needed by the family. Since Grandpa

had passed away in the fall,
Mother and the children
were all alone. Money was
hard to come by.



Little Glenn sat up in the chair. He did not want to be little anymore. He was ready to help the family. He was eight years old and strong enough to swing the axe.

“Mother,” he asked, “when may I work like Alfred?”

“You remember, my sweet boy,” Mother said. “No boots, no work. And we don’t have

the money for boots for you.”

Glenn felt if he could work, he could earn money for boots. If he had boots, he could earn money for the family. He thought about this as Mother moved out of the room. It was time for the two youngest children, Glenn's sisters, to take a nap. Mother looked tired, too.

SILVER TALES

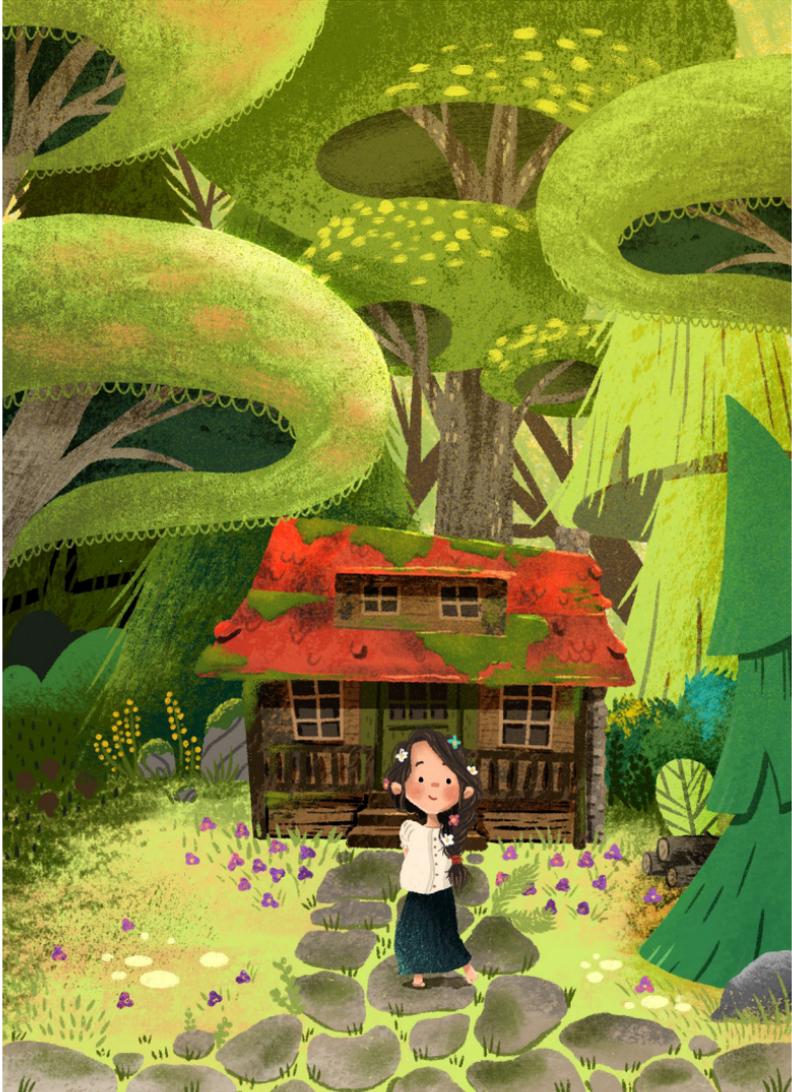


Gwennie and the Great Green Forest

by Shannen Yauger



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Chapter One



Once upon a time, in a faraway land near the Great Green Forest, sat a little log cabin. This little log cabin had a bright red roof, purple pansies planted

near the door, and a little path made of river rocks that led from the cabin to the Great Green Forest.

Inside this little log cabin, laughter could often be heard, for in it lived a girl named Gwenndolyn. “Gwennie the Adventurer,” as she was so often called by Mother and Father,



always had a smile on
her face and a song in her
heart. Her brown braids
bounced when she walked,

and her little green eyes
always sparkled.

Gwennie had seven small
sisters who all loved to run
and play along the path and
in the forest. They went
on adventures in the trees



and made friends with the animals of the Great Green Forest. Squeaky Squirrel, Chipper Chipmunk, and Darting Deer all loved Gwennie and her seven small sisters.



✧Gwennie and the ✧Great ✧Green ✧Forest



*Gwennie and the *Great *Green *Forest



*Gwennie and the *Great *Green *Forest



SILVER TALES



HUGG

the

HERO

By
Amy
Drorbaugh



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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

SILVER TALES

PETER the PERSNICKETY



by Breckyn Wood



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Once upon a time in the
Kingdom of Gulp there
lived a prince whose name
was Peter.



Prince Peter only ever ate three things: a peanut butter sandwich on brown bread cut into four triangles of the exact same size, twisty noodles with only a little butter but no sauce of any kind, and a red



apple with the skin peeled off. If you tried to sneak him a green or yellow apple with the skin peeled off, as Cook often did, he would know with one sniff and clamp his mouth shut.

Oh, how the Cook tried to tempt him to try something else! On shining silver plates she brought him meal after meal—fried eggs with yolks like a sunrise, mouthwatering meatballs swimming in sauce,

golden toast bubbling with
gooey cheese, perfectly ripe
strawberries in blankets of
sweet cream. The long table
groaned under the weight
of these dishes, but Prince
Peter only ever pushed the
food around on his plate,



pretending the tiny peas were brave knights who had to climb Mount Meatball to save Princess Parsnip.

Many royal dinners ended this way, with Peter's mouth shut tight, the queen weeping on bended knee beside him,



and the king, red in the face,
trying very hard to not jab his
fork into the table.

The people of the kingdom
began to call him Peter the
Persnickety, which is a fancy
word for “picky” or “hard
to please.” Peter, of course,
thought he was very easy to
please, as long as Cook didn’t
run out of peanut butter.



One day a traveling
salesman from a distant



land came to Gulp to sell his famous pies. They were the most delicious thing anyone in the kingdom had ever eaten, and soon everyone wanted to try one. A guard posted outside the castle gates bought two as the salesman's wagon drove by. After just one bite, he ran into the castle, metal armor

clanking. “Your Majesties!
Your Majesties!” he shouted
through a mouthful of flaky,
buttery crust.



SILVER TALES



PRINCESS PENNY SAVES THE DAY



by Heidi Jenkins



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Chapter 1

Penny was a princess.

She lived in a land called Watersford. The land got its name from all the water that surrounded it.

Watersford was an island, so it had water on all sides.

Many rivers and streams ran into the island too. They made all the plants in the area very green.

Princess Penny loved living in Watersford. To her, it was the most beautiful place on earth. She had been to many places. Since she was a princess, she had visited many other

Princess Penny Saves the Day

princesses. None of the other princesses lived in a place that was surrounded by water.



Princess Penny Saves the Day

Penny had a large family.
She lived with her mother
and father and six brothers!
Sometimes she wished
there weren't so many of



them, but she never felt that way for very long. She loved each of them very much. Penny may have been the only princess, but her six





brothers liked to play her favorite games sometimes, which made her happy. And sometimes Penny liked to do the things they liked too.

Penny was not the oldest. The oldest child in the family was Prince James. He would probably rule the kingdom some day.

Penny wasn't sure she ever wanted to rule the kingdom. She didn't like to be in charge. Instead, she liked to explore. But she didn't always get to do this.

Just like everyone else, she had to live by the rules. She wished she didn't have to. She was a princess after all!

But she had learned the hard way that rules were a good idea. Once, she had broken the rules and left the castle without asking. She had gone to the woods to play and had almost