

The spring began to awaken lazily in the Forest of Dreams and the apple tree belonging to Egolina the fairy was in full bloom; “This year, it will surely bear fruits!” thought the fairy. “The tree is already quite big.”

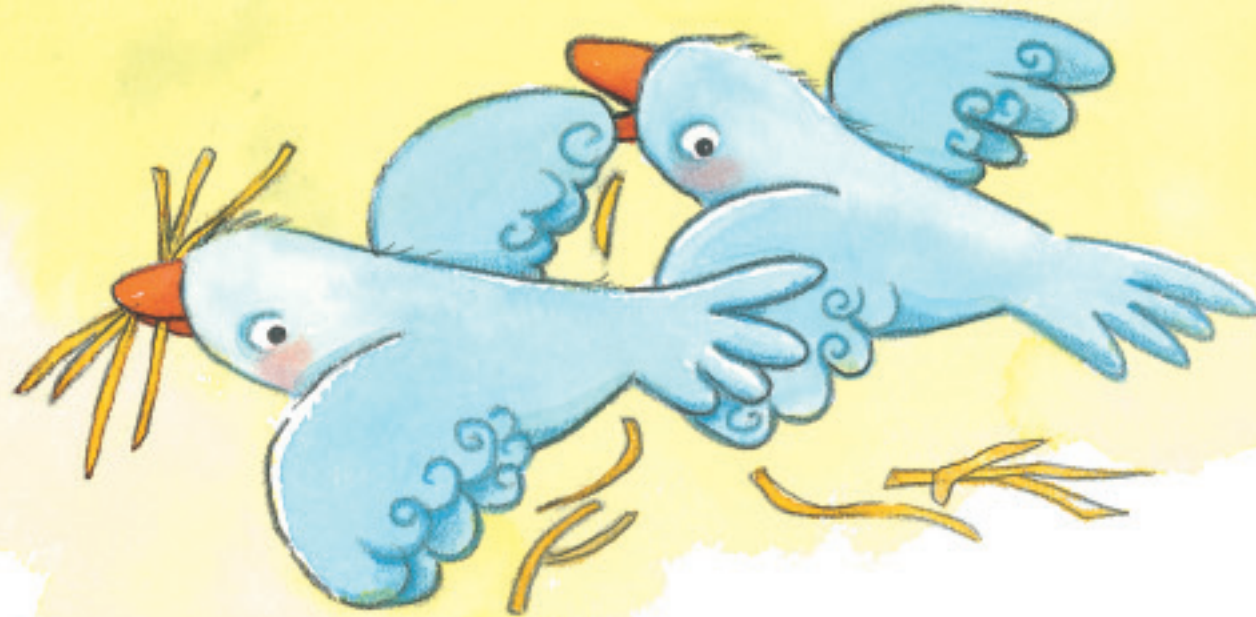






The fairy dreamt about everything she would do with her apples and wrote it down on a parchment. When they ripened, she would gather them together in piles and eat one whenever she felt like it. She would make juices, compotes, jams and cakes, but she would leave all this in the hands of the cooking fairy, who manages better among saucepans and ladles.





Suddenly, she heard a crack-crack a bit higher up. Egolina fluttered up to the treetop and found a pair of little birds building a nest on a branch. “What are you doing?” she asked them with a worried look on her face. “Haven’t you realized that you’re ruining the leaves? You’ll spoil my harvest. Go away!”

