

Setareh and the Nightingale

A fable with an Indian flair

by Edelgard Strunks
with art by Peggy Ushakoff



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Purpose of Glory Bound Books

Glorybound Kids is attached to Glory Bound Books Ltd out of Las Vegas, Nevada. We are a business which was started by two sisters who put their talents together. Sheri Hauser is a writer and Karna Peck is an artist. Together they began publishing wonderful books with delightful messages and pictures.

The books are classical and seek to promote good moral behavior. Many of the books are translated into foreign languages and are released with music, CD's, and plays which are performed by the kids.

Karna and Sheri are trying to put themselves out of a job by encouraging the kids to do art, stories and poetry on their own. They actively promote learning and share many of our books on-line free of charge through the web site www.fordreamers.com.



We have other artists and authors who have joined the 'family' bringing their art and stories which we are putting into song and music making DVDs as fast as we can. John Jones has been a wonderful help adding music and color to the stories. Our distribution is to individuals through the web site, schools and book stores. Our books are like peanut butter in celery because they sneak healthy principles into the reading diet of children



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Newborn books

Lull a Bye (a sonnet to sing to a newborn)

Starting at age 2-5 {Blue ribbon books}

Moma Bugsy
Fan Z, Pan Z, Dan Z
Fastastic Flying Frog
Embark the Ark

Starting at age 3-up {Red ribbon books}

1,2, Hop-a-log, I do
Ba, Ba, Verde La
Frog Fray Fun
Sharing Ole Lumpy
TTT, Tongue Training Time.
Wiggly Water

Reader books are Chapter books {Gold Ribbon books}

Setareh and the Nightingale
Moonflower

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Oh that we may begin to see the delight of fantasy
through the eyes of children such as these!

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Chapter 1



Far away in the east, in a beautiful country where the moon and the stars are bigger than anywhere else in the world, lived a wise king, Talmai {Täll-mā} with his wife, Queen Mahin {Mă-hēēn} and his son, Tachir {Tālk-ear}.

There was great love in the kingdom. King Talmai's love, along with justice was spread among the people. It was known as the land of 'The Happy People'. In return, for the Kings' kindness, the people obeyed the laws and respected the rights of others.

When anyone was poor he could ask King Talmai and he shared from the wealth of the Kingdom. He was generous and well liked because he shared.

The young prince Tachir paid attention to the way his father ruled so that, later on he would become a wise king. And, everyone noticed that prince Tachir grew rich in wisdom and knowledge.

In the mean time, his mother, Queen Mahin guided him with kindness and humility, teaching him to be honest and thoughtful.

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In the mean time, his mother, Queen Mahin guided him with kindness and humility, teaching him to be honest and thoughtful.

When his father passed on and the rule of the Kingdom was transferred to him, Prince Tachir was the most noble-minded man in the entire kingdom.... And he was handsome, too.

One day Prince Tahcir went on a stroll through the market place to visit the people of his Kindgom. He paused with the children to dance with them. It brought back happy memories of his childhood. What fun to see the gay attire of the jugglers as they performed on the street corner.

Today was Saturday, the big day at the market. The children were off school and tagged along with their grandparents and their puppies tucked under their arms. It was a noisy place because in this kingdom it was practice to barter for the produce.

“I’ll trade you a chicken for basket of Oranges!” Shouted a man to the woman behind the fruit stand.

Then, she responded, “I have enough chickens. Do you have any rabbits?”

He continued on his walk through the market place, as usual until he came to an unfamiliar produce stand. Taking notice, he saw that the apples were very shiny all stacked up one atop the other like a little pyramid. He spied one that looked especially delicious and took hold of it. To his surprise, the whole pyramid began to topple. Just as the situation was about to become very embarrassing, a hand reached out to stabilize the apples.

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His eyes followed the slender hand up the dainty sky blue sari {long dress worn in India} to be met by the eyes of another: the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen on a woman. She was a slender, young woman, of striking beauty. His eyes strained to seek her face behind the veil which she wore across her pink cheeks. It was attached by a single button on either side. He found himself secretly wishing that the button would come undone just so he could see the shape of her nose.

He came to his senses and realized that her hand was atop his precariously positioned to prevent the pyramid of apples from toppling on down to the ground.

Quickly, he rushed to apologize for his behavior.
She accepted graciously.

Then, not knowing what else to do, and, because he was so taken by her beautiful eyes, he bought the whole pyramid. His servants loaded them up and took them to the castle for the enjoyment of every one.

Prince Tachir gathered his emotions and turned to start his way back to the castle. Within a short distance, his attention was moved to notice an old man telling stories to a group of small children. Certainly, he could not be the grandfather of all those children, thought, Prince Tachir. Obviously, there was a wondrous relationship between this man and the small ones gathered around his dusty linen shirt dress. The hem of his black striped pants

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peeked out below the dress as he sat on the crates next to the produce stand. Prince Tachir was rapt watching the white beard dance with the old man's words. A white embroidered turban perched atop his ruddy head where the white whiskers inched out below the stitching of the embroidered edge.

Prince Tachir found himself like a child once more listening to the colorful stories of the old man.

"You are very good with the children. I have felt that this is the most beautiful country in the world for as long as I can remember, but I wasn't sure others felt the same way. I am happy to have you in my kingdom," Said Prince Tachir.

"Oh, most honorable Prince, I have lived here many long years and even my grandparents have been faithful to serve your parents kingdom. My love runs deep," Replied the Old man.

Prince Tachir opened his heart to what the Old man had to say and instantly grew fond of him.

The Old man replied, "I have a song in my heart which reflects my feelings. I will sing it for the children...for indeed, you, also are as a child to me, young prince. Would you like to hear it?"

Prince Tachir replied, "Oh yes, I certainly would like to hear it."

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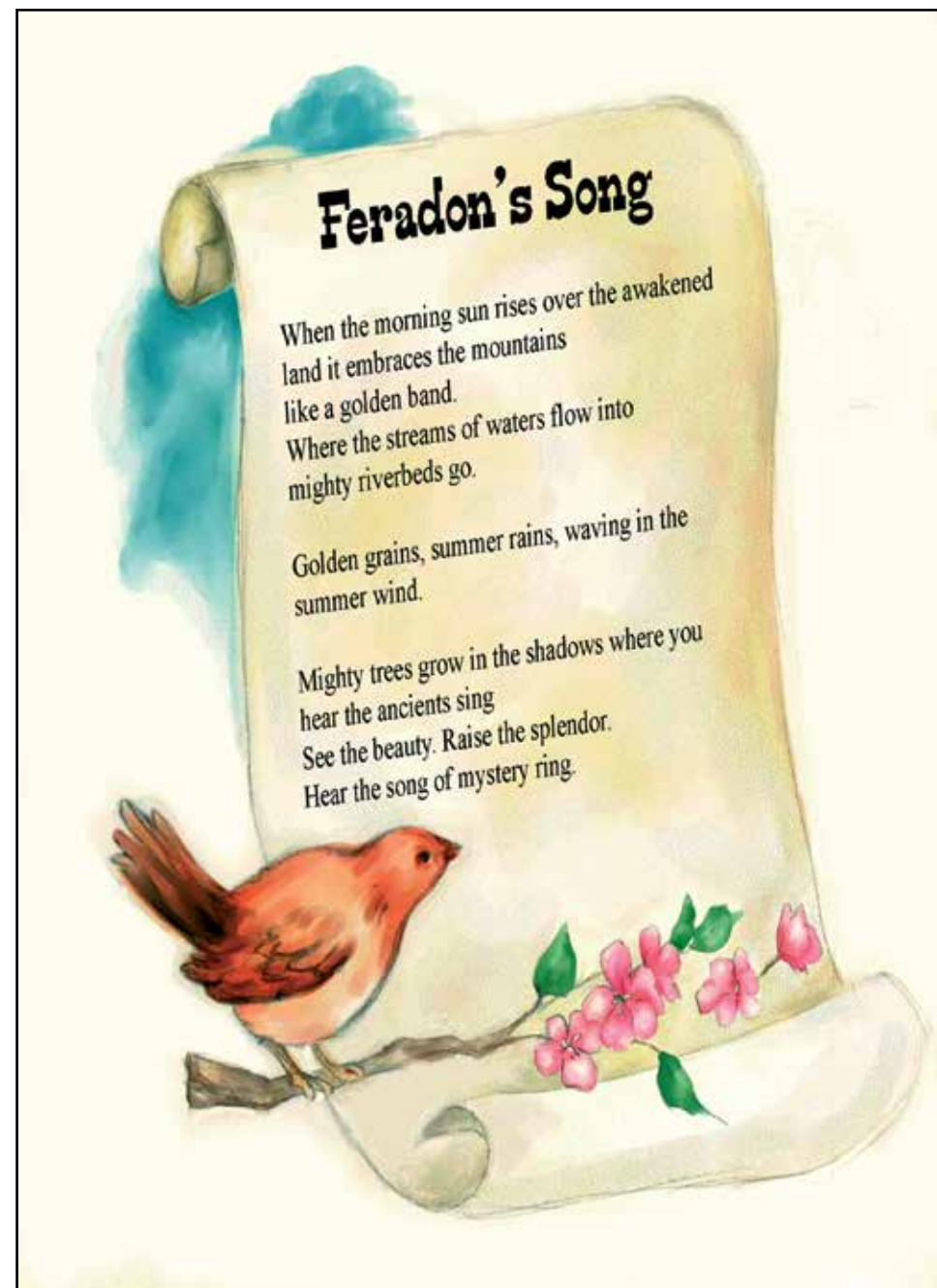
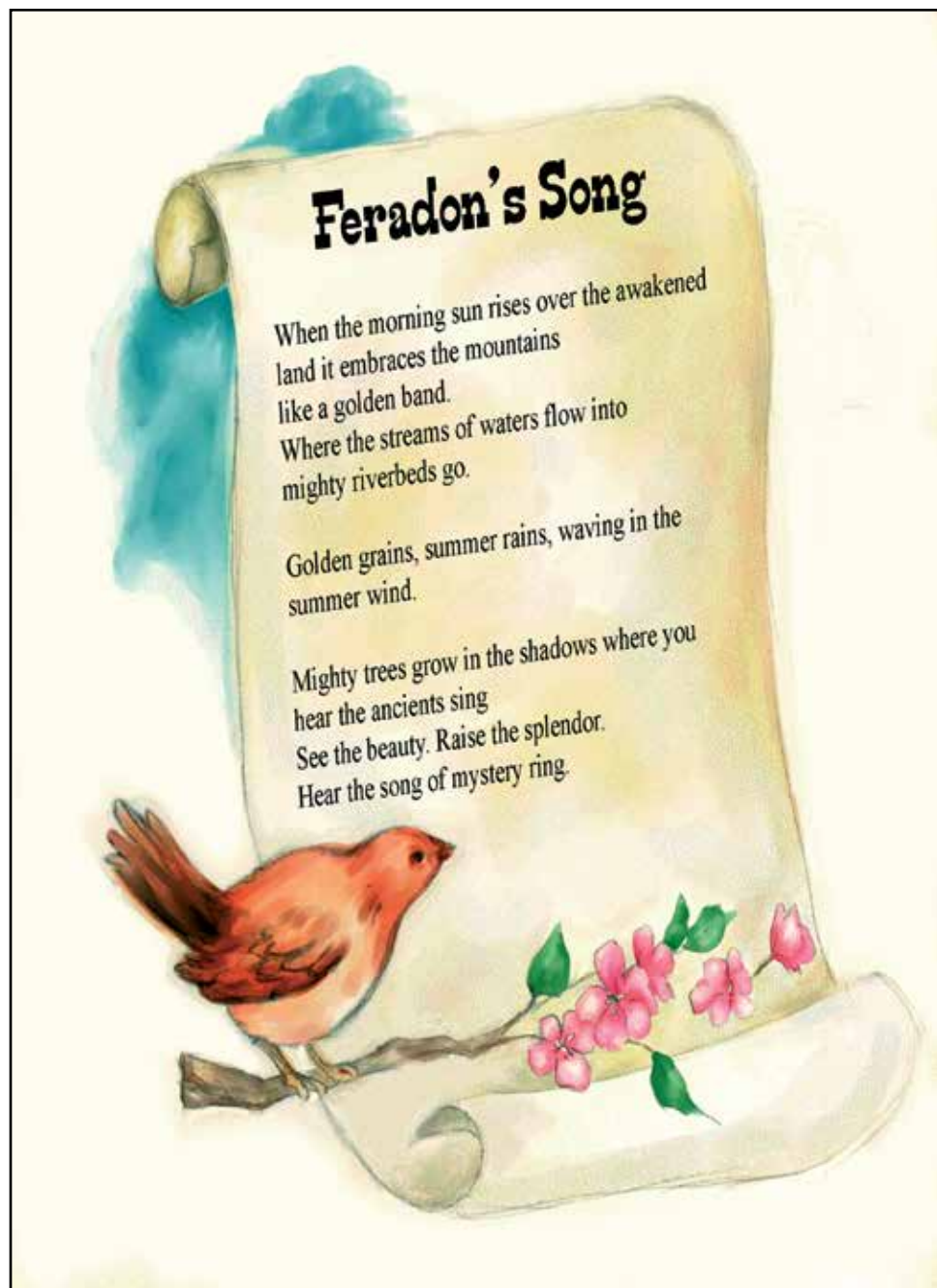
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The next day Queen Mahin came to the tea room and she saw her son gazing toward the garden with a dreamy look on his face.

She said, “ Would you like to tell me about yesterday?”

He replied, “I had a very unusual experience in the market place today.”

“Let your mother in on your heart. “

“When I was at the market on Saturday, I met a young maiden who sells fruit. I could only see her eyes because of the veil, but as I looked into them, it seemed as if I were looking into her very soul. Still, there was an aura of sadness about her which I could not understand. Her eyes were so intriguing. I just can’t forget her. ”

“Well, my dear son, you are fast becoming a young mature man and I believe you are ready to take a wife,” replied Queen Mahin with a twinkle in her eye.

With a distant glint in his eye he replied, “I think I am falling in love.”

The song in his heart came to his lips.

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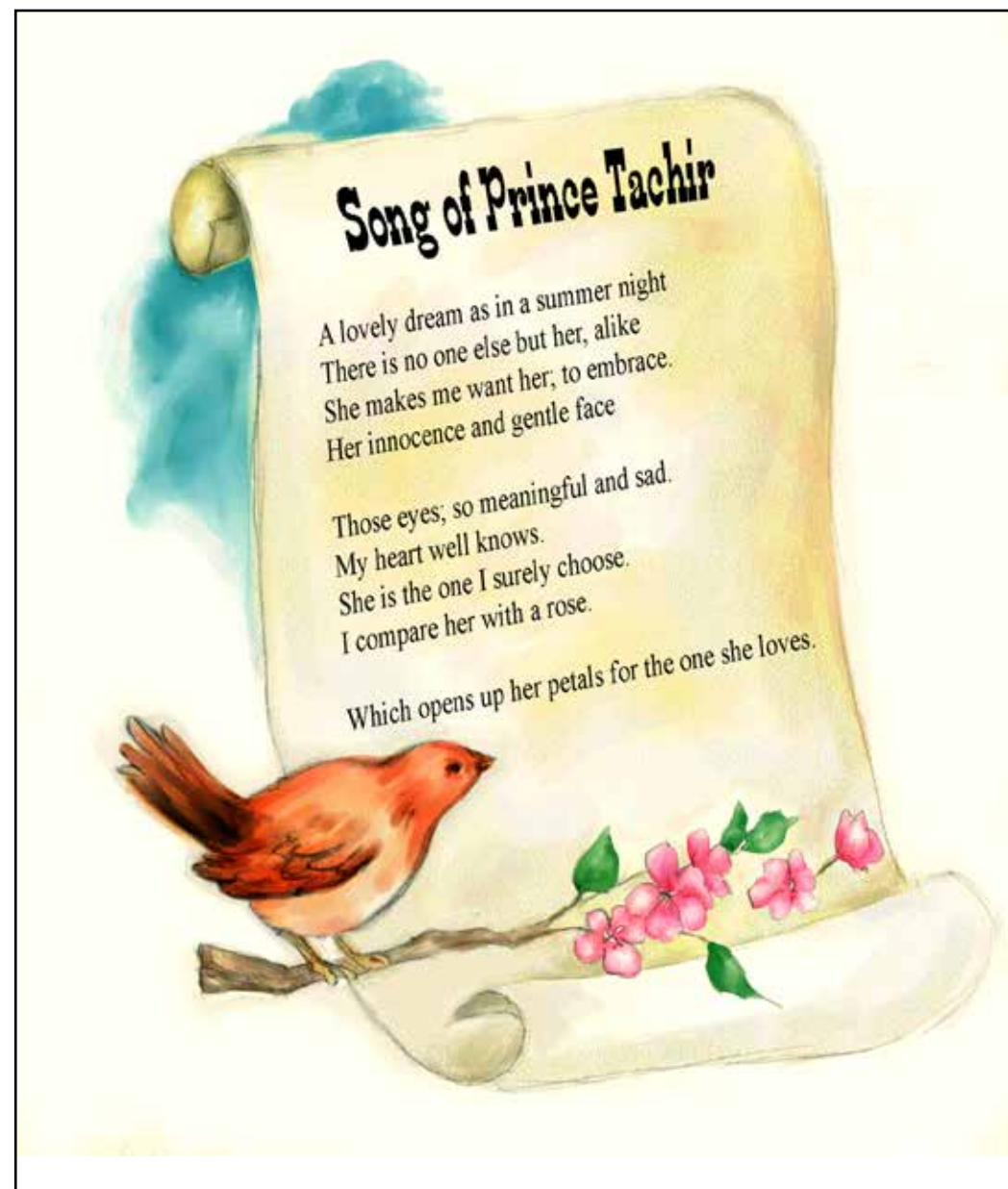
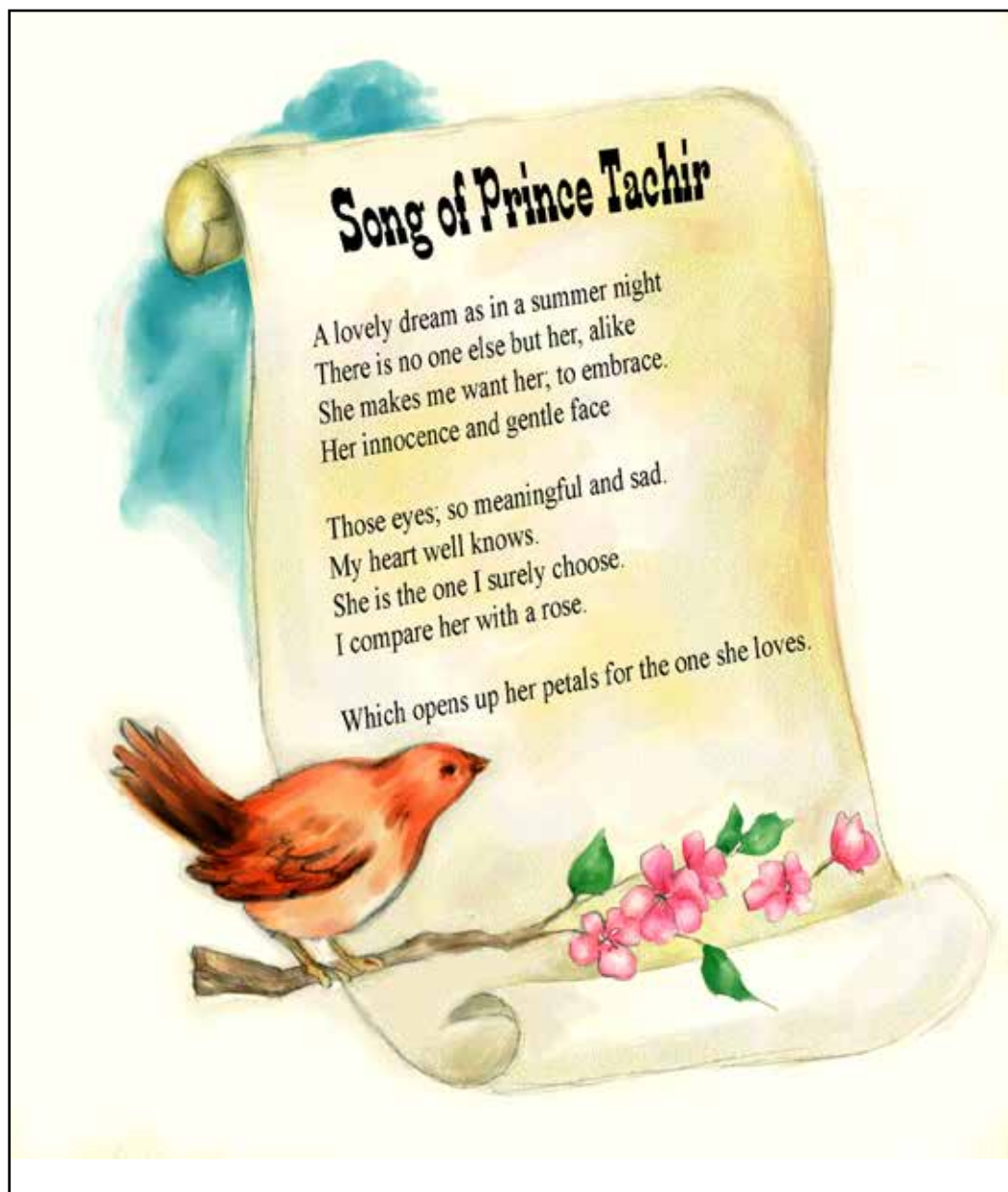
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Chapter 2



Just then servants entered the garden with an urgent message for the Royal Prince. They reported that there were two emissaries from a distant country, and would like an audience with him.

“Tell them I will see them right away,” replied The Prince.

With that, Prince Tachir made his way to the throne room where he was to meet the guests. Slipping through a special side door, he took his place on the elegantly adorned plush red throne to await their arrival.

The servants led the way for the two messengers bowing low touching their noses to the floor in the presence of the Prince. Prince Tachir nodded in response and gestured for them to continue to deliver the message. With that, the tall man quickly pops the lid off of a shiny gold container and gently lifts a scroll from inside. The two men approached the Prince and work together to unroll the papyrus scroll evenly so that he could see the black ink etched letters plainly. He quickly read the scroll and paused before his reply.

Prince Tachir drew a deep breath and spoke to the messenger, “Please deliver this message to your King. He is in need of land

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Prince Tachir drew a deep breath and spoke to the messenger, “Please deliver this message to your King. He is in need of land

to grow food and wants me to join with him to take some from others by war. I will be no part to this violence. It is better for me to share what I already have.”

I am not afraid to do battle but would rather seek peaceful resolution to this problem.

With this, he clapped his hands twice and two servants instantly appeared. He requested that they bring the Royal Treasure Chest. They returned after much time and Prince Tachir instructed them to hand the messengers 7000 gold pieces to bring to their King.

With each gold piece the eyes of the messengers grew larger. They were surprised at his generosity because never before had they seen this where they had come bringing a message of war and were greeted with kindness.

To Prince Tachir it was a small thing to keep peace with a neighboring Kingdom. And, he assigned a scribe to attach a message to the scroll.

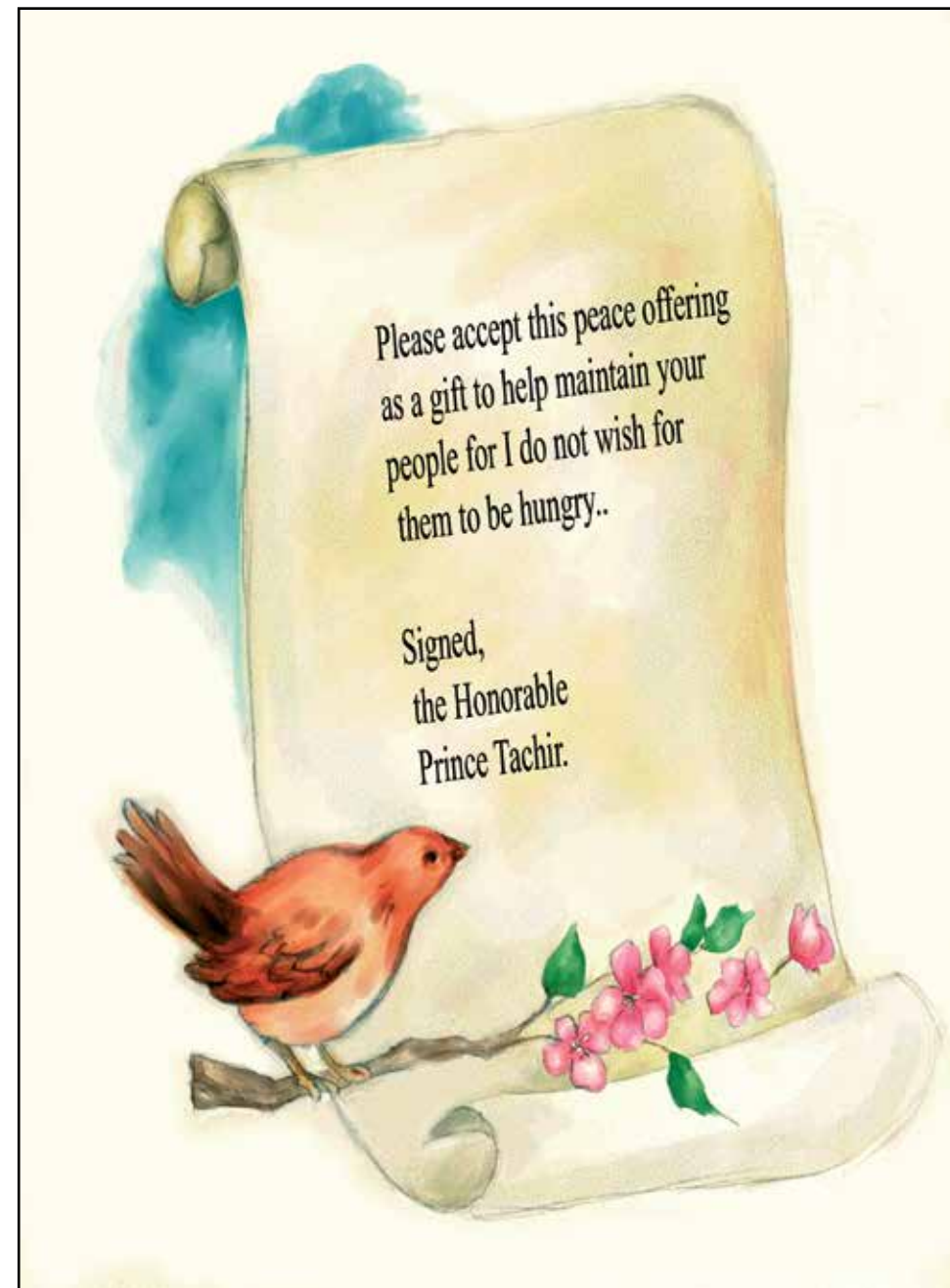
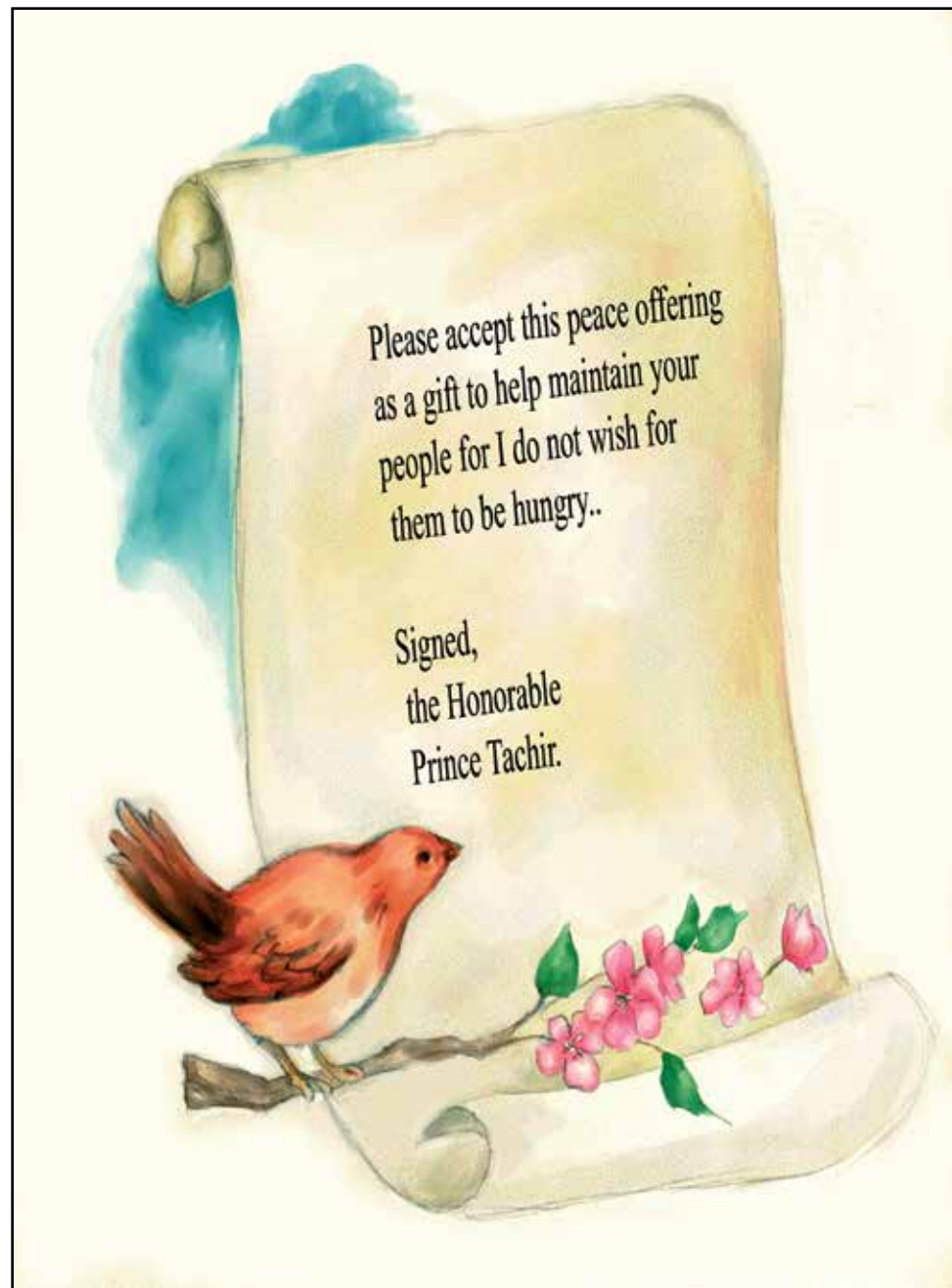
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Early the next day there was another unexpected visitor to the castle.

It happened during the morning tea time with his mother. The servants arrived indicating that there was another ‘important’ visitor. The servants led an old man who was introduced to the prince as the Wiseman Feradon.

Turning to Queen Mahin he said, “How wonderful to have the storyteller come to the castle! Perhaps he has a story for us today.”

Wiseman Feradon was carrying something hidden under a tapestry coverlet and sat the container gently on the Oriental rug at the feet of the Prince.

Looking up at him with intent eyes that he almost seemed to recognize, he said, “Honorable prince, I thank you for permitting me to come before you. I am getting old now and I would like to present you with a special gift, which will bring you great happiness.”

“I remember you from the marketplace. May I see what it is that you have for me?” he said as he lifted up the tapestry revealing a golden cage with a beautiful bird perched gently on a swing.

His face lit up instantly, “Oh, mother, I have always wanted a nightingale!”

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He turned toward Wiseman Feradon and said, “You have made me very happy with your gift. Can the nightingale sing?”

“This is a very special nightingale, your Majesty: It comes with a mystery.”

Queen Mahin was rapt with interest in the adventure of having a rare bird with a mystery attached and hung on the words which the Wiseman Feradon was saying.

“This bird was given to me long ago and to this day it has never sung. But, a wise man has instructed me to give it to you to assist in finding a maiden to wed.”

“How can a bird help me to find a bride,” asked the Prince.

“You must make a decree to let the country know that you are seeking a bride of a marriageable age. You must invite each maiden that is selected to spend one night in the palace in the beautiful garden among the birds. On the night the maiden must entertain the nightingale with beautiful songs and dances. When the nightingale responds to one of the songs of the maidens and starts to sing, then you will know that this is the right maiden to be your bride. You must not, however, at this time, enter the garden while the maiden is singing and dancing because if you see the face of the maiden then the nightingale will never start singing and you lose your bride.”

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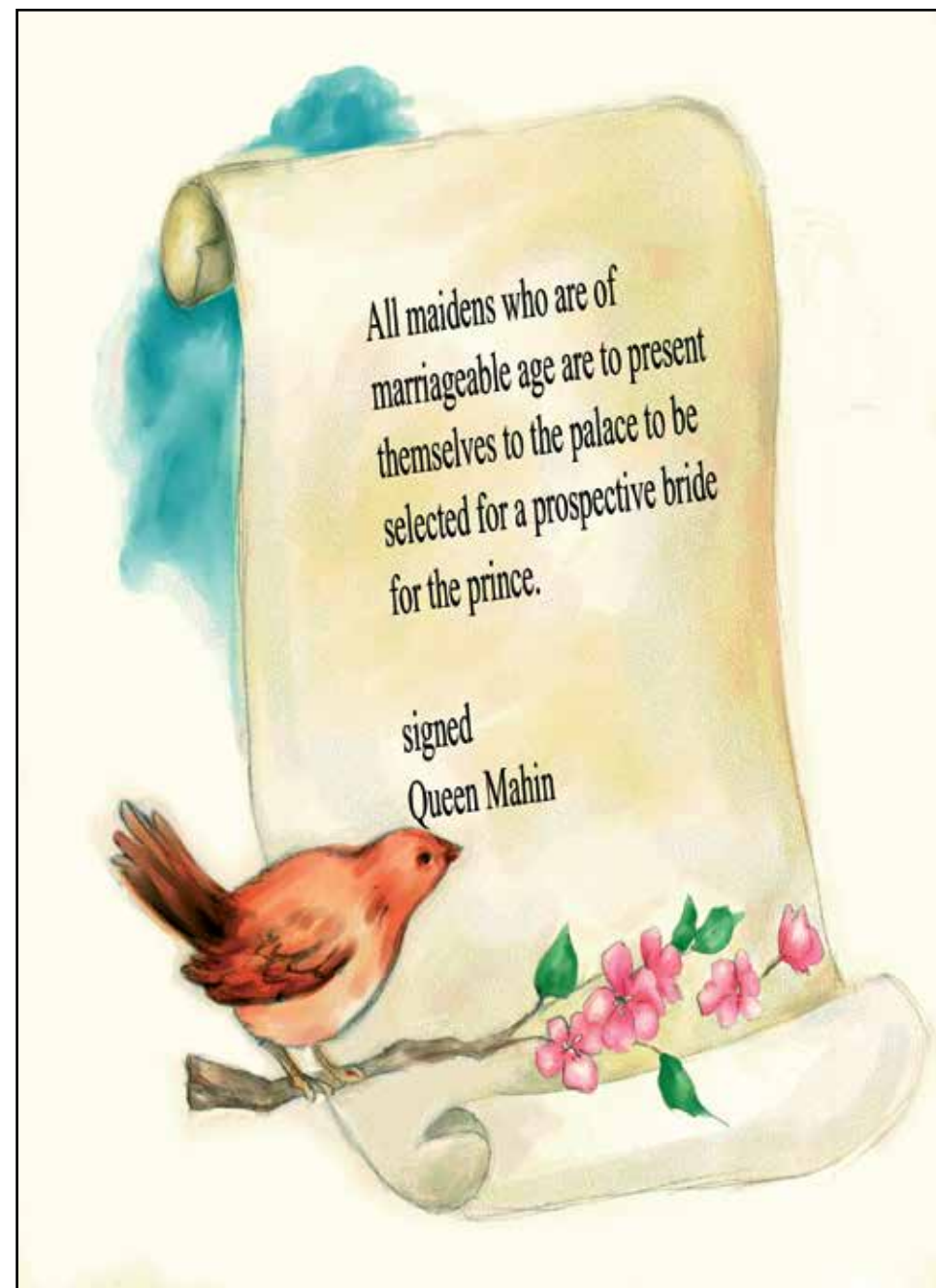
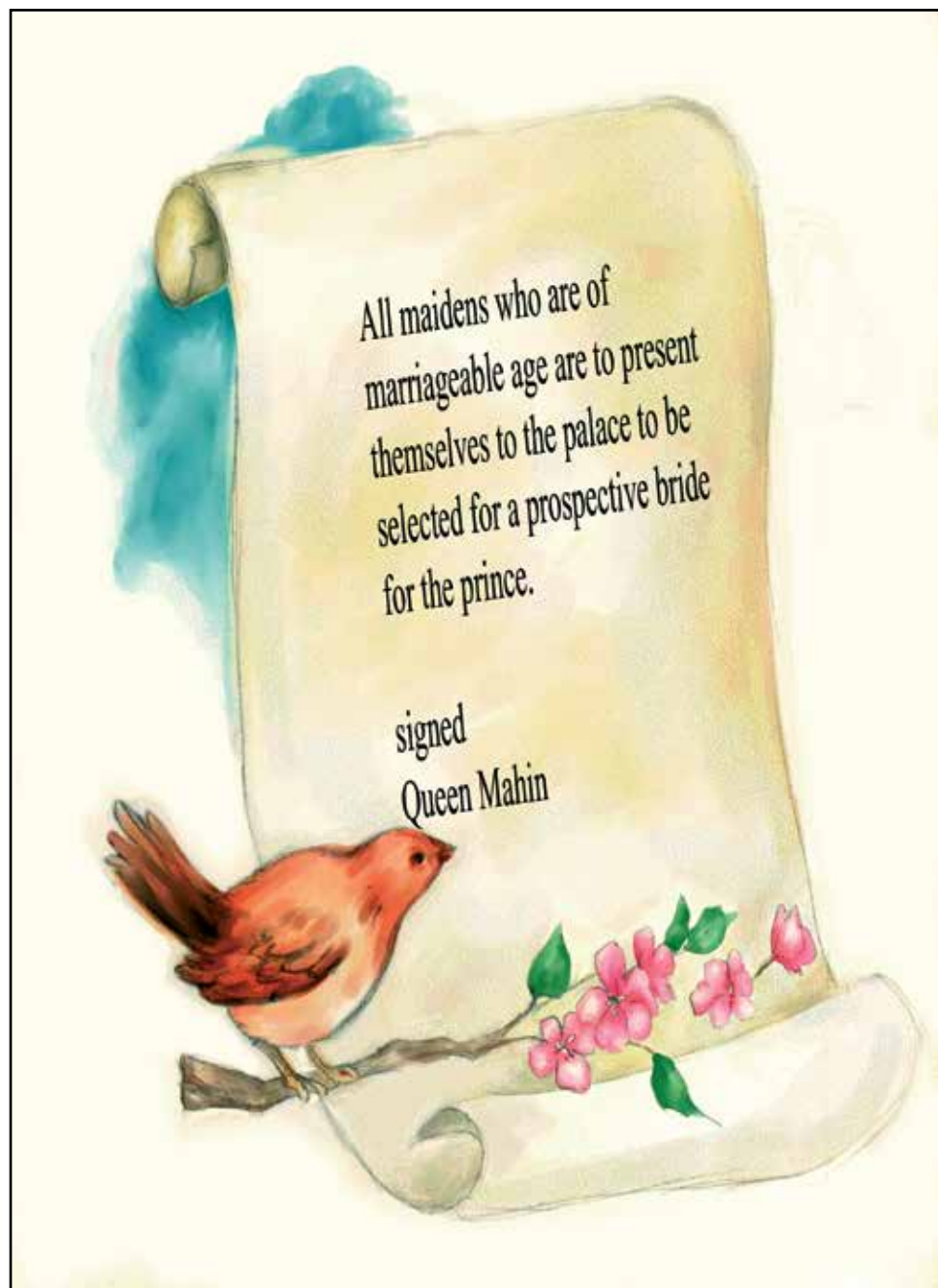
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Chapter 3



Queen Mahin became very excited at the prospect of her son selecting a wife and clapped her hands in excitement, “That is just wonderful! This means that there will be no mistakes in selecting the right maiden for your wife.”

“This is unbelievable,” replied the Prince, “are you sure this will really work?”

“Yes, am I not a wise man my fair Prince.” Said Wiseman Faradon. “You will also gain an extraordinary bird which will sing lovely songs forever because today I have given him to you to keep.”

With that, the old man departed and left the Queen and her son gazing at the mysterious bird.

The next day a decree was issued by Queen Mahin and read in the market place which read:

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Immediately there was excitement among the Kingdom anticipating a Royal wedding for the prince. Many of the maidens gathered together to discuss how to be selected.

Satareh was not one of those maidens who gathered together because she was too busy working at the market. She thought, “How could I ever marry a prince: Certainly this is foolishness.”

As the others gathered, she picked up her left over fruit and headed back to tend to her father who was waiting for her at home.

The maidens were assembled and paraded in front of the Queen for selection. After all, who knew what the prince needed for a wife better than his mother? She knew that a good mother needed to focus on the future well-being of her son.

The maidens were chosen by being given a test which would prove their worthiness to become his bride. Each of them was brought into a special room of the castle which had an open door leading to a courtyard full of flowers and many varieties of birds. Their assignment was to make the nightingale sing in the night.

And, the maidens came, one by one in an attempt to make the nightingale sing for them.

A pleasantly plump maiden, named Tahash was one of the first to be selected by the queen.

“Why don’t you sing for me, you silly bird?
I never heard of a nightingale that couldn’t sing.

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A pleasantly plump maiden, named Tahash was one of the first to be selected by the queen.

“Why don’t you sing for me, you silly bird?
I never heard of a nightingale that couldn’t sing. Let me see

Let me see what I can do to make you sing. I will try to sing but I really can't sing. I will just hum. Would you like for me to hum for you?' begged the maiden peering into the cage.

Then, she began to dance and hum for the bird.

Yet, he never let out a peep. He just cocked his head and looked at her so she became discouraged. Being late in the night, she grew tired and fell asleep in the garden on a bench.

As the morning sun arose, Queen Mahin came to her and, seeing her asleep, was sure that she had not made the nightingale sing.

The Queen was tender hearted toward each maiden, secretly wishing that any of them could be chosen to become her daughter-in-law, so she sent all of them away with a present.

After many days, Prince Tachir became discouraged because none was found who could make the nightingale sing. He began to doubt the mystery of the singing bird and wondered if the wise man was truly wise after all.

On the night that the last maiden came to the Queen Mahin to cheer up her son, "Tonight we will test the last maiden. She is very beautiful, but also very haughty. I really don't know whether she would make you a good wife because of her arrogance. She is lacking humility which is necessary for a good queen. "

"Never mind mother. When she is capable of making the

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"Never mind mother. When she is capable of making the

nightingale sing, I will accept her as my wife and I shall teach her to be a kind and respectful queen.”

With that, he departed from the presence of his mother and went to the garden. It had become his favorite place because he continued in hope of finding a bride through the song of the nightingale.

He found himself peering daily into the bird cage and begging the bird to sing, “You are certainly a remarkable bird. Will you sing tonight for my bride? I am very lonely and full of longing for a wife.”

In the bedchamber on the other side of the castle, maid Mahasty was making preparations to be ready for her nighttime assignment. She arrived early and wandered through the garden amazed at the beauty of the flowers and the birds.

And she thought to herself, “What a beautiful place; I would certainly like to live here for the rest of my life.”

Then, taking note of the nightingale perched watching her through the golden cage, she stopped and spoke to the nightingale, “Beautiful bird, will you please sing for me tonight so I can become the bride of the prince? He is the most handsome man I have ever seen. It is the most beautiful dream I could ever wish for. I have loved him all my life.”

She continued to focus on the bird and speak in gentle tones way into the night until her eyes grew so heavy that she couldn’t hold them open any longer so she returned to the bedchamber

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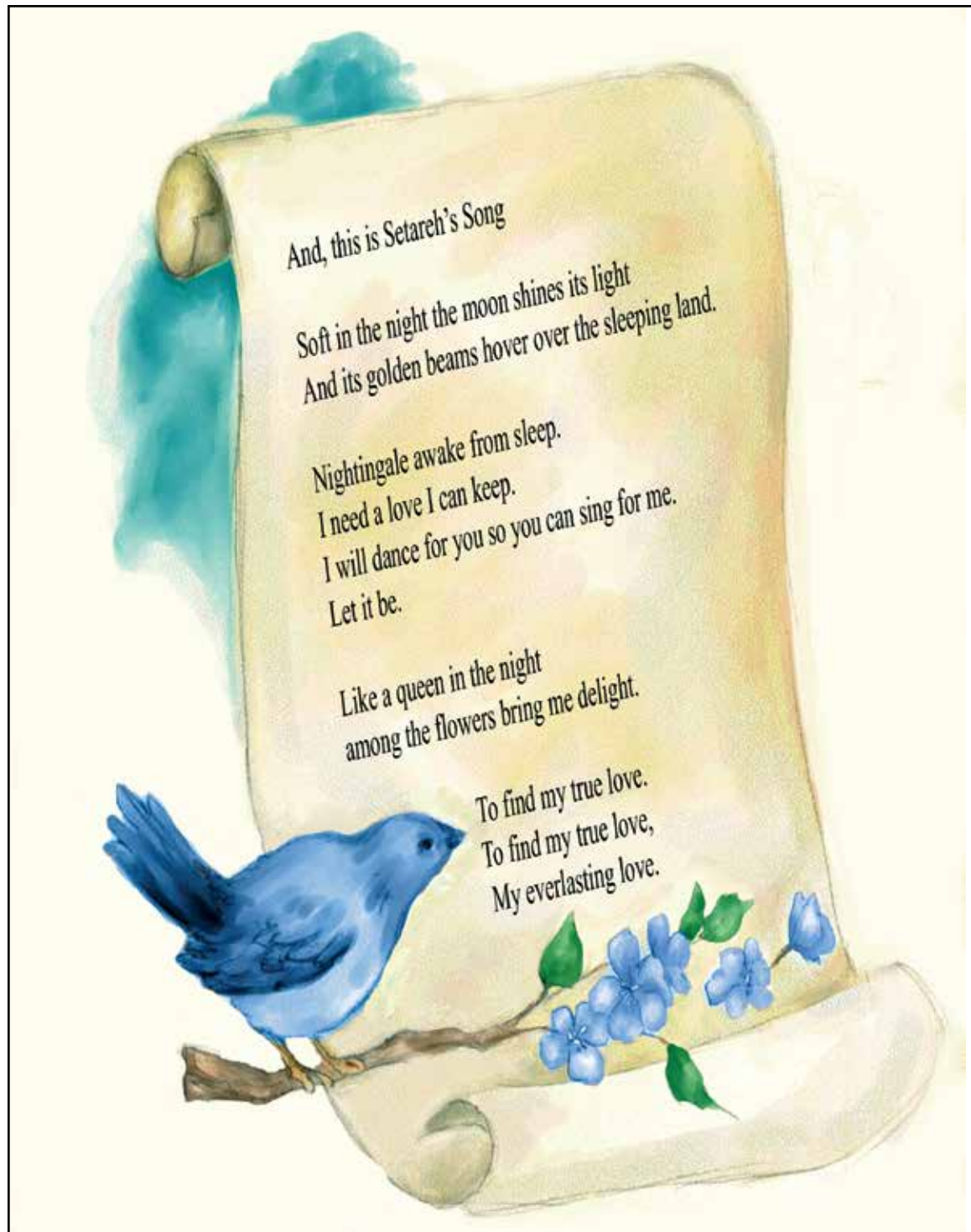
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and fell across the bed in exhaustion. No matter what she did, she was not able to make the nightingale sing before morning. Mahasty never noticed there was someone else watching her from behind the fence. And, when the moon rose in its fullness and covered the garden in a soft blue light, Satareh climbed over the fence into the garden.

She was dressed in a beautiful blue organza garment with a veil over her face. Quickly and quietly with great agility she moved through the flowers and close to the nightingale. After removing her veil and placing it on the bench, she began to sing and dance

As she finished the song, the nightingale began to make little noises like tuning up a flute.

Then, it stopped.

Satareh returned a song back to the beautiful bird...and the nightingale echoed her song with a beautiful melody.

“I never heard a bird that could sing as beautiful as you have sweet nightingale. Would you like for me to dance for you?”

As Satareh sang and moved to the music, the little bird echoed the movements on his little perch. It was a duet.

Then, satareh opened the bird cage and taking a ring from the hem of her skirt, placed it into the cage of the nightingale.

When she opened the door, the bird flew alighting on a nearby branch continuing to sing melodious tones into the night air.

Little did she know that Queen Mahin had been watching her singing with the nightingale from behind the curtain of the maiden’s bedchambers?

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Chapter 4



The queen began to dart toward the garden, but Satareh saw her approaching and quickly disappeared from sight beyond the terrace with the nightingale flying after her.

Queen Mahin picked up Satareh's veil from the bench and tried to run after her calling, "Wait, please!"

But, the Queen was too late. She returned to the bedchamber where maid Mahasty was asleep. She leaned over the maiden and gently covered her and then returned to the garden and looked around.

She couldn't help but being despaired, "Oh my! What will happen now that the nightingale has flown away? How will my son find a bride?"

Prince Tachir could hardly wait for the sun to come up. Early in the morning he came bounding into the tea room looking for his mother.

It was finally dawning on him that he had heard the nightingale sing last night and finally found his bride.

With that, He clapped his hands and one of the servants entered, bowing down low before him.

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“Please bring the maiden Mahasty to me,” He requested, “I want to see her.”

Then, he ran quickly to the garden to select the perfect beautiful pink rose to give her when they would meet. He noticed a drop of water on the rose and wondered at the reflection in water for it was Satareh, the one from the apple stand.

Shortly, Maiden Mahasty appeared, and he extended his right hand to her holding the rose behind his back with his left one until the very last second. Then, all at once as he surprised her with the gorgeous rose, he said, “Will you do me the honor of becoming my bride?”

She was startled as his quick advance and tripped over her words, “Do you really want me as your wife? Indeed, I would be honored to be your bride.”

Then, she twirled around a couple of times in her excitement exclaiming, “My wish has come true!”

It was in the midst of this tender moment that Queen Mahin came running into the tea room.

She exclaimed, “My son, my son; It is very urgent. I have to speak to you!”

He gave his mother a scowling look in an attempt to calm her, then took a long breath and continued, “Mother, I would like you to meet my bride.”

With that, he took Maiden Mahasty by the hand and presented her to his mother.

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“But, son, this is why I must talk to you...now!”

She was unable to stall his excitement of the moment. He was persistent because he felt that he had truly found his bride. “Mother can’t this wait until later. I want to prepare for the marriage to take place in three days. We have lots of things to get ready.”

At this point Queen Mahin became urgent and pulled his arm in an attempt to get his attention, “Oh, my son something very important has happened.”

Surely you heard the nightingale sing last night. But you have the wrong bride.”

“What do you mean mother?” he asked.

“The nightingale sang for a different maiden, and then flew away as she disappeared into the night.”

With that Prince Tachir grabbed his mother’s hand and ran to the cage finding it empty with the door ajar. He peered into the bird cage and saw amidst the grass in the bottom of the cage something sparkling. Reaching in, he pulled out a beautiful and unusual ring adorned with a ring of fiery diamonds.

He turned quickly to his mother for a further explanation. She seemed to know more to this mystery. “Do you know, Mother, from whence this ring came? Look at the stone. It is so crystal clear; such as I have never seen before.”

With a look of concern, Queen Mahin said, “I think I know to whom it might belong, but, I shall have to search for more answers.

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In the mean time we must try to find the nightingale.”

“Mother, you are quite right. We must find the nightingale. For, without the nightingale I will not be wed.”

Then, his face went pale when he realized that Maiden Mahasty, the woman he had just proposed to was still there waiting for her rose.

“I am sorry, Maiden Mahasty. We must delay the wedding plans for a time until I can be sure of the truth as to who should become my bride,” He relented and handed her the rose which was still in his hand as a good-bye gift. With that the prince clapped his hands calling a servant to give him a message. Turning to his mother, he requested an explanation as to the events that led up to the disappearance of the nightingale.

Queen Mahin replied, “When I recall the things that happened last night, I was awakened by beautiful singing which brought me to the terrace. I saw it wasn’t the Maiden Mahasty, but instead I saw another maiden dressed in the most beautiful gown.

Go to all the surrounding towns and the country sides and find the old man who gave me the nightingale. He must be present for my wedding. Perhaps he knows where the nightingale could be. I also must find the owner of the ring which was left in the cage. It certainly is a mystery which must be solved

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I noticed her face in the moonlight and saw her gentle expression. Her beauty was striking. What I remember the most about her were her unusual and sorrowful eyes.”

At once, his attention was heightened because he remembered someone else whom he had recently met who had unusual eyes.

“Her eyes, you say? The only time I have seen such beautiful eyes was on a day in the market place when I saw a young maiden selling her fruit. I shall go now and search for her myself. I will not rest until I find the answer to this mystery.”

With that the prince clapped his hands calling a servant to give him a message.

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Chapter 5



Many days passed and the Prince was unable to find Wiseman Faradon, Satareh, or the nightingale. He traveled throughout the entire land looking for his prospective bride.

One day he stopped exhausted from his travels by a beautiful lake surrounded by trees and forest. Prince Tachir was very tired and collapsed on the forest floor leaning against a fir tree.

He took the ring from his pocket and examined it very closely. Then he leaned down to take a drink of water from the lake with the other hand. Suddenly the water cleared and he saw a beautiful face in the water. At the same time, the ring started to sparkle and change into the most striking colors. He was astounded and wondered at what was happening.

He turned around and finding no one else with him, he fixed his gaze again into the water. The face in the water seemed to call out to his soul, so he began to speak to it.

“Who are you beautiful maiden? Please speak to me.”

But, the face sunk into the ripples of the lake.

“Please don’t leave me,” was the cry from his heart as he slowly stood up.

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The beautiful face was gone and he still did not know what all this meant.

He dropped his head into his hands and sunk back into the sitting position against the tree in despair.

Hearing a rustle behind a nearby rock, he jumped to his feet in attention. To his amazement, it was the Wiseman Feradon hiking up the path in his direction.

Prince Tachir

came running to him and embraced him.

“Oh, Wiseman Feradon, I have a problem which I cannot solve. I don’t have a bride because the nightingale has flown away. I have only this ring in my hand and a mystery which I cannot solve.”

“Perhaps I can tell you where she is,” answered Wiseman Feradon.

“I know your troubles and I have come to help you.”

“Please help me because I am in despair,” said Prince Tachir.

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Then, the Wise man turned to Prince Tachir and said, “The ring you have belongs to my daughter: Be patient and the mystery will come to you.”

Prince Tachir was impatient to know the answer so he pressed the old man, “How can I find the nightingale. Without the nightingale, I will not be married.”

“Calm down, young man and follow me,” replied Wiseman Feradon.

“Before you can see my daughter, you have to meet a test. You must go over the bridge (he pointed in the distance) down the path into the forest and there you will see a cottage. You will find an older woman working on baskets.

They are for the birds she is catching. You will find many different birds in her garden. They fly to her garden to drink from her fountain. But, when they drink from the water, it puts them into a deep sleep.

Then, the old woman carries them into her gallery and puts them into cages to keep them forever. You must go and ask to work for her to earn her confidence. There will be three secrets bringing those birds back to life and freeing them. The mystery you must unfold in three days. In the time during these three days you must not fall asleep, but work as she tells you to do.

When you fall asleep, your heart will turn to glass and when you awaken you will not remember the laugh and the longings for the maiden because your personality will change like this beautiful ring you have. You will become without feelings and cold. Remember always the beautiful eyes of my daughter which you saw the first time and your laugh will go and it will give you strength to fulfill the test.

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And, after you have met the test you will be free to see my daughter.

And the prince replied, “I will go and try to unravel the secret of it.”

Wiseman Feradon gave a stern warning, “whatever you do, hold fast to your ring; because the ring will help you solve the mystery.”

Wiseman Feradon promised the prince that he would return for him in three days. Now, Prince Tachir started out to complete the test with determination guided by his love. He passed by green hills and came to a bridge where he was met by an ugly old woman limping along on a cane.

With a raspy voice she called out to him, “greetings my prince. Have you come to build beautiful cages for my birds so I can gather them together? Come quick and I will show you all the birds I have already gathered around my house. They are all sleeping so they will never go away from me. These are the treasures of my life.”

The prince followed her into her house and looked at the surroundings in astonishment. He was not a little frightened as her house looked like a gallery filled with wax birds. They looked as if they were alive, but unable to move. Still driven from his desire to know the truth, he continued to follow her leading the way.

“You tell me what I must do and I will do it.”

The old Woman eyed him with skepticism, “Are you really going to follow my orders? It will not be easy for you because I know why you do it; so you can find the nightingale who is not singing and find your bride. And, one day I will find the

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Then she pointed out the material he must use to make the cages and said, “These cages are made of the finest material because they will be forever.”

The Prince started right away to build the cages. He worked for many hours into the next day without any sleep. He saw how the old woman put the birds to sleep by letting them drink out of the fountain in her garden. The water they drank mixed with ancient flowers made them go to sleep without waking up.

He looked around to see where the Old Woman was and sought a way to rescue the birds, but couldn’t find any way out. It was difficult because he was becoming very tired and his eyes were heavy.

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Chapter 6



On the third day he was very, very tired and the old Woman came to him and said, “My son, I have to go away. Try to catch the nightingale and some other rare birds while I am away. They will have a special place in my house and bring me great joy. You must continue to work until I return and then I will make you a very special meal because you work so hard.”

The old Woman pretended to sound kind but was evil in her thoughts. She wanted to keep the Prince captive just as she kept the birds captive: To keep her company in her wretched old age.

As she walked through the garden, she mumbled to herself, “The young man will be mine forever. He will never return to the outside world. I will put him to sleep for a while, and I will make a potion to make myself young and beautiful again, then I will live with the Prince and all of the birds forever in my garden.”

And with a wicked laugh she departed in search of the nightingale because she knew that Wiseman Feradon was behind the mystery and that the nightingale lived at his house.

All the while Prince Tachir was fighting to stay awake. To keep awake he hummed a melody that his mother taught him as a small child.

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And with a wicked laugh she departed in search of the nightingale because she knew that Wiseman Feradon was behind the mystery and that the nightingale lived at his house.

All the while Prince Tachir was fighting to stay awake. To keep awake he hummed a melody that his mother taught him as a small child.

Suddenly, he remembered the ring he carried around which the maiden left him. He took it out of his pocket and looked at the ring and noticed that it suddenly changed colors in the most beautiful sparkling way. He remembered that the old man said he will unfold a mystery. He turned the ring in certain ways and he noticed that the sparkle of the ring was reflecting on one of the sleeping birds.

Suddenly, the bird moved. The wings started to quiver and his head began to move. The Prince hurried to the cage and opened the door. The bird started to chirp. He flew to the hand of the Prince. His sleepiness drifted away and his spirits became alive. With astonishment, he gazed at the bird perched on his hand and the ring which glittered in the sunlight.

He realized that this could help unravel the hidden mystery because it seemed as though the ring had woken the bird up with its shine. He pointed the shines of the ring toward the next bird who was in a cage and it began to come to life. Then, he shined the ring on every bird which was in a cage all around the garden. He realized that every time the ring sent a light that shone onto the birds they came to life. With joy he opened the cages and lets the birds out. The ones who had looked like wax figures when he first arrived, now had life.

He was overcome with happiness because he used the ring on the cages and released all the birds. He opened wide the door of the house and let them all fly away. Then, he took his pouch and tried to run away from the house passing over the bridge.

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But, just when he nearly made it over the bridge he was met by the old Woman returning to her home. She became angry and began waving her cane violently to use as a weapon against him.

She shrieked, “Oh no, what did you do? You have destroyed my life by freeing all these birds. You will be my prisoner from now on and will never leave.”

The Prince didn’t know what to do, but he had come to know the power which flowed from the ring. It was in his hand. He was hoping that the ring would help him to get away from this woman. He held the ring toward her and the bright light from the ring hit her face. The old Woman screamed and tumbled from the bridge falling into the stream below.

For the prince this was the second mystery he solved. He continued to run and ran right into the arms of Wiseman Faradon.

“Welcome my Prince. I am so happy to see you again. All my worries are now over,” He said embracing him with joy.

“Come with me and you will meet your nightingale and you will meet your bride to be.”

Together they walked a little while until they came to the beautiful house of Feradon and his daughter. It was surrounded by gardens with a small stream and pools of tropical fish. There were many birds flying from limb to limb among the flowering trees.

“Welcome to my place,” Prince Tachir, “before you go any farther stay here and listen.”

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As the Prince stood in wonder over the beauty of the gardens, he heard the nightingale sing. At first he thought it might be his imagination, but then when he heard the melodious tone again, he knew for sure that he had found his nightingale.

And, he cried out with excitement! “Oh my nightingale, my nightingale!”

“Yes this is your nightingale which followed my daughter in the night when she visited your castle,” Replied Wiseman Feradon, pointing toward his daughter who was approaching through the garden.

She came toward the prince and knelt down. The prince quickly reached down to pick her up looking into her beautiful face.

His heart leapt within his chest, “Now I remember your beautiful eyes. I haven’t forgotten them since I first met you at the apple market.

He continued to explain the mystery which the Prince had unraveled. “There is no other nightingale in the world that sings as sweetly as this one. You must take special care of her when you live with my daughter in your castle. Also, you must give this ring which guided you to my daughter and saved your life special attention and put it in a special place.”

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Then, Wiseman Feradon pulled a golden box out of his pocket and handed it to the prince so that he may keep the ring safe within the box while he carried it with him to the feasts.

“When ever you celebrate your wedding day you must bring this ring within its box along and place it onto the table. You will notice the colors of this ring being more beautiful than the last year. The reason for this reflects the love which you have for each other. Its glitter and power will only disappear when you loose your love for one another. It’s time now we go, all three, together and see your mother and get ready for the wedding feast. We need to let the people know that tomorrow will be a special day.”

And Prince Tachir knew that this was the most wonderful day of his life.

He was grateful to Wiseman Feradon for what he had done to help him. Turning to the Wiseman Feradon he said, “You must have known from the beginning that we were meant for each other. “

The Wiseman Feradon smiled and put his arm around the Prince and all of a sudden the prince realized that this was the third mystery which could never be solved. It was the mystery of love which binds them as husband and wife. And, they sang this song together:

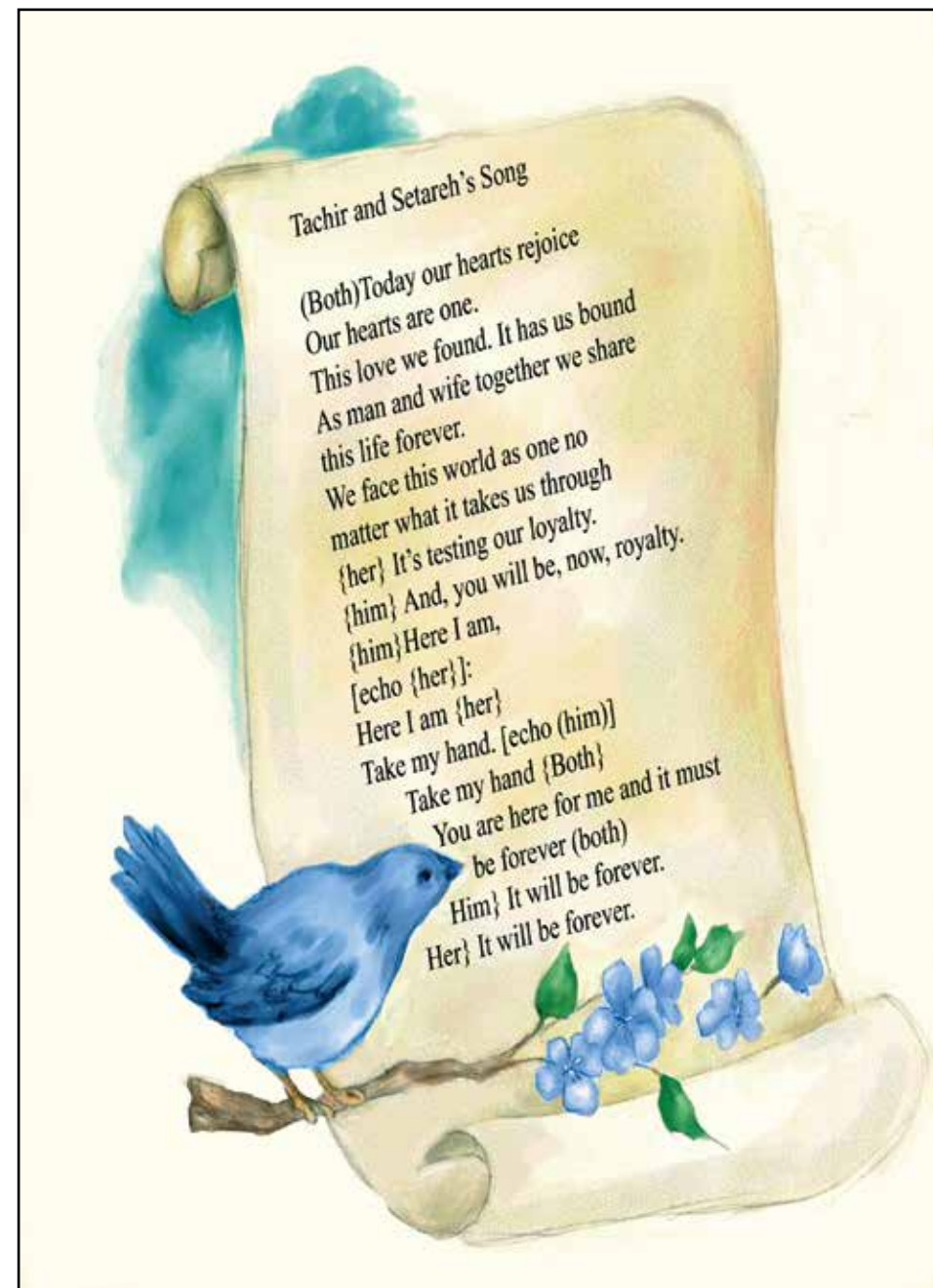
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Setareh and the Nightingale is a delightful fairy tale which takes place in India. The story is about a prince's desire for a bride. He meets a wise man who loans him a nightingale bird. The maiden who makes the bird to sing will become his wife. The reader will climb into fairy-tale land when he reads the book and join in becoming part of a wonderful kingdom of make-believe.

The book was originally written as a play, but revised in a cooperative effort to become released as a book. The fairy tale was originally written by Edelgard Strunks who was born in Germany. It is in the process of being translated in Russian and German as well as English.

Written by Edelgard Strunks, with editing by Sheri Hauser and art by Paula Ushakoff This book is a **Gold Ribbon Reader** for 10 and up. \$14.95.

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Mama Bugey

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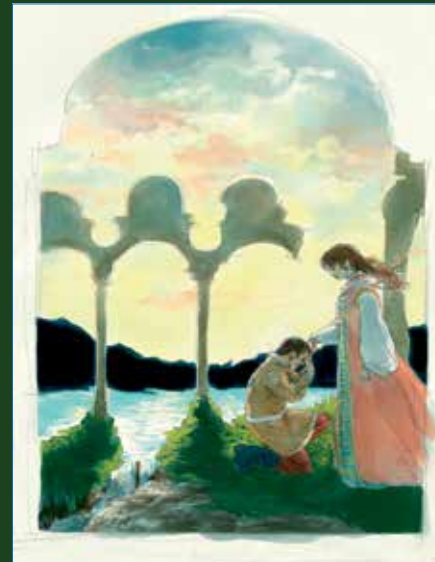
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