

ROMANA SUCHÁ

Shelly's SOOTHING TALES for Little Souls



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“Now you may open your eyes,” says Shelly. “This is my kingdom,” she adds, sweeping her hand around. “Here you are always welcome. Whenever the sea within you grows stormy, come to me and I will help you.”

She places a seashell in your hands. At first it seems plain, but when you gently open it, a treasure gleams inside. Resting within the shell is a pearl that holds all your strength and your unique spirit. Shelly smiles at you and whispers, “There is no one in this world quite like you. You do not need to be anything more than you already are and you should love yourself a bit more every day.”



Now you know where your treasure truly rests. You will not find it out in the world. Other jewels may seem brighter or more precious, yet none can match this one. If you care for your pearl with love, it will bring joy not only to you, but to everyone around you. Your pearl lives here, deep within, and no one can ever take it from you. Should you forget it, its glow may fade. But the moment you remember and polish it gently with love, your pearl shines once more. Hold the pearl in your hand now and feel its strength flowing into you.

And so, together, let us go and visit your dearest friends...



Greedle

"I wonder how your envy will greet us," thinks Shelly, for she knows how quickly the little sprite Greedle can grow sour. And sure enough, he shows it right away. "What do you bring me?" he asks instead of offering a greeting, his eyes fixed enviously on the neighbor's garden. His face looks unfriendly, and you cannot help but feel as though it is meant for you. Shelly notices and gently explains, "Greedle can be a grumbler at times, but once you get to know him, you'll see he's actually quite nice."

Take a moment to watch Greedle and imagine what it feels like to be in his shoes.

Next door, laughter and splashes fill the air. Friends leap into the pool, playing and shouting with joy. Greedle watches, and though he longs to join, a shadow of unfairness clings to his heart. "Some get everything, while I have nothing but thirst. And this terrible heat," he mutters. To him, everything suddenly feels worthless, as if others always fare better.

Do you know that feeling too? Have you ever caught yourself wishing for what someone else has?

Can you think of a way we might help Frightling? What could he truly need?

Shelly knows at once. "The best way is for him to try the very thing that scares him. At first, it will be hard, but in time he will see there is nothing to fear."

"And we will begin right now!" she says firmly, pulling Frightling out of bed. He shakes all over, even more frightened than before, and as is his habit, he begins to blow everything out of proportion. Most of all, himself.



"Let him be and allow him to grow," Shelly reassures you. "Simply watch. Frightling will swell larger and larger, yet you will see he cannot grow forever."

Take a slow, deep breath into your belly, then breathe out through your mouth. In this way you calm yourself, and Frightling too, so he no longer puffs up quite so much.



An illustration of a woman with long dark hair wearing a purple headscarf and a purple top, looking towards a large, dark dragon. The dragon is breathing fire, which is depicted as bright yellow and orange flames. The scene is set in a cave with dark, rocky walls and some green foliage in the foreground. The background is a mix of teal and yellow, suggesting a bright light source like a fire or a window. The overall style is painterly and dramatic.

Stormflame the Dragon

Shelly leads you to a cave where a dragon growls darkly. Fire bursts from his jaws, hatred and revenge blaze in his eyes, and his face is twisted with fury. His mighty claws crush everything nearby.

"This is your anger, and his name is Stormflame," Shelly says, pointing to the beast. Right now, he rages wildly, and it is dangerous to go near. Everyone fears him and hides away, and because he has frightened them all, Stormflame is left completely alone.

Do you ever get angry too? What thoughts run through your mind then, and how do you act?

"If Whimplet keeps crying, he may soon drown in his own tears," worries Shelly. Jestle hears the sorrowful sobbing and decides to cheer him up. But Whimplet is not ready for jokes or noisy fun. A walk, though, might lift his spirits. "Or we could paint something, or play a little memory match," suggests Jestle. In the end, the play carries Whimplet's thoughts to brighter places.

There are many ways to ease sadness. What helps you?



When sadness weighs on you, it can feel as if life is unfair and every misfortune falls only on you. "We must do something at once," declares Stormflame, turning to Whimplet. "You sit here weeping, when you should tell us what you need and how we can help."

"Stop pitying yourself," adds Lionheart. At that moment Whimplet notices the pile of soaked handkerchiefs at his side and realizes more lamenting will only waste his time. He looks around and sighs, "So much work..."

"Do not worry, we will not leave you with it," Stormflame and Lionheart reply, rolling up their sleeves and setting to clear away the mess.

Giant Egon meets little kindness in the world. People drive him away, so they do not have to see him. Hard words fall on him, and sometimes even cruel hands.

Look at him with compassion. What might help him pause and finally set down the weight that bends his back?

“Egon needs our help,” says Shelly, hurrying after him. But the giant does not notice. His eyes cling to the burden on his shoulders, so he neither sees nor hears, only feels the weight pressing him down.

He halts only when he steps into a deep puddle and water seeps into his boots. At last, he slips the giant pack from his shoulders and glances at Shelly with a half-amused smile. “Such a tiny creature, and it thinks it can help me!” But Shelly is not so easily turned away. “Do not laugh so much. Show me, instead, what you carry inside that pack.” The giant hardly remembers what lies within. When he opens it, heavy stones tumble to the ground with a thud. Shelly shakes her head. “Dear Egon, why do you drag so many stones wherever you go? And who placed them on your back?”



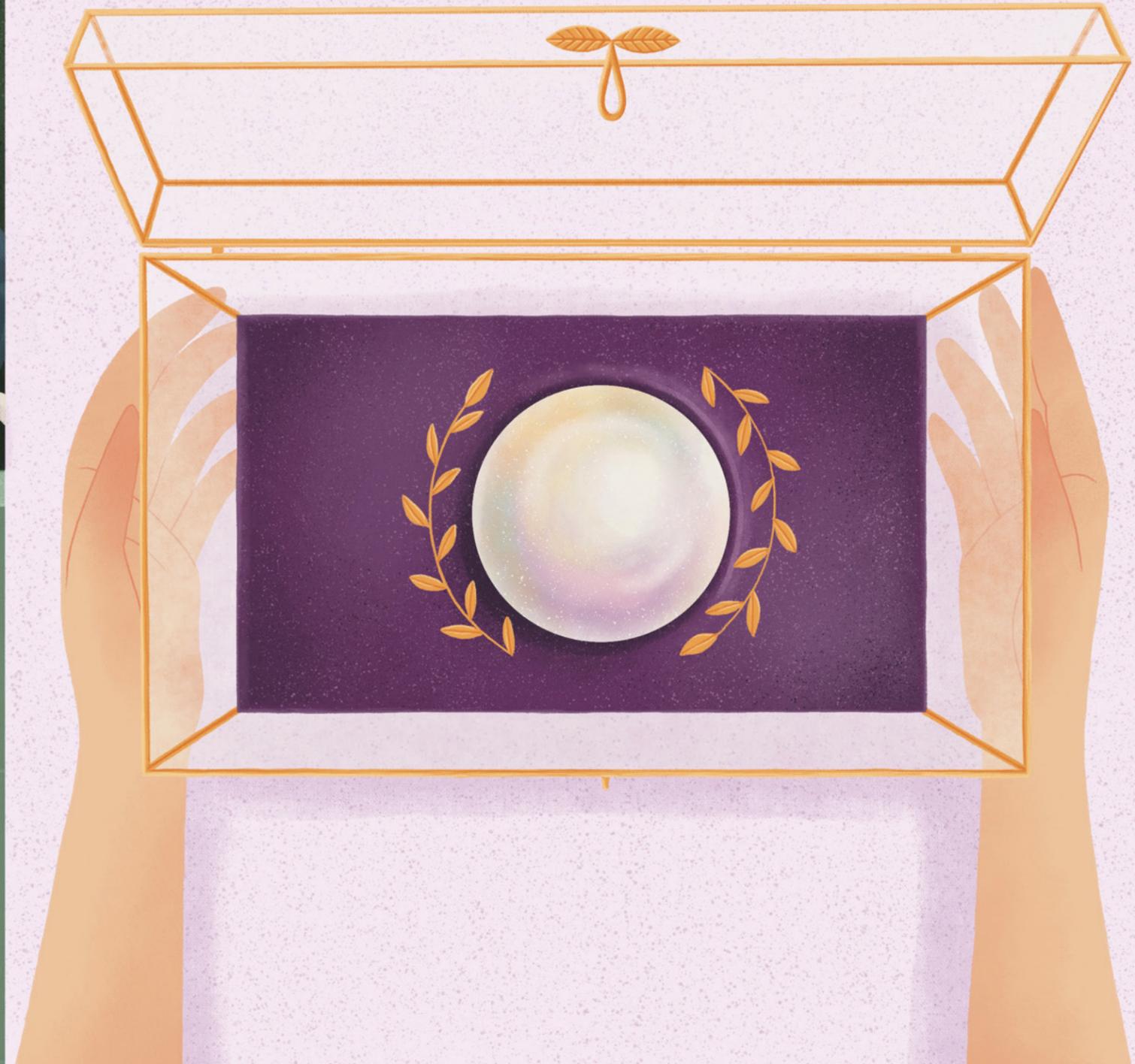
Besides the dark glasses, Babbly once gave Grizzle another useless thing: a chest for grudges. "Grizzle, do you still have that wooden chest at home?" Shelly recalls.

"Oh yes, it is already full," Grizzle replies, puffed up with pride at how quickly he managed it. Inside, he has piled all sorts of old junk, some of it rotten and falling apart.

What lies in your own chest of grudges?



When Shelly opens the chest, a sour breath of sorrow escapes. "Grizzle, you cannot mean to keep this!" she gasps. In that moment, he sees the folly of it all, rolls up his sleeves, and begins to clear it away. "Well done," Shelly says gently. "Let the old go, so the new may come." She hands him a tiny shining chest. "Here you may keep every bright gift life brings."





Everyone laughs at him, even those who usually pay no attention to gossip.

Jestle, ever the true friend, tries to lighten the mood. He strokes the little piggy on his door and tells Babbly, "This is my Jessy."

Only then does Babbly notice the same pig drawn on Jestle's door. He bursts out laughing and, wanting to be just as funny, pats his own piggy and declares, "This is my Bobby."



In the end, even Babbly manages to turn the whole unpleasant affair into a joke. With that, the weight lifts from his heart, and it also takes the wind out of all the mockers' sails.

Your wit and humor can be far stronger than any foe's arms. They help you regain your strength and dignity without causing harm. No winners, no losers.

Have you ever turned an unpleasant moment into laughter?

Valentine

"Over there lives love," says Shelly, pointing ahead. "You already know her. Her name is Valentine." Her cottage is one of the loveliest in the land, and even from afar it seems to invite every passerby inside.

Look, Valentine is already waiting for us. She is known for her warm welcome and for baking wonderful pies. No wonder, for she bakes them with love.

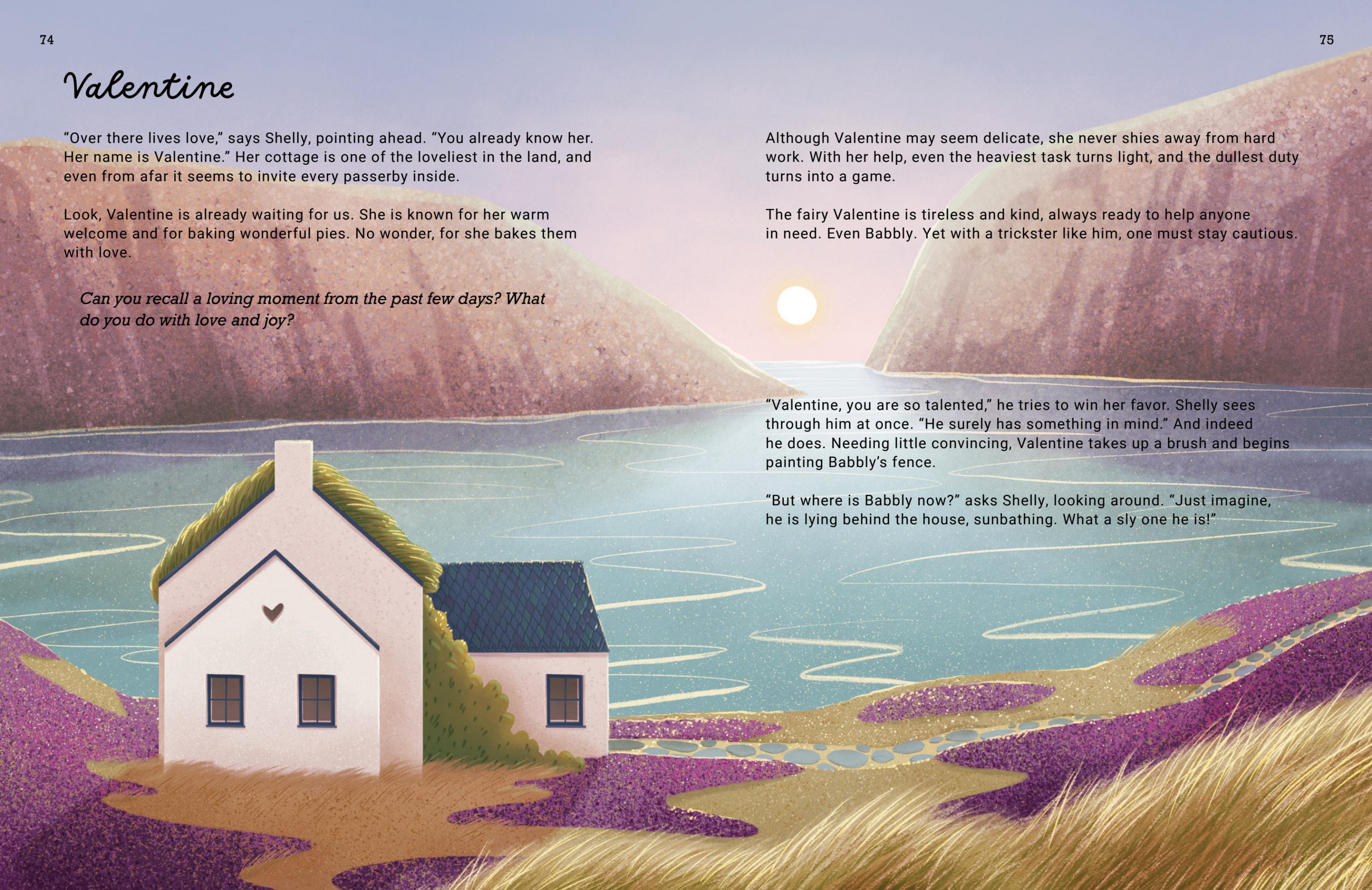
Can you recall a loving moment from the past few days? What do you do with love and joy?

Although Valentine may seem delicate, she never shies away from hard work. With her help, even the heaviest task turns light, and the dulllest duty turns into a game.

The fairy Valentine is tireless and kind, always ready to help anyone in need. Even Babbly. Yet with a trickster like him, one must stay cautious.

"Valentine, you are so talented," he tries to win her favor. Shelly sees through him at once. "He surely has something in mind." And indeed he does. Needing little convincing, Valentine takes up a brush and begins painting Babbly's fence.

"But where is Babbly now?" asks Shelly, looking around. "Just imagine, he is lying behind the house, sunbathing. What a sly one he is!"



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Within every soul lies a hidden magical pearl. To help you find yours, the fairy Shelly prepares a festive feast and gathers all her dearest friends. Around her table, you will meet Jestle, Stormflame the dragon, little Frightling, and many more enchanting beings. Perhaps you already know them, for they visit you each day. They are your anger and fear, your sadness and doubt, but also your humor, love, and sense of responsibility. Come join Shelly and set out on a journey through your own heart. You will share in wondrous adventures, face challenges with courage, and discover the joy and strength that have always been within you. Above all, you will learn how important it is to know these companions well and walk with them as friends.

