



Enid Blyton

Translated by Donya Chehrizi
Illustrated by Elahe Eslamloo

ناشر: خانه‌ی کاغذی

مدیرمسئول: الناز اسماعیلی

عنوان کتاب: قصه‌های کوتاه روزهای بارانی. جلد اول

تألیف: اینید بلیتون. ترجمه: دنیا چهرازی

تصویرگر: الهه اسلاملو. آماده‌سازی کتاب: الناز اسماعیلی

قطع: جیبی. چاپ و صحافی: تابش. شابک: ۹۷۸-۶۲۲-۵۶۶۶-۴۶-۷



سرشناسه: بلائین، اینید، ۱۹۶۸ - ۱۸۹۷ م. Blyton, Enid

عنوان و نام پدیدآور: قصه‌های کوتاه روزهای بارانی/ تألیف: اینید بلیتون؛ ترجمه: دنیا چهرازی؛ تصویرگر: الهه اسلاملو.

مشخصات نشر: تهران: خانه‌ی کاغذی، ۱۴۰۲. مشخصات ظاهری: ج۲: مصورا(رنگی)؛ ۱۲ × ۱۷ س.م.

شابک: ج۱: ۹۷۸-۶۲۲-۵۶۶۶-۴۶-۷؛ ج۲: ۹۷۸-۶۲۲-۵۶۶۶-۴۷-۴

وضعیت فهرست نویسی: فیبا، یادداشت: زبان: انگلیسی - فارسی. یادداشت: عنوان اصلی: Rainy day stories.

موضوع: داستان‌های نوجوانان انگلیسی-- قرن ۲۰م.

Young adult fiction, English-- 20th century

شناسه افزوده: چهرازی، دنیا، ۱۳۷۲-، مترجم. رده بندی کنگره: PZ۷..

رده بندی دیویی: ۸۲۳/۹۱۴[ج]. شماره کتابشناسی ملی: ۹۵۵۰۹۵۱. اطلاعات رکورد کتابشناسی: فیبا





The Conceited Prince

THERE ONCE lived a prince who was very rich. He had a wonderful palace, marvelous gardens and enough carriages and horses to last him for a lifetime.

Sometimes he would stand at the window and look out over his beautiful land. 'Ah!' he said. 'There is no other prince so rich as I am! And there is no other who has so many beautiful horses and dresses!'





Now, one day the king and queen of Fairyland wrote to say they were coming to visit him. This put the prince in a great flurry and fluster, for it was such a great honour to entertain the rulers of Fairyland!

So he began straight away to get things ready. He decided he would meet the king and queen at the head of a great and grand procession. He would put on his beautiful feathered hat, his wonderful red shoes and his peacock-blue cloak. He would lead the procession, holding his handsome head well up, and stepping out grandly in his fine new shoes.



On the day when the king and queen were coming he dressed himself carefully. He was upset to find it was raining as he dressed, but he hoped that it was nothing but a shower. At last everything was ready, and when the prince stepped to the head of his grand procession the sun was shining.

Up the street he stepped haughtily, his feathers waving in the wind and his jewels gleaming. In the distance came the carriage of the king and queen.

The carriage drove up to the prince and the king leant out to greet him. The prince stepped grandly up to the carriage with his head well up in the air,



and he didn't see that a large, shining rain puddle lay directly in front of him. Splash! In he went, and the water rose right over his new red shoes. He was so astonished that he lost his balance and fell, and - splish, splash! - there was the proud prince sitting in the middle of a muddy puddle!

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the king. 'Forgive me, prince, but it is the funniest thing I've seen for years! You looked funny enough stalking along in your fine feathers and shoes, but you're funnier still now!'

The prince rose to his feet, dripping with water and furiously angry. But





he dared not show his anger, for he guessed he had displeased the king by his conceit.

But the queen was sorry for him.

‘Never mind, prince, she said. ‘Perhaps you didn’t know that *puddles lie in wait for the proud!* Cheer up. You’ll be a happier prince now that you know.’

And she was quite right. He was.
