



*Dominika Gołqb*

# **It-Nymph** and the clothes ghosts

*Volume 1 from the eco-tales from Ecosia*



## *Why eco-fairy-tales?*

*"We have not inherited the Earth from our parents, we have borrowed it from our children. We are responsible for it."*

*Antoine Marie Roger de Saint-Exupéry*

It all started with coloring pages... then I wanted to make my vision more meaningful. I was inspired by my sister, who has been involved in ecological issues and green architecture for years (we are both architects by profession). The bottom line was obvious - children's stories with an ecological message. Of course, I have come across such literature more than once, but I have always had the impression that there are too many dry facts and not enough fun and imagination. The young reader does not understand it yet, which is why the series of forest fairy tales is to help children become friends with nature and open them to ecological and climate problems, and most importantly, show how to live more eco-friendly from an early age. We all have an influence on the condition of our planet!

**DOMINIKA GOŁĄB**

I dedicate this book and the entire series to my sister - Patrycja Kaczmarczyk. If it weren't for her, I would not be interested in the topic of ecology and I would have no idea that we can do so much to counteract the climate catastrophe. Thank you, my little eco-angel!

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**DOMINIKA GOŁĄB**

IT-NYMPH AND CLOTHES GHOSTS

*Behind seven mountains with crystal clear air, behind seven seas where there was no plastic, behind seven forests where biodiversity reigned, lived the nymph Milena. Milena loved plants and animals, she was a good pupil, but she had one big drawback... she loved shopping madly!*

-Oh, Goodness gracious. Mom, I dream about this sweater so much – muttered Milena coaxingly clutching a soft mohair cardigan.

- What softness, quality and what a cut – Mum agreed. Both of them were picking up piles of clothes in the best boutique in town. They were buzzing, watching, touching – and their eyes were getting buttery at the same time. They loved everything new and fashionable. In such escapades, they were often accompanied by Mi's BFF – Gaia. Two little undines along with Mummy travelled many more kilometres in the shopping mall that day and tried on countless clothes in countless shops. They were already quite tired, so they decided to take a break.

For this purpose, they settled in the most fashionable cafe and ordered fancy desserts based on ingredients from around the world, and mom took her favorite coffee – orange mocha cappuccino! For dessert, of course.

- Stop! Before we start eating, let's take pictures for insta! the nymphs taught Milena's mother.

- Reels are really up to date right now! And tik tok! Gaia emphasized. Mom wondered how 10-year-olds know about it and actually ... why do they need it, but she didn't dare to spoil the girls' fun. So she waited a good 15 minutes, and during this time the young influencers organized a professional photo and film set in the cafe.

However, if you think that our nymph most often met with her friend Gaia, you are mistaken! The person she hosted every day was the courier! However, when he did not find her at home – and this happened quite often – he left packages with his neighbor Maurice. Maurice was a typical dwarf. He was small in height, very fond of walking barefoot, and almost always wore a leafy cap on his head. His mom made one for him every Autumn. He loved walking in the mountains and loved nature very much. He didn't have much in common with Milena, but he dutifully brought parcels for her.

- What do you think about this blouse? Tap! I'm afraid it will be "piling"... Mmm, but the cut is perfect.- The nymph hit him with a barrage of questions immediately after snatching the delivered packages from his hands. By the time Maurice, called "Mooorise" by Milena, could get over the word "goose", a hail of more nymph problems was already falling on him. Almost always there were also questions that made Maurice's hair stand up, namely:

*- What do I look like in this? Isn't this dress too small, maybe I should replace it with a larger size or different color? The dwarf knew that there was simply no good answer to such a question, and any attempt at discussion was like treading on thin ice. Fortunately, I usually answered herself. The dwarf completely did not understand why Milena had so many clothes, fashion did not particularly interest him.*

In his wardrobe he had only practical and comfortable things. The only madness was the leafy hats that his mother made for him, but such a hat is the hallmark of all dwarfs! However, in Milena's wardrobe there was a lot of craziness! Some things were hard for him to even identify, he had no idea what they were for.



*Glittering sequin costumes, princess gowns, countless headbands, bows and furry slippers.*

*-What's it for? he dared to ask a question, pointing to a fuchsia glitter jumpsuit with a tail and cat ears on top of it.*

"But, Mau-rise," May-lee-na said with superiority, "what do You mean, for what? To look otherworldly of course!"

"Oh, unearthly is actually the right word," thought the dwarf and chuckled, because he thought of green aliens in this brocade outfit! Milena took the laughter as a compliment. In fact, she took almost everything as a compliment, that was her nature.

- Ok then, I must go and water the plants before supper. - said the dwarf.

"But we'll see you tomorrow, right?" - she asked him. Not knowing why, for Maurice it sounded like a threat...

In the evening, as usual, Mi was getting ready for bed. However, before going to bed, she always prepared her outfit for the next day. It was no different this evening. She also put down some blouses and a tunic she hadn't worn in three months. She didn't know what to do with them yet, but she got bored of them and wasn't going to wear them anymore. a stream of hot water and giving a private concert for a whole collection of shampoo bottles and conditioners! When she finally went to sleep, she was very tired. But she couldn't fall asleep.

*She had a strange feeling that someone was watching her. She looked out from under the band and almost squeaked in terror. In the corner of the room, she saw a wide threatening figure.*

She blinked her eyes, and when they got used to the darkness a little... she realized that it was just a pile of clothes in a chair at her desk. "Ughhh" Milena gasped and turned to the other side. The disturbing feeling, however, did not leave her. She was sure that she heard the door creak - she quickly looked towards the closet. Unbelievable, someone just came out of it! - And no, it was again the clothes that flew out of the closet. Tomorrow, I will put them in order, Milena thought, yawning. She tried to fall asleep. -Zzzzz, zzzzzz ... psssss... psssss - strange sounds were coming from the corner of the room. At first, she didn't pay much attention to it, she just wanted to sleep already. However, the sounds did not fade, but intensified. Then Milena thought that maybe mom had left her hair curling iron on. She took the band off her face... and she saw many pairs of eyes glowing in the dark. They shone ominously.

*- W-what is h-h-happening here? - Milena, not for a joke, was trembling her teeth. In response, she heard strange rustling murmurs of "shhh-sssss, pshhhhyyyuu, mmmhh". It seemed to her that in all this hype she had received something like "mooree... mooree..." and "buynooowwnowwww".*

She strained her eyes. She would give her word that she could see dark forms moving around the room. Suddenly, from the darkness, the clearest shape crawled up to her and spoke:

- We are wardrobe ghosts, spirits of your old clothes, which you have put on several times and thrown in the garbage.

"There is many of us," another ghost hissed from under the bed, chilling Milena's blood. It took a moment before she had the courage to ask:

- But what have I done wrong to you? What do you want from me?

The scaffolds roared with terrifying laughter.



*The nymph immediately regretted that she had decided to speak. With no better idea, she jumped out of bed and tried to escape, but the ghosts caught her and immobilized her without difficulty. - Now you will go with us! - hissed textile nightmares rustling ominously.*

Before she could protest, her head swirled, colorful specks appeared before her eyes and she was drawn in by a whirlpool of space-time. Milena felt the first point of the trip earlier than she noticed it. It smelled horrible there.

- It's a garbage dump. This is where we end up if you throw us in the mixed waste bin or worse, plastics. - said the spirit of the tunic in an accusatory tone.

"We're in South America, do you feel the heat here?" added the scaffold, which looked like a jacket. Milena goggled her eyes. It never occurred to her that her mohair sweaters and colorful dresses ended so poorly. She never thought about what to do with clothes she no longer uses... and considering the amount and frequency of purchases, quite a lot of it was collected. From thoughtfulness she was snatched by the nymph tunic-ghost:

"You can already see where the clothes go if you don't segregate them properly," seeing Milena's questioning gaze, she added, "we'll explain to you what that means.

- First of all, think about whether something that you do not like already, would not please someone else. You can give a gift to someone close to you or sell the item through the available applications and still earn on it. - seeing that she already has all the attention of Milena, the jacket spirit continued - Then the clothes will not turn into ghosts but will gain a second life! If the clothes are

still in good condition, that is, they are not damaged, but no one wants them, you can throw them into a special container for clothing or donate them to charity.

However, you must remember not to place clothing in such containers when they are permanently stained, have holes or torn.

"Torn, so to speak, you can also cut into smaller parts and use it to clean the house," the tunic phantom said.

- You're right - the concerned fairy undine admitted, and blushes appeared on her face. The spirits appreciated her commitment and continued, but in a much friendlier tone:

- There are also companies that buy waste, you can also donate textiles to SMWCP...

- SMWCP? - Milena raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"The Selective Municipal Waste Collection Point," the jacket explained, and continued after a spectacular pause, "The materials donated in this way can be used to produce wipes or be recycled. Some clothing can, for example, be a contribution to the production of alternative fuel used in cement plants!

*It impressed Mi, but her eyes were drawn to the figures wandering around the garbage heaps. She did not have to ask anything, the tunic immediately hurried to explain: - They are garbage collectors. They comb through mountains of toxic waste to find and sell things that are still usable. That's how they make a living.*

- But, there are children there! - Nixie had tears in her eyes. "Follow me, the worst is yet to come," said the spirit of the coat sadly, and took the moved nymph by the hand. They found themselves in Asia. On the horizon, Mi noticed the smoking chimneys of the factories and opened her eyes wide. The tunic-ghost, noticing this, said pointing to the buildings: "Oh, I see that you can already guess what our next point of the trip will be. Milena hoped that they would not venture into the stuffy dusty corners of the city,

*but in her heart she felt that she would see something important there. The ghosts scrambled, jammed, and swirled around her. In the blink of an eye, they stood under a large building with bars on the windows.*

A bland smell was emitted from it, and the plaster fell off with large lobes. Milena took a deep breath, but it didn't help much, because the air was hot and sticky. A door opened in front of them and creaked loudly, but no one paid attention to them. Inside there was a smoky light and a terrible bang of many machines. Nymph had never been to any factory, but she immediately recognized that they had ended up in the sewing room. Everywhere there were bales of materials, spools of threads and piles of already cut elements for packaging. Tables with sewing machines were arranged tightly next to each other. She didn't have time to look around very well when someone's strong hand grabbed her by the arm and nailed her to the nearest vacant position.

- What are you staring at? Get back to work lazy, there is no break now! - roared fat ... panda bear and added: - You here have no breaks at all! He had an outfit that was supposed to distinguish him as a person in a managerial position. Whoa! And in a high position. Unfortunately, sweat spots under his armpits and drops of fat on his stomach made him look mean and small.

"But I...," Milena began.

"shhhhh!" the young red panda hissed from behind her back, "you must obey or you will get whips!"

Her eyes and her broken voice showed that she knew what she was talking about. The nymph wondered how old the panda could be. She was certain that they were about the same age.

She was snatched from her thoughts by the voice of the white and black panda : - And you better hurry, because the manager will

not pay you a day's pay! - Daily wage? So how much? - the nymph became interested. "Well, as always, \$3," replied the black-and-white companion of misery. - Milena broke away in disbelief.

"Shhhhhh!" both pandas hissed. The nymph, thinking little, took to sewing. She knew the basics from her granny, but it went slowly and ... a little crooked. Sometimes more than a little, even though she tried very hard. Suddenly, her stomach was very upset and she asked:

- Pssst! Girls, when will there be a break?

The pandas looked at each other and said in unison, "It won't be!" Ginger added quietly: Don't worry, in three hours it's the end of the shift.

- Mhm - Milena had another question in her head - how long does such a change last? - she choked out of herself.

- With us 10 hours, but there are factories that even 12 - this time a black and white panda answered. -QUIET THERE! - shouted the tainted manager and slammed his whip at the nearest table, arousing fear among the employees. Milena returned to work, but the sweaty bear did not take away her drilling gaze. She looked around. I think a hundred people worked in the room! Among them were already seven-year-old teddy bears and young mothers with babies in scarves. The nymph was shocked. She fixed her eyes on the bales of material. One of them seemed to be moving. She blinked. It turned out that it was a skinny, lazy rat that left its hiding place by turning over a scroll. Probably from overheating.

There were only a few windmills in the room, which theoretically were supposed to cool them, and practically with their gusts they only made a mess in paper blanks. - Enough is enough! You're just wasting material! - she heard a thick baritone above her, and the stinging light of the fluorescent lamp was covered by a cavernous shadow.

She heard the whistling of the whip and looked up. Reflexively, she covered her face with her hands. Fortunately, something very quickly jammed and dawned, the ghosts surrounded her and in a moment everyone was in a different place.

- How are the impressions of working in a clothing factory? - asked the tunic in a slightly mocking tone. With the help of the nymph came the spirit of the jacket: - Do not mock her, you can see that she is stunned. - said mare in a defensive tone.

*- Ok, meanwhile another place on the world map is waiting for us. We will fly to the southwest!*

*- Will we also visit this ... ehh factory?*

*- Milena strained through her teeth clearly experiencing the recent events in the sewing room.*

"No," one scaffold reassured her, but the other quickly added, "I don't know if it's going to get much better. We will go to the provinces, and there... with the rest you will see for yourself. - he waved a transparent sleeve and they set off on their further journey. In the skies they passed villages, towns and wastelands. Milena drew attention to environmental pollution. The water in the rivers had a strange smell and color. Here and there there were spots of wild garbage dumps. "A lot of the pollution of water, land and air in these areas comes from the factories we have just visited. - she explained the tunic-ghost and was about to say something more when the spirit of the navy interjected: - We are there. Follow me! A small, poor village seemed to appear to their eyes at the end of the world. Milena immediately noticed the women and children carrying large jugs of water. Smaller children ran without shoes on the sandy road, women prepared modest meals, but seasoned them with colorful spices. The air stung the lungs sharply with each inhalation. She reflexively covered her mouth with her hand. In the meantime, they approached one of the meagre wooden houses.

A young cheetah climbed onto the porch and laid down a heavy jug of water, which he had previously carried on his head. - Why do you bring water home? Don't you prefer to pour yourself from the tap? - asked the nymph, and when the words resounded, she realized how unreasonable it sounded. The cheetah, massaging the young neck, replied:

- If only we had access to drinking water, I would not walk 5 kilometers every day. - he saw the expression on the face of the undine and immediately asked - Maybe you want to drink?

It was only now that I realized how much she wanted to drink and eat. Her stomach growled loudly.

- Ha, ha! I see that you will not refuse the invitation to dinner either. - he said in an optimistic tone and pointed to the front door. Milena followed him inside the hut.

- Grandmaaaa! We will have a guest for dinner. - he shouted, placing a heavy vessel on the counter top, and gestured to invite Mi to the room, where all his siblings were already gathering at a low table. Mom entering the room warmly greeted the nymph and put a bowl with a smell of food in the middle of the table. Right behind her came her grandmother, who was probably a step-parent, because she turned out to be an Indian elephant. Everyone got a naan bread and a bit of aromatic vegetable curry sauce. They ate with joy until the last drop and crumb. Milena saw how respectful they treated water when a ghost whispered in her ear.

*- In this jug there were 8 litres of water for the whole family, and do you know how much it takes to produce one pair of jeans? - Without waiting for an answer explained - Even 11,000 litres! Nymph opened her eyes wide, she looked a bit like a computer that had crashed during calculations.*

The jacket-spirit added - Ha! Water is a one thing, and think about how much fertilizer, chemicals and energy are needed in the entire production process! Milena grabbed her head. - And I have in the closet 4,5,6 ... ehhm no, about 14 pairs and two more I bought on sale last week ... this gives 176 000 Litres...

- Is everything ok? - asked Grandma elephant in a worried tone.

-Yy-yes, sorry, I just ... Me was bubbling, counting in head how many people would not have had to carry water from the spring for how long if these 14 pairs of trousers had not been produced. She was not good at math, but it turned out that a lot and long.

- Never mind, dear, this is not the first time that the clothes ghosts have brought a guest to us. - the eldest sister said with understanding in her voice.

- Really? - Milena was a little relieved, although the thoughts continued to run through her mind like balls in lottery tote.

*- It all started a year ago, when ... - the cheetah Mom's voice broke down, but she gathered in herself and continued the story.- When my beloved husband died. He was in the prime of life. His health problems began when he started working in a tannery.*

I told him to quit this job, but we wouldn't have anything to eat, and he was very responsible and loved his family. - At that moment, all the children already had tears in their eyes, and drops larger than peas flew from the reddened eyes of the undine.

- But how's that? - she cried.

- Dear! The workers had no protection against chemicals, not even a simple mask, and no one informed them of the danger! Only the wardrobe-ghosts explained to us why my son was so ill! - Grandma shouted enraged.

-And imagine that even children and teenagers work in similar factories.- added one of the sisters sadly - for example, my colleague.

-Oh! I saw such cases in a factory that I visited with clothes ghosts, but I had no idea it is so poisonous. It's terrible! - Milena was seriously upset. After the meal, the nymph helped to wash the dishes, she wanted to do anything to help the hosts, who themselves had little, so willingly shared with her.

-Are you flying to visit Bhumi now?-Grandma said more than she asked. The ghosts nodded affirmatively and after a tender farewell they swirled with Milena among the rustles and clatters, only to find themselves in a new place in a moment. This was the region from which a huge part of the extraction of cosmetic mica originated. - Mi, how often does your mom do makeup? - asked the spirit of the jacket.

- Ha! Every day. She even let me use her lipstick from time to time - the nymph boasted, but immediately felt that there was nothing to boast about.

*-Mhm, then follow me. - an elegant spirit urged. They went down to something like a small quarry. Workers were everywhere. Among them, unfortunately, even small children. They went deeper.*

- Hi Bhumi! - the ghosts shouted to a small elephant, which banged a chisel on a soft rock and collected the excavated lumps into a wicker basket. - Oh, hello! You are here! - Bhumi was sweaty and tired, but at the sight of the visiting ghosts she was clearly happy.

- Hi. I'm Milena, ehh nymph from Ecosia! - she introduced herself to a tiny elephant.

- I'm glad to meet you. I am Bhumi, which in my language means "earth".- said the little mine worker as resolutely as feistily.

- What are you extracting here? - Undine died of curiosity.

-It's mica, a mineral used in the cosmetics industry. It comes in powders, eye shadows, lipsticks and the like.- Bhumika was counting on fingers. - Ah! - Nymph immediately understood why the textile guides had brought her here. In front of her eyes swirled dozens of poorly chosen



powders and mom's drawer of the dressing table filled to the brim with cosmetics. She felt it was hard for her to swallow the nerves. - Why do children work here? - she asked .

-Well...- the elephant began, digging a hole in the ground with her bare foot - first of all, most of the underground corridors are too narrow for adults, so they are happy to send children there.- she explained. - Secondly, child labour is cheaper. No one defends them. Some work to pay off their parents' debts, some to help the family support themselves, but there are also those who get nothing for it - just something to eat and a place to sleep, they are usually orphans.

*Milena wanted to say something, but she had the impression that her heart had exploded and her stomach tied into a knot.*

*- But it's dangerous here! These tunnels can collapse at any time!  
-Mi finally threw out of herself.*

- Bhumi was visibly sad. - Accidents happens all the time and some of us also dies from pneumoconiosis- said little miner, wiping away a tear.

- But why don't you just quit this job? Why don't you look for something different, better? - the nymph was excited.

- Mila, there is no other job here. It is hot and dangerous, but at least we have something to eat. If they close the mines ... we would die of starvation. - explained the brave miner, and the spirit of the tunic, which has been on the sidelines so far, added: - Agriculture used to flourish here, but due to climate change and drought, the cultivation of the land has become impossible. Mila was deeply moved and saddened by all this. She never had bad intentions, she just didn't realize how much damage to the environment and residents could be done by unreasonable behavior and pursuit of trends.

- I will help you, it is the least I can do! - the nymph, wiped the tears with her elbow and began to furiously bang with a hammer on the stone walls. Lumps bounced left and right, and small workers eagerly collected them into their baskets.

- I'm so ashamed...- Undine sobbed and fell down on her knees. One of the ghosts helped her up and Bhumi wrapped her in her hooves and said:

- It's not your fault, you had no idea what it looked like. Now You will shop smarter!

- For sure- swore the little nymph.

-It's time for us! - said the jacket solemnly, and after a short moment of tender farewell there was a whistling, rustling and clattering. Everything was shrouded in fog, and when she disappeared, Milena was back in her bedroom.

The clothes ghosts saw her sincere emotions and decided that the trip was over and the nymph had learned her lesson. At first hostile, the mares saw Mila's repentance and began to comfort her:

- Dear, you have a lot of opportunities to correct your behaviour. First of all - talk to your parents and seriously limit your purchases, or give them up for a while!

- Yes, I don't need anything anymore! - Nymph said with regret .

The ghosts were talking, and Milena was listening. At the end, the spirit of pyjamas spoke and said:

- Now rest, sleep, and from tomorrow you will begin to change the world! - and gave her a solid kiss on her forehead. The nymph fell asleep like a stone. No wonder it was an eventful night!

*To say that Mi got out of her bed that morning is to say nothing. Despite her slight lack of sleep, she just shot out from under the duvet with a positive attitude and a head full of eco ideas! She hummed cheerfully making a millet with an apple from the*

*garden and multiflower honey for herself and her parents. After breakfast, she started sorting clothes in the closet... Well, she started from the wardrobe. Armchairs, chests of drawers and all other places where her knick-knacks were stuffed were still waiting for her.*

There was a lot of work, but she did it with enthusiasm. She moved, arranged, tried on, decided ... Phew! And finally she was ready. Together with mom, she invited her friends to a swap party, a meeting where they exchanged clothes and accessories. The atmosphere was cheerful and bustling, and it smelled like home-made apple pie. Everyone listened with bated breath to Milena's story about her adventure with the wardrobe-ghosts.

- From now on, no more thoughtless shopping. If so, you can buy second-hand or borrow things from each other. They can also be processed. And zero tolerance for fast fashion, do we understand each other?! You must not support exploitation - the nymph enumerated, and the mother was proud of her daughter. The future eco-leader was growing up before her eyes.

"Not a bad showman of her," chuckled a pyjama spirit from under her pillow. "I said she would be perfect" nodded the tunic in the drawer.

- And what is fast fashion?- asked Wika the squirrel.

-It's clothing industry, mass-producing poor quality clothes to be available to everyone - Gaia's mother instructed her.

- Well, but it's probably good that it is for everyone? - Wika blushed a bit by asking a question.

- Oh, no! Because such clothes quickly end up as waste! They are from artificial materials full of chemicals and cannot be recycled! Not to mention the conditions in which they are created! - the forest nymph corrected.

-Oh, that sounds awful.- admitted the squirrel. When all the guests left, Milena felt happy and fulfilled. All friends also decided that they would do such exchange meetings often. Before going to bed, the girls made a natural mask of honey, olive oil and lemon juice. A lot of chemical cosmetics can be replaced with gifts of nature, and how pleasant it is for us and for the environment! The previous day had been intense for Mi, but she felt that she could move mountains.

Today, she planned to take pictures of clothes and cosmetics with her mother and put them on the sales app. It turned out to be great fun and an opportunity to fool around! Mom and daughter not only had a nice time together, they also started selling unused things really quickly. BEMP! BIM! The ringing of the phone snapped them out of their tomfoolery.

- Oh! User @waletyna91 bought my salmon sweater with pearl bids! Can I send a parcel right away?- Mi jumped with delight. - Of course, honey. Did you know that you don't need to print the label? The application itself is enough - mother was excited too. - Maybe you will meet Maurice on the way to the parcel locker? - she added, nudging her daughter slightly and smiling meaningfully. A blush immediately blossomed on the little fairy's cheeks. BEMP! BIM! The sound of another sale notification eased the atmosphere. It was heard several more times during the day. Mom and daughter packed packages with enthusiasm. They also promised themselves that if they need something, they will also use this application.

*- Circular fashion has one more advantage - clothes washed several times by previous owners are now free of chemicals - dad noticed during dinner. He also wanted to be part of this ecological revolution. After all, he wasn't the only one.*

Gaia called Milena to ask for advice:

- And what do you do with the leaky clothes? asked the forest fairy.

- Nothing easier! You cut them into pieces and they will serve you as cleaning cloths for a long time. You can also drop them off at my place, I'm going with my dad to SMWCP this week. - Milena instructed her friend. - To what? SMWCP? Is that even on our planet? - Gaia giggled and soon the girls hung up. On the way to the parcel locker, the nymph met Maurice. His clothes were earthy colors as always, and he smelled of the forest.

- Any package returns? Maybe I can help you? - he asked, pointing to the packages Milena was carrying.

-Not really, just... I decided to sell some of my belongings.- she explained in a warm tone.

The gnome walked his neighbor home after helping her with the packages. Milena told him about the clothes ghosts and her new ecological mission. He noticed that something had changed in the undine's behaviour. He liked this change, so he was even more looking forward to the next meeting. He felt light like a feather when he walked home along the forest path.

The next day, Mi together with Gaia came to their friend Lela. Grandma Lucia was supposed to train them in needlework. - In my day, we sewed our own clothes, and when we got bored of them or they got torn, we stitched them or converted them to something else. - The old woman explained kindly, but let's face it, she showed off her skills a bit. Girls were delighted anyway.

*-Now it's called up-cycling Grandma. - the little tree-spirit pointed out in a sly tone. From then on, they met once in a while and with unbridled imagination remade damaged clothes to such an extent that they began to resemble unique pieces of the famous "haute couture" - artistic tailoring straight from France. Lucia also taught them to knit.*

It was great fun and relaxing. It's side effect was scarves and hats for their whole families! Milena also made gloves for Maurice.

"Milena is so cool when she's not getting crazy about clothes." - he thought as he accepted the gift. It warmed his hands and heart, and the birds chirped that from then on they were inseparable.



# Review of the upcoming volumes

In the series of eco-fairy tales, I plan the following items. And this is just the beginning!

## IT- NYMPH AND CLOTHES GHOSTS

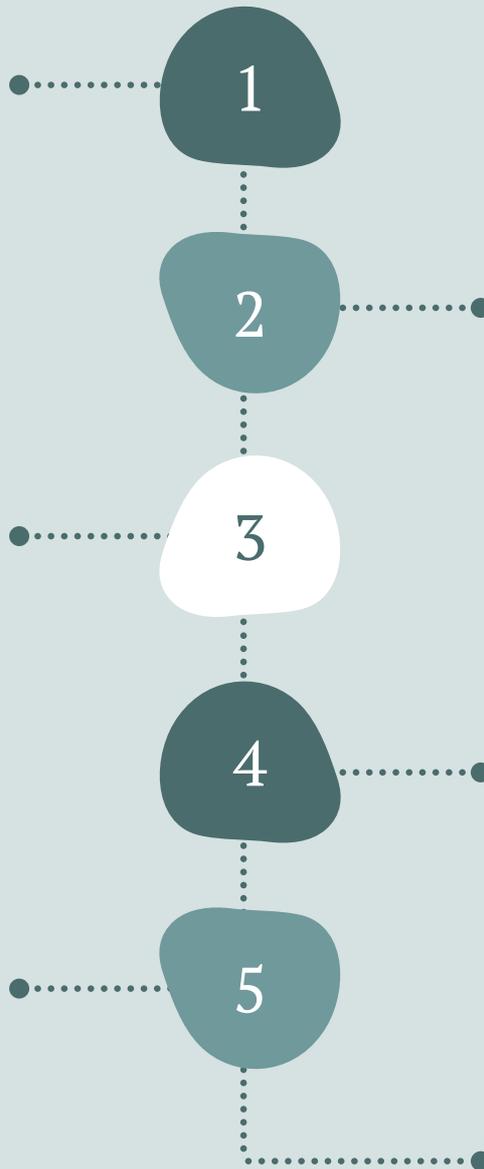
A fairy tale about a nymph who loved to buy new things all the time - clothes, cosmetics, accessories, decorations. Everything had to be new and trendy! Until the spirits of her former robes visited her and showed her the consequences of such behavior.

## NEW NEIGHBOR FLINT AND HIS CARBON FOOTPRINT

Gray smoke appears in Ekosia. This is due to the careless new resident, but the neighbors make him aware that it is not worth burning trash in his fireplace.

## TALE OF GARBAGE MONSTER

A fairy tale about a village that was struck with fear by the garbage monster. Fortunately, an effective way to fight the beast turned out to be recycling and segregating waste.



## ABOUT MARIA THE BEAR AND THE COSMIC AFFAIR

Resident of Ekozia - bear Mary loves Christmas ornaments and all holiday decorations. She decorates the house with lights for every occasion, until aliens steal her batteries... and teach her an important lesson!

## ABOUT THE BELOVED PORPOISE OF THE GODDESS JANTAR

A fairy tale showing how destructive for the planet and ecosystems are outdated and industrial methods of fishing and how important seas and oceans are for our lives.

**AND MUCH MORE!**



# IT-NYMPH and clothes ghosts

*VOLUME I*

*eco-tales from Ecosia series*

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