

Tatana Fedorovna

*Katschawatscha*  
AND THE BLUE PUPPY

Magical Fairy Tale Adventures  
about  
Brave Dogs, Courageous Knights, Elves,  
Tartans, a Princess and True Love

illustrated by Anja Uhren

## **Impressum**

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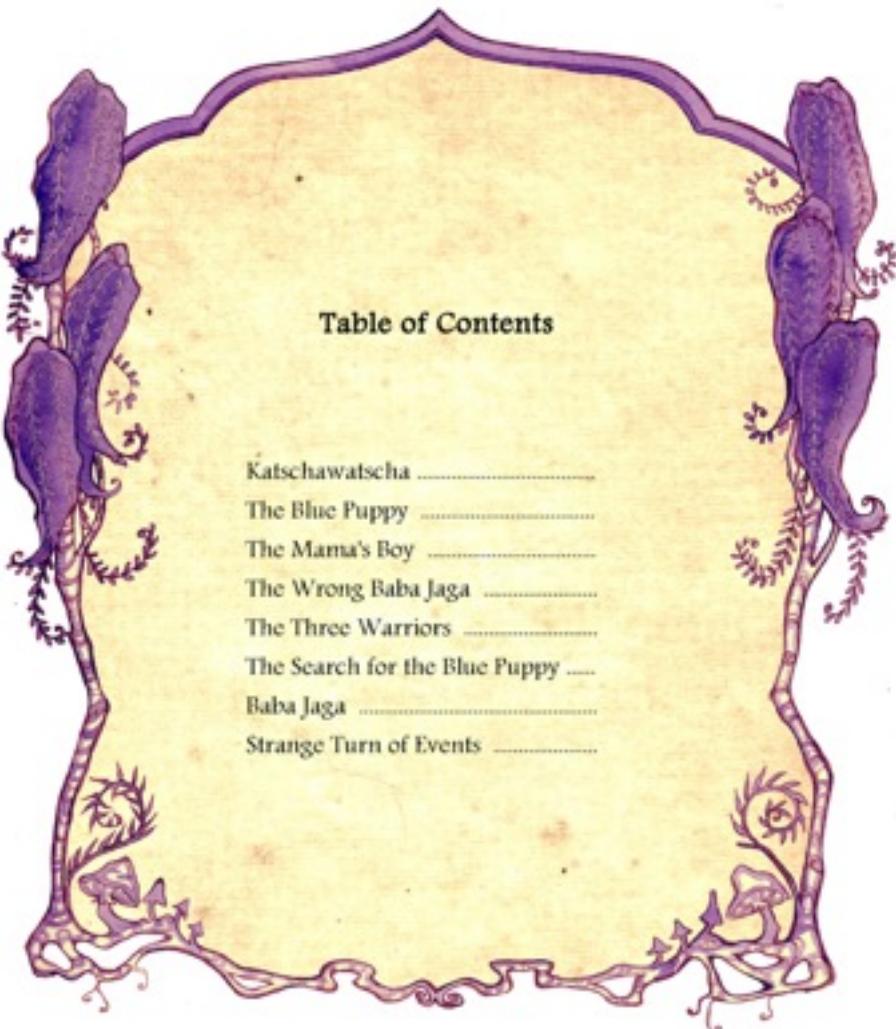
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## Katschawatscha



A gentle breeze caressed the autumn leaves and the rustling was like waves over a rocky beach. Something danced playfully and dazzlingly through the air. It was a down feather of a wonderful blue colour. The strong wind had carried it all the way to the *marshlands of Rus*.

Two dirty fingers reached up to grab the mysterious feather. The young witch Katschawatscha stared at this strange airship brought in on the wind with great curiosity. It must have come from a bird very far away. Colours like that did not exist here.

After admiring it for a while, she placed the sky's gift in her matted hair. That is where the daughter of the famous Baba Jaga kept many of her valuables: pearls, lice, fleas, bugs, leather, bits and pieces, half a gnawed chicken leg, a piece of gold, her baby teeth and even a little green frog that could blow out his cheeks like balloons.



This new treasure in her "hair house" gave the finder a rather roguish idea. She loved mischievous little tricks that stirred things up a bit and brought some excitement into her everyday life. If a bird could be so wonderfully blue, then a witch must be able to turn a dog that magical colour as well. Imagine how magical he would look! And wasn't there a dog in the very next village who was about to have puppies?

Katschawatscha giggled in anticipation, already envisioning how dumbstruck the silly owner, the mother dog and all the village people would be! Her interest in this little joke of hers began to grow and her crazy idea filled her with excitement. She quickly ran back down the muddy path. At the edge of the marsh there was a hut supported by two giant chicken legs.

"Little house, little house, turn around, the front side to me, the back to the marsh!"

Just like a feathered friend clucking "bock, bock" the curious abode turned to face the caller. Dirty feet ascended the shaky staircase.

The house actually belonged to her famous mother, but she had disappeared to who knows where and left her only daughter behind. The successor didn't worry about it a bit. It was fairly common among witches.

Katschawatscha was now around twenty years old, exceptionally young for a witch, and this new lady of the house wanted to be the talk of the town and prove to everyone that she too was a very special witch.

However, it was no easy feat as the girl had inherited quite a hefty portion of humanity from her father. His name was Petja and he was a drunkard.

However, the young witch knew nothing about that. She and her father himself believed the devil to be her real papa. The vanished mummy had boasted to everyone that the cloven-hoofed demon had been her lover. If the father would not take care of his child, then one could at least pretend he was famous. The rumour stuck. After all, how much of what a one hundred year old witch tells can you believe?

At the time, Baba Jaga had tricked the poor boy in a poker game. She hadn't needed more than a cheap magical potion to do it either – and this foolish boy just happened to be the owner of the pregnant dog.

The daughter now entered the quirky hut full of excitement and began digging through the old spell books. A dirty black hen had just laid an egg among them. She shoved the squawking animal aside and indulgently slurped the soft egg yolk. She generously threw the shell and egg white to the ground. There! She had had a good lunch. The bird pecked at the pitiable remains.

Katschawatscha was not exactly dumb and could actually read very well. If someone had given her a bath, cut her long nails and combed her hair she probably would have looked rather respectable. Even the mole above her mouth was considered a beauty mark in many places. This natural jewel was especially revered in French cities.

Actually, in a completely normal family, the little redhead would not have attracted any unwanted attention at all – had she been raised properly. She would have married a farmer's son and given birth to lots of sweet little rascals.

However, fate had given her a different lot in life.

"Found it!" exclaimed the searcher in excitement and clapped her hands together, creating a whole cloud of dust. The frog in her dishevelled hair filled his fat cheeks and croaked.

Finally she knew which spell she needed. She just had to try it out.

The young witch lady headed out to bestow the pregnant dog with the gift of her fine art.

