

# THE FAIRYTALE OF NORVEGICORUM



**NICFI** Norway's  
International Climate  
and Forest Initiative



**Norad**

## **PART 1:**

### **THE MEETING**

Maja yawned deeply, she felt really tired. But at the same time, she couldn't stop thinking about what she'd learned in school that day. "The rainforest is disappearing," her teacher had said. Maja was worried. The rainforest sounded like a wonderful and beautiful place. She tried to imagine it, but it wasn't easy. She really was extraordinarily tired ...

Just as her eyes closed once more, she heard a strange noise from her duvet.

"Croak," it went. "Croak, croak."

Maja looked down. She saw a tiny little frog sitting there, staring at her with its large eyes.

"It's about time you woke up," said the frog. "After all, I've come all the way from the rainforest!"

Maya wasn't sure if she was awake or dreaming. She yawned again and looked at the frog. That's an unusually pretty frog, she thought.

"Yes, I know," said the frog suddenly.

"I look just like the place I come from: green as a meadow and blue as the sea."

Maja thought for a bit. "Are you a prince from the rainforest?" she asked.

"A prince?" said the frog.

"Yes – in fairytales, frogs are often princes."

"Well I never ..." said the frog, a little taken aback. "I'm not a prince. I'm a frog!"

Because he was actually proud of

being a frog.

"How weird ... meeting a frog from the rainforest that speaks

Norwegian," thought Maja to herself. But the frog could evidently read her mind.

"Of course I speak Norwegian," he said – "Why do you think I'm called Norvegicorum?"

"Norvegicorum?" said Maja, amazed.

"Yes – but you can call me Norway," continued the frog. "It means the same thing."

"Anyway, we don't have time to sit here in bed making small talk. I need help!

Come on. Climb up on my back and hold on tight; we're flying out of here."

"But frogs can't fly," said Maja, a little worried.

"This is a fairytale," said the frog. "And in fairytales, frogs can fly!"





## PART 2: DREAM FLIGHT TO PARADISE

And off they flew ... Over mountains and lakes, over forest, snow and sand. Maja held on tightly.

After a while, they slowed down a little and glided down towards some tall tree-tops. The frog made a little turn between some palm leaves and “hey presto!” they were on solid ground. They had landed on a soft green blanket of moss. Maja looked around her.

The trees were so tall. And green; greener than Maja had ever seen before. Brightly coloured butterflies fluttered around in the air. Insects buzzed and chirped; a monkey sat lazily chewing large bites of a fruit that looked like a melon. A bright blue river flowed quietly and majestically past,

seemingly without noticing the thriving wildlife around it.

Maja stared wide-eyed. She had never seen such a beautiful place, not even in her dreams.

“What a magical world,” she gasped excitedly. “It’s like this place was taken from a fairytale!”

“I know,” said the frog. “This is a fairytale. Green as a meadow and blue as the sea – just like me.”

“So where are we now?” asked Maja.

“We’re in the rainforest. There are forests like this in many places around the world. This is what it looks like where I come from, too.”

## PART 3: THE DARK SIDE

“It must be fantastic to grow up in a place like this,” said Maja.

“It was,” said the frog.

“Was?”

“Yes. Can you see that frog over there with the red back? That’s my cousin, the poison dart frog. He lives here. A while back he had a huge family, but now there are only a few of them left. He’s pretty lonely.”

The poison dart frog did look a little glum.

“But why?” asked Maja.

“Let me show you,” said the frog.

“Climb up on my back again.”

He took aim at a gap in the treetops above them. And off they flew once more – straight through the gap and then to the left.

A few seconds later, Maja heard it for herself: the sounds of the buzzing insects and the babbling river below had been replaced by a screamingly loud whining noise. It hurt her ears.

“Chainsaws,” said the frog. “I hate chainsaws. They cut down the trees where we find our food. A lot of animals here have starved to death.” Maja looked down. She could see them. A long row of big machines cutting down the trees like they were matchsticks.

In another place, a large cluster of trees was on fire. The smoke stung Maja’s eyes.

“They have to grow food for themselves,” the frog said sadly. “But they don’t give a thought to us. They just take our forest. Soon there won’t be any room left for us who belong here.”



## PART 4: THE EXPLANATION

“Poor you,” said Maja, as they flew down into the rainforest once more. “This is absolutely terrible. But you said you needed my help. With what?” “Take a look around you,” said the frog, and Maja suddenly saw that there were loads of other children there as well.

A girl in a red dress was riding around on a large panthera; a small boy who looked like he came from China was holding hands with an old orang-utan, which was pointing and explaining. “There aren’t many orang-utans left either,” said the frog. “Time is running out.”

“All these animals have travelled to countries far away to get help. We wanted to show this to children from all over the world – so that you can tell everyone what’s happening where we live, and how we can put a stop to it.

You’ll be our friends.”

“That’s so smart!” interrupted Maja. “Well of course I’m smart,” said the frog. “After all, I’m a frog!”

“And I know that everyone needs comfort and security. People, plants and animals alike. Just think of all the people fleeing from war and famine. How would you like to have to leave your home and go to a place where you didn’t know anyone?”

Maja shuddered at the thought.

“So you travelled all the way to Norway because they’re destroying your home and killing your friends?”

“Now you’re pretty smart, too,” said the frog with a smile.

“I didn’t think frogs could smile ...” said Maja.

“This is a fairytale,” said the frog. “And in fairytales, frogs can smile!”



## PART 5: FRIENDS

Maja started to laugh. The frog looked at her with his large eyes. "Will you be my friend?" he asked.

"Of course," replied Maja.

"OK, then we're friends," said the clearly delighted frog – "and friends help one another."

"So when you come home again, you have to get even more of your friends to help. Tell the other children about the rainforests, and what's happening here. Without help, both plants and animals will disappear, people will be forced into poverty and the climate will be destroyed."

"But why don't you ask the adults for help?" asked Maja.

"Because only the children understand us. You're the ones who have to continue living on this planet. You're the most important people in the world! Tell the adults they have to preserve the existing forest – and to help us plant new trees!"

"I promise!" said Maja with determination. "I'm proud to be with you on this fairytale."

"Great," said the frog. So, do you remember how to finish telling a fairytale? A mouse did run ...?"

"my story now is done!" finished Maja.

"That's right," said the frog. "But it doesn't have to be that way. Listen here ..." The frog leaned in towards Maja and whispered in her ear. Maja closed her eyes and listened. She saw the rainforest in her mind. Green as a

meadow, and blue as the sea ...

When she opened her eyes, she was suddenly back in her own bed again. She lifted the duvet a little. The frog was gone. Maja thought for a bit. Had it all been a dream after all? It felt so real ...

And then she remembered what the frog had whispered: "A mouse did run – a new world has begun!"

"It does sound a bit like a fairytale," thought Maja.

And fell sound asleep.