



The Princess and the Singing Wood

A Tale of Darkness and Light

This fairy tale tells the story of the princess of Inski Pinski, who is suffering from the most beautiful illness, „Fernweh“ which could be translated as horizon pain. Together with her little golden wolf she sets sails to discover what lies behind the ivory shores of her little island...

An ode to the wonders of nature and the beauty of surrendering to the darkest of nights and the wildest adventure, inspired by Scandinavian folklore and the breathtaking landscapes of Norway.

For horizon-longers, sun-seekers and earthworm savers of all ages.

The author

Pernilla Kannapinn is a musician and a vagabond. She is a composer, a singer and a violinist. An artist at home between countries and cultures, a dreamer who sails in her painted violin case between the roaring waves of reality and imagination. Pernilla is a painter and storyteller. This willful artist is the best proof that fairy tales really do exist. So she travels the world with her little snail house on four wheels and a road that unfolds in all directions, always accompanied by her little dog „My“. The blond wild head full of dreams, always thirsty for the horizon and nothing in her luggage but her faithful violin, mysterious stories and melodies ... and the stars.

Pernilla Kannapinn – The Princess and the Singing Wood

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Once upon a time there was a small island, so far away, so far northwards, where the Great Bear wheels around the Pole Star, that the only direction you could possibly travel was southwards. It had the strange name Jnski Pinski, and because it was the smallest island in the world, it had only three-and-a-half inhabitants: the king, who ruled the island; his wife, who had the shape of a lioness; their beautiful daughter, the princess, and the littlest golden wolf. Of course, on such a small island there were not very many treasures and valuables. But what was there, was all the more beautiful: over the white ivory bays, the snailhouse-shaped castle was reflected in the tranquil waves of the sea; but at the heart of the island grew the ever-blossoming apple-willow and even in the deepest night you could sail to Jnski Pinski by the scent of the sweet-smelling tree. But during the day, the snailhouse-castle gleamed from afar like a small silver lighthouse, for it was made entirely of mother-of-pearl.

Despite all this beauty, the life of the little princess was not very exciting: the waves sang their monotonous song, the sun and moon rose and set again, and every evening the Pole Star shimmered in the middle of the night sky.

Moreover, since the day of her birth, the princess suffered from the most beautiful sickness in the world, from farsickness. And driven to the far horizon by the insatiable longing, the wish to one day leave and discover what awaited her behind the ivory bays, grew in her.

Her father and her lioness mother loved the princess with all their hearts. They loved their daughter so much that they – like parents do – wanted to protect their child from all the evil in this world. They knew that although Jnski Pinski was small and good, the world was big and evil. And although they did know that a little bird in its nest could only learn to fly in the open sky under the sun, they taught her from childhood, without realising it, a little of their own fear. Moreover, this awful farsickness seemed to mean that one day, their beloved daughter would leave, and the bigger and more beautiful she became, the more her poor parents still hoped that the little patient would be cured, but no medicine would help. And so the farsickness blossomed in the heart of the princess like a wild and wonderful flower and grew from day to day. Never before had the princess left her familiar island, but although the fear of evil grew and thrived with her, her curiosity and longing for adventure was always a little bit bigger.





And one morning she could no longer take it, the world was pulling at her so strongly. Then the princess asked her father for the only boat on the island, and comforted her unhappy parents as well as she could. She also promised to take the

littlest golden wolf with her on the long journey. It would protect and comfort her, and bring her back safely. And so they said goodbye to one another, the princess kissed her father and mother one last time, and resolutely set herself behind the littlest golden wolf in the boat, that

was soon carried over the waves, away from the sandy shore and out onto the sea.

Wistfully her parents waved with hands and paws, until the boat was nothing more than a tiny dot under the wide sky. But the princess sat with her back to where,

in the growing distance, the silver of the snail-house-castle glimmered, and looked over the prow of the little boat towards her unknown goal. Eventually the scent of her beloved apple-willow blew around her nose one last time, then that, too, was gone.



So she sailed there – the wind caressed her, the daylight warmed her and the clear sea covered her single rudder with silver. The boat carried the little

princess and the littlest golden wolf ever further and further, and when twilight fell and the sun went to sleep, a large yellow moon lighted her way.

Night turned to day... day turned to night... to day... to night... until daylight no longer seemed to come. Eventually, the little princess no

longer knew how many days had passed since she started her journey, when the little boat suddenly, with a crunch, ran onto sand.