Martsishor
Moldovan Spring Tale

This fairy tale is told on the very first spring day.

Illustrated by pupils of the 5th grade

Long, long ago when the sun was descending into villages as a handsome brave young man, a dragon ambushed, kidnapped and jailed him. The whole world grieved, the birds forgot their songs in the dumb forest. The murmur of the springs, the young girl's songs the children's laugh turned into a feeling of deep sorrow. Nobody dared to fight the terrible dragon.
But there was a limit to patience. A brave man decided to go and set the sun free from the dragon's prison. Everybody saw him off: the poor sad compatriots, fathers, mothers, sisters, friends and brothers. All of them gave him their strength to help him in his difficult task. He walked a summer, then the whole autumn, and the whole frosty winter, till he found the castle of the terrible dragon. A dreadful fight for life and death started there. They hit each other mercilessly, shedding blood and sweat in the crystal snow.

Strong was the dragon, strong was the brave man. Full of wounds were their chests, arms and shoulders. At last, it was the brave man that obtained victory. The cruel dragon was killed and fell down. Breaking down the black walls of the prison he set free the handsome sun. The sun sprung into the sky. Nature began to revive, people were glad.

The wounded brave man looked happily at the sky. At that moment people observed that his warm blood was dropping on the snow that began to thaw, and flowers were growing, waking up from numbness. The snowdrops and daffodils gently rocked their petals, heralding the beginning of the spring. It was a sign that good had triumphed over evil.
Since then all the girls are knitting two tassels: a white and a red one—a sign that the spring is beginning. The token is named Martsishor, which is a diminutive of the first month of the spring. The red color is meaning love for everything that is beautiful and it is the color that symbolizes happiness, health, purity as of a gentle and fragile snowdrop or daffodil—the first flowers in spring.

The fairy tale comes from the Kishinew Waldorf School, Moldova.

Their own school building is bursting at the seams. An additional floor is urgently needed. Every year the number of applications far exceeds the number of students that can be admitted. A further great problem is the lack of trained teachers, especially for the foreign language education in German, English, and French. The school’s status as a state lyceum does bring some financial support, but subjects such as handicrafts, needlework, painting or eurhythmy are not financed by the state. Only with great effort are the parents able to pay a part of the regular costs of schooling. So far, further rooms have remained a dream for the school community.

For the Waldorf School in Moldova the Friends of Waldorf Education arrange educational sponsorships to enable the school to accept children whose parents can only afford part of the school fees that are actually necessary.

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The collection of tales from all over the world is the result of the single-day campaign Waldorf-One-World-Day, short WOW-Day.

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