



# IVANA BRLIĆ– MAŽURANIĆ



Iva  
Mia  
Terezija





**01** she is from a distinguished family

**02** her grandfather is Ivan  
Mažuranić

**03** first major female writer in  
Croatia

**04** she was nominated four times  
for Nobel prize



# WHEN THE STORIES TOOK FLIGHT

The papers rustled as I opened the drawer. Dozens of pages, smudged with ink and soft from years of handling. I held one in my hands — Stribor's Forest. How many times had I told this story by candlelight, my children sitting cross-legged on the rug, eyes wide with wonder?

Are these stories only for them? I wondered, not for the first time. Or could they belong to the world?





**Doubt tugged at me, as it always did. I was not my grandfather, Ivan Mažuranić, the great poet and statesman. I was just a mother with a head full of strange dreams and old Slavic spirits whispering through my thoughts. But the stories felt alive — too alive to keep locked away in drawers.**

**So I did it. In the spring of 1916, I sent the manuscript away.**

**Croatian Tales of Long Ago — that's what I called it. A simple name for something so deeply rooted in my soul.**





**When the first printed copy arrived, my hands trembled as I turned the pages. There they were — Kosjenka, Malik Tintilinić, Regoč — all of them, waiting patiently to be discovered.**

**And then the letters came.**

**From Vienna. From Paris. Even from London. Publishers asked for translations. Children sent drawings. Scholars praised the “Andersen of the Slavic world.”**





**Me? Andersen? I smiled, almost laughed, though tears burned behind my eyes. I never set out to be compared to anyone. I only wanted to give voice to the tales that lived in the bones of our land - the ones passed down in whispers, shaped by firelight.**

**That evening, I watched my children chase each other in the garden, their laughter floating through the open window. The sun was low, painting everything gold**



**I thought: The world now hears what only  
my family once did.**

**And for the first time in a long while, I felt  
something quiet and full in my chest —  
not pride exactly, but peace**

**The stories had found their wing  
And I had helped them fly.**





# WHY DID WE CHOOSE THIS STORY?

“

WE CHOSE THIS STORY BECAUSE, IF IT WERE  
NOT FOR THIS MOMENT, NO ONE WOULD  
KNOW ABOUT THE *PRIČE IZ DAVNINA* AND  
NO ONE WOULD KNOW ABOUT IVANA BRLIĆ  
MAŽURANIĆ

”





**THANK  
YOU!**