

IVANABRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ



Mia Terezija







- 01 she is from a distinguished family
- her grandfather is Ivan Mažuranić
- first major female writer in Croatia
- 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.



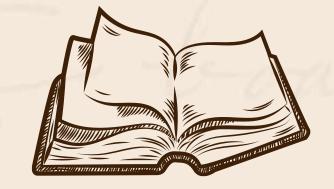
When the first printed copy arrived, my hands trembled as I turned the pages. There they were — Kosjenka, Malik Tintilinić, Regoč — all of them, waiting patiently to be discovered.

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.



