Long, long ago a prince had ridden the path through the fields and near the river. His crown gleamed upon his head...

The grandmother who lives in the cottage near the flowers so yellow and purple loves stones and crystals.

She lives in her one little room with the company of her cat inside and her goat outside. She knows the magic that is stored inside each and every precious treasure she encounters...

The boy hears the bell from far away. This is the bell his mother rings when it is time to come home....

They stand dripping wet on the bridge with the crown held between them. The pattern so delicately and expertly engraved in the gold made pictures of swirls and leaves. It looks as though there were once words on the inside, but it seems it may be impossible to make out what it says...

The children visit the grandmothers to see if they may be able to help them understand the magic of the crown. First isiting the grandmother who lives near the windmill and then the grandmother who lives near the fields of flowers.

The first grandmother gives the children peppermint tea and apple slices.

The second grandmother greets the children with...

Diving into the pool, the children had no idea what was peering out at them from behind a large rock. Never before had he seen a human in his lair so deep below the surface...