


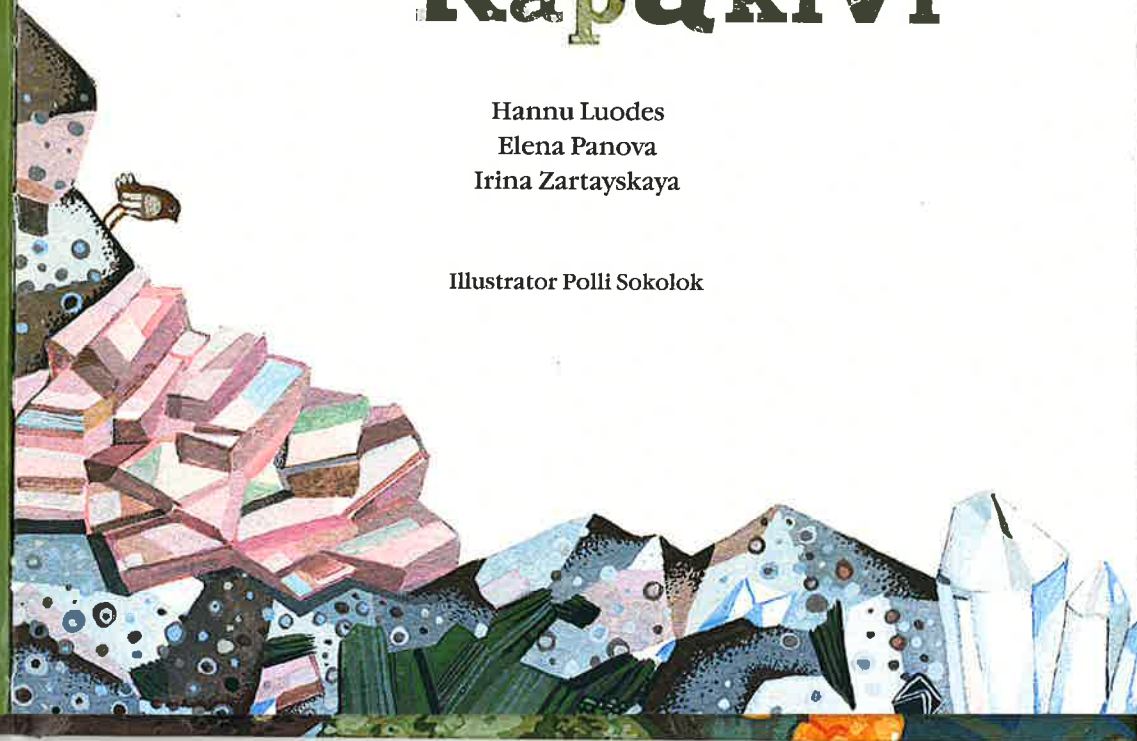
**Story
of Grandfather
Rapakivi**

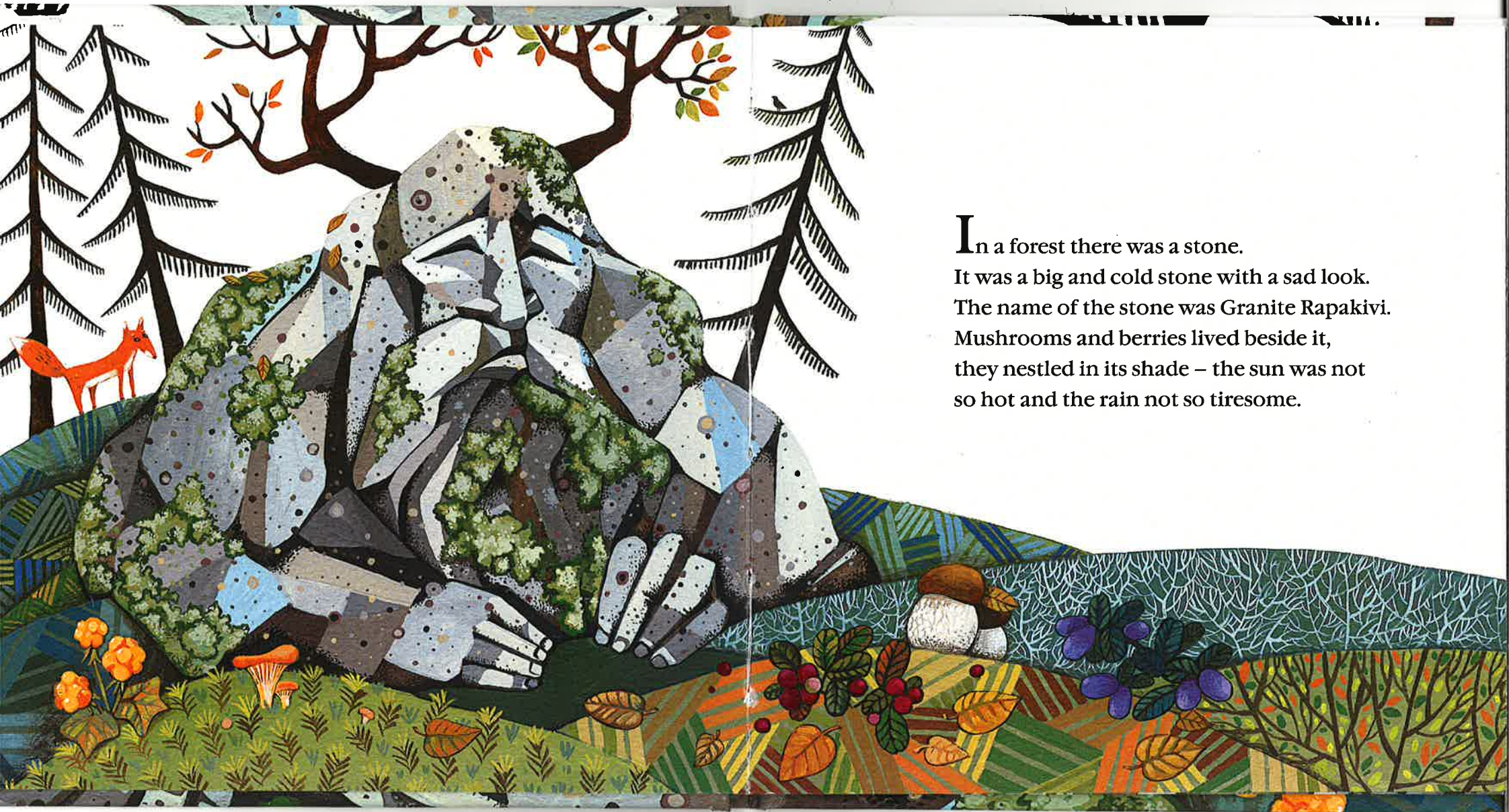


Story of Grandfather Rapakivi

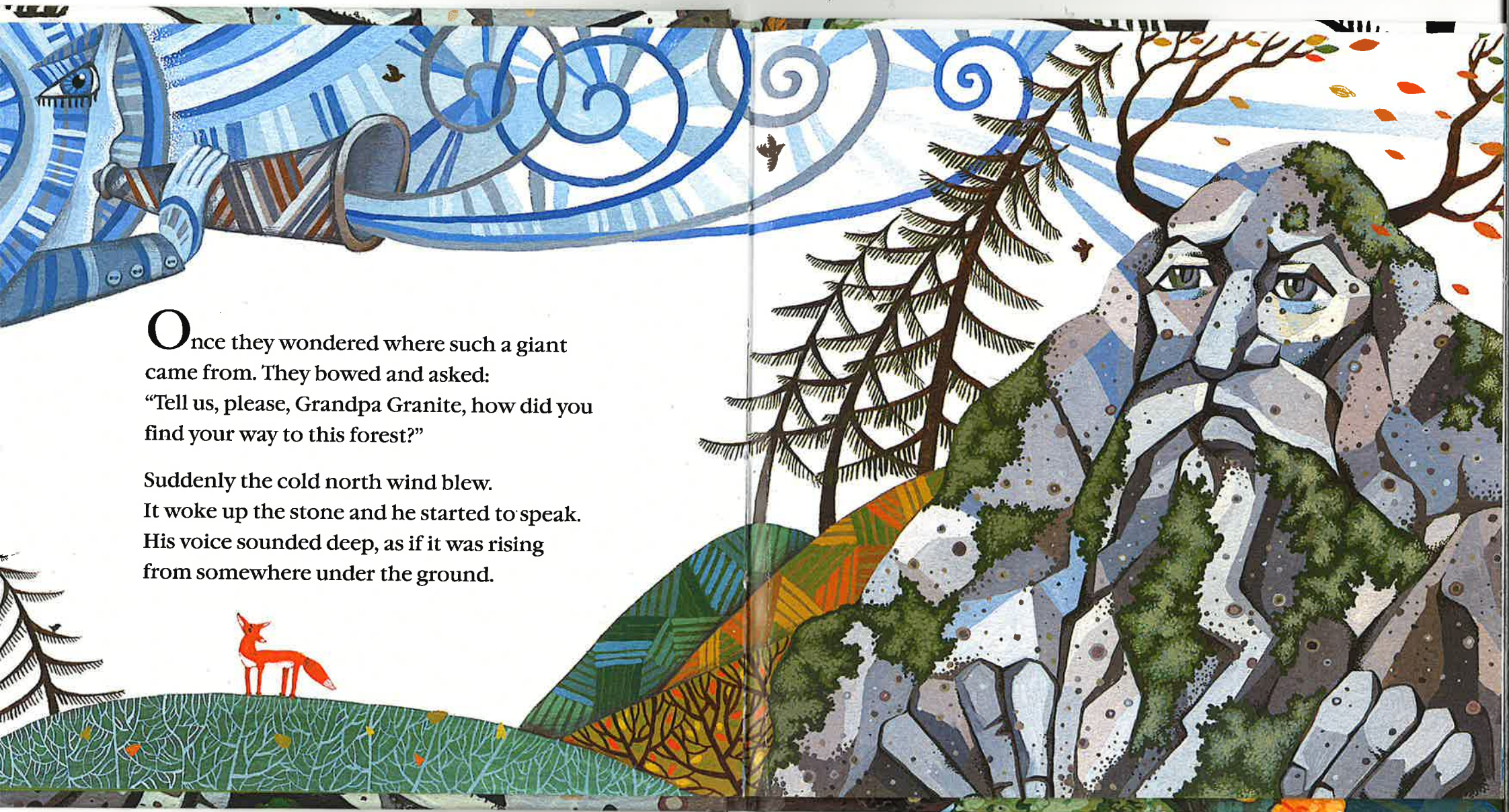
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In a forest there was a stone.
It was a big and cold stone with a sad look.
The name of the stone was Granite Rapakivi.
Mushrooms and berries lived beside it,
they nestled in its shade – the sun was not
so hot and the rain not so tiresome.



Once they wondered where such a giant came from. They bowed and asked: "Tell us, please, Grandpa Granite, how did you find your way to this forest?"

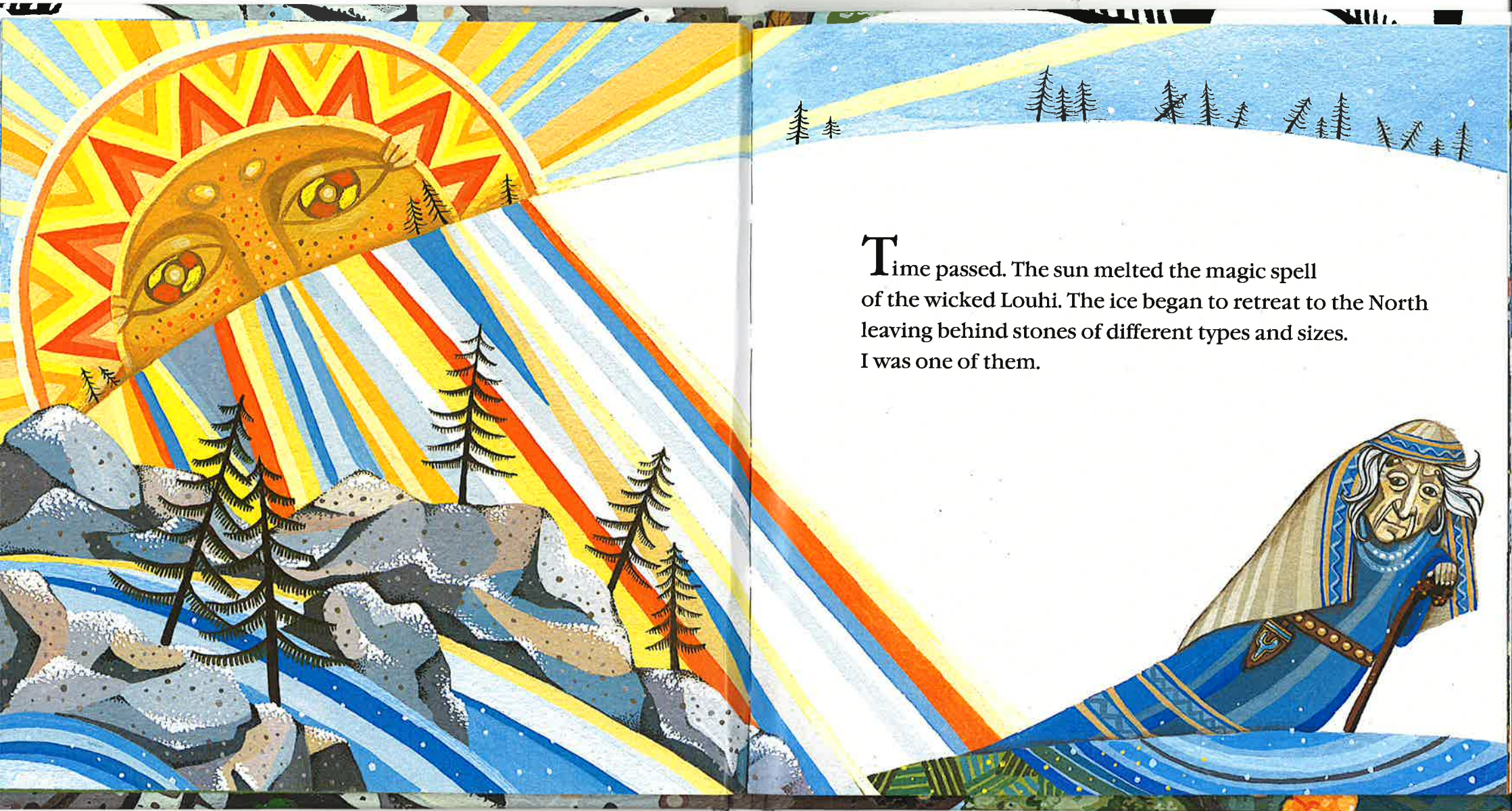
Suddenly the cold north wind blew. It woke up the stone and he started to speak. His voice sounded deep, as if it was rising from somewhere under the ground.



I came from the far country named Suomi, which is now called Finland. There are lots of great stones like me. We settled many thousands of years ago.

In those times our land was covered by ice. They say that wicked witch Louhi brought such a cold that only we and mammoths, dressed in warm skins, could live then.





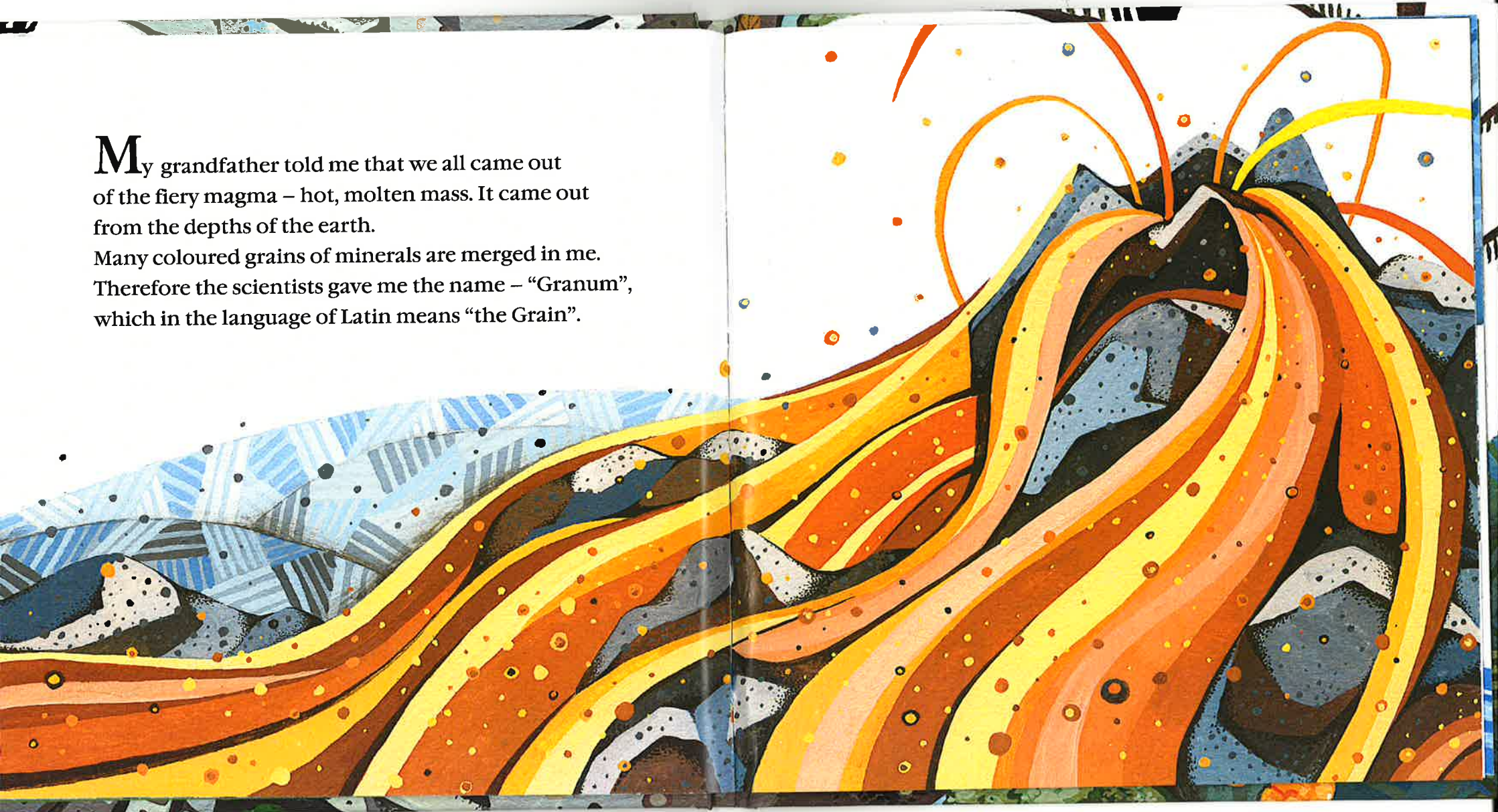
Time passed. The sun melted the magic spell of the wicked Louhi. The ice began to retreat to the North leaving behind stones of different types and sizes. I was one of them.




Mushrooms and berries listened to the story and grew silent. Only one little chanterelle could not keep from asking: "But how did you come to light, grandpa?"

Granite became thoughtful as if remembering something. He was silent for a while and then spoke again.

My grandfather told me that we all came out of the fiery magma – hot, molten mass. It came out from the depths of the earth. Many coloured grains of minerals are merged in me. Therefore the scientists gave me the name – “Granum”, which in the language of Latin means “the Grain”.





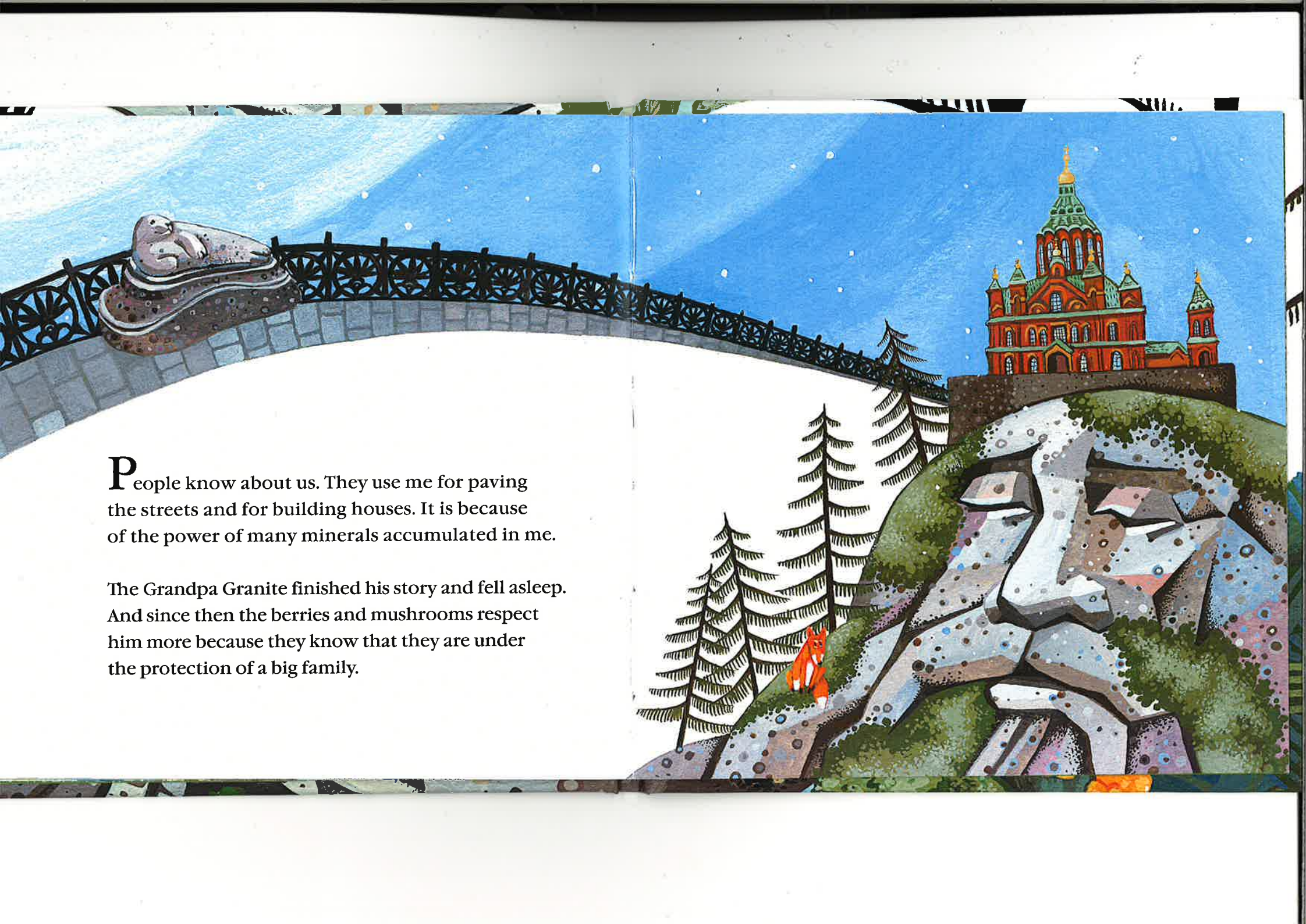
It seems I am alone,
but in fact, there are many of us.
This is Mr. Feldspar.
He shines in the sun in all the
colours of rainbow.

There are many minerals but the
most important is Sir Quartz.
You can meet him in granite but
in many other rocks as well.

And here are
the Amphiboles. There are lot of them.
Among them is the dark green Lady
Hornblende. Thin flakes of Biotite are clearly
visible and shiny in bright light.



We all keep together like a family.
Together we are not afraid on the strong
winds nor the water fall nor the hot sun.



People know about us. They use me for paving the streets and for building houses. It is because of the power of many minerals accumulated in me.

The Grandpa Granite finished his story and fell asleep. And since then the berries and mushrooms respect him more because they know that they are under the protection of a big family.

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