

Centre
for Information
on Literature
Bratislava



Soňa Balážová Dávid Marcin *The Golden Tooth*

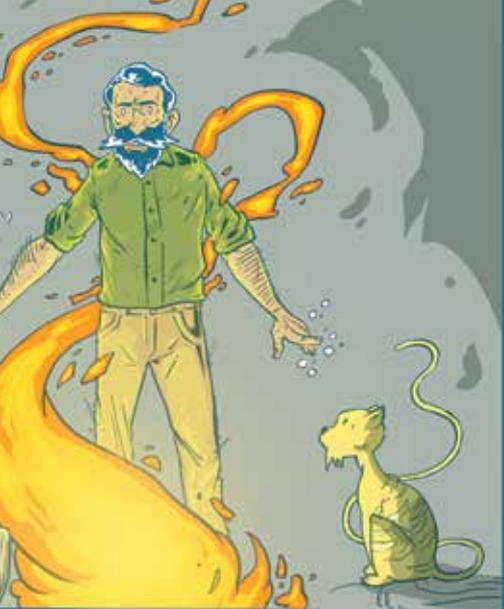


It's always a big thing to know a secret. And when it involves a cellar, then it's an adventure. A huge adventure.

Miriam, Mikuláš and Ivo know something about that. Not only have they discovered a secret cache in a cellar, they have found an extremely strange tin gadget there. What is it? How did it get there? And what is it doing in the school cellar? And who is the person who keeps on writing scary

messages on the door of that secret hideout? You can set out together with the three friends on a journey of adventure to where golden teeth have magical power, strange animals live, and poppy seed dough rolls fall from heaven. And all this is happening in an ordinary elementary art school.





Soňa Balážová (1989)

She grew up in a small town in Považie called Nová Dubnica. Here she went to pre-school, elementary school and elementary art school. She was never able to draw and sing, and so at the elementary art school she applied herself to dance and playing the bass guitar. The dance lessons were in the most remote corner of the building. She

had to go through singing doors, long corridors where the walls were lined with portraits of famous artists, around the concert hall, where something was always in preparation, by a mysterious corner, and on into a room full of mirrors. Soňa has put everything that she used to love into the comics, and the things that frightened her too. And actually a great deal more.



Soňa Balážová *Zlatý zub*

Published by:
Literárne informačné centrum,
Bratislava, 2019, 64 p.

ISBN: 978-80-8119-123-7

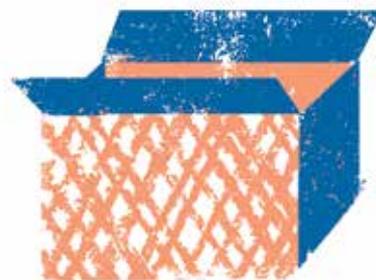


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Zuzana Csontosová

Little Chirper



A compassionate story about the importance of home, which we don't often think about.

Sara's life is beautiful, because she has a healthy relationship with her mum. They are each other's home. Despite financial hardship, they manage to create an orderly, nice world for themselves. Sara's life fits into a small garden cottage: a mattress, a blanket, a chipped mug, and an old suitcase with her school notebooks.

There is no shower in her world. No closet full of toys. Only Mum and Sara. Debt, exhaustion, determination, love. The value of home and its impending loss resonate throughout the story. "Home is a place that is mine. A place where I'm not afraid, where I can go after school with the same certainty as I can breathe."





Alica Raticová (1990)

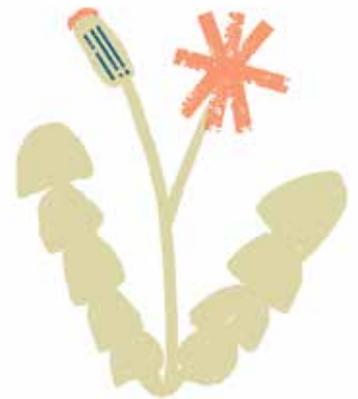
studied Graphic Design at the Academy of Fine Arts and Design in Bratislava, but she has always been an illustrator at heart. Her images have appeared in several picture books by Egri Publishing, including *Cesta domov* (The Journey Home), *Svetozár*, and *Čiapočka* (The Little Riding Hood). She also likes to experiment with other media. While her son is sleeping, she likes to make little creatures and objects out of fabric or clay, which reveal stories of her daily adventures with a toddler. She lives in Bratislava with her family, enjoying the beauty of a simple, ordinary life.



Zuzana Csontosová (1976)

was born in Trenčín, and studied Social Work at Comenius University in Bratislava. She is a co-founder of the magazine *Nota Bene*, which helps the homeless. Currently she is a freelance writer, writing children's stories and articles for the magazine *Dieťa* (Child). In 2013 she published her first book of fairy tales entitled *Najmocnejšie kúzlo* (The Most Powerful Magic). A year later she wrote two more children's books – the ecological fairy tale *Víla Jasmínka a škriatok Vendelín* (Fairy Jasmine and Elf Vendelín), and *Zatúlaný gombík*

(The Lost Button) – the first picture book about homelessness. Through the story of the abandoned dog Button she talks about life on the streets, and tries to make children and adults aware of how a person can become homeless, and what it takes to get off the streets. Her latest work is *Madam Ježibaba* (Madam Witch) – a non-traditional story of Hansel, Gretel, and a modern-day witch, who is not evil, and who helps the children learn English. The author has two children. She lives in Brno, and is a social worker at the Low-barrier Shelter for the Homeless.



Zuzana Csontosová *Sára a zázračný stôl*

Published by:
OZ Proti prúdu, Bratislava, 2018, 77 p.

ISBN: 978-80-971154-7-0



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Andrea Gregušová

Greta



In a playful manner this book introduces children to one of the most serious contemporary themes, the pollution of the oceans.

Greta the Whale is the most famous singer in the sea. One day, however, she loses her voice, and nobody knows why. It is only in the undersea doctor's surgery that the animals discover their problems are being caused by rubbish which ought not to be in the sea. They decide to act quickly and clear the rubbish from the ocean.

Greta is a book which, in a positive manner, encourages respect for the living environment. At the end of the book tips given for children on how they can help Greta and her friends – for example, by exchanging a plastic bottle for a glass one or taking one's own bag when shopping. Also included is a small atlas of selected types of whales.





Andrea Gregušová (1973)

Studied Slovak and music education at the Pedagogical Faculty of Comenius University in Bratislava. She has worked as a teacher in a school for gifted children. After completing maternal leave, she has been working as a teacher of Slovak for Foreigners. She contributes to the children's magazine Rebrík. Andrea Gregušová lives in a village amidst the mountains, not far from Horné Orešany. She has three sons.

It was at her initiative that the music group FidliCanti was formed, which is essentially composed of her children and friends' family members. She has written several books for children: *Červík Ervín* (Erwin the Little Worm, 2009), *Operácia orech a iné dedkoviny* (Operation Walnut and other Granddad's Tales, 2011), *Ako si Kubo obzeral svet* (How Kubo Looked at the World, 2014), *Marína a povaľači* (Marina and the Loungers, 2014), *Nina* (2016) and *Svetozár* (2016).

Nastia Sleptsova (1988)

Nastia Sleptsova is a Ukrainian illustrator, based in Lviv. She illustrates books and magazines and collaborates with various brands. She also manages her own shop on Etsy, where she creates and sells worldwide her personal illustrated products.



Andrea Gregušová Gréta

Published by:
Egreš, Bratislava, 2018, 48 p.

ISBN: 978-80-972134-9-7



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Daniel Hevier

The Legend of the Birds

A magnificent act of homage to storytelling, to stories, to flying and to the world of birds, and which won the title of Most Beautiful Book of Slovakia.

Granddad Lark and his grandson Martin Sparrow are fascinated by the world of birds. Not surprisingly, after all they have birds' names... Maybe that's one reason why they pass the time during a flight to Edinburgh by making up a story on

the topic: a story about the royal harpy and the eagle who became king of all birds; the courageous cock Pedro, who mobilised an army of hens against the enemy fox... and the beguiling power of storytelling, which becomes a legend.





Daniel Hevier (1955)

Slovak poet, songwriter, prose writer, dramatist and screenplay writer, who has been one of the most prominent figures in Slovak literature and book art since the 1970s. He has also shown considerable energy in producing literature for children and youth, and many of his titles, including *Nevyplazuj jazyk na leva* (Don't Stick Out Your Tongue at the Lion, 1982), *Odlet papierových lastovičiek* (The Flight of the Paper Swallows, 1985), and *Futbal*

s papučou (Football in Slippers, 1989) are today part of the golden treasury of this genre. Also well known are his song lyrics, written especially for the group Team. After 1989 he worked as editor-in-chief of the Mladé letá publishing house; later he established his own publishing label, Hevi. He translates from English, Russian and Czech. Besides his literary work he also engages in visual art, creative writing workshops and interactive projects for the support of reading.

Vladimír Král (1974)

is a graduate of the Department of Animated Work at the Academy of Performing Arts in Bratislava (1999). He works as an illustrator and painter and occasionally graphic designer. His work includes book illustration, promotional graphics and design of TV programmes and TV advertisements.



Daniel Hevier
Vtáčia legenda

Published by:
Trio Publishing, Bratislava, 2018, 216 p.

ISBN: 978-80-8170-051-4



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Monika Kompaníková

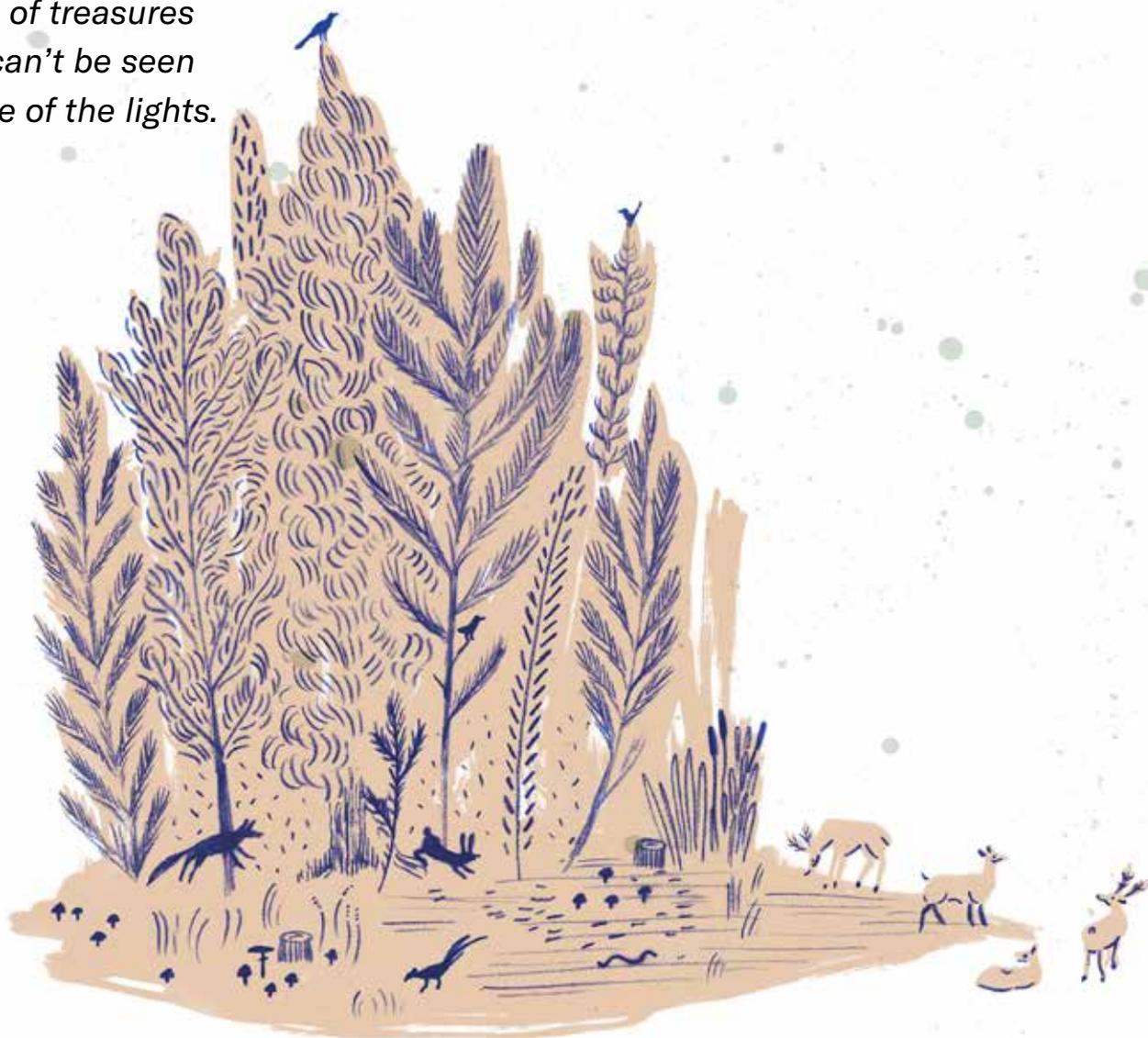
At the End of the World and Beyond



The story of brave children from the end of the world, their mom, a stowaway, a crazy bug, and a mysterious stranger. And of a big city full of treasures which can't be seen because of the lights.

Timi and Ema live at the end of the world, in a tiny basement apartment, which is too small to have a kids' room. But the resourceful children find a way around that, and set up camp in a lift machine room on the roof of a 16-story apartment building. Outside the window are the flickering lights of a big world

as well as their mom's light signals as she goes out to work every night. But how will Timi and Ema deal with the mysterious stranger who moves into their play area one day? Why did their mom's light go out? Will they find the courage to go see what's at the end of the world and a little beyond?





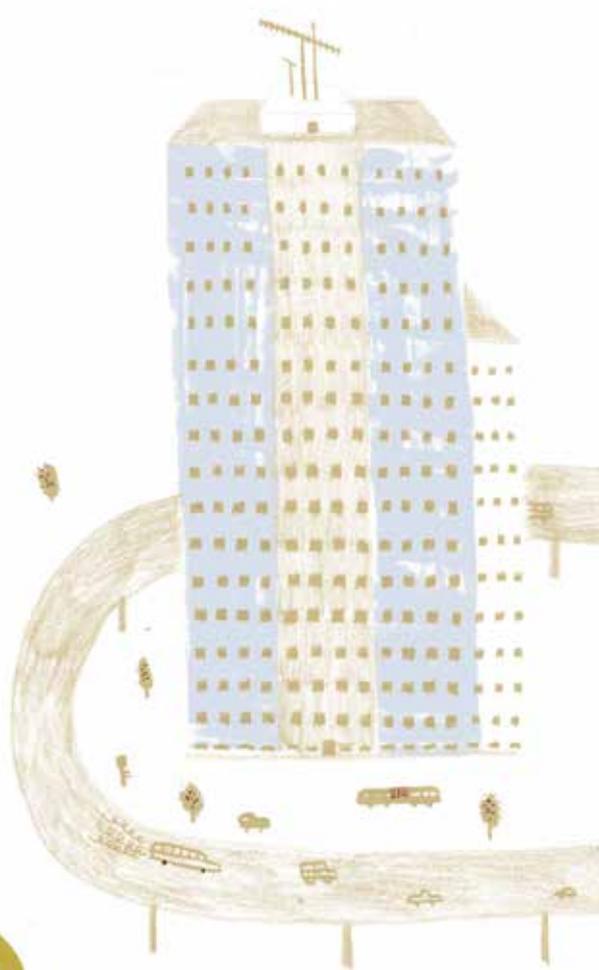
Monika Kompaníková (1979)

studied Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts and Design in Bratislava. She is the author of the short story collection *Miesto pre samotu* (A Place for Solitude), the novella *Biele miesta* (White Spaces), the novel *Piata lod'* (Boat No. 5), the novella *Na sútoku* (At the Confluence), and three children's books. Her novel *Boat No. 5* won the Anasoft Litera Prize. She works for the daily newspaper Denník N, collaborates with the National Gallery, and is the editor-in-chief of the literary newspaper *Čo čítať?* (*What to Read?*)



Veronika Klímová (1989)

lives, works, and grows plants in Bratislava. In her work she uses classic graphic techniques, especially screen-printing and linocut, but she likes to experiment with other techniques as well. She studied Printmaking and Other Media at the Academy of Fine Arts and Design in Bratislava. As an illustrator she has worked on several successful books, including *Až raz budem kapitánom* (Slovart, 2015) (*When I'm Captain One Day*), *Rozprávka o lietajúcej Alžbetke* (Artforum, 2016) (*The Story of Flying Alžbetka*), and most importantly, *Hlbokomorské rozprávky* (Artforum, 2014) (*Deep Sea Tales*), for which she won a prize at the Biennial of Illustrations Bratislava.



Monika Kompaníková ***Koniec sveta a čo je za ním***

Published by:
Artforum, Bratislava, 2019, 160 p.

ISBN: 978-80-8150-264-4



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Michal Hvorecký Klára Štefanovičová *Black Celebration*



How can you give an account of the fall of the Iron Curtain to a generation that never experienced totalitarianism? It seems that comics is one way.

A dramatic story in the background of a little-known Bratislava demonstration, which took place in the afternoon of the most important day of the Velvet Revolution. Jana is a girl of two faces: in the morning the obedient grandchild of a communist functionary, in the evening a messenger of rebellion in a black leather coat, who is having her first big

love affair. The date is November 16, 1989, and in Bratislava a spontaneous demonstration of students for freer and better education will soon be underway. The totalitarian regime is about to fall, but the heroes of this story do not know that yet. How will it turn out –the direct confrontation of the students with the functionaries of the communist party?





Klára Štefanovičová (1995)

is a student of free graphics at the Academy of Fine Arts and Design at Bratislava. She has completed study stays in Tokyo and in Plymouth, England. Alongside her free creative work, where her preferred lines are minimalism and abstraction, she is also intensively engaged in comics, illustration and graphic design. In comics she often draws inspiration from her stay in Japan and from Japanese culture. As an artist, however, she continues to seek new approaches and forms which can include works of diverse formats and techniques.

Michal Hvorecký (1976)

is a writer, publicist and translator. Since the 1990s he has been an essential figure in the progressive line of Slovak literature. His short story collections and novels, including *Silný pocit čistoty* (A Strong Sense of Purity), *Wilsonov* (Wilson's), and *Dunaj v Amerike* (The Danube in America), have proved popular with readers. His latest prose work

Trol (Troll) has appeared in a number of languages and was rated among the literary events of 2018 in Germany. He has translated a number of successful literary works from German, including *The American Emperor* by Martin Pollack and Reinhard Kleist's comics *Nick Cave*. Michal Hvorecký also regularly publishes commentary on public affairs and writes about Slovakia for German periodicals.



Michal Hvorecký
Klára Štefanovičová
Čierna oslava

Published by:
E.J. Publishing, Bratislava, 2019, 44 p.

ISBN: 978-80-972977-6-3



Translation Rights:
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Monika Kompaníková

Where's Ester N?



What is hidden in a gallery? Who is a curator and what do conservators do? How are art works preserved and where do they get stored? Why do some paintings make it into a gallery and others don't? What's

an original and what's a forgery? And why do we need art? The answers to these questions are revealed as we follow Ester on her adventure-filled nighttime journey through the remote corners of a gallery.

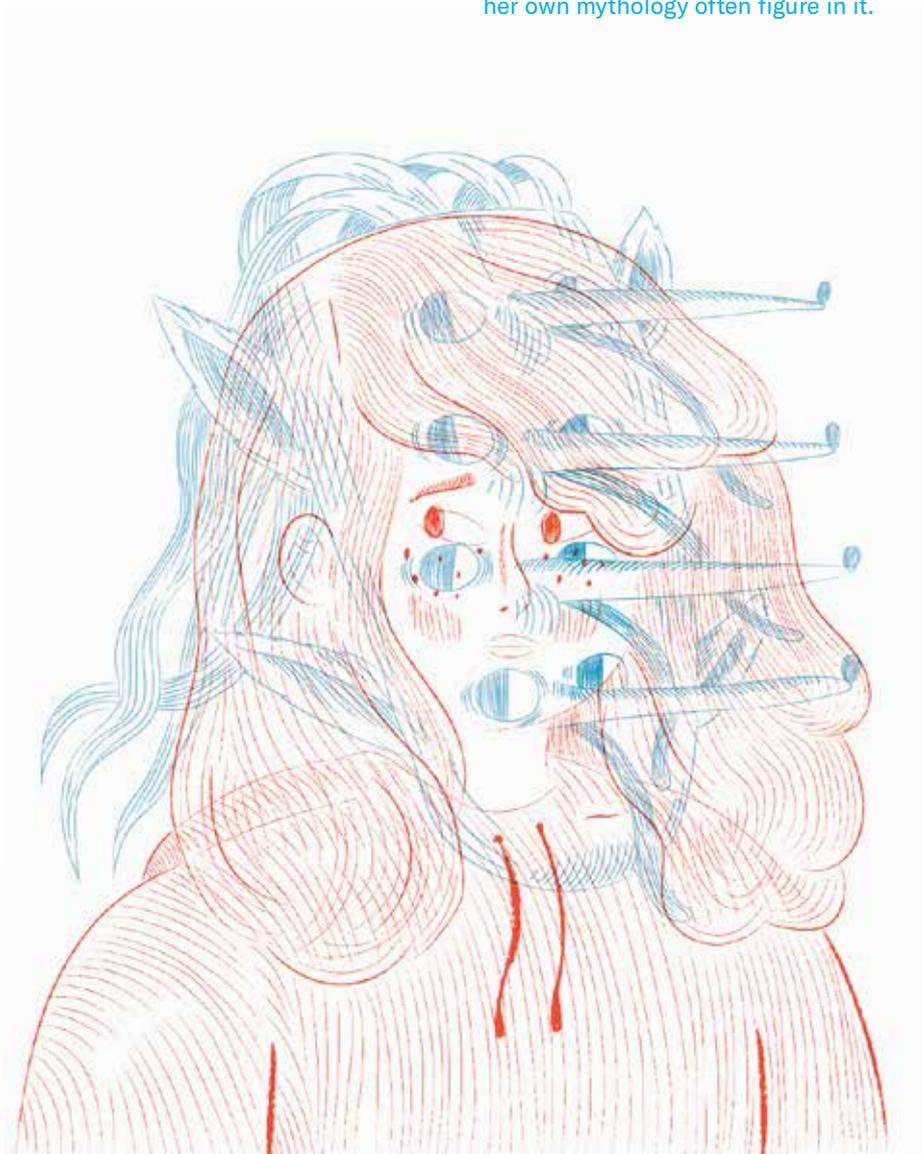
This almost detective story about the 12-year-old Ester is aimed at children visiting art galleries, as well as at those who have never been to a gallery. The gallery is introduced in a manner that not only makes them want to discover it, but also to visit it over and over again. What do Ester and her rat Ernest experience one night when things don't go as planned?





Monika Kompaniková (1979)

studied Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts and Design in Bratislava. She is the author of the short story collection *Miesto pre samotu* (A Place for Solitude), the novella *Biele miesta* (White Spaces), the novel *Piata lod'* (Boat No. 5), the novella *Na sútoku* (At the Confluence), and three children's books. Her novel *Boat No. 5* won the Anasoft Litera Prize. She works for the daily newspaper Denník N, collaborates with the National Gallery, and is the editor-in-chief of the literary newspaper *Čo čítať?* (What to Read?)



Barbora Idesová (1987)

does freestyle, editorial, and commercial illustration. She likes her art to be used on everyday objects, where it can bring happiness to many different people. Her work is influenced by the power of women, nature, meditation, good friends, and other creatures. Beings of her own mythology often figure in it.



Monika Kompaniková
Kde je Ester N?

Published by:
Slovak national gallery,
Bratislava, 2019, 79 p.

ISBN: 978-80-8059-217-2



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Tomáš Murgaš ***Grip. The Snake Who Wanted to Have Legs.***



All of us long for what we haven't got: the snake Grip longs most of all for legs...

The little snake Grip is the biggest grumbler in the forest. He always finds something wrong, but just lately he has come up with something that's really extravagant. He'd like to have legs. Look, nearly all of the animals in the forest have them! Will Grip manage to acquire legs? Or will someone lend them to him? And what will he actually do with them?





Tomáš Murgaš (1985)

studied law at the Pan-European University in Bratislava, but currently he is engaged in international trade in the field of the latest technologies. After completing his studies he spent a number of years in Asia (in Taiwan, Burma and China), where he also worked as a teacher and educator at the first level of elementary school and in pre-school. He speaks fluent Chinese and in his spare time he engages in music and writing texts. Partly thanks to his experience in working with small children, Thomas finds children's themes and stories very close to his heart. *Grip. The Snake Who Wanted to Have Legs* is his book debut.



Marta Mészárosová (1995)

is a final year student at the Studio of Illustration at the Academy of Performing Arts (VŠVU) in Bratislava. She devotes her time to children's illustration, collage and painting. A book which she wrote, *Psoézia (Dog-gerel)*, won an award in the Most Beautiful Books of Slovakia 2018 in the category of student works. Apart from that, she has written the publications *Otravné choroby (Tiresome Illnesses)*, *Etiketa (Label)* and *Príbeh z poličky (Tale from a Shelf)*. During her studies at VŠVU she completed an exchange semester at Burg Giebichenstein Kunsthochschule in Halle, Germany, with a thematic focus on bookbinding. She regularly illustrates for the children's magazines *Slniečko* and *Bublina*.

Tomáš Murgaš

Grip. Had, ktorý chcel mať nohy

Published by:

E. J. Publishing, Bratislava, 2019, 36 p.

ISBN: 978-80-972977-5-6



Translation Rights:

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Patrik Orišek

Journey to the Land of the Dragon

A story of courage, the thirst for discovery, and the willingness to explore new worlds.

In 1271, the Venetian merchant Marco Polo set out on a long journey to East Asia with his father and his uncle, making them some of the first Europeans to set foot on those previously unknown parts. Today we read his travel diary not only as a historical document, but also as a first-hand account of boundless courage, determination, and an insatiable thirst for adventure and discovery. If we look at these brief, business-like notes through the eyes of a child, as in Patrik Orišek's adaptation, what emerges is a picture of magical lands, incredible tales, and mysterious beings.



Patrik Orišek (1977)

is a literary critic, a journalist, and a translator. He has worked as an editor and scriptwriter in Slovak radio, writing dozens of radio broadcasts about contemporary Slovak and world literature. He translates from the Polish (Ryszard Kapuściński, Weronika Murek, Kuźniak, Jacek Hugo-Bader) and from the Ukrainian (Taras Prochasko, Pedro Miđanka, Serhij Źadan). Currently he's a freelancer, and lives in Krakow.



Han (1990)

came to illustration during her studies at University of Applied Arts Vienna, Die Angewandte. She works in digital formats with vector drawing, painting, and collage. Her favourite topics are the city and dreams, and the characteristic elements of her work are dreaminess, simplicity, and melancholy. She does freestyle, editorial, and children's book illustration.



Patrik Orišek
Cesta do krajiny draka

Published by:
Monokel, Bratislava, 2019, 40 p.

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Toňa Revajová

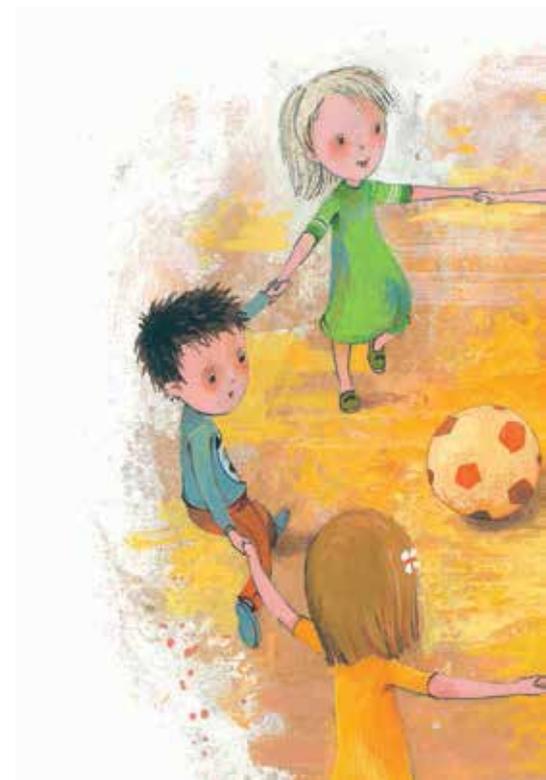
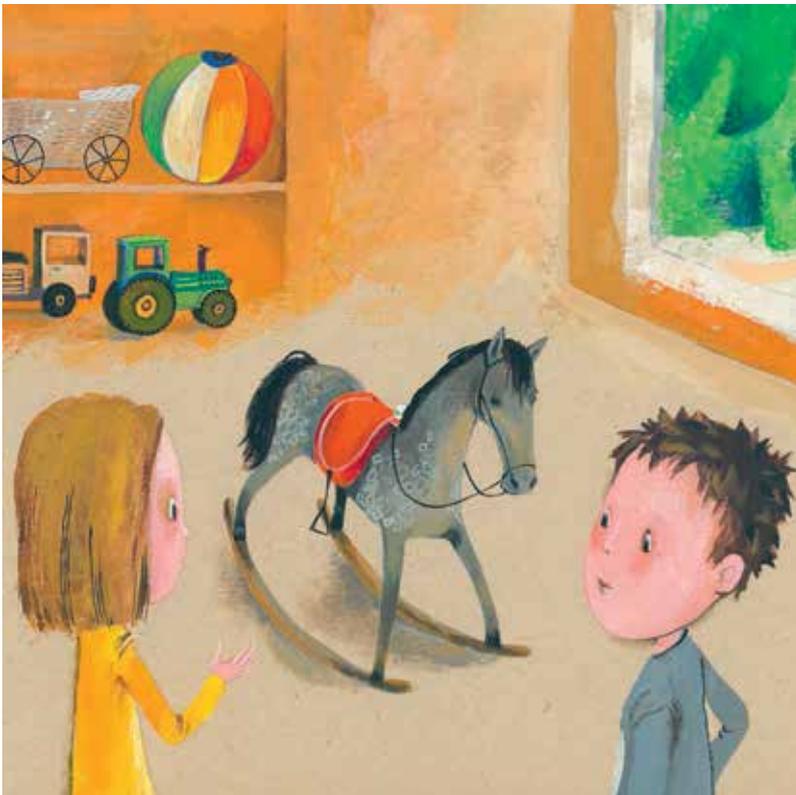
The Year of the Grey Phoenix



Yes, of course you remember this: you're five years old and you can't wait to go to school...

The Year of the Grey Phoenix is the story of little Anna, who at the age of five has taught herself to read and is very much looking forward to school. But they refuse to enrol her, because she won't be six years old until November. The little

girl comes to school every day and sits among the first years... and each time they send her home. A sensitive book about childhood and the boundless longing for knowledge, by one of the best-known writers for children.



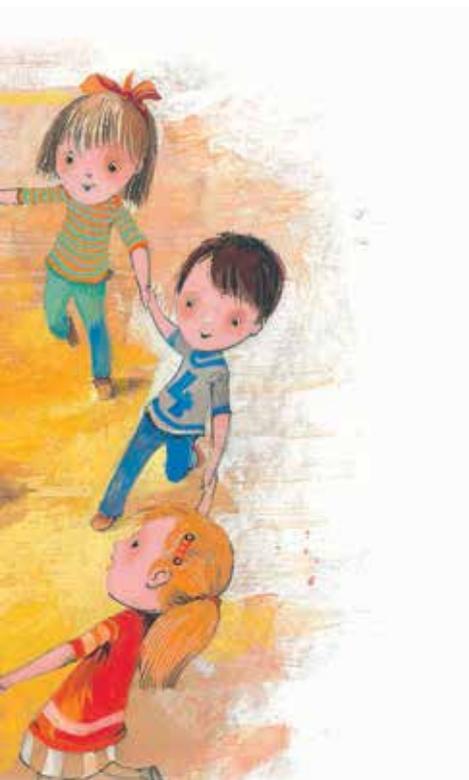


Juraj Martiška (1969)

Studied at the Academy of Fine Arts and Design in Bratislava. He has worked as a graphic artist in graphic design of book publications and magazines. Currently he is engaged in book and magazine illustration, comics, and free painting. He has illustrated more than fifty successful books for children and youth. Juraj Martiška is the holder of 7 awards from BIBIANA (the international house of art for children and Slovak section of IBBY), Most Beautiful Books of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, several awards of Most Beautiful Book of Slovakia, and inscription on the IBBY Roll of Honour for the book *Krajinka s koníkom* (Landscape with Pony). He is one of the youngest laureates for the highest Slovak award for children's illustration, the Ludovít Fulla Prize.

Toňa Revajová (1948)

Toňa Revajová is the author of 11 books for children and youth. She has received several awards for her work. The most important include *Trojruža* 2014 and the inscription of *Johanka in Zapadáčik* among the books on the IBBY Roll of Honour (Mexico City, Mexico 2014). Immediately after its publication *The Year of the Grey Phoenix* received the award of "Best Book of the Autumn 2018". She lives and writes in Bratislava. She has worked as a teacher, literary consultant, editor and editor-in-chief of a number of periodicals. Before leaving regular employment on pension, as a freelance she translated serials for a dubbing studio. Currently, besides her own creative work she edits children's books and literary fiction.



Toňa Revajová *Rok Sivka Ohniváka*

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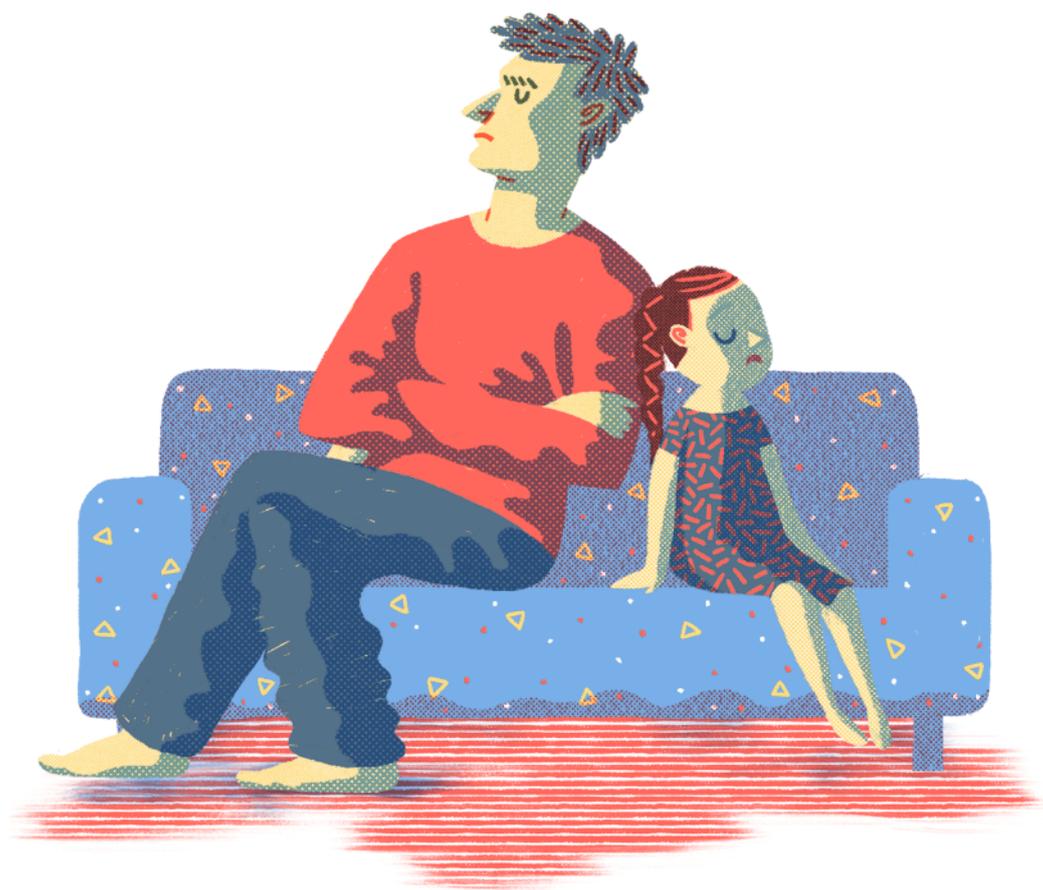
Jana Šajgalíková

Emá and Max. A Story about the Dog Gagarin

*A moving story about
the power and fragility
of friendship.*

Emá and Max are best friends, they live on different floors of the same tower block. Max has a dog Gagarin, whom Emá adores and whom they both go on walks with, while they plan to write a book which would explain to adults how children see the world. Thanks to their friendship and shared love of Gagarin, the two children deal successfully with many problems, until the moment comes

when Gagarin is lost. With the loss of Gagarin the children lose much more: mutual understanding, the power of friendship, the bond between their families, and also the desire to write a book. Via the main characters Emá and Max, the author speaks very gently and perceptively on such difficult themes as divorce, foster care, disagreements and exclusion, things which for many children are part of life.





Jana Šajgalíková (1954)

lives in Bratislava. She studied physics with a specialisation in astronomy and geophysics, and for a brief period she worked in the Seismic Service at the Slovak Academy of Sciences. From the 1990s she has worked in

the private sector, in the real estate business. She is married (to a physicist) and has two grown-up daughters and a granddaughter. She loves books, theatre and cycling. A Story about the Dog Gagarin is her literary debut.

Daniela Olejníková (1986)

Graduated from the Department of Graphic Art and Other Media at the Academy of Fine Arts and Design in Bratislava. She works principally in digital illustration but likes to alternate this with other techniques (lino engraving, watercolour, acrylic). She has illustrated Richard Brautigan's *In Watermelon Sugar*, Katarína Kucbelová's poetry collection *Vie, čo urobí* (She Knows What She's Going To Do), Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*, and a number of books for children and youth. For her illustrations of Marek Vadas's *Útek* (Escape, 2016) she won an award in the Most Beautiful Books of Slovakia 2016 and the Golden Apple at the Biennale of Illustrations Bratislava 2017. For the book *Bydlíme* (We Dwell), together with the graphic designer Palo Bálík she received the Czech award Most Beautiful Book of the Year 2018.



Jana Šajgalíková
Rozprávka o psíkovi
Gagarinovi (Ema a Max)

Published by:
 Literárne informačné centrum,
 Bratislava, 2018, 80 p.

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SOŇA BALÁŽOVÁ

DÁVID MARCIN

ZLATÝ ZUB

TAJOMSTVO ŠKOLSKEJ PIVNICE





Sára a zázračný stôl

Zuzana
Csontosová



7€

polovica

pre predajcu

**NOTA
BENE**

There are no street lamps where we live. There are large trees, a fence, and gardens. We live in the middle of a garden plot community. When we walk up the hill to our cottage in wintertime, it's dark all around. So dark, that if I stretch out my arm, I can't see the palm of my hand. Sometimes I hear rustling in the darkness, but I know it's just a stray cat or a small hedgehog passing by.

Last night my mother's colleague Ivan came over.

"Hey girls, you won't have to sit on a mattress anymore, I've brought you something," he said cheerfully as he opened his car door.

I ran to see what he had for us. Ivan pulled out several boards, bolted them together, and we had a beautiful wooden table.

"It's cherry wood," he said. "We used to sit at it when I was a boy. At our house we used to say it's magic."

Then he unloaded four chairs from the car, and placed them around the table. Before that day my mum and I had been using an upside down wooden crate in place of a table. And can you guess where I used to do my homework? On top of an old suitcase.

I sat down at the table and started to draw. My mum and Ivan were talking in the garden. As I was drawing a picture for my mum, I thought I felt the table move. It turned and then straightened back out, as if it were dancing. I think it was happy to be with us. It'll enjoy being at our place. My mum will peel potatoes for lunch on it and do her sewing. We'll sit at it to eat, and after we clear the plates, I'll draw and do my homework on it. And since our cottage only has one room, the table will get to see everything that's happening.

Recently I dreamed that our cherry table turned into a long bicycle. It looked like a tandem, which is a bike for two riders. I learned that from Ivan, when he told us one day that my mum and I were his favorite tandem. But the bike in my dream wasn't for two people; it was for three. When I asked Ivan whether there was such a thing as a threedem, he looked at my mum and asked whether he could finally let me in on it. Ivan told me that he loved my mum and me, and he would very much like for us to be a real family. Then they asked me what I thought about it. I said I wanted to draw something for them. I drew a very long bike with all three of us on it. There was a basket above the rear tire, and our little dog Snowflake sat in it. While I was drawing the picture, my mum and Ivan were making potato pancakes for dinner.

NAPÍŠALA
ANDREA GREGUŠOVÁ

ILUSTROVALA
NASTIA SLEPTSOVA

GREŠA

EGREŠ



It was then Greta's turn to be seen by the doctor. Coughing, sniffing — oh she could manage that all right. But she couldn't sing a note!

"I'll have to examine you thoroughly and have a look down your throat. Open your mouth as wide as you can and say a-a-a-h. Hold it open and be careful not to swallow me!" said the doctor. She had kind and tired eyes and Greta wasn't in the least bit afraid of her. But the examination went on for a long time and was terribly ticklish.

And although she tried with all her might, it turned out to be too ticklish.

"Atchoo!!!" sneezed Greta and the whole ocean trembled.

The doctor flew from the whale's mouth like a ball from a cannon. Priscilla immediately started after her though, and somehow managed to catch her in her mouth. If she hadn't, the poor doctor would probably have ended up on the seashore.

"It's serious, I'm afraid Greta," said the doctor once Priscilla had brought her back to the surgery.

"Your throat is very swollen. You must have drunk some very dirty water. You haven't lost your voice forever but, at the moment, it just can't get out through that sore throat of yours." "Oh dear," croaked Greta. "What should I do?"

"Don't sing for a few days nor even speak. And gargle with clean salt water three times a day." Priscilla didn't understand: "But all day we swim in salty water..."

"Oh it may be salty. But it's not been clean for a long time. The sea is in a terrible mess. More and more animals are falling ill or getting injuries..." The doctor closed her kind and tired eyes for a moment. Every day the poor lady's waiting room was full to bursting point.

The book cover is a vibrant illustration of various birds and foliage. At the top left, a toucan with a large, colorful beak is partially visible. In the center, a yellow bird with a black head and a blue eye is prominent. To its left, a brown bird with a large white beak and a blue eye is shown. In the foreground, a large black bird with a long, pointed beak and a blue eye is the central focus. Below it, a white bird with a blue eye and a small crest is visible. The background is filled with detailed line drawings of leaves and branches. The title 'VTÁČIA LEGENDA' is written in large, white, sans-serif capital letters across the middle. Above the title, the author's name 'Daniel Hevier' and the illustrator's name 'Ilustroval Vladimír Král' are written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font.

Daniel Hevier
Ilustroval Vladimír Král

VTÁČIA LEGENDA

Trio
PUBLISHING

“I don’t need to tell you how the kids from the street, my fellow-pupils, screeched, whistled, warbled, hiss-s-s-sissed, and trilled at me. At music lesson the teacher picked on me: Lark, do your singing out in the wild, but not in class!”

“I know something about that,” Peter recalled. “The kids used to caw at me, though a sparrow doesn’t caw. And needless to say, they didn’t let any chirpy sounds pass without comment: watch out, we’ve a sparrow in our midst!”

“So then, I’ll tell you a fair... well, a legend about birds. The legend of the birds. You’re clever and well-read, you know that there’s a great many birds in the world. Millions of songbirds! ”

“Granddad, more than that,” Peter corrected him. “After all, there are seven thousand millions of us people. There must be a great many more birds!”

“Are we having a mathematics lesson or telling stories?” Granddad asked, offended. Fortunately, Granddad had another admirable quality: though he quickly took offence, he easily got over it. He continued:

“Let’s agree that there are countless numbers of birds in the world. But at the beginning, right at the beginning of the beginning, there were only two birds.”

“A male and a female,” Peter interrupted him. “The birds Adam and Eve.”

“Exactly right,” his granddad Martin continued. “They lived in the Garden of Eden and they regaled our first ancestors with their singing.”

“Regaled?” Peter laughed at him. “Granddad, where do you go to get these words from before the Flood?”

“To my childhood.” Once again Granddad Martin took offence and got over it immediately. “And now, don’t forget that we really are in the time before the Flood. Adam and Eve are dwelling in the Garden of Eden and our two songbirds are singing to them from the treetops. They’re living the life of Paradise. Eve strokes their feathers and Adam lets them sit on his bare shoulders.”

“I know,” Peter remarked. “The animals lived with human beings in symbiosis.”

“Meaning in harmony or in concord,” his grandfather added. “So then, our little birds lived perfectly together with the first human beings.”

“That’s what I’m saying: they were in symbiosis with them.”

Granddad did not let himself be provoked, and he continued: “But afterwards, as you know, Adam and Eve had to leave the Garden of Eden, and they went out into the world.”



MONIKA
KOMPANÍKOVÁ

KONIEC SVĚTA

A ČO JE ZA
NIM



VERONIKA
KLÍMOVÁ



Artforum

A Bug's Journey

Even an ordinary bug does something crazy once in a while. It sails on a leaf to the other side of a river, flies across the ocean hidden in a flight attendant's hair, crawls into a sleeping rhino's ear or into a sleeping boy's nose. We don't know why the bug does it; perhaps it's curious or willful, or perhaps the whole thing is an accident.

One day such a bug, about the size of an orange seed, crawled all the way to the top of the tallest tree in the forest. It found a comfortable spot beneath some peeling bark, and took a look around.

The forest was sinking into darkness, and nighttime animals were already awake. The bug could hear a fox walk quietly down below, a bat maneuver between branches, a mouse rustle in the grass. A bird that lived in the tree hollow was preening its feathers, and ants marched toward their anthill.

A wind blew from the north, and the top of the tree swayed precariously. In the east several birds took flight, and on the southern edge of the forest there was supposed to be nothing but darkness. But from up high many lights were visible, which had been overshadowed by the stars. The lights flickered and changed colours, they turned on and off; the bug couldn't stop looking at them. It wanted to fly closer, but it knew that it could not cover such a distance on its tiny wings. When a magpie landed on the branch, the bug saw its opportunity and slipped in between its tail feathers.

The bug let itself be carried all the way to the edge of that lake of lights, to the roof of a 16-story apartment building. A flickering city lay before it.

The bug walked along the metal roof, crawled into several cracks, felt every barrier it came across with its antennae, and found a hiding spot in an area that wasn't windy and had a good view of the city.

Amazed, the bug watched a 12-lane highway, which wound its way near the apartment building, and brought thousands of cars to the city.

A knocking sound interrupted the bug's musings. It raised its antennae, straightened out its transparent wings that stuck out from beneath their grey wing cases, and looked around. In addition to several antennas and a lightning rod, there was a lift machine room on the roof of the building – a boxy little house with a door and a window facing the city. A light appeared in the window, bounced and shook for a moment, but after a while it stopped moving and illuminated two pinkish faces with black eyes. The little bug didn't know what kind of animals they were; they didn't look like any creatures it had seen in the forest. It was afraid of them, but it was also drawn to the light.

NEŽNÝ
KOMIKS
№1



ČIERNA OSLAVA

KLÁRA
ŠTEFANOVIČOVÁ

MICHAL
HVORECKÝ

ej.





HI! SO YOU'RE HERE TOO! IT'S GOOD THAT YOU CAME!



LET'S FORM A CIRCLE. JOIN HANDS. IN UNITY IS STRENGTH!



THERE'S LIGHTNING OVER THE TATRAS, THE THUNDERS WILDLY BEAT, LET US HALT THEM BROTHERS, FOR THEY WILL VANISH AND THE SLOVAKS SHALL LIVE!

WHERE IS MY HOME, WHERE IS MY HOME? THE WATER ROARS BY LUČINY, THE PINES RUSTLE BY SKALINY.





MONIKA KOMPANIČKOVÁ

KDE JE ESTER N?

PRÍBEH O TOM, ČO VŠETKO SA DÁ
STRATIŤ A NÁJSŤ POČAS JEDNEJ NOCI
V SLOVENSKEJ NÁRODNEJ GALÉRII



Ester's Having a Bad Day

She would like to launch herself to another planet or at least to get onto a different tram, which could take her to another day. She'd cancel today, erase it, blot it out. One moment she's happy, one moment she's sad, and in between she's angry.

Mr. Ernest is also restless today, he squeaks and hisses, and can't settle down. Maybe he's also having a bad day. And maybe other people are having a bad day too, but it seems to Ester that everyone else is fine; she's the only one out of sorts.

The tram is packed, even though at this time of day she can usually get a seat and curl up into herself. Now she's standing with one side pressed against an angry gentleman, the other against a cold handrail by the door, and there is a bag bumping into her head. When they pass the museum, someone shoves her and presses her with a backpack up against the door. Mr. Ernest squeaks and crawls deeper into the pocket of her hoodie. The tram squeaks as well, the doors open, and Ester falls out of it like a nut falling out of a shell. She pulls the hood over her head and lets the crowd carry her to the pavement, over the zebra crossing, and onto the road to the embankment. Under the bridge she is swept along with a group of tourists who are spread out across the pavement, moving from one historical monument to another. They are accompanied by a white umbrella and the clicking of camera shutters. All Ester can see are dozens of scurrying shoes, her own feet, and the white lines of the next crossing, over which the group gets her safely.

When the flock spits her out in an open space, she leans against a wall above the river, pulls back her hood, straightens her hair, and finally takes a breath. The air smells like the river.

There's a building in front of Ester. It's too different, too angular, extravagant, odd. It's in the way and out of place. It doesn't fit. It wouldn't fit anywhere, with anything. It's superfluous. Incomprehensible.

Just like her.

The building grins at her with two rows of sharp teeth high above the street and above its gaping maw. On each side it has eyes made up of dozens of windows, and its massive body is huddled in between old apartment buildings and a hotel.

She knows it's no monster. It's an art gallery. She can read. But it's never occurred to her to go in. Art galleries are for school groups, retirees, and artists. Looking at objects and paintings she doesn't understand is not for her.

**Grip.
Had,
ktorý
chcel
mať
nohy**



“I want legs! I waaaaant leeeegs!” Grip screeched, and his throat quivered like a leaf in the wind. The other members of the snake family just rolled their eyes and waited impatiently for Mama to sort out the young malcontent.

“Grip, I’m asking you, stop! Who ever heard of a snake having legs? Look, it’s total nonsense! Stop imagining things, because you’ll be late for school.”

“But, Mammy, all the animals in school have legs, except me!”

“And that’s how you have to be,” said Mama flatly, refusing to discuss any further.

Grip wasn’t satisfied with this. He took his bag of books and went off to school crying. As he crawled along, a stream of tears was trickling down him and he shouted more loudly than ever. “I waaaaant leeeegs!” he whooped, till the trees trembled. And he never even noticed that he’d left the path and was all by himself in an unknown part of the forest.

“Who’s shouting here?” said a thunderous voice, breaking through his crying. That sound made Grip begin to come to his senses. He noticed something strange in front of him. Coarse, long and grey, it resembled a snake. He looked more closely and discovered that at the end of this longitudinal oddity there was something still stranger. Then he realised that he was not looking at any wild snake but at an elephant’s trunk, and he continued his lamentation.

“I waaa-aant leeeegs! Tell me, why don’t I have legs?,” he said to the elephant, who looked as if he was smiling under the trunk. Grip did not wait for an answer and whimpered on, “I’d like to have at least the kind that you have!”

He hadn’t even manage to finish saying this, when he felt himself in the air. Suddenly he was looking at the world from a height of almost two metres. Two pairs of enormous elephant’s legs were sticking out of his snake’s body.

“Legs! Hey, I’ve got legs!” Grip was delighted, as he looked at a world unknown to him until now. Across the grass and the flowers he looked into the far distance, which he’d never seen before, because something had been blocking his view.

But at the moment when he wanted to step out on his new legs, there was just no way he could lift them. He had to tense all his muscles so as to move even a little. The elephant’s legs were simply too heavy and Grip could not master them. He shuffled here and there with them in ridiculous movements, trampling on flowers, beetles, bushes, and everything else that lay in his path.

A stylized, abstract illustration in shades of yellow, purple, and red. On the left, a large, purple dragon with a white eye and a crown-like crest looks towards the right. In the foreground, a knight in a red tunic and blue hat rides a black horse. The background features a large, bright yellow sun or moon, a white wavy line, and a purple mountain range. The overall style is graphic and modern.

PATRIK ORIEŠEK
HAN

**ČESTA
DO KRAJINY
DRAKA**

MONOKEL

After three years of hardship we finally reached our destination.

We entered the city of the great Khan Chubilaj. It was called Shang-Tu, which meant upper capital city in Katai.

But the Khan didn't live there year-round.

He only spent the hot Katai summers in the pleasant climate of this area.

Outside the castle walls there was a beautiful lake with many wild birds – cranes, pheasants, and quail – which he hunted at dawn.

During the day he rested in the cool marble palace, or in one of the airy bamboo gazebos in a grove by the river.

At dusk he rode his white mare on the lush green meadows, and his tamed leopard followed him on a leash.

In the palace he raised hawks and eagles in giant cages. He fed the birds of prey the meat of red and fallow deer that the leopard had caught in the steppe.

Outside of town by the river we saw a Dragon in the fog.

At least we thought we saw it.

Its massive golden body wound around bamboo pillars, and its fierce talons held up the delicate roofs of the gazebos. It looked down on us with a terrifying gaze.

Before we could get a better look, it took off like lightning and disappeared in the clouds. By the time we arrived at the gazebo, it was gone.

In Shang-Tu the Khan's subjects told us that the great Khan was in his winter capital, Chanbaliku. The many citizens of Khan's land, the Katai, who looked and sounded very different from the Tatars, called it Tatu.

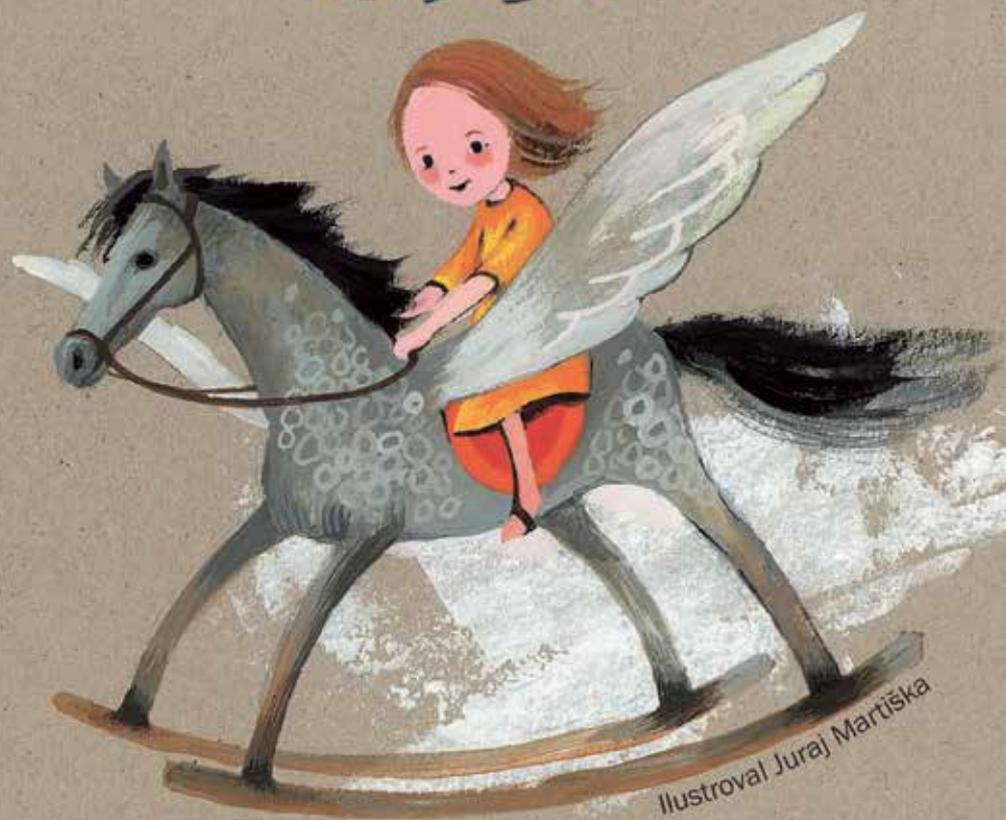
Tatu was square-shaped, surrounded by a moat, and protected by tall white walls. Inside the walls there was another square, which was also surrounded by a tall wall. Within these walls was a palace where the great Khan lived.

The city had twelve gates. Three on the north side, three on the south, three on the west, and three on the east. The Khan's subjects entered through the smaller side gates. The center gates were always closed. They only opened for the great Khan to pass through them.

The Khan's palace was not accessible to commoners. Behind the palace

Toňa Revajová

ROK SIVKA OHNIVÁKA



Ilustroval Juraj Martiška

And it carried on just like that. Beyond each sentence a new sentence awaited her.

After a few pages, little Anna no longer needed to go back to check what the sentence was about.

The sentences seemed to come into her by themselves. The book seemed to come into her.

When it had all come into her, little Anna understood. I can read! I've read all the pages!

She wanted to tell everyone, Mama, Dad, Magdalenka.

She clutched the book to her chest, and then something happened.

All of the sentences spilled out of the book. They threw themselves upon little Anna.

She had them all over, but they didn't do her any harm. They only... took her away with them.

They caught her under the elbow and threw her high in the sky. She flew up among the stars with a little naughty angel. The stars talked to him as if to someone they knew well.

"You'll have to return in a while," they told him.

"I know that," he smiled. "It's just... I love being with you."

Little Anna thought that maybe she was dreaming. And if not, then certainly she must be invisible.

But the stars noticed her.

"You're new here, aren't you?" one of them said to her. She was the smallest one of all, and every moment she winked.

"I'm only... I was reading, and... I'm sorry that I've burst in here like this." Little Anna's eyes were wide when she realised where she was...

"Right into the universe."

"You're not the first," the star twinkled. "The story carried you away, hey?"

"The sentences," little Anna declared.

"Well, exactly," winked the star. "They are put together in a story, and..."

She threw her arms about and didn't know how to finish.

"... they do what they like with us," little Anna said, helping her.

Some of the stars were smiling.

"I have to go now," little Anna said. "The family will be looking for me."

She waved to the little angel..

Ema a Max

RŮZPŘÁVKA O PSÍKŮVI GAGARINŮVI



**Napísala Jana Šajgaliková
Ilustrovala Daniela Šlejníková**

About my Friend and Gagarin

My dog Gagarin is mostly in good humour. Actually, he's always in good humour. The only thing that can spoil his mood is when he's very sick. Then he doesn't wag his tail, he hunches over, lies down, doesn't want to play, and refuses to take medicines from the vet. By the way, he can't stand the vet. But fortunately he's been sick only once. In winter we never leave him shut out on the balcony when we leave the house, as some of our neighbours do. We walk him, even when it's horrible outside and we don't feel like getting up. We always welcome each other at the door. He's allowed to watch telly with us and lie on the sofa, and we scratch him between the ears. Sometimes we take much better care of Gagarin than we do of ourselves.

My dog is called Gagarin. That was the name of a cosmonaut, the first human being who flew in space. His rocket was called Vostok. There was a dog that went to the cosmos before him, Miss Laika. Dad said our dog is a lot cleverer than any other dog. That he's actually as clever as a man, and so he called him Gagarin. According to Dad, our dog could perfectly well fly into space, even if he came from an animal shelter. He was there for so short a time that they didn't get around to naming him. And so we named him.

My friend Ema doesn't have a dog. Her family too is a bit strange: it's called a foster family. She says it's fine and that it's something I don't understand.

She often comes to us, and Gagarin adores her. I'm not surprised that he does. Ema has a brown pigtail and she always smuggles in something nice for Gagarin. But only something small, because my Mama told her that spoiling dogs with treats is harmful. Mama told her everything about Gagarin: what he was like as a pup, his exercise, and the fact that Gagarin understands human speech.

When Ema comes round to Gagarin and me, she always knocks three times. Gagarin knows immediately that it's her. He runs to the door and barks like crazy till we open it for Ema. Then he leaps up on her with joy, till she staggers. And sometimes he even knocks her down on the ground, because he's a really big dog.

Today it was the same as always. After Gagarin's boisterous welcome of Ema, we went together for a walk round our lake. One of the adults had always gone with us until now, but since I was almost eleven years old and we lived in a safe small town, Mama agreed with Dad that we could go on our own. After all, we had a guard dog and a mobile. I have a mobile already, though Ema doesn't. Mama promised her one for her ninth birthday.