



NASH FORMAT PUBLISHERS

KIDS & TEENS

TRANSLATION
RIGHTS GUIDE

FRANKFURT · 2022



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NASH FORMAT PUBLISHERS

Nash Format Publishers is a Ukrainian publishing company established in Kyiv in 2006. We focus on nonfiction in fields ranging from business and economics to psychology and personal development, biographies, and memoirs. We also have a robust fiction series. Our publishing house has brought more than 300 translations to the Ukrainian readers, including works by Nobel Prize laureates, The New York Times Bestsellers, and The Economist Bestsellers. We published Ukrainian editions of Nassim Nicholas Taleb, Jordan Peterson, Francis Fukuyama, Niall Ferguson, Richard Thaler, Ayn Rand, and others.

Since 2019, Nash Format Publishers began a vibrant series of Ukrainian nonfiction. We already have several bestselling authors, and are always on the lookout for unique new voices and stories.

"Nash Format Kids" was founded in 2020 to create Ukrainian books which will help children grow up clever, skillful, and creative.

Publishing both printed books and ebooks, Nash Format has set up an extensive distribution network. It includes more than 800 sales points alongside our online store, nashformat.ua, which ships worldwide.

According to Forbes Ukraine, Nash Format Publishers was the 7th on the list of the 20 best Ukrainian publishing companies in 2015. In 2021 Nash Format won the prize from The Association of Ukrainian Entrepreneurs for its project *Army is Reading*.

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SASHA VOITSEKHIIVSKA

MARUSYA'S IMPORTANT MATTERS

HEARTY AND TENDER BOOK ABOUT THE MYSTERY OF BIRTH



Illustrator: Albina Kolesnichenko

Published: 2021

Length: 40 pages

Dimensions: 240 × 205 mm

Target group: 2+

- ☆ Short list of the nomination "Children's holiday" (books for children) of the Ukrainian national rating "Book of the year"
- ☆ Special award of the Ukrainian National Literary Award "First Swallow" of the National Union of Writers

ABOUT

The book is about a little girl Marusya, who still lives in her mother's belly. She studies the world from her mother's words and movements, from her father's voice and touches, from the diverse surrounding sounds, sometimes strange, but very, very interesting... And then the miracle of birth and of discovering the world comes!

FOR WHOM

For family reading with a child aged 2+, also for parents who experience happy and important moments of child bearing and of giving of a new life.

WHY

This is a book about the thrill of anticipation, the first communication with a baby when he or she is still in his mother's belly. But even there, the child already has to do many important things: to get to know the father, light, warmth, touches, to play hide-and-seek and to push for the first

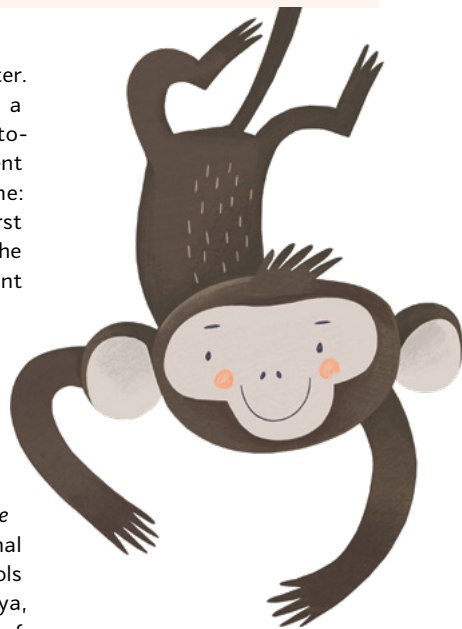
time, to show his or her character. And then the moment of such a long-expected first meeting together with hundreds of different things come for the first time: meeting with relatives, the first new dishes, the first protests, the first touches to the environment and the first 'wow!'.

AUTHOR

SASHA VOITSEKHIIVSKA is a young writer from Lviv. She won the competition "Write a book about me" with her fairy tale *The Secret Council of the Winds*. Historical and educational books about the ancient Mongols and Kingdom of GaliciaVolynya, and the book about a monster of garbage are in preparation by the Ukrainian publishers. She created *Marusya's important matters* on the basis of her own experience of child bearing and giving birth to her daughter Marusya.

ILLUSTRATOR

ALBINA KOLESNICHENKO is an artist and illustrator, ecoactivist



and vegan. Nash Format Publishing has published the book *In Simple Words* by Mark Livin and Ilya Poludonnyi with her art work.

EXCERPT

Marusya's parents talk about love very often.

But the girl can't understand what this word means. Because every time her parents call something different as love.

'Who is there?' Mom once asks dad and puts his finger on her belly. 'Our love,' dad says, kissing mom's belly.

Marusya is surprised. What does that Love look like, if she is Marusya?!

On the next day, dad calls Marusya's mom as love and hugs her. But she is the mother, isn't she?

And yesterday my mother bought a dress and spent all the evening telling her father about "love at the first sight"!

Well, Marusya could not understand what love is. Until she has been born.



IREN ROZDOBUDKO

SCARY TALES

FUNNY AND PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE STORIES, OR SCARY TALES



Illustrator: Nadia Kushnir

Published: 2020

Length: 48 pages

Dimensions: 205 × 260 mm

Target group: 3+



On PEN's Ukraine list of best Ukrainian books in 2020

ABOUT

Once upon a time there lived a girl Sofiyka. She was three years old. One day, her mom brought Sofiyka to see a fur-tree but the girl didn't feel like it. Instead, she acted out and kept saying "I want a bun! I want a bun!" And then a Great Bun came to her...

FOR WHOM

For young children who discover the world, learn to interact with it and to gain control over their emotions. And, clearly, for parents who strive to be playful, creative and loving guides for their children on the way to this important discovery.

WHY

All children sometimes like to play up, to act out, to throw a tantrum before their parents. They can be mean, they are afraid of the dark, they won't tidy up their toys etc... Do you know how to handle that? Easy! Read aloud to your

child these funny, mischievous, and thrilling scary-tales by the eminent author Iren Rozdobudko. You will see that your children instantly recognize themselves in various scary situations they experienced first hand. They will realise it's not scary at all, on the contrary — it's fun!

AUTHOR

IREN ROZDOBUDKO is an acclaimed Ukrainian author and a screenwriter. She wrote more than 35 books for adults and children, namely, such famous novels as *The Lost Button*, *Withered Flowers Are Thrown Away*, *Pascal's Amulet*, *A Swallow Came Flying*, *Incredible Her* etc. Among her stories for children and teenagers are *The Adventures on Klavaren Island*, *Prominent People's Childhood*, *The Sign of Accidental Travellers*, *Arsen*, *When Dollies Come To Live*. She teaches screenwriting at Kyiv National I.K. Karpenko-Kary Theater, Cinema and Television University. She



was awarded the title of Golden Ukrainian Writer in 2012.

ILLUSTRATOR

NADYOZHNA, pseudonym for **NADIA KUSHNIR**, a celebrated Ukrainian designer and illustrator of many children's books. She has gained popularity as the author of the web-comics *Hus* (Goose). She is working for UNICEF Ukraine, the European Union, a nonfiction media *Kunsht*, among others, during the ongoing russia-Ukraine war.

EXCERPT

There was a boy.

His name was Mykolka.

He was three years old.

One time he and his mother were returning from the puppet theater.

They were a few steps away from their house.

But Mykolka sat on the ground and said, "I'm very tired. Carry me!"

His mom told him that he's heavy, he's a big kid now, and he needs to walk using his own legs.

But Mykolka sat on the ground and cried, "I'm tired. I'm tired! I want you to carry me!!"

Then, his mom pulled her magic wand out of her basket, and Mykolka turned into a tiny seed.

His mom took the seed in her hand and carried it home.

At home, she put the seed on a plate and went to wash her hands.

And then she looked in her basket, to get her magic wand and turn the seed back into her son Mykolka.

But the wand was gone!

His mom got scared — what if her son would remain a tiny seed forever?

And she ran to go look for her wand.

Maybe it had fallen out along the way?

She looked and looked.

And looked and looked.

And looked and looked...

But still couldn't find it.

While she was looking for it, the seed on the plate started to open up and grow a little green sprout.

Finally, the mom found her magic wand and returned home.

She waved it above the seed, and it turned into a boy with long, green hair.

"This isn't my son!" she was surprised, "this is some random plant!"

And Mykolka thought long and hard and said, "I'm big now, and I can walk on my own two feet."

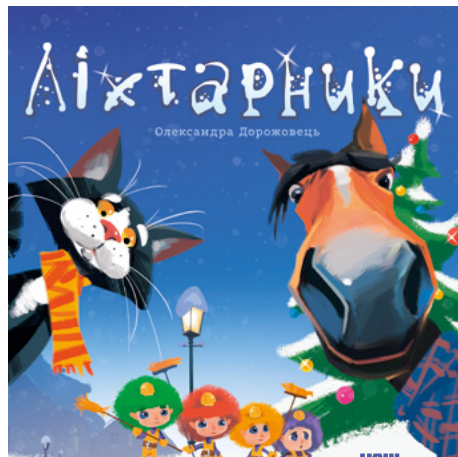
His mom was very happy to hear that. And she took him to go get a haircut to get rid of the leaves on his head.



OLEXANDRA DOROZHOVETS

LANTERNERS

A TOUCHING FAIRY-TALE FOR WINTER HOLIDAYS



Illustrator: Evhen Samoylov

Published: 2021

Length: 36 pages

Dimensions: 210 × 210 mm

Target group: 4+

- 🏆 On PEN Ukraine's list of best Ukrainian books in 2020
- 🏆 On Top Barabooka's list of best children's books in 2020

ABOUT

Martyn the Cat lives on the outskirts of the city in a wooden house. He loves looking out from his window at what is going outside and falling asleep to a steady dance of colourful street lights. One day he learns a great secret about those who make sure the lights work fine, maintaining order in the city... However, when there are abundant snowfalls and the street and traffic lights' eyes are "blinded" by the blizzard, the world stops since no one controls traffic and a thick darkness covers the city at night. That's when Martyn the Cat has to share his secret with a friend because secrets sometimes need help too!

FOR WHOM

For children who enjoy warm and magic stories that happen to nice and kind characters as well as for parents willing to nurture emotional skills and foster humanistic values in their children.

WHY

This is an incredibly kind and touching fairy-tale: the best choice for family reading on festive winter evenings and a wonderful Christmas or New Year present for a child.

AUTHOR

OLEXANDRA DOROZHOVETS is an author and artist. She had worked as a lawyer for more than ten years until she wrote *The Old House*, an inspired fairy-tale for youngsters that won the 1st prize in the *Write a Book About Me* contest and was recognized as the best debut in children's literature in every book rating of Ukraine. Olexandra also authored a few stories for primary school children: *Dreamy Little Cat Faho* and *Lanterners*.

She lives in Germany now.

ILLUSTRATOR

EVHEN SAMOYLOV has taught painting and worked as the main artist in many Ukrainian projects. Primarily known for his

caricatures, he won awards in numerous Ukrainian and worldwide caricature exhibitions. He is now a freelance artist.



EXCERPT

Inokentiy lived almost in the center of town, quite close to the town square. The square had a cafe, where he drank hot chocolate every morning with his friend Martyn, a cat. However, for two days now, he hadn't left his house due to bad weather. He was sad and wasn't at all tired, because he'd slept through half the day.

Inokentiy sat by the window and reread an old newspaper for the third time. It had been dark for a while now, but the lanterns hadn't lit up yet. Well, maybe they had, but none of them were visible because of the snow.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Surprised, Inokentiy got up, put on his slippers, and went to open the door.

"We need to find the lanterners right now!" a giant snowball on skis informed Inokentiy from the threshold of the door.

"I'm sorry, who are you?" asked the astonished horse.

The snowball sneezed, and shook off, piling a mountain of snow in the hall – and turned into Martyn the cat.

"Oh, my friend!" the horse was happy to see him. "Come inside, warm up! What brings you here in the middle of the night?"

"I'm telling you, the lanterners!"

"What lanterners?" the horse did not understand.

The cat sighed, embarrassed.

"I have to tell you a secret," and he explained how he'd learned about the lanterners and watched them for almost a year.

"And this whole time you didn't tell me anything?" sternly questioned Inokentiy.

"Yes," Martyn shamefully pressed his ears down to his head, "I liked having this secret, I didn't want to share it."

"Why are you telling me now?" the horse asked irritably. It was obvious that he was offended.

"Because they disappeared!" exclaimed Martyn. "They're gone for the third night in a row. This has never happened before!"

"And why does that concern me?"

"No one cleans the lanterns!" said the cat, "Look how dark and gloomy it is. Even the traffic lights are not lit. And that's trouble!"

The horse just snorted at that.



"I will go with you to help the lanterners," finally said Inokentiy, sternly adding, "but I am very mad at you."

"Great!" exclaimed Martyn. "You can be angry on the way. Let's hurry and go find the lanterners."

"Wait," the horse said, "all rescue operations need to be carefully planned."

He went to go gather supplies. He started by packing a bag: a thermos of hot tea with lemon and sugar, cookies, a rope, and a flashlight.





Inokentiy would have brought something else, but the bag was full. Then he put on tall boots and wrapped his long neck in a colorful warm scarf.

* * *

Gathered around a tiny dim flame sat four furry creatures wearing bright yellow overalls. They all carefully studied the napkin laying next to the candle. There was a small cheese sandwich sitting there.

“Last one,” sighed the biggest lanterner.

“How should we share it?” asked the thinnest one.

“Equally!” squeaked the smallest.

“I don’t agree,” the biggest one was indignant, “I need more. The whole thing should be given to me.”

“That’s so unfair!” screamed the smallest.

“Quiet,” intervened the tallest, “We’re splitting it equally.”

The sandwich was split, and very quickly eaten.

“Not much,” remarked the biggest one, licking his fingers. Everyone else sighed in agreement.

“How are we going to get out?” squealed the smallest one.

“If only I knew,” sighed the thin one, “We need to get the car out from under the snowpile, but we can’t.”

“Let’s just wait here,” suggested the tall lanterner, “Maybe someone will come help.”

“Who will help? How would they help?” the small one shook his head, “No one’s supposed to know about us! No one! Otherwise, disaster! Tragedy!”

“Calm down,” grumbled the big one, “what’s worse is that the lanterns haven’t been cleaned yet.”

The lanterners sighed again and fell silent. The small one nervously tapped his feet on the floor.

Suddenly, something rustled outside their window, and a pile of snow flew into the house. Martyn’s fluffy face appeared in the window.

“We can help you!” announced the cat.

The terrified lanterners huddled in the corner and stared at Martyn. Next to him, Inokentiy also squeezed his head through.

“Hi,” the horse smiled.

The smallest lanterner jumped up and started running from wall to wall in the tiny house. “Ahh, ahh, ahhh, we’ve been exposed! The end of everything!” he shouted.

“Hey! Quiet!” The big one grabbed him and covered his mouth with a fuzzy paw. Turning to the newcomers, he asked in a businesslike manner, “You got food?”

OLEH CHAKLUN

PRINCESS-BLOGGER

FUNNY BLOG OF A MODERN PRINCESS



Illustrator: Maria Rudiuk

Published: 2020

Length: 128 pages

Dimensions: 130 × 185 mm

Target group: 6+

ABOUT

Valeriya is a real, real princess. She is the daughter of a king and a queen. She lives a fashionable life in a castle. At the same time, Valeriya is a real, real blogger, and besides conceiving various pranks and silly things, besides implementing her ideas, she also tells everyone about them in her blog. How to snatch cakes from the royal kitchen, while they are still hot, and, therefore, the most delicious? How to outwit a man-servant, to deceive the guard of the castle, or even to make friends with a terrible troll and to make him assist you in committing pranks? You will find these and many other various life hacks in the incredibly funny book *Princess Blogger* by Oleh Chaklun.

FOR WHOM

For children aged 6+, for small modern creative fidgets, who love fun adventures, games, entertainment, master social networks, and

are on close terms with the newest technologies. It is also for parents, who care about the creative development and the socialisation of their children.

WHY

This book has everything, that modern children love: princesses, their own blog, Disneyland, pranks, quests, games, etc., therefore, it is definitely able to draw an attention of even those children, who are completely dedicated to gadgets, to reading, which is such an important issue for the full development of personality. At the same time, this book shows the

importance of a full online-life — live communication with peers, siblings, parents — for a child.

AUTHOR

OLEH CHAKLUN (autonym **OLEH RYBALKA**) is a writer, traveller, and experimenter. He worked in the IT industry, also in tourism, advertising and publishing businesses. He is the author of a dozen books for children of all ages, including a trilogy of picture books about dreams, imagination and fantasy — *Dream*, *The Boy and the Sea*, *Snowflake Dance*. It was translated and published in Lithuania, Poland, Latvia, Greece and other European countries.

ILLUSTRATOR

MARIIA RUDIUK is a psychologist and artist. She has illustrated more than a dozen children's books.





Today I will tell you how to steal patties from the royal kitchen.

As you know, all fathers-kings and all mothers-queens do not allow their daughters-princesses to eat a lot of sweets. Especially patties and cakes. Because you need to stay thin, and a whole bunch of other yada yada yada...

But I will tell you that the cakes are very tasty, and you should eat them, while they are fresh. And where do fresh patties live? In the royal kitchen, of course! Today we will... steal them from there! 😊

If someone is afraid that I will be caught or bitten by an evil kitchen goblin guard, close your eyes! Anything can happen, but I'm ready to take risks for the sake of a delicious, fragrant, fresh cake.

So, first we need to prepare ourselves.

You should wear a light princess dress and leggings. Put sneakers on your feet, not shoes. Because if you have to run away, you should feel comfortable. And if you wear a gorgeous dance dress and crystal shoes, they will definitely catch you! 😊

Don't forget to tie the crown with a rope or a silk ribbon, that's important too. Because if you run, and it falls down, and you get it lost, will you still be a princess after that? Now I took my smallest hoop crown and fastened it very tightly. Here it is, now I'm almost ready. It's time to collect useful tools.

You should take a backpack with you. How many patties will you be able to eat, especially on the run? It's better to put the cakes in a backpack, then to eat them safely. Also, you can put a lot of useful things in a backpack, 'cause you never know. 😊

Here's what we'll need:

- A mobile mirror (because the smartphone has not been invented yet) — because what if suddenly you will need to call your girlfriend-princess and ask her for advice or to brag about very delicious patties. And how are you going to eat them without posting their photos on Instagram or Facebook? That's a lot of likes, you can't miss them!

- A flashlight — because you should have it with you in every princess adventure.

- Gloves — because fresh cakes can be hot! Also, jam can leak out from them, and the princess's hands should always be neat and clean.

- A toy — because somehow you will need to mislead. So, you have to leave a small toy in the kitchen, so that everyone could think that their little sister did that. While they will look for her, you will have time to eat everything and to cover up your crime. If you do not have a sister, you can leave a bone or your pet's ball — let them try to catch him!

And now we are ready!

Subscribe to my channel, press 'like', and watch the next video, where I go to the kitchen to get cakes!



KATERYNA SHTANKO

FIERY FAIRYTALE

FLAMING MAGIC OF THE UKRAINIAN FAIRY-TALE



Illustrator: Kateryna Shtanko

Published: 2021

Dimensions: 130 × 200 mm

Length: 112 pages

Target group: 6+



Shortlisted for the BBC Book of the Year 2021

Shortlisted for the Book of the Year 2021 national rating in the Children's Holiday (literature for primary school) nomination.

ABOUT

Hasia and Ighos are in trouble: while playing they have accidentally destroyed the raro, a spirit of fire. Chur, a bad-tempered guard of the hearth and home, has exploded the kiln, which means they can kiss goodbye to those delicious pies their grandma used to make in it... However, they can make it right if they have the courage to head off to the flaming realm of Flama and bring a new raro for the kiln. The journey is by no means easy – flaming dangers are lurking at every turn!

FOR WHOM

For children aged 6-10 who enjoy vivid breathtaking stories based on the best Ukrainian folk fairy-tale traditions as well as for parents who care about their children's aesthetic education.

WHY

The fairy-tale brings young readers to a marvellous world of Ukrainian folk flaming magic while teaching them about fire safety.

AUTHOR

KATERYNA SHTANKO is one of the best-known and best-loved Ukrainian book designers. She is an award-winning illustrator of a few dozen books for children. Her first literary work, the fairy-tale *Go Dragons!*, won the prize of The BBC Children's Book of the Year 2014. A new story, *The Flaming Tale*, is the second book by Shtanko as a writer.



EXCERPT

At last, the guardian of the hearth stopped next to the double archway and looked helplessly at the twins with his ember eyes.

"I'm afraid it's been a little too long since I've last traveled into the Flama. I think it's been around eight hundred years. I'm quite embarrassed, but I've forgotten the road a bit."

"I get it. You're lost!" yelled Igor indignantly.

"If I'd known that you're so forgetful, I would have never..." began Gasya.

"I'm not that forgetful," Chur was offended, "I remember a lot of things. For example, if you go into those doors with the bronze lion's head on them, you'll end up in Lviv, at a chocolate shop, right in the ovens where they make the creamy milk chocolate. Here, smell it!"

Through the crack in the door with the lion's head, the twins really could smell the wonderful aroma of fresh chocolate.

"And if you step into those doors over there with the golden crown, you'll travel right into the ovens at the kitchen of the Buckingham palace, where they make food for the queen herself. Seems she has roast beef for lunch today."

The twins both sniffed their noses, the smells of the royal kitchen making their stomachs growl.

"And that gate with the two golden keys on it leads right into the fireplace of the Pope. You understand, this underground tunnel has doors to all the ovens of the world!"



SERHIY SVYRYDENKO

ROYAL HEIST



Illustrator: Natalia Kotylevska

Published: 2021

Length: 88 pages

Dimensions: 130 × 185 mm

Target group: 6+



1st prize in the 2019 Write a Book About Me contest by the Fontan Kazok publishing house

ABOUT

Princess Nika was enjoying a stroll in the royal garden when she stepped on a centipede's leg. A furious centipede demands "one hundred thousand million" as compensation for damages. However, there is no money to be spent in the kingdom. What is more, the hare-brained king makes a paper plane out of the receipt and tosses it out the palace window. Centipedes then kidnap the prince and two princesses, and that's when a funny mess begins! A laugh-out-loud, giggle-inducing fairy-tale by Serhiy Svyrydenko will win the hearts of both girls and boys. And parents, too, will see much grownup wisdom in the seemingly childish jokes.

FOR WHOM

For today's creative active youngsters who enjoy funny adventures with princes and princesses, mysterious investigations, and interesting games as well as for parents who want their children to be creative and to have a good sense of humour.

AUTHOR

SERHIY SVYRYDENKO, born in 1959 in a family of a cameraman and a teacher, claimed he was a 'natural-born writer' having inherited "the right" genes from his parents. However, attaining his writer status had to wait until he had a full career: from a schoolboy to a student, then a scholar and eventually a businessman. Once he reached his retirement age, he

gave up his hard work right away and started writing funny stories for children.

ILLUSTRATOR

NATALIA KOTYLEVSKA illustrates children's books for many Ukrainian publishing houses. She has also worked as an animator and was involved in *The Good Soldier Švejk* feature film production.



EXCERPT

Like almost all princesses, Nikusentsia was well-behaved and nice. The truth is, all princesses are always and constantly being taught, and only the super resistant ones remain rude. Nikusentsia did not have that kind of stubbornness.

"Forgive me, please," she said, "I did not want to step on your tail. I just didn't see it."

"What do I get from your apology?" snapped the centipede, "Oh, my poor sixty-seventh foot! And the thirteenth? Constantly falling into trouble!"

"Maybe I can help you somehow?" asked the princess, as her royal teachers had taught her. Having said this, she firmly decided that she would carefully go as far away as possible. She started bouncing on her toes again. If she were a common girl, she would have already run away. But princesses can't do so without some delicacy.

"You? Me? Help?" the centipede was offended, and surprised. "How can you help me, you miserable four-legged monster! Squish the rest of my legs to leave me to shamelessly die in front of you?" After a moment of thought, she added, "Maybe money for treatment? For example, a hundred devalued crowns?"

The animal stopped wriggling around on the ground and rose above the grass in the shape of a question mark. She swayed reproachfully as if shaking from weakness. But the trickster caterpillar now had high hopes for those crowns. There was no better currency in the world. Imagine a landscape with a royal palace printed on thick paper, with a portrait of a beautiful queen on the back. Everything seems to be sun-drenched. Not only humans dream of good money.

Rudeness would offend any princess, but ours did not stay silent: "First of all, I'm not a monster!" her tone was tough as a nut, "And second, I'm not four-legged, I'm two-legged! My mom said that's because of evolution! Ha! Personally, just so you know, I'm at the peak of evolution! That's what my mom said! Third, I'm not miserable, I'm a princess! And fourth, our crowns are not deval... Mom said: we have normal money if it's never enough!" She decided to omit the word "devalued," since she did not know what it meant, and did not want to sound uneducated.

For a moment they fell into silence, and the girl felt that she had a chance to delicately slip away. But suddenly the centipede started screaming, even louder than the frogs in the royal pond.

"So you're the king's daughter! And you didn't say anything! Then a hundred thousand crowns for my poor trampled legs! A hundred! Thousand! For my emotional troubles! And my wounded pride! And my squashed ego! And... and..."

For a while, the queen was simply listening in as her husband and the prime minister were deciding with who to start a glorious victorious war. But soon, she could not hold her right.

"So, let me get this right," she began, with a voice that made the candles flicker, "You want to battle our good neighbor Dandelion the Third, because he has a petrol station?"

"E-e-e," was the only response the king gave, and he only responded at all because kings were always supposed to have a response.



Prime minister Extortionericus had learned to sneakily walk sideways a long time ago, so he slowly began to move towards the exit.

“Stop!” The queen’s voice was eerily soft, but hard, the kind of voice used to hammer nails into concrete.

For some reason, Extortionericus’s legs started shaking.

“The palace isn’t clean,” coldly whispered the queen, making even their bones shiver, “The chickens are already stirring. The fridge is empty. The windows aren’t washed. There are dirty dishes in the sink! And someone’s sock is stuck up on the chandelier in the throne room! Who’s?”

“Not mine!” quickly thinking, replied Extortionericus.

“E-e-e...” said the king again, voice trembling as he recalled how many socks were on his feet. “The vacuum broke and...”

“Quiet!” As if another nail was hammered into the wall, “I don’t want to hear it! No vacuum? We have brooms! And remember absolutely no war until you clean up the palace! I am announcing a general cleaning! We have kids in the house.” The last words sounded like a court verdict.

* * *

A horde of centipedes began to pour into the bank in a merciless wave. With them, they brought a slightly dazed Prince Voldeper and his sister, and in about a minute, the wave filled everything. The floor seemed to come to life, wobbling as if trying to lick at chair legs, potted plants, the feet of security guards and cashiers. The latter began to smile, tickled as they slept. A wave with paws, looking for something, running from wall to wall. Moments later, it found its way into an open bank safe, climbing higher, pouring inside...

Mrs. Extortionericus finally ran out of breath and stopped screaming. Her safe had been rudely broken into. Voldeper took advantage of the situation, and said what he’d long dreamed to say.

“Stay calm, this is a robbery!” He quite liked detective films, and had heard this wonderful phrase hundreds of times. It’s a shame that most heist movies end badly. Best case scenario, prison. So the prince started getting nervous.

“This isn’t your robbery, it’s mine,” angrily said the centipede queen, sliding off the paper airplane and on to the floor. She decided, in such a grand moment, to be closer to her people. And to the safe, obviously.

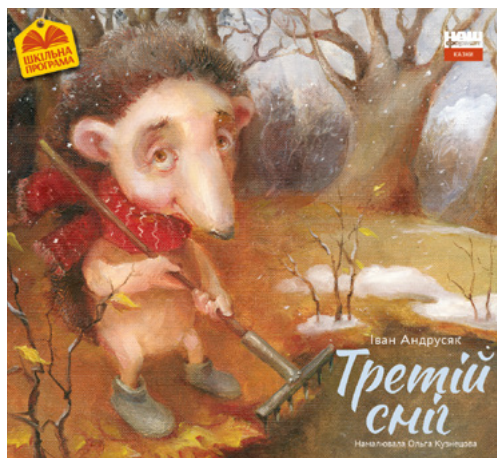
Soon, the first wad of money tumbled out of the safe, and started traveling across the centipede wave towards the exit. After that came a second, then a third, fourth... The line of money headed for the door, disappearing beyond the bank doors. And there was nothing to be done about it. The centipedes worked so efficiently it was as if they’d been robbing banks and passing around wads of cash their whole lives.



IVAN ANDRUSYAK

THIRD SNOW

A CONVERSATION WITH YOUNG READERS
ON THE ETERNAL SUBJECT OF GOOD AND EVIL






Illustrator: Olha Kuznetsova

Published: 2020

Length: 64 pages

Dimensions: 240 × 205 mm

Target group: 6+

-  The 2019 Lesya Ukrainka Award (1st edition)
-  Long-listed for the BBC Children's Book of the Year 2014 (1st edition)
-  Included in primary school reading list

ABOUT

This is a new fairy-tale about a forest school (even more than one) and smart, mischievous, and curious students who go to it. At the same time, this is an ingeniously twisted detective story for children involving a real crime story with a real investigation led by an utterly clever and ferocious teacher. To top it all, *Third Snow* depicts how today's children respond to the current pressing problems in Ukraine... This story is actually about good and evil, compassion and cruelty, joy and sorrow, laughter and tears, that is, all those important things we go side by side in life. We have to discuss them with children and do so in a responsible and accessible way, with love and kindness.

FOR WHOM

For children who enjoy delicious profound stories with familiar characters and contemporary themes as well as for parents

who wish to raise their children's awareness and critical thinking.

WHY

To cut it short, this book is about how not to become a wolf while staying among predators. When you live in the forest, you've got to make sure you or a close friend of yours don't become someone's dinner. And being kind and fluffy is no easy task in such an environment. Especially if, by nature, you are a hedgehog, a spiky, though harmless predator. However, not only does Ivan Andrusyak weave a nice story for young readers about the eternal subject of good and evil, he also brings up less popular subjects in the Ukrainian literature for children such as physical and spiritual trauma, linguistic identity, coexisting with others, environmental thinking.

AUTHOR

IVAN ANDRUSYAK is one of the outstanding Ukrainian children's

writers of today, a 2019 Lesya Ukrainka's Prize laureate. He is the author of *Chakalka*, *Chipmunk*, the *Hedgehog Petro*, a *Guinea Pig Detective Jerard* and many other popular stories that are included in school reading lists. In 2013, the story *Eight Days of a Chipmunk's Life* was featured in the *White Ravens*, the distinguished annual catalogue of the best international children's literature. Andrusyak's books were translated and published in Bulgaria and Georgia.

ILLUSTRATOR

OLHA KUZNETSOVA is a famous Ukrainian artist who has illustrated more than 30 books, mostly for children, for 5 Ukrainian publishing houses. She made illustrations for popular children's magazines and worked at an animation studio. She also holds illustration workshops for children.

I'll tell you a story, my friend, a story that happened right before the third snow.

It will be a very slow and quiet tale, because the snows are always slow and quiet, only blizzards and storms make them prickly, and even then it only lasts a short time.

So settle in, get comfortable, tuck your palm under your cheek, you can even close your eyes — because that is the best way to listen to slow and quiet stories.

And, let's begin...

This happened in a strange and beautiful country, one that does not have a name. Its citizens, as well as people from neighboring countries, simply called it the forest.

But Peter the hedgehog didn't like that. Because, well, who's ever heard of such a thing? A whole country, even though it's not that big and not that well-known, was simply called the forest, nothing else...

'No, this won't do,' thought the hedgehog, and every morning he thought of new names for the country. When the sleepiness had almost passed, but his eyes didn't want to open quite yet, and he lay there in a sweet slumber and made up names, made up names, made up names...

He already had Birchland, Oakia, Mapleland, Willow, Lindenwood, Pinia, and even Ginkgostan, but all of these stopped sounding good to Peter as soon as he'd eaten breakfast, when he went outside for his daily walk and noticed that there were a lot of trees and plants in the forest, and there wasn't any more of one specific kind, so it would be unfair to name the country after just one plant, because the others might get offended...

Peter the hedgehog really wanted to be fair and wise, because he certainly wasn't very strong. Of course, he really wanted to be strong, more than anything, because, in the forest, almost everything was decided by strength... and that was something the tiny, prickly, and not very fast Peter couldn't even dream of. Because the life of a hedgehog is quite different than, for example, the life of a wolf.

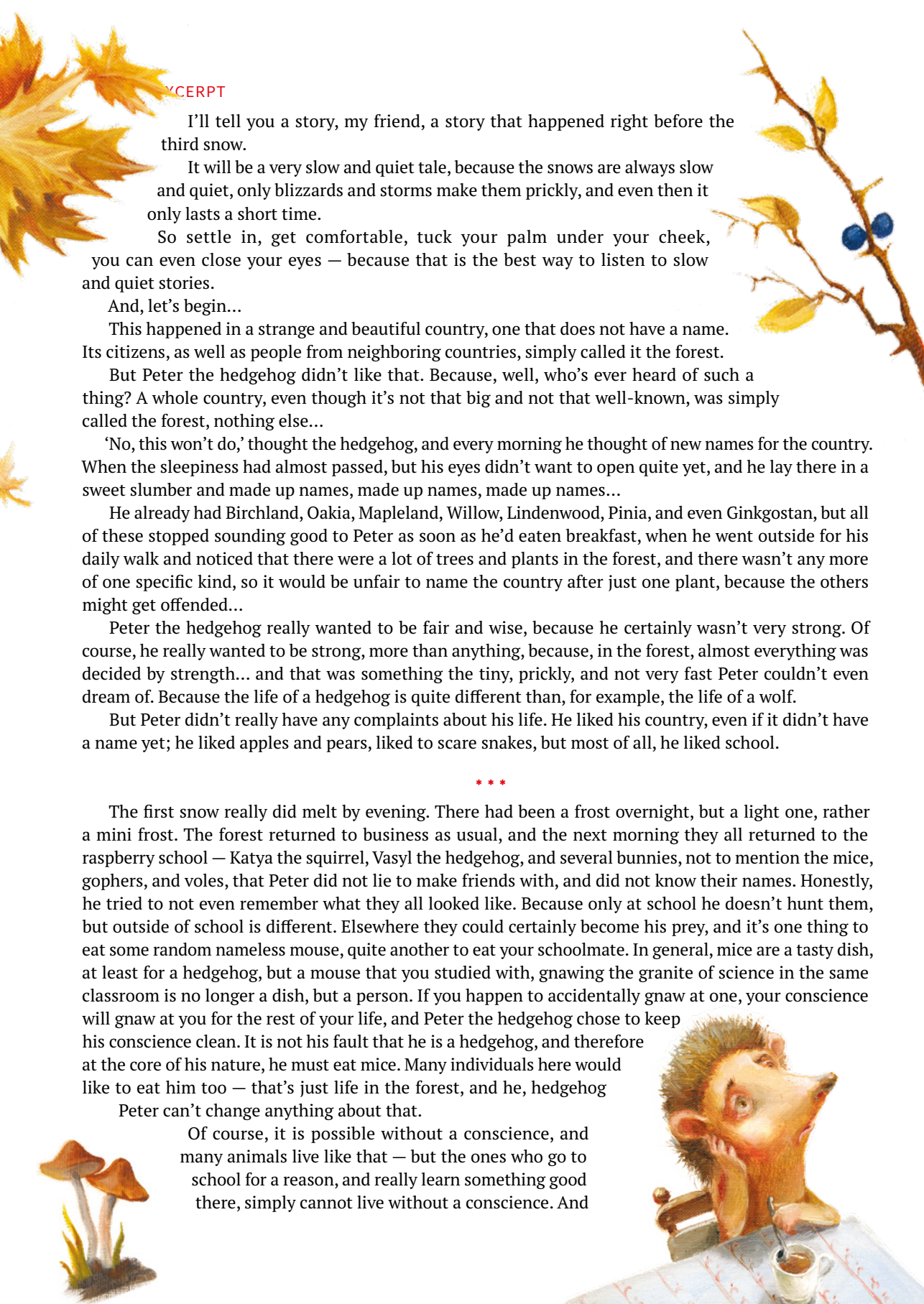
But Peter didn't really have any complaints about his life. He liked his country, even if it didn't have a name yet; he liked apples and pears, liked to scare snakes, but most of all, he liked school.

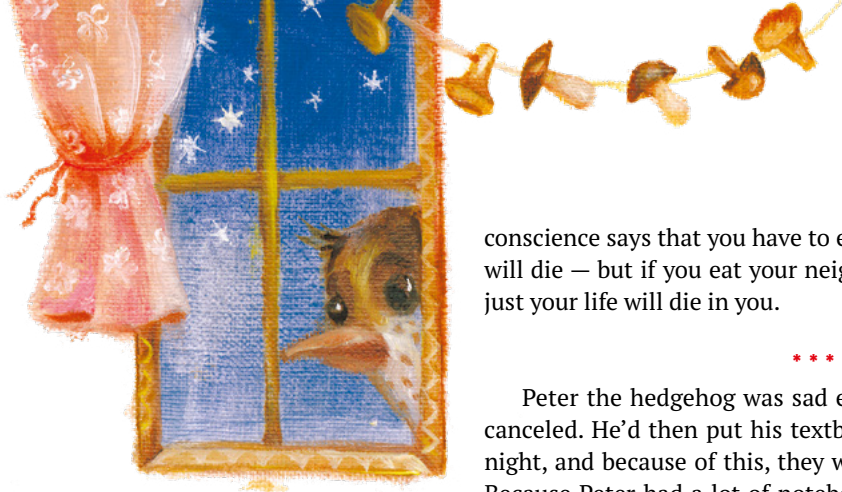
* * *

The first snow really did melt by evening. There had been a frost overnight, but a light one, rather a mini frost. The forest returned to business as usual, and the next morning they all returned to the raspberry school — Katya the squirrel, Vasyl the hedgehog, and several bunnies, not to mention the mice, gophers, and voles, that Peter did not lie to make friends with, and did not know their names. Honestly, he tried to not even remember what they all looked like. Because only at school he doesn't hunt them, but outside of school is different. Elsewhere they could certainly become his prey, and it's one thing to eat some random nameless mouse, quite another to eat your schoolmate. In general, mice are a tasty dish, at least for a hedgehog, but a mouse that you studied with, gnawing the granite of science in the same classroom is no longer a dish, but a person. If you happen to accidentally gnaw at one, your conscience will gnaw at you for the rest of your life, and Peter the hedgehog chose to keep his conscience clean. It is not his fault that he is a hedgehog, and therefore at the core of his nature, he must eat mice. Many individuals here would like to eat him too — that's just life in the forest, and he, hedgehog

Peter can't change anything about that.

Of course, it is possible without a conscience, and many animals live like that — but the ones who go to school for a reason, and really learn something good there, simply cannot live without a conscience. And





conscience says that you have to eat, because if you don't, you will die — but if you eat your neighbor, something more than just your life will die in you.

Peter the hedgehog was sad every time that classes were canceled. He'd then put his textbooks under his pillow every night, and because of this, they were always covered in holes. Because Peter had a lot of notebooks, the pillow sat way too high, and his prickly head would slip out onto the books.

That's how he tasted this word, cherishing it. And you know that words can be even tastier than candy. Because candy, no matter how much you have, sooner or later runs out, but words can never run out.



SASHKO DERMANSKY

THREE FAIRY TALES

CHILDREN'S FANTASY ON SOCIAL ISSUES



Illustrator: Maksym Palenko

Published: 2021

Length: 304 pages

Dimensions: 155 × 235 mm

Target group: 8+



Short list of the nomination "Children's holiday" (literature for junior schoolchildren) of the Ukrainian national rating "Book of the year"

ABOUT

This book includes three fairy tales of Sashko Dermansky, one of the most popular modern Ukrainian children's authors: *The King of bugbears*, or *the Mystery of the Emerald Book*, *The Appleship Kingdom* and *The Dance of Chugaistra*.

Their distinctive features are breathtaking topic and mysterious adventures, amazing characters and brave rescuers of Good (bugbear Gavryk, dragoness Juliet, leprechaun Shmygun and the people of apple growers, moving chugaister, wise molfar and charming mewnesses, Nathan and Joe, Ivanko, Lilka and Vasko) and the author's signature humour. And the leitmotif of all these works is the wise call: "Preserve the seeds of your souls!".

FOR WHOM

For children aged 8+, who love fantasy stories, breathtaking adventures, which are written with good humour, and bright charac-

ters, who will become their best book friends; also for parents, who want to bring up their children as thoughtful, clever individuals, with a sense of responsibility, who value true friendship.

WHY

Because this book is written by Sashko Dermansky — one of the most powerful modern Ukrainian children's writers, whose texts always excite both children and adults, and at the same time strongly convince readers of the importance of true values. The novels are recommended by the Ministry of Education and Science of Ukraine for studying in the school curriculum.

AUTHOR

SASHKO DERMANSKY is a living classic of Ukrainian children's literature. He wrote more than 30 books that have already fascinated several generations of young readers. He is the author

of the script of *The Watchtower* movie and of *The Wonderful Monster* cartoon. He has won many literary awards and distinctions. Particularly, the International Board on Books for Young People (IBBY) has included the book *Mary* in the honourable list of IBBY Honour List 2020. Nominated for the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Prize in 2022.

ILLUSTRATOR

MAKSYM PALENKO is one of the most talented modern Ukrainian book graphic artists. He is also popular on social networks as the author of sweeping topical political cartoons. According to the rating of the Robert Bosch Institute, he was one of the top five Ukrainian illustrators in 2011.

EXCERPT

“Guys, life is a strange thing. And that’s for some reason. Oh yeah, that’s for some reason, guys, plague on it! But everyone has to live it, children. And not just to live, but to live in order not to become a kind of worm or helminth; you must live your life like a man, remember: like *a man*.”

“How can we do that, daddy?” Joe asked.

“You need to respect yourself, guys, to take care of the seeds of your souls. Do not lose faith in love, in goodness, remember who you are on this Earth, remember your generation, remember what you live for...”

* * *

“You know, little one,” the chugaister said silently, bending to my brother, “I wouldn’t confess it to anyone, but I’ll tell you. I do not eat mewnesses. Firstly, because vegetarian food is more useful, and secondly, it is just unpedagogically to tear up those dwellers of the forests and to eat them, even if they are angry.”

* * *

Gavryk and Juliet were sitting in a coffee shop at a grey oak table, eating an ice cream and trying to calm down after visiting the castle. Occasionally, Juliet salted and peppered her portion of an ice cream. Since dragons ceased to breathe with fire, or, more precisely, after Narit deprived them of this terrible quality, the whole tribe of the dragon constantly felt unbearable burning pain in the mouth. Juliet fought with her using salt and pepper. Their dragoness always had it in store with her.

* * *

The crowd suddenly exploded with enthusiastic shouts and hooting. A moment later, the guys understood why it happened: King Wormer crawled on the terrace above the central gates of the castle.

“Wow! You didn’t say he had two heads,” Nathan gave a whistle.

“What’s the use of that? One of them is stupid.”

“You mean...”

“I mean insane, that’s it. Sick, in short. And that is her name — Crazy. And the second is called Sane. Although there is nothing sane there at all.”

“Nevertheless, two heads are funny.”

“It would be better not to have any of them,” Joe said with his lips only, looking around watchfully to see if anyone had heard that.”



NINA YAHODZHYNSKA

QUEST TO FIND 'AENEID'

HILARIOUS ADVENTURES OF GOOD MISCHIEF-MAKERS



Illustrator: Vitaliy Kobylansky

Published: 2021

Dimensions: 130 × 200 mm

Length: 104 pages

Target group: 8+



1st prize in the 2019 Write a Book About Me contest by the Fontan Kazok publishing house

ABOUT

The inseparable friends, mischief-maker Arsen and his phone Opanas, try hard to find a copy of *Aeneid*, the famous poem by Ivan Kotliarevsky. Arsen's mom has accidentally lost this copy when getting her son once again out of trouble. To top it all, they are helped by a funny dog, Splash, who films their quest with his camera...

FOR WHOM

For children who enjoy contemporary funny stories with inventive characters familiar to young mischief-makers: meet a smart-phone that follows all of Arsen's mischief from his pocket or a video blogger dog. The book is also for conscientious parents who want their children to understand and share true values in the midst of today's technology.

WHY

Today's children will undoubtedly identify with the characters from this extraordinarily inventive and hilarious story.

AUTHOR

NINA YAHODZHYNSKA authored a few adventure stories for adults and children as well as contributed stories to many short story collections. In 2019, she won

an award in the literary contest by the Fontan Kazok publishing house.

ILLUSTRATOR

VITALIY KOBLYANSKY works with many Ukrainian publishing houses and children's magazines. He has also illustrated school books.



EXCERPT

“Oh, you know what? I’m going to show you something. Look!”

Arsen walked off the road and crawled somewhere into the bushes. “Well then, where are you?”

Splash sighed heavily and then followed. There were definitely about a couple thousand burrs in there, just waiting to attach themselves to unsuspecting dogs. Especially their tails. And tummies. And ears. But friendship is more important than burrs, so into the burrs he crawled.

Meanwhile, Phone Opanas just finished updating, blinking his eyes open with the sad realization that he’d missed two whole hours of real time. Well, that’s alright, he’ll make up for it. With his practiced method, a vibrating call, he scooted to the edge of the pocket and almost fell out. Oh, he has the autorotation sensors turned off! That’s why Opanas couldn’t immediately understand that Arsen was walking in a crouched position, and it would be easier to fall out of his pocket. He situated himself on the edge and curiously looked around.

Arsen silently pulled on his jacket and hat. How can you explain to your mother that if the boys aren’t going to be wearing hats, he can’t either? It’s easier to just put it in your pocket once you get outside.

Vlad and Max were already waiting for Arsen outside. “Well? Soccer?”

“While we were waiting for you, we saw Oleg going to the stadium. With a ball!”

“We can play soccer later, Oleg won’t go anywhere. We haven’t found the book yet, did you forget? I have a plan about where we should go.” Arsen pulled a paper with something drawn on it out of his pocket with a mysterious look on his face.

“Oh! What’s this?” The boy spun the paper one way, then turned it around, “This makes no sense!”

“Are you making fun of us?”

“Stop, stop, stop. It all makes sense. Here, look: this x is the church. This is the road that leads to the bridge. Yes, right. We go this way, and under the little x is the pharmacy. And here we turn.”

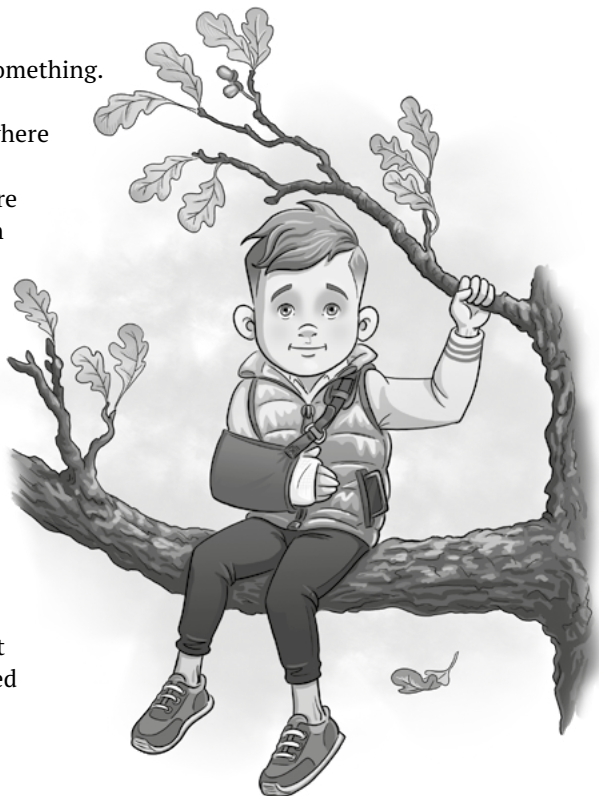
Phone Opanas took a look at the drawing himself as the boys gathered around it. It didn’t really look anything like the Google Maps he was used to.

“What’s this nail?”

“That’s not a nail, it’s a stork nest.”

“Wow, cool! Real storks?”

“Yeah, if they haven’t left for winter yet, we can look at the storks too. Do you know who lives there? The brother of Ivan, the driver. So you can consider the Aeneid already found.”



IREN ROZDOBUDKO

ADVENTURES ON ISLAND CLAVAREN

THE PIRATE ADVENTURES OF THE TWO GIRLS ON A DESERT ISLAND



Illustrator: Nadia Doycheva

Published: 2021

Length: 144 pages

Dimensions: 195 × 240 mm

Target group: 8+



Shortlisted for the Book of the Year 2021 national rating in the Children's Holiday (literature for primary school children) nomination



Listed in the BaraBooka Ukrainian Children's Book Space rating of the 100 best children and teenager's books by Ukrainian authors (on the occasion of the 30th anniversary of Ukrainian Independence)

ABOUT

When you sail up a tiny river, you have to be particularly cautious if there is an old dam on it. There might be a cave in the dam, and in the cave, you might find a hole in space-time... What lies in store for the curious 5th graders, the young adventurers Klava and Reno? A desert island you can call any name you fancy, a night spent on a tree, turtle fried eggs with coconut sauce for breakfast... And there is much more. Desert islands are frequented by pirates, and that's when a real danger comes about.

FOR WHOM

For young fantasy lovers who enjoy exploring new worlds, travelling to undiscovered lands, revealing mind-boggling secrets as well as for parents who wish to increase their children's imagination and moral values such as honesty, responsibility, kindness etc.

WHY

This is an exciting adventure story by a celebrated author about very independent, smart, and courageous girls. A desert island as a setting and pirate themes in general never fail to draw children in. This book is probably the Ukrainian girlish version of *Treasure Island*, though interesting to both girls and boys.

AUTHOR

IREN ROZDOBUDKO is an acclaimed Ukrainian author and a screenwriter. She wrote more than 35 books for adults and children, namely, such famous novels as *The Lost Button*, *Withered Flowers Are Thrown Away*, *Pascal's Amulet*, *A Swallow Came Flying*, *Incredible Her* etc. Among her stories for children and teenagers are *Adventures on Island Clavaren*, *Scary Tales*, *Prominent People's Childhood*, *The Sign of Accidental Travellers*, *Arsen*, *When Dollies Come To Live*. She teaches screenwriting at Kyiv National I.K.

Karpenko-Kary Theater, Cinema and Television University. She was awarded the title of Golden Ukrainian Writer in 2012.

ILLUSTRATOR

NADIA DOYCHEVA has illustrated around fifty books and won awards in both Ukrainian and worldwide illustration contests, specifically, in the 2017 Jungle Illustration Awards contest. Currently, Nadia works as the art director at Windy Press, an interactive e-books publishing house in the USA, and takes part in exhibitions in Ukraine and worldwide.



EXCERPT

“Clava, just don’t laugh at what I’m about to tell you, but... THESE ARE REAL PIRATES!!!”

But Clava had no reason to laugh. She’d been thinking the same thing.

“Pirates, pirates...” they tried to remember, “Can pirates even exist in our time?”

Reno took another deep breath, and then said something else that sounded like nonsense, “Clava! You don’t understand! This? IS NOT OUR TIME!! We’ve found ourselves in a sticky situation, Clava! We need to figure out how to get out of here.”

* * *

...There were six pirates leading the captives. Besides Crooked Eye and Red Fox, there were Black Beard, Bob the Bully, Sabertooth, and Jumper John. They were quite happy to have found two more captives. However, the girls could hear as they quietly discussed what to do with their unexpected prey.

“Gosh darn it, I’ve never seen such strange natives before!” said Sabertooth.

“Me neither,” said Bob the Bully, “the last time I met any indigenous folk was on Haiti, but they were wearing straw skirts...”

“May a shark bite me if I’m wrong,” added Jumper John, “but I think we’ve discovered some new tribe...”

“Mhm,” murmured Crooked Eye. “They have weird clothes on. And the one with the braid, and the weird pieces of glass on his eyes... that’s probably a shaman.”

“I’m not a shaman!” Clava couldn’t keep her mouth shut, “And these are called jeans! They were invented to be sewn from canvas, by a certain Levi-Strauss from America. But you are far from jeans – at least a couple of centuries away! And I just have regular glasses on my eyes. I’m farsighted!”

“This shaman’s too arrogant for my taste!” yelled Red Fox, “We should shorten his tongue!”

“Some kind of savages...” Klava snorted indignantly.

* * *

“Whew!” Reno sighed with relief, “I’d already thought that Clava would become a pirate. Without me!”

“Don’t you want to be a pirate?” asked Albert.

“Well...” Reno looked away, “Actually, I have a lot of plans! I want to be a musketeer, a sailor, an actress, a photographer, an artist, a ballerina, an ice cream shop owner, a clown, a geologist, a scuba diver, a scout, a singer, a director, a pilot, a fairy, a lumberjack, a kindergarten teacher, a chocolate factory owner, a top model...”

Albert’s eyes widened.

“... movie theater cashier, programmer, hairdresser,” Reno continued listing off, “tamer, cosmetologist, animator, bus driver...”

“Enough!” Albert cut her off, “Is this some kind of spell? You’re saying so many strange words!”

“Oh, right,” Reno finally realized. “I completely forgot you’re so young and don’t know about our world!”

“Who’s young?” Albert made a face, “I’m at least two years older than you!”

“Two years older,” Reno agreed, “But younger by about three centuries!”

Albert shrugged his shoulders. He decided not to argue. If they’d started to duel again, the pirates would surely notice.



SERHII KUTSAN

ZYUZYA

A MODERN SITCOM



Illustrator: Anatolii Vasylenko

Published: 2020

Length: 136 pages

Dimensions: 130 × 200 mm

Target group: 8+



1st prize in the 2017 Write a Book About Me contest by the Fontan Kazok publishing house



BBC Book of the Year 2018 shortlist



ABOUT

When a singing rat, brought up in a secret lab, shows up in your home, at first it may look like a very funny adventure. But problems will start very soon. Family members, and neighbours, and even the Discovery TV channel will get them...

The story, written by Serhii Kutsan, is incredibly funny, full of shocking adventures and broken dishes. Immediately it gained the favour of both children and adults, and became a real bestseller.

FOR WHOM

For children aged 8–12, who love fun, naughty, thrilling and adventure stories; as well as for parents, who are concerned with cultivating a sense of humour in their children, look for easy, cool and interesting texts, that fuel desire to read.

WHY

This novel immediately became one of the best children's bestsellers. It

was quickly named "the funniest children's book of the Lviv Book Forum". She also appeared in the top of other Ukrainian rankings of the best children's books. She has got many positive feedbacks from both children and adults. So it is no wonder that eventually *Zyuzya* became part of the school curriculum.

AUTHOR

I was born in days gone by in the town of Zvenygorodka. My parents were musicians. Perhaps, that's why music follows me during all my life, in lyrics too. *Zyuzya* was designed as a story, aimed not only to entertain the audience, but also to help "make read" those children who are not passionate about reading. After all, it is both easy and fun. Also, I hope, that it will bring children, who are not native Ukrainian speakers, at least one step closer to Ukrainian language. I think, funny texts are the best way to do this.

ILLUSTRATOR

ANATOLII VASYLENKO is a legend of Ukrainian caricature, Honored Artist of Ukraine. He worked in *Perets* magazine for a long time. He was the main artist of *Perchenya* children's magazine. His works were published in *Barvinok*, *Malyatko*, *Vitchyzna*, *Dnipro*, *Ranok* magazines and many other publications. He was the illustrator of about three hundred books. He writes novels and draws pictures for children and adults.





EXCERPT

“The idea worked. After each session of cat therapy, as my mother called it, Zyuzya turned from a squeaky screamer into a small rat: ordinary, clever, cheerful and quiet, as at home. And the main thing is that they guessed how to manage without the cat. As soon as Zyuzya started singing, dad brought mother’s black fur coat, then meowed and spitted. And Zyuzya immediately became silent, only angrily babbled later.”

“Nevertheless, rats are very, very smart! And that’s foolish not to believe it!”, dad liked to say. And he thought about training Zyuzya to make him at least a bit useful for housekeeping.”



OLEXANDRA DOROZHOVETS

THE OLD HOUSE

A HEART-WARMING UKRAINIAN FANTASY



Illustrator: Nadia Doycheva

Published: 2021

Length: 192 pages

Dimensions: 130 × 200 mm

Target group: 9+

- ★ 1st prize in the 2015 Write a Book About Me contest by the Fontan Kazok publishing house.
- ★ Prose Debut of the Year by BaraBooka Ukrainian Children's Book Space (1st edition, 2015)
- ★ The Best 9+ Children's Book in Prose in the Critic's Rating (1st edition, 2015)
- ★ Shortlisted for the Book of the Year national rating in the Children's Holiday nomination, books for primary and middle school (1st edition, 2015)
- ★ Included in the school reading list

ABOUT

Setting aside her grandma's warnings Sofiyka dared to go down the Tykha (Silent) street and take a peek over the fence of an abandoned, though incredibly beautiful old house. Suddenly, she becomes a prisoner of this mysterious place and its masters... A delightful and moving story about how important it is to be loving and well-meaning when you create things and impart a bit of your own personality to them.

FOR WHOM

For children and youngsters who enjoy fantastic stories with unique characters, bright and memorable personalities living through exciting adventures and making a difference; for parents, too, who encourage their children to expand their imagination.

WHY

It is one of the best fantasy stories in contemporary Ukrainian litera-

ture for children and lends itself well to a screen adaptation.

AUTHOR

OLEXANDRA DOROZHOVETS is an author and an artist. She had worked as a lawyer for more than ten years until she wrote *The Old House*, an inspired fairy-tale for youngsters that won the 1st prize in the Write a Book About Me contest and was recognized as the best debut in children's literature in every book rating of Ukraine. Olexandra also authored a few stories for primary school children: *Dreamy Little Cat Faho* and *Lanterners*. She lives in Germany now.

ILLUSTRATOR

NADIA DOYCHEVA has illustrated around fifty books and won awards in both Ukrainian and worldwide illustration contests, specifically, in the 2017 Jungle Illustration Awards contest. Currently, Nadia works as the art director at Windy Press, an inter-

active e-books publishing house in the USA, and takes part in exhibitions in Ukraine and worldwide.



EXCERPT

It only took a few steps past the fence for all the surroundings to change. The house no longer appeared ragged and abandoned, the garden looked much neater than it had from the street, and the largest change was present in Ivan himself. He no longer seemed like a mysterious phantom that walked without steps.

“... I can show you the garden,” suggested the boy, when they’d already circled the house twice. Ivan opened the front door, and walked through to the back porch. Sofia walked across the door threshold, and she froze in place from surprise.

She definitely remembered that it had been early spring outside. So early, that it could be easily confused with winter. In the morning, there had still been piles of snow laying around. But in the few minutes that Sofia and Ivan spent inside the house, the garden had bloomed. The grass grew, the leaves on the trees were green, and small lilac flowers bloomed alongside the path. The air still held a slight chill, but it was very quickly warming up. She was getting a little too warm wearing her coat and hat.

Sofia closed her eyes and counted to ten – maybe she was seeing things? But when she opened her eyes, the nearby apple tree was already blooming, the lilac flowers along the path were fully in bloom now, and next to them, daffodils had appeared.

“How can this be?” asked the girl.

The boy thought for a moment, “It’s hard to explain,” he finally replied, “this place isn’t exactly normal...”

* * *

...The Black Lady was a powerful sorceress and spirit wielder, one of the strongest in the world. Her whole life she’d spent searching for old and abandoned things, which had some soul simmering in them, and gave them new life. But until the day the Black Lady had met Ivan, she’d never had to deal with the soul of an entire house, especially one that was so weak and feeble. At first glance, it seemed like a hopeless ordeal, but the Black Lady had decided to save Ivan at any cost, and did not spare any time or effort. The souls of objects are usually invisible. Not just regular humerus, but even spirit wielders usually can’t see them. Only at sunset, when the light refracts a certain way, you can occasionally see them floating in translucent clouds. But their presence can be felt, and spirit wielders are especially good at that. However, most are not talented enough to heal with their magic the invisible and barely alive spirit of the house. So, the Black Lady turned Ivan into a human and fixed everything possible in the house with her magic charms. For a house to return to life, people needed to live in it. At first, the Black Lady settled there herself, but it did not help, because she was a spirit wielder, not a real person.

“Too neglected!” said everyone that the Black Lady showed the house to. They couldn’t see how the house was enchanted inside. After some thinking, people usually added – “But the location is wonderful! Don’t you want to demolish this wreck and build a nice modern high-rise? We’d gladly move in then!”

Soon enough, men with sly-looking faces and measuring tools began to circle around the house, trying to measure the land plot. This made the Black Lady incredibly angry, and she enchanted the manor so that no one could enter without her consent.



NASTYA MUZYCHENKO

LOST AT CAMP

IMMERSIVE STORY WITH TRUE-TO-LIFE TEENAGE CHARACTERS



Illustrator: Hanna Osadko

Cover: Oksana Drachkovska

Published: 2020

Length: 120 pages

Dimensions: 130 × 200 mm

Target group: 8+

- ☆ 1st prize in the 2019 Write a Book About Me contest by the Fontan Kazok (A Fairytales Fountain) publishing house
- ☆ On PEN Ukraine's list of the best Ukrainian books in 2020
- ☆ Finalist of the 2021 Espresso Readers' Choice literary award

ABOUT

Matviy and Mia go on a mountain camp trip. They take part in outdoor activities, discos, quests and other games, just like in any other summer camp. Up until the day when Matviy learns about a mystical if not unsettling story that happened there a few years ago. And stories of this kind usually repeat over and over again so that the main characters find themselves in the epicentre of the events...

FOR WHOM

For middle schoolers who enjoy thrilling and mysterious adventure stories as well as for parents who care about the emotional intellect and socialisation of their teenage children.

WHY

Evocative adventure story that draws an accurate and vibrant picture of today's teenagers' interests, slang, behaviour and way of thinking.

AUTHOR

NASTYA MUZYCHENKO is a children's author, literary critic, methodology expert at Children's Reading Laboratory of Junior Academy of Sciences of Ukraine, event manager at BaraBooka Ukrainian Children's Book Space.

ILLUSTRATOR

HANNA OSADKO is a poet, artist, illustrator, and translator. She has illustrated more than 60 books using different techniques. She

has developed a peculiar graphic style that combines comics and caricature which was called "osad-kism" by the critics. *Eight Days of a Chipmunk's Life* written by Ivan Andrusyak and illustrated by Hanna Osadko is featured in the White Ravens, the distinguished annual catalogue of the best international children's literature.



EXCERPT

In total, there were six boys in our squad, the same number of girls and Mouse, that is, Mia. I called her Mouse because she kept me from falling asleep on the train with her constant movement. And she was the smallest among all the girls, although she had enough speed and intelligence for a separate squad. She was just in the house, and in another minute she was outside playing football with the boys. Here she is on duty in the dining room – but by the time I get to our tree stumps, she has already spread out her pencils there and is scribbling something in a notebook. That girl is everywhere!

“Are you aware that Indonesia is the largest island nation? Imagine more than 17 thousand islands!” the facts Mia deemed most interesting, she read out loud.

“So what?” Nazar didn’t understand why Mia was reading Wikipedia aloud if everyone already had their noses buried in it anyways.

“Because I always dreamed of having my own island.”

“Well, be careful with your wishes, or they will suddenly come true, and you will wake up one morning on an island, with a dragon staring at you.”

“Very funny! I can’t hold back my laughter. What dragon on the island?” the girl gave a murderous glance to the uninvited commentator.

“Komodo dragon! Did you think I was talking about Toothless or something?” after these words, no one could hold back their laughter.

Hearing about Toothless, I began to browse the web myself, looking for info about dragons. Suddenly the search engine led me to the forum for our camp. Wow! There were so many different things written there. Someone’s gotten into a summer romance – gross, those drooling teenagers are here too; someone lost their leather jacket last shift and asks for it to be returned. Someone had the sense to write about the ghost sighting by the gates of the camp. But no one believed the poor fellow and he immediately got trolled in the comments. Unfortunately, he was no longer replying to any comments.

And what if it’s true, and some ghost is wandering the camp, and the guard’s missing items were taken by the boy who’d disappeared out of nowhere, or, rather, his invisible ghost? But then again, why would a phantom need clothes – they’re transparent. A shirt would only ruin the invisibility effect. And a blanket isn’t really needed for a ghost either. But if it’s not a ghost, then who? The camp counselors! A hundred percent, it’s the counselors pranking Max the guard, and he’s the one who’s frightening us and making up nonsense.



ANASTASIIA LAVRENISHYNA

DILOGY 'THE HAZY FOREST': THE WAY OF THE WITCH THE WAY OF THE WOLF

FANTASY, FULL OF UKRAINIAN FOLKLORE



Illustrator: Nadia Doicheva

Published: 2021

Length: 248 + 176 pages

Dimensions: 130 × 200 mm

Target group: 10+

- ★ Winner of the "Write a book about me" contest
- ★ Got the "Espresso. Readers' Choice" award as the best work for teenagers
- ★ European award IJungle Illustration Awards for illustrations



ABOUT

THE WAY OF THE WITCH

The Hazy forest is full of wonders, magic and fantastic creatures. It is ruled by a horrific horned witch, named The Old Woman. She holds the keys to the borders, to every tree and every flower, but she does not allow her to come up to her greatest secrets, to the deepest depths. The hazy forest doesn't allow her to come up. The Old Woman sends Ulyana there. Ulyana was kept by The Old Woman as a servant since childhood. The Old Woman orders Ulyana to bring the Witch's Book from there...

THE WAY OF THE WOLF

The hazy forest allows nobody to come in, except one and only creature — Gray Wolf. He dwells in

the wood and even becomes the guardian of the Witch — but with every next day he is more and more frightened and insecure. So, eventually, Wolf can't stand it: he leaves his shadow in the forest to watch Witch and steals her broom and flies to the moon to get advice...

FOR WHOM

For children and adults, who are excited about the magical worlds of Ukrainian fantasy with amazing characters, with thoroughly and deeply described parallel worlds, with exciting tension and unexpected plot twists. Also, for all those who love "cinematic" stories, because the author, a talented screenwriter (among others, she wrote the popular full-length cartoon *Victor Robot*) describes the

world of the Dark Forest as a luxurious movie that seems to unfold before the eyes of the reader.

WHY

The first novel in Anastasiia Lavrenishyna's diology *The Hazy Forest*, *Witch's Way*, won the competition "Write a book about me" and "The Espresso Award. Readers' Choice" as the best writing for teenagers. Its illustrations, drawn by Nadia Doicheva, won the prestigious European award IJungle Illustration Awards 2017. *The Way of the Wolf* is the second, new novel in the diology.

AUTHOR

ANASTASIIA LAVRENISHYNA is a screenwriter and writer. She has worked on television as a screenwriter, advertising copywriter

and creative producer. Together with her husband, stage director Anatolii Lavrenishyn, she creates interactive fairy tales for children *Lyuba Zhuzhza*. The couple worked together on the script of the full-length cartoon *Victor_robot*, which won the Audience Award of the Odessa Film Festival in 2020.

ILLUSTRATOR

NADIA DOYCHEVA has illustrated around fifty books and won awards in both Ukrainian and worldwide illustration contests, specifically, in the 2017 Jungle Illustration Awards contest. Currently, Nadia works as the art director at Windy Press, an interactive

e-books publishing house in the USA, and takes part in expositions in Ukraine and worldwide.

EXCERPT

The Old Woman was shuffling with skulls, and her pockets rattled with keys to the borders of the forest, from every tree and flower. Besides the keys, her pockets held needles to tickle the raincloud's belly, a bone comb to the paths, a whip to graze the sun, a mirror, a ball of nettles to show the way, and other little things that the Old Woman had forgotten to take care of. The paths in the forest were caressed by rain, the frightened sun hiding behind the clouds, and the twilight maidens increased in numbers every year.

The broom was quietly sweeping the floors, hiding behind Ulyana's back. Herbs poured into the cauldron, vegetables fell into neatly cut squares. The rolling pin rolled out the dough, and the duster cleaned the lynx skull. The girl seemed oblivious to everything happening behind her back, and the Old Woman was listening in to everything.

One of the flattened pieces of dough sighed impatiently, "Listen, she'll never bake us!"

His neighbor laid flat for a while, pretending not to hear, then sneezed, raising a cloud of flour, and replied, "You don't say."

"So what? Should we just do it ourselves?" suggested the livelier one, "We're laying around doing nothing anyways."

"Well, alright, get going," the other piece replied unenthusiastically.

The pieces of dough sat for a moment, then stood up, put the red berry filling in themselves, turned around, pinched each other's edges closed, and then laid back down. The rest of the dough pieces did the same.

"So this is how she performs the tasks," the Old Woman rasped, "So that's what's going on here while I'm gone." The woman was so surprised that she forgot she was supposed to be hiding. She straightened up to full height, her horns covering the dim light of the lit-up Christmas tree. "I knew that she was like her ancestors, God bless, I knew." The Old Woman's heart twitched, unraveling into thin, evil snakes. They bit her painfully.

The wild, inky darkness was raging, looming dangerously, ready to spit something out of itself.



‘And suddenly it’s some kind of monster?’ Gray thought, and for some reason looking at his paws, hid behind a tree.

The wind picked up again, and Beardy finally set foot on the path. The old man was half silver beard, and half glittering yellow eyes. He wore loose, white clothing. Beardy looked exactly the same as before.

“Why are you hiding, Wolf?” he asked, his voice thick like last year’s honey.

Gray felt as if that voice had burned him from the inside.

“Remove my curse!” he shouted from behind the tree, and a silver watch flew to the old man’s feet. The wolf got on his paws to follow after, and suddenly noticed two human legs. They were the feet of a stranger – hairy and calloused. He jumped back to see whose feet they were, but the feet jumped with him.

“I’m human again!” he realized. Gray wanted to yell from the joy he felt, but instead, he felt speechless. He tried to wag his tail, but couldn’t. Then he looked at his front paws and saw hands – fully grown, strong hands with calluses on the palms.

“Where’d the boy go?” Gray questioned, realizing, “Well of course! I’ve grown up... I wonder how old I am now?”

He started counting on his fingers, getting distracted by the fingers themselves. With incredible patience, Gray finally counted seven and a half years. Seven and a half years had passed since that spring when he’d run away from home and his life irrevocably changed...



IVAN ANDRUSYAK

THE UNHOLY SPIRITS AND OTHER MISCHIEVOUS STORIES

GENIUSES WERE CHILDREN, CHILDREN WILL BECOME GENIUSES



Illustrator: Maria Savko

Published: 2020

Length: 112 pages

Dimensions: 130 × 200 mm

Target group: 10+



Long-listed for the 2021 Espresso. Readers' Choice award

ABOUT

What's the point of "bad" words? How can you and how shouldn't you punish your child for mischief? Was the young Taras Shevchenko a good boy or, perhaps, a brilliant mischief maker? Why is Hryhory Skovoroda scary to talk to and Nil Khasevych, a guerrilla artist, is not? What person would you be if you lived in a different time: fifty, one hundred, two hundred years ago?

FOR WHOM

For youngsters who enjoy brief and sharp adventure stories about both contemporary and historical subjects as well as for parents who want to raise their children's awareness and critical thinking skills.

WHY

The author speaks about seemingly ordinary children and teenagers, just like you. It turns out they are

all extraordinary! We surely know that a smart mischief maker Taras, who light-heartedly frightens his neighbours with evil spirits, will eventually grow up to become the great Shevchenko. And a dreamer-boy from the Volyn region, who loves drawing and swimming in the river most of all, will become that famous rebel artist Nil Khasevych who will make the activity of the UPA (the Ukrainian Insurgent Army) known to the whole world. Today's heroes of "mischiefous stories" stand next to them, and there's a place for you there too! You are as extraordinary as these geniuses were in their childhood and their teens! What will you become when you grow up? Thanks to Ivan Andrusyak's great imagination, the Ukrainian geniuses come into view as living beings and go beyond the hackneyed textbook descriptions in

these stories, offering the readers a new, unusual perspective of the renowned people of art.

AUTHOR

IVAN ANDRUSYAK is one of the outstanding Ukrainian children's writers of today, a Lesya Ukrainka's Prize laureate in 2019. He is the author of *Chakalka*, *Chipmunk*, *the Hedgehog Petro*, *a Guinea Pig Detective Jerard* and many other popular stories included in school reading lists. In 2013, the story *Eight Days of a Chipmunk's Life* was featured in the *White Ravens*, the distinguished annual catalogue of the best international children's literature. Andrusyak's books were translated and published in Bulgaria and Georgia.

ILLUSTRATOR

MARIA SAVKO is a young artist from Lviv, Ukraine, and a laure-

ate of 'Indeks imienia Mariusza Kazany' graphic works contest (8th edition). Maria took part in

the graphic expositions in Ukraine and worldwide. After the full-scale invasion of Russia to Ukraine Ma-

ria's works made part of Ukraine Benefit Event at Bristol Beacon in Bristol, UK, in May 2022.

EXCERPT

From the story "Special Forces"

"That ditch was captured by Russia. And our task is to win it back. We will all attack. Even you," Shashko nodded in the direction of three-year-old Mykhas, who was standing at the end of the line. The boy's gun was a little taller than he was, and the front of the barrel was gnawed on.

"And remember, we're not some kind of Colorados, we're special forces!" Shashko finished proudly, until suddenly his voice changed, "Watch out! Bomber!"

Laughing loudly, the "special forces" rushed away in all directions.

Of course, Shashko can gather his gang elsewhere, like in the ravine behind the house, the one filled with sweet wild raspberry bushes (of course, "Russia" wouldn't capture it just because). But here, under the old willow at the far end of the vegetable garden, it's way more interesting than anywhere else, because of these "bombings." Because there's a stork nest on the willow tree, and sometimes they feel the call of nature, and that's the bombing the boys always try to escape. Those who do not manage to evade these bombings must then run home to wash up and change clothes. And even little Mykhas has to take it in stride, no crying about it, because if you want to be in special forces, you need to stay alert.

From the story "Unholy Spirits"

...Three rubles! Three whole rubles! Look, in about a day and a half, the fee tripled. It was lucky - they didn't find out, and they paid! So Taras now walks around the village like a hero. 'This is a descendant of Haydamak,' people say about him. 'The devil himself, look, he wasn't scared. Exactly like his grandfather was. Troublemaker, hooligan! He didn't get his hair cut the way children get their hair cut, but cut it the way young men do, and his head's gotten a little too big for his own good, he's also taken up painting. What will become of him when he grows up? They'd lock him up to rot in prison...'

Oh well, let them talk. They need to talk about someone, or their tongues will fall off - what else can you expect? He'll wait until the fair and then he'll buy such nice paper, the kind that he can even draw grandpa Ivan without feeling embarrassed. Not even the way he remembered him, but as a haydamaky!

For now, Taras hid his ill-gotten unholy spirit three rubles behind the painting at school. He also put his latest drawing there too - horses, a mustached Moscovite with a gun, and lace print around the outside. His other drawings were also there. He hid them and went into town, because it was Sunday and he wanted to go spend time with his boys.

He came back late. Bohorsky's light was on, and the snoring could be heard from outside, a soft whistle - the cleric, and one that sounded more like a boar's grunt - Lemar. They'd eaten so much again, to the point of squealing.

'To hell with them, good thing they're asleep already. They won't nitpick and won't try to argue. A pity that I can't go to the cave anymore... at least there you can relax in peace.'

He noticed the corner of a drawing sticking out from behind the painting... Why? He'd put everything back there to make it unnoticeable. He slipped his hand behind it, checking. All six drawings were there - but where is the money? It was gone.

His chest tightened. Exhausted, he sank to the floor, literally sliding down the wall. He couldn't stop the tears that had begun to flow from his eyes...

From the story "Bad words"

The boys lowered their eyes and fell silent.

"We won't say that anymore," Sergiy finally squeezed out.

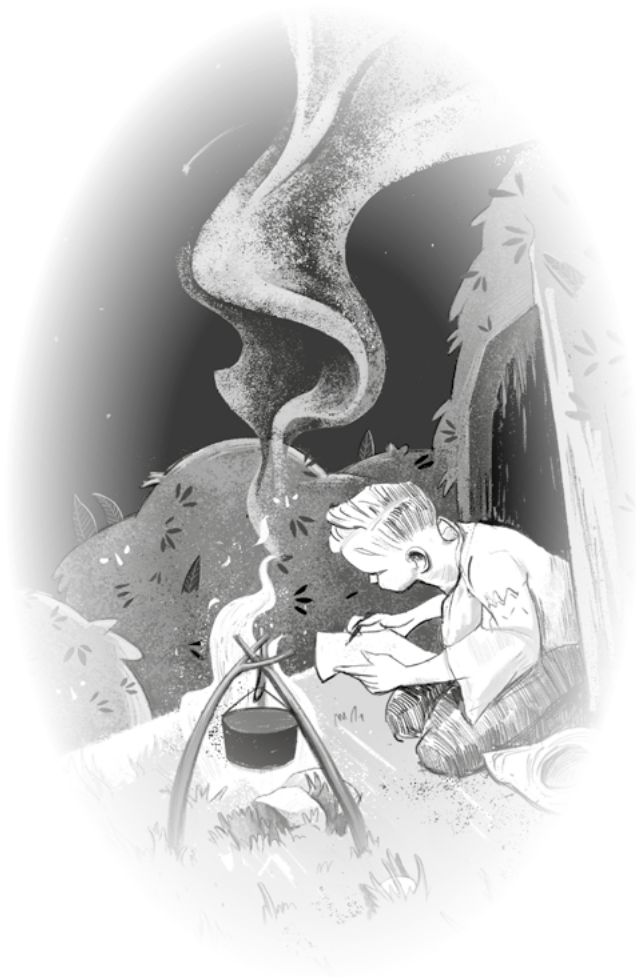
"Yeah, those are bad words," Sashko shook his head.

"No, boys, it's not that they're bad. It's like the mushrooms in the forest: there are tasty ones, and there are poisonous ones, but there aren't any extra ones. Every mushroom that grows in the forest is needed for some reason. When some animals get sick, they go to find the very same mushroom that we consider poisonous, eat it and recover. It's the same way with words: a great power is hidden in each of them..."

From the story "Snow Flurry"

"Snow! Why are you so thin, like some garden snake?! I loved you, I nurtured you, and this is how you thank me, you lazy fool? C'mon, immediately start to fall and fall, fall and fall — more snow, so that a grown man stands at least knee-deep in it, and preferably waist-deep!"

Snow sighs, because where will he get enough to fall and fall, when there are frosts over the Mediterranean Sea for the third week in a row, so its water barely evaporates and does not get absorbed into the clouds.



ANNA BAHRYANA

THE MOUNTAIN OF WIND

A VIVID MODERN UKRAINIAN FANTASY



Illustrator: Sofia Muzychka

Published: 2021

Length: 240 pages

Dimensions: 155 × 235 mm

Target group: 10+

- ★ Special Award "Modern Ukrainian Fantasy" in the category "Novels" of the International Literary Competition "Coronation of the Word" (2020)
- ★ Short list of the nomination "Children's holiday" (books for youth) of the Ukrainian national rating "Book of the year"

ABOUT

The winds, grandchildren of Stry-bog, dwell among us. At all times they were born along the riverbank of Dnipro, commonly in one family, and grandfathers demised mysterious knowledge and special skills to their grandchildren. However, the Dave's story took another course.. He was born in Canada, thus he ought to get through his own thorny path, so that to attain his ancient roots and to realize the true mission. Yet the mills up the river hills beckon the boy and he can't help it.

The Mountain of Wind by Anna Bahryana is a serious and pure fantasy. Though it is based on immemorial ukrainian mythology, yet it is surprisingly topical.

FOR WHOM

For kids and teens, aged 10+, who love exciting fantastic stories, are interested in Ukrainian mythology and history, in the life of their peers from other countries; as

well as for parents, eager to bring up their children as responsible, patriotic, self-sufficient personalities.

WHY

It is a deep, inspiring and very relevant Ukrainian fantasy; although it is based on ancient Ukrainian mythopoetics, it is surprisingly modern.

AUTHOR

ANNA BAHRYANA is a poetess, novelist, playwright, translator. The author of 12 poetry collections and of 16 books of prose, translated into Ukrainian, Bulgarian, Macedonian, Polish, French and other European languages. Her Ukrainian translations of more than thirty books of Bulgarian and Macedonian writers were published. She is the winner of many Ukrainian and international literary awards. She lives in Sofia (Bulgaria).

ILLUSTRATOR

SOFIA MUZYCHKA is an artist and psychologist. She is known as the illustrator of interesting Ukrainian board games, and she also works in the genre of "paintings that come to life on a smartphone" and book graphics. Lives in Warsaw (Poland).



EXCERPT

“Do you know what I dream about most of all? I dream that one day all the elements of Nature, all the children of the Generation will return to people and respond in their hearts as the wind echoes in the hearts of those to whom my grandchildren come. And, perhaps, then the Eternal Order will finally reign in the world.”

* * *

The higher they went, the more Dave was haunted by the déjà vu feeling. All this has happened before. He felt a whirlwind dancing inside him again, somewhere between his stomach and his heart. And it didn't just dance, moving chaotically; it spun around, clockwise. He even saw it, when he closed his eyes slightly: the whirlwind had a pale yellow colour and was warm by touch. Warm and gentle. Although it spun in it with incredible force — as a fan spins on at maximum speed. Perhaps, even stronger. Like a helicopter propeller. Or Carlson's one. But his propeller, unlike the propeller of the character, invented by the Swedish writer, was not outside, but inside. Being invisible to others, he tickled Dave, making him want to laugh, jumping over the ground. Finally, he stepped over the last step and saw a little further, to the right, the tall bronze monument to Taras Shevchenko, surrounded by old chestnuts, lindens and oaks. The eyes of the guy saw a beautiful landscape again. At some moment, it even seemed to him that he had risen — even though only a few millimetres — above the ground! He remembered what Ivan said: “You'll have time to fly”. But Ivan meant something else — physical death. Well, Dave didn't want to think about that. He wanted to live here, on this land, where Dana lives. And at the same time he wanted to learn to fly, so that he could soar freely, like a bird in the sky — and to return home to earth.

* * *

“You have to know that this is The Mountain of Wind. This is the place of our strength. Once upon a time, several thousand years ago, one of the temples of god Strybog was situated here. You and I are his grandchildren, and we came to this land with some reason. To be more precise, we did not come by themselves, that is, not of our own free will: God Strybog sent us here so that we could become mediators between the power of wind and people. One day you will have to open your heart and let the Golden Whirlwind come into it.”

* * *

“Now he is not just Dave, not just a Canadian with Ukrainian roots. He is also Paviter, grandson of the God of Winds.”



SERHIY PANTIUK

FAST AS IT GETS

THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS FOR TEENAGERS:
ADVENTURES, SPORTS, AND FEELINGS



Illustrator: Maria Ivanova

Published: 2020

Length: 176 pages

Dimensions: 130 × 200 mm

Target group: 10+



Long-listed for the 2021 Espresso Readers' Choice

ABOUT

You sometimes want so badly a good magician to come, wave his magic wand or snap his fingers and solve all your problems at once... And did he come to Elvira, an ordinary school girl with a world of problems. He makes her best dream come true: she achieves tremendous results in swimming — a hobby she used to pursue just for fun and relaxation. What's more, Elvira even becomes an Olympic swimming champion! She has glory and money, she can afford anything she wants but... She feels as if her whole life is going down the drain. The girl believes she has lost something important despite all her achievements. That's when Elvira starts taking important decisions herself. Decisions quite important and unexpected for herself...

FOR WHOM

For teenagers who value self-recognition and are willing to reveal themselves and to strike the right dreams vs. reality balance. For parents who care about the development and socialisation of their teenage children.

WHY

This story is not a kiddie tale. It is intended for teenagers who don't believe in fairy-tales anymore but, in fact, they would love to. This book is also about truly complicated and deep feelings, and love is one of those (though, not the most dominant one), because a proper young adult book cannot go without it.

AUTHOR

SERHIY PANTIUK is a poet, novelist, and essayist. As a civic activist, he took part in the Orange Revolution and the Revolution of Dignity in

Ukraine and organised some literary and art events and festivals. He is an author of many books for children and adults, and some of his children's books are included in the New Ukrainian School (NUS) reading lists. After the full-scale invasion of Russian Federation in Ukraine Serhiy serves as Sergeant Major of an anti-tank guided missiles battery.



EXCERPT

'This is tragedy and ruin for my whole career,' thought the girl, falling onto her chair.

"No, no, this is a comedy, and only the beginning of your real life," sounded a voice from behind her ear. Surprised, Elvira jumped out of the chair, hands flying to her mouth to stop herself from screaming.

"Oh, that's already better!" continued the voice. "It's a lot more comfortable sitting in this chair than on the floor. Because your other chair is not made for someone of my stature. And laying around on a stranger's bed isn't very good manners for a decent wizard. Well, good night to you too, kid!"

Elvira hadn't even had time to gasp happily when Kittriban appeared on the chair – as always, his hair neatly combed, smiling, only this time he was dressed differently, wearing a burgundy Japanese kimono.

"This isn't a hologram, it's real local clothes, I ordered and purchased them in advance," he stood up on the chair and began to parody typical statue poses, "Local traditions must be respected. Although no one will appreciate it. Because they can't see me. But you have to admit – it's cool, right?"

"Right," whispered Elvira, confused, and then she suddenly laughed loudly and rushed to give the wizard a hug.

"Careful, please," he deliberately croaked in an old man's voice. "Are you trying to reduce the number of my kind by one person? Your grip has become like a blacksmith's vise."

"How wonderful that you're here again, Kittriban" the girls clapped her hands, "And today, something bad happened already... but you probably know everything since you came."

"Not just know. I'll tell you more – I'm the one who made this mess for you."

"You? Why?" Elvira looked shocked, "You were the one who told me to make this wish – to be an Olympic champion, and now you're getting in the way."

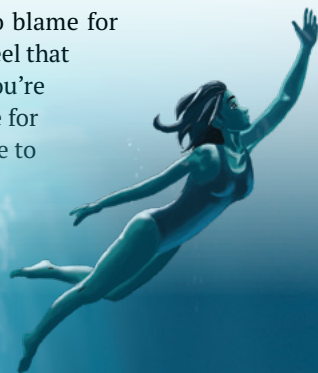
"No, for now everything remains within the scope of our agreement," Kittriban sat down again, crossing his legs which made him look like a Japanese Netsuke statue, "Losing the battle doesn't mean losing the war. Though, that is a bad example. This is not a war. But I needed to remind you of my existence somehow. Are you going to say you haven't forgotten about me? But you've forgotten about everything and everyone – even your mother, even Oleg. Do you remember your dad sometimes?"

Elvira suddenly began to choke back heavy tears. God, what a fool she was! She'd really cut herself off from everything, only thinking about how to get more of that cursed money that Kittriban had warned her about so long ago.

"Can it be possible to not waste our time crying?" The wizard frowned, waving his hand in Elvira's direction, and the girl immediately calmed down. "I'll let you in on a secret: I'm only here for a short time, without the permission of my supervisors. But I'll confess that I am also to blame for the way you were led off the smooth road into the weeds. Why? Because, on one hand, I was too trusting, too enchanted with you, and, on the other hand, I put too many obstacles in for our miracle. Some nuances were not taken into account... at least, the way the adolescent psyche works as you're in your formative years. And, in some cases, your unconventional thinking. Well, how could I have predicted that you would borrow funds for your mother's treatment before even receiving your first real income? In general, money and an unformed psyche are incompatible things. This is a good lesson not just for you, but also for me."

"Now I truly 100% understand what I'm doing wrong. Did wrong," the girl sat down, also crossing her legs, sitting in front of the wizard and looking him in the eye, "Forgive me, I lost control over myself. Now everything will be different, I promise."

"Okay, I believe you. Even the sun has eclipses. Although it's not to blame for those. And you are partially to blame for your own eclipse. However, I do feel that you're changing. That is, changing back to who you were when we met. You're becoming yourself again. It's nice. As you say, it's super cool. But it's time for me to leave," the wizard spread his hands apart, "Though, if you'll treat me to candy or lemonade, I can stay for a few more minutes."



TETIANA RUBAN

TO THE NORTH OF THE BORDER

FEELINGS OF A TEENAGER AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF WAR



Illustrator: Sofiia Suli

Published: 2021

Dimensions: 130 × 200 mm

Length: 176 pages

Target group: 12+

- ★ Winner of the Young Coronation of the Word competition (2019) in the Novels category
- ★ Winner of the competition from The Nash Format publisher in 2020
- ★ Top of the BaraBuka – 2021 in the "Prose for Youth" category

ABOUT

Nata's desire is painting, but her mother decidedly wants to make her a gymnast. Lali tries to avenge her father for divorcing her mother and creating a new family. Sergo takes care of the family after his father becomes a partisan to defend his fatherland from the enemy. Three teenagers, three stories, three life stories, intersecting on the border, which should not exist. On the border, which emerged after the "Five-Day War" in 2008 – when self-willed russian aggressors-'peacemakers' came into a small Georgian town, where our heroes met...

FOR WHOM

For teenagers and adults who love deep, thoughtful, extremely relevant prose with a vivid plot, that can be read in one breath, and with "living" characters, in which teenagers will easily recognize themselves, and in their excitement, problems and joys they will

recognize their own excitement, problems and joys.

WHY

A deep, vivid, touching, talented novel *To the North of the Border*, written by Tetiana Ruban, is one of the first modern Ukrainian books, addressed to the teenagers, in which the issue of war – unfortunately, it is extremely relevant for us – is described deeply, touchingly and with talent.

AUTHOR

TETIANA RUBAN is a teacher of history and law, interested in psychology, Ukrainian culture and the world of animation by Hayao Miyazaki. Her texts were published in the numerous Ukrainian periodicals. She is the author of the books for teenagers *Nobody's People* (2017), *#Physicist* (2021), *To the north of the border* (2021).





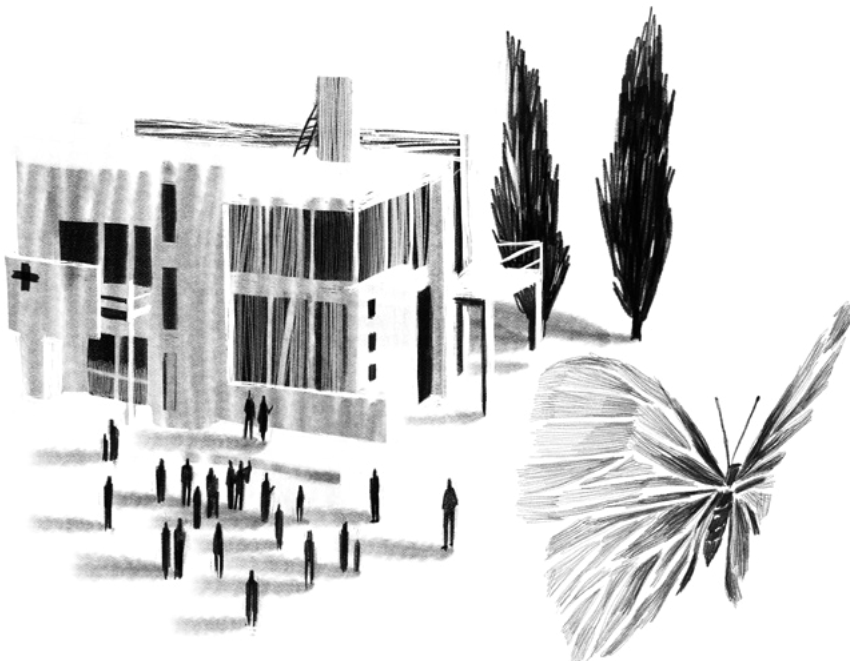
EXCERPT

“Your father was telling the truth. Everything was staged. We saw them. With Jolie. We were there. We need to tell people about that!” Nata talked quickly, fluffing, while he was carrying her away from this terrible place.

“It’s full of people from TV, but they are their own. And all of them are shouting into their microphones that we have broken the shaky world and attacked the border. Who will believe you?”

“They didn’t guess that. Everyone will believe, Sergo. That’s what I have.” Nata unclenched her thin fingers, in which she hid the phone. “Jolie filmed everything.”

“And never again,” she says. “Because you are a sincere, victorious and proud people. Mighty as the Caucasian rocks. And your soul is wide as the sky unfolds above its peaks. Your heart is hospitable as the land that makes grapes. But you are hospitable only for friends, not for enemies. My friend Jolie, who admired you sincerely, said so. Jolie, thanks to which the whole world learned the truth. Jolie, who died for this truth.”





DRAGONS



AND YET MORE

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