

NEW
HUNGARIAN
CHILDLIT

NEW TALES

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ALES

TWENTY TWENTY-THREE

*Imaginative
& Narrative
& Narrated
Imagination*

Petőfi
Cultural
Agency



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*Imaginative
& Narrative
Narrated
Imagination*

NEW
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CHILDREN'S
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TALES

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TWENTY TWENTY-THREE

CONTENTS

4

Cecília Simonyi

Noah's Ark

8

Tibor Zalán

Andrea Kürti

*The Big Book
of Princesses*

12

Csenge Virág Zalka

Annabella Orosz

*The Palace with One
Hundred and One Doors*

16

Emese Révész

Alexandra Grela

Where is Art Made?

20

Dóra Gimesi

Mari Takács

Emma's Silence

24

Írisz Agócs

Tekla's Birds

28

András Dániel

*"Oh, For Heaven's
Sake!" Said the Fish*

32

Móni Paulik

Katalin Szegedi

You Can Always Say No

36

Margit Szőcs

Andrea Kürti

Teofil

40

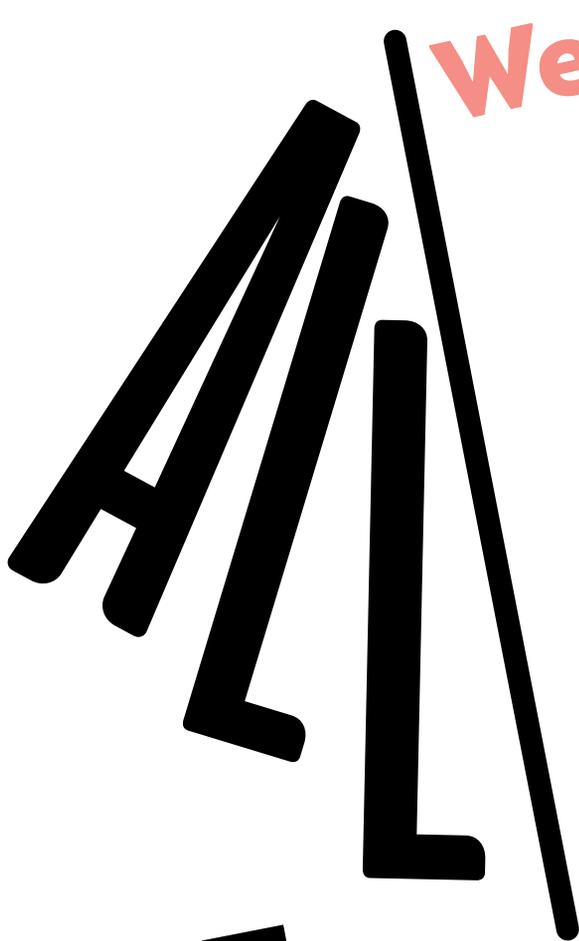
Judit Ágnes Kiss

Hajnalka Szimonidesz

*Sage and the Journey to
the Deep Valley*

44

authors, illustrators



We're

*in the
same*

boat ;



Among the innumerable contemporary narrative adaptations of biblical stories, Cecília Simonyi's graphic and literary achievements (the latter with the help of a renowned folktale researcher and fairytale writer) stand out, as does—perhaps even more so—the elegant harmony of the two. The book, a blend of text and illustration, was clearly created with an astute sense of lyricism and pedagogical flair.

Noah's Ark

It offers a perfect balance of both artistic forms, yet it is so engaging and lively that it elegantly captures the biblical story, making it both profound and memorable.

It tells the story of events that happened thousands of years ago from a perspective close to that of twenty-first-century man, and it prompts us to think. Its magical, hand-painted images and text will inspire children and adults alike to ask questions about Noah and the ark that they may never have asked before.

This modern take on the story of Noah's Ark helps us think about the simple phrases of the enduring tale. What does it mean to sail for 150 days, or even to live in close quarters (as we did in the days of Covid) with people and animals? What burdens does lasting interdependence place on a family (or a community)? What does it mean to live in harmony with nature or to prepare for a long journey? What kinds of emotions might we feel if we were to endure such a sudden experience of change and rupture? These moments, interpreted in a family context and presented with whimsical imaginativeness, depict the life of a family with authenticity and tender empathy. Last but not least, the story offers a cosmic perspective and a textual language with which to face uncertainty, while also offering children concrete, everyday solutions to the same problem. The life situations of the biblical heroes thus become familiar, and together with our children, we can gain some sense of the trials and tribulations endured by these figures of ancient narrative.

The first sentence, itself biblical in its origins, is broken down into concrete images and life situations in the dark mosaic graphics on the facing page. Then, through alternations of only a few colors and variegated images, we arrive at the rainbow... Simonyi plays with the relationship between the illustrations and the printed text, for example when she captures the living creatures of Noah's family and the elements of nature on the ripples of the slopes.

Colors, shapes, texture, and composition together offer the reassuring sense that the uncertain, even the unknown can be experienced, that they are parts of our lives. If we face them, they can be tamed and dissolved into harmony and gratitude in the soul.

author / illustrator
Cecília Simonyi

title
Noé bárkája

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Lampion

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2022

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48

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215 × 215 mm

age group
5+

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“

And they finally started to act.
The men set about building the ark.
The children sat around Noah and began
to think about the questions that had been raised.
How many different kinds of animals live on Earth?
How can they be summoned to board the ark?
How will they all fit?
How will they all live together on the ark?

”



A CATALOGUE

OF A SOMEWHAT



UNUSUAL

Princess

In this beautifully illustrated collection of stories, Tibor Zalán presents forty tales of poetic beauty and exciting twists and turns. This is how the defining tales of our childhood should look and sound—just as they look and sound in this glimmering, shimmering treasure chest of stories.

The “princess catalogue” of forty princesses is a little girl’s dream, but it’s also a must-read for fathers with daughters. The two authors, both of whom have children, were concerned with the very essence of princess-hood and, more specifically, with the secrets of femininity. This book offers a “path through forty tales” to

The Big Book of Princesses

the unraveling of this mystery. Each of the tales has a female name as a title, referring to the individuality of each princess: Hesperus, Rebeka, Ágnes, Cilike, Eszter, Csipike, Hildegárd, take your pick... The imaginary heroines also exist as ethereal-lyrical portraits painted by Andrea Kürti. Of course, Gabi, whose name is the title of the last tale, knows herself so well that she is aware that she does not want to be a girl.

Tibor Zalán, an acclaimed, award-winning Hungarian poet and writer, set out to write new fairytales, for the most part in the spirit of the European fairytales of French knightly romance origin and often with allusions to Russian tales of magic. The stories preserve elements of folklore in their language, as well as plot twists and symbolism, while at the same time, they enriching these traditions with contemporary flavors, giving the narratives an up-to-date feeling.

For example, the tales preserve the patriarchal-feudal medieval backdrop of most folktales, but at the same time, they also turn it upside down. For our author (as the frame narrative makes clear) has placed one of King Habakkuk’s daughters at the center of the forty tales. But we are confronted not simply with a change of gender, when the protagonist becomes a princess instead of a prince, but also a change of perspective. How does a young woman experience and live in a traditional world? In what ways does she behave differently from the leading men? How can she find the right husband? Who is the right man for her? What feminine qualities and virtues help girls find their own way and place in the world?

The locations (palaces, forests, goldfish ponds) capture the typical backdrops of folktales, as do the heroes (the old king, princes, the devil, a witch, and dragons) and magical objects (a horse, a scone, a sword). We also find symbols and phrases typical of folktales. Certain plot elements, such as miraculous transformations, are also familiar. These, in turn, are inextricably linked to contemporary elements: the frame story, the unique literary similes, the unique and humorous names (Masat, Potroha), the princesses, each of whom has a very distinctive personality, and the sometimes very humorous, sometimes charmingly poetic texts and plot elements. We also come across allusions to works of world literature. The language and world of the tales are so exciting and captivating that when it comes to bedtime stories, little girls and little boys will be thrilled to have a chance to choose from the tales about these intrepid heroines.

author / illustrator
Tibor Zalán
Andrea Kürti

title
Királylányok nagykönyve

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Cerkabella

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age group
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Hesperus

King Habakkuk's palace was known by the people of the surrounding villages as Swan Castle. Snow-white swans flew around the red towers and splashed in the small lake in the palace garden. On the shore of the pond sat Princess Hesperus, throwing bits of bread into the water and stroking the heads of the graceful birds.

Hesperus was indeed beautiful, like the star after which she had been named (or perhaps, people who had seen her often thought, the star had been named after her). She had crystal blue eyes, shimmering blond hair, a supple waist, and nimble, shapely legs. Yet of all the girls, she was the quickest to anger.

As she sat stroking the swans, she suddenly noticed that one of them had a drop of blood on its feathers. She called out to it, but the noble bird was startled and fled, running across the garden. Hesperus chased after it, still calling out to it, assuring it she only wanted to help, but when the bird reached the fence, it spread its wings and took flight. Soon, it was soaring just beneath the clouds drifting across the sky.

Hesperus was enraged. She took a golden arrow from the quiver on her shoulder and aimed at the swan, but the arrow only grazed its wing. Hesperus stared at the bird, her blood still boiling, but suddenly she saw a white feather drift down from on high. She picked it up and lo, what did she see? A drop of blood! She scampered back to the lake to wash the blood from the feather, but the plume slipped through her fingers, fell into the water, and sank. A goldfish raised its head from the waters and spoke.

"You have become the cause of much trouble, Princess Hesperus! Indeed, you have, even if unwittingly. The swan you chased in the garden was a prince who had had a curse put on him. Today, the curse would have been undone, and he would have turned back into a handsome lad."

"I did nothing to hurt him!" Hesperus snapped in response.

"I know you meant well. But a curse was put on him by a witch. He was transformed into a swan, and the curse would only have been lifted had seven years passed, seven years to the day, without any human hand touching the drop of blood on his wing."

"But whose drop of blood was it on the prince's wing?" Hesperus asked.

"Why, the witch herself," replied the fish, "the witch Petrovka. That one drop of blood was all the blood that flowed in her veins. Had the swan prince taken that one drop of blood with him when he ascended into the clouds, the evil Petrovka would have perished."

Hesperus burst into tears. How could she do anything but sob when her imprudent temper had caused the poor prince such untold grief! Then all of a sudden she stopped her blubbering.

"You are the fish king?" she asked the fish.

"Indeed I am," he replied

"Then you must help me!"

"I myself can do nothing to help you, but I can tell you what you must do if you wish to put right the terrible mistake you have made. Lean closer! When the first beads of dew fall on the grass in the morning, sneak out the garden. You will find a ladder made of seaweed at the water's edge. Climb down the ladder to the very bottom of the lake. There, you will find a donkey with a thistle mane waiting for you. Climb up on its back and do not get off until you have reached the three-branched tree. They'll laugh at you, but do not cast your glance to the side, for you must see everything! When you reach the three-branched tree, strike the donkey three times hard on his forehead. Leave the rest to the magpies."

Hesperus did not quite understand what the fish king was saying, and she was not entirely sure she should trust him. But she hardly had much choice. There was suddenly a small splash in the waters in front of her, and the fish king had disappeared.

Hesperus lay awake among her sisters, who were peacefully snoring at her side. She could hardly wait for the first glimmers of dawn to brighten the sky in the east. Then all of a sudden, she heard a soft sound: the first drops of dew falling on the grass. She got up, quickly but quietly, put her crimson slippers on, and set out for the garden. When she had reached the shore of the lake, she found the ladder of seaweed. She hesitated, but only for a moment, and the next minute, she was climbing down the ladder into the waters of the lake...



Live

STORYTELLING

in

writing }

The eighteen tales in the book are all part of the repertoire of storyteller and world-traveler Csenge Virág Zalka. The tales build on stories from an array of cultures around the world. We find the story of the shy slow loris, inspired by an Assamese tale, and the story

The Palace with One Hundred and One Doors

of Idun, the charming goddess of youth, inspired by a fragmentary medieval Icelandic poem, as well as classic stories from the world of Hungarian folktales, all of which Zalka has adapted into her own tales.

The stories were created in two ways: from reimagined folktales or out of fragments of folktales. When stories are told, each tale is constantly evolving, both in response to audience reactions and through the visions of the storyteller, who is always coming to know the tale better. Sometimes, a given story remains in its original form, changing only in tinge and mood, while at other times, it may well take on a completely new form, with new characters and a new ending. In these cases, we are reading fairytales based on folktales. The other group of tales is the result of the author's encounter with a fragment of a folktale, a belief, even a reference of only one or two sentences, which she has rounded off to form a complete tale. For these tales, too, she went back to the structure and motifs of the folktales, and then polished, shaped, and refined the stories in live encounters with her audiences.

The book contains behind-the-scenes secrets about the creative process in the notes to each text. When the story is based on a specific text, the source is also provided for those who are curious to learn more about the original story. The volume contains stories written at different times and for different purposes. They are organized by target age group, and they include tales intended for elementary school-age children as well as more complex fairytales that are more engaging to adults but are also accessible to children.

Csenge Virág Zalka's storybooks offer a unique and exciting selection from the rich world of Hungarian and international folktales. Reimagined for live audiences, these tales, which can be seen as creative re-imaginings of tradition, reveal the secrets of live storytelling and the processes of the evolution of tales. They also revive old stories and make them captivating for today's young readers.

author / illustrator
Csenge Virág Zalka
Annabella Orosz

title
A százegy ajtajú palota

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Móra

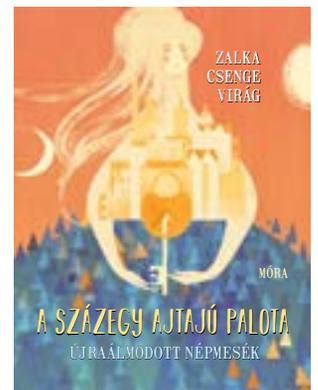
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6+

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The Faun and the Dragon

"What are you doing here?" the dragon bellowed at the uninvited guest. "I am here to find out who has been filching our things!" the faun bravely replied. "Now I see that it was you! Tell me, why?"

"Why? Do you not see I am a dragon?"

"I see, yes, but we do not have dragons in these parts. I at least have never once seen one."

The dragon gave a furious huff, and flames leapt from her nose. The faun stumbled back a few steps.

"Learn this, impudent creature: dragons are keepers of the treasure. Every dragon has a cave full of gold, silver, and precious stones. The bigger the pile of treasure, the mightier the dragon!"

The faun glanced doubtfully at the small pile of assorted stuff.

"Is that why you came to our distant land? To steal treasure?"

"I have come because in the lands far to the north, where I was born, people are hunting us," the dragon said, heaving a heavy sigh. "They want to steal our treasures. I came because here I can hatch my eggs in peace. And I must have treasure so that my child can someday become a mighty, fearsome dragon!"

"Will the treasure make your child mighty and fearsome?" the faun asked, wrinkling his brow. He was not so terribly afraid of the dragon anymore, and he ventured a bit closer to get a peek at the egg.

"Indeed, it will! Dragons are born among treasures. The more treasure, the more powerful the dragon. Gold makes our scales strong, silver makes our claws sharp, pearls make our teeth long and shiny. We need diamonds to make our eyesight sharp, and amber to breathe fire. We even need enemies! The steel swords and iron clubs of men make a dragon brave and fierce, and the more bones of defeated warriors strewn across the cave of a baby dragon as he grows, the stronger his wings will be!"

The faun nodded and gazed again at the egg.

"Well," he mumbled, "if what you say is true, I'm afraid you've still quite a way to go. Or rather, quite a lot to steal."

At this, the dragon gave another furious huff, again spewing flames from her nostrils.

"You think I don't know that!" she bellowed. "I have spent days trying to get my claws on everything my child will someday need, but treasures are hard to find in this forsaken land! And if I venture among humans, they will hunt me again. If I don't get more gold, more steel, more precious stones, my egg will hatch and out of the broken shell will crawl a frail little

dragon child doomed forever to be clumsy, weak, and cowardly!"

The faun heard the notes of desperation in the dragon's voice, and his heart sank.

"I'm afraid I can't help you find gold or precious stones," he said, "but don't despair! Perhaps we can find some other solution."

The faun turned on his heels, or rather hooves, and scampered back into the forest. He told everyone he met, fauns, centaurs, naiads, what he had heard from the dragon. The news spread like wildfire through forest and meadow, and soon the noisy denizens of the wilderness had gathered in council to decide what to do with the newcomer to their land.

"Let's send this beastly lizard back where it came from!" some of them said. "He has no place in our empire! He might well try to devour one of us, or all of us! Or he might anger our gods!"

"And what if he steals even more things from us?" the nymphs pleaded, their voices trembling with worry.

"And if we chase her off, then what becomes of her egg?" the centaur asked. "Have you not thought of that? What would you say if you traveled to a distant land and the creatures there chased you and your children away?"

"But the dragon child will need treasures! What if his mother tries to get the gold and silver her baby needs from us?"

"Shame on you!" the faun shouted. "Is there not treasure in the woods and meadows we call home? Do not the gods themselves come here to delight in their beauty? And are we not famous for giving guests to our land a warm welcome and lending a hand if they ask for help?"

The denizens of the wild land looked at one other and felt ashamed.

"Perhaps this dragon is a deity in disguise, and it has come to test us!" the faun said. "It wouldn't be the first time that we had a chance to see who among us is truly kindhearted and who is selfish."

The nymphs, centaurs, and dryads were silent in confusion.

"What would you advise us to do?" one of them finally asked.

"If the dragon needs treasure for her child, then let's go find her some treasure!" the faun replied.

The others all burst into cheers. The denizens of the wild land immediately got to work. The dryads, the nymphs of the trees, gathered pinecones, chestnuts, and acorns in baskets. The naiads, the nymphs of the fresh waters, descended to the depths of streams and lakes to gather pearl shells and conch shells. The satyrs, with their swift hooves, picked fresh fruit from the trees. The maenads, great lovers of dance, wove wreaths of flowers, and the oreads, the nymphs of the mountains, filled



their sacks with colored pebbles. The centaur, who were great hunters, roamed the forest, picking up every fallen deer antler and wild boar tusk they could find. The dactyls, the children of the earth, dug deep

and brought to the surface bits of ore and crystals from the belly of the mountains. Even the mischievous fauns were hard at work, gathering colorful bird feathers by the handful in the forest and meadows.

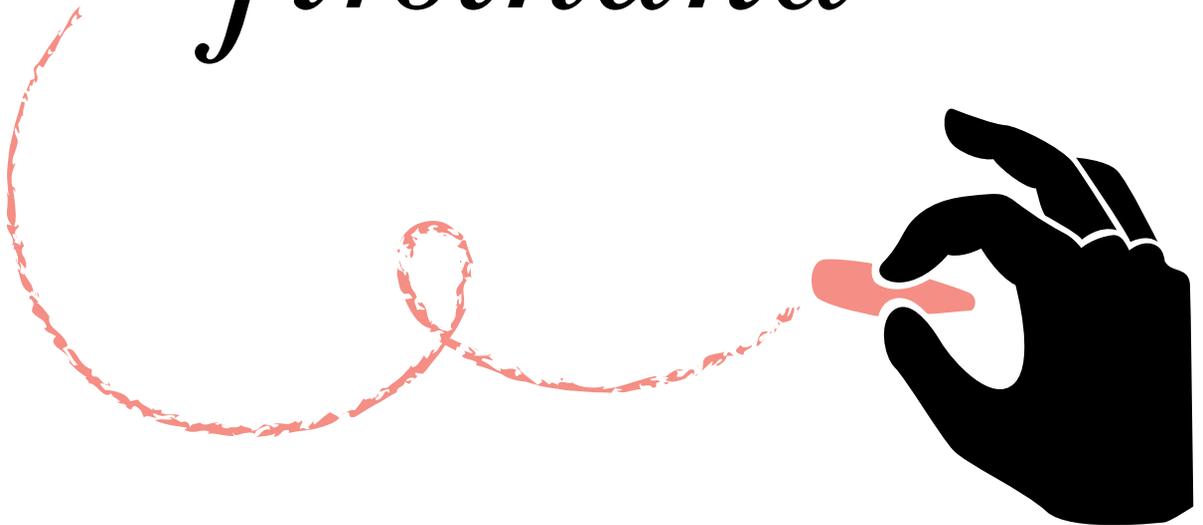




SECRETS
of the

WORKSHOP

firsthand



The art history wimmelbook *Where is art made?* is a virtuoso undertaking, in which author Emese Révész and illustrator Alexandra Grela have collaborated as closely as possible.

The album is not a wimmelbook in the traditional sense. It is much more. A separate chapter has been devoted to each artist covered in the book, with sections of text interspersed among some 25 illustrations. The object of the game is to find the three little oddities in each image, and there is an answer key at the end of the book for readers who feel stumped.

Where is Art Made?

The informative passages about the artists and the periods in which they worked are written in the form of a dialogue, which gives the book a more spontaneous, direct tone. These dialogues are all part of a larger story. A curious little girl has entered a studio, which she finds fascinating. The artist who works in the studio becomes her companion in this journey into the history of art.

The answers to the questions raised by the little girl contain fascinating information about art history and an array of behind-the-scenes secrets. Révész has taken care to be clear, precise, and concise, without being too didactic or dry. Thus, the wanderings through the world of art and art history become a truly engaging adventure for children and adults.

In the course of this tour, we are also given insights into the creative work of artists from different eras. We learn some of the tricks of the trade used by medieval codex painters, the methods used by the artists who made Roman mosaics, the functions of cave paintings, and even a few tidbits of information about how contemporary artists work today.

An immense amount of work went into this impressive book. The equipment and tools depicted in the illustrations are all historically accurate and help conjure the period they represent. Révész and Grela clearly did a great deal of research and paid close attention to the smallest details, and the depictions are all carefully done to match the proportions of the original compositions, a challenge that Grela has tackled brilliantly, for example in the case of the Niki de Saint Phalle statues.

This elegantly illustrated book spans the major stylistic periods in art history, covering the techniques used and demonstrating the historically changing roles of artists, from the ancient practitioners of anonymous communal art to polyhistorians and court painters (Leonardo Da Vinci, Velázquez), landscape artists (Christo), and graffiti artists (Banksy).

Alexandra Grela's drawings are always done in a style that imitates the style of the artist whose works she depicts, as well as the style of the time, though they always bear her distinctive stylistic signature. The specific works of art in the studios are also easily recognizable, but the exact titles and the places where they can currently be found are also given.

Where is Art Made? will be a valuable contribution to schools, libraries, and museums. It offers a complex approach to a more subtle understanding of art history while also offering an engaging way of drawing young readers into this world. It will unquestionably become a fundamental tool for art teachers.

author / illustrator
Emese Révész
Alexandra Grela

title
Hol készül a művészet?

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Csimota

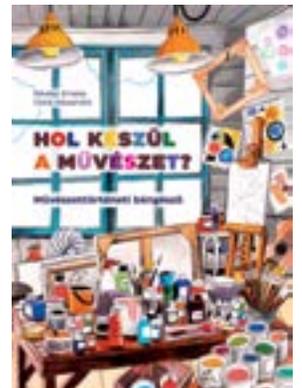
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An precise drawing of reality: Vermeer's studio

"It is very cold here! Even the water in the city canals is frozen."
"This was the so-called Little Ice Age, when the weather in Europe was unusually cold for almost two hundred years. The frozen canals of the Netherlands were a popular place for ice skating, for pushing children around on skis and sledges, and for helping them warm up their frozen toes with a new game: hockey."

"It must have been nice to stay in warm homes in this bitter cold. What a comfortably furnished room this studio is!"

"Vermeer, like most Dutch painters, worked in his home. His studio was on the upper floor of his house in the center of town, away from the clamor of the street and the noise of his eleven children. Here, he is doing a sketch on canvas of a woman standing at a window reading a letter."

"But what's interesting about a woman reading a letter? Is that really all that is happening in this picture?"

"Vermeer was a great master of simple images of events of everyday life. In most of his works, only a few figures are present in a room, talking or playing music. A young girl pours milk into a jug, for instance, or, as in this picture, reads a letter in the light coming through the window."

"Well, it probably didn't take him long to make that painting!"

"I wouldn't be so sure of that! Vermeer worked very slowly, with great care, completing no more than one or two paintings a year. Today, we know of only thirty-two of his paintings."





from
LISTENING



to **TAKING**
a **STAND**

Emma's Silence is the story of a special little girl who suffers from autism spectrum disorder. This is not stated specifically in the book, her unusual way of seeing and reacting to the world around her make it clear.

Emma is no ordinary child. She learned to swim before she could walk, her first word, which she uttered at the age of four, was “manatee,” and her best friends are fish and sea

Emma's Silence

creatures. She feels safest at her parents' workplace, the Big Blue Aquarium and Marine Biology Research Institute. For her, school is too noisy and chaotic, and it is far too easy for her to end up getting herself in trouble.

The story takes us into Emma's secret world with a sensitive touch of humor. In the animal hospital, we are introduced to several marine animals who, because of their injuries, are inhabitants of the aquarium for the time being. Through Emma's glasses, we can hear and understand them. The community at the animal hospital consists of unusual personalities who had difficult human characteristics. We have deep compassion for the kindly octopus Malvin, who has just had an operation. We root for the feisty yet terrified Ivan, the great white shark, who is Emma's best friend and who has been afraid to swim in the open sea ever since a boat propeller severely injured his back.

Emma's Silence is a book about gathering one's strength. Like the shark who eventually decides to return to the sea, Emma takes a huge step towards change when she resolves to break free of her self-imposed role of invisibility. “I'd rather be a little sea cucumber at the bottom of the aquarium,” she thinks at one point in the story, but then she overcomes her fears. She returns to school and speaks out for Philip, the injured swordtail dolphin, when he is in danger. The journey on which Emma embarks is, in many ways, a journey we all must take. It is not always easy, after all, to cope with the everyday obstacles we have to overcome, and Dóra Gimesi's text strengthens the reader's ability to be resilient.

Mari Takács's illustrations give a vivid sense of Emma's inner and outer worlds. They playfully intertwine with the text and draw the reader more deeply into the tale.

Emma's Silence is a storybook for preschoolers and schoolchildren that encourages us to be sensitive to those around us and ourselves. In a manner that is subtle and inviting rather than didactic or pedantic, Gimesi has woven important issues into the story that touch us all, such as environmental concerns, childhood autism, deafness, and bullying and exclusion.

In 2021, the Kolibri Children and Youth Theater in Budapest performed a stage adaptation of an earlier version of *Emma's Silence*. The award-winning puppet show is still performed today with great success.

author / illustrator
Dóra Gimesi
Mari Takács

title
Emma csöndje

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Pagony

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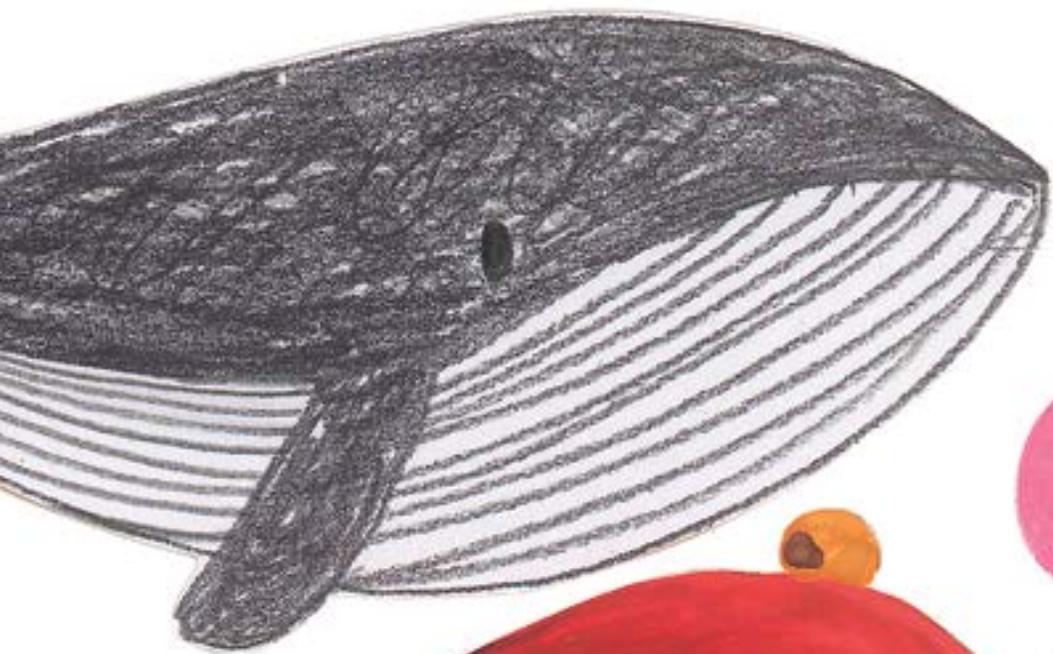
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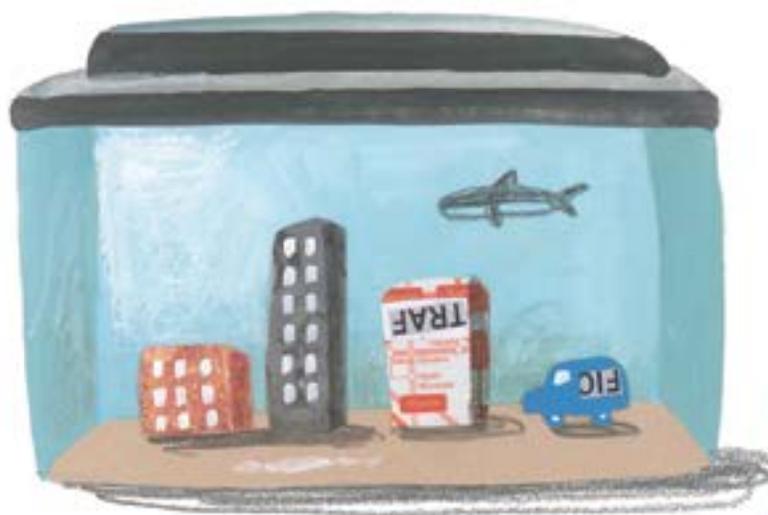


Suddenly there is silence, and I feel all eyes are on me. I am no longer invisible. I think of Ivan, out in the open sea, and Philip, in the aquarium. That their voices would not reach us, here on dryland. I have to speak instead of them about fish, dolphins, whales, octopuses, manatees, and starfish. About the great white shark, who should be hunting his prey, not trembling at the sound of a motorboat. The stingray, who eats plankton, not bits of discarded plastic. The whale, who can't tell the difference between a plastic bag and a jellyfish. And I have to talk instead of them, even though I really, really, really, really hate to talk, especially about something that is so obvious. I'd rather be a little sea cucumber at the bottom of the aquarium.

I am slowly counting to three.

I take a deep breath.

And I start talking.”





We can only
SAVE THE
WORLD
if we know it

This book is the second volume in Írisz Agócs's "world-saving" series. The first, *Old Man Márkó's Garden*, told of how to grow a garden according to the order of nature. In the second volume of this series, which is intended primarily for preschoolers, Tekla tells Mici about how very important birds are. Mici, who is the protagonist of this tale, is determined to save the world. He is very brave and very clever, and he learns

Tekla's Birds

everything about what various kinds of birds need and don't need. The fact that there is a stable nearby with lots of horses, for instance, is ideal for birds, not simply because there is always plenty of grain to eat, but also because there are lots of bugs flying around the horses, and these little critters make a good meal for a bird.

The text is amusing and engaging, though at the same time it also offers a very clear, accurate explanation of, for example, how to feed birds in winter, why bird feeders are essential, and why trees and other sites where birds make their nests need to be protected. In short, it shows its reader what the natural world and natural lifecycle of a bird is really like.

The take also touches on the concept of the food chain. We learn that in the animal kingdom, the creatures who are higher on this chain eat the creatures who are lower, but this is essential, of course, to ensure survival of an array of diverse species. It is important to plant flowers, for instance, because they attract insects, and birds can then hunt the insects. Even little baby birds can get enough food to survive and grow.

Írisz Agócs creates imaginative characters with distinct personalities, thus making the story interesting and engaging even for children who have not yet learned to read. The humorous scenes and cheerful colors will catch the attention of even the youngest children and inspire them to create.

Agócs has been nurturing the idea of creating this series for some ten years now. She sought to create tales about helping preserve the natural world around us that were not didactic.

She has succeeded.

As Agócs herself commented, "I brooded a great deal over the question of what I actually hoped to achieve with this series, and I came to the conclusion that my intention was, first and foremost, simply to provide children with information that would help them in the future."

author / illustrator
Írisz Agócs

title
Tekla madarai

publisher
Pagony

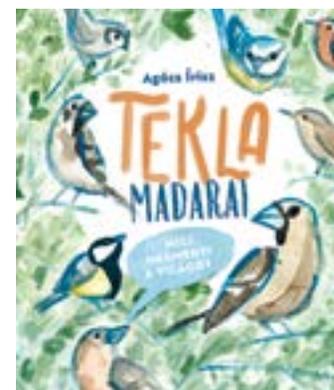
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number of pages
40

size
190×220 mm

age group
3–6

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“

The other day I overheard a woman and a man on the street talking about how we are getting ourselves into trouble by destroying the natural world around us and how, if the end of the world is upon us, it's probably our fault!

Of course, first I asked my grandpa how to save the world, because he knows everything (like he even fixed my bike the other day, even though the chain had fallen completely off.)

Grandpa told me that the best way to be a good friend to nature was to get to know it as well as possible.

I've already got a good list of things to do to get to know the natural world better.

Here are some examples:

Tekla's birds.

”





A

FASCINATION

WITH
THE



ABSURD

Author and illustrator András Dániel's fascination with the absurd can be found in all his works, but it is perhaps particularly evident in his latest book. It would be difficult to classify this story by intended age group. School children who are familiar with Dániel's whimsical

“Oh, For Heaven’s Sake!” Said the Fish

tales about croissant-shaped creatures called “kufflik” will again find themselves chuckling as they read these tales, but parents will also appreciate the philosophical implications of the book. Dániel thus has provided us with a good family read.

In the story, three men in their fifties go fishing on Saturdays at a lake where they have never once caught a fish, but this does not dampen their appetite for fishing. They chat, sip coffee, talk about the various kinds of bait that one can use, and seem like ordinary people. For them, the little pond in an area otherwise dominated by rundown industry is the perfect place to relax. One day, Janka, a six-year-old girl wearing very dirty socks, happens by. Janka claims to know the fish in the pond, Vanilla, Walter, and William. The men don't quite believe her, but it soon becomes clear that she is speaking the truth. Quite unexpectedly, the three fish come strutting out of the pond. They stroll along the shore in colorful sneakers and chat ever so politely with the fishermen. After the initial confusion, they all talk about themselves. One of the fish sings (a nice allusion to Morgenstern) and a slightly argumentative water sprite emerges from a yellow nylon bag and goes off to read. Finally, the group dances together to the song *The Salmon Dance* by The Chemical Brothers. The fishermen then promise the talking, dancing fish that they'll come back to the little pond, which is ever shrinking, next Saturday.

In this tale, which is interwoven with engagingly surreal dialogues and a distinctively original language, author-illustrator András Dániel pays homage to the greats of Hungarian fairytale literature and even to such international known figures as Douglas Adams.

The illustrations in this book, unlike the illustrations in Dániel's earlier works, are really just visions of the natural backdrop of the tale rather than depictions of the characters in the story.

As Dániel recently said in an interview, “I like to tell stories about people who, at first glance, don't seem to have anything ‘fabulous’ about them. Much as I like remote, rundown places. [...] I'm interested in everyday situations and ‘ordinary’ heroes who are at times less than heroic. They inspire me more than fairytale fantasy. Even if I often end up wandering into the world of fantasy.”

In this book, there is most certainly a strong element of the fantastic.

author / illustrator
András Dániel

title
Jaj ne már! – mondta a hal

publisher
Pagony

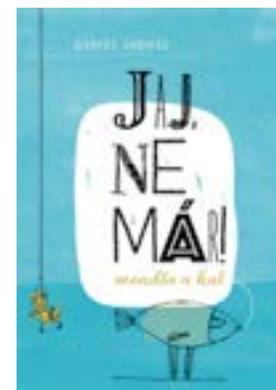
year of publication
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age group
8+

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was a little girl. Unless it was a badger or a muskrat parading around in a polka-dot skirt. She only appeared for a brief moment and then was gone again. But soon she reappeared among the leaves, quite real, this time very close to them.

“It really is spotted,” said Richie Scraggs. “Spots everywhere, red spots on the skirt and red spots on the skin. Though the latter is mosquito bites, I think.”

And she hadn’t seemed either surprised or alarmed. As if she had expected to find them here. Which was impossible, since they’d never met before.

“What are you doing here?” she asked in a delicate voice. Instead of first introducing herself.

Arby Tinsel and Louie Foursquare had only just noticed her. They turned towards her with the same jolt of surprise.

“We’re fishing,” Richie replied.

The little girl acknowledged his reply with a nod. Like someone attentively reading the caption accompanying a shocking photograph in a newspaper. And then she continued to stare at them wide-eyed.



Richie Scraggs began to feel a little self-conscious. His two friends must have felt anxious too, because suddenly all three of them were sitting on the bench in a way they never had before. Only barely noticeable, but still. Somehow more awkward. As if they wanted to show very clear that they were now fishing, and so they were trying to look as much like Seasoned Fishermen as possible.

“Interesting,” Richie thought. He adjusted his rod a bit, just to look as if he were doing something very important when it came to catching fish.

“My name is Janka,” the girl said.

She climbed out of the brush and walked over to the edge of the pond. She was wearing sandals, and her socks were inexplicably dirty. You could only tell from their very tippy-tops that they had once been white.

“Careful, you’ll get muddy!” Richie said, quite unnecessarily.

Janka stopped, folded her hands behind her back, leaned forward a little, and looked intently at the three fishermen and the little pond.

“Where are the fish?” she asked.

For a moment, there was nothing but silence in reply.

“That’s what we’d like to know,” Louie then said. There was a touch of shame in his words, a shame that he tried to hide beneath a joking tone.

Janka crouched down and looked at a bunch of lily pads on the water. Then some water spiders skipping across the ripples. Then several glistening pebbles at the water’s edge.

“They under the surface of the pond,” she said.

“Are you quite sure?” Arby said. It was an earnest question.

“Yes,” Janka replied. And her reply was earnest too.

“Interesting,” Louie said, “we’ve never actually seen them.

Janka shrugged. She dug a broken reed from the mud with the toe of her right foot.

“What’s that?” she asked, pointing to their little chest.

“Ground bait, a flavorful blend of kiwi and almond,” Arby said,

“Does it taste good?” Janka asked.

“It’s for the fish.”

“Do they like it?”

“We haven’t really had a chance to ask them yet,” Arby said with a frown. “They don’t seem to want to socialize with us. Indeed, we’re not even sure there are any fish in this pond.”

“They do sometimes leave to go off on little excursions,” Janka said, “but not all that often.

Then she stood up and scurried over to the other side of the bench. Richie Scraggs heard her quietly singing something softly, as if she were

saying, “here fishy fish, here fishy fish.” Probably something from some songbook that used water spiders for the treble clef.

“Do you like to sing?” he asked her.

Janka didn’t say anything in reply. She skipped along the shore, her little hands grabbing everything in her path.

“You and you and you and you,” she kept saying, as she touched one thing after another: a reed, a willow, a rotten log, a mossy stump, a blade of grass, an empty snail shell, a tangle of roots, as if she were taking roll before starting class at school.

“Maybe she’s the boss here,” Richie thought. “The lake manager. She drops by from time to time to check that things are all going well. If the reeds and the ferns are punching in on time.”

He thought about that for a while. He wondered if perhaps at the end of the workday, the pond plants would gather together to say goodbye and then each go about his business. They would pluck themselves from the soil, and then, strolling on their roots as if they were legs, they would leave the pond and return home. On the way, they would stop at the store for a beer, of course, and possibly a bowl of freshly popped popcorn. The whole idea seemed very funny to him, but then he remembered his own job, his own workplace, and suddenly there seemed to be a bit less humor in his whimsical musings.

Arby Tinsel pulled the end of his line from the water, checked the bait, and then cast it back in the pond, a little further away. The splash made slow rings in the middle of the lake.

“There are three of them,” Janka said.

She was now sitting on the frontend of an old car that had sunk halfway into the mud. She was kicking one of the front tires. The tire heaved a heavy sigh.

“Three of us, you mean,” Arby said. “We always come together, the three of us.”

“I mean fish,” Janka explained, pointing at the pond. “William, Walter, and Vanilla.”

From behind them came the sound of a breeze. Just a short gust, hardly enough to stir the waters of the pond.

“Vanilla is not a name,” Louie observed.

“It most certainly is!” Janka replied.

She was obviously quite firm in her convictions.

“Those are their names. William, Walter, and Vanilla. Two gentleman fish and one gentledady. And they are even older than you are.”

“We aren’t old,” Arby protested, but he didn’t sound entirely convinced.



BOUNDARIES
are YOURS
TO SET

The new storybook by Móni Paulik helps young children understand and learn to assert their right to set limits. *You Can Always Say No* does this in an indirect way. The protagonist of the story is Manna, a Labrador, and the narrator is her owner, the little boy through whose eyes we see Manna's behavior. Manna is like all dogs: she loves to be petted most of the time,

You Can Always Say No

but not always, and he doesn't necessarily let everyone pet her. Sometimes, she growls or avoids people, in this case, her owner's cousin, Zsófi. Manna doesn't like Zsófi, and she always tries to avoid her. And when this happens, Zsófi tries ever more persistently to pat Manna, but in vain.

The theme of the storybook touches on assumptions that all too often go unquestioned. It is commonplace for children to be kissed, hugged, and picked up by strangers, neighbors, relatives, or family friends without any consideration of how the children themselves feel about this. Sometimes, even children's own parents fail to take their feelings into account, assuming simply that they can hug them and handle them as if they were little more than cherished possessions.

We forget, at times, that children's feelings should be taken into consideration. When we do so, we make children feel insecure about their own responses, and it thus becomes difficult for them to appreciate that they always have the right to say no. This book helps to identify and clarify these kinds of situations.

By observing Manna's behavior, the little boy comes to an empowering realization. He understands that he has control over his body, and that there are times—any time—when he can say no if he wishes to. The parallel used by the author is perfect. Everyone knows the rules for befriending a dog. We take care to approach an animal cautiously and respectfully. We should show exactly the same respect when approaching children, since “everyone's body is his or her own dwelling place, and you must always knock before trying to come in.”

The wonderfully vibrant drawings by illustrator Katalin Szegedi add both humor and a sensitive pathos to the story, and they help capture the message of the tale with remarkable visual eloquence: there are situations in which the best decision for a child is to say no, boldly and loudly.

author / illustrator
Móni Paulik
Katalin Szegedi

title
Szabad a nem

publisher
Csimota

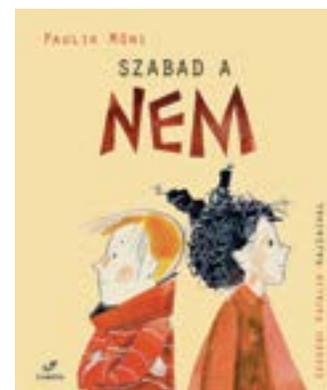
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age group
5+

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The other day an old woman on the bus picked me up. She wanted to sit me in her lap. She was a complete stranger to me! I was really scared. Luckily, my mother saved me. The lady was really offended, though. She called me a poorly raised brat.

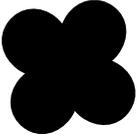




But mom told me she was wrong. ‘That woman can’t just touch you without asking, even if she means well,’ she said. ‘No one can do that. After all, she would have been pretty surprised if I had done that to her!’ Then she smiled and winked at me.

It was pretty funny, what she said. I imagined my mom picking up that woman and putting her in her lap.



THE   eternal child 
INSIDE US

The protagonist of this tale for “eternal children” is a 74-year-old forest dwarf named Teofil. Teofil lives in his woodland cottage with his curious grandson and his slightly cantankerous wife. Teofil does nothing but ponder, dream, and daydream. He shows great compassion for those around and for the natural world.

Teofil

In these texts, which are rich with captivatingly poetic language, one finds both deep roots in the traditions of folklore alongside contemporary idioms, and the occasionally startling phrasing often adds an irresistible humor to the tales.

For example, we learn in these stories of the stone that Teofil is always stumbling across. Teofil and the stone communicate with each other very eloquently through the language of silence, but we can also delve into the dictionary he has written, which includes the rustle of dry leaves, the whispers of the tree boughs, and the sizzle of eggs in the frying pan.

In one of the strangest stories, which presents to us the closed world of writers, Teofil finds himself trapped as the only reader and the only audience member for a group of authors. He can only escape their feverish readings from their works by disguising himself as a writer too.

The philosophical speeches, the pursuit of dreams, and Teofil’s incredible yearning for freedom all serve to create harmony with the world.

Margit Szőcs’s literary toolkit of poetic imagery and unbridled imaginative vision reveals a deep knowledge of people and nature.

The last chapter in this book of nineteen stories is titled “The Tale that Writes Itself.” This would have made an excellent title for the whole volume: “One sees very clearly that stories are not invented by writers. They exist since the dawn of time, and they write themselves. All you have to do is guide the pencil and take care not to interfere with the tale.”

Each story is accompanied by a full-page illustration and a few small scenes that are as playful and free as the narratives themselves. Andrea Kürti is an equal creative partner alongside Szőcs, and the book is truly for the “eternal child” in all of us.

author / illustrator
Margit Szőcs
Andrea Kürti

title
Teofil

publisher
Gutenberg

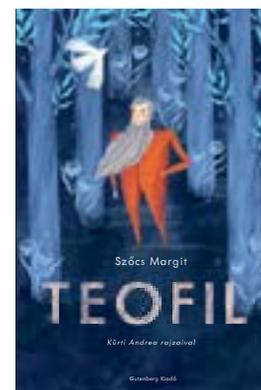
year of publication
2022

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size
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age group
6+

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A Swarm of Thoughts

The wind was blowing the leaves from the tree branches one by one. The twirl of leaves created a swirl of color in the air.

Teofil the dwarf had a frosty look on his face as he paced back and forth, dizzy. His head was buzzing like a hornet's nest that some miscreant had poked with a stick. His troubled thoughts were whirling round and round in his head, jostling one other this way and that. Teofil didn't know where to begin. He just kept nervously pacing back and forth, back and forth. Suddenly, he was struck with an idea, and he started rummaging through the drawers of the kitchen cupboard.

"What are doing, Teofil?" his wife Terka asked.

Teofil didn't reply. He just kept rummaging. Terka, however, didn't give up.

"Are you deaf?" she shouted.

Teofil looked at his wife, puzzled.

"Why are you shouting?" he asked.

"Because you've been lost in thought for quite some time now. It's no use talking to you. I would do just as well to talk to a wall. What on earth are you looking for?"

"The flyswatter," Teofil replied.

"It's hanging in the corner. What in heaven's name do you want with it? We haven't had a single fly since Chirpy started nesting in the kitchen."

"My head is full of a swarm of pesky thoughts," Teofil said gloomily. He grabbed the flyswatter and started swinging it about, but it didn't do him any good. The more he fretted and flapped, the more wildly the swarm of thoughts in his troubled head buzzed.

Terka scowled.

"Oh dear, this is not going to end well," she said. "Come on, let's take a walk. Tuli would like it. You'll see. A little stroll will help you relax."

"Let's go to the waterfall!" Tuli shouted, leaping out of the bedroom at the sound of her grandmother's voice.

Teofil reluctantly gave in. He took out his bag and packed a day's worth of food.

"Was that the sound of the cuckoo bird, grandpa?" Tuli asked just as they were leaving.

But Teofil had heard not a thing. Not the twitter of birds, not the rustle of leaves. As if he hadn't even been there, in the middle of a forest. He was lost in the clamor of his own thoughts. One of which was a repeated reproach.

"If you'd trimmed the artichokes last winter, they wouldn't have dried out in the pantry. You could have sown them in the spring, and now you'd have something to harvest. Remember how big your father's artichokes grew? Everyone in the neighborhood thought he was quite the miracle workers!"

But this voice of reproach hadn't even finished when another chimed in.

"It's high time to redo the kitchen floor, because cold weather is coming."

And then came a third voice, in an even harsher tone.

"Didn't you promise yourself that you would do regular healing exercises for your back pain? And you haven't even given it a single thought for the past three weeks!"

"The little sack you brought is way too small, not room enough for food for all!" said a fourth voice.

"Grandpa, wasn't that the cuckoo bird?" Tuli asked again, tugging at Teofil's sleeve.

"What's with this talk of a cuckoo?" Teofil said, snapping out of his chorus of reproachful thoughts.

"Your grandfather is a bit scatterbrained today, dear," Terka said. "Yes, indeed that was a cuckoo."

Tuli decided not to bother asking any more

questions and instead scampered down the trail waving a green branch in her hand.

When they reached the waterfall, they found a place to sit in the shade of a birch tree, and after admiring the roaring water wall, they unpacked their little sack of snacks and started to eat. For Teofil, however, the waterfall was little more than a giant screen on which a childhood memory suddenly came to life. While the others were admiring the natural beauty of the water, he saw a giant mole hole in the waterfall, covered with bugs that had fallen from the trees. In his ears, the murmur of the water was the murmur of the other bugs circling around the blossoming wild cherry tree. These wild visions, stirred by his fiery imagination, kept yanking him from the world of the present, and when he returned home, he was even more agitated that when he had left.

"Grandpa, I've got an idea," Tuli said. "Maybe a honeycomb will help calm your swarming thoughts."

"What do you mean?" Teofil asked.

"If you can tempt them to try a lick, perhaps they'll get caught in the teeth of the comb, and then, they'll no longer be able to flitter hither and thither in your head."

"Don't be silly, child," Terka said. "They don't care a thing for honey! The best thing to do would simply be to quiet them all down! I'll brew a bit pot of tea to soothe unruly thoughts."

Teofil lay back in his bed and took little sips of the tea. Indeed the spicy, intoxicating scent soon quieted the bustle in his head. His thoughts began to yawn softly and snuggle together. They then weaved fine silken cocoons around themselves as blankets. When the clock struck midnight, the cocoons burst, and a flock of winged thoughts burst forth. The newborn thoughts fluttered their wings and, like glittering little butterflies, flew off into the shimmer of the starlit night.

Poetic

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*in our
own*

O N

FEARS

The frame story in which this tale is set is hardly what one would call a fairytale setting. One finds, rather, a very real-life situation, with all the challenges and frustrations: a hospital, illness, a family falling apart, and the fear of death that our heroine, Sage, must face.

The story, which builds on an earlier tale (*Princess Sage and the Prince Thought to Be an Old Man*), offers an expressive depiction of a little girl's fears and struggles. Kiss uses the familiar props of the fairytale world and crafts a narrative in a captivatingly poetic language. The various themes, which are

Sage and the Journey to the Deep Valley

unsettling in different ways, are handled with startling truthfulness. The intriguing adventures are written against a fantastic fairytale backdrop, and we journey through the girl's inner world of precipitous ups and downs. One needs great courage to walk through the valley of the shadow of death, but also ingenuity and, of course, company. Our heroine is joined, for instance, by King Aveus's emissary Pyralinae, the butterfly fairy. We also meet Aldo, the prince who adores Sage (who in this new world is given the name Princess Salvia), and Ephirfira, the unicorn, against whose soft mane Sage presses her face as she "sobs out all her fears, pains, anger, and loneliness." Ultimately, however, we are alone in the grip of death, and we must face the fact that those closest to us, even our parents, are powerless to help. Indeed, it is precisely because of us that the conflict comes to a head. And as if that weren't enough, they are playing the part of the comedian, acting as if everything were fine. It is up to the child to be wise and find the flower of healing. The journey is long, both spiritually and physically. "The true journey is always one in which you must find the way."

A thousand dangers rear their fearful heads before healing can begin. The giant polyp, the thorny bush, the forest of shadows, the witches, the bristle-wings, the shadow beast that is none other than us ourselves... And then there are the moments when we find comfort, the places where we can rest, like grandmother's small house on the tree of our ancestors, or the spider and bird who weave the fabric of life, or the phoenix Faino's nest.

The lives of the princess and her companions are at stake in these adventures. But everyone overcomes their fears and makes the necessary sacrifices to help. These complex inner journeys are transformed into landscapes, creatures, and symbols through the fairytale setting, and Kiss offers engaging dialogue to help us better interpret the complex emotional struggles her characters are undergoing.

Illustrator Hajnalka Szimonidesz uses strong colors and smaller or larger spots and blurred contours typical of Impressionism. The elements of nature depicted are in motion, bending, almost swimming, like our protagonist in her dream. The depictions, which capture different emotions, create strong contrasts of color as they follow the twists and turns of the take.

author / illustrator
Judit Ágnes Kiss
Hajnalka Szimonidesz

title
Zsálya és
a mélyvölgyi utazás

publisher
Pagony

year of publication
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rights contact
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As they drew ever nearer, the outlines of the half-bare branches of the trees became visible against the sky. Most of the yellowish-brown leaves had been torn from the boughs by the autumn winds and were lying in sullen piles on the ground, but a few were still clinging desperately clinging to the branches above. The trees were stalwart oaks.

“We’re here,” Sage said anxiously, “but what now?”

A small boat was moored on the bank. Not so much a boat as a rickety skiff. One person might be able to fit comfortably, but not two. Aldo glanced at the swiftly flowing water.

“Aren’t a good swimmer,” he said, “and so is Ephirfira. I think we’d probably be safest if we went on their backs.”

“Oh, my good Lepidoptera,” Pyralina said. “You all still don’t get it? It’s not at all certain that we are supposed to take the boat to the far bank. Perhaps we are supposed to journey down the river. One thing is certain, it is here for Sage. And the journey to the Deep Valley must be done on foot. You cannot simply leap up on your horse’s back! You can’t even accompany Sage!”

“But I will!” Aldo insisted. “I made a promise, and I would keep my promise even if I were not heir to the throne of Aevus!”

“And how will you accompany her?” Pyralina asked. “Do you think two of us can fit in this rickety little boat?”

“By all means,” the prince said firmly. “I will not leave Salvia on her own.”

Sage eyed the rotting wood of the skiff with a look of worry. She certainly did not want to set out on her own. Even back home she was driven to school by her mother or father, but then again it didn’t seem like the best idea to try to fit more than one person in the little boat.

“Can’t you come with me, Pyralina?” she asked, her voice trembling with fear.

“Certainly not!” Pyralina replied. “I am a butterfly fairy. I would never accompany a traveler to the Deep Valley, for I might divert him from his course. Aldo could try, he is human. But a butterfly fairy can never act against a dream prophecy.”

“Let’s go, Sage!” Aldo said, his voice firm and certain. “If any harm is to come to us, then let us be side by side when it befalls us. Stay here, Pyralina, with the animals! We shall return here.”

He stepped into the boat and turned to give Sage a hand. They untied the rope that held the little skiff to a tree on the shore and only then did they realize that there were no oars in the bottom of the boat. As they

looked up, the rapid currents of the river caught the side of the fragile vessel and began to pull it downstream at a dizzying speed.

“We’ll never make it to the other side!” Aldo shouted. “Try paddling with your hands!”

They both slapped at the water, but they were no match for the racing waters of the river.

The current took them to the middle of the river and swept the boat towards a jagged rock sticking up from the waves.

“We’re going to hit it!” Sage shouted.

The next moment, the boat went hurtling into the rock. It spun hard to one side, and Aldo went tumbling overboard and disappeared in the water.

“Aldo!” Sage screamed. She was terrified.

Only then did she notice that the boat was gradually filling up with water and sinking.

She saw the prince’s head pop up in the ripples, and she saw him trying with all his might to swim against the current, but a moment later, the boat filled with water and disappeared into the raging river, together with Sage.

The odd thing was again that the water didn’t feel really cold. Somehow, it didn’t even feel wet. Sage could feel the pressure on her body and in her ears. She could hardly move. She saw the blue-green water around her, the seaweed and the fish, and yet for some reason she had no fear of drowning. She didn’t even notice that she wasn’t bothering to hold her breath. She was breathing just as she would have been breathing on dryland. The boat had been ripped to pieces by the currents, and she had let herself sink down until her feet touched the mud and the pebbles on the river floor. She was able to walk forward, but only slowly. The struggle to plod onward kept her focused, and she forgot to be afraid at being so alone in such a strange place. Indeed, she forgot about Aldo entirely. She wasn’t even looking where she was going. She just put one foot in front of the other and fought against the current. There was a tremendous silence all around her, just like when she would dive into the swimming pool back home when she had her swimming lessons. She was at the very bottom of the river.

Then suddenly she heard distant voices. It sounded almost like a woman’s choir singing, very similar to what she had heard in her dream. Sage moved towards the voices. She wanted to know who was singing and what they were singing, but more than anything else, she wanted to ask for help. She wanted someone to tell her where to search for the flower that would help her heal.





NOAH'S ARK



CECÍLIA SIMONYI illustrates picture books and poetry. She studied illustration at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Ghent, Belgium and at the Macerata University of Fine Arts in Italy. She mainly works with printmaking methods, aquarelle, ink, and cyanotype. She loves to experiment with materials and invent and blend techniques. For more than 20 years, she has been working with children, using art and storytelling pedagogy.

THE BIG BOOK OF PRINCESSES

TIBOR ZALÁN is a József Attila Prize-winning Hungarian poet, writer, playwright, dramaturg, and teacher. He was born in 1954 and has emerged as a defining figure in children's pedagogy. He has been publishing stories, fairytales, children's poems, and dramas for a good three decades. He has also written an number of plays for children.



THE PALACE WITH ONE HUNDRED AND ONE DOORS



CSENGE VIRÁG ZALKA, international storyteller and writer, was born in 1986 in Győr, Hungary and currently lives in Budapest. She mainly tells folktales and traditional stories in Hungarian, English and Spanish. She completed a master's degree in storytelling and a PhD in cultural studies in the US. She won the Children's Book of the Year Award for the book *Ribizli at the End of the World* (2019).



ANNABELLA OROSZ was born in Gheorgheni, Romania. She pursued studies in Cluj-Napoca, Romania and Katowice, Poland. After completing her master's degree, she worked for advertising companies in Bucharest, Moscow, and London. She has done illustrations for numerous books.

WHERE IS ART MADE?



EMESE RÉVÉSZ was born in 1967 in Mukachevo. She graduated from the Department of Art History at ELTE in 1998. She received her PhD in 2008 and is currently an Associate Professor at the Department of Art History at the Hungarian University of Fine Arts. Her research interests include Hungarian graphic art and children's book illustration, the history of art education, and nineteenth-century, twentieth-century, and contemporary Hungarian painting.



ALEXANDRA GRELLA was born in 1974 in Poland. In 1999, she completed her studies in painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in Krakow. She has been living in Hungary since 2005, where she teaches painting. In 2006, she began doing illustrations, making images for tales and poems. She won the Main Prize at the Budapest Illustration Festival in 2019.

EMMA'S SILENCE

DÓRA GIMESI, writer, director and dramaturg, was born in 1983 in Szeged. She graduated from the University of Theater and Film Arts, majoring in theater studies, and is the head dramaturg of the Budapest Puppet Theater. In 2017, she won the IBBY Children's Book of the Year Award for her book *The Ninth Life of the Cat Prince* (Pagony Publishing House). She writes and does stages adaptations of stories, plays, audio plays, and screenplays.



MARI TAKÁCS was born in 1971 in Budapest. She graduated as a typographer from the Moholy-Nagy University of Art and Design. She started her career as an illustrator in 2002. Since then, she has done the illustrations for sixteen children's books, which have been awarded the most important professional prizes and translated into several languages. She has won the Beautiful Hungarian Book Award twice, and she also won the Hungarian IBBY (Children's Book of the Year) award in 2007 and received the Special Creative Award of the Ministry of Education and Culture.





TEKLA'S BIRDS

ÍRISZ AGÓCS was born in 1977. She studied ethnography and cultural anthropology at university before taking an increasing interest in the art of illustration and various techniques of image creation. The first book of tales with her illustrations was published in 2007. She also works as an illustrator for foreign publishing houses.

"OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!" SAID THE FISH

ANDRÁS DÁNIEL was born in 1966. He lives in Budapest. He is a self-taught fine artist, graphic designer, and writer. He is an artist who works in a diverse array of mediums, and he has done illustrations in a wide variety of genres and contexts, including title pages of magazines. Many books are tied to his name. He made an animated film series based on the *Kuflik* book series. He has won the Beautiful Hungarian Book Award, the Book of the Year prize in the illustration category, and the Book of the Year prize in the innovation category.



YOU CAN ALWAYS SAY NO



Writer and sociologist **MÓNI PAULIK** was born in 1974 in Budapest. Over the course of the last 20 years, she has worked with several NGOs, mainly on human rights awareness campaigns. Her first storybook, *Lili and Courage*, was published in 2017 as the fruit of her collaborative work with a women's rights organization. It was the first storybook in Hungary to deal with the issue of sexual abuse against children in the form of a fairytale. The book won several awards, including the Merítés Prize of the Year. Since then, Paulik has written two other storybooks for children.



Illustrator and writer **KATALIN SZEGEDI** was born in Budapest in 1963. She graduated with a degree in applied graphic design and book design from the College of Applied Arts. Her distinctive style is instantly recognizable. In addition to traditional watercolor techniques, she uses collage and also paints with acrylic and oil, but always by hand. She has won the Beautiful Hungarian Book prize several times, and in 2005, she won the IBBY Illustrator of the Year prize. She has also won numerous international awards. In 2006, her book *Rapunzel* was selected as one of the most beautiful books of the year by the Korean Publishers and Book Distributors Association in South Korea, and in 2010, she was nominated for the Astrid Lindgren Award.

TEOFIL



Writer and poet **MARGIT SZÖCS** was born in 1959 in Târgu Mureș. She graduated from the Faculty of Philology of the Babeș-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca with a degree in Hungarian and Russian Studies. Since 2013, she has been publishing stories and children's poems in the children's literary magazines *Napsugár* and *Szivárvány*. Her book *The Foldaway Grandma* won the Best Children's Book Award of the Hungarian Children's Literature Institute in 2017.



ANDREA KÜRTI is a graphic designer, illustrator, and collaborator with Gutenberg Publishers. She is the creator of the visual worlds of numerous children's books. Although she graduated with a degree in fashion design, she found herself in the world of book illustration and is now a renowned graphic designer. She has won the Hungarian Book Prize several times, and she also won the HUBBY Special Prize for Illustration and was nominated for the Astrid Lindgren International Memorial Prize.

SAGE AND THE JOURNEY TO THE DEEP VALLEY

Poet, writer, and storyteller **JUDIT ÁGNES KISS** was born in Budapest in 1973. She also studied oboe and drama. She has written several books for children, including the *Babaróka* series, which is very popular in Hungary. In contrast to the typical female characters that one so often finds in Hungarian literature, who tend to be reliant on the men around them, she is interested in the plights of real women and heroines who take their fates into their own hands.



HAJNALKA SZIMONIDESZ was born in Budapest in 1968. After completing a degree in social pedagogy, she studied visual culture and drawing at the ELTE Savaria University Center. Alongside her work as a painter, she has been doing illustrations for children's literature since 2007.



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*Tales are a collection
of coping strategies.*

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