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HUNGARIAN
CHILDLIT

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TWENTY TWENTY

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3
reading*

PETŐFI
LITERARY
FUND

HOBO

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ALES

*kool
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3
reading*

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Petőfi Literary Fund

WATCH *the* WORLD COME *to* LIFE

Creating an engaging book series is hardly an everyday task. Dia Nagy has made a series for very young children which is unusual in part simply because it breaks with the children's books which are so familiar to us. The main character here is dynamic change, for the images on the

Geometry for Babies

pages of the book are themselves full of motion and action. Thanks to the tiny details of style and the delicate variations, the pictures create little narratives. A small flourish or squiggle brings the figures to life, and the images become stories. The books are all woven around a single thread which holds the pictures together, though given the dazzling illustrations, a single page will capture a child's attention for a long time. Nagy's wonderful new series builds on the pillars on visual storytelling, reminding us of how expressive black and white can be.

"Finds the essence of our ability to capture the world visually, and using a remarkably simple visual language, she is able to tell small children playful stories without words about how the world is made up of twisting, winding, straight, and broken lines, points, and shades of darkness and light."

ILDIKÓ WITTMAN

author / illustrator
Diána Nagy

title
Geometry for Babies

publisher
Móra Publishing House
Két Egér Books

year of publication
Lines: 2013, 2016, 2018 ; Shapes: 2016, 2018;
Rhythms 2019; Patterns 2019

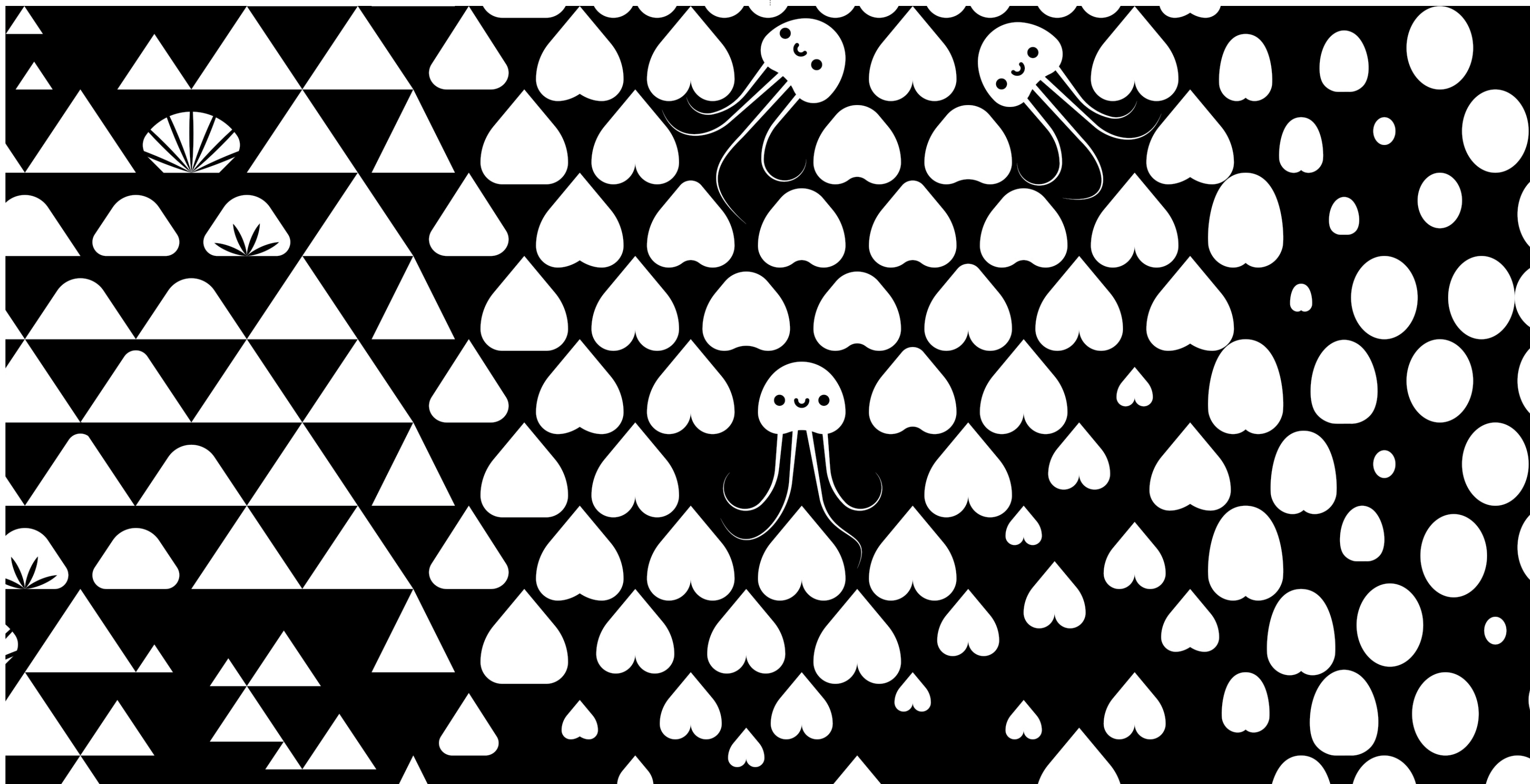
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18

age group
0-3

size
140x140 mm

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a helping
HOOF
TO LEARNING
manners

How could etiquette possibly be interesting? The word itself is enough to frighten children away. After all, who wants to be nagged about manners? Mónika Egri, the author and illustrator of this visually captivating book, was perfectly well aware of this, which is why she calls on everyone's favourite animals to help her present this otherwise less than beloved subject. Sometimes the drawings seem to have inspired the subject, sometimes the other way around, and sometimes the mere name of an animal provides the topic. But in every case, Egri used the same techniques. The drawings were first done using an array

Animal Etiquette

of tools on paper, from old wrapping paper to the paper used in schools. Egri then used watercolours or felt-tipped pens and then digitally combined the images to form the two-page layout. The book uses puns, jokes, and amusing characters to present the more humorous side of the rules of etiquette, and if an adorable little koala brushes its teeth, then who wouldn't want to?

author / illustrator
 Mónika Egri

title
 Animal Etiquette

publisher
 Naphegy Publishing

year of publication
 2018

number of pages
 64

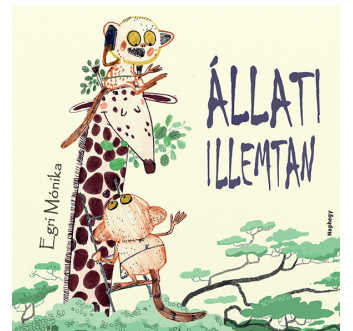
size
 200 x 200

age group
 4+

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“We should repeat time and time again until we are almost numb with boredom that we were not born to do harm, but rather to live the fullest life possible! It may seem strange that I say this when speaking about an amusing picture book, but the brain understands things best in the language of pictures. We forget words and sentences more easily than we do pictures, which we associate with feelings.”

MÓNIKA EGRİ





“

But mom, this is the only place where the wi-fi signal's any good!

Well, indeed, as long as there's a bite to eat, there's a buyer to greet!

Climb down from there, son! Your father needs the ladder to paint!

If something is this long, uh oh, it must be a giraffe.

Just enjoy the view!

Special wi-fi offer!

”

the BUMPS and JOLTS of GROWING UP

Baby Fox is an adorable little fox who finds it dreadfully hard to be torn from Mama Fox when she is dropped off at the Cubs-Care Center. But soon she becomes fast friends with

A Gift for Baby Fox Baby Fox's Garden

a kitten. Of course, as with all friendships, they have occasional differences of opinion on questions ranging from seemingly unimportant ones, such as who likes water or who loves to sleep more, to more serious quandaries, like is it always wrong to tell a lie. As the simple events of everyday life soon make clear, none of these questions is actually that simple. As she begins to conquer her fears and deal with her discontents and even sometimes difficult situations, Baby Fox also begins to learn that from time to time her parents quarrel, her friend's family has very different customs and habits, and at times, her mother may even lose her patience with her... Mónika Egri's vibrant illustrations capture the vivid and ever-shifting world which surrounds Baby Fox. This world is far from perfect, and it is certainly not free from conflict, but it also rich with warmth and reassurance, as well as reminders that it is ok to ask questions, to wonder, to doubt, and to get to know and understand your own feelings.

"The story deals in a manner undisguised yet gentle with anxieties caused by divorce, vaccinations, and fears of things both real and imagined."

HINTAFA BLOG

author
Judit Ágnes Kiss

illustrator
Mónika Egri

publisher
Pagony Publishing House

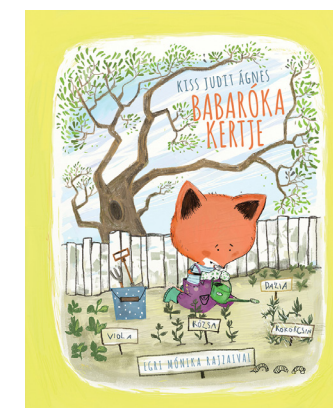
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2018

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64, 72

size
162 x 200; 165 x 200

age group
3-6 and 3-8

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“

Mama fox told Baby Fox such exciting stories about the Cubs-Care Center every night at bedtime that Baby Fox couldn't help but be curious. Indeed, in the end, little Baby Fox urged Mama Fox so impatiently please, please, please to take her to see it, please not to make her sit bored all day in the den, that Mama Fox took her by the paw and the two of them set out together towards the Cubs-Care Center. When they got off the bus, Baby Fox immediately recognized it from all the stories she had heard. There was a huge yard with swings, a slide, splendid trees with

boughs stretching towards the sky for the squirrels, an aviary for the nestling birds, a little pond for the goldfish, flat rocks for the lizards, puddles for the wild piglets, and holes both big and small for the gophers, the rabbits, and the little mice. A weary bird-of-paradise ambled over to welcome them, dragging her splendid tailfeathers on the ground.

“Welcome!”

Baby Fox was about to say good morning, as she knew would be the polite thing to do, when suddenly she saw something so striking, so wondrous that she quite forgot about her manners.



“Mom, what on earth is that?” she cried out.

A tulip was walking towards them. Mama Fox stared in almost dumbfounded amazement too.

“A walking tulip,” she said. “Very rare! I have heard of them, but I have never seen one.”

By then, the tulip was standing right next to them with a sunny smile on its face. There is no creature in the world who can smile as radiantly as a tulip.

“Pardon me,” Mama Fox stammered, a bit embarrassed to have been so taken aback.

“No trouble at all,” the tulip said, still smiling warmly. “I often leave people a bit amazed! Now come, have a look around!”

And with that, she led little Baby Fox towards the slides and swings and toys and games. Baby Fox happened to be sitting right at the top of a twisty-twirly slide when suddenly a great clamor broke out, a burst of chirping and chattering and grumbling and grunting. An enormous hippopotamus was lumbering across the yard carrying a platter overflowing with all kinds of delicacies and delights. Its head was covered with baby

birds, and a monkey was clinging to its arm. A little weasel perched on its back was screeching with delight, and all the other animals were bouncing up and down around it, all eagerly awaiting their midmorning snack. Baby Fox's mouth watered as she smelled the delicious aromas.

“She's the third caregiver here,” the bird-of-paradise said, nodding towards the hippo.

The walking tulip stroked Baby Fox's head.

“I think there's probably enough yoghurt for you to have a bowl too,” she said, and then she tottered off on her long, slender stem.

Baby Fox was enchanted by what she saw. She was still licking her lips when she dashed off to try out the swings and the seesaw and everything in the yard. She dug a deep trench in the sandbox and then went to look for colorful, shiny pebbles in the shallow water of the pond. Mama Fox could hardly get her to bid a polite farewell and set out for home when the other animal children gathered around the bird-of-paradise to listen to the midday story before their afternoon nap. When the sun rose the next day, Baby Fox was pacing back and forth impatiently by the door.

“Come on, come on,” she spluttered. “Let's go to the Cubs-Care Center!”

But when they reached the tall gate to the center and Mama Fox bent down to give her a goodbye hug, she suddenly felt a wave of worry.

“Wait,” she said, “let's not go in today.”

“Of course we'll go in,” Mama Fox replied

in a gentle voice. “Don't you remember what a good time you had here yesterday? Look, you can see the sandbox, the little pond...”

“Don't go! Stay here with me,” Baby Fox whimpered.

“Now, now, no need to fuss,” Mama Fox said. “You know I can't stay, my dear. I have to go to work.”

But Baby Fox held her mother's leg tight in her clasp.

“Please don't leave me here,” she begged.

Mama Fox didn't know what to do. She looked left and right, and then she saw the tulip walking towards them. She bent down and gave Baby Fox a good, warm hug. Baby Fox sniffled one more time and then stopped crying. She let Mama Fox nudge her in through the gate, and then she turned and watched as Mama Fox disappeared down the street. The tulip picked her up, held her close with her long, green leaves, and rocked her gently back and forth, humming a soothing melody in her flowery yellow-red voice. She strolled towards the center of the yard where all the other children were playing. Baby Fox was beginning to feel a bit better. The tulip had such a lovely voice! When the tulip put her down, she kept one of Baby Fox's paws clasped in her grip.

“If you want,” she said, “you can hold my hand all day.”

She smiled with her sunny smile. There is no creature in the world who can smile as radiantly as a yellow-red tulip!

”

CAN YOU LOVE *a* RHINO?

At the beginning of the story, Stumpy the rhinoceros has been sitting motionless on top of a hill for quite some time. Through the slow flow of the lyrical tale, we are introduced to the creatures of the savannah, and we watch as Stumpy makes a melancholy journey in search of a friend

The Rhinoceros and the Birds

who resembles him. As he is the last rhinoceros, his loneliness can be interpreted from many perspectives, and the illustrations, which capture the warmth and vibrancy of the world of the tropics, depict his search from several points of view. We are introduced to an array of curious characters who are almost never alone. In the course of Stumpy's wanderings, birds prove to be his closest allies, and in the end, as they begin to realize that there is perhaps nothing worse on this earth than loneliness, they are able, thanks to a bit of magic, to give the sad rhinoceros a friend.

“This is not a traditional educational book intended to familiarize children with some part of the world or subject of the sciences, and yet it offers a remarkable amount of knowledge. It builds on and cultivates our natural curiosity and our desire to see how things work in the world of nature. I often felt I was reading pages from a work on the natural sciences, sometimes about the surprisingly symbiotic relationships among animals and sometimes about their distinctive habits.”

THE PUBLISHERS REVIEW

author
Nóra Majoros

title
The Rhinoceros and the Birds

illustrator
Boglárka Paulovkin

publisher
Pagony Publishing House

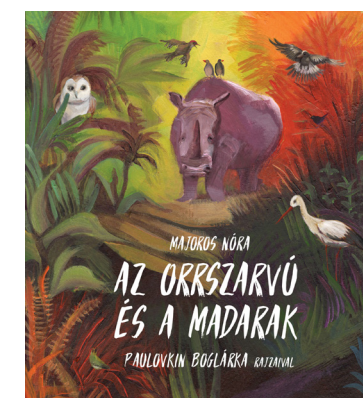
year of publication
2019

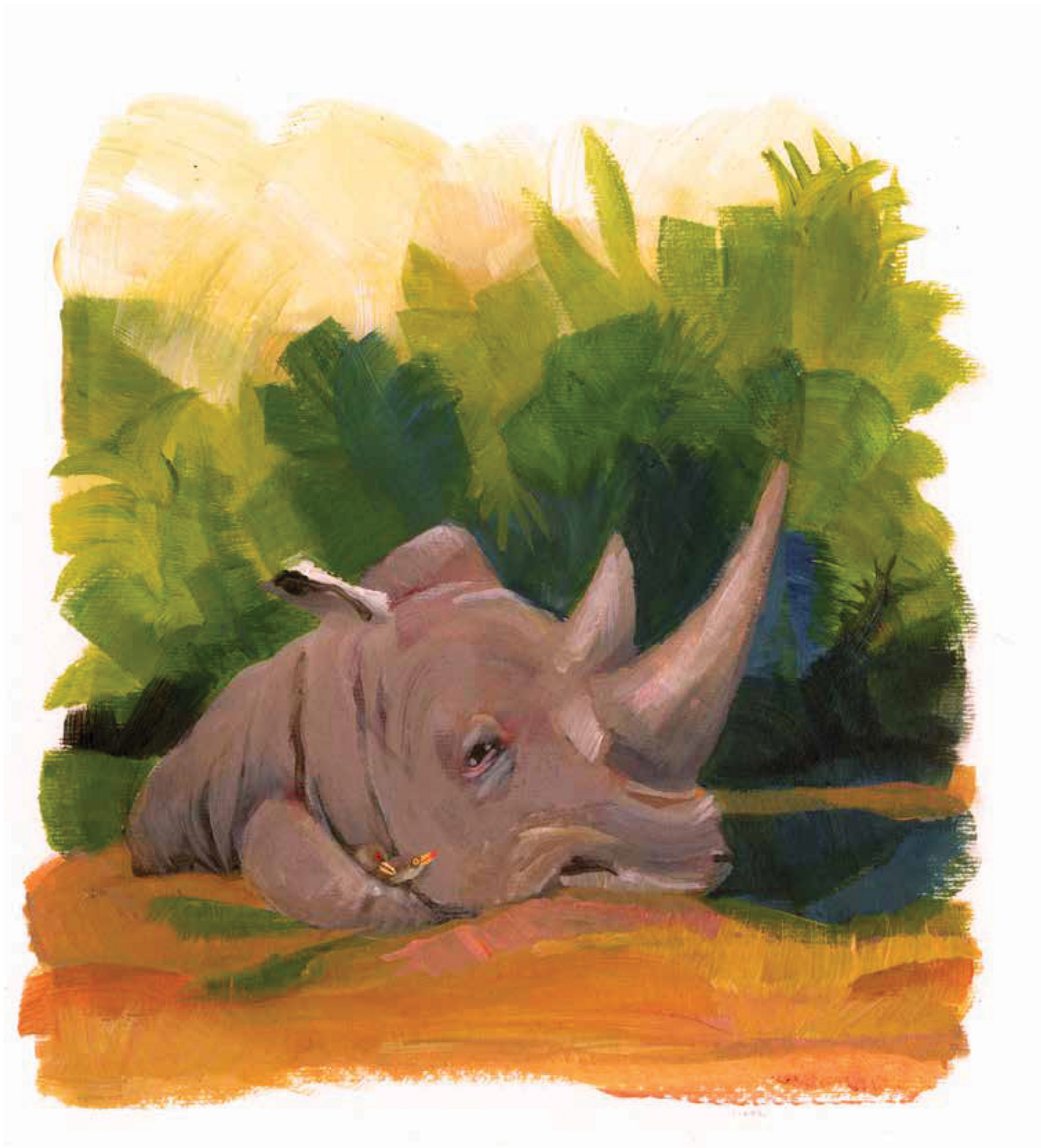
number of pages
80

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5–8

size
200x220

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“

The rumble of the gamekeepers’ jeep had long since faded. The only sound now was the rustle and whisper of the forest. It was an ancient, untouched jungle, and it seemed dark and unwelcoming compared to the sunny savannah. The two birds lay low on the rhinoceros’ back. But the rhinoceros didn’t concern himself much with the sounds or the eyes which flashed and glinted in the undergrowth. He found a clearing that had been overrun by ferns, and then he walked around in a circle a few times, crushing the brush into a soft pillow, and flopped on the ground.

“Mr. rhinoceros,” Buffo whispered.

“Stumpy,” the rhinoceros said with a slow yawn.

“The jungle is terrifying at night,” Buphagus chirped, and then he dropped his neck and huddled under his own wings, for something had just raced by right above his head.

“Come,” Stumpy said, making a bit of space for the two birds between his enormous foot and his even more enormous head. Buffo and Buphagus didn’t need to be told twice. They quickly fluttered down and took refuge in the little nook between the rhinoceros’ hoof and head.

When morning came, they woke up still nestled side by side in the nook.

Buffo and Buphagus peeked out from behind Stumpy’s hoof and their beaks opened wide with wonder. They were surrounded by a buzz and bustle the likes of which they had never heard or seen before.

“Look, Buphagus,” Buffo said, taking wing and soaring up into the air. “So many beetles and bugs!”

...

Buphagus crept out timidly, but he too soon forgot his fears as he lost himself in the splendid feast. Once they had eaten their fill, they flew back to the spot where they had slept through the night in the crook of Stumpy’s leg.

Stumpy was standing motionless in the clearing, as if he were a statue. His head was bowed towards the dark-black tree in front of him. The two ox-peckers landed on his back.

...

“Buphagus,” Buffo whispered, “look at that tree!”

The trunk of the tree was rippling as if it were a stream of sap. The two birds looked with wonder.

“Buffo,” Buphagus suddenly spoke, his red beak almost trembling with worry, with concern, “Stumpy is crying!”

A tear bigger than Buffo’s entire head was rolling down Stumpy’s cheek.

“What’s wrong, Stumpy?” Buffo asked, gently chirping in the rhinoceros’ ear.

“Look at all the rhinoceroses I found,” Stumpy mumbled, nodding his heavy head towards the trunk of the tree.

Buffo and Buphagus took a closer look, and they realized that what they had mistaken for a stream of sap was in fact a throng of rhinoceros beetles.

“Amazing!” Buffo stammered. “But why are you crying?”

“Because they don’t want to play with me,” Stumpy replied with a sullen stare.

Buffo and Buphagus exchanged a glance and sighed.

“Unfortunately, beetles don’t talk,” Buffo said. “They just buzz and whirl and whiz and whistle.”

“But I’ve got an idea,” Buphagus said with a bright twitter. “Let’s keep going, cause I bet when we get to the far side of the forest we’ll find a real rhinoceros!”

Stumpy nodded. Buffo and Buphagus fluttered over and landed on his head, taking a seat right between his ears as if they were riding in the driver’s box of a carriage, and Stumpy set out, lumbering into the dark forest.

”

a PAL *in* TIMES *of* NEED

Everyone is a bit unusual in this book, and everyone is a bit different, but this doesn't seem to trouble anyone. Or if it does, then rough-n-tough owl steps in to solve whatever problems might arise. Rough-n-tough owl wasn't always so rough-n-tough. Her father wasn't at all pleased to see that his first-born was a girl, so he named her Eduard.

Rough-n-Tough Owl and Third Grade, Group A

Fortunately, in time, most everyone can become whosoever they want to be, so Eduard became rough-n-tough owl, and a friend to the third-grader children in group A. Life in group A is never dull. Nopey-Dopey, for instance, can get pretty mad sometimes, and then there's Cassy Blanca (the reader may well think of Casablanca), who is not always very understanding, not to mention Hardtmuth-Kohinoor, who barely speaks any Hungarian. There are kids who live with grandma, kids who have two moms, and this doesn't always make things easy for the immensely patient, wondrously resourceful Miss Mimi. But no worries, when all seems lost, rough-n-tough owl will swoop in and save the day!

“Zsófia Bán’s touching story deals with various kinds of otherness by telling the adventures of an entire classroom of engaging characters, but without any touch of melodrama or affectation. Every section reminds us that people can be whoever they please, even if that is not always simple to understand or do. The fantastic illustrations by Norbert Nagy add a great deal to the stories.”

JUDIT VANDOR

author
Zsófia Bán

title
Rough-n-Tough Owl
and Third Grade, Group A

illustrator
Norbert Nagy

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Pagony Publishing House

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2019

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96

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size
145 x 261

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“

There’s a city, you know it, and next to it a forest, and in the forest an owl. Yes, no need to scowl, for in the forest was an owl. They used to call her Eduard. But this Eduard, as it so happens, was a girl owl!

“Every man in our family has always been named Eduard, end of the discussion!” Eduard the elder proclaimed with a fierce flutter of his feathers when little Eduard had only just broken the shell with her beak.

“But my darling,” the bewildered mother owl said, “she’s a little girl owl!”

“Balderdash!” Eduard the father owl thundered, for he was strict and stern, if also stubborn and even a bit nutty. So nutty, indeed, that the squirrels often roused him from his daytime naps in their hunts for acorns and seeds and other nibbles.

“But I didn’t consider a name for a girl,” the new father spluttered, and as far as he was concerned, that brought the topic to a close.

The owl mother stared at him wide-eyed indeed, but she did not dare defy him, and so the little baby owl was named Eduard, even if little Eduard was a girl. Otherwise, however, she was

quite a normal owl. Neither remarkably big nor remarkably small. Quite the average. Quite a right-sized little owl the likes of which children often draw.

But Eduard was a very real owl. Sometimes she herself was amazed how real. For instance, once when she woke up to the sound of her tummy grumbling with a rumbling fury.

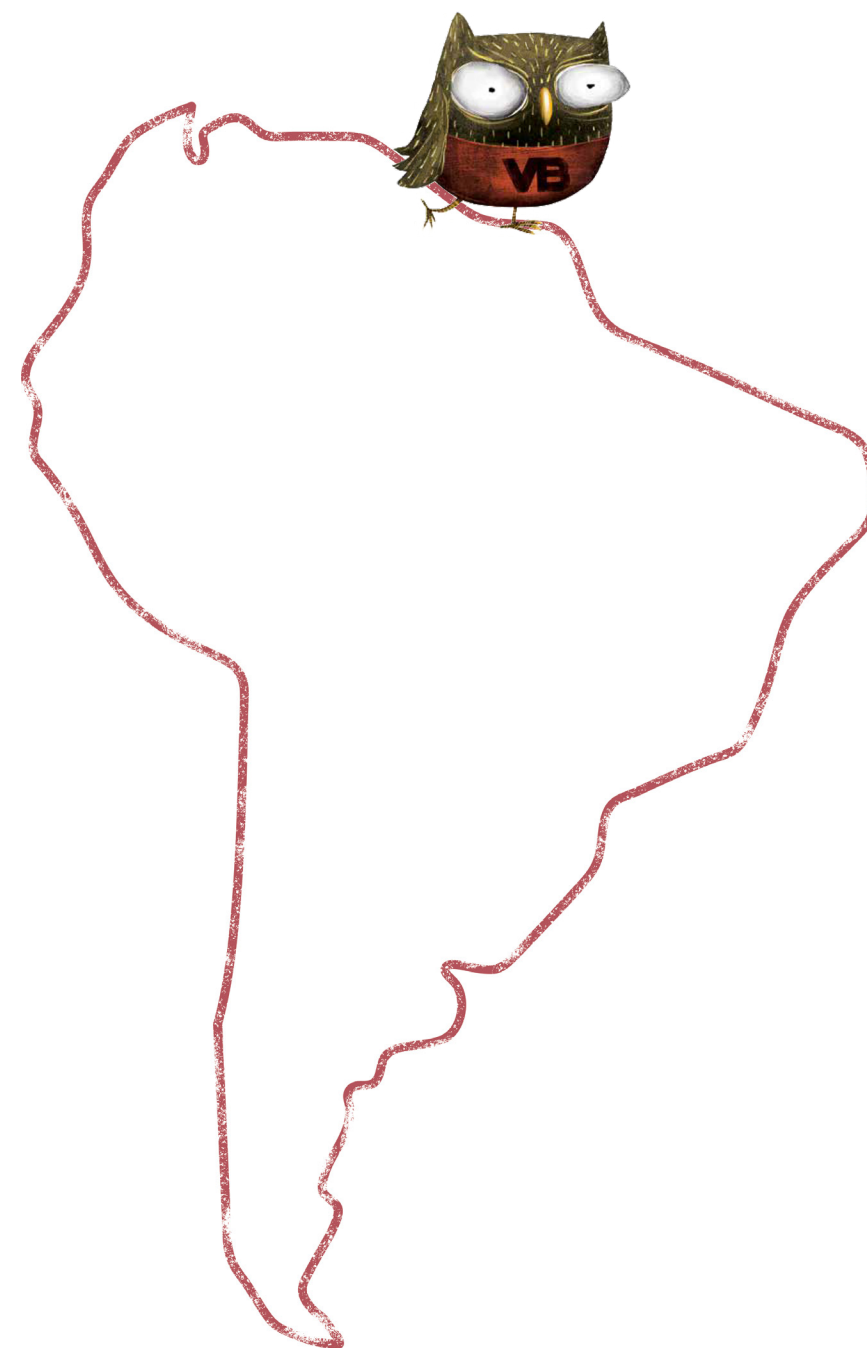
Grrrrrrr!

“Good gracious, what was that?” she muttered in alarm when she first heard the noise.

Grrrrrrr!

“There is goes again! What should I do?”

At the time, she was the only owl in the forest so there was no one from whom she could have sought helpful owl advice. Her mother, alas, had fallen prey to a stray cat the winter past, so Eduard could not ask her for suggestions. Her father, Eduard the Elder, had been shot by a poacher, so neither could she seek help from him. All the creatures of the forest had been whispering about how Eduard the Elder had been stuffed and was standing in the display window of a shop in the city. GOOD HEAVENS!!! And they said that the store was



owned by a cruel stepmother who had some dreadful name, something like Taxidermy. Her name was written above the entrance to the store in big red letters. Behave yourself, son, for if you do not, Taxidermy will come for you! Animal parents would frighten their animal young with these kinds of warnings when their children misbehaved. Or they would tell them they would be whisked away to South America in a sack.

“And what is this South America like?” a little fox asked fearfully.

“Well, a little rusty on the outside, but quite lovely on the inside,” Eduard had told the little fox, for she thought parents shouldn’t try to frighten their children with this kind of talk.

Indeed, she thought parents shouldn’t try to frighten their children at all. And anyone who did try to frighten them should be whisked off to South America in a sack.

Grrrrrrr!

Eduard had a very firm opinion on things. An owl should be firm, she thought. Right?

But she got no answer, for the owls had moved some time ago to distant forests where there were fewer people.

”

Adventures at the FOOT of a BYGONE WORLD

This story, which brings us to the foot of Aranyhegy, or Golden Hill, is very much about ecological concerns. People have been mining the minerals in the cliffs surrounding the little city for two-thousand years, so not surprisingly, most of the denizens of the town are the children of miners' families. Ferkó, an eleven-year-old boy whose musician parents do concert tours of Europe, spends the summers at his grandmother's place in the shadow of the hill. He is accompanied by his friend Zsuzsi, who warns him that the strange

Grandma Truly

character wearing a top hat who introduced himself so politely on the train is probably up to no good. Thanks to Ferkó's grandmother's resourcefulness and dedication, the mines, which were closed long ago, have been transformed into a tourist attraction. However, two sibling hobgoblins, one full of questions, the other of insistent claims, and a miner who wants to open the mines and get more gold from their depths cause complete disarray in the peaceful life of the city, and they even kidnap Grandma Truly. Where is Grandma Truly now? And truly, how will this summer vacation, which is hardly vacation, come to an end? We find ourselves rooting for Ferkó and his allies, who do everything they can to protect the city and Golden Hill, and fortunately, all's well that ends well!

"Now, only a broken medal survives as a token of the event, which shook both earth and sky, though of course Ferkó and Zsuzsi know what happened, as does Grandma Truly, the sibling hobgoblins, and the people of the city, where life has become peaceful again."

TOP 50 BEST CHILDRENS BOOKS 2017 - LAUDATION OF THE JURY

author
Róbert Csaba Szabó

title
Grandma Truly

illustrator
Annabella Orosz

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64

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7+

size
170 x 250

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“

Ferkó loved grandma’s house more than anything in the world. A coat-of-arms hung on the wall with the signs of the family’s trade. Which was mining, of course. With the exception of the priest and the teacher, everyone in the city was the child of a miner’s family. Though as grandma sometimes said, perhaps the reverend’s family first saw the light of day from somewhere underground. Alongside the mining tools on the coats-of-arms there was also something that was peculiar to each individual family. In Ferkó’s family coat-of-arms there was a little white dove standing next to the mining car and the pickaxe with a green branch in its beak. According to legend,

the mine had collapsed on Ferkó’s great-grandfather, and the poor man had not been able to find his way out. He had ambled, hopeless, down the old passageways until suddenly he had heard the flutter of wings. He had thought there must be bats flitting somewhere in front of him. He had followed the sound, and eventually they had led him to the exit. As he had climbed out of the mine and again had seen the light of the sun, he had looked around in search of the bats, but he had seen only a white dove preening itself on the branch of a tree. He had fallen to his knees in front of the tree and given thanks. He was convinced that the dove had miraculously led him from the bowels of hell, and so he had carved the image of the bird into the family’s coat-of-arms.

When they arrived, grandma had warm buns ready right from the oven. Ferkó noticed that she seemed older and more troubled than she had a year earlier. Her walk was slower, and she did talk much, less then before. Instead, she seemed instead to mumble incomprehensibly to herself. But she showed them a warm welcome, for she adored her grandson. The warm buns were waiting for them on the middle of the table. Ferkó and the rest of the family dug in, and they washed the scrumptious buns down with gulps of milk. Ferkó devoured everything with his eyes too. He could not get enough of grandma’s amazing home, which he had loved ever since he had been a little toddler. True, there were no raisons in the bun this time, some-

thing grandma never would have overlooked before, but Ferkó was hungry, so he didn’t concern himself with minor details.

Once, grandma had been mayor of the city. She had studied to be a mining engineer, and after she had finished university, she had come back to her hometown with a little boy who later became Ferkó’s father. Grandma had become the chief engineer at the nearby gold mine. But she had had no interest in gold whatsoever, or at least not the same interest as most people have. And it almost seemed as if, parallel with her minimal interest, the amount of gold produced by the mines also began to diminish. At first, just by twenty percent, then thirty, then the amount of precious metals found in the mines dropped by half. In the end, the mountain yielded hardly a drop of gold. The mining company decided it wasn’t worth keeping the place up and running, so they slowly started to cut back, and in the end, they closed the mines. The families in the area were left without a job. A lot of people moved away and went to other mining towns to find work. Life in town changed. The streets were empty, and people strolled the sidewalks dejected, at a loss as to what to do. They knew mining. Nothing else. And they couldn’t imagine that there were any other jobs for them. But grandma had a fantastic imagination. She wasn’t much interested in gold, but she was interested in other minerals. She was obsessed with the treasures hidden in the depths of the

mountain, and she believed that we had to treat them with respect. Otherwise, we would anger the mountain. When she wasn’t working, she explored. She examined countless old shafts and went deep into natural caves. She even bought caving equipment, and she went down to the pitch-black waters in the bowels of the mountain. When the mines were closed, she closed herself up in her house, and she didn’t come out for two months. When she finally did emerge, her eyes were shimmering with excitement. She gathered everyone up and told them her plan. She wanted to transform the little city, which had been living off mining for two thousand years, into a tourist attraction. “Everything we touch can be turned to gold!” That was her sales pitch, and though at first everyone was skeptical of the strange engineer woman’s plan, later more and more people started to support it. They opened a museum and organized tours of the mines, and someone started a restaurant that served local specialties, and lots of people redesigned their homes to serve as guest houses. The first year, just a handful of tourists came, the second year a few more, but by the third year, the dam broke. A travel agency in the capital put the little city, with its spectacular surroundings and captivating history, into its catalogue of sights, and the tourists from other parts of the country started pouring in. By the fourth year, they were coming from abroad too, and Ferkó’s grandma was elected mayor. And so things continued until she retired.

”

EXPLORING the UN- SPOKEN

The little boy who narrates Ildikó Lipták's novel soon informs us that he and his family have recently moved out of their old familiar home into a new place, and his parents are always working, and now he has to go to an English-language summer camp with his brother and sister where all the other children will be older than him. Loneliness, he learns, isn't just a matter of being alone. It's just as bad when we're surrounded by others, and it can make the mind start spinning in strange ways. Bálint, our narrator, is anxious and apprehensive, and not just because of the new surroundings. An unfamil-

Summer Investigation

iar man keeps popping up, a man whose name no one wants to say aloud, because whenever someone utters it, "the air at home freezes." The boy's father even moves out for a time. The only way eleven-year-old Bálint can keep his senses about him in this tight-lipped world is to investigate the riddles that lead him to a confrontation with his fears. Though the camp turns out not to be as bad as he had feared, his investigation remains a lonely pursuit, and this loneliness only makes the explanations for the many things which go unsaid more fantastic. Things which had seemed obvious are thrown into questions, and Bálint begins to question his own identity and his place in the world. The carefully crafted voice in which the story is recounted becomes almost poetic as the narrator struggles to understand the truths he learns in the course of his investigation. Absence and isolation become the subject of the story as the reader gradually explores the fantastic but at times impenetrable world of the narrator's imagination.

author
Ildikó Lipták

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Summer Investigation

illustrator
Barbara Treszner

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“

I'm not crazy about school, but now, summer vacation has come crashing down like a big black curtain. Sure, this place is nicer than our old home, but if they'd asked me, I never would have been okay with trading in my old classmates for new ones. Or the city. Or anything. But they didn't ask me. What am I going to do all summer long? Or rather, who am I going to do it with? Things aren't going great with my brother and sister these days. They've joined forces against me for a while now, and they act like I'm forty years younger than them, not four. There's one year between them. They used to beat each other up. That was better than this. Mom and dad work all the time, and now they have new jobs, so they never take a day off. They said we'd go somewhere for the weekend once or twice, and that'll be our summer trip. Wonderful!

But they came up with plenty of stuff to keep us busy. Signed us up for some foreign language summer camp and the camp only took me cause my older brother and sister will be there, but there won't be hardly any children my age.

Our new place is at the end of a row of townhouses. We were the first to move in, but everyone's saying others will start coming over the summer. There's a little lake at the end of the street. I want to get a fishing pole, but mom says I can't go fishing by myself. Feri and

Rozi don't want to go, but Rozi said she'd be willing to try the place out and see if she can sunbathe there, but she's not my babysitter. Good thing, I said, cause I'm not a baby, got it? Usually, if she were to say trash like that to me, I'd smack her, but I can't, cause then she won't go with me.

There's no curtain on the window in my room yet. It's windy outside. The moonlight sketches black and white cartoons on the empty wall out of the passing clouds and nervous tree branches. I don't really want to watch but I can't take my eyes of it. It lasts forever.

I'll station Bodri at the edge of the bed. He's knows his job. I'll be safe.

I'm not going to cry about it, but I hate it here. I hate it hate it hate it hate it.

I don't even really understand why we had to move, though it's pretty clear they haven't been getting along too well for months now. Mom and dad, that is. Back then, I thought they were going to split up. And the whole thing came really suddenly, too.

They said they needed change, and they asked us to be supportive. Not that they gave us much choice. If we'd said no, we still would have moved.

They also said it would be nice to be nearer the capital. For whom? I had the feeling mom told Rozi more than she told me or Feri.

One of our relatives has a van, and he

helped us move. He had lunch with us, and he spoke the whole time. He talked about members of the family whose names I've never even heard before. And he seemed a little nuts. The most annoying thing was when he asked me, "so what do you want to be when you grow up?"

How should I know? But I know one thing, I know how much I hate it when adults ask those stupid questions. Don't anyone ever tell me they knew when they were a kid what they wanted to be when they grew up! How? They didn't even have computers like the ones we have now. No one could have known that someday they'd need software like the stuff dad writes. I know for sure that mom didn't want to be an office drone, and that's what she does now. When she decided she wanted to be a lawyer, clearly she saw herself defending innocent people who had been unjustly persecuted, like a valiant lioness. And what does she do now? She sits in an office all day long looking at boring documents. And what about that Lóci guy or whatever his name was. I hope he didn't ever aspire to be a professional mover, though who knows. But that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was that mom betrayed me.

"Don't you want to be a detective, honey?"

Why did she have to say that? I could tell by the expression on the guy's face as he looked at me that he thought it was just some dumb, childish idea.

”

NEVER ROUSE

a MASTER SLEEPER

Fantasy will perhaps always be a popular genre of youth literature, but in recent years, works written for adults have also contained many elements of fantasy. Indeed, one might well claim that fantasy is enjoying a vigorous renaissance. Gergely Huszti's

Dawn of the Master Sleepers

novel builds heavily on recent classics like *Game of Thrones* and *The Golden Compass*. The story presents us with the secretive, strangely organized community of a curious world of master sleepers, a world to which we are introduced from three perspectives. The master sleepers are the bearers of precious secrets and a tremendous power so overwhelming that even they do not full grasp its might. The three characters whose fates we follow are all linked to the tradition of the master sleepers, and they each must travel their own paths in order to understand their destinies, their missions, and how they are connected to one another.

The first part of this exciting series of novels is captivating in part because these three fates unravel in two different worlds, and each of these worlds has its own language. When the tales of the three protagonists finally meet, the novel, which is rich with action and a lavish setting, also gives us cause to laugh alongside the characters, some of whom do not have the magniloquent tongue of a medieval chronicler, but speak rather in the everyday jargon and slang of a real teenage kid. Huszti's novel offers subtle depictions of complex characters who face awesome challenges, for they never know just who they can trust...

author
Gergely Huszti

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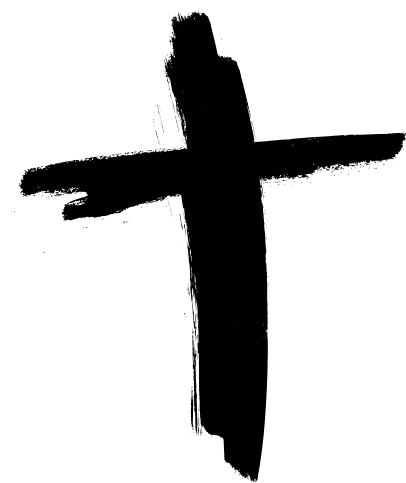
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No more wearisome twit than a fool with a touch of wit.” So my father would say when he returned late in the night from the council meetings, and his hands didn’t stop trembling until he had wet his throat with a stiff drink. This thought flashed across my mind when I saw Coriolanus Khan standing in front of his chair as master of the city, his chest puffed out, his face shaved clean, his hair carefully braided into a pigtail. His bearskin mantle was worth more than all the wealth of the three richest burghers of the city put together. True,

Dakorleon had never been a wealthy city, it had neither harbor nor army, nor had anyone ever mined mollacite in the nearby hills, so it lacked any and all distinction. Coriolanus had a single stroke of good fortune to thank for his rise. The local families had lived off their vineyards for centuries, and they had little knowledge or grasp of anything else. Thus, when a new decree was issued ordering the election of a city master, the families preferred to saddle themselves with a stranger blessed with the tongue of a snake than to bestow

position and power on one of their own and thus spark endless conflict and strife.

“Lord Pokk Vulgarus, how regrettable that you only do me the honor of paying me a visit when there is trouble afoot. Though we have more in common than separates us, as you know well.”

“I know of nothing we might have in common that would persuade me to forget what separates us, master of the city, so let me ask that we limit ourselves to the issue for which you summoned me.”

His unfaltering smile and the glint of his tiny little eyes, like dark buttons, make his face seem the grinning mimicry of the skinned mink he wears as a sign of pomp on his belt. With a slow sweep of one arm he guides me to one of the chairs next to the table in the council chamber, and with a sigh, I squeeze myself between its arms, though the chair seems more stocks and pillory than seat. I last sat in this chamber in the spring, and my belly has since grown, and the ill-stomached Coriolanus takes tremendous glee in my discomfort. I have always looked with suspicion on men lean and tidy, men who live without woman or wife.

“I beg a moment’s patience,” he says in a gentle voice, though avoiding my glance. “The diakonissa will arrive soon. She is now busy interrogating the witness.”

He rattles the words off quickly, as if he were

reading what he had to say from the walls of the council chamber.

“Why did you summon me?” I ask. “The prayer attendant roused me from my bed at the break of day and stammered something about how the master of the city urgently requests my presence. Why all this secrecy?”

Khan slowly sits down in his seat, closes his eyes, and makes me wait. He clearly relishes the fact that he knows something I do not. My left fist, which I use to deliver blows when angered in the tavern, is tingling.

“A regrettable thing has come to pass, something the seriousness of which we would be wise not to underestimate. The earthly remains of Master Rufus vanished without a trace this morning at dawn, as one of our sisters reported to the diakonissa.”

“What on earth was a heroness doing in the sacristy before daybreak? And what do you mean by vanished without a trace?”

“Vanished. No longer on his throne. Neither in the sacristy nor the place of prayer. The city guards have seen no one suspicious, nothing unusual. The gates to the city are still locked. Vanished. You know what this means, do you not, Vulgarus?”

He hisses the last consonant of my name while leaning forward and placing both fists on the table and scratching at the wood with the signet ring on his little finger. Before I can

so much as open my mouth to answer, the door to the council chamber squeaks open and I hear footsteps behind me. I know without looking that the heroness’ diakonissa is approaching. The rhythm of her steps is like the drumbeat of a strange dance, tick, hiss, clop, tick, hiss, clop, as the wooden shoe on her left leg clicks, her right leg drags along the floor, and the cane with which she keeps her balance strikes the third beat. Even as a child, she walked with a limp, but she is so imposing, with her flawlessly straight posture and the noble furrows in her face, that one hardly notices. Neither time nor her fervent attachment to her faith have swallowed entirely the beautiful woman who still hides beneath the folds of her dirty gray robe.

“Sikurat omipotrae dithasum,” she says to greet us, at which I stand up to welcome her, though Khan only nods his head.

“Dithasum erraro sum,” I stammer, and in my momentary confusion I grab the pitcher on the table and fill three goblets, as is fitting. I immediately drink the one I have poured for myself. It will hardly affect the salvation of my soul at this point.

“Difficult times are upon us, and we must strengthen our faith lest we lead our followers to ruin and downfall.”

Her voice is clear and bright even at this early hour, and it cuts through the silence of the chamber like a steel blade cuts the throat of a calf.



a **BOY** UNMASKS *the* UNREAL

Samu is a ten-year-old boy who sometimes seems to speak in the voice of a philosopher in his seventies, an information scientist in his fifties, or a writer in his forties. He always lives in the near future, and he is always maniacally searching for problems.

Samu Suspects Something

He constantly observes the world around him, and he keeps obsessively detailed notes of what he sees. The narrator's voice is so convincing and authentic that the reader cannot help but become a partner in his investigation, a partner just as perplexed as he by every misunderstanding, every blunder. We come to believe Samu's entirely plausible line of reasoning, but gradually we realize that he is not simply lonely, he is also investigating things which don't really exist. The father, who seems more dreamlike than real, evolves into an unusual character in the life of this—initially—seemingly normal family, as does the control-freak mother, who as a parent does little more than offer tips on healthy eating and proper breathing. As the story unfolds, Samu's investigation into his parents' divorce intertwines with his attempt to learn more about his father's mother. The investigation no longer seems merely a matter of play. Rather, it touches on everything big and small in Samu's world. He discovers a catacomb in the city which resembles an organic system, and this gives him a sense of absolution, but the close of the novel is deeply unsettling. Everything we have seen is thrown into question, and we wonder if it all took place merely in the enigmatic world of the boy's mind, though some things, however, cannot simply be dismissed as figments of the imagination. *Samu Suspects Something* is one of the most exciting Hungarian novels of recent years, and it contains exciting twists, engaging riddles, and poetic flourishes that will be captivating for readers young and old.

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Tamás Téki

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“

Laci raises his eyebrows and does a wretched job trying to play the part of someone caught by surprise.

“And how did you get all that from just one hug?”

“Cause when dad hugged me, I noticed an unfamiliar scent. At first, I thought it was perfume, but two days later I realized it wasn’t.”

“What was it?” Laci asks, leaning forward. He doesn’t really know quite how to sit.

“The scent of one of those fabric conditioners,” I say in reply. “And so I realized that dad’s clothes weren’t getting washed at home, cause the organic fabric softener mom uses smells like

lavender, and this stuff definitely didn’t, though I couldn’t tell exactly what it did smell like.”

Laci squirms a little, grunts, nods, listens with a ponderous look on his face like he dutifully learned to do so well back then. My gaze wanders to his skin, his dry hair, the circles under his eyes, and I suddenly remember my mom’s tips on how to live a healthy lifestyle. His fidgety fingers remind me of her healing mudras.

I continue.

“Two days later, so on Monday, I noticed the smell again, not at home, but in this young

woman’s house. I asked if I could use the bathroom, and I found a bottle of jasmine-scented fabric softener next to the washing machine. And yeah, it was the same smell.”

“And then what happened?” Now Laci’s paying such close attention you’d think someone had doubled his hourly wage.

“And then everything fell into place,” I say. “The way dad would always vanish, no trace of him after bedtime, and no trace of him in the morning either. All the scraps of paper and all the rambling explanations. That he was always late. Or mom’s latest “we’re still a family” production, with the clumsy scripted dialogues and the miserably performed scenes at Sunday lunch. But I put all the details in the text.”

At this, Laci finally picks up the tablet. A minute or two passes, and he turns back to me.

“Is this it?” he asks, turning the screen towards me.

“Yes.”

“Am I reading it right? The ADAM plan?”

“Yes.”

“It won’t open for some reason. It’s asking for the password.”

“You can never be too careful,” I say, and then I give him a little slip of paper with the secret code. He takes the piece of paper, types in the numbers, and then smiles to indicate that he’s opened the file.

“And did the plan work?” he asks.

“To be honest, I have no idea. I think I took a major step forward with regards to the issue this afternoon.”

“And what exactly is the plan about?”

“Rebirth,” I reply.

“And why do you not know whether it worked?”

“I’ll only know when I get back home. Today is the seventh day of the mission.”

“What mission?”

“The ADAM plan.”

“Is that some kind of abbreviation?”

“Of course it is.”

“Would you like to tell me what it is an abbreviation of?”

I sigh and try to gather my strength and lift my gaze to meet his, but I can’t pull it off, so I just stare at the rug while I grunt the words out, slowly and quietly.

“Asshole don’t abandon mom.”

And then silence. The second hand of the silver-framed clock on the wall quietly ticks along. Laci’s trying to find words. I can almost hear his thoughts, and I can’t keep myself from answering his questions silently in my head.

“What were you thinking, Laci? What do you want me to say? That for as long as I can remember the little bottle of ginkgo biloba has been full of cannabinoids? Or that my dad’s secret missions have nothing to do with Tesla? Last Friday I found something in the printer. At first, I thought it was poems, then I thought it was a love letter, but I was wrong both times. You know what it was, Laci? It was a goddam ‘looking-for-an-apartment ad’ that he put up on the billboard by the bakery over the weekend! He didn’t dare put it up online, cause then I would have found it faster. Is that what you want to hear, Laci? You want reasons? Reasons are like specks of dust on the kitchen floor. You only see them when you’ve carefully swept them all up, and only then do you realize that you’ve been living your whole life in filth!”

”

FLIGHT

into

the UNKNOWN

We are living in the world which arose after the collapse of the European Union. Behind the utopian society of city-states constantly at war with one another, behind the glittering sheen of high-tech and a lifestyle that puts comfort above all lies a dictatorship based on continuous surveillance. Vik, the 13-year-old protagonist, lives in the Forbidden Zone under the cloud of drones sent from the City. The reader is quickly sucked into this exciting science fiction tale, for we watch as Vik comes to grasp that the City is not maintaining law and order with its swarms of drones merely out of concern for the wellbeing of its citizens, and if Vik does not act fast and does not leap into the mysterious Sphere, he may well meet the same fate as his friend, who fell victim to

Black Light

one of the drones. Balázs Zágoni's young adult novel bears unnerving affinities with the world in which we find ourselves today (the notion of an uprising led by pensioners in an aging society, for instance, hardly seems idle fiction), but while it may present a moment of history interwoven with dystopian elements, the story also offers insights into the psychological challenges faced by a young teenager growing into an adult. The boy's mother moved to the City long ago, while he and his father have remained in the colony. The various colonies around the city function according to different rules, and Vik's life is turned completely upside down with the arrival of the Sphere. The Sphere, which is endowed with metaphysical qualities, sometimes appears in his life, and it turns out to be of immense importance not only to him but to the adults around him. Slowly, the things he has taken for granted as simple reality (his childhood, his parents' divorce, and so on) acquire new shades of meaning as he sees them from a different perspective. He gradually comes to lose everything he once believed to be true, and he then begins to reinterpret his past, his present, and perhaps his future with the help of a friendship and a love.

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Balázs Zágoni

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ad, is it true that when I was very little, some old people broke into our house and you scuffled with them? And they took everything out of the fridge? And then they slept in the stairwell of the building?”

“Did your mother tell you that?”

“No, I sometimes sort of remember it, when I’m half asleep. Is it true, or am I just imagining things?”

“It’s true, but I didn’t think you remembered any of it. You hadn’t even turned two at the time.”

“Who were those people?”

“Grandparents.”

“My grandparents?!”

“No, the city grandⁿ P^arents. The grandies. That’s what we called them.”

“I don’t get it.”

“I’m not surprised,” he says, stretching a bit. Then he yawns real big and dives into the story. “That was just after the second pensioners’ uprising.”

“The second?”

“Yes. The first uprising was relatively mild. They just held protests or sat down on the pavement at the busiest intersections in the city and brought traffic to a halt.”

“And then the police came and sent them on their way?”

“Not quite. It was slower than that, and more

painful. First, the city introduced the ‘Adopt Two Grandies’ program. They said you could only use some of the basic municipal services if you adopted a pair of grandparents, or grandies. The grandies didn’t know who had adopted them. The whole thing was anonymous. But if you wanted your kids to be able to go to the doctor or the hospital and just to school, then you had to adopt an average of three grandies. By which I mean make regular payments on their behalf. That’s when things started going wrong.”

“But why did they try to pass them off on you?”

“Cause first the state passed them off on the big cities. That’s when the city-states started



to form. The state needed more local taxes to be able to cover the cost of the pensioners. It wasn’t so much the pension payments as it was the cost of care. Think about it: more and more peoples started to live to be ninety or even one-hundred or older. The people of the city didn’t want to pay more taxes, of course, and so the state stopped providing for the pensioners. Then the big cities didn’t want to pay any taxes at all as part of the state budget, since they had to take care of the pensioners. So the state stopped providing other services too. Health care, the courts, the police, the prisons, everything. And then the big cities became completely independent. The villages and the smaller towns quickly allied themselves with whatever city they could, whatever city was closest. Course, that didn’t bring the cities more money. On the contrary! And then they introduced the grandie program.”

“I still don’t get it. Why didn’t they just tell everyone to provide care for their own parents? Wouldn’t that have been simpler?”

“Yes, it would have. Which is precisely why they didn’t do it. The city leaders quickly realized that the parents and their children would join forces, and the city leaders would face their wrath. And they didn’t want this. So they devised a solution that they could use to rile parents up against children and children up against parents. The messages started to come in. ‘You will be unable to purchase your

medications today because your adoptive son is not providing care for you.’ And messages to the caregivers too: ‘Today, your grandie is going to bed hungry because you are not providing adequate care.’ The messages were sent by the Pensioners’ Foundation. It worked for a while, but in the end, when your wages aren’t really enough for you to provide for your own children and you are already going into debt, and then you also have your actual parents for whom you are trying to provide care, since their adoptive children can’t, well, after a while no one really concerned themselves with the messages from the Pensioners’ Foundation.”

“But if the whole system was anonymous, then how...”

“It was only anonymous for a time. One year before we were going to emigrate, just before Christmas a group of hacker pensioners allegedly busted into the system and released all the names. But if you ask me, it was the City. Then chaos broke loose. The grandies got their hands on the addresses, and they started knocking on doors, and that’s putting it mildly. That’s what you saw when you were two years old.

“And what became of my real grandmothers and grandfathers?”

“They were still alive at the time. My parents still grew things in the garden too. They had a little plot of land, but everything they grew on it was stolen. And food wasn’t the only problem. They got more and more frail, and then the contagions started to hit and all the sicknesses and

ailments that come with age. It’s a terrible feeling, knowing that there are medicines and treatments which would save them, but you can’t get them. And no one wanted to help the elderly. With every passing day, more and more people started to think, ‘they’ve lived long enough, now it’s my turn! Let them die!’”

I can tell that if I ask another question, he’ll burst into tears.

“And the City just sat back and watched?”

“Who is the City?” he asks in voice so quick and sudden that it startles me.

“The leaders? I think there was only one thing that concerned them: not getting swept away by a wave of public anger. Holding on to power. And the rest of us? We just tried to survive. It was astonishing. One year, you could still get pretty much everything, though the weather was already catastrophic and everything you needed oil for was already expensive. But we still imported things from all over. We could afford it, if just barely. But one year later, everything doubled and tripled and quadrupled in cost. And what did people do? Buy less? No way! They bought more and more and more, even if they didn’t have any money. They sold anything they could, everything they could just to sure they had food in the fridge and on the shelves. And that made everything even more expensive.”



GEOMETRY FOR BABIES



Diána Nagy

Diána Nagy graduated from the Moholy-Nagy University of Art and Design, Graphic Design faculty, where she is currently doing her PhD. She has won a reputation primarily as a gifted illustrator, but she also designs objects, in particular children's toys. Her works have been exhibited at various Hungarian and international fairs.

ANIMAL ETIQUETTE



Mónika Egri

Mónika Egri is a Hungarian writer and illustrator. She worked at various film studios between 1994 and 2011, and she also worked as a prop maker for two Hollywood movies, *The Eagle* (directed by Kevin Macdonald) and *The Nutcracker* (directed by Andrei Konchalovsky). In 2010, she began working as a freelance illustrator.

A GIFT FOR BABY FOX – BABY FOX GARDEN



Judit Ágnes Kiss

Judit Ágnes Kiss was born in Budapest in 1973. She is a Hungarian writer, poet, and drama teacher. Her book *A Gift for Baby Fox* was awarded the HUBBY-Book of the Year prize in the children's book category by a jury of children readers.

THE RHINOCEROS AND THE BIRDS



Nóra Majoros

Nóra Majoros was born in Győr in 1979. She graduated from Corvinus University of Budapest with a degree in Landscape Architecture. She currently works for Pannonhalma Archabbey as a cultural event organizer. She writes books for children and young adult novels.



Boglárka Paulovkin

Boglárka Paulovkin completed her studies at the Moholy-Nagy University of Art and Design. She works as a teacher and illustrator, and she also organises workshops and exhibitions.

ROUGH-N-TOUGH OWL AND THIRD GRADE, GROUP A



Zsófia Bán

Zsófia Bán was born in Rio de Janeiro in 1957 and grew up in Brazil and Hungary. Her short stories have been widely anthologized, and her two works of fiction (*Night School: A Reader for Adults* and *When There Were Only Animals*) have both come out in German. She lives and works in Budapest.

Norbert Nagy was born in 1974 in Budapest. In 2003, he completed his studies at the Moholy-Nagy University of Art and Design in graphic design. He has done the illustrations and cover designs for numerous books. He won the Joseph Binder Award Children's Book Illustration Bronze Prize in Austria in 2014. He also received the HUBBY Illustrator of the Year award in 2017.



Norbert Nagy

GRANDMA TRULY



Róbert Csaba Szabó

Róbert Csaba Szabó was born in Boghis, Romania in 1981. He graduated from Babes-Bolyai University in 2003, where he studied Hungarian literature and ethnology. He served as a member of the editorial staff of several literary journals between 2004 and 2014. He was awarded the prestigious Mészöly Miklós award in 2017.

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.



Annabella Orosz

SUMMER INVESTIGATION



Ildikó Lipták

Ildiko Lipták is a Hungarian author, actress-drama teacher, and pedagogy tutor. Her first book for children is *Summer Investigation*, published by Csimota. Her second book is forthcoming in the spring of 2020. She publishes short stories for children and adults in literary periodicals too.

Barbara Treszner pursued studies in graphic design at the Visart Academy, Budapest. She lives in Pécs, where she founded the Coollab design studio, where she works on graphic design and illustration projects.



Barbara Treszner

DAWN OF THE MASTER SLEEPERS



Gergely Huszti

Gergely Huszti was born in Budapest in 1976. He has been working in the Hungarian book business since 2002, first as a translator and foreign rights editor, later as editor-in-chief at various prominent publishing houses and then as a publisher of commercial fiction at Libri, before he became a freelance writer. He teaches dramaturgy and creative writing. *Dawn of the Master Sleepers* is the first instalment of a young adult fantasy-duology on which he is currently working.

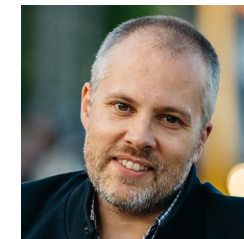
SAMU SUSPECTS SOMETHING



Tamás Té kiss

Tamás Té kiss graduated from the University of Novi Sad, Serbia. He also pursued studies at the University of Debrecen and University of Szeged. In addition to his work as a writer and teacher, he does gardening as a hobby. His recent novel *Samu sejtí* came out in 2017.

BLACK LIGHT



Balázs Zágoni

Balázs Zágoni is a Hungarian writer, film critic, and editor who was born in Cluj-Napoca, Romania in 1975. He studied philosophy at Babes-Bolyai University, where he completed his studies in 2000. In 2009, he became the director of Koinonia Publishing. His novel *Black Light* won the HUBBY-Book of the year prize in the young adult fiction category in 2019.

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“

*A walking tulip,
she said.
Very rare!*

”

JUDIT ÁGNES KISS