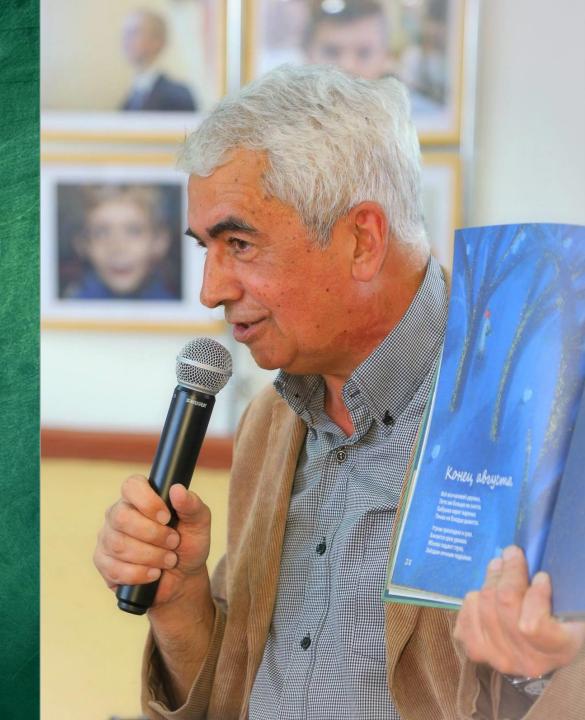
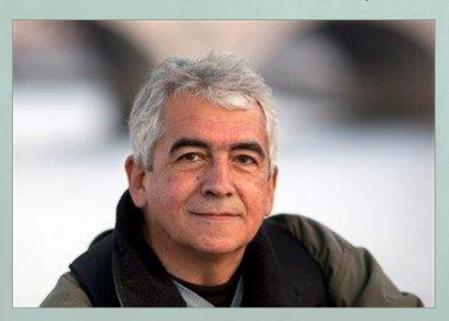
IBBY Russia nominates Sergey Makhotin for the Hans Christian Andersen Award 2022 (author)



Biography

Sergey Makhotin (born 1953) is a Russian writer, poet, and author of books for children. He is also an editor of children's programs on Radio Russia.

Makhotin is a Laureate of Marshak Literature Prize, Chukovsky Prize as well as the national children's books award "Scarlet Sails" (2004). His book "The Grumble Virus" has been awarded the IBBY Honorary Diploma (2008). Makhotin was the author of the Message to the Children of the World at the International Children's Book Day in 2017.



Sergey Anatolyevich Makhotin is a Russian poet, a novelist, an author of books for children, a member of the Union of Russian Writers and a member of the Union of Russian Journalists.

Sergey Makhotin was born on May 12, 1953 in Sochi. His mother worked as a teacher of Russian language and literature, his father was a communication technician. Before becoming a writer, he served in the Soviet Army. He studied at the Leningrad Institute of Film Engineers, which he left being on the first year of studies. Sergey Makhotin graduated from the Gorky Literary Institute in Moscow. He tried himself in a variety of fields of activity: worked as an assistant sound engineer on Sochi television, paved roads in Leningrad, traveled around Western Siberia with geological expedition as a loader, was the editor-in-chief on the legal scientific journal "Kodeks" ("Кодекс").

While studying at the Institute he began writing poetry. The poem for adults "Gardener" ("Садовник") was published in 1976 in the magazine "Uralskiy Sledopyt" ("Уральский следопыт"). And his first children's poem "Рирру" ("Щенок") — in the newspaper "Moskovskiy Komsomolets" ("Московский комсомолец") in 1979. The poems of Sergey Makhotin were published in the magazines "Koster" ("Костёр"), "Pioner" ("Пионер"), "Iskorka" ("Искорка"), "Murzilka" ("Мурзилка"), "Veselye Kartinki" ("Весёлые картинки"), "Kolobok" ("Колобок"). In his interviews Sergey Anatolyevich repeatedly said that it was in children's literature that he found his intonation.

Having published several poetry collections in the late eighties ("The Sea in a Jar" ("Море в банке"), "Hello, Day!" ("Здравствуй, день!"), "Senior Group" ("Старшая группа"), "The Dog Counts to One" ("Собака считает до одного"), Sergey Makhotin tried himself in prose for young readers. In the series "Stories about Orthodox Saints" ("Рассказы о православных святых") of the Litsey Publishing House he published the books: "A Slim Young Man on a White Horse " ("Юноша стройный на белом коне") (about the Great Martyr Saint George Victorious) and "The Cross of St. Andrew the First-called" ("Крест Андрея Первозванного"). He also recounted in the prose the Агмепіал heroic epic "The legend of the Sasun Warriors" ("Сказания о сасунских богатырях").

Biography

One of Sergey Makhotin's favorite genres is a biographical sketch, fiction artistic and documentary at the same time. These are books published by "Bely Gorod" Publishing House about Yaroslav the Wise, Bach, Beethoven, Rembrandt, Glinka and Ushakov. The writer is the author of the children's detective story "The Case of Five Minutes" ("Дело о пяти минутах"), which was written under the charm of the trilogy about Yasha Kurolesov by Yuri Koval. He wrote several novels for young people: "Cursed Marpha" ("Марфа окаянная"), "Vladigor and the Star of Perun" ("Владигор и звезда Перуна"). Sergey Anatolyevich has also retold classics of foreign literature for children including "The Headless Horseman" by Mayne Reed and "The Lost World" by Conan Doyle.

In the fiction of Sergey Makhotin his special style, full of lyricism, irony and philosophical melancholy, is most clearly represented in the book of stories called "The Grumble Virus" ("Вирус ворчания") for which the author has been awarded the IBBY Honorary Diploma.

Small encyclopedias also deserve attention: "Walks in the Wood" ("Прогулки по лесу"), "Walks around Moscow" ("Прогулки по Москве"), "World of the Ocean" ("Мир океана"), "Water. Unusual in the Ordinary" ("Вода. Необычное в привычном"). Small, elegant, but extremely informative essays-stories about berries and mushrooms, birds and animals, trees and flowers. In "Walks around Moscow" in short essays, each of which takes no more than two notebook pages, all the most important and the most interesting things are told – from the emergence of a settlement of several hundred people to today's multimillion megapolis.

Sergey Makhotin devoted many years to children's journalism. He was a correspondent for the Leningrad children's newspaper "Leninskiye Iskry" ("Ленинские искры"), for more than 10 years he worked as the head of the poetry department of the magazine "Kostyor". He was also one of the founders of the children's radio station "Zayachiy Ostrov" ("Заячий остров") which for six years in the most difficult years for children's literature in the 90s supported and preserved the children's love and interest in reading. Currently he is the editor of the children's broadcasting of "Radio of Russia. Saint Petersburg" ("Радио России. Санкт-Петербург") ("Маlaya Sadovaya" ("Малая Садовая") program).

Sergey Anatolyevich Makhotin is a member of the jury of the Independent Children's Literary Award "Glagolitsa" (Kazan), the International Prize named after Babel (Odessa). He is one of the organizers of the All-Russian Literary Festival "Young Writers Around" (Saint Petersburg). The writer often speaks to children in schools and libraries of Saint Petersburg and other cities of Russia, sings and plays the guitar. Sergey Makhotin likes travelling and taking photographs of his young readers and listeners.

Sergey Makhotin lives and works in Saint Petersburg.



Contribution to Children's Literature

Text of Valery Voskoboinikov (Russian children's writer and publicist)

Translation of Violetta Minina



The poetry and prose of Sergei Makhotin have a magical quality – they are not only remembered forever, but also awake a desire to reread them again. Although, it would seem, the plots of his books are almost common. Nevertheless, Sergei Makhotin's books of poems and stories enjoy the exclusive love of both children and adults. Another advantage is the charm emanating from the texts of Sergei Makhotin. The author's fascination, both in verse and in prose, gives rise to the very delight of the soul, for which art mostly exists. Reading his stories, many people catch themselves smiling, seemingly for no reason, as if they see something extremely pleasant. Yes, Sergei Makhotin's books are pleasant to read! This is a valuable quality for modern children's books, and not only for modern ones, and not only for children.

They contain a happy combination of Russian classics, its ability to think about the main issues of human life, and the modern literature with its slight grace and author's emancipation. In his poems and stories, there is no direct edification, which there is little use. If there is any morality, then the author gives it through humor. Sometimes there are poems, where among the lines a child's soul pain shines through.

Contribution to Children's Literature

Text of Mikhail Yasnov (Russian children's writer and translator)

Translation of Violetta Minina



I am one hundred percent sure: Sergei Anatolyevich is a man of not one, but many amazing talents. If he writes – then brilliantly; if he photographs – all people on the photo are handsome; if he broadcasts on the radio – the whole country listens; if he composes and sings songs, the audience falls without feelings; if he conducts a seminar for children's writers – geniuses are born...

As for the children's literature writing, Sergei Makhotin has a rare talent: he is equally good in poetry and prose. In one of his interviews he said: "You prepare for prose as for the important guest arrival. Thinking over how to start the conversation, what to make for dessert. Sometimes you consider, it could be better this guest did not come at all! So much trouble about him! Meanwhile, the poem rushes into the house like a child – without knocking, without asking. Rejoicing you his unexpected arrival. After all, nobody knowns the next time he will appear. Sometimes he comes not alone, but brings a whole gang with him. Don't yawn here – just be hurry to write it down! Let the important guest wait now".

In the article "Cosmonautics Day, or the Great Children's Utopia" Makhotin noted: "The gift of a children's writer is the literary skill that he charges with the energy of his little lyrical hero. Catches the slightest movements of his soul, an instant change of mood, guesses his bizarre logic thoughts and actions. Knows how to convey all this with extremely simple language means". He added: "The children's writer has the most pleasant professional duty. Children's writer should be happy". These words formulate the credo of the children's writer, and Sergei Makhotin himself, as far as I know, strictly adheres to it.

Sergei Anatolyevich Makhotin has been actively involved in children's literature since the late 70s, when his poems began published in magazines and newspapers. Then he became an energetic editor himself – first in the "Leninskie Iskry" ("Lenin's Sparkles") newspaper, then in the "Kostyor" ("Bonfire") magazine, later on the St. Petersburg radio, where he still devises and hosts several popular children's programs. This many years work allowed Sergei Makhotin to remain in the thick of children's life. I remember well the wall at his desk in the "Kostyor" editorial office, fully hanged with children photographs from ceiling to floor – the numerous subjects that, in one way or another, were included in the work of Makhotin himself. Those plots not only just cute or funny – even a preschooler should understand the feelings that overwhelm the little character.

Text of Mikhail Yasnov

Makhotin's poems are an amazing fusion of kindness, purity, invention and child psychology knowledge. The point, as often happens, is that in life he can find plots in characteristic details, which many pass by without hesitation, and in the verse themselves – those sudden sound convergence that instantly transforms reality, making it poetic and spiritual:

A river has a mighty wave A spring has a tiny wave By the forest path along we go For to pat the wave on the smooth wet back bone

(Translation of Elena Nazarjan)

A river has a wild wave, At a stream – the wave is tame. By the forest path we'll sit Very closely to it. The wave of stream is rather wet, But is cute its back to pat.

(Translation of Violetta Minina)

I just want to say: "That's it! I didn't know! This is how it happens!" It turns out – it happens!

Makhotin wrote many poems about empathy. For kids' audience empathy is mostly abstract concept. You need your soul to be in sensitive "resonance" in order to coincide with the little reader and listener in sensations and meanings.

Horror stories – the genre is not for Makhotin. It seems that he simply does not know how to write them organically. It's much important for him to emphasize the significance and inviolability of childhood with each of his poems. Here a child and an adult solve their problems as equals. Here the human and the natural worlds are subject to the general laws of justice. Here we find ourselves in a poetic country, living according to the laws of subtle feelings and precise knowledge – the feelings of the proportionality of the verse, the knowledge how to construct a sonorous, cheerful poem.

One more of the most valuable qualities of Makhotin – he perfectly understands what humor is, how it makes our life brighter and richer.

Kolya was upset and angry today – He stuck in the lift And could not get away. He burst into tears, Sat down on the floor, Reread the word "GOAT", Which himself he had drawn. Each new book by Sergei Makhotin is a "family gift", his poetry — one more thread, stretched between generations; it is joyful reading and reading for joy. Those books can laid out as a special "age ladder". First, books for the little ones — "Hello, Day!" (1985) and "Senior Group" (1988), books for junior schoolchildren — "The Sea in a Jar" (1985) and "The Dog Counts to One" (1991). A whole series of prose books for teenagers — the story "A Slim Young Man on a White Horse "(1991)," The Cross of St. Andrew the First-Called "(1993)," The Legend of the Sasun Warriors"(1996), and finally, the young adult novels — "Cursed Martha"(1997) and "Vladigor and the Star of Perun "(1999). Then appeared more new stories and fairy tales books: "Enchanted Pigtails", "The Grumbling Virus", "Turn the Cat Louder" and the excellent book of poems "Going for the Chalk".

Over the years, Sergei Makhotin gives more preference to prose, and this prose retains the features of his children's lyrics, enriching it with complex plots; however, Makhotin's kid and school prose intonation is still the same – sincerity, warmth and attention to little characters.

Reading children's poems by Sergei Makhotin, you should definitely hear and understand how they are written. In my opinion, he has an amazing sense of verse proportionality, his rhymes are accurate and deep, and the speech of the characters seems overheard on the street, in kindergarten or in the school hallway – the author treats their language with sympathy and irony.

Here, perhaps, the main thing: the creative work of Sergei Makhotin endows the reader with moral criteria. Those who bound with children's literature (and almost all parents are among them) know or can imagine how important this is.

(Translation of Violetta Minina)

Contribution to Children's Literature

Text of Nikolay Kryshuk (Russian writer)

Translation of Katrin Tublina



Sergey Makhotin has long been a part of the life of several generations of children and adolescents.

Makhotin writes for children, that is, for the most mobile and sensitive audience. Here is what Sergei Makhotin himself says about his literary credo: "A small man, not yet having any life experience. If only because he endlessly trusts his parents and relatives, hopes for their protection, expects love from them, since he is willing to love all the world. Soon enough, the adult world's disharmony is felt by him more and more clearly and inevitably.

A child is by no means a small adult, that's a fact. But it was proved by psychologists not so long ago. It took many years to come to this conclusion. It called for changing the very system of upbringing, which previously required from the child only one thing - blind obedience and submission of his will to an adult. It was necessary to allow the child's personality to flourish, allow the freedom of thoughts and feelings expression.

Writing about children and writing for children are entirely different things. In the second case, the task is much more challenging. Talent alone is not enough. It is necessary to morally rise to the level of a child's perception of the world. To understand and accept, without the slightest hint of adult condescension, his joy, and suffering, join the child's soul's divine immortality.

The Children's Writer participates in creating the Great Children's Utopia, which makes people better. And this is its main function."

So the task is outlined, the greatness of the plan is apparent. But, the correct formulation of the problem is just the beginning of it. A gift is needed here, which, unlike the task, is impossible to explain.

This is given to Makhotin as if by itself. The author knows how to speak about difficult situations gracefully and at the same time simply, softly, and at the same time extremely honestly, both in poetry and in prose, and in educational, that is, popular science literature.

Sergei Makhotin treats the ministry to childhood consciously and responsibly, making full use of the reader's love, for example, for educational purposes. The author of dozens of books in various genres, Sergei Makhotin, was also one of the founders of the children's radio station "Zayachiy Ostrov," which for six years, during the most difficult times for children's literature the 1990s, supported and preserved in children love and interest in reading.

Students' messages

More than 12 years Sergey Makhotin has been the head of the seminars of the Festival "Young Writers Around "Detgiz"*.

Writers – participants of the Festival "Young Writers Around Detgiz (Детгиз)" – to Sergey Makhotin ("Library At School". September, 2013. № 5):



Irina Krayeva, Russian children's writer

At the end of the fair day at the all-Russian Exhibition Centre Sergey Makhotin looked tired. "I am tired, - he admitted. - And the night on the train was restless because of the noise in the next compartment. But, you know, I went out in the corridor in the morning and saw a five-year-old girl..." I will not distort by retelling the wonderful words that he gave to the young fellow traveler. It was obvious that it was an angel in the flesh - beautiful and intelligent - but it was she who caused the night noise. - "And I forgave this princess for everything!" -Sergey Anatolyevich said with a smile, and his eyes became enthusiastic and cheerful as always when he talks about children. That was the first time I had ever held the newly published "The Grumble Virus" («Вирус молчания») in my hands. Sergey Anatolyevich has the book with this title but he himself does not have the slightest iota of this vile virus. Because, both in life and in books, the main thing for him is active kindness which is more magical than any magic. For example, the composer Zalivalov in the story "The Awakened Music" as soon as waves a wonderful conductor's baton - and not only water pipes sound like an organ, but even homeless dogs, instead of moonlight howl, depict "something like a lullaby song". When you read Sergey Makhotin's poems and stories, it seems that he knows your cherished song. And it sounds.



Anna Ignatova, Russian children's writer

Starting to write about Sergey Anatolyevich I say to myself: "Write short. Otherwise it is too long and pretentious. Two words, of course, can not do. Try to get by with three words". Smile, eyes, a camera is a portrait of our teacher in three of words. When Sergey Anatolyevich praises, you sit and smile stupidly, carefully examine the thoroughly studied pretty Kharm's "kuryakitsa" on the tablecloth (in one of the rooms of the "Detgiz" Publishing House) and try to stay in reality. Yes, this is what our master is saying about me, this is something I have created that I do not understand what and how. But it worked! He likes it! Victory! This is if in three words. Continuing to follow the principle of brevity, I tried to write a couplet about my favorite author and teacher. Unfortunately, the verse has not turned out about Makhotin...

If the verse is not sparkling,
It means that the author is not Makhotin.

^{*} Detgiz – Russian children's literature publishing house, founded in 1933.

Students' messages



Natasha Yevdokimova, Russian children's writer

For the first time I heard Makhotin's poems when I was already an adult. "These poems were so real that eyes lit up: I want more of these poems! I want such poems as much as possible! So, I became a real fan of Sergey Makhotin. And if he does not know about it, I am happy to admit it. Then, later, I was sitting in the library, having taken all the books with his poems from the reading room and copying them out by hand. Because his poems are amazing. No one writes such poems any more. They have so much teenage prose, real friendship...So many of those amazing things which only happen in the childhood, that have become a part of my life. The poem is only a page long, but it seems that you are reading a real story."



Yevgeniya Basova, Russian children's writer

Poems can not be retold, they must be read. Makhotin's poems are full of wonder of the world: reader, look at how many riddles there are around, how interesting it is to live! And how much joy is stored in the simplest things, it is only important to catch a happy moment and remember it...This joy will always be stored in a person - somewhere in the depth, t the bottom. And, may be, if you ever have a hard time, the joy experienced in childhood will become a support - in it the grown-up person will find new strength. I know how much children's writer in Saint Petersburg love Sergey Makhotin, those who gather in "Detgiz" Publishing House on Tuesdays. This, probably, at all times was a rarity - the willingness of an accomplished writer to teach patiently young people the good sense, to be smart to read texts, perhaps immature, and to talk about flaws so that no one would be offended. And all this is not teaching, not condescending. And everything is done with joy.



Asya Petrova, Russian children's writer, translator

Humor and linguistic surprise are key moments not only for Makhotin as a poet, but also for Makhotin as a human being. To tell the truth, I have never seen a writer so similar to his texts and, therefore, so honest in his texts, whether they are playful, lyrical or plot-driven. And, of course, it is impossible not to notice – both in books and in life – the way with which Sergey Makhotin treats his heroes and people. I think it is not for nothing that all the friends he photographs are so beautiful in the pictures. It turns out that a man is made up of half blood, half the language (well, and sometimes even of chocolate ice-cream). This perfect balance creates an incredible harmony which is so necessary for children's literature and all of us.

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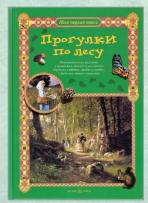
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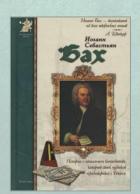














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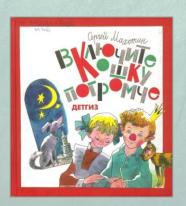


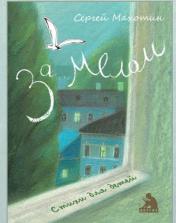








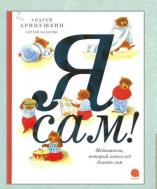




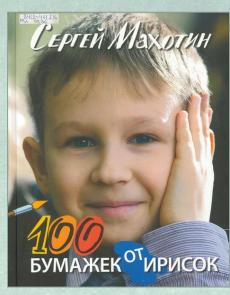
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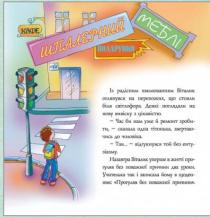


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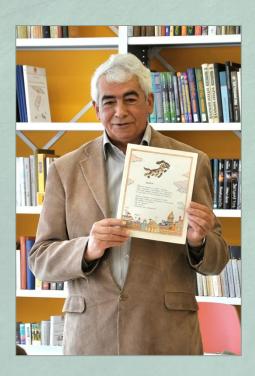
- у сьому, мабуть?

— Так, — здивувався композитор Заливака. — А ви звідки знаєте? Баба Орися промовчала. Прикинулась, як завжди, що не розчула.





Awards and prizes



2004

Winner of the Samuil Marshak Prize for Literature for the poetry collection for "Whom am I Like?".

2007

The national children's books award "Scarlet Sails" for "The Grumble Virus".

2007

IBBY Honour List Diploma 2008 for "The Grumble Virus".

2011

Winner of the Korney Chukovsky Prize for Literature, nomination "For outstanding achievements in National Children's Literature".

2015

The Sign of Honour "Children of Leningrad region like it" (for "I saw the Director wearing Slippers").

Reviews

INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S BOOK DAY Grandissons avec le livre! 2 APRIL **i**BbY 2017 ET US GROW WITH THE BOOK! 本と一緒に成長しましよう。 insieme al tuo libro! Russian IBBY section 与书一起成长 Budme rásť spolu s knihou! 是 Lasst uns zusammen mit Büchern groß werden!

International Children's Book Day 2017

In 2017 Russian Section of IBBY has the opportunity to be the international sponsor of International Children's Book Day.

The message to the children of the world was written by Sergey Makhotin.

Reading is a Pleasure

The message to the children of the world by **Sergey Makhotin**



In my early childhood I loved to build houses out of blocks and of all sorts of toys. Instead of a roof I often used a children's book with pictures. In my dreams I climbed into the house, laid down on the bed made of a matchbox and looked up at the clouds or at the starry sky. It all depended on which picture I liked most.

I have intuitively followed the rule of life of every child, who seeks to create a comfortable and safe environment for himself. And a children's book really helped me accomplish this.

Then I got older, I learned to read, and a book in my imagination started looking more like a butterfly, or even a bird, than a roof of the house. The book pages resembled the wings and rustled. It seemed that the book lying on the windowsill would soon rush out the open window into unknown spaces. I took it in my hands and began reading, and the book began to calm down. Then I myself rushed to other lands and worlds, expanding the space of my imagination.

What a joy to hold a new book in one's hands! At first you don't know what the book is about. You resist the temptation to open to the last page. And how good it smells! It is impossible to divide this smell into components: printing ink, glue... no, it is not. There is a particular smell of a book, an exciting and unique one. The tips of some pages would stick together, as if the book had not woken up yet. It wakes up when you start reading it.

You are growing up and the world around is becoming more complicated. You are facing the questions which not even any adult is ready to answer. However, it is so important to share your doubts and secrets with someone. And here a book comes along again to help. Many of us have probably caught ourselves thinking: this book was written about me! And the favorite character suddenly appears to be like you. He experiences the same problems, and tackles them with dignity. And another character is not like you at all, but you want him to be your role model, you wish to be as brave and resourceful as him.

When some boy or a girl says: "I do not like to read," that makes me laugh. I do not believe these kids. They sure eat ice cream, play games and watch interesting movies. In other words, they like to have fun. And reading is not just hard work towards the development of feelings and personality, but it is first of all a great pleasure.

Specifically for that purpose, children's book authors write their manuscripts.

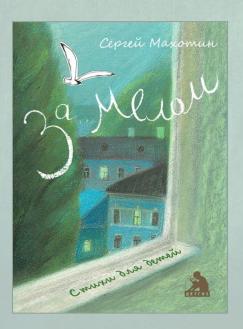
Reviews

Olga Myaeots.

Wide Open Poetry: About the book by Sergey Makhotin "Going for the chalk"

> ("Library At School". September, 2011. № 36)

Translation of Violetta Minina



The book of poems by Sergei Makhotin "Going for the Chalk" is a real gift not only for the longtime fans of that wonderful St. Petersburg poet, but also to all poetry lovers in general. Perhaps here it's a first time, when the voice of Sergei Makhotin sounds at full strength. On the one hand, his poems seem to fit very well into the "school theme": here you can find an "any program poem" as you need. On the other hand, they are so filled with freedom and wise thoughts, that they feel cramped within any framework.

The owl (Cosa)

It is in the air a-floating
Its wings oh so freely roaming
It sits in the branches and howls
Because it's a little gray owl

The oak tree wakes startled at night And looking amazed at its flight The oak tree wails a word Which no one but the owl has heard

(Translation of Elena Nazarjan)

The artist boldly lets this free air into the book. Allowing the poems to fly, to soar lightly and taking us with them. Sergei Makhotin lives in St. Petersburg, a city by the sea, which expanse, as we remember, is "between the sky and the Neva River". This special atmosphere – strict, proud, full of dignity and beauty, attracting us to discoveries – penetrates, of course, into the book. Sergei Makhotin has lived in St. Petersburg for many years, but he came there from the south, where he spent his childhood near the Black Sea – in a warm and sunny land. The space and the winds are quite it different there. Even though many years have passed, in a surprising way, this southern note still resounds in his poems – sometimes with a spicy heat, then with a salty wind, then with a shady moist coolness.

Olga Myaeots. Wide Open Poetry

I Learned to Swim (Я научился плавать)

The Seagulls' wings greeting, Birds smile to me. I ride my white sheep -A small wave of the sea. I cannot not stop playing With fizzy this wave. I crave all the people Are laughing today!

(Translation of Violetta Minina)

The poem ends, but we breathe its air for a long time, savoring the beauty of the words, thinking it over... There are a lot of to think about. Sergey Makhotin is able to open unexpected sides and deep important meaning of the most ordinary everyday events.

My Grandpa (Дедушка)

My Grandpa and me Sat down by the tree My hands are sun-tanned and strong And his are all tired and long A jigsaw goes up! A hammer goes down! My Grandpa - cut and I nailed it down A jigsaw went as a lark A nice bench built in the park My Grandpa strolls easy towards the house The sun follows him from above in the skies It smells of cheesecake nice and warm. The hay and sawdust over the lawn

The characters of Sergei Makhotin's poems (as well as his readers) are not careless kids, but schoolchildren who explore the adult world - wonderful and complicated. Ambiguous. To understand this - is to grow up. The poet knows: such discovery is not easy. The more you learn, the more you change yourself. This is experience. Don't expect any hints - you have to make your own decisions. Moreover, must be responsible for all your actions.

Perhaps, the main feeling that this book creates is the amazing joy of life, in such infinity, available to us, alas, only in childhood. Here is a boy running to the stream in the morning and rejoicing at how fervently his "shirt wide open" flaps in the wind, and simply, that the day is just beginning. And life is beginning too. And so many miracles ahead! They are already waiting in the next poem:

Summer night (Летний вечер)

I've got ants in my pants 'cause I got a surprise I am alive! And so is everything, in disguise My friend's alive And me, and my dog And the dragonflies And the rainbows in the skies

(Translation of Elena Nazarjan)

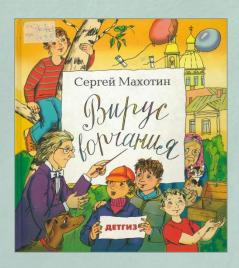
(Translation of Elena Nazarjan)

Reviews

Olga Korf. Who wakes up the music that sleeps

("Library At School". September, 2007. № 09)

Translation of Violetta Minina



Sergey Makhotin defined his new book "The Grumble Virus" ("Вирус ворчания") as "is a book, where each chapter is completely true, but often incredible story".

A well-known writer, the author of many children's books, a poet and prose writer, a brilliant radio journalist, Sergey Makhotin could rightfully repeat the phrase of the composer Zalivalov, the hero of the story "Awakened Music" ("Разбуженная музыка"), who, like a real wizard, helps everyone to hear the music of the soul and reveal to others the best and the most attractive qualities.

After all, it often happens people live nearby, seem to know each other well, but in fact they do not even imagine what amazing talents "fell asleep" in friends, acquaintances, neighbours... And this means that they see and understand others incorrectly and create false idea about themselves.

Makhotin's book is primarily remarkable for the fact that it awakens in readers an inner vision that is inherent only to those who can feel, sympathize and empathize. The characters of the stories find themselves in situations that allow them to take a different, new look at familiar things, at what they have not yet thought about. And this at least a little changes their lives and themselves for the better.

In one of the most, in my opinion, bright and unexpected stories — "Plisetskiy's Grandmother" ("Бабушка Плисецкого") — two friends, Vadim Sorokin and Yurka Shevelkov, go to a classmate to find out why he does not go to school, and suddenly seem to get into another dimension. And the house where Gena Plisetskiy lives is unusual. And the dog that flew at them from Genka's entrance is some kind of "crazy", and its owner is of a suspicious type. And Plisetskiy's grandmother, not yet old, dressed like a boy, in sneakers and jeans, is definitely strange. But the real surprise is waiting for the boys ahead: it turns out that their classmate has flown away with his parents to America forever and his grandmother has been left all alone, except for numerous relatives who all "lie on "Piskarevka"" and from whom it is impossible to leave in anyway.

And that is where the hero's soul is waking up: "I looked out of the window. The snow had stopped falling, but the sky had not cleared. It was still slate-coloured. It was getting dark. A skinny cat sat on a branch of a splayed poplar tree, looking down and twisting its head. Caesar (a dog – O.K.) must have given her quite a fright. And this cat, this slushy sky, the cigarette butts, the gloomy kitchen, and all this uncomfortable, alien apartment made me feel so sad that I wanted to cry. A great discovery has been made. It turned out that they knew nothing about their inconspicuous classmate Gena Plisetskiy. Neither the fact that he was in love with Sonechka, his neighbour on the desk, nor the fact that his parents were sick and tired of this country"... And later they found out that Geshka had believed their class to be good, that was, he really missed what he had to part...

Olga Korf. Who wakes up the music that sleeps

And something in the boys seemed to switch, and the next day which was not so gloomy, but even sunny, as if preparing for the imminent arrival of the New Year, they went back to Plisetskiy's grandmother. Formally – to return the portrait of Sonka Kozodoyeva found in his textbook, but in fact – because they could not forget, to throw out of their hearts this lonely grandmother, who was not an old woman at all. So the story of an ordinary event turns into a story about how attention to people, the desire to understand them, changes a little person, making his heart more sharp-sighted.

In general, this is what the whole book is about: that friendship, love, the ability to communicate with people, attachment to animals, that is a necessary and obligatory association with others, which is one of the most important, if not the most important features of a full-fledged person. And the truth is there is nothing more unnatural than a lonely child. In the same way as a lonely adult.

It was someone's loneliness and resentment that Vadim Sorokin felt (the story "Homer" ("Гомер") when he saw a history teacher from the school window: Nikolay Mikhailovich was standing on the school porch and smoking. He was without a coat and without a hat, the snow was falling directly on his head his shoulders. I noticed a small bald spot on his head. For the first time, I was looking down on the teacher. And I felt sorry for him. And this was preceded by a harmless, in general, entertainment in history class: finding a bug somehow crawled onto the page of the textbook, which Yurka immediately dubbed "Homer" - for his love of wondering around the world - the boys began to follow its movements on the map. Suddenly Nikolay Mikhailovich rudely intervened in this fascinating process: he slammed the textbook. Yurka started and "in an unhappy voice" screamed: "...you crushed Homer!" And then Yurka and Vadim were struck by an epidemic of hiccups. They were immediately suspected of hooliganism and sent to the director's office. But there the unfortunate hiccup struck the teacher as well. He was terribly and seemingly unreasonably agitated. The headmaster explained to the boys what had upset the historian so much. It turned out that "Homer" was the university nickname of Nikolay Mikhailovich. Who knows what memories have stirred in his soul. whether he did not perceive a slight childish mischief as a mockery, and whether he did not feel a pang of regret for his life spent for nothing, for a ruined scientific career... Yurka and Vadim suddenly looked at the historian with different eyes and hopefully, realized how painful it was to hurt a person without meaning to. It will take a long time before the boys learn to "calculate" the consequences of their actions. To understand, respect and pity people, but the first step has been taken and they will remember this ridiculous epidemic of hiccups for a long time.

Sometimes some nonsense: unsweetened porridge, hot tea, or the inability to distinguish the right sock from the left one, — causes a number of misunderstandings, conflicts and quarrels. A huge city is hit by "the grumble virus": everyone is dissatisfied with everything (the story "The Grumble Virus" ("Вирус ворчания")). When the situation becomes hopeless, as a fairy tale, a miracle comes to the rescue: a polar explorer Kuznetsov appears. He knows how to cure all of them: one just need to unite everyone, to break the negative chain, — when one of the other, like a runny nose, gets infected with grumbling, and to create positive one, — when everyone passes on good feelings and good mood to the next one.

Another innermost thought of the writer: one should be happy that there is someone nearby who can share one's thoughts, dispel one's doubts. It is happiness when one have a real friend. A wonderful story "Could you do without me?" ("Ты смог бы без меня обойтись?") is about this. This strange question came to Yurka's mind, and Vadik had to think about it. And Yurka prepared the next, more global one: and without whom could he not do at all?

It is good to have a friend who can think about such questions together with you and answer the main one like this: I wouldn't be able to do without you. At the end of the store Vadim finds, as it is often the case with Makhotin, a correspondence to his state, to his joy in nature: The open window pane smelled of spring. The transparent curtain trembled slightly in the humid air. Cautiously at first, and then more confidently and more loudly, the rai began to patter on the windowsill. By morning, I thought, it would have washed away the least of the snow. The first spring snow this year! As an experienced psychologist, Makhotin at the end of many of his stories gives the reader a sense of elation, and then – relief. Inspired discharge, a state close to what the ancients defined as catharsis.

Sergey Makhotin works wonderfully in different genres. He has a peculiar skill in creating "synthesis store" – in his narration one can meet a fairy tale and polished psychological prose (like stories about a little boy Misha, who goes to school), and sometimes elements of break into an absolutely reliable narrative. But all the artistic means, all the psychological techniques accumulated over the years, all the experience of communicating with readers are aimed at achieving, as it seems to me, the main goal – to wake up a child's soul that has not yet woken up, not let it freeze. And this is the highest purpose of children's literature.

Interview

"Don't forget you are talented" (sample)

Interviewed by Nikolay Kharlampiyev ("Kostyor", 2018, № 5-6)

Translation of Irina Mishina

- Please, share your most sunny childhood memory. Has it turned into poetry or a story?
- There are so many sunny memories!.. This is my southern yard (I described in the book "Pies with Cabbage" ("Пирожки с капустой")) and the Black Sea, in which the boys and I swam all day, dived and caught small perches. I have many poems about the sea, there is even a book with the title "The Sea in the Jar" ("Море в банке"). And I also saw Yuri Gagarin alive. He lived in the sanatorium "Rossiya" and went down to the beach and we, having swum, returned home. My housemate, small and skinny, Svetka Mironova, opened her mouth in amazement. Gagarin raised her in his arms and proclaimed, looking around the accompanying people: "This is our future!" Camera shutters snapped. We were waiting for a long time for the photo to appear in the newspapers because they did not believe us in the yard: "Well, yes! Gagarin will lift Svetka with her dirty feet". Unfortunately, the photo never appeared. Probably because of the feet.
- What kind of books did you read as a child? Which one would be worth republishing?
- I read everything. And Nosov, and Gorky, and Leo Tolstoy, and Gianni Rodary. I really fell in love with Alexander Green who inspired me at the time of my first love. And I would republish, under one cover, all the issues of the "Iskorka" ("Искорка") magazine, edited by Dora Borisovna Kolpakova.
- What did you dream about as a child? What five must-have events, in your opinion, should happen with everyone in the summer?
- As a child I dreamed that would live a long long time. By the way, not all childhood dreams come true. And in the summer you must: the first to learn to swim; the second to read the book by Yuri Koval "The Cap with Crusian Carp" ("Кепка с карасями"); the third to wake up before everyone else and cook breakfast for Mum; the fourth to see a shooting and have time to make a wish; and finally, listen to Beethoven's 9th Symphony from start to finish.

Interview

"The child who lived in me was waiting in the wings" (sample)

Interviewed by Pavel Kryuchkov ("Novy Mir", 2013, № 10)

Translation of Irina Mishina

— Sergey Anatolyevich, in biographical articles, dedicated to you, the word "journalism" is found. Tell us about this path.

Sergey Makhotin. It all started a long time ago. After I left the Leningrad Institute of Film Engineers having studied for six months and after graduating from the Literary Institute which I had entered, by the way, with a selection of "adult" poems, our dear friend, poet, screenwriter and teacher Vyacheslav Leykin advised me to become a correspondent.

V. Leykin at that time led the children's literary association at the newspaper "Leninskiye Iskry" ("Ленинские искры"), for about 25 years he, in my opinion, was engaged in this and years later published a unique book about literary classes with children "Every Thursday in Four Hundred Forty-Eight". Young poets gathered on the fourth floor of "Lenizdat", where the editorial office of the country's oldest and very first newspaper for children was located. "Leninskiye Iskry" came out from August 1924.

V. Leykin taught to feel the word. His students grasped everything instantly, tried this word to taste, to sound, to whatever, they tumbled in verbal technique as in water, and they did great things.

It was in "Leninskiye Iskry", where they studied on Thursdays, that I began to work. After the Literary Institute I, of course, wanted to deal with literature, but I was sent to the school department. It was, of course, fate. I began to make some school reports, travel around the Leningrad region and, most importantly meet the children and learn to communicate with them.

- Did you have to learn this?

— Of course, I was afraid of them, like almost every adult! Well, then two years later our famous magazine "Koster" ("Костёр") happened in my life, and this is a huge layer of biography because I worked there for more than 10 years. The magazine was published then with a circulation of two million copies. I left "Koster" in 1991, by that time several of my children's poetry books had already been published: "The Sea in the Jar" ("Море в банке"), "Hello, Day!" ("Здравствуй, день!"), "Senior Group" ("Старшая группа").

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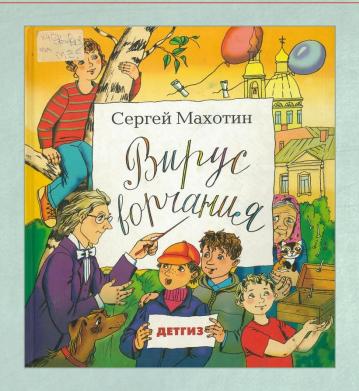
— And in what atmosphere did you exist when you started writing children's poetry? Where did they come from?

S. M. I don't know. In our family no one was engaged in literature, mother worked as a teacher, farther was a communication technician. You know, there is such a saying about a person who somehow behaved inadequately — "a verse found (came over) him". Here "a verse found me" in the most literal sense. Apparently some child lived in me and was waiting in the wings. When my first children's poetry began to appear, I felt unusually happy. It seemed to me that I am not imitating anyone, I say in my own voice, or rather the voice of the person who lives in me. It was an amazing feeling.

- Sergey Makhotin. The Grumble Virus (is a book, where each chapter is completely true, but often incredible story). St. Petersburg: Detgiz, 2006. Illustrator Ksenia Pochtennaya.
- Sergey Makhotin. Going for the Chalk. Poems. St. Petersburg: Detgiz, 2011. Illustrator Katya Tolstaya.
- Sergey Makhotin. Sparrows in the head. St. Petersburg: Rech, 2017. Illustrator Olga Gromova.
- Sergey Makhotin. Walks in the Wood: Educational Stories about Animals, Birds and Insects, Trees and Flowers, Fungi and Berries, the Baba Yaga, the Man-Things and the Mermaids. Moscow: Bely gorod, 2007 (2017, reprint).
- Sergey Makhotin. 100 pieces of paper from toffees. Poems for kids. St. Petersburg: Detskoe vremja, 2019. Photo by the author.

Sergey Makhotin.
The Grumble Virus (is a book, where each chapter is completely true, but often incredible story)

St. Petersburg: Detgiz, 2006 Illustrator Ksenia Pochtennaya

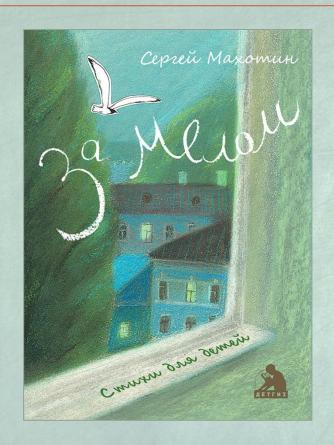


The book "The Grumble Virus" (2006) sustained four reissuings. The fairy tale in which the little boy infected with the bad mood all city gave to this cheerful and kind book the name. Heroes of the book are the modern children at times getting into the most unexpected situations. Therefore the fairy tale is on friendly terms with reality here. Not always amusing and ridiculous. The combination of a smile and grief is characteristic of Sergey Makhotin's prose. But there is an opportunity to speak with little readers about very serious things: about love and loneliness, about fidelity and friendship, about the difficult world of adults, about joy which is granted by creativity.

The book "The Grumble Virus" became the winner of the The national children's books award "Scarlet Sails". The author is awarded for it by The IBBY Honorary Diploma in 2008 .

Sergey Makhotin. Going for the Chalk. Poems

St. Petersburg: Detgiz, 2011 Illustrator Katya Tolstaya



The book has three sections: "River voices", "Going for the Chalk " and "Casual number". These some kind of three stages of a growing of the lyrical hero – from preschool to teenage age. Comic plots alternate with very serious. The hero of the book should solve not so children's problems: overcoming loneliness, search of the sympathetic interlocutor, sense of guilt for own wellbeing. The author calls this book the autobiographical story in verses because he has told in her about himself and about own childhood.

Sergey Makhotin. Sparrows in the head

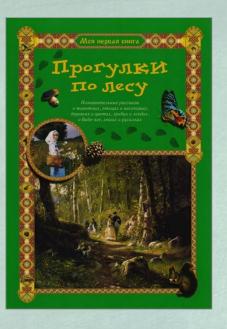
St. Petersburg: Rech, 2017 Illustrator Olga Gromova



Funny stories and amusing incidents constantly occur with the heroes of Sergei Makhotin. The boys make the cat the heroine of the radio program, save the foreign dog, share the iron with random passers-by ... And they are always curious and ask questions: how did Pushkin's mermaid fall on a branch? What does a pancake surface look like?.. Who loves frothy milk – normal people or abnormal? In search of answers, boys and girls make unexpected discoveries: what real friendship is, when you shouldn't laugh, and how good it is when the whole family gets together.

Sergey Makhotin.
Walks in the Wood: Educational
Stories about Animals, Birds and
Insects, Trees and Flowers, Fungi
and Berries, the Baba Yaga, the
Man-Things and the Mermaids

Moscow: Bely gorod, 2007 (2017, reprint)



Popular wisdom says: "The forest is water, water is bread, bread is life." The book tells about how closely human life is connected with the life of the forest. The book, built in the form of walking chapters, tells about animals, birds, trees, plants, mushrooms, insects ... The author repeatedly refers to his native history, showing by the examples of our ancestors how carefully people treated forest wealth. The book is written in an easy, accessible language, full of humor and kindness. Those who read it will never break a branch by a tree, will not trample a bug, will not litter in the forest. The book "Walks in the Woods" is able to replace many instructive lectures on environmental education. This little forest encyclopedia is addressed primarily to the youngest generation. But it will also be useful for adults. Especially if you read it with children, wondering, laughing and rejoicing at the miracles, which are so many in the magic forest. This book is for children and adults. It can be useful for teachers and educators in kindergarten – "nature lessons" can be given in a substantive and fun way, since the author has not formally approached the conversation about nature.

Sergey Makhotin.

100 pieces of paper from toffees.

Poems for kids

St. Petersburg: Detskoe vremja, 2019 **Photo by the author**



Sergei Makhotin is a well-known children's poet and prose writer, laureate of the Korney Chukovsky Prize, the S. Marshak Prize and many other literary prizes, one of the few Russian holders of the Honorary Diploma named after G. H. Andersen of the International Council for Children's Books. "One hundred pieces of paper from toffees" is a new book of his poems for schoolchildren – witty and lyrical, dedicated to school and childhood with illustrations by the writer himself.

For many years Sergei Makhotin enthusiastically photographed his young readers during creative meetings: these photographs, already exhibited in museums and libraries, make this book a real "portrait of a generation."

Readers' reviews from essential book review sites

100 pieces of papers from toffees

A red thread through the book is a sincere love for children, for people! A wonderful, life-affirming book!

Nina Otto (<u>labirint.ru</u>)

Going for the Chalk

I think Sergey Makhotin is one of the best children's writers... The verses magically describe completely ordinary but such important events for the child. This is a walk with Dad at the weekend, and swimming in the river, and hiking, and the first day at school... It would seem that everything is simple, familiar and understandable to everyone. But how wonderful the poems are! Honestly, it just takes your breath away. Sometimes you want to smile and some poems can not be read without sadness (for example, "Children's Hospital" («Детская больница»), "Autumn Dog" («Осенняя собака»), "Grandfather" («Дедушка»)). Our family has already several books by Sergey Makhotin. My favorite one is "Going for the Chalk" («За мелом»), but, in my opinion, it is for older children. The book "I Saw the Director in Slippers" («Я видел директора в тапках») is perfectly suitable for preschoolers. But "A New Boy" («Новенький») is just right for elementary school. The book is very bright and colorful. The illustrations will appeal to any child: light, watercolor, airy. In general, a wonderful book.

Vladimir Mirchuk (labirint.ru)

Dangerous Weapon

Funny book, very cool. There are stories from life, there are a little fabulous, but each one is very interesting. About school, schoolmates, friendship, friends and all sorts of different jokes.

Karambon (<u>livelib.ru</u>)

Thank you, amazing Sergey Makhotin! I am reading and crying from excess of feelings. However, I am not the only one. Thanks to everyone who has read, admired, been touched and written their feelings and impressions. It is like we are schoolchildren from the same class.

pippilotta (<u>labirint.ru</u>)

Going for the Chalk

In Sergey Makhotin's book there are many masterfully written funny playful poems, the reader will certainly not get bored. But still they are not the main ones. The main poems here are serious ones, unfortunately almost no one writes such poems anymore today. In any case, as subtly as Makhotin no one definitely does. Read the poems "Children's Hospital" («Детская больница», "We Have Been Friends Since the First Grade" («Мы с первого класса дружили»), "Influence Makarov" («Повлияй на Макарова»), "Firefly" («Светлячок»), "Pirate" («Пират»), "I Will Not Do It Anymore" («Я больше не буду») and, I am sure, you will never forget them. Not in the sense that you will learn them by heart. Just an emotional shake up will leave a mark on your soul forever. After such verses you really become a little better. At least I did.

Mikhail Yesenovsky (<u>labirint.ru</u>)

Poems

Selected Poems

Translation of Elena Nazarjan

Everyone knows (Не могу понять)

Everyone knows where honey comes from Everyone knows where clean air comes from It's the bees and the trees, it's a proven fact But what makes airplanes fly Is a mystery act!

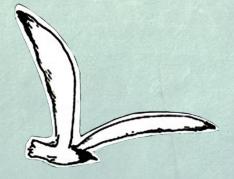
I learned all about Arctic ice
And the Earth that goes around in the skies
It's as plain as the nose on your face..., and yet
How DO planes go up with their awful weight?!

An old little coat (Пальтишко)

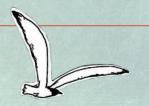
Old and shabby is the coat:
"Boys are so fast to grow
Mom will buy him a new one
And up in the attic I am gone!

"Hail and snow was so hard But my boy and I were glad Down the snow in the sledge We made up a winter pledge.

"How sad it is in here!
How old am I, my dear!
But I'm happy anyway
You were warm and we could play!"



Poems



A family photo (На фотографии)

Here's a family photo I made Here's my Mom and my Dad and his dad Grandpa was there, I 'm sure he was... He was just busy doing his chores

Yes, and my sister was there all right! It's just the picture has not enough light... Looks like I must try to do this one again How many more times need I explain?

About a film (Про кино)

A friend of mine's just seen a film:
"There was this guy
who fell from the window
And ran for his life
And held them at gunpoint
And fought his fight
And laughed and jumped
And sang and rode
And swam and flew and hit the road
Did this and that and cried for help...."
I think I've got to see it myself!

About the ant (Про муравья)

It was for an hour, of this I'm sure
That I watched an ant in his demure
He toiled in the grass to build his nest
went up and down with no rest

But all of a sudden he stopped and said: "Why don't you busy yourself instead!"

In the 30th century (В тридцатом веке)

Somewhere in time
In the thirtieth century
We're gonna look like
Those Greeks that were ancient
They'll teach this at schools
All through the term
And the books we had
Will be read by bookworms
And then somebody taking Petrov's book
will say "Oh my god, this is it, just look!
We got it all wrong:
For it looks like back then
They used to spell "pan" like "pen"!

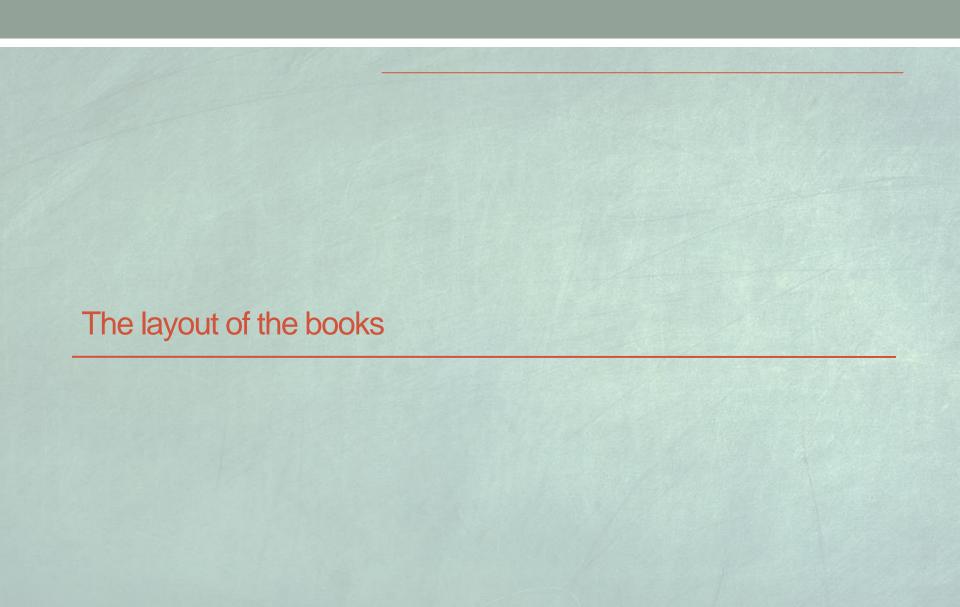


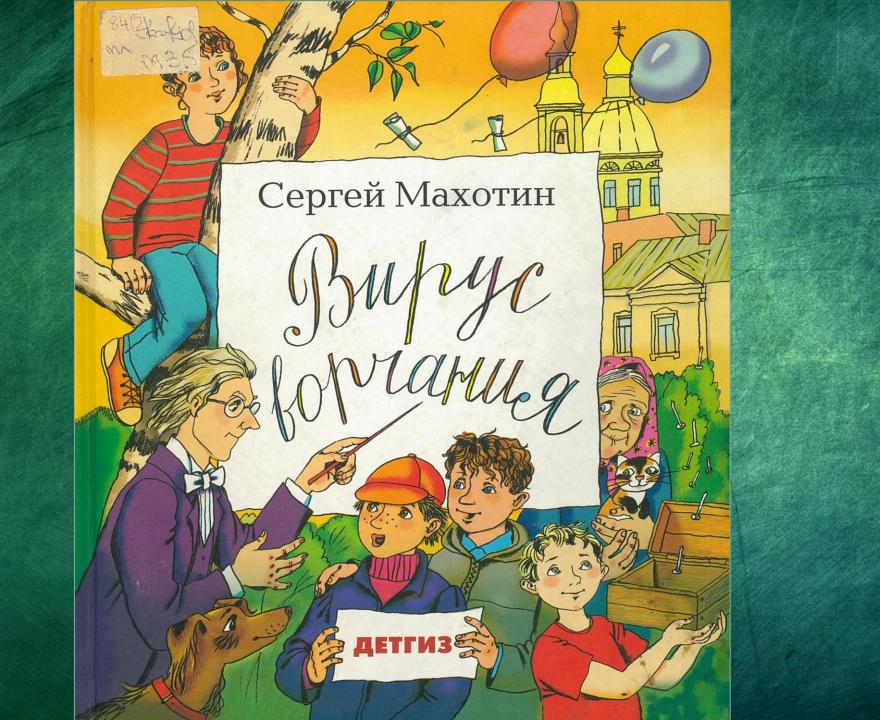












84 (2Ba-Ry) M36

Сергей Махотин

Bupyc foranua

Повесть, в которой что ни глава – то совершенно правдивая, но чаще – невероятная история

м падший Ав энемент

56

ДЕТГИЗ 2006

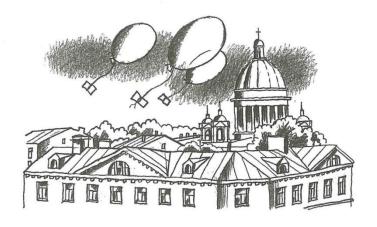
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СПб ГУК

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Куда улетают воздушные шарики, или Как родилась эта книга

вместо предисловия

Однажды, когда я был маленьким, мама принесла с первомайской демонстрации воздушный шарик. Красный, с петухом на боку. Два дня шарик жил на потолке. Когда я спускал его вниз за длинную нитку, то ощущал пальцами упругую силу. На третий день шарик сморщился и оказался на полу. Не вынес неволи.

В этот день мне влетело за то, что гулял без кепки.

– Учти, – говорила мама, – заболеешь – не буду с тобой нянчиться.

Наутро у меня распухло горло и поднялась температура. Маме пришлось нарушить суровое обещание: она нянчилась, а я полоскал горло эвкалиптовым отваром и пил маленькими глотками горячее молоко с жёлтой плёнкой расплавленного масла. Приходилось терпеть эту гадость: оставалось полмесяца до летних каникул, и болеть не имело смысла.

Мама тоже так считала. Она принесла три килограмма египетских апельсинов, зелёных, но сладких.

 В них витаминов много. Ешь и выздоравливай скорей! Да! – вспомнила мама. – Дядя Слава звонил. Спрашивал, что тебе на день рожденья купить.

Из-за ангины я и забыл, что мне через три дня будет девять лет. Что же попросить-то?

- Может, брюки? подумала мама вслух. А то ходишь неизвестно в чём.
 Стыдно перед людьми.
 - Пусть воздушные шарики подарит, сказал я. Штук десять.
 - Какие шарики? удивилась мама. Ты как маленький ребёнок, ей-богу! Я и сам удивился, попросив шарики.
- ...Ко дню рождения я уже почти выздоровел. Мама испекла торт в духовке и вынула из шкафа свежую скатерть.

К вечеру стали собираться родственники. На моём столе появились шахматы, книга «Таинственный остров», игра «Морской бой» и фонарик.

Позже всех пришёл дядя Слава. Он шагнул в коридор, а за ним, толпясь и мешая друг другу, втиснулись в дверь... воздушные шарики!

Раз, два, три... Десять штук!

Среди гостей началась паника. Все кричали и ахали. Шарики расползлись по потолку. Сверху свисали толстые нити и колыхались, как зелёные водоросли. А я глядел на дядю Славу, улыбался и любил его больше всех на свете!

Когда за столом стало шумно и на меня перестали обращать внимание, я ушёл в свою комнату. Я уже знал, что буду делать, как будто только об этом и думал все эти дни.

Я вырвал из тетради в клетку десять страниц и принялся за работу. Аккуратно, стараясь писать без ошибок, я заполнял их одинаково:

«Кто найдёт этот шарик, пусть, пожалуйста, пришлёт письмо по адресу...»

Писал я, наверное, час, а может, и больше. Даже пальцы одеревенели. Я перечитал десятый листок, подумал немного и вывел непослушной шариковой ручкой:

«Меня зовут Серёжа. Мне сегодня 9 лет».

Листки я свернул трубочками. Нитки стягивали их посредине, и получались бумажные бантики – чуть больше тех, с которыми играют котята. Потом я открыл балкон, и все десять шариков с привязанными записками один за другим уплыли в темноту.

Дверь на балкон ещё оставалась открытой, когда в комнату заглянул дядя Слава. Он посмотрел на потолок, затем на меня, и его весёлая улыбка стала растерянной и беспомощной. Я отвернулся, боясь заплакать.

– Серёжа, ты с ума сошёл? – воскликнула, оттеснив дядю Славу, мама. – Только что с постели и стоишь на сквозняке!..

Почувствовав что-то неладное, она замолчала. И вдруг всё поняла.

— Серёжа... Ты их выпустил?.. Как же тебе не стыдно! Дядя Слава весь город обегал, чтобы их тебе достать. От завода шёл пешком! Как можно быть таким неблагодарным!..

Слова солёным комом застряли у меня в горле. Я чувствовал, что ничего не сумею объяснить. Ни дяде Славе, ни маме, ни даже себе.

Дядя Слава обнял маму за плечи и увёл её в коридор, тихо прикрыв дверь. Гости начали расходиться.

А потом наступило лето. Я уехал в лагерь на целых две смены. В августе маме дали отпуск, и мы с ней поехали на Чёрное море. Дикарями! Домой мы вернулись перед самым первым сентября. В городе все на нас оглядывались, пока мы шли с вокзала, такие мы с мамой были загоревшие.

Мама зашла к соседке, которой оставляла ключ от почтового ящика, и принесла целую пачку газет. Я включил газ и поставил чайник.

- Серёжа! вдруг воскликнула мама и удивлённо посмотрела на меня. –
 Тебе письмо!
 - Мне[§]

Я взял конверт и осмотрел его со всех сторон. Мне ещё никто не писал писем. Может, это ошибка? Но в строчке «кому» было написано *«Серёжсе»*.

И адрес был наш.

Я осторожно вскрыл конверт и вынул первое в моей жизни письмо ко мне. Вот что я прочёл:

«Здравствуй, Серёжа!

Пишет тебе Нина по фамилии Савушкина. Мне тоже 9 лет. Вчера я копала картошку на огороде и нашла сдутый шарик и твою записку. Она была немножко сырая, потому что два дня назад был дождь. Но буквы не смылись, и я сумела всё разобрать. Я решила, что ты проводишь очень интересный опыт, правда, не поняла какой. Наверное, мне нужно было вернуть тебе твою записку. Но я только что узнала, что, когда она высохла, бабушка растопила ею печку. Хорошо, что я успела переписать твой адрес. До свидания!

Нина Савушкина».

Можно посмотреть? – спросила мама.

Я почувствовал, что краснею, кивнул и пошёл в ванную. В зеркале отразилась моя глупая физиономия с застывшей улыбкой. Я долго смывал её холодной водой, но она появлялась опять, и ничего нельзя тут было поделать.

За чаем мама хвалила Нину Савушкину – какая она молодец! Даже картошку сама копает.

– Надо бы тебе её поблагодарить. Жаль, обратного адреса нет. Постойка... – Мама взяла конверт и начала рассматривать почтовый штемпель. – «Ленинградская область. Дворики», – прочитала она. – Прелесть какая! Дворики! Наверное, деревня. Или село. Принеси-ка атлас.

Я снял с книжной полки географический атлас. Мы сантиметр за сантиметром обшарили всю Ленинградскую область, но Двориков так и не нашли.

– Этот атлас устарел, – решила мама. – Нужно купить новый.

Новый атлас мы так и не купили, и я так и не поблагодарил мою ровесницу из деревни Дворики.

...Прошло много времени. Я повзрослел. И сейчас, вспоминая эту историю, я понимаю, что Нина Савушкина очень мне помогла. В тот день я сделал важное открытие: оказывается, это только на карте мир кажется маленьким и простым, а на самом деле он огромен и полон чудес.

Я вспомнил дом, где мы жили... Где все друг друга знали, здоровались друг с другом, а если в какой-нибудь квартире пекли пирог, соседям непременно доставалось по кусочку.

Я вспомнил много разных историй: весёлых и грустных, а иногда просто сказочных. Или, как принято теперь говорить, – фантастических.

И так мне захотелось про всё про это рассказать, что я сел и написал эту книжку.





ила в нашем доме девочка с косичками по имени Света. В классе, где Света училась, ни у кого косичек не было. Светины одноклассницы считали это немодным.

А теперь догадайтесь, что делают мальчишки с единственными в классе косичками? К сожалению, вы правы: мальчишки за них дёргают. Удивительно, какой вредный народ, эти мальчишки!

А самым вредным из мальчишек был Колян. Не только на переменах Свете проходу не давал, но и на уроках тоже. Пользовался тем, что сидит сразу за Светой. И ещё тем пользовался, что она ябедой никогда не была и на Коляна учительнице не жаловалась. Просто плакала себе тихонечко. А Колян ухмылялся, дурак такой!

От этого Коляна никакого житья Свете не стало.

Однажды она в школу решила не пойти. Утром взяла портфель, поцеловала маму и отправилась куда глаза глядят.

Шла она, шла. Вдруг видит — парикмахерская. Вспомнила Света уговоры подружек и зашла в парикмахерскую.

Парикмахерши её окружили. Ахают, косичками Светиными восхищаются.

А Света говорит:

 Стригите меня поскорее! И покороче! Прощайте, милые косички...

Парикмахерши переглянулись. «Всё понятно, — говорят. — Типичный случай. Баба Настя, к вам клиент пришёл».

Вышла к Свете самая старшая парикмахерша. Почти старушка. Покачала головой. Потом Свету по голове погладила и прошептала:

Растите, косички, Косички-сестрички, На зависть мальчишке, Мальчишке-коротышке.

— А теперь ступай, — говорит она Свете. — Не буду я тебя сейчас стричь. Позже приходи. Делать нечего. Пришлось идти в школу.

Колян, как Свету увидел, тут же подкрался сзади и - дёрг за косичку!

Обернулась Света. А тот стоит и рожи корчит. Только какой-то не такой сегодня Колян. Что-то в нём изменилось. Ростом как будто меньше стал.

Прозвенел звонок на урок. Перед дверью в класс Колян опять подбежал к Свете и за другую косичку — дёрг!

Света даже оборачиваться не стала. Лишь зубы стиснула, чтоб не заплакать. Больно ведь! И обидно...

Начался урок. Конечно же, Колян не унимается. Сразу за две косички Свету дёрнул. Но почему-то слабенько очень, неуверенно.

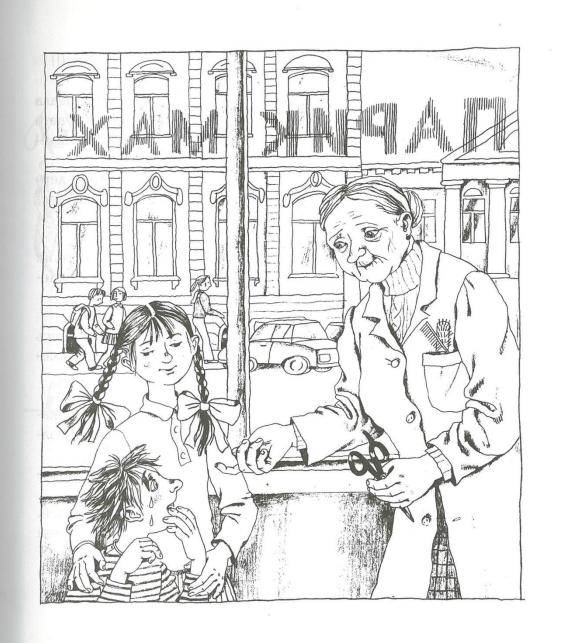
Света удивилась, оглянулась... И не увидела Коляна. Под парту, наверно, спрятался.

Вдруг учительница Коляна к доске вызывает. А его и нет. Вместо него вышел к доске какой-то малыш ростом с портфель.

- Ты, мальчик, как здесь оказался? спрашивает учительница. Тебя как зовут?
 - Колян, тот отвечает.
- Он, наверно, из соседнего детского сада, говорят ребята. Наверно, заблудился.

А малыш ногой топает и кричит:

- Вы что! Обалдели совсем? Я же Колян! Колян я!
- Ребята смеются:
- Вот юморист! Такой маленький, а в школу пришёл!
- Тише, ребята, говорит учительница. Мальчику надо помочь. Света, пожалуйста, отведи его в детский садик.



- Не хочу в садик! - орёт малыш. - В школе хочу учиться!!! Встала Света, взяла его за руку и вывела в коридор.

Вы, конечно, догадались, что старая парикмахерша заколдовала Светины косички. Кто за них дёрнет — тут же уменьшается. Света тоже догадалась. А когда догадалась, очень захотела Коляна отшлёпать. Но взглянула на него и передумала.

Стоит маленький Колян. Одну ладошку в Светиной ладони держит, другой слёзы по щекам размазывает. Такой несчастный, беспомощный.

Пожалела его Света.

- Ну, что, спрашивает, додёргался? Ладно, пошли со мной. Старая парикмахерша ничуть не удивилась, когда ребят увидела. Лишь проворчала, глядя на Коляна:
 - Такой маленький, а зарос, как орангутанг!

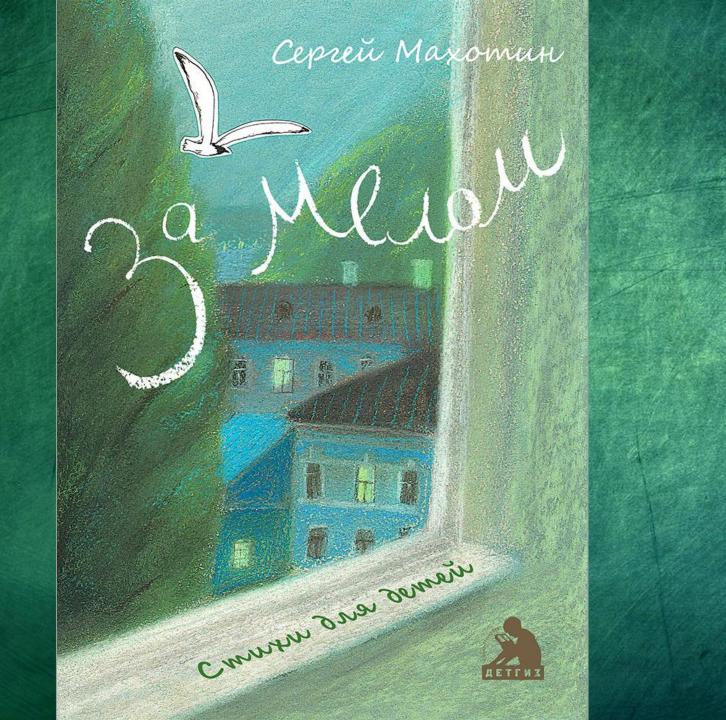
Посадила его в кресло, окутала белой простынёй и принялась стричь. Замелькали в воздухе ножницы с расчёской, загудела машинка.

Пять минут прошло — и готово!

Сняла баба Настя с него простыню. Встал Колян с кресла и оказался опять ростом со Свету. Даже выше на полголовы. Обрадовался Колян! Заулыбался и весь покраснел от смущения.

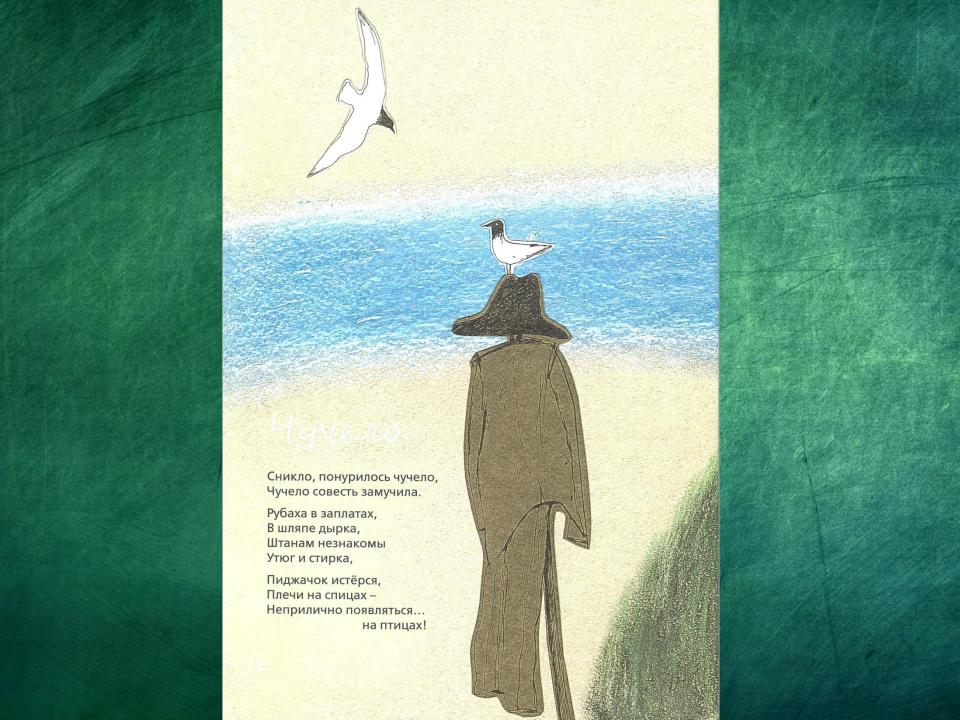
С тех пор он ни разу Свету за косички не дёрнул. Поначалу, конечно, трудно ему было. Но потом ничего, привык.

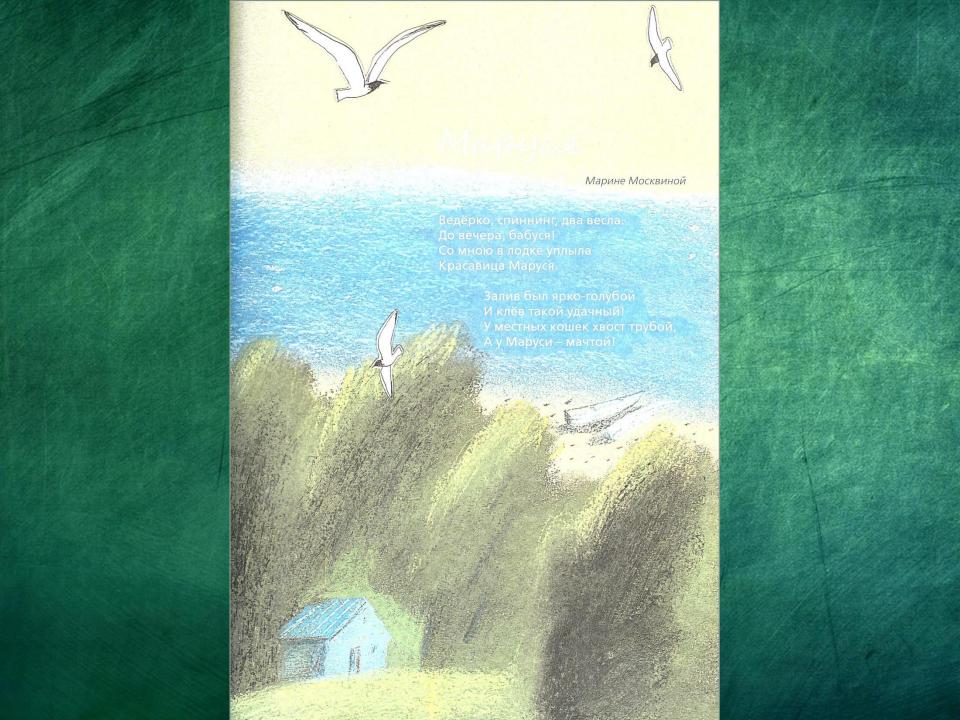
И Света с ним помирилась, стала звать его не Коляном, а Колей. Как тут за косички дёрнешь? Его ведь с первого класса никто Колей не называл.













Остались только мы вдвоём, И, не сдержав азарт и спешку, Я сделал слабый ход конём, А надо было двинуть пешку.

Пожал гроссмейстер руку мне, С ничьей заслуженной поздравил. ...А ночью, лёжа в тишине, Я слабый ход в уме исправил. Мой конь подставку не берёт, И мой король уже не тужит, И пешка движется вперёд, А белый конь ей верно служит.

Ищу, кого бы разбудить, Но вся палата сном объята. Я мог сегодня победить! Я мог бы выиграть, ребята!





Был бы Витя дворник – Уважение Он снискал бы, А не раздражение.

Угощали б мы его мороженым, Умоляли б голосом восторженным:

– Ну ещё, пожалуйста, пройди, Всё сметая на своём пути!



Eugë npo Bumto

Ходит Витя молодцом С важным личиком. В Жучку метит огурцом И кирпичиком,

Даже гвоздь пустил Витёк По касательной, Вот и мчится наутёк – По кусательной.

Гогоса реки

Днём какие были Звуки у реки! Громко воду пили, Чавкая, быки.

Шёл удильщик важно, Звякая ведром, И гудел протяжно Груженый паром.

А ещё мальчишки, Словно три стрижа, С деревянной вышки Прыгали, визжа.

...Вечер наступает. Гаснут облака. Молча отдыхает Сильная река.

Лишь плеснётся щука – И опять ни звука.

Coba

Ложась животом на воздух, Расправив крыл рукава, Теряясь в ветвях и звёздах, Скользнёт над землёй сова.

Очнувшись от сна глухого, Тряхнёт шевелюрой дуб, Как будто слетело слово С его молчаливых губ.

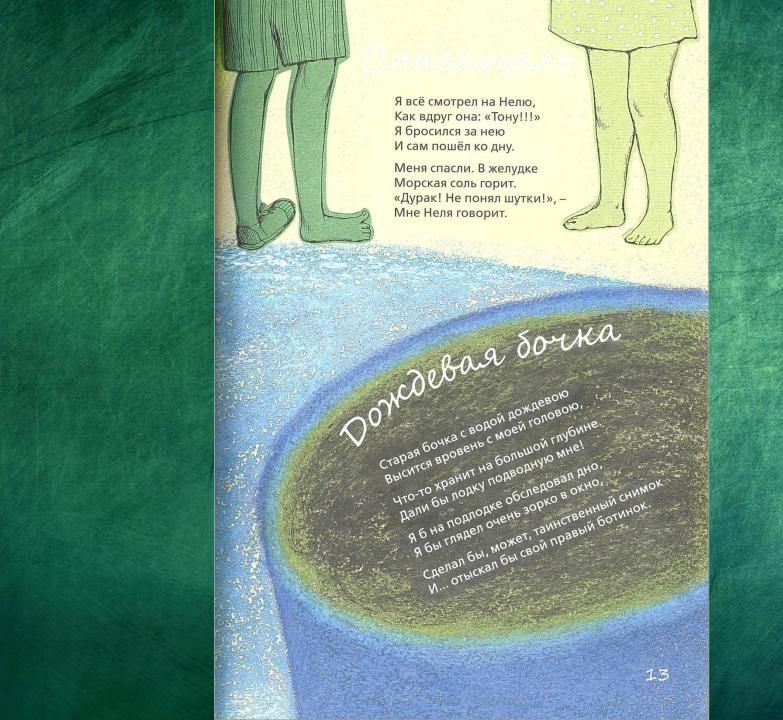


Пошёл я на речку, И мой поплавок Какой-то плутишка На дно уволок. А рыбу ловить, Когда нет поплавка, Весьма скучновато... До встречи. Пока.

Бычок

Какая-то рыба с крючка сорвалась. Наверное, язь... А быть может, карась! А может быть, щука! А может быть, сом!!! Я долго рассказывать мог бы о нём!...

А может быть, это был просто бычок. Мелькнул под водою его плавничок. И рыбы на дне окружили бычка, А тот объясняет сынишке: «Сорвался я во-от с такого крючка! У во-от такого мальчишки!!!»





С ручьём на пару – кто быстрей! – Бегу я по овражку, И ветер хлопает моей Рубашкой нараспашку!

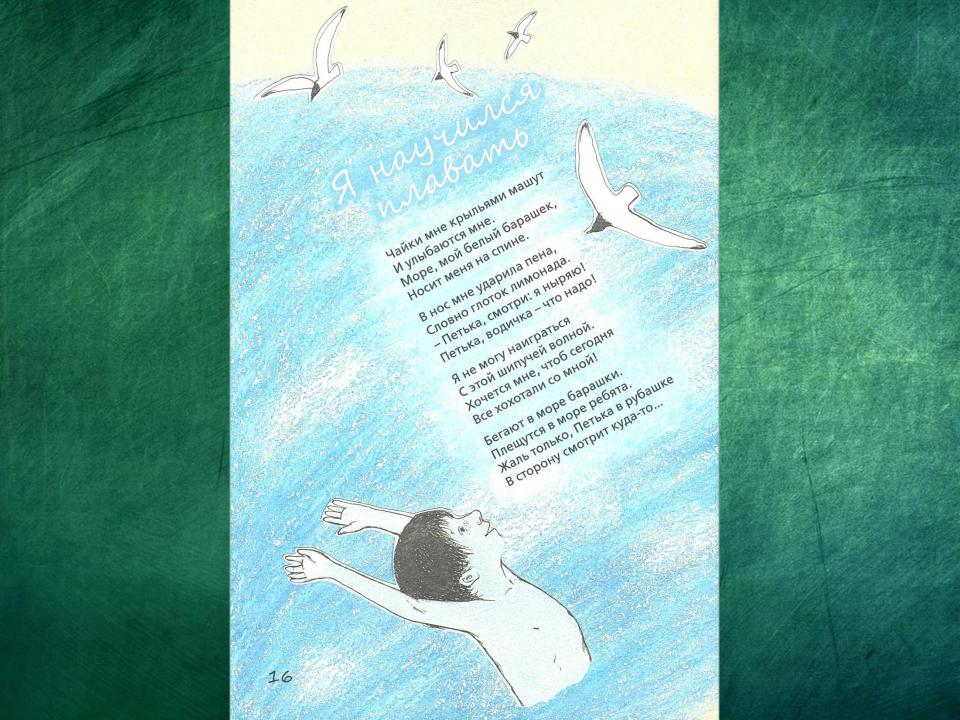
Ручей теряется в лесу, А я под птичьи крики Вприпрыжку из лесу несу Полкепки земляники.

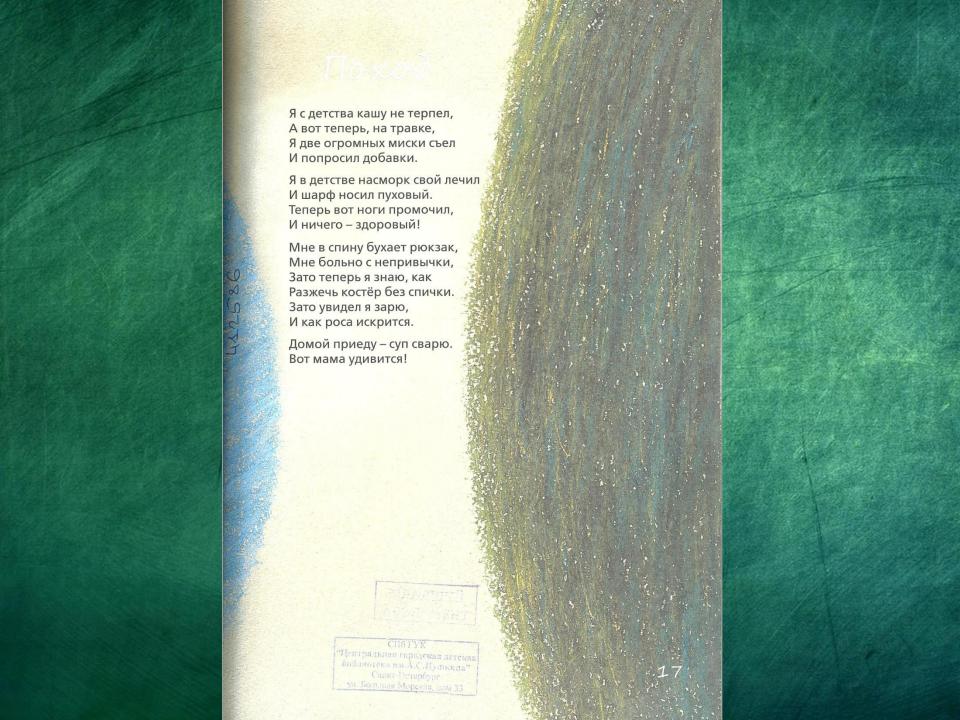
Мелькают пчёлы, васильки, Заборы, огороды, Жужжат стрекозы и жуки, И три коровы у реки Мычат, как пароходы.

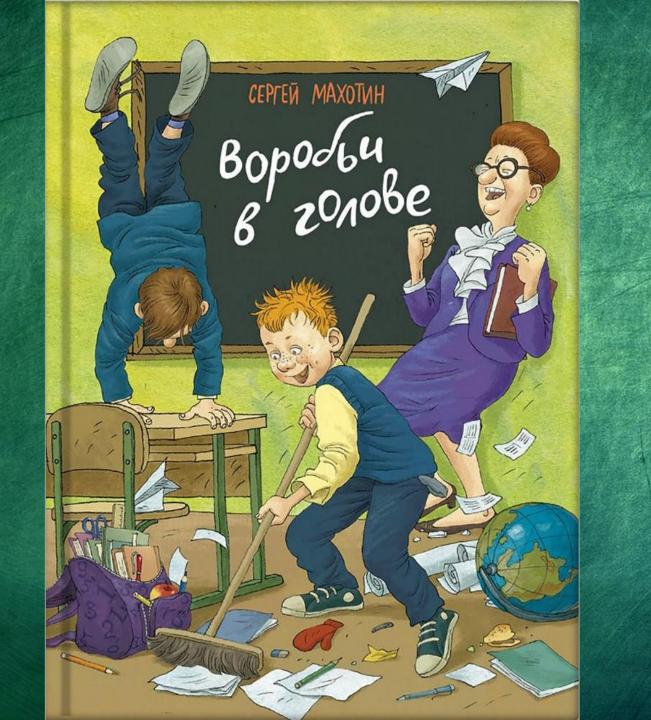
Мне хорошо сегодня жить В рубашке нараспашку! Мне с ветром хочется дружить И поскорей растормошить Овсянникова Пашку.

И друга я скорей бужу, Подушку отнимаю! А для чего я так спешу, И сам не понимаю.









СЕРГЕЙ МАХОТИН

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Санкт-Петербург – Москва 2017



Yacmb nepban CTPALIHOE OPYKUE









Pacnucattue

В субботу у нас три урока.

А в понедельник пять.

И во вторник пять.

А в среду аж шесть!

В четверг снова шесть...

В пятницу пять.

Зато в субботу три!

Вот если бы в субботу было два урока... Или один...

Тогда что? В понедельник было бы шесть уроков?

И во вторник шесть?

И в среду опять шесть?! С ума сойти!

И в четверг?!!..

В пятницу хоть пять.

Придумал! Пусть в субботу будет восемь уроков. Даже тринадцать! Нет, девятнадцать! Двадцать пять! А-а, все тридцать уроков!

Тогда в понедельник, вторник, среду, четверг, пятницу в школу можно будет вообще не ходить.

А субботу прогулять!



- Боже мой, какие руки! ахнула мама.
- И ногти не мешает постричь! добавил папа.
- А уши-то, уши! воскликнула мама.
- И зубы не чищены! поморщился папа.
- Весь зарос! покачала головой мама.
- И ещё улыбается! возмутился папа.
- Цирк, да и только! решили они хором.

Так мои родители говорили про орангутанга.

А вы думали - про меня?

Ha Hozy Hacmynus

Когда я наступил директору на ногу, я ещё не знал, что он директор. Это уже он мне сам сказал:

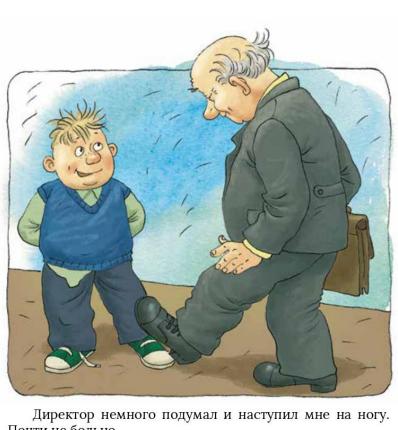
- Так. На ногу директору наступил!
- Я молчал, тяжело дыша. Сказать было нечего.
- Ну, что молчишь? спросил директор. Сказать нечего?

Я кивнул.

- Хорош! возмутился директор. На ногу директору наступил и кивает! Доволен, значит, собой?
 - Я помотал головой.
- Нет, вы посмотрите на него! кипятился директор. Мотает головой, как будто ничего не произошло! Как будто не он только что директору на ногу наступил! Да знаешь ли ты, что я с тобой могу сделать?

Я кивнул.

- Знаешь? И что же, интересно?
- Вы мне тоже можете на ногу наступить, вдруг догадался я. – И тогда мы не поссоримся.



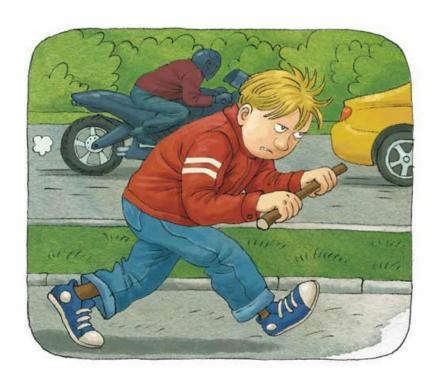
Почти не больно.

И мы не поссорились.

Мотоцика и бульдозер

Однажды Миша познакомился с мотоциклом, который притворялся мальчиком.

Это давалось ему нелегко. Подумайте сами, каково мотоциклу ходить в школу и соблюдать на уроках тишину. Есть манную кашу и пить не бензин, а молоко с пенкой.



Засыпать, накрывшись одеялом, в кровати, а не в уютном гараже.

Что и говорить, нелёгкая была у него жизнь.

И всё-таки раза два или три в день учителя и родители оставляли его в покое. И тогда наконец наступало его время. Ноги превращались в колёса, поднятая с земли палка — в руль. Внутри него начинал работать мотор, а изо рта вырывались звуки: «Дрын-дыр-дын! Дрын-дыр-дыр-дын!» Он двигался вдоль дороги, и проносившиеся мимо мотоциклы приветствовали его.

Однажды мотоцикл повстречался с бульдозером, который тоже притворялся мальчиком.

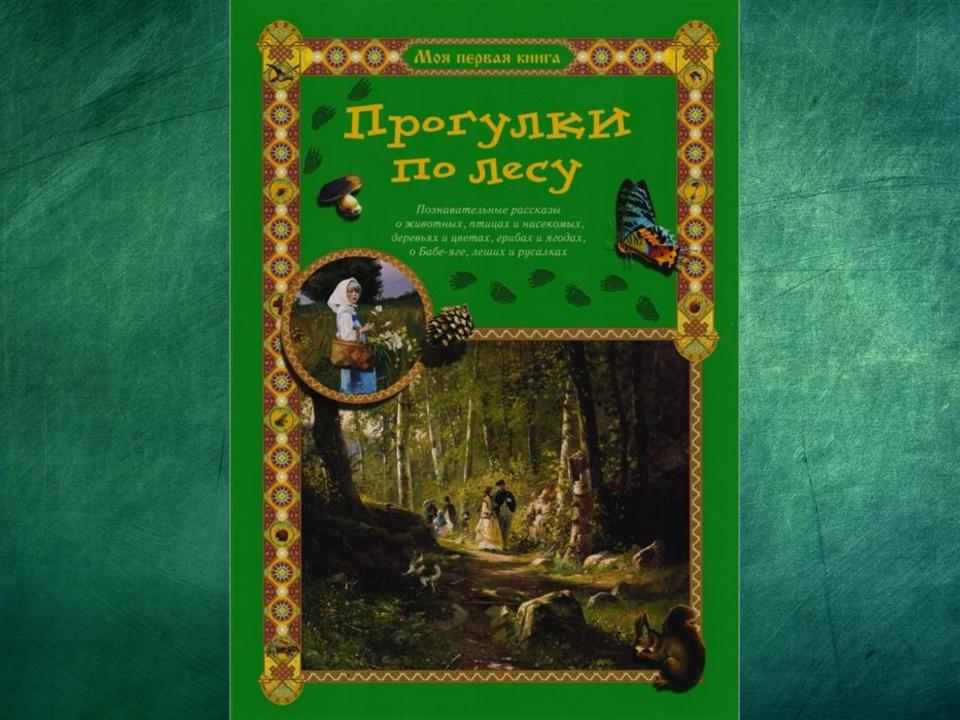
Возле дома, где жил мотоцикл, строился ещё один дом, и дело происходило рядом со стройкой. Маленький бульдозер разравнивал лопаткой песочную горку и тарахтел: «Др-др-др-др-др!» Большой взрослый бульдозер, двигающий тонны грунта, одобрительно ему поддакивал.

Мальчик-мотоцикл и бульдозер-мальчик разговорились.

Выяснилось, что учатся они в одной школе, только в разных классах. Бульдозер рассказал, что среди его одноклассников есть экскаватор, а в первом «г» учатся самолёт и глиссер. Но об этом мало кто знает.

- Я бы давно признался, что я мотоцикл, сказал мотоцикл. Но родители хотят, чтобы я стал архитектором.
 - А мои, чтобы я стал врачом, вздохнул бульдозер.

Они подружились. У них ведь было очень много общего. Но так часто мотоциклу и бульдозеру приходилось притворяться обычными мальчиками, что в конце концов они ими и стали.



Медведь

колько замечательных сказок мы бы никогда не услышали, если бы не медведь! Русская сказка медведя уважает. Величает его по имени-отчеству — Михайло Потапыч. Он хозяин леса, сильный и простодушный. Даже если и украдёт девочку Машу, то сам же и вернёт её дедушке с бабушкой.

Медведь считается самым крупным хищником. Но с удовольствием ест сочную траву, грибы, ягоды, орехи, фрукты, рыбу. Любит молодые посадки овса. Про мёд и говорить нечего! Само слово медведь означает: ведающий, где мёд.

Всем известна фраза: «Медведь спит и лапу сосёт». Многие думают, что таким образом он избавляется от чувства голода. И ошибаются. На самом Нет в лесу более заботливой и ревнивой матери, чем медведица. Медвежата рождаются весной. Они совсем беспомощные, ничего не умеют. Лежат вместе с мамой в берлоге и питаются её молоком. Много времени пройдёт, прежде чем они научатся сами добывать пищу. Все лето медвежата не отходят от матери. А вместе с ними пестуны — медвежата, рождённые в прошлом году. Их тоже медведица всё ещё охраняет.





Ещё у медведя есть прозвище — косолапый.

А он косолапый и есть. Медвежьи следы с другими не спутаешь: он ставит лапы пятками наружу. След задней лапы даже напоминает след босой человеческой поги. Но отпечаток длинных когтей не даст обмануться. Когти медведь никогда не убирает. Он же из семейства медвежьих, а не кошачых.





С наступлением зимы сытый медведь ложится спать в берлогу. Но сон его очень чуткий. Он, скорее, не спит, а дремлет. Слышит всё, что происходит вокруг. Поэтому в лесу шуметь не надо. Особенно зимой. Если вдруг выбежит навстречу человеку забавный медвежонок, не стоит играть с ним, это опасно! Где-то совсем рядом медведица. Она может подумать, что ты враг её дитя. И очень трудно доказать обратное зверю весом в полтонны! деле во время зимней спячки у медведя линяет кожа на подошвах лап. Лапам немного больно. И медведь сосёт лапу, чтобы успокоить боль. Помогает!

Случается, что охотники застрелили медведицу и медвежата осиротели. Часто потом подросших медвежат мы видим в цирке. Наши лесные бурые медведи быстро приручаются и хорошо поддаются дрессировке.

Но пусть все-таки медведи в лесу живут. Ведь дома лучше!



BOJIK

С колько помнит себя человек, столько он враждует с волком. Чем же волк перед человеком виноват? Непримиримые враги серого обвиняют его в том, что он убивает зверей, на которых человек сам охотится. В том, что он губит домашних животных. В том, что он распространяет опасные болезни и даже бешенство.

Но есть у волка и защитники. Они утверждают, что нападение волка на лю-

дей — случай исключительный, почти небывалый.

В том, что он нападает на человека.

Волк действительно охотится на лесных зверей. Но ведь он хищник. А убивает только тех, кто слаб или болен. Этим он оздоровляет, к примеру, оленье стадо.

Да, волк нападает на домашних животных. Часто убивает не одну овцу, а сразу нескольких. Про запас. Надеется, что позже раскопает их под снегом. Так что это вовсе не бессмысленная жестокость.

Есть такое выражение: «Волка ноги кормят». Действительно, в поисках пищи он за день может пробежать до пятидесяти километров. Этого обитателя наших лесов недаром прозвали «серым». Серая шерсть — для маскировки во время бега. Когда волк уходит от погони, шкура его рябит, как кора мелькающих деревьев. И уже невозможно определить, на каком расстоянии от охотника находится волк.

Шкура теплая. Даже в пятидесятиградусный мороз она не даст волку замёрзнуть.



А что касается бешенства... Это, конечно, страшная болезнь. Но ведь и собаки, и кошки ею болеют. Не истреблять же всех домашних любимцев!

Волков в наших лесах осталось немного. Если они вовсе исчезнут, нарушится равновесие в природе. Это всегда приводит к большой беде.

А теперь о волчьей жизни подробнее.

В еде волк неприхотлив. Если нет крупной добычи, питается мышами, жуками, ловит шук в весенних протоках, даже ягоды ест. А вот выражение «волчий аппетит» не совсем точное. У волка узкие челюсти. Поэтому быстро он есть не умеет.

Волки — заботливые и умные родители. Если волчата затеют драку, волчица тут же оттащит зачинщика в сторону. Волчата игривы и ласковы, любопытны. И незнакомый цветок им хочется понюхать, и птицу послушать.

А если какой-то волчонок ткнётся носом в ежа и захнычет, остальные тоже поскуливают — сочувствуют братцу. Ну, и родители всегда объяснят, что к чему.

Волки вот ещё чем заслуживают

уважение. Погибнет от охотничьей пули взрослая пара — дети не останутся брошенными. Обязательно их подберет и воспитает другая семья.

И, наконец, если бы не волк, не было бы у нас и верного друга — собаки.

У волка очень широкие лапы. И очень сильные. Иногда зверь довольно высоко подпрыгивает на месте. И в полёте осматривается по сторонам.

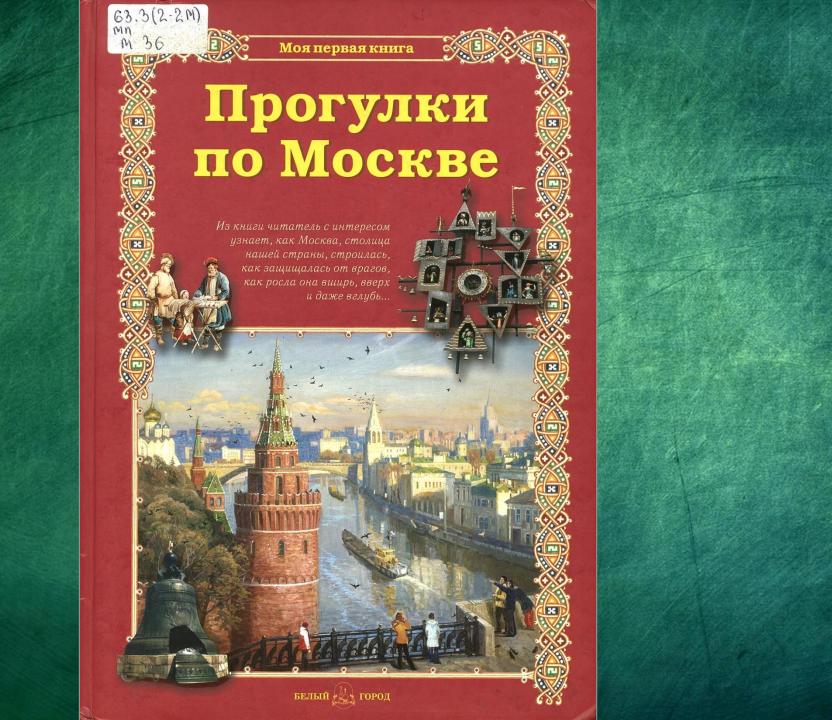


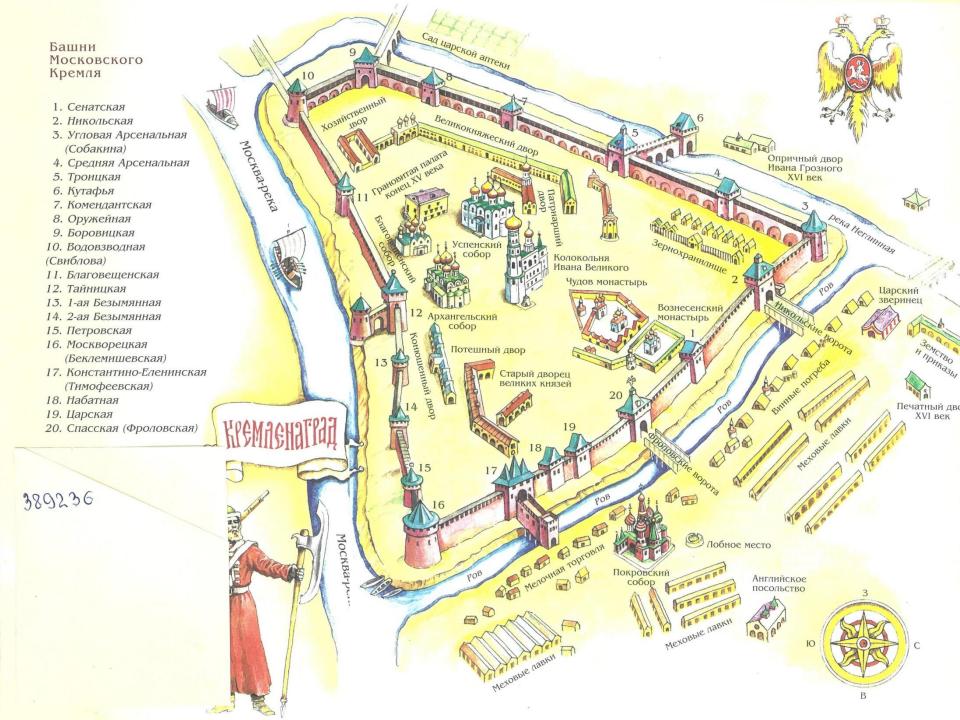
Алексей Комаров. Волчых свадьба

Однажды в одном заповеднике на Аляске перебили всех волков. Очень скоро оленей стало так много, что они съели и вытоптали всю траву и почти все умерли от голода.

Василий Ватагии. Волк в погоне за оленем











На берегах Москвы-реки

А с чего Москва начиналась? В старинной песне были такие слова:

С мала ключика студёна Потекла река, С невелика начиналась Матушка Москва.

Тут полезно вспомнить старинную легенду. Жил когда-то боярин Степан Иванович Кучка. Владел он красивыми сёлами вдоль Москвы-реки. Поэтому и место это называлось Кучково. Сам боярин жил в хорошо укреплённой усадьбе. Усадьба Степана Кучки напоминала, скорее, крепость. Её окружал высокий песчаный вал, укреплённый мощными дубовыми брёвнами.

Жил-поживал да забот не знал. Но однажды поссорился с князем Юрием Долгоруким. «Возгордился, не почтил своего князя и даже хулил его». К чему эта ссора привела, узнаем





Борис Ольшанский Тени забытых предков

В древности любую одежду обязательно подпоясывали. Пояс был магическим кругом, оберегающим от нечистой силы. До сих пор о человеке, который плохо себя ведёт, говорят: «Он распоясался!».

Крайне неприличным считалось ходить с непокрытой головой. Замужние женщины даже дома не снимали платки и головные уборы. Мы до сих пор употребляем слово «опростоволоситься», которое означает: «попасть в неудобное положение».

> Борис Ольшанский *Рось Великая*



на следующей странице. А пока скажем, что имя боярина сохранили русские летописи. И долгое время район Сретенских ворот назывался Кучковым полем. Да и сама Москва поначалу носила двойное имя: «Москва» или «Кучково».

Поселение на Москве-реке было местом очень удобным. Здесь сходились многие дороги и водные пути. Отсюда удобно было добираться до Суздаля, Смоленска, Рязани — центров крупных русских княжеств.

Первыми москвичами были славяне-вятичи. Женщины племени отличались красотой. Они носили на висках ажурные колечки. Мужчины были сильными и решительными. Ведь приходилось не только обустраивать свои жилища и обрабатывать землю, но и защищаться от врагов. Быть одновременно тружениками и воинами.



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CEPTEN MAXOTHH



БУМАЖЕК от ИРИСОК

Стихи для детей

ПРОВЕРЕНО 2019

ДЕТСКОЕ ВРЕМЯ 2019 МЛАДШИЙ АБОНЕМЕНТ

Санкт-Петербургское государственное біблжетное учреждение культуры «Центральная городская детская библюотека им. А.С. Пушкина» 190 000. г. Санкт-Петербург, ул. большог Морская, д. 33, дип. А

ГАЗЕТНЫЙ СНИМОК

ыли у меня, у первоклассника, два сильных впечатления. Первое – подзатыльник. От отца. За то, что бросил камень в лягушку. Не попал, слава богу! (Я, а не отец.)

И второе – я видел живого Юрия Гагарина! Он жил в санатории «Россия» и спускался на пляж. А мы, накупавшись, возвращались домой. Моя соседка по дому, маленькая и тощая Светка Миронова, открыла рот от изумления. А Гагарин поднял её на руки и провозгласил, оглядывая сопровождающих: «Вот наше будущее!» Защёлкали затворы фотоаппаратов.

Мы долго ждали, когда фото появится в газетах, потому что во дворе нам не верили: «Ну да! Будет Гагарин голую Светку поднимать. У неё ноги грязные». Фото, к сожалению, так и не появилось. Наверное, из-за ног. Потому что Светка была не голой – в трусах.

Когда я учился в пятом классе, отец купил мне фотоаппарат «Смена-8». Как это было здорово — заряжать плёнку, наводить объектив на резкость, давить пальцем на кнопку затвора. А потом в тёмной кладовке, включив красную лампу и наполнив пластмассовые ванночки умным раствором, смотреть, как оживают на фотобумаге черты людей и зданий, собак и котов. Признаюсь, не всё у меня получалось гладко. Позже я описал свои опыты в стихотворении «Фотограф»:

На фотографии – наша семья. Вот он, мой папа, Вот мама моя. Рядом был дед, Он картошку копал... Странно, что он в объектив не попал.

Нет, у сестры Ничего не случилось, Просто она... Не совсем получилась.

Надо, пожалуй, Опять переснять: Я этот снимок устал объяснять! Прошло время. Стал я работать в детской газете. Однажды на первой полосе решили поместить фотографию школьников, очень живую и радостную. Но фотограф Олег совершенно забыл, в какой школе он снимал ребят и в каком классе те учатся. А без подписи фото смотрелось бы странно. Все стали придумывать, как снимок назвать. И у меня получилось вот что:

МЫ ДЕЖУРИМ

Мы сегодня целый час Убирали дружно класс.

Сто бумажек от ирисок, Сто огрызков и записок Обнаружилось у нас.

Было только три урока, А не пять, и не шесть. Как же мы успели столько Написать, прочесть

Так и напечатали. Фото и стихи не помешали друг другу, а, наоборот, подружились. Очень надеюсь, что они подружатся и в этой книжке.

и съесть?!



YEJOBEK B KOCMOCE!

КАПИТАН ПЕРВОГО ЗВЕЗДОЛЕТА—НАШ, СОВЕТСКИИ!



ЮРИЯ АЛЕКСЕЕВИЧ ГАГАРИН

прыжок во вселенную "

Великая победа разума и труда МИР РУКОПЛЕЩЕТ ЮРИЮ ГАГАРИНУ

Орган КОМСОМОЛЬСКАЯ Центрального Комиета ПРАВДА

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Цена 2 коп.

К Коммунистической партии и народам Советского Союза!
К народам и правительствам всех стран!
Ко всему прогрессивному человечеству!

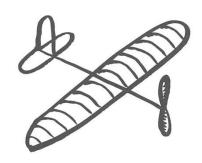
ОБРАЩЕНИЕ

Центрального Комитета КПСС, Президиума Верховного Совета СССР и правительства Советского Союза

Свершилось валигое событие, Влервые в истори клювем осуществам полет в мосьмо; 12 лираля 1941 гада в 9 часов 7 могут по мосилом свему времени мосьмогской кораби-ступии «Востечения с челованом на берту падиялся в мосьмо; и, соверши полет вокруг замного шера, благополорию веритулс на священтую замного мосьмей Родивы — страны Советов,

нусствонные слутини Замли, первым направля восм ческий кораба» ва Луну. создав первый кекусствения (дуттями Солгода, осуществия полет посыщческого и рабиле виправления и пелеметв Венера. Одил за до гми советские норабли-спутино с комвыми существ ми на борту совершали полеты в носмос и возвращ лись на Замлю.

Венцом наших побед в освоения носмоса явился



3ABTPAK

В доме с утра Снова игра: Ложка стала лопаткой, Мама – пилотом, Дед – самолётом, Бабушка – резвой лошадкой.

Кто, как умел, Ржал и шумел В тесной квартире нашей. Лишь каша, Которую Миша не съел, Так и осталась кашей.



СТАРШАЯ ГРУППА

Старшая группа — Что это значит?

Значит, никто уже утром не плачет, Суп не прольёт на рубашку никто, Все надевать научились пальто, Даже ботинки С тугими шнурками Не доверяют Ни папе, Ни маме.







МНЕ ГРУСТНО

Мне грустно: Папе на меня Нажаловалась мама.

Конечно, я не слушался И вёл себя упрямо, Но можно было шлёпнуть И даже накричать...

Сама меня учила: Не ябедничать!







ПЛАСТИЛИНОВЫЙ ПЁС

Не сердись на меня, Пластилиновый пёс:

Получился кривым Пластилиновый нос, Пластилиновый хвостик Висит, как шнурок, И немного помят Пластилиновый бок...

Я потом, может быть, Тебя снова Слеплю, А сейчас я тебя И такого

