



Author **Halyna MALYK**  
2022 H.C. Andersen Award  
Nominee from Ukraine



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# BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

Halyna Malyk (Halyna Kurii), born August 12, 1951, Berdiansk, is a Ukrainian writer, translator, editor, and public woman. She graduated from Uzhhorod State University, the Philology Department. She is the Deputy Chairman of the “New Form”, the Association of Creative Women of Zakarpattia, Head of the organizing committee of the “Uzhhorod Book Mykolai” annual book fair (since 2005), a member of the expert council of All-Ukrainian rating “Book of the Year” in the nomination “Children’s Holiday”. She is the founder of new Ukrainian comics for children “Fantasy for the Youngest” and social fantasy, the author of the first Ukrainian interactive children’s book for iPad.

## HALYNA MALYK CONTRIBUTION STATEMENT

*by Nataliia Marchenko,  
Ph.D. in History, literary critic*

Every true writer is a rich world with its skylines, history, and mythology. And each world is based on three pillars. The world “Halyna Malyk” is based on honesty, love and overcoming limits.

Each of her works is a reaction to current problems and a response to challenges of the modern world. Every character is created taking into an account the reader’s reaction, it acts following this reaction and provokes. That is why the heroes are not role model. They evolve and change for the better giving the little reader an example for personal growth and positive changes.

The creative style of Halyna Malyk is characterized by an interest to the latest technologies and genres that are little known in Ukraine. She was one of the first who tried to write comics, elements of spin-off and crossover. The author also strives for the most relevant embodiment of her works in various types of publications: toy books, pop-up books, books with no endings, comics, audio, art books and interactive e-books. Such creativity is specified by style peculiarities, which is determined by gamification (she gives some traits of famous public people to satirical characters, plays with their personal names, with famous quotes, idioms, and clichés). The gamification opens doors to creativity. She implements her personal natural creativity and frankness, overcoming inevitable obstacles of the generally accepted language barriers and conventions, stereotypes, and habits, rules and expectations.

She is a European author in the sense of openness to everything “different” being completely rooted in “one’s own”. This is most noticeable in the principle of urbanity of her creative works and the high communicative capacity of the texts. Malyk’s writing is characterized by a vivid cinematic text, that is easily transformed into a script (domination

of dialogues, short clear descriptions of each character and place of action, dynamics of the story), allows during the process of reading to imagine the story in your mind, to walk in the heroes shoes, that avokes interest and intrigues the reader.

The author is distinguished by the vital position, a childish desire to make the world a happy place, to make everything better here and for now, love and respect to human life unite her with the world neo-humanistic tradition of the modern era. At the same time, a powerful satirical component still estimates her work. Characters of good powers usually fight the evil with laughter.

The writer tends to multi-component compositional constructions using frame stories, inserted stories, and poems. Although events usually take place in different time and space boundaries, the plot adheres to a single linear chronology, unfolding in a causal relationship, as if stringing one adventure/situation after another on a continuous thread of common narration. That is why the roads a subject is meaningful and transparent for the work of Halyna Malyk.

The writer chooses topics that evoke interest in her and her readers, regardless of their intricacy, lack of portrayals in children's literature, or possible "inconvenience" for publicity. After all, on the road of life, it is simply impossible to avoid all the obstacles and if you close your eyes to the unpleasant you won't get anywhere.

Thanks to this inner honesty in the selection of topics and issues, Halyna Malyk became an innovator in expanding the thematic horizons in Ukrainian children's literature; she was the first to talk with children about difficult or terrible things: gender and childbearing, death and illusions of adult life, the Chernobyl disaster and humanistic crisis of information age and consumerism, etc. Her courage in portraying the ambiguous, partly dark sides of everyday life attracts young readers. As fear is a traditional attribute of children's texts that makes it possible to reproduce the struggle between good and evil, to evoke empathy to the pain of loss and the euphoria of victory.

One defining feature of Halyna Malyk's creative style is deeply individualized speech of the heroes as the main means for creating and expressing their characters. Her heroes were the first in a modern Ukrainian-language book for children who spoke the modern language of the street.

The author fulfilled equally well in the poetry and the prose.

Relaxed, wise and at the same time playful poems for preschoolers and primary schoolchildren usually invite to the conversation, interaction, and do not proclaim the truth. The writer successfully tries herself in various genres and forms (poetic fairy tales, nursery rhymes, play poetry, lyrics, white verse, etc.)

She also seeks new formats for the prose, that correspond to the moods and demands of children in the digital age, who are accustomed to new genres of literature and types of publications that are not inherent in Ukrainian tradition but are widespread in the world. She creates both short prose (from classic stories to interactive stories with game elements, horror, and funny stories) and author's fairy-tales, fiction stories, and quasi-genre texts (such as "a burlesque parody on a knightly novel"). Halyna Malyk transformed traditional "school stories" into paradoxical and ironic (like D. Harms) shocking narratives as a model of modern urban children's folklore. She also legalized the genre of horror stories in Ukrainian children's literature, which existed in children's

folklore tradition, but was not accepted by adults. Based on traditional bloodcurdling narratives, images, and speech formulas, the author turns the horror into a funny story, proving that these are just different aspects of life.

Halyna Malyk approved some previously unusual for her genres in Ukrainian children's literature, expanded stylistic and linguistic possibilities, introduced a new range of problems and characters. Following the living tradition of children's folklore, the writer details and objectifies the text. There is only one law in the "space and time" of her story that presents supremacy of uncontrollable children's imagination that combines images and language formulas from fairy tales and TV screens, conversations with parents, and school lessons. This formal freedom of self-expression of the author and reader is not an end in itself, but a means to reveal the greatest secret of success, to awaken a sincere interest in life, and instill the ability to love as the most important of human skills.

She is the most famous for fairy tales, which do not forego to the best world examples. To a large extent, this is reversing of classical characters according to the scheme of creating a mass-culture simulacrum, playing quasi-folklore plots, structures, and linguistic formulas of oral folk poetics, implanting in the author's text its variability and fluidity. This is a multilevel aesthetic and ideological structure based on intrigue, cumulative principle, jokes, and wordplay with a transparent didactic instruction: bring to conclusion every task, be responsible, do not waste your time and talents, and keep your word and so on. But the most important thing is that within the framework of traditional didactic fairy-tale issues Malyk was the first in Ukraine to reveal to children some postcolonial experiences, signs of the world of the Dominant System.

Halyna Malyk also became one of the first authors of sharply social adolescent anti-utopias. The writer communicated with younger schoolchildren through fairy tales about the complex problems of the adult world, relying on convicting and renewing power of laughter, she spoke to teenagers, deliberately focusing on the dark sides of life, not romanticizing the evil, but using it as a "vaccine", a means to protect from inaction and fear. Her anti-utopias artistically reflect one of the specifically Ukrainian phenomena that have become a common human myth: the post-Chernobyl syndrome with its ecological, social, psychological, and spiritual consequences. Based on the image of a "ruined pure soul" that has already crystallized in the Ukrainian mentality, the author takes it through the devastating but renewing space of the Catastrophe, forcing it to turn into an "ordinary" new man of modern times, still small but able to change the world. The stylistic and into national variety of texts is striking. Compassion and irony, regret, indignation and anger, disgust and admiration change depending on what is described, and the speech characteristics of the heroes still have no equal in the Ukrainian-language book for children.

Halyna Malyk also made a name for herself in drama, where she makes extensive use of interactive methods (heroes address the audience with questions and encourage the audience to take certain actions), creates visually spectacular moments, and maintains a high tempo of the action itself.

She also translates from Russian, Bulgarian, Slovak and Hungarian.



Photo: zaholovok.com

## PC WILL NEVER REPLACE THE BOOKS FOR THE SMALLEST CHILDREN

Alia z Nedoliadii (Alia from the country of Nedoladiya), the criminals from the parallel world, funny knight Horchyk, and fantastic Vuiko Yoi are among the most prominent heroes of the Ukrainian writer for children Halyna Malyk who presented lots of adventures for the readers. The books by the writer are adored by children for whom they are addressed and by adults who did not forget an inner child in them. The writer entertains with an interesting story and unobtrusively brings up compassion, mercy, and love for people and stray pets, commitment, and responsibility for the environment.

***Halyna, please, tell us in which genres do you like to work?***

I can't tell and I don't choose genres as they choose me. I like to work in the field of literature for children a priori. And I don't like when I can't write.

***What is harder to write: a fairytale or realistic prose?***

I do not understand such identification. I do not have them. I just write or not. I never force myself when I can't write. However, that is the hardest for the writer.

***The niche of modern Ukrainian literature for teenagers is still open. Which topics, in your opinion, should be developed for this age niche?***

All the topics that help a teenager to overcome phobias, solve problems and show the world as it is. The literature for teenagers must have values and orientations although it sounds somehow banal.

***Maybe it is better to cover this niche with foreign translations...***

Every niche needs its own and not foreign. Why do you think that a niche of high quality translated literature is full? It is not so. The problems that teenagers face for example in England can resemble in all-humanity issues. However, every country, especially one that lives in a hard time of social and national self-identification has its

own problems and challenges that strongly influence and harm children and teenagers. The consequences of these “strikes” will be seen in the future.

***Are there any methods to encourage teenagers to read if they did not read in childhood?***

The method is promoting books. I think that people who do not read are unlucky. They have not met their right book at the right time. However, we should understand that there are some people who won't read as well as not become musicians or artists.



Photo by Mariia Semenchenko, litakcent.com

***Are modern technologies important for promoting books – audiobooks, e-books, and interactive versions and book trailers?***

We are acquainted to the cinema and theatre and they don't raise an issue. It raises only their quality and interpretation. Modern youth knows that some time ago we listened to the radio programs where actors read books. Today we can read it every time without waiting for a live radio stream. E-book is just a new form of book and a book trailer is new form of ad.

***Lots of the characters of your books demanded their stories to be continued. When do you feel that you will not write about this or that characters? Do you lose interest?***

No, it is not a question of interest. They want to tell about themselves or not. It can be as with the third book of Ali's adventures that I had to stop writing another story to write about her.

***Halyna, you write and translate poems for children. What kind of power does poetry have and what is its influence? What lack children whose parents don't read poetry?***

The power of poetry is in poetry itself. It influences the sensation of the world, makes it deeper and bigger. The music of poetry if it coincides with your music makes you a fan of poetry for the whole life. You listen to this music and more overtones you define and more words you understand. You are becoming more exigent to the “repertoire” and you know artists and find wrong note faster. That is what children for whom parents do not read lack.

***How should one write for young demanding readers to be trusted?***

Honestly

***Which special reviews do you remember after the meetings with the readers?***

I will tell you about two incidents.

When my first “Zlochyntsi” were published I was invited to Uzhhorod boarding school for the performance. The meeting lasted a long and it was interesting. And when I went



away two boys decided to follow me to the bus station. They wanted to tell why they organized the meeting. One of them lent a book from the library and read it till night. He woke up the other boy and said: Don't sleep! Listen to what is written here! It is written about us! And we read a book half of the night.

And the second one was with another book "Mandry ta podvyhy lytsaria Horchyka" (Travels and great deeds of the knight Horchyk). During Lviv Book Forum one woman was looking for some books and locked at mine as well. When she was to go away without any I asked her which book she is looking for and for whom. She said it was for her son who completely did not like to read. So I recommended her a book about Horchyk and said that I would return money if he won't like it. In a year she found me and delivered son's message: "Mom, find that woman and ask her to write the next book about this hero. And she was thankful that her son started to read.

### ***How do you feel like an author from the school reading list?***

It is a rather complicated feeling. From one side my books were in textbooks and reading books from 1990th but it did not spoil me. (She smiles) However to be in a program and to be read with enforcement... I remember how my classmates hated all authors whom they had to read in school. I pray not to be on that place.

### ***What do you think: are illustrations and design important for children?***

The younger is a reader the more important they are. That is why computer can't replace books for the youngest children. Otherwise they invent something new.

### ***Whom among modern illustrators do you like?***

There are luckily so many good and different that I won't name everyone. But good illustrator of books for children I think is that who does not paint nice pictures for the texts, but gives life for a character, makes visual embodiment of what a writer created.

### ***Which books by modern authors would you advise to children and teenagers? Did you have books of your childhood that you read lots of times?***

There are lots of them. These are "Alice in the Wonderland", "First-year schoolgirl" by Ievhen Shwarz, all fairytales by Andersen, "The Wizard of Oz", books by Nosov, poems by Marshak and his translations of English children's poetry and Tom Sawyer, Robinson Crusoe etc. All foreign literature for children and especially for teenagers that is translated in Ukraine is worth reading.

### ***What should critic pay attention to analyzing books for children and teens?***

The keyword is age difference. The writer should possess a set of literary methods for readers of different ages. The critic should notice and specify these methods. Because one of the problems of modern Ukrainian literature is the lack of targeting that sometimes reduces real findings. However, any exact science can describe a writer's magic. That is why it can stop a reader from reading a real slapdash, ethical, and moral miscout.

Interview with Natalka Maletych

Source: <http://www.barabooka.com.ua/galina-malik-knizhki-dlya-najmenshih-ditej-nikoli-ne-zaminit-komp-yuter/>



HALYNA MALYK:

## THERE ARE NO TABOO TOPICS FOR KIDS IN THE CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

*Once in one interview, Halyna Malyk said: "You have to be a happy person to write for kids". If you focus these words on the works by the author, you can affirm that Halyna Malyk is a happy person twice. She has found her mission – to create a fairytale in the real world and she lives following fairytale rules – she can communicate with little kids using their occasionally confusing language and answer all children's questions.*

### **Tell us please how did you become a children's writer?**

From my childhood, I was dreaming about being a journalist. I wrote articles for newspapers from the 8th form and then was a reporter of the neighborhood. Since 18 I have begun to write poems. But then I grew-up and my lyrics did not. I understood that and gave up writing poems – I did not want to be a standard writer with mediocre opportunities. However, when my first daughter was born I began to write poems, but they were different – they were for children. The first book in prose was written for my daughter who had a big drawback – she left her work without making it till the end. I searched different books for children to find some example that could influence her. But I couldn't and ... I wrote it by myself! The book was called "Nezvychaini pryhody Ali" (Alia's unusual adventures).

### **—You won a prize for it...**

Yes, it was Oleksandr Kopylenko Prize. I also have Lesya Ukrainka Prize for "Zlochyntsi z Paralelnoho Svitu" (Criminals from the parallel world).

### **Do you write spontaneously?**

Yes, really. I never plan anything. It looks like someone dictates me. All the events show up during writing process. Sometimes the hero can turn from the expected way. You have never thought that it will be so and he makes you follow him and you go. It looks like the books are made by themselves. I don't know, maybe others write another way.

### **Where do you find the names for the characters?**

It differs. I really love my character Khronia. Once I've seen a child with the policemen. It was a boy with big sad eyes and so chronically unfortunate that it broke my heart. A very important role for inventing this name played an association with chronicle illnesses of our time. It got the ending "nia" as my compassion to the unfortunate. That moment I wanted to write something about an innerly strong child who despite all the misfortunes (Khronia in my book was brought up in the boarding school and run away because it was bad there) did not lose kindness and humaneness. It has to warm children's hearts when they read. But you know, there is a paradox as lots of smaller children like Cat Rata who was invented as a negative character. He is a joker who makes different jokes. I think, children like his cuteness more than him as a personality. Khronia is described maybe not so distinctly, not so clearly and this is the problem of positive characters. All good characters look similar. They are "faceless". And negative heroes can be better described and they are easy to create interesting lines.

### **Do your characters have real prototypes?**

It can't be another way. Everything that you write about has some roots in real events and people. You know, sometime ago we had a major Ratushniak in Uzhhorod. He is a deputy

now, His name was everywhere: in every corner, on banners and walls of the city. We even had bottles of water “Rata”, “Rata-cola” and “Rata-vodka” – he made it. Then I decided to add a character of a cat that is impudent, self-confident. So the name appeared by itself. It must be Rata! Good that Ratushniak does not read books for children as he is rather severe man. If he read I would be nervous that he will come to deal with me (she laughs). I could justify myself that with my book I have made Ratu immortal.

### ***Your books not always have happy end...***

You know, Ihor Rymaruk has a good line: “And the lie in fairytales of oblique mouths”. You know, we can cheat a child and say that when it will grow up and open the world there will be everything ok and bananas will just fall directly into the mouth. But it is a huge lie! I had a discussion with an editor of the magazine “Barvinok” who said: “It is not the end of the fairytale. You did not punish the evil”. I answered: you can’t destroy evil. There can be less or more of it just like with goodness. We all live on the Earth to overweight goodness. That is how I educate children and that is why sometimes I have sad endings.

### ***Have you ever had screening proposals?***

Recently they have notified me that Odesa Film Studio was interested in “Nezvychaini prygody Ali” (Alia’s unusual adventures) and plans to make a movie. Hopefully they will make it. Zaporizhya Region Theatre plans to make a play based on “Zlochynsi Z Paralelnoho Svitu” (Criminals from the parallel world). My books have intrigue and they have lots of dialogues. They suit to the screening. I have recently written a play for the fairytale “Smiiatysia Zaboroneno” (It is forbidden to laugh) and it has pantomime elements.

### ***Do you have any international reviews?***

“Nezvychaini prygody Ali” (Alia’s unusual adventures), were published in Spanish, German, Hungarian, and English. It was in soviet magazine “Misha” that was published in Moscow and was distributed all around the world. And for now the publishing house “Teza” works on selling rights for my books abroad. They make contracts that cover everything: advertisement, promotion, and translation.

Who among Ukrainian authors is the most relevant for you?

I love poetry. I like poems by Ihor Remaruk, Pavlo Volvach, and Lina Kostenko. However, I read almost everything! It is fundamental for me. I have read all world classics for children. Because I risk repeating and writing something that was already written. I don’t say that I open new topics, they remain the same: love, life, death, and hate. But the real writer is that one who tells a unique story.

### ***Do you depict some political topics?***

No way on purpose. Children acknowledge only one policy – the policy of integrity and the feel when someone makes something bad and lies them when comes injustice. That is why if there are any political moments in my books then it is just a reality of life.

### ***Are there any topics that you won’t write about?***

I think there are no taboo topics for kids in the children’s literature. Sex, violence, cruelty, death – about all these you may tell to children. But it has to be spoken their own language For them to understand. You shouldn’t use bad language or describe awful images, but use simple, nice words and without fellingashamed. For example, I have a book “Yak ja narodysia” (How I was born) where I tell children from 2 till 3 that they were born with the love of their parents. And not every mother or father can tell about it, but the writer should help.

**Source: <https://vsiknygy.net.ua/interview/264/>**

## PRIZES AND AWARDS:

- 1987 “Perets” journal Award for the best poems for children published on the pages “Malenkyi Perets” during the year;
- 1988 Oleksandr Kopylenko Prize (1988) for the fairy tales “Nadzvychaini Pryhody Ali z Nedoliadii” (“Alia’s unusual adventures in the country of Nedoladia” and “Podorozh u Korolivstvo Siak-Takiv” (“Alia’s journey to the Hugger-Mugger’s country”);
- 1997 Fantastic tale “Zlochyntsi Z Paralelnoho Svitu” (Criminals from the parallel world) was recognized as the best work of the year after its journal copy was published in the “Barvinok” magazine and awarded by Stepan Fedenko International Prize (USA);
- 2000 according to the results of the regional creative competition she was awarded as an author of works for children in the “Literature for Children” nomination for the book “Zakarpatska Knyha vid Kyryla do Mefodia do Nashyh Dniv” (Zakarpattia Book from Kyrylo and Methodius to our days);
- 2002 First Prize of the International Book Fair in Kyiv “Book Garden” in the “World of the Child” nomination for the book “Zlochyntsi Z Paralelnoho Svitu” (Criminals from the parallel world);
- 2002 the winner of the “Uzhhorod Book Mykolai” book exhibition in the nomination “The most notable Author of the Year”;
- 2003 Lesya Ukrainka Literary Prize;
- 2004 Special diploma of the International Book Fair in Kyiv the “Book Garden” for the book “Zlochyntsi Z Paralelnoho Svitu-2” (Criminals from the parallel world. Part 2)
- 2006 Fedir Potushniak Zakarpattia Regional Literary Award for the book of fairy tales for children (“Pryhody v Zacharovanomu Misti” (Adventures in enchanted city” and “Smiyatusia Zaboroneno” (Laughing is forbidden)
- 2007
- 2008 Fedir Potushniak Zakarpattia Regional Literary Award for the book of fairy tales for children in the genre of dramaturgy for audio-books for children “Nezvychaini Pryhody Ali” (Alia’s unusual adventures)
- 2013 the winner of the “Golden Little Feather” award by “Anheliatko” (Little angel) journal;
- 2018 Fedir Potushniak Zakarpattia Regional Literary Award in the nomination “Literary Translation” for Ukrainian translation of the novel “Trol” by Michal Hvorecky (Slovak Republic)
- 2020 Halyna Malyk’s book “Piratskyi Marschruť” (“Pirate Route”) (designed by Grasia Olyko, published in 2019 by the “Vydavnytstvo Staroho Leva”) is included to the list of the prestigious annual catalog of book recommendations in the field of international literature for children and youth “White Ravens 2020”.

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1984

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ill. K. Deryazhna  
Kyiv : Veselka, 1984

1989

2. **Незвичайні пригоди Алі в країні Недоладії : Книга-картинка**  
**Nezvychaini pryhody Ali v kraïini Nedoladii : Knyha-kartynka**  
(Alia's unusual adventures in the country of Nedoladiya : picture book)  
ill. V. M. Dakariiev  
Kyiv : Veselka, 1989

3. **Неслухняний дощик : Вірші**  
**Nesluhnianyi doshchuk : Virshi**  
(Naughty rain : Poems)  
ill. A. Yu. Goida  
Uzhhorod : Karpaty, 1989

1990

4. **Королівство Ану : Вірш**  
**Korolivstvo Anu : Virsh**  
(Kingdom of Anu : Poem)  
ill. V. H. Sertsova  
Kyiv : Veselka, 1990

1994

5. **Чорний маг і зачароване місто : Комікс**  
**Chornyi mah i zacharovane misto : Komix**  
(Black magician and enchanted city : Comics)  
ill. A. Goida  
Uzhgorod : Zakarpattia, 1994

1996

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**Pantlyk i Fuzia kupuyut hodinnika**  
(Pantlik and Fuzya are buying a watch)  
ill. V. H. Sertsova  
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1997

7. **Незвичайні пригоди Алі : Казкові повісті**  
**Nezvychaini pryhody Ali : Kazkovi povisti**  
(Alia's unusual adventures : Fairy tales)  
ill. L. Korzh-Radko  
Uzhgorod : Zakarpattia, 1997

2003

8. **Великдень**  
**Velykden**  
(The Easter)  
ill. O. Harkusha  
Kyiv : Zakarpattia, 2003
9. **Злочинці з паралельного світу – 2**  
**Zlochintsi z paralelnoho svitu – dva**  
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ill. S. Hrapov  
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2005

10. **Сміятися заборонено!**  
**Smiyatysia zaboroneno**  
(Laughing is forbidden!)  
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2006

11. **Подорож Алі до країни сяк-таків**  
**Podorozh Ali do kraïny siak-takiv**  
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2007

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(Uncle Yoi and Lyshynia)  
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2008

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**Pryntsesa Mishel i korol Grifainy : kazkova istoriya**  
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## 2009

- 15. Третя подорож Алі : серія пригод Алі.  
Книга 3  
Tretia podorozh Ali : seriya pryhod Ali.  
Книга 3**  
(Alia's third journey : a series of adventures of Ali. Book № 3)  
ill. A. Lysytsia  
Vinnytsia : Teza : Tezis 2009

## 2011

- 16. Абра&Кадабра  
Abra&Kadabra**  
(Abra&Kadabra)  
art. H. Ponomarenko  
Uzhhorod : Lira, 2011
- 17. Вуйко Йой і Страшна Велика Кука  
Vuiko Yoi i Strashna Velyka Kuka**  
(Uncle Yoi and Scary Huge Kuka)  
art. L. Korzh-Radko  
Kyiv : Grani-T, 2011
- 18. Забавлянки  
Zabavlianky**  
(Nursery rhymes)  
ill. V. Namozova  
Kyiv : Vydavnytstvo Staroho Leva, 2011
- 19. Незвичайна книжка  
Nezvychaina knyzhka**  
(An unusual book)  
ill. O. Dolgosh  
Ternopil : Study book — Bohdan, 2011

## 2012

- 20. Бабусина книжка  
Babusyna knyzhka**  
(Grandmother's book)  
ill. L. Korzh-Radko  
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## 2015

- 21. Їде грудень на коні : мандри порами року  
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ill. O. Kvasha  
Kyiv : Kalamar, 2015

## 2017

- 22. Як сонечко крапочки загубило  
Yak sonechko krapochky zahubylo**  
(As the sun lost the dots)  
ill. M. Kachmar  
Lviv : Vydavnytstvo Staroho Leva, 2017

## 2018

- 23. Незвичайні пригоди Алі в країні Недоладії : повість у 3 книгах  
Nezvychaini pryhody Ali v kraïini Nedoladii : povist u trioh knyгах**  
(Ali's unusual adventures in the country of Nedoladiya : story in three books)  
ill. G. Oliyko  
cover. K. Shtanko, L. Korzh-Radko.  
Kyiv : A-BA-BA-NA-LA-MA-NA, 2018.

## 2019

- 24. Мандри та подвиги лицаря Горчика  
Mandry ta podvyhy lytsaria Horchyka**  
(Travels and Great Deeds of Horchyk the knight : knightly novel for children)  
ill. S. Kovalchuk  
Kyiv : Znannia, 2019
- 25. Піратський маршрут : весела книга-картинка  
Piratskyi marshrut : vesela knyha-kartynka**  
(Pirate route: cheerful picture book)  
ill. G. Oliyko  
Lviv : Vydavnytstvo Staroho Leva, 2019

# LIST OF TRANSLATED EDITIONS BY HALYNA MALYK

## 26. Гворецький М. Троль

**Gvoretzkiy M. Troll**

**Gvoretzkiy M. Troll**

/novel/

translation from Slovak. H. Malyk

cover and design M. Demian

Kyiv : Znannia, 2018

The voice of Europe. 2018, № 2. Slovakia

## 28. Хармс Д. І. Я тепер автомобіль

**Harms D. E. Ia teper avtomobil**

**Harms D. I. I am now a car**

/poems/

translation from Russian and introduction

H. Malyk

ill. O. Mamayeva

Kyiv : Veselka, 1994

## 27. Фреймут О. Кажан Жан

**Freimut O. Kazhan Zhan**

**Freimut O. Bat Jean**

/fairytale/

ill. K. Lavro

Kyiv : Snowdrop Vydavnytstvo, 2018

# LIST OF TRANSLATED EDITIONS AND THEIR LANGUAGES

## 29. Pirats'kyj maršrut

Translation into German

by H. Malyk

ill. G. Oliyko

L'viv : Vydavnytstvo Staroho Leva, 2019

## 30. Pirate Route

Translation into English

author Halyna Malyk

ill. G. Oliyko

Lviv : Vydavnytsvo Staroho Leva, 2020

## 31. Skype mama / H. Malyk

Translation into German

by W. Berdt; K. Brunner, N. Guzeeva,

O. Hawrosch, S. Hrydyn, M. Kijanowska,

H. Kruk, O. Luschtschewska, O. Luzyschyna,

T. Maljartschuk, H. Malyk, N. Sniadanko,

M. Sawka, S. Onufriv, Cl. Dathe, J. Lindekugel,

J. Mischke, L. Nagel

Berlin : FotoTAPETA, 2013

# MEDIA PUBLISHING

**El país está bajo-comprensión** / G. Malik // Misa. — 1988. — №№ 8-10, — P. 28-29. — Text in Spanish.

**Il paese è sotto-comprensione** / G. Malik // Miscia. — 1988. — №№ 8-10. — P. 28-29. — Text in Italian.

**The country is under-under** / G. Malik // Misha. — 1988. — №№ 8-10. — P. 28-29. — Text in English.

**Alatt van az ország-alul** /G. Malik//Misa. — 1988. — №№ 8-10. — O. 28-29. — Text in Hungarian.

**Das Land ist unter-Unter** / G. Malik // Misha. — 1988. — №№ 8-10. — P. 28-29. — Text in German.

**Le pays est sous-sous** / G. Malik//Misha. — 1988. — №№ 8-10. — P. 28-29. — Text in French.

**Chi l'ha detto?** : [versetto] / G. Malik // Miscia. — 1989. — № 10. — P. 21. — Text in Italian.

**Ki mondta** : [vers] / G. Malik ; fordítás Zoltán Györke = Hungarian translation by Z. Djorke// Misa. — 1989. — № 10. — O. 21. — Text in Hungarian.

**Qui a dit?** : [poème] / G. Malik // Misha. — 1989. — № 10. — P. 21. — Text in French.

**¿Quién conto?** : [verso] / G. Malik // Misa. — 1989. — № 10. — P 21. — Text in Spanish.

**Wer hat gesagt?** : [Gedicht] / G. Malik // Misha. — 1989. — № 10. — P. 21. — Text in German.

**Who said?** : [poem] / G. Malik // Misha. — 1989. — № 10. — P. 21. — Text in English.

Самаўпрацы з паралельнага свету :фантастичная аповесць / Г. Малык, Belorussian translation by Алесь Траяноўскі = А. Траяновський // Бярозка (Мінск). — 1999. — № 7. — С. 6-11 ; № 8. — С. 8-1 — Text in Belarusian.

**Ujo Jo ja lysyna**= [Вуйко Йой і Лишиня]: [уришок з повк Г. Малик ; Slovak translation by R. Tolvai// Між Карпатами і Татрами : студент, перекладів / уряд. Т. Ліхтей. — Вип. 7. — Ужгород :Ліра 2008. — С. 4-5. — Text in Slovak.

**Slawka** : [Geschichte] /H. Malyk // Skypemaма : [collection of short stories of ukr. writers: forhigh schoolage] / уряд.: М. Савка, К. Бру С. Onufriv; German translation by Utah Lindekugel / herausgegeben von K. пер, М. Sawka, S. Onufriv ; Übersetzer J. Lindekugel. — Berlin : Ec foto TAPETA, 2013. — С. 36-43. — Text in German.

# HALYNA MALYK: the main works

## 1. Вуйко Йой та Лишиня

**/Vuiko Yoi ta Lyshynia/  
(Uncle Yoi and Lyshynia)**

fantasy for the little ones : fairy tale

author Halyna Malyk;

ill. G. Oliyko

Kyiv : Kalamar, 2017

**ISBN 978-966-97478-4-6.**



## 2. Вуйко Йой і страшна велика Кука /Vuiko Yoi I Strashna Velyka Kuka/ (Uncle Yoi and Huge Scary Kuka)

story

author Halyna Malyk

Ill.: L. Korzh-Radko

Kyiv : Hrani-T, 2011

**ISBN 978-966-465-364-7.**



## 3. Злочинці з паралельного світу / Zlochyntsi z Paralelnoho Svitu/ (The Criminals from the Parallel World)

fantastic stories

author Halyna Malyk

ill. S. Khrapov.

Kyiv : Znannia, 2015

**ISBN 978-617-07-0247-0.**





**4. Злочинці з паралельного Світу – 2**  
**/ Zlochyntsi z Paralelnoho Svitu-2/**  
**Criminals From the Parallel World Part 2**

fantastic stories for middle school children

author Halyna Malyk

ill. S. Khrapov

Lviv : Svit, 2011

**ISBN 978-966-603-307-2**



**5. Мандри та подвиги лицаря Горчика**  
**/Mandry ta Podvyhy Lytsaria Horchyka/**  
**(Travels and Great Deeds of Horchyk the knight)**

a knight novel for children

author Halyna Malyk

ill. S. Kovalchuk.

Kyiv : Znannia, 2019

**ISBN 978-617-07-0731-4**



**6. Незвичайні пригоди Алі в країні Недоладії**  
**/Nezvychaini pryhody Ali v Kraini Nedoladii/**  
**(Alia's Unusual Adventures in the Land of Nedoladiia)**

author Halyna Malyk

ill. A. Lysytsia

Vinnytsia :Teza : Soniashnyk, 2006

**ISBN 966-831-7513**



**7. Подорож Алі до країни Сяк-таків**  
**/Podorozh Ali do Krainy Siak-Takiv/**  
**(Alia's journey to the Hugger-Mugger's country)**

author Halyna Malyk

cover by A. Lysytsia

Vinnytsia : Teza : Soniashnyk, 2006

**ISBN 966-8317-80-7**



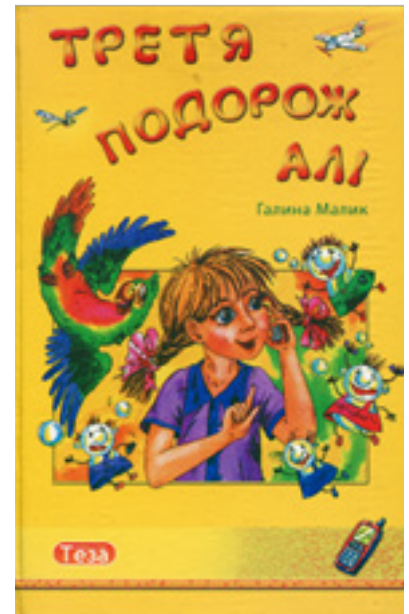
**8. Третя подорож Алі**  
**/Tretia Podorozh Ali/**  
**(Alia's third journey)**

author Halyna Malyk

ill. A. Lysytsia

Vinnytsia :Teza :Tezys, 2009

**ISBN 978-966-421-044-4**



**9. Принцеса Мішель і король Грифаїни**  
**/Pryntsessa Mishel i korol Gryfainy/**  
**(Princess Michelle and King of Griffain)**

Fairytale

author Halyna Malyk

ill. J. Ivanova

Kyiv : Knyzhkovyi Khmarochos, 2008

**ISBN 978-966-440-109-5**



**10. Сміятися заборонено**  
**Smiiatysia Zaboroneno/**  
**Laughing is forbidden**

author Halyna Malyk

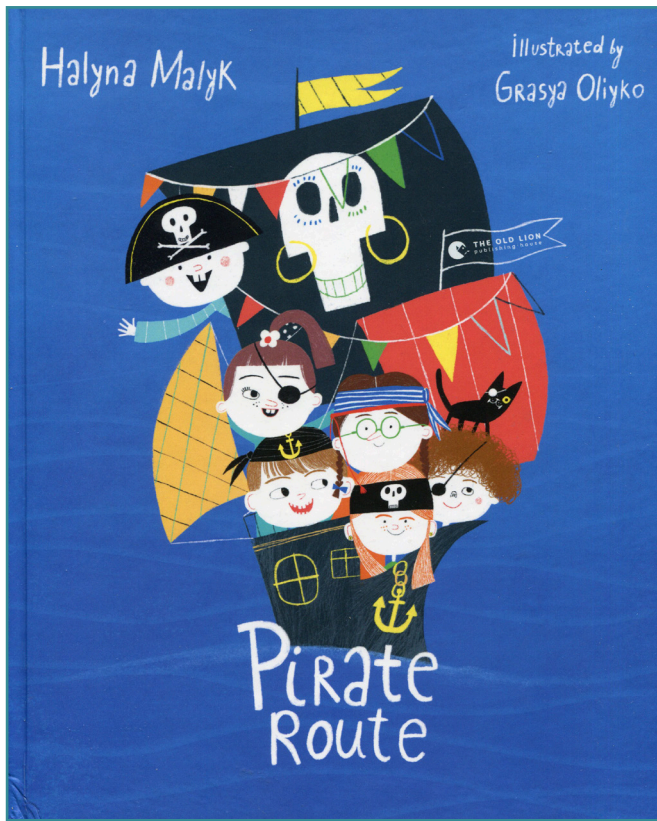
ill. L. Korzh-Rad'ko

Kyiv: Zelenyi Pes, 2005

**ISBN 966-365-035-4**



# LIST OF FIVE REPRESENTATIVE BOOKS SENT TO THE JURORS



## **Pirate Route**

author Halyna Malyk

ill. Grasya Oliyko

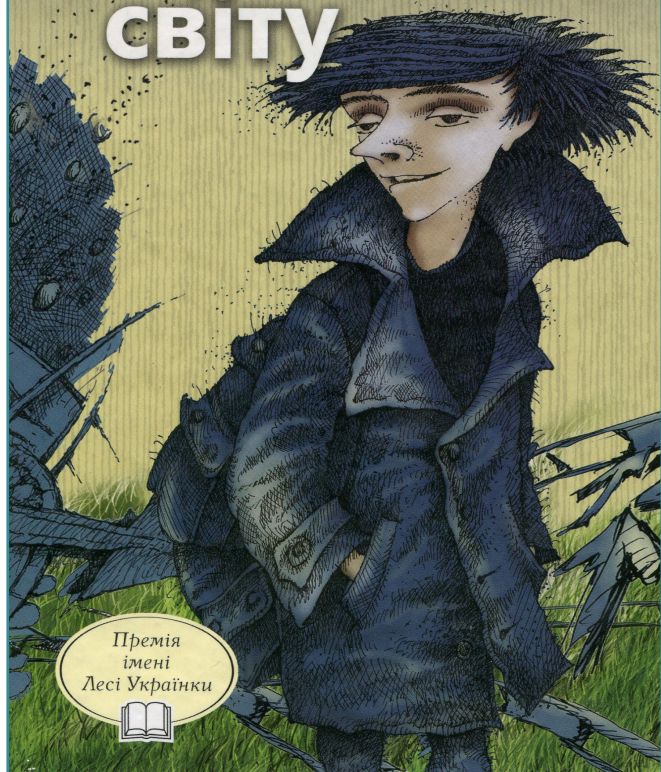
Lviv : Vydavnytsvo Staroho Leva, 2020

ISBN 978-617-679-715-9



Галина Малик

# Злочинці з паралельного світу



## Злочинці з паралельного світу / Zlochynsi z Paralelnoho Svitu/ (The Criminals from the Parallel World)

author Halyna Malyk

Kyiv: Znannya, 2015

ISBN 978-617-07-0247-0





**Вуйко Йой і Лишиня**  
**/Vuiiko Yoi i Lyshynia/  
(Uncle Yoi and Lyshynia)**

author Halyna Maluk

Kyiv: Kalamar, 2017

ISBN 978-966-97478-4-6





**Бабусина книжка**  
**/Babusyna Knyzhka/**  
**(Grandmother's Book)**

author Halyna Malyk

Lviv: Vydavnytsvo Staroho Leva, 2012

ISBN 978-966-2909-93-7





**Незвичайні пригоди Алі  
/Nezvychaini Pryhody Ali/  
(Alia's Unusual Adventures)**

author Halyna Malyk

Kyiv: A-BA-BA-NA-LA-MA-NA, 2018

ISBN 978-617-585-083-1



# REVIEWS

of the books submitted to the Jury

## I. "NEZVYCHAINI PRYHODY ALI" (*Alia's unusual adventures*)



### 1). "Nezvychaini Pryhody Ali" (*Alia's unusual adventures*)

The story about Alia, who due to her own laziness and irresponsibility got to the country of Nedoliandiia ("Nedoladiia" means "land of undone or unfinished work/tasks") is now well-known to every child in Ukraine. As this wonderful fairytale story by Halyna Malyk is read in school you can learn from your childhood that everything in the world depends on us! It is important to bring to the conclusion all tasks and fight against promises that are lightly undertaken and other "siak-tak" (something not well done) otherwise our common future will transform into soap bubbles.

This book will awake interest in those who likes "Alice through the Looking Glass" by L. Carroll or Dorothy's adventures in the Land of Oz written by F. Baum. It will make you wonder and will entertain; it will help to understand the world of adults and will expand your imagination. This is a real fairytale – full of inventions and wisdom!

The new edition of the stories about Alia is attractive because it unites under one cover all three fairy stories of the series. This is very beautiful, nice to touch and easy to read book with wonderful illustrations by Grasya Oliyko.

I hope that after getting acquainted with Alia's story during your school lesson you have a desire to read till the end adventures of "a girl who unplaited her hair". It will definitely grow as soon as you hold in your hands this exquisite edition made with love!

Source: <http://www.chl.kiev.ua/key/Books/ShowBook/405>



## **2). “Nezvychaini Pryhody Ali v Kraini Nedoladii” (Alia’s unusual adventures in the Land of Nedoladiia)**

### **Book review on the story published in the edition**

It’s scary to think, but the second generation of children is already growing up on the adventure-fantastic books by Halyna Malyk! We think that such “experience” deserves to consider the writer’s works as classics of literature for children in Ukraine, especially since the school program includes works by Malyk, and as you know: “classics is what children study in the classroom”. And so, 25 years after the first edition of a cult story for children “Nezvychaini pryhody Ali v Kraini Nedoladii” (Alia’s unusual adventures in the Land of Nedoladiia) (“Nedoladiia” means “undone or unfinished work/tasks”) all three stories of the series (along with the later “Podorozh u Korolivstvo Siak-Takiv” (“A Journey to the Hugger-Mugger’s Kingdom”) (“siak-tak” means “somehow”, “Hugger-Mugger”) and “Tretia podorozh Ali” (Alia’s Third Journey) were published in one book illustrated by Grasia Oliiko.

The main character of the series, the girl Alia, from the very start doesn’t look like the one who should be followed as a role model by young readers. Rather the opposite: Alia is lazy and aimless, half unbraided and what is most important: she does things half-way! It was this addiction of hers that became the driving force of her fairy-tale adventures. When Alia, who is Halia actually (but she is used to not saying her name full either!), leaves the hundredth unfinished action, an evil dwarf Nechocherevyk appears and sends her to the charming country Nedoladiia. Everything there is NEDO (UN), this is where all our undone actions or works, such as drawings, needlework, etc., get. And there are dangers through which you can even lose your head! However, having passed through all the challenges and realizing her mistake Alia becomes a positive heroine of the story in the full sense of the word: a savior fearless winner of the First Nedoradnyk and the dwarf Nechocherevyk, and the helper of all the citizens of Nedoladiia.

In the second story, the girl is joined by Sashko, who loses his talent as a designer because of his laziness and a so-so done single work. Here is the moral (which is, however, not an obsession): “People themselves helped the dwarf Nechocherevyk to snatch their talents from under their noses. Because they did not value or cherish their talents! Sometimes, they even buried them into the ground!” Sure thing, Sashko realizes his mistakes and re-educates himself. Thus, in the third story, our heroes go together to save their friends citizens of Nedoladiia who this time were captured by a flash in the pan – empty promises which everyone gives (especially deputies, the author notes), but which no one keeps. Unlike the first two stories, “The Third journey of Alia” is written in the age of mobile phones and PCs, attracts not only the courage and sagacity of the main characters but also modern technology to save the world. And the storyline with empty promises, sneakers, and all sorts of certificates with stamps flaunted by the citizens of Siak-Tak Country opens such double bottom of the stories about Alia as sarcasm aimed at adult bureaucrats and deceitful officials which, unfortunately, very soon both adults and children come across.

Halyna Malyk’s stories about Alia are dynamic, adventurous but with expressive morality which, undoubtedly, all the younger readers will understand: you need to finish all your tasks, do not do anything “somehow”, “half-assedly” or “pell-mell”, do not give “empty promises” and not to write “sneaks”, because no one knows where seemingly harmless laziness or thoughtlessly thrown words you will be led.

**Source:** <http://www.barabooka.com.ua/alya-v-divokrayah/>

## II. "VUIKO YOI I LYSHYNIA" (Uncle Yoi and Lyshynia)



In her next fairy tale series about the Carpathian sincere Vuiko Yoi ("vuiko" means maternal uncle) the writer returns to tradition in its broadest sense. She "... direct the child's inquisitive desire to the world discovery from the side of kindness and noble attitude to others... she offers a humane way to solve problems – ... through mutual understanding, support, help to everyone around... her book inure the young reader the skill of observation, thinking, overcoming own laziness, indifference as a universal tool of communication"

The fairy tale "Vuiko Yoi and Lyshynia" appeared against the background of the wide publicity of Halyna Malyk's first teenage hot-button social fantasy "Zlochyntsi z Paralelnoho Svit" (Criminals from the parallel world), so at first, even the author considered this work as a fantasy. This is how the writer represented two first books when publishing the journal copy of the story in the "Barvinok" magazine from 2007 till 2013: "Vuiko Yoi and Lyshynia" (2006, № 12; 2007, №№ 1-6), "Strashna Velyka Kuka" (Scary big Kuka) (2007, № 12; 2008, №№ 1-6) and "Vuiko Yoi and Shkutylyha" ("shkutylyha" means gammy person) (2012, №№ 3-9; 2013, №№ 1-2).

But the book editions of the work are traditionally defined as fairy tales for younger students. The first one "Vuiko Yoi and Lyshynia" appeared in the "Modern prose for children" series of the Kyiv publishing house "Hrani-T" in 2007 designed by T. Nikolaienko which, unfortunately, doesn't correspond to the author's concept of rootedness in the national folklore. Three years later (2010) the novel rewritten by the author was republished for the second time in the same format, and only in 2011 the next part of Yoi's adventures finally appears with the corresponding text drawings by L. Korzh-Radko. In 2013 the publishing house republishes "Vuiko Yoi and the Terrible Big Kuka" without any changes. An excerpt from the story "Vuiko Yoi and Lyshynia"

translated into Slovak by R. Tolvai ("Ujo Joj a lysyna") was included in the collection of student translations "Between the Carpathians and the Tatras" (Uzhhorod: Lira, 2008). From the very beginning, the work, deeply rooted to the national traditions and at the same time modern by the vastness of the touched on problems, interested both readers and critics (Z. Zhuk, N. Zubrytska, T. Kachak, N. Meletych, L. Ovdichuk, H. Rodina, L. Khodanych, S. Fedak, and others). The dispute has arisen only over its genre definition. But here we should agree with Z. Zhuk who highly praised "... truly very good and wise Ukrainian fairy tale about good and wise Ukrainian house spirit from the Carpathian village", she precisely emphasized that "the only unsolved riddle of the book remains the genre noted on the first page: "fantasy for the little ones". The buzzword instead of the useful and appropriate one "The fairy tale", confuses only".

The trilogy is interesting primarily because this is the only case when the events of the fairy tale by Halyna Malyk unfold not in fictional worlds (there are none of them at all!) but in the native for her Zakarpattia (Transcarpathia). The real world of the motherland arises from its pages as a fairy, full of incredible beauty and harmony. Among the daily routine, the heroes (together with the reader!) have time to admire the starry sky, and the morning reflected in the dew, bright herbs, and colors of smells that fill this truly magical world. And together with them, the author admires the native land sincerely and with inspiration! This bright nagging atmosphere of "own" prompts the reader to relish each line enjoying "... an exciting adventure plot, touchingly soft and at the same time funny images, an unobtrusive national landscape where events unfold, rich flavor of the Ukrainian language with a slight Transcarpathian accent". And that is why, despite the intense action and the presence of secret and even scary unknown events and characters, despite the attempts of critics to discern in the text "the problems of urbanization and the threat of destroying of natural and ethnographic treasures", "... it is not a "horror", but a very light and soft fairy tale, written just for the smallest readers, who have just mastered the wisdom of independent reading". Fair enough, every last detail in the story work for the little reader: precious but lively and understandable language; bright, individualized characters; local history material and unobtrusive didactics are easily presented; interesting insert fairy tales and even plot-complete short chapters.

One of the distinctive features of Halyna Malyk's creative style is the deeply individualized speech of heroes as the main means of creating and emphasizing their characters. The story of Vuiko Yoi is not an exception. Thus, the author "... endows the hero with a truly Transcarpathian "yoi" word which can mean both delight and lamentation, depending on the context". These features of speech cause the appearance of the strange name. The Mouse That Didn't Want to Grow Up speaks of itself only in the neuter gender, so that everyone knows that it is just a little mouse, and not an adult one. Its "wrong" speech is a way of defending its position and, at the same time, an involuntary testimony that this position contradicts the rules too. The distorted speech of the dwarf Rukasel from the carousel is a kind of invitation the reader to a fun speech game, and at the same time, an artistically authentic "other language" (Rukasel is a foreigner who just happened to be in Scenzen).

The work is also distinguished by the integrity of the artistic canvas unusual for the creative manner of the writer. Nothing appears in her magical Zakarpattia that would contradict its harmony. All the heroes starting with Vuiko Yoi finishing with a pair of tadpoles are the basis

of the Ukrainian mythological space. Even the dwarf Rukasel who was literally “brought” to Scenzen, and the Terrible Big Kuka, who fall from the sky are regular Miracles only, who need love and care just like everyone else in this kind of world where the parenting practices are purely native (Yoi teaches by fairy tales literally as V. Sukhomlynskyi did).

At the same time, the characters have not only a strongly pronounced folklore component but also allusions to the well-known world models. Thus, Vuiko Yoi is “no less sympathetic creature than Carlson, Winnie the Pooh or Uncle AU (yoo-hoo)” according to H. Rodina. The Mouse That Didn’t Want to Grow Up evokes memories about Peter Pen and several charming cartoon mice, the generosity and sincerity of Krit Stepanovych is expressed in the background of the mention of his Andersen relative, Syschyk-Pyschyk involuntarily awakens memories about Brilliant Detective from the cartoon about “Bremen Musicians” and so on. Similarly, the plot of the novel is not limited by the folklore motives but tends to native (eg. “The Land of Fireflies” by V. Bliznets) and European philosophical fairy tale (eg. “The Little Prince” by A. de Saint-Exupery) according to N. Meletych.

This philosophical sound is introduced in the work primarily by the worldview of its main character Vuiko Yoi. He is childish and pure in nature, distinguished among others by a “... complete lack of selfishness and aggression, as well as a noble way of communicating...”. Deprived of age (after all, he is “the house spirit”, a mythological character!), Yoi is equally truthfully perceived by children both as a “little” hero, the same age as they are, and an “adult”, wise and reliable senior friend. He behaves accordingly: as a child “... enthusiastically perceives the world and at the same time he practically analyzes each of his actions; he is emotional over the problems of his friends and finds an efficient solution for them”.

Like Ole Lukoie Vuiko Yoi likes and knows how to think up and tell fairy tales. But he doesn’t reward or punish children with them but teaches, and on occasion explains in a simple and interesting form the most important laws of life. Fairy tales for him are the yardstick for everything, even time and distance. Interestingly, the author gave the hero her own fairy tales, with which her prosaic work once began.

Let me assume that precisely constantly balanced and holistic in his sincere love for the world adult and childish at the same time Vuiko Yoi is the most accurate artistic reflection of the inner lyrical voice of the writer. Even his inability to “hide completely” is inherited in Halyna Malyk, as well as explosive emotionality and the habit of giving way to thoughts through internal dialogue.

In an interview, the writer admitted that the leitmotif of her stories about Vuiko Yoi is everyone’s personal responsibility for making something own up. The thought is material, therefore: “... be careful with what we make up and especially, with our wishes to ourselves and others”.

From this point of view, it’s no longer weighs that “Halyna Malyk found a natural environment for prolonging life in the modern urban world for fairy tales’ creatures” but even not love for a small or large motherland...

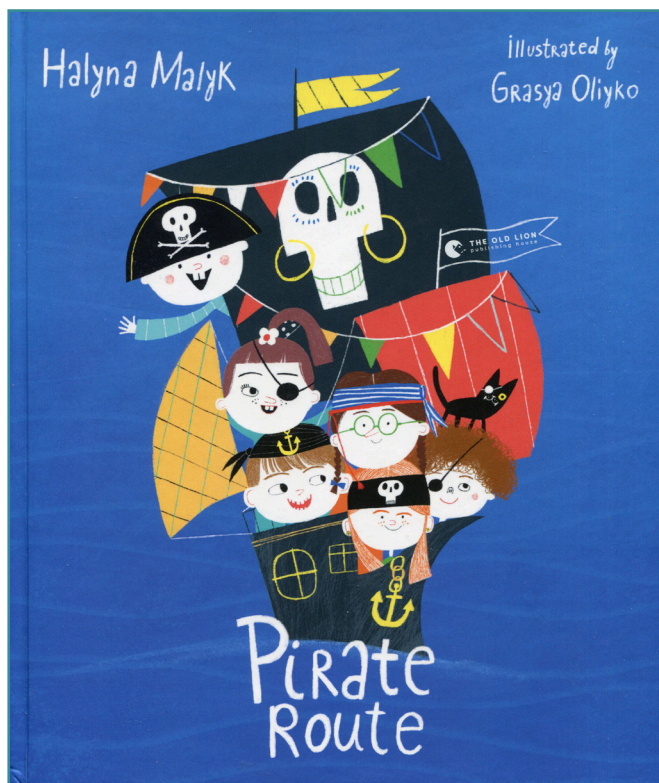
The thought is material. It is the same force as any other in the human world. Sincere bright thoughts keep us in life. That is why it is quite important to preserve not only the ecology of the environment but also the ecology of spirit. A person’s outer life is determined by one’s inner world, actions originate in thoughts.

The most important in the eternal soulful Ukrainian Vuiko Yoi trilogy is that the writer managed to find a symbolic language that is understandable and acceptable

to the child to explain these super-complex truths. Instead of revealing the inner, multidimensional, and elusive life of a person (which is unlikely for a reader of primary school age), she opens up the “inner world” of the Carpathian house to children. And it turns up that this “incredible thing” is held up thanks to good thinking and actions (Yoi), creativity (Lyshynia), and “eternal child” the Mouse, whose role is so selflessly performed by the constant companion of human home.

Source: <http://www.chl.kiev.ua/key/Books/ShowBook/411>

### III. “PIRATE ROUTE”



Immerse yourself in the magical world of childhood, imagine yourself a pirate, as well as learn geographical names with the book «Pirate Route». Six children, a cat, and a dog became pirates in this book. The children took maps, put them on the floor, and made an imaginary journey. Each of them dreamed of visiting different places: one of them dreamed about the Carpathians, the other one about the Dnipro rapids, the third one dreamed about the Dardanelles; the fourth is on the warm and salty Red Sea; the fifth is to cross the Strait of Gibraltar; the sixth dreamed to visit Alaska, the seventh one fall asleep on the carpet and had nothing to say. That one was the cat. Many geographical names, in particular names of seas and oceans, channels, mountains, names of regions can be learned from the book. Such drawings of children which show various interesting places from their own world are interesting to look through. My daughter and I also liked the contrast between the imagination and what was happening in reality. We find ourselves in an ordinary children’s room after such a wonderful trip. There are many pictures and they can be considered for a long time. This book will be interesting for both the little children as it has little text and those who have already learned to read. The book is of high quality. The cover is hard. Pages are thick and glossy. My daughter and I liked the book very much. My advice to everyone! Tatiana Ganzha April 3, 2020

Source: <https://www.yakaboo.ua/ua/pirats-kij-marshrut.html#big-image-6531264>

#### IV. "Zlochynszi z Paralelnoho Svitu" (Criminals from the parallel world)



This book is interesting to read. And it is not only because it is about the Chernobyl Zone where the endless story of Stalker unfolds, and every gamer attached to his dignity knows that. As well as not because "the animals talk" there. Or because there is a constant struggle for life, and cruel and cunning confront the good. Or not even the parallel world where people switched places with animals...

No! This book is interesting to read because it is amazingly true-to-life!

Beasts and monsters, werewolves and bandits, parallel worlds, and a completely ordinary earthly reality, everything in it is surprisingly recognizable, with the same speech and actions we can observe nowadays.

I do not know where else you will find such a delicious mixture of exquisite literary language and "surzhik" - the slang of officials and lower social classes, homeless people, and deputies... And I'm not even sure if your parents and grandparents will be outraged that you are reading such a «vulgar» book ... but I sincerely advise you to read it! Even from under the pillow if there no other way. Because it's an honest book.

The world of little boy Khronia is hard and cruel. The little orphan-homeless is surrounded by living creatures such as dogs and cats, parrots and hamsters, who were thrown out of the prosperous quiet world by their carefree owners... And who is to blame that all of them are not too friendly to these «kind» people?! Maybe you? ... Perhaps the man over

there who kicked the rusty kitten out from under the wheel of his Merc? Or that smiling woman that takes out the sixth hamster already, because her «beloved boy» is already bored with it?

I understand that you cannot save all the strays. You can't save ... Even your mom and dad, or your teacher together with the entire teaching staff will not save... Even a policeman or the mayor ... But, God forbid, who will lend a helping hand when you feel bad?!! Aliens from a parallel world?!!

Think about it! Read it!

... The Power is hidden in each of us. The Power of the Human Spirit and Ancestry. And when the Ancestry is glorious and honest, no Evil, werewolves, or a Zone can destroy or defeat us! Therefore, at the end of the story, Khronia finds, if not his place in the world, but his own way! Which is no small feat!

Source: <http://www.chl.kiev.ua/key/Books/ShowBook/119>

## V. "Babusyna Knyzhka" (Grandmother's Book)

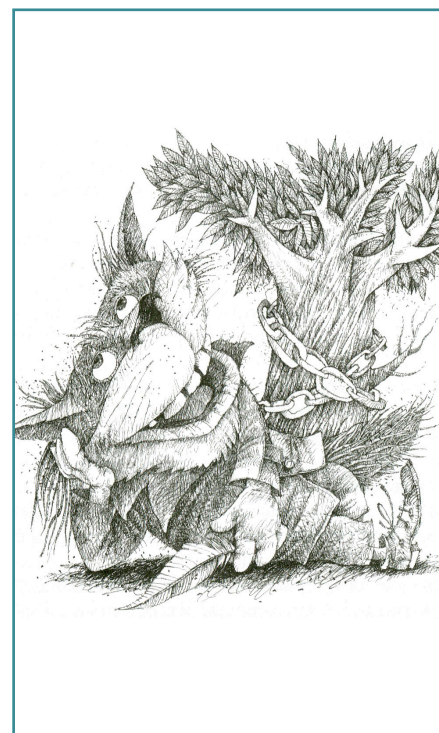


In 2012 the same publishing house "Vydavnytstvo Staroho Leva" (Old Lion Publishing House) published the "Babusyna Knyzhka" (The Grandmother's book) one more poetry innovation of Halyna Malyk, the only collection of unrhymed poetry for creation of which she was inspired by her granddaughter Mishel. "Mostly her children's world and the moment that I managed to capture described in this book," the author claims, and the texts are called "haitanky" and mean "something average between haik and tank which are small non-rhymed prose verses that are of little information, but a lot of emotion". The writer had never before worked in the genre of a blank verse because she "... was convinced that children embrace rhymed poetry better. But she changed her opinion after her granddaughter grew fond of Vasyl Holoborodko's blank verse and noticed that she never placed importance on "small non-rhymed things". Interestingly, Liudmyla Korzh-Radko tried to capture both the spirit of Mishelle's life conveyed by her grandma in verse and the living specifics of the image of a lively and gentle girl in her illustrations.

Source: <http://www.chl.kiev.ua/key/Books/ShowBook/411>

# APPENDIX:

## Translations of non-English materials



### Zlochyntsi z Paralelnoho Svitu (Criminals from the Parallel World)

#### CHAPTER 1

The three visitants

It was raining outside. Already completely wet, homeless dog Rex finally has found a basement window built up with bricks. He squeezed through the narrow hole. It was dark in the basement. "Apparently there are a lot of fleas..." thought Rex and shake himself down. "At least it's warm here".

Eyes got over the darkness. Rex started searching for a place where he can get some sleep. He is unlucky for the second day already.

Yesterday some boy aimed a stone at his head. A mutilated leg was given him trouble because of wet weather. Some tough guy has run over it with his Mercedes in summer yet. Also, he couldn't find anything in the garbage since the day before yesterday.

"Does it mean that people don't eat meat anymore?" thought Rex sadly making himself comfortable on some rags in the corner of the basement.

Rex began to doze when suddenly he heard a rustle. The dog rose his head sharply; lustrous eyes were staring at him.

Rex's hackles hunched and he roared.

Three dogs were facing him. They were as black, shaggy, and big as he was. The only difference was that Rex is dirty and thin, and they are clean and well-fed.

"Hey you there!" said the middle one.

Rex grumped something slurred answering.

"I'm Paul", continued the stranger. And giving a nod firstly to the right, and then to the left, he said: "And they are Ter and Geist. We are from the parallel world".

"Hhrr-r-r", - Rex tried to clear a throat and re-asked confusedly: "From wh... what world?"

"From pa-ra-llel!" repeated Paul.



"He will not understand it anyway", – replied Ter.

"We are You but in a different time, a different place and different circumstances", – explained Geist.

"And what next?" asked Rex gloomy, anyway he did not understand anything.

Ter scratched his ear:

"It seems to be a flea has already bitten me! Hurry up, otherwise, we won't get rid of these fleas later!"

"So," Paul said quickly, "we've decided to intervene in your life to help the homeless."

"You see, we can't keep watching you suffer here anymore", added Geist.

"Oh, I definitely have a flea on my abdomen!" Ter shouted.

"Shut up at last!" Paul barked at him. And he turned to Rex again: "We decided to try to help you and other homeless because it cannot continue."

"But why did you decide to start with me?" Rex muttered.

"Because you are Rex, which means 'The King', who should we start with?"

"Why should I trust you at all?" Rex suddenly doubted. "If you're so smart, you'd better make it so that a not quite gnawed lamb bone appears here!"

"Hey, Bro, finish the conversation, I have all my fur moving from fleas!" Ter growled.

"Now we are stuck with him!" Geist barked angrily. "This is a serious matter, and he rushes with his beauty! Shut up, because we don't have time anymore!"

Paul looked at his watch with big red numbers, glowing on his back leg. A green dot immediately flashed on the dial.

"Well, good talk, our time is over", Paul said angrily and again turned to Rex: "Listen carefully. You have to meet one boy immediately; his name is Khronia. He is on the train right now. It will arrive at the station at midnight. Khronia is homeless too. And then what to do ..."

Suddenly all three figures of dogs started to disappear and melted like a fog in the dim light of the basement.

## **CHAPTER 2**

The meeting

Rex got to the station and hid under an old carriage, that was at a dead end.

"Khronia, Khronia ..." he thought. "How do I have to find him? What if I can't, then what's next? After all, I don't know how to speak humanly! Boy ... I know these boys. As soon as they see the dog they take a stone into a hand and start to scoff ... Or was I seeing this because of hunger?"

The clatter of wheels began to grow from afar. Rex peered out from under the car. The rheumatic station clock showed two minutes to twelve.

A blown old locomotive thundered past Rex and stopped. People started getting out of the train cars.

The last passenger had already jogged out of the station. Rex waited. Soon light, careful steps were heard. The dog cocked his ears.

A light whistle went off. He carefully stuck his head out from behind the wheel and saw in front of him a pile of rags. A disheveled head protruded from it. Two blue eyes just stared at Rex.

"Are you Rex or what?" A pile of rags asked. "Get out, just do not bite!"

"Why would I bite?" Rex suddenly spoke to himself in a human voice and, hesitated being astounded. "H-h-h-ow did I?" he muttered.

"That's right, Rex," the boy said because it was a boy, not a pile of rags. "Come on, come on, it's me, Khronia! Come on, I know one place, it's going to rain again!"

Rex, before regaining consciousness, obediently followed the boy.

They walked through the backyards, went down the dirty stairs, and have found themselves in the old forsaken house.

In the middle of the basement on an overturned box of vodka Kaiser, stood a candle in a chipped cup. Khronia struck a match and lit it. Rex began to look around.

Rags, cardboard boxes, fragments of wooden boxes are strewn around the corners. Khronia threw something on the floor. Rex saw that it was an old woolen blanket in which Khronia had wrapped himself. The boy himself was short of stature, thin, and very dirty. "Do you live here?" Rex asked suddenly. And he froze because he still could not get used to being able to talk like a human.

"No", said Khronia taking off his wet shoes. "Sometimes I stay for a night here when I come to the city. And the basemen I've found in winter yet, as soon as I run away from the boarding school. It's quiet here, nobody comes here so don't be afraid".

"I do not," growled out Rex and lay on the floor.

Suddenly a pile of cardboard in the corner stirred. Rex jumped to his feet and growled. From under the cardboard box slowly came a huge gray moggy with a bald head. Some single hairs were sticking out of it so that it seemed as if he had been clumsily cut. Cat reached out and said, "Don't pull handkerchiefs out of arse, dudes. I'm one of the gang. And my nickname is Rata."

"What a go!" Rex couldn't recover composure. "This one also rattles off in human!"

He has stretched out on the dry floor again, but here the splatter of wings came from the stairs. A large colorful parrot flew into the room. The candle is extinguished by the sharp flap of his wings.

A cat's hiss was heard in the dark, then the noise of a struggle and shouts: "Dumb-he-ad!", "So, that's what you're up to!" "R-r-ruffian!"

When Khronia lit the candle again, Rata was spitting out a feather, and the parrot was sitting on a water pipe almost under the ceiling, fixing its disheveled feathers with its beak.

"What a move!" said the parrot angrily. "R-r-ruffian! I'm from a respectable family! I will not allow it! Who is Rex here?"

"I am," said Rex, who jumped to his feet again as soon as a new guest flew into the room.

"Invite - invited, and why don't you follow the order?!" Cried the parrot. "Maybe I'm not completely homeless yet! Maybe they will find me again! Maybe he's already sorry!"

"Who is sorry?" asked Khronia.

"Who...? The master!" Cried the parrot further. "I didn't deliberately poop on his plate! It just happened! And he! Threw me out from the balcony immediately! Oh! He will still confess! R-r-ruffian! And then there's this one with a shaven head rushes! - and the parrot began to lay down its feathers again."

"Now you tell me!" The cat finally spat out the feathers. "I thought you were a pigeon, man. And what about the master, forget it! If they threw you away, it's forever," and Rata spat angrily on the floor.

## **Criminals from a Parallel World – 2**

### **CHAPTER V**

Dzhokhar. The lost city

An hour of fast walking and city high-rises boxes loomed in front of them. Approaching closer, Khronia stopped in amazement.

The DEAD CITY was in front of them.

Snow lay on roofs, on balconies, in the openings of broken windows, in playgrounds. And it illuminated a lot of empty window frames and the open mouths of front doors.

Scrunched by what they saw, Khronia and Rex searched for the right street for a long time.

Finally, they have found a street nameplate.

"Lenina street", read Khronia picking up his head. "It's here."

The boy took out from the bag's pocket the paper where the address was written. Although he had known the address by heart for a long time.

"The house number is thirty-one, the flat number is twenty-three," he read loudly.

The snow in front of this house was trampled.

Khronia came into the entrance.

On the left, near the front door, two white metal numbers are nailed: 23.

Khronia stood listening. Then he pressed his ear to the door. He felt as if someone was breathing at the door. The fur on Rex's neck tightened, and the dog growled.

"Is there someone?" asked Khronia in a whisper. But Rex had no time to answer. Suddenly, the door opened, and a rifle barrel protruded from the crack.

"Yo! Hands!" said the thick voice.

Rex began to bark furiously. Khronia raised his hands in fright, only the hook continued to sit motionless on Khronia's shoulder.

The door opened wider, and a bearded man in a black knitted hat peered out of it.

Seeing that there was no one behind Khronia, Beard stepped back from the door without lowering his rifle, and ordered Khronia:

"Come in!"

Rex stopped barking and followed Khronia. Beard did not object. He locked the door behind them and led them into the room. He put the rifle next to him and sat down on a chair.

"Well?" he watched the boy with a question.

"Do you live here?" Khronia asked in a trembling voice. "I mean, you always lived here?"

"And?"

Khronia was silent. He lowered his head and stared at the floor.

"Ok," the Beard said. "My name is Dzhokhar. Want some tea?"

Khronia raised his head. The bearded man's eyes warmed, and he no longer seemed so unfriendly.

"I do", Khronia said.

A new friend took Khronia to the kitchen. There was a small iron stove, a potbelly stove. The kettle was heated on it.

Dzhokhar put bread, sugar, and something eatable on the table.

Khronia was overwhelmed by the food and warmth.

Suddenly Dzhokhar stood up and looked carefully out the window. He gripped the rifle, which he never let go, and returned to Khronia:

"Hist!"

Stepping quietly, he went to the door and listened. Now Khronia heard someone's footsteps in the doorway. There was a soft knock on the door.

"Who's there?" Dzhokhar asked.

"Come out Dzhokhar, we need to talk," Khronia heard a seemingly familiar voice.

Dzhokhar hesitated, but still unlocked the door. Khronia and Rex looked out of the kitchen.

Acetone was on the stairs in a black jacket hollow that protruded from the weapon hidden under it. When he spoke again, there was a threat in his voice.

"Well?" Dzhokhar did not hide his dislike.

"Dzhokhar, you and we live in harmony, do we?"

"And so?"

"Give us the boy. We know he is here."

Dzhokhar was silent.

"Dzhokhar," Acetone started again, "we have our business, you have yours. What the hell do you need these conflicts for?"

"No," Dzhokhar said. "Go away!"

"Did you think twice?"

"I did."

Then Chmak jumped out from behind Acetone. He shouted, pointing at Khronia:

"There he is, I see him!"

And suddenly Dzhokhar did something unexpected, he swung his heavy military boot and gave Chmak such a kick that he flew out of the entrance and buried himself in a snowdrift, spluttering. And then Dzhokhar with all his might slammed the door in front of the dumbfounded Acetone's nose.

"Hey, Chechnya!" He shouted at the closed door. «You'll still regret it!»

He walked outdoors, looking over and over at Dzhokhar's window. And Dzhokhar stood and looked at him while he turns the corner. Then he turned away from the window and looked at Khronia:

"Do you know how to shoot?"

"N-n-no."

"We have to leave."

Dzhokhar put some things into his bag, took the rifle, and waved Khronia to follow him. In the room that looked out onto the opposite side of the house, he carefully opened the window, looked around, and jumped out into the snow. Khronia and Rex jumped out after him. But before they had time to take two steps, Chmak appeared from around the corner. Seeing the fugitives, he slipped back, shouting with might and main:

"Running! Running! They are running away!"

Gagich, who remained to watch Dzhokhar, ran to his cry. Chmack jumped in front of him without closing his mouth.

"That, damn it, don't get underfoot!" Gagich roared.

And Chmak got a good kick for the second time, even whistled behind him. He escaped from the snowdrift, stroked his thin hair, which was wet from the melted snow, and said to himself because Gagich and the fugitives were no longer visible and could be seen:

"Both these and those kick. So to say, have to find the third side."

He scratched the sore spot and disappeared into the snowdrift.

Meanwhile, Gagich ran after the fugitives and at the same time shouted into his cell phone:

"Boss, they're running away, what should I do? What to do?"

Having received, apparently, some order, he hid his mobile phone and pulled out a short barrel instead.

Dzhokhar fled through the courtyards, finding some passages and manholes known only to him. But, apparently, the gang also knew the city well. Because soon Khronia heard a car stop near them.

"Almost there", said Dzhokhar.

They ran to a pile of broken reinforced concrete slabs. Dzhokhar pushed a piece of the slab with an effort, and Khronia saw a hole leading somewhere down.

"Hurry up!" ordered Dzhokhar.

Rex jumped into the hole first. Khronia waited for a second because he noticed he didn't see the raven anywhere.

Suddenly something pushed him painfully in the leg over the knee. Khronia bent down and saw a dark spot spreading on his pants. Almost at the same moment, the second shot sounded.

Dzhokhar fell into the snow and also started shooting. Khronia jumped into the hole. He felt a piercing pain in his leg, and the boy lost consciousness.

## **CHAPTER 5**

### **JOHAR. THE DESERTED CITY**

After about an hour of sharp walk, they saw the boxes of the city blocks. After having taken a few steps closer, Chronia stopped, clearly surprised.

He stood on the edge of THE DEAD CITY.

Snow covered the roofs, the balconies, the frames of the blind windows, the playgrounds. It gave the only rays of light illuminating the black depth of the bare window frames and the

gaping mouths of the porches.

Shocked by what they saw, Chronia and Rex were searching for the right street for a long time. Finally, they found a nameplate.

«Lenin Street,» Chronia read, looking up, “it’s here.”

The boy pulled a piece of paper with the address written on it from his backpack pocket.

Though he had remembered that address a long time ago.

«House thirty-one, apartment twenty-three,» he read loudly.

The snow was firmly packed near the house.

Chronia entered the house. On the left to the front door, he saw two white metal figures: 23.

Chronia stood listening closely. Then he pressed his ear to the door. He seemingly heard someone breathing behind it. The fur on Rex’s withers bristled, and the dog growled.

«Is anyone there?» Chronia asked in a whisper. But Rex did not have time to answer. The door suddenly opened, and a shotgun barrel pushed from the gap.

«Hands off!» said a husky voice.

Rex began to bark angrily. Chronia raised his hands in fright, only the crow continued to sit still on Chronia’s shoulder.

The door opened wider, and a bearded man in a black knitted hat pulled down over his eyes, peered out.

Seeing no one behind Chronia, the bearded man stepped back holding his shotgun, and ordered Chronia:

«Come in!»

Rex stopped barking and followed Chronia. The bearded man did not object. He locked the door behind them and showed them in the room. He put the shotgun next to him and sat down on a chair.

«So?» he looked at the boy questionably.

«Do you live here?» Chronia asked in a trembling voice, «that is, have you always lived here?»

«So?»

Chronia kept silence. He lowered his head and stared at the floor.

«All right,» said the bearded man, «my name is Johar. Do you want tea?»

Chronia raised his head. The bearded man’s eyes warmed, and he no longer seemed so unfriendly.

«Yes,» Chronia said.

A new acquaint took Chronia to the kitchen. There was a small iron stove - a potbelly. The kettle was being heated on it.

Johar laid out bread, sugar, and something else edible on the table.

Thanks to food and heat Chronia relaxed.

Suddenly Johar stood up and looked carefully out the window. He gripped the rifle, which he did not let go of all the time, and turned to Chronia:

«Ts-s-s!»

Stepping quietly, he went to the door and listened. Now Chronia heard someone’s footsteps in the doorway. There was a soft knock on the door.

«Who is that?» Johar asked.

«Johar, come out, we need to talk» Chronia heard a familiar voice.

After a moment of hesitation, Johar unlocked the door. Chronia and Rex looked out of the kitchen.

Acetone stood on the stairs. He was wearing a black «puffy» jacket, the gun was hidden under it. When he spoke again, a threat was in his voice.

“So?” Johar did not hide his hostility.

«Johar, you and I, we get along well, right?»

«So?»

«Give me that boy. We know he's here»

Johar was silent.

«Johar,» Acetone began again, «we have our own business, and you have your own. No need to start a fight, eh?»

«No,» said Johar, «leave.»

“Did you even think?»

«Yes.»

Chmak jumped from behind Acetone. He shouted, pointing to Chronia: «There he is, I see him!» And suddenly Johar did the unexpected thing: with his heavy military boot he gave Chmak such a kick that he flew out of the porch and buried himself in a pile of crackling snow.

And then Johar slammed the door with all his might in front of the nose of stunned Acetone.

«Hey, Chechnya!» he shouted at the closed door, «you'll regret it!»

He walked into the courtyard, looking back at Johar's window over and over again. And Johar stood and looked at him until he disappeared behind the corner. Then he turned away from the window and looked at Chronia:

«Can you shoot?»

«N-n-no.»

«We need to leave.»

Johar put some things in his bag, took a shotgun, and waved Chronia to follow. In the room, facing the opposite side of the house, he carefully opened the window, looked around, and then jumped in the snow. Chronia and Rex jumped after him. But they didn't have time to take two steps when Chmak came out of the corner. Seeing the runaways, he slipped back, shouting with all his might:

«Away! Away! They are getting away!»

Hearing his lament, ran Gagich, who remained to watch Johar. Chmak jumped in front of him, not covering his paws.

«Oh blankety-blank, stay out of the way!» Gagich roared. And Chmak got a good kicker for the second time so that the whistle was heard.

He broke out of the snowdrift, smoothed his thin hair, which was wet from the melted snow, and said to himself because Gagich and the runaways were no longer around: “These kick and those also kick. I need, so to speak, to look for a third party.”

He scratched the sore spot and disappeared into the snowdrifts.

Meanwhile, Gagich was chasing the runaways, shouting into his cell phone at the same time:

“Boss, they are running away, what should I do? What should I do, boss?»

He, clearly, has got some instructions then hid a mobile phone and instead of it pulled a short gun. Johar ran through the yards, finding passages and manholes that were known only to him. But, apparently, the gang was familiar with the city corners as well. Soon Chronia heard that the car stopped near them.

«It's not too far,» said Johar.

They ran to a pile of broken concrete slabs. Johar pushed back a piece of the slab with an effort, and Chronia saw a manhole leading down.

«Faster!» said Johar. Rex jumped into the hole first. Chronia lingered because he noticed that there was no crow anywhere. Suddenly something painfully pushed his leg above the knee.

Chronia leaned over and saw a dark spot on his pants. Almost at the same moment, the second shot sounded. Johar fell on the snow and also started shooting. Chronia jumped into the hole. A sharp pain hit him in the leg and he fainted.



## Vyiko Yoi I Strashna Velyka Kuka (Uncle Yoi and Awful Big Kuka)

### PART 1

There was a Scenzen in a small town near a mountain. Scenzen is an open-air museum. Lots of old houses are collected there. An old tavern, school, carrousel and wooden church are in the Scenzen too.

If you climb on the bell tower of the church, you can see the whole town. You also can see a river that crosses the town in two parts.

Seven friends lived in the Scenzen: Vuiko\* Yoi\*, Cricket Lyshynia, Mole Stepanovych, Little Mouse, Which Did Not Want to Grow-Up, little frogs Kusia and Kasia, and Rocaussel.

Rocaussel got into Scenzen from a far-far away country named Denmark. Professor Jensen brought him in his pocket.

Vuiko Yoi got into Scenzen with his house. At first, his little house was situated on the forest lawn. It stayed there for 200 years! Vuiko Yoi constantly lived there. But then people on iron monsters came to the lawn. They dismantled the little house and brought it to the Scenzen museum. And Vuiko went with it as he could not stay in the lawn without his little house! The little house was put together in the museum and Vuiko Yoi settled down. It turned out that in Scenzen also lived his old friend Cricket Lyshynia.

And then his friends from the forest lawn came to Vuiko Yoi: Mole Stepanovych, Little Mouse, Which Did Not Want to Grow-Up, little frogs Kusia and Kasia. They came because they could not live without the fairytales that Vuiko Yoi always told them.

When they gathered together they started to live an old life in a new place.

Rocaussel stayed on carrousel days and nights. He looked after everything to make it work. As soon as something started creaking he put special magical grease. That is why the carrousel functioned so well. And Rocaussel "ties words in a knot" as Vuiko Yoi said. It means that Rocaussel couldn't pronounce words right especially when he was worried or in hurry.

Cricket Lyshynia was a famous violinist. He used to play the violin every day for the guests of the Scenzen. And his fame spread all around the world because a lot of children and adults visited Scenzen for excursions.

Vuiko Yoi had to look after everything in the small village: after Rocaussel, Lyschynia, little frogs Kusia and Kasia.

\*Vuiko is a dialect word that means uncle in western part of Ukraine; \*Yoi is exclamation that is inherent in western part of Ukraine.

And after Little Mouse, Which Did Not Want to Grow-Up. However, it had already grown up and became a real Mouse.

This whole society every time invented some reasons to break Vuiko Yoi's quiet life. That is how Vuiko Yoi said every time. He mumbled all the time: Yoi, they all have awfully annoyed me!

When they were too annoying then Vuiko Yoi became invisible. And he hid in only known by him parts of the Scanzen.

Yes, he really was able to be invisible, but not as a whole. His big toes did not want to be invisible. Every time as the uncle was invisible his huge toe on his left or right foot stared to the world.

Vuiko Yoi was barefoot all his life!

That is why Vuiko Yoi was angry for his toes and was swearing. And when he was angry he became red, stomped with his feet, and even spat.

Just like that:

Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

## **PART 2**

During the new dwelling, Rocausel presented him socks. These were wonderful socks in a blue strip!

From that time Vuiko Yoi was seldom angry with his toes. Because when they annoyed him he quickly put socks on. However, the socks could not be invisible as his shirt and kresania (\*Hutsul hat). But when Yoi was visible he did not see his naughty big toes because they were covered with socks. Vuiko Yoi was very happy.

We must mention that if any of his friends disappeared he would be the most miserable Vuiko Yoi in the whole world.

Because he loved his friends more than anything. However, he never told them that.

Only Mole Stepanovych didn't make any inconveniences. He made his tunnels under the soil. He visited him only in the evening to listen to the story.

Before now only Vuiko Yoi told fairytales.

But since Rocausel has come to the scanzen the number of the storytellers doubled.

Rocausel knew lots of fairytales.

Voiko Yoi told fairytales about well-known things, about animals, who lived in a forest, about trees and flowers.

Roucassel told about unseen miracles. He told about strange animals and wonderful fairy creatures which lived on Earth, in the sea and probably in his head.

He knew millions of stories. So Lyshynia thought about him.

He said:

"This Socker (he gave such a nickname to Rocausel because he liked wearing socks) knows a million of fairytales about million things in the world. Let's just try and tell him any word and he will tell a fairytale about it! But there must be something that he completely does not know about!"

## **PART 3**

Lyshynia once argued with the Little Mouse, Which Did Not Want to Grow-Up.

Lyshynia said that he will invent something that Roucassel won't have a fairytale to tell.

"You won't invent anything!" – said Mouse.

"I will!" – said Lyshynia

"No, you won't!"

"Then let's bet!" –said Lyshynia with anger.

"How should we bet? Where can we bet?" – wondered Mouse, that never did so.

"Not where but what! You, darkness!" – said Lyshynia. That means let's try our luck!

"Try our luck? No, I won't to try luck. It can be unpleasant!" – Mouse pet his own head. He decided that he will try his luck with his head.

"Ugh!" – said Lyshynia and pretended that he wiped the sweat from his brow.



"I will explain everything. It is easy. We will agree that if I invite something that the Socker does not have a fairytale to tell – I am a winner! And you must give me something!"  
"Give you something? But I don't have anything! Would you like a pair of dried strawberries?"  
"I don't need your strawberries!" – pulled his face Lyshynia. He thought for a while and said –  
"then you will be my com-pe-re!"  
"Com-fe-opps! Is that painful?" – Little Mouse, Which Did Not Want to Grow-Up asked already frightened  
"I say you are darkness!" – Lyshynia rolled his eyes and explained with arrogance: you will announce works during my concerts where I will play! Just imagine: the stage, fans, flowers, and fame!  
A mouse was indifferent to the fame, flowers, and fans. Besides, it did not know what it means. But it was too late to step back.  
"What if I win?" – it asked.  
Lyshynia did not even think about such an opportunity and said:  
"I will conform to any condition!"  
"Fine!" – confirmed the Mouse.  
They both went to Vuiko Yoi to witness their agreement.  
It took a long time to explain Vuiko what means to fight and to bet. Till he finally said: Yoi, blast you! Try your luck or whatever you want! But don't harm your heads!

#### **PART 4**

Three days long Lyshynia did not play the violin. He just lay behind the oven or near the pond and thought.  
He thought: what if I figure out some wild thing or monster? Could Roucassel know a fairytale about it? It can't be!  
Finally, in the evening when everyone gathered near porch of Yoi's house to listen a fairytale before going to sleep, Lyshynia suddenly said:  
Hey, Socker, tell us a fairytale about Awful Huge Kuku!  
What? Wondered Kasia, Kusia, Mole Stepanovych and the Little Mouse, Which Did Not Want to Grow-Up. Who has ever heard about Awful Huge Kuku? There isn't any in the world and in any fairytales! Even abroad!  
However, Roucassel tenderly smiled and began to tell...  
A fairytale about Awful Huge Kuku  
"There used to be a small house in a small town.  
Once above it gathered several black clouds.  
They stayed without moving and then a strong rain started.  
The thunderstorm began.  
Thunder began to rumble.  
Lightning  
began to light  
It was dark outside like in the night.  
A lady closed windows to prevent wind come into the house.  
That is why she did not mention as on the bright lightning as on the skating rink Awful Huge Kuku landed on the roof.  
She shook off as a dog and slipped into chimney that was on the roof.  
At the same time the clouds cleared and the sun began to shine.  
The thunderstorm ended.  
But from that time strange things began to happen in the house..."  
And suddenly Roucassel was interrupted.

## **PART 5**

Who did not give a chance to Roucassel to tell the story about Awful Huge Kuku till the end?

It was magpie Viterenchyha (\*comes from Ukrainian word "viter" that means wind). They called her so because she always knew from what side will come the wind. It was very important for her. As all news that she distributed in Scanzen were brought by a wind.

This time the wind also brought her some news. Very bad news. Such kind of news needed immediate interference of all citizen of the Scanzen.

Magpie got to know that a ginger cat who lived in the cellar of an old castle invented a bad deal. He decided to steal eggs from swallows' nests.

The castle was situated near the Scanzen. And the ginger cat for a long time looked at sweet bird nests where birds already sat on eggs.

This bandit was well-known. He wandered all around the castle. He got into any kitchen and stole everything that he could with his paws: sausages, meat, chicken, and pies with cheese.

Once he stole just 2 meters of fresh sausages that a lady brought from a supermarket. And she chased him with rolling pin but could not catch him!

And no one could catch him during his misdeeds. Because he was very careful and cunning!

That is why the magpie Viterenchyha landed on the pear tree and began to cry:

Trouble! Trouble!

When friends heard awful news they forgot about fairytales. What kind of fairytales could be here, if your friend was in trouble!

Swallows had neighbors – a pair of turtledoves.

They came here with Vuiko Yoi from his forest lawn! Yes, they found Yoi and built a new nest on the tree near an old wooden church that was situated near Scanzen.

That means that Voiko Yoi was responsible for them – as he always told – with his big toes.





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