GRIGORY OSTER
2020 H.C. Andersen Award Nominee from Russia
• SHORT BIOGRAPHY .................................................................................................................. 3
• STATEMENT OF CONTRIBUTIONS ....................................................................................... 4
• APPRECIATIVE LETTER .......................................................................................................... 6
• AWARDS AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS ..................................................................................... 7
• 10 IMPORTANT TITLES ............................................................................................................. 9
  5 BOOKS SUBMITTED TO THE JURY .................................................................................. 10
  5 BOOKS NOT SUBMITTED TO THE JURY .......................................................................... 50
• PUBLISHED TRANSLATIONS ..................................................................................................... 57
• COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY .................................................................................................... 63
Grigory Oster was born in the Soviet Union in 1947, a time when the country was ruled by Joseph Stalin—one of the most vicious tyrants known to history. In this era of totalitarianism and the cult of personality, almost every aspect of public and private life, even for a child, was steeped in ideological propaganda.

A year after Grigory was born, his parents moved, taking Grigory from Odessa to Yalta, a small resort city in the south of Crimea. From early childhood, Grigory was an avid reader. He was an only child and spent a substantial part of his boyhood in a local library, where his mother worked as a librarian. He describes the role that books played in his childhood as “providing shelter, a safe place, into which no adult can follow you.”

Soon, however, Grigory became old enough to recognize that in the Soviet world surrounding him, many books played an entirely different role. “Through relentless censorship and negative reinforcement, the Communist party managed to weaponize literature and storytelling itself to create a deformed version of reality. An all-encompassing, ideologically perverse narrative that was so omnipresent and inescapable that it almost took a madman to doubt it” is how Grigory describes Soviet literature of that era.

Despite the suffocating political climate, Grigory’s love of literature drove him to pursue writing early on. Before the age of eighteen, he was already known in his town as a poet and lyricist. His first works were intended for adult audiences and, due to their critical and politically unfiltered nature, could never be published in the Soviet Union and reached their readers only in the form of samizdat.

After completing his high school education, Grigory was drafted to the Soviet Navy. He served three years in the northern city of Severomorsk, beyond the Arctic Circle. It was during his time as a sailor that he decided to dedicate his career to writing for children.

Grigory himself explains that decision almost as an inevitability: “The Navy was a microcosm of Soviet life on the whole. People were forced into a system where individuality itself was a punishable offense. People learned early on to conform by shedding their features, hewing themselves into a group identity. These survival skills are impossible to unlearn. And even if it wasn’t too late to alter their worldview, adult readers were unreachable because of state censorship. Of course, books for children were censored just as heavily, but the people doing the censoring were not always smart enough to recognize the seeds of independent thought and self-expression that talented writers were able to smuggle in between the lines. Publishing an ideologically unbiased book for adults was out of the question. But if you were clever enough and abstract enough, you could sometimes get a good children’s book published. This circumstance forced some of the most gifted poets and writers of the Soviet Union to write for children. It was really the only option.”

Grigory’s first book for children, “The Joy of Giving,” was published in 1975. The book is a collection of short stories, which Grigory soon adopted into a series of wildly successful cartoons. He went on to write many more books, cartoons, and plays in the next decade and a half. But his true literary fame came only after the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991, when privately owned publishers were at last able to release books with no censorship. From then on, Grigory Oster rapidly became a household name. Copies of his books have been printed in the tens of millions and translated into more than a dozen languages. Given the enormous volume of Grigory’s literary contributions in the form of novels, poems, plays, and cartoon scripts, it is safe to say that most speakers of Russian alive today are familiar with his work.

Since the beginning of his career, Grigory has published over 300 children’s books (over 1000 including reprints). Throughout the years, his work has been dedicated to providing children with the critical skills necessary to stand up to all forms of indoctrination. His entire body of work is, perhaps, best characterized by the statement that Grigory has repeated countless times in interviews: “Obedient children grow up to become obedient adults. When too many obedient adults are gathered in the same place, terrible things happen.”
Grigory Oster has been writing for children for almost half a century now, and in that time he has contributed greatly to a wide variety of genres and media.

The readers’ unwavering interest in Grigory’s work is self-evident: More than 30 million copies of his books have been printed over the years. But the true breadth and significance of his contribution to Russian culture and literary tradition cannot be illustrated with numbers alone.

Grigory’s writing style is characterized by a unique and recognizable sense of playful irreverence. Having spent his own childhood and youth in a political environment rife with propaganda, Grigory believes that the only way to protect young readers from the dangers of indoctrination is through encouraging free critical thought. He teaches his readers to view life from an independent perspective and to draw their own unbiased opinions about the world around them.

In his work, children are invited to question existing conventions on every possible level of abstraction. This begins in his use of language, where familiar words and commonly used phrases are often deconstructed to take on new and unexpected meanings. The same happens on a larger thematic scale: familiar relationships and social patterns are presented in thought-provokingly unexpected ways. An excellent example of this is Grigory’s latest book, “Back to the Kids’ Table” where the relationship between children and their parents is completely reversed. In the same spirit of playful subversion, Grigory reevaluates traditional genre conventions and established literary forms. Many of his books are humorously “shaped” into formats not traditionally associated with children’s literature—ranging from textbooks like “Eating Candy: A Manual” and “A Comprehensive Guide to Grownups and Their Uses,” to dictionaries like “The Children’s Dream Interpretation Dictionary,” to questionnaires, like “40 Questions for Your Worst Enemy.”

Grigory’s most influential experiment with unusual formats was published in 1991 under the title “A Book of Bad Advice.” The book consists of humorous free verse poems “disguised” as deeply misguided dangerous and harmful life advice for children. The ironic use of a didactic voice served as a parody of the preachy and moralistic advice books abundant during the Soviet era. This, coupled with a dark and subversive humor, resonated so very well with Russian readers that the book gave birth to an entire new genre. In the years since the term and format were created by Grigory, bad advice poems have ascended into a form of folk art. Tens of thousands of people of all ages and occupations have written their own bad advice poems to be published online and by presses. Among contemporary speakers of Russian, bad advice poems are about as recognizable
and widely used today as limericks are in English-speaking countries.

Grigory never talks down to his readers. He trusts in their ability to understand irony and think for themselves. His unwillingness to adhere to a traditional patronizing manner of communicating with children allows him to establish a relationship of mutual trust with each new generation of readers. One might describe his literary persona as that of an undercover child—the young readers’ honest informer about the world of grown-ups, capable of exposing the hypocrisy and the double standards to which adults are so often prone.

In the preface to his 1992 “Math Problems”—a book of satirical and sometimes absurd math problems for students—Grigory writes, “I have called this book ‘Math Problems’ on purpose, so that you can read it in class without having to hide it from your teacher. If the teacher tries to give you a hard time about it, all you need to say is ‘The Ministry of Education has officially approved this book as a teaching aid.’” The book was, in fact, approved by the Ministry of Education and recommended for use as part of the national school curriculum. The same is true of a number of other books by Grigory.

Scholars of literature and developmental psychology recognize Grigory’s body of work as a highly influential cultural phenomenon. Many research articles have been written about his approach to education and parenting. Grigory is the only children’s author to be included in Mikhael N. Epstein’s “Russian Postmodernism: New Perspectives on Post-Soviet Culture.” Other literary scholars have described Grigory’s “Bedtime Story with Additional Details” as the original hypertext in Russian children’s literature. This complex and unique book presents its many storylines in a completely nonlinear fashion. It moves fluidly between multiple narratives and metanarratives occurring at different speeds along the same timeline. Hypertextuality is much more common today, when most stories are consumed through digital media, but this book came out in 1989, years before the general public in Russia was familiar with any form of digital storytelling.

In addition to having published over 300 books for children, Grigory has enjoyed enormous success as a screenwriter and playwright. His plays have been performed in hundreds of theaters across Russia, and some have remained in their respective theater’s repertoire for decades. A live musical rendition of Grigory’s “A Book of Bad Advice” is still running in Moscow after over 800 performances.

Grigory’s cartoons, which are all based on his books and which were adopted into screenplays by Grigory himself, have achieved a similarly impressive level of recognition. To give just one example, “Preschooler Monkeys,” a cartoon adopted from the aforementioned “Bedtime Story with Additional Details” has gathered over 150 million views online. Characters from Grigory’s cartoons can be found in every Russian city: painted on the walls of nurseries and elementary schools, carried by children as toys, printed on their clothing, backpacks, and occasionally on their parents: the “Kitten named Woof” is a popular offering at Russian tattoo parlors.

Because of his vast and varied body of work, unique writing style, and deep underlying respect for the independence of young readers, Grigory is considered by many to be the most prominent living children’s author in Russia. Over the course of his long and prolific career, Grigory has done a great deal to modernize Russian children’s literature and to promote free thought among multiple generations of readers.
It gives me great pleasure to recommend Grigory Oster for the Hans Christian Andersen award. Grigory’s contribution to literature is unique. No other children’s author before him has managed to convey as much wisdom through the absurd and to use laughter as so powerful a developmental tool. The Russian Ministry of Education has included Grigory’s books as part of the core reading curriculum—an honor rarely achieved within an author’s lifetime. There is a vast difference between fiction and a lie. Grigory’s fiction is never untrue: it acts as a protective spell, shielding children from those who would lie to them.

Any Russian writer can tell you that Grigory’s literary achievements are outstanding. But how does one illustrate the status of a truly exceptional author? For his work, Grigory has been awarded the State Prize, which is described officially as the highest level of recognition an artist can receive in Russia. Among us writers, however, there exists a reward far more precious than any order signed by a president—and that reward is the love of one’s readers. I can think of no author in Russian children’s literature more universally beloved by readers than Grigory. Millions of Russians grew up reading Grigory’s books, and people of all ages know his poems by heart.

_Ludmila Ulitskaya_

*(winner of numerous International and Russian literary awards)*
AWARDS AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS

1975. The «Crystal Cup» prize at the Zagreb Film Festival; awarded in Riga for the animated movie, based on Mr. Oster’s script and his book «38 Parrots»

1977. First prize at the International Film Festival in Portugal for the animated movie, based on Mr. Oster’s script and his book «Python Granny»

1978. Award of The National Film Festival in Ashgabat for the animated film, based on Mr. Oster’s script and his book «38 Parrots. What If.»

1983. Award for «Best Animated Film» at The XIV International Film Festival in Tampere (Finland) for the animated film, based on Mr. Oster’s script and his book «Garland of Kids»

1987. Award for «Best Animated Film» in Varna (Bulgaria) for the animated film, based on Mr. Oster’s script and his book «A Man with Childish Accent»

1996 . . . . . . . Winner of the National Contest of Child Reader’s Appreciation «The Golden Key»


2007 . . . . . . . Mr. Oster was awarded the title «Merited Artist of the Russian Federation» for his achievements in children’s literature

2012 . . . . . . . National Chukovsky Literary Prize for «Outstanding creative achievements in the national children’s literature»

2013 . . . . . . . Winner of the literary award «Runet Prize»: experts’ choice in the «Children’s Literature» category for the book «The Rights of the Cub»
10 IMPORTANT TITLES
1. 38 попугаев / 38 Parrots
Ill Elena Zapesochnaya / Moscow, AST, Malysh, 2017 ISBN 978-5-17-101545-9

2. Сказка с подробностями / A Bedtime Story with Additional Details
Ill Nikolai Vorontsov / Moscow, AST, Malysh, 2017 / ISBN 978-5-17-105092-4

3. Задачник / Math Problems
Ill Ekaterina Vaschinskaya / Moscow, AST, Malysh, 2017 / ISBN 978-5-17-091576-7

4. Петька-микроб / Peter the Germ

5. Дети и Эти / Back to The Kids’ Table
Ill Nikolai Vorontsov / Moscow, AST, Malysh, 2013 / ISBN 978-5-17-080162-6
Сказка
с подробностями / A Bedtime Story with Additional Details
Ill Nikolai Vorontsov/ Moscow, AST, Malysh, 2017/
ISBN 978-5-17-105092-4

Alternative covers:
Annotation

The book begins in an amusement park, where a group of wooden horses revolve on a carousel. After a long day of spinning around, the horses ask the park manager to tell them a bedtime story. The manager agrees, but warns the horses that, because he had already told them almost all of the stories he knew, this next one is going to have to be his last. The manager proceeds to tell his story but, just before the story is brought to its logical conclusion, Ravioli - the slyest of the wooden horses - interrupts him. She insightfully predicts the imminent ending and asks the manager to elaborate on some of the episodic characters in the short story. The manager agrees and what began as a short and straightforward tale turns into a seemingly endless extended universe. Each new detail that the manager reveals results in more and more characters being introduced. The horses keep interrupting him throughout the book, prompting the narrative to expand even further. Before long, the storylines begin affecting each other, unexpected connections emerge between the characters and events narrated by the manager.

The result is an intricate fabric of interwoven storylines, framed by the meta-narrative of the horses’ commentary and questions. Input from different horses affects the manager’s narration in different ways: Ravioli, for example, is manipulative and aware of genre tropes, while Berry and Cherry are skittish and will occasionally request that the manager skip events that they find too scary.

One important consequence of this unique structure is that, as the manager’s story shifts focus from one detail to the next, many supporting characters get to become protagonists. Because of this, the readers are presented with a great variety of diverse perspectives. The same event can be described at multiple points in the story - first, as it is perceived by a mouse, then from the point of view of a human child and then again through the eyes of a passing goat.

Review

This book is based on a wonderful concept: stories need not have a natural end. Any short fairytale has the potential of expanding into a boundless world, if we give enough attention to the tiny details that comprise it. This idea is a truly inspiring idea that forever changed the way you perceive traditional storytelling. After reading the book, you will find yourself trying to apply the same principle to all sorts of classic stories. “What else happened there? What happened to those other characters that were only mentioned in passing? What was the mother of Little Red Riding Hood doing, while her daughter was walking through the woods? What was the sleeping beauty dreaming about?” My children and I are awed by the beauty and ingenuity of the “Bedtime Story”. We have read it at least ten times already.

Sveta Ben for Afisha Daily
The First Chapter

At the very center of an amusement park stood a merry-go-round with colorful wooden horses. There were seven horses in all and their names were Mary, Cherry, Berry, Dory, Nory, Glory, and Ravioli.

During the day, the horses would spin around in a circle to the sounds of music and laughing children. It was a lot of fun. But then evening would come and the children went home. The park manager would stop by to shut off the electric engine and then the horses would immediately get bored.

“What are we supposed to do now?” they asked. “What now?”

“Now you sleep,” the manager said.

“We can’t sleep,” Ravioli said slyly. “We’ve been going around in a circle all day long. It’s hard to settle down after all that spinning. It would probably help, though, if you told us a bedtime story.”

In response, the manager would usually sigh, take a look at his watch and oblige. But one night, he said:

“My dear horses, I’m sorry to tell you this, but I have some sad news.”

“Don’t be sorry to tell us,” Ravioli said, frowning. “Sad news sometimes gets better when you tell it.

What happened? Were you fired from the park?”

“I wasn’t fired. But soon I won’t be able to tell you any more bedtime stories. I have told you almost every story I know. Except one.”

“Just one… the very last one…” the horses murmured. “Oh, no!”

“It’s all right,” said Ravioli. “It’s a whole entire story. Complete with a beginning, a middle, and an end. Let’s hear it.”

“Well, then,” the manager started. “Listen up.”
Excerpt 1

The Last Chapter

There once was a little boy named Kevin. His mom took him to the zoo and, when they got there, Kevin saw an ice cream truck and demanded to have some ice cream. But his mom said he couldn’t have any. She said:

“No. You’ve already had ice cream today. If you have more, it will ruin your appetite for lunch.”

Kevin disagreed. He threw himself down on the ground and started thrashing his arms and legs.

“I don’t care if my appetite is ruined!” he screamed, “My whole life is ruined anyway! I don’t want to have lunch! I will never have lunch with you ever! Even when you’re old and lonely and have no one else in the whole world to have lunch with!”

Nearby, a little old lady was feeding homegrown lettuce to the rhinos. She was a great gardener and had a special permit for feeding the zoo animals. When she heard Kevin’s screaming, she said:

“I have never heard anyone be so rude to their own mother! I have half a mind to go and fetch a policeman!”

“You do that! Go get a policeman!” Kevin yelled. He was so angry now he didn’t even know what he was saying. “I will push your policeman and kick him and step on his nose!”

It so happened that there was a young policeman walking by at that very moment. He stopped and said:

“That doesn’t sound very nice at all. Instead of stepping on my nose, wouldn’t you rather apologize to your mom?”

“I will never apologize to my mom!” Kevin shouted. “Never! I will go away and live with fun people who have ice cream for every meal!”

The other visitors at the zoo all thought that Kevin was being very unreasonable.

“That boy is being very unreasonable,” they said to one another. “He sounds much too dramatic.”

“No, you are all too dramatic!” Kevin shrieked. “Just you wait until there is an earthquake
with a fire and a flood! See if I care when your houses all burn down with the sofas and the roofs and stuff! Because I won’t care! I won’t help! I will stand there laughing at you!”

“Take a good look at that little boy over there,” an elephant said to her baby elephant son, “And try never to behave like him.”

“Poor little kid,” said a mama monkey holding an armful of monkey children. “He’s turning orange with foolishness.”

Kevin turned purple with rage.

“Stupid zoo animals!” he screamed. “You stink! I hope a hunter comes and shoots you all full of holes!”

“See,” the elephant said to her son, “That’s how far anger can push you, if you listen to anger.”

“That’s it!” Kevin shouted. “I’m leaving forever! See how you all like it without me!”

And Kevin ran off. He ran out of the zoo and then ran all the way out of the city. He went to a place where there was nothing but sand. When he got there, he sat down and started poking at the sand with his finger. That was all he did for a while. What else could he do? It got darker and then night came.

“Leave my sand alone,” a voice said calmly to Kevin.

“Who’s talking?” Kevin asked, startled.

“It’s the Earth. The planet you live on.”

“Oh, right!” Kevin remembered. “You’re a big ball. You spin around the sun.”

“Don’t you worry about how I spin,” said the Earth. “You should worry about your own spinning. Spinning out of control. You’ve said many hurtful things. You need to learn to stop yourself.”

“You stop yourself!” Kevin yelled, “Stop yourself and I will get off right here.”

“By all means,” said the Earth. And then carefully, so as not to disturb the things standing and growing and living on it, the Earth stopped.

“I don’t need you! I don’t need anyone!” Kevin said, and jumped off the planet.

“Goodbye, little boy,” the Earth said, just as calmly as ever, and floated away blue and majestic, covered in soft warm clouds.

Kevin was hanging in the dark, possibly upside-down. When the Earth floated away, it took its gravity with it, and without gravity one can never be sure which way is up.

“Oh, no,” Kevin thought in the dark. “What will happen to me now? How am I so alone?”

Kevin was afraid.

“Mom?” He started whispering into the void of space. “Mommy!”

And then he cried. And then he called out as loudly as he could, “Mommy! I’m sorry!”

“Wait a second!” Ravioli interrupted the manager, “Kevin’s mom is about to fly in on some sort of a rocket, forgive Kevin and take him home, right?”

“That’s exactly right,” said the manager. “How did you know?”

“Moms are very forgiving,” Ravioli said with a sigh. “That’s how these things usually play out. But this is your last story. Before you tell us the ending, I feel like there were a few details there that we sort of glossed over.”

“I thought I told it very thoroughly.”

“We can always be a little more thorough. Take, for instance, the little old lady and the young policeman. I don’t think you ever told us their names.”
“The little old lady was called Jillian and the policeman’s name was Jake,” the manager said with a smile.

“Jill and Jake then, huh? That’s a great pair of names,” Ravioli said quickly and gave the manager a sly look. “Did they, perhaps, run into each other at the zoo and become friends after Kevin ran off?”

The manager looked at Ravioli with wonderment.

“Ravioli,” he said, “You are one terribly clever horse, aren’t you?”

“Not terribly clever, no,” Ravioli said, “Excellently clever. Did they become friends then?”

“Fair enough,” the manager said with a sigh, “They did become friends.”

**Additional Details 1:**

About the little old lady, the policeman, a goat, a bronze poet, and explosive lettuce.

After Kevin ran off from the zoo, the little old lady and the policeman struck up a conversation. They quickly discovered that they had quite a few things in common. One of those things was a common acquaintance, the famous poet Crosswordsworth. To be exact, neither of them knew the poet personally, but they were both well acquainted with a big statue of him. Jillian and Jake thought that Mr. Crosswordsworth lived a long time ago. They were wrong. Mr. Crosswordsworth lived right now. His statue was erected during his lifetime. At some point his readers got together and said:

“It’s been a little while since Mr. Crosswordsworth has written any new poems. We feel like we’re beginning to forget him. Let’s put up a statue just in case.” And they did.

Jillian saw the big bronze statue every day from her living room windows, but only from the back. Jake, on the other hand, would usually see Mr. Crosswordsworth face to face, because the statue’s nose pointed directly at the police headquarters building.

Their other mutual acquaintance was Matthew, a crooked goat with crooked horns. Jillian knew Matthew through their shared interest in lettuce. One of Jillian’s favorite hobbies was growing lettuce in her garden and one of Matthew’s favorite hobbies was stealing lettuce from Jillian’s garden.

Jake knew the goat in more of a professional capacity. As a policeman, Jake often had to chase after Matthew, because the goat’s second favorite hobby was being a public nuisance. The chases were very exciting. First, Matthew would commit some sort of a petty crime. Then, someone would call the police, and the police would dispatch Jake on a special police motorcycle with a sidecar.

As soon as Matthew saw Jake, the goat would make a break for it, get on the nearest highway and accelerate to a very respectable speed. Jake’s motorcycle would follow at a similarly respectable speed—almost as respectable as the goat’s.

People in oncoming traffic would poke their heads out of the car windows to watch the high-speed pursuit. Bus drivers would make bets with their passengers over whether or not the goat would get caught. Some drivers were so excited to see how the chase would end that they would turn around and try to catch up for a better view. The whole thing usually ended up looking like some sort of a beautiful parade, with the goat at the front, followed by Jake on his motorcycle and, close behind them, a colorful fleet of buses and trucks filled with curiosity.

One time, as Jake was chasing Matthew down the highway, they went past a flock of sheep.
grazing in a pasture. Bertha, the wisest sheep in the flock, said wistfully:

“Look, everyone, at that graceful flock of vehicles on the highway. And check out their marvelous leader, a swift-footed goat. If only the ram of our flock was as swift-footed as he.”

That seemed to hurt the ram’s feelings a little bit. He said:

“You don’t know what you’re talking about, Bertha. This flock of vehicles is obviously led by the policeman.”

Jake only ever managed to catch Matthew and write him a ticket once. All the other chases ended in Matthew getting away and hiding out in Jillian’s garden.

After Jillian and Jake met at the zoo, they decided to re-educate Matthew together, to direct his crooked horns onto a straighter path and away from a life of crime. They bought a hundred-pack of balloons, painted them salad green to look like heads of iceberg lettuce, and planted them in Jillian’s garden. Then they hid in the house and started watching from behind the blinds.

Soon after, Matthew snuck into the garden looking for lettuce.

“Looks like lettuce is in season! Ripe for the stealing!” gloated the goat. “Don’t mind if I do!”

He picked the two biggest heads of lettuce, not knowing that they were actually painted balloons, and prepared to impale them on his crooked horns. He always hauled his loot away on his horns. Matthew lowered his head, took aim, and plunged his horns right into the balloons. BOOM! exploded the first head of lettuce. BANG! burst the second.

Matthew was terrified. In his many years of dealing with lettuce, he had never seen or heard anything like it. He jumped back in fear and accidentally stepped on two more balloons with his hooves. BOOM! BADA-BOOM! Matthew jumped again and landed in a whole patch of balloons. BANG! BADA-BOOM! KABOOM! The goat was jumping all around the garden in a panic, bleating with horror. The garden kept bursting with explosions.

BAM! BAM! BAAAH! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAAAHH! BAM! BAM! The ruckus was so bad that swallows and crows from all over the neighborhood took to the skies and started whirling around arguing:

“It’s a natural disaster!” screamed the swallows.

“It’s an enemy airstrike!” screamed the crows.

Finally, the swallows couldn’t take it anymore. They flocked together as well as they could on such short notice and migrated south two months ahead of schedule. The crows decided to stay put and wait it out. They were optimistic that things might get better.
“I am done with lettuce!” thought Matthew as he was running away from the garden. “At least other vegetables have the decency to not blow up in my face! That whole garden was a minefield!”

“Here we are,” said Jake, “Looks like we weaned him off lettuce.”

Jake and Jillian shook hands and congratulated each other on the successful re-education of a goat. That evening Jillian invited Jake to a tea party at her house. Since then, the pair became great friends and saw each other almost every day. They would drink tea with lettuce and talk about Jillian’s favorite zoo animals.

“I wonder if the rhinos were her favorite...” said Ravioli quickly, “Speaking of the rhinos, could you tell us a little bit more about them? How many were there? What were they like? If you don’t mind, of course.”

“I don’t mind, Ravioli,” the manager said with a smile. “I don’t mind at all.”

Excerpt 2

... First grader Arthur and the red brindle bulldog Michael ran straight home. As they were running, Aksinia the cat happened to find herself directly in their way.

When Aksinia saw a bulldog and a boy charging right at her, her whole little body immediately felt faint. The next thing her little body felt was that it was bolting away from the bulldog and the boy at an incredible speed.

“I can’t shake them!” Aksinia thought, “They’re gaining on me!” And she ran as fast as her single catpower allowed. But no matter where she went, no matter what turns she took, Arthur and Michael were still right behind her.

When at last Aksinia made it to her building and dashed inside, she could hear Arthur and Michael getting in after her. Aksinia gathered what strength she had left and, in a matter of exactly a half a second, sprinted up to the 13th floor where she lived. Aksinia never used the elevator as a matter of principle; she was too short to reach any of the buttons.

Aksinia rushed into the apartment that she shared with Grandpa Steve. Steve was only a grandpa generally speaking, not Aksinia’s grandpa specifically. He wasn’t even a cat. But Aksinia still loved him very much. She shut the door behind her and began barricading it with all the heaviest things she could find, so that it would be harder to open. If you think it was easy for Aksinia to drag heavy furniture across the apartment, just imagine that you are a small cat. And there are schoolchildren and bulldogs out to get you.

The first thing Aksinia pushed against the door was the big armchair with Grandpa Steve in it, taking a nap. Aksinia decided not to wake him up, because she loved Grandpa very much and did not want to disturb him unnecessarily.

Next, she moved the wardrobe, the dinner table, the waffle iron, a dumbbell and a framed reproduction of Arkhip Kuindzhi’s painting, “Moonlit Night on The Dnepr.” Then she brought the glass chandelier, laid down a standing mirror over the top, and covered the mirror with all the cups and glasses and plates she could find. After that, she rushed to the bathroom, ran a bath as quickly as she could, plunged into it, and dove to the very bottom, to lay low for a while. Laying underwater at the bottom of the tub, Aksinia listened.

“If I hear loud noises and smashing glass,” she thought, “That means they’re here. And if I don’t hear anything, that means they’re not here yet. Still on their way.”

As for Michael and Arthur, they took the elevator up to their 12th floor apartment, went in, and started watching TV...
... Arthur was still watching the rhinos being interviewed on TV when Michael got bored and decided to take a relaxing bath instead. Michael ended up missing the most interesting part of the show, in which rhino number three confessed to everything and apologized to rhinos one, two, and four. The other rhinos forgave him and the baker promised never to skip work again.

When the show was over, Arthur yelled to Michael:

“It’s a shame you didn’t catch the ending. It was really interesting.”

“That’s ok,” Michael yelled back. “You’ll have to tell me later. I’m keeping my eyes shut right now, I’ve got soap everywhere.”

The bulldog was lying in a bathtub filled to the brim with warm soapy foam. He had poured an entire bottle of special dog shampoo into the tub.

“What about Aksinia?” Ravioli asked. “Was she still in her bathtub too? Laying low at the bottom?”

Aksinia was suspended at the bottom of her bathtub like a submarine. She hadn’t heard any noise yet and kept concluding that her pursuers must still be on their way. She was thinking about surfacing. Before diving underwater, she had taken in as much air as her little body could possibly fit. But that air was now running out and she was about ready to get a cat-full of fresh new air. Since Aksinia was on the 13th floor, she was directly above the bathroom where Michael was having his bath. She kept her eyes closed and listened closely to check whether bulldogs and boys had come for her yet.

It was then that one of her little claws accidentally caught on the rubber drain plug at the bottom of the tub and pulled the plug out. The water that Aksinia was suspended in rushed down the drain, pulling Aksinia along with it. She was pulled down a floor and ended up right in Michael’s bathtub. Because Aksinia’s eyes were still shut, she didn’t notice traveling down a whole floor inside a water pipe. She thought she was still lying in her own bathtub. Because Michael’s eyes were still shut too, he had no idea that there was now an uninvited cat taking a bath with him. Michael took his favorite bath sponge and started feeling around underwater for his legs in order to soap them up some more. It didn’t take him long to find them, but once he did, he couldn’t help but feel that the legs were surprisingly scrawny. This would have made perfect sense to Michael, if he knew that he was soaping up Aksinia’s legs instead of his own. But Michael did not know that.

“My legs appear to have lost a lot of weight!” Michael thought, as he kept on soaping up.

Michael had already gone through three legs when he got to the fourth one and discovered that this leg, unlike the previous ones, wasn’t scrawny at all. It was, if anything, a little bit portly.

“Why hasn’t this leg lost any weight?” Michael thought, and started looking for the other three to compare them again.

And then he found a fifth leg. Michael was surprised at first, then he was confused. Then, after giving it some thought, he decided to do a recount.

This time, he counted six. He recounted again and ended up with seven legs, some of which had lost a lot of weight and some of which hadn’t lost much at all. When Michael found an eighth leg, he started getting upset.

“Eight is a bit much,” he thought. “Eight is overdoing it. I don’t have that kind of time—soaping up eight legs. Forget it, I’ll just wash my tail and go.”

But the number of tails he found exceeded all expectations as well. There were two. And, to
make things worse, one of the tails was a lot longer than the other.

If it were just the legs, he would have handled it better. You win some, you lose some—it wasn’t that big of a deal. But if there was one thing Michael knew for sure, it was that he’d only ever had one tail. And a short one, at that.

“Arthur!” he shouted so loudly that Arthur ran into the bathroom as quickly as he could, “Count them, Arthur! Count them now!”

“Count what?”

“My legs! And my tails! Count every one of them!”

“Sure thing!” Arthur said happily. “It’s a good thing I have recently learned to count!”

Arthur put his hand into the bubbles to find Michael’s legs, found Aksinia instead and pulled her out of the tub.

“There’s something weird here,” Arthur said, contemplating the soaped-up cat.

Michael half-opened one eye for just a moment and shut it again before any soap got in.

“You got my sponge. Don’t get distracted. Just focus on the counting.”

To be fair, Aksinia did look a lot like a soapy sponge at that moment. When Arthur pulled her out of the tub, she could feel that something had started happening that was definitely not part of her plan. She didn’t know what she had gotten herself into, but knew that—whatever it was—she wanted out. She slipped out of Arthur’s grasp, out of the bathroom and, finally, out of the living room window. ...
Задачник / Math Problems
Ill Ekaterina Vaschinskaya/
Moscow, AST, Malysh,
2017 / ISBN 978-5-17-
091576-7

Alternative covers:
This experimental book is simultaneously a selection of perfectly functional math problems, a parody of the way math problems are traditionally written, and a work of fiction in its own right. Of course, humorous and amusing math problems have existed for centuries; but the ingenious device that sets this book apart from classics like Lewis Carroll’s math puzzles is the fact that the problems here are not self-contained. The same characters reappear, interact with characters from other problems and take part in surprising narrative arches. The problems form a cohesive fictional universe that is mathematical and logical in its minute details but decidedly absurd on the whole.

In order to fully appreciate the social relevance and the intention behind this work, it is important to take into account its historical context. “Math Problems” was published in the early 90s, shortly after the collapse of the Soviet Union. Math problems written in the Soviet era were notoriously filled with political imagery - they were mostly about tanks and factories and factories that produced tanks. Even after the Union ceased to exist, old ideologically toxic problems were still being used in schools. “Math Problems” was created as the antidote to that. Instead of mixing an already formal subject with lifeless and overly serious imagery, the book offers a world that is vivid, subversive and engaging enough for children to actually want to keep reading. The book was officially approved by the Russian Ministry of Education for use as a teaching aide and has been used by millions of children in math classes across the country.
Author’s Preface

It might seem like a cruel joke: a children’s writer presents his readers with a brand new book, only for the readers to discover that the book is in fact a collection of math problems. It’s like throwing a birthday party and bringing out a dish full of steamed vegetables in place of the cake. But, if I’m being entirely honest, this book isn’t really about math.

To teachers:

Don’t get me wrong, the problems in this book are very much real. They are well-formed and solvable and constitute an appropriate teaching aid for students in grades 2nd through 4th. But the main purpose of this book is to appeal to those students who do not normally enjoy math. To convince them that problem-solving does not necessarily have to feel boring and meticulous.

To students:

I have called this book "Math Problems" on purpose, so that you can read it in class without having to hide it from your teacher. If the teacher tries to give you a hard time about it, all you need to say is "The Ministry of Education has officially approved this book as a teaching aid."
A special plastic container can fit up to 12 chicken eggs. If you stomp the eggs down with your foot, the container can fit 100 times as many. How many stomped eggs can you fit into three plastic containers?

A little bunny was having a terrible nightmare. He dreamed that wolves could fly at a velocity of 154 miles per hour and foxes could fly twice as fast. The bunny could fly too, and it took him five minutes to cover a distance of 34 miles. Will the foxes and wolves catch up to the bunny in his nightmare?

The first crate contains 110 bananas. The second crate contains three times as many bananas as the first one. The third crate contains Deborah eating bananas rapidly at a pace of 44 bananas per minute. How much time will it take Deborah to empty out the first two crates?

At precisely 11:30 am on June 12th, Mr. Peter Peterson purchased a pair of skis at a sporting goods store and began waiting for snow to fall. Snow did not start falling until 9:14 pm on the 25th of January of the following year. How many minutes did Mr. Peterson spend waiting for snow?

While Anna’s mom was on the phone, the three-year-old Anna has cooked a three-course holiday dinner. The first course was a soup made out of 2 gallons of milk, 1 pound of sea salt and 1 gallon of vegetable oil. The second course was a chili made from 7 pounds of hurriedly crushed tomatoes, 4 ounces of ground coffee, and 2 ripped-up hot dog buns, weighing in at 1 ounce each. The dessert was a smoothie, which Anna prepared in the teapot by mixing a 4-ounce stick of unsalted butter with one half of a one-gallon jar of pickle juice and 2 pounds of unpeeled, but finely diced, potatoes. How many pounds of solid ingredients and gallons of liquid ingredients did Anna’s holiday dinner require?
14 children took a free swimming lesson at the community pool. Out of the 14, 3 still cannot swim on their own and 2 drowned. How many children successfully learned to swim without drowning?

Jane Parker made 12 mistakes on her homework assignment. Ian Vasbinder copied Jane’s homework and ended up with 32 mistakes. How many original mistakes did Ian make?

On his daily commute to work, Mr. Peter Peterson takes a bus, and then a train, and then goes the rest of the way on foot. Today, 12 people shoved into Mr. Peterson on the bus, 18 more people shoved him on the train, and then 2 more did just walking down the street. Out of all these people, 29 never apologized and the rest of them did. How many good-mannered people shoved into Mr. Peterson today?

Inside Dad’s desk drawer, the three-year-old Anna has discovered 2 passports, 3 original birth certificates, a checkbook and a notarized Last Will. While familiarizing herself with these documents, Anna has accidentally stained them with margarine and decided to wash them off. Five of the documents are already washed clean and the rest are still soaking in bleach. How many documents are still soaking?

A goat raised two legs and fell over. Another goat raised three legs and fell over even quicker. The third goat did not fall over because it only raised one leg. How many legs did all three goats raise combined?
All of the students in fourth grade combined have a total of 56 ears. Their math teacher has 54 ears fewer than the students. How many ears can be found in the classroom during a math lesson?

A regular backpack can fit no more than 4 fully grown hedgehogs. How many backpacks are needed to bring 316 adult hedgehogs to school in one trip?

Carson and Curtis were given 5 brownies each. Carson ate all 5 brownies in six minutes and proceeded to watch enviously as Curtis was spending 4 whole minutes on every one of his brownies. How many minutes will Carson spend going out of his mind with envy?

An open-minded wizard invited an unimaginably hideous monster over for tea at his tower. The monster’s length is 880 feet and tea is served exactly at noon. What is the latest time at which the monster can arrive to the tower’s entrance, in order to slither entirely inside at a speed of 1 mile per hour, and not be late for tea?

Anna’s mom planted several cactuses. After Anna used Dad’s electric razor to carefully shave half the cactuses, only twelve cactuses remained unshaven. How many cactuses did Mom plant?
5 BOOKS SUBMITTED TO THE JURY

PETE THE GERM

Петька-микроб / Pete the Germ
Ill Valeri Dmitruk / Moscow,
AST, Malysh, 2017 / ISBN
978-5-17-103400-9

Alternative covers:
Annotation

Pete, the titular character of this book is the youngest in a family of germs, who all live inside of a droplet of water. Each chapter is a self-contained adventure that Pete experiences within the fascinating microcosmos he inhabits. The rules of this tiny world are familiar enough that even a very young reader can understand the characters’ motivations, but different enough to invoke the same sense of fascination and wonder that the best works of science fiction offer to older readers.

“Pete the Germ” is by no means intended as an accurate factual description of microscopic life, but it does manage to convey important facts through fictionalised imagery. It reassures children that, although there are germs everywhere, only some of these germs are harmful, while others are very good. The fictional plots introduce intriguing real-life concepts: Pete’s aunt, for example, is a bacteria who ferments cheeses for a living.

Besides the signature humourous and imaginative writing, an important aspect contributing to the book’s popularity is the proximity of its setting to the reader’s real environment. Unlike most fictional worlds, this one is not “elsewhere” or “far, far away”. Pete’s reality is not separated from ours by any barrier except scale. If exciting and funny adventures are being had in Pete’s water droplet then there might be adventure in every droplet. If germs are all around us, then so are stories.
How Pete Saved His Home Droplet

A germ lived in a droplet of water. The germ’s name was Pete. Pete had a mom and dad. They were germs, too, of course. Pete also had grandfathers and great-grandfathers, grandmothers, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, first and second cousins...a whole bunch of relatives—all of them germs as well.

They lived inside a droplet of water and because of that, they were all constantly soaking wet. Germs are generally very small. To them, any tiny bug will seem larger than an elephant. And Pete was particularly small because he was a kid germ and had not grown up yet.

One day an ant was running past the droplet where the germs lived. He spotted the droplet and said:

“The weather’s so hot today! Maybe I should drink this droplet? It looks so cool and appetizing.”

The germs heard him and grew terribly frightened. They began dashing about the droplet, weeping and screaming. In short, they panicked.

Only Pete didn’t get scared. He poked his head up out of the droplet and said to the ant in a loud voice:

“Hey ant, didn’t your Mom ever tell you not to drink standing water?!”

The ant, of course, could not see Pete, but he did hear Pete’s voice. The voice surprised him; he asked:

“Who’s talking?”

“It’s me—Pete the germ,” said Pete. “I strongly advise you, Mr. Ant, not to drink our droplet. You could get sick because of all of us germs, who live here!”

“Thank you for the heads-up!” said the ant. “You’re a real pal.”

And off he ran on his way. The microbes praised and celebrated little Pete and were all so happy that he had saved their home droplet from certain doom.

How Pete Came To Be Researched

One day researchers came, picked up the droplet with all the germs in it, and decided to take it to their laboratory for analysis. As they walked back to the lab, the researchers had a discussion.

“Let’s be rational about this,” said the senior researcher. “We’re all researchers, right?”

“Right!” said the junior research assistant.

“We’re carrying a droplet with some germs in it, right?”

“Right.”

“I propose that we research these germs, then.”

“That is an excellent idea,” said the junior research assistant.

And all the other researchers said:

“We agree unanimously that it is an excellent idea.”

The researchers brought the droplet to the laboratory and placed it under a microscope.

Now, a microscope is like a pair of binoculars. It makes things much bigger if you look into one end and much smaller if you look into the other. So, when the scientists all gathered...
around one side of the microscope and the germs all gathered around the other side, the germs became much bigger and the scientist became much smaller and then everybody was more or less the same size. Of course, none of them actually changed size, but through the microscope it looked like they did.

The scientists looked down through the microscope at the microbes and said:
“How curious. These are some very fascinating germs.”
And the microbes looked up the microscope at the scientists and said:
“How fascinating. These are some very curious researchers.”

Pete the germ wanted to get a better look at the researchers, so he started pushing and shoving his way closer to the microscope lens.

The researchers noticed him and said:
“Look at this one: he is the smallest germ there but boy, can he push and shove.”
And then a senior germ, Pete’s great-grandfather, came up to the lens and said to the researchers:
“Just so you know, there are all kinds of germs in the world. Some are harmful but some are actually good. We’re the good kind.”

And the senior researcher said:
“No worries, we know you’re the good kind. We only took your droplet to show it to our junior research assistant here. So that he can learn about good germs. We will give him a minute to take it all in and then bring you right back to where you were.”

“That’s all right, then,” said Pete’s great-grandfather. “We don’t mind.”

By that point Pete had been staring at the junior research assistant for a little while. And then, all of a sudden, Pete stuck out his tongue. The junior research assistant was caught off-guard and stuck his tongue out as well.

The germs started scolding Pete and told him that he should have known better. And the researchers said the same to the junior research assistant.
“It is terribly impolite to stick out your tongue at people,” said the germs.
“Yes, very improper,” said the researchers.
“We will be sure to punish Pete,” the germs assured the researchers. “We’ll take away his dessert at dinner tonight.”
“And we will reprimand the junior research assistant,” the researchers assured the germs. “We’ll take away his bonus.”
“And we,” said the germs, “Will ground Pete for a week.”
“And we,” said the researchers, “Will not give Junior any paid vacation days until winter.”
“And we,” said the germs, “Will take away all of Pete’s toys.”
“And we,” said the researchers, “Will delete Junior’s PhD thesis.”
At that point, the junior research assistant burst into tears. And although Pete didn’t cry, you could tell that his feelings were hurt too.
Everyone felt bad for them. The germs said to the researchers:
“You should really just forgive your guy. It’s not that big of a deal.”
“Yes. We’ll forgive our guy if you promise to forgive yours.”
And then the scientists said goodbye to the germs and took the droplet back to where they found it. At the very last moment, Pete managed to stick his tongue out at the junior research assistant one more time. And the junior research assistant did the same. But, thankfully, nobody else saw.
38 POPUGAEV

38 попугаев / 38 Parrots
Ill Elena Zapesochnaya / Moscow, AST, Malysh, 2017
ISBN 978-5-17-101545-9

Alternative covers:
Annotation

Monkey, Elephant, Parrot and Python live together in the jungle. They are best friends, despite being very different from one another. In every one of the short stories that comprise the book, the four friends come across some new thing, the meaning of which they attempt to figure out together. That new thing is sometimes a physical object, like a hole in the ground that turns out to be a tunnel (Or is it still just a hole with two entrances and no exits? Or are both of them exits?); but more often than not, the new thing is an abstract concept (How many coconuts does Monkey need in order to have a bunch? Can one coconut be a bunch? What about two, or five?).

Each of the four characters has a distinct personality of their own. Monkey is excitable and energetic, Elephant is apologetic and meek, Parrot is a methodical know-it-all and Python is a philosopher prone to introspection.

In every story, the friends exchange opinions and explore the meaning of things together. Through listening to each other and combining their different perspectives, they manage to overcome confusion and help each other resolve personal challenges (Python longed to know his own length, but had no way of measuring it until, together, they determined that Python is 38 Parrots long).

The four characters were initially introduced in Mr. Oster’s first book “The Joy of Giving”. Since then, the author has written many more books about them and adopted some of the stories into tremendously popular cartoons.

Mr. Oster attributes the characters’ great popularity to the symbolism inherent in their roles. He has revealed in numerous interviews that the characters were conceived to represent the four cornerstones of a child’s personality. Grigory explains that, although some children are more Monkey and some are more Elephant, all four characters are always present in some proportion in every child’s mind. It is only when the different parts of one’s personality coexist as friends and accept one another, that a child can navigate the jungle of their own thoughts and live a healthy and happy life.
Regards For Monkey
Excerpt 1

One day Monkey was sitting in a banana tree, in a very bad mood. She was eating bananas absentmindedly and with each new banana her appetite seemed to improve, but her mood remained just as foul. She was having some pretty good bananas, but definitely not having a good day.

Then she saw Elephant. And Elephant saw her. And Elephant said:
“Hello, Monkey! I was just talking to Python. He sends his regards!”
“How nice!” said Monkey. And then she climbed down, wiped her hands on the grass, and extended a palm up to Elephant. “Give them here.”
“Give what where?” Elephant asked, confused.
“What do you mean ‘what’? What do you mean ‘where’? The regards. Hand them over.”
“I don’t think...” Elephant said nervously, “I don’t think I have them.”
“You can’t be serious.”

Monkey examined Elephant closely and even checked behind his big elephant ears. There were no regards anywhere.
“I can’t believe you lost them!” she yelled. “How could you?!”
Elephant wanted to say something, but didn’t say anything because he didn’t know what to say.

“Well, what do you know!” Monkey said grumpily. “Here I sit, totally disregarded, waiting for some much-needed regards and you went and lost them all! Where do you think you lost them?”

“I don’t know.”

“All right. Come on, let’s retrace your steps. Where were you stepping?”

Together they started retracing Elephant’s steps. They looked behind large jungle ferns and bushes and even under rocks.

“What were they like, those regards?” Monkey asked Elephant as she waded through tall grass, finding nothing.

“Let me think…” said Elephant, trying to remember. “I think…yes, I’m almost sure he said ‘Please, give Monkey my warm regards!’”

“Warm!?” Monkey felt even more upset knowing that the regards she was missing out on were warm.

Then Monkey and Elephant ran into Parrot. Parrot could tell right away that they were searching for something.

“Not there either, huh?” he asked. “Did you look over here?” Parrot walked briskly to a nearby palm tree and looked thoroughly all around it.

“We looked,” sighed Elephant.

“What about under there?” Parrot rolled a coconut over on the ground.

“We didn’t check there yet!” yelled Monkey, jumping closer to Parrot with a sense of renewed hope.

The parrot went on through the jungle, checking methodically inside every nook and most crannies. Monkey followed closely behind, looking in all the same places again, just in case. Elephant shambled further behind and didn’t really look anywhere, because his eyes were lowered in shame.

“Not here! And not in there! And definitely not here!” said Parrot, stopping at every single tree. Then he paused, thought for a moment, and asked:

“What are we looking for?”...
9 IMPORTANT TITLES

5 BOOKS SUBMITTED TO THE JURY

BACK TO THE KIDS' TABLE

Дети и Эти / Back to The Kids' Table
Ill Nikolai Vorontsov / Moscow, AST, Malysh, 2013 / ISBN 978-5-17-080162-6

Alternative covers:
Annotation

The author describes this book as “A children’s book for adults and an adult book for children”. It is a collection of short stories, in which the parenting relationship between children and adults is switched: the children are the ones doing the parenting and the adults are the ones behaving and getting treated like children. Much like roleplay in family therapy, this reversal is intended to help children and their parents understand each others better emotionally.

Although its language may be playful and lighthearted, at its core “Back to the Kids’ Table” is a book about problems and mistakes. In real life, mistakes are made by both sides of the parenting relationship, and this book makes a point of depicting openly and honestly not only the common missteps of children but also those of the parents.

It is important to note that most of the stories do not offer a resolution to the conflicts they depict. This unusual dramatic structure serves an important function. When the stories are read by both a parent and their child or, better yet, read aloud by the parent to the child, the lack of resolution serves as a catalyst for conversation. It provides a perfect opportunity and specific reference points for talking about those problems that tend to be difficult for adults to notice and for children to put into words.

“Back to the Kids Table” is a unique asset for any adult dealing with children and any child dealing with adults.

It is a study in empathy, that insightfully illuminates the love, the confusion and the unintentional cruelty that always come with being involved in parenting, whether in the capacity of a parent or that of a kid.

Review

Mr. Oster employs a simple but powerful device here: the roles of children and their parents are switched, so that children act like moms and dads, while the parents are helpless and disobedient in their role as children. Psychologically speaking, this device can be very useful in helping families find common ground.

The stories here are whimsical and fun, but at the same time extremely pragmatic and real. Because the situations they describe are so very common in actual life.

In reading these stories, real-life parents are given an opportunity to view themselves from a different perspective. It is a perspective that will surely make them laugh, but it will also force many parents to recognise and re-evaluate those times when they may have mistreated their children without even realising it. Children will be thoroughly entertained by this book; but it will also motivate them to consider what life is like for their parents, with all their adult responsibilities and concerns.

The stories do a great job of showing the true reality of parenting. Parents are often silly, misguided and stubborn. Children are often helpless, confusing and confused. But both children and adults stand a chance of growing out of their respective problems, if they learn to understand and appreciate each other.

Evgenia Shaffert for Our Psychology magazine
There was once a boy whose dad was pretty good at blowing bubblegum bubbles. The boy had taught his father himself and now the dad had some real skills. One day, the boy was having a birthday party and a whole bunch of kids came. Friends from school and all kinds of kids from the neighborhood were having a great time. There were games and soda and sandwiches. And candy.

Then, a large little girl said, “Is it true that your dad has a special talent? I’ve heard that he can blow a bubble just as well as any kid can.”

“It’s true,” said the boy. “I’ve got a real star on my hands.”

“Well, why keep him out of sight then? Come on and show us!”

The other guests all agreed: “Definitely. Let’s get your dad in here! It’s exciting! We all want to see!”

“Dad,” called the boy. “Come see me for a minute.”

Dad tottered in, made his way through the crowd of children, and came up to the boy.

“Feast your eyes, people,” said the boy, turning his dad around to face the guests. “My pride and joy!”

“Isn’t he precious!” said the large little girl, and then climbed up on a chair and pinched the dad on his left cheek. Not very painfully.

Another, smaller, girl tried to pinch his right cheek, but he pulled away. The girl took no offense.

“Such a sweet dad,” she said. “I bet he makes a lot of money.”

“Not exactly a lot,” smiled the boy. “But he does all right. Enough to get by, anyway.”

The dad blushed.

“Here!” The guests handed him some gum. “Why don’t you take this and blow us a really big bubble!”

“No, thank you,” said the dad. “I’m not really in the mood right now.”

“Nonsense! Of course you are! Everybody else is.”

“Looks like someone’s a little bit shy,” laughed the large little girl. “Who would’ve thought that a grown dad like yours could turn out to be such a scaredy-cat!”

“Not at all,” said the boy. “Just give him a minute. You’ll see.”

“I bet,” a boy with glasses on said slyly and winked at the other guests, “He’s probably just afraid that he can’t do it.”

“That can’t be right!” the small girl winked back, “A wonderful dad like him is never afraid!”

All the other guests started telling the dad not to be scared. They said to show everyone how big a bubble he could blow.

“I’m not scared,” said the dad, and started chewing.

While he chewed, the large little girl started arguing with the smaller one over whose present was the best. Everyone just kind of forgot about the dad, so he wasn’t sure whether to start blowing a bubble yet. He just stood there with a mouth full of gum, waiting.
At last, the boy with the glasses said:
“Be quiet everyone! Look! Our birthday boy’s dad is eager to show off his talents!”
The dad wanted to say that he wasn’t eager at all, that they were the ones who kept asking.
But there was too much gum in his mouth, so he didn’t say anything.
“Blow! Blow! Blow!” the guests chanted and started clapping their hands.
And he blew. The bubble ended up pretty small. It popped quickly, covering his face in gum.
The guests stopped clapping. Then they said, “That’s OK. It happens.”
The boy suggested that his dad try again, but the girls said:
“What would you like to recite for us?” they asked the dad.
“Nothing,” the dad said curtly.
“Well, aren’t we grumpy!” the large little girl exclaimed.
“What does he want to be, I wonder?” asked the smaller girl.
“He wants to be an airline pilot.”
“He wants to fly a plane? Admirable,” said the boy with the glasses. “Never stop dreaming.”
“But do you think they will ever let a dad this pouty fly a whole plane?” smirked the large little girl.
“I,” the dad said quietly, “Have been flying planes for years. I will soon get my ATP license and transition from cargo to airline transport.”
“Sure you will,” the boy with the glasses said agreeably. He reached to pat the dad’s cheek but then realized there was still bubblegum there and decided not to.
“Don’t feel bad,” said the small girl. “Being a cargo pilot is a perfectly respectable job, too.”
“Yeah, at least you’re not, like, a drone pilot,” snickered the large little girl, and offered the dad a sandwich.
He politely refused.
“Well, all right then,” said the boy, “If you don’t want a sandwich, you should probably say goodbye to everyone and go upstairs.”
Later that night, after the guests had left, the boy came into his dad’s room to tuck him in. As he leaned in to kiss Dad good night, he noticed there were tears in his dad’s eyes.
“You poor thing,” said the boy. “I knew you would get upset over the bubble. Look, it’s silly to get hung up on every little failure. Some things in life you just have to let go. There, there, now, Tiger. You just forget all about it and sleep tight.”
Work

There was once a girl who had to spend almost all of her time at home, watching over her dad, who was too afraid to start going to work. The girl wanted to spend time outside, running around and playing with other kids. But she couldn’t. She had to stay in all day every day with her dad.

The girl kept trying to convince Dad to give work a chance.

“Work can be really nice,” she’d say. “You can meet new colleagues and have serious grown-up conversations with them. You love those! You will nurture your talents and develop valuable skills.”

But Dad preferred to nurture his talents at home. He said that work was probably boring and dumb and that he didn’t want to try it because he wouldn’t like it anyway.

“But what if you do like it?” the girl said. “You could do something interesting and fun and get benefits and bonuses and promotions.”

“No, thank you,” said Dad. “I’ll just get a promotion from you at home.”

“There are lunch breaks at work,” the girl went on. “But you don’t have to get lunch. You can drink coffee in the employee lounge and watch financial news.”

But he still refused to go. The girl loved her dad very much and did not want to force him to go to work. Every night, after putting her dad to bed, the girl would try to think of something. She knew that if she just brought Dad to work and left him there, he might start crying and running around looking for her. He would feel abandoned and might even decide that the girl gave him away forever to a bunch of strangers.

One morning, after reading the newspaper to Dad, the girl said:

“There’s this really cool new office nearby that I wanted to go look at. Do you want to come with me? We won’t be there for long; I just want to check it out for a few minutes.”

Dad agreed, and then the girl took him by the hand and walked him to work. When they got there, the door to the office was locked and Dad decided that work was closed. But then a very friendly security guard opened the door from the inside.

“Welcome to work!” he said. “Come right in. I’ll go get the general manager.”

The general manager was very friendly as well. She led them to a big room with many windows, where a lot of grown-ups were sitting at their desks. They were all reading things and writing things down and counting and, even though Dad didn’t know exactly what they were doing, he could tell right away that it was something very interesting.

“Would you like to work for a little bit?” the general manager asked.

Dad nodded. The manager showed him to an unoccupied desk and gave him a little bit of work. The girl sat down nearby to watch him, but Dad didn’t even seem to notice her there—he was so absorbed by the work. The manager came by again and was very pleased with the work he managed to do so far.

She said, “Why don’t we let your daughter play outside? She can pick you up in about an hour when you’re done working on this.” But an hour later when the girl came to pick him up, it turned out that Dad had finished working on that first thing a while ago, and was now working on something even more interesting.
By the end of the business day, the dad did not want to go home. He asked the manager if he could work some more. The manager commended his enthusiasm, but told him to go home and to come back to work tomorrow.

The next morning, the girl woke her dad up early:
“Ready to go to work?”
“No, thank you. I’ve already been to work.”
“Didn’t you like it there?”
“I did.”
“Great. Then let’s go again.”
“We’ll go again some other time. Maybe next year. Don’t want to overdo the whole work thing.”
“That’s too bad, said the girl. “I thought today you could wear your cool calculator watch to work. Your colleagues would probably be pretty excited to see one.”
“Wait, do we have the right batteries for that thing?” The dad jumped out of bed and started getting ready for work.

By the end of the month, the dad started going to work all by himself, and he always came back happy. And the girl was happy too. She could spend lots of time outside now, running around and playing with other kids.
There once were a couple of kids who couldn’t always get a sitter for their parents. They had a fireplace at home and a box of fireplace matches and, whenever they had to leave their mom and dad home alone, they would always try to hide the matches to keep them away from the parents. But the parents usually found the matches right away. And as soon as they did, they’d start playing their favorite game, called FIRE!

By the time the kids were coming home, there was usually a lot of smoke coming from their windows and sure enough, when they came in, they would always find something burning. Some days a mattress would be on fire in a bedroom. Other times it was the living room couch or absolutely everything in the walk-in closet or important documents in a desk drawer, or even the shower curtain. Once or twice it was just the hardwood floors in the hall.

“Mom, Dad,” the kids would always plead after putting out the fires and airing out the smoke-filled rooms, “Why do you always have to play FIRE!? There are so many other fun and educational games!”

“Oh, we’ve tried,” the parents would explain, “But it’s always the same with these matches. No matter what we set out to play, sooner or later we always end up playing FIRE!”

“Why don’t you play a game that doesn’t involve matches in the first place? We have so many toys in the house! Why not just play with those?”

“That’s the problem right there,” the parents explained. “Toys are for kids. We are grown-ups. We don’t want to play with toys. Matches, on the other hand—matches are a tool, not a toy. Now that’s something we can play with!”

One day the children had to leave their parents alone for an entire afternoon. Before heading out, they tried to come up with a new secret hiding place for the matches.

“It’s got to be something really unexpected. Like the fridge.”

“We did the fridge last week. Dad found them in, like, a minute.”

“How about the medicine cabinet in the bathroom?”

“We tried that, too. I think that was the first place Mom looked.”

“Let’s put them inside one of the snow boots stored away in the garage. No one will touch those until the end of the summer at least.”

“The winter clothes all burned up this spring.”

“Let’s hide the matches in the big flower vase on the dinner table, then.”

“No way. There’s water in there. The matches will soak through.”

“We’ll put them inside a sealed plastic bag and then put it in the vase.”

“No. The water, the plastic bag, and the vase are all transparent. They’ll see right through them.”

“Well, where then?”

“Psst!” whispered the parents, who had been eavesdropping the whole time. “Why don’t you guys put them inside the flour bag in the kitchen cupboard and then put some flour on top and even it out. We’ll never find them there.”

After sending the parents to their room for a little while to make sure they wouldn’t eavesdrop
10 IMPORTANT TITLES

5 BOOKS SUBMITTED TO THE JURY

BACK TO THE KIDS' TABLE
again, the kids finally decided on a good place to hide the matches. “This is a great hiding place,” the kids said. “Mom and Dad will never think to check here.” After hiding the matches, the kids let their parents out of their room and said their goodbyes. “We’ll be back in a couple hours,” they said. “Would you please try to behave yourselves?” “We’ll do what we can,” said the parents. “See ya.” And then they immediately started searching for the matches. They didn’t even wait for the kids to actually leave. “Are you sure you don’t want to play anything other than FIRE! for a change?” the kids asked. “Sure, why not?” said the parents. “If we don’t find the matches, we’ll definitely play something else.” A few hours later, as the kids where walking toward their house, they were surprised and delighted to see no smoke coming from the windows. “Maybe they didn’t find the matches this time!” they thought, but then reminded each other not to get their hopes up too soon. “Sure, there might be no smoke, but maybe that’s because there no house either. Maybe the entire house burned down—so completely that there’s not even any smoke left.” But when the kids came closer, the house was definitely there. And from every one of its windows, instead of smoke, water was coming out in neat little cascades. The parents were there, too. They stood soaking wet out on the porch, looking as if the porch were the bridge of a ship and they were its captains. “Well,” said the kids, “It looks like you couldn’t find the matches and decided to play a different game after all. What game is this? Is this FLOOD! Or SHIPWRECK! Or DESERTED ISLAND!” “Don’t be ridiculous,” the parents said. “Of course we found the matches. We started playing FIRE! almost as soon as you left.” “But then where did the flood come from?” “Oh, well, that was later,” the parents explained. “That was when the firefighters showed up. The firefighters always want to play FLOOD! when we’re right in the middle of playing FIRE!”
There were once a mom and dad who were playing quietly at home and accidentally smashed a mirror. By throwing a toaster at it.

“We are going to get in so much trouble!” Dad said, and started crying.

“No we’re not,” said Mom calmly.

“Of course we are! The kids will be home any minute!”

“We’ll be fine. We’ll just tell them it was somebody else’s toaster.”

Dad brightened up at first.

“That’s a sweet idea!”

But then he became worried again.

“Wait. What if they don’t believe us? How would somebody else’s toaster end up here with us?”

“Simple. It flew in through the window. From outside.”

“Then why isn’t the window broken? They’ll never buy that.”

“Fine. We’ll smash the window, too.”

“No!” Dad gasped. “We can’t do that! We’ll get into even more trouble for the window.”

“Pull yourself together. This will make a more believable story,” Mom said, fishing the toaster out of a pile of mirror shards on the floor. “No guts, no glory!” She walked over to the window and started hitting it with the toaster.

“No pain—” BAM!

“No gain!” WHAM!

“No harm—” BOOM!

“No foul!” BLAM!

“No shoes—” SMACK!

“No shirt—” CRACK!

“NO SERVICE!” SMASH! The window broke into a thousand little pieces.

Mom took a step back and admired her work. Then she carefully placed the toaster back on the floor by the mirror.

“There we go!” she said. “Now there are no loose ends. We’ll tell them we were sitting at the table, having an elegant tea party, when suddenly a wild toaster appeared.”

“ Toasters don’t fly on their own.” said Dad, still worried. “That’s a loose end.”

“We won’t say that it flew on its own. We’ll say somebody threw it.”

“But who?”

“Who knows! Might’ve been the neighbors. Or just a random passerby from the street. Whoever it was, we’ll say they chucked it through the window and straight into the mirror.”

But Dad still seemed worried. He looked nervously at the window and the mirror and then the toaster. Then he said:

“It won’t work. They will recognize the toaster. It’s our family toaster, they’ve known it for years. And it’s got our names etched on the side from when we scratched it with a fork.”

“I never scratched it with a fork,” Mom said proudly. “I used precision scissors.”
“Right,” said Dad, “And then they grounded us for a whole day with no phones.”
“I remember. I missed an important conference call for work.”
“And I missed a lot of important arguments online. And now they’re going to recognize the toaster and ground us forever!”
“Fine,” said Mom. “When you’re right, you’re right. The toaster is a loose end. We have to get rid of it.”
“Do we hide it?”
“No. We throw it outside. Right out of this conveniently broken window.” Mom picked up the toaster again.
“Wait, don’t—” Dad started saying, but it was too late. The toaster was already on its way out.
“What are you worried about again? It flew in. It flew out. No loose ends.”
“But if we tell them it was some random stranger’s toaster, they’ll ask why our own toaster is missing! And what do we say then?”
“The truth,” said Mom confidently. “We’ll say it fell out the window. Doesn’t that sound perfectly likely, given the circumstances?”
“I guess,” Dad said hesitantly.
“Look. It all comes together neatly. First, somebody else’s toaster flew in, right?”
“Right,” Dad nodded.
“Great. And the proof is right here—a broken window.”
“That’s true.”
“OK. Then, it flew across the room and got the mirror. The mirror is smashed to bits too, so this part is very authentic.”
“All right.”
“And finally,” Mom said triumphantly, “On its way out, the street toaster caught our home toaster on the cable and pulled it out the window. Done. It’s simple, believable, and with no loose ends.”
“No loose ends,” Dad agreed.
He sighed a big sigh of relief and finally relaxed. And together Mom and Dad sat down by the broken window waiting for the kids to come home.
There was once a boy who knew about the importance of sleep. He wanted his parents to benefit from healthy sleeping habits and every night he demanded that Mom and Dad go to bed exactly on time.

“But we don’t want the benefits of healthy sleeping habits!” his parents said. “We want to drink coffee, watch movies, and have an argument.”

“It’s too late for all that,” the boy said strictly, and showed the parents his clock. “You know the rules. When the big hand is pointing here and the little one is pointing there, that means bedtime.”

“No, it doesn’t! When the big hand’s here and the little one—there, that just means fifteen minutes past nine. The whole clock is nothing but numbers. Doesn’t say anything anywhere about bedtime.”

“The clock says it’s nine fifteen, and I say—that’s your bedtime. Go on, off to bed.”

“No!” said Mom. “I’m not going.”

“Me neither! I’m not going either!” said Dad, who knew how important it can be in a marriage to support your spouse. “Why do we have to go to sleep every single night?”

“Because you need to get enough sleep, so that tomorrow you can wake up full of energy.”

“But we’re full of energy right now!” Mom shouted happily.

To prove her point, Mom started jumping up and down on the living room sofa. Dad joined in. He couldn’t jump quite as high as Mom could, but it was still obvious that he too was full of energy.

“Please, stop,” said the boy. “You’re driving our downstairs neighbors crazy with all this noise. They will file a complaint.”

“If they’re crazy,” giggled Mom, as she kept on jumping. “Filing a complaint won’t help! They should go see a doctor!”

“Call! A! Shrink!” shouted Dad, jumping alongside Mom. “You! Need! Help!”

“Stop this madness right now!” said the boy, who by this point was becoming a little frustrated.

“Fine,” said Mom. “We’ll stop the madness, if you let us play just one quick little game of chess. It’s the quietest game in the world. The neighbors will never know.”

“All right, fine,” said the boy with a sigh. “You’ve got ten minutes and then you’re going straight to bed.”

But the quick little game of chess kept on going for a while. Mom took a lot of time to think over every move. Dad, on the other hand, made his moves quickly and with confidence—he was an experienced, nationally ranked player.

“What do you think you’re doing?!” Mom whispered. “You’re playing way too fast. Think longer.”
“But what’s there to think about?” Dad whispered back, confused. “It’s checkmate in two moves.”

“Forget about your checkmate!” hissed Mom. “This game is the only excuse we have to stay up. The moment you win, it’s all over. Bedtime. Is that what you want?”

“Oh no,” whispered Dad. “But this game is almost done. How do I not win?”

“Make a wrong move.”

Dad moved his king all the way across the board.

“You know perfectly well that the king cannot move that far,” said the boy, who came in to see why the game was taking so long.

“He is the king,” said Mom. “He can do whatever he likes. Show some respect.”

But the boy knew better than to get into a pointless political debate with adults past their bedtime.

“You’ll finish the game tomorrow,” he said. “Right now, you should hurry to bed. They started over an hour ago.”

“Who started over an hour ago? Started what?”

“Dreams. They started showing dreams over an hour ago. You’ve probably missed one already.”

“You mean dreams have showtimes? Like at the movies?” Dad asked, surprised.
“Of course they do,” said the boy. “And you don’t want to be late. If you miss the very beginning of the next one, it won’t make sense later on.”

“That’s a lie,” said Mom, grabbing Dad by the shoulder. “Do not believe his lies.”

But Dad wanted to believe. He wriggled out of Mom’s grasp and said:

“I only ever get to watch things you want to watch! I’m going to bed and I’m going to catch the next dream they show.”

“That’s right!” said the boy. “First one to brush their teeth, put their PJs on, and get into bed gets to see a new colorful dream about adventure and magic. And the last one will be shown an old black-and-white educational dream about the dangers of eating unwashed vegetables.”

Dad was already at the door to the bathroom when Mom passed him on the right with a bump-and-run maneuver. She finished brushing her teeth first with a four-second lead, but Dad was able to regain a lot of momentum on the way back and made it to the bedroom first.

For a moment it seemed like Dad was the clear favorite, but he lost a lot of time looking for his pajama pants, which Mom had strategically kicked under the bed. They ended up jumping into bed at exactly the same time.

The boy came in to tuck them in and wish them a good night’s sleep.

“Is it true, though?” Mom asked. “Can we really catch interesting dreams right now?”

“You sure can,” said the boy. “And you’ll tell me all about them later. Good night.”

Mom and Dad closed their eyes, and the boy went to his room to make sure to get a good night’s sleep as well. But an hour and a half later he woke up to loud and excited voices.

“What’s happening? Who’s there?” The boy sat up and saw that Mom and Dad were both standing at the foot of his bed.

“It’s just us,” Mom said with a friendly smile. “We’re back.”

“Yep,” Dad nodded cheerfully. “We finished the dream and came to tell you all about it.”
1. Вредные Советы / A Book of Bad Advice  
Ill A. Martinov / Moscow, AST, 2001 ISBN 5-17-006235-4

2. Права Детенышей/ The Rights of the Cub  

3. Котенок по Именi Гав / A Kitten Named Woof  
Ill V. Suteev/ Moscow, AST, Malysh, 2016 / ISBN 978-5-17-091845-4

4. Папамамалогия / That'll Teach’Em  
Ill A. Martinov / Moscow, Rosmen, 2001 / ISBN 5-257-00587-5

5. Легенды и Мифы Лаврового Переулка /  
Myths and Legends of Laurel Lane  
Annotation

Among all of Grigory Oster’s works, “A Book of Bad Advice” is the most influential, the most universally known to Russian readers and the most difficult to describe accurately.

Technically speaking, it is simply a humorous collection of short free verse poems written in second person, instructing children to engage in various inappropriate, disrespectful and self-destructive behaviors. In the years since the book was first published, however, bad advice poems have become something vastly bigger than that.

Set apart by its dark sense of humor and an irreverent tone that was in stark opposition to the preceding paradigms of children’s literature, the book has given rise to a cultural phenomenon of an unlikely scale.

Today, the phenomenon of bad advice poems extends far beyond any particular book and beyond any particular author. Nor is it limited to children’s literature. It is simultaneously a distinct literary genre and an immediately recognisable form of poetic verse. As such, bad advice poems can be compared to Limericks.

Just as Limericks are produced in great numbers by speakers of English, so have countless bad advice poems been written by Russians of all ages and all walks of life. Thousands of bad advice poem writing competitions can be found online and in printed media, organised by individuals, schools, corporations and even international organisations such as WWF.

Unlike the limerick, however, the genre of bad advice poems was not merely popularised, but single-handedly invented by one author. In this sense it is more akin to the Shakespearean sonnet.

Since their introduction in “A Book of Bad Advice”, Grigory has published many more collections of bad advice poems. Unfortunately, despite their enormous popularity in Russia, bad advice poems have by and large defied attempts at translation into English. Although a number of translators have tried their hand over the years, the only time anything close to an English translation was ever published was in 1996, when a few poems from the original collection were translated in prose form and included in an anthology called “The Best Children’s Books of the World” published in Canada by Byron Preiss.

Given its subversive and unorthodox tone, it is not surprising that the book has initially caused some degree of controversy among the more conservative parents. Grigory, however, has always expressed confidence in his young readers’ ability to understand and appreciate irony. Whenever he was presented with concerns over the possibility of children taking the bad advice literally, Grigory would explain:

“When a child reads one of my bad advice poems, they are lead to contemplate the poor choices described therein and to think those poor choices all the way through. These poems act as little vaccines against real-life mistakes. Arguing that they are harmful in earnest seems as silly to me as arguing against vaccination.”
10 IMPORTANT TITLES

5 BOOKS NOT SUBMITTED TO THE JURY

A BOOK OF BAD ADVICE
On the 20th of November, 1989 the United Nations has signed the Convention on the Rights of the Child (CRC). Article 42 of CRC states that “the principles and provisions of the Convention must be made widely known, by appropriate and active means, to adults and children alike”. Unfortunately, as is evidenced even by that brief quote, CRC is written in sophisticated legalese that no child can be expected to understand. Put simply, children cannot know their own rights if they cannot understand them.

“The Rights of the Cub” is essentially a translation of CRC into language that is simpler and more accessible to children. It is the only non-fiction book written by Mr. Oster, and it is written with the intention of actually making children’s rights known to children.

Article 1, which is originally worded as “For the purposes of the present Convention, a child means every human being below the age of eighteen years unless under the law applicable to the child, majority is attained earlier” becomes “All human cubs are children until they turn 18”.

Article 38 is originally stated as follows:

“States Parties undertake to respect and to ensure respect for rules of international humanitarian law applicable to them in armed conflicts which are relevant to the child. ... In accordance with their obligations under international humanitarian law to protect the civilian population in armed conflicts, States Parties shall take all feasible measures to ensure protection and care of children who are affected by an armed conflict.”

Grigory translates it as:

“Cubs have a right to not be in wars. If grownups want to have a war somewhere, they must move the cubs somewhere safe first.”

Mr. Oster uses his excellent command of children’s language to provide a crucial service, raising awareness about children’s rights among those who are affected by these rights the most.
A KITTEN NAMED WOOF

Annotation

A stray kitten by the name of Woof lives alone in the attic of an old building. The world around him is confusing, perilous and full of hardships. Woof, however, is oblivious, curious, and eager to explore. His naturally naive disposition leads him to perceive the difficulties of his life with a sense of excitement.

Upon hearing Woof’s name, a seasoned stray cat advises the kitten against venturing outside: “With an unfortunate name like yours, there’s nothing but adversity waiting for you out there”. Woof, who does not know what “adversity” means, decides to hurry downstairs so as not to keep adversity waiting. He proceeds to run excitedly down the attic stairs, singing an improvised song: “Adversity, here I come!”.

In one of the earlier chapters, Woof befriends a stray puppy, who lives in the yard outside. Together, the two friends encourage and support each other as they interact with the often unwelcoming and dangerous world around them. Though they might be vulnerable and perpetually hungry, they manage to have fun and enjoy their time together. In one chapter, the pair finds a sausage. In order to split it fairly between themselves, they decide to eat the sausage simultaneously from opposing ends until they meet in the middle. When the sausage is no more, the puppy remarks that they met sooner than he expected and wonders whether it was in fact the midpoint of the sausage. “It doesn’t really matter whether or not it’s the midpoint” says Woof “Now that there are no other points left.” The book in general and this particular episode have become widely quoted. So much so that a monument to the sausage, titled “The Friendship Sausage” has been placed in the Russian city of Novokuznetsk. Cartoons that Grigory has written based on the book have become classics in their own right.

It is easy to see, why Woof has proven to be so relatable a character for young children. He is a little thing, trying to make sense of a world that is big, complicated and sometimes hostile. He is surrounded by older animals, whose received wisdom and prejudice cannot always be trusted. Nevertheless, by remaining curious, open-minded and insisting on enjoying life regardless of circumstances, he is able to remain happy even in a deeply imperfect world.
This series consists of three different books all sharing the same experimental format which is, perhaps, best described as “rogue textbooks”. These books are all structured as textbooks, with the paragraphs, footnotes and even end-of-chapter exercises familiar to any student, but the subjects they teach are fictional.

“Dadmomtics” is the study of adults and their uses. In this textbook, students are taught about the habitat, diet and behaviour of moms and dads. There is, for instance, an entire chapter dedicated to the in-depth analysis of a parent’s reserves of patience through advanced patience-trying techniques: the readers are taught to identify “the very last straw” and compare the size of mom’s patience to grandma’s.

“Home Study: A Study of Homes” is the study of the students most immediate environment - their home. Here, the geopolitics of kitchens and living rooms are discussed in great detail. The students are taught about the flora and fauna of bathrooms and walk-in closets and encouraged to explore their own bathrooms.

“Candyconsumology” is the applied science of eating candy. The textbook dedicates a considerable amount of attention to the different paradigms candy categorization. Students are familiarised with existing theories on where candy comes from and what the best places to look for it are.

All three books ingeniously make use of a format that, for most young readers, is associated strongly with boredom and authority. Every school-aged child is well acquainted with the conventions of textbook writing and it is safe to say that most children are not particularly fond of these conventions. The Books in “That’ll Teach ‘Em” use that familiarity and frustration as a common ground. They are rare examples of observant, subtle and relatable satire created for an audience of children.
Annotation

Another subversive experiment with genre, this book is an arrangement of legends and myths that are paradoxically domestic and trivial in their subject-matter. The legendary heroes described in these myths are regular children, living in a perfectly real and immediately familiar setting. Laurel Lane happens to be an actual street in the town of Yalta, where the author has spent his childhood, but it might as well have been any other nondescript street.

This unusual juxtaposition of genre and setting serves a double purpose. Firstly, it effectively parodies the grandiose narration that the vast majority of Russian schoolchildren will know from studying ancient mythology. The book pays great attention to language, occasionally weaving pompous and outdated vocabulary into an otherwise casual and modern prose style to hilarious effect.

At the same time, combining the pathos of mythology with a mundane setting allows “Myths and Legends of Laurel Lane” to fulfil a serious social function. The book paints its legends on a canvas that its readers know and understand intimately. When myths are presented against so familiar a background it becomes much easier to see just how prone mythologization is to hyperbole and distortion.

This provides the reader with an opportunity to understand the process by which myths are created and to appreciate how far an account of an event can stray from the truth as that even ascends into legend.

Mythologization has long been a popular tool of political propaganda. Soviet schools would barrage students with countless legends of heroic soldiers and revolutionaries as well as fabricated parables from the lives of leading political figures. The unique and playful treatment of mythological conventions is intended to help break their authoritarian spell. By illuminating the mechanical inner workings of a sample mythology, the “Myths and Legends of Laurel Lane” fosters in its readers a healthy skepticism towards all forms of official narrative.
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Gymnastics for a Tail, 1982

Сказка с подробностями
A Bedtime Story With Additional Details, 1989

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices, 1991

Гирлянда из малышей - 2
The Garland of Children - 2, 1985

Осторожно, обезьянки!
Beware of the Monkeys, 1986

Осторожно, обезьянки!
Beware of the Monkeys, 1987

Как Гусёнок потерялся
How the Gosling Got Lost, 1988

Он попался
He Was Caught, 1988

Попался, который кусался!
The Biter Bit!, 1989

Таинственная пропажа
A Mystery Loss, 1989

Как Гусёнок на Лису охотился
How the Gosling Hunted the Fox, 1991

MOSCOW
«MOSKOVSKIY KNIZHNY DVOR»

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices, 1990

MOSCOW
BPK
(BURO PROPAGANDY KINOPSUSSTVA)

38 попугаев
38 Parrots, 1977

Котенок по имени Гав
A Kitten Named Woof, 1978

Котенок по имени Гав (история вторая)
A Kitten Named Woof (story 2), 1980

Мальчик и девочка
The Boy and the Girl, 1981

Котенок по имени Гав
A Kitten Named Woof (story 3), 1982

Гирлянда из малышей
The Garland of Children, 1984

38 попугаев
38 Parrots, 1977

Котенок по имени Гав
A Kitten Named Woof, 1978

Котенок по имени Гав (история вторая)
A Kitten Named Woof (story 2), 1980

Мальчик и девочка
The Boy and the Girl, 1981

Котенок по имени Гав
A Kitten Named Woof (story 3), 1982

Гирлянда из малышей
The Garland of Children, 1984

Задачник. Ненаглядное пособие по математике

MOSCOW
«VEK»

• 1993 •

Зарядка для хвоста
Gymnastics for a Tail

Бабушка удава
Boa’s Grandma

Это я ползу
I’m Crawling
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Ненаглядное пособие
Non-Visual Aid

Подземный переход
Subway Crossing

Испорченная погода
Bad Weather

• 1994 •

Обезьянки и грабители
The Monkeys and the Robbers

Детские народные приметы и суеверия
Children’s Folk Sayings and Superstitions

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

Гадание по рукам, ногам, ушам, спине и шее
Hand-, Leg-, Ear-, Back- and Neckreading

MOSCOW
«ROSMEN»

FROM 1996 TO 2010 THE ROSMEN PUBLISHING HOUSE PUBLISHED 40 BOOKS BY GRIGORY OSTER. THE BOOKS HAD A GREAT SUCCESS AND WERE REPRINTED MORE THAN 400 TIMES IN TOTAL.

• 1996 •

Остров Эскадо
Escado Island

Физика
Physics

Задачник
Math Problems

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Зарядка для хвоста
Gymnastics for a Tail

Приключения Пифа
(The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French))

Сказка с подробностями
A Bedtime Story With Additional Details

Обезьянки младшего возраста
Monkeys Are Little Age

Детские суеверия
Children’s Superstitions

Визгкультура
Screeching-Culture

• 1997 •

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Ночка и ее друзья
Night and Her Friends

• 1998 •

Вредные советы-2
Harmful Advices -2

Пампукская Хрюя
Pampuksky Hryuya (Fluffy Hryuya)

Зеленая зеленка
Green Zelenka

Летучая волчица
Flying Wolf

Петка-микроб
Peter the Germ

• 1999 •

Папамамалогия
Papamamalogia (FatherMatherlogy)

Квартироведение
Kvartirovedenie (Apartmentvedenie)
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Legends and Myths of Laurel Alley

Candy Eating

Thirteen Greeds

Upbringing for Adult

38 Parrots

A vdrug получится!!!

What if It Turns Out!!!

We Will Be Familiar

Gymnastics for a Tail

Hello to Monkey

Where the Baby Elephant Goes?

How to Treat a Boa?

Omens and Superstitions

Physics With Jokes

Breaking the Rules of Etiquette

Disruption

It’s Not Fair

Horrendous Tasks About Cannibals

Awful Tasks About Casting

Terrible Tasks About Lost Children

Math Problems

Games in Letters

The School of Horror

Harmful Advices-2

Harmful Advices-3

Harmful Advices

Little Task

Terrible Puzzles

Bringing Up Adults

Papamamalogy

MOSCOW

PUBLISHING HOUS AST «MALYSH»

• 2000 •
Квартирводение
Kvartirovedenie (Apartmentvedenie)

Конфетеодение
CandyEating

Задачинчик про дружбу и драку
Problem About Friendship and Fight

Задачинчик про любовь и поцелуи
Problem About Love and Kisses

Одни неприятности
Some Trouble

Зарядка для хвоста
Gymnastics for a Tail

Как Гусёнок потерялся
How the Gosling Got Lost

Гирлянда из малышей
The Garland of Children

Неправильные картинки-1
Wrong Pictures-1

Ненаглядное пособие
Non-Visual Aid

Попался, который кусался!
The Biter Bit!

Обезьянки и грабители
The Monkeys and the Robbers

Вредные советы начинающему школьнику
Harmful Advices for a Beginner Schoolboy

Вредные советы для детей старшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Older Children

Вредные советы. Как пережить трудное детство
Harmful Advices. How to Survive a Difficult Childhood

Как тебя зовут?
What Is Your Name?

Середина сосиски
The Middle of the Sausage

Вредные советы-2
Harmful Advices-2

Зарядка для хвоста
Gymnastics for a Tail

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Вредные советы. Как стать настоящим мальчиком
Harmful Advices. How to Become a Real Boy

Вредные советы-3
Harmful Advices-3

Книга о вкусной и здоровой пище людоеда
A Book About Tasty and Healthy Food Ogre

• 2002 •

Вредные советы для детей младшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Younger Children

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

А вдруг получится!!!
What if It Turns Out!!!

Бабушка удава
Boa’s Grandma

Привет мартышке
Hello to Monkey

Самые вредные советы
The Most Harmful Advices

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Задачник
Math Problems

Котенок по имени Гав (все истории)
The Kitten Named Woof (All Stories)

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Школьный сонник
School Dream

Вредные советы-2
Harmful Advices-2

Задачник
Math Problems

Вредные советы-3
Harmful Advices-3
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Приметы и суеверия
Omens and Superstitions

Конфетоедение и квартироведение
Candy Eating and Kvartirovedenie

Котенок по имени Гав и другие истории
The Kitten Named Woof and Other Tales

Папамамалогия и воспитание взрослых
Papamamology. Bringing Up Adults

Середина сосиски
The Middle of the Sausage

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Книга сказок
Fairy Tales Book

Большая книга сказок
Big Book of Fairy Tales

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

Воспитание взрослых
Bringing Up Adults

Нарушение правил этикета
Breaking the Rules of Etiquette

Вредные советы для детей младшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Younger Children

Вредные упражнения
Harmful Exercises

Вредные советы начинающему школьнику
Harmful Advices for a Beginner Schoolboy

Правилонарушение
Disruption

Когда начинают кусаться
When They Start Biting

Одни неприятности
Some Trouble

Середина сосиски
The Middle of the Sausage

Хорошо спрятанная котлета
A Well-Hidden Cutlet

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Приключения Пифа
(The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)

Самое-самое
The Best

Ужасный Задачник
Terrible Task Book

Вредные советы Для Детей Старшего Возраста
Harmful Advises for Older Children

Попался, который кусался!
The Biter Bit!

Все для детей младшего возраста
Everything for Younger Children

Вредные советы. Как пережить трудное детство
Harmful Advices. How to Survive a Difficult Childhood

Книга вредных советов и полезного чтения
Book of Harmful Advice and Good Reading

Вредные советы. Самые лучшие вредные советы и задачи
Harmful Advices. The Best Harmful Advices and Tasks

Ненаглядное пособие
Non-Visual Aid

Попался, который кусался. Сборник сказок
Got Caught Who Biting

Вредные советы. Как стать настоящим мальчиком
Harmful Advices. How to Become a Real Boy

Папамамалогия
Papamamology

Физика с приколами
Physics With Jokes

Задачник
Math Problems
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

ABC from Gregory Oster

Math Problems

Boa’s Grandma

Hello to Monkey

Book of Harmful Knowledge

38 Parrots

Gymnastics for a Tail

38 Parrots

Harmful Advices

The Kitten Named Woof

Non-Visual Aid

The Most Harmful Advices

How the Gosling Got Lost

Some Trouble

Harmful Advices-2

38 Parrots

Harmful Advices-3

The Kitten Named Woof

What Is Your Name?

The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)

Skirt for President

What if It Turns Out!!!

Bad Advice and Other Stories

The School of Horror

Harmful Exercises

All Harmful Advices

Big Book of Fairy Tales

Harmful Advices for Older Children

Harmful Advices for a Beginner Schoolboy

All Fairy Tales by G.Oster

Big Book of Knowledge
Вредные советы. Осторожно: мама!
Harmful Advices Caution: Mom!

Вредные советы. Убегая от трамвая
Harmful Advices. Running Away from the Tram

Вредные советы. Взрослый может быть опасен
Harmful Advices. An Adult Can Be Dangerous

Вредные советы. Родился девочкой - терпи
Harmful Advices. Born a Girl - Be Patient

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Середина сосиски
The Middle of the Sausage

Вредные советы. Сказки и сказочные истории
Harmful Advices. Tales and Fabulous Stories

Вредные советы. В диких дебрях средней школы
Harmful Advices. In the Wild Wilds of High School

Большая книга страшных знаний
Big Book of Scary Knowledge

Все для детей младшего возраста
Everything for Younger Children

Вредные советы для детей младшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Younger Children

Ненаглядное пособие
Non-Visual Aid

Новые вредные советы
New Harmful Advices

Зарядка для хвоста
Gymnastics for a Tail

Вредные советы. Посмотрите на себя
Harmful Advices. Look At Yourself

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Сказочные истории т. 1
Fairy Tales

Школа ужасов
The School of Horror

• 2005 •

Вредные советы т.2
Harmful Advices

Школа ужасов
The School of Horror т.3

Вредные советы-3
Harmful Advices-3

Все вредные советы
All Harmful Advices

Бабушка удава
Boa’s Grandma

Зарядка для хвоста
Gymnastics for a Tail

Вредные советы про воспитанных детей
Harmful Advices About Raised Children

Вредные советы. Как стать настоящей девочкой
Harmful Advices. How to Become a Real Girl

Вредные советы. Если вы с друзьями вместе
Harmful Advices. If You Are With Friends Together

Вредные советы. Сказки и сказочные истории
Harmful Advices. Tales and Fabulous Stories

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Задачник
Math Problems

Все Сказки Г. Остера
All Fairy Tales by G.Oster

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Конфетоедение
Candy Eating

Когда начинают кусаться
When They Start Biting

Вредные советы-2
Harmful Advices-2
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Гирлянда из малышей
The Garland of Children
Котенок по имени Гав (все истории)
The Kitten Named Woof (All Stories)
38 попугаев
38 Parrots
Он попался
He Was Caught
Попался, который кусался
Got Caught Who Biting
Вредные советы
Harmful Advices
Сказочные истории т.1
Fairy Tales
Как Гусёнок потерялся
How the Gosling Got Lost
Вредные советы 4
Harmful Advices 4
Новые вредные советы или 10 лет спустя
New Harmful Advices, Or 10 Years Later
38 попугаев
38 Parrots

• 2006 •
Самые вредные советы
The Most Harmful Advices
Все сказки Г. Остера
All Fairy Tales by G.Oster
Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof
Вредные советы для детей младшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Younger Children
Задачник
Math Problems
Середина сосиски
The Middle of the Sausage
Хорошо спрятанная котлета
A Well-Hidden Cutlet
Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Азбука от Григория Остера
ABC from Gregory Oster

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Как тебя зовут?
What Is Your Name?

Большая книга сказок
Big Book of Fairy Tales

Так нечестно!
It’s Not Fair

Вредные советы-2
Harmful Advices-2

Вредные советы-3
Harmful Advices-3

Вредные советы. Сказки и сказочные истории
Harmful Advises. Tales and Fabulous Stories

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

• 2007 •

Все сказки-мультфильмы про Слоненка, Мартышку и Удава
All Fairy Tales-Cartoons About the Baby Elephant, Monkey and Boa

Вредные советы для детей младшего возраста
Harmful Advises for Younger Children

Задачник
Math Problems

Приключения Пифа
(авторизованный перевод с французского)
The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)

Вредные советы 4
Harmful Advises 4

38 попугаев
38 Parrots
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Вредные советы для детей старшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Older Children

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

*2008*

Вредные советы. Книга для непослушных детей и их родителей
Harmful Advices. A Book for Naughty Children and Their Parents

Вредные советы. Послушным детям читать запрещается!
Harmful Advices. Obedient Children Are Forbidden to Read!

Хорошо Спрятанная Котлета
A Well-Hidden Cutlet

Вредные советы и другие истории
Bad Advice and Other Stories

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Вредные советы для детей младшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Younger Children

Все сказки-мультфильмы про Слоненка, Мартышку и Удава
All Fairy Tales-Cartoons About the Baby Elephant, Monkey and Boa

Вредные советы. Сказки и сказочные истории
Harmful Advices. Tales and Fabulous Stories

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Приключения Пифа
(авторизованный перевод с французского)
The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)

Попался, который кусался!
The Biter Bit!

Приключения Пифа
(авторизованный перевод с французского)
The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French) (в Сокращении)

Середина сосиски
The Middle of the Sausage

Зарядка для хвоста
Gymnastics for a Tail

Задачник
Math Problems

Сказки-мультфильмы Г. Остера
Fairy Tale Cartoons of G.Oster

Вредные советы (издание для взрослых)
Harmful Advices

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Как тебя зовут?
What Is Your Name?

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

Все вредные советы
All Harmful Advices

Задачник
Math Problems

Любимые сказки и сказочные истории
Favorite Fairy Tales And Fairy Tales

Вредные советы. Как пережить трудное детство
Harmful Advices. How to Survive a Difficult Childhood

Карнавал сказок
Fairytale Carnival
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

All Fairy Tales-Cartoons About the Baby Elephant, Monkey and Boa

Harmful Advices. Tales and Fabulous Stories

The Kitten Named Woof

What Is Your Name?

Save the Planet

Boa’s Grandma

Gymnastics for a Tail

Hello to Monkey

Tales

Harmful Advices-3

All Harmful Advices

No Harmful Advices. After the Wedding Will Not Heal (Adult Edition)

Housing and Communal Advices

Harmful Advices and Other Stories

Harmful Advices. Papamamology. Bringing Up Adults

A Well-Hidden Cutlet

The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)

Domestic and Wild Adults

Wild and Tamed Adults

• 2010 •

38 Parrots

All Fairy Tales by G.Oster

All Harmful Advices

All Harmful Advices 4

Harmful Advices for Naughty Businessmen

38 Parrots

Harmful Advices for Nonsensical Businessmen

Boa’s Grandma

Gymnastics for a Tail

Hello to Monkey

Tales

Harmful Advices-3

All Harmful Advices

No Harmful Advices. After the Wedding Will Not Heal (Adult Edition)

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Harmful Advices and Other Stories

Harmful Advices. Papamamology. Bringing Up Adults

A Well-Hidden Cutlet

The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)

Domestic and Wild Adults

Wild and Tamed Adults

38 Parrots

All Fairy Tales by G.Oster

All Harmful Advices

All Harmful Advices 4

Harmful Advices for Naughty Businessmen

38 Parrots

Harmful Advices for Nonsensical Businessmen

Boa’s Grandma

Gymnastics for a Tail

Hello to Monkey

Tales

Harmful Advices-3

All Harmful Advices

No Harmful Advices. After the Wedding Will Not Heal (Adult Edition)

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Harmful Advices and Other Stories

Harmful Advices. Papamamology. Bringing Up Adults

A Well-Hidden Cutlet

The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)
Вредные советы. Как пережить трудное детство
Harmful Advices. How to Survive a Difficult Childhood
Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof
Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof
Azбука Г. Остера
Grigoriy Oster’s ABC
Попался, который кусался!
The Biter Bit!
Вредные советы отцам подрастающих детей
Harmful Advises to Fathers of Growing Children
Середина сосиски
The Middle of the Sausage
38 попугаев (Это я ползу)
38 Parrots (It’s Me Crawling)
Домашние вредные советы
Harmful Advices for Home
Не/обитаемая квартира
Non / Habitable Apartment
Квартира и ее обитатели
The Apartment and Its Inhabitants
Как пользоваться взрослыми
How to Use Adults
Осторожно, взрослые!
Careful, Adults!

• 2012 •
Домашние вредные советы
Harmful Advices for Home
Дети и Это. Попугаи с вареньем
Back to The Kids' Table. Parrots With Jam

• 2013 •
Любимые вредные советы
Favorite Harmful Advices

Все вредные советы
All Harmful Advices
Все вредные советы в одной книге
All Harmful Advices in One Book
Все вредные советы
All Harmful Advices
Все вредные советы
All Harmful Advices
Вредные советы в дике задачи в школе и дома
Harmful Advices and Wild Tasks for School and Home
Вредные советы для детей младшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Younger Children
Петька-микроб и другие
Peter the Germ and Others
Петька-микроб
Peter the Germ
Дети и Эти
Back to The Kids' Table
Вредные советы. Папамамалогия. Воспитание взрослых
Harmful Advices. Papamamology. Bringing Up Adults
Вредные советы
Harmful Advices
Лучшие вредные советы
The Best Harmful Advices
Любимые вредные советы
Favorite Harmful Advices
Все сказочные истории в одной книге
All Fairy Tales in One Book
Детская книга для взрослых. Взрослая книга для детей
Children’s Book for Adults. Adult Book for Children
38 попугаев. Новая история про новогодний пирог
38 Parrots. A New Story About the New Year’s Pie
Сказка с подробностями
A Bedtime Story With Additional Details
Вредные советы. Если не купили вам пирожное...
Harmful Advices. If They Didn’t Buy You a Cake...
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Вредные советы. Если вас зовут обедать...
Harmful Advices. When It Is Dinner Time...

• 2014 •

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Дети и Эти
Back to The Kids' Table

Домашние вредные советы
Harmful Advices for Home

Лучшие вредные советы
The Best Harmful Advices

Сказка с подробностями
A Bedtime Story With Additional Details

Загадочные истории про неразлучных друзей
Mysterious Stories About Inseparable Friends

Все вредные советы
All Harmful Advices

Вредные советы и дикие задачи в школе и дома
Harmful Advices and Wild Tasks for School and Home

400 самых любимых вредные советов Г.Остера
400 Favorite Harmful Advices by G.Oster

Вредные советы. Надо с младшими делиться... с игровыми заданиями
Harmful Advices. You Must Share With the Younger... with Games

Сказки на каждый день
Tales for Every Day

Задачник
Math Problems

Петька-микроб и другие
Peter the Germ and Others

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Вредные советы. Папамамалогия. Воспитание взрослых
Harmful Advices. Papamamology. Bringing Up Adults

Вредные советы для детей младшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Younger Children

Вредные советы. Убегая от трамвая...
Harmful Advices. Running Away From A Train

Все вредные советы в одной книге
All Harmful Advices in One Book

Вредные советы. Сказки и сказочные истории
Harmful Advices. Tales and Fabulous Stories

Любимые сказки
Favorite Tales

Все сказки Григория Остера
All Tales by Grigory Oster

Азбука от Г.Остера
Grigory Oster’s ABC

Вредные советы для малышей
Harmful Advices for Kids

Самые любимые сказки
The Most Favorite Tales

Хорошо спрятанная котлета
A Well-Hidden Cutlet

Вредные советы для детей младшего возраста
Harmful Advices for Younger Children

• 2015 •

Сказки для малышей
Tales for Kids

Зарядка для хвоста
Gymnastics for a Tail

Большие сказки и истории
Big Tales and Stories

Все самые знаменитые сказки и вредные советы
All the Most Famous Tales and Harmful Advices

Все сказки Григория Остера
All Tales by Grigory Oster

Сказки на каждый день
Tales for Every Day

Все вредные советы
All Harmful Advices
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Самые вредные советы
The Most Harmful Advices

Вредные советы. Если вас поймала мама…
Harmful Advises. If Your Mother Caught You...

Не вредные советы, или Что будет, если... 
No Bad Advises Or What Happens if...

Так нечестно
It’s Not Fair

Вредные советы
Harmful Advices

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

Все самые любимые истории и вредные советы
All the Most Famous Tales and Harmful Advises

Петька-микроб
Peter the Germ

Дети и Эти
Back to The Kids' Table

Привет мартышке
Hello to Monkey

Школьные вредные советы
Harmful Advises for School

Вредные советы. Папамамалогия. Воспитание взрослых
Harmful Advises. Papamamalogy. Bringing Up Adults

400 самых любимых вредных советов Г.Остера
400 Favourite Harmful Advises by G.Oster

Все вредные советы в одной книге
All Harmful Advises in One Book

Когда начинают кусаться
When They Start Biting

Задачник
Math Problems

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

SERIES OF BOOKS HAPPY - CHILDREN’ S BOOKS FOR MCDONALD’ S
COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Зарядка для хвоста  
Gymnastics for a Tail

Истории про взрослых и детей  
Stories About Children and Adults

Котенок по имени Гав  
The Kitten Named Woof

Котенок по имени Гав. Я учусь читать 3-4 года  
The Kitten Named Woof. I Learn to Read 3-4 Years

Любимые сказки  
Favorite Tales

Петька-микроб  
Peter the Germ

Попался, который кусался  
Got Caught Who Biting

Сказки  
Tales

Сказки для малышей  
Tales for Kids

Сказки на каждый день  
Tales for Every Day

Школьные вредные советы  
Harmful Advices for School

•2017•

38 попугаев  
38 Parrots

38 попугаев и другие сказки  
38 Parrots and Other Tales

400 любимых вредных советов Г.Остера  
400 Favorite Harmful Advices by G.Oster

Вредные советы  
Harmful Advices

Вредные советы. Если вас забыли в детском садике...  
Harmful Advices. If You Are Forgotten in Kindergarten...

Истории про детей и взрослых  
Stories About Children and Adults

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The Kitten Named Woof

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The Kitten Named Woof and Other Tales

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COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

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Любимые сказки
Favorite Tales

Мифы и легенды Велтон-парка
Myths and Legends of Wellton-Park

Невредный календарь 2018
Calendar’s Harmless

Обезьянки и грабители
The Monkeys and the Robbers

Петька-микроб
Peter the Germ

Приключения Пифа
(авторизованный перевод с французского)
The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)

Про веселых обезьянок и другие сказки
About Funny Monkeys and Other Tales

Робинзон и тринадцать жадностей
Robinson and Thirteen Greeds

Все сказки для малышей
All Kinds of Tales

Середина сосиски
The Middle of the Sausage

Сказка с подробностями
A Bedtime Story With Additional Details

Сказки
Tales

Сказки для малышей
Tales for Kids

Сказки на каждый день
Tales for Every Day

Ужасные задачи
Terrible Books of Problems

Хорошо спрятанная котлета
A Well-Hidden Cutlet

Школа ужасов и другие правдивые истории
The School of Horror and Other True Stories

Лучшие вредные советы
The Most Harmful Advices

Школьные вредные советы
Harmful Advices for School

• 2018 •

38 попугаев
38 Parrots

38 попугаев. Сказки для малышей
38 Parrots. Tales for Little Children

Вредные советы
Harmful Advice

Все вредные советы
All Harmful Advices

Все вредные советы в одной книге
All Harmful Advices in One Book

Все лучшие сказки для малышей
All the Best Tales for the Smallest Kids

Все приключения Пифа
(авторизованный перевод с французского)
All the Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)

Дети и Эт
Back to The Kids’ Table

Задачник в картинках
A Little Book of Problems in Pictures

Котенок по имени Гав
The Kitten Named Woof

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Лесная полянка
Forest Glade

Любимые сказки
Favourite Tales

Новогодние истории
New Year Stories
Петька-микроб
Peter the Germ

Петька-микроб и другие сказки
Peter the Germ and Other Tales

Попался, который кусался
Got Caught Who Biting

Приключения Пифа
(авторизованный перевод с французского)
The Adventures of Pyth (authorized Translation from French)

Робинзон и тринадцать жадностей
Robinson and Thirteen Greeds

Все сказки
All Kinds of Tales

Хорошо спрятанная котлета
A Well-Hidden Cutlet

Лучшие вредные советы
The Most Harmful Advices

Школьные вредные советы
Harmful Advices for School