

**PATRIK
ANTCZAK**

*1986 / is an illustrator and graphic designer who is interested in projects with a long-term social impact or with educational and interactive aspects. His work exudes a natural playfulness, immediacy and a free-flowing sense of humour. He founded his own publishing house RUKAMA in 2018, through which he published *ALFABETA* – the sequel in his educational interactive books. This book won six prestigious awards including second place in the Most Beautiful Book of the Year poll and winner of the Golden Ribbon award.



AVIHAI
NIZRI

*1982 / is an Israeli author living in Brno. He has published two children's books and the first of these, *The Children of Noon*, was awarded a prize by the Ministry of Culture and Sport of Israel. The book was also selected for the Israel Book Festival and appears on the Ministry of Education and Libraries' list of recommended reading. He has also written a play, screenplays for television programmes and jokes for Israel's leading comedians.



In ***Animals and Other Animals*** (Agam, 2021), Patrik and Avihai focus on all of those animals which don't want to do what their species is predetermined to do. We find here rebels such as a lazy ant which prefers to rest and contemplate life instead of working; Rodriguez the mosquito who would rather kiss people than bite them, while Victor the flamingo was the first to buy a pink suit, thus starting a trend in colour for all flamingos. This book, with a wealth of illustrations, was published by the Israeli publishing house Agam.



This leporello on the theme Small/Big was created as part of a Czech Literary Centre project (a section of the Moravian Library in Brno), which is implemented with the financial participation of the EU through the Ministry of Culture within the framework of the National Recovery Plan.

SMALL
/ big



TRAFFIC JAM

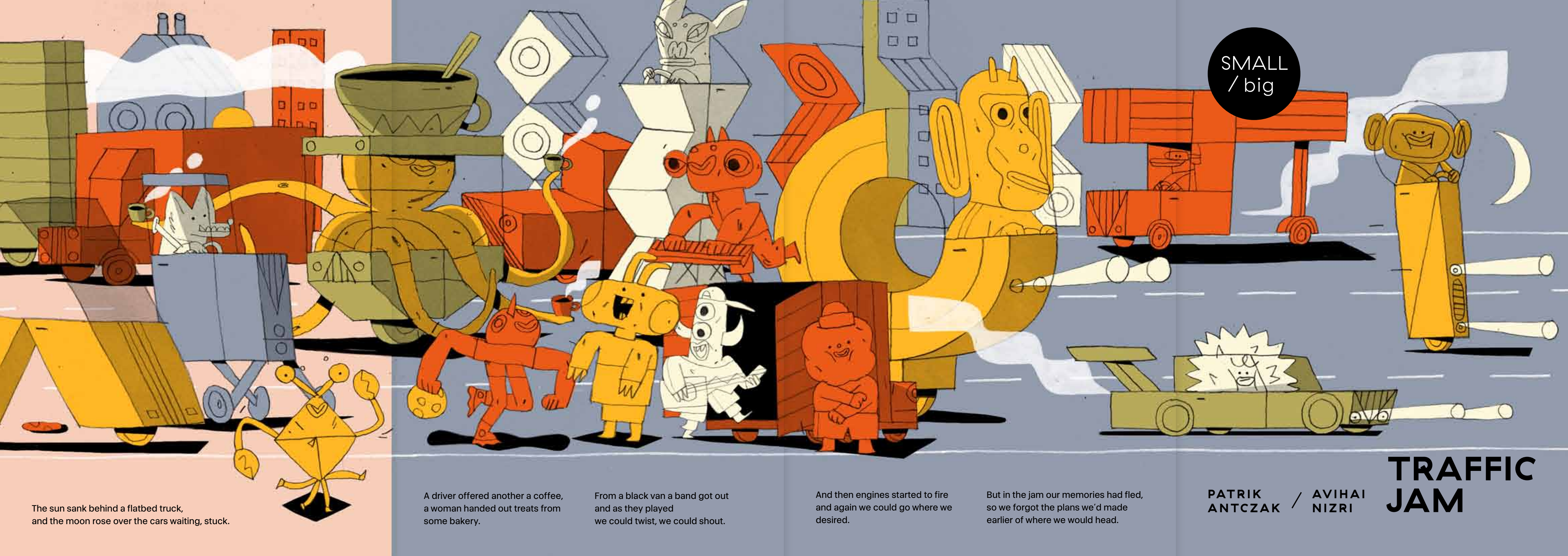
/ translated by Ryan Scott /

Each enormous stately home
became only fit for a gnome
before hiding under a leafy dome.

Chimney smoke spills out.
Are we there yet? I moan
as we grind to a halt
in the traffic jam, not alone.

At first horns give a staccato:
toot, toot, toot.
Then follow with a long low:
Toooooooooooooot
We wallow in the sound
coming from vans, limos,
jeeps all around.

Drivers lower their windows
and chat with nearby fellows:
There's been a crash, wedding or other disaster
or they have to lay down new tar
and the light's now flashing amber.



SMALL
/ big

The sun sank behind a flatbed truck,
and the moon rose over the cars waiting, stuck.

A driver offered another a coffee,
a woman handed out treats from
some bakery.

From a black van a band got out
and as they played
we could twist, we could shout.

And then engines started to fire
and again we could go where we
desired.

But in the jam our memories had fled,
so we forgot the plans we'd made
earlier of where we would head.

PATRIK
ANTCZAK / AVIHAI
NIZRI

TRAFFIC JAM

DARJA ČANČÍKOVÁ

*1982 / While still a student Darja Čančíková (1982) was already receiving nominations for the Most Beautiful Czech Book of the Year award. She has illustrated and contributed to the artwork of numerous books for several different publishers, mostly aimed at children from 0 to 100 and above. She has also illustrated educational publications to promote literacy (the New School company).



DORA KAPRÁLOVÁ

*1975 / writes mainly prose for adults. This year she brought out *Suffering and Other Genres* as well as her first children's book *Mr No-one and the Whiteout*. She also writes on cultural issues, especially for the radio. In 2016 she received the Czech-German Journalism Award for a radio essay and the Milena Jesenská Special Prize for reportage. Her books and writings have been translated into German, Hungarian, English, Polish, Croatian, Serbian and Ukrainian. She lives with her family in Berlin.



With its elements of horror ***Mr No-one and the Whiteout*** (Baobab & GplusG, 2022) is a suspense story about fear and how to overcome it. This horror miniature with its subversive humour and unique atmosphere was written by the writer Dora and illustrated by Darja. A mother and her daughters return home at the end of a beautiful autumn's day. They expect to be welcomed at the door by their father, but he's not at home. Where can he be? Has something happened to him? Instead of the father, a Mr No-one finally rings the doorbell. Is he real or is he a figment of childish as well as adult imagination?

SMALL
/ big



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I'VE LOST SOMETHING

I've lost something.
So I'm going to look for it.
I left the house this morning and didn't go to school,
because when you lose something, it's wise to find it again.
"Where're you off to?" asked
Mr Bun the janitor
when he saw that I was skipping school.
"I've lost something, so I'm going to look for it" I told him
apologetically and kept walking.
Mr Bun just shook his head and paid me no more attention.
When you lose something, you have to find it.
There's no way round that.
Those who have known loss appreciate a find.
But what if you don't actually know what you've lost?
I had to get to the bottom of this.
And so off I went,
thinking of all the possible types of bottom
and which of them was the one I was supposed to get to.
I crossed the railway tracks,
passed by the silage field
and found myself at the end of our village.
I kept walking away, past the playground,
but I didn't find it there either.
There were annoying little boys on the monkey bars
who probably hadn't lost anything in their lives yet.
That rattled me a bit, so I shook my fist at them from a distance.
I said to myself
that I was bound to find it any minute now.
I spat into the stream from the bridge and thought
where on earth could it be.
If only I had an inkling of what I'd actually lost!
At least the slightest one!



I reached the cottage by the woods.
It was abandoned.
Tramps used to sleep there in summer.
"Hallo," I said into the deadly silence and climbed in through a broken window.
My trousers got ripped.
I searched for it and still didn't find it!!
The search itself made me ravenously hungry.
There were only tinned sardines and beer in the cottage, but I don't drink beer.
I cut myself on a can and quickly lost my appetite.
"Ouch," I cursed. I jumped out of the window and went on with my search.
It was evening.
On the building site beyond the woods I met Mr Smithereen,
who fixed up our house last year.
"What brings you here, lad?" he asked in a friendly manner, showering me
in plaster dust.
"I've lost something, so I'm off to look for it," I muttered in annoyance.
Mr Smithereen took a swig of his beer and said:
"Always looking for sumfink, in't we? You've got ripped trousers and a bloody
hand. Your mum'll kill you."
Mum? – the truth is I hadn't given her a moment's thought, because if I had
thought about the fact she might be looking for me, it would have made
me feel even worse than when I thought about the fact I'd lost something
and still didn't know what it was.
"Fraid I have to go, Mr Smithereen," I said levelly and quickly made myself scarce.
The freezing cold laid into me.
For a moment I had the feeling that maybe I had lost myself.
So for a while I looked for myself.
I touched my nose: it was there.
I touched my ear: it was there.
I counted my fingers and they were all in place too, though there was blood
dripping from one of them.
Or was it possible that I had lost my way?
It was night.
By now I was quite far from our little town.

In the distance beyond the woods I spotted a fire.
So I set off across the field towards the fire to look for it, but the rain came on
and there was nothing left of the fire but smoke.
Luckily, some pipes appeared in front of me – those big concrete pipes.
I crawled into one of them to wait out the downpour and warm up a bit.
Something clattered in the pipes.
Whoooo!

It scared the life out of me. There were three figures crouching in front of me.
Two men and a woman.
“What are you doing here, youngster?” asked the oldest man, shining a torch
at me.
“I’ve lost something and I can’t find it because I don’t know what it is I’ve lost,”
I said quite truthfully,
“And now it’s raining and I want to go to sleep.”

I was afraid they’d hurt me, but they were pretty laid-back.
“Fair enough,” said the first one reassuringly, holding out his hand for me to
shake. “I’m Yesterday, by the way.”
“And I’m Tomorrow,” chuckled Tomorrow.
“I’m Letitgo,” said the woman, smiling.
I noticed she was missing a few teeth, but she was sweet.

I wanted to ask what they were doing there, if they had lost something too,
but Mrs Letitgo
interrupted my thoughts:
“We live here, in these pipes.
It’s our gaff, the only one we’ve got right now.”
“You know, we kind of lost our way in life...,” Mr Yesterday added, his voice
growing hoarse.
“I get that, I’m looking for something too,” I said thoughtfully, suddenly feeling
grown-up.
“There now, let it go,” Mrs Letitgo said to me, stroking my cheek. She didn’t
smell very nice, but she was almost as kind as my mum.
I felt a pang of homesickness.
“Look,” Mrs Letitgo went on, “tomorrow you run along to school, say hello
to the janitor and be sure to behave yourself. And most importantly, don’t
go looking for anything – after all, they’re bound to be looking for you back
home!”



“And think yourself lucky that there is someone looking for you,” chipped
in Mr Yesterday regretfully.
I thanked them for their advice, shared their dinner of dry rolls and then we
settled down to sleep...
“And listen,” remarked Tomorrow as I drifted off, “if you did lose something
today, then it was the whole day you spent searching, youngster.”
Saying that, he laughed thunderously.

I spent the night in the pipes with them and in the morning they walked me
home.
And what a magnificent procession it was!
Mr Yesterday led the way, followed by me and Mr Tomorrow and Mrs Letitgo.
In front of our house there were five police cars with sirens blaring.
My rescuers took fright at the police, but I grasped Mrs Letitgo’s hand firmly
and we walked up to them.

Dad yelled from a distance that he was going to kill me, but instead he threw
his arms around me and hugged me.
Mum was crying. And I told everyone in a nice loud voice that these three had
saved me.
And the mayor, who was standing there as well, declared that in that case they
deserved something better than just pipes to live in
and that he would give them the keys to the abandoned cottage.
Mum asked: “Why did you run away from home in the first place?”
I wanted to tell her I’d lost something yesterday and gone to look for it,
but I decided it was better to keep quiet.
After all, tomorrow is another day.
And I was done in.

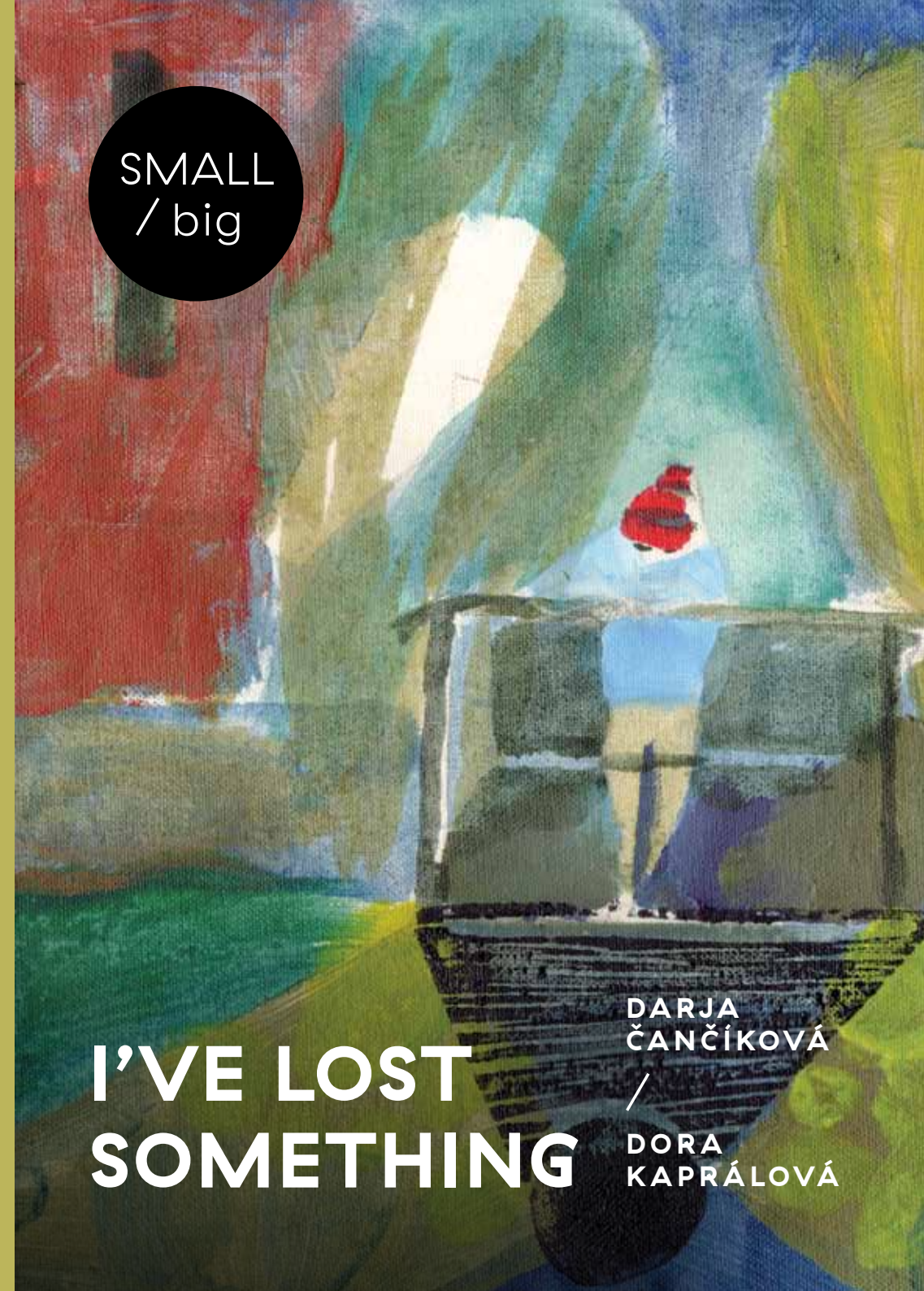
Since then I’ve got three new friends, even if they are a good bit older than me.
They often thank me for getting them better digs and slap me on the back.
And yesterday Mrs Letitgo even married Mr Tomorrow. They opened up
a snack bar at the station and moved into the station building.
And Mr Yesterday is helping Mr Smithereen on the building site.
They say they’ve let go of the past.
And I still don’t know what it was I lost that day when I went to look for it –
But you know what?
I’ve let it go now too.

SMALL
/ big

I’VE LOST
SOMETHING

DARJA
ČANČÍKOVÁ

/
DORA
KAPRÁLOVÁ



EVA VOLFOVÁ

*1979 / studied textile design, and her embroidered book *The Cat Made from Coffee Foam* marked the beginning of her collaboration with Baobab publishers. In 2020 she was awarded a creative scholarship from the Ministry of Culture (for the project *Nitka and the Line*) and a CzechLit scholarship. She took part in the conferences and exhibitions at the Týn EXPO from 2019-2021. Her long-term interest is in the promotion of the forgotten skill of embroidery. Her embroidery workshops – *A pencil is too short for thread* – help both children and adults master the difficult art of embroidery.



len

OLGA ČERNÁ

*1964 / studied at the University of Agriculture in Prague and has worked in a laboratory, in a bookshop, in a village library, and as a guide in a monastery. She is now employed at the Town Library in Tábor. She has published short texts from various genres in magazines and her blog, and Baobab publishers have brought out several of her books for children. *The Professor from Essex's Lost Diary: Curious Fauna* was awarded the Golden Ribbon award and was nominated for the Most Beautiful Czech Book of the Year. She is a co-founder of the Miroslav Šašek Foundation.



Olga and Eva worked together on the book **From the House and Garden** (Baobab, 2011), which was published by Baobab. A large old house with a garden, two children – Matěj and Hanka – and Dad and Mum. Short stories, observing a child's imagination, samples and snippets from typical days and the cycle of the seasons. A book about the home and the ordinary things which become extraordinary through a child's gaze. The book was decorated with Eva Volfová's embroidered illustrations.

SMALL
/ big



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When I was little, I used to go down to the river to watch the steamboat. I thought that one day it would stop and a handsome stranger would disembark and take me with him into the big, wide world.



And did he disembark, Gran?
Yes. And he stayed here with me.



We had five children and all of them were always down by the water. They didn't want to come home.



Dad, could Theo fish here with you for a while?



Come on, Theo, I'll take you out in the boat. Wow, Grandpa, you're great at paddling! Rowing, Theo. You paddle in a kayak.



There were tiny little fish in the river. Your dad caught one and brought it home.



But Dad told me he once caught a fish so big they couldn't even carry it!



Right enough, he did. That was a long time ago. I must have forgotten about it. Well, I'm off home now, go and tell your dad to come too...





What's a kayak?
I went kayaking with your gran.
Those were the days.

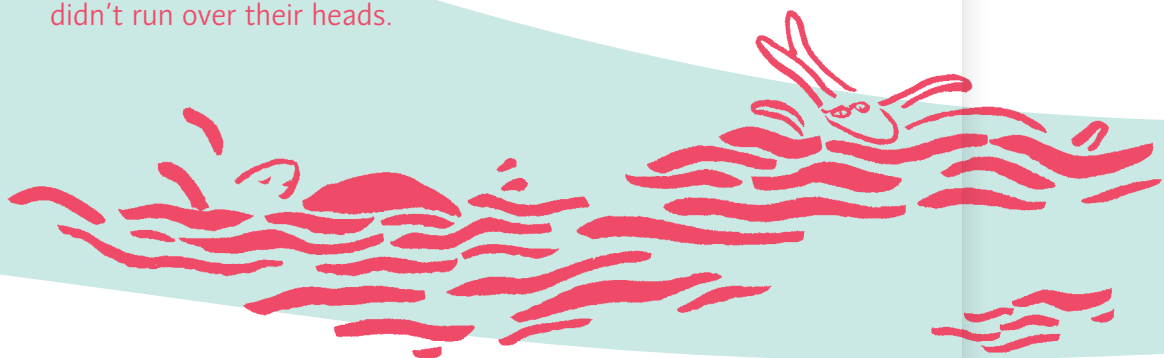


After the rain stopped, we jumped about in the mud
and Aunt Midge got stuck up to her neck in it...
We just couldn't pull her out.



What's that, Mum?
Gran's wellies. She
wore these when
it rained a lot.

Though we had to watch out for
people bathing in the river. So we
didn't run over their heads.



Did it rain all the time when you were
little? Not all the time. Sometimes it was
pretty hot. We swam in the river to cool off.
It was so deep back then!



Mum, Dad, the water
is up to my nose!



We finish folding the boat
and send it floating down
the river.



Grandpa, wake up, it's raining...
let's take shelter. Don't be so
namby-pamby, little one.
At least it'll make you grow
a bit! But if you insist...



Once, when I was a nipper, your
grandpa and I got totally drenched.
I mean totally.
Grandpa wanted to take shelter,
but I didn't go with him – I liked it.

So you will, my baby. And
maybe you'll meet someone
along the way...

I've got a steamboat! I'll
get on board and sail all
the way to the sea!



SMALL
/ big

EVEN GRANDMA WAS LITTLE

EVA
VOLFOVÁ / OLGA
ČERNÁ



NIKOLA LOGOSOVÁ

*1992 / specializes mainly in book illustration. She creates her own publications, works with publishing houses, contributes to newspapers and magazines, and designs posters and cassette covers. She was voted illustrator of the year 2019 at the annual Czech Grand Design awards, and her books have also been multiple award winners at the Most Beautiful Book of the Year competition and the Golden Ribbon award. This year the book *I, Human*, which she illustrated, was included in the prestigious White Ravens catalogue amongst the 200 best books of the year.



and

MICHAL ŠTĚPÁNEK

*1984 / made his debut with the poetry collection *Dawn*, followed by the book *Light in the Keyhole* and the children's books *Above the Evening Blackness* and *Friends – Forest Stories*. He has been interested in Tibetan Buddhism and the practical philosophy of František Drtíkol for a long period. He works in insurance and runs the small LUX publishing house, which specializes in poetry, spiritual literature and children's books. His greatest pleasure is writing for children.



The black-and-white concertina book ***Above the Evening Blackness*** (Lux 2021) brought together the talented pairing of Nikola and Michal. The book tells the story of a small darkness which is not at all unfriendly or scary. Instead it has its own worries and in the end finds its lost self-confidence and happiness. This book presents darkness in a slightly different light, where children can happily fall asleep. The concertina book contains Nikola's full-page illustrations with a layer of luminescent colour which when illuminated reveals other, secret layers of text and illustrations.

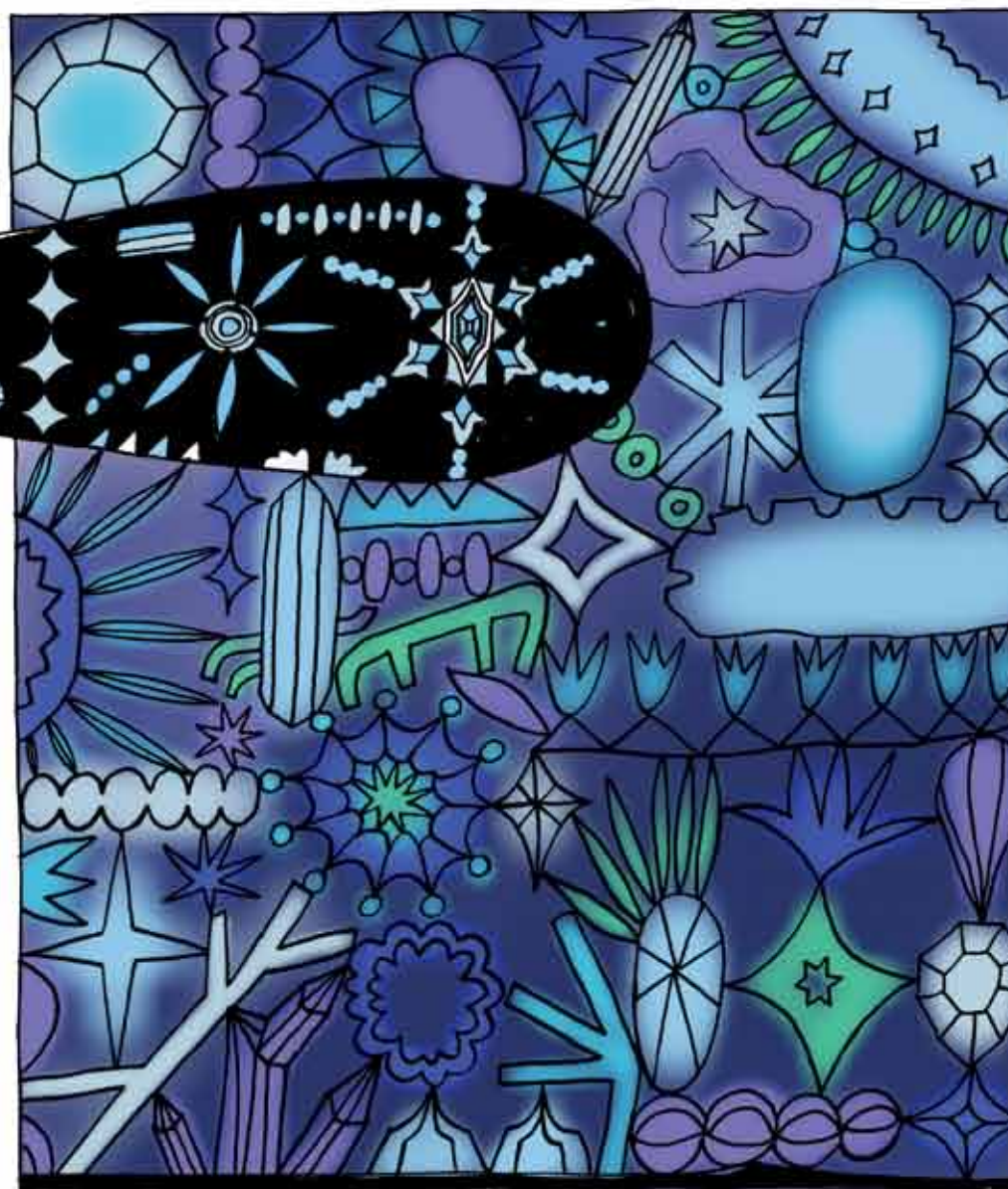
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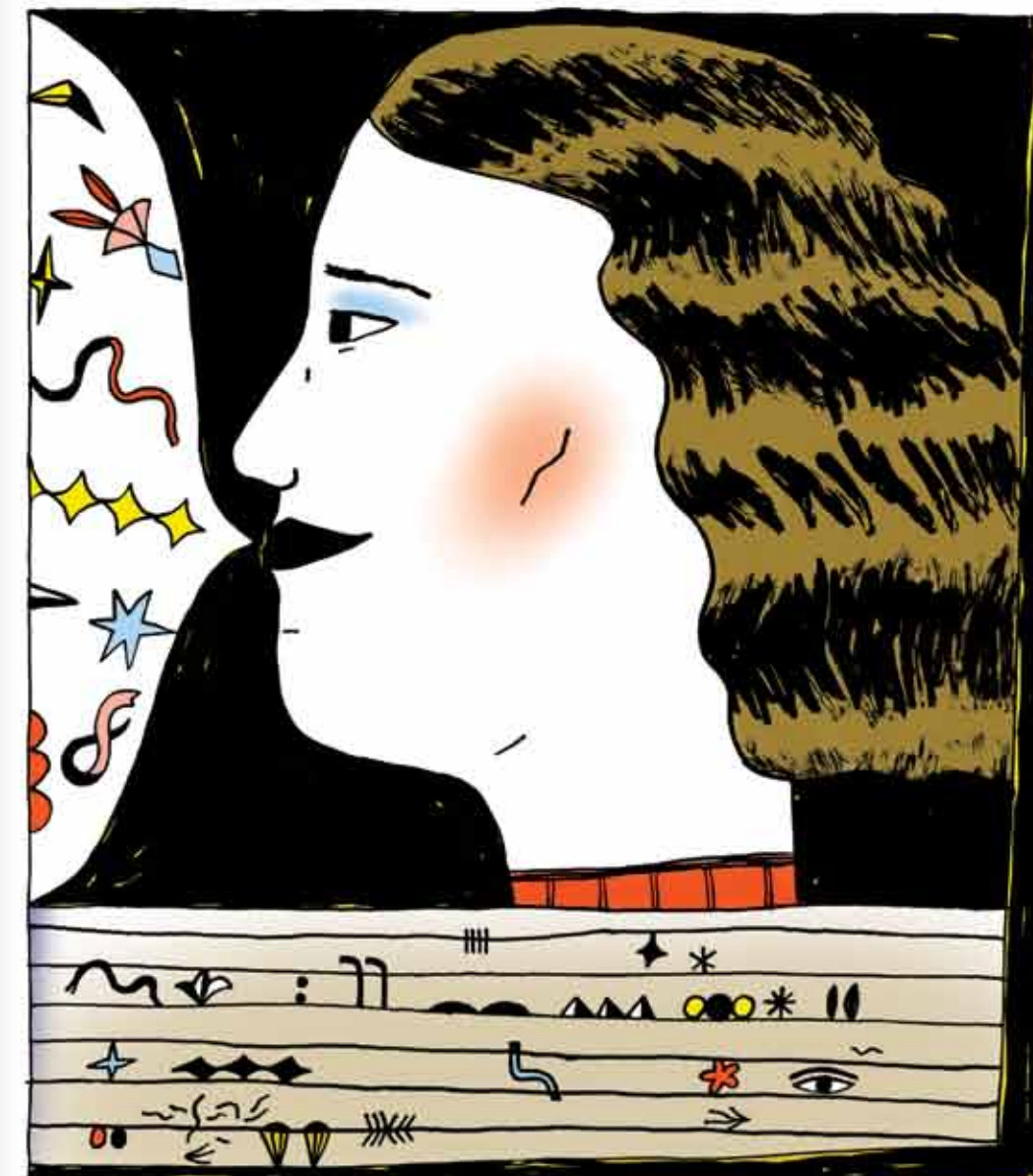
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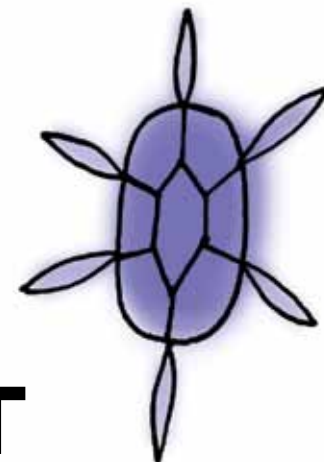
Once there was some polluted water in a lake. People came to the shore and wished for the water to be clean. They wished for it in the way you might wish for someone you love to recover from an illness. They wished very hard for the dirty water to be clean. And after a few days of people going there and wishing, suddenly it really was beautifully clean.



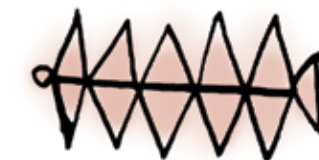
One Japanese gentleman, who plays music to the water and then lets it freeze, photographs its ice crystals. The more beautiful the music, the more beautiful the crystals of frozen water are.



It's the same with words. The more beautiful the word, the more beautiful the water crystal that is formed. And since you are largely made up of water, how beautiful and clean the water inside you will be depends on the words you use and say in your life, the words you read and the words you believe.



A SHORT TALE ABOUT WATER



NIKOLA
LOGOSOVÁ

/ MICHAL
ŠTĚPÁNEK

VOJTĚCH ŠEDA

*1985 / specializes in comics and illustration, in particular with historical themes. His publications are mainly aimed at children and young adults. Among his more recent books are, for example, *1918: How I scored a goal across the whole of Czechoslovakia*, which was awarded the Magnesia Litera prize. *His Fun Guide to Prague* won the Golden Ribbon award.



LUKÁŠ CSICSELY

*1989 / is a screenwriter, writer and teacher. In his work for children he focuses on the humorous side of frightening and disturbing themes. Four of his books have been selected for the *Best Books for Children* catalogue compiled by the Czech section of IBBY. These include a dark novella on a Lesser Quarter ritual filled with devils' masks and fireworks entitled *On the Eve of St Nicholas's Day*, and *Metamorphoses* – a collection of absurd stories about transformations to the body. He has also written for children the animated series *Kosmix*, the radio play *Lucka or Peška?* and the superhero comics *Jágr the Legend*.



In 2021 Lukáš and Vojtěch published a comic book about a living legend of both Czech and international hockey. "I once said I wanted to be the best in the world and that's still my goal," said Jaromír Jágr when he was twenty. Did he achieve this? The comic book *Jágr the Legend* (65. pole, 2021) is both the story of a hockey legend from his birth to his arrival in Pittsburgh, and also an adventure story about a knight who wears a hockey outfit instead of armour.

SMALL
/ big



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GROW UP ON THE DOUBLE!

"When you're bigger!" Mum said to Johan when he wanted to go down the water slide. Not again! he thought. He heard it every time he wanted to ride downhill, climb a tree, shoot an air rifle or do other cool stuff. He was starting to get the feeling he was supposed to just sit and wait until he grew up. But a person keeps growing until they're twenty and he was only eight! And he wanted to go on the slide right now, tomorrow at the very latest.

So when he got back from the swimming pool, he told himself he had better speed things up. On the internet, which had given him great advice in the past, he found out that the best things for making you grow are eggs, milk and spinach. Yuck, he said to himself when he read the last one. He liked eggs, though, and they had a whole cellar full of them from his gran. He got the biggest pot, turned on the stove, threw in two packs of butter, beat a hundred eggs and set to work. He had to stir it with a spade, but given that it was the first time he'd cooked, it didn't taste too bad, especially when he added salt and pepper. After polishing it all off, he immediately yawned. After such a feast, sleep overtook him and he didn't resist. He fell asleep in bed as soon as he lay down. And then he dreamed...how in the morning he would be ten centimetres taller and not only would they let him on the water slide but he would outgrow everyone in the class, everyone would want him on their team for basketball, and if the ball got stuck in a tree he would easily get it back... Then he began to be disturbed by a strange sensation. It seemed to him that he was turning into an oak tree. He tossed and turned and eventually woke up. When he looked around, he was astonished by his legs, which didn't fit into the bed. He reached out his arm to scratch them and it stretched out like a branch.

"Wow," he said in sleepy astonishment as he touched the top shelf. He rushed over to the mirror. Had his dream come true?! All at once he got a shock. In the reflection he saw a man. He waved to him and the man waved to Johan. And when he let out a shriek, he heard a man's voice. Johan ran to his mum in fright and the man in the mirror went with him. His mum recoiled when she saw him: "Who are you? What are you doing in our house?"

"I'm Johan! I've grown up!" he muttered.

"What have you done with my son? Why are you wearing his clothes? Give them back!"

His clothing seemed to have shrunk on him. Of course he obeyed his mum, but when he started taking off his T-shirt she cried out: "What are you doing? Are you some kind of pervert?" Should he undress or not? He didn't know, and before he could make up his mind, she shrieked: "Help! Burglar!" He decided he'd better take to his heels. At first his legs got tangled up because they were so long, but once he got used to them, he ran like the wind.



When he finally stopped, he caught sight of himself in a shop window. He didn't like that manly face. He no longer wanted to go on the slide, shoot a gun or even get up to mischief. He wished he was little Johan again. He asked a passer-by if he could find some advice for him on the internet, but the man retorted: "Are you nuts?" So he set off to ask the teacher. However, the janitor stopped him at the door with the words: "Who are you and what do you want here?" "I'm a pupil from 3B!" answered Johan, whereupon the janitor drew his broom menacingly. So Johan cleared off. When he tried to speak to his classmates, they told him they weren't allowed to talk to strangers. And when he visited his smartest classmate, Katy, she hid behind a cupboard. He'd had enough of this. When he was little, everybody had wanted to help him. No sooner had he dropped his ice-cream than a kindly old lady would buy him another one. But now? Did grown-ups have to fend for themselves or what? But how? He didn't know. So he went to play table football. But the boys screamed: "It's not fair, you've got longer legs!" Even when he suggested that he would play on his knees, they wouldn't agree to it. What's more, a policeman appeared, having got a report about a strangely dressed man bothering children at the school. "ID card," he commanded. "What's that?" said Johan in confusion.

"Don't give me that cheek!"

"But I'm only eight!"

"What are you wearing? And why won't you let the children play in peace?"

"But I want to play with them!"

"Don't be a fool, you're a grown-up. Why aren't you at work?"

"But I don't even know my times tables yet..."

"Then it's no wonder you've ended up like this!"

Johan wondered what his problem had to do with times tables, but before he could figure it out, the policeman was taking him down to the station. He'd been taught to cooperate with the police, so he went along with it. To make matters worse, they brought him in just as his tearful mum arrived to report that her son had gone missing. She didn't recognize Johan the second time either and shouted: "That's him! That's the one who stole my son!"

Johan wanted to run away, but the policeman held him back: "Where is the boy?" "Over there!" said Johan, pointing. And when the policeman turned round, he seized the opportunity and fled. The policeman had long legs too, but he lacked childish wiles. When Johan hid in a dustbin, the policeman passed him by.



After that, Johan decided he had better disguise himself. It was already dark, and the clothes-stealing operation went smoothly. He chose women's clothes so that no-one would recognize him. He took delight in how cunning he had been, but not for long. As darkness fell, so did his spirits. He bemoaned the fact that his mum hadn't recognized him, and also that he had stolen and lied. On top of that, he was hungry. And he was lost. He had never been so far away on his own. He didn't recognize a single house, tree or shop. He couldn't say: "I'm Johan, take me to my mummy!" He was on the verge of tears when all at once the darkness was lit up by a neon light. A miracle? A wondrous sight? The jolliest hotel in the world! Even better with his own eyes than it was on the telly. Johan was overcome with joy. He immediately went in. There were comets suspended above elephant chairs and puppies snuffling around on the floor. "Come here!" said a voice from reception. Johan went running up. A frowning little girl peeked out: "I'm not a little girl, I'm a grown-up who can't get a job anywhere else – I'm not going to explain it again! ID! Quick!" He was taken aback by her tone. Why was she angry? He hadn't done anything! And that ID thing again? Johan had had enough of this. All this finery and he was getting told off again? He wanted to protest, he wanted to, but...he just burst into tears. "What are you blubbing for? Are you a little kid or what?" said the little girl in confusion. "Yes, I am," sobbed Johan. "Rubbish, you're a big strapping bloke!" "No." "You're full of it! I've got eyes, haven't I?" "I'm only eight." "Don't wind me up!" she said, getting riled, but when he started crying even harder, she stopped short.



She took him to the hotel restaurant. When he tearfully ordered five chocolate sundaes, she concluded that maybe he wasn't lying after all. She remembered how she used to run around in the woods with her friends. She took such delight in nature, especially when they discovered a nest of baby birds or a mouse hole. And if they came across deer, she was beside herself with happiness. She thought they were ever so dainty and ever so cute. It was as if they stayed baby animals all their life. That was what she wanted too. But her parents forbade it. Whether it was bringing animals home or climbing trees, they forbade everything. She didn't understand them. Or the teachers. To her, the world of grown-ups seemed like homework: problems, calculations, work and no skip-to-my-lou or king-of-the-castle. Flowers were something they used to apologize or bribe each other. They thought pigeons and doves were dirty and they ran over deer in their cars. She wished never to grow up. And that's what happened – unfortunately... At first she had fun, but as time went on, her friends grew up, her parents died and she was left alone. She wanted to meet someone and get a job, but everyone thought she was a child and no-one took her seriously. They laughed at her. And she laughed less and less. Eventually she grew bitter. And now here was Johan sitting opposite her in an adult body, crying into his chocolate sundae... "Hey, kid, what did you do that made you grow up like this?" she thought to ask. Johan was so delighted to be called "kid" that he started talking. And when he had told her his story, she was delighted too and told him hers. She talked about the desire not to grow up, about the animals, about a scary tower block, an ugly old woman and advice to eat her own body weight in food that grown-ups don't eat... "What don't grown-ups eat? Smurf ice cream?" it occurred to Johan. The little girl called the waiter over: "A tub of Smurf ice cream for him and a hundred hard-boiled eggs for me!" As their order was brought over, Johan was looking forward to hugging his mum and rolling in a puddle and no-one asking him for an ID card. The little girl was looking forward to people saying hello to her, to buying a beer and landing herself a job in a bank, and maybe even a husband! And then they feasted... They ate, they drank, they stuffed themselves until the guests whispered to each other: Won't they burst? Will another wish come true for them, or does each person only get one? And what then? Will Johan wait twelve years to return home? Will Johan teach the little girl how to be a child again, since she looks like one anyway? For my part, I hoped they would enjoy their meal – that it wouldn't turn their stomachs and everything would turn out well.



The End

SMALL
/ big



GROW UP ON THE DOUBLE!

VOJTĚCH / LUKÁŠ
ŠEDA CSICSELY

DANIEL ŠPAČEK

*1977 / is a long-standing artist at the children's TV channel ČT :D, whose designs have won a number of international Promax awards. He was awarded the bronze prize in the category Picturebook Show for the catalogue *3x3 Illustration Annual nr.15*. His mini-absurdist animation *Black-and-White*, which he produced and illustrated, was nominated for the Trilobit award. He is a director and artist of the animated series *No no no!* In addition to his long-term artwork he is also interested in the visualization of science. He is the founder of the Neuron association, which has been involved in scientific illustration and communication since 2019.



TOMÁŠ KONČINSKÝ

*1978 / is a screenwriter. In 2015 he was nominated for a Czech Lion award for his screenplay for the feature-length film *Schmitke*. He has collaborated on a large number of television programmes. He is presently working as a screenwriter and dramaturge for a number of children's programmes for Czech Television and radio. In addition to screenplays he also writes books and comics: in 2014 he was awarded a Muriel prize for his comics *Květa the Custodian*. His book of short stories *Journey from Oshemetno* won the Best Children's Book award for Albatros Media publishers in 2020.



Tomáš and Daniel breathed new life into children's books with ***Typo and Skim*** (Albatros Media, 2016) about two elves who have to look after and sort out everything that grows old. Typo, whose speciality is mistakes in books, sets out one day on an adventurous journey to find the Time Tooth itself. Will he be able to stop the ageing process? This humorous children's story won the Magnesia Litera prize and the Golden Ribbon award for the best book of 2017 and was listed in the White Ravens catalogue.

SMALL
/ big

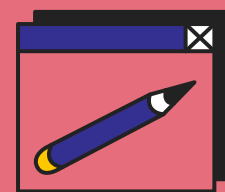


This leporello on the theme Small/Big was created as part of a Czech Literary Centre project (a section of the Moravian Library in Brno), which is implemented with the financial participation of the EU through the Ministry of Culture within the framework of the National Recovery Plan.

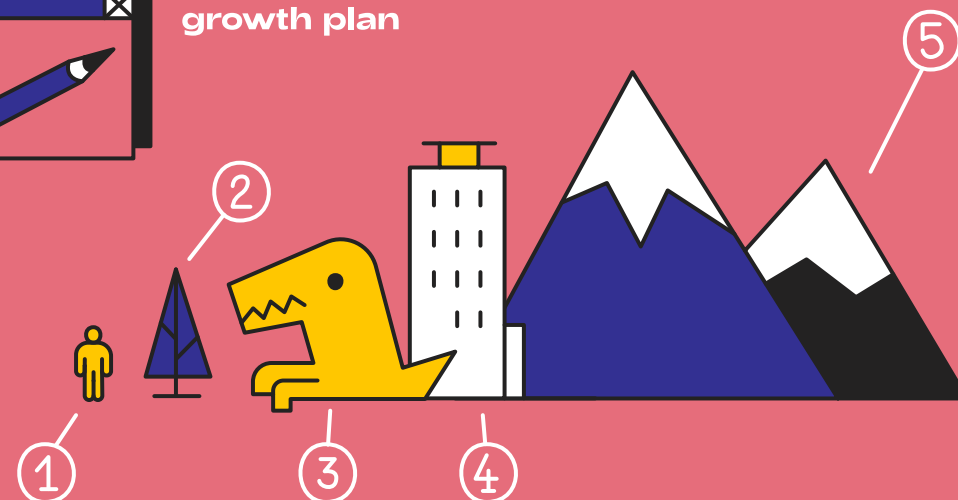


... that's what
everyone has
told me since
I was little.

So one day I decided that I
would grow.



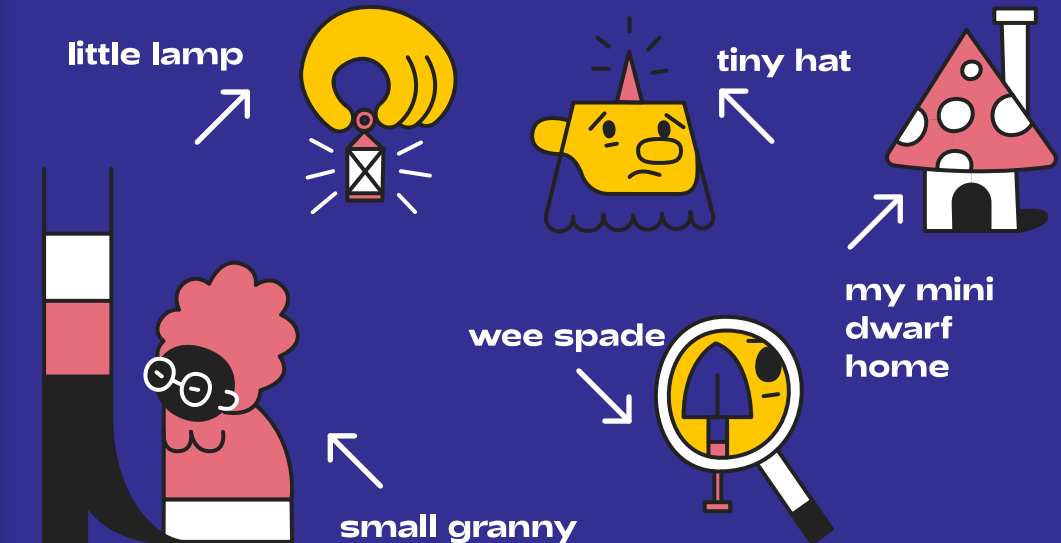
growth plan



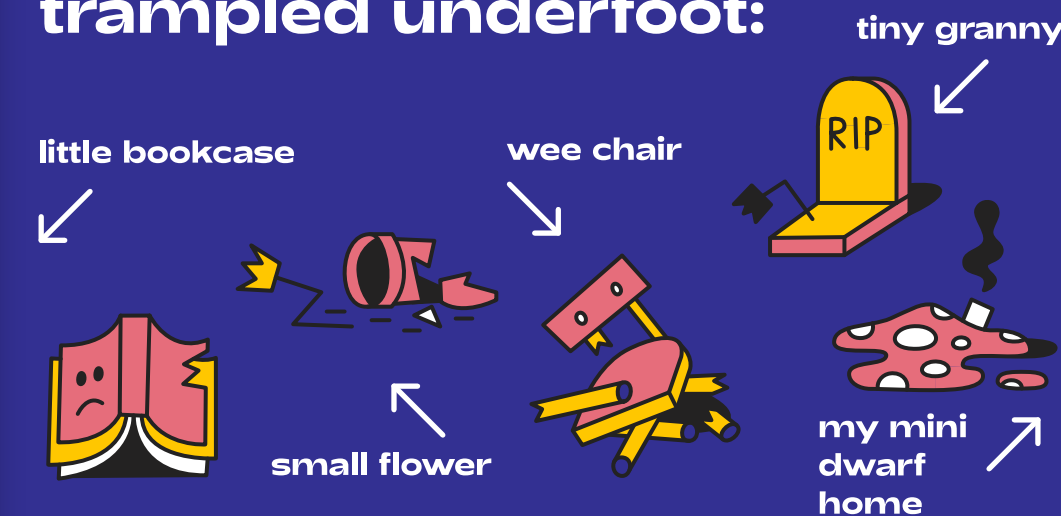
The problem, though, is
that I am a....



All of my things are small.



And all of these have been
trampled underfoot:



But the main problem is I don't know

WHAT?

I am supposed to understand when I'm grown-up.

Fig A





University didn't help.

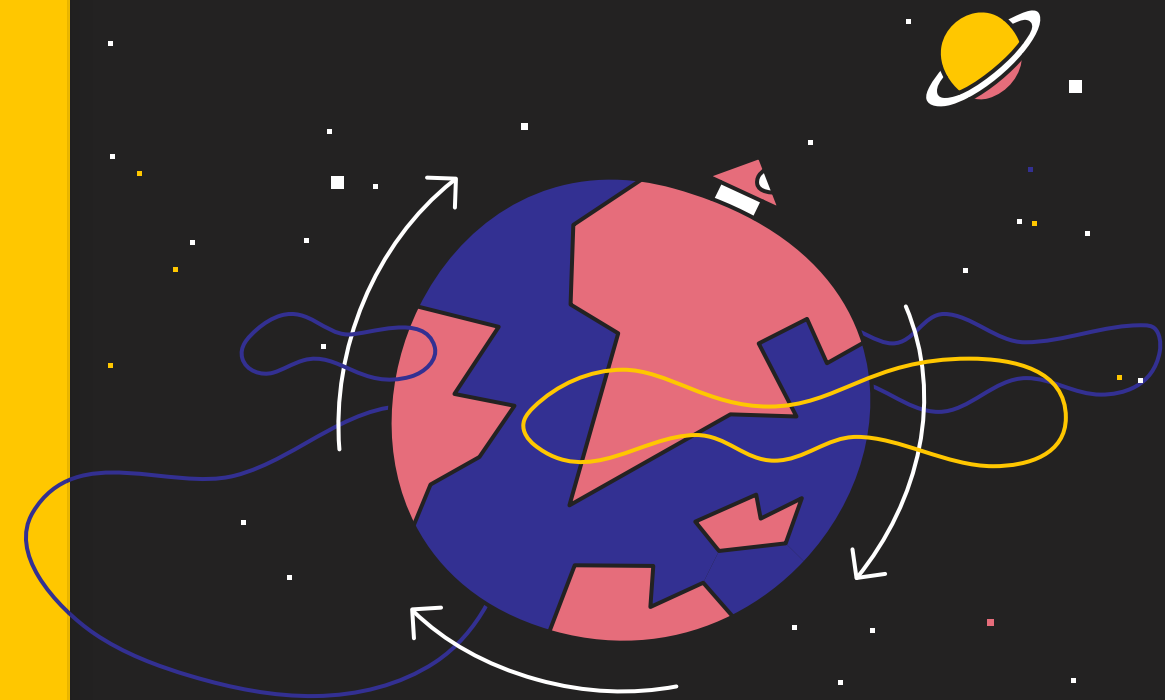
Mum and Dad didn't help either.



You'll always be mine sweet **LITTLE** dwarf, mwah-mwah!

You really are a **BIG** disappointment!

And when I had crossed all of the continents and all of the oceans...



... in the ruins of my (trampled) mini dwarf home ...

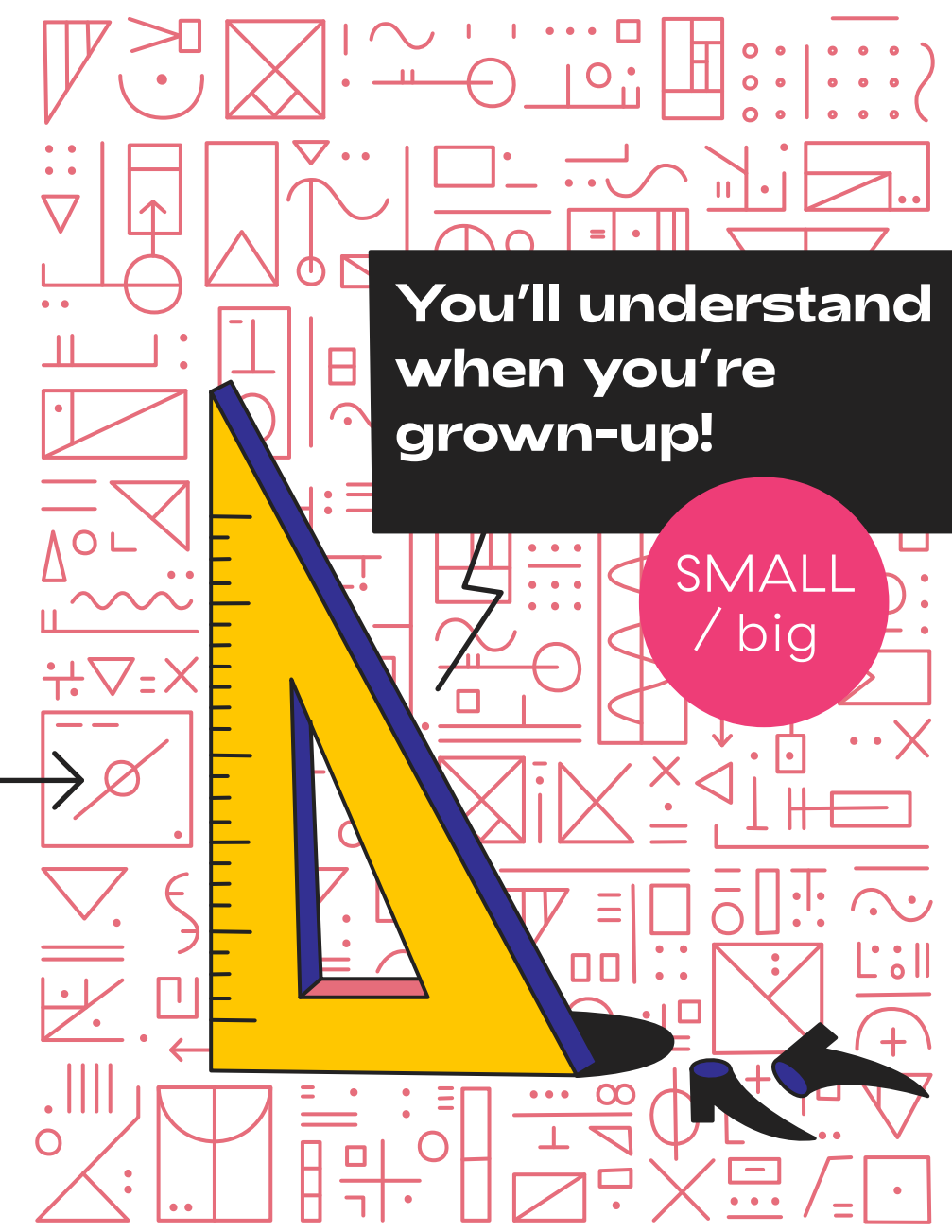


some GREAT wisdom finally struck me:

If you are a
→ **DWARF**,
then you are supposed to be
→ **SMALL**.



However....



You'll understand when you're grown-up!

written and illustrated by
Tomáš Končinský and Daniel Špaček

ANDREA TACHEZY

*1966 / studied animation and came to the fore as an illustrator in 2005 with her illustrations for Josef Kainar's book *Unseen – Unheard*. Since then she has added dozens of books, mainly for children, to her list. She is a multiple winner of the Golden Ribbon award, her book *What They Dream About* was listed in the White Ravens catalogue, and her concertina book *Ferdinand!* is on the IBBY honorary list. She likes to work with muted colours, old paper, and with humour if the text allows. She combines different techniques, principally drawing, watercolours, acrylics and collage.



and

JANA ŠRÁMKOVÁ

*1982 / studied theology, creative writing, editorial work and stage production. She received the Jiří Orten Award for her debut work *Peardottir*. She writes prose, children's books (for which she herself carefully chooses the illustrators), and stories for comics, animated film and theatre. She teaches creative writing and edits and reviews books. She writes slowly and lives in the Bohemian-Moravian Highlands.



JJana and Andrea first began working together on the book ***Susie in the Gardens*** (Labyrint, 2016). It is a poetic story about Susie, who has an allotment, and how she overcomes her fears and prejudices. A year later they created another children's book *House 226* (Běžíliška, 2017). In 2018 this book was nominated in the literary and art sections of the Golden Ribbon, coming first in the art category. This time the story concerns a house in Letná in Prague. What has happened there from the time it was built till today? Every great-grandmother was once a little girl and every great-grandfather once went on holiday.

SMALL
/ big



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The path led upward. Upward sounds noble, but it means uphill. Uphill all the way.

I'm alone here, the thought went through Kilian's head. Without anyone. It's dangerous and unfair!

But the steeper the slope became, the more he thought: This is a hard slog. Oof. And no end in sight.

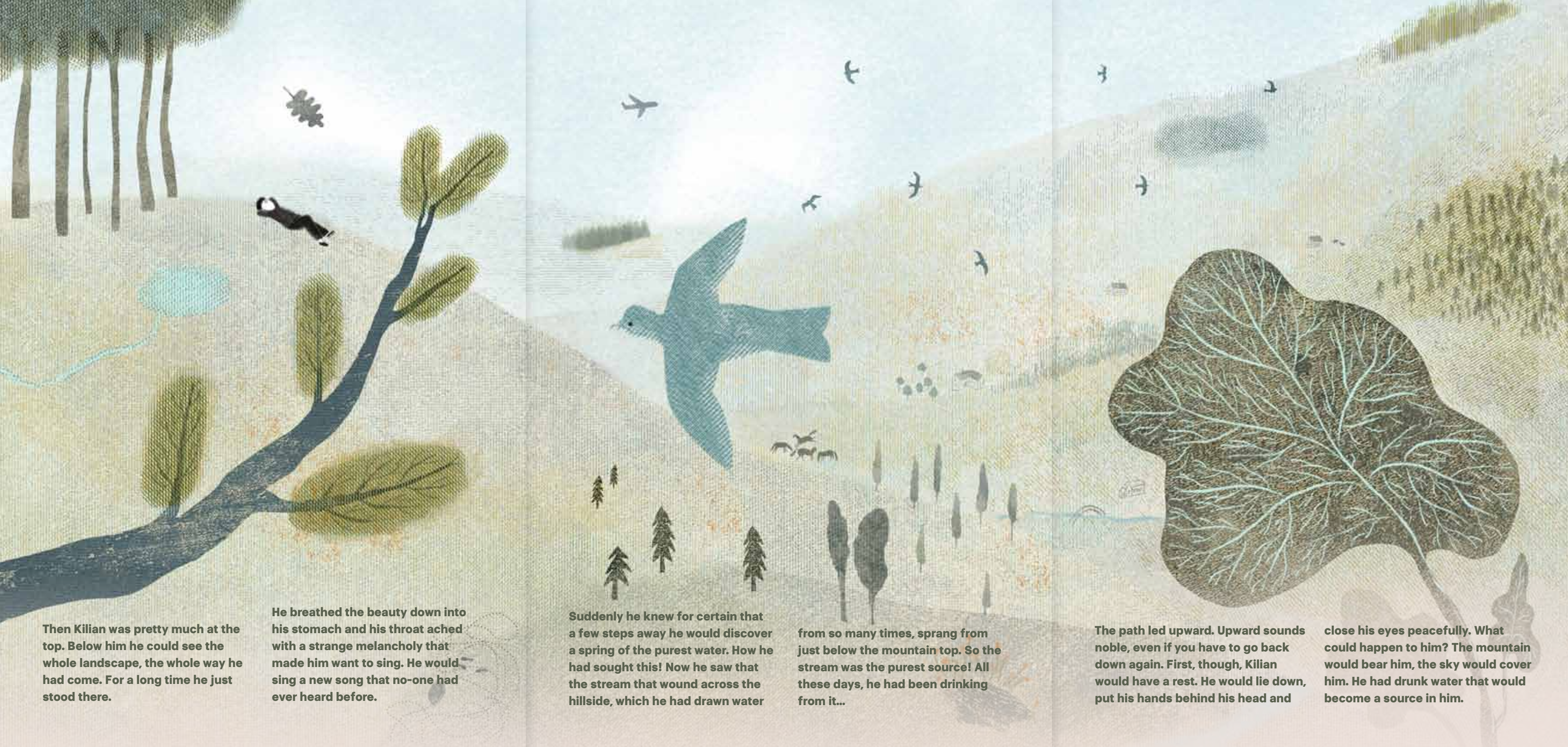
I don't have to go there, he suddenly realized. No-one's making me! He breathed a sigh of relief. And kept going. After a while, his legs seemed to have vanished. They didn't hurt.

He walked more slowly and his heartbeat grew calmer. His T-shirt was sticking to his body and all that went through his head was: Do you hear those birds?

And then: That larch is growing at a strange angle! Every stone is completely different. And more and more often: I'm really thirsty!

But after a while he no longer said anything to himself. Suddenly it was quiet inside him. There was just the wind occasionally whistling in his ears, as if it was laughing.





Then Kilian was pretty much at the top. Below him he could see the whole landscape, the whole way he had come. For a long time he just stood there.

He breathed the beauty down into his stomach and his throat ached with a strange melancholy that made him want to sing. He would sing a new song that no-one had ever heard before.

Suddenly he knew for certain that a few steps away he would discover a spring of the purest water. How he had sought this! Now he saw that the stream that wound across the hillside, which he had drawn water

from so many times, sprang from just below the mountain top. So the stream was the purest source! All these days, he had been drinking from it...

The path led upward. Upward sounds noble, even if you have to go back down again. First, though, Kilian would have a rest. He would lie down, put his hands behind his head and

close his eyes peacefully. What could happen to him? The mountain would bear him, the sky would cover him. He had drunk water that would become a source in him.



ANDREA TACHEZY / JANA ŠRÁMKOVÁ

KEEP YOUR SOUL UP

MARTINA TRCHOVÁ

*1983 / In addition to being an artist, Martina Trchová (1983) is also a singer-songwriter. In 2015 she published her book *Diaries from Ladakh* about teaching voluntarily in a Tibetan school. She began working with the writer Markéta Pilátová on the children's book *Bába Bedla* in 2020, while *Bába Bedla – The Girl on the Ridge* is set to be published in 2023. In the same year, Host publishers will be bringing out her illustrated book *Babi*, which was written during lockdown and focuses on the feelings of separation from her daughter and great-grandmother.



and

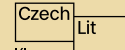
MARKÉTA PILÁTOVÁ

*1973 / worked for two years as a Czech lecturer at the Slavonic Department in Granada in Spain, followed by 12 years in Argentina and Brazil, where she taught the children of Czech emigrants. She has written a large number of novels and books for children. She was nominated for a Magnesia Litera prize for the children's book *Kiko and the Secret of the Paper Butterfly*, and in 2020 she won the Golden Ribbon award for her book for young adults *What the Gorilla Said*.



Bába Bedla (Meander, 2021) is the first book to emerge from the collaboration between Markéta and Martina. This magical-realist story from the end of the Second World War won the "SUK – we are all reading" Prize for Literature for Children and Young Adults for the promotion of literacy. *Bába Bedla* – half-woman, half-mushroom – appears whenever children are in danger. She helps them find solutions and understanding so they can then manage on their own. A loose follow-up by the same authors *Bába Bedla – The Girl on the Ridge* is due out in 2023.

SMALL
/ big



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Dad...



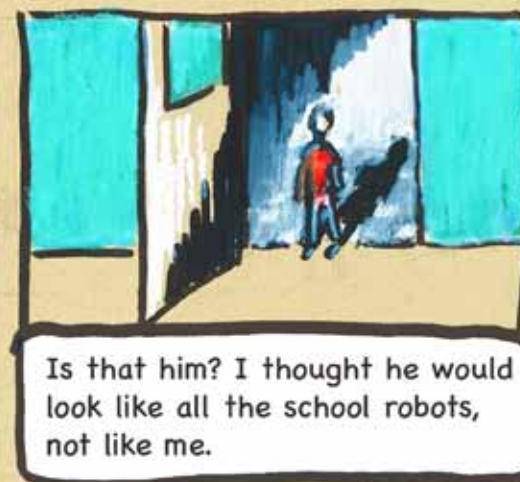
So, how are you today, Robin?



I feel dizzy and I'm tired all the time.



I've got a surprise for you.



Is that him? I thought he would look like all the school robots, not like me.



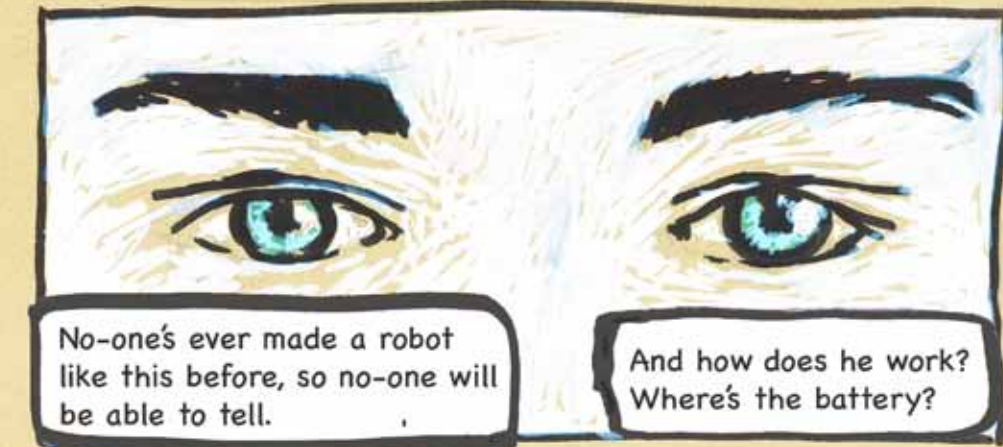
Do you like him?



Um... I don't know, since he looks like me.

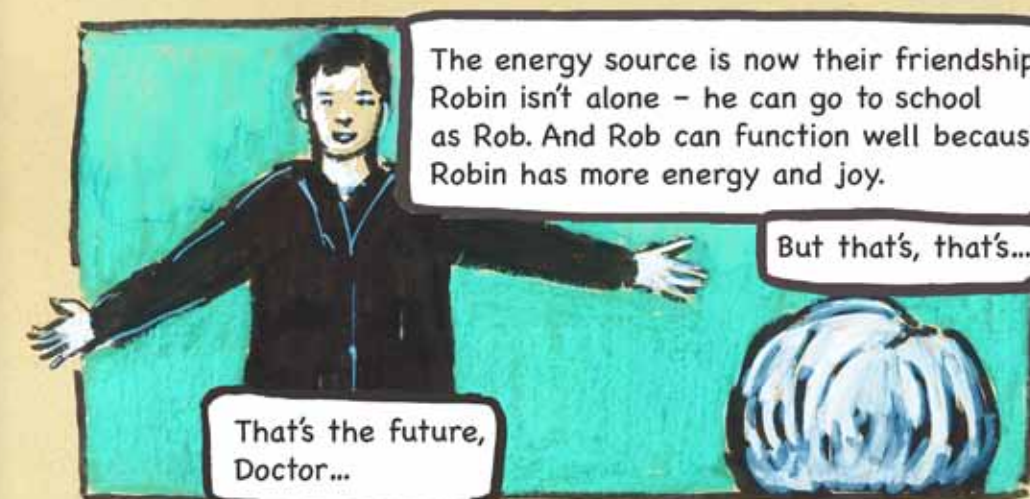
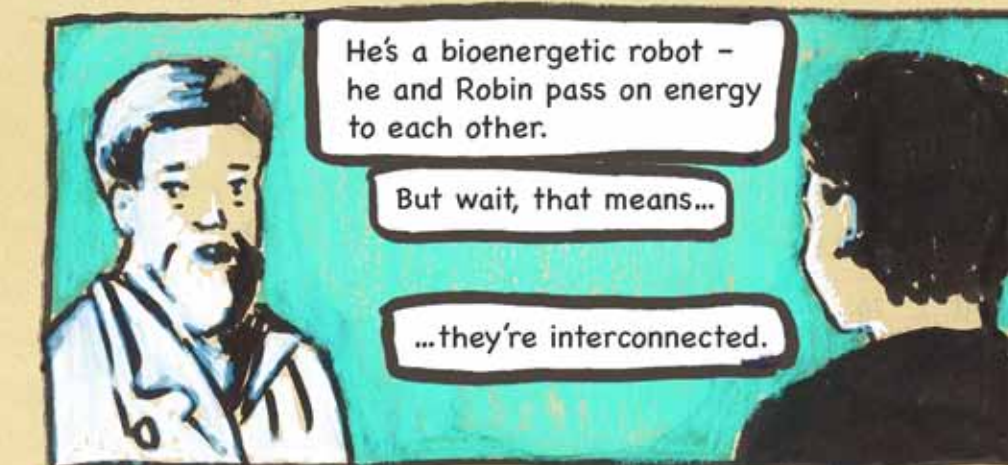
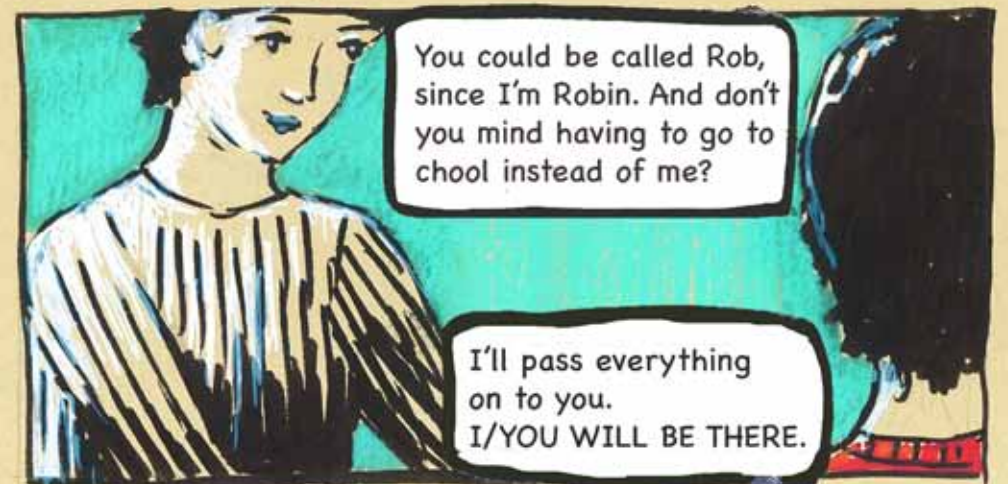


And if he goes to school instead of me, no-one will be able to tell?



No-one's ever made a robot like this before, so no-one will be able to tell.

And how does he work? Where's the battery?



SMALL
/ big



ROBIN A ROB

MARTINA TRCHOVÁ / MARKÉTA PILÁTOVÁ