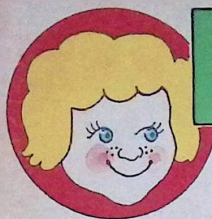


MISHA

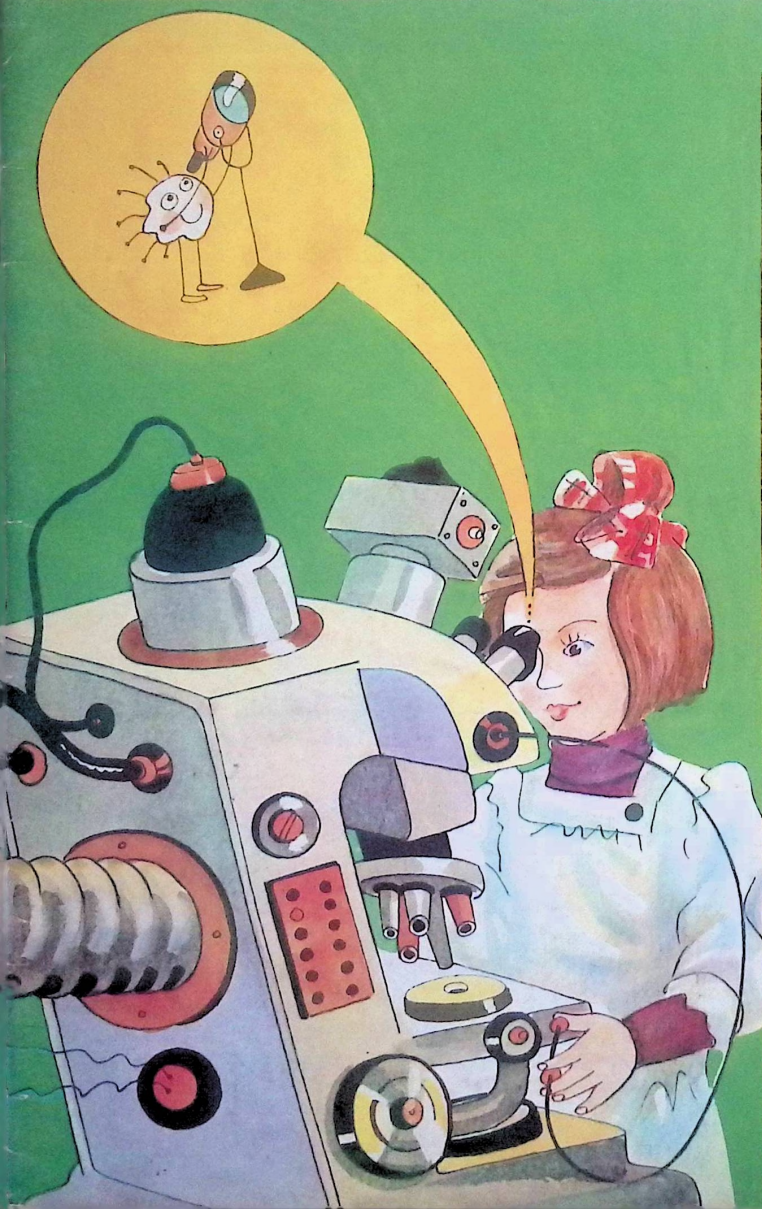
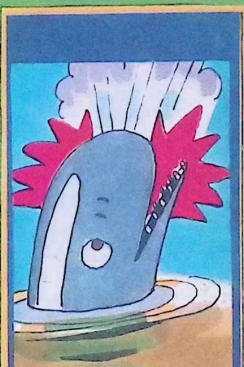
AN ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY
FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS

5/1984

Published in English, French, German, Italian, Russian and Spanish



IN THIS ISSUE:



THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN FIBBER

Andrei NEKRASOV
Illustrated by
Sergei KRAVCHENKO

Continued from issues 3 and 4

In Egypt we bought ostrich eggs, dried meat, dates and sago, took our purchases back to the "Trouble" and sailed down the Suez Canal to the Red Sea. A storm blew up. Fuchs got sea-sick and began to

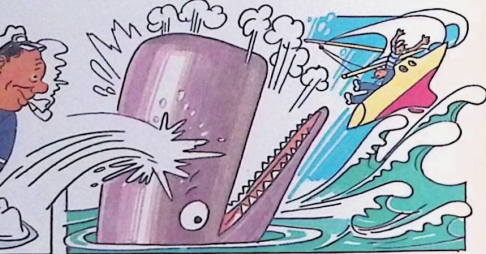
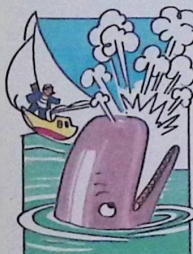


blather: "One crocodile, two crocodiles..." I discovered they'd sold us crocodile, not ostrich eggs. Now they'd hatched out into little crocodiles. We soon got rid of them overboard!



As we approached the Equator I remembered the old sea custom, dressed up as Neptune, came on deck and began to snarl. "What's the matter with you?" asked Crowbar. He caught hold of me,

shouting "The captain's got sunstroke, into the barrel with him!" The barrel overturned, I crawled out and then we cleared up the misunderstanding.



We sailed on to the Antarctic. After the Equator we had to get our fur coats out. I saw a whale sneezing. I put a dose of aspirin on a spade and tried to push it into the whale's mouth, but it went down his nose

instead. The whale gave an enormous sneeze right at us! Our yacht went flying into the air, then began to drop down again. "This is the end," I thought.



We landed on a volcanic island with wrecks of ships all round and nothing to eat. Easy to lose weight there, and die of hunger too. Then I saw ice floe with

penguins on it. I quickly made a penguin-lift out of a ladder and a barrel, and after that everything was dandy. But one day the island blew up ...



Fuchs and I clung to some planks, but there was no sight of Crowbar or the "Trouble". We arrived at Hawaii. The local inhabitants were surf riding. We had a go and managed pretty well. The tide carried us onto the beach. The Hawaiians put garlands of

flowers on us and gave us guitars. I began to sing "A birdy in the meadow sat" in a deep bass. Fuchs came in with the descant: "Up to her crept a cow." And then we sang in unison: "Caught birdy by the leg and that was the end of her."



Then I saw a picture of Crowbar in the paper and a report that the "Trouble" had been shipwrecked near Rio de Janeiro. "We're flying to Brazil," I said to Fuchs. "Not in our underpants surely?" said he. I

went off to buy some clothes, but it was too late, everything was closed. All I could find was one mackintosh. "That's fine," said Fuchs. "We'll only need one ticket."



They let us onto the plane, but we got some funny looks. Fuchs stood on the seat, while I sat on it. I lit a cigarette for something to do. Suddenly I heard:

"Fire"! The pilot looked into the cabin, yelled and pulled a lever. The cabin split off and began to descend on a parachute. We landed on the Amazon.



When Fuchs and I managed to disentangle ourselves, we saw a boa constrictor. Fuchs handed me two fire extinguishers and I shoved them into its mouth. It dived into the water. Suddenly an enormous

balloon rose up. The fire extinguishers had set each other off and blown up the boa constrictor. We made a sail and settled down happily. And we sailed on to the port of Pará.

THE LITTLE MOUSE

Sergei MAKEYEV

This year the children from the nearby school began visiting the nursery school. After their lessons the schoolchildren played with the little ones, teaching them songs and poems.

The little ones loved it. The schoolchildren seemed very grown-up to them. But sometimes a schoolgirl would rock a dolly to sleep when no one was looking. And the boys weren't past playing with the toy cars and the model railway. When the little ones caught them doing this, the schoolchildren would turn away from the toys pretending they had only picked them up to have a look.

Just before the holidays the schoolchildren suggested doing a play of "The Enormous Turnip". Every small child knows this story, about how an old man plants a turnip and it grows so big that he can't pull it up. So he calls the old woman to help, and the old woman calls the grand-daughter, the grand-daughter calls the dog, the dog calls the cat, and finally the cat calls the little mouse. Then they pull and they pull all together, and up comes the turnip.

They chose boys and girls from the little ones to be the old man, the old woman, the grand-daughter, the dog and the cat. When they came to the little mouse, everyone shouted:

"Sasha! Let Sasha be the little mouse!"

Sasha was the smallest girl in her group. When they had P.E. she was always the last in the line and in dancing she was always in the last couple.

Now they had given her the smallest part too.

At first Sasha was upset and wanted to refuse. But then she thought: "Someone's got to be the little mouse." And she agreed.

Before the actual performance there were several, what was the word? Re-hearsals. That was sort of training to get it all right.

At the first rehearsal a very tall school-boy with lots of floppy hair arrived.

"My name's Lyova. I'm going to be your producer," he said.

"Prod ... what?" the actors asked, mystified.

"Producer. That's the person in charge of

the production," Lyova explained. "You must do what I tell you."

Everybody agreed at once to do what Lyova told them. They were a bit afraid of him. Goodness knows what important things a person must have on his mind, if he forgot to comb his hair.

The children were even more overawed when Lyova began to talk to them in a very formal, grown-up sort of way.

"So you're acting the part of the old man, are you? Excellent! Then kindly take hold of this chair back and imagine that you are pulling up a turnip..."

Vladik Osokin, who was the old man, did everything just as Lyova told him.

But the producer suddenly waved his hands as if he were brushing away a fly.

"It's not convincing! You haven't got into the part! Imagine you are ninety years old. You've had a long life. You've got grandchildren. And now you're trying to pull up the turnip to provide food for them. But it won't come up! It's a tragedy! What can you do?"



"Call the old woman?" Vladik suggested timidly.

"Yes, that's right!" Lyova exclaimed. "Call her!"

So Vladik called Larissa, who was playing the old woman.

And Larissa called Tonya, who was playing the grand-daughter.

And Tonya called Yegorka, who was playing the dog.

And Yegorka called Yulia, who was playing the cat.

And then Yulia called little Sasha.

And all of them together easily picked up the chair that was the turnip and carried it off the stage.

"Stop, stop!" Lyova suddenly shouted. "It's not convincing! There's no tension!" And he rushed round the stage clasping his head in his hands.

The actors were taken aback. They thought they had pulled up the turnip pretty well and they felt sorry for causing Lyova all this trouble.

Suddenly the producer struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, just like Sasha's daddy would slap melons in the shop to find a ripe one. But Lyova was not picking out a melon. He was thinking.

"The turnip must be, firstly, alive. And, secondly, heavy!" he said.

"Where can you find a turnip like that?" the children marvelled.

"I'll bring one tomorrow," Lyova promised and hurried off.

Sasha had enjoyed the rehearsal. Although it was a bit frightening it was very interesting.

The next day when Lyova arrived he was not alone. With him came Ira, a big girl who was a whole head taller than Lyova.

Lyova sat her down in the middle of the stage, walked round her and said:

"We'll put a hoop-skirt on you and plait green ribbons into your hair to look like a turnip top..."

"Won't it hurt, if we pull your plait?" asked Vladik Osokin nervously.

In reply Ira laughed and tossed a plait as thick as Vladik's arm over her shoulder.

The actors thought it was great fun to be acting with a real, live turnip.

At last the great day arrived.

The hall was full of children from the nursery, schoolchildren and parents. The actors were very nervous, especially Sasha. She thought the audience would be watching her alone...

Lyova arrived for the play with a new hair-cut. He looked older and more serious with his curls smoothed down. He went from one member of the cast to the other, saying to everyone:

"Don't be nervous. I was very nervous too, the first time I went on the stage."

Sasha put on the little mouse costume and fixed on the wire tail. She looked at herself in the mirror and remembered once more that she was the smallest actor in the cast. "I'll probably get teased after the play," she thought.

Meanwhile the audience was clapping in the hall. Lyova's voice could be heard from the other side of the curtain saying:

"The Enormous Turnip' a Russian folk tale! The cast..." And then he announced the names of all those taking part.

The curtain opened and the play began.

Sasha did her best not to think of anything sad, so as to act well and not let the others down.

It was time for her to go on. Lyova gave her a gentle nudge. She put her arms round the waist of Yulia, who was playing the cat, and shouted:

"And the mouse took hold of the cat!"

Excitement made her voice as shrill as a



mouse's but then fortunately all the others said together:

"And they pulled and they pulled and up came the Turnip!"

Sasha pulled with all her might.

When the Turnip jumped to her feet, the actors let go and collapsed onto the floor.

Sasha must have been pulling harder than anyone else, because she not only fell down, but rolled head over heels, over the stage.

The audience laughed and clapped.

Sasha thought they were laughing at her, at the clumsy little mouse.

She went up to the edge of the stage. She felt like shouting: "I didn't want to be the little mouse, but they made me." There were tears in her eyes and her lips were trembling.

Suddenly someone took her firmly by the arm. It was Lyova.

"See what a fine little mouse we have! Not afraid of anything! We couldn't have pulled up the turnip without her. Let's thank her, boys and girls!"

There was more clapping and shouts of: "Thank you! Well done, Mousie!"

Lyova pressed Sasha's hand slightly, as if he were thanking her too.

And suddenly Sasha felt the tears disappear, as if they had been frightened away

by the words "thank you" and "well done".

"What a silly thing I am," the little girl thought. "No one was going to laugh at me!"

The members of the cast stood together and bowed. The only person who was not there was Ira the Turnip. She had come out of the wings with a big heavy basket full of real turnip.

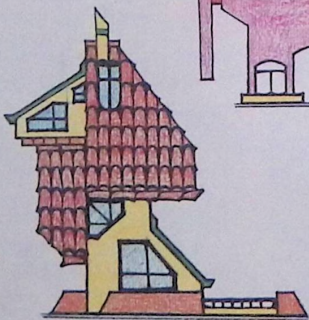
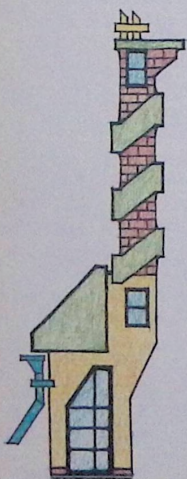
Ira went down into the audience and began to hand out pieces of turnip. Lyova smiled happily. It had been his idea to end the show like this. He hadn't told anyone, not even the cast.

Sasha got a piece of turnip too. Not an ordinary piece, but one with a long mouse's tail. The little girl did not eat it. She took it home. As a keepsake.

Drawings by Alexander OVCHAROV



Drawings by Yelena POPOVA



This fun-loving architect liked going to the zoo. One day he came home and thought "Now what if I..." And designed these fascinating houses. Can you guess which animals they resemble?

Two Little Girls Draw a Film

Natasha Alexeyeva and Lena Lebed live in the city of Dnepropetrovsk. Lena is in the second form and Natasha is five years old. They met in the Mayfly Children's Cartoon Studio. And together they thought up and drew the film entitled "The Cowboy and His Favourite Horse"...

"Once upon a time there was a cowboy and he had a horse. He loved it very much, but dreamed of having a dappled horse on which he could carry a Beautiful Lady. One day the cowboy was

riding round the prairie day-dreaming when he came to an apple tree. The apples from it fell onto his horse. And the horse became dappled all over.

"Then he grew tired, dismounted and noticed that his horse was dappled all over, and

was delighted. He picked up one apple, took a bite from it, and even gave some to his horse. Now he loved it even more than before.

"Then the cowboy met a Beautiful Lady, and they rode off together."

"The Cowboy and His Favourite Horse" was shown in Paris at an international competition of children's cartoons. The jury liked it very much and awarded it a Grand Prix.

Anna ARKHAROVA
Ludmila MAKAROVA

Photographs by Marlen MATUS





A CARPET OF SNOW

The Felt Tips flew to a mountain pasture. They were warmly welcomed by a shepherd who invited them to have a cup of tea.

"Settle our argument, please," the Orange Felt Tip asked him. "From the helicopter we could see lots of snow on the grass. Is this pasture really so high up that the snow does not melt here even in summer?"

"That wasn't snow, it was sun-bleached rock," the Blue Felt Tip chimed in. "We'll go and see who was right in a minute."

"Since we came to draw sheep, we'd better take a look at them first," protested the Violet Felt Tip.

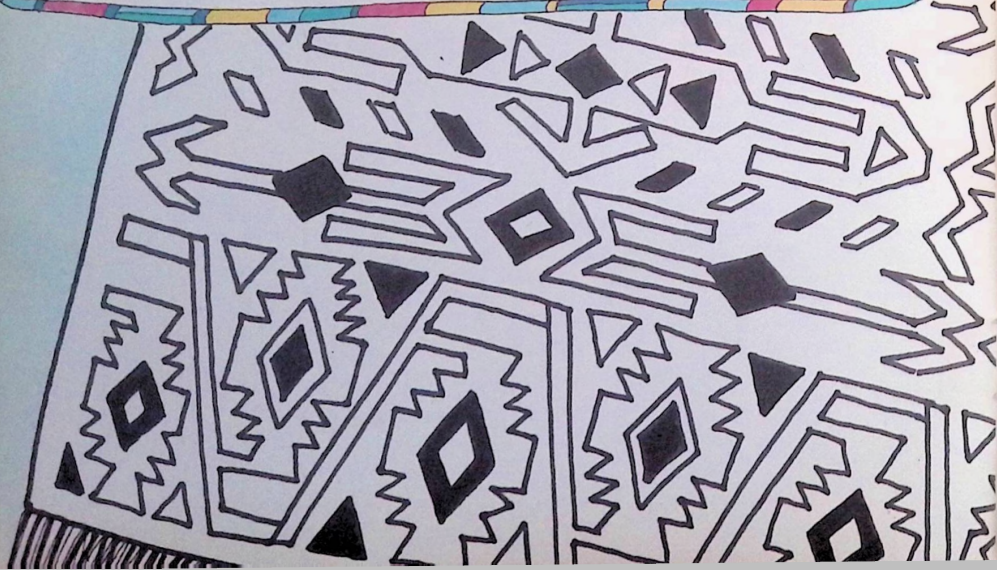
The friends stopped arguing, when they

saw something moving slowly towards the helicopter. Was it snow-drifts? No. Rocks? Of course not. It was a flock of white sheep bleating happily.

"They're pretty sheep," said the shepherd contentedly. "And they really are as white as mountain snow. Their wool can be dyed any colour of the rainbow. And what a fine carpet it would make. Stay until tomorrow, and we'll shear the sheep together. Then go down into the valley and you'll see what fine carpets they make from this snowy-white wool."

So the Felt Tips stayed with the shepherd for the night. Then they went down into the valley and helped to dye the wool. It was woven into a splendid carpet as you can see.

Colour the carpet and everything else in the picture.





Ivan VLADIMIROV



THE WINGED WHEEL

Mkrtych KORYUN

HOW THE TORTOISE BEAT THE WILD BOAR

Many years ago, exactly when it is hard to say, there was a young Tortoise. Of course, she would have been considered quite old by human standards, for she was over sixty. But, as you know, tortoises live to a ripe old age. And so our Tortoise rightly considered herself to be quite young, and got offended if anyone hinted at her age. She couldn't bear being laughed at.

One day the Tortoise went to visit her aunt by Lake Sevan. They chatted about this and that, and then the Tortoise began to complain.

"The Wild Boar is always teasing me, saying I'm the laziest of all the animals and can hardly crawl along."

"It's true that we don't get around all that fast," said her aunt. "But as for being lazy... No, that's most unfair."

"I'd like to teach that Wild Boar a lesson! Make him look silly," said the young Tortoise wistfully.

Her clever aunty smiled. (Incidentally she did not regard herself as old either, because she hadn't reached a hundred yet.)

"You challenge The Wild Boar to a race and beat him," she said. "That'll make the forest folk laugh."

And she began to instruct her how to do it.

One day the birds and beasts gathered together in a grassy glade to exchange news and talk about their children's health. The Wild Boar was there too. ▶



Find a winged wheel in this article. This attractive sign is the emblem of Soviet railways. There are lots of railways in our country. For the Soviet Union covers one-sixth of the world's land surface. Its railways run from city to city and settlement to settlement, crossing steppeland and forest, permafrost regions and the hot sands of the desert. Take a globe or a map of the two hemispheres. Find the equator, the imaginary line that divides the world like a melon into two halves, the north and the south. Well, the total length of all the railways in the Soviet Union is over three times the length of the equator.

The trains run day and night, passenger trains and goods trains, that is, ones that carry coal and ore, oil, timber and many other important things. These are the big "grown-up" railways. But there are also children's railways in the USSR. Our boys and girls are very fond of them. Everything about them is real: the diesel locomotives, the steam engines, the rails, the signals and

As soon as he saw the Tortoise he burst out laughing.

"There you go, lazy-bones, crawling along. I can run like the wind, I can."

"Don't be too cocky," said the Tortoise. "Beat me first, then you can boast as much as you like."

The Wild Boar chortled.

"Me race against snails..."

But the Tortoise was not put out.

"We'll have a race, if you like," she said. "The first one to reach Lake Sevan is the winner."

The Wild Boar agreed. He was ready to run to Sevan this very minute. But the Tortoise stopped him.

"Wait a month or two. I've got to do some training. You just go and lie down in your den, and don't watch me. That's my only condition."

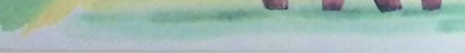
"How will I get food?"

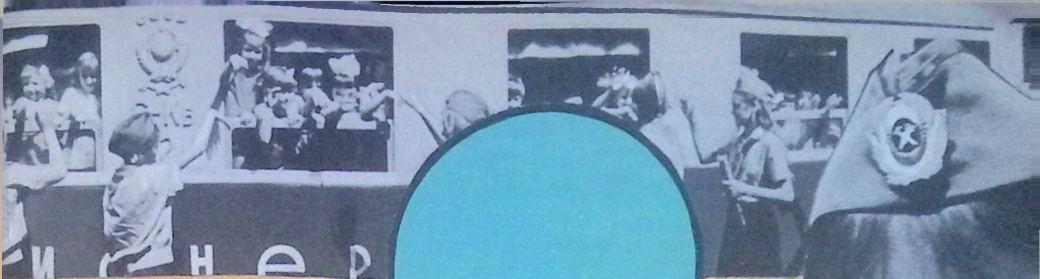
"We'll bring you some!" cried all the birds and beasts who were interested in the plan.

"Very well," said the Wild Boar. "If my food is going to be brought to me, that's a fair condition."

And he finished with the following boast:

"Be it then as you say...
In my den I shall stay
And pass away the time of day.
But never shall the Tortoise be
First in a race against fast little me."





the carriages, only they are all smaller. Even the uniform of the young railway workers is the same as the one for adults. It bears the emblem of the winged wheel.

Misha magazine correspondents recently visited the North Caucasus children's railway. The attendants, engine-drivers, ticket office clerks, controllers and repairmen here are schoolchildren from the city of Rostov-on-Don. And the passengers who have rides on the children's railway with such pleasure are also children, of course, just like the readers of Misha magazine.

"Is it an interesting game to play?" we asked the boys and girls who work on the railway. "What do you mean 'game'?" they replied. "It's a very interesting activity. And many of us when we grow up will go and work on real 'grown-up' railways."

Photographs by Lydia LOSHAKOVA

So the Wild Boar lay down among the roots in his den and did not venture out once. The birds and beasts brought him food, the very daintiest morsels that a wild boar could wish for, and he munched from dawn to dusk and made fun of the silly Tortoise.

But the Tortoise started training each day at sunrise, crawling from hummock to hummock and tree to tree. She even seemed to be getting a bit quicker...

A month passed, then a second.

One day the forest dwellers assembled by the boar's den, waiting to see how the challenge would end. The Tortoise was there too. She cried out loudly to her rival:

"Come out and race, Boar! It's time to run to Lake Sevan!"

Out crawled the Wild Boar. Before he had gone ten steps, he collapsed. He had grown so fat that his legs could not carry him. The Tortoise overtook him easily. She moved along at her own pace, but the Wild Boar could not catch her up.

"I give up, Tortoise. You've won. How did you manage to get the better of me?"

"By training, of course. And using my brains too. So use your wits, Wild Boar, and don't be lazy..."



Drawing by V. BASKOV

How?
Why?
What For?

Valentin ZUBKOV

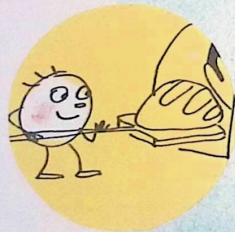
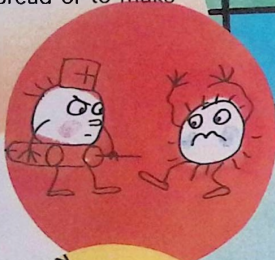
FRIENDS AND ENEMIES WE SELDOM SEE

As a child I often heard: "Wash your hands before eating or microbes will get into your mouth." At the time I pictured them as some tiny black and shaggy villains but I proved to have been too harsh on them. We have some indispensable assistants among the myriad of microbes.

Scientists believe that microbes are the oldest inhabitants of the earth, which settled on it when there were no people, animals, trees or flowers. What is more, there was even no air we now breathe.

Let's imagine that the microbes are gone, perhaps, not even all of them but only those that bring about the decay of trees and cause so much trouble to builders. It may seem that nothing could be better and yet there is more to it than meets the eye. The builder's enemies are the best friends of forests. Without them a fallen branch would lay there forever or a tree that has grown old would stand forever, blocking the way to other trees. It would take a fairly short while for the entire forest to die out.

We won't be able to bake bread or to make yogurt or cottage cheese without microbes.



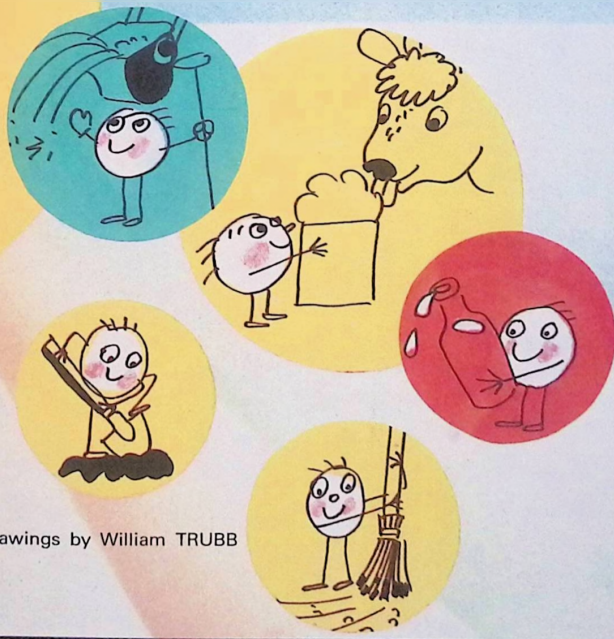
TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL

- Scientists used to think that salt is brought to the seas by rivers. It has been established, however, that it is the numerous underwater volcanoes that make the seas salty.
- When football fans at a huge stadium cheer their favourite players they expend enough energy to make coffee for the winning team.
- Scientists have established that trained ducks are better at carrying post than pigeons: they fly quicker and are better at finding the course.

There are thousands upon thousands different types of microbes around us; some of them are friends, others enemies. "Tame" microbes, like people, perform special jobs. Some of them extract different metals, even gold, from ores and may be called "miners" or "metalworkers". Or else it sometimes happens that oil is spilt into the sea. It can kill both seaweeds and fish but if microbes are "set loose" in the floating oil they will eat it up, leaving in water only good substances.

Today our invisible friends help us get fats similar to, say, sunflower oil, medicines and good feeds for domestic animals. They are offered ever more jobs with every passing day. Scientists even try to make them spin and weave, producing special fibres and films, imitating silk or wool.

Perhaps, then there is no need to be afraid of them or to wash hands before eating. This is not so. Some microbes cause dangerous diseases, others are harmful in a different way. That is why we have to think not only about our invisible friends but also about our invisible enemies. Doctors combat them, and you, too, should fight them and not forget to wash your hands with soap.



Drawings by William TRUBB

- Floating signs, similar to those you see on motor roads, have been installed on canals in Venice. Among them are those forbidding turns, limiting speed and prescribing one-way traffic.
- Yugoslav scientists have suggested a method of heating sea water at resorts in cold weather—it is necessary to cover the bottom of the sea with foil, which "attracts" sun beams.

THE MOST...



Boatswain Carlo Rippolino has the loudest voice and is the winner of an unusual competition of shouters held in Italy. Ninety-year-old Rippolino's shout is 750 times as loud as ordinary human speech.



The longest tunnel (more than 53 km long), half of it under the bottom of the sea, is being built between the islands of Honshu and Hokkaido, Japan.



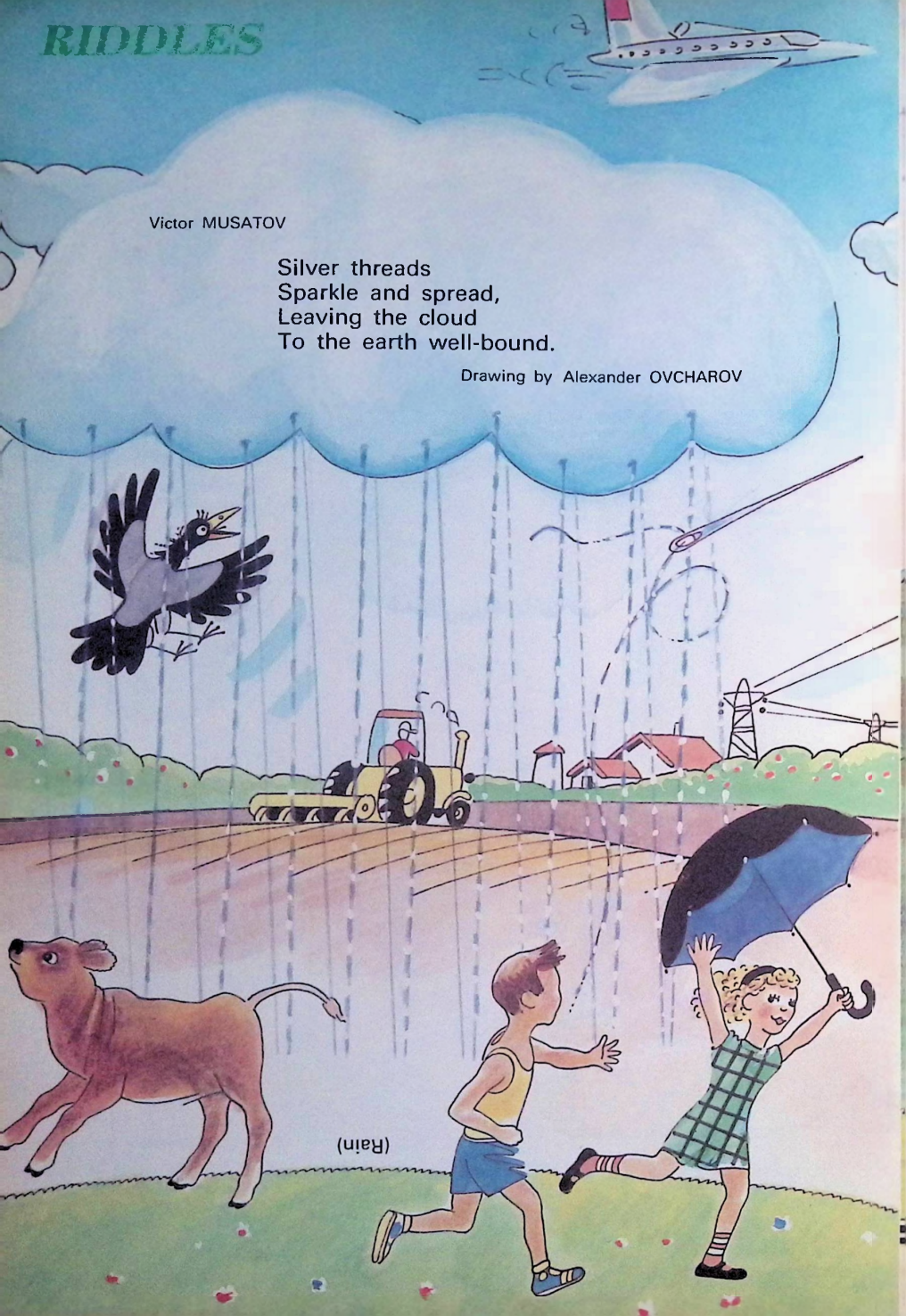
Trout is the cleanest fish, which reacts to the slightest pollution of water by emitting weak electricity. Scientists suggest that it be used to control the purity of rivers and lakes.

RIDDLES

Victor MUSATOV

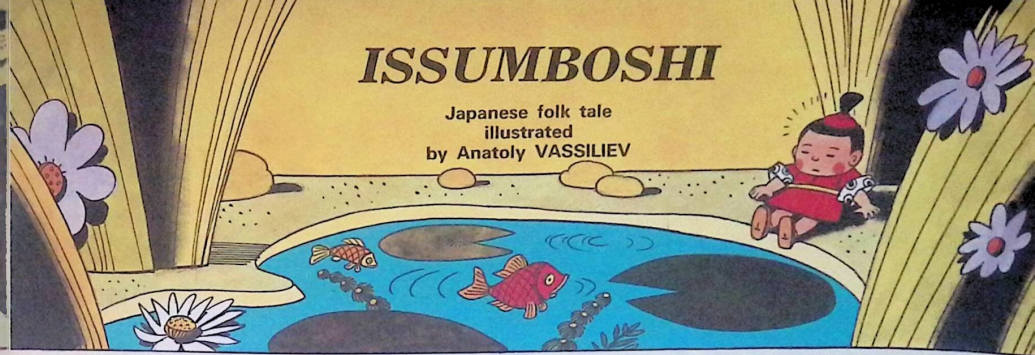
Silver threads
Sparkle and spread,
Leaving the cloud
To the earth well-bound.

Drawing by Alexander OVCHAROV



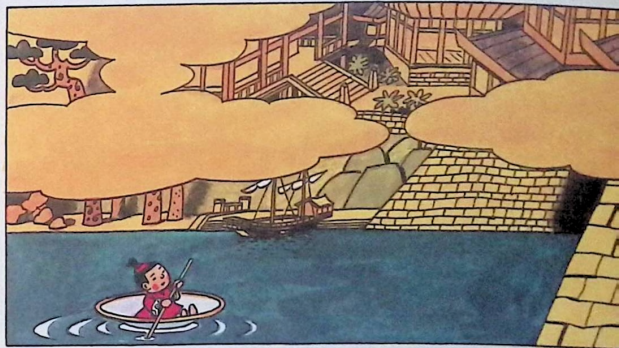
ISSUMBOSHI

Japanese folk tale
illustrated
by Anatoly VASSILIEV



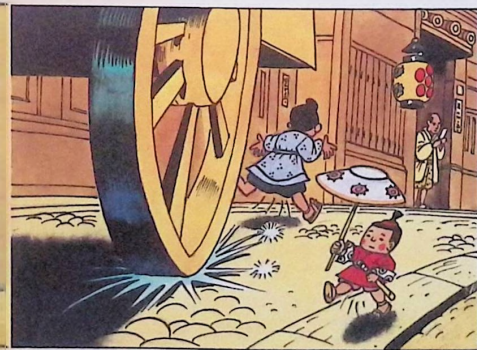
In one small village there lived a man and his wife who were quite old but had no children. All their life they had been asking the Sun to grant them a son and one day they found a tiny baby boy under a peach tree. They called him Issumboshi, a boy as small as a thumb. Years passed by but the boy did

not grow one little bit. Though village boys teased him, Issumboshi did not care. What bothered him, however, was that he was of little help about the house. He then decided to go to town to make his own living and to help his parents.



He prepared for the long journey. Chopsticks were to serve him as walking sticks, a tea bowl as an umbrella, an ordinary needle as a sword and a straw as a sheath for it. "When you reach the river go upstream," his parents told him at parting. Issum-

boshi had been walking for a long time, crossing a dandelion glade and a horse-tail field, when he at last saw a river. The little boy used his bowl as a boat now and the chopsticks as oars. Issumboshi sailed for three days and then saw a big town.



"Where shall I go now?" he thought, and headed for a big mansion looming in the distance. He walked very carefully lest anyone should squash him underfoot. When he was inside the courtyard of the mansion he cried out: "Hello, there! My name is Issumboshi, I am looking for a job." The master of

the mansion came out: "What can you do, little one?" "Look!" The boy pierced a passing fly with his sword. "I can also sing and dance." The midget was employed on the spot. Everybody in the house liked him, especially the master's daughter Hanako.

Continued on page 18



MISHA'S PICTURE GALLERY
Story-Book Heroes

Yurachislav CHEREMNOY
has drawn the heroes
of a famous story.
Which one? Answer on page 30.



Continued from page 15

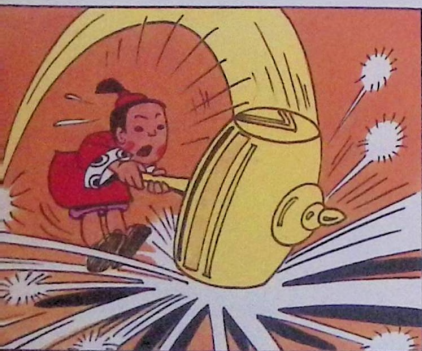
Issumboshi held the paper when Hanako wrote and entertained the masters and their guests with his songs and dances. Once Hanako, Issumboshi and some servants went to a remote temple. On their

way back they were walking through desolate parts when all of a sudden three huge devils jumped out from behind some trees. The green and black devils had iron clubs in their hands and the red devil was holding a magic mallet.



"We've caught you! We are going to kidnap the beautiful Hanako!" "Just you try!" Issumboshi cried out, jumping forward with his needle sword. He leaped up and pricked the eyes of first the green devil and then the black one. They growled with

pain and took to their heels. The red devil opened his mouth and dashed at Issumboshi, who slashed at his terrible tongue a thousand times. And the devils fled, leaving the magic mallet on the road.



"Hanako, this magic mallet is yours. Strike it three times and you'll get whatever you like," Issumboshi said. "No! Let it do the bidding of the one who got it in combat," the girl replied. "I want to be as tall as anyone!" Issumboshi exclaimed and, as he struck

the mallet the third time, he became a handsome tall youth. Issumboshi soon married beautiful Hanako and brought his old parents to live at his place. And the story of the midget's feat is recounted to this day.

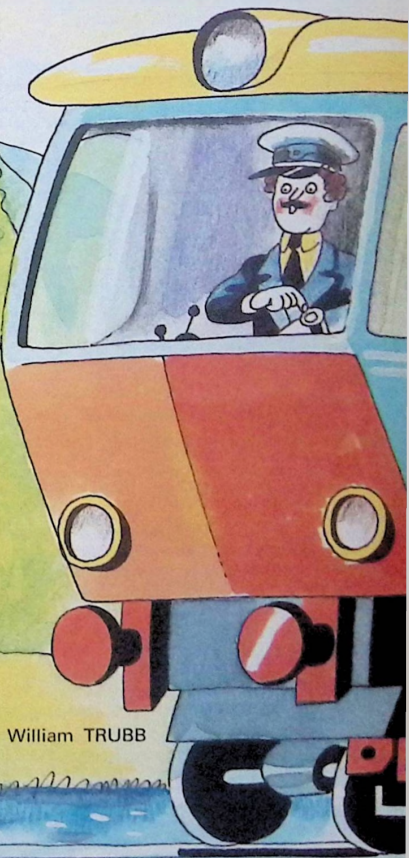
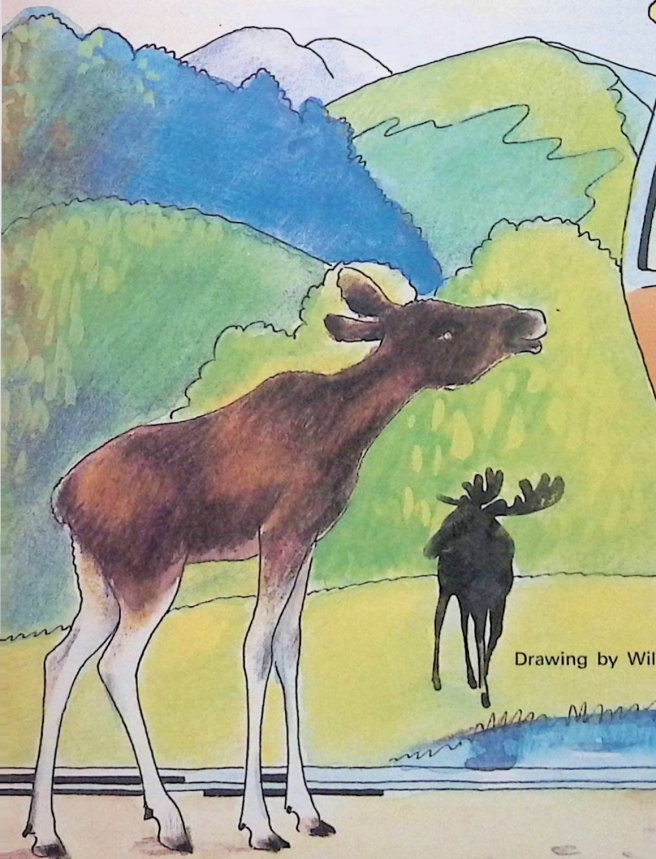


THE STOP

"What's the matter?
What's the row?"
By the windows people crowd.
People wonder,
People ask,
"What is it that's come to pass?"

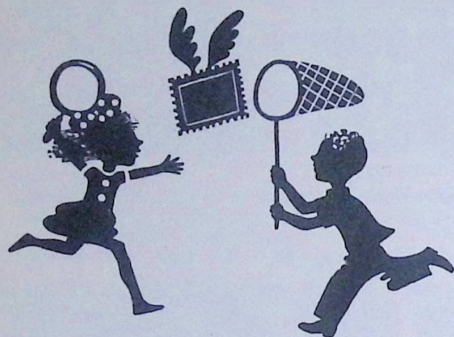
"Is the engine short of fuel?"
"Why, the journey's just begun!"
"Has the green light suddenly gone?"
"Do the rails need some repair?"
People wonder, people stare.

"No, the green light's shining bright,
And the rails are quite all right,
And the engine needs no help.
It's a very simple tale—
Don't you see a group of elk
Slowly strutting 'cross the rail."



Drawing by William TRUBB

KIDS AND STAMPS



Krasimir Melodiev, a reader from Varna (Bulgaria) writes: "I enjoyed reading in your magazine about how philately can be useful in educating children. I have two kids and would like to apply to them the advice given in the article. Unfortunately, it does not mention the age when children can be encouraged to collect stamps."

To decide when your child is old enough to collect stamps, try to interest him or her in these attractive miniatures and watch to what extent and how he or she responds. If the kid is interested you opportunities to educate him at home grow.

Begin by buying big and bright stamps with catchy pictures and don't be upset if at first your child accidentally crumples or tears some of them.

Whatever the child does, be it playing, walking or learning to hold a spoon in his right hand, he is mastering the world, though we may be sometimes unaware of it. When the mother, taking her child in the morning to the kindergarten, says in a joke: "Off we go to work," she may not know how right she is. The complex process of cognising the world should not be left unaided. Every minute of contact with the parents can be highly enriching. "Can you read me a tale?" the child asks and together with a new story gets something that develops him intellectually. An interest in stamps gives a similar result. Here is what French educator Daniel Lesobre had to say about stamp collecting: "The most important thing about philately is the satisfaction it brings its fans by giving them a chance to do what they like and study or, if you will, to study through entertainment."

The child's interest in "tiny picture" can be used to expand his knowledge of the surrounding world and his vocabulary. The faster development of speech habits and perhaps even the first words read by your child will be your reward for the efforts you make. Stamps develop visual memory, and the child better remembers letters and words he sees than those he perceives by ear.

Stamps also provide ample opportunities for the development of child's perception. Ask your child to sort out stamps (preferably with the same picture) according to their colour, then according to several hues of the same colour. Then ask him to do the same according to face-value, and after some practice the child will be able to tell figures.

Put together stamps of the same colour but bearing distinctly different pictures and let the child explain the difference between them.

Or else mix in one heap several groups of different stamps, for example, some depicting butterflies, others horses and still others mushrooms. Let children sort them out, grouping domestic animals, insects or mushrooms.

Ask the child to sort out a heap of stamps according to the script they bear: the Latin alphabet and the Arabic letters not only

differ from each other but are also very unlike the Chinese hieroglyphics. Sometimes stamps within the same series have a common eye-catching pictorial detail, for example, some ornament. Sorting out stamps with this detail is not all that easy for children and will sharpen their powers of observation—they will have to pay attention not so much to the pictures themselves as to their secondary, albeit expressive, details.

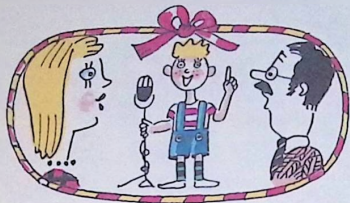
The kid will learn quite a few of the geometric figures, sorting out stamps according to their shape. Indeed stamps can be triangular, quadrilateral, hexagonal, square, rhombic, trapezoid and circular....

Another useful exercise is to judge which of the stamps lying on the table is the largest. Needless to say, it is better to choose stamps of the same shape. The answer can be easily checked by merely placing one stamp over another.

All these exercises have been tested in practice. A word of caution, though—do not overdo it lest the child should feel fed up with the whole business. Besides, see to it that the child learns to handle stamps with utmost care.

Last but not least, don't forget the fact that these pictures can be of help to little artists. Of course, it is difficult to learn to draw by copying stamps, which are far too small for the purpose. But they can give ideas for drawing on a given topic. Incidentally, children's drawings can find their way onto stamps. The Soviet Union and many other countries issue stamps reproducing children's drawings.





We were walking along Moscow when Yura suddenly heaved a sigh.

"Are you tired?"

"No, I was thinking about something sad."

"What is it?"

"Why is it that one always dies for an ice-cream when somebody else is eating it?"



Mitya was called to the table and started eating with zest. His mother was annoyed.

"Stop munching so noisily!"

"Why, is anybody asleep?" he asked in surprise.



Anton is doing his homework, writing carelessly and making mistakes.

"You'll get a bad mark!"

"Never!"

"What makes you so sure?"

"They said it over the radio that children should not be traumatised!"



When Tanya was in the second grade a boy began seeing her home from school.

"Do other girls have companions like that?" her mother worried.

"Of course, not," Tanya said proudly. "You should see their marks!"

Prepared by Lydia LIBEDINSKAYA



We all have our fathers and mothers.

Pierre BEAUMARCHAIS



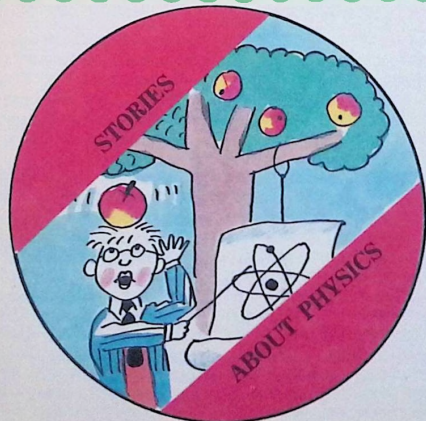
Mother is one fine person to whom we are always indebted.

Nikolai OSTROVSKY



Women are the first instructors of mankind.

Oliver GOLDSMITH



We continue our series of stories about physics written by Leonid Sikoruk. Here is another experiment you can try.

In the story "How To Make Scrambled Eggs with Sunrays" our young readers will again meet first-grader Irishka, preschooler Lyonya, her brother, and their sister Tanya and make new discoveries together with them.

Try and help your children to make a "sun stove" of the type described in the story. Needless to say, it will call for some effort and ingenuity, which will be rewarded with children's interest. It should be borne in mind that this stove will function better if the pan or saucapan used are black: dark surface absorbs heat better.

You and your children can also try your hand at pokerwork with the help of small concave mirrors or magnifying glass. It is necessary first to make a pencil drawing on a board or a sheet of vener and then trace the lines with a mirror or a magnifying glass. Children will get a drawing made by the sun.



How to Make Scrambled Eggs with Sunrays

Sitting on the porch, Irishka was reading to kids: "One day Roman ships came to the Greek city of Syracuse and besieged it. Then the scientist called Archimedes, assembled Syracuse citizens at the coast, gave each of them a concave mirror and ordered them to reflect sunrays with the help of mirrors onto one of the Roman ships. Their mirrors accumulated so much light and heat that the ship caught fire."

The kids liked the story about the Roman ships and Archimedes' mirrors, sat down by the gate and began reflecting sunrays with the help of mirrors onto a stack of firewood. As there were many children and lots of sunrays, one little log started smoldering with all that light and heat.

"Now, stop it before it flares up," Irishka commanded.

"Let's fry it some more," Lyonya called back, and at that moment a cheerful little flame sprang on the butt end of the log. The children scattered, and it was only Irishka who thought of calling the firemen.

A minute later a fire engine rushed through the streets. The firemen were in time and soon put out the fire.

"Who did it?" asked the fireman-in-chief. "Tell me who did it."

"We did," Irishka answered for all of them. The fireman stood silent for a while then asked again:

"Who's got the matches?"

"We did it by Archimedes without any matches," Lyonya blurted out.

"You mean using mirrors," the fireman sounded incredulous.

"That's right!"

"It's impossible. That has long been proved to be a legend. Archimedes could not have set the Roman ships on fire with the help of mirrors."

"But we did do it," Lyonya persisted, "and Archimedes could do the same."

Everybody stood silent, waiting for the fireman-in-chief to have his say. He was considering something for quite a while and then, finally, said:

"The investigation is adjourned till morning: some details have to be checked."

The next morning Tanya, Irishka and Lyonya were walking along the river bank when they suddenly saw the fireman-in-chief nodding over a fishing rod. Next to him was some huge plate.

"What d'you need this plate for?" Lyonya asked.



...HANDKERCHIEFS

Buttons first appeared on the sleeves of military uniforms. But this was not for decoration, but to make it difficult to blow one's nose on one's sleeve. This was supposed to have occurred during the Napoleonic wars. Handkerchiefs were invented much earlier and were mainly used as decorations. In France at the end of the 18th century, the making of oval handkerchiefs was forbidden for the purposes of economy. Henceforth they became squareshaped.



...ELECTRIC FRIGDES

In villages cellars were used and in towns, refrigeratory cupboards full of ice. The ice would melt and water would drip down onto a pan-like tray. Incidentally, there are similar trays in modern-day fridges still. Water that had frozen in winter was kept until summer in underground stores. Later ice-making machines appeared. These machines were both a stove and a fridge: in order to freeze the water the machine was stoked with coal, wood or kerosene.



...BOOKS

The first books made from pages sewn together appeared in Ancient Rome. They were preceded by the clay tablets of Mesopotamia and the papyrus scrolls of the Egyptians. Then, in various countries scrolls began to be made out of parchment, thin, untanned animal skin. They were read by unwinding the parchment from one roll onto the other. In Russia during the 16th and 17th centuries documents were stuck together and also made into scrolls.



...PRINTING

Originally books were either hand-copied or the text was cut into boards. In the 11th century the Chinese thought up the idea of setting up a text from ready-made individual letters. Book printing started in Europe in the 15th century, and only during last century were printing presses invented. The printing technique originated from the stamps used to seal trade contracts in Mesopotamia thousands of years ago.

The fireman startled, woke up, saw Lyonya, Irishka and Tanya, and said:

"That's you... Well, have a look at what's inside this plate." Lyonya looked inside and saw a lot of mirrors. The fireman-in-chief stood up, raised the plate, turned the mirrors to the sun and said:

"Look, the sunlight falls on the mirrors, which direct all of it into one spot. Should we now put..."

"Firewood!" Lyonya suggested promptly.

The fireman-in-chief looked sternly at him and went on:

"Should we put a pan of eggs at that spot we'll have scrambled eggs ready in a quarter of an hour."

With these words he put a pan on a sort of tray made of thick wire, adjusted his mirror plate so that all the sunrays should fall on the bottom of the pan and put some butter into the pan. It was strange to see butter start sizzling in the pan without any fire or electricity. The fireman-in-chief broke several eggs and poured them into the hot pan. In about two minutes instead of the promised quarter of an hour all of them—Lyonya, Irishka, Tanya and the fireman himself—were eating the piping hot scrambled eggs they had made with sunrays.



...CHINA CUPS

To begin with they were earthenware, dark and thick. The ancient Chinese masters wanted very much to make fine white crockery out of white clay or kaolin. It was mixed with sand and ground stone. At first nothing came of it. Legend has it that one potter, having lost all hope of success, buried a lump of clay, prepared for firing, in the ground. Many years later his grandson was planting a tree and found the mixture. He tried his luck and invented china.



....RADIO BROADCASTING

At the end of last century the Hungarian inventor, Tivadar Puskas, thought up a telephonic "speaking newspaper". By removing a receiver at home, one could hear the news, a concert or even an opera. Before a broadcast, a loud hoot would sound. Subsequently, telephonic broadcasting appeared in Britain and several other countries. In Budapest people were so used to the "speaking newspaper" that the radio only finally replaced it in 1947.



NOCTURNAL HUNTERS

What is the bird depicted on the back cover of Misha? Many

of you will probably say an owl, and you'll be wrong. It's an eagle owl. It is related to the owl and that is why it looks similar.

There are 12 types of eagle owl in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. In the Soviet Union they are found beyond the Arctic Circle, where there are hard frosts and the night can last for several months, and in Central Asia, where one can go without a coat the whole year round.

Eagle owls settle in forests, steppes, deserts and mountains. They build their nests on the ground, beneath trees, in cliff crevices and in deep ravines. They have a very keen sense of hearing. Eagle owls can make out sounds that humans cannot hear at all without special equipment.

People often think that the eagle owl cannot see during the day. But in fact it has excellent sight both at night and in the daytime. It is simply that the eagle owl is accustomed to sleeping in the day and hunting at night for mice, hares and even wild goats.

The eagle owl is an interesting bird. The author, Nikolai Sladkov, has written several stories about it. Here is one of them.

Nikolai SLADKOV

THE EAGLE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE

"Don't be afraid, Nightingale. I'm not going to swallow you up. I just want to sing you a song! It's May in the forest and everyone's singing..."

"Go on, sing, Eagle Owl, if you want to so much."

"Pu-gu-gu! Pu Gu-qu! Bu-bu!"

"Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"There's another one lost consciousness! This is the fifth person I've sung to and all five have fainted. I've got such a tender voice that it affects them all so deeply. Pu-gu-gu! Bu-bu!"





YEMELYA'S ESCAPADES

The peasant's son, Yemelya from the Russian folk tale *By the Will of the Pike, Do As I Like* was fed up living on the bookshelf. He flew off to a village and took part in a fight between the inhabitants of a vegetable patch and some harmful insects. Our correspondent Mai Nachinkin witnessed these events and took some photographs.



Continued from No. 3

Yemelya and his friends held off the enemy attack. But the next morning...



"Our darling Princess Pea has been taken prisoner!" cried old Potato, waking Yemelya up. It turned out that the beetroot fleas had ambushed Princess Pea during the night, en-

tangled her in a mesh and shut her up in an underground dungeon. The mole cricket had announced that the prisoner would be eaten for dinner.



Yemelya entrusted the earthworms to save Princess Pea. They dug a tunnel into the dungeon and led the prisoner out. Then the

Princess was picked up by the mosquitoes and flown away to their home. The chase was left behind.

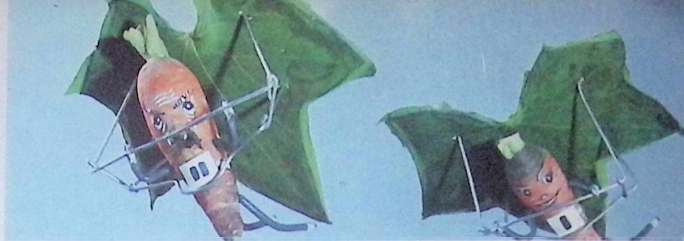


The battle of the vegetable patch went on the whole of the next day and night. The glow-worms attacked the striped slugs. The butterflies flew round the lights and were trapped.

Yemelya used the underground passage dug by the earthworms to get into the mole cricket's den. A duel began.



Yemelya won the fight and the most dangerous leader of the enemy herself became prisoner. A loud "Hurrah!" resounded in the vegetable patch. The harmful insects were retreating



from the battlefield. The carrots were summoned to carry out air reconnaissance from hang-gliders.



They reported that the enemy was hiding in holes. "We'll have to smoke them out," said Yemelya, "otherwise the vegetable patch will still be threatened." Seeing there was no



escape, the enemy began to give itself up. Yemelya ordered the prisoners to be sent to a laboratory to find out whether they could be turned into useful insects.



"Victory!" trumpeted the trumpeters. "Now no one can stop us having our harvest celebrations," said Yemelya. "Everyone is invited."



The guests needed no asking. Even the Turnip poked her head out of the ground and came along with her children.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE FRIENDS AND ENEMIES OF VEGETABLES?

A table was set with a samovar between the beds, and a stage and merry-go-round were set up. Everyone did what he wanted. Old Potato, who had helped save Princess Pea, even

managed to do some fishing with his son for a quarter of an hour. He watched the float and remembered the old saying: "All's well that ends well".

Girls and boys from various countries helped to prepare this page. Have a look at their paintings and try to paint one yourself.

Misha readers will be interested to see your town, your mummy or your friends. Use felt pens, paints, pencils, in short, whatever you find easiest.

Don't forget to write your name, address and age on the envelope so that we can put a signature to your picture.



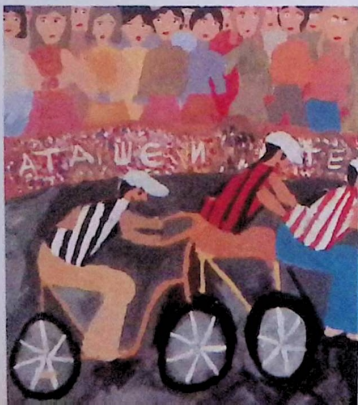
"An Old Folk tale"
Misha Stoiko (USSR)

"My Town"
Simone Cowalli (Italy)



"A Girl Friend"
Riyou Makito (Japan)

"The Races"
Jaslina Kucevic (Yugoslavia)



"Gymnastics"
Daniela Duarte Gottdiener (Mexico)



Today we have a story from
the Ukrainian children's comic Malyatko.
Comics for children are published
in the languages of the various
republics of the USSR.



HOW THE FOX DROWNED THE JUG

A Ukrainian Folk Tale

Once upon a time there lived an old man and his wife. One day they went out to the fields to cut the rye and took with them a jug of milk.

When they arrived, the old woman said:

"Where should we put the jug?"

"Put it under the bush, dear," said the old man.

So she did.

Off they went to work. They cut and cut for a long time.

A fox ran past. She saw the jug and drank some milk from it, only to find she could not get her head out again. Along walked the fox, turning her head and repeating:

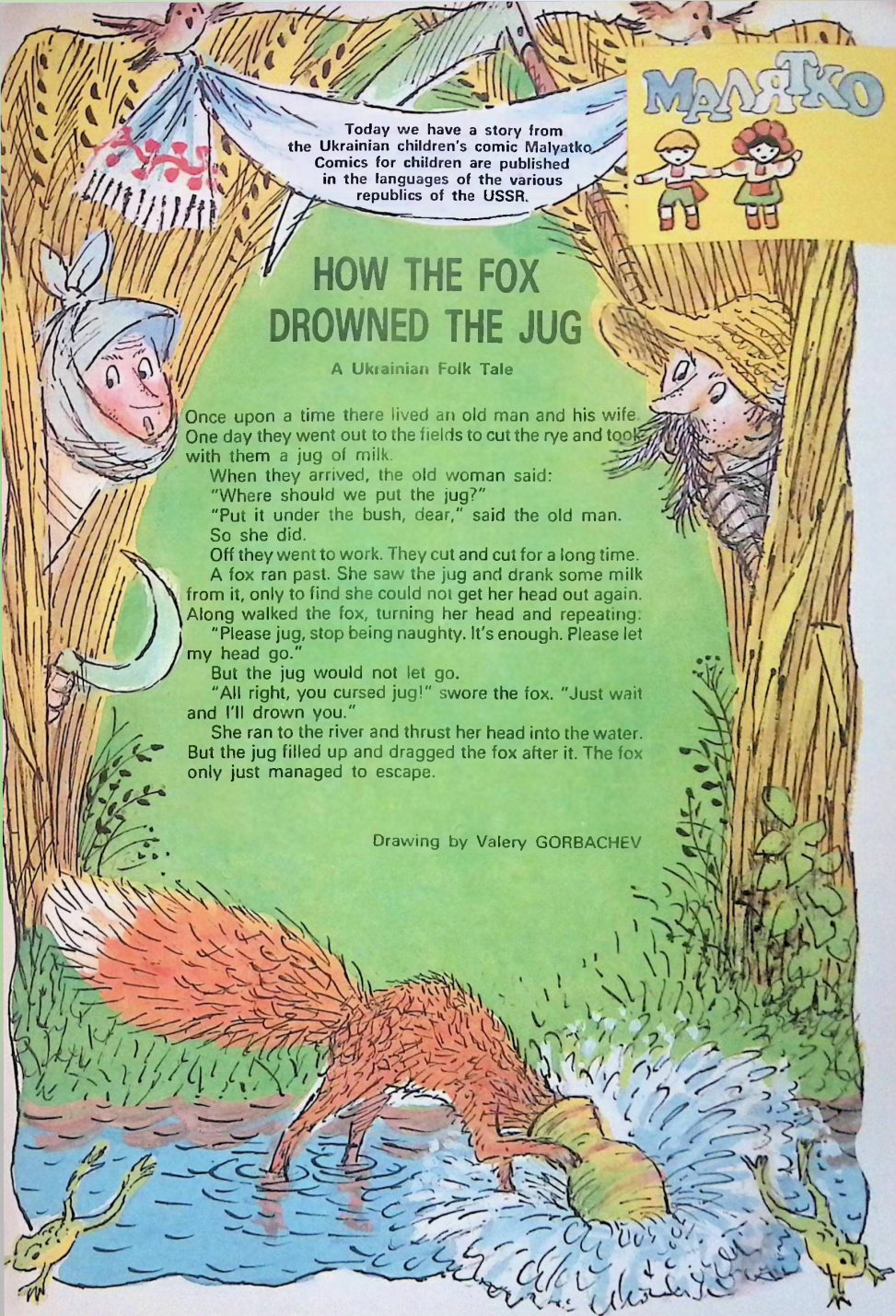
"Please jug, stop being naughty. It's enough. Please let my head go."

But the jug would not let go.

"All right, you cursed jug!" swore the fox. "Just wait and I'll drown you."

She ran to the river and thrust her head into the water. But the jug filled up and dragged the fox after it. The fox only just managed to escape.

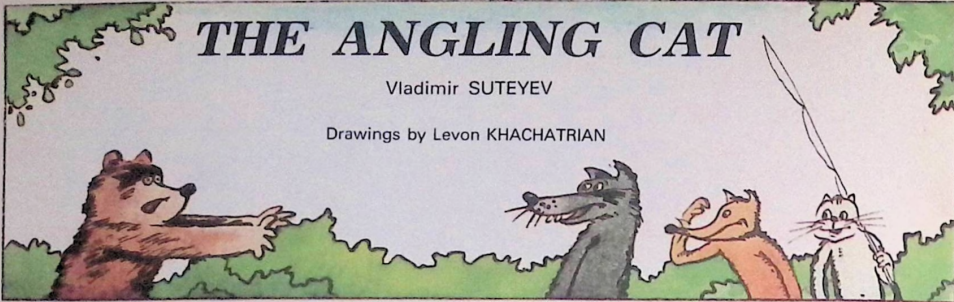
Drawing by Valery GORBACHEV



THE ANGLING CAT

Vladimir SUTEYEV

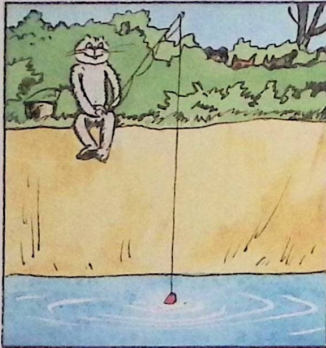
Drawings by Levon KHACHATRIAN



On his way fishing, a cat met a fox. The fox begged: "Please, dear Cat, you will give me fish, won't you?" "All right, the first fish I

catch will be yours." And off they went together. Next they met a wolf. "Are you going fishing? I love fish." "All right," said the

cat, "the second fish will be yours." Then a bear appeared. "Will you catch me a fish?" "All right, the third fish will be yours."



The cat fixed a worm on to the hook, cast the rod and sat down to wait.... The other animals watched from the bushes. As soon



as the float began to bobble, the fox cried out: "Pull!". In fright the cat jerked the rod and the fish got away. Once again he



cast the rod. As the wolf waited for his fish he kept saying: "Catch a big fish, a really big one...."



The float gave a jerk and the wolf roared: "Wait a minute, its too early." When the cat pulled up the rod the fish had eaten the



worm and was gone. The cat cast the rod a third time. The line stretched and out of the water appeared the head of a huge



sheat-fish. "It's mine!" yelled the Fox. "No, it's mine!" shouted the wolf. And they jumped into the water.

WHO IS THE STUBBORNEST IN THE WORLD?



The bear floundered in after them. They fought and the fish swam away. Meanwhile the cat moved off to a different spot.



The wet animals walked along the bank and caught sight of the cat sitting on a tree pulling one fish after another.



The three went home hungry. And the cat shouted after them: "You can't catch a fish without any effort!"

Once the wind and a cliff had an argument as to who was the stubbornest in the world.

"I'm the stubbornest!" said the cliff. "You've been blowing on me for centuries and I'm still standing."

"No, I'm the stubbornest," said the wind. "You've been standing here for centuries and I'm still blowing."

They argued for a long time.

It turned to autumn and then winter.

When spring came a tiny shoot started pushing out from a crack in the cliff.

Out it pushed and it began to strain upwards.

The rain poured down but it still strained upwards.

The sun scorched down but it still strained upwards.

"Look who's the stubbornest of all," said the cliff. "However hard I held it back, all the same it has pushed itself out."

"And I've bent and blown and torn at it," sighed the wind, "but nevertheless it still strains upwards."

"Just out of stubbornness," said the cliff. "You can see how the rain pours down on it from above, how the sun's rays beat down on it from above, but it goes on moving upwards. Out of stubbornness."

"Just for the sake of being different," sighed the wind.

But the shoot went on and on rising. It was very stubborn. And this was because it was living.

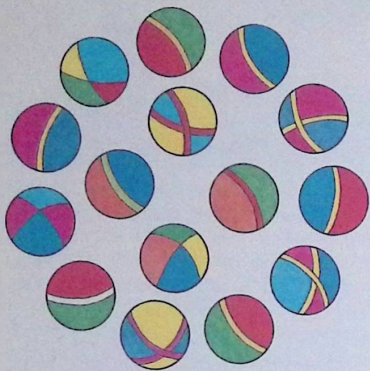
Can you see that pine on the cliff?

It's that same little shoot.

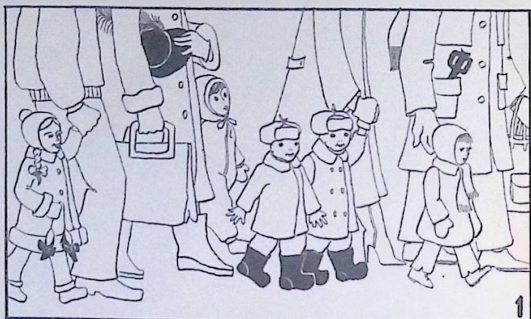
The wind rests in its branches and the cliff hides in its shade from the sun, and both of them remember:

"Do you remember when she was little? Oh she was so stubborn!"





Find the two identical balls.



1

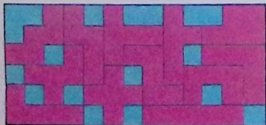


2

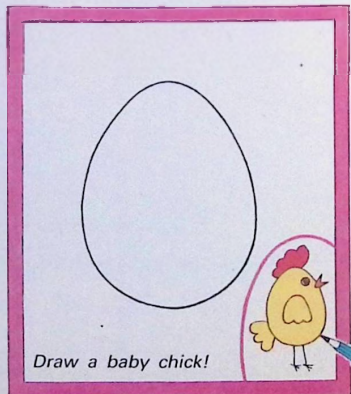
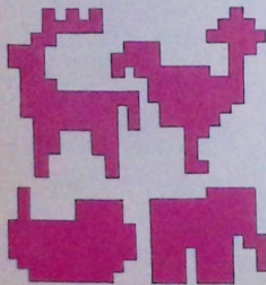
1. The girls and boys are hurrying off to a fancy-dress carnival.
2. Find them among the people dancing.

The Misha's Picture Gallery (answer)

A tiny human child gets lost in the jungle and finds himself in a wolf's lair. Mother Wolf and Father Wolf, Baloo the bear, the panther Bagheera, the elephant Hathi and the other animals touchingly take care of their founding. The boy learns the language of the animals and birds and the laws of the jungle. He grows up strong and brave and beats the bloodthirsty tiger Shere Khan, and helps a pack of wolves beat off wild dogs. All this is contained in the tale Mowgli by the English author, Rudyard Kipling.



Cut 12 shapes out of cardboard, as shown in the drawing. Make a deer, cockerel, steam engine and an elephant out of them and think up new shapes.



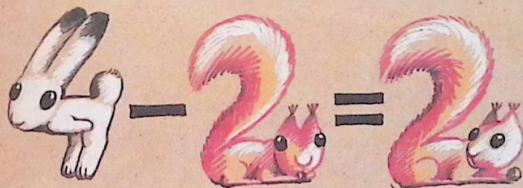
Draw a baby chick!



Playing with shadows



Find the eight differences between these two pictures



Maths can be fun



Make up a story for these pictures



What funny little birds!

Drawings by LARISSA BATOGOVA,
OLGA DUNAYEVA,
OLGA KOLCHINA,
IRINA KUZNETSOVA,
GALINA MAMINA,
SERGEI TYUNIN

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