



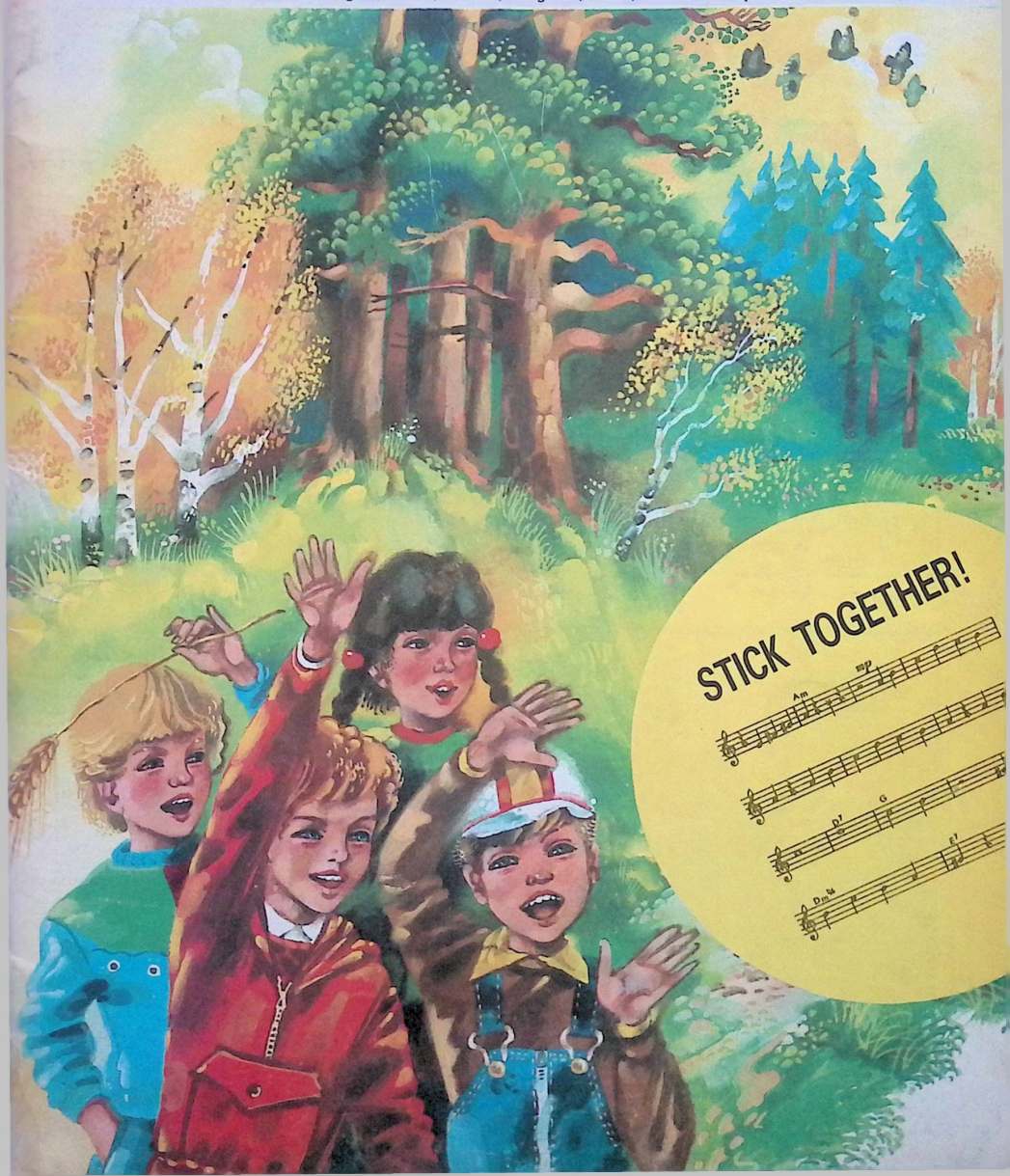
MISHA



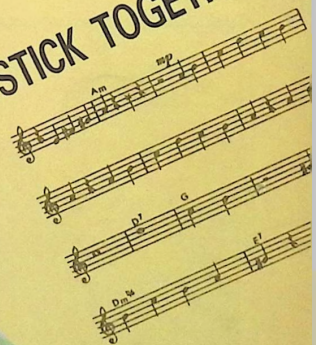
CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

11/1985

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



STICK TOGETHER!



JOURNEY IN A TIME-MACHINE

An imaginary tale
by Vladimir SANIN
Drawings by Mark
LISOGORSKY

Continued
from issue 10



Alexei and Arkady travelled in their time-machine back to the Stone Age. The primitive people thought they came from the sky. The boys decided to help the Kvan tribe: they tamed wild dogs and showed tribesmen how to make bows and arrows.



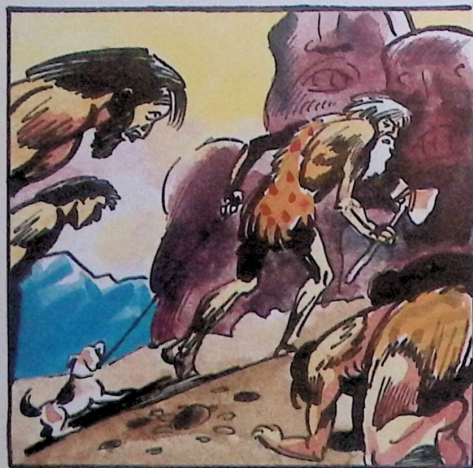
A clever little girl named Kara ...



... and a very strong little
boy named Nuv were good helpers.

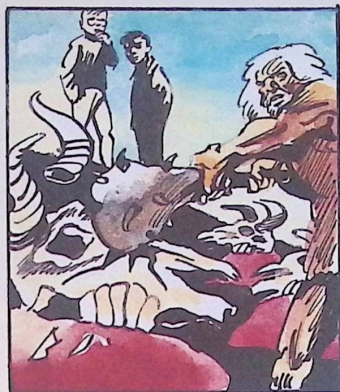


Pok, the envious wizard
arrived.



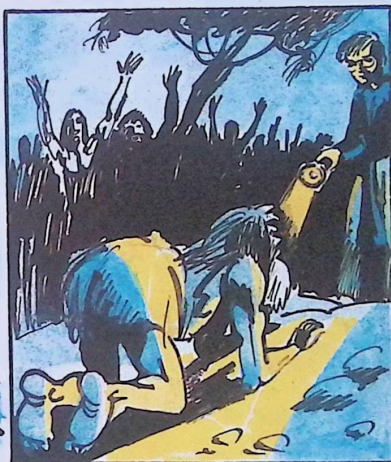
"Let there be a duel! It will take place at night so that the Sun
cannot help his son Lan."

"I'll sacrifice these creatures to the gods!"



"I've got an idea!"

The duel began exactly at midnight.



"Hail Lan, son of the Sun!"
"Hail Poun, son of the Moon!"



The boys' "inventions" helped the Kvans to obtain more food. Now they had free time.

"What about holding first sports competitions in history?"



This is a picture drawn by Zoey Goetsch from the United States. It shows what she saw while riding on a train.



Emese Beatrix Tuka lives in Romania. Not long ago she visited a puppet theatre, and this is what she saw.



Ana Aleman Agirre from Nicaragua is eight years old. This is a picture of the school Ana attends.



What a nice, funny picture. A cat, caterpillar and nest of birds are all in the same tree. Katja Friedrich from the German Democratic Republic is the artist.



Kumar Madhu of India sent in this picture of a parrot. He writes that most of all he likes to look at the photographs and stamps in Misha. Kumar collects stamps himself and is learning how to take photographs.

Boys and girls! Don't forget to send Misha your letters, drawings, riddles and poems.

CRANES

Mitya lives near a seaport. He loves to watch the boats and cranes. Mitya's neighbour, Uncle Kolya, operates the tallest crane in the port. One day he brought Mitya to work with him. They went up a lift to the crane's cabin and then sat down in some comfortable chairs.

"Now we'll lift some cargo from that ship wa-ay over there," said Uncle Kolya. "This is special cargo for a zoo."

Uncle Kolya pressed some buttons, turned a lever and the crane easily lifted a lion's cage.

But the lion didn't like it one bit.

"How dare that iron giraffe treat me, the King of Beasts, in such a way!"

The monkeys were also upset.

The tigers too.

The snakes hissed.

"Roar, hiss and growl," squeaked the crane. "I'm not afraid; I'm made of steel!"

"Now it's the elephant's turn," said Uncle Kolya. "Would you like to lift the elephant, Mitya?"

"Me?! The elephant?!"

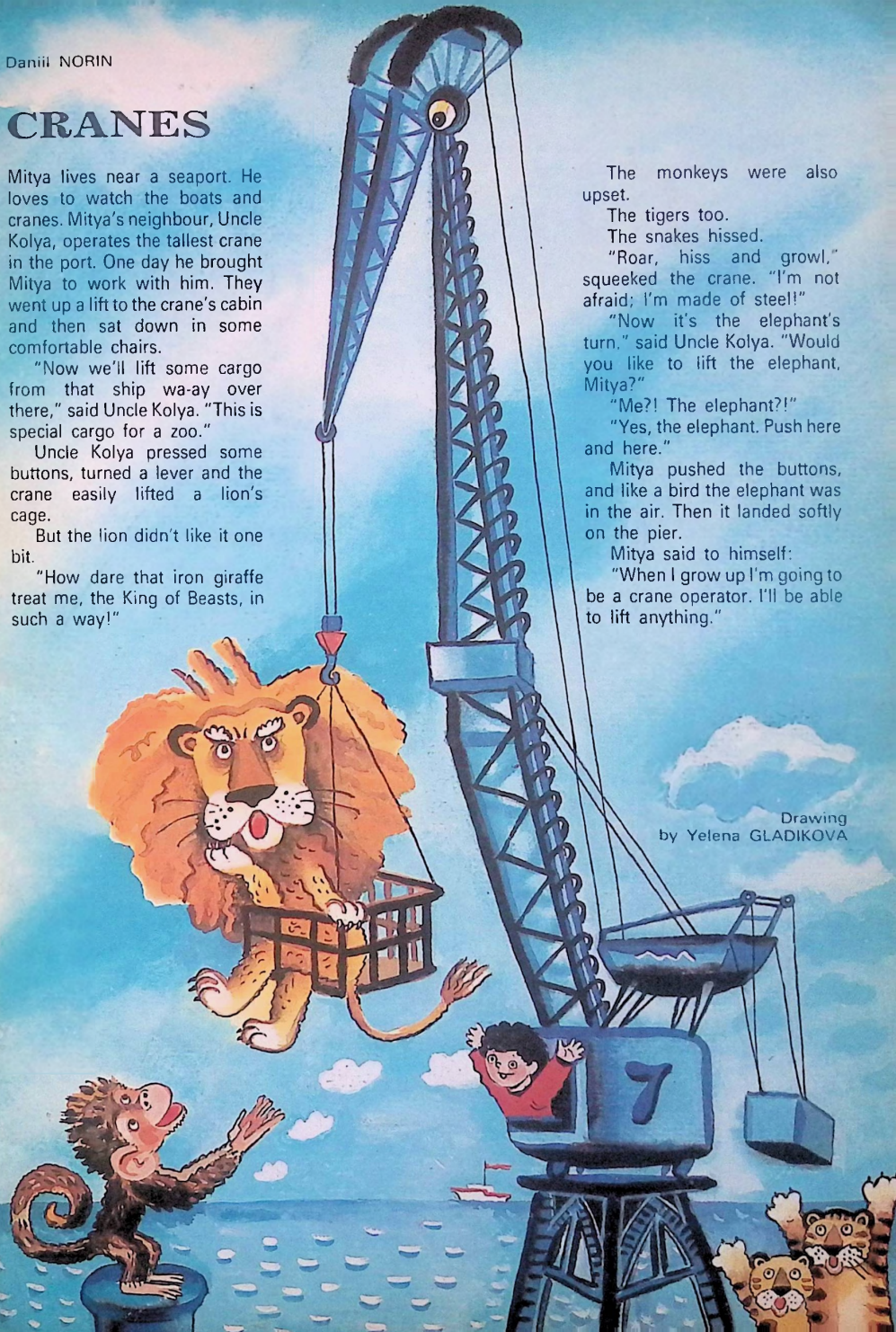
"Yes, the elephant. Push here and here."

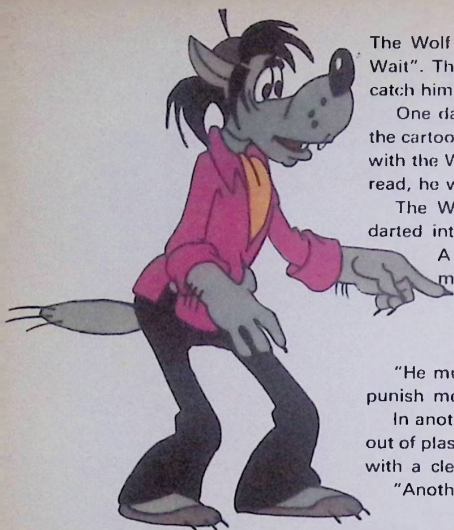
Mitya pushed the buttons, and like a bird the elephant was in the air. Then it landed softly on the pier.

Mitya said to himself:

"When I grow up I'm going to be a crane operator. I'll be able to lift anything."

Drawing
by Yelena GLADIKOVA





The Wolf and Rabbit are characters in the cartoon serial "Just You Wait". The toothy Wolf is always chasing the Rabbit, but can never catch him. And he usually winds up with a lot of bumps and bruises.

One day the two animals were running so fast that they ran out of the cartoon and raced down a street. The Rabbit dashed into a building with the Wolf close on his heels. If the ignorant Wolf had been able to read, he would have read the sign at the entrance: Cartoon Studios.

The Wolf chased down the corridors looking for the Rabbit. He darted into a room and then stopped short in amazement.

A cartoon artist was drawing a girl skipping rope. He had made several drawings on transparent paper: first the little girl was preparing to jump, then she bent her knees and jumped. The artist quickly flipped through the illustrations and the little girl came alive!

"He must be a magician," thought the frightened Wolf. "He might punish me." So off he ran.

In another room the Wolf saw a sculptor moulding a human figure out of plasticine. Suddenly the plasticine man was threatening the Wolf with a clenched fist.

"Another magician!" The Wolf was afraid and ran on.



CARTOON MAGICIANS

He ran around the studio for a long time, looking at every marvel. Finally he came to a large room where his portrait was hanging on the wall. And right next to him stood the Rabbit. They were hugging each other like the best of friends.

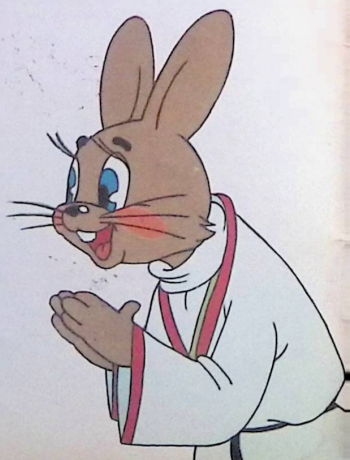
"Didn't you know that we were cartoon characters as well?" asked a familiar voice, and the Rabbit jumped down from the picture. "Much to the delight of children, here at Cartoon Studios, 30 new cartoons are produced each year. This is the work of 600 cartoonist-magicians. After all, it takes 15,000 drawings to make a ten-minute story come alive. The Studios will soon be 50 years old. Just imagine how much happiness these cartoons have brought to millions of children during this time!"

"How do you know all this?" the Wolf asked in surprise.

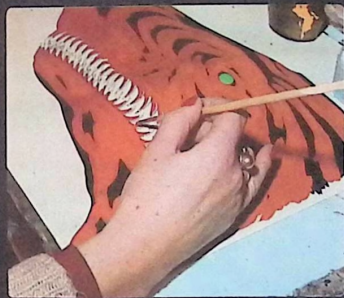
"You have to study!" answered the Rabbit "or you'll remain a grey fool all your life."

"Me, a 'grey fool'?" the Wolf sputtered. "Alright Rabbit, just you wait!"

And they were off again.



Vladimir KAPNINSKY



Above:
These photographs
show the sequence
in which a cartoon
film is made

Left:
Some
of the characters
of popular cartoons

Photographs
by Vladimir TRIFONOV
and Dmitry KRYLOV

THE LITTLE SPARROW

Sparrows and people are a lot alike: adult birds are dull and do everything according to the book, while the young think for themselves.

Once there was a yellow-beaked sparrow named Pudik. He lived in a warm nest made of sticks, moss and other soft things on the upper ledge of a bath-house window. He hadn't yet learned to fly, but he could flap his wings and observe everything from his nest: what was this wide world, and would he fit in?

"Cheep-what? Cheep-what?" asked his mother.

The little sparrow shook his wings and, looking at the ground, chirped:

"Chirrr-dark! Chirrr-dark!"

Papa bird flew up. Proud that he had brought Pudik a small insect, he asked:

"Chirp?"

Mama sparrow assured him:

"Chirp, chirp!"

But Pudik merely swallowed the insect and thought:

"What are you chirping about? What's so cheeping-fantastic about a worm with six legs?"

And he kept leaning out of his nest to look around.

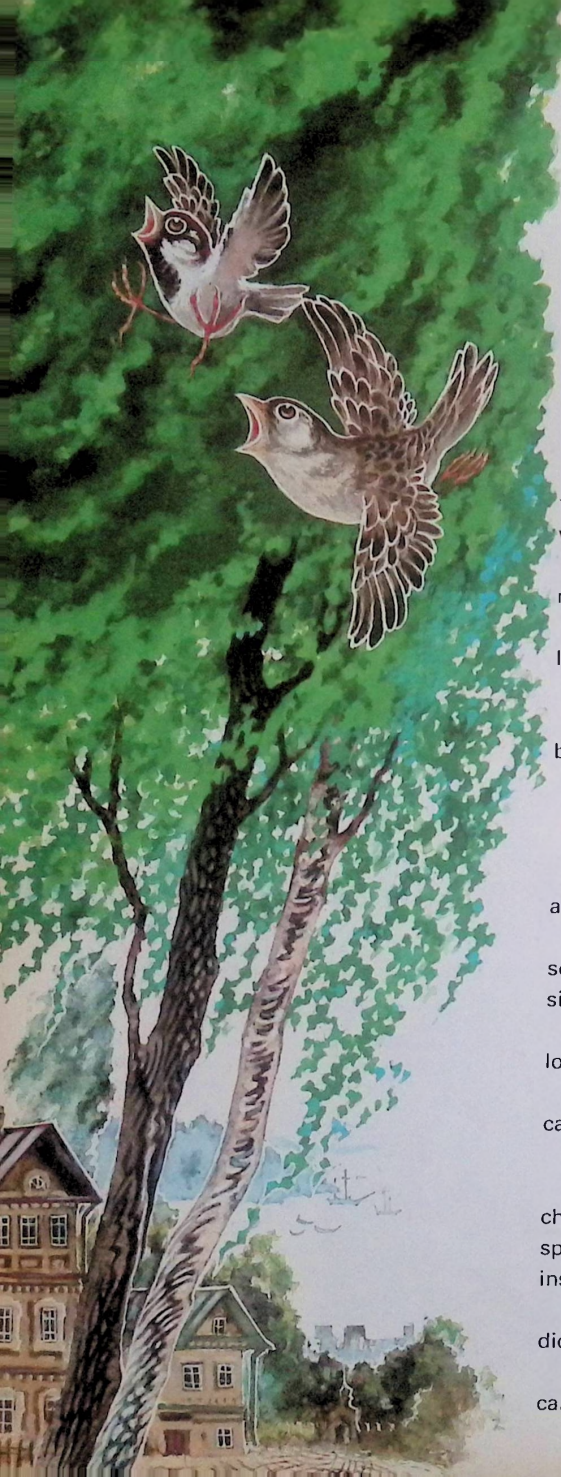
"Child! Child," his mother anxiously called. "Look out or you'll chirr-tumble."

"Cheep, cheep?"

"Not cheep! You'll chirr-tumble, and chomp! The cat will eat you up!" said Papa sparrow as he flew off to catch more insects.

The days passed, but Pudik's wings didn't seem to be in any hurry to grow.

One day the wind was blowing. Pudik called out:



"Cheep, cheep?"

"The wind will blow—chuk! and throw you to the ground where the cat is waiting," his mother said.

Pudik didn't care for that.

"Well why are the trees moving?" he asked. "If they would stop there wouldn't be any wind."

His mother tried to explain that things didn't work that way, but he didn't believe her. He liked his own explanations.

A man walked by the bath-house waving his arms.

"A cat must have chomped off his wings," said Pudik. "Just the bones are left."

"That's a man," said Mama sparrow. "They don't have wings."

"Why?"

"It's their custom to live without them. They jump around on legs. Chirp?"

"Why-cheep?"

"If they had wings, they would catch us like Papa and I catch gnats."

"Chirr-stuff and nonsense," said Pudik. "Nonsense! Everyone should have wings. Cheep, cheep! It's better in the air than on the ground. When I grow up I'll see to it that everyone has wings."

Pudik didn't believe his mother. He hadn't yet learnt that things don't turn out so well for those who don't trust their mothers.

He sat on the very edge of the nest and began to sing a song he made up himself at the top of his lungs:

"You have two legs,

But have no wings.

You may be big,

But feel gnats sting!

I'm small, that's a fact,

But then, I eat gnats!"

He sang and sang until he fell out of the nest. Mama sparrow flew after him. But a

tabby, green-eyed cat appeared on the spot.

The frightened little sparrow spread his wings, tottered on his grey legs and chirped:

"A pleasure to meet you!"

Mama sparrow pushed him aside. Her feathers were ruffled up, her beak opened. Ferocious and brave, she looked the cat straight in the eye.

"Away, away! Fly, Pudik, fly to the window!"

Fear lifted the little sparrow off the ground: he jumped, flapped his wings—once, twice—and he was on the window.

His mother flew up after him. Her tail was gone, but she was happy. Sitting next to Pudik she pecked at his forehead and asked:

"Cheep, cheep?"

"Well after all," said Pudik, "you can't learn everything at once!"

The cat sat on the ground, picking the sparrow's feathers from her claws. Her green eyes looked up at them, and she sorrowfully purred:

"Mew, such a soft spurr-ow, just like a me-ouse. Mew, mew."

And all was well, except that Mama sparrow lost her tail.

Drawing by Vyacheslav CHEFRANOV



"...And then the beautiful girl obtained a magic mirror! She blew on it and said: "Show me my rescuer, mirror." The mirror grew foggy, then it cleared up. The girl saw a jet-black steed racing along the steppe. And on it a brave horseman...."

People have since time immemorial dreamed of seeing things that happen far away from them. The heroes of many folk tales had their magic mirrors. And there is such a "mirror" in every home.

You've guessed what we're talking about. Now then, look carefully about you.... Of course—the TV!

What can't you see on your television! Oceanographers are conducting studies on the bottom of the sea; an important football match is being played on another continent; a lunar rover rumbles over craters on the moon.... And you sit in your armchair and watch—the oceanographers, the football match or the lunar walk, whatever you prefer. All you have to do is change the television channel.

How does television allow us to see something that is happening thousands of kilometres away?

"Come to the television studio and I'll explain," my friend who works as a television cameraman told me.

And so I went to the studio. How bright it was! An announcer was sitting behind a desk and nearby was my friend with his camera. He was looking for the best spot to film.

"Imagine a mosaic," he told me. "The artist uses small bits of different coloured glass to make a picture. It's the same with television. The camera sees an object and breaks it up into points that differ in colour and brightness. These points are the 'bits of glass' of a special television mosaic. Invisible radio waves transmit them around the world. They strike your television, which has its own "artist"—an electronic beam

THE EYE OF THE

that races around the screen and reassembles the mosaic. Instantly, you see everything on the screen that was seen by the camera.

And the television camera can see a good deal.

Blinding flame rages as metal boils in furnace. No man could look inside, but the television camera is at your service. Not the same as is used for filming, of course. This is a special camera shielded with fire-proof armour.

Television cameras aid highway patrolmen to observe the flow of traffic on busy highways; robots are equipped with camera eyes; sci-



TELEVISION SEES ALL

tists attach television cameras to microscopes and make entire films about microbe life cycles.

The future? Lasers will be used to transmit television signals. The image will be three-dimensional and look like it stepped into your room. And the home television will be thinner—the size of a wall carpet. You'll just hang it up when you feel like watching, and when you've seen enough, fold it up and put it away to save space.

Oleg CHERNIGOVSKY
Drawing by Valery BASKOV

TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL

More than 230 species of swans live in Czechoslovakia. Some cannot tolerate the close presence of man, and the areas where they live have been declared quiet zones.

Two Australian travellers covered 4,000 kilometres in an unusual machine powered totally by solar energy. The weather must have been good: they travelled the route in 20 days.

Japan is the only country in the world where pupils are taught to write with both their left and right hands.

THAT'S SOMETHING!



A record was set in a race held in the Spanish city of Logroño: a distance of 1 metre 20 centimetres was "run" in 5 minutes. That's not too bad, considering the fact that the contestants were snails.



The smallest bush in the world is the dwarf willow that grows only in the tundra of Greenland. The adult bush is about as big as your finger—only five centimetres.



Scientists claim that birds like the colour green best of all. They are eager to stay in artificial nests painted green and red, but are indifferent to nests of other colours. For some reason they leave the white nests empty.



THE SPEEDY STEPPE SAIGA

"Don't come any closer or I'll gore you!" The young saiga glared at the camera and lowered his head with its long, trunk-like nose.

Actually, he didn't have any horns yet, just two small bumps.

"Don't worry, little one. We won't hurt you. We just want to take your picture for Misha, alright?"

The young animal was born only a month ago, but he is already steady on his feet. And this is understandable. The saigas live in the wide-open spaces of the steppes and in semideserts. They have to travel great distances to find pastures with juicy grasses. And when a predator is near, they

can shift into "high gear". This little saiga is learning how to run swiftly as well, cutting through the air with his body stretched out and his head lowered. He could be a motorcycle racer! Running 70 kilometres per hour!

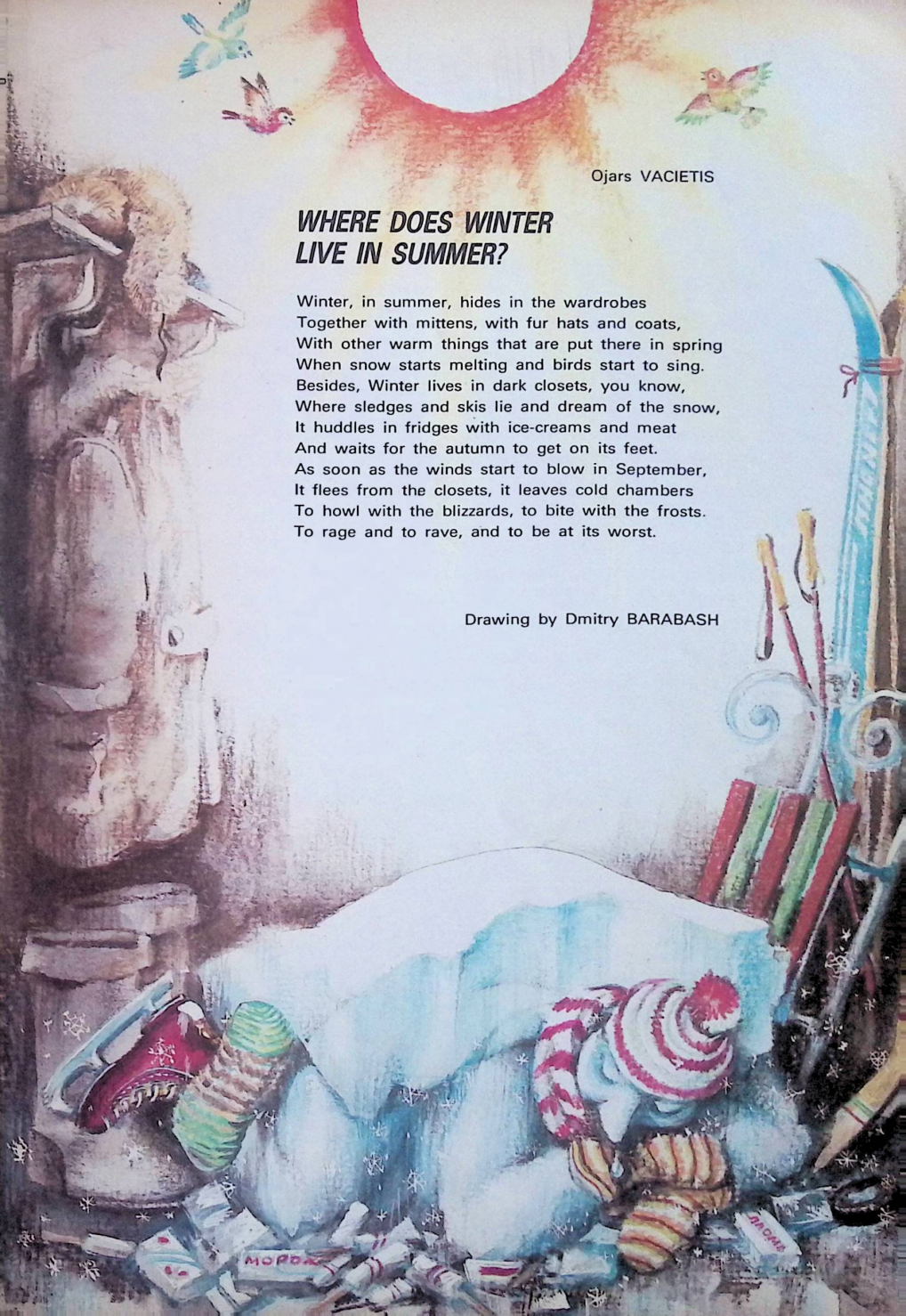
By the beginning of this century, hunters had almost wiped out all the saigas. But they came to their senses in time. Now it is forbidden to hunt saigas. More than two million of these swift-footed animals now live in the vast steppes of the Soviet Union.

Savva NOVIN

Photographs

by Igor KONSTANTINOV





Ojars VACIETIS

WHERE DOES WINTER LIVE IN SUMMER?

Winter, in summer, hides in the wardrobes
Together with mittens, with fur hats and coats,
With other warm things that are put there in spring
When snow starts melting and birds start to sing.
Besides, Winter lives in dark closets, you know,
Where sledges and skis lie and dream of the snow,
It huddles in fridges with ice-creams and meat
And waits for the autumn to get on its feet.
As soon as the winds start to blow in September,
It flees from the closets, it leaves cold chambers
To howl with the blizzards, to bite with the frosts.
To rage and to rave, and to be at its worst.

Drawing by Dmitry BARABASH

THE MAGIC SAMPO MILL

Based on the Karelian-Finnish
epic KALEVALA

Illustrated
by Sergei KRAVCHENKO

A poor peasant boy named Elias Lönnrot lived in Finland at the beginning of the last century. He had little time and no place to study. So as not to disturb anyone, Elias would take his books at dawn and climb up a tree to study while everyone else was still sleeping.

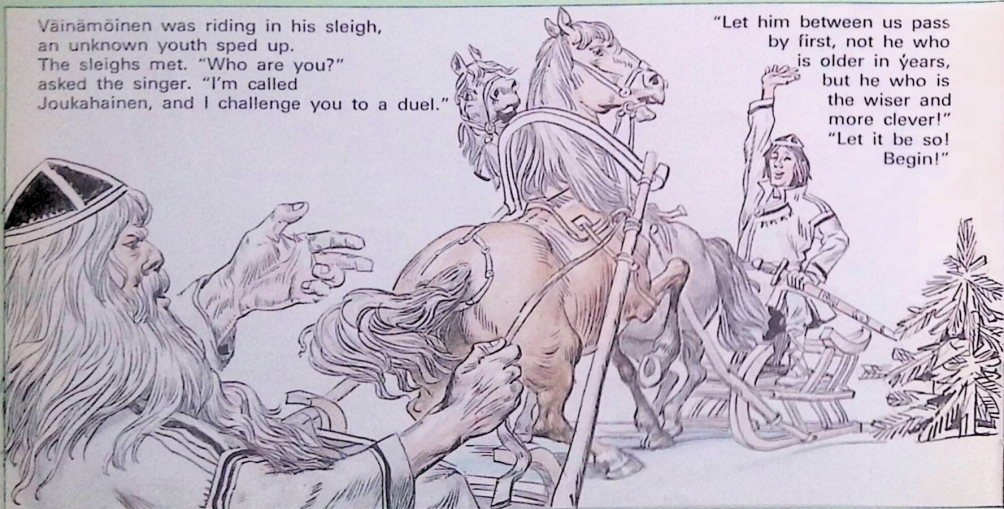
Elias grew up and became a doctor. He made an amazing discovery. No, not in medicine, but in history and culture. He discovered Kalevala. This fairy-tale land was the subject of ancient folk songs—runes. Lönnrot

tirelessly collected and wrote down these runes in Soviet Karelia. (In Karelia today there is a Kalevala region and settlement.)

Misha invites its readers to the fairyland of Kalevala. This is where the old wise man Väinämöinen lives. His songs have magical powers, and he is kind and just. When clearing the land to plant barley, he leaves a tall birch tree standing—a place for birds to rest, cuckoos to cuckoo and the mighty eagle to gaze from.

Väinämöinen was riding in his sleigh, an unknown youth sped up. The sleighs met. "Who are you?" asked the singer. "I'm called Joukahainen, and I challenge you to a duel."

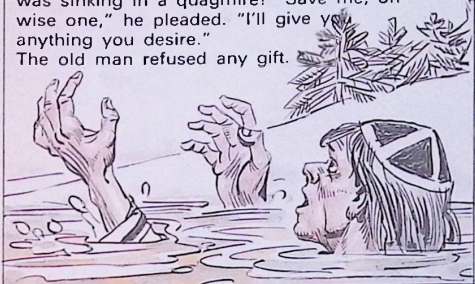
"Let him between us pass by first, not he who is older in years, but he who is the wiser and more clever!"
"Let it be so! Begin!"



"I recall grey antiquity,
I recall how the heavens were created and the stars strewn about," sang the youth.
"If you doubt it, take up your sword!"



The old man laughed: "I won't fight with a braggart!" and he began to sing. The waters in the lakes were stirred, mountains trembled. The youth was sinking in a quagmire! "Save me, oh wise one," he pleaded. "I'll give you anything you desire."
The old man refused any gift.



But his anger passed, and he sang another song. Everything returned to normal.



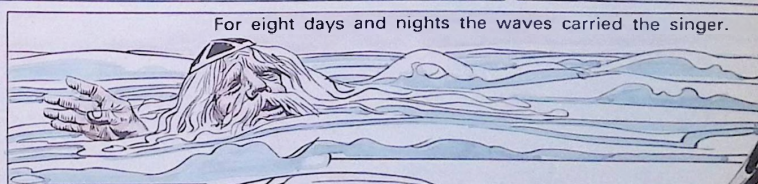
The braggart climbed out of the bog and hurried home. But his heart was filled with anger against the wise singer.



The evil youth made a bow, dipped an arrow in poison and found the singer as he rode his horse across the sea without raising a spray.



The arrow pierced the horse.



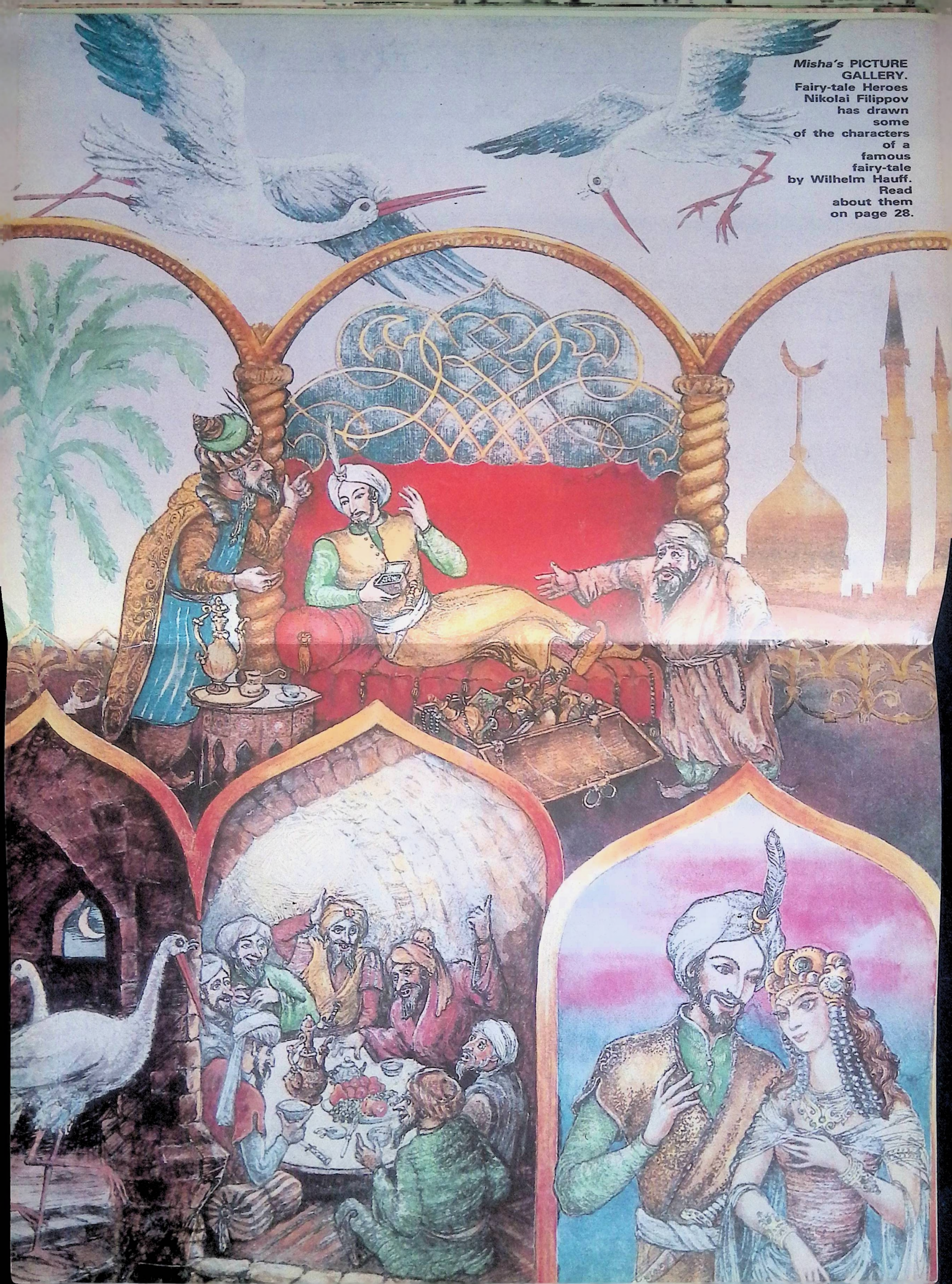
For eight days and nights the waves carried the singer.

Finally, he was seen by an eagle: "Sit on my back!" And it carried the weak man to the shore of Pohjola—the country of mist, darkness and cold.



Continued on page 18

Misha's PICTURE GALLERY.
Fairy-tale Heroes
Nikolai Filippov
has drawn
some
of the characters
of a
famous
fairy-tale
by Wilhelm Hauff.
Read
about them
on page 28.





The singer's groans were heard by Louhi, the evil mistress of the gloomy region. "Forge me a magic Sampo Mill and I'll return you to your homeland," she offered. The singer agreed: "When I return home, I'll send you Illmarinen the blacksmith, who forged the heavens. He can make anything."



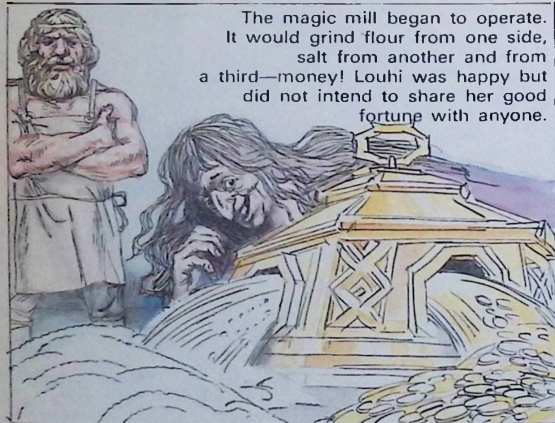
The old woman equipped a sleigh and pointed out the road to Kalevala.

The singer kept his word: Illmarinen arrived in Pohjola. He built a forge, and lit a fire. Into the furnace he threw not iron, but the feather of a swan, a tuft of sheep wool and a grain of barley.

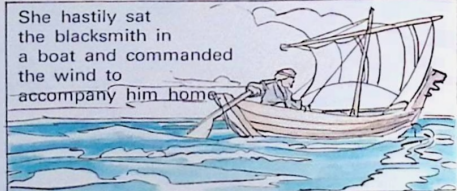


He called on the wind for help in fanning the flames.

And in the furnace appeared a colourful lid. The blacksmith took his hammer, and began to strike.



The magic mill began to operate. It would grind flour from one side, salt from another and from a third—money! Louhi was happy but did not intend to share her good fortune with anyone.



She hastily sat the blacksmith in a boat and commanded the wind to accompany him home.



And the mill she hid in a cave behind nine locks.



Look carefully at the drawing. Do you see the children reading a recent issue of **Misha**? Would you like to join them? Then begin to find your way through the maze drawn by Natalia



Lebedeva. You'll meet different fairy-tale characters along the way. Recall their names and the fairy-tale they are in.

Happy journey!



DON'T BE AFRAID: I'M HERE

"I'm afraid," cries your small son when entering a dark room.

"Nonsense. There's nothing to be afraid of," you answer and hurry to put the boy to bed. You turn off the light, slam the door and go into the next room. Let him learn.... But it doesn't work out that way. Your child's fear of the dark remains for quite some time.

But what if we forget about household chores for ten minutes and sit down on the side of the bed. Let's whisper together with the child and fluff up his pillow. Of course, it isn't necessary to leave a bright light on, but you could turn on a dim table lamp. As you leave, assure your son that you are always close by in the next room, and don't close the door all the way.

It is very important that the child not become excited right before bedtime. It's not a good idea to turn on the television late at night, especially if there's a film with "shooting" on.

Often night-time fears serve to hide the child's need for attention and contact with adults. But sometimes fear of the dark is actually fear of the unknown. Try to remember times when you were in an unknown situation. Your imagination serves to



make the unknown and mysterious something frightening.

This is how fears grow in children, all the more so since they are familiar with only a small part of the vast world. On the other hand, they come into contact with strange objects and experience unusual occurrences frequently. Their imaginations are much richer and more inventive than ours. Therefore, fear can deeply upset a child and be the cause of deep neuroses or stuttering. A child will often show fear even in what an adult considers the most ordinary circumstances—in a metro station, bus or store.

The child has the right to expect help from us—his parents and teachers. After all, we are introducing him to our grown-up world. And the child's inter-personal relations will reflect how tactfully and good-naturedly the world has accepted the child.

One day I witnessed the following scene: a little boy about five years old began to quarrel with his grandmother on the bus. He was fidgety and whiny. The grandmother resorted to an old trick to calm him down:

"This man here is going to take you away!"

The stranger played along:

"Come with me! I know what to do with bad boys!"

The winning became a brawl: now the child was really afraid. The grandmother had a final alternative: a piece of candy. And at last silence was restored in the bus.

The episode ended peacefully enough. But the child retained his feelings of alarm: having frightened her grandson with a "mean stranger", the grandmother may have planted a seed of mistrust towards adults in the boy.

Always try to give your child encouragement, whatever the situation. If your boy is afraid of the mysterious calls of birds on a camping trip or the dark forest, this does not necessarily mean that he is a coward. Of course, a city father would like to see his son as fearless and agile as the country boy who easily climbs trees and swims streams. But don't be too hasty in making unflattering comparisons. It's better to explain to the boy what makes the noises in the forest, where the ducks have flown. Then the noises will no longer be mysterious and frightening. As for the country boy, try to imagine him on a busy city street, and you'll see that your son has his own abilities. A country boy would in all probability be lost in a city.

So, the cause of fears should be sought not in the child's individual character, but in his relationships with his surroundings. Even if your child's fear is merely a means of getting parental attention, it is nevertheless real. And it will take much patience and love to help him overcome it.

Yelena ILYENKOVA
Cand. Sc. (Psychol.)



FROM the MOUTHS of BABES

Seryozha was cutting cabbage into tiny pieces in the kitchen.

*"What are you doing?" his mother asked.
"Making vitamins."*

"Why are you always tripping?" Vitya's grandfather asked the boy.

"My shoelace is always putting its head under my shoe."

*"Soon it will be my birthday!" Ira announced.
"When?"*

"After four days after tomorrow."

Igor woke up and squinted his eyes from the light.

"Today our light woke up before the sun."

"A dog wanted to bite me but then changed its mind," said Dima.

"Why?"

"It remembered that it growled at me yesterday."

When Marina was leaving her grandmother she asked:

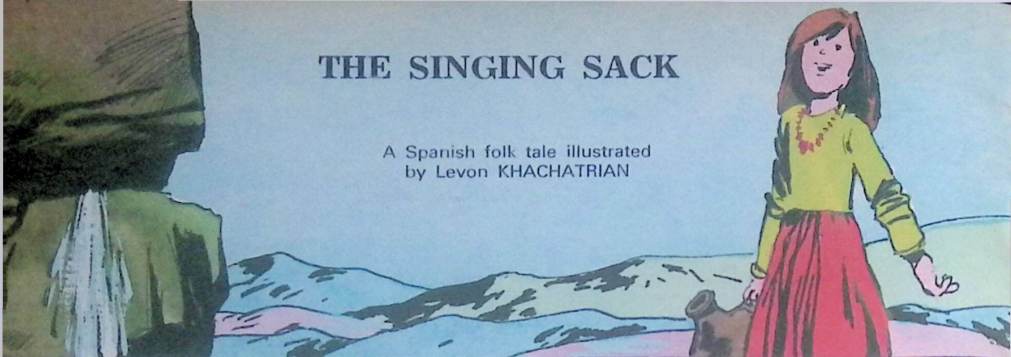
"Grandma, is it alright if I take a spare piece of cake and an apple as a keepsake?"

Maxim saw a large head of cabbage in a vegetable store:

"I'll bet there are a lot of cabbage-stumps in there!"

THE SINGING SACK

A Spanish folk tale illustrated
by Levon KHACHATRIAN



In the rugged Iberian mountains of northern Spain lived a poor woman and her daughter. The little girl was diligent, and her mother was very proud of her. There was one thing of value in their home—a coral necklace. The woman gave it

to the little girl, who took good care of it. Every morning the daughter would walk to the spring at the other side of the village to get water. She would take off her necklace and place it on the bank so that it would not fall into the water.



This was what she did that morning as well. After she had drawn her water she suddenly saw a frightening beggar behind a rock. The frightened little girl ran away, forgetting her necklace. When she arrived home, she remembered it and



returned to the stream. This was what the beggar was waiting for. He jumped out from behind the rock, grabbed the little girl and stuffed her into a sack. Then he heaved the sack onto his back and went around the villages begging.



When he arrived in a village, the beggar would cry: "Here is a miracle! A singing sack! Come and listen and don't be stingy with your money!" When a crowd had gathered, the beggar picked up a big stick and waved it threateningly at the



sack: "Sing, little sack or you'll get a taste of this stick!" And the little girl would sing in a sweet voice. She told her sad story in the song, but no one guessed that a real little girl was in the sack.



The beggar collected a lot of money and food, but he only gave the little girl dried crusts to eat. One day he came to the village where the girl's mother lived. The poor woman recognised her



daughter's voice right away and invited the beggar to spend the night in her hut. She fed him and gave him to drink, and when the beggar was snoring, she took her daughter out of the sack.



The mother put her daughter to bed, wrapped her in blankets and gave her something hot to eat. Then she put a cat and dog in the sack. Early the next morning the beggar took up the sack and went on his way. In the next village, just as



before, he called out: "Come see and hear! A miracle! A singing sack! Sing little sack, or you'll feel my stick." The sack remained silent. The beggar hit it with his stick and the sack began to bark and mew.



The peasants started to laugh at such singing. The furious beggar wanted to punish the little girl. He opened the sack, and the cat and dog jumped out. They pounced on the beggar, who



ran away in fright. The coral necklace had been lost, but the poor woman wasn't sad. The most important thing was that her kind, diligent daughter was back.

Player Hands

Let's put on a shadow show. The players will be your hands.

First, copy the heads of the characters onto cardboard. With a paper clip or glue, attach a rolled-up strip of paper as shown in the drawing. The head goes on your index finger. Your hand is the animal's body. Let's say it's a bear; use your middle finger and thumb for the paws.

Use a piece of white cloth or paper for a screen and attach it to a doorway. Place a lamp on a table behind the screen. Focus the light on the screen. The players sit between the lamp and the screen. The production is ready to begin.

To start with, learn the little play "The Clever Rooster". But don't stop with that. You will need other silhouettes for other performances. Find the drawing you need in a book or album and draw it.

Good luck!



THE CLEVER ROOSTER

Story-teller: "Boys and girls! I will tell you an African folk tale...."

Rooster (interrupting): "About a clever rooster."

Story-teller: "Yes, a story about a clever rooster.... Once upon a time there lived a rooster. One day he decided to go visit some friends. Along the road he met a Fox.

Fox: "What a plump Rooster! I'll eat him up." To the Rooster (in a kind voice): "Where are you going, Rooster?"

Rooster: "Where?"

Fox: "Yes, where are you going?"

Rooster: "To visit my cockle-doo relatives."

Fox: "Take me with you. There will be two of us."

Story-teller: "The Rooster realised what the Fox had planned."

Rooster: "Two? Cockle-doodle! There will be three. A big dog is coming with me."

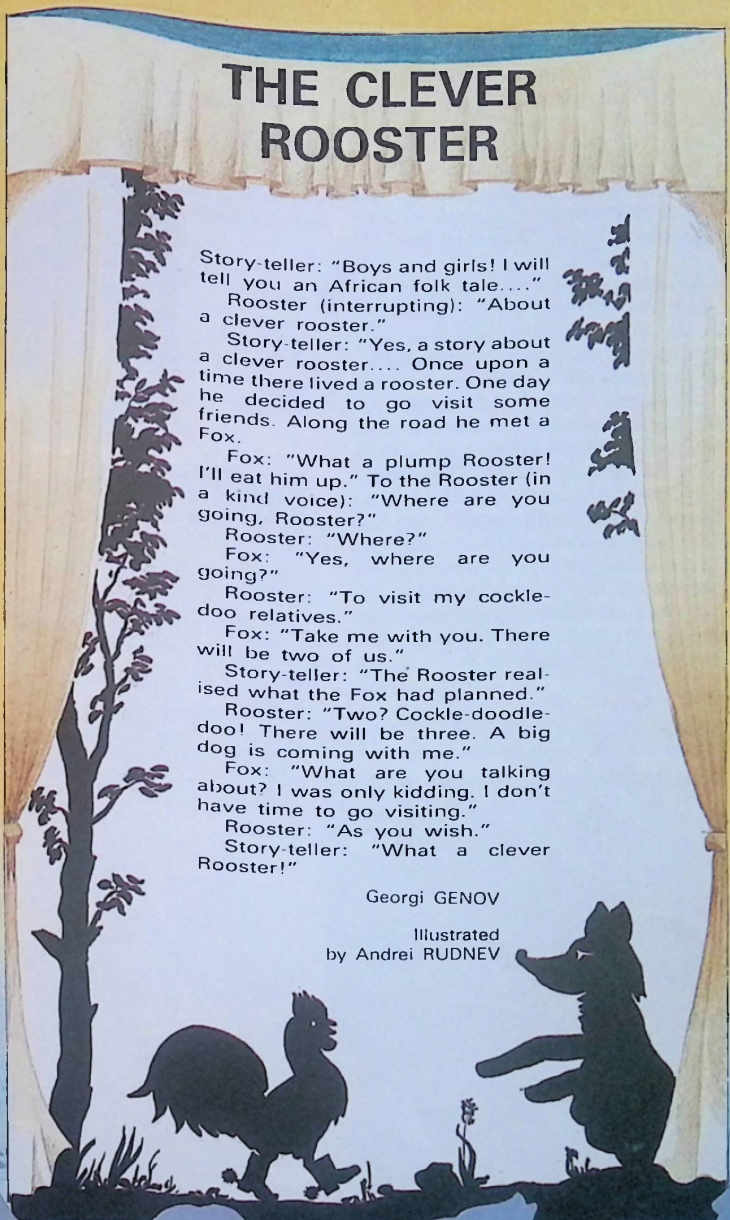
Fox: "What are you talking about? I was only kidding. I don't have time to go visiting."

Rooster: "As you wish."

Story-teller: "What a clever Rooster!"

Georgi GENOV

Illustrated
by Andrei RUDNEV



One day I happened to see a newspaper with a picture of some enormous tracks. Compared to them, a man's footprints looked smaller than a baby's. Under the picture were the words: "Dinosaur prints". Palaeontologists—scientists who study animals who became extinct long ago—discovered them in the Soviet Republic of Turkmenia. Dinosaurs lived on earth millions of years ago and disappeared long before people appeared. But some traces of their existence still remain. They have been preserved in deep, ancient layers of the earth.

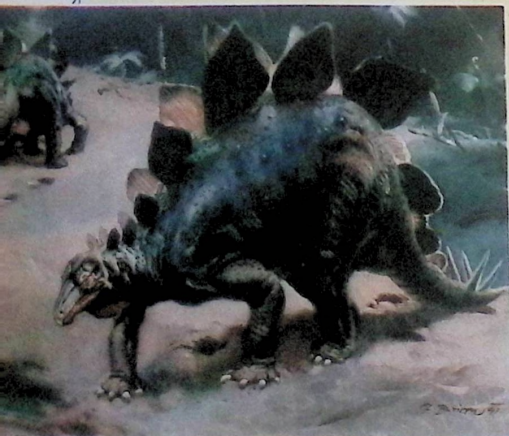
"What did dinosaurs look like? What did they eat? Did they have any enemies? Why did they disappear? No doubt *Misha's* readers are also interested in learning the answers to these questions," I said to myself and went to visit the USSR Academy of Sciences Institute of Palaeontology.

"The largest dinosaurs were 30 metres in length and 12 metres tall," Sergei Kurzanov, a research associate at the institute, began. "Imagine! A building four stories high! But there were also small dinosaurs hardly bigger than a mouse." Kurzanov has been studying dinosaurs for many years and talks about them like they were ordinary animals. "There were giant bipeds and quadrupeds, swimmers and runners, carnivores and herbivores, and even flying dinosaurs. Sometimes the young of one species were eaten by another."



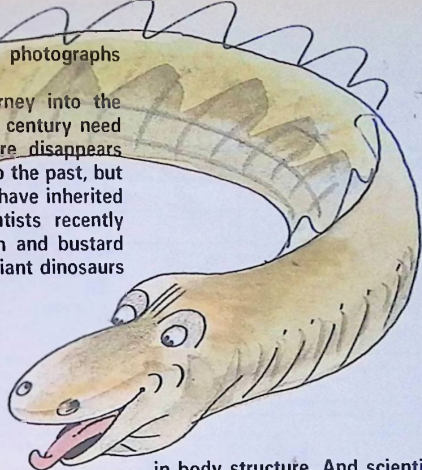
It isn't very easy to study animals that disappeared so long ago. So far, scientists have only been able to uncover separate bones or their impressions in rocks. And also—tracks. Palaeontologists have learned how to reconstruct dinosaur skeletons and even how they looked. The institute has a marvellous museum where huge skeletons of different dinosaurs are kept. The museum even has

WHERE DID ALL THE DINOSAURS GO



pictures with their "portraits". The photographs show some of these giants.

Every day palaeontologists journey into the past. We who live in the twentieth century need their discoveries. Nothing in nature disappears without a trace. Dinosaurs belong to the past, but new animals have appeared which have inherited much from their ancestors. Scientists recently discovered that the modern ostrich and bustard birds closely resemble the extinct giant dinosaurs



in body structure. And scientists have also found dinosaur bones with traces of feathers.

To this day palaeontologists disagree as to why these ancient animals became extinct. Some experts even suggest that perhaps not all of them have. What if in some remote corner of the planet the prehistoric giants still live? There must be some reason why different peoples have legends about dragons resembling flying lizards and dinosaurs. And sailors roaming the oceans have reported in the past (and continue to do so) the sighting of strange creatures on uninhabited islands. What are they? Fantasies or real beings? Scientists still haven't answered these questions.

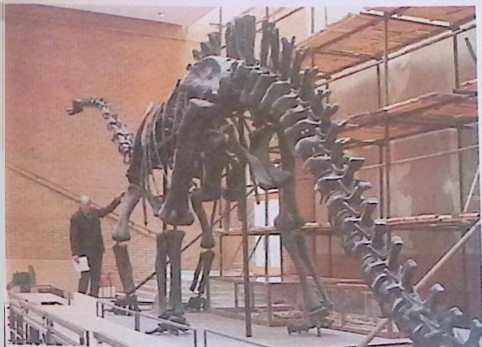
"And what if dinosaurs did live till the time man made his first appearance? What then? Would the primitive hunters been able to defend themselves from the huge animals?" I asked Sergei Kurzanov.

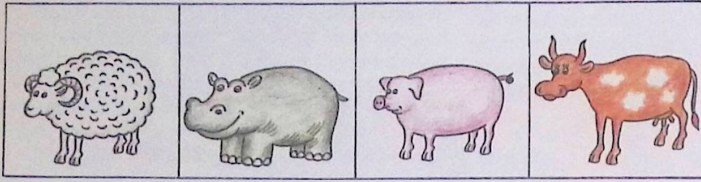
Sergei smiled and said seriously:

"People managed with the sabre-toothed tiger and conquered cave bears and the rhinoceros. And people would have conquered the dinosaur as well. After all, they were people!"

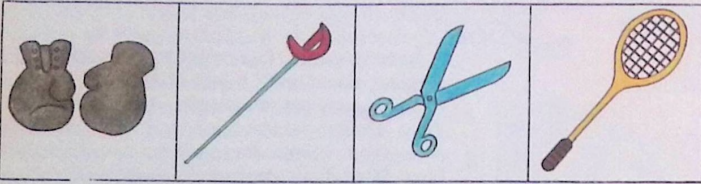
Nina GROZOVA

Drawing by Valery LOGINOV,
photographs by Nikita BLIKOV



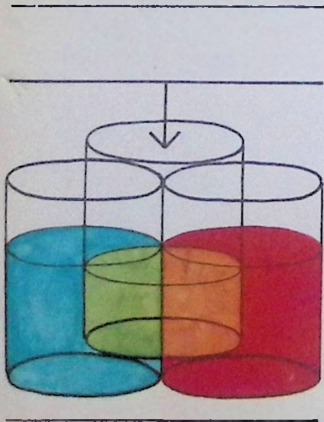


One picture does not belong in each of the two rows. Which one? Explain why.



MISHA'S Picture Gallery (answer)

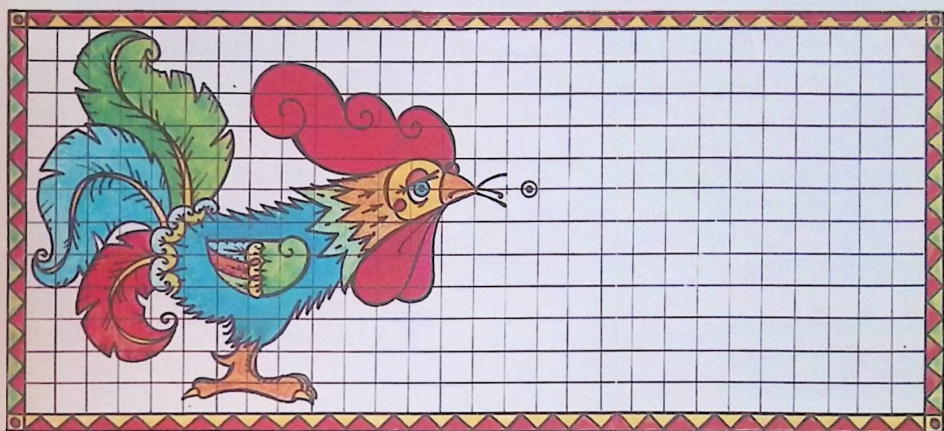
A long time ago Caliph Hasid ruled Baghdad. One day a wandering pedlar gave him a small box with black powder inside and a strange inscription. Scholars figured out what the inscription said: if you sniff the powder and say the magic word "mutabar", you could turn into an animal, bird or fish and understand the language of any living creature in the world. But if you laughed while in the form of a bird or animal, you would forget forever the magic word. The next day the caliph and his vizier turned into storks. The birds' conversations and antics were so funny that they forgot the warning and laughed. Read the story "Kalif the Storch" by German writer Wilhelm Hauff to find out what happens.



What colour is the liquid in the middle glass?



Here are numbers from one to nine. Point them out.



Look at this rooster. Use the blocks to draw another one and then colour it



Help the rabbit reach the hut

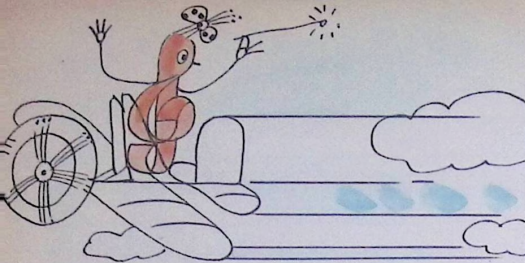


How are the pictures different?



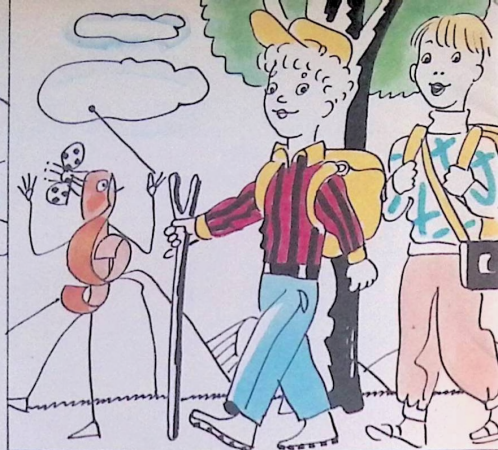
Find the two horses that are alike

Drawings by:
 Andrei DMITRIYEV
 Yuri MAKARENKO,
 Yelena SADOVNIKOVA,
 Irina SAFRONOVA,
 Levon KHACHATRIAN

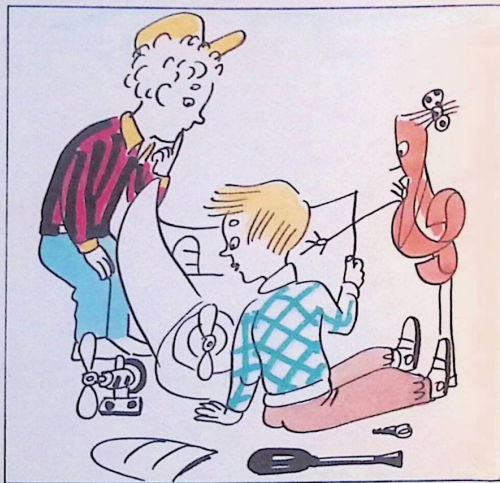


STICK TOGETHER!

Lyrics by M. TANICH.
Music by V. SHAINSKY

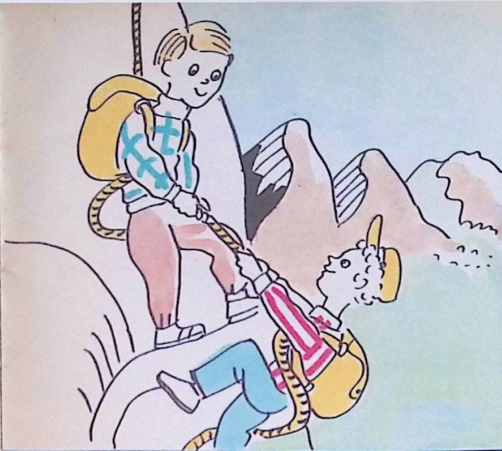


Go hiking with your friend, (2)
Always stick together,



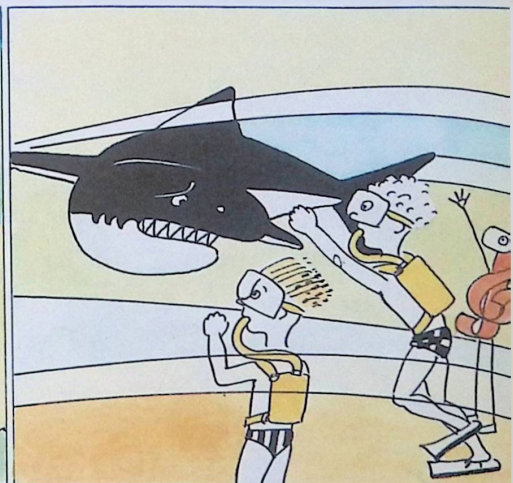
If you have a tested friend, (2)
Do not fret or fear
You just say you need his help, (2)
And he will appear.
Refrain





With a friend you'll be OK (2)
In whatever weather.

Refrain:
Blazing heat, raging storm
Cannot do me any harm
When I am marching with my chum



If I meet a forest bear (2)
I won't show white feather
For the bear is all alone, (2)
But we are together.
Refrain

Go hiking with your friend, (2)
Always stick together
With a friend you'll be OK (2)
In whatever weather!
Refrain

Front cover:
Drawing by A. BORISOV

Managing editor: Mikhail SHPAGIN

Published by
SOVIET UNION
magazine

Chief artist: Anatoly SUKHOV

Editor-in-chief:
Nikolai GRIBACHEV

Designed by Valery TOGOBITSKY

Back cover:
Photograph by V. REZNIKOV

Founded in July 1983
We request due acknowledgement of anything
reprinted or reproduced from the magazine

Editorial Office: 8, Ulitsa Moskvina,
Moscow, 103772, USSR
Printed at the Pravda Printing Plant

Index 72848

MISHA

CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

11/1985

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

