

MISHA



AN ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY
FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS

4/1984

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



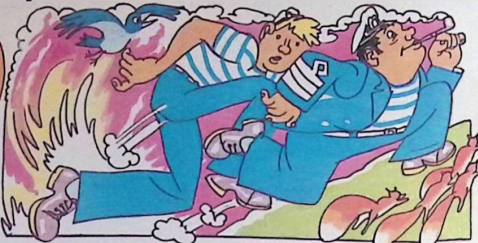
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The Adventures of Captain Fibber

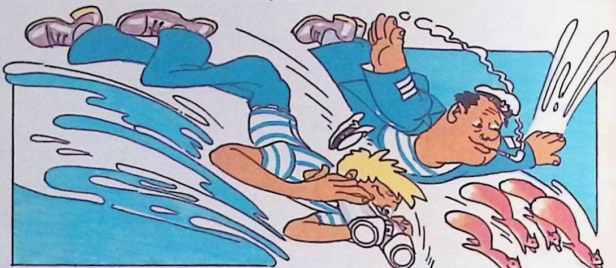
Andrei NEKRASOV
Illustrated by Sergei
KRAVCHENKO

Continued from
the previous issue



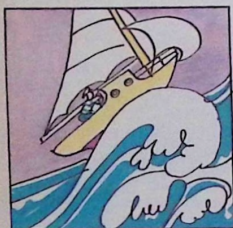
"Ever been to the Norwegian fjords? Do go if you get the chance. You won't regret it! Crowbar and I decided to drop anchor there and stretch our legs."

"We climbed up a mountain. Suddenly the birds flew off squawking in fright and the squirrels scampered up to the summit. We followed them."



"A fire was raging all around. Our dear old yacht was down below. The squirrels leapt onto the deck. I decided to jump too. 'Come on, Crowbar!' I said."

"Crowbar was afraid. 'I'd rather burn,' he said. So I took him to the cliff edge, stuck some binoculars into his hand and ordered, 'Full steam ahead!'"



"A strong wind got up. I tuned in the receiver and heard an SOS. But the receiver fell off the table and broke into pieces, cutting the message short."

"My tooth started to ache after my dip. I stuck the antenna into the bad tooth and started receiving the signal again. So I received the message on my tooth."

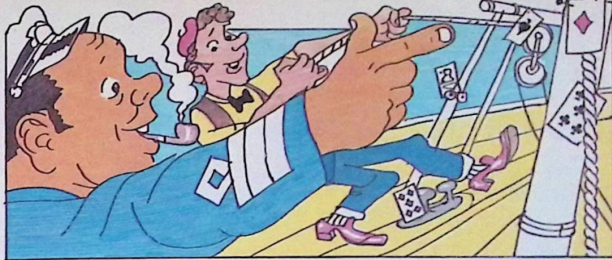


"I rescued the shipwrecked crew from a sandbank and set sail for Holland and a herring catch."

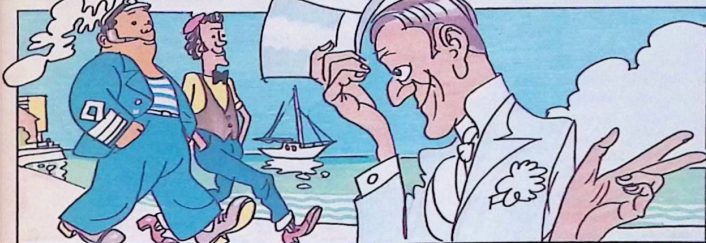
"Then I found out that all herrings are fish, but not all fish are herrings. When I saw the other fish I gave it to them good and proper."



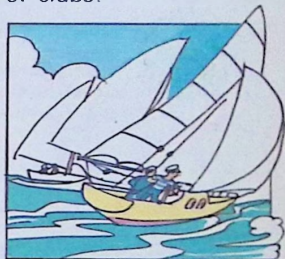
"In Calais Crowbar brought Sailor Fuchs back. 'He's a crack card-player. Must be a sailor,' he whispered. 'Hoist the mainsail!' I shouted to Fuchs. He hadn't got a clue!"



"'You a sailor?' I asked. 'No, I'm a card-sharper...'. So I tied a card on all the tackle and cried again: 'Hoist the three of spades, wind in the queen of clubs!'"



"We came to England. Crowbar stayed with the herring, while Fuchs and I went ashore. We met a gentleman. 'What a divine yacht,' he sighed, when he saw the **Trouble**."



"He introduced himself. 'Dandy, Esquire.' 'Captain Fibber,' said I. 'There's going to be a yacht race,' said Dandy. 'I'll sail with you and we'll win all the prizes.'"



"He brought a crate of champagne. I raced ahead from the start. Then the wind dropped. Dandy banged a champagne bottle on the bottom. The **Trouble** moved slightly."

"So the three of us went to the stern and began letting out the champagne corks, with Dandy shouting 'Stern, fire!' We raced ahead and won the race."



"Then we said goodbye, crossed the Atlantic and sold our herring catch in Egypt. The fish jumped straight onto the scales."



"We left the **Trouble** and set off into the interior, me on a Bactrian, Crowbar on a camel, and Fuchs on a donkey. We decided to get supplies for the journey..."

WHEN DAD WAS LITTLE...



When Dad was little and went to school, he had a friend called Vasya Seredin. They always went to school together and came home together. And at school they sat next to each other. Vasya

could do sums quicker than anyone else and he used to help my Dad with his arithmetic. And my Dad helped Vasya learn poems and write essays.

One day they had to write an essay on "How I spent the summer".

"I don't know what to write," Vasya Seredin said to my Dad.

"Where did you spend the summer?" my Dad asked him.

"In the country," said Vasya. "I swam in the river, went fishing with the other boys, played in the forest..."



"Well, write about that," said little Dad. "Write about your Grandma, what she was like, what she said and did, what songs she sang, and write about the river and the forest."

"I can't," said Vasya. "Let me tell you about it and you write it down."

So Dad wrote a long essay, and Vasya was very pleased.

When Vasya had gone and Dad sat down to write his own essay, things didn't go half so well. Dad had spent the summer in the country too, playing in the forest and swimming in the river. But he'd already written about that for Vasya. Now he had one thought only in his head: to write something different. Or the teacher would guess straightaway that he had written both essays. So he wrote an essay that was not at all like the one for Vasya. The teacher even said it was like nothing on earth.

When she handed back the homework, the teacher said:

"Here are your essays, children. The best one was by Vasya Seredin."

And she read out Dad's first essay, the one he had written for Vasya.

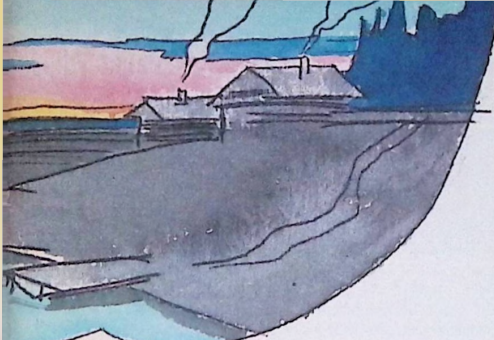
THE WIND

The Wind Shepherd was driving his white flock around the sky. The fleecy cloud lambs drifted slowly from place to place. It was calm and quiet. Then the Wind got bored and decided to see what was happening on the ground. Down below was a village of small houses with chimneys sticking up on the roofs. The Wind blew down a chimney, and it howled like a hungry wolf. The hens clucked in the barn and a cow moored in alarm. The naughty Wind was as pleased as punch. He saw an open door and slammed it with all his might. A frightened tom-cat fell off the roof, too sleepy to realise what had happened, and raced off for dear life. But the Wind wasn't satisfied even with this. He climbed up the fire tower, where the sparrows and crows were peacefully cleaning their feathers, and rang the bell. The birds flew up in a cloud, squawking and cheeping, for all the village to hear.

The Wind was having such fun that he did not notice two cloud lambs fighting. They turned dark with rage, took a run and rammed each other. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared. The lambs' heads were pretty hard, but it still hurt. They began to cry and their tears drummed down onto the ground as rain. Then the Wind came and chased the two scallywags off. They made it up and floated off peacefully.

Then the Sun came out and laughed, shooting rays in all directions. The birds twittered happily. Refreshed by the rain the wild flowers stretched up to the light. The bluebell nodded its tiny head: "Too true, too true...." And even old Grandad forgot about his aches and pains and sat on a bench, chuckling into his beard.

Drawing
by Alexander OVCHAROV



"Well done, Vasya!" said the teacher. "That was written very nicely. Grammatical, interesting and lively. You've got a nice grandma! And some very nice friends!"

For some reason as she said this she looked at Dad. Vasya Seredin blushed furiously. He didn't like praise that he didn't deserve.

"And now I'll read the worst essay," said the teacher. And she read the second one that Dad had written. Now it was Dad's turn to blush. He didn't like blame that he didn't deserve.

Dad and Vasya Seredin did not say anything to each other, but after that Dad began to do his own sums and Vasya wrote his essays without Dad's help.

(Abridged)

Drawings
by Valery TOGOBITSKY



YEMELYA'S ESCAPADES

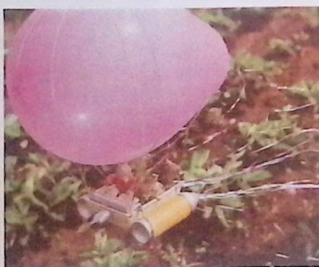
Yemelya is a peasant boy from a Russian fairy tale. He is tired of living on a bookshelf and decides to pay a visit to his vegetable garden in the country. The world of plants has a dreaded enemy in the form of pests. Yemelya joins in the fight by the vegetable-garden dwellers against the greedy foe.

Our correspondent Mai NACHINKIN was on the sport and took the pictures. Yemelya only has to say "By the will of the pike, do as I like!" and all his wishes come true. In the old fairy tale Yemelya liked travelling on a warm stove, but it's much quicker and more comfortable by plane.



The vegetable-garden dwellers were delighted to see their visitor. And when they heard that he had read all the books in the library, they invited him to teach in their

school. "It's fine," said Yemelya, "to have lessons in the vegetable garden. Afterwards we can do some practical work. We'll work out how much fertiliser we need...."



When they had finished their calculations, the teacher and his pupils built an airship. Yemelya liked managing without the pike's help. He flew off at a leisurely pace over the

garden, spreading fertiliser. Everything was going fine. The cabbages were enormous. You needed a step-ladder to climb up them.



Suddenly Miss Potato appeared, bitten all over, and cried: "The pests are attacking us!" Yemelya trained his binoculars on a

distant cabbage patch. Caterpillars and butterflies were crawling all over the leaves.



The vegetable-garden dwellers elected commanders who put their heads together and decided to ask the useful insects for

help. They got ready for a big battle. The potatoes helped Yemelya make swords and lances.



The radishes went to fetch flower flies that destroy plant lice. The cucumbers summoned the sworn enemies of cucumber ticks.

In the meantime the pests rang sounding the alarm.



The Mole-Cricket, the dreaded leader of the pests, ordered a general assault. A regiment of Crack Potatoes commanded by a

battle-scarred Lady-Bird, advanced to meet them.



Yemelya popped up wherever help was needed. He was accompanied by the rain-worm sappers. The worms were dying to dash into the fray, but the commander kept

them in reserve. By nightfall the attack had been repulsed, and Yemelya went to sleep, blissfully unaware of what the enemy was preparing.

To be continued

LYOSSIK THE MIMIC



Once upon a time there was a very unusual boy who lived in a village. His name was Lyossik and he could imitate the sounds made by birds and animals. He would creep into the vegetable garden, hide in the bushes so no one could see him, and begin to cluck like a hen:

"Chuck - chuck - chuck - chuck - chucky-egg!"

Even the rooster could not tell whether it was his hen clucking or Lyossik. He would fly up onto the fence and crow loudly and joyously to let everyone know that the hen had laid an egg. And Lyossik would squat in the bushes and laugh with glee at having tricked the rooster.

Grandma would hear the clucking and run into the yard sighing.

"Now why has that naughty hen laid an egg in the vegetable garden instead of the shed... And what's she doing here anyway."

Then she would go out to look for the egg and not find anything because there wasn't any. And Lyossik would laugh even more and cover his mouth with his hand so that Grandma didn't hear him.

Or another time he would climb up a tree and begin to mew.

"Miaow, miaow, miaow!"

All the cats in the neighbourhood came running up, tabby, grey, black, white, fluffy and short-haired. Every single cat. There must have been at least a hundred of them.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Grandma, throwing up her hands. "Take a stick and shoot them away, Grandad!"

So Grandad took a stick and Grandma a broom and they shooed the cats out of the yard, while Lyossik sat in the tree laughing so much he nearly lost his balance.

That was what he used to get up to when he was little. But when he grew older he started to go to the forest. He would see people going to pick mushrooms, hide behind some raspberry bushes and howl like a wolf.

"Oo-oo! Ow-ow! Oo-oo-oo-oo! Ow-ow-ow-ow!"

The mushroom pickers got such a fright that they dropped their baskets and scurried out of the forest. The women were the most frightened. And Lyossik laughed so much that the tears ran down his cheeks.

And so he went on playing his tricks until one fine day his howls summoned a real wolf. It was grey, as one might expect, with enormous teeth and a red tongue hanging out!

"Why did you call me?" it growled.

"I didn't call you," said Lyossik, trembling with fear.

"If you hadn't called me, I wouldn't have come. What did you call me for?"

"I didn't call you, I was just playing...."

"Oh, you were just playing, were you? You took me away from some very important business. I was chasing a hare, but when I heard your call I came here. And you were just messing about."

"Please forgive me," begged Lyossik.

"What's that 'forgive'? I don't know that word."

"Well, how can I explain...."

"Why explain? I'll just eat you and that's the end of it, no explanations needed." And the wolf opened its mouth wide to gobble up Lyossik. "But there's plenty of time to eat you," he said. "If you know how to imitate all the birds and beasts, call a sheep here now."

Lyossik was so pleased the wolf was not going to eat him that he bleated with all his might:

"Baa! Baa! Baa!"

In less than five minutes a sheep came trotting up from the flock. Lyossik recognised it. Grandad and Grandma had given it to him when it was still a little lamb.

"Don't eat that one, wolf. That's my favourite sheep. I'll call another one for you," begged Lyossik, almost in tears.

"Alright, I'll wait, although I'm very hungry. Call two sheep. And make it snappy!"

"Baa! Baa-baa-baa! Baa-baa-baa!" bleated Lyossik as hard as he could, and two sheep came running up straightaway.

Lyossik recognised them. They were from his yard too, one was Mother's and the other was Grandma's.

"Don't eat these two,

wolf. I'll call some other ones for you," begged Lyossik.

"I can't wait!" snarled the wolf, baring its teeth. It seized the first sheep and gobbled it up, then did the same with the second.

"You're a good lad to get me such nice sheep. You must feed me all the time. I'll have a nap now, but you stay here and don't try to run away, or I'll catch you and eat you!" And the wolf lay down to have a rest.

"What can I do?" thought Lyossik. "He'll eat all the sheep and then my favourite one and me into the bargain. I must think of something. I know, I'll call the dogs to come here."

So Lyossik began to bark with all his might.

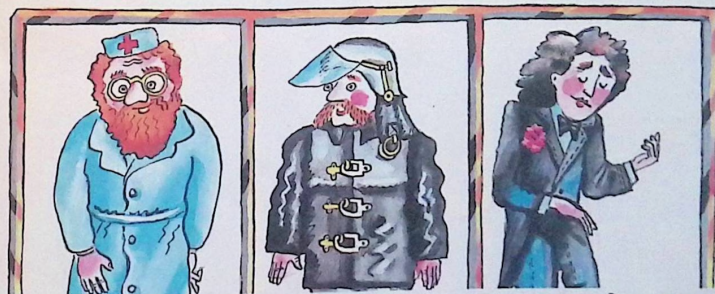
The wolf leapt up and took to its heels without even looking at Lyossik. And just in time, because at that moment all the village dogs appeared and raced off in pursuit of it.

We don't know whether they caught it or not, but since then no one has ever caught sight of a wolf in our forest again.

After that Lyossik stopped frightening people and playing tricks on birds and animals. If you beg him very hard to mimic something, he will make the sound of a hen or a kitten, but never a wolf. He wouldn't do that for anything in the world.

He's too scared.

Drawing
by Alexander OVCHAROV



The artist
has drawn
a doctor,
a fireman
and
musician.
W





RED, YELLOW, GREEN...

Ivan VLADIMIROV

In one of the central districts of Moscow there was an old garden. Some large old trees stood on this "islet of green". These giants had seen a great deal in their time and probably still remembered the days when the city's main form of transport was the horse-drawn tram. And instead of taxis there were dashing troikas racing over the cobblestones. Today the garden is hemmed in by new high rises.

Then one day into the garden rumbled a lot of bulldozers, machines for moving earth and laying asphalt, and the like.

"What's going on?" wondered the children from the neighbouring houses. "Why are policemen measuring out paths and putting up surveying rods? And who are those boys and girls in smart uniforms like the ones policemen wear?"

The work was soon finished and a notice saying "Children's Driving Town" appeared over the entrance to the garden with the invitation "Come right in".

And the children did come right in.

In the old garden they found pedal-cars, bicycles and scooters. New asphalted "roads" were marked out with bright stripes. Red, white and blue road signs had been put up here and there and traffic lights by the zebra crossings. At the crossings traffic inspectors invited the children to take a seat in a car, get onto a bicycle or walk along the pavements. In one of the "town's" garden children were asked questions. Where and when should you cross the road? Should you play ball near a roadway? What cars are allowed to use the horn? And a lot of other questions about drivers and pedestrians. The boys and girls who gave the best answers got prizes.

And so by playing in their "Driving Town" children study the highway code. They are helped to do so not only by militiamen, but also by schoolchildren from the senior classes, the ones in blue uniforms, who assist the traffic inspectors.

Children have a very interesting and enjoyable time in the old yard since the old trees seem to have grown younger and nod their heads approvingly.

Now such "driving towns" not only in Moscow, but in many other cities as well.

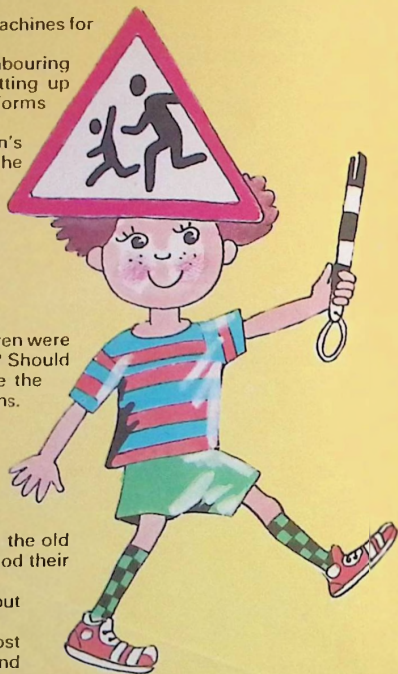
Instead of the shed, there is a rainbow, but the most important thing is that safety is red, yellow and green. It showed us this transformed garden anyway."

Then she would go out to look for the egg and not find anything because there wasn't any. And Lyossik would laugh even more and cover his mouth with his hand so that Grandina didn't hear him.

00-00 the lights are red?

The mushrooms got such a fright that they dropped their baskets and scurried out of the forest. The women were the most frightened. And Lyossik laughed so much that the tears ran down his cheeks.

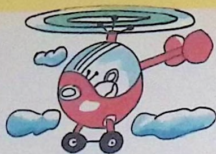
Photographs by Igor BAKHTIN





HOW?
WHY?
WHAT FOR?

Georgy PETROV



A HUNDRED USES FOR OIL

If I were to ask what oil looks like, many children would say it was black and liquid. And they'd be right, for indeed oil is transported by railway in tanks and pumped along many miles of pipeline. The black fountain usually gushes from a new oil well.

But once some oilmen showed me a jar of oily liquid the colour of a winter's sun and asked me craftily what it was. Seeing my lost expression, they explained that it was oil, too. Only it was much older than black oil and is stored in much deeper strata of the earth.

On another occasion I saw almost hard oil being extracted from mines in the north of the European part of the Soviet Union.

So, in fact oil is not always black and liquid. I started reading up books and asking scientists like geologists and chemists questions. And I found out many strange things about oil.

Oil happens to have many different compositions. From one type of oil you can only obtain lubricating oil. Another has to be converted into petrol, kerosene or fuel oil.

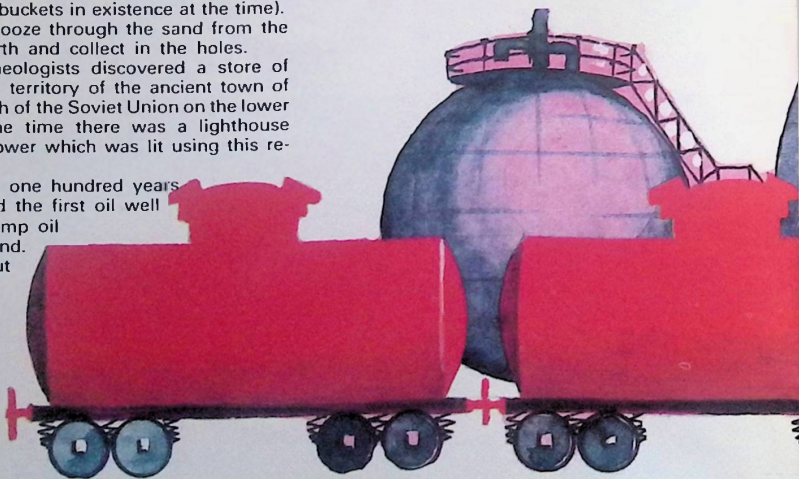
I also found out that oil has a long and surprising history. People first began using it 6,000 years ago! Then, oil was simply baled out of holes with leather buckets (the only buckets in existence at the time).

The oil would ooze through the sand from the depths of the earth and collect in the holes.

Recently archaeologists discovered a store of jars of oil on the territory of the ancient town of Tanais in the south of the Soviet Union on the lower river Don. At one time there was a lighthouse at the top of a tower which was lit using this remarkable liquid.

Only just over one hundred years ago people bored the first oil well and began to pump oil from under ground. This well was but 22 metres deep.

Drawings
by Valery
LOGINOV



Nowadays wells are drilled to a depth of five kilometres and more, for the earth's stores of oil are gradually being exhausted. Oil drilling derricks are striding further to the north and oil drilling is now carried out on the sea bed.

If one was to put all the oil drilled in a year in the world into one place, you would need a tank the height of a thirty-storey building, 100 kilometres in length.

What do people need so much oil for, you may ask? Let's see: petrol, kerosene, fuel oil, synthetic rubber, plastics, medicines, fertilisers, washing powders... Are you tired yet? And these are by no means all the uses for oil. Chemists have even learned how to make tasty and nutritious foods out of it.

This is why scientists now recall more and more the words of the famous Russian scientist, Dmitri Mendeleev, who said that to burn oil in furnaces was the same as stoking a stove with money. Nowadays we use powerful rivers, tides, nuclear power stations, sunlight, wind and hot water from the depths of the earth for generating electricity. As for oil, which is not nicknamed "black gold" for nothing, we try to use it where it will be most beneficial.

TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL

● The branches of the Indian almond tree only grow, to the north and the south. This is why the tree's other name is the compass tree.

● There are 100 million sets of twins in the world. The northern countries—Sweden, Norway and Denmark—have the most.

● Deep down in the ocean there are waves of up to 100 metres high but they cannot be seen on the surface of the water.

THE MOST...



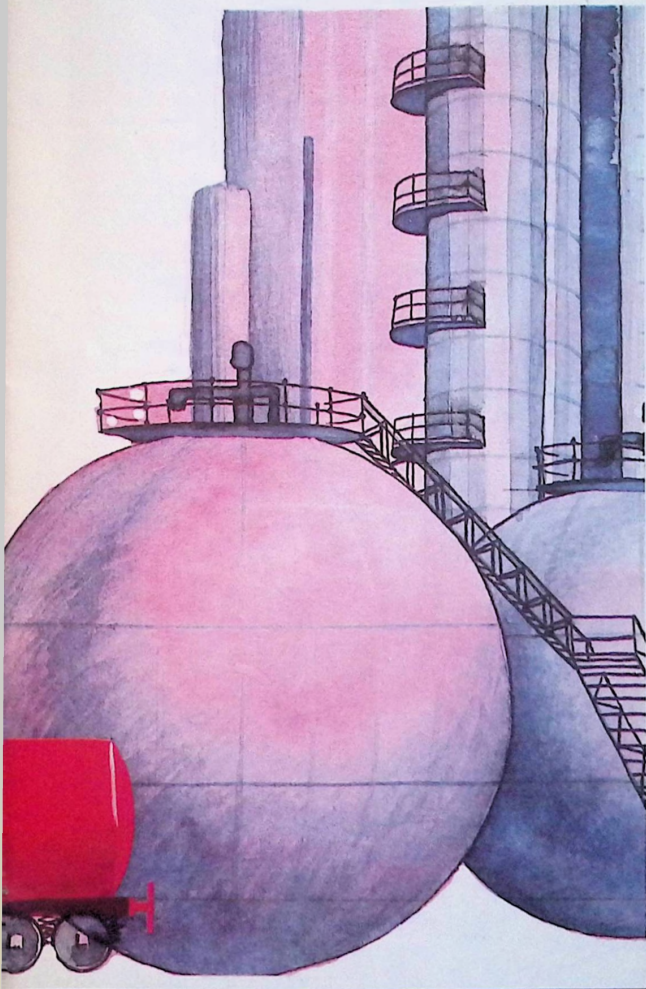
The shortest name—A—belongs to a Norwegian village.



The oldest ski is about 4,000 years old and is kept in the Swedish Ski Museum.



The biggest postage stamp in the world was issued on the Marshall Islands in the Pacific Ocean. This giant stamp is bigger than an ordinary letter envelope.



① In tropical forests, where there is no change of season, the trees have no annual rings.

② Some rains are dry. You can see this rain, stand under it and not get wet. The drops evaporate in the air. This occurs in deserts where the air is very hot and dry.



THE MULTI-COLOURLED VEGETABLE PATCH

Alexei MISHIN

The felt-tip friends went to a vegetable patch one day to draw the flowers of the poppy, pumpkin, strawberry, cucumber, tomato, aubergine and pepper plants....

The sunflower and pea plants turned out to be particularly hard to depict. The sunflower did not want to pose and kept turning away to the sun. And the pea had to be drawn jointly because its petals had so many different shades.

Green had the most work to do. He helped his friends to colour in the leaves and stems. He was upset because there was no time to draw his own green.

"Don't worry," his friends said. "There probably aren't any green flowers anyway."

"Probably", agreed Green. "Then I'll draw what grows out of your flowers instead."

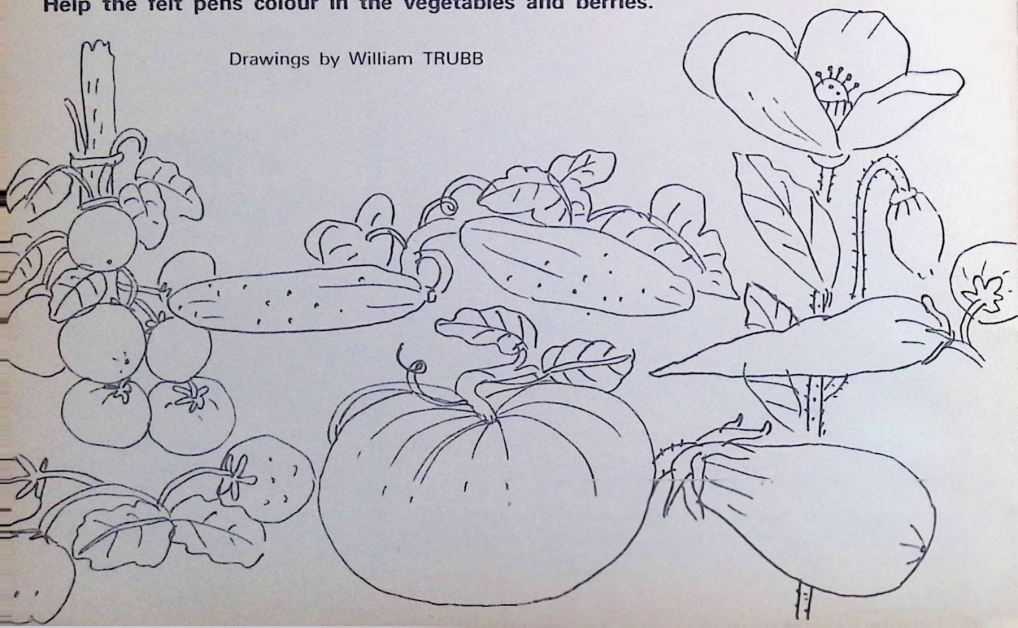
But he was green, so the tomato, pumpkin and the strawberries turned out green, too.

You just had to glance at them to get a nasty taste in your mouth.

"No, let's draw ripe berries and vegetables just before they are picked," decided the other felt-tip pens.

Help the felt pens colour in the vegetables and berries.

Drawings by William TRUBB



HOW BROTHER RABBIT FOOLED THE LION

An African folk tale
in pictures drawn
by Oleg KRAMARENKO



Once upon a time Big Lion appeared in a village. He made himself master and robbed and plundered the district. The animals became fed up with this and decided at a meeting that they themselves would feed Lion as long as he stayed at home and behaved

like a good neighbour. But who was to inform Lion of the meeting's decision? Suddenly everyone had urgent matters elsewhere and only Brother Rabbit leapt up and cried: "You're all afraid, but I'll go and explain it all to him! Wait for me here!"



But when he saw Lion's house, Brother Rabbit shook with fright and creeping up to the door, knocked timidly. Lion roared: "Who's there?" Stammering and shaking Rabbit told him of the animals request. "All right," snarled Lion, "give me fresh

meat three times a day and I'll stay at home. If not, I tear you all to bits!" "Oh yes, Sir Lion, I'll make sure of it myself," said Rabbit and dashed back to the village. Just before he got there, he stopped to catch his breath and proudly made his appearance.



Brother Rabbit was surrounded on all sides and he began to describe what had happened: "Lion swore, roared and threatened, but I was not frightened. Lion understood that I was serious and agreed." Then the animals set about deciding who

should go to the Lion first. Rabbit suggested they pull straws, and held out a handful of straws. The first to go were Goose and Pig. They dug in their heels but Brother Rabbit was firm: "If you don't go we'll drag you there by force." *Continued on page 16*



MISHA'S PICTURE GALLERY
Fairy-Tale Heroes

Levon Khachatryan has drawn
the heroes of a famous fairy tale.
Which is it? Answer on page 28.



Continued from page 15

Brother Rabbit always held the straws and Sister Fox realised that he was going to send everyone except himself to Lion for dinner. And so Fox began to hold the straws. And, of course, Brother Rabbit

pulled out the shortest. He said goodbye to all the animals and went off to Lion. Along the way he went home, walked over to the well to drink for the last time. He saw his reflection deep down in the well, and dashed off to Lion's house.



Looking at Rabbit, Lion roared: "Why such a small dinner?" "You're right, Sir Lion! But near my house I've stored a whole pile of meat." And Rabbit took Lion to his well, looked down and yelled: "How terrible! That scoundrel is eating your meat!" Lion

rushed to the well and saw another Lion looking at him. He roared loudly and jumped into the well. Brother Rabbit replaced the cover and set off for the village, where the animals were arguing about who was to go to Lion next.



When they saw Rabbit, the animals took to their heels, thinking he was a ghost. But Rabbit called them back: "Brothers, you need fear nothing as long as I am amidst you! I beat the Lion half to death and then tossed him into the well and drowned

him!" And Brother Rabbit took them all to the well. Then they all said: "Brother Rabbit, you are the bravest and cleverest in the world!" And one animal brought him carrots, another cabbages and Brother Bear brought a bag of wheat as big as a house.



RIDDLES

Inna GAMAZKOVA

What roars and then flashes,
Like a metal flower dashes,
Grows through the noise,
Grows through the fire,
Up to the stars,
Up to the sky?

Drawing
by Alexander OVCHAROV

(A spaceship)

We all want our children to grow up sincere and truthful, able to admit their mistakes honestly and to correct them. These virtues have to be constantly developed by skillfully making use of ordinary everyday situations. Estonian woman writer Heljo Mand has written about an interesting incident of this kind in one of her stories. It continues as it were the theme of the story "When Dad Was Little", by Alexander Raskin, published in this issue of Misha. In Heljo Mand's story, a mother helps her little daughter to make the right decision.

AN ESSAY FOR HOMEWORK

Marju was sitting at her desk chewing her pencil. She never did know what to write about herself. And why did they give such topics as My Day, anyway?

But she had to write. . . . In her exercise book the following words appeared:

"My day begins a lot earlier than Tomi's because he is still a baby and can sleep as long as he likes. But I am woken up at . . ."

"No, that won't work. What if the teacher thinks I'm lazy? I'd better write it like this:

"Every morning I wake up very early at seven o'clock. Then I get dressed, wash, have breakfast and hurry to school."

Marju read over the beginning and pondered. Had she written everything right? It wouldn't be bad to add that she washed herself with cold water. They were always advising that. Oh! And she had quite forgotten to mention doing her morning exercises!

Marju turned the page and began all over again. This time everything went right. A little while later the essay was finished.

Marju held out her exercise happily to her mummy. Her mummy started reading and the more she read the more solemn her expression became. Marju interrupted her alarmed.

"Don't you like it?"

"I like the way it's written," replied her mummy. "There are no mistakes and the style is good. But . . . You haven't written about yourself. You never get up so early, you don't wash properly and you only do exercises maybe once a week . . ."

"Mummy, that's not important! Last week a writer came to talk to us in school and he said that he doesn't always write about what has happened to him, but also about what he has seen or heard or imagined to himself."

"You are wrong, Marju," said her mummy. "If the essay was called An Exemplary Pupil's Day, you could write like this, but here it's simply dishonest. Go and write it again. And so you don't get muddled, write about yesterday, how you fell asleep again, how I had to wake you twice, how you couldn't find your tights and how in the evening you didn't want to dry the dishes."

"But Mummy!" cried Marju. "I can't write that! Everyone will laugh at me. What will the teacher say?"

"It can't be helped that that was your day and that's what you did."

Marju hugged her Mummy around the neck and pleaded:

"Mummy, please let me take this essay to school. I'll always help you. . . . Mummy, please, I'm frightened to write what you said."

"And weren't you afraid to behave like you did? Oh, Marju, what a coward you are. . . ."

Marju went back to her desk and began to work half-heartedly. Blushing with shame she described yesterday morning in detail, and when she got to the place where she was looking for her tights, she really got angry and the lines in the exercise book filled up faster and faster:

"When I came home from school I left my coat on a chair thinking that Mummy would hang it up later. Then I sat down to read my new books. Mummy called: 'Marju, go and get some bread from the shop, will you?' I pretended not to hear. I decided that if Mummy came to the door, she would think I was working and go to the shop herself. But Mummy immediately realised that I was reading and said: 'Hurry up, Marju, we're just going to eat.'"

Marju felt that she had written not about herself but about someone else.

When she finished the essay she felt so unhappy that she did not even read it through. Most of all she was angry with herself for showing the rough copy to Mummy. She would have got full marks for the first essay.

The next day Marju gave the work to the teacher. All day at school and at home she remembered the unfortunate essay.

No, she would have to be better. She no longer found pleasure in lying under the blanket in the morning. All the time something seemed to bother her.

One day that week the teacher came into class, put a pile of exercise books down on the table and said:

"On the whole you all wrote well. Some people exaggerated more, others less, but no one wrote as honestly as Marju. She wrote a very good essay!"

Everyone looked at Marju but she did not seem at all glad. Her desk partner, Viivi, moved nearer to Marju and whispered:

"What did you write?"

But Marju did not even hear her voice. She was busy with her own thoughts.

Why hadn't they laughed at her? Because she had written honestly about her laziness. She was even being praised and she, silly girl, had been worried. But it was her mother who deserved the praise. . . . Should she get up and say so?

"Marju, go and get your exercise book, the teacher's calling you." Viivi nudged her with her elbow.

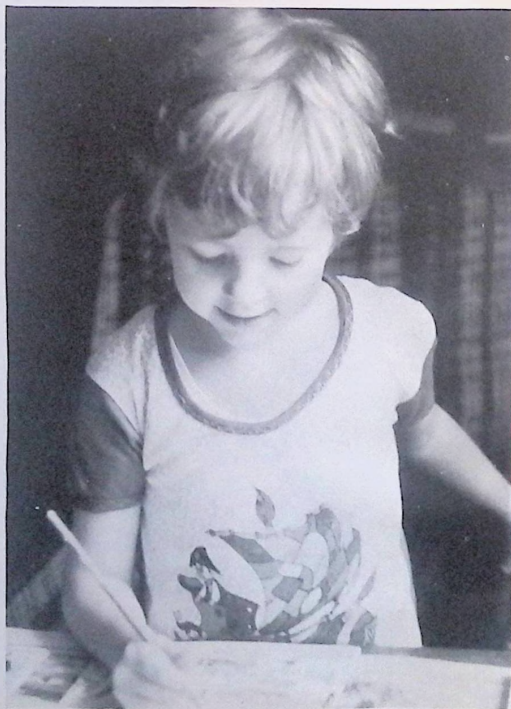
Marju stood up slowly. She felt as if she were being accused of something bad and had to prove she was innocent.

"I'm not as honest as you think. Mummy made me write like that," she burst out all of a sudden and felt now she could look someone else in the eye.

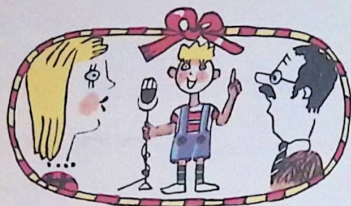
The teacher smiled.

"You'll be honest even without your Mummy's help. And you deserved full marks."

Abridged



HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?



"Mummy, when I grow up to be like you I won't sleep in the daytime, and when I grow to be like daddy, I won't go to bed at night," decided five-year-old Sasha.

A little boy's inquisitiveness increases with each day. "Daddy, how do they make meat?" he asks one day. On hearing the answer he suggests: "Let's think up a way of making meat without killing the pig."

Grown-ups claim that miracles do not exist, but small children do not want to accept this. "There is magic in the world!" Sasha said triumphantly. "Otherwise there wouldn't be the Bermuda Triangle."

It is so tempting at five to make one's own "scientific" discoveries. "Inside the earth there's a big magnet that attracts everything to it and that's how we get the force of gravity," declared Sasha. He went on to explain: "If there wasn't any force of gravity we'd all be flying about in space and even be born there."

Becoming absorbed in things to do with space, Sasha advises his mother: "If you don't want to grow old, get into a rocket and fly into space!"



The future of a nation lies in the hands of mothers.

H. BALZAC



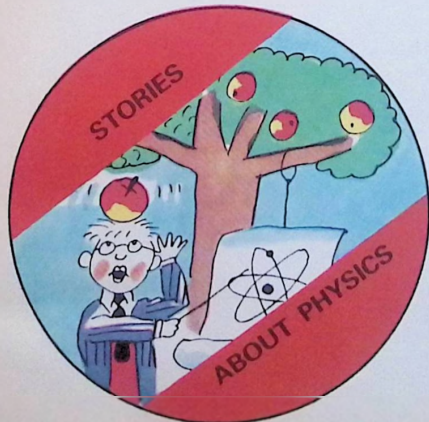
Nothing in education is insignificant.

N. PIROGOV



An unwilling student is a bird without wings.

SAADI



Here is our next extract from Leonid Sikoruk's book "Physics for the Very Young". This time, help your child to try an amusing experiment with two paper megaphones. This experiment is best conducted in the countryside, in a forest or a field. With the aid of large megaphones, you can talk in a whisper to someone 150 to 200 metres away. This simple device will keep children amused for a long time on a country walk.

Leonid SIKORUK

SOUND TRAP

Children were strolling through a forest when they saw a boy holding two megaphones close to his ears and listening. They asked him to let them listen through those things, too. There and then they heard a dog bark in the village far away, then the mowing of a cow and farther away the humming of a tractor. The forest was ringing with noises. But should one take away the megaphones, it becomes very quiet, as if one turns deaf. The children really liked the megaphones and made similar ones for themselves from big sheets of cardboard.

They went to the forest again. Irisha put her megaphone to her ear, while Lyonya grasped his and rushed to the other side of the glade. It was fairly large and after about 300 strides the boy stopped, put his lips to the megaphone and shouted with all his might:

"Irisha-a-a!"

The girl sprang away from her megaphone: it seemed to her that Lyonya had shouted right into her ear.



She brought her megaphone to her mouth and whispered very quietly into it:

"Lyonya, speak softly."

Lyonya heard her and thought she was whispering right into his ear. It occurred to him that with megaphones like that there was no need to shout and he softly answered Irisha:

"All right."

Irisha was about to say something else to Lyonya but at that very moment a roaring and cracking came out of the sky, and they did not need their megaphones to know it was thunder. They all looked at the sky and saw a huge cloud.

"Lyonya, come here!" Tanya cried out and, together with Irisha, took shelter under a tree. As soon as Lyonya reached them there came a downpour. It was raining cats and dogs all around when Lyonya suddenly felt terribly thirsty so that he



BEFORE THEY INVENTED PAPER



AIR MAIL



TELEPHONE



MITTENS AND GLOVES

You just can't imagine what people used to write on before they invented paper—they wrote on wet clay that was dried afterwards, on animal hides, on plant leaves and bark. In Russia, for example, they used birch bark. The heaviest of letters were written on lead. Not so long ago Soviet archaeologists found an old Greek message written on a thin plate of this soft metal as far back as the 4th century B.C. It is an extremely rare find because in olden days people hardly ever kept letters written on lead plates but used them to make sinkers for fishing, weights and so on.

Letters were posted by air long before planes were invented. In the days of yore doves were used to carry messages and in the past century balloons were sometimes used to carry post. Letters even travelled in empty cannon balls.... Imagine an old city encircled by an enemy. The besieged had to inform their friends about the state of affairs and could only send their messages over the enemies' heads. Then gunners replaced postmen.

Before telephone was invented people used speaking tubes, which still exist, for example, on ships. They were invented in Italy in the 16th century and then forgotten for long. Centuries later a French scientist saw by chance a plumber animatedly talking to his mate through an empty pipe already laid underground. The mate was rather far away but heard everything perfectly well and answered loudly. Speaking tubes made their comeback. Telephone was invented later on and proved much more convenient.

In winter Russian nobles of old wore fur coats with long sleeves hanging to the very hem and lined with fur. Those who had to work in cold weather out of doors invented mittens, which at first were just small bags made of pelts later supplied with a special "receptacle" for the thumb. There were mittens reaching nearly to the elbow for severe winter frosts. A fitted covering for the hand with a separate sheath for each finger and the thumb came to be called a glove.... To this day some Siberian hunters wear special mittens with a vertical slit along the palm to be able to thrust out the fingers when they have to pull the trigger.

could not stand it any longer, jumped into the rain, opened his mouth and started catching drops of rain with it. Tanya laughed at him, took out a folding cup and placed it in the grass. Of course, much more drops would land in a cup than in an open mouth but still not enough and it would take water far too long to accumulate. Then Irisha had a brilliant idea. She got hold of her megaphone and turned it upside down, placing the narrow end above the cup. A lot of drops fell into the wide end of the megaphone, all flowing through the narrow end and into the cup, as if it were a water pipe. Lyonya drank his fill.

"Well done, Irisha!"

Tanya said. "And now who can explain why we hear better through a megaphone?"

"It has a wide end," Irisha said, "and more sound gets into it, all of it accumulating in the ear, as if it were a funnel!"

"Then the ears hares have are also two megaphones, aren't they?" Lyonya asked.

"Why, yes!" Irisha exclaimed merrily.



STEEL NEEDLES



NYLON STRINGS

Primitive man sewed animal skins using fish bones and fragments of animal bones, in which eyes were drilled with the help of pointed pieces of flint. The early metal needles had no eyes at all and threads were passed through the end which was crooked in a hoop. Bone needles were replaced by those made of bronze and then of iron. In Russia needles were sometimes made of silver. The first steel sewing needles were brought to Europe by Arab merchants.

There was a time when strings for musical instruments were made of bark, plant fibre, silk and cotton threads, horsehair, sinews and catgut. Then metal strings began to be made, eventually giving way to nylon strings. Nevertheless steel strings proved indispensable in keyboard instruments because they experience such tension that not even all metals can stand it. For this reason piano strings, for instance, are made of most durable steel wire.

Drawings
by William TRUBB

WHERE DOES THE HAMSTER LIVE?



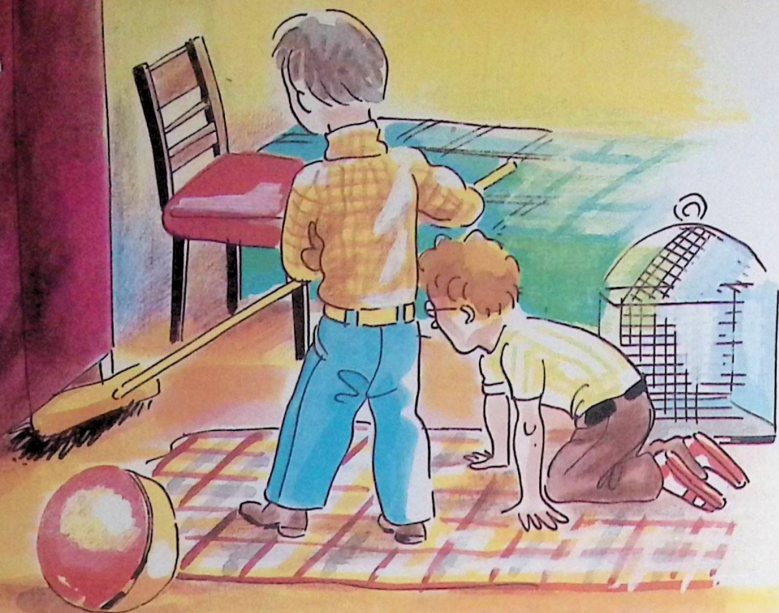
We bought a hamster at a pet shop. It was not bigger than a mouse but fierce and pugnacious, screeching and snapping its jaws the moment anyone approached it. We brought it home in a small cage suitable only for a journey like that but too small for the hamster to be left in it forever. When we began moving it to a bigger cage formerly occupied by a goldfinch we had set free in spring the hamster ran away. Hardly had we opened the lid, it darted through the opening and was gone.

Serezha and I took a long stick and started poking it in all the sheltered spots. We tried behind the bookcases—everything was quiet, then behind the settees—no sound. We thought that the hamster was bound to lose temper when troubled, and would screech, revealing in this way its whereabouts. But, perhaps, it knew better than that and never uttered a sound, no matter how much we shouted or tapped the walls with the stick.

"I bet the hamster is sitting quietly, listening to all that noise and chuckling to itself," I said to Serezha.

"What d'you mean chuckling?"

"Yes, chuckling that we ninnies hoped to catch it! Why, hamsters can hide from their enemies and stay quiet till the danger is gone since the moment they are born."



"We are no enemies to it! It'll have a warm place to live in and plenty of food and drink. If set loose, it can be caught by an owl, by a hawk or else by a polecat. Besides, it can rain and nights are cold. While it's nice and safe here."

"That's true but it likes to be free best of all."

We did not succeed in catching our hamster. Small as it was, it managed to outwit us. It occurred to us that, perhaps, it had rushed on to the balcony through the open door and fell out from the fourth floor we lived on. We searched the pavement under the balcony but failed to find anything.

What could we do with this little dogged brute? We decided to organise for him a dining room of sorts in the entrance hall—we put some bread and pieces of carrots on a sheet of paper and poured water into a saucer. We kept watch all through the evening, hoping that it would come out driven by hunger. It wouldn't leave its shelter. In the morning we noticed that the bread had been nibbled and out of five pieces of carrots there remained only one. The hamster was too small to have eaten all that so it must have hidden the food in a cache to be able to have a snack later in the day. The cunning little devil.

This was to become the regular practice: in daytime the hamster would keep to itself, never venturing out, but the moment everybody went to bed and it became quiet it would go out, have lunch and dinner combined and store something up for breakfast. At first we believed that it stayed in some particular spot but then bitten off pieces

of cheese and carrots began to be found in the dining room, under the TV set and other places. Our hamster felt quite at home by that time and travelled during the night wherever it wanted.

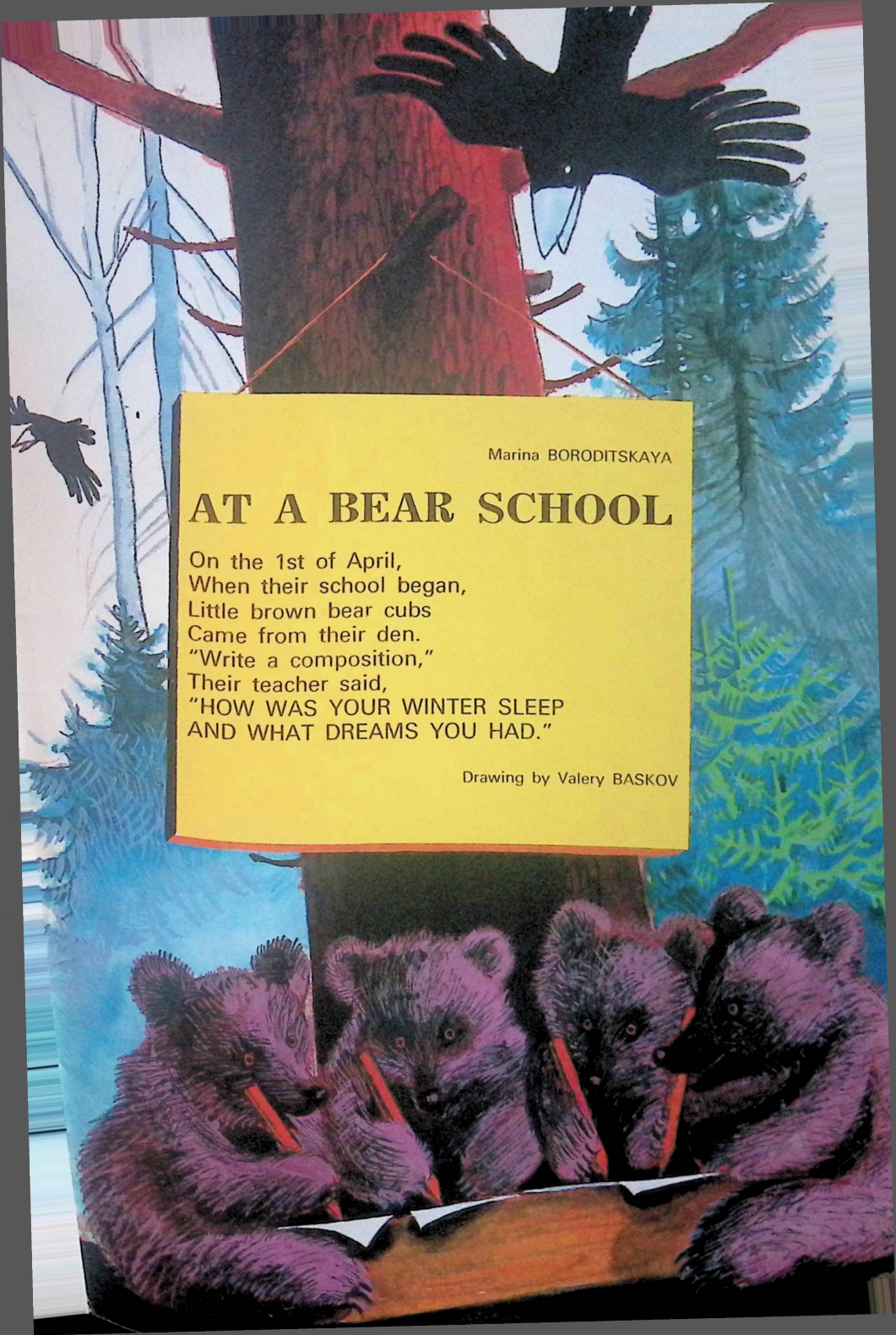
A week passed, then about a fortnight—nothing changed. The hamster was there but never seen. Why, we've bought ourselves an invisible pet.

Where is it? Hey, little hamster, c'mon, show up, we won't hurt you, silly little thing!

There was no answer—everything was quiet.

Drawings by William TRUBB





Marina BORODITSKAYA

AT A BEAR SCHOOL

On the 1st of April,
When their school began,
Little brown bear cubs
Came from their den.
"Write a composition,"
Their teacher said,
"HOW WAS YOUR WINTER SLEEP
AND WHAT DREAMS YOU HAD."

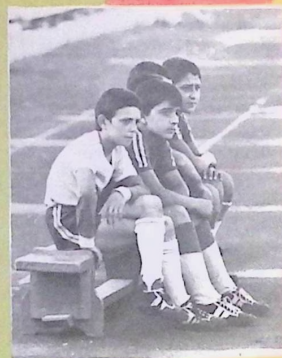
Drawing by Valery BASKOV



*We like
aggressive football
and good
team work*

BIG-TIME FOOTBALL

**For Small
Players**



Hundreds of millions all over the world are closely following clashes in the green football pitches: football is a common fascination and knows no borders.

The trouble was that boys could only kick the ball around in their backyards, their schoolbags dubbing as gateposts, and saw big time football but seldom from the stands with their fathers or, more often, on the TV.

"It's unfair," the famous Soviet goalie Lev Yashin thought 20 years ago. There was a time when he himself played football with friends in the backyard for hours on end, so he well understood that children wanted the sort of game adults played. After all there are competitions

for young musicians and mathematicians and exhibitions for young artists; there should also be big-time football for youngsters as well.

So Lev Yashin wrote a letter to all boys and published it in the children's newspaper *Pionerskaya Pravda*.

Tens of thousands of boys from town and countryside responded to his letter. That was how the Leather Ball club came into being with its competitions which are taken in all seriousness both by children and by adults.

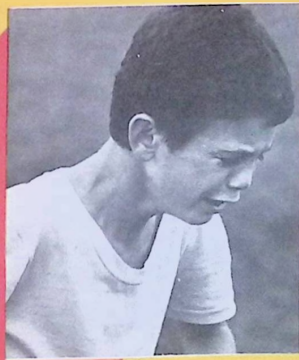
The club sponsors major competitions every year. To make it to the finals, a team has to win the championship of a town, district and region, successively, and then



Photographs
by Vladimir MASHATIN,
Yuri SOKOLOV,
Yevgeni SHELESHNEV
Yevgeni MIRANSKY
and Sergei KIVRIN

*Hurrah,
our side are attacking...*

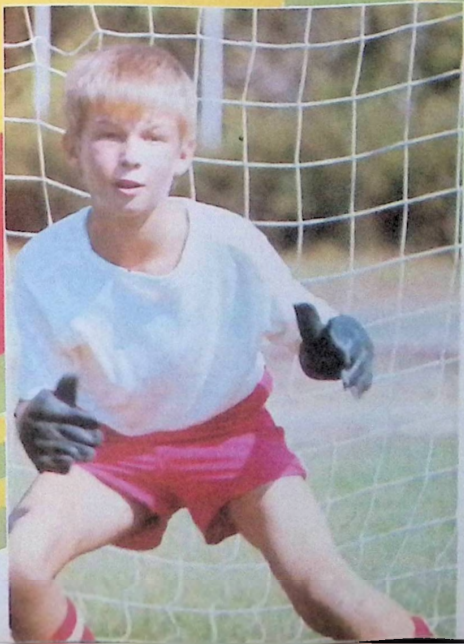
*Football gives you everything,
prizes which you could only dream about,
the strain of the last moments of a game,
the tension of the standbys
watching from the sidelines,
the bitterness of defeat and glittering cups,
just like those adults win.
In short, it is big time football indeed.*

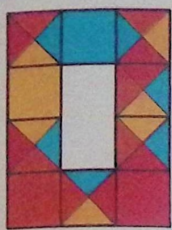


the championship of one of the 15 Union republics of the USSR.

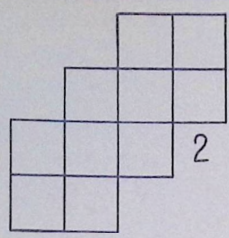
Of course, these important competitions cannot be organised without adults. Factories fit out sports grounds for children, let them into their stadiums, buy bright jerseys and good boots for teams and pay their fares to competitions in other cities. The finals are really adult championships, taking place now in Estonia's capital of Tallinn now in Tajikistan's capital of Dushanbe.

You see in our pictures small players from the great Leather Ball club. Today the club has a membership of three million boys from all over the country.

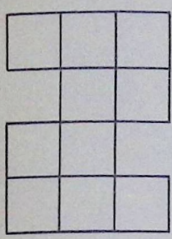




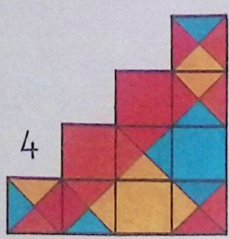
1



2



3



4

Copy figure 1 on a piece of thick paper, colour it and then cut into 10 squares. Now put the given figures together so that the adjacent sides of the squares should be of the same colour

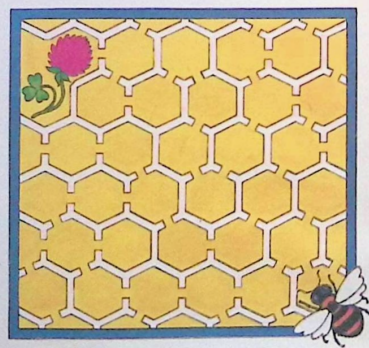


Find people and animals in this picture

MISHA'S PICTURE GALLERY (answer)

"I am the slave of the lamp and the slave of the one who has the lamp in his hands. Give your order!" Aladdin heard the thunderous voice of the jinni who had emerged from the old lamp. The adventures of Aladdin and princess Budur are described in the old Arabian tale "Aladdin and the Magic Lamp"

This sheet commemorates the first Russian postage stamp which was issued in 1858. Where and when was the world's first postage stamp issued?
(In Great Britain in 1840)

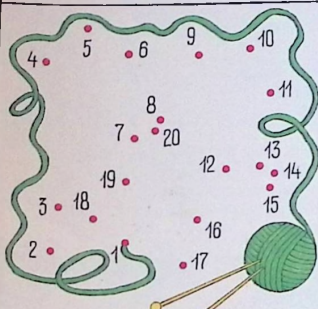


Help the bee reach the flower



These pictures have been left unfinished.
Complete the picture and colour it if necessary

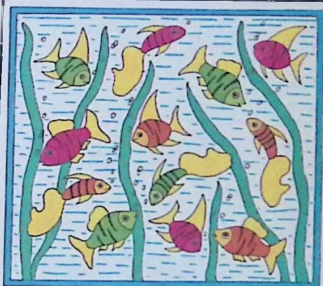
Shadow play



Connect the dots in their proper order and you will get the answer to this riddle by Victor Musatov

A pair of heaters of braided strands
Any sheep can give you
To cuddle your hands.

Colour the mosaic in the way the artist planned



There are two similar fish in the aquarium. Find them

Drawings
by Larissa BATOGOVA,
Yelena GLADIKOVA,
Natalia LEBEDEVA
and Galina MAMINA

Put the books
so as to be able
to read the year
we live in



Think up a story
based on the picture

This is Masha
and Dasha

This is Glasha
and Masha

What is the name
of this girl?



Song of morning gym

Music by Mikhail STAROKADOMSKY

Lyrics by Mikhail LVOVSKY

This lively song is well known to all Soviet boys and girls. It can often be heard over the radio, summoning kids to join in morning exercises, which are good for their health. We hope that our readers will also like it.

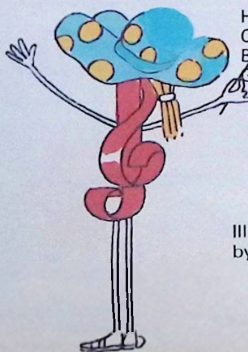
Musical score for the song, consisting of six staves of music with various chords indicated above the notes. The chords include F, C7, F, Gm, C7, F, C, G7, C, B, D7, Gm, D7, Gm, C7, F, B, and F.



Frost or heat are the same
To me, my friend.
My physician just
Doesn't understand



Homework was difficult
One day
But I coped and my teacher
Gave me an A.



Illustrations
by William TRUBB



Why I never need a pill,
When my mates are falling ill,
Coughing, sneezing,
Spreading germs to no end.



Chorus:
It's because I'm always ready
To begin the day
By doing morning gym.



It's because my rules
Are always steady—
Lift the barbells
And have a swim.



I did fine in math and English,
Raced and was first to the finish,
And did better than the boys
On the sleigh.
Chorus.



I prefer to be fit
To fight the battle,
To collect all my strength
And show my mettle.



I am always fine and happy,
I am never pale or flabby,
And I sing along this jolly
Little song.
Chorus.

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"Yemelya's Escapades",
Photograph
by M. Nachinkin
Back Cover:
"Go o a II"
Drawing by W. TRUBB

Managing editor Mikhail SHPAGIN

Chief artist Anatoly SUKHOV

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MISHA

AN ILLUSTRATED
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FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS

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