



Agatha. My First Year at School

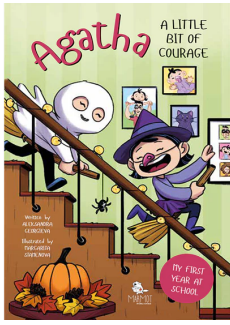
Series of 12 books

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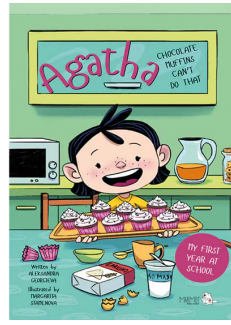
What emotions, relationships, and challenges is Agatha going to face and deal with in her first year at school? Finding oneself in a new and unfamiliar environment is exciting indeed! Besides, the year promises to be emotional for her friends, mommy, daddy, granny, as well as her favourite tomcat Balthazar.

Rights sold: Simplified Chinese

Paperback / 130 x 197 / 56 pages / Ages: 6-8



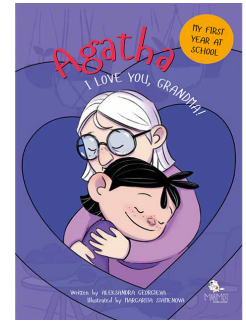
A Little Bit of Courage



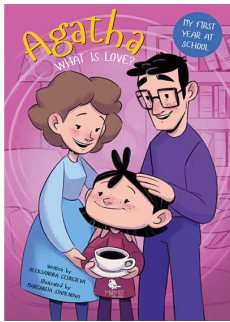
What Chocolate Muffins can't do



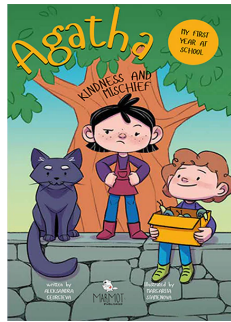
Christmas Magic



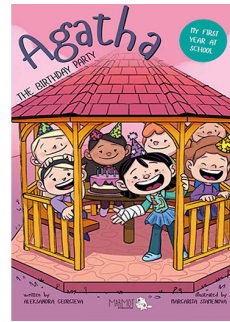
I Love you Grandma



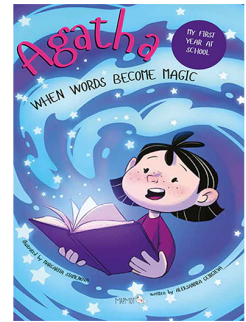
What is Love



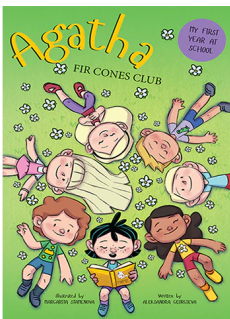
Good Deeds and Mischiefs



The Birthday Party



When Words Become Magic



Fir Cones Club



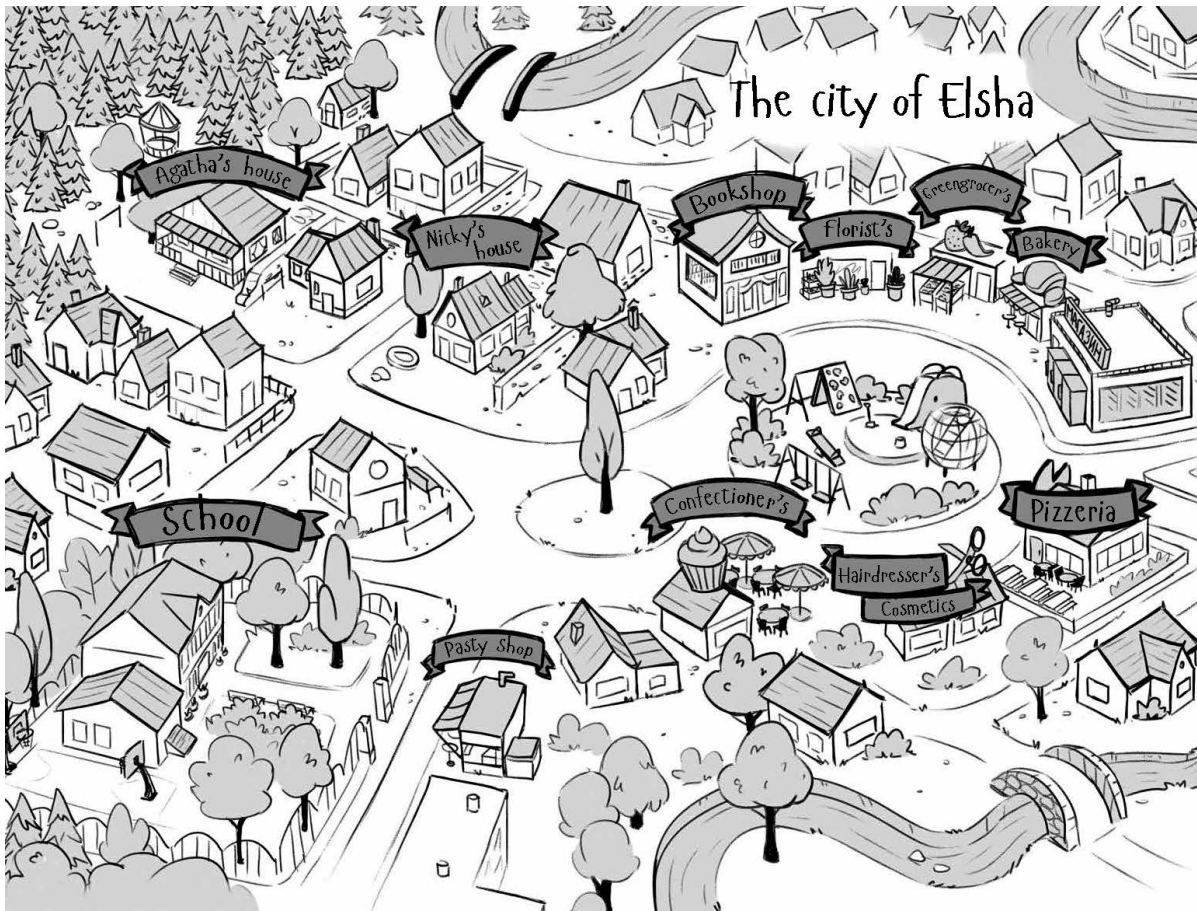
Mission Clean Beach



Summer in a Jar

Sample translation:

A Cactus in a Flowerpot



Agatha

THE CHARACTERS

I am **AGATHA** and I am seven years old. I love having pancakes with raspberry preserve for breakfast because they taste like summer. I like wearing shorts – they feel comfy when I climb trees. And I think that books are magical, especially when they are read in the evening.



BALTHAZAR is my friend, he is a tomcat. He claims he is here to guard the house, but I think he might just be giving himself airs. Sometimes the two of us observe people from our rooftop and he tells me some interesting stories about the world around us.

When **MUM** wakes up, she drinks tea on the porch and she smiles. I smile too. She is the best mother in the world! She never scolds me for having fallen off my bike and she sometimes lets me eat cake in bed.



My **DAD** is good and strong. He takes care of our bees, the garden, and the cactuses in the workshop. His hugs are very special. When he hugs me, bad things disappear and I feel that everything is going to be alright.

If you are ever hungry, you need to visit us. **GRANDMA** will cook the most delicious moussaka and tarator*! Then she will pour you some lemonade and the two of you will talk away. Her stories are peculiar, they always make you ask questions.

*Bulgarian cold cucumber soup



NICKY came to visit me every day when I had the chickenpox! We ride bikes together, we talk about dinosaurs, and we go fishing. Sometimes we just lie down on the meadow and look at the clouds. Once we were even cross with each other for a whole evening. Nicky is my best friend!

Agatha

is leaning on the sunlit wall and is counting in rhymes in a game of hide-and-seeK. It's boring to do it in the traditional way – with numbers.

“Eeny meeny, miny, moe.

Who's the fairest of them all?

Is it me, is it you?

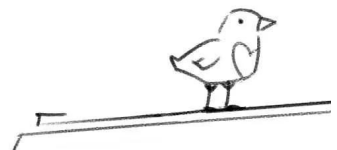
Is it gingerbread or stew?

Salami, stay right there.

Sausages, oh, how you stare.

Balthazar, here I come,

Don't you be so glum, glum, glum...”



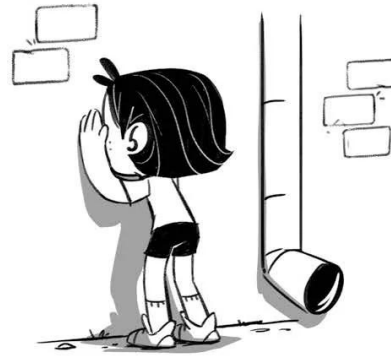
She turns around, opens her eyes and starts looking for me in the garden. First, she passes by the little veggie patch. She bends and looks for me somewhere between the tomatoes and the pea pods. I'm not there! She goes to the coffee table and pushes a pile of autumn leaves over. She looks under the lounge, she lifts the chequered blanket, but I'm not there! There's the workshop door.

Squeaaaaaak!

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She goes in, she comes out. She doesn't find me once again. She approaches the Oak, she grasps the lowest branch, and in a minute she is in the Watchtower. She likes to think about things when she's there, she has even brought books. However, I am neither on the branch, nor in the garden. Agatha thinks that she can see my tail or a random ear, but no! I am a tomeat and I know a thing or two about hiding.

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Actually, I'm not even hiding, I am sitting quietly on the wall behind the colourful leaves of the old beech-tree. I am Balthazar, and Agatha is my little girl. Her family and their home is my home too.



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“Balthazar, I give up! Look, Mum is coming out with the buns!”

Agatha jumped to the ground and ran to the porch.

“Are there any for Balthazar?” She asked after she took a seat on the bench.

“There are, but with ham. Cats must not eat sweet things!”

Agatha took a bun and looked towards the computer.

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“What are you looking at, Mum?”

“That’s the first day of school at your school, but these are last year’s pictures.”

“Why do the teachers have so many bouquets?”

“It’s a tradition,” Explained Mum. “The children give their teachers flowers on the first day of school. This is how they show their respect and love for them.”

“Can you go to school without a bouquet?”

“I guess you can. Don’t you want to take a flower?”

“I do, but in a flowerpot. Just the way we do when we go to a birthday party.”

“Alright then, a flowerpot it will be. We should ask Grandma if she has something appropriate for the occasion.”



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