

The Adventures of the Motts

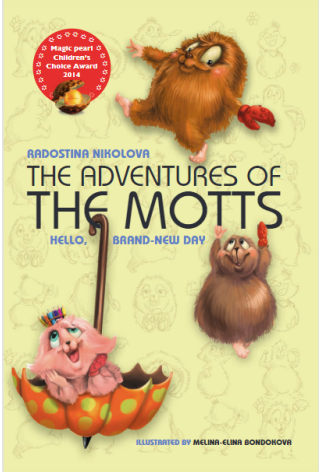
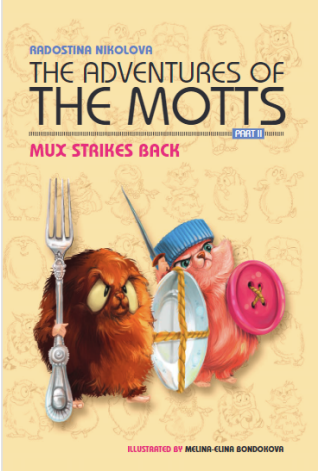
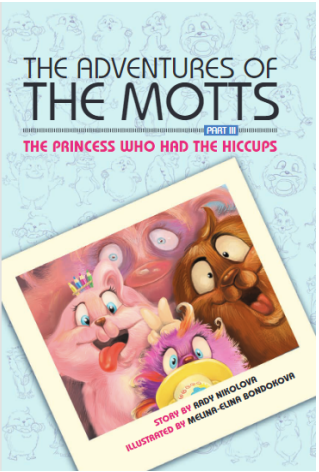

Series of 4 books / two different designs

Written by: Radostina Nikolova / Illustrations: Melina – Elina Bondokova

These fascinating creatures find plenty of adventures and brave quests that will change the world of children and adults forever. An unforgettable journey awaits, taking you on the wildest ride of your imagination. Get ready for a lot of fun, adventures, love, fights and emotions.

Are you ready?

Rights sold: Simplified Chinese, Finnish

			
Hello Brand-New Day	Mux Strikes Back	The Princess Who Had the Hiccups	The Magician Has the Last Laugh
paperback / 96 p.	paperback / 96 p.	paperback / 96 p.	paperback / 96 p.

New design on the way!

Illustrated by Margarita Stamenova



ПРЕДГОВОР

И един мог надничаше тайно през процеп на коша за пране. Само това им трябваше сега на мотовете... Досагните им братовчеди да се наместят в изцилията на цветното им ежедневие!

Къкъво къкъво? О чкъво! Рапино, че минация път

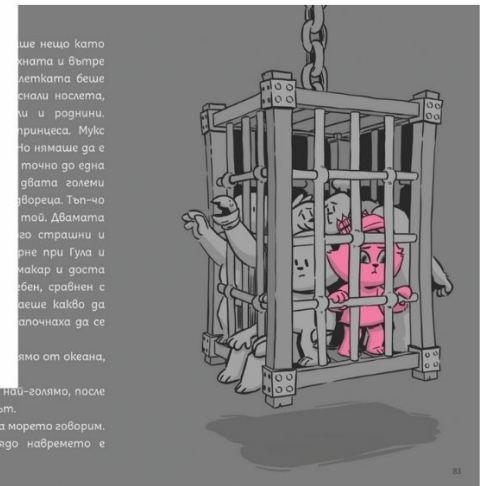


тно, и
знали
с кои-
не слу-
върнем
тавихме
след „Ново

ше нещо като
кната и вътре
летката беше
снали нослета,
ли и родници,
принцеса. Мукс
Но нямаше да е
точно до една
двата големи
дворца. Гъл-чо
той. Двамата
го страшни и
дне при гула и
макар и доста
бен, сравнен с
всичко какво да
апочнаха да се
мо от океана,

— Абе не е така, морето е най-голямо, после
е планината и накрая океанът.
— Абе каква планина, нали за морето говорим.
Аз ти казвам, че моят дяво набремето е

утре", а мотовете ще трябва да почакаат.
От „Ново утро“ бяха минали цели 87 дни и
животът в Мотилия течеше спокойно и при-
ятно. Мукс обичайно се беше изпъстрил в ли-
лаво, а Пагу розовеше още по-ярко. При това
двамата бяха почти неразделни. Гула от
своя страна не спираше да ги закача, че има
нещо злило в „приятелството“ им и е време
да взиг-нат една мотосватба най-накрая,
да спрат да се преструват, че „няма нищо
между тях“. Те се червяха от мисълта, нервно
пръцаха и моментално избяваха темата.
Големи срамежливци! Ясно беше, че двамата се
харесваха, но никои не искаше да си го признае
пръв.



Sample translation:

HELLO, BRAND NEW DAY

Chapter 1

THE MOTTS, THOSE STRANGE CREATURES

“The motts? Well, those are some strange creatures...”

“Really! And what do they look like?” Bobo asked, sensing that Dodie was going to surprise him with something interesting. The little boy was a very bright child. He would take everything in earnest and wait to hear his grandpa’s stories with big and curious eyes.

“Well, they live in every wardrobe, and they’re not very big. The female ones are soft and pretty—very delicate and lovable, too. Their fur is soft and a little

bit long. And they have a really cute muzzle. They have keen and expressive eyes. Frankly speaking, the male motts are a little bit clumsy, yet awfully brave. Instead of a left paw, they have a big claw. They're a true wonder of nature. Oh, I forgot to tell you that the females also have a claw, but theirs is a tiny and discreet one, just like the rest of their features. They are a bit showy, those female motts."

"And how do they live at home? Aren't they afraid of people?"

"Oh, they are afraid. They show themselves rarely and only to those whom they trust. Let's not forget about their claws. Once I accidentally stepped on one of them, and he tooted and pinched me lightly!"

"He, did what? Grandpa! Do Motts do that too! But why!" – Bobo laughed.

"Because he got angry! When they get angry, motts toot. Well, not exactly, but it sounds like that. They also do it when they feel anxious. I'll show you sometime. You haven't seen them because they're hiding. They become invisible, and very few people have actually seen them. As I said, they have to trust you. But I'm sure that will happen, too."

"How big are they?"

"The biggest are around ten inches high. Their claw gets bigger with age. The bigger it gets, the older they are. You'll love them once you get to know them!"

"But how can I get to know them if they're always hiding?"

"I'll tell you everything that I know and that I've gone through together with them. Then they might pluck up their courage to show themselves to you. If the male mott approves of you, he'll bring his female with him. They fall in love only once in a lifetime. They're happy creatures. The male seldom shows his companion to other creatures. I've seen a female mott only once. She was so pretty! They also have a princess. Perhaps she's even prettier than most."

"The motts have a princess?"

"I've heard that the princess of the motts is much more delicate, soft, and graceful than the other motts. She sleeps soundly and wakes up only when each of her seven little court motts has stroked her and the king of the motts has given her a kiss. Yes, she's that lovable."

"Do the motts have their own names?"

"Of course! My friend—the one that lives in the wardrobe at home—is called Mux. I've known him since I was a child. He's very kind but rather stubborn. Sometimes he's playful; sometimes I won't see him for days. He's always mischievous and loves making trouble. He's a nice little fellow. A youngster. His blood boils."

"But you said you have known him since you were a child! How could he be a youngster?"

"The motts live for hundreds of years. Mux is just now entering his most wonderful years. He's now starting to find himself a wife. OK, that's enough for tonight! Off to sleep now."

"Good night, Grandpa! I can't wait to see Mux!"

Chapter 2

MUX WHO LIVED AT HOME

Mux had been living with Dodie for as long as anyone could remember. They didn't see each other often because Dodie felt a bit uneasy most of the time. You see, motts, the magical creatures, have a special ability to sense when someone is feeling a little worried. They only appear when they feel that people are happy and calm inside. Maybe that's why not many people see or know about motts these days. Some think it's because people have become more nervous and stressed out, making it hard for them to be friends with the motts — those mysterious, ancient creatures. Yes, ancient! There are stories

about them that go back thousands of years. When Dodie told Bobo about this, his eyes bugged out. "Really?"

"Yes, my dear boy," Dodie told him. "If you ever go to Egypt, look at the top of the Great Pyramid of Giza. There's a drawing of a mott—in his full splendor—right there next to the scarab beetle!"

Bobo is a smart child. He drinks in every word Dodie says. But Dodie was a bit nervous that day, sensing that something was wrong with Mux. The usual toots and the familiar clacking of Mux's claw, as it cleaned, were strangely absent. Did you know that motts use their claws as kitchen utensils and clean them diligently after every meal? Mux wasn't a quiet mott, and Dodie had grown used to the sound of his claw during cleaning. Yet, today, Mux was nowhere to be seen. Could it be that he felt Dodie's anxiety and hid in the wardrobe?

"Dodie, Princess Pagu is gathering the motts. She wants to talk to us. Immediately," Mux popped up unexpectedly when Dodie opened the wardrobe to take out a clean shirt.

"Good God! Mux, where have you been? I've been looking for you."

"Oh, Dodie, I'm scared. The princess never calls us. I'm worried."

Worried? Motts are never worried; they're smart, always happy and calm. It was the first time in his humble seventy-three years that Dodie heard about a mott being worried. And today, Mux looked a bit brown, which was unusual because all motts are usually bright and colorful. Ah, there is something interesting Dodie forgot to tell Bobo – motts change their colors based on how the people in the house feel. They like to match the colors of the clothes that hang in the wardrobe. If the clothes are all colorful that means the people who live in the house feel happy, and the motts color themselves in different hues! But if everyone is feeling a bit down and wearing dark colors, the motts' fur gets a bit dull, and they like to stay hidden from sight.

"Mux, I'm sure there's nothing to worry about. Please, it makes me sad seeing you so brown! By the way, I've started to prepare Bobo for telling him about your existence. Do you think you could reveal yourself to him soon?"

“It’s too early, Dodie. He’s not ready. Don’t push me!” He let out a discreet toot, turning his back to the old man. Motts are very amiable, but it’s very hard to make them relax in front of people. And it was obvious that something was really troubling him. “Dodie, please, don’t push me,” he repeated. “What matters now is what the princess has to say.”

And then he left. Just like that, without even saying good-bye. Oh, these motts, these strange creatures!

Chapter 3

WHAT TROUBLED PRINCESS PAGU

Mux hurried along toward the palace. He was both very excited and anxious. He was worried why the princess would summon them. This hadn’t happened since the reign of King Mott who had retired many years ago. Then Mux was still a young, thirty-four-year-old mott. He had gone with his father (they still lived together at the time) and remembered what a great impression the palace had made on him—a magnificent wardrobe; a true closet, actually—a room with countless shelves in the house of one of the richest families in the area. It was as if he had come to Mottodise (or how the Paradise of motts is called).

The palace was still there, and the house was inhabited by the offspring of the owners just mentioned. But Mux didn’t worry about them. He would become invisible and enter through the cat flap as Princess Pagu had instructed them in the official notice she had sent them.

What’s more, Mux was overwhelmed with excitement because he was going to see Pagu face-to-face. It had been ages since they first met. She was small and fluffy like a plush toy and he was just a kid. They ran around the palace, around the spacious chamber closet, playing and having fun with each other. They had even slipped away from the sentry’s watch and gone into the house’s living room. He remembered they had participated in some mischief regarding the two children. And they laughed their heads off while they

watched them looking for their toys. Pagu probably didn't remember the past. He had no idea why he remembered it. So much had happened since then. The old king had abdicated the throne, and Pagu now reigned over Mottland (the country of the motts). She had enough trouble on her hands to remember playing some children's games with one of her subjects.

Mux was at the cat flap before he knew it. He sneaked into the house carefully and rushed up the stairs quietly—well, his claw tapped lightly along the steps, but no one was going to hear it. The owners of the house were at work, and their children were at school. He heard the clamor coming from the wardrobe from afar. He felt uneasy and tooted barely audible. "Pull yourself together, Mux!" he said to himself.

He puffed himself up, smoothed his fur, and gently pushed open the door with his claw. Everyone hushed. Mux's best friend, Goula, shouted out, "Come on in, Muxie. We've been waiting for you!"

Mux looked around anxiously. Everything was as it had been in the old days. Pagu had barely changed or rearranged anything. Where was she? Was she late or just patiently watching her subjects gather in the theater hall from behind a corner? Goula pushed Mux forward. They were a bit late, and all the seats had already been taken. The theater hall held the important meetings, which every mott had to attend—it was the only place that was spacious enough to seat all 17,852 motts in their kingdom. (Of course, there are plenty of other mott kingdoms around the world, but we are interested solely in this one.) The gong was sounded, and the entire hall fell silent. Mux's heart began to beat madly. He fixed his eyes on the ground.

A soft voice interrupted the crowd. "My dear motts! I welcome you all!" Princess Pagu stood before the crowd.

Mux lifted his eyes and froze. God, she was so heavenly beautiful! She had sparkling, soft, white-and-pink fur; a claw colored in coral; and eyelashes that arched an endless rainbow whenever she blinked her eyes. Pagu didn't notice him while he stopped taking heed of what she was saying. He was mesmerized by her beauty. And, to tell you the truth, it was as if Mux really fell in love right at that moment. The poor thing!

“So that is why I wanted to see you,” Pagu finished.

“What? I didn’t hear anything,” Mux whispered to Goula. “What did she say?”

“Shh! She’s worried! People have become too gloomy and detached, and this affects the motts badly. Listen carefully, Mux!” Goula reproached his friend.

“This is a trend that has revealed itself over the last couple of years, my dear friends,” Pagu continued. “It seems that people no longer enjoy their days and the little things in life. They have become too preoccupied with the problems of everyday life. They withdraw into their shells. And we can’t show ourselves to them. We have to think of a way to encourage them to shake it out, to change, to forget about their problems—at least for a moment—and see how beautiful life actually is. Life’s so short for people—they have to enjoy it so that we are calm and happy as well and continue to live in peace and friendship. I ask you to be more kind and good to them, to look after them and help them whenever they need a piece of advice or a hug.”

Pagu suddenly fell silent. Mux saw that she was staring right at him. Yes, she was looking at him! Had she recognized him? Oh dear, did she remember him? He started shifting his little paws. Motts did that whenever they felt uneasy. He hadn’t felt so restless since the time he was thirty-six and stole a piece of yellow cheese from Dodie’s fridge. Dodie caught him instantly, and although he didn’t scold him, Mux knew he had made mischief. But he was still little back then. And now—why did he feel so uneasy now? Pagu stood frozen to the spot. She wasn’t shifting her paws, but her tiny muzzle trembled almost imperceptibly while her graceful eyelashes remained completely still.

She braced herself and resumed her speech. “I see a lot of gray and brown motts today, and I don’t like it. I will conduct private meetings with each one of you in the following month so that you can tell me about what’s going on around you. We can decide if we’ll have to change the home and family with whom you live. If you need any assistance, I’ll be at your service. I want us to be united and act together as always. I believe that you think the same.”

A loud roar of applause broke out. All motts loved the princess. They even worshipped her. There was only one mott that stood in the front row as if petrified. "Private meeting". The words echoed in his head over and over again, and his heart raced wildly. That mott was Mux.

Chapter 4

MUX TRIES TO FIND A SOLUTION

On his way back from the palace, Mux felt as if he were walking on air. It had been a long time since he felt so excited. Did Pagu remember him? What did she think about him? Why had she ceased talking so suddenly? And what plan could he prepare to make people happy? Poor Mux—he had been through a lot lately. He sat on a bench, dangled his tiny feet, fixed his eyes on his claw, and began to play nervously with the fur on his belly. Now and then, he would sigh heavily. If someone could have seen him now, that person would have said he was in love. Good thing he was invisible. He was thinking about going home to his wardrobe, cuddling in his favorite mohair sweater, and watching *Casablanca*. Every single mott totally loved that movie, for the classic love story, maybe, who knows. They owned some of the oldest copies, which they played on small portable players. Nobody knows where they got those from. What mattered was that this was kind of a ritual they enjoyed now and then.

"No!" Mux started suddenly, then shook his head and tried to overcome his melancholy mood. He stood up on the bench, puffed out his chest, cleared his throat, and solemnly said to himself, "I'll think of a way to save people!" Elated with this thought and having made up his mind to talk to Dodie, he ran straight home. The idea of meeting Bobo crossed his mind, but then he thought that he would need a little more time before he asked for his help.

He flounced into the apartment, slipped into the wardrobe quietly, and then started whispering: "Dodie, Dodie, Dodie!"

