

Typo & Skim

TOMÁŠ KONČINSKÝ DANIEL ŠPAČEK BARBORA KLÁROVÁ PETR ŠTĚPÁN



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Fig1

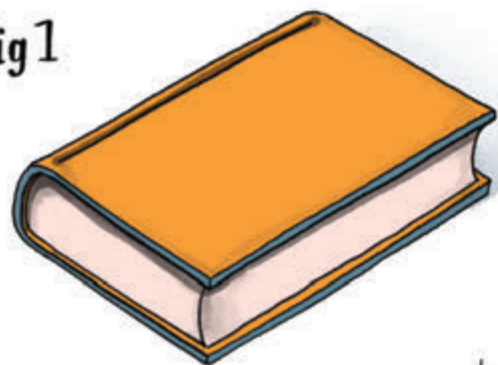


Fig2



Fig3

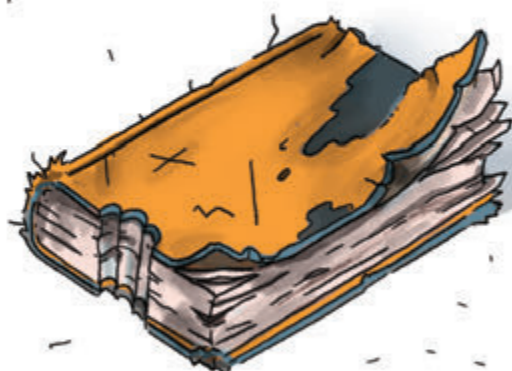


Fig4



1: Who

is

responsible

Have you noticed how things get older?

Of course you have - you can't fail to notice such things. A toy that was brand-new a moment ago is suddenly all scratched and falling apart. The T-shirt you wore for the first time yesterday suddenly has a hole in it, and the fun picture on it is losing its colour. That snack you forgot all about in your backpack a week ago - no, I'd better not write about that, some of you humans can be a bit touchy about food ...

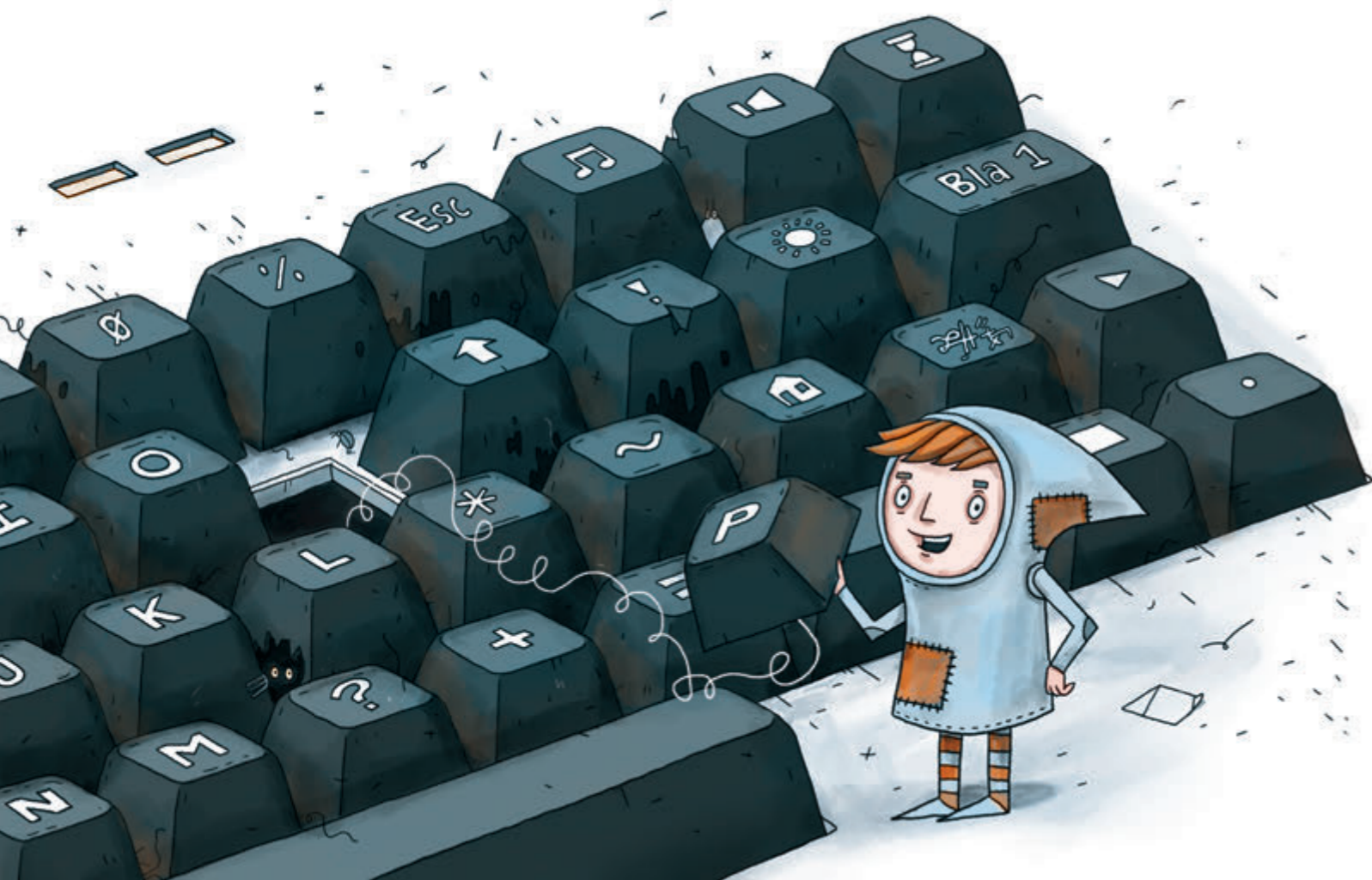
Quite simply, everything keeps getting older. This book, too, will age and age until one day it is in pieces. Who's responsible? You turn your back and stop paying attention for just a second, and what was shiny and new a moment ago suddenly gets old. Whose work is this?

Well, it's mine, let me tell you!

Not mine alone, of course. There are a few of us. Actually, there are rather a lot. To tell the truth, a great many. So who are we, and what do we do exactly? If you like, I can show you. Making things old takes oodles of work - in fact, you'd scarcely believe how much!



2: My name's Typo



Let me introduce myself.
My name's Typo.

I could write my name as Tpyo. Or Pyto. Maybe even Ptyo. Those are difficult to read and even more difficult to pronounce, but they're ever so funny! Why not try the same thing with your own name? You'll be amazed by how many forms it can take. Typos are terrific fun!

Anyway, back to me. I'm an entropic elf. You're probably thinking that an entropic elf has something to do with the tropics. But our name relates to entropy, which basically means mess-making. Professor Block (I'll tell you about him later) explains entropy in a very complicated way. But here's my simple explanation: Entropy is when you're playing memory and you can't find any pairs; not only that, the cards keep getting lost. These problems are actually in the rules of entromemory, and I should know because when we had an entromemory tournament at our school last year, I beat all-comers. I'm a whizz at losing cards! Anyway, entropy is the confusion and disorder you see all around you, which we entropic elves bring about.

I'm still only in the third grade at PSAT - the Primary School for Ageing Things. I may be young, but I help my dad with his work in the library. He takes me there once a week so I get some work experience. I'm looking forward to finishing school and being able to do work of my own without supervision. The internet and programming attract me far more than libraries, though. Dad's not happy about this: he's worked with books all his life, and he doesn't understand the first thing about computers. More than anything, he'd like me to latch onto some famous writer, because if I did, my work would reach readers all over the world. I understand that it's a big deal to have a typo in some terribly famous book, but I think it's just as cool to have one in a program used by ten million people. But Dad won't hear of this, so I keep going with him to the library once a week, where I'm responsible for typos and other mess-ups in books, newspapers and magazines. How do I work? Let me show you.

For instance, if what they mean to write in a newspaper is:

PRESIDENT TACKLES TEACHER

I get in there and make it into:

PRESIDENT TICKLES TEACHER

If the following is written in a book:

**THE DRAGON-SLAYER
WON HALF A KINGDOM.**

I make a little correction so that it reads:

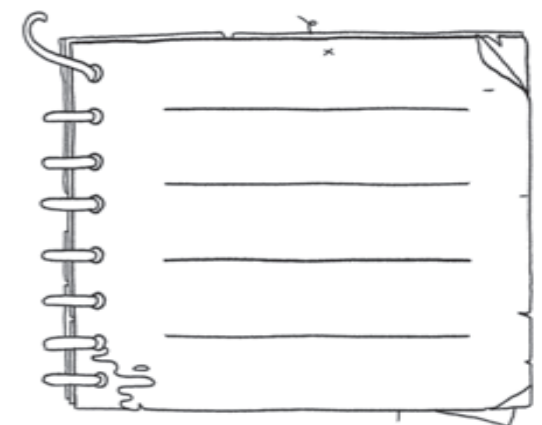
**THE DRAGON-SLAYER WON
A CALF A KINGDOM.**

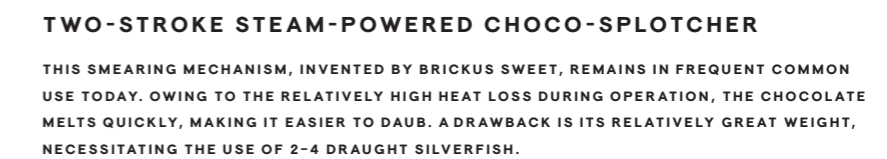
The kind of word I like best of all is:

WILLIMOTESWICK

Just imagine all the things I could do with that!
Do you know any words that complicated? If you do, please write them down on the notepad here.
I collect them, you see. Thanks a lot!

My dad says that I just fool around while he does all the important, serious work. But I think there's a good future in typos. Still, it's perfectly true that as Head of the Department for Book Ageing, Dad has to work very hard. Let me tell you something about that now.





THIS INNOCUOUS LITTLE CONTRIVANCE BY
AMERICAN INVENTOR E. A. T. KETCHUP HAS TRULY
REVOLUTIONIZED OUR ABILITY TO MAKE TOMATO
SPLODGES.

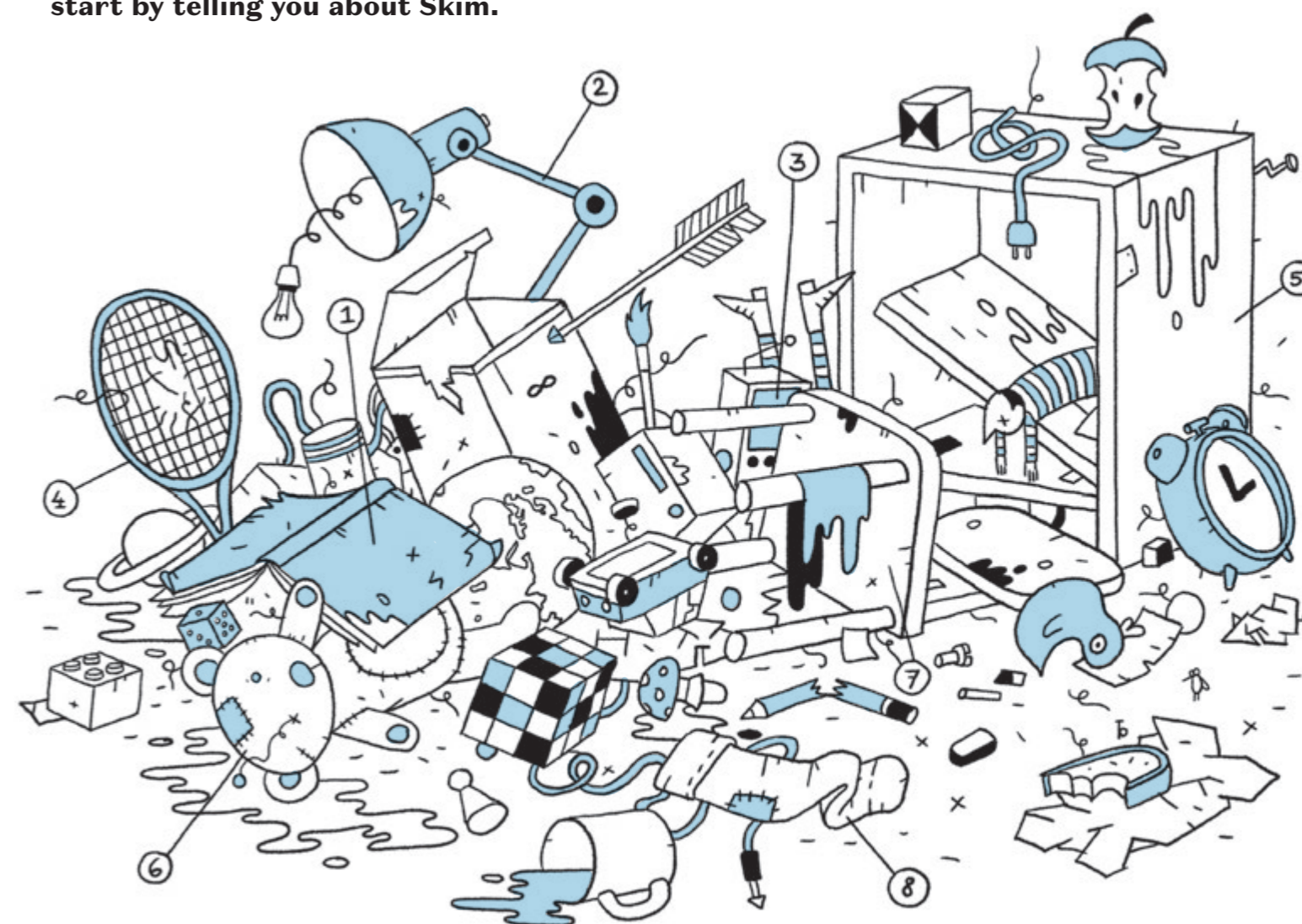


Dad and his colleagues know lots of really great ways to make an ugly new book look as a proper book should - with torn pages, dog-eared corners, smudges and so on; you know the sort of thing I mean from your own bookcase. Painters work day and night to make the ordinary white paper in a new book look lovely and dingy, either yellow or grey. They're helped in this by the corner-turners, hole-punchers and tearers, and sometimes too by the dunkers and letter-dissolvers. The snack team, who have their own division, make sure that every page has nice traces of food pressed into it. I just love their tomato stamps, their oil and grease atomizers, and most of all their choco-splotcher. It's up to my dad to inspect and manage everything. I wouldn't want his job, I can tell you - it's really hard work!

My mum works in the Department for Book Ageing too. She's in charge of the Fragrances Division. She works in a huge laboratory filled with vials, retorts and test tubes filled with dust, wet rot and all kinds of mould. She's a wizard at mixing these together! Have you ever noticed that every book has a slightly different smell? If not, pull a few books from your bookcase and have a sniff ... Now do you know what I mean? All this is my mum's work.

Although Mum is good to me, she's forever telling me where and how I should be making myself dirty, and what I need to tear or crumple. Sometimes this gets on my nerves. If I come home without at least a splodge of ice cream on my trousers, I'm in trouble. Also, I have to keep my room in a mess – woe betide me if I put my toys away in a drawer! Never try to tidy up in front of my mum – she can't stand it!

Now that I've explained what we're all about, at last it's time for me to tell you about the great adventure me and my best friend Skim had not long ago. It took us all the way to the great Cog of Time, which manages and controls the ageing of absolutely everything in the world. Have you ever heard of it? Entropic elves have legends about it, although no one has ever actually seen it. At least, they hadn't before I did ... But let me start by telling you about Skim.



ARRANGEMENT OF A CHILD'S BEDROOM: ATOM BOMB OPTION



lorem ipsum do
nte, mattis quis
sollicitudin dia
eleifend, magna
in sem. Proin
ex pulvinar. Cu
ula lobortis qui
ames ante ipsu
nullamioer ullam
quam egeconvall
placemat, aor metu
ulla facilisi. Susp
get orci mola
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lecta. diam se
at imperdi
Sed facilis
m porta, venenati
aliquet mattis. Sed
Etianl justo, lobortis non
Sus, urna imperdiet
or orci scelerisque tellus, eget venen
Vivamus hendrerit massa vitae lac
Donec maximus mollis

20

RM

SKORO KRYCHLE

Kapayy

