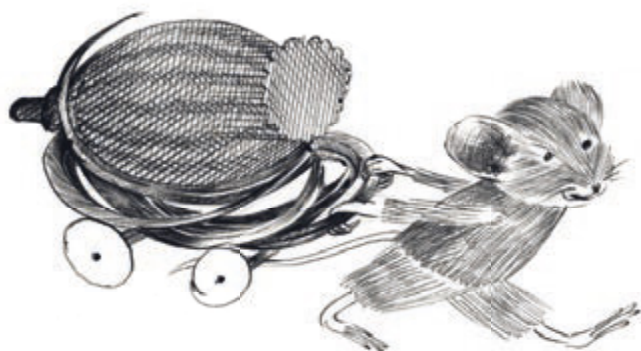


Field buddies



Jana Šrámková
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To Viktor Ber, my Hebrew teacher,
who was the first person I heard
speak about language



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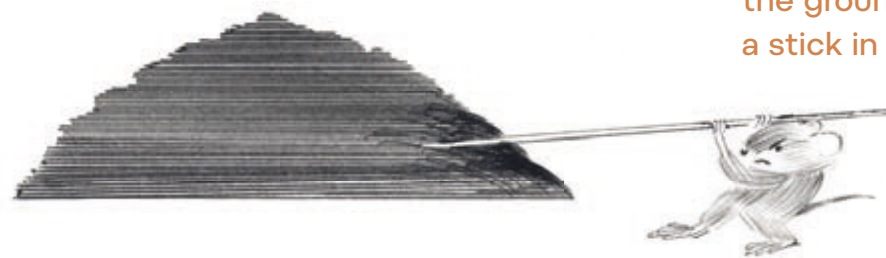
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Meet Dagesh.





Dagesh sits on
the ground, poking
a stick in a molehill.



Dagesh is a naughty boy. Who is
he naughty to? Almost everyone.
He makes mischief and gobbles
up whatever he can find.

Dagesh is a field mouse.

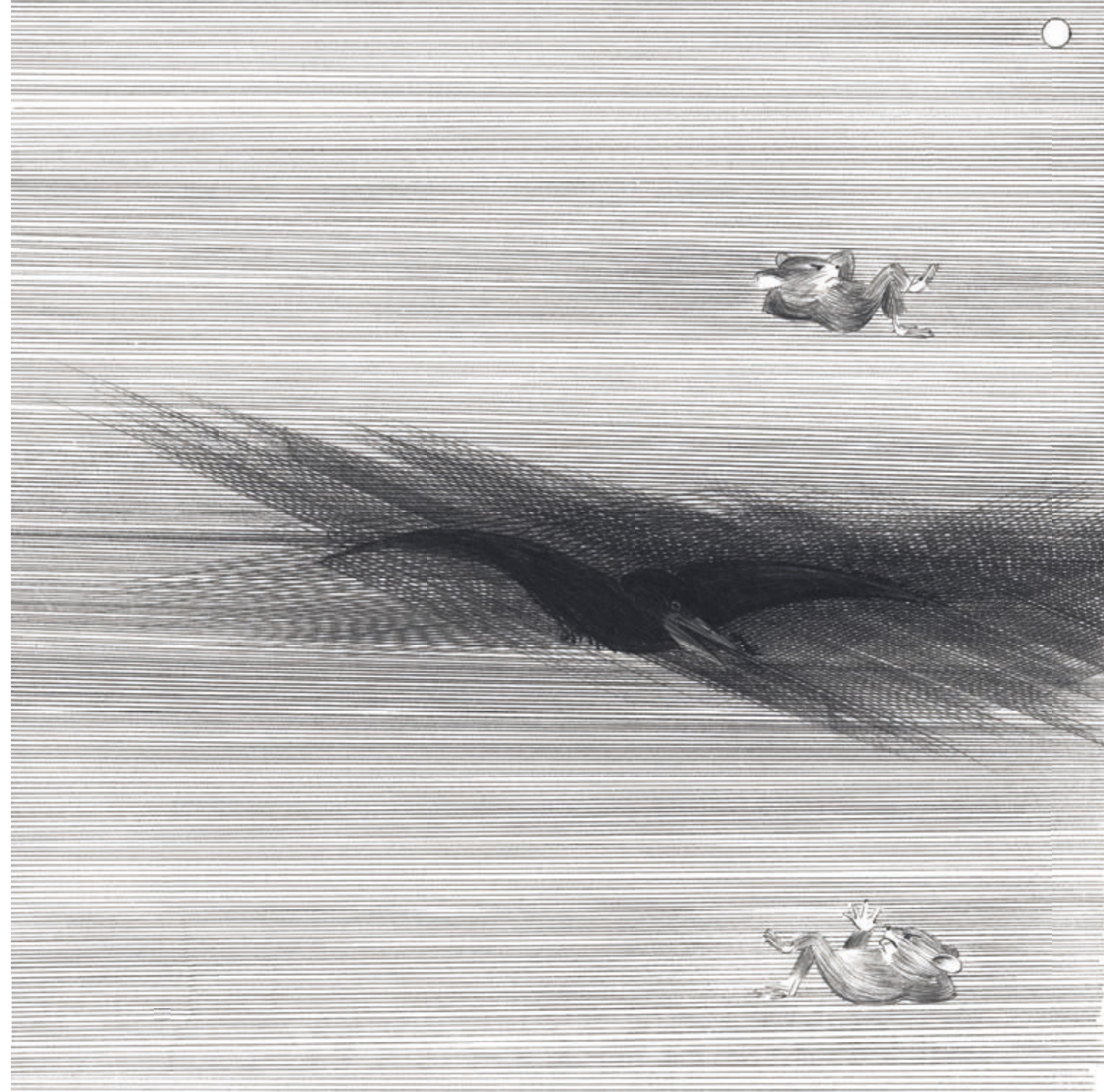
During the day, he has all kinds of fun. There's always someone to laugh at, someone with supplies to eat, and someone to bite on the thumb. During the day, he can act up all he likes. But at night-time Dagesh battles with boredom.

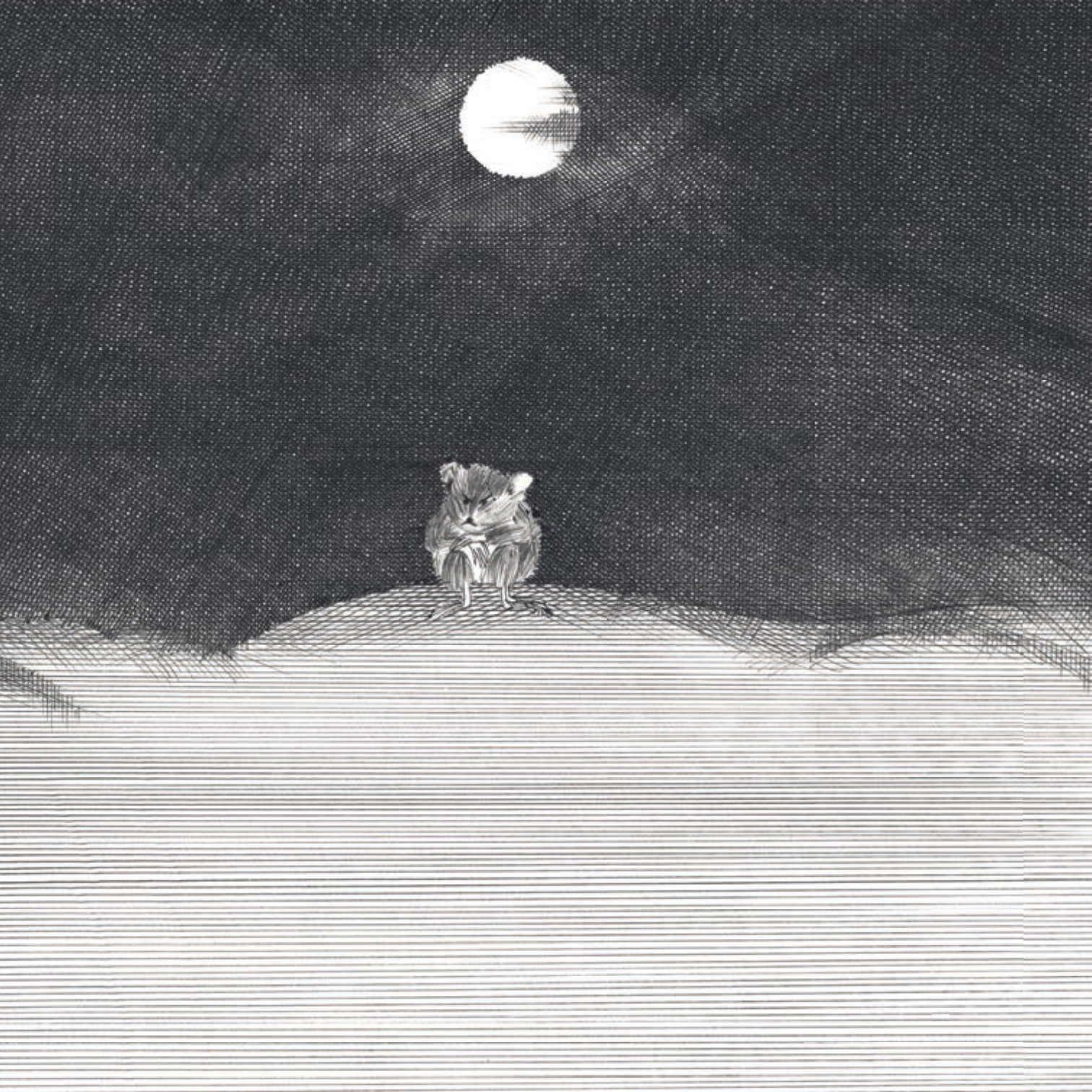
What now? Everyone else is tucked away at home, humming and playing cards. Sometimes they laugh and other times they read exciting stories. The sweet aroma of pumpkin soup wafts up from the dens in the hillside.

Only Dagesh is all alone. He stares up at the round moon, tugging on his whiskers.

"That's what you get! the crow caws, circling over the hushed field like a night watchman. If you weren't such a pain in the neck, you might have friends!"

What does Dagesh say to that?
He thumbs his nose at the crow.
And then? He goes on staring at
the moon, tugging on his whiskers.



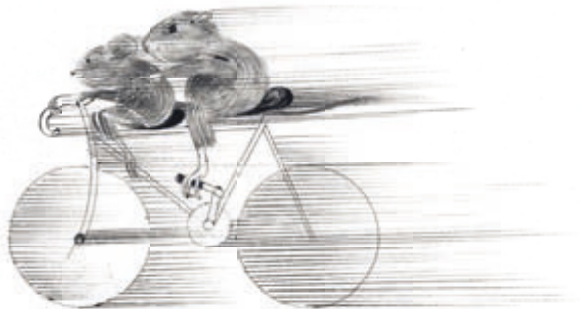


"Fine then," Dagesh decides after the crow has gone. He can't stand the silence. Starting tomorrow, he will turn over a new leaf. Instead of making fun of the other animals, he'll make friends with them.

But with whom? Everyone's already taken. And besides, as soon as they see Dagesh the field mouse, they zip inside their burrows. They all know what he's like.

It's night-time and Dagesh is all alone again. Even the moon is slipping away. What a pain in the neck.

**"You know, I don't think we're even
just playing any more," Dagesh
suddenly realizes one day.
"I think we're really friends."**



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