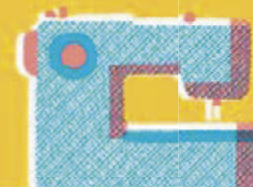


# THE GREATEST



WRITTEN BY  
ESTER STARÁ

# WISH



ILLUSTRATED BY  
DANIELA OLEJNÍKOVÁ



políčko





WHAT ABOUT THE TAG?!!

INCREDIBLE!

ANOTHER SHOW-OFF!

NO RESPECT FOR ANYTHING!

HAVE YOU HEARD YET?

DID HE REALLY HAVE ANY CHOICE?

UNBELIEVABLE!

IS SOMETHING GOING ON?!

HOW EXTRAVAGANT!

I CAN'T BEAR LOOKING AT IT!

UGH, WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

DON'T YOU HAVE SOMETHING BETTER TO DO?

THAT'S COMPLETELY BACKWARDS!

I LIKE IT.





# DON'T EVEN THINK OF IT!

ONE  
THE SAME  
AS ANOTHER

Where is all that light coming from? Is it morning already?  
That quick? Wow, it's really hot.  
Come on guys, don't push! The plush toy creature mumbled  
and elbowed its way upward.  
My, my, there sure are a lot of us. One the same as another.  
Nice and blue with a fleecy mane and a lovely tail.

"Who you pushing around, big shot?!" one blue pony yelled  
at the first blue pony. "Yes, I'm talking to you!"  
"Excuse me?" the small plush toy turned his head.  
"Get out of here, no one is interested in something like you,"  
another plush toy added of a summer azure colour.  
"But, wait..."  
"Didn't you understand me? Go crawl in a corner and don't  
show yourself any more!"



The sad, blue pony stood off to the side and sighed over his bad luck. He didn't even notice that the room had been filled with voices and rattling sounds. A warm touch brought him out of his thoughts. Somebody's hand grabbed him under the belly and brought him to the edge of a large table. "Aren't you a pretty thing!" a girl with curious eyes smiled at the pony and caressed him along his mane. "You've got a tag on your back, not on your leg like the others. As if you had packed a rucksack for a trip," she laughed and bent over her sewing machine.



Aha, so that's why they didn't like me! The blue plush toy realized and felt like calling out: Hey there, I'm here up on top! And where are you?! But when he saw all of the other ponies piled together on one huge mound, he lost interest in showing off.



# FRIENDS



"Our Li would just love you," the young dressmaker said once again. "She likes ponies the most. She calls one of them Spot and always carries it with her. At least I think she does. I'm not even sure when I saw my sister last. As soon as I get off work..." The girl stared off into space for a moment. Then she sighed silently and began to talk to herself, to perhaps drive away the sad thoughts.

"Spot is a plastic pony. Light with brown specks. When Li got it, she was so happy that she showed it off to all of the neighbours. She even showed it to the hens in the chicken coop. It's been dragged along so much that only the specks on its neck are still visible. But Li doesn't mind at all."

The blue pony could have listened to all the talk about Li and Spot for hours. Several hours later, after the machines had gone silent, the dressmakers had left and the rooms had gone dark, he was still wide awake. Would he ever be able to make someone that happy? What's it like to belong to someone? Will the girl with curious eyes talk again tomorrow? Did his tag look like a rucksack?







A PLUSH TOY HORSE TRAVELS ACROSS THE OCEAN FROM FAR-AWAY ASIA TO A LARGE CITY IN THE CENTRE OF EUROPE. THE TRIP IS LONG AND FULL OF UNUSUAL MEETINGS. THE BLUE HORSE HOPES HE WILL FIND SOMEONE AT THE END OF HIS JOURNEY WHO WILL LOVE HIM, WHO WILL BECOME HIS FRIEND. WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?

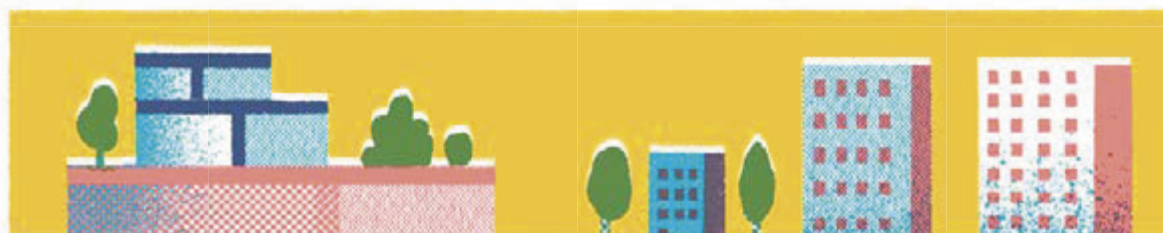


VARANTY



The book *The Greatest Wish*, written by Ester Stará and illustrated by Daniela Olejníková, came about in cooperation with the organization Člověk v tísni o. p. s. (People In Need) as part of the international project Global Schools. The goal is to acquaint children with selected global themes and encourage discussion about the contemporary world.

Teachers, and anyone else, who explore beyond the border of the book will appreciate the methodology involving specialized prepared activities linked with the stages of the horse's journey. The methodology is available free of charge at [www.varianty.cz/nejvetsiprani](http://www.varianty.cz/nejvetsiprani).



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