

Ester Stará
Milan Starý

The House Beyond the Mist

The book you ~~can~~ draw in
HAVE TO



The room looked deserted. Thomas instantly noted its typical smell, which he would have recognized anywhere. It was Saturday, the usual day for visiting his friend. She lived in the same house. Thomas was well aware of what the boys would say if they knew he spent the morning with a girl, two years younger than him and all. But so what? It's definitely lots more fun with her! He might even have got angry inside if his thoughts hadn't been cut off by a simple question: "How long are you going to keep standing there? I've almost suffocated!" Still in her nightdress, Agnes dragged herself out from beneath the quilt. Her long hair had not yet seen a comb that day.



“What shall we get up to today then?” his friend asked as barefoot she ran to the window and opened it wide.

“Oh wow!!! Come and have a look! That is too much!”

Thomas leapt to the window and was awestruck. Outside it was white. Completely white!

The pavements, roads, buildings, trees, cars and people had disappeared. Even the air had vanished. There was nothing but white milk all around, white nothingness.

“I’ve never seen mist like that before,” he said, staring into the emptiness.

“Hmm, that is very odd mist,” Agnes agreed, standing by the window sill. “Heavy, thick, full and absolutely everywhere.” Then she made her first, rather hesitant step... out into the whiteness. A happy smile flitted across her face, and she immediately set off running. “Come on, Tom, don’t be afraid! It’s great!”



Am I dreaming?! Or have I gone completely mad?! Thomas thought feverishly. It sure is fun with Agnes, but this is going a bit too far. Surely she doesn't expect me to go with her? Questions ran through his head like lightning flashes on a stormy horizon, and he was seized by panic, particularly when he realized that he too was standing at the window sill – with a bow across his shoulder!

“How long are you going to keep standing there?” The question that he had already heard once that morning came at him from out of the endless whiteness.

I'm not as crazy as Aggie is, but I'm not yellow either. Thomas shot an arrow from his bow, or to be more precise, an anchor that was attached to a rope. He held his breath, and before he breathed out again, a heavy clatter sounded from somewhere on the other side. He pulled the rope, tied the end of it firmly to the radiator under the window and set off after his friend, like a tightrope walker.



“Just another three steps. See, you acrobat!” Agnes greeted him. He stood at a large window that was quite similar to the one he had left. “Take a look,” she leant into an unknown room, “Shall we go inside then?”

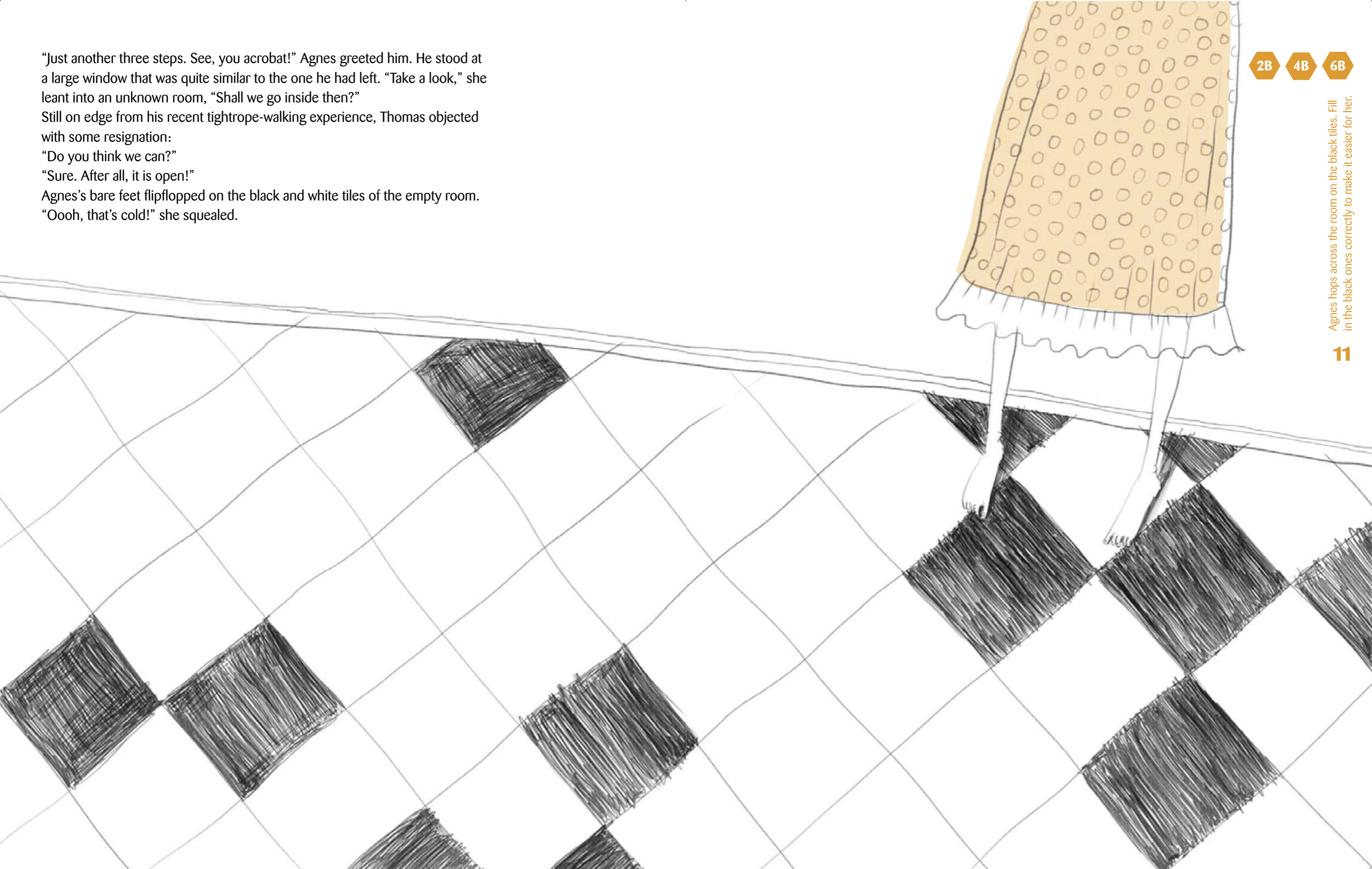
Still on edge from his recent tightrope-walking experience, Thomas objected with some resignation:

“Do you think we can?”

“Sure. After all, it is open!”

Agnes’s bare feet flipfopped on the black and white tiles of the empty room.

“Oooh, that’s cold!” she squealed.

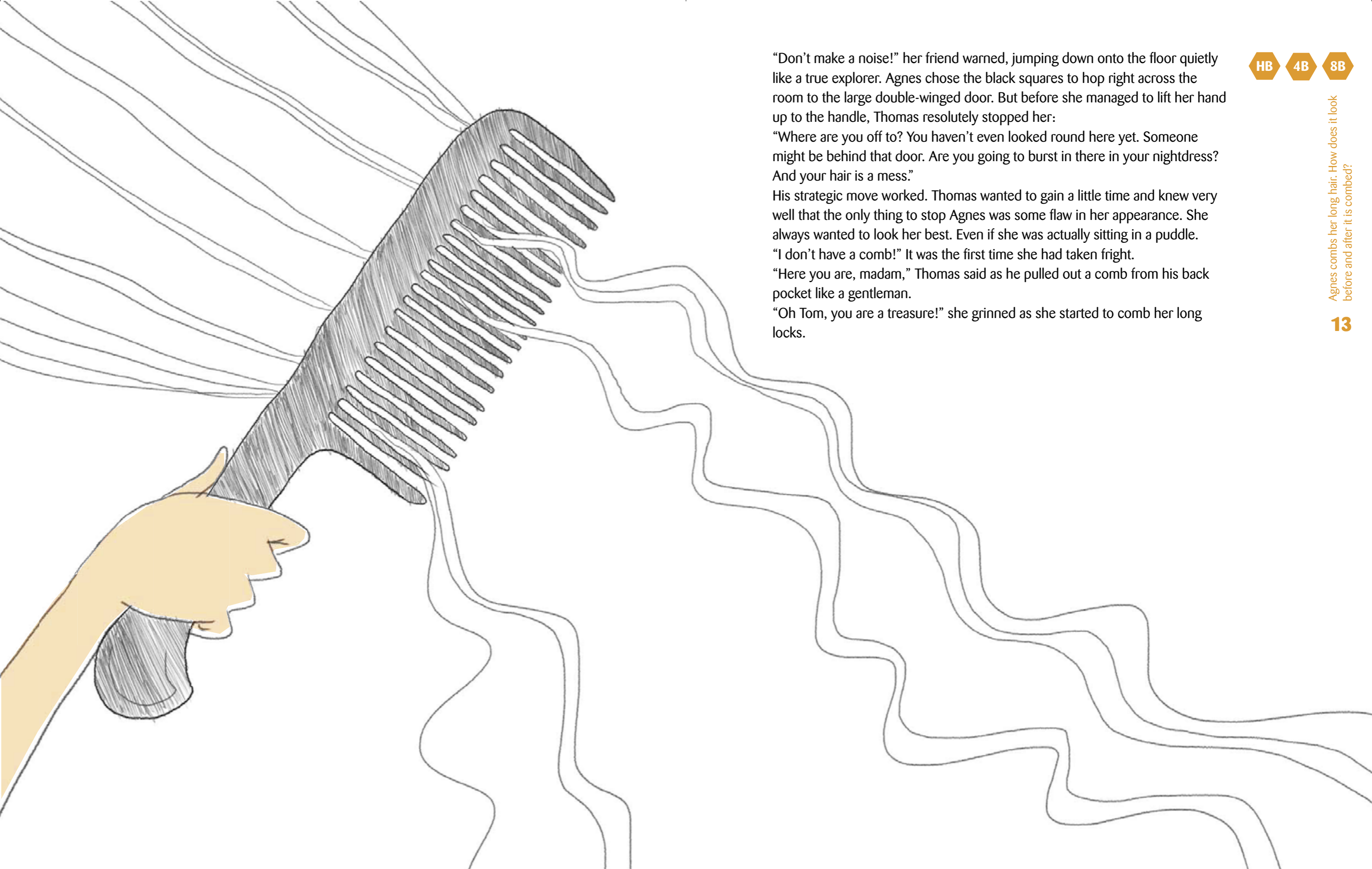


2B

4B

6B

Agnes hops across the room on the black tiles. Fill in the black ones correctly to make it easier for her.



“Don’t make a noise!” her friend warned, jumping down onto the floor quietly like a true explorer. Agnes chose the black squares to hop right across the room to the large double-winged door. But before she managed to lift her hand up to the handle, Thomas resolutely stopped her:

“Where are you off to? You haven’t even looked round here yet. Someone might be behind that door. Are you going to burst in there in your nightdress? And your hair is a mess.”

His strategic move worked. Thomas wanted to gain a little time and knew very well that the only thing to stop Agnes was some flaw in her appearance. She always wanted to look her best. Even if she was actually sitting in a puddle.

“I don’t have a comb!” It was the first time she had taken fright.

“Here you are, madam,” Thomas said as he pulled out a comb from his back pocket like a gentleman.

“Oh Tom, you are a treasure!” she grinned as she started to comb her long locks.

“Shall we?” Thomas enquired.

“Just a moment,” the lady of fashion giggled and took a colourful headscarf that had been thrown over the backrest of an armchair in the corner of the room. She wound it round her waist and slipped into some nearby shoes. There was no doubt they were waiting for her in particular. “Just borrowing them.” And she was ready. Now she just had to turn the handle.

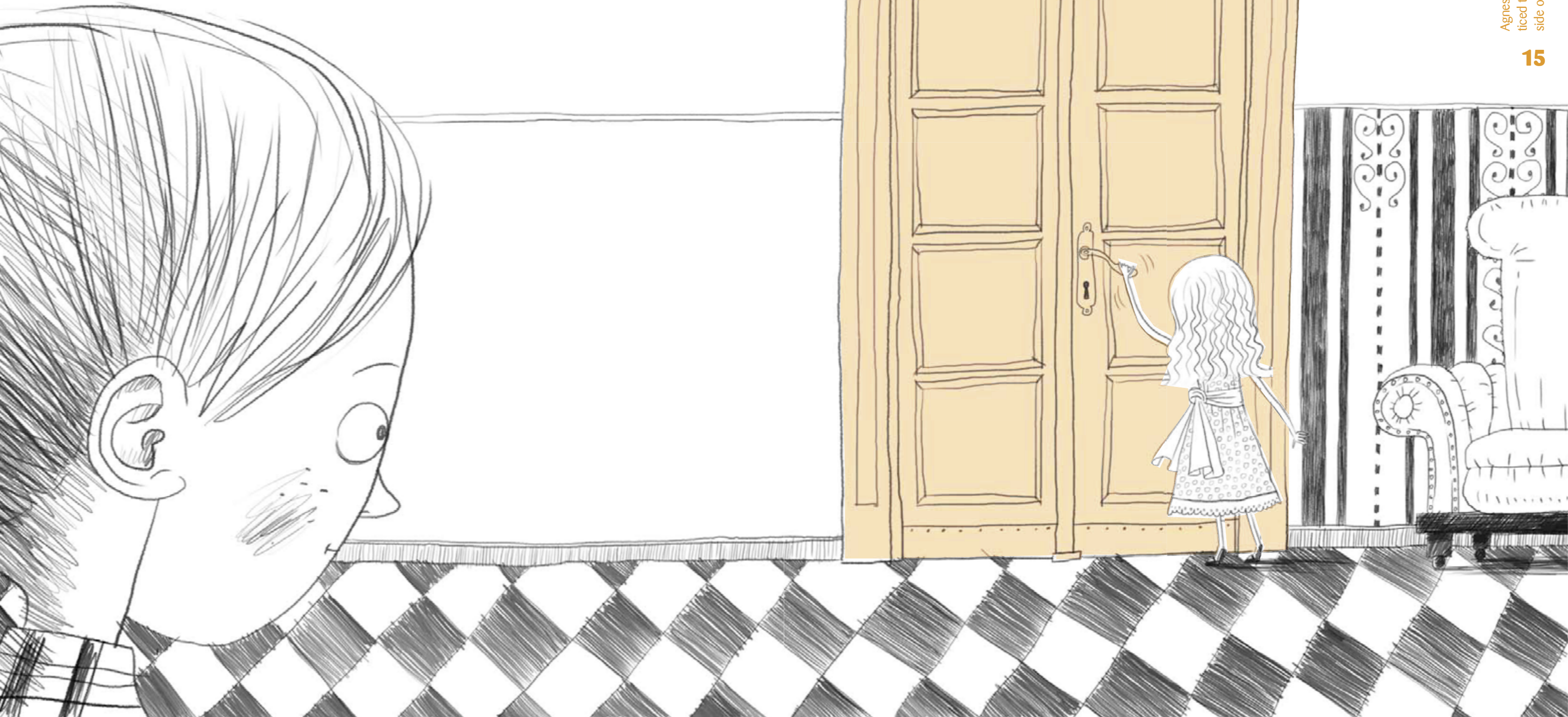
HB

2B

8B

Agnes leaves the room. Has she noticed the beautiful wallpaper on either side of the door at all?

15



Immerse yourself in the poetic tale of Agnes and Thomas – and follow them round the mysterious house beyond the mist. You're about to meet up with the rather strange people who live there, and what they look like is entirely up to you. Likewise, you can have an effect on what the children see around them and on whether or not they perform the task which they receive at the end of the book. Don't hesitate – fill in the incomplete illustrations. Be a joint artist. You'll be trying out the various drawing techniques described in the book. Use the KOH-I-NOOR pencils that come with the book to make it really unique.



ISBN 978-80-87506-49-3

