

MARTINA ŠPINKOVÁ

# Mystery



Cesta domů



Do babies dream in their  
mummy's tummy?

Can anyone really tell good from evil?

Who thought us up anyway?

How is it that fish can make perfect circles?

Why is it that lobsters can grow a new  
claw but we can't grow a new hand?

Can God know each and every one of us?

Some things are just puzzles and we can figure them out.  
Some things are a mystery. Mysteries aren't for figuring out.  
Perhaps we can explore them just a little...

What happens

when we die?

Do ants know where the others are  
and where they're going and why?

What's inside this earth we walk on?

How can the ocean whisper

in a sea shell?

Where do we hide  
our secrets?



In the beginning we're all hidden away.  
Mummy has a mystery tucked away  
inside. She knows some things: for  
instance, that baby inside isn't wearing  
a hat. But she doesn't know everything.

What does baby know about us  
on the outside? Does she know what  
we're doing now? And that we can't  
wait to meet her? What's going  
on in her mind?

That's her mystery.





Out of all the people in the whole wide world how did Mum and Dad end up meeting and making a life together?

How does

love come into  
the world?

How does it get into people?  
And why does it sometimes leave?





We're alive, we have a body and a soul.  
Maybe that's why mystery comes to us.  
A robot is a thing, it's not alive, even if  
it looks like it is. It can do lots of things  
better than us. Can it think at all?

Maybe, but it has no

Perhaps that's  
also why it has  
no mystery?





Living beings are full of mystery.  
Take people: they play, build, make  
things, look after animals and plants,  
write books, sing, cook. In the end they  
die. Why? And where do they go?

Where do we come from?



We don't know.  
Maybe these mysteries  
are waiting for us somewhere.  
When we die, they'll look at us  
and say, "You see, that's how it is."

What happens next?





Mystery.

Often we don't even notice that  
mysteries are part of our lives.  
Only when they fly away do we realize  
that they were here at all.

