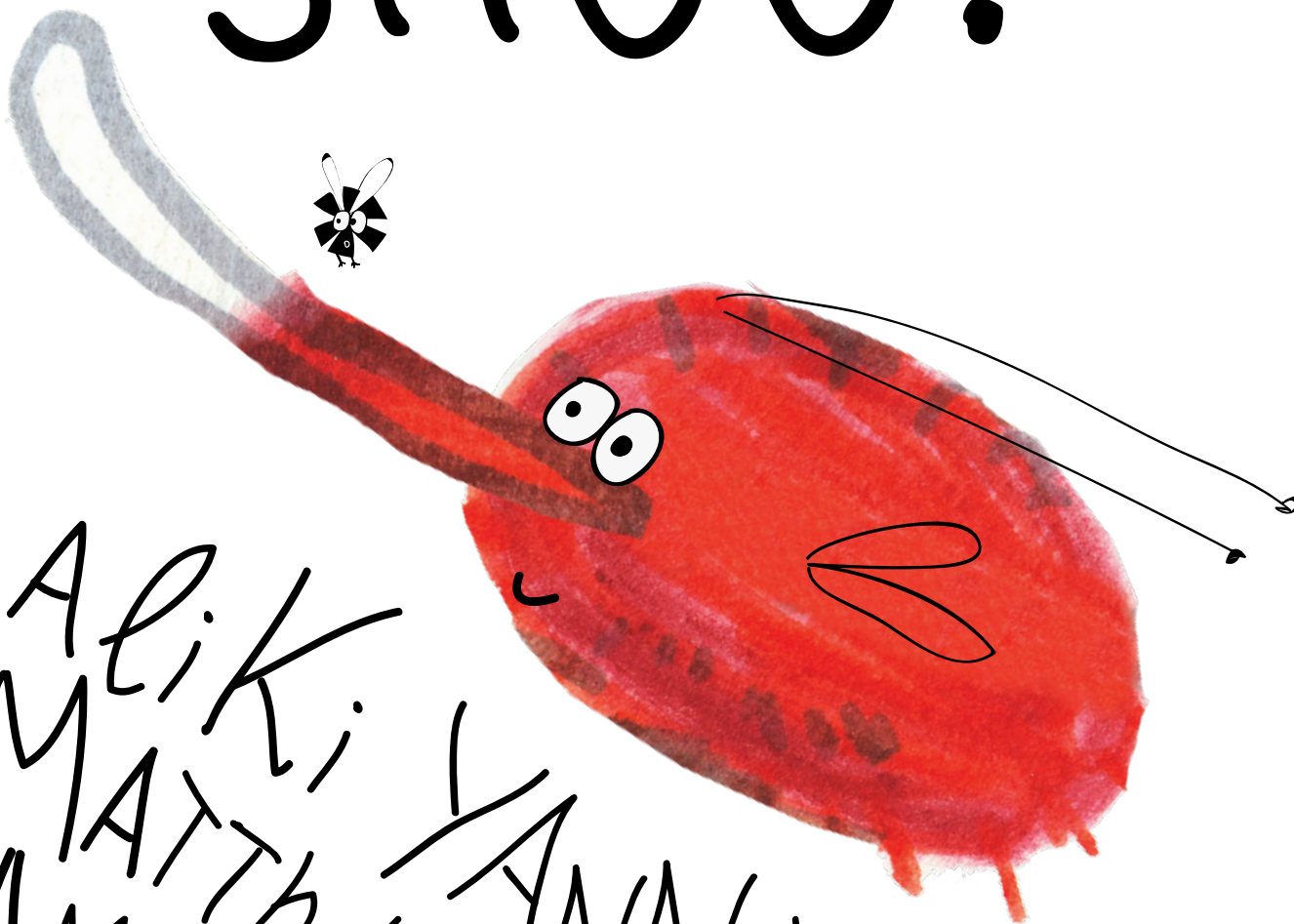
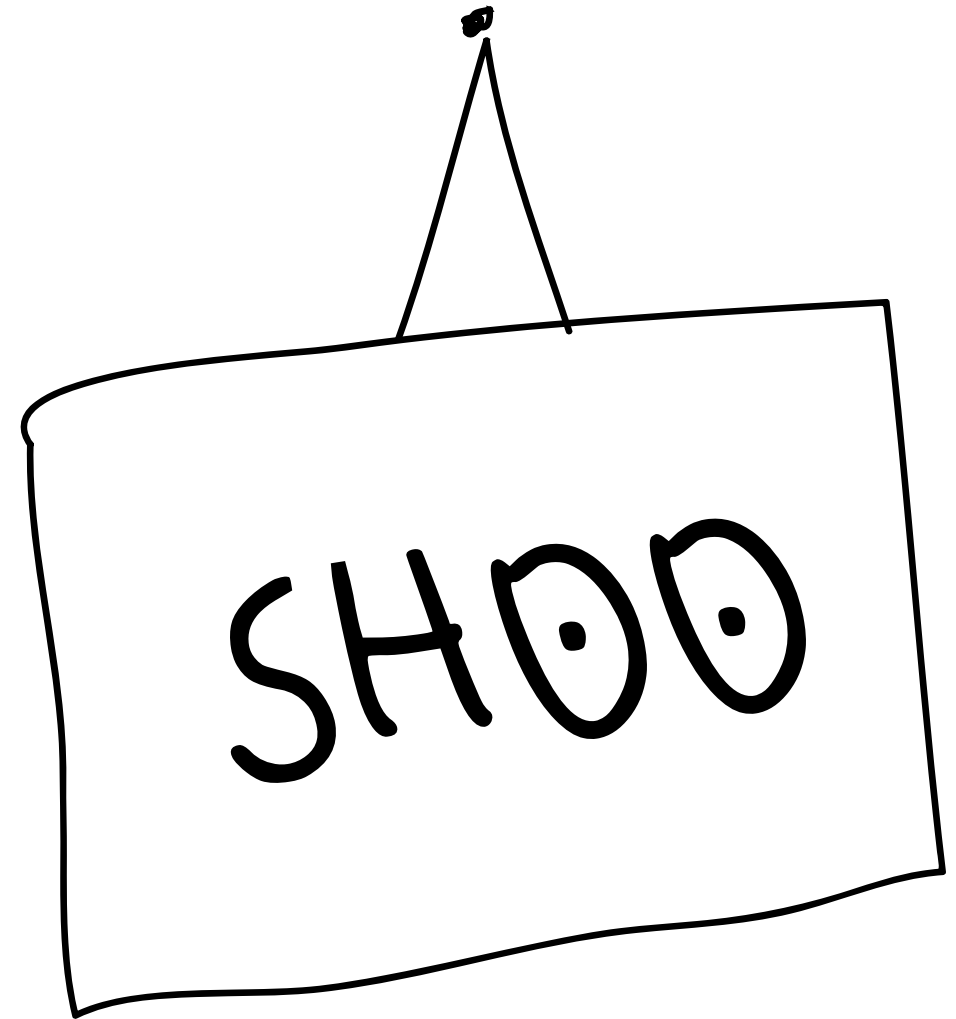


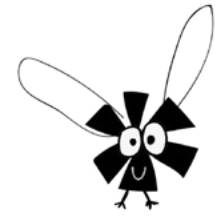
# SHOO!



Alik  
MATTHIAS  
AMANTHIOS YINNAKI  
illustration:  
Stella DIMITRAKOPOULOU







Once upon a breezy morning,

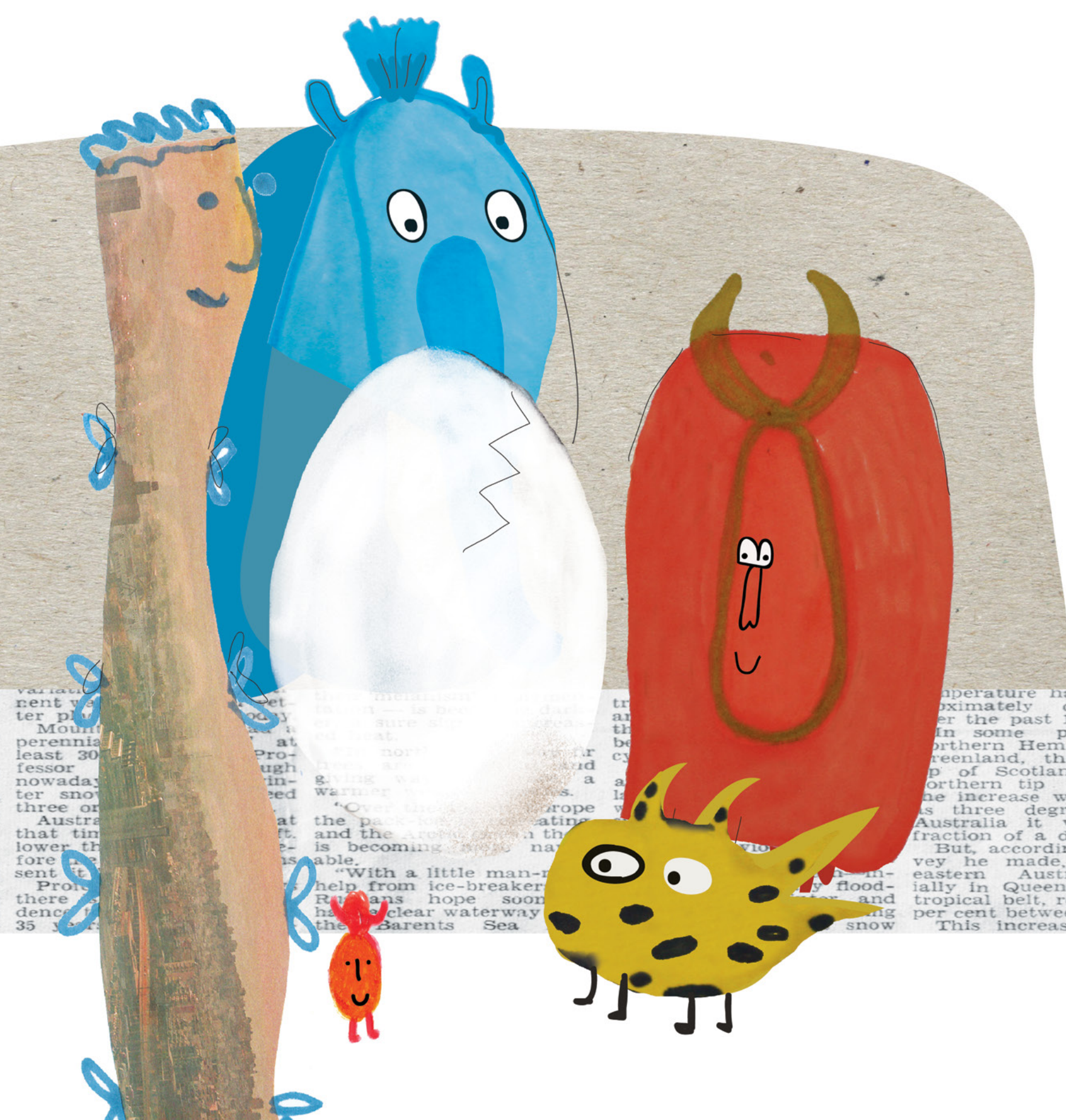
# a WOOLLY MOTH

jumped off his bed.

Cheerful he was and excited,  
the playground buzzing in his head!

He washed his face clean of sleep  
and combed his shell with a brush.  
After he polished his long nose,  
he flapped his wings in great rush.





Hold on a second, let's go back, to explain  
who is who and what is what.

"What kind of creature looks like that?", you ask.

"Are you just talking through your hat?"

In times long past,

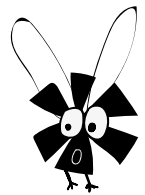
when mammoths

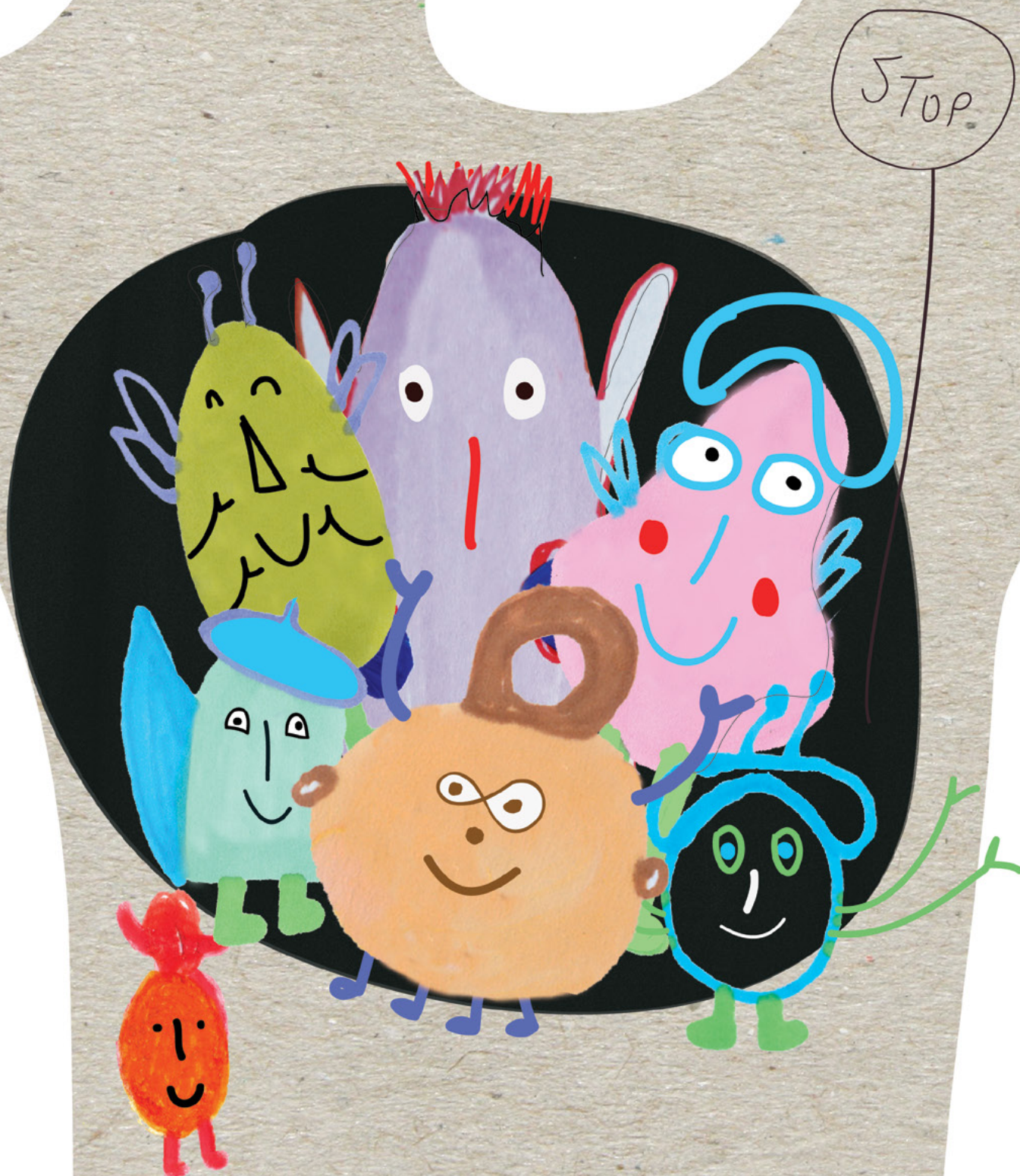
still walked across the earth,

a huge egg popped and Shoo came out

- a truly awesome

# BIRTH!





During our chat, Shoo had arrived,  
spreading joy along the way.  
He landed like a clumsy plum,  
but this could never spoil his day.

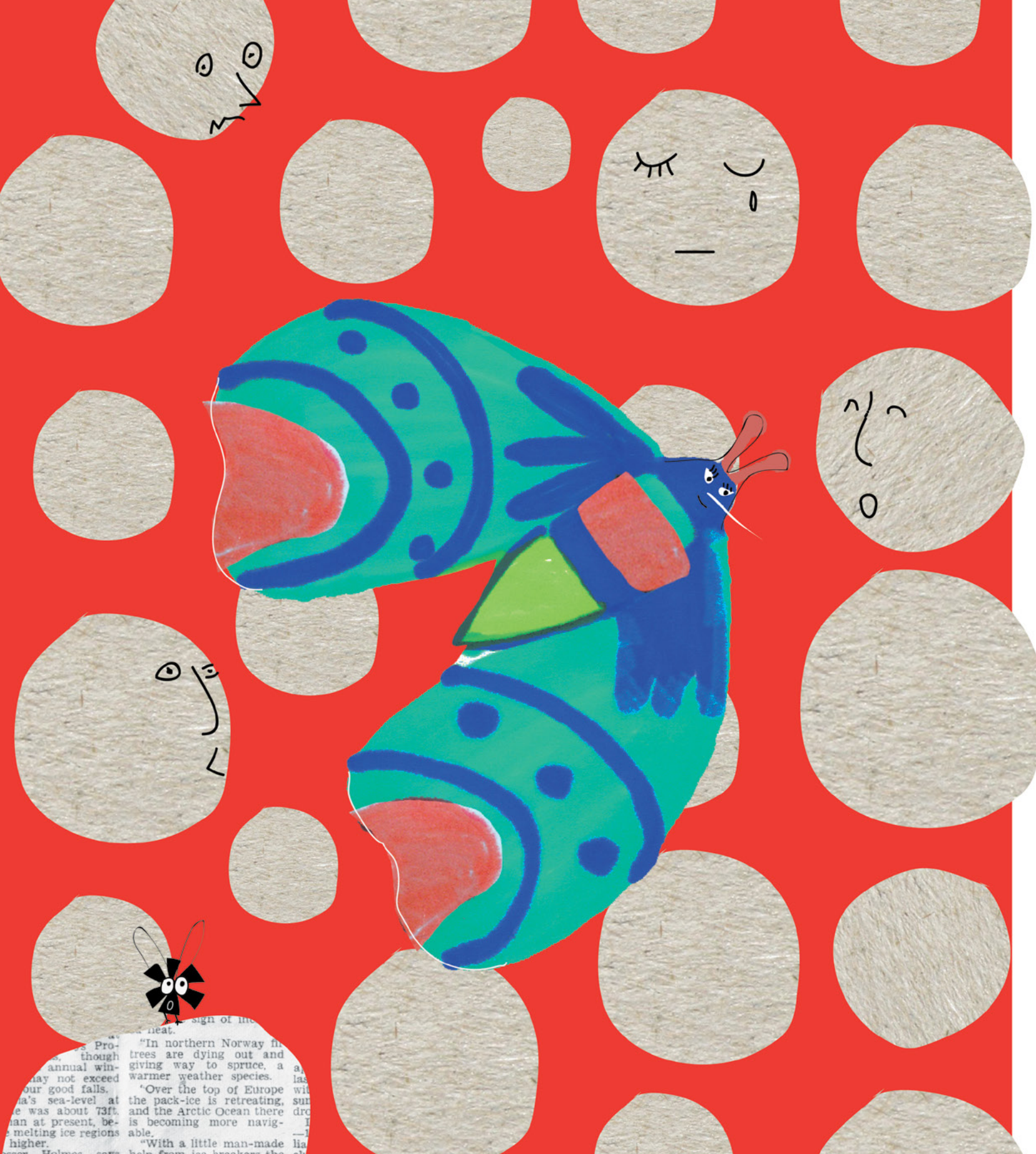


This lovely park looked like no other!  
It lay inside a pine tree's hollow.  
All kinds of

# INSECTS

played in there,  
and Shoo was sure to follow.





He saw a butterfly named Lily.

"My new best

FRIEND!

he thought at once.

She sipped on tasty flowers

as Shoo moved closer with a prance.

She only glanced at him and said:

"Sorry, my dear, but you should go."

"Nectar requires a fine nose,

and you have no such thing to show!"



Shoo moved away quietly, searching for someone new to play. He saw a ladybug, named Hope.

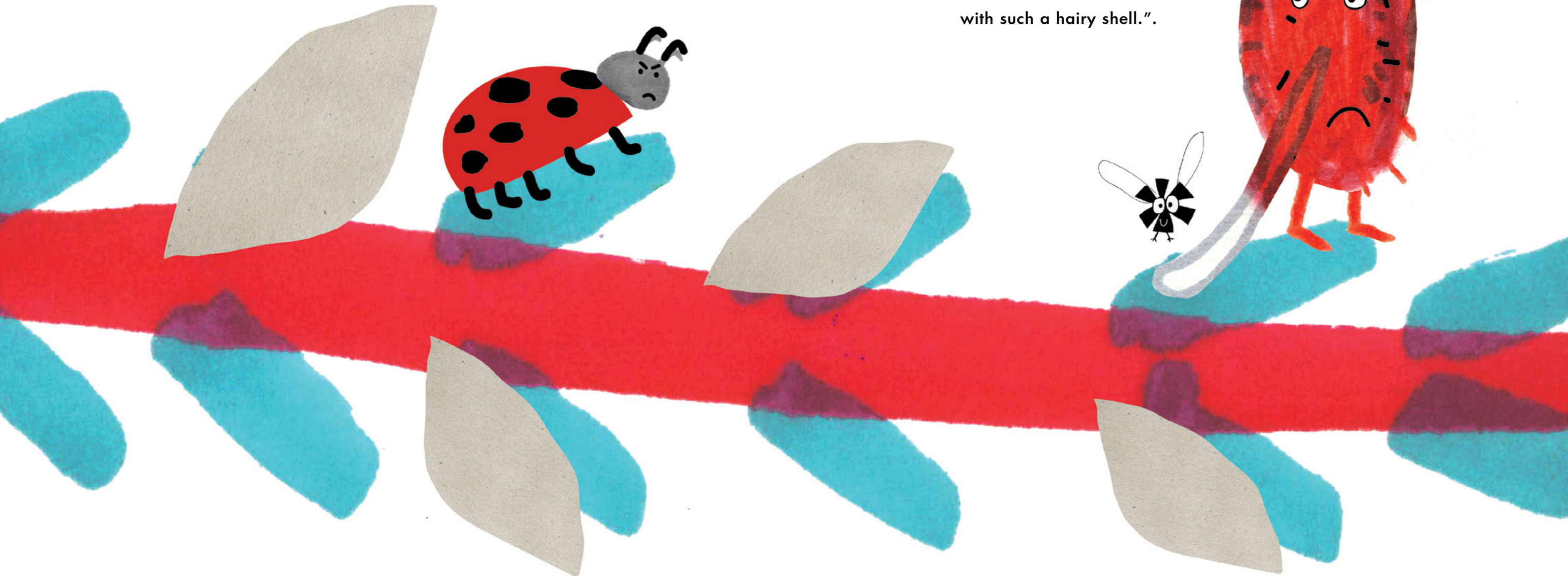
"Let's slide", he said,

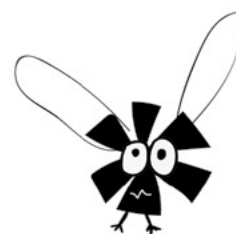
OH!YAY!

"Don't even think about it!"

said Hope," It wouldn't go well"

"You wouldn't slide fast enough with such a hairy shell.".





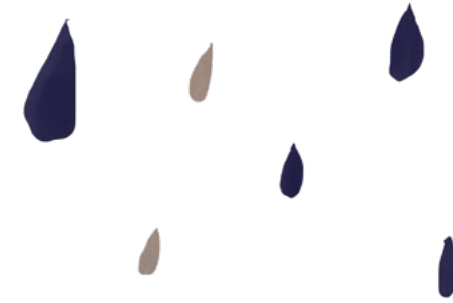
Shoo gave no reply;  
he looked around for  
a new friend to

FIND.

A dragonfly, called Felix,  
flew on by. Perhaps  
he wouldn't be unkind?

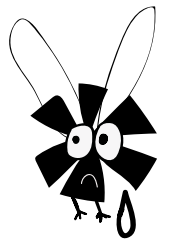
The woolly moth flew close to him,  
yet Felix was quick to turn him down:  
"You can't race me;  
you're too heavy.  
Stop it now, don't be a clown!"





Tearful and

# GLUM,



Shoo took slow steps towards the gate.  
He'd never thought this park  
could be anything but great.

The wind howled and Shoo panted,  
dragging his feet along the snow.  
Was there a black cloud above his head  
or over his heart's glow?

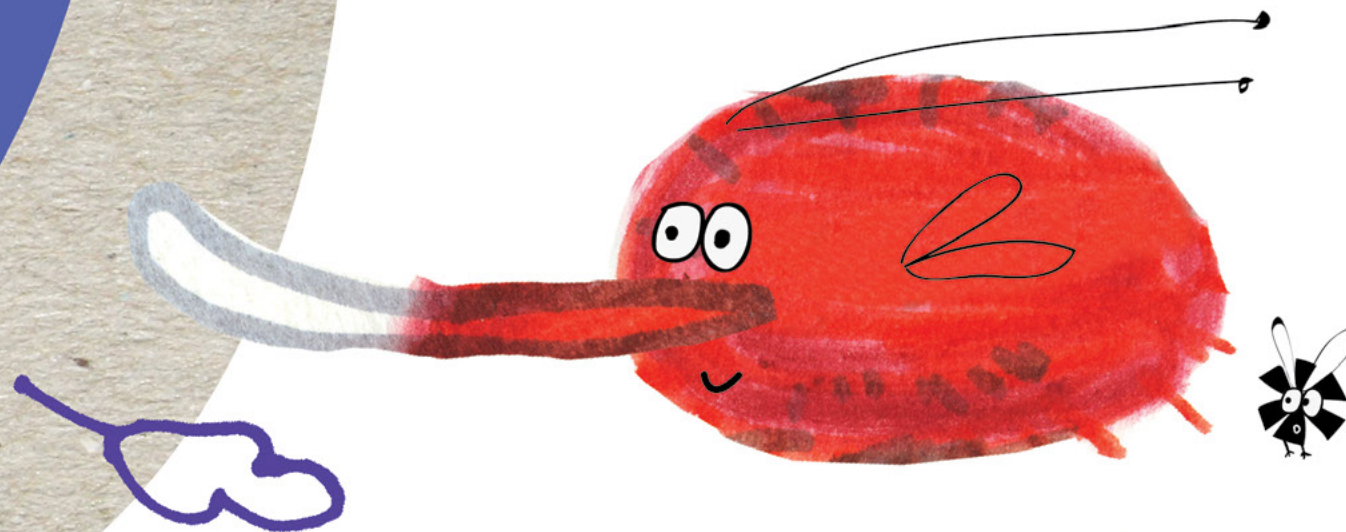


And then a sudden, loud “CRACK!”,  
changed the story’s flow:  
A branch, heavy with ice,  
snapped and landed hard upon the park below.

The bugs were very scared and yelled  
“somebody

# HELP

us out!” The woolly moth came  
to their aid – he had no fear or doubt.





The snowstorm was furious!  
No other bug would stand a chance.  
But thanks to his weight, Shoo cut through it like a lance!

The gate was stuffed with icicles!

SHOO

had to dig and crawl.  
His fur kept off the biting cold  
– he didn't feel it at all!

The bugs were trapped behind a wall of needles,  
twigs and ice.  
Shoo brought it down at once,  
with but a nose-slam so precise!



**"Still want to play?", they asked.**

for what we said before!"

**“Of course!” he’d say,  
but he was spent  
– his only answer  
was a snore!**



If it's company you seek,  
my friends, hop on a time machine  
and travel to the past.

**\*SHOO**

will be waiting  
for you there, to play  
(or snooze) and have a blast!

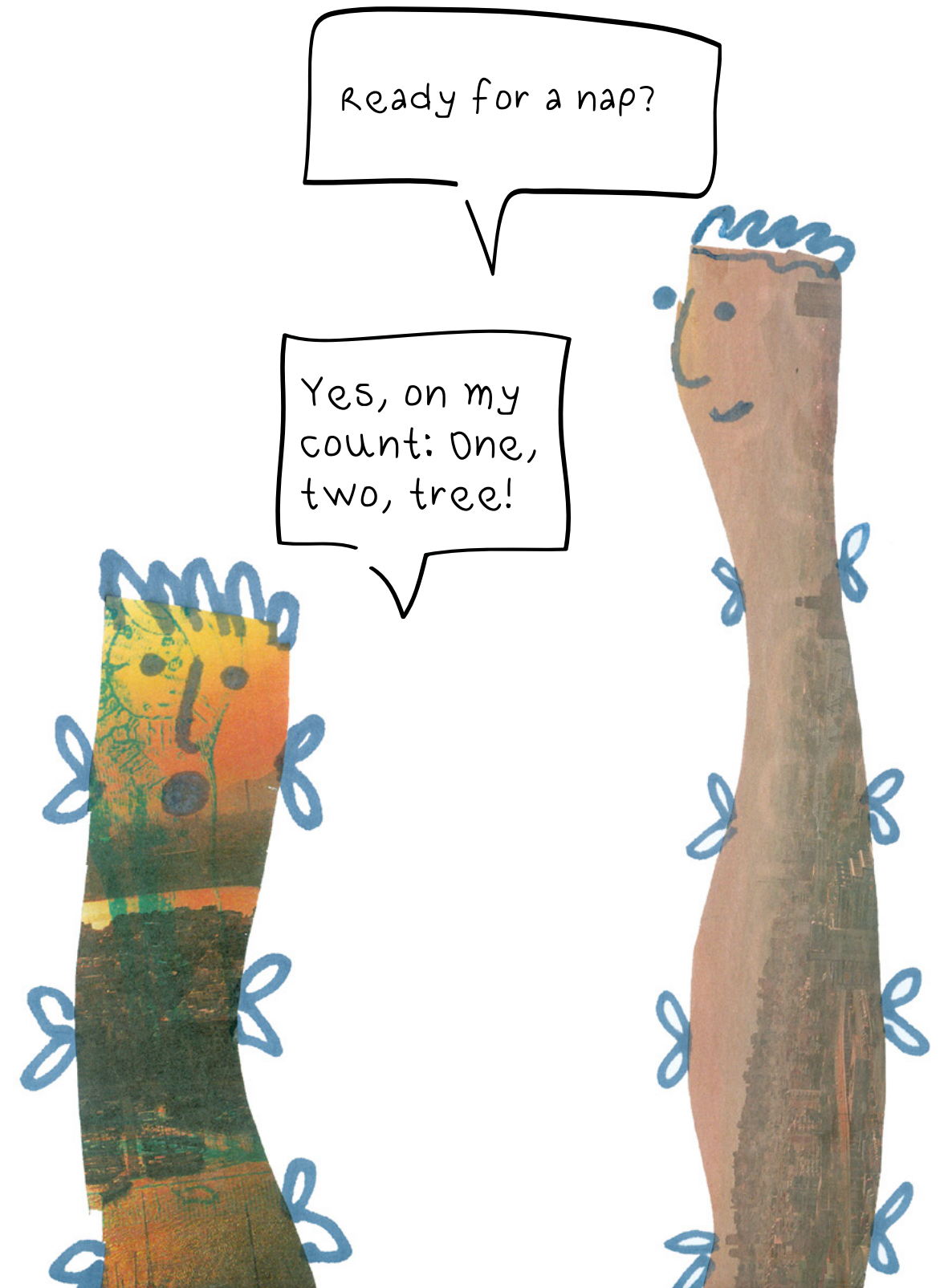


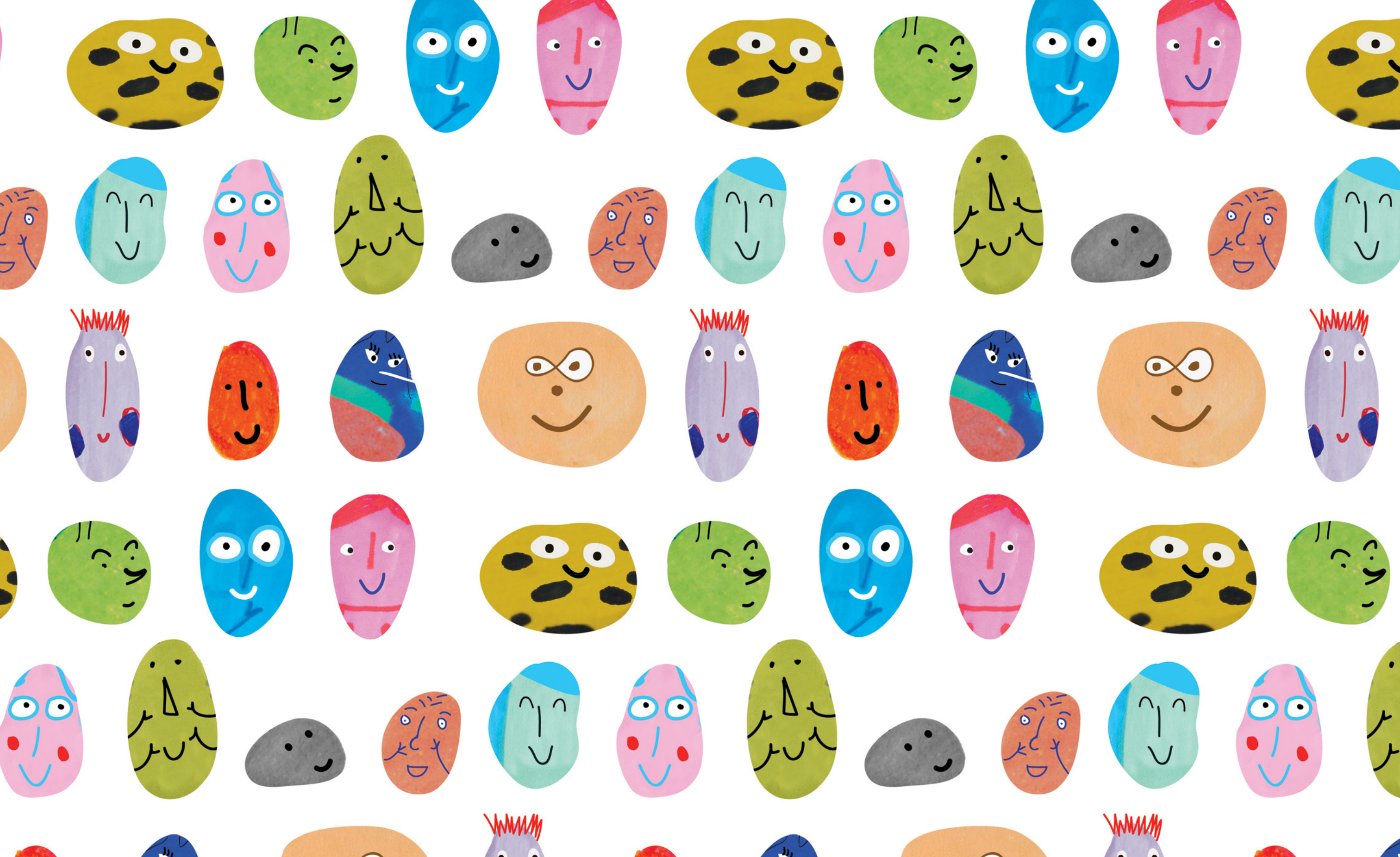
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Illustration, Lettering: Stella Dimitrakopoulou





He had a vivid, hairy shell.

Instead of tusks,

PALPS!



And though he lacked

a certain grace,

he was sweeter

than a litter of pups.