



<artistic books for children>



Welcome



Wydawnictwo iKropka is a publishing company based in Warsaw, Poland, involved in the creation and distribution of original, artistic children's books.

The company was founded with the love of books, love of children, passion for illustration and design, caused by a real need of creativity.



Our mission is to creatively enrich imagination of children, and encourage children to explore the world of art.

We care about the quality of our artistic and editorial publishing, promoting good aesthetic practice.

Publishing first publication appeared on the market in December 2012 and is titled "The Mess".





Let us
introduce
our debut book
titled **"The Mess"**







"The Mess" presenting a story of a real hero Mess who become a common friend of the one family. Each of us had a chance to meet Him. Perhaps not everyone have understand Him.



Why has He settle in our home?

Where did He came from?

Who has found a common language with him?

Is He really harmful?

How to deal with Him and can you live normally when He is around?



For these and other questions the answers can be found in the richly illustrated story with a education value titled " The Mess".

By this book we want to offer parents a helpfull tool how to tame a mess and teach children how to deal with disorder. We would also desire to creatively develop the imagination of children by the rich, original illustrations.





Przed wyjazdem
na wakacje tata poszedł po walizki.
Pewnie wtedy bałagan
wykorzystał zamieszanie,
zaplątał się między torbami
i wjechał z tatą windą
na górę.





Babcia ze śmiechem wspomina, jak **grabie**
zapodziały się w ogrodzie.
Leżały zupełnie niewidoczne między kwiatami.
O mały włos, a dziadek nabiłby sobie guza.
Od tamtej pory chowamy
narzędzia w szopie za
drzwiami. Już nikt ich nie
nadepnie, gdy gramy
w piłkę.

WYDAWCA: WYDZIAŁ WYDAWNIWI I KSIĘGARNI WARSZAWY



Nawet nie wiecie,
jak bardzo podoba mu się w kuchni.

**Ciągle zagląda do
zlewu i chłapie
dookoła.** Wysypane płatki •

z pudełka, rozlana herbata,
pomieszany cukier z solą.
Dlatego każdy z domowników, nawet
moja starsza siostra, raz w tygodniu
ma dyżur w kuchni. Mój jest we
wtorki. Zmywam talerze i wyrzucam
śmieci. Śniadanie w czystości
kuchni smakuje o wiele lepiej.



The Mess

None of our entire family, even the grandfather, who has a great memory, can not remember when it happened. Probably he wandered to us from the basement. I once saw him there. He was huge.

Before our going on holiday my dad went for the suitcase. Than probably a mess used the confusion, entangled between the bags and came by elevator with my dad.

Before anyone noticed the mess oneself comfortable with us for good. I think he likes our home. Every day, from morning to night, a lot is going on here. As in any family. We have fun, read books, play games. Most of the time we spend in the lounge. Of course, along with the mess.

He immediately made friends with a cat. Both love to play balls of wool. I asked my grandmother to sew on detached pocket in my jacket. It turned out that they were already in her sewing basket. Grandma just smiled and put together a color thread, buttons by size, and developed yarn rolled into a ball and put in the basket. Now It can all be found easily.

Nice of him scamp. I do not know how he does it, but he always turns up where something interesting is happening. He recently have appeared as I tinkered with my dad. Then we had to sort out scattered drill, screws and nails in the toolbox, because otherwise it could get lost.

Last Wednesday morning, he made mother angry, when she was in a hurry to work. Her handbag is one of his favorite places. Lipstick and keys mislaid again somewhere at the very bottom. Fortunately, my dad saved the day and picked my mom to the office. If it wasn't for a mess in a handbag, my mother wouldn't have late.

You can't even imagin how much he likes the kitchen. He constantly looks into the sink and splashes around. Scattered flakes of the box, poured tea, sugar and salt mixed ... That's why every member of the family, even my older sister, once a week is on duty in the kitchen. Mine is on Tuesdays. I have to wash the dishes and throw garbage. Breakfast in the spotlessly clean kitchen tastes a lot better.


Grandma says with a laugh as rake mislay in the garden. They lay completely invisible between the flowers. By the skin of one's teeth grandfather wasn't hit on his head. Since then we hide the tools in the shed behind the door. No one will step on them when we play football.

The Mess feels the best in my room. Together we parked cars under the bed, scattered blocks, and once even left the plasticine on the floor. With him always have the greatest time. In the evening before going to bed I have to tidy up everything, then he disappears. I don't feel griev, because he always comes back to me.

When unexpected guests visit us, my mother chased him in a hurry to the closet. I feel sorry for him, though I know that my mom is right - it's nice when everything is in place. But I so badly want him to stay with us for the Christmast. Home without mess is so boring.

text: Michał Krygier

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Technical parameters

Large : 28x28 cm

Hardcover

28ss

CMYK+ silver pantone



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