



MIRKO FILIPPI

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MIRKO (all'anagrafe Franco Filippi)

Dal 2003 a oggi lavora nel campo della grafica pubblicitaria e dell'illustrazione.

In collaborazione con enti pubblici e privati, organizza corsi di disegno creativo, fumetto per bambini, illustrazione per bambini e adulti.

Da sempre coltiva la passione per la pittura allestendo periodicamente mostre ed eventi collettivi.

Dal 2012 al 2016 ha collaborato con lo studio multimediale Sideways a Firenze in qualità di grafico e illustratore per l'editoria, il marketing, il web.

Dal 2017 collabora come freelance per le seguenti agenzie:

D'Avila Illustration Agency
Allied Artists Illustration Agency
Babidi-Bù
Echivisivi

Nel campo editoriale ha pubblicato diversi libri illustrati e fumetti per l'infanzia

Concept e Storyboard Artist per il cinema:
Glassboy (2020) del regista Samuele Rossi.
Se venisse anche l'inferno (2026)
del regista Samuele Rossi.



CLIENTI

Babidi-bù Libros
Giunti Editore
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CJ Fallon Publisher
Università di Pisa
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E C di R di Firenze
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CASA EDITRICE:

Libro in attesa di pubblicazione



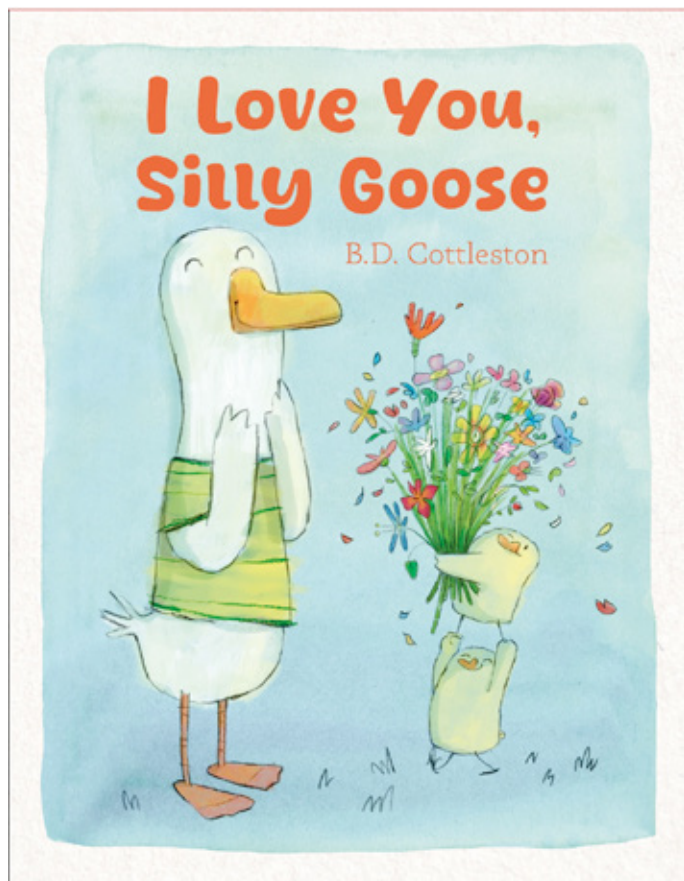






CASA EDITRICE: Ink Out Loud

"I Love You, Silly Goose è un inno gioioso e pieno di risate, di tutto ciò che c'è di meravigliosamente strano e irresistibilmente adorabile nel proprio bambino. Tra giochi di parole, dolci sorprese e una giusta dose di buffoneria, il libro ricorda che l'amore non è sempre silenzioso: spesso è rumoroso, caotico e assolutamente esilarante."



You turn the ordinary
into an adventure
almost every single day.





Tavola selezionata per la mostra inerente al Concorso Lucca Junior - Premio di Illustrazione Editoriale "Livio Sossi" 2026
La tavola è parte del progetto editoriale del concorso. Titolo del libro: I ME DENTRO DI ME Testi di Daniele Movarelli

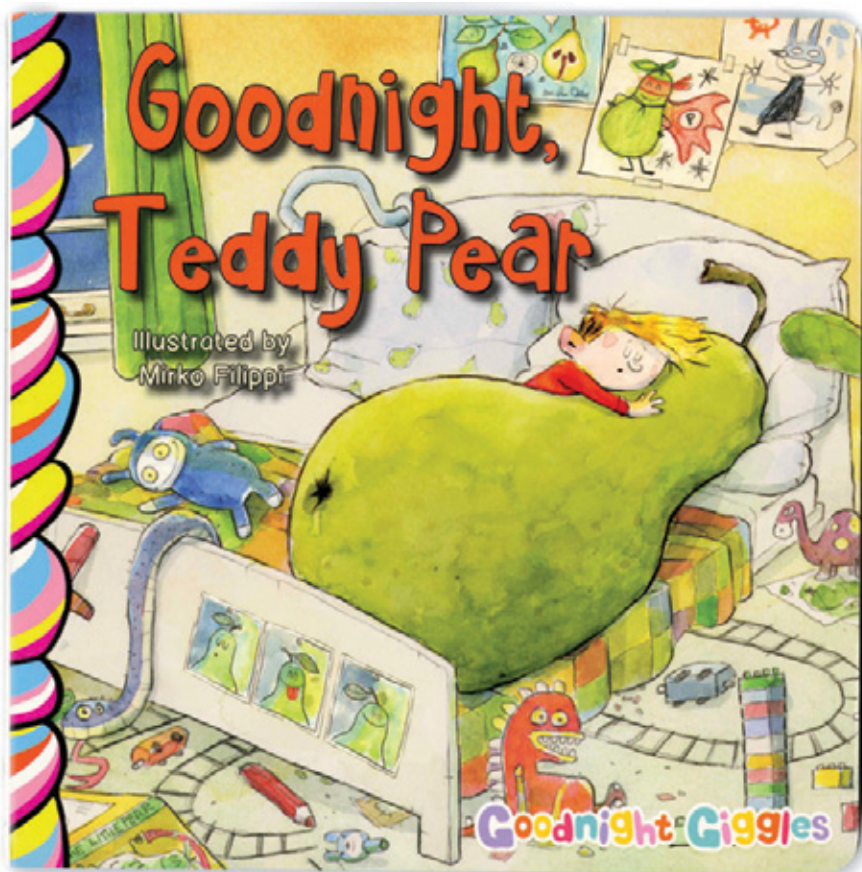


Tavola non selezionata



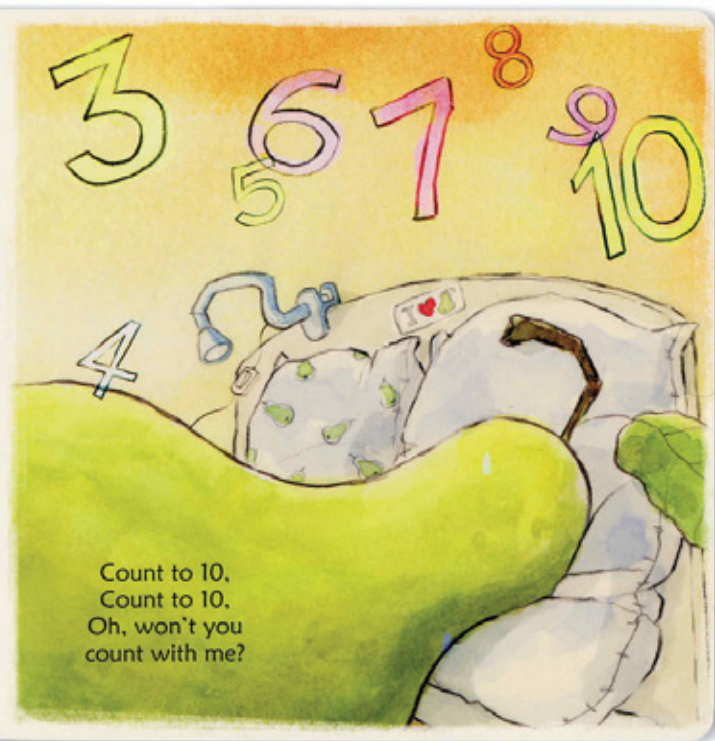
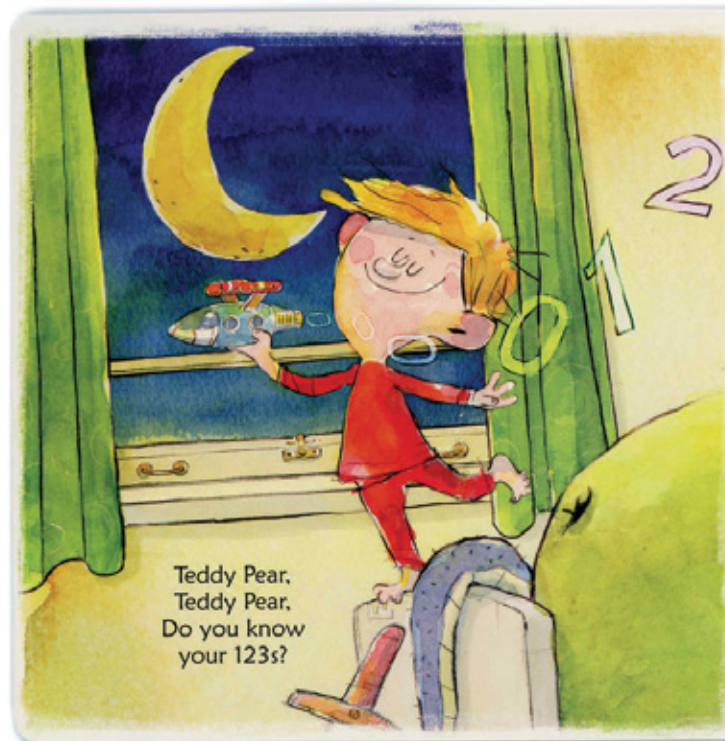
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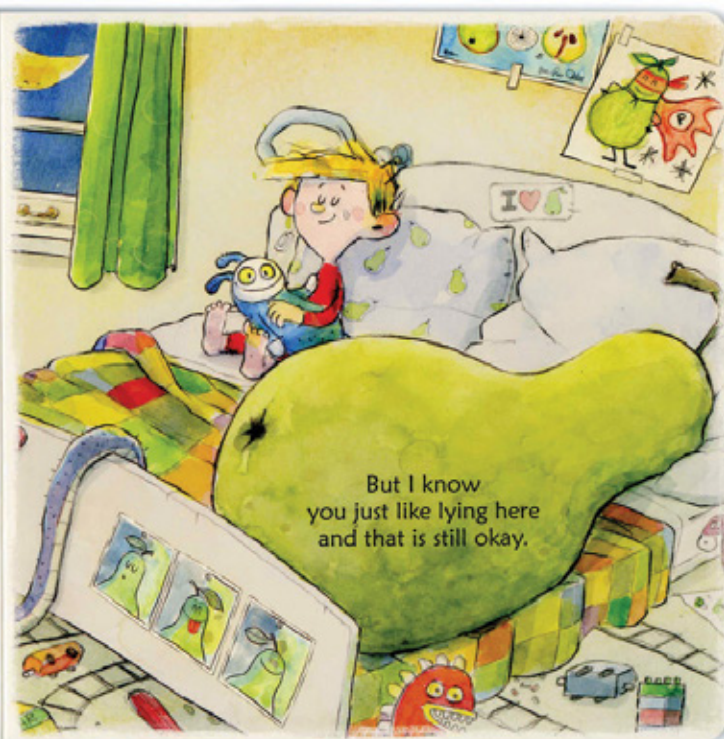




Teddy Pear non è un gran chiacchierone, è vero, e... non fa molto... anche questo è vero... in realtà, farà o dirà mai qualcosa? Alla fine, dovremo leggere il libro per scoprirlo.

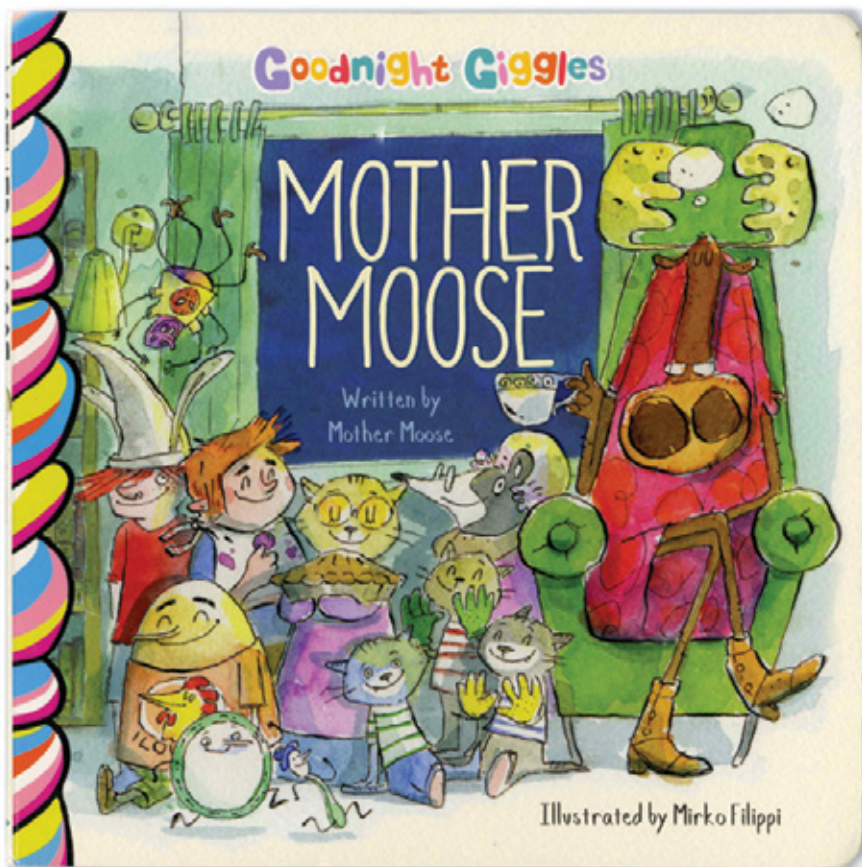






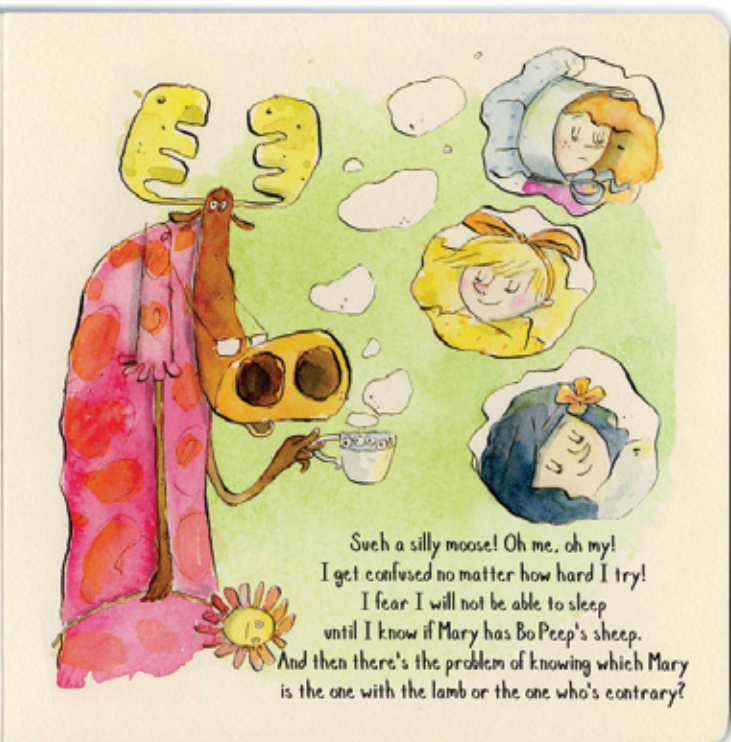
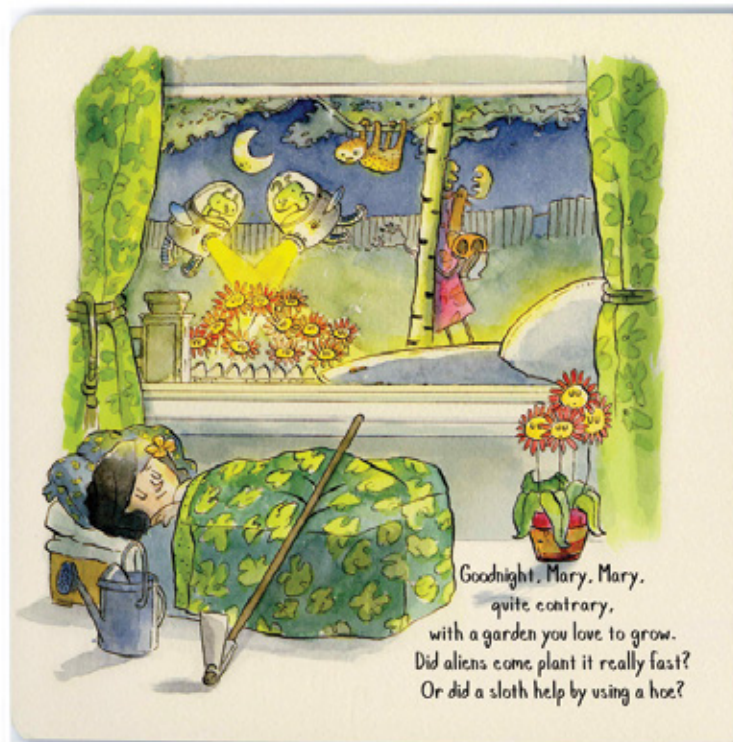
TESTO: Mother Moose

CASA EDITRICE: Taffy Tales Press



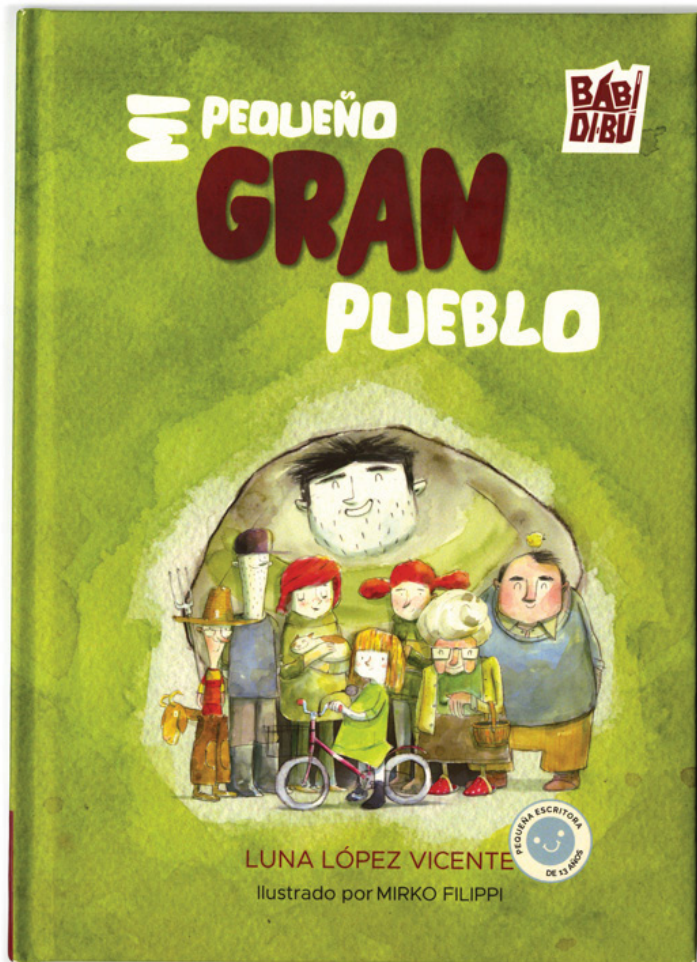
“Mi chiamo Mamma Moose. Sostituisco Mamma Goose, andata in pensione di recente...”
Così inizia l'esilarante rivisitazione di storie famose della debuttante Mamma Moose, che, diciamocelo, conosce a malapena i personaggi e tutto ciò che può se lo inventa e basta. Con divertenti storie di filastrocche e deliziosi disegni ad acquerello, questo libro delizierà sia i bambini che i genitori.







TESTO: Luna López Vicente
CASA EDITRICE: Babidibù



Lía vive in una piccola cittadina della Spagna svuotata, immersa nella natura, ma nonostante sia l'unica femmina, non trova mai un momento per annoiarsi, perché ogni giorno è un'avventura da scoprire.





Lía regresa con los huevos y una enorme sonrisa a casa de Marcelina. Antes pasa frente a la casa de Benito, un señor un tanto extraño y misterioso; eso murmuran el resto de los vecinos. Aunque a Lía no se lo parece.

Benito iba con su carretilla repleta de trastos pasados de moda, que rescataba del punto limpio. Los llevaba al cobertizo del patio de su casa. Se tiraba todo el día de allí para acá y de acá para allá.

—Benito, buenos días.

—Buenos días, Lía —le contestó muy serio—. Tengo mucho trabajo, no puedo entretenerme. Que pases buen día.

TESTO: Lidia Santos

CASA EDITRICE: Babidibù

Leo è un ragazzo che oggi compie dodici anni. Crescendo, le persone intorno a lui notarono che aveva molte caratteristiche che lo rendevano diverso. Alcuni di loro si sono rivelati un po' difficili per lui, ed è per questo che ha dovuto lottare molto fin da piccolo per realizzare il suo sogno e quello di sua madre: poter camminare insieme tenendosi per mano.





Leo tuvo muchas amistades que siempre le ayudaron cuando lo necesitó, igual que él hizo cuando a ellos les hizo falta.

Aprendieron juntos que las diferencias son lo que nos hacen especiales, y que a través de ellas se pueden conocer muchas cosas nuevas.

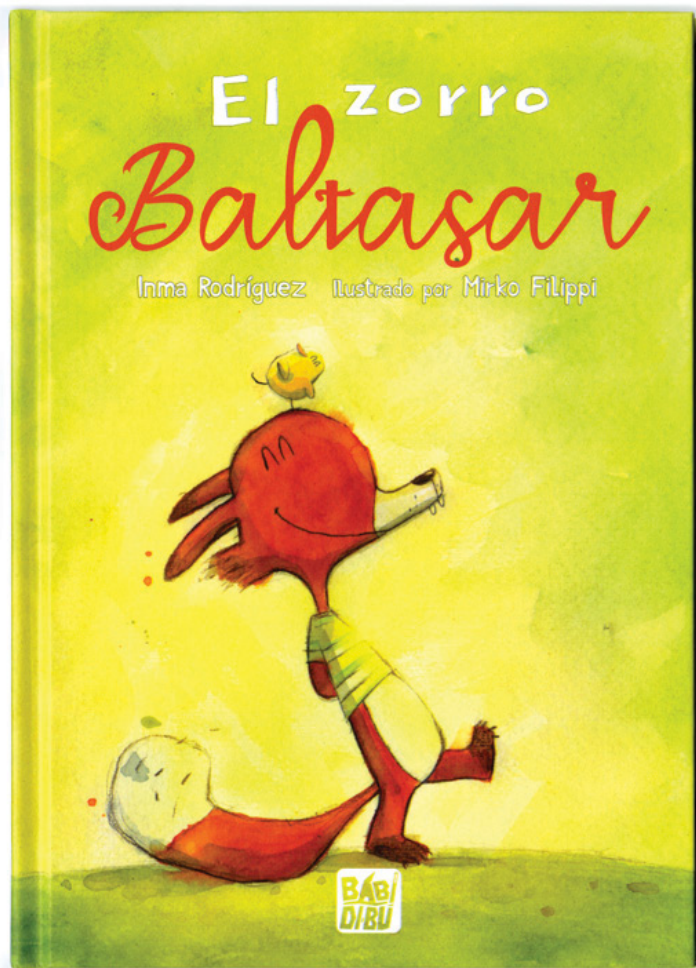
Por eso, recuerda siempre que si tus diferencias o las de los demás alguna vez hacen que te sientas extraño o que te alejes de las otras personas, lo más hermoso de tu ser reside en lo DISTINTO y ESPECIAL que brilla dentro de ti.

Y lo mismo sucede con el resto de las personas.

LLEVAS UNA ESTRELLA EN TU INTERIOR
QUE TE HACE ÚNICO E IRREPETIBLE.
CUIDALA CON TODO TU AMOR.



TESTO: Inma Rodríguez
CASA EDITRICE: Babidibù



La volpe Baltasar trovò un posto dove vivere vicino a un pollaio. Sembrava un piano perfetto per assicurarsi il cibo, finché, osservando le galline, si rese conto di quanto fossero felici di vivere tutti insieme, condividendo la loro amicizia. Poi ha cominciato a capire che, in realtà, quello che voleva non era mangiarli, ma poter essere felice come loro, e non sentirsi solo. Una simpatica gallina cuoca gli ha fatto capire che a volte bisogna osare per cambiare un po' le cose, per essere più felici. Cosa deciderà infine Baltasar?



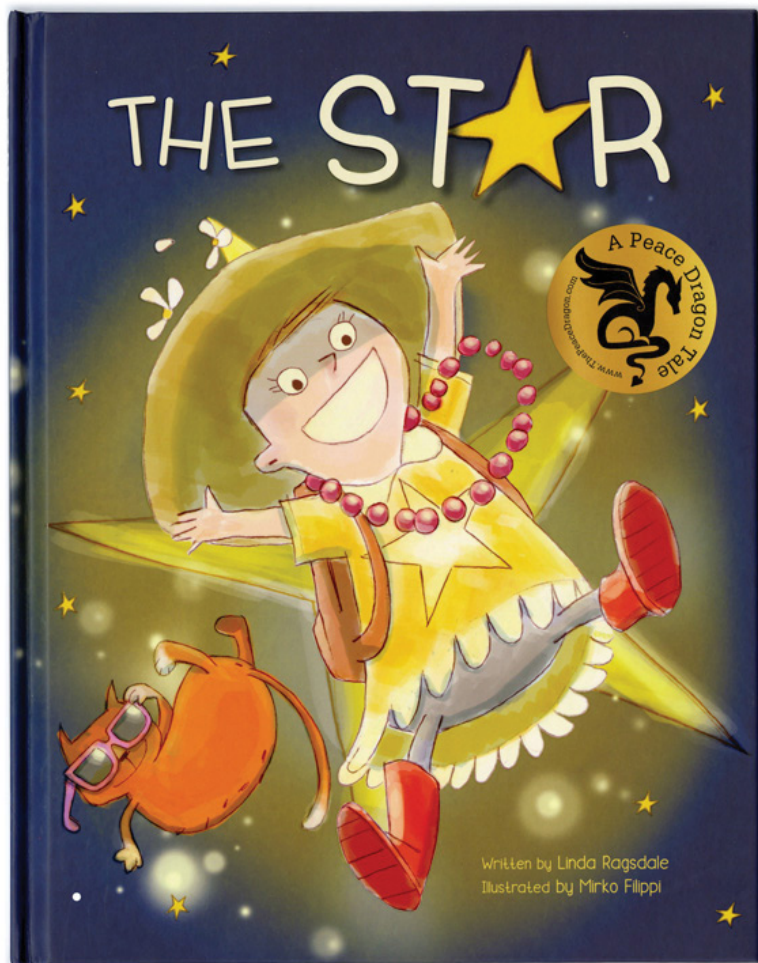


A la mañana siguiente, muy desanimado, decidió ir a la granja de nuevo. No sabía muy bien qué iba a hacer. Se acercó despacio, se escondió junto a un arbusto, y comenzó a observar a las gallinas. Hoy estaban haciendo clases de vuelo: las mamás enseñaban a los pollitos a subirse a las ramas, cada vez más altas.



Algunos, los más pequeños, se caían, pero rápidamente se ponían en pie de nuevo y lo volvían a intentar. A Baltasar le parecía una escena muy tierna, y estuvo mucho rato mirándolos divertido, hasta que, de pronto, oyó una voz:

—¿Le parece bonito?

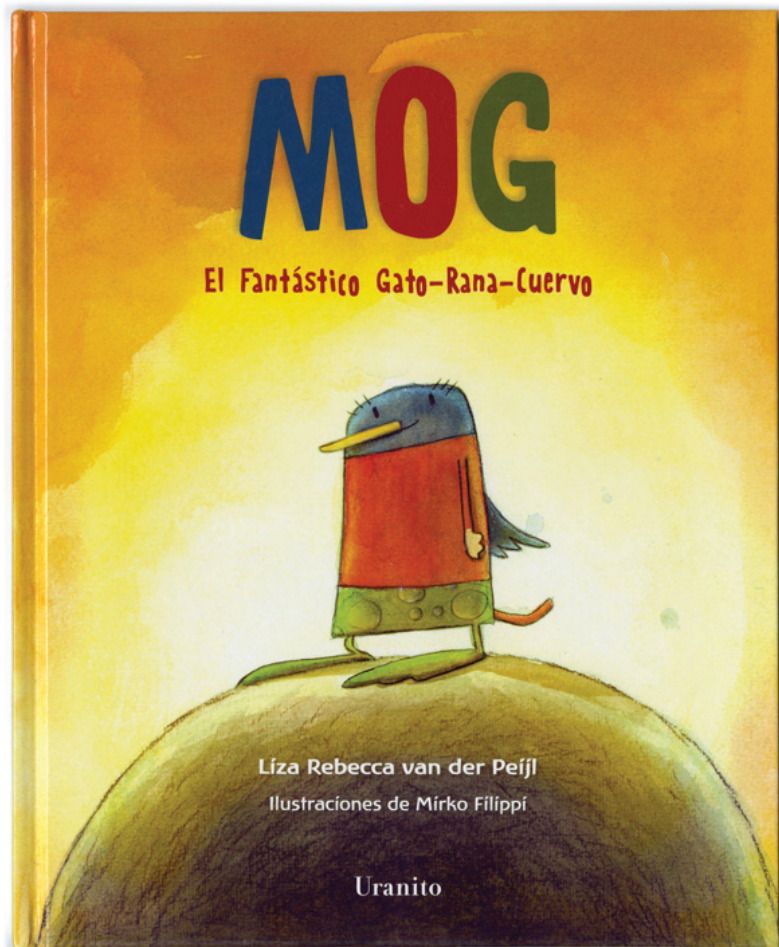


TESTO: Linda Ragsdale
CASA EDITRICE: Flowerpotpress

Una sera, dopo essersi infilata nel letto, una ragazzina abbattuta di nome Benni nota qualcosa che luccica fuori dalla sua finestra. L'oggetto luccicante si avvicina sempre di più fino a quando Benni non si trova faccia a faccia con una stella brillante caduta dal cielo! Attraverso il suo incontro con la stella, Benni apprende il potere dell'amor proprio e della fiducia in se stessi e la mattina dopo si sveglia sentendosi luminosa come la stella che ha individuato nel cielo.







TESTO: Liza Rebecca van der Peijl
CASA EDITRICE: Urano Edizioni
CASA EDITRICE: Giunti con il titolo
“Dana la gatta, corvo, rana”

Mog è diverso da tutti: ha il becco e le ali di un corvo, la coda di un gatto e le zampe e i piedi di una rana. È più corvo, gatto o rana? Tutti gli dicono che è strano e lo escludono, ma quando si tratta di aiutare qualcuno in pericolo, è proprio lui che ha una marcia in più, anzi, tre!





Con toda la energía de cuervo que tenía,
se lanzó y voló arriba del estanque.

Pasó sobre el jardín, por el parque y justo
encima del campo.

¡Sí, allí! ¡En medio de la hierba!



**PROGETTO EDITORIALE co-prodotto da
Sideways e Terza Cultura (Spin-off universitario
fiorentino)**

Un originale libro illustrato contenente una raccolta di ritratti in acquerello di grandi personaggi come Leonardo, Galileo o Enrico Fermi, e di studiosi forse meno noti ma non meno importanti. Tutti accomunati dall'aver legato il proprio nome alla città di Firenze.



Enrico Fermi



Strampalato, coi capelli arruffati, lo sguardo nel vuoto, impegnato in discorsi farraginosi con se stesso: è forse questa l'immagine che abbiamo dello scienziato, lo stereotipo più familiare che il cinema, i fumetti e la televisione hanno creato e capziosamente alimentato. Uno **scienziato pazzo** che non è necessariamente un "genio del male", ma piuttosto uno studioso ossessionato dalle proprie ricerche e caratterizzato da deviazioni comportamentali. Quella che comunemente chiamiamo **eccentricità**. Ma è solo un'immagine narrativa? O c'è un fondo di verità in questo cliché?

Di fatto, le biografie di molti scienziati sono ricche di aneddoti, stranezze e curiosità. Non fanno eccezione coloro che nacquerò, vissero e a vario titolo legarono il loro nome alla città di Firenze.

Tra disordine e caos creativo



Leonardo Da Vinci, celebre per il suo genio, ma possibile esserlo altrettanto per la sua singolarità. Il disordine nella sua vita seguita serena, così come lo strabismo, a partire dall'insolita pratica di **scrivere da destra verso sinistra**. Leonardo infatti era mancino, e poiché la sua educazione si era formata alla scuola dell'abate (le nostre elementari) nessun insegnante aveva provveduto a far crescere l'uso della cosiddetta **mano del diavolo**, e così Leonardo aveva perfezionato la stila che gli riusciva meglio. Non crediamo proprio dispendioso al Maestro che la sua scrittura risultasse illeggibile ai suoi contemporanei: è nota la corrispondenza voluta di Leonardo di non rendere pubbliche alcune sue invenzioni e pare che fosse solito **inscrivere volutamente degli errori nei disegni**, affinché i suoi progetti non fossero realizzabili da altri. Una forma di protezione della propria intellettuale?

Non è certo esagerato definire Leonardo, se non analfabeta e strampalato, quanto meno **disordinato**. Tanta la sua vita delirante risulta caratterizzata da una **serena cura delle carte, dei disegni, degli studi**, certo che nei suoi appunti, disegni, progetti di macchine e trattati scientifici. Alcuni rappresentano veri **esplosivi dell'indagine anatomica e naturalistica**, nei suoi studi possiamo leggere i segreti del corpo umano, gli animali e le piante che cresce hanno una meraviglia tale da sembrare vivi. Architetto e ingegnere, **ideò strumenti, ingranaggi e macchinari**, alcuni assai famosi, come il **caricamento, altri avvolti nel mistero** a dicit che aveva progettato il **primo automa robot della storia**: **Agostino**, riuscì a sfuggire anche alle pressanti richieste di Isabella d'Este di fargli un ritratto simile a quello della più famosa, e forse anche più bella, Donna con Tracollino. Di lui ci sono rimasti anche **farole, barometre e indioscificabili**, alcuni scritti sono una **Realità** del tempo impossibile per chi doveva scrivere con una penna d'oca. L'abbandono, come avrebbe potuto pensare, di Masaccio, dell'arancione anche non era più comodo?

Ogni cosa al suo posto

All'immagine dello scienziato disordinato bisogna contrapporre quella altrettanto caratteristica dello **studioso meticoloso, preciso e ossessivo dell'ordine**. Fuore parte sicuramente di questa schiera **Antonio**, medico e studioso, nato a Bovenzone ma di origini fiorentine, come fu il suo tridico (tridico nelle invenzioni di tutti le sue pubblicazioni. Nella prima metà del '700 divenne figura di spicco all'interno dell'Ospeale di Santa Maria Nuova,



Collaborazione artistica per la rinomata casa editrice irlandese CJ Fallon.

Heading to be styled

You Can't Please Everyone

Father and Henry were going to the market with their donkey.

They met a young man on the road. He said to Father, 'Your boy should ride on the donkey. It will save him from getting tired on the trip.'

Henry sat up on the donkey.

Soon they met a young woman just outside town. 'You should let your old father ride the donkey!' she said to Henry.

So Henry got down and Father got up on the donkey instead...

After he entered the town, they met an old man. He said to Father, 'There's room on that donkey for the boy as well. You should let him up!'

So Henry got up on the donkey behind his father.

Near the market, they met an old woman. She said to them, 'You should both be carrying that poor donkey! He's too old to be carrying the two of you!'

So Henry and Father got down and began carrying the donkey. When they reached the market, everyone laughed at the sight of them.

'How silly!' they said. 'Why don't you just let the donkey walk!'

The moral of the story is you can't please everyone!



QUICK QUESTIONS

1. Where were Henry and father going?
2. What did the young woman say?
3. What did the old man say?
4. Why did the people at the market laugh at them?
5. What is the moral of the story?

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Rock Bottom

Hannah and Liam loved going to their family's mobile home near Castletown Beach for their holidays. They met all their friends there every summer.

'See you all at the Curley Pools in the morning,' said Hannah as the friends strolled home after a game of basketball.

'Great!' replied Sophie. 'That's the best place for swimming.'

'But the water is always so cold. I'm going to wear my wetsuit,' interjected Liam.

'I heard the water is so deep in the Curley Pools that there's no bottom,' said Daniel.

'That's impossible,' replied James. 'How could there be no bottom to the sea?'

Early the next morning the children walked to the Curley Pools. They all wore wetsuits and flip-flops. They were good swimmers and as soon as James saw the water, he shouted, 'Last in is a rotten egg.'

He kicked off his flip-flops, ran across the rocks and jumped straight in. Even with his wetsuit on, the cold water made him shiver. Soon Sophie, Liam, Hannah and Daniel were swimming alongside him.

After a while, James shouted, 'I'm going to swim down and look!' He tumbled headfirst under the water, his two feet kicking in the air as he dove.

'He's checking out that silly rumour that there's no bottom to the Curley Pools,' Sophie said. They bobbed around waiting for what seemed like ten minutes, but it was really only about ten seconds. James resurfaced, spluttering and gasping for air.

'How far down did you go?' enquired Liam.

James laughed. 'Right to rock bottom! And here's a rock to prove it.' He raised his arm and dropped the large grey rock into the water, splashing everyone.



QUICK QUESTIONS

1. What was the name of the place where the children went swimming?
2. Why did Liam say he was going to wear a wetsuit?
3. What rumour did Daniel hear about the Curley Pools?
4. How long did James spend underwater?
5. How far down did James go to disprove the rumour?

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Collaborazione artistica per la rinomata casa editrice irlandese CJ Fallon.

Caitheamh Aimsire

Veain champála



Tá seanveain champála ag Clann Uí Mhártaín.
 'Sonny'Veain Mhártaín an t-ainm a thugann siad air!
 Tá dath buí ar an veain agus is aoibhinn leis an gclann dul ag campáil sa veain.
 Gach deireadh seachtaine i rith an tsamhraidh, téann siad ar eachtra áit éigin in Éirinn.
 Tógann siad na rothaí, na raicéid leadóige agus cadhc leo.
 Codlaíonn Úna agus Ian agus an madra Bó ar an leaba ar bhun na veain.
 Codlaíonn Olívia agus Matilda ar an leaba ar bharr na veain.
 An samhradh seo, tá siad ag dul ar an mbád farantóireachta chuig an bhFrainc sa veain.

CEISTEANNA

- 1 Cad is ainm don veain atá ag Clann Uí Mhártaín?
(What is the name of the van that the Martin family have?)
- 2 Cén dath atá ar an veain? (What colour is the van?)
- 3 Cá gcodlaíonn Úna agus Ian? (Where does Úna and Ian sleep?)
- 4 Cá gcodlaíonn Olívia agus Matilda?
(Where does Olívia and Matilda sleep?)
- 5 Cá bhfuil siad ag dul an samhradh seo?
(Where are they going this summer?)

FOCLÓIR

veain champála campervan
 sean old
 eachtra adventure
 áit éigin somewhere
 raicéid leadóige tennis rackets
 cadhc kayak
 ar bun at the bottom
 ar barr at the top
 bád farantóireacht ferry

20 Seachtain 5 Lú 3

The Conch Shell: Part 1



Amy's cousin had a conch shell. When Amy held it to her ear, she could hear the roar of the waves breaking. She loved listening to it.

'I'm going to find one for myself,' Amy decided walking up and down the beach. A big wave rushed up the sand and dropped a small but beautiful conch shell at her feet. 'Yay!' she shouted and, picking up the shell, held it to her ear.

To her great surprise, she heard a tiny voice. It was very faint and she could barely make out what it was saying: 'Help me, please. I'm stuck!'

Amy listened again and heard the same tiny plea. Turning on her heel, Amy ran all the way home, holding the shell tightly in her fist. The first person she showed the shell to was her friend Lauren.

'There's something stuck in the shell,' Amy said, almost tripping over her words, 'and it can talk!'

Lauren thought that Amy was messing, but when she held the conch shell to her ear, she too heard the tiny voice begging for help.

'Whoever or whatever is inside this shell needs rescuing,' Amy told her.

'We could break it open with a hammer,' suggested Lauren. However, Amy was afraid they might hurt whatever tiny creature was stuck inside.

'I've an idea,' Amy said, taking the shoelace out of her shoe. She dangled the end of the shoelace into the twisting curls of the shell. At first it just hung there limply.

'Well, so much for that idea,' said Lauren. 'I'll get the hammer.'

Suddenly the shoelace became taut. The ~~whoever~~ or ~~whatever~~ had caught hold of it.

'It could be an evil genie,' warned Lauren, looking worried. Amy's curiosity was getting the better of her. Ever so gently, she pulled the shoelace. ~~Pop!~~ Out flew the shoelace... with a teeny-tiny mermaid clinging to the end of it! ■



QUICK QUESTIONS

- 1 What kind of shell did Amy's cousin have?
- 2 How many times did Amy walk up and down the beach?
- 3 What did the voice in the shell say?
- 4 Why did Lauren suggest throwing the shell back into the sea?
- 5 What was clinging to the end of the shoelace?

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Collaborazione artistica per la rinomata casa editrice irlandese CJ Fallon.

Spelling Bee: Part 1

With a rush of blood to the head, Sally had entered the annual school Spelling Bee. For the last two years Emmett had won first prize and now he was going for a hat-trick. There wasn't a word that Emmett couldn't spell but he spoiled it all by bragging about it so much.

'I is the champ!' he boasted, pounding his chest like King Kong. 'Dee undisputed champion speller of dee whole wide world.'

'Undisputed chump, more like!' Amy called to him. 'You're our secret weapon,' she whispered to Sally. 'You're going to shoot him down in flames. Spell 'stratosphere'.'

Every day, Amy called out words at random to surprise test her. Each time Sally spelled them correctly, Amy clapped her hands and did a little dance.

'S-t-r-a-t-o-s-p-h-e-r-e,' Sally spelled.

'Excellent! You are going to blow that little bragger out of the water!' Amy enthused.

In the preliminary round of the Spelling Bee, the top spellers from the senior classes competed to go forward to the Grand Final. The principal, Ms Ryan, was calling out the spellings. 'Spell 'catfish',' she asked Sally, which was so easy it was a bit insulting, but Sally knew she was just being kind.

Sally was so nervous, her throat tightened and no words came out. The Spelling Bee was about to be over for her before it had even begun. 'C-a-t-f-i-s-h!' she shouted suddenly, amazing at herself. When she made it to the second and then the third round, she began to relax just a little. Finally, there were just three pupils left: Emmett, Conor and Sally. Sally's next spelling would decide whether she made it to the Grand Final.

'Spell 'sensational',' said Ms Ryan.

'S-e-n-s-a-t-i-o-n-a-l,' Sally called out clearly and confidently.

Emmett pretended to yawn before reeling off his correct spelling of 'arrogant'. He rudely giggled when Conor misspelled 'responsibility', and was knocked out. That left Sally and Emmett to go head-to-head in the final.

Ed: possible to cut one line?



QUICK QUESTIONS

1. How many times has Emmett won the Spelling Bee before?
2. How was Amy training Sally?
3. Why did Ms Ryan give Sally such an easy spelling to start off?
4. Why was the Spelling Bee almost over before it began for Sally?
5. In what way was Emmett rude to Conor?

WIDE 13 DAY 1 49

Portcastle Beach

The early morning mist dissolved into a bright, yellow heat as the summer sun rose higher in the sky. Henry, Ella and Jake walked the narrow grassy path that skirted the golf course leading to the beach at Portcastle. They each carried a plastic bucket. Soon they were at the dunes, where clumps of heather and seagrass topped undulating sandhills that rolled down to the beach.

'Last one down is a rotten egg!' exclaimed Ella as she dashed to the bottom. She had done this many times before and had perfected the art of sand dune descent. With heels digging into the dry sand, she leaned backwards as she ran to prevent herself toppling down the steep incline.

Henry followed effortlessly, but Jake, the youngest of the siblings, was a novice. He started steadily but gathered momentum halfway down the embankment. He swiftly lost control and, with his wobbling legs unable to stop, tumbled head over heels and landed at the bottom in the soft sand. He laughed, picked himself up and shook sand from his hair. 'Let's go look for treasure!'

The three of them walked out onto the level sand spreading out before them like an airport runway. Hoof prints dented the wet sand up ahead where early morning riders had been out at first light, trotting their horses through the invigorating sea spray. A lone surfer, lying flat on her board, paddled into the oncoming waves in search of the perfect breaker.

Overhead, they heard a lark singing high in the sky. Swallows twittered and dived on the warm air, snatching unseen insects as they flew. Gulls hovered on the shoreline, their wings spread wide as they coasted on the breeze. In the distance, there was a group of sandpipers at the water's edge, rhythmically dipping their heads in search of food while their tails bobbed.

Soon Henry, Ella and Jake reached the jagged, limpet-encrusted rock pools. They treaded carefully as they crossed the slippery seaweed that decorated the rocks. Henry examined a shiny white pebble that had been perfectly polished over countless years by the force of the sea. Ella thrust her hand into the warm water of a rock pool and a tiny orange crab scuttled to safety beneath a stone.

'Look, there's a starfish!' exclaimed Jake, beckoning the others to come and see.

The three children spent all morning exploring the many hidden treasures of Portcastle Beach.



QUICK QUESTIONS

1. What is the name of the beach the children went to?
2. What happened to Jake as he ran down the sand dune?
3. What birds were rhythmically dipping their heads into the water?
4. Why were there hoof prints in the wet sand?
5. Why did the children have to walk carefully near the rock pools?

WIDE 14 DAY 3 55

Collaborazione artistica per la rinomata casa editrice irlandese CJ Fallon.

The Black Boat

Luke stared out to sea as he and his sister, Orla, strolled along. He narrowed his eyes, put a hand up to shield against the glare of the sun, and asked, 'What's that black thing in the water? It seems to be moving.'

Orla had been scrutinising the sand in the hope of finding another colourful shell for her collection. Now, she gazed out to sea and said, 'Yes, I see it. I think it's a seal. It's too big to be a swimmer.'

'And it's moving so quickly,' replied Luke. 'Nobody could swim that fast!'

The object gradually came into view. 'It's a little black boat! There are two men in it!' Orla exclaimed. Their rubber dingy was fast approaching the shoreline. One man was steering it and the other was holding a plastic box in both hands. 'Let's hide and see what happens,' she suggested, pointing to rocks under the cliff at the far end of the beach.

The men landed the dingy and jumped out. One pointed towards the rocks where the children were hiding.

'They're coming toward us,' whispered Luke. 'Let's move.'

They crouched as low as they could and slipped out of sight onto a narrow path leading to a grassy patch at the top of the cliff. They lay flat on the grass and peered down at the rocks where they had been hiding. The two men were now right below them.

One ordered, 'Move this one! We'll stash it under here for now!' The other man lifted a huge rock and placed the box he had been carrying underneath. Then he carefully replaced the rock. The men returned to the black dingy and sailed back out to sea.

Luke's eyes widened. 'Did you hear that? They used the word 'stash'. That's a sure sign the box must contain something precious.'

They climbed down the cliff path, and ran to where the box had been hidden. They both needed all their strength to move the heavy rock. When they opened the box, they saw that it contained walls of fifty-euro notes.

The following day, the headline in the paper read, 'Local children outwit bank robbers.' The story recounted what had happened but Luke and Orla's dad made sure their names and photos didn't appear in any of the news articles. 'There are some details we don't want publicised,' he declared.

QUICK QUESTIONS

- 1 Why did Orla think it might be a seal in the water?
- 2 What type of boat did the bank robbers have?
- 3 Where did the children go to see what the robbers were doing?
- 4 How did Luke know that the box contained something precious?
- 5 Why do you think Dad did not want the children's names or photos in the news?

20 3 79

Dolphin Rescue

Cillian's neighbour, Martine Norton, kept horses. She ran a small riding school and had taught Cillian how to ride when he was very young. Nowadays, he often dropped by after school or at the weekends to help Martine with the horses. On bright mornings, Martine would take her favourite horse, Abe, for a gallop along the strand. Cillian would often ride with her before school on his favourite horse, Sparky.

Early one morning, Martine and Cillian were riding Abe and Sparky along the empty seashore. It was low tide and the sun shimmered on the wet sand as the horses splashed along the water's edge.

'What's that on the sand?' Cillian called out, pointing to a smooth black mound way ahead of them.

'It could be a rock or a bin bag. Let's check it out,' said Martine, and set off at a gallop down the beach. Cillian chased after her and the race was on.

Martine won and had already dismounted by the time Cillian caught up. 'It's a young dolphin,' she said, bending down.

'Is she alive?' asked Cillian, kneeling on the sand.

Martine put her hand on the shiny black body of the beached dolphin. 'Just about,' she said. 'Help me lift her. I don't know how she ended up on the beach but we need to get her back into the sea quickly.'

The dolphin was surprisingly heavy and it took both of them using all their strength to lift her. They waded into the cold sea. When they were up to Martine's waist and Cillian's chest, they gently lowered the dolphin into the water. For an instant, the dolphin didn't move and then, with a flick of her tail, she swam out of their arms and under the waves.

'Look!' cried Cillian. Two dolphins, one large, one small, leapt in a perfect curve out of the sea, then disappeared. 'She's found her mother!'

QUICK QUESTIONS

- 1 What did Martine do for a living?
- 2 What was Martine's favourite horse called?
- 3 What did Cillian often do before school?
- 4 What did Martine think the dolphin was from afar?
- 5 How did Cillian know that the dolphin had found its mother?

24 3 95

Collaborazione artistica per la rinomata casa editrice irlandese CJ Fallon.

Lost

I had a stupid row with Mum and Dad on the way to the market. 'Why do I have to come? Why can't I stay at the campsite with Isaak and Elvi?'

Isaak and Elvi were Dunch and, although we'd only known each other for three days, we hung out together all the time, mostly at the pool. It made a change from spending all day with Ryan, which usually happened on holidays.

Dad was having none of it. 'We're not leaving you on your own and that's that. End of story.'

The market was huge, the biggest in Europe apparently... and the most crowded! 'Don't get lost,' Mum warned me, as though I were a small child. We were at a fish stall watching the fishmongers fillet glassy-eyed fish while shouting and laughing with customers. Dad was holding Ryan up so that he could gawk at the lobsters crawling over each other in a tank. I was bored and wandered off. I found a sweet stall and bought a bag of cola bottles.

I tried to head back to the fish stall but couldn't find it. There were miles of stalls that all looked the same. I struggled through the throng of shoppers but there was no sign of Mum, Dad or Ryan. I thought the best thing would be to find my way out and wait back at the car but I couldn't see over the heads of the people and I had no idea which entrance we had used. Someone jostled me. My cola bottles spilled on the ground and were immediately trampled. I reached for my phone but it wasn't in my back pocket. Stolen! I looked around desperately. Suddenly everyone seemed unfriendly and hostile. A man in a yellow jumper was following me. Every time I turned I could see him, gesticulating and shouting at me. I pushed on blindly through the crowds, tears stinging my eyes.

Suddenly the yellow-jumper man was in front of me and I couldn't get away. 'Is OK,' he said in broken English, holding up one of his palms. In his other hand, he held out my phone. 'It dropped from pocket.'

'Gracias,' I mumbled, feeling foolish as he smiled and walked away. I had five missed calls and numerous texts asking where I was.

'Mum!' I shouted above the noise, when she answered on the first ring.



QUICK QUESTIONS

- 1 Why did the narrator have a row with her parents?
- 2 Why could she not find the fish stall?
- 3 Why did the shoppers suddenly seem unfriendly and hostile?
- 4 Why did she feel foolish?
- 5 In what country does the story take place? Give a reason for your answer.

WILEY
3 3 11

The Months

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Strawberries and gilly-flowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

by Sara Coleridge

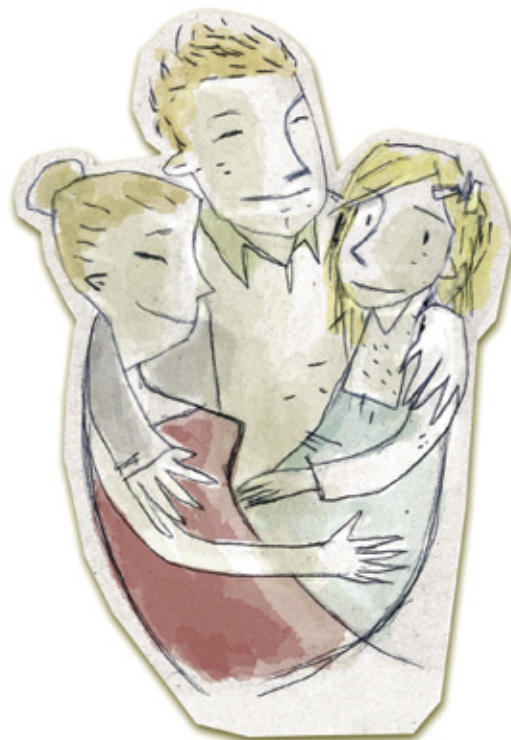


QUICK QUESTIONS

- 1 What month brings breezes loud and shrill?
- 2 What month scatters daisies at our feet?
- 3 What does the month of August bring?
- 4 When is it pleasant to gather nuts?
- 5 What does chill December bring?

WILEY
17 4

CLIENTE: Ente Cassa di Risparmio di Firenze.
Illustrazioni per una serie di booktrailer per il
progetto "Leggere che piacere".

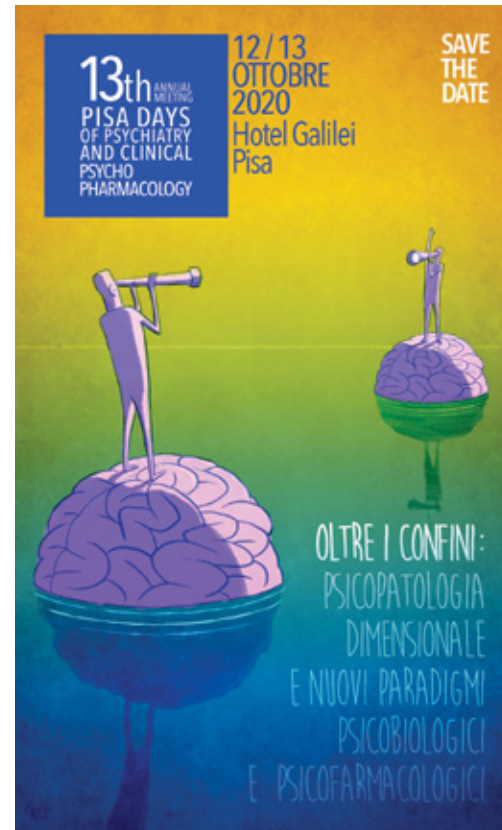




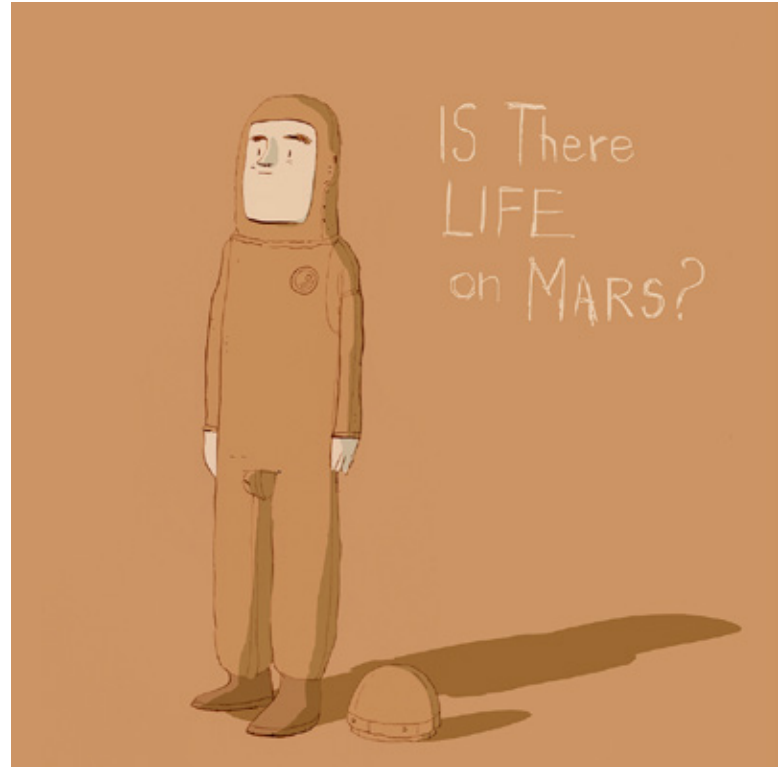


CLIENTE: Università di Pisa
Illustrazioni e layout per meeting annuale di
psichiatria e psicofarmacologia clinica.

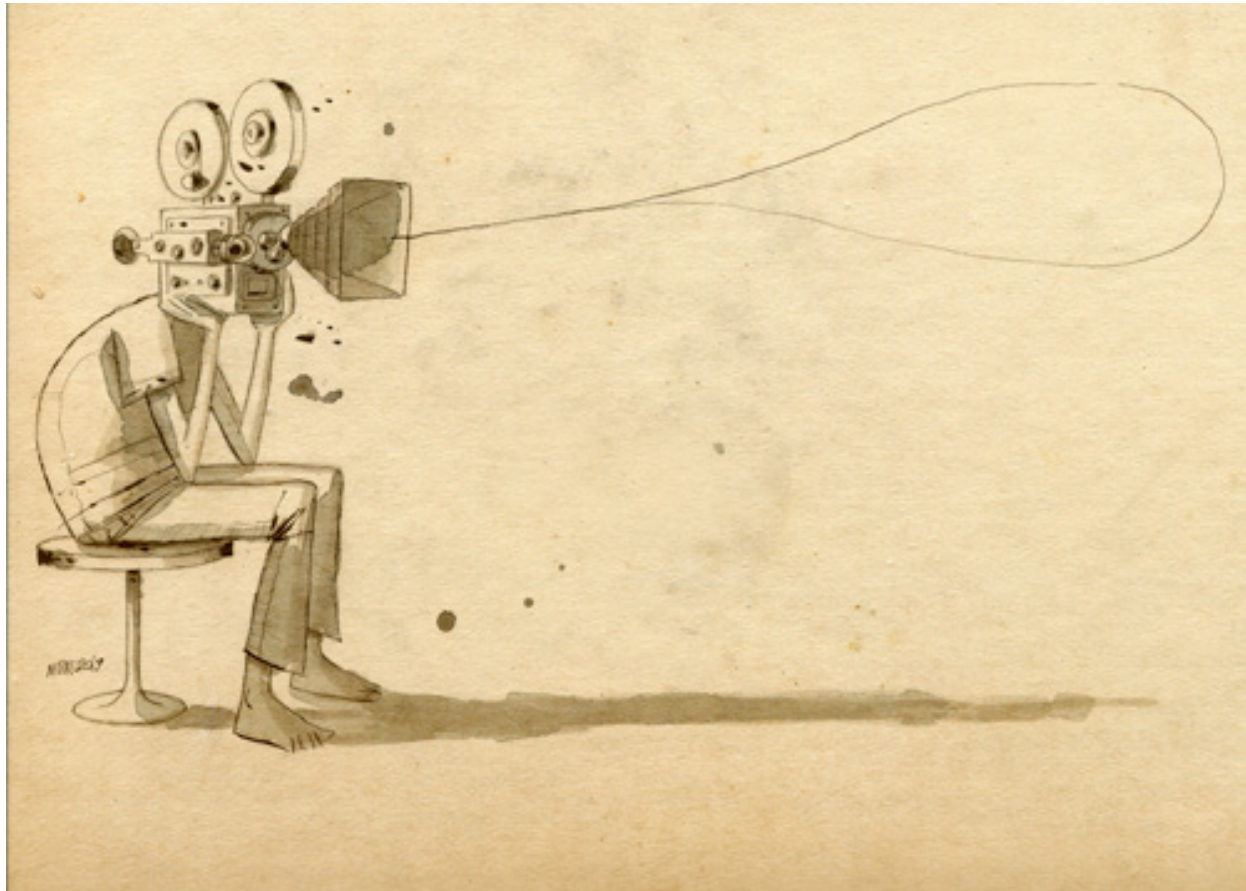












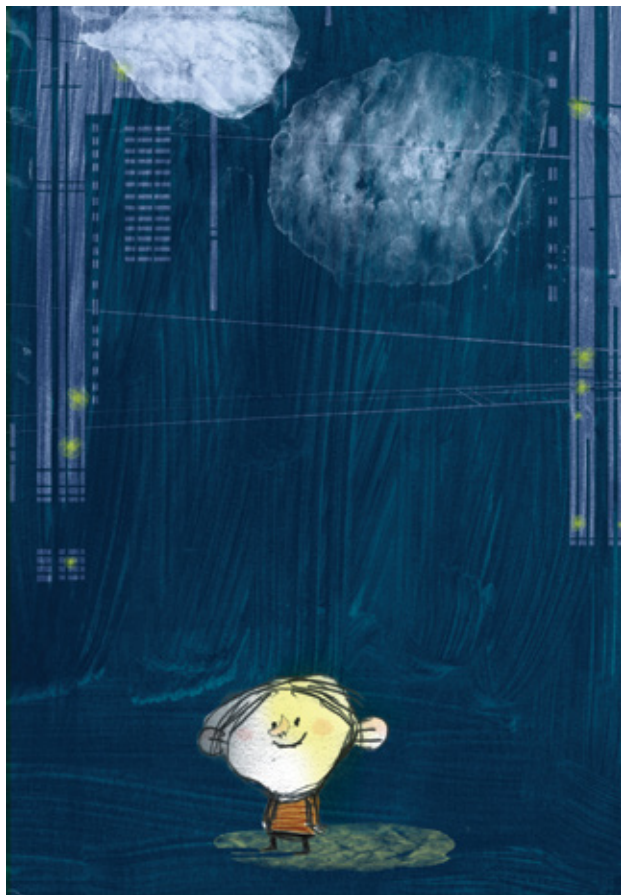




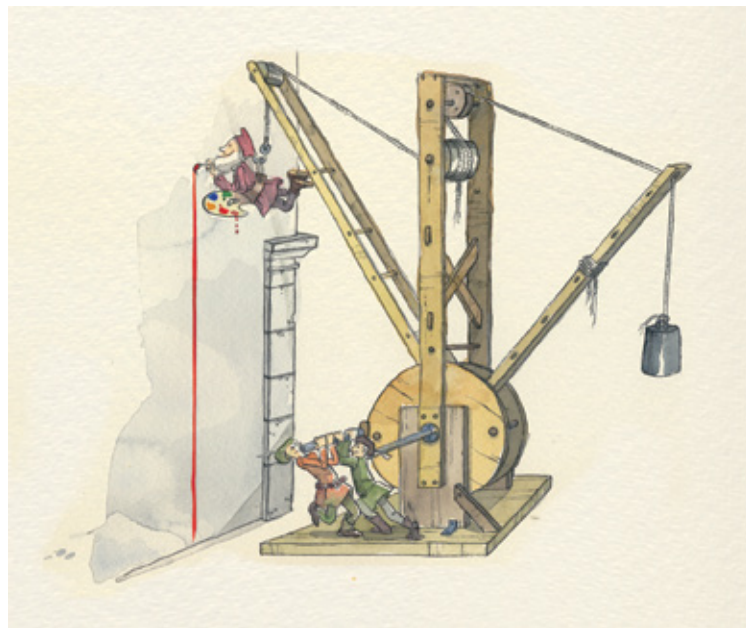








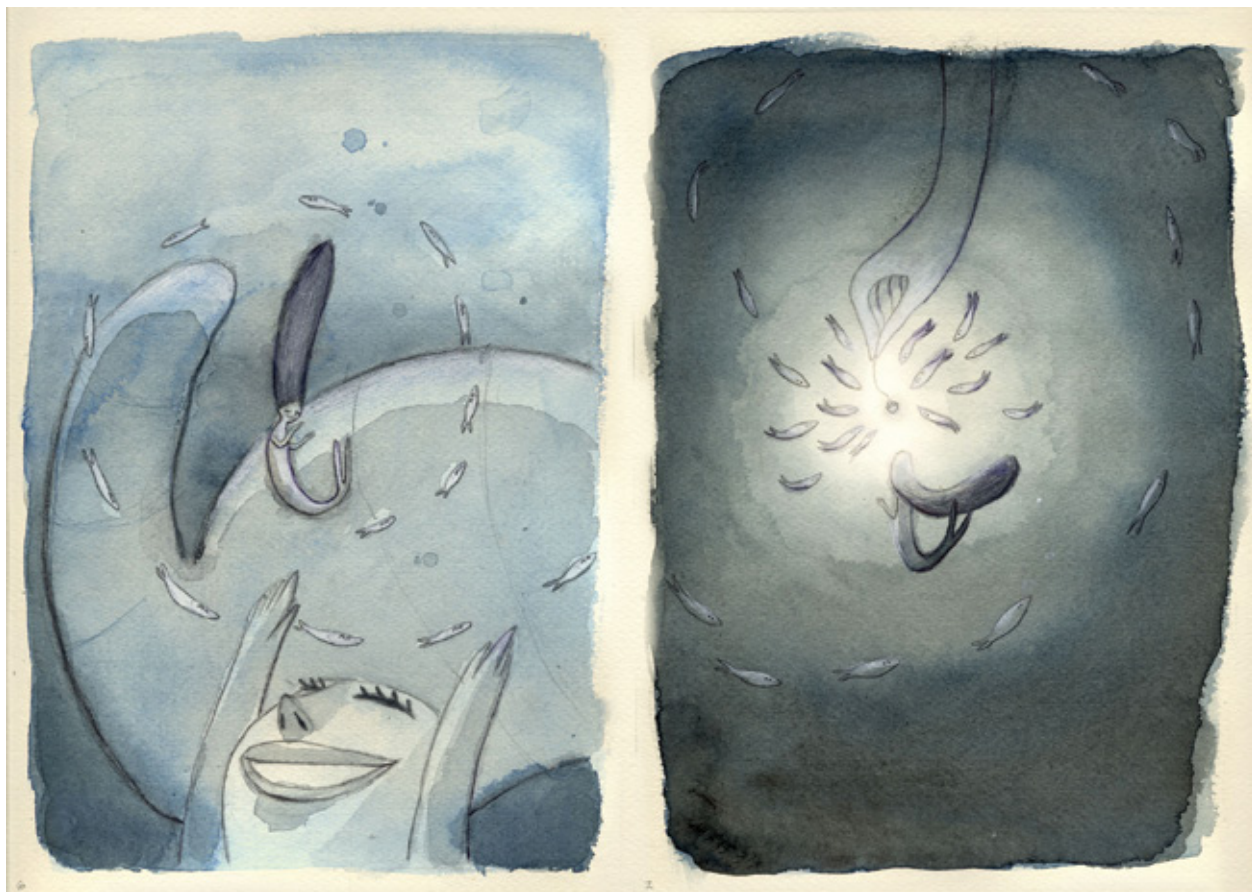


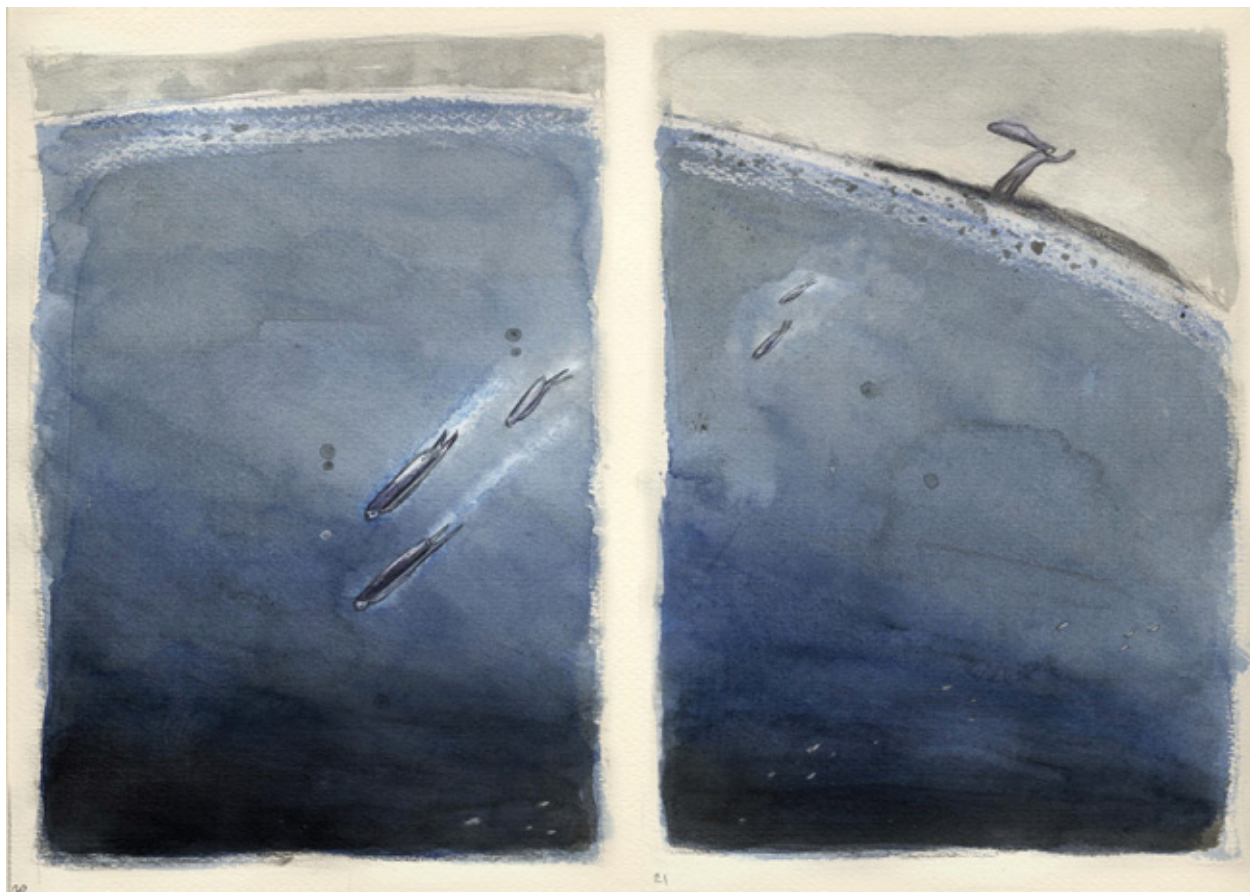


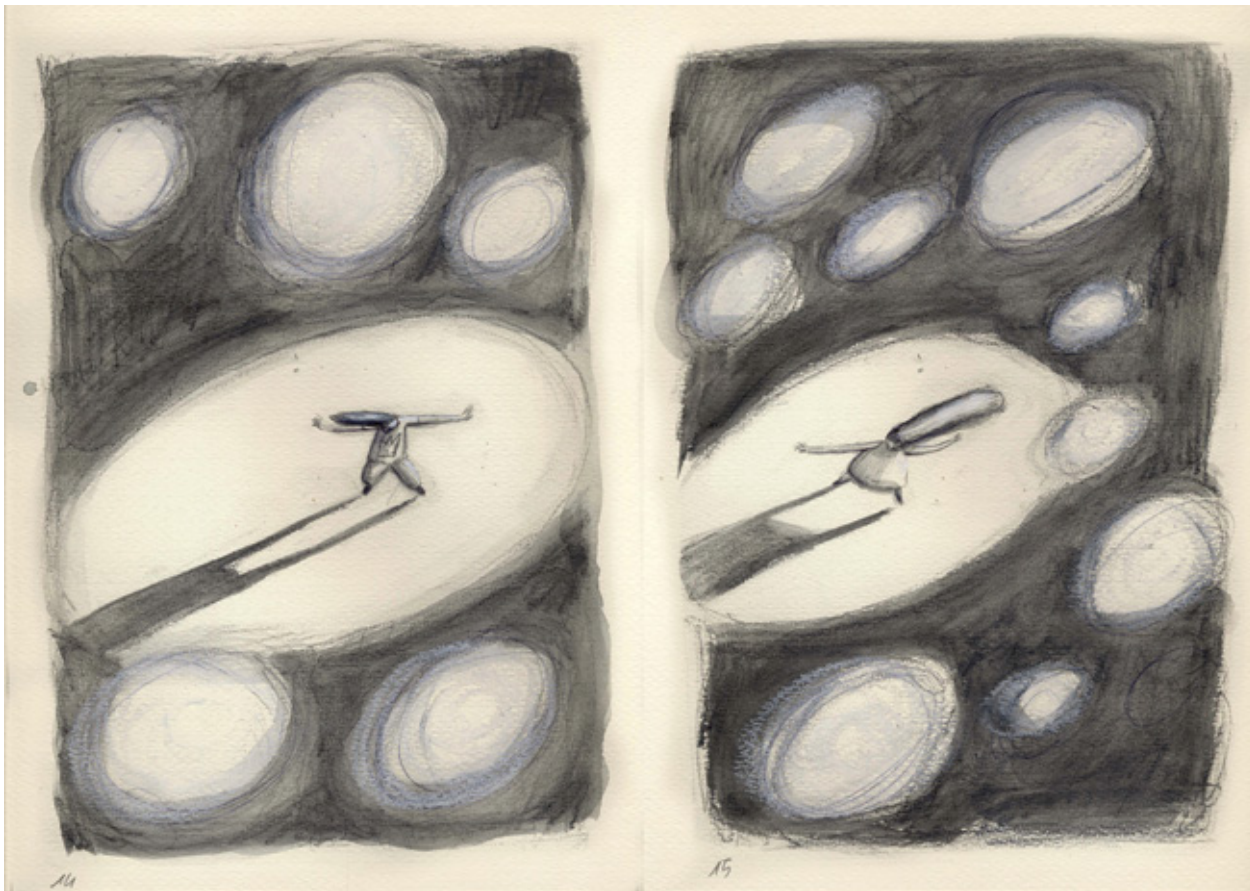




Un giorno incontrarono un simpatico lupacchiotto e,
come accade con tutti i cuccioli che non hanno preconcetti,
divennero amici, pur essendo animali differenti.
Ogni giorno si incontravano sotto la grande quercia
e giocavano a rincorrersi e a fare la lotta.













Gino Bartali
Ponte a Ema 1914 - Firenze 2000



Roberto Benigni
Castiglion Fiorentino 1952



Sandro Botticelli
Firenze 1445 - Firenze 1510



Benvenuto Cellini
Firenze 1500 - Firenze 1571



Carlo Collodi
Firenze 1826 - Firenze 1890



Cosimo I de' Medici
Firenze 1519 - Pisa 1574



Dante Alighieri
Firenze 1265 - Ravenna 1321



Giovanni da Verrazzano
Greve in Chianti 1485 - Isole Abaco 1528



Giovanni Fattori
Livorno 1825 - Firenze 1908



Francesco Guicciardini
Firenze 1483 - Arcetri 1540



Maria de' Medici
Firenze 1575 - Colonia 1642



Masaccio
Castel S. Giovanni in Altura 1401 - Roma 1428



Antonio Meucci
Firenze 1808 - New York 1889



Michelangelo Buonarroti
Caprese 1475 - Roma 1564



Giorgio Vasari
Arezzo 1511 - Firenze 1574



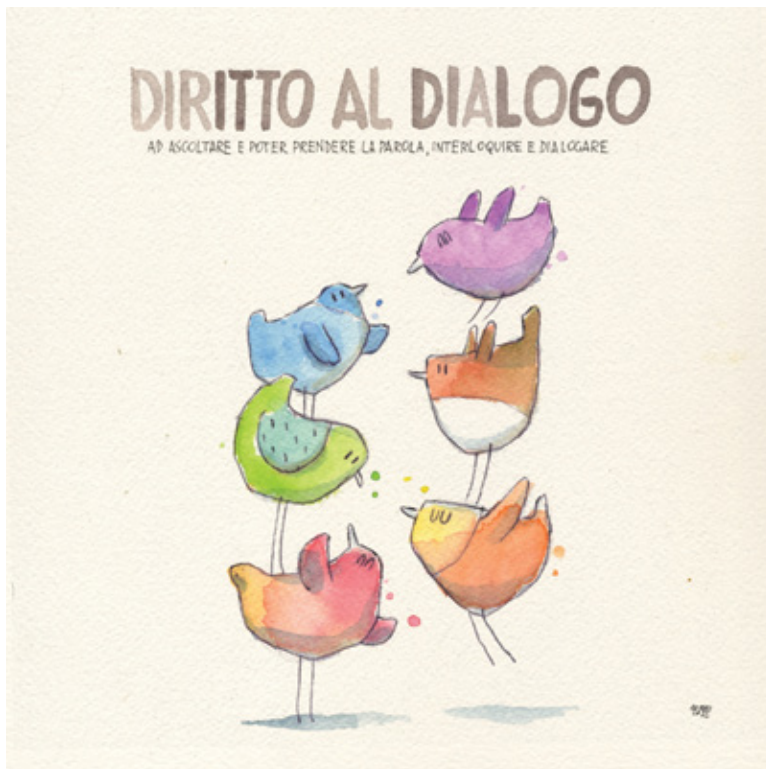
Franco Zeffirelli
Firenze 1923 - Roma 2019

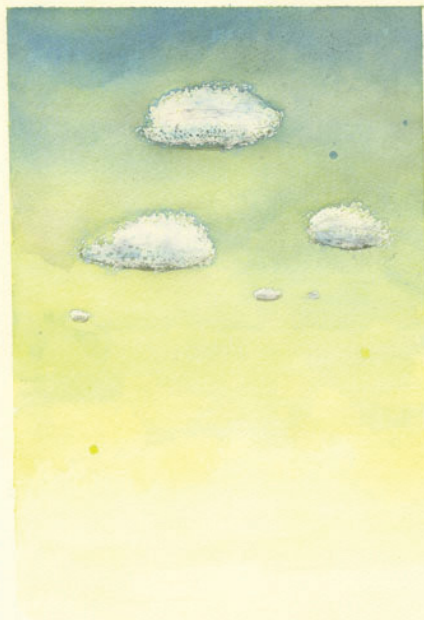


Luigi Cherubini
Firenze 1760 - Parigi 1842



Jacopo Peri
Roma 1561 - Firenze 1633



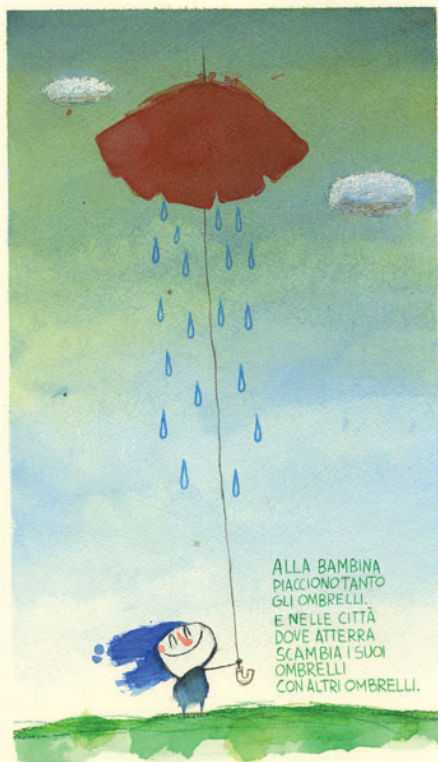


ECCOLA LASSÙ!
LA BAMBINA CON LA MONGOLFIERA.
MA NON È UNA MONGOLFIERA QUALSIASI.
È UNA MONGOLFIERA INVISIBILE!
NESSUNO PUO' VEDERLA.



LA BAMBINA NAVIGA
OLTRE LE NUVOLE,
SOPRA LE CITTÀ,
AL DI LÀ DI OGNI MONTAGNA.

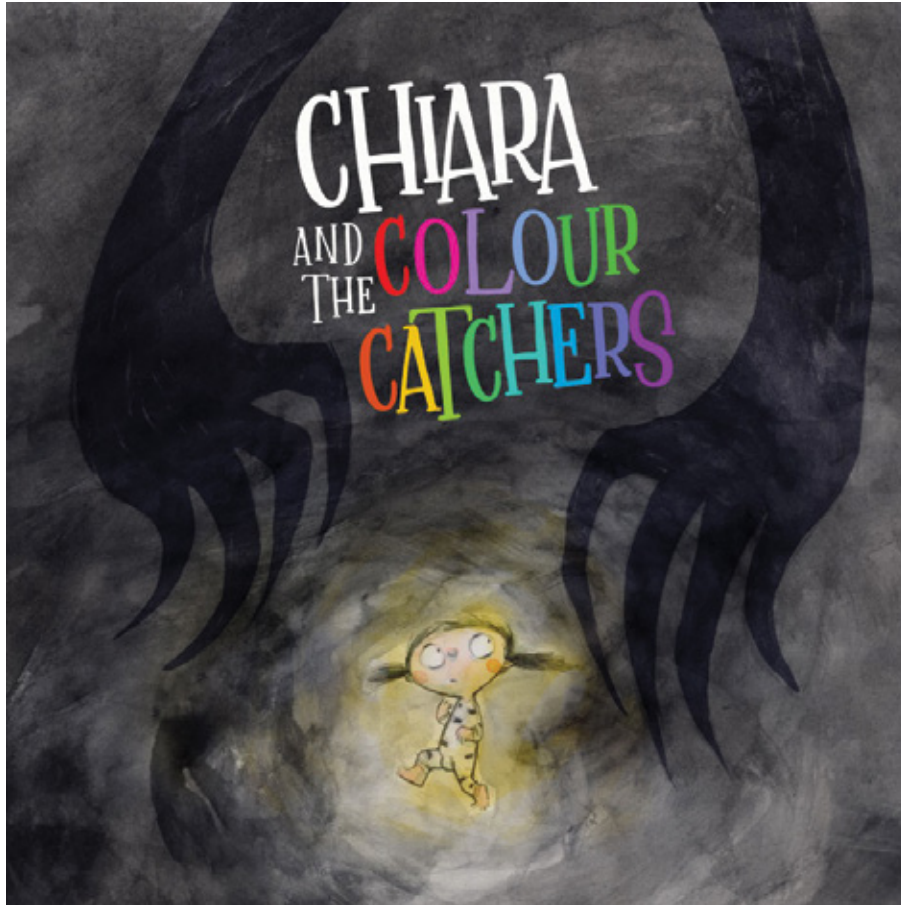


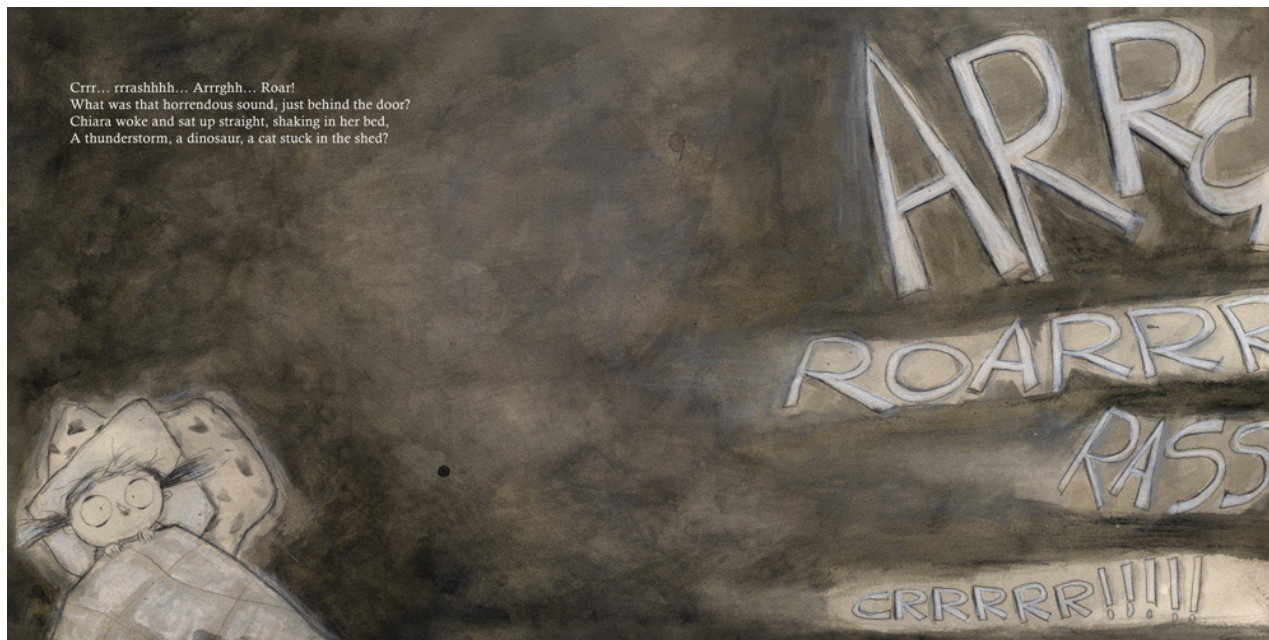


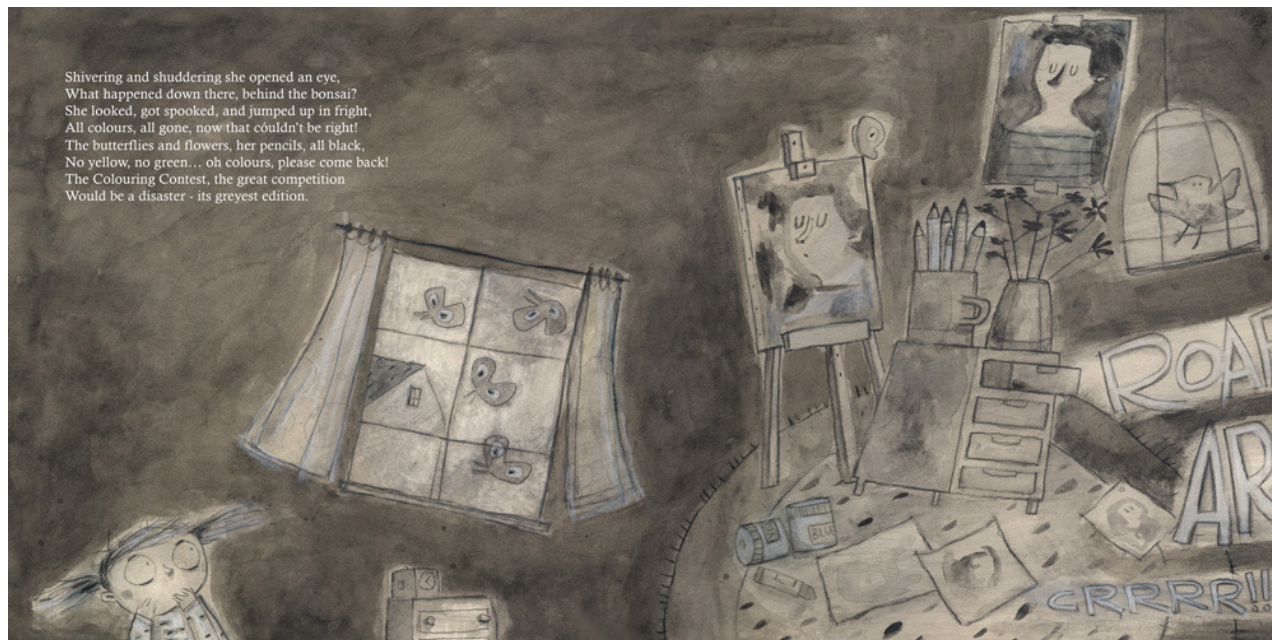


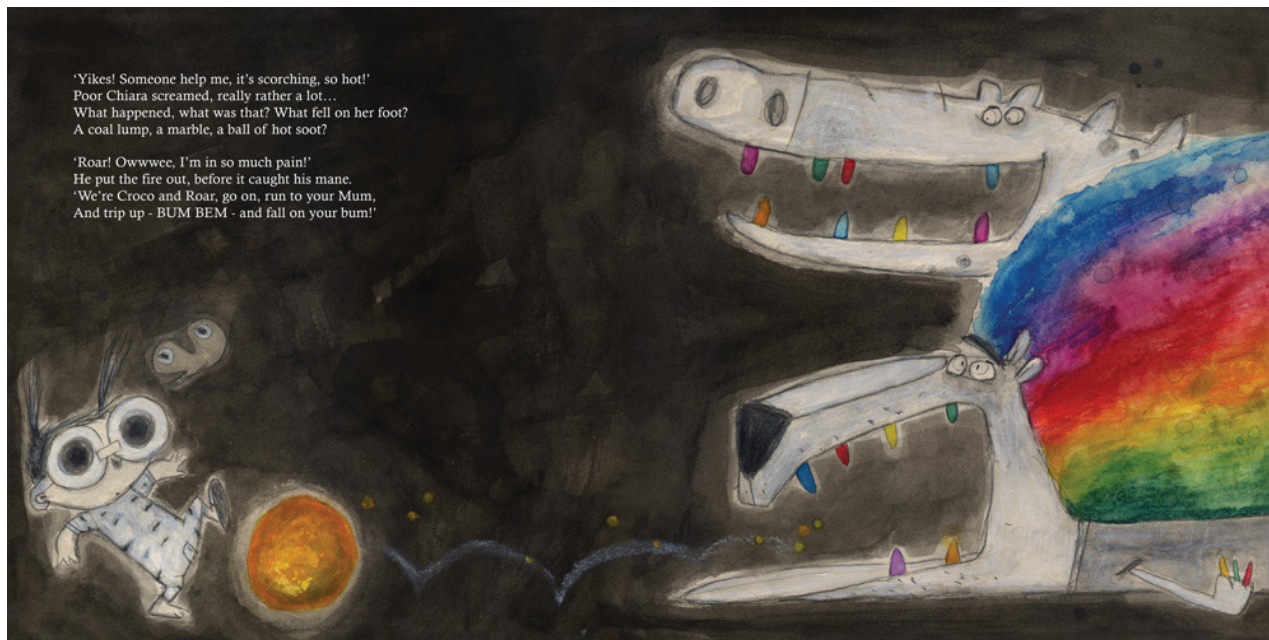












When Mirko and Lisa
set off on a trip







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