



**What's the use of a holey bag?**

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**1.**

Pegleg Benedict kicked the wild apple that fell in front of him. Then he kicked the next one, and then the next one, and then the next one. He just couldn't resist wild apples. He would always fill his tummy, his pockets, his sleeves and his pullover with it, whenever he had the chance. When all his rags were full, he filled up all his plastic bags to the brim.

**2.**

But, oh, no! The corner of the stripy bag was pierced! True, the hole was just the size of a wild apple, but the bag was full of wild apples! And so, the small apples, one by one, fell out of it, right in front of Benedict's foot.

He could have picked them up, he could have tied a knot on the bag. But Benedict was too lazy to bend down, and he didn't want the apples he had got left rolling around either.

"Flipping bag!", and Benedict left the empty plastic bag by the rosehip bush on the roadside.

**3.**

The stripy bag was hanging dispiritedly on the lower branches of the bush. It looked like a burst burstentor. Or a breathless breathtentor. It looked rather like a bag with a hole that was thrown away, because is no longer good for anything.

"Why are you crying? Why are you so sad?", asked a restless breeze.

"Of course, I am crying! Of course, I am sad!", sobbed the stripy bag. "I was thrown away because I am no longer good for anything. A bag is for carrying things in. But nothing can be carried in a holey bag."

**Mire jó egy üres zacskó? | Írta: Kollár Árpád | Illusztrálta: Szimonidesz Hajnalka | Fordította: Forrai Csilla | Csimota Könyvkiadó | [www.papirszinhaz.hu](http://www.papirszinhaz.hu)**

4.

“Now, watch this!”, whispered the breeze and picked the bag up, high, all the way to the grey clouds. The breeze whizzed the bag over the cool puddles, over the oily streets, over the moss-covered rooftops. It played with the bag, picked it up, dropped it down, floated its light body over the city.

Pull the sheet until the line

Until suddenly it has started to rain...

When the first raindrops bursted on the pavement, Balaca Kate was on her way home from the hairdresser's.

5.

She proudly preened her sensational hairdo. Nobody has ever seen such a snazzy wonder hair, but nobody will ever if it gets soaked in the rain!

Oh, why she didn't bring an umbrella or a hoodie, or not even a flipping pot to put on her head now! Kate quickly hid in the nearest doorway, but in vain! The rain was pouring down there too.

6.

From there, she ran over to the other side, under an old sycamore tree. But the round raindrops still found their way through the leaves.

As if there was not enough water already, Kate started to cry.

Pull the sheet until the line

And then, suddenly, the wind woke up, and a stripy plastic bag landed on Kate's head.

7.

Such a great little hat! True, there is a little hole in one of its corners, but it is enough keep Kate's hairdo dry while she rushes home.

At her doorway, the wind suddenly picked up the stripy bag from her head and...

**8.**

...shooooooooooooo, whizzed away, high up in the sky  
...foooooooooooooo, blew the lazy clouds away from the sun

**9.**

Rizike, the red pine mushroom, was sweating in the middle of the park, as if she was in a sauna in the savannah. What is this sudden heat wave?  
“Oh, I will become dried soup, if I cannot get some shade! Look at that arrogant parasol mushroom! She has legs! She can hop anytime to a shady foliage...  
You can see that Rizike was not the smartest mushroom in the world.  
But being smart would not have helped her now. Not only she didn't have legs, but she didn't have hands either, to make some shade for herself.

**10.**

Rizike's trunk has started to become dry, her hat was getting floppy. But suddenly, shooo, the wind woke up and brought a stripy plastic bag over her head. And this cheerful awning, this parasol with a tiny hole floated over her head until big clouds hid the sun again...

**11.**

And then, shooooo, the wind picked the bag up and took it to the top of the slender fire tower.  
There was no time to play, nor to do roly poly in the air. A skinny figure was dangling from the edge of the tower.

**12.**

This was Machek's first big tower climb. As you can see from him hanging, it was not the most successful one.  
All went well on the way up, but he forgot that he would have to get down eventually. On the way down he got terrible vertigo.  
“Oh, dear, I should have climbed on a toothpick instead, indeed!”, though Machek, when his tired paws slid from the edge of the tower, and he tumbled down. There we go, in the end he will have time to do roly polys...

### 13.

But the stripy, holey bag hasn't got the time! It was suddenly, hussss, blown, to Machek. Machek's claws grabbed the bag. Luckily, he didn't catch any mice that day, or the day before that or the day before that. So, the wonderful, slightly broken, stripy bag could carry his weight.

Of course, the wind helped as well. And so, a reborn Machek landed on his bottom at the center of the fire station.

The crowd sighed in relief. The loudest was Lungy Lizbeth, but she did it in her sorrow.

### 14.

Pamparam, ram... cham... ram... cham! Started the local fire march band. But Lizbeth, the leader of the band, could only blow her nose, not her trumpet. In her excitement she sat on her trumpet, which was now sooo flat, not even a sigh could pass through it.

The leaderless band now crickled-crackled in chaos.

### 15.

The wind now, swoosh, blew the bag in Lizbeth's face. Lizbeth took it down. The wind blew it back. Lizbeth took it down.

The wind, swoosh, blew the bag into her mouth.

Lizbeth puffed and grunted angrily... she tried to spit out the silly plastic... and then, suddenly, the bag started to crackle and whistle in between her lips.

Lungy Lizbeth blew her stripy trumpetbag on full blast, and, together with the wind, they overblew the band on this new instrument.

At dusk, the tireless wind settled down as well. It dropped the stripy bag in front of a small blonde girl.

### 16.

"Look, mummy, a beautiful stripy bag! Can I keep it?"

"It probably should go to recycling", replied her mum.

"I still would like to keep it, it's so cute."

"But what's the use of this holey bag?"

Pull the sheet until the line

“It could be a hat when it rains...”

“But we have so many hats, umbrellas, capes...”

Pull the sheet until the line

“It could be a parasol when the sun shines...”

“But it is too small, it barely gives any shade...”

Pull the sheet until the line

“It could be a parachute in case we fall down from somewhere...”

**17.**

“Oh, dear!” Mum has almost fainted “Don’t you dare climbing up to places you can fall down from!”

“Then it could be a crackly trumpetbag in case we wanted to play some music...”

“Excellent idea! But what do you think of this?”, smiled Mum and she tied the bag by its handles to a branch of the almond...

**18.**

Then they waited and waited and waited. The restless wind was waiting for this opportunity. It didn’t go to sleep, ooh, no!

Sssshhhhh.... blew the stripy bag.

Since then, the blonde little girl, every time she looks out of her window, knows where the wind blows from. That restless wind frequently visits its friend, the Stripy Wind Bag. Blows it right, blows it left, sometimes serenades on it for the little girl. The Stripy Wind bag proudly lifts, like a sail. Or rather, like a stripy windsock, that has a hole, like all good windsocks do. The hole is just right for a wild apple to fall through...