

**MARKUSPOON**



**The Adventures of the Màrkuspoon  
in the Witch's Kingdom**

*This book is dedicated to my mother, Nicole Mårku, who has always inspired and supported me in realising my vision for "Mårkuspoon".*

*With all my gratitude, thank you.*

*Ildy Mårku*



## The Màrkuspoon

In "The Adventures of the Màrkuspoon", meet Markus the Chef, Tirebouchon the dog, Lulu Chevelu, Caroline the Coquine, Fleur Täches de Rousseur, and Alberto the Intellectual.

Every night, these little heroes set off on captivating adventures in the heart of a magical world, filled with giant creatures and unexpected dangers.

Dive into their extraordinary journeys and follow these brave companions as they face every challenge with courage and determination!



# The Adventures of the Màrkuspoon in the Kingdom of the Witch

Every night, the Mårkuspoon dream of embarking on fantastic adventures. One evening, one of them said to the others:

- "I'm tired of staying locked up in this drawer. What if we planned to travel and discover the world?"

Everyone thought the idea was brilliant. So, it was decided that each evening, as soon as the sun set, they would become globetrotters and set off to explore the unknown world—on the condition that they must return to the drawer by dawn.

- "We are entering a world full of dangers," said Chief Markus. "We will use our tiny size to sneak around unnoticed.

But we must be very careful, as we could be crushed or devoured at any moment in the world of giants. That is why we will only set out at dusk.



Night had finally fallen, and the children were sleeping soundly.

"We will leave on the spoon, transformed into a flying surfboard, and we will take Tirebouchon with us. Everyone, leave quietly," instructed Markus the Chef.

The dog, fast asleep in his compartment, was rudely awakened by his little companions and pushed towards the exit.

Poor Tirebouchon had no idea what was happening. He struggled to get out of the drawer—too big and all wrinkled, making it nearly impossible for him to slip through the opening. He would not have managed it on his own without the help of his tiny friends.



Lulu Chevelu pulls him, while Caroline the Coquine, pushes with all her strength.

Finally... after being tugged from all sides, Tirebouchon is finally expelled from the drawer.

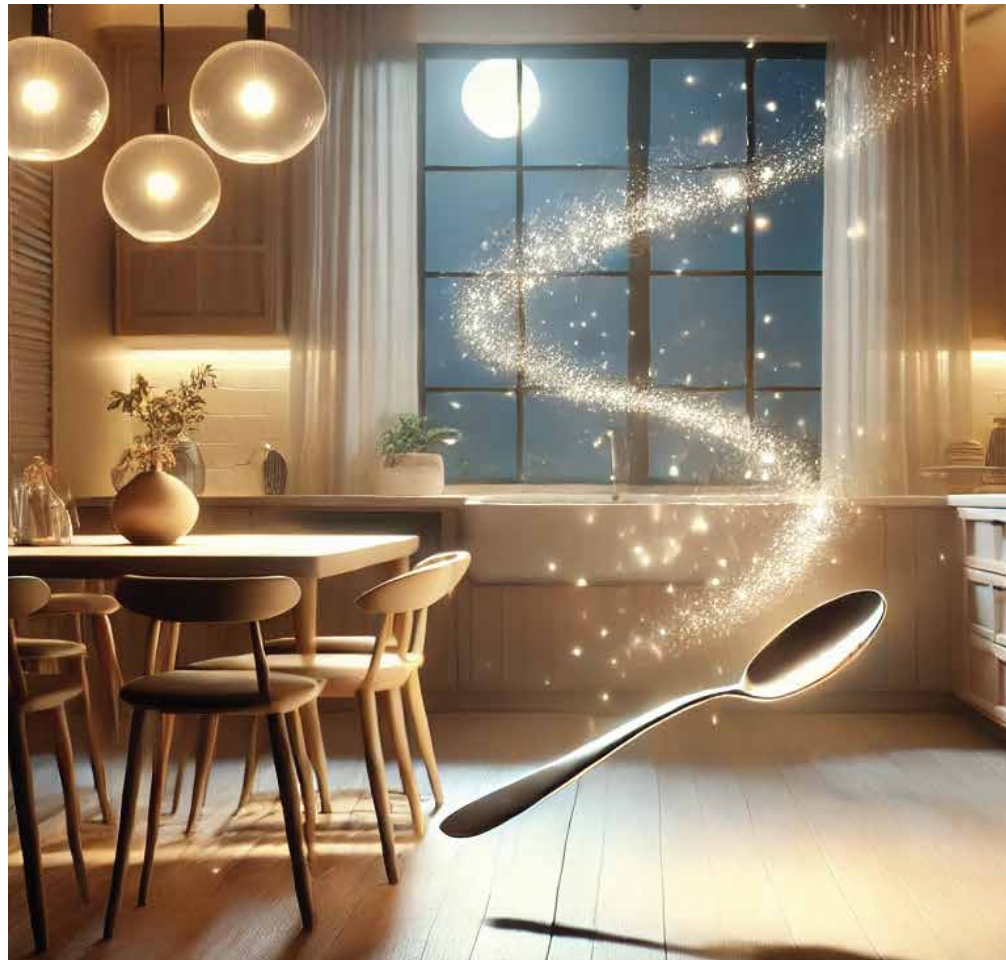
The little group helps the dog settle into the spoon, transformed for the occasion into a flying surfboard, and everyone finds a comfortable spot nestled in Tirebouchon's folds.

And there you have it... the little Globetrotters are ready for their adventure.

Then, Markus leans in and whispers the magic words into Tirebouchon's ear:

- **ABIDIBOU-  
MACHÉCADOU-  
BOUDIBA!**

Tirebouchon's tail unfolds, and the children barely have time to grab hold of it before they take a great leap into the whirlwind of space and time. In an instant, they are propelled into the mysterious and unknown world of giants.



They had landed in a magnificent garden. Looking around them, they could hardly believe their eyes.

It was a splendor of colors and lights. The leaves of the trees gleamed brightly, with gigantic flowers and fruits hanging, sparkling under the sun.

The sight was so beautiful, they were lost in admiration. Giant birds, in a spectrum of colors, sang a mesmerizing melody that seemed to invite them to join.

A mind-blowing spectacle unfolded before their eyes and ears.

Captivated by all the magic, the globetrotters began to dance, roll around in the grass, and play hide-and-seek, unaware of the dangers that lurked at every moment.

On a nearby tree, large, beautiful flowers swayed gently, releasing their captivating fragrance.







They could marvel at the landscape in peace, hidden in the tall grasses, their tiny size making them invisible to anyone.

Suddenly, from who-knows-where, a gigantic shadow passed overhead. Terrified, they quickly hid under a leaf, anxiously waiting to see what would happen next.

A majestic butterfly, adorned in bright, fluorescent colors, came soaring towards them at full speed, landing to scratch itself right in front of them.

The butterfly tried several times to lift itself, struggling more with each attempt, before collapsing exhausted into the green grass. It rose again, only to fall once more, scanning its surroundings with a worried gaze. Finally, it let its head fall to the side and remained still, appearing lifeless, lying on its injured wing.



Then, with their hearts pounding, the Màrkuspoon, who had been watching the whole scene, cautiously emerged from their hiding place and approached the butterfly. Markus, the leader, stepped forward slowly and noted with dismay that the giant butterfly had a torn wing and a broken leg.

- "He will surely die, devoured by one of those monstrous birds, if we do not help him," he said to his companions. "We must save him. Together, we will repair his wing."
- "With blades of grass and spider silk," suggested Alberto the intellectual.

Each of them went off in search of a blade of grass, a pine needle, and some spider silk. Meanwhile, Tirebouchon, the dog, was desperately trying to lick the wounds on the butterfly's wing, letting out small plaintive cries, hoping to revive it, but to no avail.

- "I'm sorry to leave you for a moment," he whispered to the butterfly. "I need to find the silk thread, because my little friends are terribly afraid of spiders, even the tiny ones."

After giving the butterfly one last look, Tirebouchon set off in search of a spider's web, whose strong and elastic thread would be perfect for mending the torn wing. Soon, he found a deserted web. He stared at it thoughtfully.

"How am I going to carry this?" Tirebouchon thought. "I can't just stick my nose in it—the thread will cling to me and



wrap around my whiskers, making me sneeze! I must be quiet, or I'll draw attention to us. I saw some monstrous birds earlier."

A shiver ran through his fur as terror took hold of him at the thought of becoming a snack for one of those menacing creatures. Then, an idea struck him.

He turned and plunged his corkscrew-shaped tail into the center of the web. With a quick pull, the thread wound itself around his tail like a spool. Without wasting any time, he hurried back to his friends.

Caroline and Fleur had found the stem of an enormous poppy and were carefully spreading the sap from it over the butterfly's wound, sticking the herbs Lulu and Alberto had gathered to it. Now, all that remained was to repair the wing.

When Tirebouchon arrived with the silk thread, Markus threaded a pine needle with it, delicately sewing the thin membrane of the butterfly's wing.

Meanwhile, Tirebouchon focused on licking the butterfly's leg, which appeared to be broken. Once done, he carefully wrapped the leg with the remaining silk thread.



Everyone stepped back, looking at each other with satisfaction. They had accomplished a great deed.

The butterfly still had its eyes closed. So, Fleur gathered a drop of dew in her shoe and, gently caressing its head, let the liquid trickle into its mouth.



- "Pretty butterfly, open your eyes," said Caroline. "You are healed, you can fly again."

Gradually, with each caress, the butterfly came to life. It opened its eyes slowly and saw the little heroes surrounding it. After inspecting its wrapped leg and then its wing, it understood what had happened.

- "My name is Rosalia," she said. "You saved my life. Without you, I would have died."

The Mårkuspoon gazed in awe at the beautiful butterfly, who now appeared as a wonderful young girl. They introduced themselves and told Rosalia about their journey into the magical garden.

- "You don't know," Rosalia said, "but you're in the Kingdom where the sun never sets. It is the domain of an evil witch with dark powers. She captures any children who dare to enter."



Those who disobey their parents are transformed into fragrant flowers for little girls and delicious fruits for little boys. The witch wants to have the most beautiful garden in the world and spends most of her time admiring it, finding great pleasure in its beauty."

- "But what are you doing in this wicked witch's garden?" asked Fleur. "Aren't you afraid she'll capture you too?"
- "No," Rosalia replied, "I'm not afraid of that crazy old woman. I have a few powers, one of which is the ability to make myself invisible. I'm here to save the poor children she's captured. I fly over the trees, flapping my wings. I rub my furry belly with my paws, where the golden dust is stored, and sprinkle it on the flowers and fruits. When they touch the ground, they turn back into children."
- "The witch saw me coming and sent her guards to attack me. I didn't have time to perform my usual tricks to disappear. Her birds were already on me. I let myself be caught by surprise, but fortunately, I managed to escape just in time."
- "You must have seen the huge birds with monstrous heads. They capture children and take them to the witch, who transforms them and hangs them on trees, according to her whims."
- "Fortunately, they didn't see you, or they would have eaten you alive."

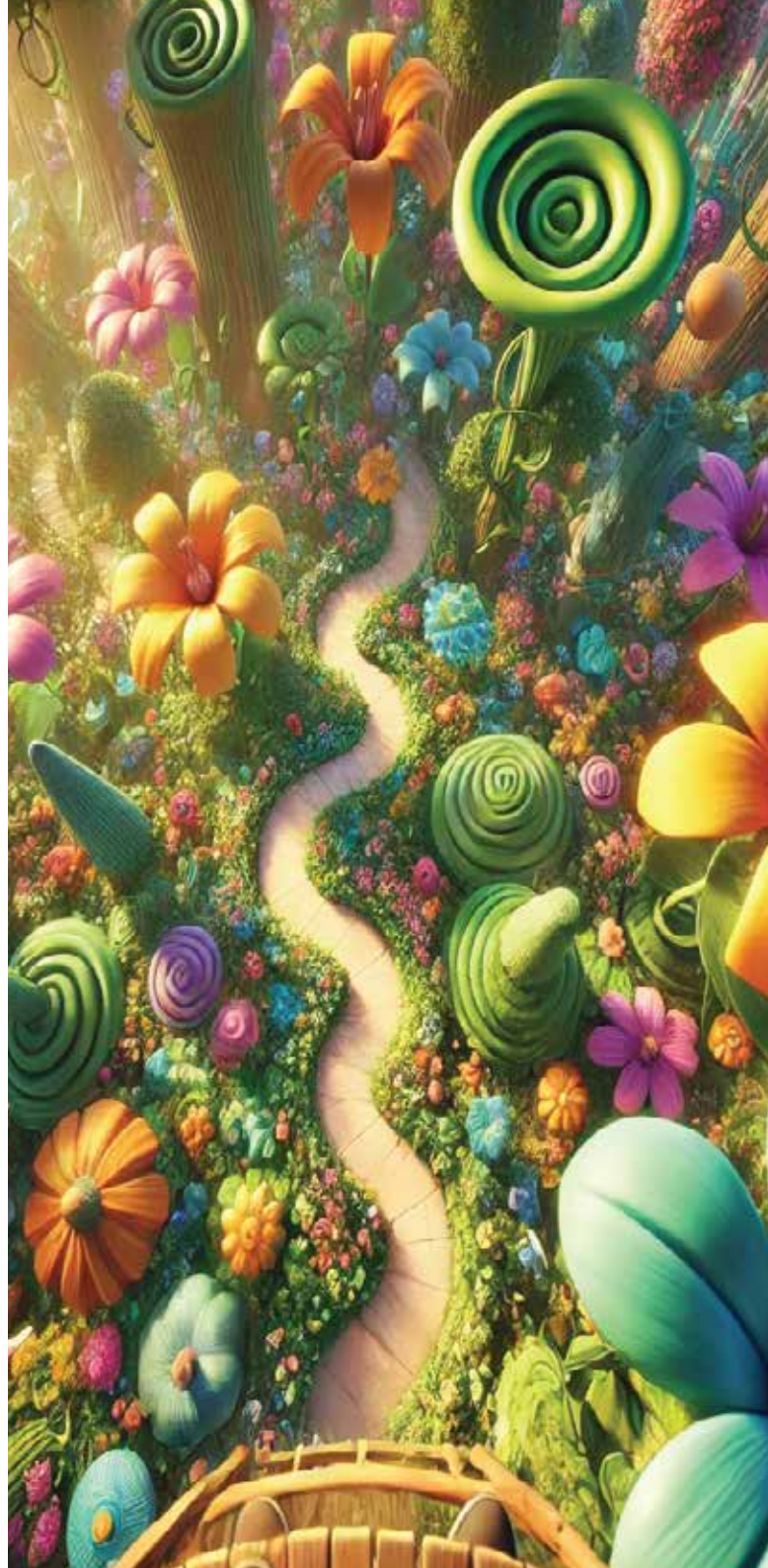
Hearing this, the Mårkuspoon trembled from head to toe.

- "Rosalia," said Alberto, "can we help you in any way?"
- "Oh yes!" Rosalia exclaimed. "I'm too weak to flap my wings, and my leg is broken. You'll be a great help to me. Climb onto my back, scratch my belly to collect the golden dust, and sprinkle it on the fruits and flowers."
- "Tirebouchon, wait for us here. We won't be long in returning," Rosalia added.

The Mårkuspoon settled carefully on the butterfly's back. It struggled slightly to take off but managed to lift into the air, flying gracefully over the trees. As they soared, they made several turns, sprinkling flakes of golden dust on each flower and fruit they passed. With every touch, the flowers and fruits detached from their branches, falling to the ground where they instantly transformed back into little children.

The children, now freed, looked at each other in amazement, touching one another, examining and admiring themselves. They laughed and cried in equal measure, unable to contain their joy and relief.

- "Don't linger here," Rosalia urged, bringing them back to reality. "You must leave quickly. Your parents are waiting for you and mourning your disappearance. Remember this lesson: every time you disobey your parents, something bad could happen to you."
- "Thank you, kind butterfly," they all shouted in unison. "Thank you, little Mårkuspoon! We will never forget you!"







As the last child disappeared into the distance, the garden began to disintegrate. The sun vanished from the sky, and night swiftly fell upon the Kingdom. The once-beautiful garden faded into darkness, the trees evaporating from sight. A soft, musical glow swirled high above, as if the Kingdom had vanished into thin air. What had been a land of wonder and magic was now lost, replaced by a cold, gloomy void.

Nothing remained of the magnificent Kingdom, except the lingering memory of a momentary enchantment.

Meanwhile, poor Tirebouchon, believing that he had been forgotten, desperate, had taken refuge under a leaf, trembling with fear and cold. He did not understand why, suddenly, everything was black. How long had he been waiting there, alone? He no longer knew. He wondered what had become of his little friends. He could not see anything; everything was so black around him. He heard suspicious cracking that made him shudder every moment.

He found himself missing the drawer from the kitchen where he was so calm, carefree, and warm—the same one he had previously hated and compared to a prison.



Suddenly, he shuddered again, hearing a slight noise that grew louder and came closer. He trembled all over, his teeth playing like castanets. He dared to open an eye and saw, in the sky, a light among the stars that headed in his direction. He opened his eyes wide with fear; this light came straight at him, blurring his vision with its excessive brilliance.

He wanted to disappear underground. He was so scared that he couldn't move, and this cursed light was growing bigger and closer inexorably. He thought he was going to be devoured. So, he closed his eyes, stopped breathing, and waited for the end. Suddenly, he felt something burning, sucking his nose. He had the sensation that someone was hitting him harder and harder, that someone was strangling him, pushing him from all sides.

- "That's it," he thought. "The monster is eating me." And, out loud, he said goodbye to his little companions, whom he would never see again, calling each of them by name.

- "Tirebouchon, Tirebouchon, what's happening to you?" his friends shouted, shaking him and hugging him tightly. Wary, he opened one eye, then two. What a relief to find all his little friends safe and sound around him.

He suddenly understood that it was the warm kisses and arms of his little friends holding him tenderly. The light he had seen was none other than Rosalia, who diffused a halo of light around her through her phosphorescent wings.





Rosalia told her new friends that it was time for them to leave because dawn was not far from breaking.

- "The children will be very surprised and saddened to no longer find their cutlery, which they leave carefully stored in the kitchen drawer," she said softly.

Everyone settled comfortably on Tirebouchon's back, who was already firmly attached to the spoon transformed into a flying surfboard.

A final goodbye to Rosalia, the words of the magic formula – **ABIDIBOU-MARCHÉCADOU-BIDIBA** – whispered in the dog's ear, and with a big leap into the whirlwind of space and time, they were back in the kitchen.

After so much emotion, our little globe-trotters of the night found, with relief, their place in the drawer for a well-deserved rest.



***Dear Readers,***

***I am Ildy, creator of the Mårkuspoon collections, and it is with great pleasure that I invite you to explore the enchanted world of our educational products and children's books. My mission has always been to create objects that are not only aesthetically pleasing and fun but also enriching for our young adventurers.***

***Imagine a meal transformed into a moment of joy, learning, and surprise. What if eating became a game, where the goal is not just to finish your plate but to enjoy the process while learning along the way? This is exactly what Mårkuspoon offers: a fresh approach to mealtime, where eating well goes hand in hand with pleasure and play!***

***I sincerely hope that our cutlery and books will not only win you over with their practicality but also bring delightful moments of joy and connection to your family. May each meal become an adventure, and may each page turned spark inspiration for both the young and the young at heart.***

***Thank you for joining the Mårkuspoon adventure, and happy discovering to you all!***

***Warmly,  
Ildy Mårku  
Creator of the Collections***



# MARKUSPOON

Many children struggle with poor posture at the table and incorrect cutlery use, making mealtime difficult and unenjoyable. On top of that, their lack of motivation to eat can turn this moment into a frustrating experience.

## Coming soon: Màrkuspoon Cutlery

Màrkuspoon offers educational and fun cutlery, specifically designed to help children use their utensils correctly while turning mealtime into an enjoyable activity. Made from safe, non-toxic materials, our cutlery encourages healthy eating habits in a playful way.



- **Adapted Design:** Perfectly sized for small hands, with raised patterns to guide the correct use of cutlery.
- **Playful Handles:** Featuring bright colors and made from durable, dishwasher-safe materials.

**Màrkuspoon turns mealtimes into enjoyable moments, empowering children to become independent while having fun.**



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