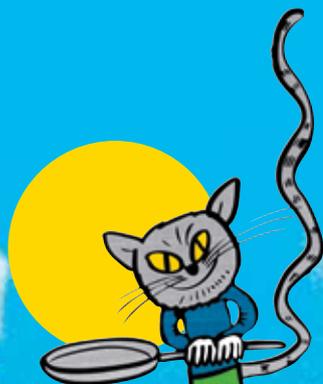


CHILDREN'S BOOKS FROM ESTONIA



ESTONIAN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE CENTRE

The Estonian Children's Literature Centre was established in 1933.

Archives Library collects

- children's books and children's periodicals published in Estonian and in Estonia;
- world's classics in children's literature and awarded books in their original languages;
- reference books, monographs, journals and other materials on children's literature;
- illustrations of children's books.

Specialised Information Centre

- creates databases and provides information to researchers of children's literature, translators, publishers, teachers, students and other interested persons.
- performs research on Estonian children's literature.

Development and Training Centre

- organises conferences, workshops, lectures;
- conducts surveys among readers;
- publishes materials on children's literature;
- organises leisure and creative activities for children and whole families.

Major projects

- Nukits Competition (Young Reader's Choice Award);
- Raisin of the Year Award;
- exhibitions;
- creative contests;
- Muhv award.

Treasury of Children's Literature and Art Gallery

- gives an overview of the Estonian children's book through the ages;
- exhibitions of illustrations of children's books from Estonia and foreign countries.



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AINO PERVIK
THE WANDERING CAT

ILLUSTRATED BY CATHERINE ZARIP
 TAMBERRAAMAT 2012
 175x215 MM, 28 PP
 ISBN 978-9949-4824-4-3



The Wandering Cat is a book for the littlest of readers, in which the pictures carry just as important role as the text. What happens when a wandering mommy-cat finds out she will give birth to little kittens very soon? As one can expect, she must find a little spot for the kittens - a spot where they can stay safely while the mother goes looking for food. And so, the wandering mommy-cat finds an empty stork's nest atop a post. It is the best place for bringing four little kids into the world. The kittens quickly turn into good little helpers, and when a big rainstorm comes, they must all hit the road again together. A simple story, yet one that is thought-provoking. Featured in the pictures are larger and smaller birds, as well as homes of every suit: just the kinds that are suitable for someone.

Award:
 2012 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit
 2012 5 Best-Designed Children's Books, Certificate of Merit



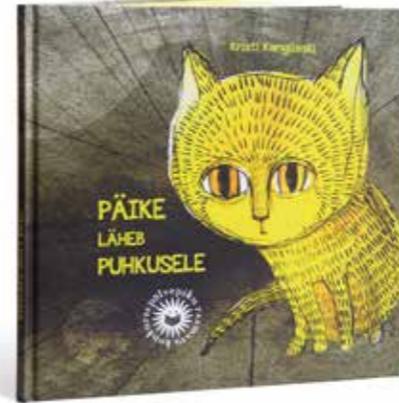
Aino Pervik (born 1932) is one of the most influential authors of modern Estonian children's literature. Professional writer since 1967, she has written more than 50 children's books as well as prose and poetry for adults. She has won many major prizes, including three times winner of the national annual award for children's literature. Her works have been translated into English, German, Japanese, Lithuanian, Russian and other languages, and repeatedly staged for theatre and adapted for the screen.

Catherine Zarip (1966) graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in the field of ceramics. After graduation, she began working at the publisher Avita, where she works to this day as a book designer and chief artist. Zarip has illustrated dozens of textbooks and children's books alongside her primary work. She has received tens of certificates in the 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books and 5 Best-Designed Children's Books competitions. In addition to Estonia, she has published a book in Moscow, and her illustrations have journeyed in exhibitions shown in Russia, Finland, the US, Iran, Argentina, Spain, Japan, and many other countries.



KRISTI KANGILASKI
THE SUN GOES ON VACATION

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
 PÄIKE JA PILV 2012
 225X235 MM, 32 PP
 ISBN 978-9949-9210-4-1



This is a story with a twist. In particular, the Sun tires out from having to work all the time - first on this side of the globe, then that; and so, it decides to take a vacation. The Sun looks down from the sky and sees that cats are great little creatures that just eat and rest all day long, and so the choice is clear: the Sun will become a nice yellow cat. The Sun finds an owner, and life becomes very pleasant. At the same time, however, the lives of people become ever more dismal. There is no Sun in the sky, it only rains and snows, and they soon start running out of fuel as well. The Sun pulls itself together and gets back to work. And what do you know - the world starts to shine again.

The Sun Goes on Vacation is the young author and illustrator's first book. In the two-toned color illustrations made using collage technique is the whiff of a new generation.

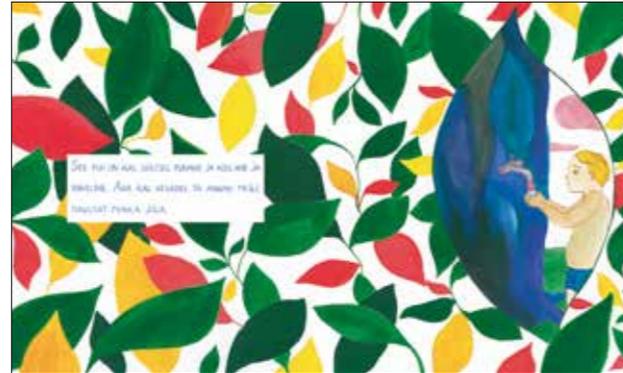
Awards:
 2011 *Põlvepikuraamatu konkurss* (The Knee-High Book competition), special recognition
 2012 5 Best-Designed Children's Books, special prize of the Estonian Children's Literature Centre, and the Estonian Graphic Designers' Union special prize for a young artist



Kristi Kangilaski was born in 1982 in Viljandi. A daycare teacher by profession, she has been studying graphic design at the Estonian Academy of Arts since 2010. Loving writing just as much as drawing, she personally illustrates her own stories. "The Sun Goes on Vacation" is the first of three stories given special recognition at the 2011 Knee-High Book Competition to be made into a book.

INDREK KOFF
Our Big Tree

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE DUNETON
PÄIKE JA PILV 2012
278X235 MM, 48 PP
ISBN 978-9949-9210-5-8



A large tree grows in front of a little boy's grandparents' house. It gives shade to people both big and small during the day. At night, however, it is like a good giant, who protects the house. There is a hole in the tree, where one can whisper secrets. There are deep grooves in the tree's bark, because it is very, very old. The tree is like a silent member of the family, without whom not one day passes. Even the little boy's thoughts and doings lead back to the tree time and time again. The story's secretive and mysterious nature is enhanced by the illustrations of Louise Duneton.

Award:
2011 *Põlvepikuraamatu konkurss* (The Knee-High Book competition), special recognition



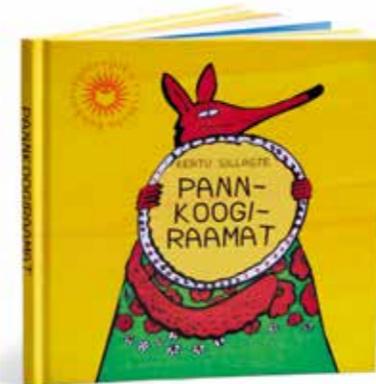
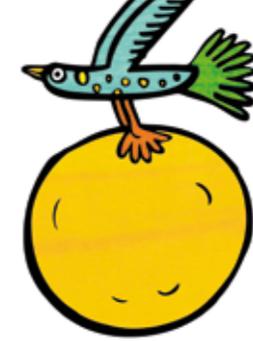
Indrek Koff (1975) studied French language and literature at the University of Tartu, a field that has indeed become his profession: his Estonian translation of a French book is published almost each year. He has personally written texts that are difficult to define by genre, and are deemed to be poetry, prose, or so much as drama. This classification is the clearest with children's books: he has written two so far, and children have adopted them very well.

Louise Duneton (1987) is an author-illustrator from France. She graduated from Strasbourg's Academy of Fine Arts (École des Arts Décoratifs) in 2011. Her first children's book is a collaboration with the Estonian author Indrek Koff, whose text she illustrated. She has also published illustrations in several magazines and fanzines. Louise is also the co-founder of the studio and exhibition place 22RUEMULLER (Paris), as well as the illustrator collective *Dessins des Fesses*.

AGE 0-3 6

KERTU SILLASTE
Pancake Book

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
PÄIKE JA PILV 2012, 24 PP
177 X 175 MM
ISBN 978-9949-9210-2-7



A colorful and jolly book for little pancake lovers. Led by cheerful animals, children are acquainted with the art of pancake making. And when the pancakes run out, no worries - new ones can be made tomorrow. On the book's back cover is also a pancake recipe for whoever grows out of the picture-book age. Bon appétit!

Award:
2011 *Põlvepikuraamatu konkurss* (The Knee-High Book competition), third place

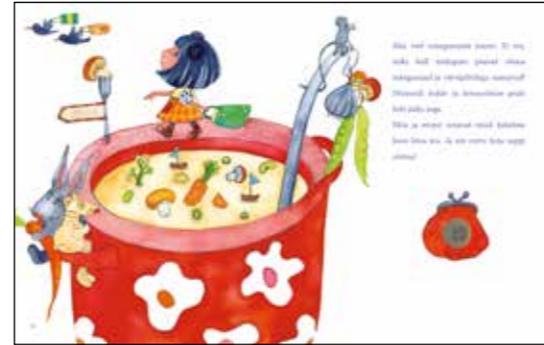


Kertu Sillaste graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts textile department. She is currently working as an artist-designer at the Tallinn Central Library. She is a long-time collaborator of the Estonian children's magazine *Täheke* as an illustrator. Sillaste has illustrated eight books, and this is the first book she has not only illustrated but also written.

7 AGE 0-3



TIIA SELLI
HAPPY MIIA
 ILLUSTRATED BY KATRIN EHRLICH
 DOLCE PRESS 2012
 275X230 MM, 36 PP
 ISBN 978-9949-9871-5-5



Miia is a cheerful and busy girl. She already dresses herself, no matter that everything gets all mixed up at first. Miia wants to be just as good as her mommy: she washes her doll's clothes in a 'washing-machine' bowl, cleans their home, and goes shopping with her mother. Every once in a while, Miia gets into a stubborn mood, but it passes quickly. Katrin Ehrlich's illustrations are just as fun and playful. Adding excitement to the book are panels, behind which the text continues or an interesting detail is hidden.

Award:
 2012 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit

Tiia Selli (1959) has written stories for newspapers, short plays and sketches for television, shows for the theater, and has had stories published in children's magazines *Täheke* and *Nööps*. Selli's first book, "*Neletriin ja Kapi-Kaarup*", was published in 2008; "*Happy Miia*" is her fourth children's book.

Katrin Ehrlich (1969) was born and brought up in Tallinn. She has studied graphic art at the Estonian Academy of Arts and the Danish Design School. She has illustrated more than ten children books and received awards for her work.

Awards:
 2006 *Põlvepikuraamatu konkurs* (The Knee-High Book competition), 1st place for illustrations of "Uncle Eedi"
 2008 *Põlvepikuraamatu konkurs* (The Knee-High Book competition), 1st/2nd places for illustrations
 2010 5 Best-Designed Children's Books, Certificate of Merit and special prize 'Golden Book' of the National Library of Estonia



TRIIN SOOMETS
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A TAIL?
 ILLUSTRATED BY TIINA MARIAM REINSALU
 PÄIKE JA PILV 2012
 206X206 MM, 32 PP
 ISBN 978-9949-9210-3-4



While she was having a nice walk one day, poetess Triin Soomets started thinking about what she would give to have a proper tail. It could be used as a mattress, but also pulled up as a blanket. It could be a scarf and used to hug a mom. You can sweep with a tail and just wave it around to and fro. And there are certainly a hundred thousand things more that can be done with a tail. Artist Tiina Mariam Reinsalu's pictures support the text with very nature-based illustrations of the tails worn by those in the bird- and animal world. The book is meant for small readers, but is also fantastically suitable for reading to a child.



Triin Soomets (1969) graduated from the University of Tartu as an Estonian philologist. She is a member of the Estonian Writers' Union since 1999. She is the author of nine poetry collections and has been given numerous awards. Her poems have also been published in German, English, Dutch, French, Slovenian, Finnish, Polish, Russian, and many other languages. "Why Don't You Have a Tail?" is her tenth book, and her first book for children.

Tiina Mariam Reinsalu (1955) graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts, and has taught university students in the very same place for over twenty years. She gladly draws elements, birds, and animals from nature; has illustrated dozens of books; and has participated in an entire row of exhibitions both in Estonia and beyond its borders.



EVA KOFF

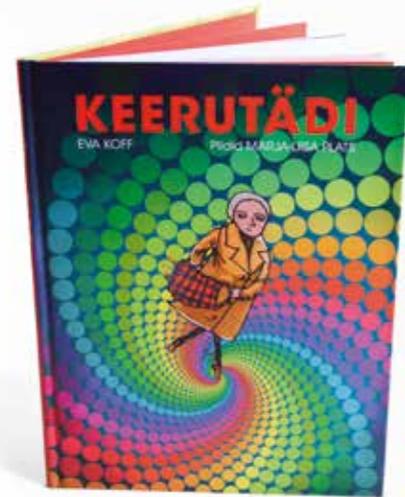
AUNTIE WHIRLWIND

ILLUSTRATED BY MARJA-LIISA PLATS

PÄIKE JA PILV 2012

250 X 193 MM, 32 PP

ISBN 978-9949-9210-9-6



Auntie Whirlwind lives in a pink house next to a chestnut tree in cozy part of town. Adults regard her as being somewhat odd, but all the little neighborhood kids know that Auntie Whirlwind is a wizard. For example - sometimes, there isn't enough snow in winter. But then comes Auntie Whirlwind, whirls herself around once or twice, and the yard is full of snow and snow shovels! There's enough for every kid, and not a single adult comes to tell them what to do or not to do. The water in the rain puddle that Auntie Whirlwind whips up goes right up to the edge of every child's boots, but not a drop spills in. Toy racecars make SUV sounds and actually speed around in a race. Sometimes, Auntie also whirls without casting spells - just so that things might be greater for herself and others.

Awards:

2011 *Põlvepikuraamatu konkurss* (The Knee-High Book competition), 1st place



Eva Koff has written primarily for children of different ages: after the play for adults titled "meie isa" ("our father"), she penned the children's books "Kust tulevad vastused?" ("Where Do Answers Come From?") and "Auntie Whirlwind", the youth play "Miri", and the children's play "Sabaga täht" ("The Star with a Tail"). For many years, she has written scripts for the children's radio drama "Mina lood" ("Me Stories"), and is currently a writer for a daily Estonian Television children's show. In addition to writing, Eva Koff teaches French to gymnasium students at the Tallinn Old Town Educational College.

Marja-Liisa Plats (1984) is an illustrator of the younger generation. She graduated from Tartu Art College as a photographer, and has illustrated about 20 children's books.

Awards:

2007 5 Best-Designed Children's Books, special prize of the jury for young illustrator
2011 *Põlvepikuraamatu konkurss* (The Knee-High Book competition), 1st place



Little kids know why Auntie Whirlwind whirls: Auntie Whirlwind makes the world different with every whirl she makes. Grown-ups and big kids don't notice at all how the world becomes a little nicer with Auntie Whirlwind's whirling. Grown-ups drive around in their cars too fast, or else worry that their kids won't get to school on time, and that they won't get to work on time. Big kids are looking at the text messages on their cell phones and don't see anything, either.

But little kids see it! Sometimes, very rarely, little kids' grandmas and grandpas also see that after Auntie Whirlwind's whirling, their neighborhood isn't quite the same place that it was before. That things here are much nicer, now.

One winter, there was no snow at all. But then, Auntie Whirlwind went down the street to the store and did a whirl, and right after she did, the snow started falling oh-so-quickly. You closed your eyes for a moment, opened them, and everything was already white. The sidewalks and the roads and the cars and an old metal bucket and a stack of firewood. And then, the neighbor-man Ain came outside and said, "Good day!", handed out big brooms and big snow-shovels to the little kids, and told everyone to clear away the snow. The little kids brushed all of the cars clean of snow. Even Uncle Marek's SUV. No one fussed and said that they might scratch the cars. Not even Uncle Marek.

Translated by Adam Cullen



MARKUS SAKSATAMM

A GHOST AND PORRIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAIDO HOLLO

TÄNAPÄEV 2012

236X174 MM, 144 PP

ISBN 978-9949-27-111-5



There is everything possible in Markus Saksatamm's stories. An alien goes to day-care, the child of a sea monster finds a common language with a peer playing on the beach, a bear embodying a starling growls out the beginning of springtime, a naughty wolf gulps down a goat together with a grandfather clock, a red hand becomes a little girl's pet. A tooth receives a grand filling as an award for bravery, a freshly-received bump gets its owner to do foolish, life-endangering things. A pig becomes a cowboy, a robot a schoolteacher, and Linda Johanna a wizard. The child-characters are the only ones that keep their head straight in the topsy-turvy mess - taking the state of things just as it is right then.



Markus Saksatamm's (1969) first children's book was published in 2008. Altogether five children's books have come from him so far, and more is on the way. He does collaborations for several children's magazines, where his humorous stories are always welcomed.

Maido Hollo (1983) is a young artist and animator, who has been part of the making of several animated films. So far, he has illustrated two of Markus Saksatamm's books.



The morning was dark and dreary. The wind stirred the bare branches, and then on top of it all, a snowy sleet started to fall. A chickadee moved back-and-forth along the windowsill outside. From time to time it stopped, cocked its head to the side while squinting in through the window, chirped downheartedly, and continued on its way. Back and forth, again and again. Then, a sparrow flew up and asked: "What? Is the buffet still not open?"

The chickadee shook its head in despair.

"There was quite a feast laid out here yesterday," the sparrow recalled. "There was both lard and sunflower seeds to be had."

"A divine ball of fat hung here, too." The chickadee gulped loudly. "The big and appetizing kind." They fell silent for a while. Only the empty bird feeder swung in the gentle breeze. It was the most lonely and sorrowful sound in the world.

"Listen, knock on the window," the sparrow spoke up again. "I bet they don't even know we're here. Or their alarm clock is broken."

"I'm no woodpecker." The chickadee fluttered its wings angrily. "And anyway, if you, sparrow, can't behave politely and wait in line for food for a while, then you might as well turn migratory and fly south."

"I have an altogether better plan," the sparrow chirruped. "I'll paint my gray plumage an array of colors and go be a parrot in the circus."

"You can't even sing," the chickadee replied. But the sparrow decided to give it a try, anyway. He hopped closer, spread his wings wide so that it might sound louder, and belted out: "The time is now ideal, I'd like to have my meal..."

At that ceremonious moment, a bullfinch landed next to them. The sparrow shouted: "Bullfinch, go and knock on the window. Guess, what - their alarm clock is broken."

He was apparently wrong about that, however, because a light suddenly switched on in the room. The birds flew to a distance, took their seats on branches, and waited for what would come next. After a moment, the window opened, and a sleepy-looking little girl leaned out towards the bird feeder.

"Will she still put out a fat ball?" the chickadee asked impatiently. "Will she? Oh, I just can't wait... I'm going to faint!"

"A fat ball is on the menu," the sparrow reported. "And seeds and nuts to boot."

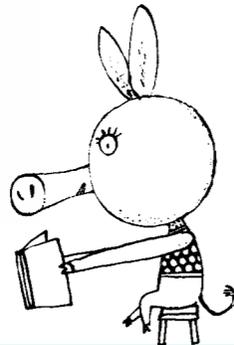
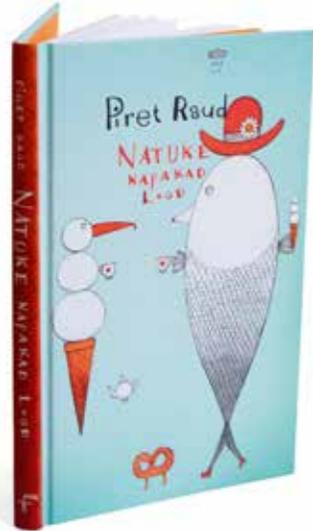
Then, they waited until the window was shut and the light in the room turned off.

"Bon appétit, gentlemen!" the bullfinch spoke, well-mannered. All three flew to the bird feeder and began their breakfast. Behind the curtain, however, the little girl didn't take her gaze off of them. It was fun to watch how the feathered creatures shared their breakfast table with each other. She tried to be very still and not move, so that the guests would still feel comfortable there. No one likes when someone watches him or her eat with their mouth agape, of course. Such a thing simply isn't polite.

Translated by Adam Cullen

PIRET RAUD
SLIGHTLY SILLY STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
TÄNAPÄEV 2012
212 X 136 MM, 90 PP
ISBN 978-9949-2715-4-2
Rights sold to French



The book contains 32 slightly silly stories about all sorts of happenings. In the work, a reader can find a girl that fibbed and fibbed; a princess that loved killing dragons more than anything else; an obedient soldier that conscientiously does everything the General commands until he finally ends up on the Moon; a carrot that has a strange dream that it is a cabbage, which has a dream it is a carrot, which has a dream it is a butterfly, which has a dream that it is a carrot. The stories, written with warm humor, observe life's unexpected facets and are suitable reading for children of all ages.

Egg was standing on his head. He enjoyed it and it amused him. If you stand on your head it feels as if the rest of the world is upside-down. It looked to egg as if the kitchen floor was the ceiling and the ceiling was the floor. The table hung from the ceiling by its legs, like a fly, as did all the chairs. The bread and cakes on the kitchen table were upside-down and the fridge was upside-down and even the clouds through the window were upside-down and the rain falling from the clouds was falling up instead of down.

"Awesome!" shouted the egg.

"What's awesome?" inquired the kettle.

"Yoga," the egg replied. "Yoga is when you stand on your head and it makes you feel healthier and happy."

"I want to try yoga and feel healthier," said the kettle, who felt a bit snuffly. He arranged himself so he was standing on his head, like the egg.

"You have to breathe as well," said the egg, and the kettle breathed carefully, "Phhhhhhhh!" As he did so a small trickle ran out of his spout and the kettle realised how pleasant and easy breathing was when his spout wasn't running. Yoga really was awesome.

The other kitchen-dwellers noticed the improvement in the kettle's health and wanted to try standing on their

heads too. The table and the chairs and the fridge, the pots and pans, the crockery and food, in fact the whole kitchen turned itself upside-down. They were all thrilled and happy because they noticed interesting changes in themselves.

For example the green tomato, who had been put on the window-sill for ripening, went a beautiful red from her face upwards by standing on her head. By dropping all its rubbish, the bin under the sink felt wonderfully light and inwardly pure. Yoga had a positive effect on everyone.

Only the egg was no longer happy about standing on his head any more because now that everything had turned itself upside-down it looked to the egg as if they were the right way up again and were not amusing in the least.

So the egg turned himself back the right way up and looked at the world upside-down again in comfort.

What's more, no-one in the whole kitchen noticed because, as you already know, eggs have a head at the top and the bottom.

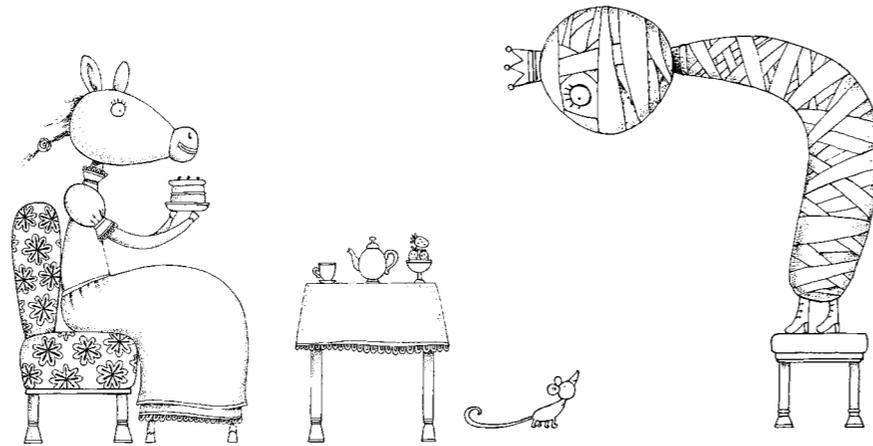
Translated by Susan Wilson



Piret Raud was born in 1971 in Tallinn, Estonia. She comes from a family of writers - her father was a writer, her mother is a writer, and both of her brothers are writers, too. Surprisingly, she chose the path of a graphic artist at first, but before long came back to her roots, and has become one of the most renowned children writers and illustrators in Estonia. She has written 10 books and illustrated more than 40 titles. Her books have also been published in English, German, Latvian, French, Lithuanian and Hungarian. piretraud.edicypages.com

PIRET RAUD
PRINCESSES WITH A TWIST

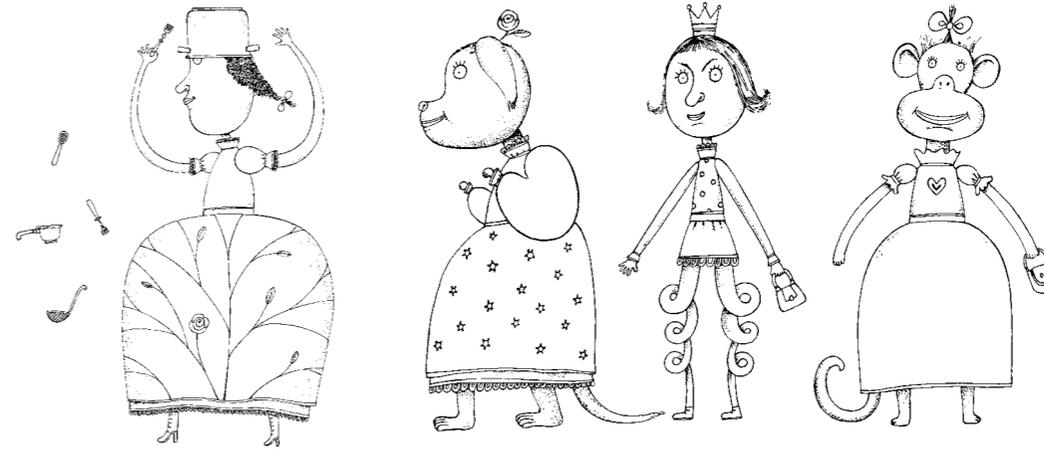
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
TÄNAPÄEV 2012
195 X 165 MM, 108 PP
ISBN 978-9949-2731-0-2



In her latest book, Piret Raud has taken on all little girls' dream - princesses. These are no ordinary princesses that live in an ordinary castle, however. For example - one finds a backwards-princess, who does everything the wrong way around, and a barking princess, who is bitten by a flea, as well as Princess Balloon, who organizes a ball for her balls, and Princess Mummy, who is afraid of mice. The book isn't short of a couple of evil dragons, and a few nice princes; not to mention heaps of beautiful dresses, hats, and rosebushes. The author herself drew the black-and-white pictures for the book - who else would really know those tricky princesses better?



Piret Raud was born in 1971 in Tallinn, Estonia. She comes from a family of writers - her father was a writer, her mother is a writer, and both of her brothers are writers, too. Surprisingly, she chose the path of a graphic artist at first, but before long came back to her roots, and has become one of the most renowned children writers and illustrators in Estonia. She has written 10 books and illustrated more than 40 titles. Her books have also been published in English, German, Latvian, French, Lithuanian and Hungarian. piretraud.edicypages.com



PRINCESS CHIMNEY'S WORRIES

Princess Chimney lived on the roof of a lovely little house and smoked. A stork landed next to her.

"Smoking is very bad for your health," said the stork, who had made its nest on the manor kitchen side of the chimney which no longer smoked, and knew what she was talking about.

"I don't have a choice," complained Princess Chimney. "I'm terribly nervous and it makes me smoke!"

"Why are you nervous?" asked the stork with interest.

"Because I'm worried," replied the Princess. "I'm waiting for a Prince. I've been waiting for years and years now, but the Prince never comes. That kind of thing makes you nervous!"

The stork felt sorry for Chimney and decided to help her in her misfortune. The very next day she brought the Princess a frog in her bill.

"Here's an enchanted Prince for you," said the stork to Chimney. "All you have to do is kiss him and before your

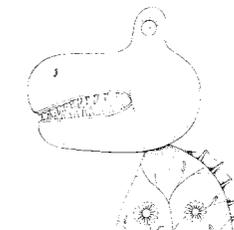
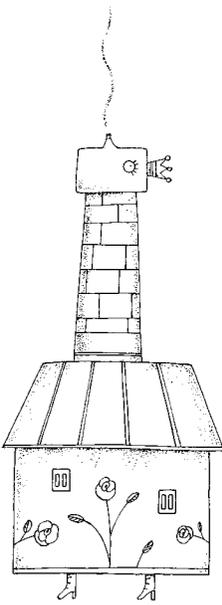
very eyes he'll turn into a handsome Prince who'll take you for his bride!"

Chimney bowed towards the frog to give it a kiss. "Pooh!" shouted the frog. "This princess stinks like a chimney - all smoke! I do NOT want someone like her to kiss me! Much less do I want her as my bride!" And he hopped off the roof into the lilac bush.

"I'm very sorry!" said the stork, rising into the air to fly away. "It would appear that even frogs don't like smoking."

Princess Chimney remained unhappy and alone. "My Prince will never come," she thought, and she was right. The only thing that did come was a cat, who jumped over the roof ridge next to Chimney. The cat wasn't bothered by the fact that the Princess smelled of smoke. Chimney was lovely and warm, and the cat liked that.

"Prrr!" said the cat, and the princess smiled.



ANDRUS KIVIRÄHK

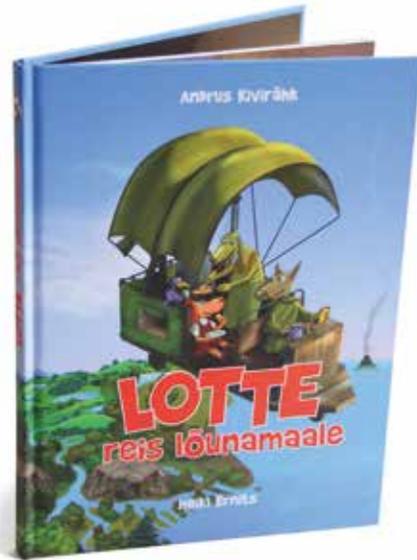
LOTTE'S JOURNEY SOUTH

ILLUSTRATED BY HEIKKI ERNITS ET AL.

EESTI JOONISFILM 2012

288 X 212 MM, 152 PP

ISBN 978-9949-9377-0-7



One beautiful autumn day as the migrating birds are flying south, the tired bird Pipo falls straight into the lap of Lotte the puppy. Lotte decides to help Pipo and accompany him to his grandmother's place in the south. Together with her inventor father - Oskar - and Uncle Klaus the traveler, they utilize a plane for the trip. The trip south isn't without its problems, but their creativeness, friendliness, and kind-heartedness help them get through everything. Lotte the puppy reminds one of a small child - curious, inquisitive, and a little afraid, but eager to act, cheerful and impatient. Lotte supports a cast of extraordinary characters. In the whirl of adventure, we meet moles working in a mushroom factory, a bus-driving centipede, swamp creatures searching for stars, elephant dwarfs, and many others. The book is understandable for all ages - from the very young all the way to adults. Children as well as their parents can enjoy the author's skill of presenting known things in a new light, of seeing life with humor, and finding a way out of situations that seem hopeless. The book is based on the cartoon film *Lotte*, which was produced by Eesti Joonisfilm in 2000. Lotte has become the most-loved contemporary figure of Estonian children.

Awards:

- 2004 Nukits Young Reader's Choice Award, 2nd Prize for text and illustrations
- 2002 5 Best-Designed Children's Books, Certificate of Merit



Andrus Kivirähk (1970) is the most prolific and powerful figure on the Estonian literary scene today. He can easily switch from one style to another, producing short stories, newspaper columns, dramatic texts, children books and scenarios for TV. He has written seven books for children; all of them are still in print and widely read.

Heiki Ernits (1953) graduated from Tallinn Pedagogical Institute as a teacher of art and manual training. He has worked as a photographer, art teacher, art director and film director, made commercials, designed book covers and layouts, and illustrated numerous publications as well as children's books. To date he has made 14 animated films.



The new morning greeted us with sunny weather, and Dad, who had flown the plane the whole night through, announced:

"We're flying above the sea!"

I rushed to the railing right away, and sure enough, the sea was rippling below us! There was water everywhere, no matter where you looked, and the shore couldn't be seen anywhere. Uncle Klaus also leaned over the railing, studied the sea, and nodded in satisfaction.

"It's been a good many years now since I last saw the sea!" he said. "But I got to see so much of it then, too, that I'll remember it forever! I survived a shipwreck, you know, and after that, I floated around the ocean on a tiny raft for several months! Those were the days!"

We sat down to eat breakfast, and Uncle Klaus went on and on about his adventures and all of those dreadful dangers, which he had escaped over the course of his lifetime. I listened and grew as jealous as could be! Indeed - I had also gone flying in a plane precisely so that I could survive fearful adventures, but up to now, nothing



seriously dangerous had happened yet! Our expedition was more like a class field-trip, not a fun and exciting journey, where you have to suffer from hunger and thirst for months at a time, fight off wild Indians, and undergo hardship on a lone island for thirty years. I told the others this as well, but Dad said I was being foolish, and that he for one definitely didn't want to end up on some lone island, and even if he did, he would invent a machine and head back home lickety-split. You see - that's how it goes when your father is an inventor! There's no hope at all of being stuck on a lone island for thirty years! I was in such a bitter mood that I was right on the verge of tears.

But at that very moment, something completely unexpected happened. All of a sudden, there was an enormous jolt, and our plane leapt in the air as if hit by a cannonball. We dashed to the railing without a second's delay, and Dad shouted:

"It's a volcano! It's erupting rocks! Hold on!"



KAIRI LOOK

VILLE THE LEMUR FLIES THE COOP

ILLUSTRATED BY ELINA SILDRE

TÄNAPÄEV 2012

235 X 175 MM, 164 PP

ISBN 978-9949-2725-8-7

Rights sold to German and Lithuanian



Little Ville is a curious sort of lemur – the first clever lemur, whose is as sharp as a tack. Curious Ville often visits the squirrels, whose relatives live across the whole world and always send postcards from exciting places. All of these far-away lands incite a sense of curiosity in Ville.

One rainy fall day, Ville meets Pierre: a squirrel buzzing with French. Oh, what luck! Now, Ville is able to listen to the squirrel's unending tales about adventures living in Paris for evenings on end. Soon, they form a plan – Pierre promises to take Ville along with him to Paris. Their journey begins on a large cruise steamboat, and after a few days, the two little animals are indeed in Paris. Only that this Paris is extremely odd: everyone rides around on bicycles, and there is one canal after another. The ship has actually brought them to Amsterdam.

Of course, the two globe-trotters also reach Paris – Ville now sees that city of wonders. They pass through the grand department store's sales racks and gaze at the Eiffel Tower, stroll on Montmartre and study the painting of Mona Lisa in the Louvre. Paris is certainly a lovely city, but Ville's heart pulls him onward. The world is much wider than it first appears. Who knows – perhaps new adventures await Ville ahead.

Ville the Lemur Flies the Coop is suitable for little travel enthusiasts both to satisfy their curiosity as well as to form it. Everything that goes along with travel, such as visiting a museum, is depicted in a child-like and friendly way. The book is good for reading both before and after a trip.

Kairi Look (1983) alternates between living in Amsterdam and Tallinn. She works as a publisher of scientific literature, but loves children's books over all else. She has previously written for magazines, and keeps a blog at amsterdamiseerunud.blogspot.com.

Elina Sildre is an artist of the younger generation who is strongly connected to the Estonian scene of comics. She also paints cakes.

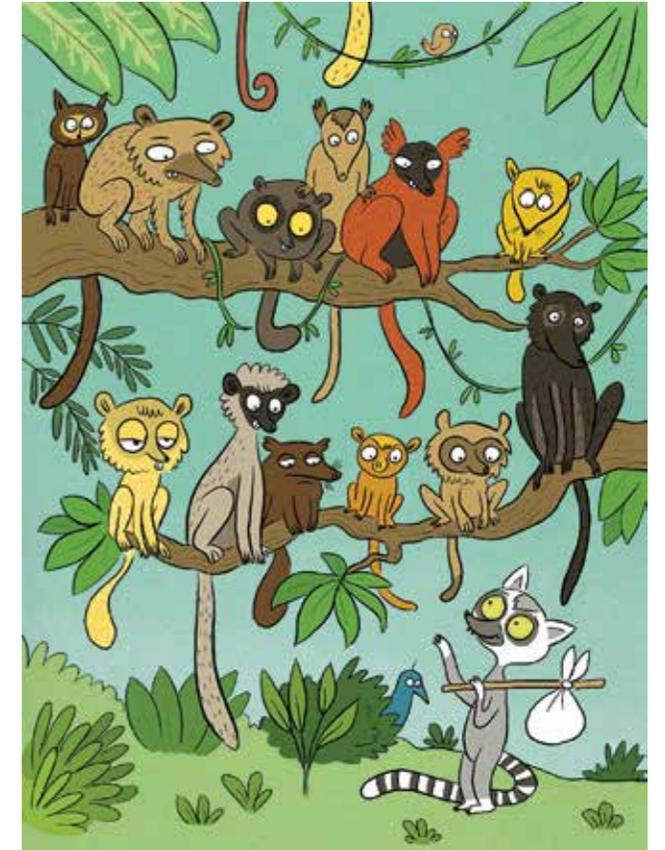
AGE 6-10 20

When the freight truck reached Paris, both the buns and jam were gone to the last crumb, not to mention the wieners. Pierre dozed with an empty basket set under his head as a pillow, curled up into a ball between the packages. Ville had also fallen asleep while letting the wieners settle in his stomach. They were awoken by the screech of brakes.

"Eeh, where are we?" Ville asked as he rubbed his eyes drowsily and rubbed his stiff behind.

Pierre jumped to his feet and climbed eagerly onto the pile of packages next to the window to take a look at their surroundings. After a quick glance outside, he turned his nose towards Ville. "In Parr-rrriiiiis," he whispered happily, and jerked his tail back and forth excitedly. "At last! After long adventures, endless trekking and anticipation, we've finally arrived in the capital of the world." Pierre charged down the mountain of packages, threw open the truck's doors, and solemnly inhaled Paris through his nostrils with his eyes closed. The squirrel's snout-fur rippled in the gentle afternoon wind. "My darling, here I come! Where living like a breeze is now just beginning!" he trumpeted in a low, booming voice, and raised his paws towards the sky.

Pierre's life hadn't always been fine and dandy in the very least. During his youth in the forest (his name was still Pete back then), everyone knew him as an expert lazybones, and as a rather untalented squirrel in general. Pierre loved praise, but he couldn't be bothered to master a single ability properly. He survived the winters only thanks to his family, who supported their son with room and board. Pierre regarded regular squirrel life, where the animals were supposed to help one another and stock up on supplies for dark days, as humdrum and old-fashioned. During his last winter in the forest, when the other squirrels were gorging atop their piles of nuts, Pierre turned down all the offers of food, shivering stubbornly on a branch and starving. By spring, the squirrel had dwindled down to the size of a thin rat, and decided that he'd had enough. He took a new, cosmopolitan name for himself, and moved to Paris. In a flash, the average forest



squirrel transformed into an urbane city animal, who had exotic acquaintances in the country. And now, greeting France from the back of a truck, he had made it back to his fashionable home.

Translated by Adam Cullen

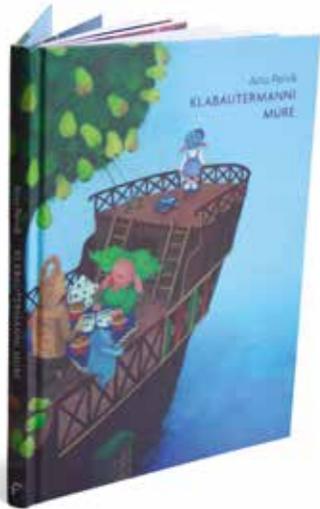


21 AGE 6-10



AINO PERVIK
**KLABAUTERMANN'S
WORRIES**

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINA LUKK-TOOMPERE
TÄNAPÄEV 2012
236 X 175 MM, 100 PP
ISBN 978-9949-27-156-6



Kotermann and Klabautermann are ship-sprites, whose task is to take care of the vessel. They come across smugglers who have robbed sixteen Chinese children. The Topsail Family, which lives on the *Pamina*, comes to the rescue: the colorful company manages to scare the *Waterrat* crew almost to death and bring the small, fearful children on board the *Pamina*.

Thanks to the Chinese proficiency of a friendly bird-of-paradise named Tiuks, the crew makes contact with the Chinese Embassy, and the adventure continues. The sixteen Chinese children find their parents, yet the kotermanns' hearts still aren't at peace - the smugglers' ship *Waterrat*, formerly known as *Sara*, is now not only without a crew, but without a captain as well. Something must be done.

In this book, Aino Pervik returns to the subject of the sea, just as in his classic work *Arabella, the Pirate's Daughter*. Pervik also brings a modern problem into the story - human trafficking, a solution to which is found using modern-day resources: both Skype and television come to the aid. The writer plants little grains of wisdom for young readers throughout the whole adventure. Regina Lukk-Toompere's illustrations that radiate mysteriousness fit with the kotermann story: strangeness and familiarity are well balanced in the pictures.



Aino Pervik (born 1932) is one of the most influential authors of modern Estonian children's literature. Professional writer since 1967, she has written more than 50 children's books as well as prose and poetry for adults. She has won many major prizes, including three times winner of the national annual award for children's literature. Her works have been translated into English, German, Japanese, Lithuanian, Russian and other languages, and repeatedly staged for theatre and adapted for the screen.

Regina Lukk-Toompere (1953) is a book illustrator (having illustrated over 25 children's books) and background artist. She has received prizes for her illustrations for children's books and film design in Estonia and abroad.

AGE 6-10 22

SIXTEEN LITTLE CHINESE

"Well, what is it now?" Pa asked.

"We have children on board," Klabautermann said gravely. "Sixteen little Chinese kids. Just crying and crying."

"What do you mean - kids?" Ma asked, baffled.

"You know, kids," Klabautermann said. "Munchkins. They were brought here to the port by land in a container from China, and we brought them on board tonight."

"Here?" Kotermann furrowed his brow. "To our harbor? So, how did they get over the border with children like that? The border patrol still checks all the containers - don't they?"

"Oh, I don't know," Klabautermann sighed. "But here they are. Smugglers have all kinds of tricks."

"Well, yes, but - what kind of contraband are kids, then?"

"Kids are sold to rich people in America, who don't have their own children," Klabautermann replied. "Asian ones are in high demand. They're really cute."

"What do you mean - sold?" Ma couldn't wrap her mind around it.

"Well, sold," Klabautermann said. "They have them adopted for a lot of money. Taken as if they were the people's own children."

"Oh, how nasty!" Ma exclaimed. "The children should be sent back to their parents!"

"Exactly," Klabautermann said. "But how? The smugglers have everything figured out. There's a secret bunker on the ship. The children are crammed into it. They're there now. Crying."

"We should definitely do something about this," Pa said.

"When will the *Waterrat* cast off?" Kotermann asked.

"We were supposed to go this morning already," Klabautermann said, "but I made it so that we can't leave any sooner than a week from now. I broke the navigation devices. They can't be fixed. They need to find new ones. That'll take at least a week."

23 AGE 6-10



"Then we've got a little bit of time," Kotermann said. "We should tell the harbor captain straight away!" Pa said.

"Sure thing," Klabautermann replied. "You know very well: I'm an old seamen's superstition. The harbor captain won't take any action over some ghost. He simply doesn't believe in them."

"That's the truth," Pa sighed. "And I myself am no more than a cork fender."

"We're going to have to come up with something else," Kotermann said.

"We'll bring the kids here," Ma said decisively.

"I said - I can't lead the children out of the bunker just like that," Klabautermann said.

"Can't you break the door open, then?" Ma asked.

"I even have the key," Klabautermann replied. "But even if I were to open the door, then I can't walk through the ship onto the dock with sixteen children just like that."

Translated by Adam Cullen



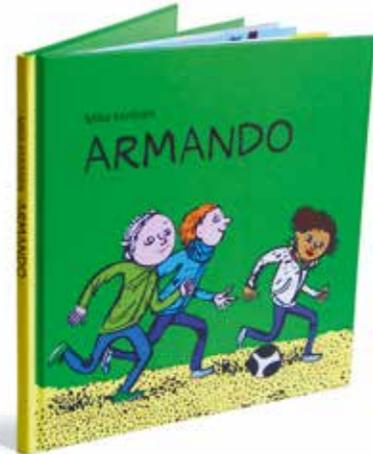
MIKA KERÄNEN

ARMANDO

ILLUSTRATED BY KERTU SILLASTE
TALLINNA KESKRAAMATUKOGU 2012
215 X 215 MM, 48 PP
ISBN 978-9949-9353-0-7



It was the first Monday of October, and a new student came to first grade in a Tallinn school - Armando, whose father is an Argentinian and mother an Estonian. Armando had lived in Argentina until that time, and doesn't understand everything in Estonian yet. He is, however, extremely talented at football. Armando is used to boys in Argentina kicking the football around all the time, and is surprised when the bigger second-grade boys don't let him play, saying that he is too small. When Armando says his juggling record is sixty, the big kids don't want to believe him at all. They let him play, however, and it turns out that Armando is a seriously talented football player, who in addition to his fantastic ball-handling abilities also knows a dance with incredible moves to be danced after a goal is scored - the tango. So it happens that Armando is accepted into the bigger boys' football team, which thanks to him wins its first match with the score of 10:0. Thus, the boy with large brown eyes wins everyone's hearts, and in addition to sharing his football secrets, he teaches his classmates to dance the tango as well.



Mika Keränen (1973) is a completely new breed of a writer - he is a Finnish-Estonian author, writing crime novels for Estonian children. He studied horticulture in Finland, and Estonian language and literature in Estonia, and in addition to children books, has published one book of poems. The second book of the series has also been published in Finnish.

Award:
2009 Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia

Kertu Sillaste graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts textile department. She is currently working as an artist-designer at the Tallinn Central Library. She is a long-time collaborator with the Estonian children's magazine Täheke as an illustrator. Sillaste has illustrated eight books: this is the first book that she has not only illustrated, but also written.



„Sixty! My record is sixty!“ Armando shouted proudly to Jaan, whose face turned bright red. He pointed at Armando and roared loudly: “You’re lying!”

Armando was startled, and a tear came to his eye. Nevertheless, he pulled himself together and said proudly: “I’m not lying.”

But Jaan only shook his head: “I don’t believe you. I wouldn’t believe it in my whole lifetime. I juggled thirty, and no one here juggles more than I do! Get out of here!”

Armando walked away dejectedly. He sat under a pine tree, and put his head between his hands.

That morning, Villi was on watch again. He had heard Jaan’s hollering. When children get to hollering, then a teacher has to check what’s going on. Villi walked over to Armando and sat down, too. He was silent for a moment, and then asked why Jaan called Armando a liar.

Armando explained what was up: “That Jaan asked me yesterday what my record is in juggling. When I told him that my record is sixty, he got mad.”

“Sixty!” Villi interrupted.

“Honest. My father counted them yesterday,” Armando said, and continued. “They don’t want to let me play...”

“Listen, let’s get up now,” Villi said, and winked slyly. “I’ll tell the boys to put you in the game...”

Teacher Villi’s voice was low like a bass guitar: “Jaan, let this boy play for a minute.”

Jaan spread his hands out and made a sour face, but accepted the situation. He didn’t understand why they were being forced to play with that little boy. But a teacher’s word is law. The game kicked off.

Armando ran briskly along on the attacks, but no one passed him the ball. Not a single time. This truly enraged Armando. He was completely open on several occasions, and let the other boys know both with his hands and by shouting, but to no avail. Armando was like thin air to the boys. Finally, he became very angry. He headed for Jaan, and stole the ball away for himself.

“Aaahhh!” Jaan wailed like a smoke detector. “What’s your probleeemmm!”

Armando smiled cleverly. If they don’t give me the ball, then I have to take it myself. Otherwise, they’ll never believe that I know how to play.

Translated by Adam Cullen

KADRI HINRIKUS

MAY THE GOOD FAIRIES WATCH OVER YOU

ILLUSTRATED BY ANU KALM

TAMMERRAAMAT 2012

215 X 170 MM, 104 PP

ISBN 978-9949-482-59-7



Tuule and Uku are eight-year-old twins. They only have a father, because their mother has gone to be with the good fairies. That's what Tuule believes. In fall, the children go to second grade in a new school, where new knowledge and new little adventures await them. Uku loves to read more than anything, and all Tuule wants is to get some kind of a pet. Their father, who hasn't exactly been feeling great since their mother's death, seems to get his second wind in life after meeting the children's teacher, Laura Leevike. Suddenly, life at home starts moving towards the better, and the children aren't exactly having the worst time at school, either. Even Santa's elves find their old shoes. Christmas vacation becomes the world's greatest school break thanks to a kitten rescued from the hands of some bad boys, and the children decide to organize a party for fast-arriving Valentine's Day. Everyone, including their cat Rooski, can invite one guest. And when Uku invited Kärt, their father the teacher Leevike, and Rooski Jürgen, who is Tuule's guest?

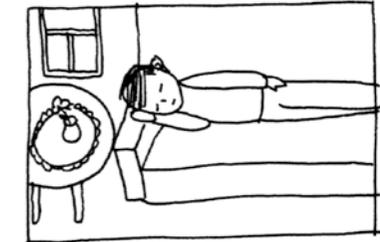
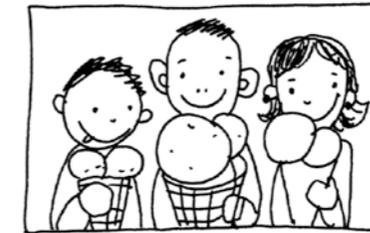
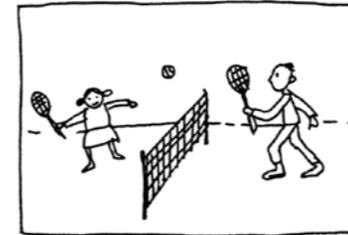
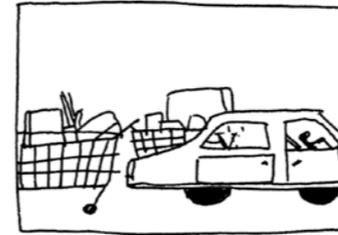
Award:

2012 Nominee of the Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia



Kadri Hinrikus (1970) is a news anchor on Estonian national television, a TV journalist, and a writer. She graduated from Tallinn Pedagogical University as a theatre director. She has worked as a news editor for both television and radio.

Anu Kalm (born 1960) is graphic artist, illustrator, and teacher of arts. Since she graduated from the Estonian National Institute of Arts, she has had many exhibitions as a graphic artist, both solo and group exhibitions in Estonia and abroad, and she has illustrated more than 20 children books. She currently holds the position of the Vice President of Estonian Association of Artists.



"Today I'd like you to pose for me," said Dad, straight out, one morning.

"What shall we cöse for you?" Tuule didn't understand.

"Pose, it means that I'll arrange all three of you beautifully on a sofa and you sit still until I've drawn your picture."

It didn't sound all that interesting.

"What for?" asked Tuule.

"Because I'm painting a picture called 'My Christmas Holidays'. When school starts, we'll give it to your teacher, Miss Leevike."

"Can I read a book when cosing?" Uku was keen to know.

"You can. The main thing is for you to keep still."

Uku grabbed "Winnie the Pooh" from the shelf. He didn't mind as long as he had somewhere to read. Dad arranged Tuule next to her brother. Now there was only Rooski to put in the right place.

The cat zoomed across the floor and played with some crumpled paper.

"Puss-puss-puss-puss," beckoned Dad in a gentle voice.

The cat did not allow herself to be distracted. Dad swooped her up off the floor and lifted her onto Tuule's lap.

"That looks great. Now stay right where you are." Dad wasn't even back in his seat before Rooski had jumped onto the floor and begun trying to play with the crumpled paper again.

"No, that's no good."

Dad forced the cat back onto Tuule's lap.

"Stay there!" Dad's voice wasn't very gentle any more.

Tuule held Rooski firmly in her hands and tried to keep her where she'd been put. It was very clear that Rooski was not suited to all this posing business. She looked directly at Tuule in puzzlement, gave a teeny squeal, pressed her needle-sharp claws into Tuule's arm and was gone. This time, into the hall and under the cupboard.

"Rosalie!" bellowed Dad.

It was some time before Dad reappeared from the hall with the cat. His forehead sported a large bump, red on top, and his right hand was lined with scratches.

Translated by Susan Wilson

KRISTIINA KASS
**LITTLE WITCH
BUTTONNOSE**

ILLUSTRATED BY HEIKI ERNITS
TÄNAPÄEV 2012
235 X 175 MM, 96 PP
ISBN 978-9985-62-970-3



The night the little witch-girl was born was absolutely extraordinary. Firstly, the sun came out in the middle of the darkest of nights, and secondly, the little girl was incredibly ugly. She had pink skin, a nose that resembled a tiny little button, and her hair was long and red. Her mother was devastated.

When Buttonnose turns one hundred, she leaves in search of her own life. She takes a nice summer cottage as her domicile and begins her independent life, when the Toadstool family suddenly arrives. The little house is their summer residence. After some misunderstandings, they all make peace.

Their neighbours represent different aspects of human behaviour. As the story unfolds, all of them will learn their lessons - the hunter will understand that killing animals is not right, bad boys will get their punishment, the old lady will find her peace of mind, and the rich people will find out that money does not solve everything.

The Toadstool family teaches Buttonnose how to live among human beings, and in turn, Buttonnose teaches careless people to care for others, even though her methods are a little... bewitching.

Award:
2010 Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia



Kristiina Kass (1970) was born in Tartu, from which she and her family moved to Tallinn a few years later. She went to Kopli Art School. Kass became interested in Finnish language and enrolled in the University of Helsinki in order to study Finnish language and culture. Kristiina Kass lives in Finland, works as the editor of the HKScan Finland company magazine, and has two daughters.

Heiki Ernits (1953) graduated from Tallinn Pedagogical Institute as a teacher of art and manual training. He has worked as a photographer, art teacher, art director and film director, made commercials, designed book covers and layouts, and illustrated numerous publications as well as children's books. To date he has made 14 animated films.



The food was truly tasty! None of the Toadstool family was used to eating mushroom and macaroni casserole for breakfast, however despite or maybe even because of this very fact, everyone wildly enjoyed the food.

"That's interesting - I don't remember at all having such lovely dishes," said Mrs. Toadstool in amazement, inspecting the quickly emptying serving trays. "Of course they look familiar, but I don't believe I have ever used them before."

"Oh, you always buy up all sorts of things for the cottage," said Mr. Toadstool. "Or maybe you received them as a Christmas present?"

"No, we haven't been here at all since Christmas. I feel like I have seen them rather in a magazine. Or maybe it was some advertisement..."

Mr. Toadstool and the children continued eating, their cheeks puffed full of casserole and rolls, and did not

bother troubling their heads with such boring things as some bowls and trays.

"Now I know!" exclaimed Mrs. Toadstool suddenly, rose from the table and took a cookbook off of the shelf. "That food is straight out of this book! You found the recipe in my cookbook, Buttonnose!"

Mrs. Toadstool flicked through the book, scanned the table of contents and soon found the correct page number. "Here it is - mushroom-macaroni casserole!" announced Mrs. Toadstool triumphantly, and looked at the picture. Mrs. Toadstool then stared at the book with her mouth agape and could not believe her eyes. The picture showed a checkered tablecloth and a yellow wall... and nothing else at all. Not one trace of the macaroni casserole, nor the green dishes!

Translated by Adam Cullen

ILMAR TOMUSK
**THE CRIMINAL
SAUSAGE ROLLS**

ILLUSTRATED BY HILLAR METS
TAMMERRAAMAT 2012
205 X 150 MM, 116 PP
ISBN 978-9949-482-73-3



It all starts with sausage rolls. No, it all starts with a class party, where 4th-graders Kribu and Krabu a.k.a. Piia and Mati take their father's home-baked sausage rolls along to school. This grows into a student company, which bakes and sells so many sausage rolls that Kribu and Krabu earn enough money to be able to go and visit a friend in Scotland with their family. Done and done! Only that it very soon turns out that their father and their mother can't go on the trip. And so, the children go to Edinburgh alone, and are caught up in their next criminal story right at the airport. Specifically, Mati's brand-new telephone is stolen, and while tracking down the culprit, they get on the trail of a jewelry-store thief.

The Criminal Sausage Rolls is the sequel to the book *Third-Grade Criminalists*, in which the children had adventures in Finland in order to get back a precious book that belongs to them.



Ilmar Tomusk (1964) was born in Tallinn and studied at the Tallinn Pedagogical Institute to become a teacher of Estonian language and literature. He has worked as the Chief Director of the Estonian Language Inspectorate. Tomusk is the author of nine popular children's books.

Award:
2011 Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia

Hillar Mets (1954) is a well-known Estonian caricaturist and illustrator who works at *Eesti Päevaleht*, an Estonian daily newspaper. He has illustrated numerous children's books, textbooks, non-fiction books, and all covers of the Estonian editions of the Terry Pratchett novels. He has received many awards at various cartoon competitions.

Something else squeaked and squeaked and, befuddled by deep sleep, Krabu failed to realise for a while what the squeaking could in fact be. After sitting on the edge of the bed for a few minutes and rubbing his eyes, he finally woke up fully and leapt up like a spring.

"Paul, Paul!" he shouted, running into Paul's room. "There's a message for you!"

Paul had disappeared.

For a moment Krabu thought he was probably asleep again and just dreaming. He touched his nose with his finger - it was there. He tugged his right ear - it hurt. That meant he wasn't asleep. So he whirled into the kitchen where Paul, half-dressed, was sitting at the table talking on the phone. The clock on the kitchen wall showed it was three in the morning on the dot.

Paul was speaking, in English, to the police, "Our company, Edinburgh Internet Security," he was explaining, "has received new information that our client's telephone, stolen at the airport the day before yesterday, has entered a wireless internet hotspot in the city centre. The coordinates of the internet connection are 55.952822 and 3.201839, the address is apparently 87 George Street."

The policeman on duty knew that address off the top of his head - it was the location of Edinburgh's most famous jeweller's shop.

"We'll be at the scene of the incident in two minutes," the policeman informed Paul. "It would be helpful if you could bring your client here, if that's not too much of a problem."

"We'll be there in around twenty minutes," said Paul, ending the conversation. Only now did he notice that Krabu was standing in his army underpants at the kitchen door, open mouthed, wide-eyed, and speechless.

"Your phone got in touch with us," Paul turned to Krabu, "are you going to come with me and catch the thieves?"

"Of course!" confirmed Krabu. "But let's wake Kribu up too, she'll be so cross if she's left out of the chase."



"OK," said Paul, "I'll wake her up, you go and get dressed."

Kribu twigged immediately what was going on. She was dressed in a flash and ready to go with the boys.

It was two kilometres more or less to the George Street jeweller's where our criminals were now heading at speed, and it was clear as soon as you turned into the street that something unusual was going on. There were several police cars there, lights flashing, and a couple of others belonging to members of the public.

Translated by Susan Wilson

KÄTLIN KALDMAA

THE STORY OF SOMEBODY NOBODYSDAUGHTER'S FATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGE NELK

AJAKIRJADE KIRJASTUS 2012

230 X 190 MM, 104 PP

ISBN 978-9949-5025-4-7



This is a fantasy-rich story about the adventurous journey of Somebody Nobodysdaughter, who lives together with her mother in a little seaside village. When others make fun of Somebody Nobodysdaughter for not having a father, the little girl decides to go looking for him, and asks her mother to pack her some food to take along. The journey is long and winding - across innumerable mountains and deep rivers, over fishing bridges and the whole heavens with only a little magic pouch, good luck, and wise escorts to help her on her way. It turns out that the father of Somebody Nobodysdaughter - Nobody - is somebody, about whom people everywhere are able to tell exciting and very mysterious tales.

Awards:

2012 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit



Kätlin Kaldmaa (1970) was born into a family of zoo technicians. She has studied Estonian language and literature, semiotics, English language and literature, and has translated over 30 books into Estonian from various languages. In addition to children's books, she has published four poetry books and a novel.

Marge Nelk (1975) is an artist and book-designer. She has studied theology at the University of Tartu and photography at Tartu Art College. Nelk's exhibitions have been organized in several places across Estonia.



"Goodness gracious me! What's all this?" Mum could not contain her astonishment.

"Did you really not know that I was building a house?"

"How could I?"

"Did you really not sneak in while I was at school to see what I was building in there?"

"No. I thought you must have something important to get on with and that you'd show me when you'd finished."

"Aha! Well, just look at this! I've built a house for me and Dad to live in together. I can live with you here in this house and with Dad in this other house and we can all have our own lives. Look, Mum, I've made a kitchen and this thing from match-cases here, here's a stove where we can cook our food. And this is the living room and here's our own little TV and comfy chairs and dining table for when we have visitors. And here's the workshop and

study, look, here's our workbench, I couldn't make tools small enough but I put pictures I cut out from a catalogue on the wall and they look almost real, don't they? And I couldn't make two bedrooms because I couldn't build another floor on top, but it doesn't matter if me and Dad sleep in the same room does it? And here in the bedroom our eyes are open because we haven't got any pictures where our eyes are shut and I couldn't scribble the eyes out. And outside the front door I made a flowerbed and there are all sorts of flowers growing there. And now me and Dad have our own house and we won't get all your things in a mess when we've got something of our own to get on with."

"No, you definitely won't."

Translated by Susan Wilson

AINO PERVIK

ARABELLA, THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER

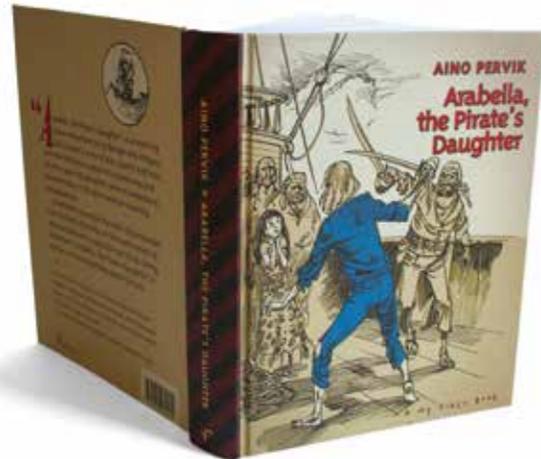
ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR VALTER

TÄNAPÄEV 2011

216 X 173 MM, 316 PP

ISBN 978-9985-62-678-8

Film *Arabella, the Pirate's Daughter*, 1982



Arabella is a sweet little 9-year-old girl, whose father is the famous pirate captain Daniel Trigger, and whose home is a pirate ship. Daniel loves his daughter more than anything, but Arabella lives in constant fear of losing her father. Pirates are brutal and greedy; their favorite occupation, apart from carousing in the tavern, is to sail to their horde stashed on a remote island - to admire the gold and jewels they have stolen, and share the wealth that belonged to their dead shipmates. Sailors kidnapped from ships boost the thinning ranks of pirates, and only the strongest and cruelest survive. When the wandering shipwrecked philosopher Hassan comes aboard ship, they want to kill him. But Arabella buys him for herself, for the price of one very precious pearl. Hassan becomes the girl's friend and spiritual guide, helping her to resist evil. They have long discussions about good and evil, life and death. As the daughter of a pirate chief, Arabella is a valuable hostage, and she is kidnapped by another band of pirates. Only Hassan is prepared to risk his life to rescue the girl from her captors. Under Hassan's influence, Daniel at last also begins to regret his misspent life, and destroys the evil within it, blowing up both his own ship and that of his rival pirate captain. Arabella finds a home with some kind gypsies, and looks forward to fulfilling her greatest dream - to be a good mother to many children.



Aino Pervik (born 1932) is one of the most influential authors of modern Estonian children's literature. Professional writer since 1967, she has written more than fifty children's books as well as prose and poetry for adults. She has won many major prizes, including three times winner of the national annual award for children's literature. Her works have been translated into English, German, Japanese, Lithuanian, Russian and other languages, and repeatedly staged for theatre and adapted for the screen.

Edgar Valter (1929–2006) was born in Tallinn and worked as a freelance artist starting in the 1950s. He is self-taught as an artist. As Estonia's most popular book illustrator of all time, he managed to illustrate over 250 books, the majority of them children's titles. He was also very esteemed as a caricaturist. In 1994, his first self-written and self-illustrated book was published. These came out to total 16.

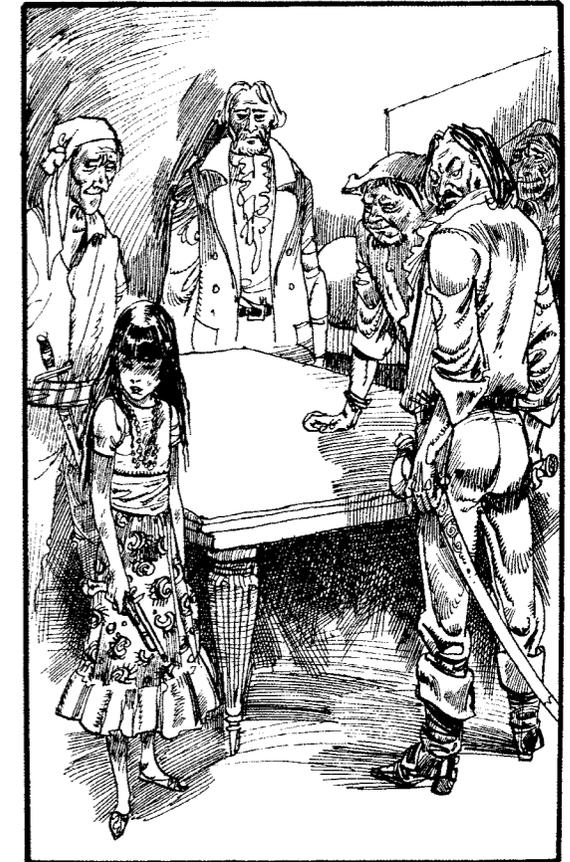
Arabella, who also stood on the bridge, frowned when she heard the word gold. Lately, gold had worried her a lot. She could not understand why the pirates were chasing after it so much, so much so that they forgot everything else. Gold was just a yellow, cold, shiny, heavy thing. It didn't answer if you spoke to it. It was indifferent to who owned it. This cold metal was not important in itself. What was important was that so many people's desire and thoughts were wrapped up with it. And what about all the blood that had been shed in this quest for gold? It seemed that people had agreed that gold must be fought and killed for. But when you have it in your palm, it is still nothing more than a smooth, cold metal that creates envy in those who do not have it.

Almost everyone that Arabella knew mindlessly wanted gold. All but Hassan, and that is why the pirates were so angry with him. They could not give him orders because he did not have that desire for gold. Even Samuel could not make Hassan do his will. Hassan did not become a pirate because gold was not the most important thing in the world to him. Hassan was not ready to become evil and crave gold and expensive things.

Arabella eyed her father dolefully. Why did he have to have so much lust for gold? Was it just part of being a pirate? Was it because that ugly Pegleg and the scary Latch, Seaslayer, Hallelujah and Marzipan were the men closest to him? If her father had friends like Hassan, perhaps he would be different and gold would not be the most important thing in the world to him.

Of course Arabella understood that her father and Hassan could never be friends. People do not change that easily or that much, and Hassan should not change! She believed her father should change.

The caravan neared the place where *Scorpion* was to make the first quick attack on her. Everything was prepared. The pirates were at their posts. Every man knew what he had to do. Samuel's first orders sounded. The *Scorpion's* speed doubled and it hurtled towards the caravan.



The *Matilda* spotted the *Scorpion* and also tried to speed up, but its heavy burden meant it could not move as swiftly.

Samuel ordered that the black skull-and-crossbones flag be hoisted. The *Scorpion* was already within earshot. The pirates let out a scary bloodcurdling howl that echoed over the water. The caravan was in no doubt about who was attacking, and the fear and terror was working in Samuel's favour.

Translated by Külli Jacobson

LINDA-MARI VÄLI
NOBODY NEVER NOWHERE

VÄRSKE RÕHK 2011
217 X 145 MM, 144 PP
ISBN 978-9949-9095-1-3



The novel talks about four thinking and sensitive young idealists, who have finally had enough of the world focused on consumption. They run away from home, squat in an abandoned building, and try to cultivate a lifestyle there that is as environmentally-friendly and non-demanding as possible. There are difficulties with food, water, heating, and other everyday things, while differing opinions likewise arise on a theoretical level: how exactly their new life should appear, what is allowed, what isn't, and what the goal of the entire undertaking is. The author has managed to record on paper the world vision of rebellious teenagers in a flowing language that imitates colloquial speech. This vision is indeed youthfully angry and uncompromising, but not narrow-minded or foolish.

Linda-Mari Väli is a prosaist of the younger generation, who has so far published two novels. In her books, she deeply addresses the choices and pains of young people entering life; pains that a growing generation feels from the ecological damage done to the world.

"Maria," Agnes was tugging at my sleeve, "Maria, we have to get out of here, fast!"

"No," said Fred, "that would just make people suspicious."

"We don't have a choice," said Tõnn, "*we have* to get out of here."

The cops inspecting people's papers and collecting names had almost reached us and I could actually feel a large, burning lump rising in my chest - fear, *the fear that they would catch us and take us back to school, back home, to all that grisly boundless horror.*

"What should we do?" fretted Agnes, "oh my God, what should we do?"

"I know," Fred piped up, "we'll just take the masks off nice and gently and head for the shadows by that house, as if all this was no concern of ours."

Numb with fear, we slipped the hats, complete with cut-out holes, over our hair and into our back pockets and walked with cat-like tread away from each other - like burglars escaping from a stranger's bedroom, I thought.

It seemed that our delicate manoeuvrings went unnoticed by all but ourselves and, our courage thus restored, we took a seat on the steps a couple of buildings away, no more than thirty metres from the embassy. The cops in their blue uniforms strolled like ticket inspectors

among the people and examined documents, checked under long black hoods, inspected behind masks, just at the very moment that we suddenly became invisible in our nakedness and absence; nobody was looking at us anymore, it was as if we had never existed.

"How do you like being a nobody?" asked Fred suddenly, with a smirk. "Isn't that just what we are - nobodies? How do you like it?"

The rest of us started sniggering, because the cops were still too close for us to feel comfortable. Finally Agnes spoke in her own simple way: "It's great." She was quiet for a couple of moments, then added, "It's great but it would be even better if *everyone* was a nobody."

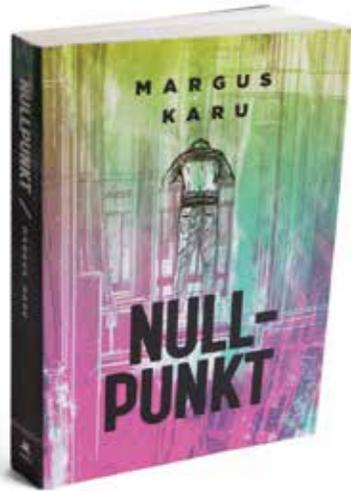
"Well," said Tõnn, "if everyone was a nobody, then that would probably mean there'd be no-one to be anybody."

We laughed.

"Erm," Agnes said finally, "it would only mean that there'd no longer be any pretence. We'd all just be as we are."

We sat like that on the steps, observing the slogans just a few dozen metres away, high in the air, and the cops in their blue jackets saying things that our ears could no longer catch; we sat there, yet at the same time we were on our way, we were on our way to *nowhere*, we were on our way to *never*, we were a gang of losers - *nobody*.

MARGUS KARU
ZERO POINT
ILLUSTRATED BY MART RAUN
PEGASUS 2010
210 X 147 MM, 368 PP
ISBN 978-9949-453-69-6



This is a story about Johannes - a boy from a problematic home and a bad school, who manages to talk his way into an elite school in the capital. Alas, he soon discovers that his classmates have emphatically dismissed him to the status of outcast. When the three main facets of Johannes' life-pyramid collapse - home, friends, and school - he realizes that he has reached the zero point. And so, he comes up with a scheme for achieving popularity and acceptance, and starts to apply it determinedly, in spite of the pressure of his past and blows of his present. The author has said: "I know how difficult it can be in school, but I also know that negative situations and bad encounters can actually be little steps towards something big and better. This book is about creation in itself: you can be who you want to be and live exactly the kind of life that you wish to, regardless of what surrounds you and without blaming anyone."

A trailer illustrating the book can be seen here:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pNtbH-1eMQM>
The book has reached the theater stage, and a film is being made.



Margus Karu (1984) was born and raised in Tallinn. In the spring of 2003, he started studying film direction at Tallinn University. He currently works as an advertising- and film producer at a production company, and has won several awards in the field. *Point Zero* is the author's first novel.

I won't start running after her, because Karmo is waving at me for some reason. I can't tell Kairi the actual reasons for why I couldn't come, anyway. I've learned over time that those kinds of stories scare people and give them preconceptions about me. But I'll call her. I'll definitely call her soon. It's at least a good thing that today's Friday.

"Yeah, what'd you want?" I ask Karmo, knowing that nothing good can come of it, because lately, we've had a very annoying and strange relationship. During class, he sends me folded-up notes that always have a cock drawn on them. Karmo is quite a good drawer at that, and always finds a new and surprising way to do it, which doesn't make him that much less of a scary figure, of course. Sick guy.

"Can you come with me for a minute?" Karmo asks seriously.

"Where?"

"You'll see."

Karmo leads us through the assembly room to the equipment room in back. I'm too tired and confused to analyze where we're going and why we're doing it, but I plod along with him until he stops without a word, right there in the dark.

"So, what now?" I ask numbly.

"Now, you suck me off," Karmo says, and starts pulling his pants down earnestly. Is this some kind of a bad European experimental film? I can't believe it. What else does today have in store? Maybe someone would like to shoot me in the leg?



"Fuck off, really! Fuck off!" I start going back to the assembly hall, but Karmo pushes me against the wall so suddenly and so strongly that it knocks the wind out of me, and whispers in my ear: "If you don't start sucking my cock this second, then I'll tell everyone that you tried to touch my balls in the bathroom."

"Go fuck yourself," I whisper back, punch him in the stomach, run through the assembly hall, down the stairs into the wardrobe, grab my coat, and run out of that insane asylum. I run. I run.

I run.

I run.

I run. I run. I run. I run until my lungs are sore from gulping in the cold air. I stop and bend over with my hands on my knees - I see a man in a nice blue coat going across the road and sitting in a car. The man is talking casually on his telephone, and laughs heartily. I want to grow up, already! I want to become that man! Shit!

Translated by Adam Cullen



Euroopa Liit
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Eesti tuleviku heaks