

CHILDREN'S BOOKS
FROM ESTONIA



ESTONIAN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE CENTRE

The Estonian Children's Literature Centre is responsible for collecting and maintaining data on children's literature in Estonia, with a history that extends back to 1933. The Centre's activities fall under the jurisdiction of the Estonian Ministry of Culture.

One of the Centre's main focuses is the promotion of children's literature, which includes representing authors of Estonian children's books abroad. The Centre does not acquire or possess the rights to these works, but is a conduit for information.

The Estonian Children's Literature Centre is represented at the world's largest book fairs in Frankfurt, Bologna, London, and Helsinki. In addition, the institution organises appearances by Estonian authors in other countries, maintains a database of Estonian children's literature, and releases relevant publications. It collaborates on a large scale with publishers, researchers, translators, teachers, and other specialists.

How can we help?

- We provide information on Estonian children's authors and illustrators.
- We publish topical information in print and at www.elk.ee
- We inform publishers and translators about the Cultural Endowment of Estonia's translation grant, TRADUCTA.
- We help interested parties contact Estonian writers.
- We assist in the selection of suitable translators for Estonian children's literature.



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Published by the Estonian Children's Literature Centre.

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Graphical design: Angelika Schneider
Cover illustration: Ulla Saar
Printed in Estonia by: Printon

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ISSN 1736-812X

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TIA NAVI
SEVEN LITTLE ELEPHANTS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARJA-LIISA PLATS
KIRISILD 2016
326X245 MM, 41 PP
ISBN 9789949810901



Near a big, blue sea lives a herd of fantastic elephants. There is the always-energetic Hiphant, Lightphant (who is the best at playing hide-and-seek), Seaphant (who is a good swimmer), Shyphant (who is quite timid), Firephant (who is rather talented), and the gleeful Bodyphant. They always have fun times together. Even so, problems and arguments always crop up with one of the elephants. No one can remember what his parents named him, but the other elephants call him Nastyphant. One day when Nastyphant feels sad after getting stung by a jellyfish, he insults Bodyphant so badly that all the other elephants are saddened, too. Nevertheless, Nastyphant himself is the glummiest of them all. What can be done to make everything right again?



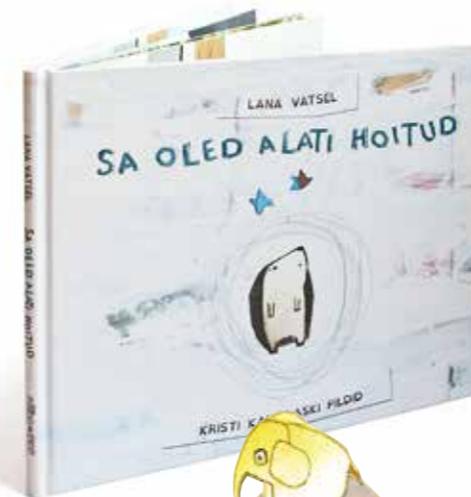
Tia Navi (Tiia Kõnnussaar, 1965) is a children's author, editor, and columnist. She studied media and communications at the University of Tartu, and works at the university's Centre of Ethics. Navi has written four children's books, a wealth of articles, a book of parental advice, and a youth play. She additionally runs creative-writing courses. Navi's books contain humour and wordplay, and project the world as noticed by sharp-eyed children.

Marja-Liisa Plats (1984) is an illustrator, graphic designer, and singer. She graduated from Tartu Art College as a photographer. Plats has illustrated more than 30 children's books and collaborated with the children's magazine *Täheke*. Her works are characterised by perpetual searching and experimentation with a wide range of visual techniques.

AGE 3+ 4

LANA VATSEL
SOMEBODY ALWAYS CARES

ILLUSTRATED BY KRISTI KANGILASKI
PÄIKE JA PILV 2016
207X245 MM, 37 PP
ISBN 9789949972081



In a little house set deep in the woods live a mommy-hedgehog and her baby. The hedgehog-mommy has big, sharp quills, but her son doesn't have any yet. The hedgehog-mommy won't let her baby play in the woods until he is older. Yet, early one morning when she has gone outside to gather apples, the little hedgehog-baby wakes up and creeps outside to inspect the world. He swishes through the leaves, listens to exciting forest sounds, and marvels at the fish swimming in the river. There are so many interesting things around us! But all of a sudden, it turns dark and cold outside. The little hedgehog can't find his way home - he is lost!

Award:
2015 The Knee-High Book Competition, Honourable Mention



Lana Vatsel (1981) is a Croatian actress and drama teacher. At the age of ten, she began acting in youth theatre as well as on Croatian public TV programs for children. She lived in Estonia from 2004-2014, and has acted in both Estonian and Croatian films. *Somebody Always Cares* is her first children's book.

Kristi Kangilaski (1982) is an illustrator, book designer, graphic designer, and author of children's books. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic design, but loves writing as much as she does drawing. Kangilaski has received numerous awards for the books she has written and/or illustrated, and was included in the 2015 White Ravens catalogue.

5 AGE 3+

KERTU SILLASTE
NO, IT ISN'T SO!
 ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
 PÄIKE JA PILV 2015
 216X263 MM, 48 PP
 ISBN 9789949972029
 Rights sold: German



A scared little bunny doesn't want it to be winter. He refuses to believe that he has gotten lost amidst the white mounds of snow, or that he really is cold and afraid. The bunny sings a song of courage until he reaches a little house. There, he hibernates like a bear, and when he wakes up it's already springtime. He has survived the winter and is much braver than before - so brave that he can even scare off a wolf! Now, he knows that bunnies will always get by.

Awards:
 2016 The White Ravens catalogue
 2015 Raisin of the Year Award
 2015 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Special Prize of the Estonian Graphic Designers' Union



Kertu Sillaste (1973) is an illustrator, art teacher, and author of children's books. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in textile design, and is completing an arts-instruction master's degree at Tallinn University. Sillaste has illustrated 14 books and is a long-time collaborator with the children's magazine *Täheke*. Her signature style comprises thick, vibrant India-ink brush strokes combined with acrylics or collage.

AGE 3+ 6

LEELO TUNGAL
**JOSEPH THE BUNNY
 LOOKS FOR A FRIEND**
 ILLUSTRATED BY CATHERINE ZARIP
 TAMMERRAAMAT 2015
 216X256 MM, 25 PP
 ISBN 9789949526901



Joseph the bunny moves to a new forest with his parents, leaving his friends behind in their old neighbourhoods. Now, Joseph needs to find new friends. When he fails to find any by telephone, the bunny decides to take a look around his new surroundings. He meets a big bear cub, a silky-tailed squirrel, and a teensy-tiny ladybug. Each one of them is unique in their own way, but can the bunny be friends with them when they are all so different?

Award:
 2015 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Certificate of Merit



Leelo Tungal (1947) is a poet, children's writer, translator, and chief editor of the children's magazine *Hea Laps*. She has written more than 80 prose and poetry books for children and young adults. Tungal has received a multitude of honours and awards, including the IBBY Honour List in 2010, the Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia in 1997, and the Karl Eduard Sööt Children's Poetry Award on three occasions. Her works are rich in optimism, direct communication with the reader, fluid storytelling, and wittiness.

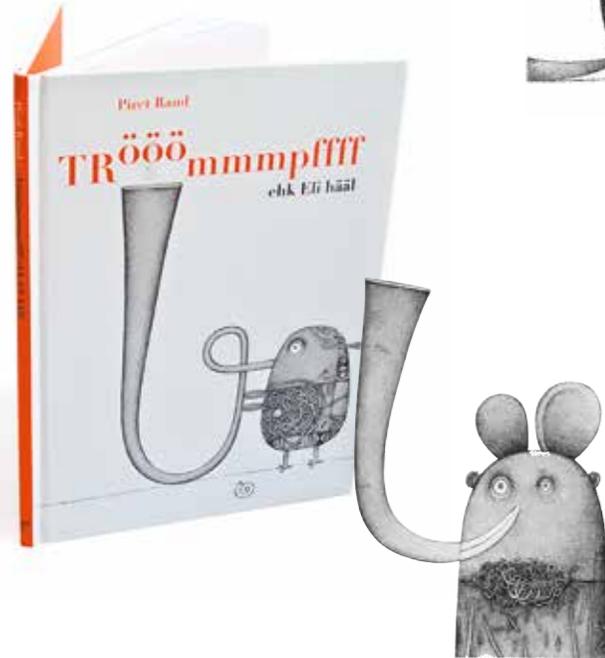
Catherine Zarip (1966) is an illustrator and graphic designer. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in ceramics, after which she worked at the publisher Avita as a book designer and art director. She is currently a freelance artist. Zarip has illustrated dozens of textbooks and children's books. She received recognition at the Tallinn Illustration Triennial in 2006, and has won many awards at annual Estonian book-design and illustration competitions. Zarip's illustrations are fresh and elegant: simultaneously animated and restrained, detailed and generalised.

7 AGE 3+



PIRET RAUD
**TROÖÖMMPFFFF,
OR ELI'S VOICE**

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
TÄNAPÄEV 2016
232X176 MM, 36 PP
ISBN 9789949850532
Rights sold: French



A little bird named Eli lives on the sandy shore of a big sea. Eli has no voice. When she hears the rustling of tree leaves, the crashing of sea waves, and the pattering of rain, Eli is so sad that she wants to cry. One morning, Eli finds a horn on the beach. When she blows into one end of it, it makes a fantastic loud noise that goes: "Trööömmpffff!" Eli is overjoyed - now, she finally has her own voice! But before long, she finds out that the trumpet belongs to Siim. Without his trumpet, Siim isn't himself anymore: he's incomplete. What should Eli do now?

Award:
2016 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books,
Certificate of Merit



Piret Raud (1971) is a children's writer and illustrator. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic art, and initially set off on the same path. One day, she decided to try her own hand at writing, and has since become the most renowned and most translated children's author in Estonia. Raud has written 17 titles, four of which were first published in Japan and France, and has illustrated more than 40 books. Her works have been translated into 12 languages. Raud's writing has received great recognition both at home and abroad: she was included on the 2012 IBBY Honour List, in the 2013 White Ravens catalogue, and was awarded the Estonian Order of the White Star, IV Class in 2016.



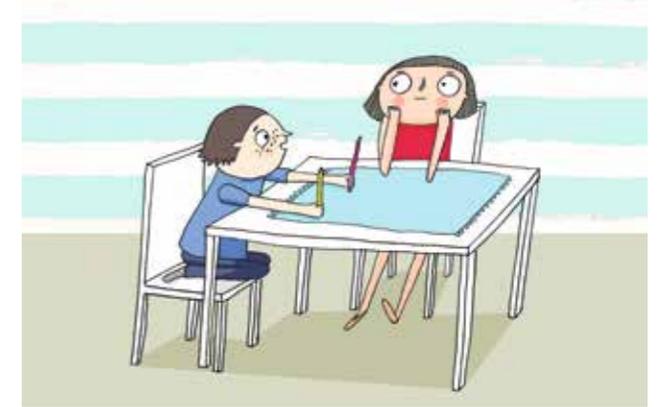
AGE 3+ 8

INDREK KOFF
NICE
ILLUSTRATED BY ULLA SAAR
HÄRRA TEE & PROUA KOHVI 2016
276X215 MM, 54 PP
ISBN 9789949388592



Indrek Koff (1975) is a writer, translator, and publisher, who graduated from the University of Tartu in French language and literature. He writes for both children and adults, translates French literature into Estonian, and runs a publishing house. Koff has written seven children's books. The author's works are characterised by compact writing in broad strokes, occasional inner monologues, and alternating viewpoints.

9 AGE 5+



Leen and Oskar are big and busy kids! When they have a day off from preschool and their grandmother comes to keep an eye on them, the children decide to be especially good so that their mother will be pleased when she gets home. They tidy up their rooms, do the laundry, and clean their shoes. To top it off, they even make their mother a pie. They do these things all on their own, without any help from Grandma. Will their mother like what they've done?

Award:
2016 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books,
Special Prize of the Estonian Graphic
Designers' Union

Ulla Saar (1975) is an illustrator, graphic artist, and designer. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in product design. Her first illustrated book, *Lift*, was listed in the 2014 White Ravens catalogue. Since then, every one of her books has gained international attention. Saar's spirited and playful art is often more a part of the book's overall design than free-standing pictures.



MARKUS SAKSATAMM

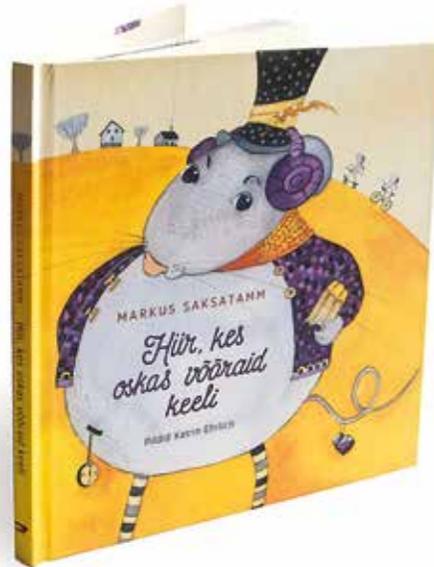
THE MOUSE WHO SPOKE FOREIGN LANGUAGES

ILLUSTRATED BY KATRIN EHRLICH

DOLCE PRESS 2016

246X223 MM, 83 PP

ISBN 9789949964635



Markus Saksatamm's collection of children's stories includes 26 fantastic tales about special animals: creatures big and small, sombre and mischievous, snotty and caring. We meet an athletic rabbit who plans to become a trolley, a cabbageworm who thinks the moon is a pumpkin, and a mouse whose love for foreign languages saves his family from disaster. We catch a glimpse of a parade organized by a moose who is president of the forest, and follow along with a snail who has a hard time finding friends. There are great times to be had in these fantasy woods!



Markus Saksatamm (Margus Eiche, 1969) is a children's writer who has held many different jobs in Estonia and abroad, ranging from exhibition-installation specialist to businessman. He has written ten children's books and done collaborative work with several magazines. Saksatamm's works are known for their dizzying fantasy, creativity, and humour.

Katrin Ehrlich (1969) is an illustrator, printmaker, book designer, and graphic designer. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in printmaking and studied silk printing at the Danish Design School in Copenhagen. Ehrlich has illustrated more than 20 children's books and received numerous awards. Ornamentation is tightly bound to rich fantasy in her cheerful-toned illustrations.

AGE 5+ 10

ILMAR TOMUSK

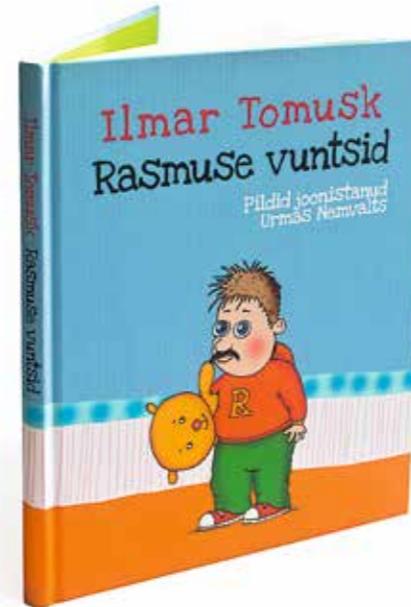
RASMUS' MOUSTACHE

ILLUSTRATED BY URMAS NEMVALTS

TAMMERRAAMAT 2015

251X206 MM, 70 PP

ISBN 9789949565085



Five-year-old Rasmus wants to be grown up more than anything. It's such a bother climbing up onto the high toilet, brushing his teeth, and constantly having to obey his parents. One morning, the boy really does wake up to be a full-grown man - moustache and all. Rasmus is delighted at first, but before long, it turns out that adult life isn't as rosy as the boy believed. He has to take his mother and father (who have turned into children) to kindergarten, ride the bus to work, and even make dinner! And no matter how hard Rasmus tries, all he does is get yelled at...

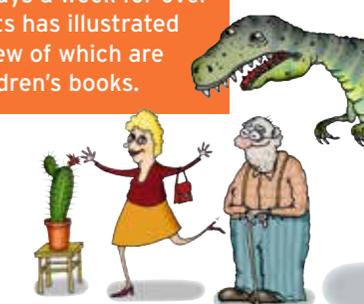
Ilmar Tomusk's book *Rasmus' Moustache* was also followed up by a sequel, *Amanda's Pigtails*.



Ilmar Tomusk (1964) is a civil servant and children's writer. He graduated from the Tallinn Pedagogical Institute as a teacher of Estonian language and literature, and currently works as Chief Director of the Estonian Language Inspectorate. Tomusk has written altogether 20 children's books. His humorous stories, which alternate between elements of realism and fantasy, tell of clever, busy children's everyday activities and adventures. He has received many readers'-choice awards.

Urmass Nemvalts (1968) is a caricaturist, illustrator, and author of children's books. He works at the Estonian daily newspaper *Postimees*, which has printed his caricatures and famous comic strip *Un-Bearable (Mürakarud)* six days a week for over 20 years. Nemvalts has illustrated several works, a few of which are self-authored children's books.

11 AGE 5+



KÄTLIN VAINOLA
SONYA AND THE CAT
 ILLUSTRATED BY ULLA SAAR
 PEGASUS 2015
 222X230 MM, 48 PP
 ISBN 9789949550449



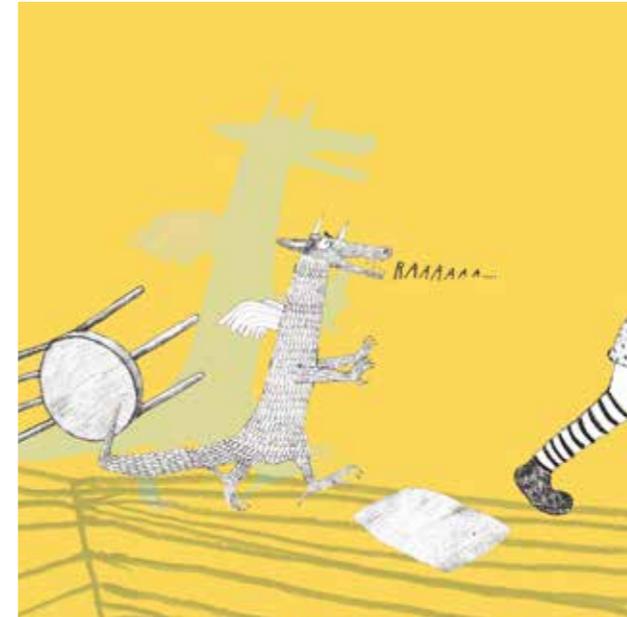
Little Sonya's father gives her a kitten one day. He has recently moved out of their house, and believes that a pet might cheer her up. Sonya names the kitten Oscar, and he soon becomes her very best friend. He is happy to play mommy and baby, prince and princess, and even dragons with the little girl. But Oscar is still an animal above all, and has his own moods, desires, and things to do. The energetic cat ultimately manages to repair its humans' relationships and bring the broken family back together again.

Award:
 2015 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books,
 Certificate of Merit



Kätlin Vainola (1978) is a children's writer and poet. She graduated from Tallinn University in Estonian philology and has worked as a teacher, project manager, and editor. Vainola has written 14 children's books of various genres, including realism, fantasy, and popular science. However, her most widely-loved works are picture books for young children, many of which have been translated and received numerous awards. Her book *Lift* was listed in the 2014 White Ravens catalogue.

Ulla Saar (1975) is an illustrator, graphic artist, and designer. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in product design. Her first illustrated book, *Lift*, was listed in the 2014 White Ravens catalogue. Since then, every one of her books has gained international attention. Saar's spirited and playful art is often more a part of the book's overall design than free-standing pictures.



OSKAR THE FASHION DESIGNER

Everything was very quiet at first - Oskar was hiding somewhere. Sonya started looking for him. All of a sudden, a strange shrieking noise came from the bedroom:

"Oh, no - what's happening here! Oh, no!"

Sonya rushed to the scene. She hadn't known her father could make sounds like that.

The ceiling hadn't fallen down, there were no holes in the floor, and the windows weren't broken.

Only her father stood there, his face as red as a tomato, trembling and pointing at the wardrobe. His fancy suit was hanging from the wardrobe door. It was the one he was supposed to wear at his performance the next day.



Sonya looked at the suit, which was mostly full of holes, torn threads, and muddy paw prints. Oskar had climbed up the suit and was dangling from it.

"That's my suit for tomorrow!" Sonya's father yelled angrily.

"It's just altered a little now," Sonya reckoned. "Like one in Mom's fashion magazine!"

"I can't perform in that, in any case," her father huffed. "What a nasty cat!"

"You're nasty," Sonya said offendedly.

Translated by Adam Cullen

LEELO TUNGAL
**LUDWIG THE SNOWMAN'S
LUCKY DAY**

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINA LUKK-TOOMPERE
TAMMERRAAMAT 2016
281X207 MM, 24 PP
ISBN 9789949565467



Ludwig the snowman has everything he needs to make him happy: a sparkling head, a sturdy body, and a handsome orange nose that can constantly smell carrot. The snowman has no complaints about where he lives, either: he stands at the edge of a little clump of trees next to a house. There, he can chat with the forest animals and keep an eye on the kids who live in the house. Yet when a few chickadees tell Ludwig about a Christmas tree that the children are staring at in wonder inside, the snowman realizes that he wants to see it for himself. This longing eats away at the snowman more and more every day, and won't let him find peace. Can Ludwig's Christmas wish come true?

Award:
2016 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Certificate of Merit and Special Prize of the Estonian Children's Literature Centre



Leelo Tungal (1947) is a poet, children's writer, translator, and chief editor of the children's magazine *Hea Laps*. She has written more than 80 prose and poetry books for children and young adults. Tungal has received a multitude of honours and awards, including the IBBY Honour List in 2010, the Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia in 1997, and the Karl Eduard Sööt Children's Poetry Award on three occasions. Her works are rich in optimism, direct communication with the reader, fluid storytelling, and wittiness.

Regina Lukk-Toompere (1953) graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts as a book designer and illustrator. She has illustrated more than 70 books and textbooks. Lukk-Toompere was on the 2014 IBBY Honour List and has received several awards in annual Estonian book-design and illustration competitions. The illustrator is a master of a wide range of traditional drawing-, graphic-, and painting techniques. Using collage brings an element of realism to her works, but also gives them a certain dream-like atmosphere.



When the children came outside again, Ludwig the snowman strained to convey his dearest wish to them. He couldn't speak like humans, so instead, he leaned his body forward to show the children where he would like to go.

Little Henry was the first to notice, and called out to his brother: "Jake - look what's happened to our snowman!"

"Oh, no: it looks like he's going to fall over soon!" Jake exclaimed. "Come on, let's make Ludwig nice and straight again!"

So, the children pulled and prodded the snowman until it stood straight as a rod, just as it had before. Ludwig certainly enjoyed the way the kids patted him, but was saddened by the fact that no one could understand that he wanted to go inside.

That night, he tried to complete the journey all on his own. After much struggling and straining, the snowman had just reached the front stairs when he heard Henry and Jake's mother scolding them in the foyer:

"Who came inside wearing their snowy boots again? There's melted snow everywhere - just look at this mess! You kids had better make sure it's the last time this happens!"

"What a shame!" Ludwig the snowman thought. "If they get into trouble just for snowy boots, then what'll she say about me, who's made of snow from head to toe?!"

Inch by inch, the snowman shuffled back to his old place, dreaming and feeling sad the whole way there...

Translated by Adam Cullen

KAIRI LOOK
PIIA BISCUIT MOVES IN

ILLUSTRATED BY ULLA SAAR
TÄNAPÄEV 2015
236X172 MM, 104 PP
ISBN 9789949278459



Piia Biscuit moves with her mother, father, and their cat Loofah to a cosy wooden house on Poplar Alley. Her New Year's wish is straightforward: to find many friends in their new home. And Piia will have no problem with that! House No. 5 is packed with colourful characters: from a chubby St. Bernard and a clever moth in the wardrobe to Jack from Canada, who loves bears more than anything else. Not to mention the World's Best Uncle Rasmus, who is fond of punk and gardening.



Kairi Look (1983) is a children's writer and publisher. She graduated from the University of Tartu in physiotherapy and from the University of Amsterdam in children's rehabilitative therapy. She works in academic publishing, but writing children's books is her greatest passion. Altogether, she has penned six books to date, the majority of which are awarded and acclaimed. Look's works stand out for their stunning fantasy, brisk pace, unusual characters, playfulness, and humour.

Ulla Saar (1975) is an illustrator, graphic artist, and designer. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in product design. Her first illustrated book, *Lift*, was listed in the 2014 White Ravens catalogue. Since then, every one of her books has gained international attention. Saar's spirited and playful art is often more a part of the book's overall design than free-standing pictures.

PIIA BABYSITS UNCLE RASMUS

Piia woke up on Sunday with a rumbling tummy. Her parents had left in the morning and her Uncle Rasmus was supposed to come and visit. That wasn't something that happened just any day because Uncle Rasmus was no ordinary uncle. Uncle Rasmus was the world's *best* uncle and Piia always kept a close eye on him.

Uncle Rasmus had curls growing on his head, a goatee on his chin, and tomatoes on his windowsill. He loved punk and petunias and studied biology at university. He said he was both into wild animals and party animals, which sounded similar but apparently weren't the same thing at all.

Piia climbed out of bed and dashed to the kitchen. Uncle Rasmus was already there - or, rather, his rear end was, since his top half was deep in the refrigerator.

"Good morning!" Piia called out. "What are we doing today?"

Uncle Rasmus backed out of the fridge, his arms heaped with hot dogs. "Good morning to you, too!" The strong scent of cutlets hung around him.

"I bet you're awfully hungry," Piia said, looking him up and down. "There are more cutlets in the freezer, you know - Mom made a whole stack of them."

"Already out, thawing," Uncle nodded brightly. "It's been months since I last saw a fridge this full! There are only dry noodles back at the dorm." And he swallowed a hot dog whole.

Piia frowned. Uncle Rasmus was looking a little thin - even noodle-shaped, himself. And he was scarfing down hot dogs so fast... Even Piia's father, who was the world's fastest hot-dog eater, would have lost to Uncle Rasmus today.

"Hey - let's play restaurant! Take a seat at the table, and I'll be the waitress." Piia grabbed a tray and stuck it under her uncle's nose. "What would you like to have, sir? Today's specials are hot dogs and cutlets."

Uncle Rasmus' eyes sparkled and he bolted to the table. "Good day! Hot dogs are just fine and dandy, but



you wouldn't happen to have any pancakes, would you...?" He shot a glance towards the stove and licked his lips.

Piia placed some pancakes on the tray and added a jar of jelly to help fatten him up.

"What wonderful service!" Uncle Rasmus said, packing pancakes into his mouth. He stuck a hand into his pocket and pulled out a little object. It was a matchbox. "Here's your tip! Meet Boris the Beetle!" he exclaimed, opening the matchbox just a crack. Two glinting eyes and whiskers peeked out.

Piia let Boris crawl onto her finger and smiled in content. She had no problem with games like that - as long as her uncle didn't go hungry or sad.

When parents returned home later, they found Rasmus snoring on the sofa. Piia had tucked him in nice and snug, and was watching Boris sleep in the matchbox. Nothing to worry about there - Piia's parents could feel at peace whenever they left her to babysit her uncle in the future, too.

Translated by Adam Cullen

ANDRUS KIVIRÄHK

OSKAR AND THE THINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY ANNE PIKKOV

FILM DISTRIBUTION 2015

240X155 MM, 296 PP

ISBN 9789949386451



When six-year-old Oskar's mother flies away to take classes in America and his father has to go to work every day, the boy is sent to live with his grandmother in the countryside for the summer. Oskar doesn't feel all that close to his grandma, who has lived so far away, and this makes him lonely and unhappy. His sense of abandonment worsens when he realizes he left his mobile phone at home. Luckily, the boy manages to find a way out of the dismal situation. He crafts a telephone out of a block of wood, and uses it to call all kinds of different things: be they a bored iron, a rhyming trashcan, or a red balloon that gets tangled in the crown of a birch tree and ultimately becomes Oskar's best friend. Soon, everything around him comes to life!

Awards:

- 2016 Tartu Prize for Children's Literature (Childhood Prize)
- 2016 Eduard Vilde Literary Award
- 2015 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Certificate of Merit
- 2015 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit



Andrus Kivirähk (1970) is an author of adult and children's prose and poetry, a playwright, topical satirist, and screenplay writer. He graduated from the University of Tartu as a journalist, and is the most powerful and prolific figure on Estonia's literary scene today. Kivirähk has written 12 books for children, all of which are kept in print and widely read. His children's stories are known for their rich fantasy and unique sense of humour. The writing is simple, the plots fast-paced, and the gallery of characters colourful and full of surprises.

Anne Pikkov (1974) is an illustrator, graphic designer, and book designer. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic design, worked at an advertising agency, and is currently Vice Rector for Academic Affairs at the Estonian Academy of Arts. Pikkov has illustrated ten children's books and collaborated with the Estonian magazines *Täheke*, *Pere ja Kodu*, and *Jamie*. She has received many awards at annual Estonian book-design and illustration competitions. Pikkov's illustrations are ornamental, laconic, spiced with humour, and evocatively expressive.



Just for fun, Oskar put his toy telephone up next to his ear and said:

"Hello, there, iron! How's it going?"

It was good thing none of his friends were there to see him doing those little-kid things!

But at that very moment, the wooden telephone made a soft click and someone's voice replied:

"Hey, it's going just great! Are you that boy with the arms and legs? What's your name?"

Oskar dropped the wooden mobile phone in his lap in shock. He stared at it. The chunk of wood was exactly the same as it was before. Had a voice really come from it? That was impossible! But no - he was almost certain that some noise was blaring from the toy phone. Someone called out: "Cuckoo! Where'd you go?" Oskar cautiously lifted the telephone back up to his ear.

"Hello..." he said.

"Hello, hello!" the voice perkily replied. "What happened, buddy? I asked what your name is!"

"Oskar."

"That's great. And do you have arms and legs?"

"I do," Oskar replied.

"Yippide-doo! How many?"

"I have two legs and two arms," Oskar said.

"Well, that's just enough!" the voice complemented.

"You can do great things with those!"

"But who are you?" Oskar now asked.

"Well, who do you think! You yourself just gave me a ring and now you're asking me who I am? Are you having a brain fart? You said: "Hello, there, iron! How's it going?" Did you forget already, huh?"

"So, you're the iron?"

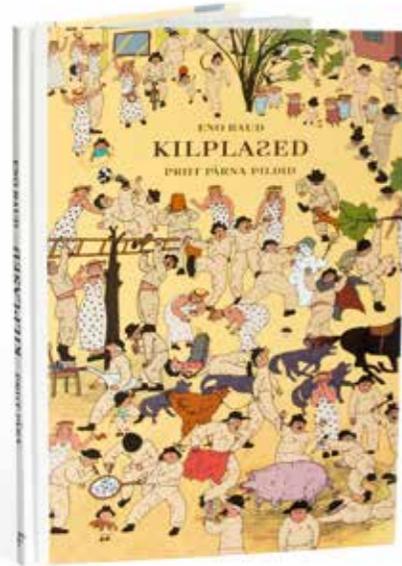
"Who else, then! No, I'm gingerbread dough! Make little stars and sheep out of me - baa!"

Oskar stared unblinkingly at the iron resting on the table. There wasn't the slightest sign that the appliance was alive. It was an iron just like any other, made to stand up straight on its behind, its silvery belly flashing in the sunshine that spilled into the room. Was it really speaking to him?

Translated by Adam Cullen

ENO RAUD
THE GOTHAMITES

ILLUSTRATED BY PRIIT PÄRN
TÄNAPÄEV 2016
283X205 MM, 44 PP
ISBN 9789949278831
Rights sold: English



Far away in Turkey Land live a people called the Gothamites. They are known for their bright intelligence, which means they have endless work to do and lots of advice to give in places far from their homeland. At the same time, this also means that things back in Turkey Land tend to get out of hand! So, in order to be home more often and make it thrive once again, they decide to become the most foolish people around - no one wants foolish advice! Unfortunately, it's not exactly smooth sailing after that...

Raud's story retells a work by the classic writer Friedrich Reinhold Kreutzwald, who is considered the father of Estonian literature.

Award:
2016 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books,
Special Jury Prize for Wonderful Illustrations



Eno Raud (1928-1996), one of the best known and most beloved children's writers in Estonia, penned more than 50 books of stories and poems over his lifetime. His most popular works include the story of a rag doll named Raggie and a four-part story about three slightly eccentric fellows: Halfshoe, Mossbeard, and Muff (*The Three Jolly Fellows*). Raud's children's books have been translated into more than 30 languages, and are rich with fantasy and humour.

Priit Pärn (1946) is a world-famous animated filmmaker, caricaturist, and illustrator. He graduated from the University of Tartu in biology, after which he worked as an art- and animated film director at the Tallinnfilm animation studio, as well as at the Eesti Joonisfilm studio. He has taught animation at the Turku University of Applied Sciences in Finland, and currently teaches at the Estonian Academy of Arts. Pärn has illustrated 18 children's books and has a long history of collaboration with the children's magazine *Täheke*.

BUILDING THE DEBATING CHAMBER

The very next day the Gothamites met again to discuss the types of foolishness with which they should launch this new stage in their lives. First and foremost they unanimously agreed that they should build a new debating chamber at the town council's expense where they could put their heads together and come up with any manner of idiotic, stupid ideas.

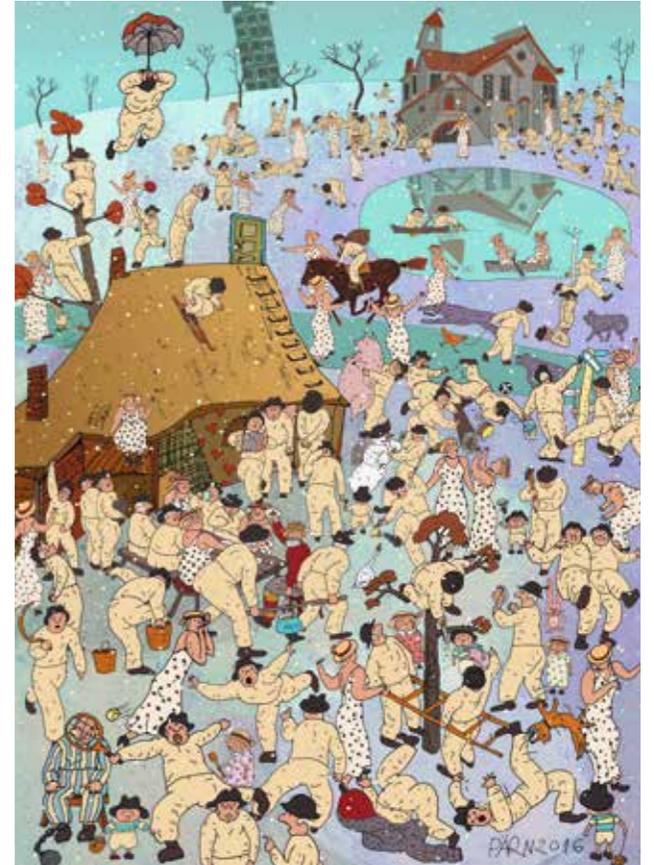
The Gothamites' previous wisdom did not vanish all at once; instead it faded little by little, like a flame dimming as the lamp-oil runs out. So at first they had enough sense to worry about putting logs aside for the building. They set off together for the forest beyond the great hill, chopped down large numbers of trees, lopped off the branches and stripped them bare. They then began to consider how to transport the logs to the construction site. Some thought they should set up a giant crossbow and fire the logs to the right place as if they were arrows. But they couldn't find a crossbow that would do and so they had to drag the logs themselves.

With a great heave they hauled each log to the top of the hill and carried it down the other side. Finally they were dragging the very last log down the hill when suddenly it fell out of their hands and rolled to the construction site all by itself.

On seeing this one of the Gothamites shouted, "What a bunch of idiots we are! We've done all that hard work and didn't stop to think that the logs could just as easily take themselves down the hill!"

"Not to worry," responded another. "We can put it right. Let's take the logs back up and make our job easier by letting them roll down."

Some days later all the construction materials were in place - logs, stones, lime and all the other items that they might need to raise the building. They wasted no time and set to work straight away, making a three-cornered foundation for the room: a standard square building was



not what the Gothamites wanted; no indeed, what they had in mind was an artistic, triangular construction that would immediately catch the eye of any stranger. The serious nature and common purpose of their work meant the three walls rose quickly and in a short time were ready. Just as quickly the whole building was topped with a wonderful triangular tiled roof. A high, wide gate was fitted in one of the walls.

Translated by Susan Wilson

KADRI HINRIKUS

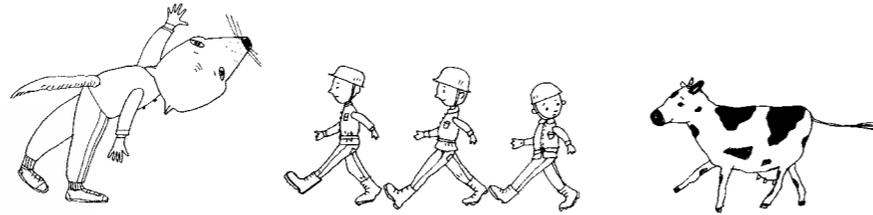
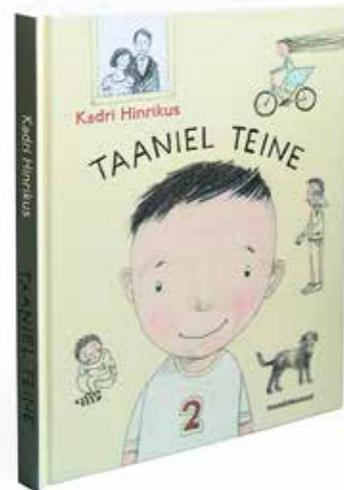
DANIEL THE SECOND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANU KALM

TAMMERRAAMAT 2015

216X171 MM, 110 PP

ISBN 9789949565061



Daniel the Second is an ordinary schoolboy. He hates playing dodgeball, longs to have his very own pet, and is secretly in love with the tallest girl in the class. Since the boy's parents work in Sweden, he lives with his jolly grandpa Daniel the First, who is a nature-lover and an avid birdwatcher. Daniel the Second's life with his grandpa is thrilling and filled with adventure, but even so, he can't wait for his parents to come back home. Yet before his mother and father return, Daniel the Third shows up...

Award:

2016 The White Ravens catalogue



Kadri Hinrikus (1970) is a television news anchor, journalist, and children's writer. She graduated from Tallinn University as a theatre director, and has worked as a news editor on Estonian national television ever since. Her works were featured in the White Ravens catalogue in 2013 and 2016. Hinrikus is a skilful teller of warm and humorous stories about children's everyday activities. *Daniel the Second* is her sixth book for children.

Anu Kalm (1960) is a graphic artist, illustrator, and art teacher. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts as a printmaker and illustrator, and now teaches at the Tallinn Art School. Kalm has illustrated textbooks and more than 20 children's books, and has collaborated with various Estonian children's magazines. Her works have been included in the White Ravens catalogue twice. A strong sense for graphic art and classic drawing techniques are apparent in her works, which have a pleasant, childlike simplicity.

BEST OF ALL I LOVE ...

It had come round yet again: the PE teacher announced that today we'd be playing dodgeball.

In my opinion the person who came up with dodgeball should be in jail. I can climb down a domed ceiling on a rope with no fear. I'm best in the class at long-jump, even though I'm the third shortest. I can do press-ups and chin-ups, but I just don't get ball games at all. To me a ball is just some kind of round contraption for an ultra-stupid crowd to stampede after.

As ever, the teacher failed to ask my opinion. And naturally my team was losing. I was just really rubbish at catching.

"Daniel, you're gonna get a bit of a slap in the changing room," hissed Jürgen when yet again I messed up on some tactic or other.

I thought I might as well do what little I could: I ran and I caught and I threw sooo skilfully, like I was a machine. And then I was scampering about. Next minute, I was face down on the ground. Seeing stars.

"You'll be off flying again in a bit if you don't start moving any quicker!"

It was Jürgen, of course, who'd tripped me.

Ugh I'd hit my head and knees really hard; my eyes were smarting with tears.

"Boyth! Boyth! No fighting pleathe!"

Mr Raske pulled me up off the ground and without taking his whistle out of the corner of his mouth, lisped, "Remember now, Daniel, we talked about thith before - men don't cry. Chin up!"

I was limping until the end of the game. When the final whistle blew I was first into the changing room. By the time the others came in I already had my coat on. Just then I found the thorns in my pockets. I'd picked them that morning going through the park on the way to school. I'd thought they might come in handy. And now was just the time to make use of them. When Jürgen was in the toilet and Oskar in the shower, I hid the thorns in his underpants in his pile of clothes. Then I shoved off. I'd got



as far as the window of the boys' changing room when I heard Jürgen give a sharp cry of pain. The swearing was pretty desperate, it has to be said. I could hear the others laughing too. I didn't look back, just went home.

"How was school?" asked Grandad.

"Normal," I mumbled.

"Did you get any marks back?"

"No."

"Well, I can see that something's happened."

"What do you mean?"

"That humungous great egg on your head for one thing."

"Oh, that. That's from dodgeball."

Grandad made a cold compress and the pain gradually faded. My Grandad's name's Daniel too, by the way. He's really cool. He put four large hot rissoles on my plate.

"Oh, Grandad, you know that the thing I love best in all the world is rissoles!"

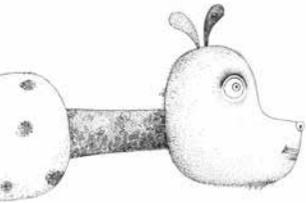
Before I'd managed to have a third mouthful I thought I should get something straight, "Rissoles and you, Grandad."

"Is that right," murmured Grandad, tucking into his own helping.

Translated by Susan Wilson

PIRET RAUD
**THE STORY OF SANDER, MURI,
 THE EENSY MUM,
 AND THE INVISIBLE AKSEL**

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
 TÄNAPÄEV 2015
 201X145 MM, 99 PP
 ISBN 9789949278176



Sander is an ordinary boy who lives with his mother on the first storey of a four-storey building near a big park. Like most other boys his age, Sander loves football, chocolate ice cream, and sleeping in on Sundays. Sander's mum is also as normal as can be - at least up until the day she shrinks to the size of a little Lego-man. From then onward, incredible things start happening to Sander and his mother, as well as to the stray dog Muri, the invisible boy Aksel, the colourful Uncle Allan, and a society of ladies who are obsessed with their teddy bears.

Award:
 2015 Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia



Piret Raud (1971) is a children's writer and illustrator. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic art, and initially set off on the same path. One day, she decided to try her own hand at writing, and has since become the most renowned and most translated children's author in Estonia. Raud has written 17 titles, four of which were first published in Japan and France, and has illustrated more than 40 books. Her works have been translated into 12 languages. Raud's writing has received great recognition both at home and abroad: she was included on the 2012 IBBY Honour List, in the 2013 White Ravens catalogue, and was awarded the Estonian Order of the White Star, IV Class in 2016.

SANDER / BLIND MAN'S BUFF

Aksel's mum unwrapped the scarf from her head and looked around.

"But I can't see you!"

Everyone else in the room also took a few curious steps closer.

"Then look more carefully!" Mum said from inside invisible Aksel's pocket. "Please notice me! Please talk to me! Answer when I ask you a question! Read me a bedtime story every night and give me a goodnight-kiss! Tell me I've done a good job when I clean my room, and give me a hot foot bath when I've got a cold! Care about me as much as you care about your teddy-bear club!"

Mum spoke for a long time about how very much Aksel longed to be with his own mum. I don't know how much of it was Aksel's thoughts and how much was my own mummy's, but in any case, I think she was scolding Aksel's mummy for not seeing her own son. As I listened, even I started to sense how hard life might be for a boy, whom no one notices. Someone, whose classmates don't talk to and whose own mother doesn't even pay any attention to. I didn't feel like I wanted to punch Aksel anymore. On the contrary - I wanted to see him so that I could support him. Together, we could put all the things he took away from other kids back in their proper places. Then, kids would definitely want to play with Aksel and be his friend!

Everything Mummy said to Aksel's mum had a strong impact on her, too - so strong that she started to cry. Tears burst from her big cloud-head like spring rain, flowing in little rivulets down to the floor and getting everyone's feet wet. And the more she cried, the thinner the cloud around her head became, until it dissipated entirely. The woman's real face was revealed. She had sad, sympathetic eyes, and most importantly, those eyes saw Aksel. She dropped the teddy bear she had been holding and hugged the invisible boy in front of her. And then, the very best thing of all happened: we could suddenly *all* see Aksel! As it turned out, the only thing that needed to



happen for Aksel to become visible again was for his mum to give him a hug.

Aksel was surprised and very happy, all at once. He held onto his mum as tightly as he could, as if he planned to never let her go again.

Everyone in the room stared at them in a trance. The first person to shake herself out of it was the puffy-haired woman.

"We should probably dry up the floor," she said matter-of-factly, and all the ladies rushed to the kitchen to find a rag or a mop, forgetting everything else.

When they had dried the floor, all the guests started leaving one by one - including Uncle Allan.

When Aksel's mum said goodbye to Uncle Allan, she handed him her teddy bear.

"Take it!" she said. "I don't need this teddy bear anymore. I've got Aksel, and that's more than enough for me."

Uncle Allan thanked her politely, but said that he couldn't accept her gift.

"I suppose I'm not going to join the teddy-bear club, after all," he said. "Now that I think of it, there are also people in my life who are more important than teddies, and who need my support and attention."

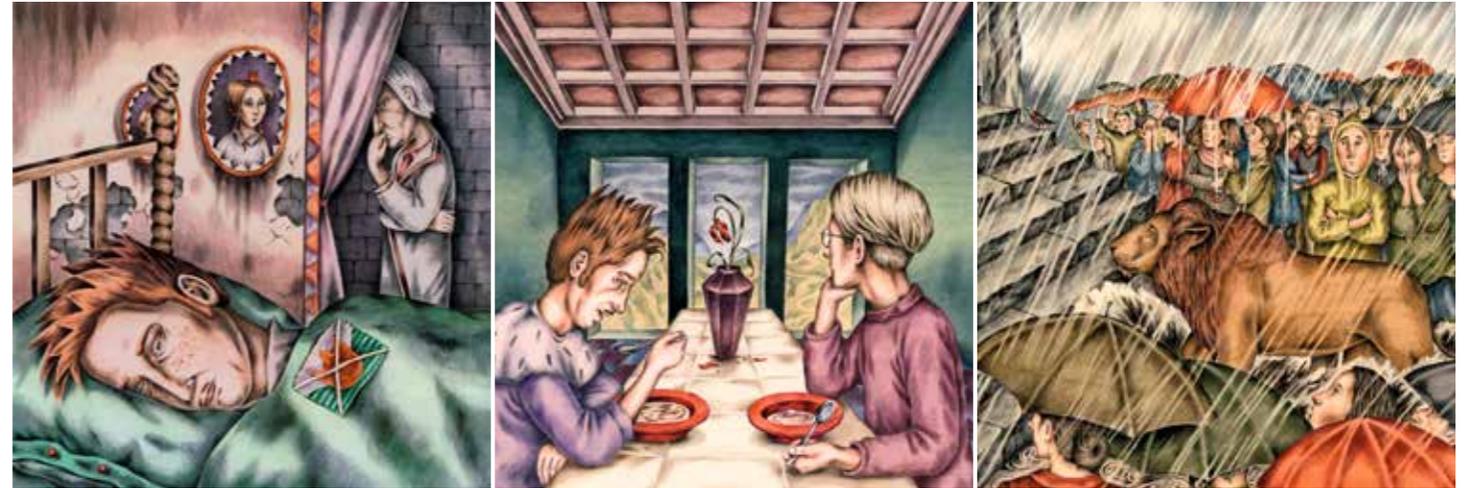
Translated by Adam Cullen

AINO PERVIK
**THE KING OF THE
 WALLEY OF WOES**

ILLUSTRATED BY GERDA MÄRTENS
 TÄNAPÄEV 2016
 216X213 MM, 63 PP
 ISBN 9789949850204



Once upon a time in a land far away called the Valley of Woes, there lived people who weren't content with anything. Naturally, they didn't like the ruler who sat on the throne, either. Since the King of the Valley was orphaned as a young child, the country was actually ruled by a regent. Yet when the King became an adult, the regent didn't want to hand over power. The King himself, in fact, wasn't looking forward to taking over, because decision-making is hard work. One day, a university student enters the kingdom. The border guards bring the man, who is carrying a stack of hefty books, before the King. "Books are good companions," the traveller tells him. Just as the monarch is reading one of them, he remembers something from his childhood...



The King wandered around the castle for days on end. The whole royal family had lived here once: all his aunts and uncles and their husbands and wives and children, and even all their relatives, too. Not to mention the entire royal court.

But now, the castle was such a cold, damp, mildewed place that no one wanted to spend much time in it. Only the King was required to live in the castle, because he was the king.

Finally, late one evening, the King arrived at a door covered in spider webs. He opened it, and there it was!

The King had found the library!

The room wasn't far from the King's own living quarters, but it could only be reached by way of a narrow hallway piled high with all kinds of clutter, so accessing it wasn't an easy task. As a result, no one had stepped foot in the hallway for decades.

Even so, the King wound his way through the junk and found the library, at last!

The King's clothes had gotten all dirty in doing so, and his hands and face were smudged.

But he couldn't care less: he was standing in the middle of the most wonderful library! It was quite stuffy, since no one had opened the windows or let in any fresh air for years and years. So, that was the first thing the King did before he took a look around.

Lining the walls were shelves full of all kinds of books. There were thick volumes of scientific and educational literature. There were colourful picture books. There were exciting tales of adventure. There were fun comics. There was absolutely everything.

And set right in front of the fireplace was a comfy armchair, where one could sit and leaf through this book or that.

However, the armchair was covered in a thick coating of dust. The fireplace was cold and unlit.

This didn't bother the King very much, regardless: he was accustomed to the damp and cold.

And actually, there was already firewood, kindling, and flint and steel stocked in front of the fireplace, so the King could light a fire straight away if he wanted to.

So, that's just what he did!

Translated by Adam Cullen

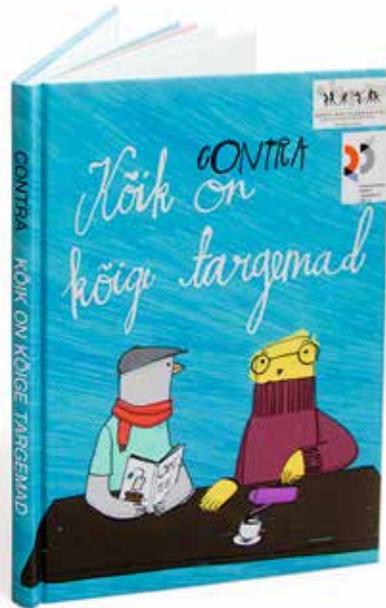


Aino Pervik (1932) is one of the most influential authors of modern Estonian children's literature. She has written over 60 children's books, which have been translated into 11 languages and are often adapted for theatre and film. Pervik has won many major prizes, including the IBBY Honour List in 2004 and Estonia's national award for children's literature on several occasions. Pervik's children's works shed light on existential problems: the preservation of ecological balance, the senselessness of war, the collision of different cultures, the finding of one's identity, and also themes such as freedom, fatality, good, and evil. The author frequently addresses acute problems that children face in today's world.

Gerda Märtens (1987) holds a master's degree in printmaking from the Estonian Academy of Arts, and has also studied illustration at the Academy of Arts in Macerata, Italy. The young artist attracted attention with her very first illustrated book, *The Drawer of Happy Bedtime Stories*. Märtens is a highly unique, talented illustrator whose visual style blends influences from the Estonian and Italian schools in the best way possible.

CONTRA
EVERYONE'S THE WISEST

ILLUSTRATED BY ULLA SAAR
MINA ISE 2015
216X152 MM, 80 PP
ISBN 9789949923540



Everyone's the Wisest is Contra's first full-length poetry collection for children, although he has published a wealth of children's poetry in youth magazines and anthologies earlier. The poems focus primarily on school. Contra's gently amusing and joyous verses take on familiar topics such as going to and coming home from school, lessons and class breaks, classmates and teachers, learning and teaching. Yet, beneath the humorous surface of Contra's writing lies a deeper wisdom that emphasises lasting values.

Awards:

- 2014 Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia
- 2014 Karl Eduard Sööt Children's Poetry Award
- 2014 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit



Contra (Margus Kõnnula, 1974) is one of Estonia's most productive contemporary poets. Since his debut in 1995, he has published at least one poetry collection each year. Contra's writing is strongly rooted in Estonia's contemporary folk-singing tradition, with gleeful and witty texts that blend the doggerel style with topical issues using masterful locution. Moreover, Contra's poetry stands out for the frequent use of his native Võru dialect. He is also a popular guest on television, at public events, and in schools.

Ulla Saar (1975) is an illustrator, graphic artist, and designer. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in product design. Her first illustrated book, *Lift*, was listed in the 2014 White Ravens catalogue. Since then, every one of her books has gained international attention. Saar's spirited and playful art is often more a part of the book's overall design than free-standing pictures.

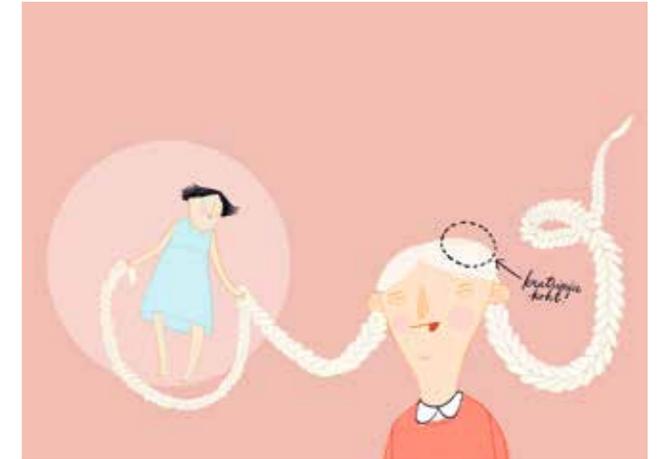


THE HORROR OF SCHOOL ON THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER

I arrive at my school
it's new and it has lots of room.
I have been there once before,
but then I surely didn't see
that it's so big and full of gloom -
many mysterious rooms!
And the assembly hall is just so huge,
full of noise, a jungle true,
people milling around and moving through,
somewhere in there is a tiger, too!

My nerves are only somewhat calmed
by my shirt's white pallor
it makes me invisible -
the walls are the same colour.

I already live in the hope
that some miracle will save me,
but then with horror I hear
my name called out from in there!



IN ANTICIPATION OF SUMMER HOLIDAYS

The sun high up in the sky shines with arrow rays.
Longingly I await autumn and my school days.
I am only starting school,
I used to be too young, so said the rule.

The older children have their summer holidays now,
but I've had no such thing anyhow.
Now I'll have to wait for an entire year,
only then will I get that summer holiday so dear.

Translated by Laura Neill

KÄTLIN KALDMAA
**IT'S DAMN GOOD
TO BE A BAD GIRL**

ILLUSTRATED BY JAAN RÕÖMUS
VARRAK 2016
210X140 MM, 140 PP
ISBN 9789985336397



Eleven-year-old Li's mother and father are constantly out working in the barn and on the fields of the collective farm. Since Li is the oldest child, she is responsible for keeping an eye on her younger sister Lotta and her little brother Sass. Luckily, her neighbour Taavi - the girl's best friend - is also around. Left to their own devices, the children are always searching for things to do at home as well as in the nearby forests and meadows. Naturally, not all their adventures unfold safely.

Kätlin Kaldmaa's memoir-like children's book is set in rural 1980s Soviet Estonia.



Kätlin Kaldmaa (1970) is a poet, writer, translator, and literary critic. She studied Estonian language and literature at the University of Tartu, and graduated from Tallinn University in English language and culture. She has worked as an editor and publisher at the daily *Eesti Päevaleht*, editor in chief of the magazine *Lugu*, and the director of foreign relations at the Estonian Children's Literature Centre. Kaldmaa is the President of Estonian PEN and the International Secretary of PEN International. *It's Damn Good to Be a Bad Girl* is her third children's book.

Jaan Rõõmus (1990) graduated from the Tartu Art School in design, and later from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic design. He currently works as a freelance designer and illustrator. *It's Damn Good to Be a Bad Girl* is the second children's book featuring his art.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN, IN WHICH PLANS GO UP IN SMOKE

"And then the White Lady appeared on the wall..." The room is as quiet as a graveyard, only one girl gasps audibly. Everyone is staring at the big, cold, bare, night-green wall. It almost seems like something is shining on it.

"Ah, what're you trying to scare us for? There's no such thing as ghosts," one of the older girls says. "My uncle, on the other hand, told me that in big cities, there are SAUSAGE factories, where they make SAUSAGES out of human flesh. Since we don't have enough animals to make enough SAUSAGES so that there'd be enough for everybody, they put human flesh in the SAUSAGES, too. And meat from children is the best of all. In Moscow, there's even a kind of SAUSAGE shop where one of the front steps just opens like a trap door when a kid steps on it, and whoosh! - the kid goes straight to the SAUSAGE-making line. They catch hobos and make them into SAUSAGES, too. My uncle said he's even seen a kid's finger in a SAUSAGE with his very own eyes. That's why they label it "Children's SAUSAGE" in the grocery store."

"I don't wanna go to a SAUSAGE factory!" one little girl squeaks, and hides under her blanket.

"I don't waa-aant to go-o-o," the others now work up the courage to cry out.

"What do you want, then?" For a while, only the older girls' murmuring can be heard, and then the storytelling begins again.

"In Tallinn, in the Old Town, there's an old house that anyone's free to walk through as they please. There are old sofas and lavish chandeliers inside. One time, my aunt's friend went there. She went with her boyfriend, and they walked around and messed around, and for any of you who don't know what "messaging around" means, then you've got to grow up a little before you find out. Well, so they were walking around that house and everything was so pretty, and all of a sudden, my aunt's friend's boyfriend found a door hidden behind a thick brocade curtain. He wanted to go through, but the girl didn't, so the guy went



in to have a look around anyway, and the girl waited for him behind the door. She waited and waited and waited and waited, and finally, she got fed up with waiting, so she cracked the door open a little and peeked inside. There was no one to be seen. The girl figured that there was probably another door inside that led into another room, so she decided to take a look. She went inside, but she couldn't see another door. The light came from candles burning on a gorgeous candelabrum. The floor was BLACK and the walls were BLACK and the ceiling was DARK red. And there were DARK red curtains hanging on one wall. The girl walked up to those DARK red curtains and pulled them back. A BLACK glove popped out from behind the DARK red curtain and started choking the girl, but she fought her way free of the BLACK glove and ran out of the room and afterward, no one could find the door to that room ever again. Not even the curtain that'd been covering the door was there anymore. And no one ever saw my aunt's friend's boyfriend again."

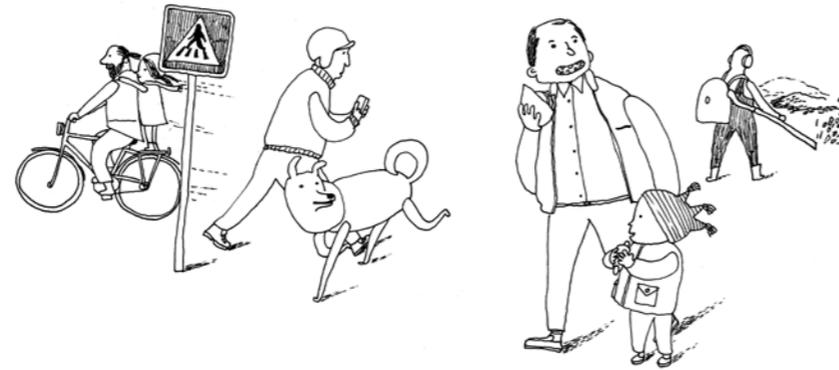
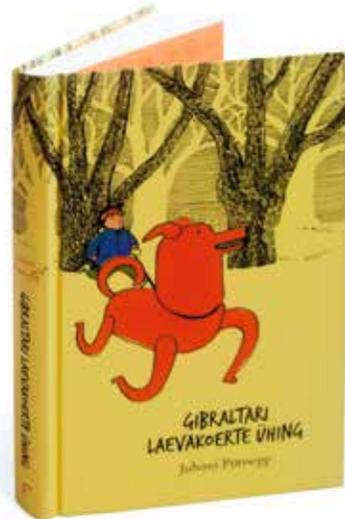
The next morning, our ward got an earful. Someone had told on us to the nurses for telling scary stories. Two of the older girls were moved into other wards. A quiet little mousy girl replaced one of them, and the other bed was left empty.

That's the children's hospital for you. At long last, three girls who told the world's best scary stories had all ended up in the same room, but the nurses still found out and now, nothing interesting will ever happen here again.

Translated by Adam Cullen

JUHANI PÜTTSEPP
**THE SOCIETY OF
GIBRALTAR SHIP DOGS**

ILLUSTRATED BY MARJA-LIISA PLATS
TÄNAPÄEV 2015
221X147 MM, 232 PP
ISBN 9789949277568



In a little town, there stands a somewhat slanted three-storey wooden house. Among its other colourful tenants are Grandma Sirje and her grandson Anton, whose parents sent him to the town to attend school. One day, a perky and clever fox-coloured dog appears on their doorstep. When Sirje and Anton are unable to locate the dog's owner, they decide to keep him as a pet. They name him Saku, buy him a food bowl and a collar, and pay a visit to the vet. There, Anton informs everyone that Saku is a "Gibraltar ship dog": a breed the boy himself has thought up. However, taming the formerly free-running dog doesn't always go smoothly for its new owners.

Awards:

2016 IBBY Honour List

2014 Children's Story Competition *My First Book*, 1st place



Juhani Püttsepp (1964) is a biologist, teacher, journalist, and children's writer. He graduated from the University of Tartu in biology, and currently works at the Estonian University of Life Sciences. Püttsepp has written more than 20 works of popular science and storybooks for children. His most treasured topics include nature, human attitudes towards the environment, the endurance of (local) culture, and the progression of generations. The author's unique style weaves reality with fairy tale, and he always treats his characters with empathy.

Marja-Liisa Plats (1984) is an illustrator, graphic designer, and singer. She graduated from Tartu Art College as a photographer. Plats has illustrated more than 30 children's books and collaborated with the children's magazine *Täheke*. Her works are characterised by perpetual searching and experimentation with a wide range of visual techniques.

Sirje had already made the mental decision that she would take Saku to get his shots. As she chatted with Jersky over coffee, she learned that animals can't be vaccinated until they've been given stomach-worm medication.

"He definitely needs to take stomach-worm medication. I'll buy it myself," Jersky promised. "I *am* like a godmother to Saku, you know!"

The next day, Jersky brought over the medicine, which was in pill-form: one pill for every ten kilograms the dog weighed.

But how much did Saku weigh? Neither of them knew. They could only guess that he was lighter than the black dog Rolf downstairs, which Jersky said weighed fifty kilograms. Professor Siegfried had taken Rolf to get his vaccinations at the university veterinary office, where there was a scale so big it could even weigh cows. Alas, there was no scale like that in their slanting three-story house.

"Let's use Rolf as a touchstone and judge by eye," Sirje proposed.

Since Jersky was a bodybuilder and had to stay in shape at all times, she had a scale at home for weighing humans. She offered to let Sirje use it.

"Saku certainly won't fit on that scale," Sirje pointed out.

"I've got an idea!" Anton shouted. "I'll pick up the dog and then step on the scale with him. Then, I'll get on the scale alone, and afterwards we can subtract my weight from the first number."

"Good idea, Anton," Jersky said. "I can see something from your math lessons stuck."

"Anton's a clever little guy," Sirje praised, and the boy blushed from gladness. Or maybe it was from embarrassment, because he wasn't actually all that good at mathematics.

Anton decisively scooped Saku into his arms like a sack of flour and stepped onto the scale. It was plain to see that Saku didn't enjoy that kind of rough handling, but he put up with it.



"Holding a warm dog sure is nice," Anton said as he stood on the scale. Even so, he was breathing a little heavily, because Saku wasn't exactly as light as a feather.

"Ninety-seven kilos," Jersky announced.

Then, Saku was released and Anton got on the scale alone.

"Sixty-nine kilos," Jersky read. "Which means that Saku weighs twenty-eight kilos and has to take three pills."

The dog could sense that something suspicious was going on, and crawled to hide beneath Anton's bed. He just barely fit.

Everyone in the house tried to coax their pet out with kind words. The dog stared at them warily from behind the dust bunnies and wouldn't move a muscle.

Anton grabbed a broom and used it to carefully push the dog out from his hiding space.

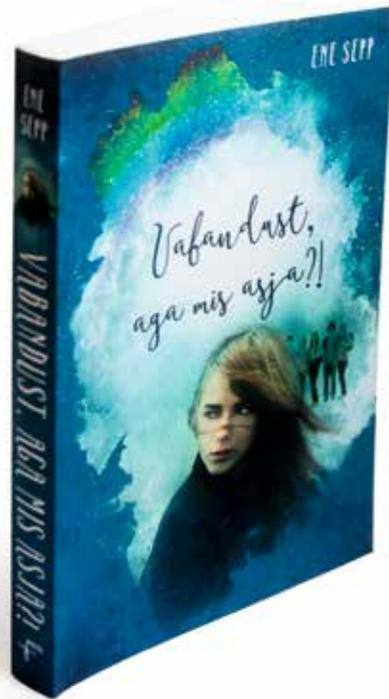
"Now the floor under the bed has gotten dusted, too!" Jersky laughed. Sirje didn't say anything, but one could guess that she was a little embarrassed there were dust bunnies snoozing under Anton's bed.

Jersky had to use her smarts to give Saku the pills. She hid the three stomach-worm pills in three cutlets that Sirje had cooked. Saku might have suspected something all the same, but he couldn't resist the smell of freshly-cooked meat. The dog quickly scarfed down all three treats.

Translated by Adam Cullen

ENE SEPP
SORRY, BUT – WHAT?!

TÄNAPÄEV 2016
215X142 MM, 224 PP
ISBN 9789949850075



Jane, who is in middle school, leads a happy life. She gets good grades and has three very good friends. Jane's parents are divorced, but her mother and father get along well, so they often spend time together as a family, too. One day, Jane's mother calls school and asks for her to come straight home after class, because her parents have something important to tell her. The news they have in store stuns Jane. Her mother has found a new partner: a woman! Jane feels angry and insulted. She reckons that all that matters is for no one at school to find out. However, things don't go as planned.

Award:
2015 Youth Novel Competition, 2nd place



Ene Sepp (1991) has lived in Estonia, Germany, Austria, and New Zealand. She is currently completing a master's degree in social work and social policy at the University of Tartu. Sepp started writing at an early age, producing pieces for various media outlets already at 13. Her debut work *The Medallion*, which was published when she was a teenager, was praised by both critics and young readers. *Sorry, But – What?!* is Sepp's fifth published book. Her works focus mainly on dramatic events or dilemmas in young people's lives.

Jane's heart was pounding so hard and fast that it rang in her ears. People were strolling past just a couple dozen meters away, but no one looked over at the clump of kids to wonder why there was a circle formed around a girl without her backpack. Jane didn't want to shout for help, either. No one would come to her aid, anyway, and her yelling would only encourage the others.

"I don't want my sister to grow up to be *a freak* like you," Christine spat.

"We were told to..." Jane wanted to defend herself and explain that their gym teacher had asked them to play ball with the younger students, but Christine interrupted: "I don't care! You're not allowed to talk to my sister. I don't give a crap what the teacher or anybody else tells you. You don't talk to her. I don't want my sister to hear how great it is to be a lesbo and how everyone should be one and how she should, too. You're not going to coax my sister over to your side."

"I - I'm not! Come *on-n-n!* I'm not a lesbian!" Jane insisted a little louder and a little more distressed. "I'm not coaxing anybody over to my side! I don't *have* a side! I'm not a lesbian, I'm telling you."

"But your mom is!" Siret yelled, backing Christine up. "And everybody knows it's genetic. That's why lesbians don't die out. They get men into their beds somehow and reproduce like some sick animals."

"*No!*" Jane exclaimed. Her tone was much louder now, but still, no one paid any attention.

"You target little girls," Christine taunted her, and Gregory added: "Or do you go after boys, too? Huh? Do

you want to turn *them* into fags?" The circle tightened around her.

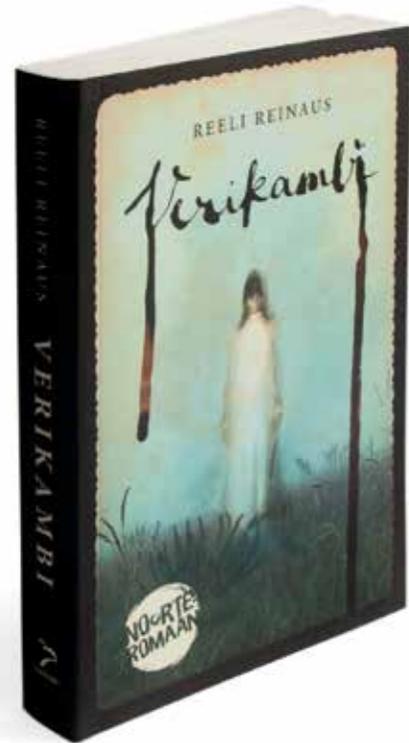
Jane felt tears welling in her eyes. Why wouldn't they listen to her? Why were they making up things like that? Why couldn't they just leave her and her family alone? She knew that she shouldn't cry, even though she felt like it, so she fought back her tears as she realized that there was no hope at all of pushing her way out between the kids' shoulders.

Siret reached out and shoved Jane from behind. Not expecting the push, Jane stumbled forward into Christine, who cried out "Ewwww!" and shoved her as if she was nasty worm towards Gregory, who thrust her into the outstretched hands waiting next to him, and then... Jane quickly lost track of who was pushing her, who was sneering, and who was jeering at her. The only goal she focused on was to stay on her feet. Jane didn't know what would happen if she fell down, but it couldn't be good. Maybe they wouldn't jump on her like they did with her backpack, but they wouldn't leave her alone, and were even less likely to help her get back up. So, Jane knew she had to stay standing. She tried her very best, but at one point her classmates' shoves came so hard and close together that her legs crossed, she slipped, and didn't even have a chance to brace herself for the fall. A moment later, Jane was lying on her side with one half of her face pushed in the snow, her heartbeats and the kids' mean laughter ringing in her ears.

Translated by Adam Cullen

REELI REINAUS
THE VERIKAMBI MILL

VARRAK 2016
200X129 MM, 351 PP
ISBN 9789985335734



Four high-schoolers get lost in the woods during a hike, and are forced to spend the night in a mysterious mill. The youngsters find their way home quickly the next morning, but the strange occurrence leaves its mark on each of them. Joonas, who takes an old photo album that he finds in the mill, discovers it contains a picture of a girl who bears an astonishing resemblance to his sister. Kirke starts experiencing unconscious writing sessions, in which she channels a strange spirit. Gustav suddenly turns pensive and moody, and starts making demands he can't explain. Elina is struck by unexpected bursts of jealousy. Before long, strange things also start happening to the other students in town, and the four children realize that they have unleashed something sinister.



Reeli Reinaus (1977) is a folklorist and writer for children and youth. She graduated from the Tartu Academy of Theology, and received a master's degree in Estonian- and comparative folklore from the University of Tartu. Reinaus has worked at the University of Tartu and at the Estonian Literary Museum. She has written 19 books for children and youth, and has won numerous awards in the My First Book children's story competition, as well as in the Youth Novel Competition. The author has a flair for penning stories about children's everyday lives and problems, crime novels, and fantasy works.

What am I doing here, anyway? the girl wondered. *Oh, right – I'm the token female element. Fine, I'll play along.* There wasn't anything else to do but wait. Kuldar was mumbling something as he drew a ring around them and the fire with salt and dirt. Kirke's gaze fell on Gustav, who smiled at her encouragingly. It looked like he was a little bored, too.

But at that moment, Kuldar called them closer to the water-filled cauldron.

"Before we start for real, we've got to look into the past."

"Why?" Kirke asked.

"Because we can't change the future until we do. Drink this." Kuldar handed each of them a tin cup.

The liquid didn't have a foul smell, to Kirke's surprise. It was some kind of tea, apparently, and she didn't have the slightest objection to a warm beverage right now, even if it had a mild narcotic effect. She'd have no problem drinking something even worse-smelling just to fight the damp chill creeping into her bones.

"What is it?" Gustav asked.

"It'll help you see into the past," replied Kuldar.

"Alright, whatever," Gustav said, then dumped almost the entire contents down his throat at once.

Kirke drank in small sips, since the tea was a little too hot for her. It had a somewhat sweet aroma and a bitter taste, which was quite bearable all the same.

After their cups were empty, they leaned over the cauldron.

The water was just as it had been before. Kirke couldn't see anything in it, nor did she know what she was supposed to do next. Should she imagine something? Should she let her thoughts flow free and try to associate the water's shadows and reflections with something?

But then... *This is impossible*, Kirke thought, just before the vision in the water engulfed her.

She could see them – Lisa and Matt. They were right here in the flesh and bone. Living human beings. And although centuries of time separated them from the children, they looked as real as could be. Yet, it appeared that they couldn't see Kirke.

"Did you cast a spell on me?" Lisa asked, staring at Matt with suspicion.

"No. Why would you think that?"

"It's what people are saying."

"I would never do such a thing. It's wrong to force someone."

"Forgive me, I just... it's just what people in the village believe. They think you used witchcraft."

Matt smiled. "Sometimes, I have the feeling that *you're* the one using witchcraft."

The image faded away, but Lisa reappeared immediately. However, the girl was different. Bones were visible beneath her tight, bluish-white skin, and her eyes were sunken deep into her skull. Lisa's white wedding dress was now soiled and torn, and her hair was white, although it was still plaited on both sides. She looked tired and aged in this vision.

"I loved him. That's all I can remember about myself. Nothing else matters."

Kirke couldn't figure out for whom the words were meant. Were they for her? Was it supposed to mean something? Kirke recalled that Gustav told her he loved her not long ago. She had felt so ecstatic for a moment, but then noticed that the boy was still sad, down in the dumps. Something was troubling Gustav, but he wouldn't say what it was, exactly. Kirke wondered whether this could be some kind of premonition. She remembered her recent dream. What if it *hadn't* been a dream? What if she had seen the future? What if she'd seen how Gustav was going to die?

Translated by Adam Cullen

