

THE BEST
ESTONIAN
CHILDREN'S
BOOKS
OF ALL TIME



CELEBRATE WITH US!

The small, innovative country of Estonia will be celebrating its centenary in 2018, and will also be a Market Focus country at the London Book Fair for the first time ever. It goes without saying that now is the best time to take a closer look at Estonian children's literature!

Estonia has one of the world's highest numbers of children's books published annually per capita. In 2016, close to 3,800 works (780 of which were children's titles) were published in the country, which has a population of merely 1.3 million. Estonian children's books are exceptionally rich in fantasy, and enrapture readers with their intricate characters and fascinating dilemmas. Humour, deep bonds with nature, and strong female characters make the literature globally unique. Our books are likewise aesthetically pleasing, and are illustrated by highly-awarded professional artists.

This catalogue comprises a selection of Estonian children's literature's crowning works. With 19 carefully-chosen books written for children and youth of all ages and interests, it is an ideal assortment for picking out just the right title.

We invite you to discover, translate, and publish the rich range of children's literature from Estonia!

ESTONIAN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE CENTRE

The Estonian Children's Literature Centre is a specialised competency organisation that promotes the country's most outstanding children's works abroad. This includes representing Estonian children's authors at the world's largest book fairs, organising their appearances abroad, maintaining a database of Estonian children's literature, and producing publications on the topic. The Centre 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 help interested parties contact Estonian authors.
- We inform publishers and translators about the opportunities available through the Cultural Endowment of Estonia's translation grant, TRADUCTA.
- We assist in the selection of suitable translators for Estonian children's literature.



Contact us:		Published by the Estonian Children's Literature Centre.
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KÄTLIN VAINOLA

LIFT

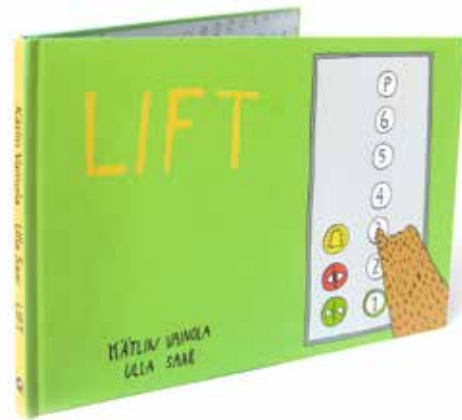
ILLUSTRATED BY ULLA SAAR

PEGASUS 2013

167X214 MM, 32 PP

ISBN 9789949531059

Rights sold: German, Italian, Lithuanian



Lift is a simple story about a six-storey house and its inhabitants. The lift connects everyone in the building without them necessarily knowing or seeing one other. Still, by riding along, the reader gets to know the narcissistic octopus on the first floor, who loves her pool and gazing at herself; the sophisticated, electronics-addict hedgehog journalist; the madly-in-love pigeon couple who live in the top-floor penthouse; and others.

Kätlin Vainola depicts the anthropomorphic characters using very short episodes and simple sentences, while the outstanding illustrator Ulla Saar adds a bit of fun and quirkiness. Take for example Mrs Octopus' fancy wardrobe – naturally, all her clothes have eight arms or legs!

Awards:

2014 The White Ravens

2013 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Special Prize of the Estonian Children's Literature Centre, and the Estonian Graphic Designers' Union Special Prize for Young Artists



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 15 children's books of various genres, including realism, fantasy, and popular science. Her most widely-loved works are picture books for young children, many of which have been translated and received numerous awards.

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 received international attention. Saar's spirited and playful art is customarily more a part of the book's overall design than free-standing pictures.

PIRET RAUD

MISTER BIRD'S STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

TAMMERRAAMAT 2009

256X207 MM, 39 PP

ISBN 9789949444945

Rights sold: French, Spanish, German, Lithuanian



Mister Bird lives in a big forest along with his hardworking friends, who are all happy and content with building their nests and singing in the choir. However, Mister Bird finds this kind of life too boring and ordinary, so he leaves the forest to experience something different. He tries being a pillow, a hedgehog, a snowman, a carrot, and a fox, but in the end, he finds that a bird's life isn't that bad, after all!

Awards:

2010 The White Ravens

2009 Raisin of the Year Award

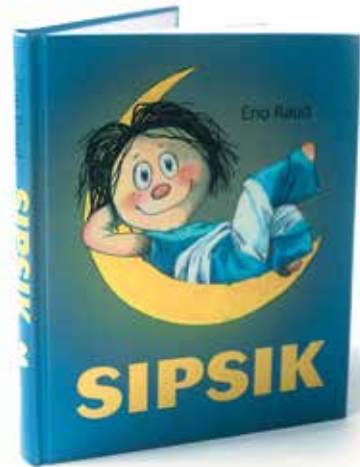
2009 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Golden Book Special Prize of the National Library of Estonia

2009 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit



Piret Raud (1971) is the most successful contemporary Estonian children's writer and illustrator. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic art, and initially set off on the same path. After trying her hand at writing, Raud has since become the most renowned and widely-translated children's author in Estonia. She has written 17 books (four of which were first published in Japan and France), has been translated into 12 different languages, and has illustrated more than 40 titles. Her writing has received spectacular recognition both at home and abroad: the author 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.

ENO RAUD
RAGGIE
 ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR VALTER
 TAMMERRAAMAT 2017
 FIRST EDITION 1962
 200X165 MM, 112 PP
 ISBN 9789949449477
 Rights sold: 12 languages, including
 German, Lithuanian, and Russian



The cheerful rag doll Raggie has been a heartfelt favourite of many generations of Estonian children. Six-year-old Mart makes the doll as a birthday present for his younger sister, Anu. Raggie, which has been sewn with love and affection, comes to life, and quickly becomes the little girl's best friend and closest playmate. Together, they feed the birds, gather mushrooms, and go to the seaside. Raggie battles wasps, becomes a television presenter, and goes to the Moon in a rocket made from a shoe box. The warm stories contain lessons of courage, caring, and honesty that subtly strike home.



Eno Raud (1928–1996), one of the best-known and most beloved children's writers in Estonia, penned more than 50 books of prose and poetry over his lifetime. In addition to *Raggie*, his most popular works include a four-part story about three eccentric fellows: Halfshoe, Mossbeard, and Muff (*The Three Jolly Fellows*). The author's children's books have been translated into more than 30 languages, and are rich in fantasy and humour. Raud was married to Aino Pervik and is Piret Raud's father.

Edgar Valter (1929–2006) was a graphic artist, illustrator, caricaturist, and children's writer. He illustrated more than 250 children's books, including masterpieces of Estonian literature for children like *Three Jolly Fellows*, *Raggie* (by Eno Raud), and *Old Mother Kunks* (by Aino Pervik). Valter is one of Estonia's most highly-lauded illustrators and won many awards over his lifetime, including being on the IBBY Honour List in 1996. As a visual narrator, his uniquely humorous illustrations feature very active and dynamic characters.



"Raggie, what do you think about flying to the Moon?" asked Anu.
 "Why not!" Raggie declared.
 However, it was daytime and there was no moon in the sky. So, the three of them settled down to wait for night to come.
 The night came, but there was still no Moon. So, they went to bed.
 Mart woke up in the middle of the night, and the very first thing he saw was the Moon – it was big and shining straight through the window. Throwing off his sheets, Mart jumped up and ran to Anu's bed.
 "Get up!" he shouted. "The Moon is in the sky!"
 Anu woke up immediately. Together, they roused Raggie, then put him in the rocket and went to the balcony, trying not to make any noise. The night was chilly and they only had their night-gowns on, but it didn't matter.
 "We need to give him a good boost," Mart said.
 "You're right," said Anu, adding: "Goodbye, Raggie dear!"
 Mart sprinted and flung the rocket towards the Moon. Then, they returned to their room and went back to bed.
 /–/
 "What does it look like on the Moon?" Mart asked.
 "There are mountains and valleys there," Raggie said, "but no trees or grass or flowers or anything. And no seas or lakes or rivers, either. There's no water whatsoever. There are no humans there, and of course there are no animals."
 "But is it true that it's easy to jump and run on the Moon?" Mart asked.
 "That's right," said Raggie. "One could jump onto the roof of a house, if there were any houses there."
 Anu and Mart were very glad that they now knew what it was like on the Moon. They took Raggie to their room, and put him to bed in the play-corner.

Translated by Ursula Põks, edited by Adam Cullen

ELLEN NIIT

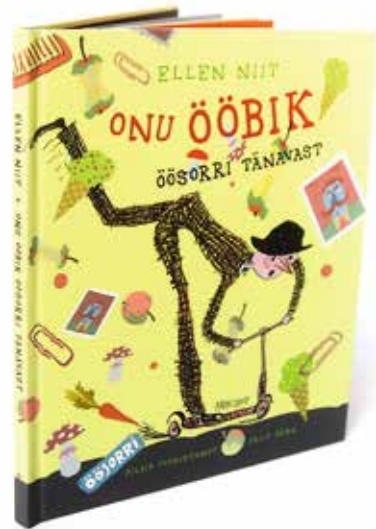
MR. NIGHTINGALE FROM NIGHTJAR STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY PRIIT PÄRN

TAMMERRAAMAT 2017

265X205 MM, 47 PP

ISBN 9789949565863

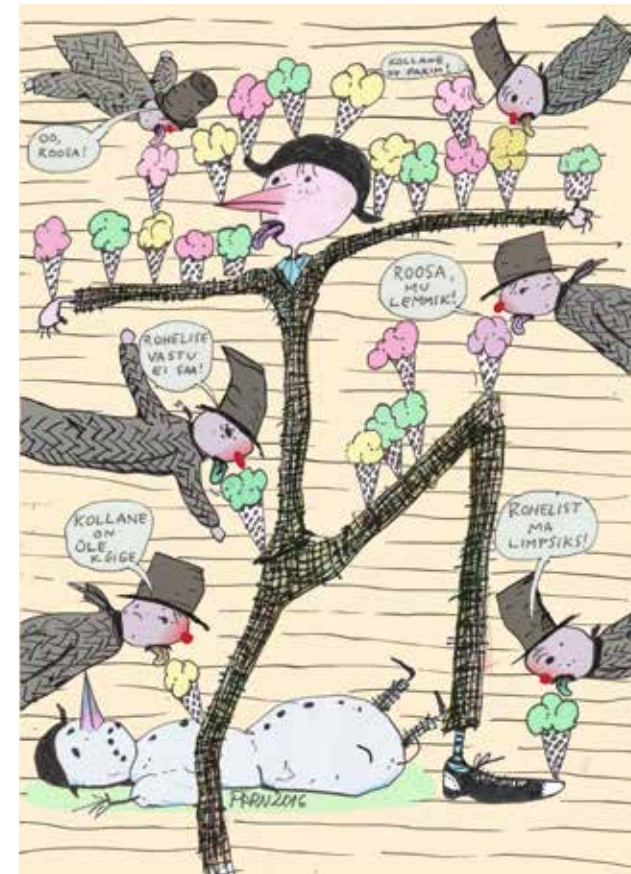


Mr. Nightingale loves doing everything a little differently than other adults do. He dresses differently, takes baths differently, and even eats apples and ice cream in unusual ways. More than anything else, Mr. Nightingale enjoys riding his scooter and climbing trees in the park. He doesn't like night work very much, but he just grits his beak and bears it. Mr. Nightingale has a great friend, whom he can rely on in hard times and is always up for an adventure: Marcus Stampfoot won't turn down an invitation to go to the theatre or the beach, or to watch interesting shows on the TV set named Brighteye. The two friends do things together just the way they like!



Ellen Niit (1928–2016) was a legendary children's author, poet, and translator. Her works are a joy to read for all ages, and have been cherished by multiple generations of Estonian readers. Niit received many literary awards and recognitions, including the Cultural Endowment of Estonia's Award for Children's Literature on three occasions and the IBBY Honour List. Her works, which are characterised by an inventive style and depth of meaning, have been translated into 18 languages. Niit focused on goodness and beauty, and created a bright, protective world for children.

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 and Eesti Joonisfilm studios. Pärn has taught animation at the Turku University of Applied Sciences in Finland, and currently teaches at the Estonian Academy of Arts. He has illustrated 19 children's books and has a long history of collaboration with the children's magazine *Täheke*.



HOW MR. NIGHTINGALE EATS ICE-CREAM

Mr. Nightingale loves clotted cream ice-cream in a waffle cone best of all. He can often be spotted with the others standing near the ice-cream kiosk.

On pay-day, he immediately sorts his wages into piles: one pile is for buying sweets, one pile is for buying lemonade, the third (and largest) pile is for buying ice-cream. He sets one small pile aside for buying borage. It goes as well with ice-cream as salad does with meat.

One spring morning on his way home from work, Mr. Nightingale bought twenty-four ice-creams all at once because he had been paid a bonus on top of his normal wages. Mr. Nightingale went home, ate all the ice-creams in one go and went to bed happily.

Fortunately an ambulance drove past Mr. Nightingale's house that morning. The driver noticed that Mr. Nightingale's house was covered in frost even though it was May and the weather was decidedly warm.

The driver pointed Mr. Nightingale's house out to the emergency doctors and one of them realised what was happening straight away.

He rushed into the house with the emergency nurses, carried Mr. Nightingale, who had been frozen by all the ice-cream, away on a stretcher, and took him to the nearest hospital to thaw out. So everything ended well.

Just think what might have happened if Mr. Nightingale had eaten all those ice-creams in January.

Translated by Susan Wilson

ANDRUS KIVIRÄHK
POO AND SPRING

ILLUSTRATED BY HEIKI ERNITS

VARRAK 2016

FIRST EDITION 2009

245X172 MM, 95 PP

ISBN 9789985319727

Rights sold: Finnish, German, Latvian



Poo and Spring is one of the most popular children's books published in Estonia over the last five years. It consists of short stories, in which characters from the everyday world suddenly find new ways to interact. What happens when a dog turns yellow in autumn and sheds its fur? It will grow new, green fur in the spring, naturally! Or what about when poop and a dandelion meet in springtime? Everything that can happen in a kindergarten classroom can happen in this book, too!

Awards:

2013 Jānis Baltvilks Award, Latvia

2010 Nukits Competition, 1st place



Andrus Kivirähk (1970) is an author of adult and children's prose and poetry, a playwright, a topical satirist, and a screenplay writer. He graduated from the University of Tartu as a journalist, and is the most commanding 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 humour. The author's writing style is simple, the stories fast-paced, and the gallery of characters colourful and full of surprises.

Heiki Ernits (1953) graduated from the Tallinn Pedagogical Institute as a teacher of arts and crafts. He has worked as a photographer, art teacher, art director, and film director. Ernits has authored 19 animated films, produced commercials, designed book covers and layouts, and illustrated numerous publications as well as children's books.



THE PIRATE SPOON

One day, a spoon decided to become a pirate.

"Enough of this boring life!" he declared. "I'm tired of lying around in this drawer! I'm going to become a terrifying one-legged pirate. Ahoi! Is that a bowl I spy over yonder? I'm going to go right over and steal it!"

A big, white bowl had indeed appeared on the table, filled to the brim with soup. Floating there peacefully were meatballs, potatoes, and peas. None of them could ever have imagined what dreadful danger they were in!

The spoon quietly crept up to the edge of the bowl, and peered in. At that moment, two potatoes were floating by and chatting.

"What a nice, warm soup!" one said. "How wonderful it is for swimming!"

"You're absolutely right!" the other replied. "And how still it is here! There aren't even any waves. It sure is peaceful!"

"Arrrr!" roared the spoon, and dove head first into the soup. "You're mistaken, my dear potatoes! There's

nothing peaceful *here*! Can't you see I'm a dreadful pirate?! You won't get away from me!"

Pandemonium broke out: the potatoes, meatballs, and peas all tried to get away from the spoon, swimming around in circles and squealing. The spoon chased them, howling. A couple of chubby meatballs tried to resist, but the spoon was cleverer and caught them before long.

"Resistance is futile!" he yelled. "I'm a fearsome pirate and I'll get you, no matter what!"

In the end, the spoon triumphed. Only one pea was still trying to climb its way out of the bowl, but the spoon swept over and caught it, too. The soup was left empty, with only a few waves rippling across the surface.

The spoon started wondering what he should do with all his booty.

"Should I take it all to a pirate's cave? That means I'll have to find one, first! Maybe this sugar bowl will do?"

"You know what?" said a fork who had waddled up. "You'd be better off as a noble pirate—the kind who gives out all his stolen booty to the poor!"

The spoon liked this idea.

"Where can I find the poor, though?" he asked, peering around. Sitting on the floor was a shaggy dog, who was staring at the spoon with her tongue hanging out.

"Are you poor?" the spoon asked.

"Very poor!" the dog declared, panting hungrily.

"Great, then I'll give all the plunder from my sea battles to you!" the spoon said. He poured all the potatoes, meatballs, and peas straight into the dog's mouth. The dog swallowed – gulp! – and started wagging her tail in joy.

"Long live the noble pirate spoon!" she barked in admiration. The spoon was as glad as could be.

"Come again tomorrow!" he called out. "Then, I'll steal a bowl of porridge!"

The dog howled happily, sat up on her hind legs, and ran outside, her claws scratching on the kitchen floor.

Translated by Adam Cullen

ELLEN NIIT
PILLE-RIIN'S STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY VIVE TOLLI

TAMMERRAAMAT 2013

FIRST EDITION 1963

166X171 MM, 144 PP

ISBN 9789949482870

Rights sold: 13 languages, including
German, Polish, and Czech



Pille-Riin is five years old. She lives on the edge of town with her mother and father, a doll named Anne, and a plastic dog named Pontu, who is her favourite playmate – still, Pille-Riin likes drawing most of all. Her life is full of adventures, and quite a lot can happen during the days she spends all on her own. There are conversations to be had with bullfinches and the cold air, rides to take on the neighbour-girl's kicksled, and her very first solo trip to the store, to name just a few. Other big highlights are the summer Pille-Riin spends at her aunt's house in the country, and visits to see her grandpa. Excitement, melancholy, and bubbly joy are all common parts of the girl's days. No matter whether she's pretending or living real life, Pille-Riin is never bored!



Ellen Niit (1928–2016) was a legendary children's author, poet, and translator. Her works are a joy to read for all ages, and have been cherished by multiple generations of Estonian readers. Niit received many literary awards and recognitions, including the Cultural Endowment of Estonia's Award for Children's Literature on three occasions and the IBBY Honour List. Her works, which are characterised by an inventive style and depth of meaning, have been translated into 18 languages. Niit focused on goodness and beauty, and created a bright, protective world for children.

Vive Tolli (1928) is a graphic artist, illustrator, and bookplate artist. She has illustrated more than 80 works, 30 of which are children's books. The artist has received several awards at international exhibitions, including the 1977 Biennial of Illustrations Bratislava's Golden Apple for the fairy tale collection *The Man Who Spoke Snakish*. Tolli's works of restrained lyricism express emotion by means of various tonal, textural, and rhythmic effects.



TRACKS

Pille-Riin wanted to firstly show her grandfather the big pine tree, under which she had found three chanterelle mushrooms last summer. It stood right here on the hilltop, so they started walking toward it.

The pine tree was snowy and sleeping, and there was no sign of the mushrooms anymore. Even so, there was something else beneath it.

"Look, look!" Pille-Riin exclaimed. "Someone has been here!" She squatted down. The snow under the tree was full of tracks.

"Look – is this a dog that's been walking here?" Pille-Riin asked her grandpa, showing him tracks that looked as if they'd been pressed into the snow with big pinecones.

"Yep, that's a dappled dog," Grandpa said.

"Can you tell from the tracks that it's dappled?" Pille-Riin asked in amazement.

"Of course you can," Grandpa said, chuckling.

"Is it dappled brown and white?" Pille-Riin asked.

"That's what it looks like to me," Grandpa said. "And it has a pointed tail that sticks straight up."

"How do you know?" Pille-Riin asked.

"Well, if it'd had a droopy tail, then that would have left a track, too. But there are no tail tracks here," Grandpa said.

Indeed, there weren't any tail tracks to be found. On the other hand, there was a whole lot of bird tracks, which looked as if they'd been embroidered onto the snow.

"Look, there's been a bird here," Pille-Riin said. "And it was right next to the dog. I wonder if they're friends, since they were running around here together?"

"Yes, I suppose they must be friends," Grandpa reckoned.

"And check it out – there's even a kid here, too! One with bumpy boots!" Pille-Riin cheered. "Wait, don't step on it."

"Right you are – a kid, plain and simple," Grandpa said. "Red boot tracks, if I've ever seen any."

"Then it was a girl," Pille-Riin said. "But the bird and the dog weren't afraid of her?"

"I suppose they weren't," Grandpa said. "I suppose all three of them were friends: the kid, the bird, and the dog."

Translated by Adam Cullen

EDGAR VALTER

THE POKU BOOK

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

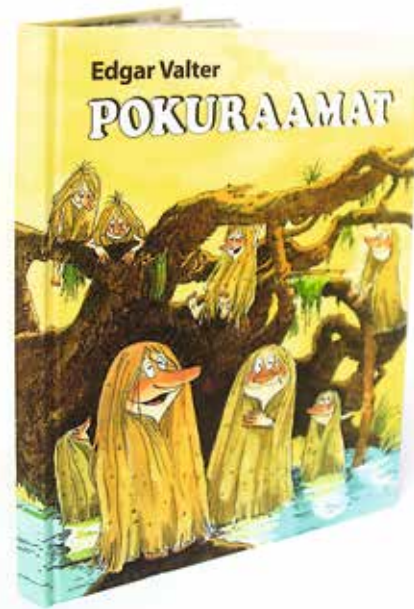
ELMATAR 2009

FIRST EDITION 1994

285X215 MM, 144 PP

ISBN 9789985935491

Rights sold: Lithuanian, Russian, Udmurt



At first glance, the creatures named the Pokus look like tufted sedges. They live their lives discreetly, are friendly and inquisitive, but are terrified of human beings. The artist and children's author Edgar Valter was one of the few lucky people to have ever gained their trust. His *Poku Book* tells about the Poku people, and details the life and times of the good-natured old Uncle Puuko at his cabin deep in the woods. There's no denying that Uncle Puuko bears an uncanny resemblance, both in appearance and mind-set, to the author himself!

Edgar Valter's Poku books - *The Poku Book*, *The Poku ABCs*, and *Poku Stories* - explore how to live in harmony with nature.

Awards:

- 2002 The Eerik Kumari Nature Conservation Award
- 1996 National Art Prize
- 1996 IBBY Honour List, for illustrations
- 1996 Nukits Competition, 1st place for writing and illustrations
- 1995 Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia
- 1995 Children's Book Design Competition, 1st prize



Edgar Valter (1929-2006) was a graphic artist, illustrator, caricaturist, and children's writer. He illustrated more than 250 children's books, including masterpieces of Estonian literature authored by Eno Raud, Ellen Niit, and Aino Pervik. He himself wrote 15 works, the most popular of which are *The Poku Book* and its sequels. Valter's writing stands out for its sincerity, warmth, and unusual sense of humour. He crafted stories and characters that have since become household names throughout Estonia. Nestled in the southeast of the country is even a nature-inspired Poku theme park - Pokuland. The Estonian Children's Literature Centre in Tallinn also has a gallery dedicated to Valter's illustrations.

"My dear Pokus!" the oldest Poku of all began. "I believe you all saw the lake. The tiny, but authentic spring-fed lake. You saw the reflection of the pines on the opposite shore, the birds on the surface of the water... and the water-lilies..."

The old Poku was visibly moved.

"And the shore! What a shore! What beautiful muddy inlets... And that teensy strip of sand on the sunset-side of the lake!"

The old Poku sighed.

"I stood there on the sand, and before me lay a spectacular lake that looked like an eye, the reeds and cattails like eyelashes surrounding it... And the stunning, strong tree-giants that were behind me... And the peace and tranquillity... and the sand stroked my feet... And I had the FEELING that... that..."

"HOME, HOME, IT FELT LIKE HOME!" all the Pokus cried out.

A tremendous wave of relief washed over the Pokus. They swayed, laughed, and nudged one another. They had finally arrived!

Eku and Sooru listened intently to the old Poku's speech. The Pokus' decision and joy was moving for them as well.

Suddenly, a loud and raspy cough shattered the sublime moment. The Pokus froze in place, their gazes nailed upwards to a window - it was opened a crack, and a long, lazy ribbon of smoke was floating out.

"A fire!" the Pokus whispered. "Are the flames coughing?"

Eku and Sooru exchanged glances and explained: "Don't be alarmed! The man who lives here has woken up and just is puffing at his pipe."

"The MAN?! There's a HUMAN here?!"

"As human as human can be. Most definitely. No mistaking it."

The Pokus exchanged uneasy glances. This fact could extinguish their FEELING. The sedges' shrinking was visible to the naked eye.



"A HUMAN!"

"You're not all afraid, are you?" Sooru cautiously asked, but didn't finish his thought before the door to the cabin emitted an awful creak and a little old man with a bushy, overgrown beard appeared on the doorstep.

The Pokus were oh-so petrified! It was too late to run and hide, so the best they could do was to simply be a little bit "petrified".

The old man blinked rapidly in the bright sunlight, then cocked his hat down to shade his eyes and grunted: "Mornin', my little friends!"

Broad grins stretched across Eku's and Sooru's faces, and no doubt they would have stayed that way longer if a high-pitched but pure little peep hadn't sounded from one of the tiny sedges, replying: "Good morning!"

The old man looked down and cautiously removed the pipe from his mouth. A colossal number of sedges had sprung up right before his front steps overnight! And that tiny one right here...

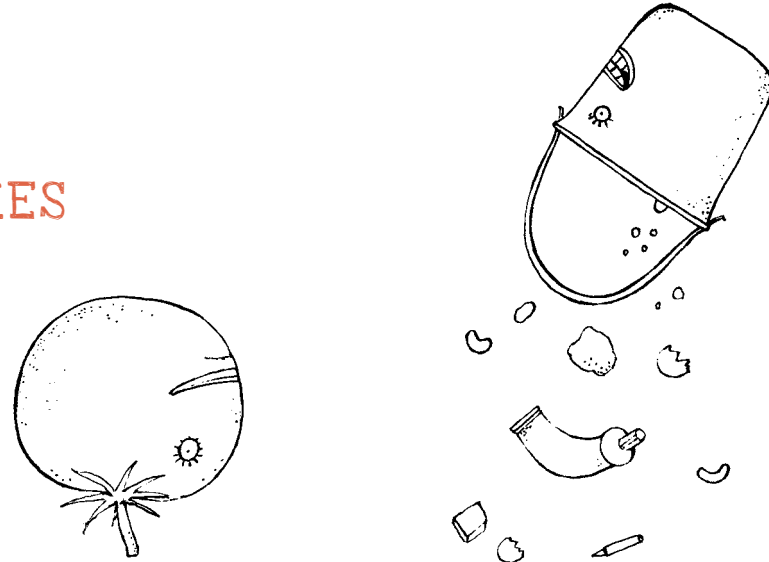
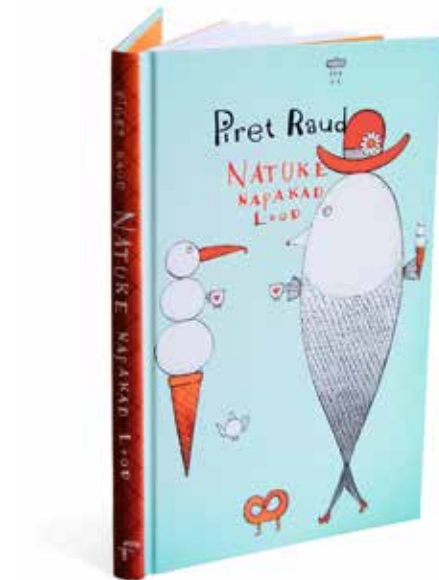
The old man took a couple steps back, sat on the lowest step, and stared at the little sedge, confounded. Were his senses deceiving him?

He gently poked the sedge with the stem of his pipe, and asked: "Did you just say good morning?"

Translated by Adam Cullen

PIRET RAUD
SLIGHTLY SILLY STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
TÄNAPÄEV 2012
212X136 MM, 90 PP
ISBN 9789949271542
Rights sold: French, Polish

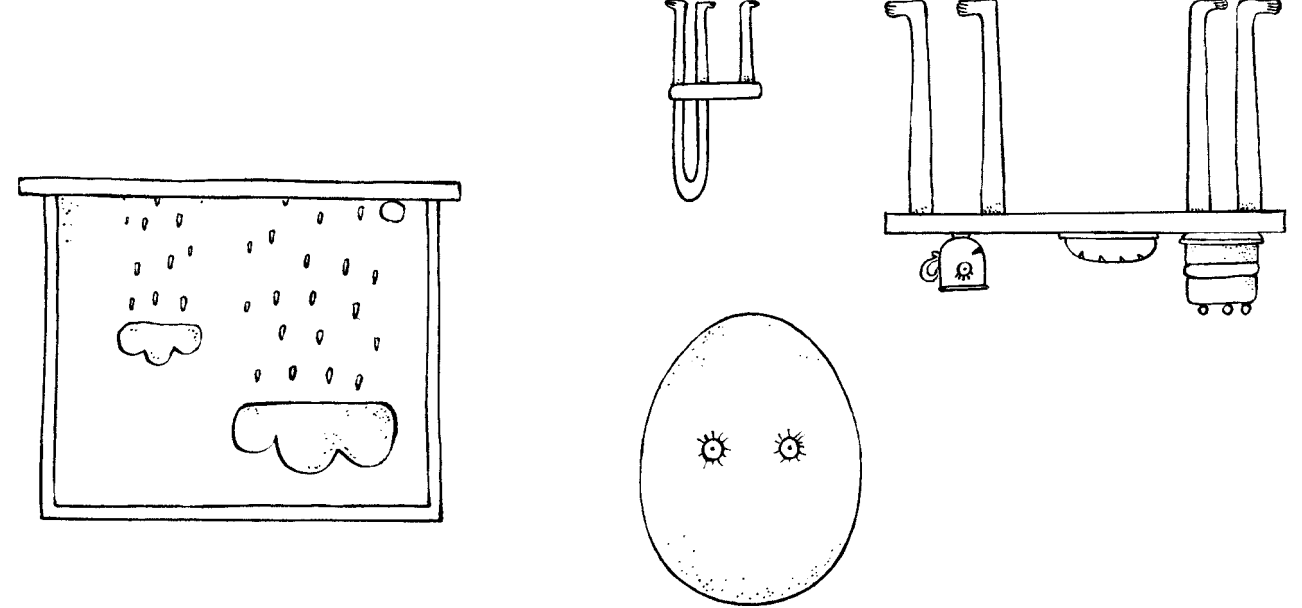


Raud's book contains 32 slightly silly stories about all sorts of occurrences. There is a girl who fibs and fibs; a princess who loves killing dragons more than anything else; an obedient soldier who does everything his general commands (until he ultimately ends up on the Moon!); and a carrot that has a strange dream about being a cabbage, which has a dream about being a carrot, which has a dream about being a butterfly, which has a dream about being a carrot in turn. Piret Raud's tales, which are chock full of absurdity and written in a warm, humorous tone, take stock of life's more unexpected facets.

Award:
2015 Lire ici et là, France



Piret Raud (1971) is the most successful contemporary Estonian children's writer and illustrator. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic art, and initially set off on the same path. After trying her hand at writing, Raud has since become the most renowned and widely-translated children's author in Estonia. She has written 17 books (four of which were first published in Japan and France), has been translated into 12 different languages, and has illustrated more than 40 titles. Her writing has received spectacular recognition both at home and abroad: the author 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.



EGG AND YOGA

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 whole 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.

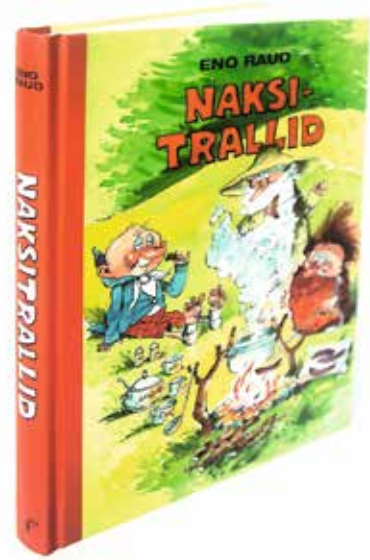
Only the egg was no longer happy about standing on his head any more because now that everything had turned itself upside-down it looked to the egg as if they were the right way up again and were not amusing in the least.

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

ENO RAUD
THREE JOLLY FELLOWS. 1-2
ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR VALTER
TÄNAPÄEV 2016
FIRST EDITION 1972
235X172 MM, 229 PP
ISBN 9789949272976



Eno Raud (1928-1996), one of the best-known and most beloved children's writers in Estonia, penned more than 50 books of prose and poetry over his lifetime. In addition to *Three Jolly Fellows*, his most popular works include stories about a talking rag doll named Raggie. Raud's books have been translated into more than 30 languages, and are rich in fantasy and humour.

ENO RAUD
THREE JOLLY FELLOWS. 3-4
ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR VALTER
TÄNAPÄEV 2014
FIRST EDITION 1979
235X172 MM, 318 PP
ISBN 9789949274574
Rights sold: 18 languages, including German, Bulgarian, and Latvian

Three Jolly Fellows tells the adventures of three small men: the composed and close-to-nature Mossbeard, the irritable city dweller Halfshoe, and the sensitive poet Muff.

The first two books deal with a chain of events set off by human tampering with the laws of nature. An old woman's inexplicable love of cats has lured a horde of felines to the city. The cats are driven out of town, and rats take control of the urban environment.

The third and fourth books address human dignity. A high-class lady wants to make Mossbeard her pet, and Muff finds himself being used as a toy by wolf pups.

Awards:

- 1987 Estonian State Prize
- 1980 Annual Award of Children's Literature
- 1974 IBBY Honour List

Edgar Valter (1929-2006) was a graphic artist, illustrator, caricaturist, and children's writer. He illustrated more than 250 children's books, including masterpieces of Estonian literature for children like *Three Jolly Fellows*, *Raggie* (by Eno Raud), and *Old Mother Kunks* (by Aino Pervik). Valter is one of Estonia's most highly-lauded illustrators and won many awards over his lifetime, including the 1996 IBBY Honour List.



Once upon a time, three strange little men met at an ice cream stand by pure chance: Mossbeard, Halfshoe, and Muff were their names. They were all so short that the ice-cream vendor thought they were elves at first, and many other peculiar features stood out about them. Mossbeard had a soft, mossy beard with pretty, red lingonberries nestled in it (even though they were last summer's berries). Halfshoe had cut off the caps of his shoes so that he could wiggle his toes around. Instead of winter clothes, Muff wore a big muff, from which only his head and feet stuck out.

The trio licked their ice-cream cones and eyed one another curiously.

"Excuse me," Muff finally spoke up. "I may be wrong, but it seems to me like we all have something in common."

"I suppose it could be that we're all rather jolly fellows," Halfshoe said, nodding.

Mossbeard plucked a few lingonberries from his beard, and offered them to his new acquaintances.

"It's good to snack on something sour with ice cream," he said.

"If it isn't too forward of me, then I'd like to propose we all meet up again another time," Muff said. "We could make hot cocoa and have a nice little chat."

"That'd be tremendously fun," Halfshoe said. "I'd invite you both over, but I don't have a home. I've just been wandering around since childhood."

"As have I," Mossbeard said.

"What an unusual coincidence!" Muff exclaimed. "It's the exact same with me! Turns out we're all wanderers alike!"

He tossed his ice-cream wrapper into the trash bin, and zipped up his muff. Specifically, Muff's muff was equipped with a zipper that could be pulled open and shut. The other fellows also finished their ice creams.

"Do you reckon we could maybe join together?" Halfshoe asked.

"It'd be much more pleasant to roam around together!"

"But of course," Mossbeard grunted cheerfully.

"What a brilliant idea!" Muff said, beaming. "A downright wonderful idea!"

"Then it's settled," Halfshoe said. "Only we could, perhaps, have another ice cream before we set off."

Everyone agreed, and each fellow bought himself one more ice-cream cone.

Then, Muff mentioned:

"I have a car, by the way. If you've nothing against the idea, then it could be a – so to say – a mobile home for all of us."

"Oh!" Mossbeard exclaimed. "How can we say no!"

"We've nothing against it in the least," Halfshoe affirmed. "Driving in a car is actually quite pleasant."

"Will only the three of us fit in there?" Mossbeard asked worriedly.

"It's a truck, actually," Muff said. "There's room aplenty."

Translated by Adam Cullen

KAIRI LOOK
THE AIRPORT BUGS FIGHT ON

ILLUSTRATED BY KASPAR JANCIS

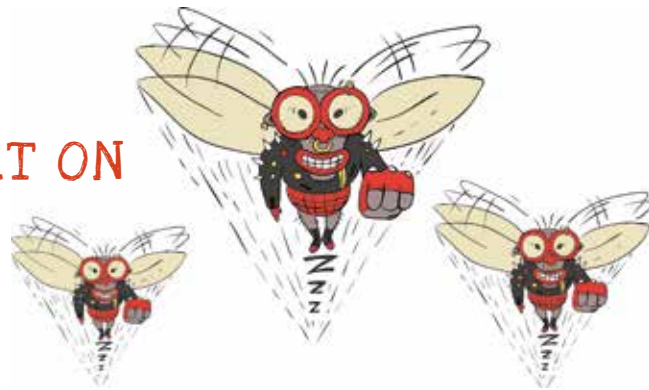
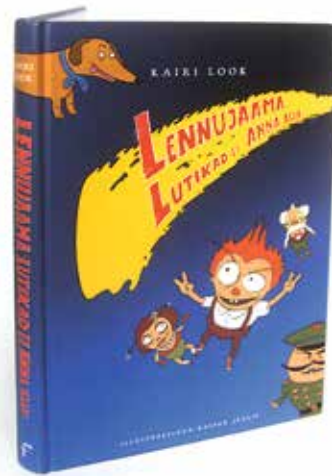
TÄNAPÄEV 2017

FIRST EDITION 2014

236X170 MM, 208 PP

ISBN 9789949276141

Rights sold: French, Lithuanian



The Airport Bugs Fight On is an uplifting children's book that will put a smile on even very grown-up grownups' faces. Ludvig the bedbug leads a fun, laid-back life with his family at the airport. One day, a cleanliness inspector arrives and threatens to shut the whole place down. Giving up is not the bedbugs' style, of course - now is the time to be clever and take action! Allied with the airport beetles, the characters embark on an adventure to save their home. It is a story about bravery and the power of working together that is also chock full of laughs, surprises, and jelly donuts!

Award:

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



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. Look works in academic publishing, but writing children's books is her greatest passion. She has penned a total of six books to date, many of which are awarded and acclaimed. The author's works stand out for their stunning fantasy, brisk pace, unusual characters, playfulness, and humour.

Kaspar Jancis (1975) is a director of animated films, a musician, composer, scenographer, and lyricist. He studied filmmaking at Tallinn University, as well as under the famous animator and illustrator Priit Pärn at the Turku University of Applied Sciences in Finland. The films bearing his unique creative signature have received a wealth of international awards. Jancis' children's-book illustrations are characterised by an idiosyncratic approach, playful layouts, rich detail, and a merry attitude.

We set off. Soon, we reached the passport-check booth, at the very base of which was a shiny little yellow hatch that read:

"Passport- and ID Registration. Special Bedbug Department"

Vello kicked the door open, and we walked in. Sitting in the small, dim room was a lethargic-looking bedbug wearing a pale-yellow bow tie. He was munching on a cookie. "We need documentation for a brand-new bedbug," Vello grunted, and thrust me into the chair in front of the desk. "He's this year's edition, fresh and unspoiled."

"Born just yesterday," he added in a slightly nicer tone, and patted my head. "How long'll it take?"

The bedbug-official placed the cookie on a saucer with incredible slowness and folded his arms. Never before had I seen such a slow-moving creature!

"Hhmmmmmmmm. . ." the official hummed as long and as drawn-out as possible, and reached toward a drawer. This took even longer than it had to put the cookie down, but finally, the drawer was open.

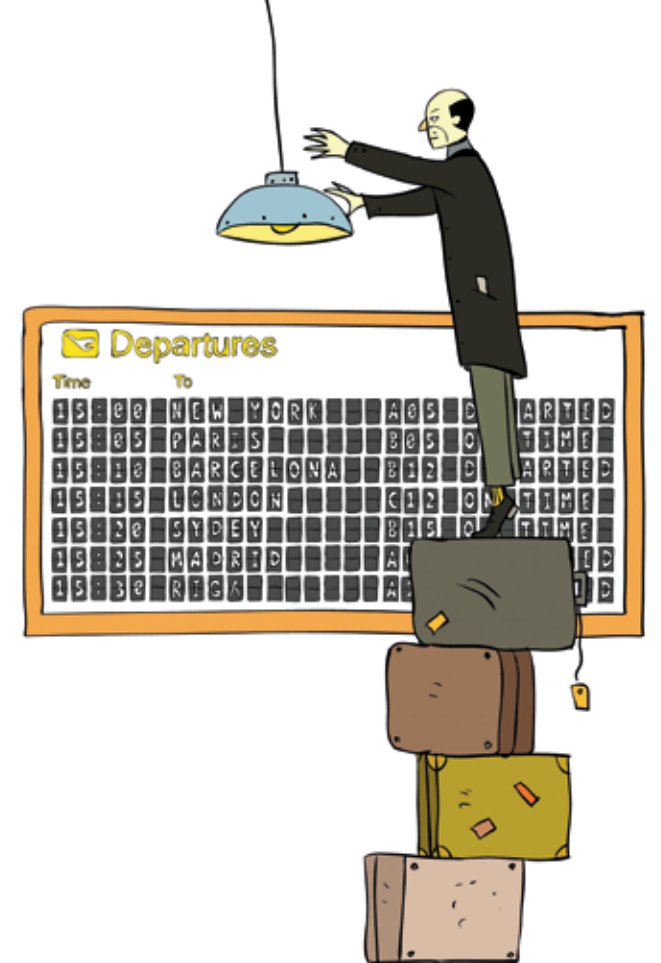
The bedbug placed an inkwell, a pair of scissors, and a large roll of paper on the desk. The paper rustled and started to unroll oh-so-slowly. The official stared at the desk and yawned. The clock on the wall ticked sluggishly. Tiiiiiiiick. . . Silence. Toooooooock. . .

I was awfully bored. I glanced behind me, where Vello was fidgeting in irritation. "How long'll it take?" he hissed again, slapping his hands down on the desk.

The official didn't let the sudden movement bother him, and merely rocked back on his chair. "A day or so. . . one or two," he said, yawned, and edged his hand toward the inkwell. Bit by bit, it came closer and closer to the ink.

Vello shot Uncle Anton an angry glare. "I've had enough of this," he announced. "I've got much better things to do than to stand around in this dump. What's more, he's not my bedbug. Will you take care of this?"

Uncle Anton nodded. "Sure, go ahead." He pulled a



greasy newspaper and half of a buttery cookie out of his pocket. "I'm in no hurry."

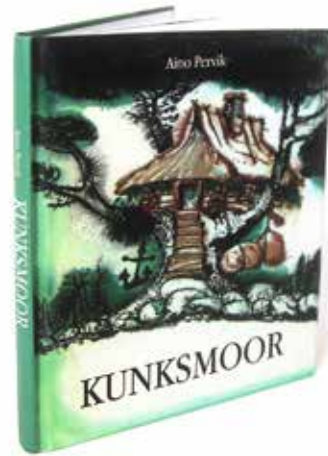
A moment later, Vello was gone. My passport was finished by the end of the day. The official crafted it piece by piece using other lost passports, which are always easy to find in airports. One word from here, another from there, and a picture of a German kid with an unusually bedbug-like face for my photograph. The official cut nice passport covers out of the roll of paper.

And that was it. I became the German-faced Ludvig: a passport-holding bedbug.

Translated by Adam Cullen

AINO PERVIK
OLD MOTHER KUNKS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR VALTER
TAMMERRAAMAT 2016
FIRST EDITION 1973
215X168 MM, 103 PP
ISBN 9789949449965
Rights sold: 6 languages, including
Japanese, Russian, and German



Amid a windswept sea stands a lone, rocky islet. Apart from the birds, it is occupied by only a single soul – Old Mother Kunks, who is a bony woman with long, tousled hair and expert knowledge of medicinal herbs and witchcraft. One stormy day, Captain Trumm washes up on the frothy shore after surviving a shipwreck. Mother Kunks’ remedies soon make the man well again. Although the two sometimes argue because they’ve been accustomed to living alone, it’s as clear as day to both of them that being together on the island is much better than being all alone.

Awards:

- 2000 Winner of the “Hundred of the Century” poll
- 1988 USSR Children’s Book Competition, 2nd place
- 1976 Annual Award of Children’s Literature



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 12 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. Her children’s works shed light on existential problems: the preservation of ecological balance, the clashing of different cultures, the finding of one’s identity, and other complex themes such as war, freedom, fatality, good, and evil.

Edgar Valter (1929–2006) was a graphic artist, illustrator, caricaturist, and children’s writer. He illustrated more than 250 children’s books, including masterpieces of Estonian literature for children like *Three Jolly Fellows*, *Raggie* (by Eno Raud), and *Old Mother Kunks* (by Aino Pervik). Valter is one of Estonia’s most highly-lauded illustrators and won many awards over his lifetime, including being on the IBBY Honour List in 1996. As a visual narrator, his uniquely humorous illustrations feature very active and dynamic characters.

Finally, Trumm had the opportunity to accomplish his childhood’s greatest dreams: to paint in watercolors and learn how to skate. Unfortunately, he always had some kind of a mishap whenever he tried the latter.

When Mother Kunks, the sailor, and Trumm arrived, Mother Kunks ordered Trumm to lie down immediately. She started checking his injury at once.

“How does it hurt?” Mother Kunks asked while inspecting Trumm’s backwards leg. “Does it gnaw or sting?”

Trumm thought for a moment, and said: “It stings.”

“That’s good,” Mother Kunks said. “If it were gnawing, then I couldn’t promise any hope. But here, I believe, there’s something to be done.”

Trumm looked very pleased.

Mother Kunks told the sailor, who was still standing there and trembling in his wet clothes, to fetch her medicinal herbs. In the end, Trumm’s big room was halfway filled with the remedies. Mother Kunks searched long and hard until she found a particular tiny bit of root. Then, she had the sailor direct her to the kitchen.

She boiled the root until it was soft, poured it through a sieve, diluted the mixture with water until it was just right, and then asked for a left-handed thimble.

“Oh, dear!” Trumm exclaimed. “I don’t have a thimble here, because there’s not a single woman that lives in my house!”

“How am I supposed to give you the medicine, then?” Mother Kunks asked. “You have to take exactly one thimbleful of it. And naturally, it has to be a left-handed thimble, because your left leg is turned around.”

The sailor had no choice but to run to the store to buy a left-handed thimble, despite his sopping clothes.

A short while later, he returned.

“They didn’t have any left-handed thimbles,” he said. “There were only regular ones.”

Trumm became very sad. “Perhaps a regular thimble would do the job?” he asked mournfully.

“Under no circumstances,” Mother Kunks said. “I’ll try



to get by without one; hopefully it’ll hit the right spot.”

She measured the right amount on the side of a glass using her fingernail, poured the medicine exactly up to the line, and handed it to Trumm, who swallowed the liquid. It was so bitter that it made his mouth burn. Trumm was actually quite pleased with the sensation, since he staunchly believed that only a bitter medicine could help.

Mother Kunks poured the rest of the medicine into a big green bottle.

“This should last you a few days, at most,” she said. “If your leg doesn’t turn the right way by that time, then only words will be able to help.”

Translated by Adam Cullen

PIRET RAUD
PRINCESS LULU AND MR. BONES

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

TÄNAPÄEV 2014

FIRST EDITION 2008

216X173 MM, 208 PP

ISBN 9789985627020

Rights sold: French, Italian, Lithuanian



Princess Lulu lives in the royal palace with her mother and father, the Queen and King. One evening, she comes across Mr. Bones – a living skeleton who resides in the king's closet and guards a chest containing his secrets. The skeleton dons some of the princess' clothes, and they leave the castle. Once outside the walls, Mr. Bones is attacked by a hungry dog, to whom the skeleton is just one big chew toy. The chest disappears, along with the King's secrets, in the confusion that ensues. The brave princess and the kind-hearted skeleton set off on a series of adventures to track it down.

Awards:

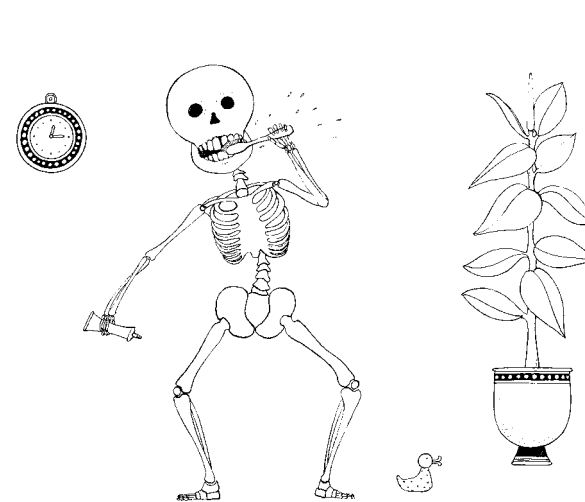
2012 IBBY Honour List

2011 Children's and Young Adult Jury, Latvia,
1st place (Grades 3-4)

2008 Annual Children's Literature Award of the
Cultural Endowment of Estonia



Piret Raud (1971) is the most successful contemporary Estonian children's writer and illustrator. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic art, and initially set off on the same path. After trying her hand at writing, Raud has since become the most renowned and widely-translated children's author in Estonia. She has written 17 books (four of which were first published in Japan and France), has been translated into 12 different languages, and has illustrated more than 40 titles. Her writing has received spectacular recognition both at home and abroad: the author 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.



MR. BONES

A skeleton in Lulu's father's closet – why hadn't anyone told her about it?

"But Mr. Bones, if you live in our castle, then why haven't I seen you before?" Lulu probed.

"Your father, the King, doesn't want anyone to know about me," answered Bones.

"Why not?"

"It's a secret," the skeleton replied, and changed the topic.

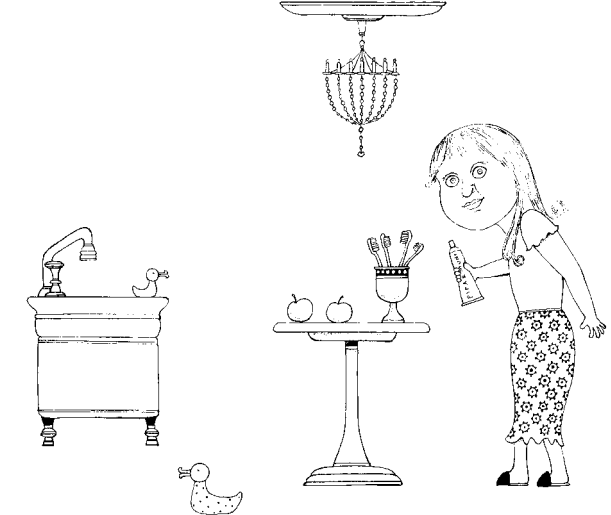
"It wouldn't bother you if I brush my teeth here, would it?"

Only now did the girl notice that the skeleton was holding a toothbrush in addition to the case. It was a nice little blue toothbrush – Lulu had one just like it, except hers was pink. The princess suddenly didn't mind anymore if someone who wasn't a member of the royal family used their bathroom.

"Not if you can stand brushing with that toothpaste," she said amiably. "It has such a revolting taste."

Mr. Bones uncapped the tube and squirted a dab of toothpaste onto his toothbrush.

"The taste doesn't make much of a difference to me," he said in an easygoing way. "All that matters is that the toothpaste contains all sorts of ingredients that are good for you. I'm incredibly fond of things that are good for you!"



Lulu watched as her new acquaintance set to brushing his teeth so intensely that toothpaste sprayed in every direction. When he finished with his teeth, Mr. Bones began cleaning his skull with the toothbrush. After his skull came his arm bones, his whole rib cage and hip bones, and last but not least, both of his thigh bones. When the skeleton had finished brushing himself, there wasn't a single drop of toothpaste left in the tube. Mr. Bones rinsed off with cold water and asked the Princess:

"May I use your towel?"

Lulu handed Bones her towel.

"I thought maybe you had your own towel in that case," the girl said.

Mr. Bones looked tenderly at the small case that he had set on the floor next to the dressing table, and shook his skull.

"What are you talking about?" he laughed. "I don't keep any towels in there. What's more – it's not a case, but rather a chest."

"What do you keep in the chest, then?" Lulu asked.

"A secret!" Bones announced solemnly. "A very important secret. And I'm that secret's guardian!"

Translated by Adam Cullen

LEELO TUNGAL

KRISTIINA, THE MIDDLE ONE

ILLUSTRATED BY KIRKE KANGRO

TÄNAPÄEV 2014

FIRST EDITION 1989

216X172 MM, 167 PP

ISBN 9789985626603



Kristiina, the Middle One is a humorous story about a slightly eccentric family in the 1980s. The family includes a father, a mother, and three daughters: the schoolgirl Helen, 6-year-old Kristiina, and baby Imbi. They have a dog called Lassie, and often get visits from Grandma and Grandpa. Kristiina is a bubbly and enterprising girl, and her life is never boring: a bottle of ink breaks, so she smears it all over herself; she hangs her house key around the wrong dog's neck, who then runs off with it; and she teaches the lifts at her music school how to beat out a rhythm. Her family's story is full of love, warmth, and funny situations.

The illustrator Kirke Kangro is Leelo Tungal's daughter, and coincidentally also the middle daughter of the family, which provided a wealth of inspiration for the book.

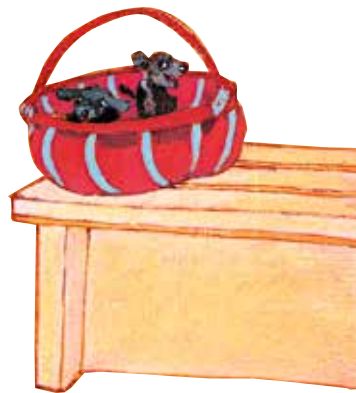
Award:

1992 Nukits Competition, 2nd place



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

Kirke Kangro (1975) is an interdisciplinary artist, curator, and illustrator. She currently works as the head of the Installation and Sculpture Department of the Estonian Academy of Arts. In addition to being a multifaceted artist, Kangro has illustrated more than 60 children's books and textbooks, and is a long-time collaborator with the children's magazine *Hea Laps*. Her illustrations are upbeat, coloured in cheerful tones, and speak primarily to young children.



THE OLD BABY

Some people are pampered and coddled starting from the moment they are born. Well, I for one would certainly be embarrassed if I were bald and toothless and constantly wet my pants! But some people don't know how to do anything from birth – they have no idea they should be ashamed if they belch after eating, not to mention apologize for it! Some people are made to be awful klutzes from the very start, but even so, they're given more care than others...

I'm talking about my little sister, of course.

Oh, how excited we were for her to come! Mom knit and embroidered light-blue doll's clothes every single evening, and Mee-maa just ran from store to store and worked on fixing up the nursery. When Mom went to have the baby, Helen and I painted an impressive banner reading: "Hi, Kristjan!" Namely, Mom originally planned to have a boy, but she changed her mind at the last minute and had a girl. Who knows – maybe a boy would have been a little more reasonable, because Imbi herself is such a bundle of trouble that she's basically good for nothing.

I used to stare at the babies lying in their strollers outside stores and think – how *wonderful* it'd be to get a brother or sister like that, too! But now, I know that although those infants with their little woolen caps and bright-colored pacifiers might appear clean and polite on the surface, half of them have definitely wet their pants, and after eating, all of them go: *burp!* or *brraapppp!*

Mee-maa was right when she said that kids used to be better in the olden days – today's aren't much to look at. This baby has been around for several weeks already, but there have been no signs of improvement. I told Mom flat out that keeping Imbi indoors isn't worth the trouble – we might as well get a puppy instead. Klaarika's dog Pennu learned how to sit and to beg in just a couple of weeks, and the sounds he made were much nicer, too – worlds calmer than our baby's. And the dog is even a mutt! Still, Mom just laughed and gave me a hug. I can't wrap my head around where this little spectacle came from: lately,



all they do is sooth and hush that little screecher while other *normal* people are ignored entirely...

Then Mom told me that today is Imbi's birthday, and that if I promise not to eat the flour, I can help her make the cake batter. /---/

Ah, well – I did, of course, promise Mom that I wouldn't eat any flour, and I kept my word, too; I only tasted just a tee-eensy little bit, and hid half a handful between the pages of a cookbook so it'd be easy to get ahold of when Helen comes home from school. Helen is a true, bona fide sister to me – she has a ponytail and a backpack and a school uniform. She's in second grade, and is almost two years older than me. You can tell we're honest-to-goodness sisters from the very fact that Helen also loves eating flour.

Translated by Adam Cullen

KRISTIINA KASS
SAMUEL'S MAGIC PILLOW

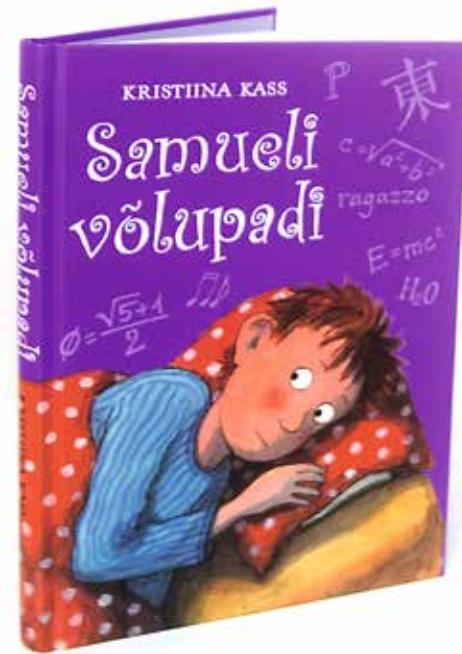
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

TÄNAPÄEV 2015

FIRST EDITION 2006

235X172 MM, 154 PP

ISBN 9789949271696



Samuel's Magic Pillow is a humorous tale in the style of Roald Dahl. It tells about 9-year-old Samuel Soapbubble, whose mother thinks he is the laziest and least-gifted child in the whole world. This all changes when he sticks a book beneath his quite ordinary pillow one night: the next morning, Samuel knows the book's contents by heart. The boy becomes a celebrity: he wins every trivia contest, gets first place on a TV game show, teaches a class on French language and cuisine, gives academic lectures, and sells his autographs. His mother's bank account swells rapidly, but all Samuel dreams about now is a soft new feather pillow and a life of peace and quiet.

Awards:

2008 Nukits Competition, 3rd place

2005 Children's Story Competition "My First Book",
1st place



Kristiina Kass (1970) is children's author and illustrator. She graduated from the University of Helsinki and lives in Finland with her two daughters. Kass has written 11 books for children, five of which she illustrated herself. The author's multiple Nukits Competition awards are a clear indicator of her popularity among Estonian children. Kass is the daughter of the children's writer Asta Kass and the feuilletonist Kalju Kass. The author's family background is perceptible in her books, which are highly comical and full of little tricks. Besides writing and illustrating, Kass translates from Finnish into Estonian.



THE GEOGRAPHY QUIZ

"I want to know how you did it," Mrs. Crow said sternly. "Off whom did you copy? Tell me where your *cheat sheet* is!"

"I don't have a cheat sheet, and I didn't copy from anyone," Samuel finally dared to peep. "I just knew the answers!"

"YOU'RE LYING!" Mrs. Crow shouted suddenly, turning red in the face. "Up until today, you've never known anything in my class! You're just a nasty little blockhead and a lazybones, and on top of that, you're a liar, too!"

Samuel took a step back towards the door, just in case, so he could hightail it if Mrs. Crow completely lost control.

"I'm not lying," he insisted. "I really do know all the European capitals. You can ask me right now!"

Mrs. Crow calmed down a little, and a crooked smile appeared on her face.

"Well, you're right – why not! Let's go ahead and quiz you on a few capitals. Answer if you can: PORTUGAL!"

Samuel didn't need long to think. "Lisbon," he answered, and to his amazement, he felt that same unusual feeling that had come over him during the quiz. It was like a swarm of ants had started crawling around the skin on his skull. Even so, it wasn't an unpleasant feeling at all – it just tickled a little under his scalp, though not enough to make him need to scratch his head. Still, he felt like he could list all the European capitals right off the top of his head, as well as every US state, all the rivers and lakes and mountains of every country in the world, and all sorts of other facts that could be found in the thick geography textbook used by the School for Gifted Children. Samuel was astounded, but he didn't let it show.

Mrs. Crow had gone red in the face again.

"Russia!" she hissed through her teeth.

"Moscow!" Samuel replied without thinking.

"Bulgaria!"

"Sofia."

"Egypt!"



"That's actually not a European country," Samuel politely noted.

"Be quiet, wise guy!" Mrs. Crow snapped furiously.

"When I ask the name of Egypt's capital, then it's your job to answer!"

"Cairo," Samuel said, taking another step back.

"Syria!" the teacher yelled, gasping.

"Damascus."

"YOU HEINOUS LITTLE BEAST!" Mrs. Crow roared at the top of her lungs. Her head had started twitching towards one side, and the blue blood vessels bulging at her temples could be seen from several meters away.

"I know how you did it! You think I don't know, you dummy! You think you can dupe me, you insufferable rascal! YOU'VE HIDDEN A CHEAT SHEET IN YOUR HEAD! You've cleverly stuck the capital of every country INTO YOUR BRAIN and think you can bamboozle me *that* way!"

Translated by Adam Cullen

ILMAR TOMUSK

THE FORENSICS KIDS OF CLASS 3A

ILLUSTRATED BY HILLAR METS

TAMMERRAAMAT 2015

FIRST EDITION 2012

205X150 MM, 95 PP

ISBN 9789949482412



The Forensics Kids of Class 3A is the first of a six-part series of crime novels for children, the main characters of which are two child-detectives named Piia and Mati (a.k.a. Kribu and Krabu). Together, they track down criminals on exciting adventures in several different countries.

Kribu and Krabu are students in class 3A at Copse Secondary School. When their teacher discusses incunabula one day, the children bring in a very old, rare, and expensive Bible from home. Yet one night, the book is stolen from a display in the school library, and the police can't find any clues at the crime scene. Together with a 12th-grader named Paul, the detective kids take on the case themselves. The trail leads them all the way to Finland, and solving the crime will take a fair amount of wit and ingenuity!

Awards:

2014 Nukits Competition, 1st place

2012 Tallinn Central Library "Järje Hoidja" Award



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 more than 20 children's books. His humorous stories tell of clever, busy children's everyday activities and adventures. The author has received two Nukits Awards, in addition to several other readers'-choice awards.

Hillar Mets (1954) is a well-known Estonian caricaturist and illustrator. He works at the Estonian daily newspaper *Eesti Päevaleht*, which has printed his caricatures six days a week for almost 20 years. Mets has illustrated numerous children's books, textbooks, non-fiction works, and every cover of the Estonian translations of Terry Pratchett's novels. He has also received several awards in a wide range of cartoon competitions.

KRABU SAVES MONEY

Paul stood in the port terminal's waiting hall, looking like an aristocrat out of an old-fashioned black-and-white film, embarking on a journey around the world in eighty days. This was because he was holding two giant suitcases, one blue and the other red.

"Hey, guys!" Paul yelled from across the room. "I was already starting to think you weren't coming."

"Of course we're coming," Kribu and Krabu said in unison. "It's our joint operation."

The kids stared at Paul's suitcases and asked: "Why are you bringing so much stuff?"

"I don't have any stuff at all," Paul said, chuckling.

"These suitcases are completely empty."

"They're pretty banged up," Krabu noted.

And so they were – upon closer inspection, the kids could see a ton of holes both big and small that appeared to have been cut into the suitcases using scissors.

"They sure are," Paul agreed, "because I cut them up myself. Otherwise, no air would get through."

"Are you trying to bring two suitcases full of Estonian air to Finland?" Kribu asked, confused.

"Oh, you still don't get it!" Paul hooted. "These suitcases are going to help us save money on two children's tickets."

The blood drained from Kribu's and Krabu's faces.

"Are you taking the suitcases along instead of us?" they asked, stricken with fear.

"Almost," Paul replied. "Do you know the old saying: no person, no problem?"

"That's not a saying," Kribu and Krabu argued.

"Fine, you're right," Paul admitted. "But when you're traveling by ship, then the rule is that if there's no person, then there's no need to buy a ticket, either. That's some Nordic cleverness for ya."

Only now did Kribu and Krabu start to realize what Paul had in mind for the big suitcases.

"But will we fit?" Krabu asked doubtfully.



"Don't worry – we could fit three whole kribus and krabus like you into each one if we needed to," Paul said convincingly. "But I brought two suitcases so it'll be easier for me to carry you."

"Can we bring our hot-dog pastries into the suitcases, too?" Krabu asked.

"Naturally," Paul said. "And you can even eat them in there."

Paul checked his watch.

"Time to board the ship," he announced, then tapped his nose with his right index finger and jerked his head. "Round the corner, lickety-split."

Kribu, Krabu, and Paul left the waiting hall and headed towards the corner of a building a couple dozen meters away from the port terminal. A few moments later, Paul returned to the waiting hall alone, hefting the two big suitcases.

Paul strode down the long passageway to the ship with a dignified air about him, displayed his ticket, and boarded without hesitation.

Translated by Adam Cullen

MIKA KERÄNEN

THE STOLEN ORANGE BICYCLE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARJA-LIISA PLATS

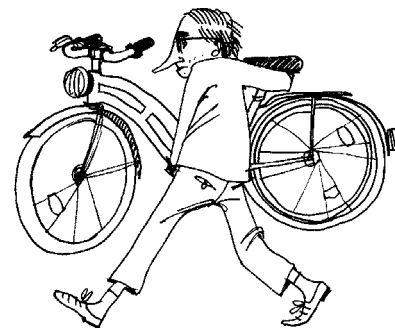
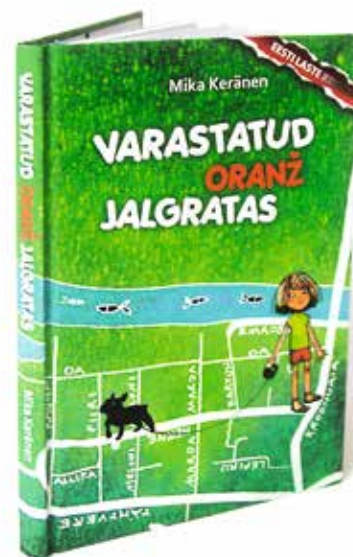
JUTULIND 2008

210X145 MM, 88 PP

ISBN 9789985989111

Rights sold: Finnish, Latvian

Film: *The Secret Society of Souptown*, 2015



The Stolen Orange Bicycle is the first in an eight-part series of crime novels for children. Each volume tells a story about the adventures had by a group of child-detectives in Supilinn (Souptown) – a district of old wooden houses and lush yards in Estonia's second-largest city, Tartu.

In the first book, a bicycle owned by a Belgian professor on his way to a folk-music festival is stolen in broad daylight. As the children start investigating, they quickly locate their first clue, and even an early spat between the club's boys and girls doesn't throw them off track. Over the course of their escapades, the children's friendship solidifies as they go up against both delinquent boozehounds and neighbourhood troublemakers.

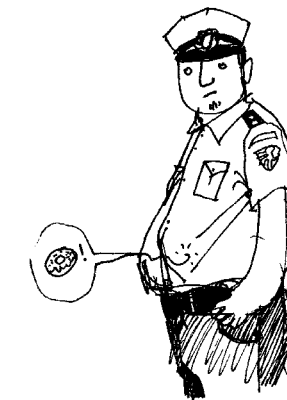
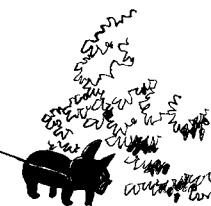
Award:

2012 Children's and Young Adult Jury, Latvia, 1st place (Grades 3-4)



Mika Keränen (1973) is a Finnish-Estonian author. He studied horticulture in Finland, and Estonian language and literature in Estonia. Keränen has worked as a translator and teacher. Besides writing, he owns a publishing house and assists with FC Santos Tartu. As a children's author, Keränen is primarily known for his Astrid-Lindgren-style crime novels that portray children growing up in a small town and having all kind of adventures.

Marja-Liisa Plats (1984) is an illustrator, graphic designer, and singer. She graduated from the 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 a perpetual quest for, and experimentation with, a wide range of visual techniques.



THE THEFT

The boys didn't feel like following the conversation anymore, and started chatting among themselves. Mari, on the other hand, tried to catch every word.

"Did he have his bike locked up?" Kuul asked in a tone that implied his know-how gained from dozens of years of investigating thefts. /---/

"Yes, it was locked... Of course it was. How many times do I have to tell you these things?" Ira snapped irritably. "With one of those... O-locks."

"Easy, there," Kuul said. "Easy... Right now, what's most important is for us to determine how the theft happened, exactly."

"An O-lock? Then it was easy to steal – you just grab it and go. Bikes should always be chained to something," Lippus chipped in.

Mrs. Ira made an expression that read: Well, and what are we going to do about it now?

"Does the professor have any idea what time the theft might've happened?" Kuul continued.

"About an hour or an hour-and-a-half ago," Ira said, staring up thoughtfully at the poplar leaves. "He came here at about eight-thirty. And he said he woke up to the sound of rustling, but by the time he got out of his sleeping bag, the thief had already made off with the bike."

"So, the crime took place a little before seven-thirty. Got-cha," Kuul drawled, and said to Lippus more as an order than a question: "Should we get going, then?"

"What brand of bicycle was it?" Lippus asked.

"A bright-orange woman's-style bike, sort of an older style," Ira replied without asking the professor himself.

"Uh-huh. But what *brand*?" Kuul repeated his colleague's question. Mrs. Ira wasn't able to fish an answer to that out of her pool of knowledge.

"A Peugeot," the Belgian replied once the question was repeated in French.

"A P-mobile! That must be quite the impressive bike," Anton exclaimed.

"But it will be good to look for one like that. I can't expect there to be many of its kind rolling around Tartu," Olav added encouragingly.

Officer Kuul thanked Officer Lippus with an appreciative nod, since the latter's question had been right on the mark, and then addressed the group as a whole: "That'll do. The primary witnesses and I will go by headquarters now."

He shook the boys' hands and urged them to call him immediately if they saw the bike. To seal the agreement, he even gave the boys his personal mobile number, which made them very proud. Mari walked away. She strolled along the riverbank, staring at the towering trees and the slowly-flowing Emajõgi River. *If only the trees and the river could speak, then we'd have all the answers we need*, Mari thought as she speed-dialled Reilika's number. Mari's friend answered immediately, as if she'd been holding her phone and expecting the call.

"Hey! Listen, let's meet up at the bend. And come quick!"

Translated by Adam Cullen

ANDRUS KIVIRÄHK

SIRLI, SIIM, AND THE SECRETS

ILLUSTRATED BY ILMAR TRULL

VARRAK 2016

FIRST EDITION 1999

205X135 MM, 192 PP

ISBN 9789985312247

Rights sold: Hungarian, Latvian, Slovenian



Andrus Kivirähk (1970) is an author of adult and children's prose and poetry, a playwright, a topical satirist, and a screenplay writer. He graduated from the University of Tartu as a journalist, and is the most commanding 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 humour.

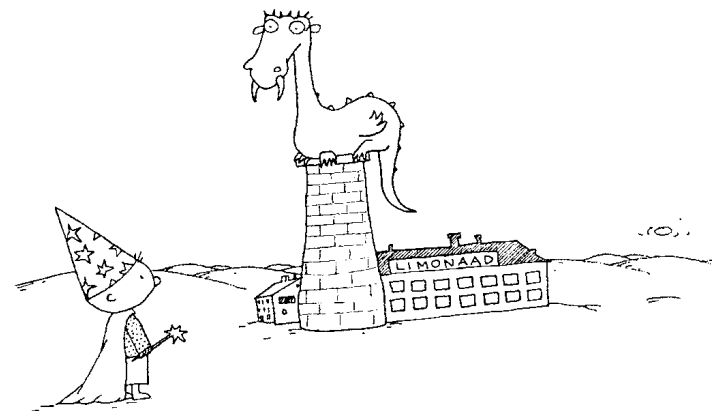
Ilmar Trull (1957) is a poet, humourist, illustrator, and creator of crossword puzzles. He studied English language at the University of Tartu, works as a freelance author and illustrator, and is mostly known for his humorous poetry. Trull has illustrated close to two dozen children's books. His drawings are laconic and stylised, but striking in their simplicity.



Sirli, Siim, and the Secrets is an enchanting tale about ordinary city-dwellers whose everyday lives are brightened and enriched by dreams. Residing in a humdrum little apartment house in a quiet neighbourhood is a small family: the daughter Sirli, who voyages to visit a sky dancer; the son Siim, who is a wizard in a miniature world beneath his desk; the mother, who occasionally runs away to a majestic castle to be treated as royalty; and the father, who loves competing as the famous boxer "Ironfist". The eccentric building caretaker dreams of becoming the Prince of the Waters, while only the writer Sheep lacks any visions at all - because of this, he grows bitter and callous.

Awards:

- 2010 Children's and Young Adult Jury, Latvia, 2nd place (Grades 5-7)
1999 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Certificate of Merit



"Your Highness!" the butler went on. "Our jails are currently completely empty, one dreadful teacher could come in useful! Picking on the Princess is a serious crime! Your Highness, do you remember when you were a princess yourself? Remember that gym teacher who used to torment you?"

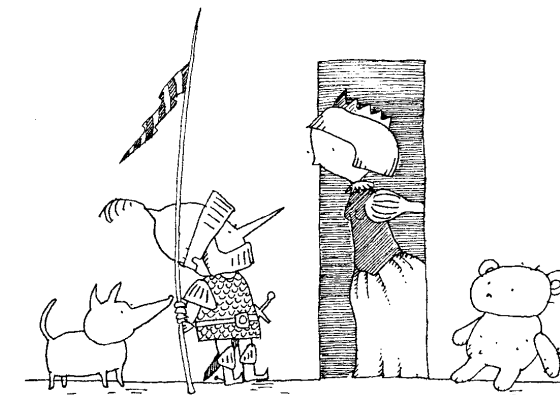
Mum remembered only too well. /---/

"There were several weeks when you didn't visit us at all and our castle nearly crumbled away," mused the butler. "Rats ate the crown and the royal toys drowned in dust. It was a dreadful time. But finally Your Highness vaulted over the horse and came back to us and our castle began to flourish once more. The toys dug themselves out of the dust with spades, the rats made a new crown and that dreadful gym teacher..."

"Was locked up!" interrupted Mum. "Yes, she was thrown into the deepest dungeon, I was delighted to hear! Served her right! But afterwards she left our school and began working as a dog-trainer and I forgot about her completely. What happened to her here in the castle? Did she escape from the dungeon?"

"Oh no," said the butler, shaking his head. "Our dungeon is secure. There's no escape for anyone whom Your Highness does not deign to pardon. Come with me, Your Highness, if you please!"

They went down the narrow, winding steps together, down and down, until they reached the cellars. In amongst



the jars of jam and bottles of juice there was a door marked "Dungeon". Mum and the butler stepped inside.

There was the tiny, horrible gym teacher, wearing a blue tracksuit. She scowled at her visitors and shouted, "Go and start vaulting over that horse! Get a move on! Start vaulting! And then climb onto the beam and walk along it until your feet are two big blisters. Get that back straight! Tummy in! Get going!"

"Be quiet!" said the butler, telling her off. "Otherwise I shall give the order to have your stopwatch and whistle removed!"

"You mustn't do that!" cried the gym teacher. "I can't live without my whistle and my stopwatch!"

"Then hush!" ordered the butler. "Stand in the corner and let's sort this out."

The gym teacher took herself off to the corner of the dungeon cell, grumbling under her breath, and began to play with the sports ball there.

Mum watched her, an expression of triumph mingled with compassion on her face.

"I don't know, perhaps we should let her go," she said after a while. "I think it's childish for me to still be so angry. It's a long time since I left school and I'd completely forgotten about vaulting over that horse."

Translated by Susan Wilson

AINO PERVIK

ARABELLA, THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR VALTER

TÄNAPÄEV 2015

FIRST EDITION 1982

216X173 MM, 316 PP

ISBN 9789985626788

Rights sold: 7 languages, including
Czech, Finnish, and Latvian

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

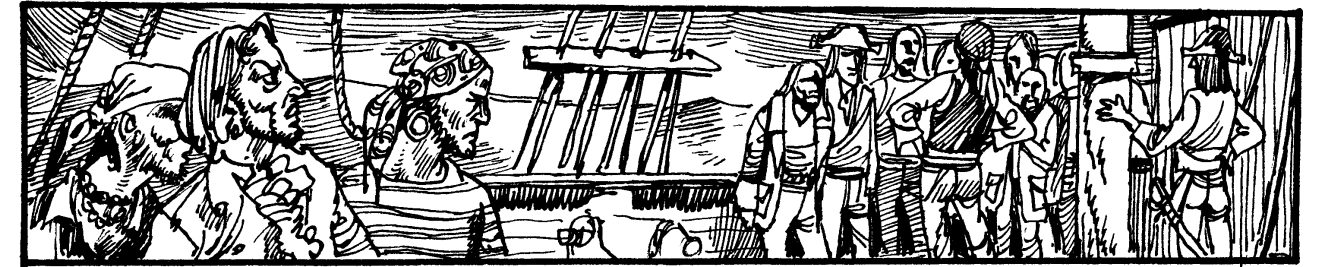


This is the story of Arabella: a little 9-year-old girl whose father is the famous pirate captain Daniel Trigger. Daniel loves his daughter more than anything, but because of his work, Arabella lives in constant fear of losing her father. Pirates are brutal and greedy - their favourite occupation, apart from carousing in the tavern, is to admire the gold and jewels they have stolen, and to share the wealth that belonged to their dead shipmates. When the shipwrecked wandering philosopher Hassan comes aboard their vessel, the pirates want to kill him straight away, 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.



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 12 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.

Edgar Valter (1929-2006) was a graphic artist, illustrator, caricaturist, and children's writer. He illustrated more than 250 children's books, including masterpieces of Estonian literature for children like *Three Jolly Fellows*, *Raggie* (by Eno Raud), and *Old Mother Kunks* (by Aino Pervik). Valter is one of Estonia's most highly-lauded illustrators.



A GAME WITH DEATH

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

Almost everyone Arabella knew was obsessed with acquiring gold. Everyone but Hassan, and that was why the pirates were so angry with him. They couldn't give him orders, because he didn't have that desire for gold. Even Samuel couldn't make Hassan do his bidding. Hassan hadn't become a pirate, because gold wasn't the most important thing in the world to him. Hassan wasn't ready to turn evil or crave gold and expensive things.

Arabella eyed her father dolefully. Why did he have to lust after gold so much? Was it just part of being a pirate?

Was it because the ugly Pegleg and the scary sailors Latch, Seaslayer, Hallelujah, and Marzipan were closest to him? If her father had friends like Hassan, then perhaps he would be different and gold wouldn't be the most important thing in the world to him.

Of course, Arabella realized her father and Hassan could never be friends. People don't change that easily or that much, and Hassan *shouldn't* change! She believed her father was the one who should change.

The fleet neared the site where Scorpion was to make her first quick attack. Everything was prepared. The pirates were at their posts. Each man knew his job. Samuel's first orders sounded. The *Scorpion's* speed doubled, and it hurtled towards the convoy.

The *Matilda* spotted the *Scorpion* approaching and also tried to speed up, but the ship's heavy cargo meant it couldn't react as swiftly.

Samuel ordered the men to hoist the Jolly Roger. The *Scorpion* was already within earshot, and the pirates let out a bloodcurdling howl that echoed across the water. Sailors aboard the fleet's ships had no doubt as to their attacker's identity, and the terror worked in Samuel's favour.

Translated by Külli Jacobson, edited by Adam Cullen

LEELO TUNGAL

COMRADE KID AND THE GROWN-UPS

ILLUSTRATED BY URMAS VEEK

TÄNAPÄEV 2016

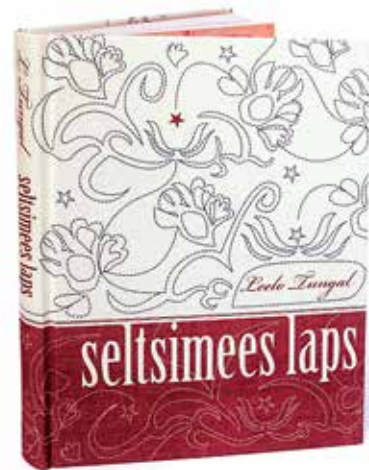
FIRST EDITION 2008

216X172 MM, 216 PP

ISBN 9789985626245

Rights sold: Latvian, Lithuanian

Film: *Comrade Kid and the Grown-Ups*, 2018



More than anything else, little Leelo wants to be an upstanding kid: the kind whose stockings never sag and whose hair ribbons never come undone; the kind who doesn't draw princesses on kitchen doors or break a single one of her mother's precious teacups. And she is trying especially hard to do so now, after men in black uniforms took her mother away and she's left living alone with her father. "Be a good little girl, then Mommy will come back soon," Leelo's mother tells her as she climbs into the back of the truck covered with green tarpaulin. Leelo does her very best to be good, because upstanding kids' mothers will never leave their children! But as hard as she tries, the little girl's mom just doesn't seem to be coming back...

Comrade Kid and the Grown-Ups was followed by a sequel titled *Velvet and Sawdust*, and the author is currently writing a third volume to the series.

Awards:

2010 IBBY Honour List

2008 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit



Leelo Tungal (1947) is a beloved poet, children's writer, translator, and the chief editor of the children's magazine *Hea Laps*. She has written more than 80 books of prose and poetry for children and young adults. Tungal has received a multitude of honours and awards, including the IBBY Honour List in 2010, the Cultural Endowment of Estonia's Award for Children's Literature in 1997, and the Karl Eduard Sööt Children's Poetry Award.

Urmass Viik (1961) is an interdisciplinary artist and book designer. He graduated in graphic arts from the Estonian Academy of Arts, and worked as a freelance artist thereafter. Since 2005, he has been a professor and head of the Graphics Department at the Estonian Academy of Arts. Viik has illustrated a total of 30 children's books. He was included on the 2010 IBBY Honour List, and has received several awards at annual illustration competitions.

Having taken a couple puffs off his cigarette, Papa tossed the butt into the gutter and said: "Alright! Fortune favors the brave – let's go in."

The faces of the women in the kitchen, who were forking meat from a pan onto a tray, brightened even without singing or strums on guitar strings.

"Brother! You got here just in time," Aunt Liilia exclaimed cheerfully.

"And what a surprise it is that your family shows up right in time for dinner!" Aunt Anne huffed. "Take off your coats and let's sit down right away! But where's Mommy? Is she sick?"

Papa and I exchanged glances.

It was what it was – I had to confess my guilt.

"I was a bad girl and Mommy went away," I mumbled, trying to get my confession over with as fast as possible.

Aunt Liilia started laughing – her laugh sounds like someone shaking dried peas in a tin can.

"Oh, you two are quite the comedians!" she said, opening the entryway door. "Helses, come inside! April Fool's Day is already over!"

For a moment, I felt like Mommy really might be hiding there in the entryway. But she wasn't. She wasn't by the front steps, either, which Aunt Liilia checked just in case.

"The thing is... our Mommy did go away for a little while," Papa said. "She went off with some strapping young Russian boys – who can resist them!"

"What are you jabbering about?!" Aunt Anne snapped angrily. "You, a couple of educated people, making silly jokes here!"

Papa was silent.

"That can't be right!" Aunt Liilia declared. "Helses had the patience to wait for you the whole long war, and now this, so suddenly. Where'd the young man come from?"

"Kids don't lie," Papa said, smiling mournfully. "Yes, she left, between a couple of Russian riflemen – just like her own mother did two years back..."

For a few moments, the kitchen was blanketed by a silence so deep that I could hear the sound of the old



clock hanging on the wall of Grandpa's office: ti-ick, to-ock, ti-ick-to-ock...

"Oh, my Lord!" Aunt Liilia gasped, set the tray down on the kitchen table, and collapsed onto a stool. "Oh, my Lord – *another* new deportation!"

"It wasn't a deportation," Papa said, gulping. "She was arrested... The initial charge is treason against the homeland... Treason against our Soviet homeland."

"How can a schoolteacher commit treason against the homeland?" Aunt Liilia asked, shaking her head. "Helses didn't belong to any political parties when this was still the Estonian Republic; she wasn't involved in politics at all..."

Papa said quietly: "I suppose it must be because she taught kids the Estonian national anthem and took them singing at the monument to the Estonian War of Independence... We had a tricolor Estonian flag hidden between the sheets in the cabinet – they found that, too! Well, and on top of all that, the investigator said Helmes is the daughter of a kulak and the sister of an officer in the Estonian Army... He threatened that other accusations might surface in the preliminary investigation, too..."

Translated by Adam Cullen

