



# THE BEST ESTONIAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF ALL TIME



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# THE BEST ESTONIAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF ALL TIME

Greetings from Estonia! This little country of 45,000 square kilometers and a population of just over 1.3 million lies on the shore of the Baltic Sea. Visitors marvel at its diverse ecosystems: forests teeming with mushrooms and berries, limestone cliffs, sandy beaches, rolling hills, marshes, and bogs. Having four distinct seasons has made Estonia a place where people come to enjoy both mild summer nights and dark winter days. Estonians' fondness for pristine nature is rooted in our ancestors' understanding that everything around you has a soul that must be looked after with care.

Although Estonians cherish folk beliefs, we also appreciate science and education. Grand celebrations will take place in 2025 to mark 500 years since the very first Estonian-language book was published. Many homes have extensive personal literature collections in addition to the numerous public libraries. It's no wonder that Estonia can boast one of the world's highest number of books published annually per capita — nearly 4,000, over 800 of which are written for children. Who knows — maybe the rich selection of children's books, including those translated from a broad spectrum of languages, is one of the reasons why young Estonians achieve remarkably high PISA test scores.

Having sprouted from the folk tradition, contemporary Estonian children's books are packed with fantasy. An ancient animalist worldview is often combined with innovation

and explorations of pressing modern-day problems such as loneliness, the environment, being different, family relationships, etc. Estonian children are big fans of poems and rhyming stories in addition to longer prose and picture books. Still playing an important role in the development of Estonian children's literature are children's magazines, some of which have been published continuously since 1900 and offer favorable opportunities for literary debuts and experimentation. Estonian illustrators' inventive and wide-ranging styles and techniques support and expand authors' masterful writing, making the books practically irresistible.

Estonian children's authors and illustrators do not underestimate their readers, but instead offer ample food for thought along with a helping hand to understand the world and get by as well as one can. By respecting everyone around us, it's possible to preserve our unique characteristics and identity.

In this catalogue, we've gathered a small selection of classic Estonian children's literature. Welcome to Estonia! Welcome to the magical world of our stories!

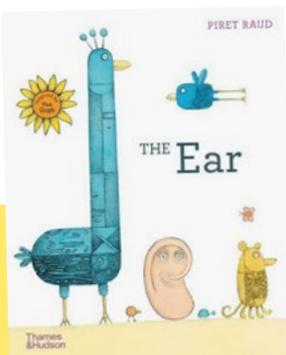
Jaanika Palm  
*Researcher in Children's Literature*

# The Ear

Written and illustrated by **Piret Raud**

One morning, the Ear wakes up. Something is completely out of the ordinary: she's all alone. Where is the head on whom she's lived her entire life? How should she carry on? *The world is so big and I'm so alone*, she mourns, confused and utterly headless! *What good is an ear without a head?* she sobs. *Without a head, I'm no one!* But then, the Ear hears a croak. Is it someone who might need her?

Piret Raud's picture book *The Ear* is inspired by the life of Vincent van Gogh.



Thames & Hudson, 2019  
196 x 241 mm, hard cover, 32 pp  
ISBN: 9780500651636

Rights sold: **English, German, Polish, Slovenian, Croatian, Korean, Arabic, Romanian**

Awards: 2019 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, special prize of the Jury • 2019 Good Children's Book



**Piret Raud** (1971) is contemporary Estonian children's writer and illustrator. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic arts and initially set off on the same path. After trying her hand at writing, Raud has since become the most widely translated and renowned children's author in Estonia. She has written 22 titles (eight of which were commissioned by Japanese, French, and British publishers), has been translated into 18 different languages, and has illustrated more than 50 titles. Her writing has received spectacular recognition at home and abroad. She was included on the 2012 IBBY Honour List as writer, in 2018 as illustrator, and in the 2010 and 2013 White Ravens catalogue. She is the laureate of the Edgar Valter Illustration Prize in 2023 (Illustrator of the Year award).

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# Anni's Things

Written by **Anti Saar**

Illustrated by **Anne Pikkov**

A storybook about charming and funny 4 y.o. Anni, who has a mom, a dad, and two older brothers: Ats and Saamuel. She also has a bed, a dresser, stuffed animals, and a doll house that Ats made Anni for her birthday. The little girl has a red umbrella and white slippers, and a little backpack with gum stuck to the bottom for good. She also has a secret that she is dying to share and a birthday invitation that was addressed just to her.



Kolm Elu, 2020  
172 x 231 mm, hard cover, 80 pp  
ISBN: 9789949019953

Rights sold: **Finnish, Polish, Latvian**

Awards: 2021 The White Raven • 2020 Good Children's Book



**Anti Saar** (1980) is a writer and translator who graduated from the University of Tartu in semiotics. He enjoyed immediate acclaim with his first book *The Way Things Are with Us*, which was selected for the 2014 White Ravens Catalogue in addition to receiving several awards in Estonia.

Saar immerses himself in the world of children and is capable of glimpsing what is special in ordinary everyday life. His stories, which tend to ricochet from reality, are fluid, witty, and sensitively worded.



**Anne Pikkov** (1974) is an illustrator, graphic designer, and book designer. She graduated in graphic design from the Estonian Academy of Arts. She has worked at an advertising agency, and as a visiting professor and the Vice Rector of Academic Affairs at the Estonian Academy of Arts. Pikkov has illustrated over 20 children's books and

contributed to the Estonian magazines *Täheke*, *Pere ja Kodu*, and *Jamie*. She has received many awards at annual Estonian book design and illustration competitions. Her art is ornamental, laconic, spiced with humour, and evocatively expressive.



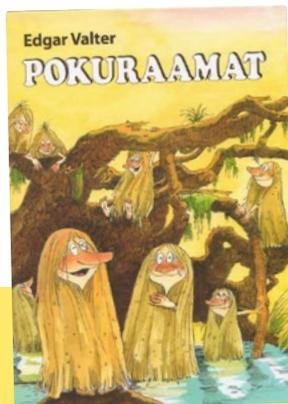
# The Poku Book

Written and illustrated by **Edgar Valter**

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:** 2020 Childrens', Young Adults' and Parents' Jury (Bērnu, jauniešu un vecāku žūrija) 2nd place (age 9+)  
 • 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



Elmatar, 2009  
 First edition 1994  
 215 x 285 mm, hard cover, 144 pp  
 ISBN: 9789985935491

Rights sold: **Lithuanian, Latvian, Polish, Russian, Udmurtian**



**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.

# Raggie

Written by **Eno Raud**  
 Illustrated by **Edgar Valter**

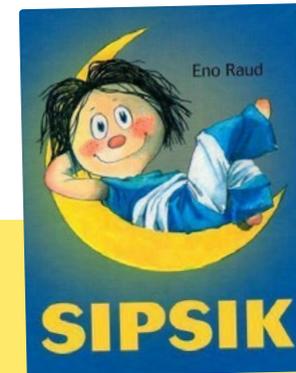
The cheerful rag doll Raggie has been a heartfelt favourite of many generations of Estonian children. Six-year-old Mart makes the doll as a birthday present for his younger sister, Anu. Raggie, which has been sewn with love and affection, comes to life, and quickly becomes the little girl's best friend 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 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.



Tammerraamat, 2009  
 First edition 1962  
 165 x 200 mm, hard cover, 112 pp  
 ISBN: 9789949449477  
 Rights sold: **12 languages**

# Wolf's Friends

Written by **Ilmar Tomusk**  
Illustrated by **Catherine Zarip**

It's Christmastime in the woods. The forest animals have already gotten their presents. Santa brought Wolf new ice skates: how fun it is to glide across the mirror-smooth ice! But suddenly, the poor animal slips and has such an unfortunate fall that he twists his ankle. Wolf calls out to his friends for help, but neither Bear nor Fox have the time to assist him. Then, Hare arrives at the shore of the lake and spots Wolf howling in pain. Hare reckons the predator is faking it and is all ready to hop on his way, but nagging doubt forces him to stay put all the same.

**Awards:** 2020 IBBY Honour List, for illustrations • 2018 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Certificate of Merit • 2018 Good Children's Book



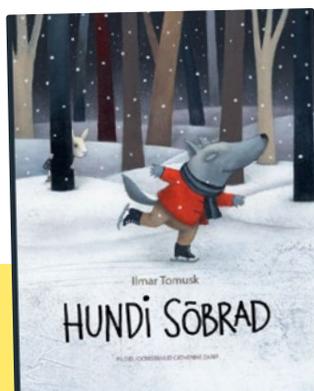
**Ilmar Tomusk** (1964) is a civil servant and children's writer. He graduated from the Tallinn Pedagogical Institute as a teacher of Estonian language and literature, and currently works as Chief Director of the Estonian Language Inspectorate. Tomusk has written more than 50 children's books. His humorous stories, which alternate

between elements of realism and fantasy, tell of clever, busy children's everyday activities and adventures. A testament to his popularity among Estonian children is the fact that he has received two Nukits Awards, in addition to several other readers'-choice awards.



**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. Zarip has illustrated dozens of textbooks, more than 40 children's books, and has designed about 200 works in

total. She has been awarded twice at the Tallinn Illustrations Triennial and 14 times in the 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books competition. Her art is fresh and elegant — simultaneously animated and restrained, detail-rich and simplified.



Tammerraamat, 2018  
215 x 256 mm, hard cover, 26 pp  
ISBN: 9789949616558  
Rights sold: **Ukrainian, Slovak, Latvian, Lithuanian**

# Ludwig the Snowman's Lucky Day

Written by **Leelo Tungal**  
Illustrated by **Regina Lukk-Toompere**

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?

**Awards:** 2016 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, special prize of the Estonian Children's Literature Centre • 2016 Good Children's Book



Tammerraamat, 2016  
207 x 281 mm, hard cover, 24 pp  
ISBN: 9789949565467  
Rights sold: **German, Latvian, Japanese**



**Leelo Tungal** (1947) is a poet, children's author, and translator. She is the founder and served as a long-time editor-in-chief of the children's magazine *Hea Laps*. Tungal has written more than 90 prose and poetry books for children and young adults. She has received a multitude of honours and awards, including the IBBY Honour List in 2010, the Baltic Assembly's Prize for Literature, and the Cultural Endowment of Estonia's Award for Children's Literature on two occasions. Her works are optimistic, communicate directly with the reader, and contain fluid storytelling and wit.



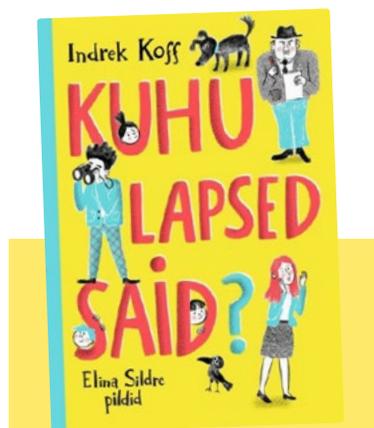
**Regina Lukk-Toompere** (1953) graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in illustration and book design. She has illustrated more than 90 books and textbooks. Lukk-Toompere was on the 2014 IBBY Honour List and has received several awards in annual Estonian book design and illustration competitions. She is masterful at a wide range of traditional drawing, graphic, and painting techniques.

# Where'd the Kids Go?

Written by **Indrek Koff**  
Illustrated by **Elina Sildre**

Life couldn't be better in the bustling little village. That is until the day all the kids decide to run away because they've been bossed around too much; leaving their parents devastated. The grown-ups miss all the shouts of glee and the children running around, playing hopscotch, and jumping in the leaves. The mayor dispatches the army, the teacher tries luring them back with cake and candy, ornery Uncle Rein makes angry threats, and the conductor tries using Mozart and Bach, but nothing works. How can they tempt the kids to come home so there's life in the village again?

**Awards:** 2022 The White Raven • 2022 Bologna Ragazzi Award, 100 amazing books • 2022 Tartu Prize for Children's Literature (Childhood Prize), nominee • 2021 Karl Eduard Sööt Children's Poetry Award • 2021 Raisin of the Year award for the most remarkable children's book of the year • 2021 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit • 2021 Good Children's Book • 2021 Nominee of the Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia



Härra Tee & proua Kohvi, 2021  
147 × 214 mm, hard cover, 70 pp  
ISBN: 9789916964927

Rights sold: **Latvian, Finnish, Italian, German**



**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 and Portuguese literature into Estonian, and runs a publishing house. Koff has written fifteen children's books and several plays (in collaboration with Eva Koff). The author's works are characterised by compact writing in broad strokes, occasional inner monologues, and alternating viewpoints.



**Elina Sildre** (1980) is an illustrator and comic artist who graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic design. She has illustrated over 40 children's books and contributed to the children's magazines *Täheke* and *Mesimumm*. Sildre has also created illustrations and comics for anthologies, textbooks, and activity books. The artist has been awarded in the 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books and the Knee-High Book competitions.



## A Happy Town

Everybody likes our town  
A visit turns frowns upside down  
Our uncles smile and share their joys  
As if they were much younger boys  
Our aunties love to dance and whirl  
As if they were much younger girls  
And yet this pains the tender hearted  
As our dear children have vdeparted  
Yes - yesterday they just upped and left.

"That's enough! We need some space  
We're leaving for a different place  
Somewhere without so much fuss  
Where we can be truly us  
The time has come for us to go  
We're leaving now, so Cheerio!"  
And there they were – gone.

They felt we thought of them as fools  
And crushed their souls with stupid rules  
Come over here! Go over there!  
Clean your teeth! Brush your hair!  
Don't make noise, or shriek or talk  
Line up nicely when you walk  
Make sure your clothes are properly pressed  
And check you are correctly dressed  
No phones for you, no friends, no fun  
Well, only when your homework's done  
And as for letting you go online  
Well we think it's a waste of time



# John the Skeleton

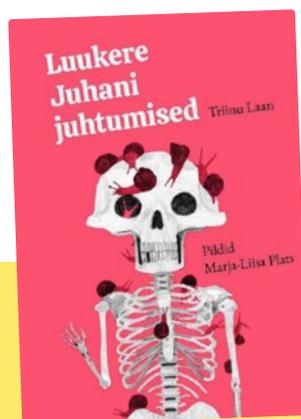
Written by **Triinu Laan**

Illustrated by **Marja-Liisa Plats**

The skeleton model used for teaching anatomy at school retires. Gramps reckons that every hardworking employee deserves to relax after years spent on the job, so he brings John the skeleton back to his farm. Also, there are Gramma, a hen and a rooster, a cat and a dog, and even the old couple's grandchildren from time to time. Gramps takes the skeleton everywhere he goes, be it to trim the apple trees, listen to a bedtime story, or hear the way the lake sings. John is unbelievably happy, and so is everyone else around him.



**Awards:** 2025 The Mildred L. Batchelder Award • 2023 Childrens', Young Adults' and Parents' Jury (Bērnu, jauniešu un vecāku žūrija), 2th place (age 9+) • 2022 Bologna Children's Book Fair Illustrators Exhibition winner • 2022 Nukits Competition, 3rd place for text and illustration • 2021 The White Raven • 2021 Tartu Prize for Children's Literature (Childhood Prize) • 2020 Good Children's Book • 2020 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Certificate of Merit • 2020 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Special Prize of the Estonian Children's Literature Centre • 2020 Nominee of the Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia



Päike ja Pilv, 2020  
195 x 261mm, hard cover, 61 pp  
ISBN: 9789916951224

Rights sold: **English, Finnish, Latvian, Lithuanian, Czech, Slovenian, Croatian, Italian, Chinese (simplified), Korean**



**Triinu Laan** (1975) is a manager of cultural activities and a children's writer. She graduated in law from the Tallinn School of Economics and received a master's degree in cultural management from the University of Tartu in 2018. She is involved in the translation and editing of Võro-language books, and organizes events aimed at the promotion of the Võro language and culture. As an author, Laan has written five children's books, all of which are in both the Võro (a regional language in South Estonia), and Estonian languages. Her debut work, *The Big Black Dog*, (published under her previous name Triinu Ojar) received immediate international acclaim and was listed in the White Ravens catalogue.



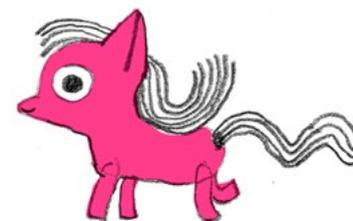
**Marja-Liisa Plats** (1984) is an illustrator, graphic designer, photographer, and singer. She graduated from Tartu Art College in photography and is a member of the Young Authors' Association in Tartu and the Tartu Artists' Union. Plats has illustrated more than 40 children's books and collaborates with the children's magazine *Täheke*. She has received wide recognition for her works and has been listed twice in the White Ravens catalogue. Her illustrations are inquisitive and experiment with a broad range of visual techniques.

## John and a Pink Pony Help the Kids to Be Brave

Every now and then, the grandchildren feel afraid of the dark. They don't dare fall asleep because they're scared of all the boogeys, ghouls, and demons that might be staring at them through the window. Or even worse, might wiggle their way through a crack and climb beneath the kids' beds! They know very well that you have to close your eyes if you want to see dreamland, but still don't feel brave enough. Gramps chuckles and explains that boogeys, ghouls, and demons are just ordinary boogers that someone picked and flicked away, and are venturing out into the world in search of new noses. In fact, they're all very friendly and fun and nobody needs to fear them. But the kids are still afraid. Especially the girl. She hugs her pink plastic pony tight because that gives her courage. Then, she comes up with the brilliant idea to stick the safety pony underneath her bed. She reckons that not a single old booger will dare to crawl down there, then. At the same time, the boy realises he's forgetfully picked another booger from his own nose. He's terrified – that means it's still close by and will no doubt try to stretch out under his bed for the night!

So, the boy asks Grams to let John stay under his bed for the night. "Well, sure, if 'n he's not against it . . ." Grams and Gramps both drawl. John himself also agrees. And so, that's just how the four of them sleep that night: John

under the boy's bed and the pink pony underneath the girl's. By morning, the children have forgotten their fears and don't even need help from the safety pony or the safety skeleton the next night. The pony snuggles up to the girl in bed and Gramps sets John back in his usual place on the porch armchair.



# Pärt in a Pickle

Written by **Anti Saar**  
Illustrated by **Anna Ring**

A collection of five books that were previously published separately. Pärt is a clever little lad. He lives in a lovely small town with his mum, dad, his older brother Joosep, and his younger sister Leenu. Life is peaceful and happy, just sometimes things happen that Pärt is not entirely prepared for and therefore he ends up in a pickle. Like when the girl next door, Kaisa, starts to taunt him that he doesn't know how to do a backflip. Or when his dad leaves Pärt to stand in line at the store while he goes to fetch some forgotten yeast. Or when a plump plum in a stranger's yard just asks to be picked. Pärt tries hard to come up with the best solution for everything.



Päike ja Pilv, 2020, 96 pp  
168 x 216 mm, hard cover, 96 pp  
ISBN: 9789916951200

Rights sold: **Danish, Hungarian, Latvian, Polish, Russian, Slovenian, Croatian, Italian**

**Awards:** 2022 IBBY Honour List • 2019 Tartu Prize for Children's Literature (Childhood Prize) nominee • 2019 The White Ravens • 2018 Good Children's Book • 2017 "Järje Hoidja" Award of the Tallinn Central Library



**Anti Saar** (1980) is a writer and translator who graduated from the University of Tartu in semiotics. He enjoyed immediate acclaim with his first book *The Way Things Are with Us*, which was selected for the 2014 White Ravens Catalogue in addition to receiving several awards in Estonia. Saar immerses himself in the world of

children and is capable of glimpsing what is special in ordinary everyday life. His stories, which tend to ricochet from reality, are fluid, witty, and sensitively worded.



**Anna Ring** (1992) is an illustrator and graphic designer who graduated Cambridge School of Art in Children's Book Illustration master's program. She graduated in media design from the Pallas University of Applied Sciences in Tartu. Ring has illustrated more than 20 children's books and textbooks. Although the artist takes

inspiration from the 1960s and 70s, her works are contemporary to the core. Her illustrations are always vivid, full of movement and skillfully composed.

## Pärt Goes Full Circle

I awoke with a start. The doors closed and the bus pulled away from my home stop.

I knew I'd miss my chance if I didn't run up to the bus driver that very instant and ask him to open the doors again, but even by the time I thought that, it was already too late—hopelessly late. My stop was already behind us, so I sat back down. There was no way I could ask the driver to turn around, because buses aren't cars that you can simply put into reverse. What's more, it would make all the other passengers who were on their way to other stops angry. Buses aren't like trams or trolleys which are tied to overhead cables, but that doesn't mean they can go wherever they please. I also knew the bus couldn't just make a random stop, even though I really wanted it to. After zooming by the hair salon and the bike shop on my street, the bus drove past my home as well. The neighbor-girl Kaisa was standing in the yard picking her nose, and I saw our third-floor apartment window was open, which meant someone—Mom or Leenu or Dad or Joosep, or all of them together—were already home and certainly expecting me.

The bus sped up and I lost sight of our house. I figured I should probably get off at the next stop. But then, I remembered it was on the other side of a busy intersection without any traffic lights or crossing marks. Mom says you're only allowed to cross that street when all the cars have gone past, but I'd never get a chance—there are so many cars in the world! How could Mom think it was so easy? I decided to ask as soon as I saw her, but then, I realized that moment might never come if I didn't get off the bus—I'd never see her or Dad or Joosep or Leenu ever again.

Even though the bus had barely gone one stop past our home, my family seemed so far away and precious that I promised myself if I ever made it back to them, I'd never pick at Mom's house plants again and would always let Joosep peek at my playing cards, and I'd wipe the toilet lid after every time I used it. Even though Kaisa picks on me constantly, I felt terribly sad and started to miss her when I remembered how sweet she looked standing in the yard picking her nose.

There had been a lady sitting next to me the whole time I'd been on the bus. She had a checkered purse and big earrings and smelled a little like my grandma does whenever I go with her to a café or to see a play. The lady had apparently noticed that I was in a pickle, because she asked if everything was okay. I said that everything was fine and even nodded, because that's what I always do whenever a stranger asks me how I am. Only afterward did I realize that everything was far from being fine. In fact, things were looking pretty grim, but I was too shy to correct myself. She seemed nice and might have smelled like my grandma, but in reality, she could be an evil stepmother who only rides the bus to find new stepchildren. She might take me away to her cottage in the woods, make me gather hay for her pigs, and force me to kneel on hard peas in the corner! That was the last thing I wanted! So, I stayed quiet and just focused on staring out the window.

By then, the bus had already made many more stops, most of the passengers had gotten off, and I no longer had any idea where I was. I was still in the bus, sure, but where was the bus itself? I could see tall apartment buildings outside and wondered if the bus driver lived in one of them. What if he were to stop and tell everyone to get off because he'd gotten home? He probably wouldn't me stay in the bus overnight. But then I thought: maybe bus drivers *live* in their buses, just like truck drivers who go on long trips and teachers who . . . no, I suppose teachers don't live at school.

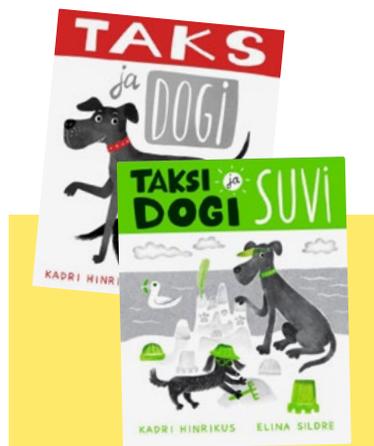
I was still pondering this when the bus jerked to a sudden halt, the doors opened, and the driver turned off the engine. All the passengers left, disappearing between the tall buildings. The driver got off, too, though he didn't walk away—he stood next to the bus and started smoking a cigarette. He hadn't noticed me before, but now, he spotted me through the window. The driver boarded the bus, walked straight up to me, and asked: "Where do you think you're going, kid?"



# Dachshund and Dane series

Written by Kadri Hinrikus  
Illustrated by Elina Sildre

Big Dachshund moved into little Dane's neighbourhood just recently, but he and his kind personality have already won the hearts of Husky, Bassett, St. Bernhard, Corgi, Labrador, Collie, and many other neighbours. Dachshund likes Dane a lot, too, though he believes it takes more time for a real friendship to grow. The two glow closer and closer while spending time together sledding, sniffing spring scents, and digging in flowerbeds. Soon, they're totally convinced that it's more fun doing things together, whether it's figuring out what illness is making Basset so sleepy, listening to the new song that the starlings brought back from the Netherlands, identifying a strange object that Corgi found, or competing in a Be Yourself Competition. And it goes without saying that it's nice to simply lounge on a couch with your best friend, thinking of all the wonderful and beautiful things that the world has to offer.



Tammerraamat, 2020, 2024  
hard cover, approx 70 pp  
Rights sold: **Latvian, Hungarian**

**Awards:** 2022 Nukits Competition, 2nd place for text • 2020 Good Children's Book • 2020 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Special Prize of the Jury



**Kadri Hinrikus** (1970) is a children's writer and journalist. She graduated from Tallinn University in theatre direction, worked as an editor and news anchor on Estonian national television, and currently works as an editor of the children's magazine *Täheke*. Hinrikus has penned fairy tales and memoir-like books about her family. She is also a skilful teller of warm and humorous stories about kids' everyday lives. Her works were featured in the White Ravens catalogue in 2013 and 2016.



**Elina Sildre** (1980) is an illustrator and comic artist who graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic design. She has illustrated over 40 children's books and contributed to the children's magazines *Täheke* and *Mesimumm*. Sildre has also created illustrations and comics for anthologies, textbooks, and activity books. The artist has been awarded in the 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books and the Knee-High Book competitions.

## The Strange Object

Dachshund and Dane were on their usual afternoon walk past Corgi's house when she burst out of the yard, panting.

"You've got to come see this! Come and look right away!" Corgi demanded.

Given that Corgi was blocking their way by standing up on her hind legs with her tail stretched out as far as it would go, Dachshund and Dane had no choice but to enter the yard. Right in the middle was a big, round table and in the center of it... a strange object.

"Come look at what I got from the store three days ago!" Corgi proudly declared.

Dachshund and Dane padded closer. They sniffed every centimeter of the peculiar metal doodad. Dane even gave it a lick.

"What's it meant to be?" Dane asked.

"Some kind of an object," Corgi answered.

"I can see that. But what does it *do*?" Dachshund asked.

"I haven't figured that part out yet," Corgi admitted.

"Then why'd you bring it here?" Dane asked, confused.

"I didn't have anything else like it at home and figured it might come in handy. Maybe it's something really useful."

Dachshund cocked her head and studied the object more closely.

"If you look at the gadget from the left, then it could be a water bowl with holes rusted into it. But if you look at it from the right, then it's more like a skimming ladle."

"I reckon that if the thing had a crank, then you might be able to use it as a meat grinder," Dane suggested. "And if it had a handle, then it'd look a little like a watering can."

Corgi pranced back and forth restlessly, striving to come up with an explanation and a purpose for the gadget as well. To be honest, she'd been working on that for three days straight. So far without any success.

"Hey! What are you all doing over there?"

Bernard poked his head over the fence, his thundering voice startling them all.

"Come and take a look with us, too!" Corgi exclaimed, inviting the giant over. "What do you think it might be?"

Bernard padded majestically to the table, sniffed the object, and then flopped down on the ground cozily.

"Junk," he murmured, closing his eyes.

Corgi was just about to confidently argue that it wasn't when Mutt appeared at the gate.

"What's this fun little gathering you're having here, hm?" he asked.

"We're looking at an object," Dachshund replied.

"Huh! How cool! That must mean I've stumbled across an exhibition, then."

"What exhibition?" Corgi asked.

"Well, when all your guests are staring at an object, then that's an exhibition. And this, as I can tell, is a sculpture exhibition. How exciting! Am I even lucky enough to be here for the opening?"

Dachshund, Dane, and Corgi exchanged unsure glances. Even Bernard got back up, as he had a foggy suspicion that it wasn't appropriate to stretch out at an event he was unexpectedly attending.

"I guess you could say it is," Corgi stammered hesitantly. "Sure, we're opening an exhibition here. Absolutely. Why not?!"

"Then congratulations on the festive occasion! It's a fascinating sculpture," Mutt said, barely even glancing at the mysterious object. "Where are the drinks and snacks?"

"Snacks?" Corgi echoed, frowning.

"Guests are always offered the finest cuisine at an exhibition opening, savory and sweet alike. Didn't you all know that?"

"Of course we did," Bernard said, livening up in a second. "Bring out the food!"

Corgi hurried off to the kitchen. Moments later, a heap of grilled sausages and a trayful of muffins appeared on the table, and all the guests began devouring the treats. Corgi felt proud and delighted. She was the only one of them who'd ever had their very own exhibition in their yard.

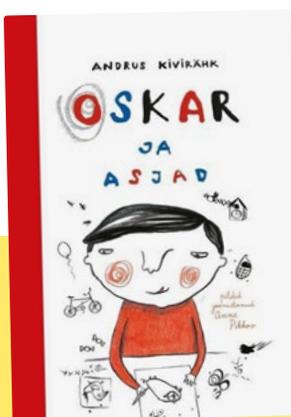


# Oskar and the Things

Written by **Andrus Kivirähk**

Illustrated by **Anne Pikkov**

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!



Film Distribution, 2015  
155 x 240 mm, hard cover, 296 pp  
ISBN: 9789949386451

Rights sold: **English, Latvian, Polish, Slovenian, Hungarian**



**Andrus Kivirähk** (1970) is a playwright, topical satirist, screenwriter and author of adult and children's prose. Kivirähk is the most commanding and prolific figure on Estonia's literary scene today. Kivirähk has won many major awards, including a place on the IBBY Honour List in 2008. His children's stories are known for their rich fantasy and unique

humour. Kivirähk's style is straightforward, his stories fast-paced, and their casts of characters colourful and filled with surprises.



**Anne Pikkov** (1974) is an illustrator, graphic designer, and book designer. She graduated in graphic design from the Estonian Academy of Arts. She has worked at an advertising agency, and as a visiting professor and the Vice Rector of Academic Affairs at the Estonian Academy of Arts. Pikkov has illustrated many children's books and contributed

to the Estonian magazines *Täheke*, *Pere ja Kodu*, and *Jamie*. She has received many awards at annual Estonian book design and illustration competitions. Her art is ornamental, laconic, spiced with humour, and evocatively expressive.

**Awards:** 2016 Tartu Prize for Children's Literature (Childhood Prize) • 2016 Eduard Vilde Literary Award • 2015 Good Children's Book • 2015 5 Best Designed Estonian Children's Books, Special prize for perfect harmony of form and content • 2015 25 Best Designed Estonian Books

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.

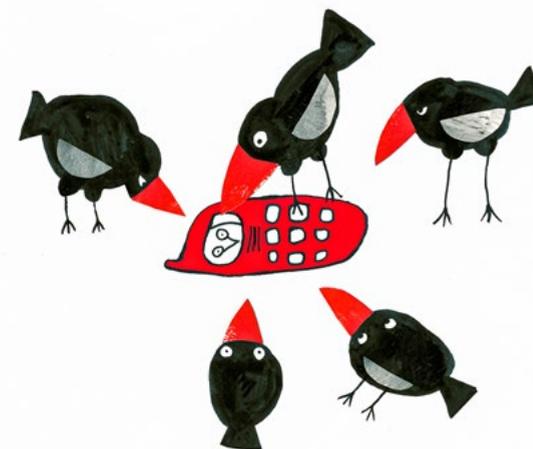
"Well, who do you think! You yourself just gave me a ring and now you're asking me who I am? Are you having a brain fart? You said: "Hello, there, iron! How's it going?"

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?



# Piia Biscuit series

Written by **Kairi Look**

Illustrated by **Ulla Saar**

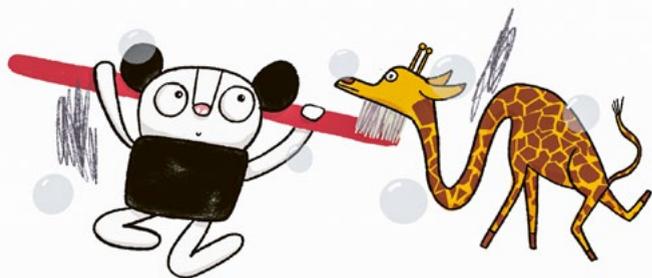
Do you know Piia Biscuit? Yes, that's the one! She's a spunky, energetic, generous girl who lives in a lovely old wooden house on Poplar Boulevard along with her mom, dad, and cat Loofah. They have wonderful neighbours like the Canadian Jack, who loves bears more than anything else, and Rasmus, who likes biology. And everyone likes Piia, too! Maybe it's because something's always happening when she's around. With Piia, even the most ordinary occurrences turn into true adventures, be they listening to a bedtime story, going to a concert, or celebrating the beginning of autumn. And hold onto your hat when it comes time to help raise triplets or find the Word Snatcher a new home! There's no challenge that Piia can't overcome, though it's certainly a good thing she has friends to turn to for help and advice.



Koolibri, 2022, 2023, 2024  
171 x 244 mm, hard cover,  
approx 120 pp

Rights sold: **German, Finnish,  
Polish, Latvian**

**Awards:** 2021 Childrens', Young Adults' and Parents' Jury (Bērnu, jauniešu un vecāku žūrija), 5th place (age 9+) • 2020 Tartu Prize for Children's Literature (Childhood Prize), nominee • 2019 Nominee of the Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia • 2015 Nominee of the Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia • 2015 Good Children's Book



**Kairi Look** (1983) is a children's writer and translator from Dutch language. She graduated from the University of Tartu in physiotherapy, and from the University of Amsterdam in children's rehabilitative therapy. She has penned a total of ten books to date, many of which have been awarded and translated into several languages, including

Finnish, French, German, and Lithuanian. In addition to this, she writes plays and short stories for the children's magazines *Gecko*, *Täheke*, and *Hea Laps*.



**Ulla Saar** (1975) is an illustrator and graphic artist. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in product design. Saar has been nominated for the Edgar Valter Illustration Award twice (2019 and 2023) and the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award for three times (2018, 2019, 2020). Since 2014, she has illustrated over 30 titles,

many of which have attracted international attention. Saar practices a contemporary, design-like approach to book illustration; her spirited and playful art is often more a part of the work's overall design than free-standing pictures.

## Piia and the Bubble Animals

Piia was enjoying a bubble bath in her new home. She stuck her nose into the foam, peeked up in the mirror, and sneezed. *At-choo!* A shimmering bubble took flight from the tip of her nose, hovered over the bathtub, and landed on the cap of the shampoo bottle. *Plips!* The bubble popped. And to Piia's great surprise, standing where the bubble had just been was a little giraffe, who waved to her.

"Good evening," the giraffe said politely, hopping onto the edge of the bathtub. "I didn't frighten you, did I? My name is Kaarel. Can we be friends?"

Piia inspected the giraffe, picked him up, and placed him on the tip of her thumb. "Of course we can! Are there any more of you?"

"Sure there are," Kaarel said, beaming. "All you have to do is blow us out of the foam! We've never been here on Poplar Boulevard before."

Piia didn't have to be told twice. She set the giraffe on top of a rubber frog and scooped up a new clump of foam. It glistened like a rainbow and crackled excitedly.

"Blow hard!" Kaarel told her. "There are a lot of us in the bubbles—someone is certain to come out."

Piia blew. The bubble soared and glittered, came to rest on the sink, and popped. And what do you know—a chubby little raccoon was suddenly sprawled out there, scratching its behind.

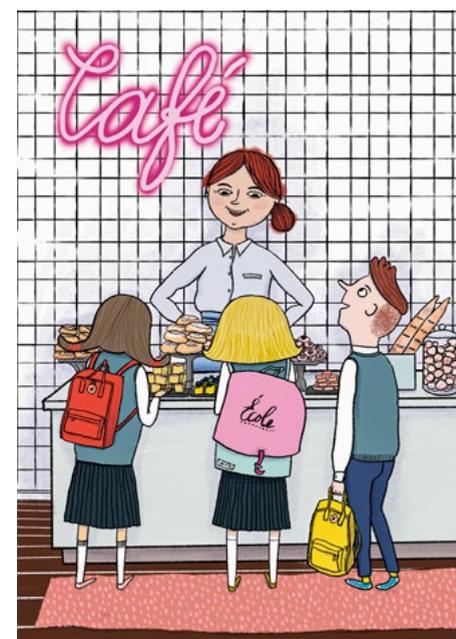
"Hooray!" the raccoon cheered. "It worked! I haven't set foot out of the bubble in a long time." He leapt to his paws, skated along the slippery sink to the mirror, and pulled Dad's toothbrush out of the toothbrush holder. "My name's Victor. 'Vic' to friends," the raccoon said, scratching his back with the toothbrush. "It sure is great to finally get clean again. The bubble is nice and soapy inside, but back-scrubbers are hard to come by."

The helpful Volts scrubbed Kaarel and Piia clean, too—even the insides and behinds of their ears. Piia's bath was an especially fun one today, and water splashed onto the rug and all the way up to the ceiling.

When Mom came in to dry Piia off, she clapped her hands in surprise. "You've really gotten squeaky clean today!" she praised as she bundled Piia in a soft towel. "Even your ears are clean!"

When Piia and Mom were leaving the bathroom, her kitty Loofah slipped in through the doorway. She leapt onto the edge of the bathtub and stared at the water spiraling down the drain, narrowing her eyes. Cats' instincts never lie. Something had happened here.

"They came out of the foam," Piia whispered, and hung her towel up to dry. Loofah nodded. You can't keep secrets from cats.

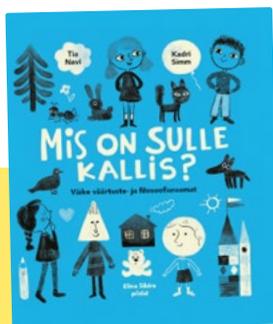


# What Do You Hold Dear? A Little Book About Values and Philosophy

Written by **Tia Navi** and **Kadri Simm**  
Illustrated by **Elina Sildre**

What does it mean to really be in deference to life? What words describe your friendship the best? What are the similarities and differences between genders? Why can't a society function without care and solidarity? What would the world look like if everyone was and felt exactly the same? What makes a homeland and a mother tongue so precious to a person?

These themes are explained in stories through everyday situations, followed by questions meant to help contemplation and a short philosophical essay for grown-ups.



Tartu Ülikooli eetikakeskus, 2022  
215 x 235 mm, hard cover, 64 pp  
ISBN: 9789985413074



**Tia Navi** (Kõnnussaar, 1965) is a children's author, editor, and columnist. She studied media and communications at the

University of Tartu and works at the UT Centre of Ethics. Navi has written nine children's books, a wealth of journalistic articles, a book of parenting advice, and a young-adult play. She also runs creative writing courses. Her books contain humour, wordplay, and a projection of the world as seen by sharp-eyed children.



**Kadri Simm** (1976) is a philosopher and bioethicist. She has been teaching moral philosophy, applied ethics, and various

topics in political philosophy at the University of Tartu for more than two decades. Her main research foci are the nature of ethical decision-making and moral expertise, theories of justice, and the ethics of new reproductive technologies.



**Elina Sildre** (1980) is an illustrator and comic artist who graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic design. She has

illustrated over 40 children's books and contributed to the children's magazines *Täheke* and *Mesimumm*. Sildre has also created illustrations and comics for anthologies, textbooks, and activity books. The artist has been awarded in the 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books and the Knee-High Book competitions.

## An Invisible Treasure

Sphere was excited. It was her first day of first grade! She would be going to school with other little spheres, cubes, and interesting shapes. She'd learn how to read and write and would make new friends! Waiting in front of the classroom was their teacher, Ms. Cone, who warmly shook the hand of every student as they entered. "Welcome to school!" she said. "Come on in, little Sphere!" The room was already buzzing with young shapes. Then, Sphere spotted a funny kid who was all straight lines. He had green eyes, a buzz cut, and big ears. "Hi! What's your name?" she asked curiously. "I'm Sphere!" "Um . . . hi. I'm Cube," he answered shyly. He looked very glad to have someone to talk to. When Cube smiled, his whole face lit up. Sphere had a funny feeling like they'd known each other for ages.

"Do you want to be my friend?" she asked eagerly. Cube's cheeks turned pink.

"I sure do," he replied softly.

"Then you and I will share a desk. We'll be desk-mates!"

Sphere and Cube were like two peas in a pod from the very first day. They walked to school together in the morning and walked back together after class. Whenever Cube forgot his pencil at home, Sphere would lend him her own. Whenever Sphere was sad after getting into an argument with her mom, Cube would tell funny stories to cheer his friend up. Although they also played and did projects with other students, Cube and Sphere knew they could always count on each other.

The school year flew by, and summer arrived. Sphere went to spend the months with her grandma and grandpa in the countryside. Cube and his parents went on a trip abroad. Finally, autumn arrived. The rowan berries were turning red. Birds perched on the electrical wires and practiced long flights every day, readying to migrate south. One beautiful morning, Sphere set off towards school, wearing a brand-new backpack. She was thrilled to be a second grader and see Cube and all her classmates again! The sun was shining, and the school door was standing wide open. Crowded together, the second-grade students were chatting happily. Each couldn't wait to tell the others all the amazing things they'd done over the summer. As Sphere joined the bunch, Prism skipped over to her.

"Wow, what a cool backpack you've got!" Prism said.

"Yeah, my aunt brought it back for me when she went traveling!" Sphere explained.

"That's such a sweet dog on it. Dogs are my favourite!" Prism exclaimed. Suddenly, she proposed: "How 'bout being my deskmate this year?"

Sphere really liked the idea. Then, she noticed Cube coming over.

"Hi, Cube!" Sphere squeaked. "How was your summer? Hey, so, Prisma is going to be my desk-mate this year. Don't let it get you down – we'll sit together again next year!"

Sphere waved and turned back to Prisma to share her summer stories. She didn't see Cube freeze in place and slump, his mouth hanging open. Second grade passed almost as quickly as the first year. Cube found himself a new benchmate, too—Cylinder. Every day, the students learned new and fascinating things. Ms. Cone took them on field trips to the zoo and hiking, and they played ball outside during every recess. Before they knew it, summer came, and the long-awaited school break was at hand.



# Lydia

Written by **Kätlin Kaldmaa**

Illustrated by **Jaan Rõõmus**

Once upon a time, a girl was born in the Vändra sacristan's house and named Lydia Emilie Florentine Jannsen. It was December 1843, to be exact. Lydia was the first child of Johann Voldemar Jannsen, a journalist and schoolmaster who founded the Estonian-language newspaper *Postimees*, and Juliana Emilie Koch, who raised the children and taught them German. When Lydia was born, there was no united Estonia. There was the Estonian Governorate and the Livonian Governate, both ruled by the Russian Empire. People from many different nations lived there then, just as they do now, but the official languages were German and Russian. All her life, Lydia staunchly defended her people's right to speak their language and practice their culture, and she was one of the founders of the Estonian Song Festival.

Lydia is the story of a young Estonian woman who was born in Livonia, became a prolific writer who forged a cultural bridge with Finland, married a Latvian, and ultimately settled in Kronstadt, Russia.



Hunt, 2021  
204 x 291 mm, hard cover, 44 pp  
ISBN: 9789949731985  
Rights sold: **German, Finnish**

**Awards:** 2023 Bratislava Illustration Biennale Plaque Award • 2022 The White Raven • 2021 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books • 2021 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books, Special Prize of the Estonian Children's Literature Centre • 2021 25 Best Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit • 2021 Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia • 2021 Good Children's Book



**Kätlin Kaldmaa** (1970) is a poet, writer, translator, publisher and literary critic. Kaldmaa has studied Estonian language and literature, semiotics, English language and literature, and has translated over 30 books into Estonian from various languages. She has worked as an editor and publisher at the daily *Eesti Päevaleht*, as the editor in chief of the magazine *Lugu*, and the director of foreign relations at the Estonian Children's Literature Centre and is currently the President of Estonian PEN.



**Jaan Rõõmus** (Rõõmus for short) is an illustrator who has a hard time sticking to one style. He enjoys trying different techniques and discovering intriguing new angles for his fondest subjects, which include architecture, machines, nature, everyday life, old toys, children's playhouses, and more. He uses ordinary quills and ink alongside Cintiq pens in his art. Rõõmus holds a BA in graphic design from the Estonian Academy of Arts.

More than anything else in the world little Lydia loves to sit on her grandma's lap and listen to her tales about trees and rocks, mermaids, and treasure chests. All the stories are real for the ween and grandma Mall knows the very best ones. Not to mention all the songs she could sing and the weather words she knows!

Stepping out of her room on a summer morning Lydia ends up right in the middle of a fairy-tale. Colourful blooms here and there, snowdrops, pennyworths, windflowers, sky blue forget-me-nots, tulips and daffodils in the spring. Mother says that the very whitest ones are poet daffodils. "Poet, poet," whispers Lydia. What a wonderful word!

Oh my, those white and rosy peonies! She could sit hours just by them, waiting for spring butterflies. It's those flowers she is retelling grandma Mall's tales to.

In the summer, colourful sweet Williams, monk's-hoods, serene, sweet rockets, and larkspurs coloured as summer nights. Examining a tiger lily, Lydia pictures the animals who are a hundred times the size of a cat, with a soft burnt orange fur and roar like predators. At least that is how papa has described those beasts.

Bleeding hearts with their light red blooms bring to mind knights in shiny armours and beautiful Helena's, waiting for their saviours up at towers. Phloxes, those flame flowers go without mention! From their blooms, the child finds tiny specks of nectar.

"How do those blooms end up like that when they are all in buds in the evening?" Lydia wonders.



Translated by Adam Cullen

# Three Jolly Fellows

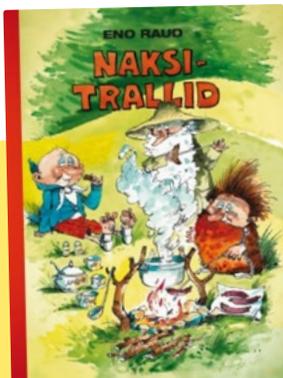
Written by **Eno Raud**

Illustrated by **Edgar Valter**

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.



Tänapäev, 2013  
First edition 1972  
172 x 235 mm, 229 pp  
ISBN: 9789949272976

Rights sold: **18 languages, including German, Bulgarian, and Latvian**



**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.



**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.

**Awards:** 1987 Estonian State Prize • 1980 Annual Award of Children's Literature • 1974 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:

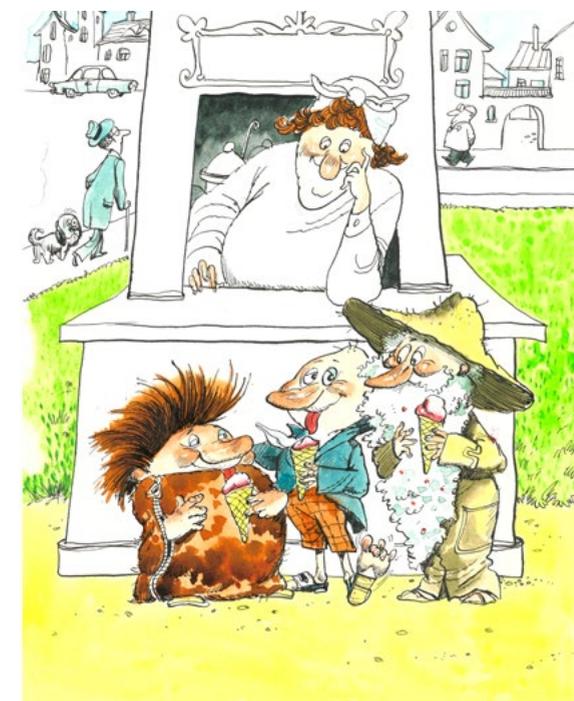
"I have a car, by the way. If you've nothing against the idea, then it could be a — so to say — a mobile home for all of us."

"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."



# Mona's Family series

Written by **Liis Sein**  
 Illustrated by **Ulla Saar**

Lately, Mona's life hasn't been all that great. Although her family used to live a totally normal and peaceful life in a totally normal apartment in a totally normal city, every day is now crazier than the last. It feels like only yesterday when her dad suffered a midlife crisis and felt like nothing he'd ever done would be worth telling his future grandchildren. As a result, he aimed making their lives as fascinating as possible by trying out all kinds of different hobbies like filmmaking, sports, and cooking. Now, something's wrong with Mona's mum — she resolved to start celebrating every imaginable holiday in style. There's Valentine's Day, the summer solstice, Christmas, the first day of school, but also Do-Nothing Day, Bird Drawing Day, Laughing Day, Ice Cream Day... It's good that I'm still a totally normal and ordinary girl, Mona thinks; otherwise, my family's stories would all be pretty absurd!



Pegasus, 2022, 2024  
 165 × 230 mm, hard cover,  
 approx 88 pp  
 Rights sold: **Latvian**

**Awards:** 2023 The White Raven • 2023 Bologna Children's Book Fair Illustrators Exhibition finalist • 2022 Good Children's Book • 2022 Nominee of the Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia



**Liis Sein** (1983) is a playwright and children's author. She graduated from Tallinn University in adult education and has trained in playwriting and creative writing. Sein currently works as an administrative assistant at the Estonian Children's Literature Centre. She has written 13 children's books and won the Knee-High Book

Competition in 2019. Sein conveys the world through children's eyes such that adults also see it as a bigger, brighter, and more lucid place.



**Ulla Saar** (1975) is an illustrator and graphic artist. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in product design. Saar has been nominated for the Edgar Valter Illustration Award twice (2019 and 2023) and the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award for three times (2018, 2019, 2020). Since 2014, she has illustrated over 30 titles,

many of which have attracted international attention. Saar practices a contemporary, design-like approach to book illustration; her spirited and playful art is often more a part of the work's overall design than free-standing pictures.



## Life Is too Normal

One entirely normal Monday, Mona's father decided things had to change. If they didn't, they'd have nothing worth remembering at the end of their lives, and no fabulous stories to pass on to their kids and grandkids. Just the idea of being a boring grandfather to Mona's future children made him worry.

Everything in Mona's family was actually great. They were thriving! Mona went to school, Dad and Mom went to work, and they spent all their free time together at home. None of them had any big hobbies or favourite activities. For variety, they had their lazy cat Rooski, whom they sometimes took on short walks, and their neighbours, whom they greeted politely every day.

At the kitchen table one morning, Dad sighed and said, "I'm bored!" He peered at the rest of the family.

Mona and her mom paid no attention at first and continued eating their breakfast. Mom had made some delicious oatmeal, and Mona couldn't get over how good it was!

"I repeat, I'm bored." Dad said again. He laid his newspaper on the table like he had something important to say. On the front of the newspaper was an eye-catching photo of a man who collected postcards from around the world. "A person ought to do something fun with their life, even if it's just collecting postcards."

Dad's desperate words had caught everyone's attention. Mona stared at her father, and a bit of oatmeal slid from her spoon and plopped back into her bowl. Mom hid her face behind her coffee cup and widened her eyes at Mona.

"Yes, I want to do something interesting with my life." Dad looked at Mona and Mom and then smiled widely.

"But Dad, your life is already interesting," said Mona. "You have a super cool job, an awesome family, and a beautiful place to live."

"And the neighbours adore us," Mom said proudly. "They've never lived in a building with such calm and peaceful neighbours."

"But--" Dad started to say, but Mona interrupted.

"Dad, you shouldn't live a life that's too interesting," Mona reminded him. "That's what you said when I wanted to join soccer club, art club, folk dance club, and music club all at the same time."

"But--" Dad started again, but Mom interrupted this time.

"Dear, I agree with Mona," Mom said, giving Dad a hug. "Everything in our life is perfect: good and calm."

"Exactly! Good and calm ... I can't take it anymore!" Dad said firmly. He wriggled out of Mom's hug and opened his laptop. "If no one in this family can help me, then the internet will."

Mona's father typed in different keywords and read some articles about how people spend their free time. The list of hobbies could fill an entire room, each more impressive than the last, and some so popular that almost everyone in the world gave them a try.

To make his choice easier, Dad made a big chart of hobbies and stuck it to the door of the fridge. In the first slot was the surprisingly popular polar plunge. Gardening came second, and identifying animal tracks came third. These were followed by photography, e-shopping, reading, collecting art, sunbathing, cooking, genealogy, choir, fishing, and lastly, the good ol' collecting of candy wrappers.

It was an impressive list, but not one of them tempted Mona's father at first. In reality, Dad mostly liked stretching out on the couch and nibbling pastries. He couldn't see himself swimming in freezing water, digging around in a muddy garden, or following animal tracks for miles and miles. But whenever he lay down, he felt restless. Something had to change in his and his family's lives...

Things were normal for the next few days. Mom and Mona were glad that Dad had just been blowing off steam and didn't actually *do* anything after all.... But just at the calmest, most peaceful part of one day, Dad sprang from the sofa and shouted so loudly that all the neighbours could hear, "I've got it! I've got it! I'VE GOT IT!"

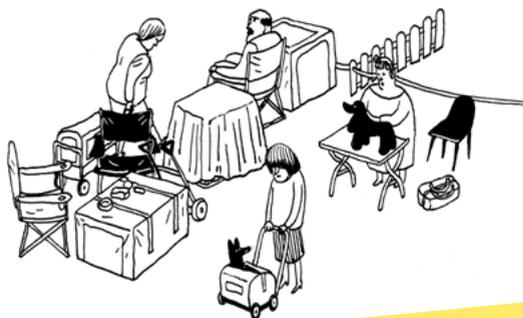
Dad jumped up and down and cheered. He danced with Mom and twirled Mona. He ordered a fancy cake from the store and served everyone orange juice in festive crystal glasses. Mona and her mother didn't know what to think yet, but they knew that life would never be the same.

# Ramps series

Written by **Mika Keränen**  
 Illustrated by **Marja-Liisa Plats**

Although Mari, Reilika, Sadu, Olav, and Anton often played together when they were little kids, going to school created big rifts in their friendship. For years, it's as if the boys and girls have had a bone to pick with one another. The kids then stumble across a crime scene where a police officer proposes that the boys help to quickly track down a bicycle stolen from a Belgian professor. The remark makes Mari furious — girls can do anything just as well as boys can! So, Mari and Reilika also set out to investigate on their own. As the two teams bump into each other frequently, it quickly becomes clear that their disagreements can easily be resolved by talking. What's more, different people tend to notice different things and thus contribute unique perspectives to the investigation. When they finally decide to join forces, the Souptown Secret Society is formed. A steady stream of solved cases shows it was the right choice, no matter whether the mystery involves a lost dog, an ancient knife, flower thieves, or firewood filchers. There's no case too hard for the young detectives! It's not uncommon for them to still disagree on things, of course, but the kids are equally adept at finding a common language and solving new crimes.

There are twelve books in the series by 2024.



**Awards:** 2020 Good Children's Book • 2020 IBBY Honour List • 2019 "Järje Hoidja" Award of the Tallinn Central Library • 2018 Nukits Competition, 2nd place • 2017 Good Children's Book • 2012 Children and Young Adult Jury (Bērnu un jauniešu žūrija), Latvia, 1st place (Grades 3–4) • 2011 Good Children's Book • 2009 Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia



Keropää 2008 — 2024  
 hard cover, approx 146 pp  
 fiction, storybook

Rights sold: **Latvian, Finnish, Lithuanian**



**Mika Arto Juhani Keränen** (1973) was born in Helsinki. He studied horticulture in Finland, and Estonian language and literature in Estonia. Keränen has worked as a translator, an organiser of cultural events, and a teacher of Estonian and Finnish. In 2011, he founded Keropää, which publishes his own children's books. In addition to publishing, Keränen 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 sorts of adventures.



**Marja-Liisa Plats** (1984) is an illustrator, graphic designer, photographer, and singer. She graduated from Tartu Art College as a photographer. Plats has illustrated more than 40 children's books and collaborates with the children's magazine *Täheke*. Her works are characterised by perpetual searching and experimentation with a wide range of visual techniques. Plats is a member of the Young Authors' Association in Tartu and the Tartu Artists' Union.

## The Finnish Pizza

*Why, why, Mari repeated over and over to herself on the way home from school, why play football during recess with boys who didn't even know how to play it?* This time, she and Olav had bumped into each other.

Mari was exceptionally ornery. She felt like a wild animal that had escaped its cage. The girl poured her rage out onto the dandelions sprouting everywhere, kicking blossoms as hard as she could and launching them into flight. Swinging her leg around like that wasn't a very nice thing to do, of course, but punishing the dandelions had a calming effect, especially when the vivid yellow flowers soared away in a high arc. Mari imagined herself striking one magnificent goal after another for the Estonian national team at their official stadium, scoring against Germany and France and whoever else. The girl bulldozed her way through the strip of weeds running alongside the street, celebrating every successful strike by leaping into the air and cheering.

As always in the Souptown neighborhood, a familiar face came walking past. This time, it was her dad's friend Edgar with his miniature dachshund. Mari didn't notice them until the dog yelped and the man greeted her, saying:

"Hello, Mari! Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"I made a goal against Latvia."

He surveyed the scuffed knees of her red pants and grinned.

"Looks like the Latvians really put up a fight."

Mari grunted in reply and squatted to pet his dog. Then, she politely wished the companions a nice walk and trotted onward.

Along the way, Mari's anger turned to sadness. Olav had acted so nastily during their recess football match. The two of them collided at high speed, causing Mari to fall and tear open the knees of her pants. Olav had zero intention of apologizing, and even claimed she'd run into him on purpose. What's more, he loudly announced that Mari wouldn't be playing football anymore, but would be focusing on basketball instead. Naturally, Mari shot right back at him, saying it'd be wise for an oaf like him to bug off if he didn't know how to get out of the way. It was a mean thing to say—Mari realized that later. The two didn't speak another word to each other.

Mari had to stop and take in the view for a moment when she reached the river, because the springtime beauty was so enchanting. Life can be strange sometimes—the very same girl who, just moments ago, had been leveling dandelions in a rage, was now admiring the blossoming daisies and carefully stepping around them. The green grass was pristine. Mari took tiny delicate steps across

it and imagined if all the football stadiums in town were to have grass just like that.

She stopped one more time to appreciate the river when she arrived in front of her house. It was the only river in the world that knew how to talk. Sometimes, Mari felt like the river was communicating with her. It didn't speak in words, of course; their way of communication wasn't ordinary. It was more like a sense of belonging. The rays of sunlight made the water sparkle like a meteor shower.

Mari winked at the river and entered their yard, where spring gardening chores were in full swing. Her grandma, whom everybody called Mamma, was humming some choral piece and piling up dirt with a wheelbarrow. Mari's little sister Magda was perched on top of that heap, playing with her sandbox toys. The little girl's new yellow boots glinted in the sun. Mati's dark outline flickered through the raspberry bushes, followed by a man in a Panama hat—Grandpa, whom they called Papa.

It felt like someone wiped Mari's sour mood and the pain in her knees away clean. She walked up to the dirt pile.

Mamma asked if the schoolgirl's tummy was empty. However, Mari had no chance to reply before her sister barreled down and wrapped her little arms around her. "Oh, how strong you are!" Mari cried out to play along.

"Look, Mati's trying to go visit Lenno again!" Magda exclaimed, pointing towards the raspberry bushes.

The sisters watched Papa follow Mati around, holding a hammer and a few short lengths of wood. The black French bulldog was searching for any gap in the plank fence through which he could squeeze through to find the neighbors' brown poodle, and Papa was keeping a sharp eye in turn to see if the Frenchman actually found one. If he did, it'd just need to be nailed shut with a couple of boards. Mati was always doggedly trying to pry his way into the neighbors' yard. His persistence was amazing.

One time, he'd managed to pull it off, but it luckily turned out that Mati and Lenno got along like bread and butter. Occasionally, they were able to play together at the dog park, but no one was in favor of the two having random rendezvous. On top of that, the neighbors also had a white cat that wasn't exactly thrilled by the idea of playing with Mati and would instead flee to the top of an apple tree the first chance it got.

# Old Mother Kunks

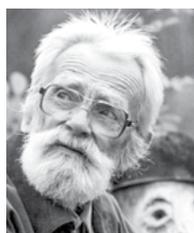
Written by **Aino Pervik**  
Illustrated by **Edgar Valter**

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.

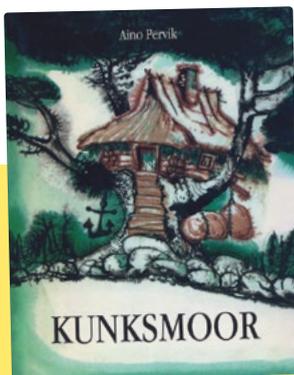
**Awards:** 2000 Winner of the "Hundred of the Century" poll • 1988 USSR Children's Book Competition, 2nd place • 1976 Annual Award of Children's Literature



**Aino Pervik** (1932) is one of the most influential authors of modern Estonian children's literature. She graduated from Tartu State University in 1955 with a degree in Finno-Ugric philology. Pervik has lived in Tallinn since 1955. She worked at the Estonian State Publishing House as an editor of children's and young-adult literature, and at the Estonian Television studio as an editor of programs for the same age group. Since 1967, she has also worked as a freelance writer and Hungarian translator.



**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 Niiit, 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.



Tammeraamat, 2011  
First edition 1973  
170 x 215 mm, hard cover, 103 pp  
ISBN: 9789949449965

Rights sold: **6 languages, including Japanese, Russian and German**

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."

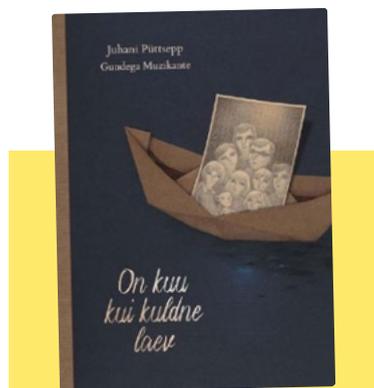


# The Moon is Like a Golden Boat

Written by **Juhani Püttsepp**  
Illustrated by **Gundega Muzikante**

Every time Keete looks at pictures from her childhood where she's holding her teddy bear Pätsu in her lap, she wonders what life would have been like without war. Her parents would have been able to keep working as teachers without living in terror of the communists deporting them to Siberia. In peacetime, she could have kept living in their cherry-red home instead of setting off on a harrowing journey across the Baltic Sea to Sweden. Years later, Keete thinks about how lucky today's kids are to grow up without war. And she still cradles Pätsu in her arms.

**Awards:** 2022 Jānis Baltvilks award • 2021 The White Raven • 2020 Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia • 2020 Good Children's Book • 2020 Raisin of the Year award for the most remarkable children's book of the year • 2020 Viru County Literary Award • 2019 Children's Story Competition "My First Book", 3rd place



Tānapäev, 2020  
174 x 236 mm, hard cover, 135 pp  
ISBN: 9789949858866

Rights sold: **Latvian, Lithuanian, Slovenian, Croatian**



**Juhani Püttsepp** (1964) is a biologist, teacher, and children's author. He graduated from the University of Tartu and has worked at the Institute of Zoology and Botany as well as at the University of Tartu. Püttsepp has written more than 20 works of nonfiction and children's storybooks. He has worked as the director of the Estonian University of Life Sciences' School of Natural Sciences since 2004. His favourite topics include nature, human attitudes towards the environment, the endurance of culture, and the aging.



**Gundega Muzikante** (1964) is a Latvian illustrator, artist, layout designer, and animator. She sees writing as personality, and her mission and task is to understand it, delve deep into each text, make friends with it, and then carefully dress it in the clothes that fit the "being" best. She has illustrated more than 40 children's books and has participated in many international exhibitions including the Biennial of Illustration in Bratislava, the Golden Pen in Belgrade, and the Biennial of European Illustration in Japan.



As the gale gathered strength that night, all the passengers on the fishing boat—maybe seventy or eighty altogether—crouched in the hold like in the belly of a whale. Only a couple younger men stayed on deck to lend a hand to the captain and first mate. Men were scarce on board in general; there were mostly just mothers and children. And the kids of all ages numbered more than anyone else.

*Being in this ship is like being in a bomb shelter*, Rein thought. You had to stay quiet so as not to disturb the others. A baby was crying somewhere in a corner, but the other children were nice and still, as if trying to hear someone creeping around.

Whenever a kid felt they had to go potty, they'd whisper into their mother's ear and she would shout out: "Where's the pot?"

It would then appear from the darkness, passed along from one person to the next. Everyone had to share a single potty with the picture of a cat on the side.

When the container started to get dangerously full, the bravest and most daring of the mothers would take it under her arm, climb up the ladder, and empty the contents into the sea. The captain was irate when he saw this.

"What the devil are you doing running around up here? Do you want to fall overboard with that pot?" he thundered. "Stay down in the hold, otherwise we'll capsize in this gale!"

Nevertheless, the bravest mother managed to empty the pot and make it back down safely below deck, where the essential basin embarked on its next round. The journey continued with only that one tiny babe occasionally wailing in a corner. Ellen comforted her children, saying: "Did you know that in Sweden, which is where we're headed now, there live a king and a queen and princes . . ."

Reet and Riina, the youngest of them all, both gasped. "Princes?!"

"That's right, real princes. Three of them. And the Swedish king wears a crown on his head," Ellen said. "A crown made of gold! You'll be out for a Sunday stroll and the king and queen might walk right past you, wearing their crowns."

"Where are the queens?" another child next to them asked.

"In Sweden. That's where we're going!" Reet explained excitedly. "Real princesses wearing crowns! And three princes might walk past you

all at once on a Sunday! All of them with gold crowns on their heads."

"Will they come to meet our ship when we get there?"

"Of course they will!"

The rumor of the crowned kings and princesses who would come to see them when they docked spread around the dark belly of the ship. And incredibly, even the little wailer stopped crying. The children and their parents forgot about the terrible danger they were in, if only for just a moment, all thanks to the Swedish king.



# Arabella

Written by **Aino Pervik**  
Illustrated by **Edgar Valter**

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.



Tänapäev, 2008  
First edition 1982  
173 x 216 mm, hard cover, 316 pp  
ISBN: 9789985626788

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

Film: Arabella, the pirate's daughter, 1982



**Aino Pervik** (1932) is one of the most influential authors of modern Estonian children's literature. She graduated from Tartu State University in 1955 with a degree in Finno-Ugric philology. Pervik has lived in Tallinn since 1955. She worked at the Estonian State Publishing House as an editor of children's and young-adult literature, and at the Estonian Television studio as an editor of programs for the same age group. Since 1967, she has also worked as a freelance writer and Hungarian translator.



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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.



## Most Important to a Pirate

Arabella sat in her cabin, eating bananas she'd found in one of the boxes brought over from the brigantine. She knew very well what was happening on deck, but she didn't want to see the cruel look in her father's eyes.

When Arabella was smaller, she saw the pirate life as the only possible way of living and nothing about it troubled her. She didn't know any other way, and thought that was how it had to be; but the older she came to be the more complicated it became in her mind. She saw that the pirates were always full of unnatural fear, anxiety and anger. They were always boasting, but they were also afraid. Her father too, he was just like the others. It was as though something could snuff out their lives at any moment and, indeed, that is how it actually was. Navy vessels chasing them, other pirates goading them. A ship under attack could turn on them at any moment and any pirate could be slaughtered. It was grim.

What was done to them was terrible but what they did to others was even more terrible. Pirates had chosen to live by pirate law, but their victims had not. These people were not guilty of anything but still they were brutally attacked.

Samuel must be a dreadful person.

To Arabella, though, he was the dearest person in the world and the one to whom she was closest.

The cruel look in her father's eyes was what Arabella feared and hated the most. And the most horrific thought was that something could happen to him. But she also knew that he lived a savage and dangerous life.

Desperate, vengeful sounds came from the deck.

Hassan, who had been asleep on the sofa all this time, opened his eyes and sat up, startled. His dazed stare changed to a look of alertness.

"What's going on there?" he asked.

"The prisoners have been thrown overboard," Arabella sighed. "We seajacked a ship while you slept. Want a banana?"

Hassan sat quietly for a while, staring thoughtfully ahead.

"Uh-huh," he said. "Then it is truly a pirate ship."

He stood and looked down at the long silk gown that was wrapped around him. The yellow and green embroidered dragons stood out.

"I will put my clothes back on," he said.

"They're still damp," said Arabella.

"That does not matter," said Hassan. "This royal gown does not suit me."

Arabella peeled another banana.

"What were you doing with that yawl in the middle of the sea?" she asked.

"I wanted to travel to America," answered Hassan.

"Why?"

"Ah, how to explain it," he said thoughtfully.

"See, I want to understand what is good and what is bad about men. To do that, I need to get to know many different people and to visit different nations. Only then can I begin to understand the variety of ways in which people live and think. I want to know if all men see goodness in the same way. If they do not, would that not lead to conflict? What is good to some might be bad to others. Is my explanation too complicated?"

Arabella looked wide-eyed at Hassan.

"Keep talking!" she ordered.

"There are many different kinds of people on Earth. I want to know if those who eat with their fingers may be similar to those who eat with forks. And would the shape and material of the fork not be an obstacle to their understanding of each other? I have noticed such a thing! That those who hold a fork in their left hand despise those who hold it in their right hand, and refuse to even listen to what they want to say. And there are those who eat food with two forks: they are the craziest of all because they despise the majority, seeing only themselves as good."

"Now you're confusing me," said Arabella. "I don't understand anything. What have forks got to do with it?"

"The forks are not important actually, in life only some people consider them to be important. Not only forks, of course, but the colour of the house they live in, the kind of clothes they wear, how they greet each other, how much they talk to each other, and other kinds of nonsense. They think highly only of those who do those things the same way they do."

"Hmm!" said Arabella. "How do you feel about the pirates? They don't pay attention to things like that."

"Indeed they do not," Hassan frowned. "Can you tell me what is good in a pirate's mind? What is the most important thing in the world to pirates?"

"Gold and gems."

"But you gave a pearl me?"

"Well, yes," said Arabella, baffled. "Gold and gems are boring."

"What is the most important thing to you?"

"Father."

"But to Father?"

"I don't know," sighed Arabella. "Father is a pirate."

Arabella did not want to admit that this worried her too.

With her thoughts in turmoil, she said "Come and I'll show where father has said you can sleep. You can't stay here as you'd be next to father's cabin and you'd hear too much. It could cost you your life."

Arabella guided Hassan to a tiny cubbyhole in the depths of the ship, where a tall man could just about fit to sleep. To make Hassan more comfortable, they brought along an armful of soft blankets and pillows.

# The Shoe series

Written by **Jaanus Vaiksoo**

Illustrated by **Katrin Kaev**



When fifth-grader Paul Viies oversleeps (and to be totally honest right from the get-go, let it be known that this was the first time in his entire life!) and starts wandering around the city instead of going to school, he has no idea how his life will be changed from that day forward. He doesn't know that Hugo Bachmann, who buys a pair of size-39 shoes without trying them on, has a big secret, or that a spunky girl named Minna will be Paul's best sidekick when solving mysteries. Nor does Paul know that the shoe-store saleswoman Katja and her future boyfriend will become his good friends, or that they'll all end up visiting the shore of Lake Salujärv and vacationing at a farm in eastern Ida-Viru County. In all fairness, however, neither Minna nor Paul have much time for vacationing on their trip, as strange occurrences ranging from illegal fishing to bee poisoning seem to find them everywhere!

**Awards:** 2021 Tartu Prize for Children's Literature, nominee • 2020 The White Ravens • 2020 Tartu Prize for Children's Literature (Childhood Prize), nominee • 2019 Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia • 2019 Good Children's Book



Ärkel, 2019, 2020, 2022, 2024  
142 x 215 mm, hard cover, approx 190 pp  
Series: 4 books  
Rights sold: **Slovenian, Latvian**



**Jaanus Vaiksoo** (1967) is a children's author, literary scholar, and instructor. He graduated from Tallinn University in Estonian language and literature. Vaiksoo has written over 20 books of stories and poetry for children and has contributed to the children's magazine *Täheke*. The psychological intricacy of Vaiksoo's characters and their depiction through the author's warm humour offer support to readers of sensitive ages and help them on their path to adulthood. The first book in the Shoe trilogy, *Shoe #39*, was listed in the 2019 White Ravens Catalogue.



**Katrin Kaev** (1965) is a book designer, illustrator, printmaker, and calligrapher. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic art and has worked there as an instructor. Kaev has illustrated ten children's books, textbooks, and magazines, and has designed nearly 300 books and magazines in total. She has been awarded in the 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books and the 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books competitions. Classic pen-and-ink drawing and realistic sketch-like illustrations define Kaev's style.

## 11.

The sun was shining and only a few tufts of cloud drifted lazily across the midday sky. Paul and Ats unrolled an old rug beneath the apple tree, flopped down on their backs, and let themselves unwind. Paul was on his phone. Ats took out a packet of serial stories clipped from old newspapers that they'd found in a folder in the old house and was about to delve into *In the Footsteps of the Vikings*. Alas, the blissful summer idyll didn't last for long: Minna emerged from the threshing barn with a sickle in one hand and an axe in the other.

"Enough lollygagging!" she declared resolutely. "We're not running a holiday home. Time to get to work!"

Paul and Ats stared up at her, bewildered. The sunlight disappeared and was replaced by Minna's threatening shadow.

"Around here, we don't let women do the work while the men all sunbathe. Paul, you go and cut down the nettles next to the barn and Ats, you clear the aspen brush from around the house."

"You're a tough old gal," Ats groaned as he sat up. "I was just about to start studying here."

Minna raised the axe.

"I'll show you an old gal! And first, you're going to study clearing brush from the yard."

Paul leapt to his feet and tugged his friend's sleeve.

"Cut it out, that's not funny! Women are in charge these days."

Ats set the clippings on the rug to get up, but a sudden gust of wind scattered them across the yard. All three rushed to catch the pages before they blew away.

"Check out what I found!" Paul exclaimed. "It's an old letter."

"Here's another!" Ats said, picking up two yellowed papers.

Minna carefully fished a third from the lilac bush. It turned out that the folder had contained someone's old correspondence in addition to the newspaper serial. Fortune smiled upon the boys as Minna's zest for yardwork dissolved in a flash. She collected all of the letters, sat down on the rug, and started poring through them. Ats and Paul tried to get the serial pages back in order.

"Read it to us, too," Paul said.

"The handwriting's just awful. I think it's written in pencil," Minna murmured, trying to decipher the writing. "Hello, Vallo! I'm in

far-away Siberia now. We spent two weeks in cattle wagons to get here. There were 45 people in each. All we were given to eat was some gruel-like soup. You and I will never see each other again. They read the sentence after we arrived: life-long exile. Snow is still on the ground here. The place is called Ashtak, in Novosibirsk Oblast. We were brought here on a big motor sled. It's a lumbermen's camp deep in the forests of the taiga. My mother and sister and I live in a large barracks. There are eight other people in our room. There is nothing to eat. We're hungry all the time. In the evening, my sister and I play with the deck of cards you gave me for my birthday.

How are you? Summer break is coming up soon. I don't know if I'll ever be able to go to school again. Have you already caught pike in the river? Say hello to Juku and Meelis for me. Rein. May 15, 1949."

Minna set the letter aside and everyone was quiet for a while. None could have expected anything like that. It was sent seventy-three years ago to the same Vallo Tagamets whom Ene had mentioned earlier.

"So, that means Rein was deported. He was genuinely writing about being taken away to Siberia!" Minna said, shaking her head in disbelief.

It was incredible to be holding a letter once written by a boy who was deported so far from his home.

"Wait, so they even deported little kids?"

"Of course they did!" Ats snapped, irked by Minna's question. How could his friend not know such things!

"I told you about how my grandma was eight when she and her mom and her brothers were taken away. Grandma said there was even a woman with them who gave birth to a son in the cattle wagon."

Minna leapt angrily to her feet.

"What?! Sending a pregnant woman to Siberia!? That's awful! What kind of people could do such a thing?"

"Grandma always said that Stalin wasn't a person, but a monster."

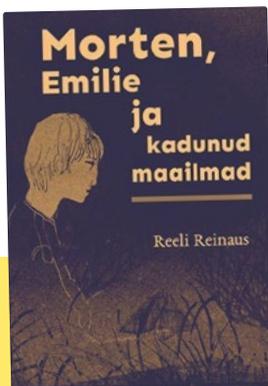
Paul was impatient to hear what else this boy Rein had written. Minna sat back down on the blanket and tried to cool her nerves. There were six letters total and she read them in order.

# Morten, Emilie and the Lost Worlds

Written by **Reeli Reinaus**  
 Illustrated by **Marja-Liisa Plats**

After his grandmothers' death, Morten is forced to live with his abusive alcoholic uncle in a cabin on the edge of a bog. His mother is working abroad, trying to earn enough money for a down payment on an apartment. Escaping to a nearby bog to practice nature photography is Morten's only chance for coping. On one of these trips, he meets a girl he's never seen before. Emilie is pale, speaks in an unusual way, and appears to be totally unfamiliar with many regular things. Although Morten enjoys Emilie's company and finds her easy to talk with, he has a nagging desire to uncover the mysterious girl's true identity.

**Awards:** 2020 Good Young Adult Book • 2020 Nominee of the Annual Children's Literature Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia



Päike ja Pilv, 2020  
 144 x 210 mm, soft cover, 181 pp  
 ISBN: 9789949737642  
 Rights sold: **Latvian, Hungarian, Polish**



**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 more than 30 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.



**Marja-Liisa Plats** (1984) is an illustrator, graphic designer, photographer, and singer. She graduated from Tartu Art College as a photographer. Plats has illustrated more than 40 children's books and collaborates with the children's magazine *Täheke*. Her works are characterised by perpetual searching and experimentation with a wide range of visual techniques. Plats is a member of the Young Authors' Association in Tartu and the Tartu Artists' Union.

Morten scanned the camera's viewfinder over the windows of the apartment building. Lights had already been turned on in some, allowing him to see the people moving around inside. Others were still dark – either the occupants hadn't come home yet or they had some reason to prefer darkness.

Morten wasn't actually interested in what the people were doing, or in why some windows still weren't illuminated. There were only two reasons for his staring: one, he was used to viewing the world through a camera lens, and two, there was almost nothing he wouldn't give to be inside of any one of those apartments right now.

Simply because it would be warm inside. Warm and cosy.

Morten closed his eyes and for a moment, he tried to imagine being inside a heated, brightly lit space. It wasn't much of a success because the biting wind penetrated through his light jacket. The boy opened his eyes and zoomed into the next stranger's apartment; into a seemingly ideal life.

While packing up his camera after the first raindrops started to fall, he noticed a big black dog that had apparently just lost its master. It was weaving frantically back and forth over the sidewalk, trying to pick up its owner's scent.

For as long as he could remember, Morten had wanted to be a wizard. Someone who could make all his dreams come true with the mere wave of a wand. If he were a wizard, he would have been able to cast a spell to bring the dog and its owner back together again. At the moment, however, all he could do was feel sorry for the animal and hope the poor pup made it safely home in the end.

If only. For at that very moment, the dog ran out into the street without warning and barely avoided being hit by a red SUV. Morten closed his eyes again, the screeching of the SUV's wheels still ringing in his ears. He didn't want to see what happened next.

When he was little, he had often pretended to be a wizard. All he needed was a magic wand and one of his mom's old skirts that could be cut up and turned into a cape. And his imagination, of course.

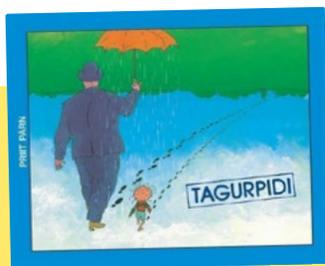


Translated by Adam Cullen

# Backwards

Written and illustrated by **Priit Pärn**

There once was a boy named Backwards Andy. Why was he called that, you might ask? Because he did everything backwards, of course! When other people laid their head on a pillow, Andy rested his feet there. When other people closed their eyes before going to sleep, Andy tried to fall asleep with his wide open. Why, oh, why do you have to do everything backwards, Andy? Doesn't it get boring when everyone does everything the right way, Andy wonders? Sure, it comes as no surprise when people constantly act the same! What are we to do with this Backwards Andy? Should we send him away to Backwards Land?



Eesti Joonisfilm, 2005  
First edition 1980  
275 x 215 mm, hard cover, 51 pp  
ISBN: 9949130433

Translated to: **Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Finnish**  
Rights sold: **Spanish**

**Award:** 1983 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit



**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 Tallinn-film 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 more than 20 children's books and has a long history of collaboration with the children's magazine *Täheke*.

# Between Two Sounds

Written and illustrated by **Joonas Sildre**

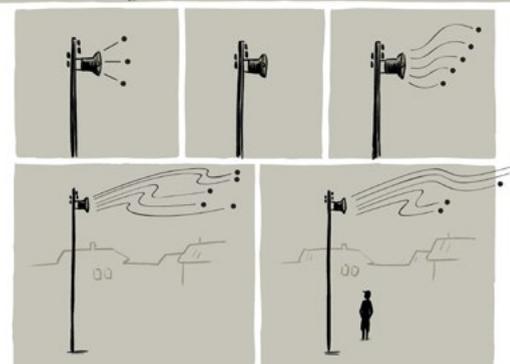
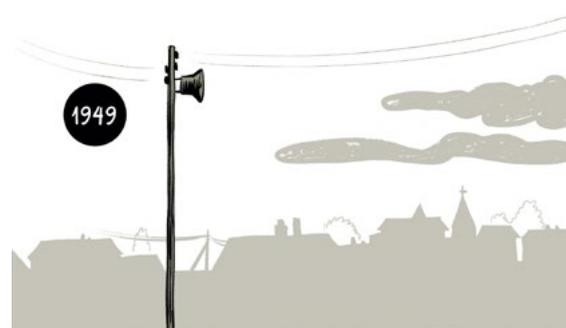
*Between Two Sounds* tells the story behind the music of the world-famous Estonian composer Arvo Pärt. It starts with Pärt's birth, moves through his youth and the kindling of his love of music, covers his musical education and early years as a composer, and gradually arrives at his retreat from the world as he searched for his own musical voice. The graphic novel also touches upon a universal artistic problem: the inability to fully express oneself through skills or a desired technique. The repression of Pärt's career under the Soviet regime eventually culminated in his forced emigration to the West.



Arvo Pärdi Keskus 2018  
206 x 268 mm, hard cover, 222 pp  
ISBN: 9789949887057

Rights sold: **German, Lithuanian, Hungarian, English, Finnish, Swedish**

**Awards:** 2020 Bologna Ragazzi Award, Comics – Young Adult, special mention • 2018 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, special price from Estonian National Library: The Golden Book • 2018 Nominee of the Annual Literature Award (free award) of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia



**Joonas Sildre** (1980) is a comic artist, illustrator, and graphic designer. He graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic design and works as a freelance artist. Sildre has illustrated 35 children's books and regularly contributes to the magazine *Mesimumm*. He teaches comic drawing in workshops and art schools, has compiled anthologies, and organises Estonian comics exhibitions. In 2013, he became a co-founder of the Estonian Comics Society.

# Comrade Kid and the Grown-ups

Written by **Leelo Tungal**  
Illustrated by **Urmas Viik**

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 any 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 sequels *Velvet and Sawdust*, and *A Woman's Touch*.

**Awards:** 2019 Baltic Assembly Prize in Literature • 2010 IBBY Honour List • 2008 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books, Certificate of Merit

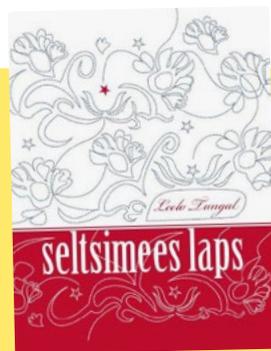


**Leelo Tungal** (1947) is a poet, children's author, and translator. She is the founder and served as a long-time editor-in-chief of the children's magazine *Hea Laps*. Tungal has written more than 90 prose and poetry books for children and young adults. She has received a multitude of honours and awards, including the IBBY Honour

List in 2010, the Baltic Assembly's Prize for Literature, and the Cultural Endowment of Estonia's Award for Children's Literature on two occasions. Her works are optimistic, communicate directly with the reader, and contain fluid storytelling and wit.



**Urmas Viik** (1961) graduated with a degree in graphic design from the Estonian Academy of Arts in 1991. He became a member of the Estonian Artists' Union in 1990. Since 2003, Viik has illustrated and designed over 30 books, some of which are on the IBBY Honour List. He has received the Order of the White Star state award (2022). And was nominated for the Edgar Valter Illustration Award (2021) and the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award (2019). Viik has worked in graphic design, and has been part of international and group exhibitions in more than 30 countries.



Tänapäev, 2008  
172 x 216 mm, hard cover, 216 pp  
ISBN: 9789985626245

Rights sold: **Finnish, German, Latvian, Lithuanian, Polish, Hungarian**

Film: *The Little Comrade*, 2018



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. "Helmes, 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. "Helmes 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..."

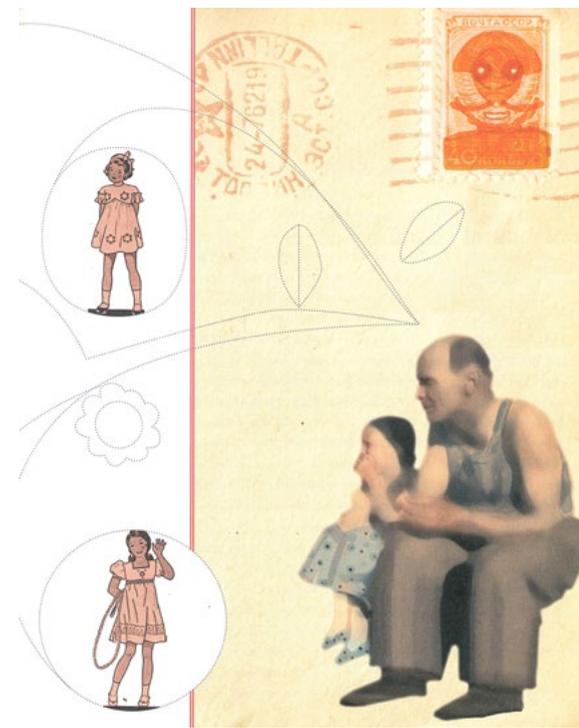
For a few moments, the kitchen was blanketed by a silence so deep that I could hear the sound of the old clock hanging on the wall of Grandpa's office: ti-ick, to-ock, ti-ick-to-ock...

"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. "Helmes 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..."



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Published by the Estonian Children's Literature Centre

Texts: Ulla Saar, Helena Kostenok, Jaanika Palm, Ülle Väljataga  
English translation: Adam Cullen, Ursula Põks, Nikky Smedley,  
Tony Allen, Külli Jacobson

Photos: Alar Madisson, Aldo Luud, Grethe Rõõm, Dmitri Kotjuh,  
Ingmar Muusikus, Piia Ruber, Kristjan Mõru, Liis Milk,  
Priit Grepp, Elina Sildre, Joonas Sildre

Cover illustrations: Ulla Saar and Anna Ring

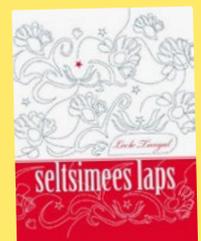
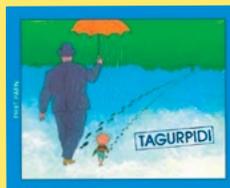
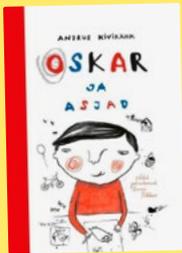
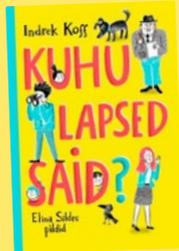
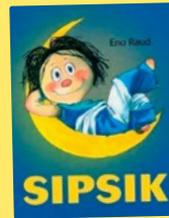
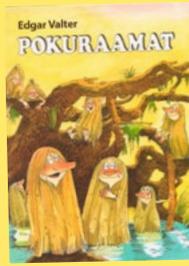
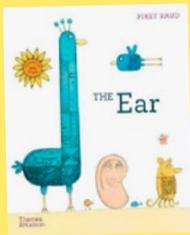
Graphic design: Stuudio Stuudio

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Printed in Estonia by Print Best

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ISBN 978-9916-9952-2-8



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