



Meg, Our Class, and I
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Age 8+

Miia-Maria just can't wait for the new school year to begin. Still, she can't possibly imagine how incredible second grade will turn out to be! Most of the excitement revolves around her new classmate: a spunky girl named Meg who has dark black skin. Together, the girls hunt for vampires, help undecided shoppers at the grocery store, go hiking, and have much more fun. All these things could be done alone, of course, but life is a blast when you have a best friend and wonderful classmates.



Reading sample

Meg studied the brown orbs and wrinkled up her nose, as if I'd brought dog doo-doo with me.

"What are those?" she asked curiously.

"Pâté balls."

"And why're you bringing them to school?" Meg pressed in disbelief.

"Today is Estonian National Foods Day," I reminded her. "Everybody had to bring a dish to share."

Before I could add anything, Meg's eyes widened in shock. Soon, tears were streaming down her cheeks. She had forgotten to tell her parents about National Foods Day. [...]

"I can't go to school today," Meg sobbed.

"I could give you some of my pâté balls," I offered.

"No, they're nasty. I don't want them," she refused, shaking her head.

The two of us stood at the bottom of the stairwell, looking dismal. Meg was bawling and I had no idea how to console her. A man wearing a fur hat stepped out of the building. He sat on the bench in front and cracked open a beer. The stranger took a couple of sips and stared at us.

"What're you crying for, girlie? It's only morning!" he said a little testily.

"I forgot!"

"Forgot what?" the man asked.

"I forgot my Estonian national food," Meg explained, sniffing. [...]

"Don't you be howling, now!" ordered the man. "More often than not, my fridge is so empty that you could move right into it. I don't go around crying about it, though, do I?!"

"But what should I do?" Meg demanded somewhat combatively.

"Make snowball soup!"

"What's that?" Meg stopped crying.

"Do you two really not know Estonian kids' own national dish?" the man scoffed, chuckling.

We both shook our heads. I would have proposed pancakes or crumble cake, but quickly realized that people probably eat those foods everywhere.

"Estonian kids' national food is snow!" the man bellowed before taking a long swig of beer.

We stared at him wide-eyed. Neither of us had ever heard anything like that before!

"All Estonians eat snow when they're kids," he explained. "I don't know nobody who didn't. Isn't that right?!"

Thinking hard, I nodded. At least everyone in our class had eaten snow before!

