



If I Were a Grandma
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Age 6+

If I were a grandma, then I'd be a sprightly little old lady. My heart would be big enough to fit each and every one of my grandchildren – all 77 of them, at least! And I'd have gigantic, burly muscles for tossing them all into the air at once. Still, my hands would be as soft as downy feathers so that whenever I comforted and caressed them, they'd know the problem would go away in seconds. I'd run around and roughhouse and play with my grandkids, tell them bedtime stories, and push them on the garden swing. They'd be as good as can be and would never get into trouble! And whenever I felt worn out and needed a break, I'd throw them the best party that 77 grandkids could ever dream of.



Translation sample

If I Were a Grandma

If I . . .

If I were a grandma, then . . .

Yes – if I were a grandma, then I'd be very beautiful and wise. I'd have pretty, gray hair and a ton of grandchildren. At least seventy-seven! They'd love me very much. Very, very much! I reckon that my grandkids would rank their own moms and dads first in order of importance, followed by me in a strong second. I'd love my grandchildren like crazy! My heart would have to grow very big, because it'd most certainly have to fit all seventy-seven. Not one could be left out!

I would be a charming, sprightly, active little old lady, and I'd giggle all the time because I'd find life so darn funny. But I'd be very strong as well because I'd go to circus practice regularly – circus makes you strong! My grandkids would never have to be afraid of anything when they were with me! My biceps would be so big that I could toss all my grandkids into the air at once when any had a birthday. So what that people usually only boost the birthday girl or boy? Everyone should have a good time on someone's birthday! And whenever I needed to hug all my grandchildren at the same time, my arms would stretch so long that . . . that they'd be at least two or three yards long. Or four! If a grandkid was ever feeling glum or had any worry at all, then my hands would be as soft and gentle as downy feathers and I'd stroke their head so they'd realize the problem would go away in no time. Maybe the grandkid would even start to laugh, because feathers can be awfully tickly!

How I'd Raise My Grandkids

If I were a grandma, then I'd raise my grandkids so well that they wouldn't even realize I was helping them grow. They'd always listen because they'd love me and understand that I know how things work, and know a whole lot of things in general. I'd be like their teacher! Now that I think about it, I reckon I'd sometimes listen to what they had to say because my grandkids would be very, very smart and would also have a pretty good handle on the way things work. Every time they got ready to go home, I'd be amazed by how much we'd grown in the time they were here. Not taller or wider,

but kind of a little . . . more mature.

Sometimes my grandkids would pitch a fit, and I'd let them pitch it until they'd finished. I might even pitch a fit along with them, because pitching a fit alone is really no fun. It wouldn't be a very bad one, though, because a room packed with kids pitching fits is actually a pretty funny picture and we'd realize it ourselves before long, too. By the end, we'd be laughing so hard that our bellies hurt. It'd even be a little hard to breathe after that sort of good old laugh!

My grandkids would want to spend some time on their phones and computers every day. I wouldn't be all that interested, because I'd be a grandma and grandmas don't like phones and computers very much. It'd be a bit of a shame, of course, because I do like the thing that replaces your face with a cat head. That's hilarious! All in all, I'd have a lot of other fun and interesting things to do and wouldn't regret it at all. What's more, my grandkids would soon see that spending time with me was much more fun and interesting. They'd help me do trapeze tricks and juggle clubs and learn to walk a tightrope. But whenever I got tired from climbing around and doing other circus stuff (even I would get tired every now and then), I'd sit in my rocking chair and read old books or think about all the incredible things I'd done over my life and how I might tell my grandkids about them.

At night, I'd always tuck my grandkids into bed. I'd tell them such exciting bedtime stories that they'd fall asleep right in the middle of each and every one. The only problem would be that they'd never find out how the stories end . . . After I'd finished, I'd give them each a goodnight kiss on the cheek. Goodnight kisses are a very important part of raising children.

School

If I were a grandma, then I'd want to play school with my grandkids every once in a while. I know they'd probably want to take a break from studying, but how can I help liking school so much?

Our classes would be a little different from those in a regular school. We'd learn really interesting things like how to comb dogs and cats, make clothes for paper dolls, eat hamburger and mashed potatoes, invent special wheels and all kinds of other useful objects, build sandcastles, and remember our dreams. The best class of all would be weightlessness, which would be at the very same time as reading. Every kid would float around the

room holding their favorite book. It would be a wonderfully nice and quiet time.

PE would always be outside, and the real name of the class would be "circus". We'd pull all the circus stuff we needed out of a big top hat and something unexpected would appear every time. That means we'd never know what was going to be taught beforehand! Whenever the top hat gave us nothing at all, we'd all just form pyramids. One by one, all my grandkids would climb onto my back, and by the time the last one clambered up, we'd have a pyramid at least three hundred feet tall. The tiniest grandkid on the very top might even see as far as the Eiffel Tower! Afterward, they'd tell us everything they'd seen way up high.

I'd be our school's teacher, of course. And I'd be a very good one. I'd be such a good teacher that when class had to end, all the girls would cry and the boys would have sad frowns on their faces. It'd be like my big sister's grade school graduation, only my grandkids would know that we could just start school all over again the very next day if we wanted!

