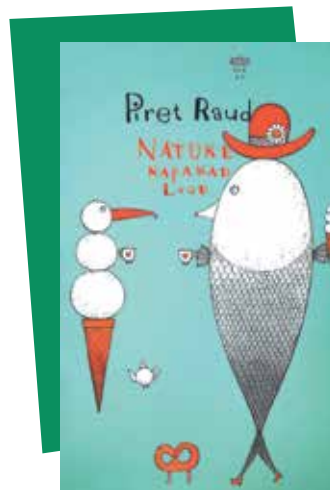
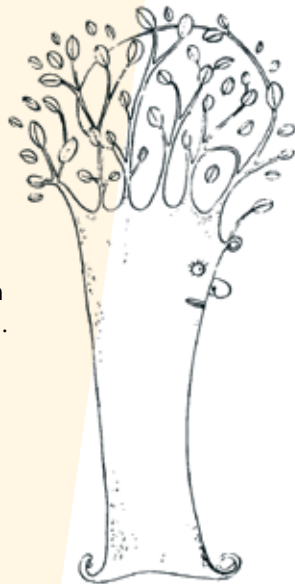


**Piret Raud**

ESTONIA

**Piret Raud** (1971) is the most successful contemporary Estonian children's writer and illustrator. She graduated from the Estonian Academy of Arts in graphic arts, and initially set off on the same path. After trying her hand at writing, Raud has since become the most renowned and widely-translated children's author in Estonia. She has written 22 titles (six 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 both at home and abroad. She was included on the 2012 IBBY Honour List as a writer and in 2018 as an illustrator; in the 2010 and 2013 White Ravens catalogue; and was awarded the Estonian Order of the White Star, IV Class in 2016.

I illustrated other authors' books for ten years, until one moment I decided to try my own hand at writing. I took part in a children's manuscript competition and won. The manuscript became a book, which unexpectedly received very good reception. The path towards writing was opened. I truly enjoy my work. Room for goodness, for humour and happy endings can be found in children's books. It is immensely revitalising and pleasant to spend a little bit of time every day in a friendly world of my own creation.



## Slightly Silly Stories

Illustrated by the author  
Tänapäev 2012, 92 pp  
ISBN: 9789949271542  
fiction, storybook  
Age: 6+  
Rights sold: French, Lithuanian,  
Polish, Slovenian, Ukrainian

**Awards:**  
2015 *Lire ici et là*, France  
2012 Good Children's Book



The book contains 32 slightly silly stories about all sorts of occurrences. There is a girl who fibs and fibs; a princess who loves killing dragons more than anything else; an obedient soldier who does everything his general commands (until he ultimately ends up on the Moon!); and a carrot that has a strange dream about being a cabbage, which has a dream about being a carrot, which has a dream about being a butterfly, which has a dream about being a carrot in turn!



Piret Raud's tales, which are chock full of absurdity and written in a warm, humorous tone, take a stock of life's more unexpected facets.



Illustrated by the author  
 Tänapäev 2014, 99 pp  
 ISBN: 9789949276233  
 fiction, storybook  
 Age: 6+  
 Rights sold: French, Occitan,  
 Polish

## Me, Mum, and our Friends of All Sorts

Taavi and his mother live alone on the fourth storey of a big apartment building. In addition to his mother, Taavi has a lively sense of imagination, a strong grandmother, and an impressive collection of friends. Take for example Uku, who wants to be a dog when he grows up; Mia, who has a fly into her head; Aunt Masha, who catches rubbish with a butterfly net, and Uncle Jaanus, who is drowning in his own deep thoughts.



## The Story of Sander, Muri, the Eensy Mum, and the Invisible Aksel

Illustrated by the author  
 Tänapäev 2015, 99 pp  
 ISBN: 9789949278176  
 fiction, storybook  
 Age: 8+  
 Rights sold: French, Hungarian, Italian,  
 Korean, Latvian

**Awards:**  
 2015 Annual Children's Literature  
 Award of the Cultural Endowment of  
 Estonia  
 2015 Good Children's Book



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

Aksel, the colourful Uncle Allan, and a society of ladies who are obsessed with their teddy bears.



# The Story of the Little House Who Wanted to Be a Home

Illustrated by the author  
Tänapäev 2018, 28 pp  
ISBN: 9789949853229  
fiction, picturebook  
Age: 3+  
Rights sold: French, Chinese,  
Russian, Lithuanian

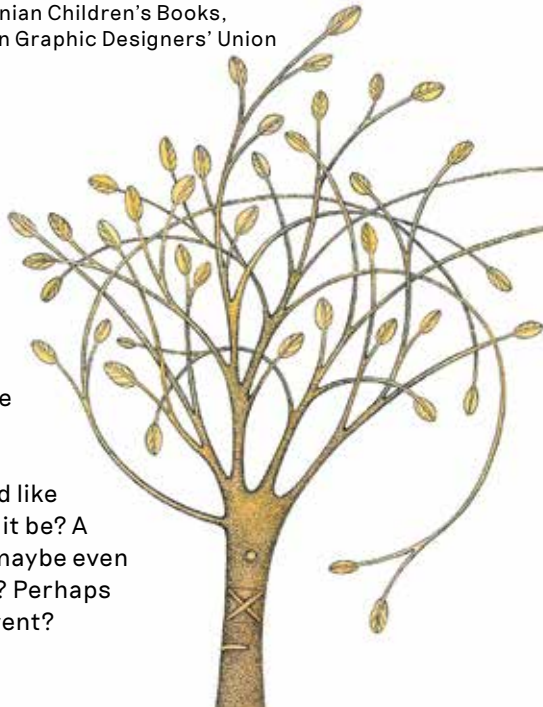


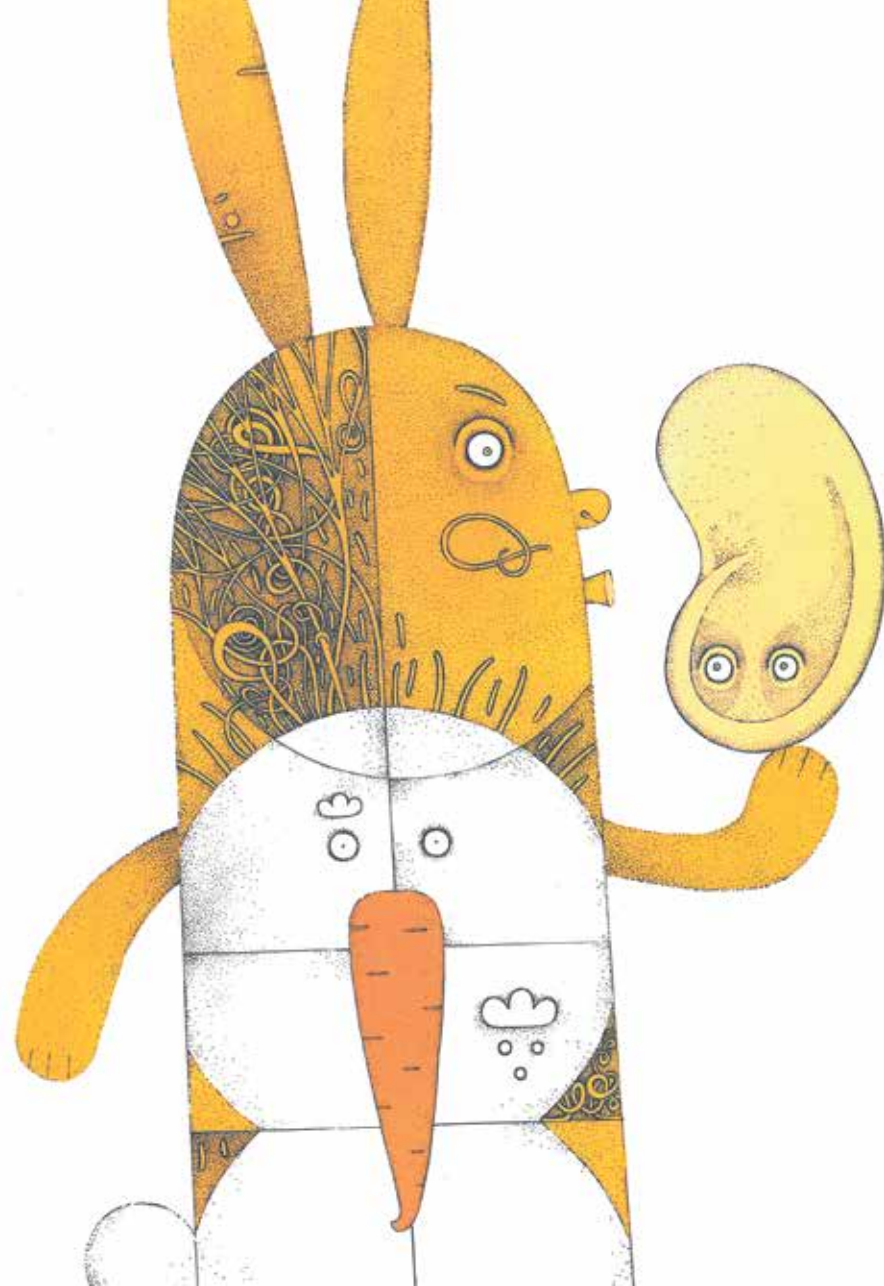
## Awards:

2018 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books,  
special prize of the Estonian Graphic Designers' Union  
2018 Good Children's Book



Deep in the countryside lives an empty little house. She is lonely and sad and would dearly like to be someone's home. One day, she decides to find someone who would like to live in her. Who could it be? A dog? A fish? A bird? Or maybe even the homeless man, Jim? Perhaps someone entirely different?





## The Ear

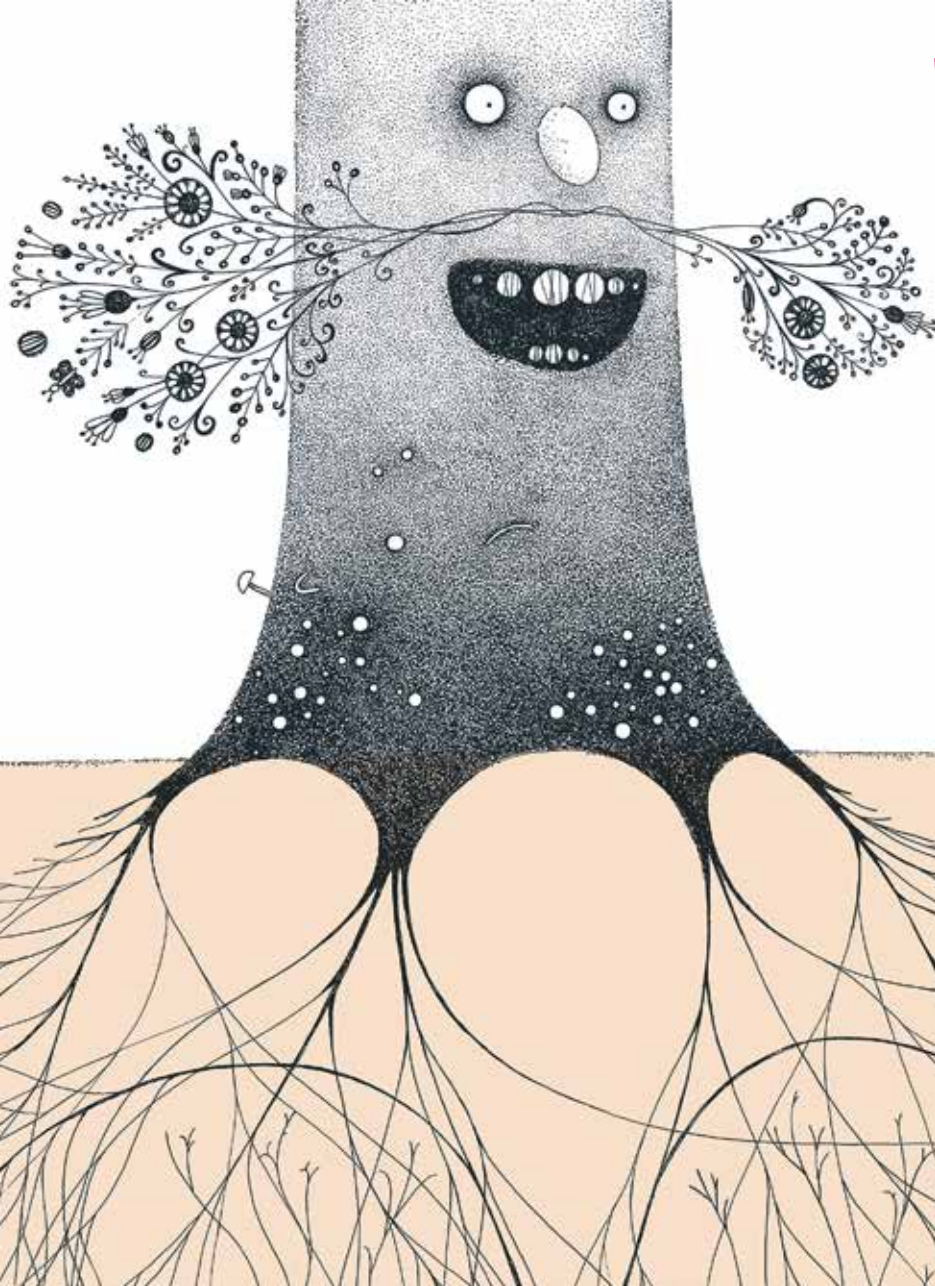
Illustrated by the author  
Tänapäev 2019, 32 pp  
ISBN: 9789949853908  
fiction, picturebook  
Age: 3+  
Rights sold: English, German,  
Latvian, Polish, Slovenian,  
Croatian, Korean

### Awards:

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

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



## The Rooted Garden

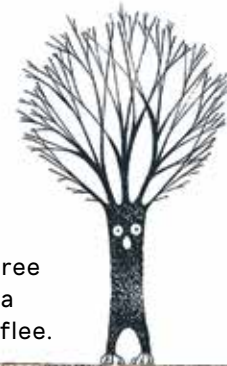
Illustrated by the author  
Tõnis Kalme 2020, 46 pp  
ISBN: 9789949857098  
fiction, picturebook  
Age: 5+  
Right sold: French, Korean,  
Russian

### Awards:

2020 Annual Children's Literature Award of the  
Cultural Endowment of Estonia, nominee  
2020 Good Children's book

Once, a little tree was growing in a big forest. The tree enjoyed being around others like him. But one day a chainsaw arrived, and the little tree was forced to flee.

After an arduous journey, he came to a wondrous garden with long, smooth paths, and very unusual flowers and trees that grew in orderly rows. All of them had deep roots. "That's what counts the most," they told the little tree. They allowed him to stay in their wondrous garden, but only if he swept away everything rootless. What choice did the little tree have, especially when the big birch threatened to whip him otherwise? Soon, a bird landed in the garden – one who believed that roots are not what matters most, but something else entirely.





## The Sea

Illustrated by the author

Tänapäev 2021, 32 pp

ISBN: 9789949859689

picturebook, fiction

Age: 4+

Rights sold: English, German,  
Slovenian



Mother Sea loves her family and everyone in it—the fish, the starfish, the turtles, the worms—and her family loves her back. The only problem is, they are so loud! So, the Sea takes a vacation to clear her head and enjoy some peace and quiet. In her absence, the fish run amok, loving their newfound freedom, but they soon realise that their favourite part of the day is missing: there is no one to read them a bedtime story! Enter a very naughty cat with ill intentions who promises to read to them. Once the sea animals realise their mistake, their tears bring their mother back and she promises to teach them to read so they can always enjoy a bedtime story.

Piret Raud

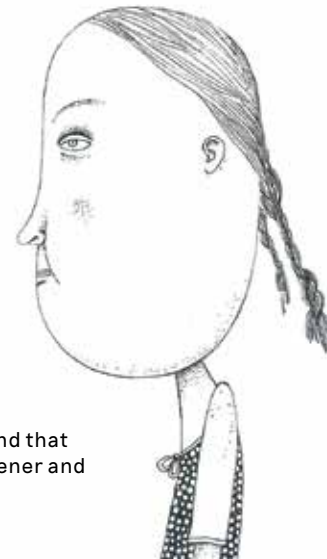
## Sander / Strange Happenings

From The Story of Sander, Muri, the Eensy Mum, and the Invisible Aksel

In truth, odd things started happening with Mum a little earlier. But even so, I didn't know back then to pay closer attention when the dishes she set out to dry constantly fell to the floor and shattered, or when she stuck the sugar bowl in the freezer instead of putting it on a shelf in the kitchen, or when she forgot to put on her scarf and gloves when she went outside on a blizzardy winter day, or when she gave me an allowance three times bigger than usual. Still, when Mum started to shrink every day, then we couldn't overlook the strange situation anymore.

My mum has never really been gigantic—she's always been rather short, but just in comparison with other mothers. Now, even the smallest-sized women's clothing hung on her like big potato sacks, and her foot only filled her regular walking shoes halfway.

One day when I came home from school, I found that Mum had shrunk to the size of a kindergartener and





was sitting in the living room with our good friend, Uncle Allan. And that's when she told us:

"I'm sick.

"Everything will be just fine, and I'll get better again soon," she said, wiping away tears and smiling bravely, "but to do that, a month from now, I'll have to go to the hospital, where I'm going to have an operation."

After saying this, she shrank another ten centimetres or so.

"Actually, I'm afraid," she whispered, wringing a handkerchief in her lap.

Uncle Allan, who was sitting in our old armchair and eating leftover blueberry pie, stared at Mum in astonishment, and seemed like he was taken aback. No, he looked downright horrified! He was staring at Mum like she was a nasty, fire-breathing dragon!

Uncle Allan set his pie-plate on the coffee table and shook his head slowly.

"You know..." he said, "this is all too much for me." He stood up and walked to the foyer.

"I feel awfully bad that you're sick, Meeli," he mumbled as he put on his coat, "but I've got a lot of other problems at the moment, and I simply don't have it in me to get into all of this. I hope your recovery goes well, from the bottom of my heart!"

He picked up his accordion with one hand, waved goodbye with the other, and trotted out the door.

Mum apparently hadn't expected Uncle Allan's fast exit. I'm absolutely sure that she would have liked him to stay with us and tell her "Don't be afraid!" or "Chin up!" or something else encouraging. But he didn't.

Mum stood in the foyer, staring at the door as it fell shut, and shrank smaller and smaller. You could see it happening with your own eyes. I'd say that she was getting a centimetre shorter with every second.

Before long, she only came up to my waist; a few seconds later, she was as high as my knees; and then, her head barely came above my socks. I was totally shocked to see it happening. I was at a dreadful loss for what to do, so at last resort, I picked her up carefully from the floor like a teensy-tiny kitten, and blew on her gently—just like Mummy had blown on my stubbed toes or scraped-up knees hundreds of times before.



"Candle burn and magic mend, make our mummy better again!" I recited, casting a magic spell.

Strangely, it did have a little bit of an effect—Mum stopped shrinking. She stood there on the palm of my hand, about as big as a Lego-person, and smiled sadly. She wrapped herself up in the handkerchief that she was still holding on to (but which was now, compared to her, as enormous as a bedsheet), and said:

"Of course I'll get better, Sander! I just have to!"

Excerpt translated by Adam Cullen





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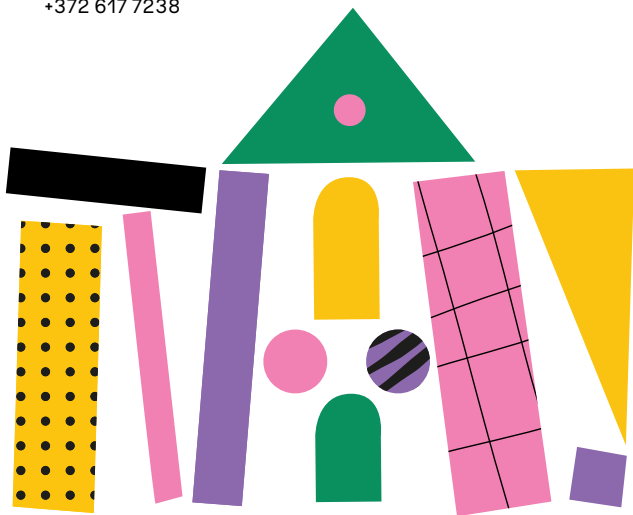


Photo: Ingrid Maasik