

Heiki Vilep



LUCY

and madhouse canteen

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**Lucy and
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Duke Tim and Edward-Ed



Two and a half year old William was standing, hands on his hips, and stamping his foot on the ground:

“I am Tim! I’m no William!”

As soon as William had stopped pooping at an angle and learned to walk, he started to call himself Tim. His name was Tim and that was it.

Madeline thought that Tim would become a duke one day. Back in the old times, dukes used to be really important and rich men.

“But why a duke?” Granny asked Madeline.

“Because a friend of Dad’s gave William this name, and this friend is a real duke, honestly! Dad himself went to the duke to get a name for William.”



“Is William going to inherit all of duke’s fortune once the duke dies?” Granny asked.

“No,” Madeline said. “Only a half of it, because Dad forgot about the surname.”

There was a yellow cat with a very fluffy coat listening in to their conversation. The cat was called Edward Norton and he was a very important cat. He came from Persia and his face was completely flat.

“In Persia, they used to put a shovel in front of a running cat’s face,” her brother Andy had told.



“And when they had been running against the shovel for a hundred years, they started to have kittens with flat faces.”



Of course, Andy's tales had to be taken with a grain of salt, as they were usually just cock-and-bull stories.

Once it happened that Edward Norton

continued in book...

Madhouse canteen



“Die, you dog!” Andy yelled after killing an enormous and ugly beast in a computer game. He quit the game and started to listen to heavy rock music, waving his arms above his head, with two fingers stretched out.



At the same time, Lucy was trying to practice the piano and Madeline jumped down on the floor from the upper bunk. Little Tim just shouted at the top of his lungs and tried to cover the entire floor with toys. Ed was running after Madeline and ran Tim over every once in a while.

Mum came to the door and mumbled to herself: “My God, this is a total madhouse canteen.”

Then Lucy came up with an idea.

“You know what?” she told Andy and Madeline once Mum was gone. “If we have a madhouse canteen here, we could might as well go crazy ourselves!”

“I am crazy already!” Andy announced and started twisting and turning his neck.

“Me too!” shouted Madeline, jumped down the bunk bed with a loud bump and put her tongue out.



“Let’s play that we’re actually crazy!” Lucy said.

“Let’s talk crazy stuff and act crazy.”

When they sat at the dinner table, Andy started. He let the saliva drip from his mouth to his chin and turned his eyes inside out.

“I’m a floor mop,” he said, slurping saliva back into his mouth.

“Stop acting silly, at least at the table,” Mum got annoyed.

Madeline took a spoonful of curd and didn’t manage to put it in her mouth three times in a row.

Now Mum and Dad started to realize that something was not quite right here...

Continued in book...

Lucy, Madeline and Tim become famous writers



Recently Lucy had been dreaming about becoming a writer. And not just any writer but a very famous one. She had a whole pile of stories gathered in the drawer. She had tied the sheets with a pretty red ribbon. This was her first book.



That evening, Lucy finished her last story. She invited the entire family to the living room, had them sitting on the couch and armchairs and made an important announcement:

“Hello, beloved guests and other book lovers. I have the honour of opening the presentation of Lucy’s first book. You are about to hear my latest story which is so fresh that if it were a tomato, you could eat it straight away.” Beloved guests and other book lovers applauded. Lucy cleared her

throat and started:

“Believe it or not, but a very strange story happened to me.



I was a little bit late for my singing lesson and so I was afraid to open the door. I thought I would do it quickly, so it would be easier. So I pulled the door open suddenly and closed it behind me. But, oh dear! What did I see? All the pupils were strangers! And if you'd seen what they were wearing! All had identical dark blue uniforms and faces covered with ink. The boys had short hair like soldiers and all the

children were wearing some kind of badges.



“Go to your seat,” the teacher told me and pointed at my seat. When I rolled to my desk with my roller shoes, everyone was craning their neck and looking at me as if I were an alien.

“Geez, she’s on wheels,” a girls with a thick braid whispered at the first desk. And I kept on rolling and rolling, back and forth, until I rose up in the air. I circled around under the ceiling and even rolled

on the ceiling for a while. Then the teacher said that they had nice children in class and rolling on the ceiling during the lesson was not allowed.



Then I sat down at my desk, next to a boy who

looked a little familiar, I might have seen him in photos somewhere. The boy stuck his tongue out from the corner of his mouth and crossed his eyes.



“You’re really silly,” I said.

Then the teacher said: “Now, children, let’s sing this song that we learned last time:

“Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way...”

I sang along in a loud voice because I had learned this song already ages ago...

Continued in book...

Millionaires Lucy and Madeline



“Everyone keeps on saying that there’s not enough money,” Madeline thought one morning. “How can there not be enough money when you can print it? You can print more money, just like cinema tickets. You could give everyone a bagful of money and they would all be happy!”

“Yes, you can print it, but that doesn’t mean money is given to everyone,” Lucy explained.



“Money is given for work. Or something, I don’t really know that well either.”

“But let’s make a lot of money for ourselves!” Madeline suggested. “Let’s make a huge pile of money! And then let’s play that we are very rich

people!”

“But we can’t buy anything for the money we’ve made ourselves,” Lucy hesitated.

“It doesn’t matter, as long as we have loads of money and we feel really good about ourselves!”

Now Lucy started to like this idea of making money.

“I know a way we can have loads and loads of money!” she looked at Madeline cunningly.

“Yes?” Madeline was all excited.



“Let’s get these old newspapers from the shed and let’s cut banknotes out of them!”

So that's what they did – got a several packs of newspapers from the shed and started cutting them. “Put tenners here,” Lucy showed Madeline, looking all important, “hundred notes here and five hundred notes here.” Madeline kept on cutting and Lucy wrote numbers on the money. Then it was Lucy's turn to cut and Madeline's to write.



In the beginning, Tim was observing everything

calmly but once the banknotes were covering the entire floor, he tried to mix the stacks with his foot. The girls gave up on stopping him because eventually everything would have been mixed anyway. In an hour, they had blisters on their thumbs from all this cutting.

“Making money is quite hard,” Madeline figured. “I should be wearing gloves.”

Continued in book...

Heiki Vilep



Occupation: freelance writer

Date of birth: 27 March 1960 (in Tartu)

Education: Tartu X Secondary School, Estonian Agricultural Academy (Electrification), National University of Tartu (Mathematics), Tallinn Pedagogical Institute (Mathematics)

Membership: Estonian Writers' Union, Estonian Literary Society, Estonian Authors' Society, Estonian Performers Association, Estonian Parents Union

Heiki Vilep represents the Estonian new children's literature which during the last ten years has gone through numerous significant changes and developments.

These developments include the progress of information technology and visual media which tends to dominate over traditional literature.

Estonian children's literature has recovered from the low point it experienced in the nineties. The upheaval is characterised by an increase in the number of original publications and improvement in the quality and design of publications. Children's literature which is supposed to associate with ethical, aesthetic and social development of young

generations has become a part of an entertainment industry called children's culture. One cannot become a successful children's writer without realising and following this development.

In this thesis I observe the extraliterary factors influencing the development of new Estonian children's literature. The development of re-independence time Estonian children's literature is characterised by the domination of translated literature which introduced the market with badly translated and edited yet colourful books. It became evident that for a book's success it does not only have to be well written but also well designed.

Modeled on colourful translated books of western origin Heiki Vilep's books for children have always had high quality colour illustrations. Publishing children's books with superior illustrations has always been one of his foremost aims. Heiki Vilep is also the first children's writer to open his own homepage on the Internet, a fact that has greatly increased his popularity among children of the Internet generation.

In addition to these extraliterary features Heiki Vilep is also quite simply a talented children's writer. He has written prose and poetry; realistic

and fantasy stories. His poems are humorous and have excellent punchlines but he is also an appreciated lyrical poet. His main goal is to create joy. Heiki Vilep's perception of the world is a source of joy. He has created a bright, harmonic, and secure world where the relations between parents and children are always good. Vilep's fantasy stories have been created with didactic purpose; for example they teach children to appreciate silence or how not to be afraid of darkness.

Heiki Vilep's most popular realistic stories are Liisu stories. They describe the world through the eyes of a little girl, Liisu. Through doing that the author enables the reader to become one with the fictional child in the narrator's position. The main prototypes for Heiki Vilep's characters are his children. His stories are mainly addressed to children 5-10 years of age but they are also provide a pleasant reading for adults. Vilep's literature is always printed in capital letters in order to be more accessible for children who are learning to read.

Heiki Vilep's books are written from a child's viewpoint. He uses childish language and naïve style. In his poetry the important facets are the ideas

and moods not experiments in rhyme and rhythm. Heiki Vilep is an author who has had considerable influence over development of Estonian children's literature scene. Humorous contents and attractive packaging appeals to children who may have previously shunned reading.

I would like to express the hope that with this thesis I have managed to analyse and record the development of one of the Estonia's future children's literature classic authors.

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