

Heiki Vilep LUCY



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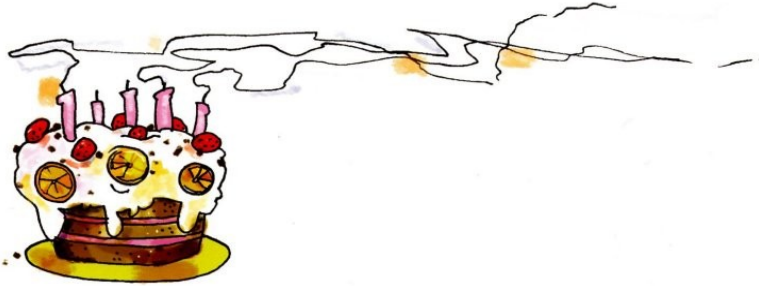
Pooting Joseph and the rest of the family



It was a wonderful morning. The sunshine that was coming in through the window had heated up the yellow carpet so that it was quite warm. Lucy stretched her legs down from the upper bunk. There was absolutely no doubt in the fact that home was the best place in the world, she thought.



And besides, it had been her birthday a little while ago, and she had already turned four years old.



“You’re a big girl now!” Granny had said.
“A really big girl!” Grandpa had agreed.



On the lower bunk there was her eight-year-old brother Andy, sleeping with his mouth open.



Lucy climbed down the ladder, stepping on the sun-warm carpet, bended over Andy and tickled his brother's tongue with her finger.



Andy gently bit her baby sister's finger and gently pulled her hair.



“Ouch! This isn’t fair!” Lucy complained, although it didn’t really hurt.

“When a person sleeps, it’s holy,” Andy announced.

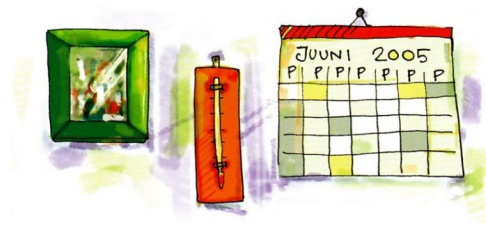
“What does holy mean?” Lucy pretended not to understand anything. Andy thought about it for a while and replied:

“Well, my sleep. My sleep is what’s holy.”

“Does that mean that holidays are the days when Andy wants to sleep long?”

“That’s right.” Andy was very pleased with Lucy’s explanation.

“But that means that every day is a holiday!”



There was also a tiny crawling bundle in the family called Madeline.



Madeline could not yet walk or talk. But she was by far the happiest and calmest member of the family; maybe even of the entire town. Madeline could sometimes spend an hour or even longer playing all by herself. She tugged her teddy bears and bunnies, turned the wheels of her toy cars and tore the already clumpy hair of her dolls.



While doing that she was speaking something in a language that only she could understand, and sometimes even scolded.

“Madeline is quite a positive little girl,” Dad would often say.



They could hear clatter of dishes from the kitchen and that could only mean one thing – soon it was time for breakfast. Their large black cat Joseph who had slept at Andy’s feet raised his head for a second and sniffed the air. His face looked as if he wanted to say: “It’s too early. I will lie down for a little bit more.”



“Yes, it will take a little bit more time,” Andy assured, just as if Joseph had said his thoughts out loud.

“Breakfast time!” Mum called out from the kitchen. Joseph was the first one to reach the kitchen. Joseph was more like a dog for the

family, wise and calm. He slept at Andy's feet and growled at strangers.

Joseph's green bowl was in the corner by the stove and he usually licked it very clean.

"So what are we doing today?" Mum asked once everyone had sat at the table. Dad looked at Andy and little Lucy.



"I think that today is the perfect day to hold

one mighty ice cream party!”

“Ice cream party! Ice cream party!” Lucy cheered and almost fell from her chair.



Lucy was a restless and cheerful little girl.

Granny used to say:

“There is no way of keeping this girl still in a barrel or a bag!”

Andy had imagined Lucy being in a barrel and the barrel was shaking and in the end the staves fell apart and Lucy would be standing joyously, hands on her hips, among the broken barrel staves. It was quite a fine way of putting it, Andy thought.



“But we are going to have an ice-cream party

on the condition that you finish your breakfast first,” Mum said.

“Then there won’t be any room left for ice-cream in our bellies,” Lucy argued.

“Sure there will,” Mum said.

“Then I will blow up like a ball and roll down the hill into the river,” Lucy figured.



“Yes,” Andy said, “and I get to play football

with you.”

“Now go on eating and stop chatting at the table!” Mum admonished.

Joseph was the first one to finish, as always, and climbed to Andy’s lap. This is the way cats are – they are full but still climb to ask for another treat.



Sometimes Andy secretly gave him a couple of mouthfuls, especially if it was something that he himself didn’t like.

“The cat is at the table again!” scolded Mum.

“Get off quickly! Shoo!” She was already reaching for the towel to shoo Joseph away but the cat had already got the point and landed on the floor under the table with a loud bump.



Nobody knew exactly whether cats actually had their revenge when they were threatened with a kitchen towel but Joseph must have done. Because every time he was shooed off the table he started pooting under the table. And when they say that cats don't poot then don't believe a word they say! They do poot, sometimes even out loud. Anyway, Joseph was

one of the best pooters among all the cats in the world.

“My god, I can’t take it anymore,” Mum gasped. “It’s a total nightmare!”

Dad grabbed Joseph and threw him into the hall. Now Joseph’s feelings were hurt exactly until lunch time.



This was like this every morning and they were so used to it that after finishing their meal they had all forgotten about it.



Ice cream party



Dad tapped his foot against the car tyre and muttered something to himself. For some reason he called their beautiful red car a cupboard on wheels. Andy also tapped the tyre with his foot but didn't dare to call the car a cupboard.



Anyway, Lucy was totally in love with their red round Volkswagen and when Dad and Andy

kicked the car tyre again, she sighed:
“Our beautiful creepy-crawly!”
“Beetle!” Andy corrected her. “Beetle, not a
creepy-crawly!”
“Cupboard!” Dad added. “A cupboard on
wheels!”



This is how they got going to the ice cream party. Dad was sitting behind the wheel, Andy and Lucy climbed to the back seat. Baby

Madeline stayed home with Mum because she was too little to know how to behave in a café. Joseph also stayed home because he couldn't even behave under the breakfast table...

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.

Eike Metspalu (baccalaureus artium)