



### **The Story of Somebody Nobodysdaughter's Father**

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This is a fantasy-rich story about the adventurous journey Somebody Nobodysdaughter, who lives together with her mother in a little seaside village. When others make fun of Somebody Nobodysdaughter for not having a father, the little girl decides to go looking for him, and asks her mother to pack her some food to take along. The journey is long and winding – across innumerable mountains and deep rivers, over fishing bridges and the whole heavens with only a little magic pouch, good luck, and wise escorts to help her on her way. It turns out that the father of Somebody Nobodysdaughter – Nobody – is somebody, about whom people everywhere are able to tell exciting and very mysterious tales.

#### **Awards:**

2012 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books  
2012 Good Children's Book



## Reading sample

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After school the following day and the day after that, and the one after that, and the next day and the next day and the next, Somebody Nobodysdaughter went into the workroom and out came the very same sounds of chiselling and building. When finally she emerged on the evening of the sixth day, she was carrying something made from every imaginable kind of material - plywood, cardboard, old book covers, driftwood she'd found on the beach, metal from tin cans, match-cases, buttons, shoelaces - the something was a house several storeys high, almost as high as she was tall, with a wave of large, glittering flowers cut from tin in bloom at the front. Each storey had one or two rooms in which the doll's furniture she already had and a few extra things she had made herself were arranged, and throughout the house there were pictures of Somebody Nobodysdaughter and her Dad. Somebody Nobodysdaughter and her Dad eating at the table. Somebody Nobodysdaughter and her Dad in the living room watching TV. Somebody Nobodysdaughter and her Dad reading a book. Somebody Nobodysdaughter and her Dad asleep in bed under the flower-patterned quilt, or rather lying in bed, eyes open, with smiling faces.

"Goodness gracious me! What's all this?"

Mum could not contain her astonishment.

"Did you really not know that I was building a house?"

"How could I?"

"Did you really not sneak in while I was at school to see what I was building in there?"

"No. I thought you must have something important to get on with and that you'd show me when you'd finished."

"Aha! Well, just look at this! I've built a house for me and Dad to live in together. I can live with you here in this house and with Dad in this other house and we can all have our own lives. Look, Mum, I've made a kitchen and this thing from match-cases here, here's a stove where we can cook our food. And this is the living room and here's our own little TV and comfy chairs and dining table for when we have visitors. And here's the workshop and study, look, here's our workbench, I couldn't make tools small enough but I put pictures I cut out from a catalogue on the wall and they look almost real, don't they? And I couldn't make two bedrooms because I couldn't build another floor on top, but it doesn't matter if me and Dad sleep in the same room does it? And here in the bedroom our eyes are open because we haven't got any pictures where our eyes are shut and I couldn't scribble the eyes out. And outside the front door I made a flowerbed and there are all sorts of flowers growing there.

And now me and Dad have our own house and we won't get all your things in a mess when we've got something of our own."

"No, you definitely won't."

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The first day was no picnic. Once she had reached the crests of the high hills, the climbing became slightly easier, but it was windier, making Somebody Nobodysdaughter fasten the straps of her hat firmly under her chin. Eastwards, she had to go ever eastwards, meaning that she now had to cross all the hills that loomed before her, one after another in a mass. There was nothing for it, and with a little help from a song she put her best foot forward.

It was almost exactly lunchtime when Somebody Nobodysdaughter reached the top of one particular hill, ran down and found herself in a pleasant spot shielded from the wind. She put her hat and gloves on a rock to sit on and took her food out of her bag. For the first day Mum had even made pancakes for the journey as well, and she tucked into them now. She licked her fingers clean of butter and sugar, and smeared the remaining stickiness on her trousers, took her mug from the bag strap and followed a burbling sound to look for some water.

Back at the rock warmed by the sun, Somebody Nobodysdaughter remembered the pouch that Mum had put in her jacket. Even though it was tied at the top with string, it wasn't particularly big. "You can open this in an emergency if there's nothing else you can do, but only if there's really nothing else you can do," Mum had said. Somebody Nobodysdaughter weighed the pouch in her hand; it was made from leather, neither heavy nor light; she squeezed it gently, felt along the edges trying to work out what could be inside, it wasn't something round, it wasn't something square, she pulled at the tie a bit, but then a rock rolled down from somewhere up above and distracted her. When she went to investigate there was no-one to be seen.

That day Somebody Nobodysdaughter climbed up another hill and down again, and then up another and down again. She examined the moss on top of a large rock and corrected her course. When she skilfully scaled the high ridges, she felt as if she could see the whole world at once – on one side snow glistened in beautiful temptation, on another gleamed the sea beguiling as a whale, on the third shone a lake like a bright blue reverie and on the fourth side the land puffed out steam like the breath of Mother-Earth. At sunset, just as she was walking along a ridge over the fourth hill, the sun shone straight on her back and began to set. It was time to stop for the night. She took a few dozen

more steps forward and turned; there, standing tall before her was a house decorated with slender columns that stretched heavenward from the surface of the earth. Somebody Nobodysdaughter listened; the wind was blowing gently, it stroked her hair and cheeks. She closed her eyes and carried on listening. All was quiet and still, the only movement was the gentle wind caressing her cheeks. She could stay here in the night cabin. She searched for a little spot in front of the pillars protected from the cold night wind, got everything ready for the night and laid the tables. One, on a larger rock, for herself, and the other, on a smaller rock, for visitors. Everybody got something of everything and it wasn't long before a powerful weariness overcame the brave little traveller and forced her to creep into her sleeping bag. "Goodnight, have a good sleep, sweet dreams, sleep well!" whispered Somebody Nobodysdaughter before closing her eyes. And straight away she fell asleep.

The more deeply Somebody Nobodysdaughter slept, the deeper and deeper she fell. She had already fallen below the tall, church-like columns, she had already fallen below the ridge of the hill, she had already fallen so deep into the hill that her eyes could no longer really make anything out. And yet she fell further and further, until she reached a brightly lit room decorated with pillars where there were long tables readied for supper, bowed down by all kinds of honey drinks and fruits

from the south that smelled impossibly delicious. Somebody Nobodysdaughter landed right in the middle of the most central table, between the jugs of honey drink. No sooner had it struck her how lucky it was that she was so small and hadn't knocked anything over than she found herself among a bustling of beautiful, slender young ladies in long, fair garments, just like ones she had seen in pictures. They weren't talking to her directly and she sensed they were using their own distinctive language of flutterings, rustlings and bustlings to communicate among themselves; she had been lifted off the table and carried to a side room where her eyes were bathed, her hair combed and braided with silken ribbons, and she was dressed in beautiful light garments. She was then guided back to the banqueting hall which was now teeming with people of all sizes who all appeared to know each other and communicated eagerly in all the languages of their world that Somebody Nobodysdaughter had never heard before. Because she was so small, no-one took any special notice of her, the gracious ladies guided her to her place, and she sat down. And just one moment later the men and women rose to their feet in a rustling and hovered by their seats. Through one of the grand engraved doors leading to the hall there came the most beautiful being ever seen by any eyes, living or dead, from this or any other world: Boadicea, Queen of the Fairies. Somebody Nobodysdaughter held her breath as the

Fairy Queen, smiling kindly, glided straight towards her across the hall and stood at her side. Somebody Nobodysdaughter was almost blinded by her beauty and numbed by the tenderness of her touch when Queen Boadicea clasped her tiny hand in her own. Somebody Nobodysdaughter was almost deafened when Queen Boadicea began to speak to the full hall of hill people. And suddenly everyone fell silent. Somebody Nobodysdaughter saw that a weighing was being performed in a pair of scales drifting through the hall. Each banqueter was placing something on either the gold or the silver side of the scales. When they reached Queen Boadicea, the weights on the gold side were heavier. Queen Boadicea said something else to her people that was greeted with a clear murmur of approval that spread through the room; the Queen raised her right hand and stroked Somebody Nobodysdaughter's hair three times.

And all at once Somebody Nobodysdaughter could understand what the hill people were saying. Queen Boadicea lifted Somebody Nobodysdaughter onto her lap and said, "Listen, Somebody! We are very glad that you have found the way to our home. Your father, Nobody, is held in high esteem among the hill people and for that reason we wish to entertain you; you have always treated us with friendship and this very evening you have laid our table. Today you shall be our guest and in return for

your kindness we hope you will accept this small gift."

Queen Boadicea beckoned to one of the scale pans and Somebody Nobodysdaughter saw that the hill people had placed clear, blazing precious stones in the scales. The Queen tipped a handful of impossible beauty out of the scale pan and poured it into Somebody Nobodysdaughter's lap. "Please accept these as a memento of this evening," said Queen Boadicea and sat Somebody Nobodysdaughter's on the chair next to her own.

The banquet was more sumptuous than sumptuousness itself. That evening, Somebody Nobodysdaughter heard the dozens of stories about her Dad that the hill people were able to tell her. But only one of them stuck in her mind. The one told to her by Boadicea, Queen of the Fairies.