



### “Tiu and the Dove”

Text and illustrations by [Kristiina Kass](#)

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Storybook, fiction

Age: 9+

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Samuel's Magic Pillow is a humorous tale in the style of Roald Dahl. It tells about 9-year-old Samuel Soapbubble, whose mother thinks he is the laziest and least-gifted child in the whole world. This all changes when he sticks a book beneath his quite ordinary pillow one night: the next morning, Samuel knows the book's contents by heart. The boy becomes a celebrity: he wins every trivia contest, gets first place on a TV game show, teaches a class on French language and cuisine, gives academic lectures, and sells his autographs. His mother's bank account swells rapidly, but all Samuel dreams about now is a soft new feather pillow and a life of peace and quiet.

#### Awards:

2008 Nukits competition, 3rd place

2005 Children's Story Competition "My First Book", 1st place



## Reading sample

### The Geography Quiz

"I want to know how you did it," Mrs. Crow said sternly. "Off whom did you copy? Tell me where your cheat sheet is!"

"I don't have a cheat sheet, and I didn't copy from anyone," Samuel finally dared to peep. "I just knew the answers!"

"YOU'RE LYING!" Mrs. Crow shouted suddenly, turning red in the face. "Up until today, you've never known anything in my class! You're just a nasty little blockhead and a lazybones, and on top of that, you're a liar, too!"

Samuel took a step back towards the door, just in case, so he could hightail it if Mrs. Crow completely lost control.

"I'm not lying," he insisted. "I really do know all the European capitals. You can ask me them right now!"

Mrs. Crow calmed down a little, and a crooked smile appeared on her face.

"Well, you're right—why not! Let's go ahead ask you a few capitals. Answer if you can: PORTUGAL!"

Samuel didn't need long to think. "Lisbon," he answered, and to his amazement, he felt that same unusual feeling that had come over him during the quiz. It was like a swarm of ants had started crawling around the skin on his skull. Even so, it wasn't an unpleasant feeling at all—it just tickled a little under his scalp, though not enough to make him need to scratch his head. Still, he felt like he could list all the European capitals right off the top of his head, as well as every US state, all the rivers and lakes and mountains of every country in the world, and all sorts of other facts that could be found in the thick geography textbook used by the School for Gifted Children. Samuel was astounded, but he didn't let it show.

Mrs. Crow had gone red in the face again.

"Russia!" she hissed through her teeth.

"Moscow!" Samuel replied without thinking.

"Bulgaria!"

"Sofia."

"Egypt!"

"That's actually not a European country," Samuel politely noted.

"Be quiet, wise guy!" Mrs. Crow snapped furiously. "When I ask the name of Egypt's capital, then it's your job to answer!"

"Cairo," Samuel said, taking another step back.

"Syria!" the teacher yelled, gasping.

"Damascus."

"YOU HEINOUS LITTLE BEAST!" Mrs. Crow roared at the top of her lungs. Her head had started twitching towards one side, and the blue blood vessels bulging at her temples could be seen from several meters away.

"I know how you did it! You think I don't know, you dummy! You think you can dupe me, you insufferable rascal! YOU'VE HIDDEN A CHEAT SHEET IN YOUR HEAD! You've cleverly stuck the capital of every country INTO YOUR BRAIN and think you can bamboozle me that way!"

Translated by Adam Cullen

