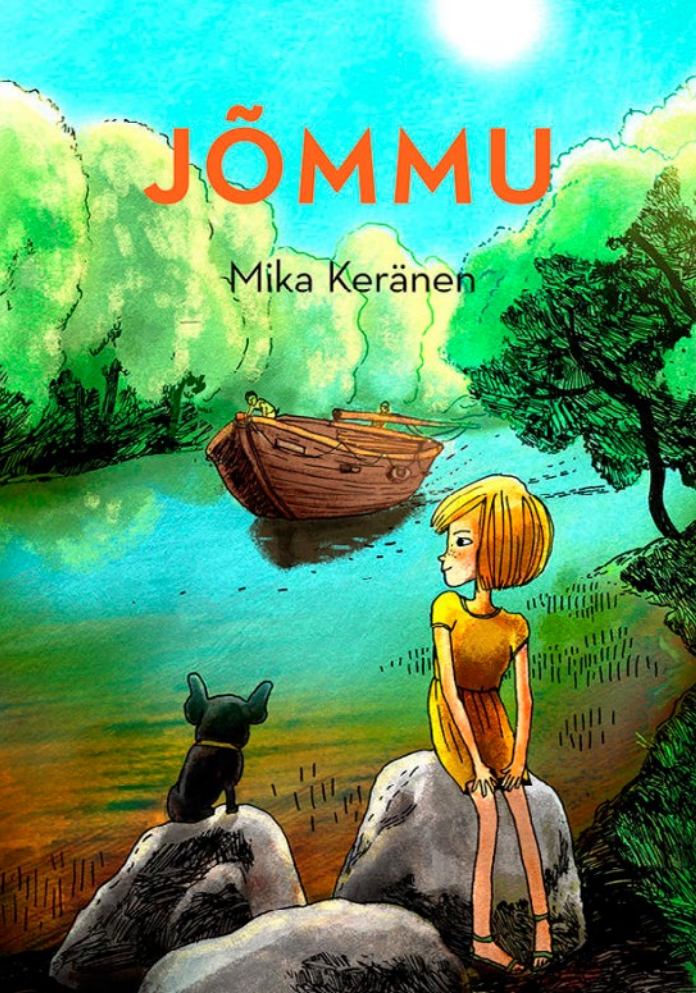


JÖMMU

Mika Keränen



The Good Ship Jõmmu

Text [Mika Keränen](#)

Illustrated by [Marja-Liisa Plats](#)

Keropää 2016, 152 pp

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Storybook, fiction

Age: 9+

The Jõmmu, a huge old-fashioned riverboat, has disappeared! Police are baffled – nothing suspicious has been seen either upstream or downstream. The curious kids of the Secret Souptown Society – Mari, Satu, Reelika, Olavi, and Anton – have to figure the case out, cost whatever it may. Timo, a boat enthusiast, joins their group and is a huge help to his friends. Nevertheless, the kids get into increasingly complicated and sometimes downright dangerous situations while solving the mystery. There's no answer in sight, but the Jõmmu must be somewhere!

Award:

2018 Nukits Competition, 2nd place (text and illustrations)



Reading sample

The gang together

“Mari, you had something to say when we were all together!” shouted Timo from behind the wheel towards the prow of the boat.

“Oh, yeah,” Mari began. “I’ll tell you what happened to me yesterday.”

“When yesterday?” Olav wanted to know.

“After I’d found Mati and set off home. I was still behind the Barge Yard and I just happened to overhear a conversation, maybe two.”

“Was it after we met?” asked Timo.

“Yes,” Mari replied and carried on.

“There was a man there called Riho... and a Finn another man, Masa was his name. And Riho warned him about Arnold Vargamäe. He said that Vargamäe knew that they’d found a wreck holding the century’s biggest treasure trove when they were diving!”

At this an eerie hush spread over the boat as if everyone were deep in their own thoughts

“Did he say where the treasure was?” ventured Timo, breaking the silence.

“It’s in the river Kargaja,” replied Mari and asked in turn, “Do you know where that is?”

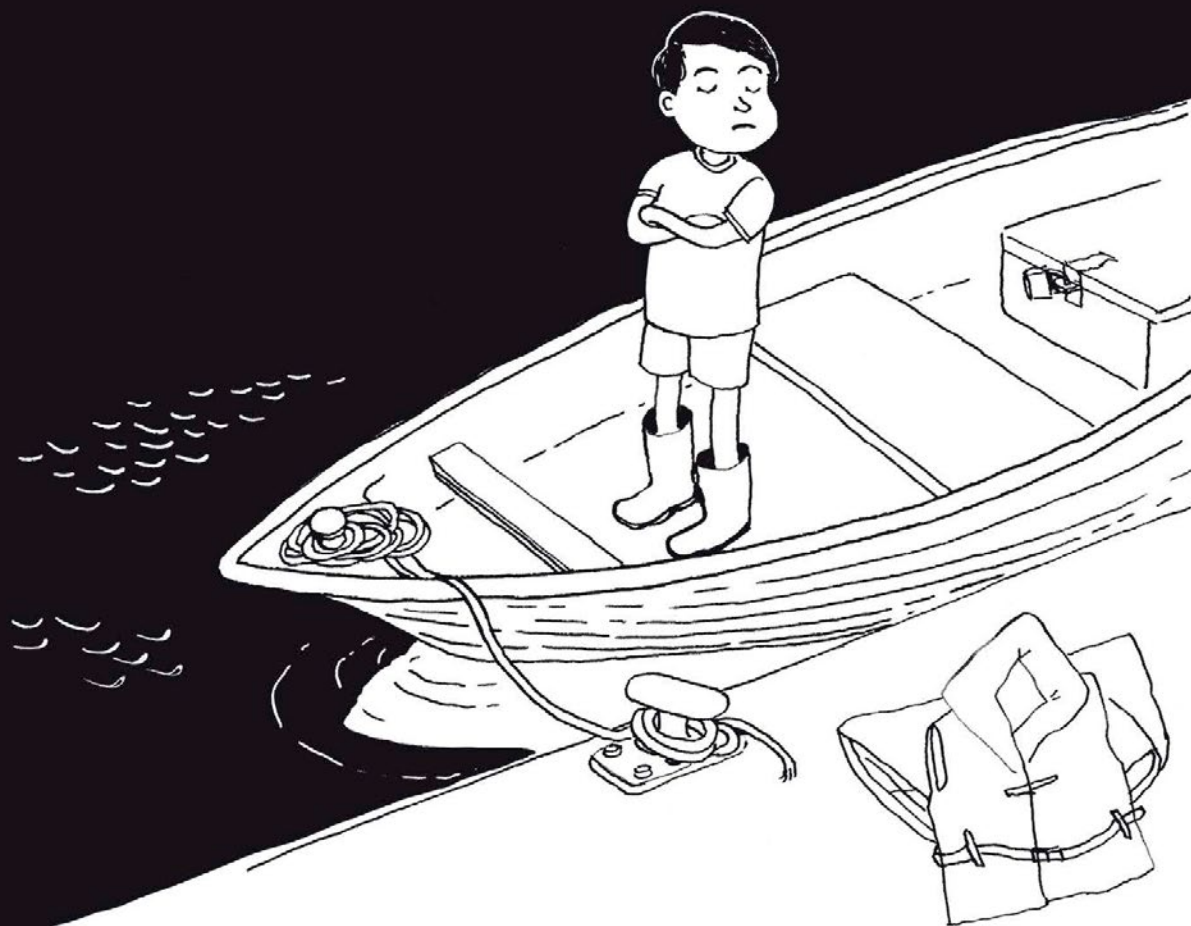
“I certainly do. It’s a fairly deep swampy stretch of Emajõgi river.”

Timo fell back into thought. He couldn’t imagine the shipwreck that might be there, if there indeed was one. He knew that the most famous find in the Emajõgi was the Swedish warship the Carolus, but there’d been no treasure on it as far as he knew. He stretched and tried to remember all the stories he’d heard from his dad, brother, Indrek from the Barge Yard and anyone else, before coming to the conclusion that no-one had ever talked about treasure ships in inland waters. But of course, that didn’t mean that there couldn’t be any.

“A treasure ship – it sounds like a fairy tale!” shouted Sadu.

“Did they say anything else?” Olav wanted to hear everything that Mari knew.





“No,” Mari replied. “Only afterwards Riho and Ken were still discussing how Arnold had once stolen gold from Vargamäe and that that’s where he’d got his name from— Arnold Vargamäe, you see.”

“What gold?” asked Olav.

“I don’t know. The one called Riho said that Arnold found the largest pot of ancient gold in Northern Europe in Vargamäe. He’d never breathed a word of it to anyone, just kept all the gold for himself.”

“Oh right,” Olav said, as he started to bite his nails. “It’s interesting that Riho knew that Vargamäe found the gold, when Vargamäe himself had never said a word about it to anyone...”

“Perhaps there is no gold. What if someone just made it all up?” pondered Reilika out loud.

As no-one could answer this question, Mari continued to share her info on Arnold Vargamäe. She described his appearance and clothes at length and in detail. Olav and Anton poured cold water on the beautiful handlebar moustaches, but Reilika said that people cared for their moustaches elsewhere in the world and that it was a normal thing to do. Although she did think that wearing the same coloured tie and socks was a sign of a poor imagination.

“This story’s really exciting,” mused Olav and explained, “Not the colour of Vargamäe’s socks, but the whole mystery of the disappearance of the Jömmu.”

Anton could not grasp what they were talking about at all, but he thought he should say something too: “When we find the Jömmu, we’ll find the answers.”