

Leemuripoeg Ville teeb sääred

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Ville the Lemur Flies the Coop

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Storybook, fiction

Age: 8+

Rights sold: German, Lithuanian

Little Ville is a curious sort of lemur – the first clever lemur, whose is as sharp as a tack. Curious Ville often visits the squirrels, whose relatives live across the whole world and always send postcards from exciting places. All of these far-away lands incite a sense of curiosity in Ville. One rainy fall day, Ville meets Pierre: a squirrel buzzing with French. Oh, what luck! Now, Ville is able to listen to the squirrel's unending tales about adventures living in Paris for evenings on end. Soon, they form a plan – Pierre promises to take Ville along with him to Paris. Their journey begins on a large cruise steamboat, and after a few days, the two little animals are indeed in Paris. Only that this Paris is extremely odd: everyone rides around on bicycles, and there is one canal after another. The ship has actually brought them to Amsterdam.

Of course, the two globe-trotters also reach Paris – Ville now sees that city of wonders. They pass through the grand department store's sales racks and gaze at the Eiffel Tower, stroll on Montmartre and study the painting of Mona Lisa in the Louvre. Paris is certainly a lovely city, but Ville's heart pulls him onward. The world is much wider than it first appears. Who knows – perhaps new adventures await Ville ahead.

Ville the Lemur Flies the Coop is suitable for little travel enthusiasts both to satisfy their curiosity as well as to form it. Everything that goes along with travel, such as visiting a museum, is depicted in a child-like and friendly way. The book is good for reading both before and after a trip.

Awards:

2012 Children's Story Competition My First Book, 3rd place



Reading sample

When the freight truck reached Paris, both the buns and jam were gone to the last crumb, not to mention the wieners. Pierre dozed with an empty basket set under his head as a pillow, curled up into a ball between the packages. Ville had also fallen asleep while letting the wieners settle in his stomach. They were awoken by the screech of brakes.

“Eeh, where are we?” Ville asked as he rubbed his eyes drowsily and rubbed his stiff behind.

Pierre jumped to his feet and climbed eagerly onto the pile of packages next to the window to take a look at their surroundings. After a quick glance outside, he turned his nose towards Ville. “In Parr-riiiiiiiiis,” he whispered happily, and jerked his tail back and forth excitedly. “At last! After long adventures, endless trekking and anticipation, we’ve finally arrived in the capital of the world.” Pierre charged down the mountain of packages, threw open the truck’s doors, and solemnly inhaled Paris through his nostrils with his eyes closed. The squirrel’s snout-fur rippled in the gentle afternoon wind. “My darling, here I come! Where living like a breeze is now just beginning!” he trumpeted in a low, booming voice, and raised his paws towards the sky.

Pierre’s life hadn’t always been fine and dandy in the very least. During his youth in the forest (his name was still Pete back then), everyone knew him as an expert lazybones, and as a rather untalented squirrel in general. Pierre loved praise, but he couldn’t be bothered to master a single ability properly. He survived the winters only thanks to his family, who supported their son with room and board. Pierre regarded regular squirrel life, where the animals were supposed to help one another and stock up on supplies for dark days, as humdrum and old-fashioned. During his last winter in the forest, when the other squirrels were gorging atop their piles of nuts, Pierre turned down all the offers of food, shivering stubbornly on a branch and starving. By spring, the squirrel had dwindled down to the size of a thin rat, and decided that he’d had enough. He took a new, cosmopolitan name for himself, and moved to Paris. In a flash, the average forest squirrel transformed into an urbane city animal, who had exotic acquaintances in the country. And now, greeting France from the back of a truck, he had made it back to his fashionable home

