



“From BonnyHead and Beyond”

Text by [Aino Pervik](#)

Illustrated by Olga Pärn and Märt Rudolf Pärn

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Age: 8+

Somewhere, there lies a lovely little town called BonnyHead. All kinds of bizarre folk live there, big and small alike. Mister and Misses Industrious are always thrilled to undertake one project or another. Miss SharpTongue has something witty to say about everything she sees. Mister AbsentMind frequently forgets where he is and why. Mister LustForFame’s greatest ambition is to become a huge celebrity, because he believes life isn’t worth living without fame. No matter how odd these individuals might be, there’s room for each and every one of them in BonnyHead!

Awards:

2019 Tartu Prize for Children’s Literature

(Childhood Prize) nominee

2018 25 Best-Designed Estonian Books

2018 Good Children’s Book



Reading sample

Mrs. Wide-Eyed

Mrs. Wide-Eyed believed everything she was told.

Thus, it was no wonder that when some rakish roller-skater breezed past Mrs. Wide-Eyed one day and yelled out that she should drink gasoline if she wanted to move as swiftly, too, the woman headed straight to the gas station.

Mrs. Wide-Eyed took a one-liter milk jug with her.

When she arrived at the gas station, she asked the attendant to fill the container.

“What do you need gas for, missus?” the gas station attendant asked. “For taking out stains?”

“No,” Mrs. Wide-Eyed said with a somewhat astonished smile. “I never have stains on my clothes!”

“Of course not,” the friendly gas station attendant said. “I was just curious. Usually, it’s just cars, motorcycles, and buses that tank up here.”

Mrs. Wide-Eyed grinned slyly.

“They need gasoline to move quickly, don’t they? It’s the same with me. I’d like to go just as fast as they do.”

“And how do you plan on doing that, missus?” the attendant asked a little incredulously.

“Someone advised me to drink gasoline,” Mrs. Wide-Eyed said. “Once I do, I’ll zoom around just as fast as a racecar!”

“Whatever you do, do not drink gasoline!” the gas station attendant exclaimed in shock. “Racecars have wheels, women do not.”

“So you think I shouldn’t drink gasoline?” Mrs. Wide-Eyed asked.

“No, ma’am,” the attendant replied.



Mrs. Wide-Eyed believed him at once. The roller-skater had indeed been on a set of wheels. But to be honest, Mrs. Wide-Eyed was quite relieved she didn’t have to drink gasoline. It smelled absolutely vile.

Mister LegoMan

When Mister LegoMan was born, the midwife fainted.

Luckily, Mister LegoMan’s father was there to receive the newborn himself and put him together.

The thing was that Mister LegoMan wasn’t born like ordinary children are. For the most part, people come headfirst into the world with their body, arms, and legs all assembled.

Mister LegoMan came out piece by piece.

First came his arms and then came his legs, body, and head.

When the midwife came to, little Mister LegoMan was already nicely assembled and swaddled in a blue blanket, screaming dearly.

The unusual birth was probably due to the fact that Mister LegoMan’s mother and father were both bona fide Lego fanatics.

Usually, it’s little kids who love to play with Legos. Yet, some people grow up and become adults and even turn quite old but are still big Lego enthusiasts. There are even Lego boxes made for them with 25+



and 60+ printed on the sides. Those boxes contain Legos so complicated that not just anyone can assemble them.

In any case, Mister LegoMan's mother and father were both overjoyed to have a wonderful little Lego baby.

Everything at home was all ready for his arrival.

The whole nursery was made out of Legos! There was a little Lego crib, of course, but also a Lego diaper changing table, Lego diapers, a Lego pacifier, and even a tiny Lego flower on a Lego table to brighten the room! Everything was perfect.

The parents' only concern was not knowing if little Mister LegoMan would grow up just like a normal boy or would stay just as small as he was born.

Mister LegoMan's father picked up all kinds of Lego catalogues and studied them anxiously. But guess what he found out!

It was all neatly planned out.

All they had to do was to buy a new boxful of Legos every year and exchange tiny Mister LegoMan's pieces for bigger ones.

It turned out that little Lego boys and Lego girls are born everywhere all the time! There was even a separate daycare for them to go to.

Our little Mister LegoMan was also put into Lego daycare and later went to Lego school. He got a very good education and now, he himself comes up with new designs for the Lego industry.

Mister SweetTooth

Mister SweetTooth was plump like a balloon, and only became plumper with each passing day.

Mister SweetTooth couldn't leave a single mouthful un-munched. This only applied to the things he found tasty, of course, but the trouble was that Mister SweetTooth found absolutely everything tasty.

Naturally, he liked all kinds of pastries and especially when they were fresh out of the oven: delicious-smelling cinnamon rolls, raisin buns, and croissants. And savory pies. And muffins! Not to mention strudels. All on his own, Mister SweetTooth would happily devour a whole big strudel made with sweet cream, chocolate, raisins, and sugar glaze on every one of his birthdays. It's true that he did make a huge effort to keep his eating habits within the bounds of decency, though he would always help himself to at least three slices of cake every time.

However, Mister SweetTooth didn't just have a liking for pastries, strudels, and cakes. Juicy burgers were also one of his favorite foods. As were pork chops with roasted potatoes and all kinds of different pastas and risotto dishes with mushrooms or vegetables or seafood. Barbecue chicken with a hearty potato salad – what do you reckon? Mister SweetTooth could easily gobble up an entire chicken alone and wouldn't even turn down a second or a third. The only problem was that after eating his first barbecue chicken, his jeans would get a little tight around the waist, so he sometimes had to undo the top button without anyone noticing. It goes without saying that he definitely had to leave room for dessert, too.

Mister SweetTooth's absolute favorite dessert was ice cream. He would douse his ice cream in all kinds of sauces: caramel, vanilla, chocolate, raspberry, and

so many others. Strawberry, too, of course!

Well, and once he'd had his ice cream, Mister Sweet-Tooth would top it off with a cup of tea and biscuits. The biscuits he liked most were ones with some kind of a filling wedged between two pieces – like Oreos.

It wouldn't be a sin to chomp on a bar of chocolate to round out the whole meal now, would it? Or at least a whole box of chocolates!

Everything was fine and well, minus the fact that Mister SweetTooth had to buy himself a new pair of jeans every Monday morning because his old ones simply didn't fit anymore.

That was a big undertaking in and of itself – particularly because he had to take a boat to another country every time, as you couldn't buy jeans that big in Mister SweetTooth's home country. Mister SweetTooth was always very worried about what would happen if he one day couldn't find the right size of jeans in another country anymore, either.

He figured that then, he'd have to start going around in a night gown or something – what do you think?

Translated by Adam Cullen

