



“Little Whiskers”

Text by [Ilmar Tomusk](#)

Illustrated by [Catherine Zarip](#)

Tammerraamat 2019, 26 pp

ISBN 9789949690046

Picturebook, fiction

Age: 5+

Little Whiskers has been left all alone. She's always been well-cared-for before, but one day, the legs that are so nice to rub up against stop coming. Neither do the hands that pour milk into her saucer or make her purr in delight when they pet her show up. The room is cold and dark now that the hands and legs have disappeared. Whiskers is hungry and shivering. What on earth am I to do? the kitten wonders. Discovering a gap beneath the door, she wriggles her way out of the room. The world is big and scary, but little Whiskers has no choice but to go.

Award:

2020 Nukits Competition, 3rd place for illustrations

2019 5 Best-Designed Estonian Children's Books



Reading sample

Little Whiskers couldn't remember the last time his belly was full. It might have been a day, two days, or even longer. His bowl of milk had never really dried up before. All he had to do was lap up a little bit, and the feet would come and refill the bowl. The feet always came wearing soft slippers and wool socks that were nice to rub up against. But now, the feet were gone, and Little Whiskers was very hungry. He didn't know that the owner of the feet had gotten old and her children had taken her away to live with them. No one noticed the little kitten in the corner of the couch when they left ...

So, Little Whiskers curled up miserably on the couch and tried to nap, but just couldn't fall asleep. On top of being hungry, he was very cold. He'd never known cold before, because the wall next to the couch had always been warm. Whenever it cooled off after a while, the feet would walk over to it and stick firewood inside. The firewood gave off heat when it burned. Alas, the feet were gone, and Little Whiskers was freezing.

Little Whiskers was sad. He'd never been sad before. Soft, warm hands would always scoop him up and pet him. The petting was so nice that it made Little Whiskers purr. Thinking back on it now, Little Whiskers tried to purr like he did before, but it didn't work. You try to purr when you're cold and your tummy is empty!

Little Whiskers opened his eyes. The room was completely dark. Lights had been kept on in the evening before, but that hadn't happened in several days. Little Whiskers realized he was completely alone in the world. He leapt off the couch and padded over to his bowl in the hopes that it had been filled. Alas, he was in for a disappointment—there was no milk. The stove was as cold as ice; the feet in the wool socks and the soft, warm hands had disappeared.

The kitten's eyes grew damp. He would have liked to cry but didn't know how, because he was still so little. Timidly, he went to the front door, but it was shut tight. Luckily, there was a gap at the bottom of the door that he was able to squirm through with ease.

Before he knew it, the kitten was outside! It was dark out there, too, but not as dark as in the house. High above Little Whisker's head was a big glowing circle. It was the Moon.

Little Whiskers gathered up all his courage and decided to keep going. The kitten was terrified, as he had never been outside before. All he knew was that whenever the feet left through the front door and came back, he got fresh milk.

The kitten closed his eyes and sniffed the air. There were dozens of unfamiliar smells, but the scent of milk wasn't one of them.

Translated by Adam Cullen

VÄIKE VUNTS

