

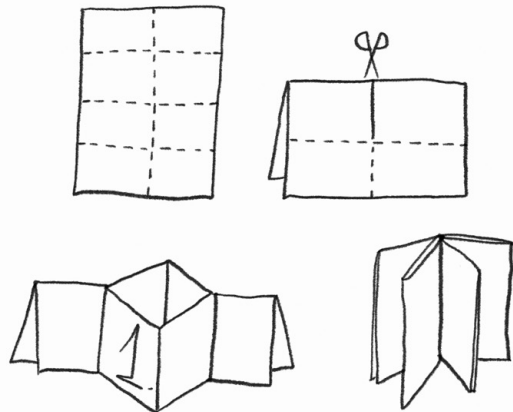
# TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE

## HEY KIDS!

We've got a present for you: 37 stories by Lithuanian book artists. These writers and illustrators have created these books with you in mind – to comfort you when things are hard, and to laugh with you when times are good. The most important thing is that each of these Tiny Books comes to life the minute you hold them in your hands. You are our superheroes!

*Kotryna Zylė, Children's books writer and illustrator*

## TINY BOOK FOLDING GUIDE:



You can watch a short video about how to make one of our Tiny Books by going to <https://vimeo.com/424578300>

## DEAR ADULTS!

Reading together with a child means:

- Playing – such an important part of being a kid: to be themselves, to feel empowered, and to feel a sense of themselves and those around them.
- Experiencing a real connection – by sitting on someone's lap, getting close to one another, making eye contact, tickling, laughing, and crying. It all brings us closer together.
- Talking about what we've just read – What was interesting, what caught our attention, what scared us and what made us laugh – or, maybe even, what made us feel bored? Perhaps the story could have had a different ending? Talking means starting a conversation – something we really miss nowadays.

- Relaxing and focusing on calmer activities. Or, just the opposite – getting engaged in more active pursuits.

*Dr. Monika Skerytė-Kazlauskienė, Founder, Child Psychology Centre*

## THE POWER OF SHORT STORIES

Every book, no matter how long or short, can touch a reader. A story told in just a few words can create an enormous space, an empty place that a reader can interpret and fill up with their own ideas. This is the power of short stories: the ability to fill a gap with your own story, then carry it with you and think back on it always. Tiny Books are more than just text – they have illustrations, too! Whatever a word can't express, a picture can.

*Inga Mitunevičiūtė, Children's literature expert*

## PROJECT TEAM:



[vaikuzeme.lt](http://vaikuzeme.lt)

CHILD  
PSYCHOLOGY  
CENTER



M/C  
MOKYKLŲ TOBULINIMO CENTRAS



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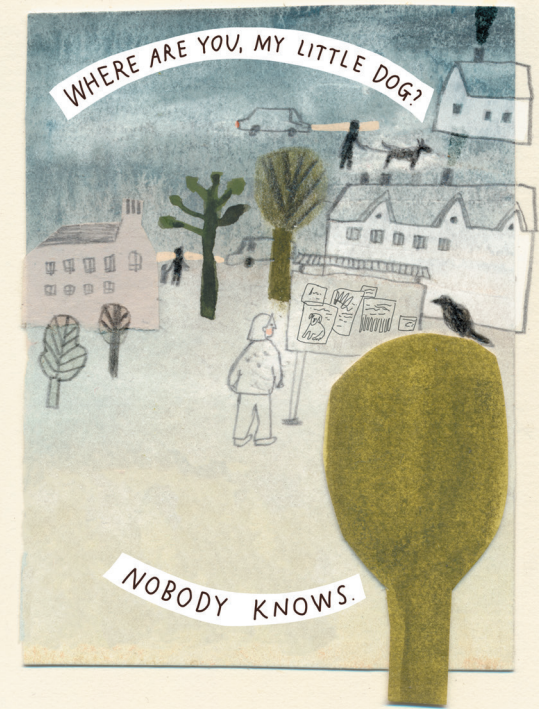
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[www.monika.vaicenaviciene.com](http://www.monika.vaicenaviciene.com)

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And we fell asleep,  
dreaming  
that, tomorrow,  
something will  
definitely happen.



'Yeah,' he replied,  
'Not a thing. Maybe  
tomorrow?'

'Oh well,' I said to my  
brother.  
'Another day when  
nothing happened.'

'Maybe tomorrow,'  
I agreed.

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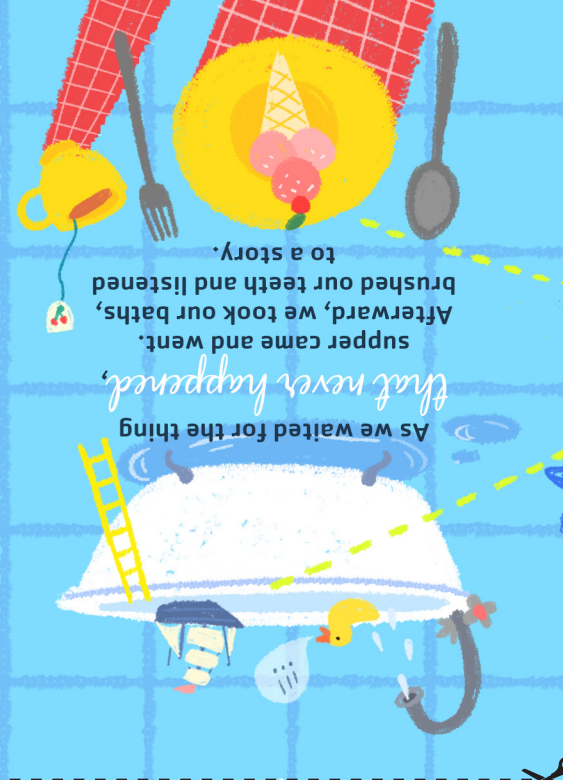
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# The Day Nothing Happened

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As we waited for the thing  
that never happened,  
supper came and went.  
Afterward, we took our baths,  
brushed our teeth and listened  
to a story.



We rode our bikes, met the new  
boy who lives next door, and  
rescued a cat from the tree.  
Then we decided to wait  
again,



The minute we woke up, my  
brother and I jumped out of  
our beds, ate breakfast and  
then ran down to the river to  
look at the ducks. Then, we  
waited for something  
to happen.

But  
nothing did.

We played a bit, had  
lunch, and then sat  
down again to wait for  
something to happen.

But something didn't happen.  
Again.



It's funny, though.  
**WE FORGOT TO EVEN  
OPEN OUR BOXES.**



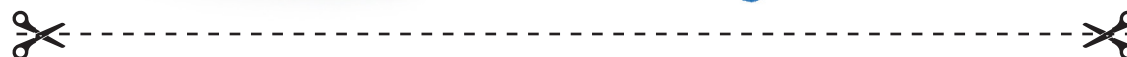
It started to get dark. What a  
**GREAT** day it was! The kind of  
day you could keep in a box.



Titas ran over. We sat down.  
We held our boxes in our  
hands and began to **TALK**.



Titas has a box like that, too.  
I told him I was having a bad day,  
so we agreed to **MEET** and open  
our boxes together.



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Kotryna Zylė + Inga Dagilė  
*TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE*



Today's a **BAD** day.

No matter, because I  
have a secret matchbox  
where I keep

**THE BEST  
DAY EVER.**



I put it there when  
I was happy.



Mmmm  
A moon-shaped pancake for breakfast.  
With raspberry jam.



That eclipse sure smells good!



BENAS BĖRANTAS AUŠRA KIUDULAITĖ

# LUNAR ECLIPSE

TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE



I WILL NOT...



I WON'T SLEEP.

I'll wait.  
My telescope watches  
a yellow circle  
in a dark sky -  
never blinking.



I WILL NOT SLEEP!!!

Even if one of my eyes is drooping.  
Only a few minutes more to wait.



I WON'T SLEEP!

Even if it's midnight, even if the  
spider living in my lamp is already  
napping, every one of its eight  
eyes closed.



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What's your weather like today?



I know that my mood is like the weather. It can change. Sometimes I'm angry, or happy, or crazy, or sad. I'm all kinds of things.



I like it when I'm happy. I learned how to hammer a nail. My dad's happy that my fingers are still in one piece. We rode bikes together, then we did nothing at all.



But sometimes I'm sad. The dog is mopey, because I'm sad, and I'm sad because he's sad, and then he's sad, because I am. It's a never-ending sadness.



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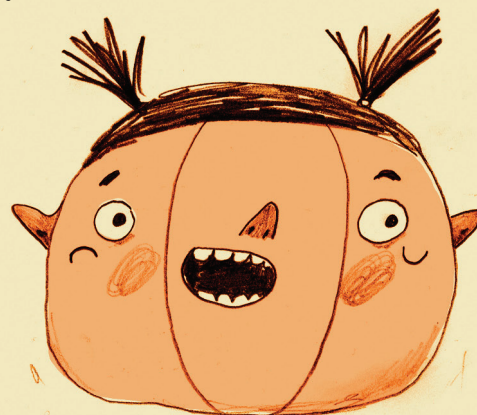
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# ALL KINDS OF ME

MODESTA JURGAITYTĖ  
LINA ITAGAKI

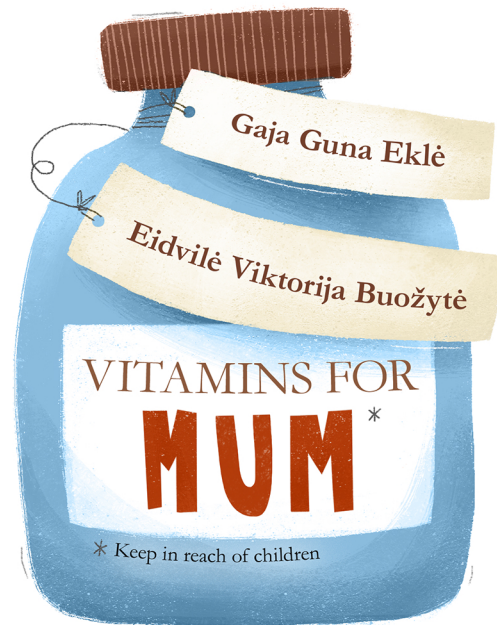
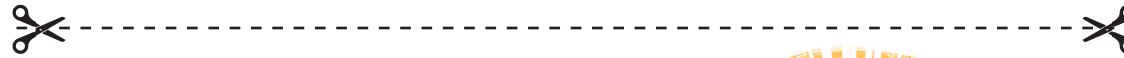
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I am so annoyed today.  
The day is stormy, and so am I.  
Didn't pick up my toys, don't want to listen  
to mum. I'm so angry I could scream.



The next day I'm crazy.  
I draw on a moustache, put on mum's shoes, and  
command an entire parade of toys in my room.  
The world is laughing, and so am I.



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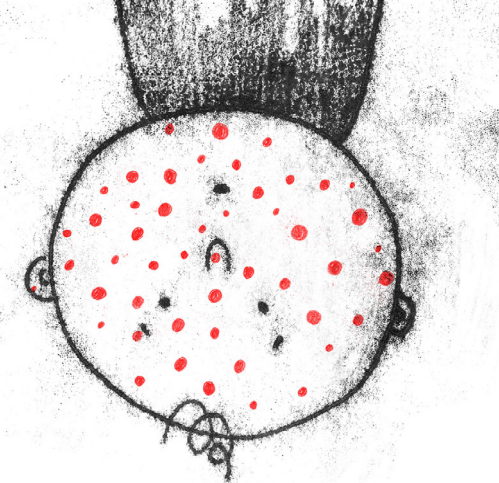
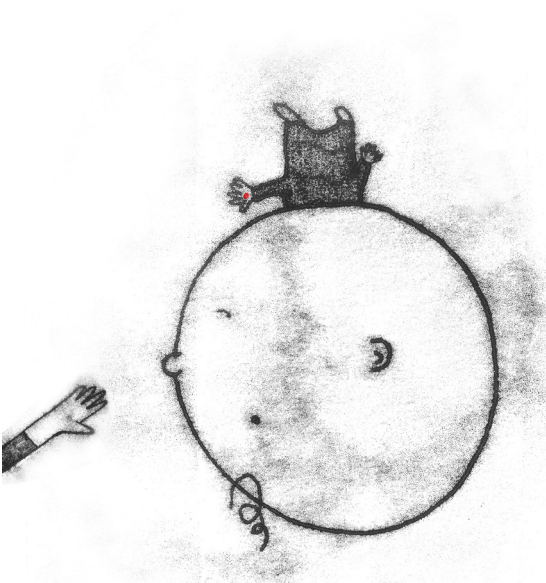


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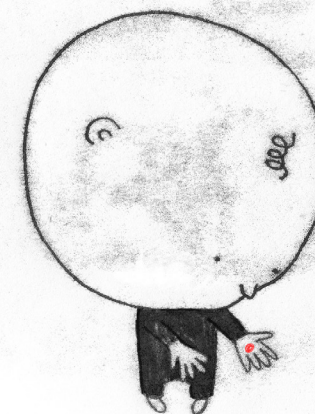
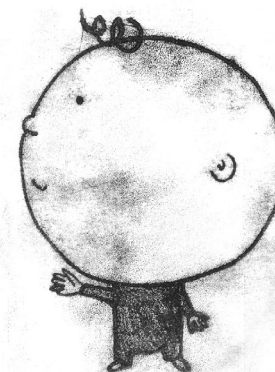
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agne nananai

WHATEVER  
COMES  
EVENTUALLY  
GOES



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They sit together on the windowsill cooing folk songs. And neighbours dance in happy circles. Since then Lithuanians call the cabbage rolls "cabbage pigeons".



Since then every night cabbage pigeons visit the horrible old lady, well, maybe not so horrible, and maybe not so old, but a woman, who actually is a nice girl.



The old lady became very sad and cried all night cursing her neighbours. Then she bought some bread and began feeding the cabbage rolls trying to tempt them back. And they came back. Their cabbage leaves moved like real pigeon wings.



One day, while cooking more cabbage rolls, she bent over. And when she did, she let out such a booming blow, that her cabbage rolls jumped out of the pot all frightened and flew straight out the window.



MARIUS MARCINKEVIČIUS  
LINA ITAGAKI

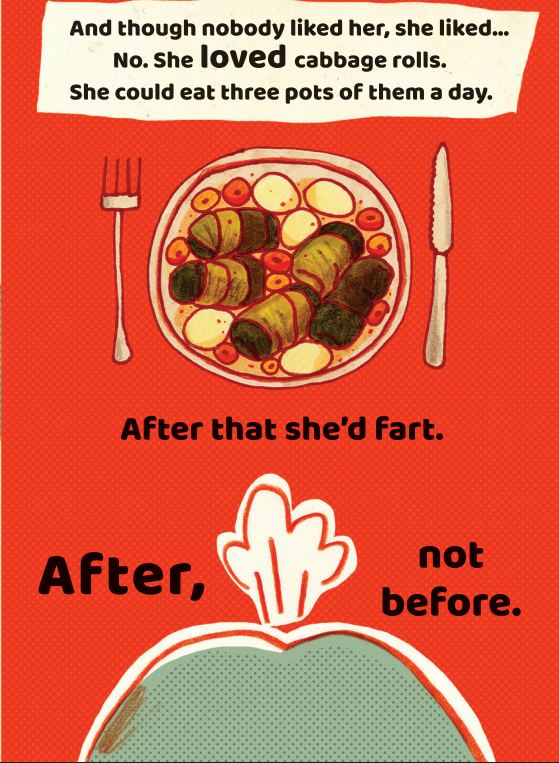


CAB  
BAGE  
PIGE  
ONS

TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE



There once was a nice girl, or, more precisely, a woman, or, to be really precise – a horrible old lady. Neighbours disliked her, because she made the most thunderous farts.



And though nobody liked her, she liked... No. She **loved** cabbage rolls. She could eat three pots of them a day.



After that she'd fart.



After, not before.

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www.lyrikline.org/en/poems/bda-15353

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But then the chickadee asked:  
'What would you like to be?' The tiny  
plant thought for a moment and said:  
'A chamomile,' and little sun-like  
blossoms sprang open all over her.

So she gave the fern leaves to  
the crow, the blades of grass to the mouse,  
and her rosebuds to the caterpillar.  
And to the chickadee she gave a tiny  
seed, which the bird planted in the field.  
And then, come next spring...



'I see you as a rose,'  
complimented the caterpillar,  
and the seedling burst out  
in tiny rose buds.

'A true and proper blade of  
grass,' suggested the mouse,  
so the little plant dressed  
herself in whisks of green.

Eglė Jasė  
Elena Selena

# THE LITTLE SPROUT

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A little seed sprouted up in  
a field. But the sprout didn't  
know what she'd turn into...  
So she kept asking everyone  
around her: 'What will I be?'

'Why, a fern, of course,'  
cackled the crow wisely.  
Filled with wonder,  
the little seedling sprang  
a bunch of fern leaves.



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