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

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

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

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I miss you so.

But dad says you won’t be back.

I can’t throw away your leash.

The cat won’t eat them.

There’s a star in the sky.

There’s a star in the sky.

Where are you, my little dog?

Where are you, my little dog?

I still keep your favourite treats.

Somewhere up there, deep in the space, I almost feel okay.

When I look up, and see the stars, I almost feel okay.

I think of you, I think of you, I think of you, I think of you.
The Day Nothing Happened

Evelina Daciutė + Greta Alice

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. Again.
Today’s a bad day.

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

No matter, because I have a secret matchbox where I keep Titas ran over. We sat down. We held our boxes in our hands and began to talk.

It’s funny, though. I put it there when I was happy. We forgot to even open our boxes. The best day ever.

The best day ever.

I put it there when I was happy.
I won't sleep.

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

Even if it's midnight, even if the spider living in my lamp is already napping, every one of its eight eyes closed.
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.
When I’m sick, my mum takes care of me and gives me medicine. And sweets, too.

When I’m healthy, she makes sure I get enough vitamins.

I love you,
I hug her and say:
When tears flow like rain –

When she walks around
with a sour face, I smile.

When she发票 is
and says that the best
shower makes my hair
She feels better
And guess what?
I bring her ice cream.

And when she feels blue,
She needs vitamins,
I tell myself,
Time for me to take care of her?
Perhaps she’ll
Later, mum looks sad and tired.

Translated by Darius Sužiedėlis

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WHATEVER COMES EVENTUALLY GOES

Tiny Books to the Rescue

© Created by Agne Nananai
Instagram/nananai_illustrations
Translated by Darius Sužiedelis
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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.
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. 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 to the chickadee she gave a tiny plant thought for a moment and said: ‘What would you like to be?’ The tiny chickadee asked: ‘A true and proper blade of grass,’ suggested the mouse, so the chickadee dressed the grass in whisks of green.

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

But then the chickadee asked: ‘And the fern leaf?’ ‘Oh, it’s a chamomile,’ and little sun-like blossoms sprang open all over her.

And then, come next spring…