

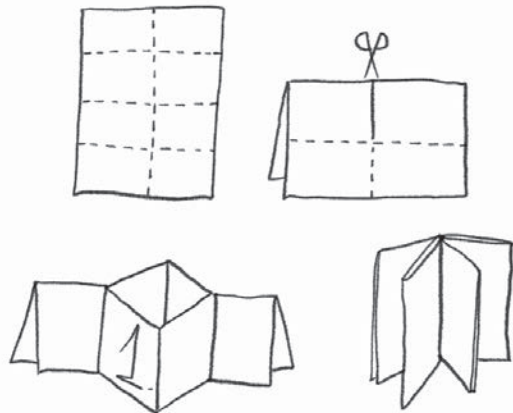
TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE

HEY KIDS!

We've got a present for you: 9 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

CHILD
PSYCHOLOGY
CENTER



M/C
MOKYKLŲ TOBULINIMO CENTRAS



Texts & illustrations © Authors



© Text **Neringa Vaitkutė**

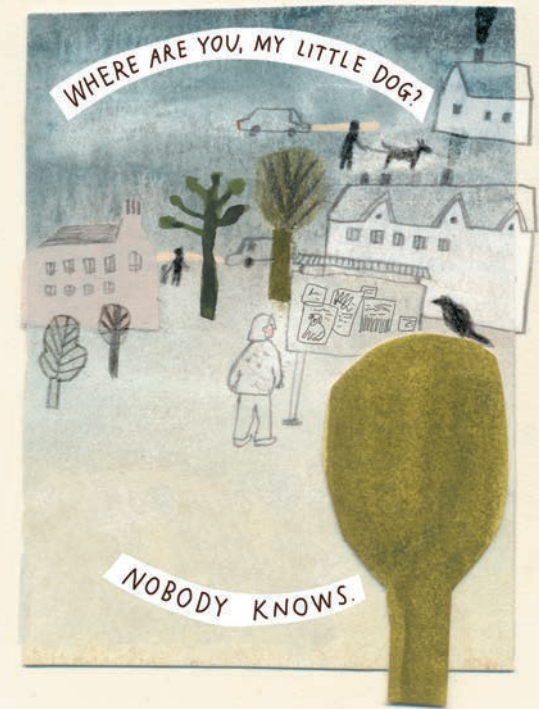
© Illustrations **Monika Vaicenavičienė**
www.monika.vaicenaviciene.com

Translated by **Darius Sužiedėlis**

© Tiny Books to the Rescue, 2020



TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE





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



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

'Maybe tomorrow,'
I agreed.

'Another day when
nothing happened.'

'Oh well,' I said to my
brother.



© Text Evelina Daciūtė
[www.facebook.com/
EvelinaDaciute.Author/](http://www.facebook.com/EvelinaDaciute.Author/)

© Illustrations Greta Alice
www.gretalice.com

Translated by Darius Sužiedėlis
© Tiny Books to the Rescue, 2020



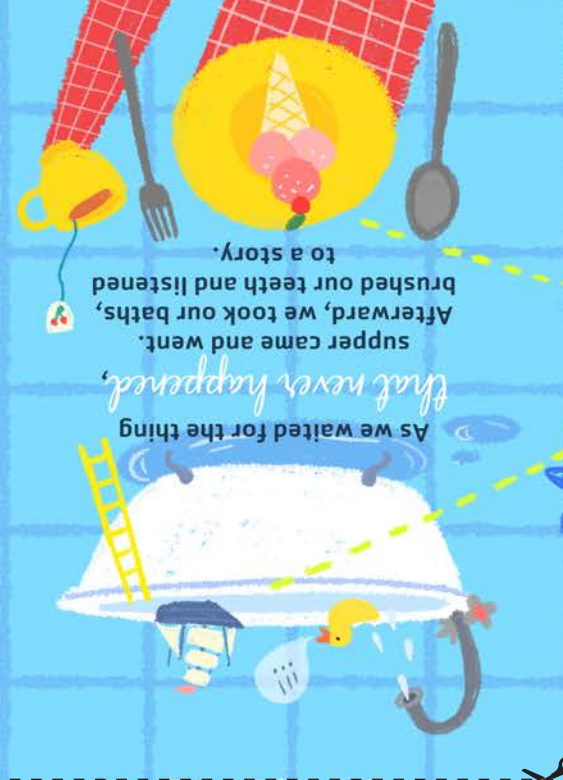
vaikuzeme.lt

CHILD
PSYCHOLOGY
CENTER



The Day Nothing Happened

TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE



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.



But
nothing did.



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,



We played a bit, had
lunch, and then sat
down again to wait for
something to happen.
But something didn't happen.
Again.

**WE FORGOT TO EVEN
OPEN OUR BOXES.**

It's funny, though.



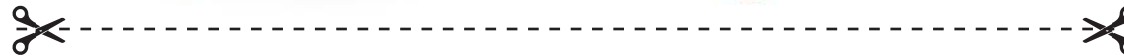
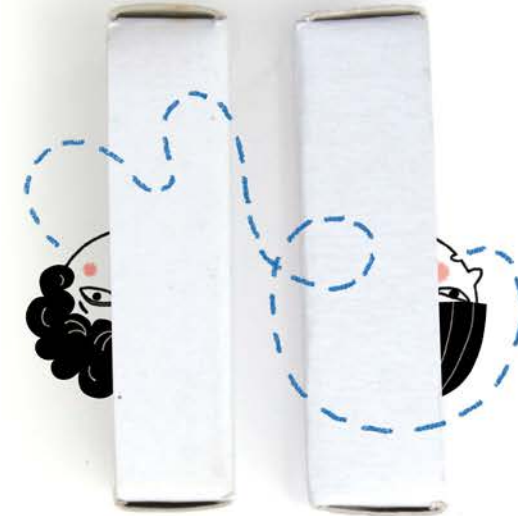
It started to get dark. What a
GREAT day it was! The kind of
day you could keep in a box.



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.



© Text **Kotryna Zylė**
kotrynazyle.lt

© Illustrations **Inga Dagilė**
dagilis.lt

Translated by **Darius Sužiedėlis**
© Tiny Books to the Rescue, 2020



vaikuzeme.lt

CHILD
PSYCHOLOGY
CENTER



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.



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

Mmmm



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.



© Text Benas Bėrantas
facebook.com/benasraso
© Illustrations Aušra Kiudulaitė
facebook.com/Ausra Kiudulaitė - Illustrator

Translated by Darius Sužiedėlis

© Tiny Books to the Rescue, 2020



vaikuzeme.lt



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.



© Text **Modesta Jurgaitytė**

© Illustrations **Lina Itagaki**
linaitagaki.com

Translated by **Darius Sužiedėlis**

© Tiny Books to the Rescue, 2020



vaikuzeme.lt

CHILD
PSYCHOLOGY
CENTER



ALL KINDS OF ME

MODESTA JURGAITYTĖ
LINA ITAGAKI

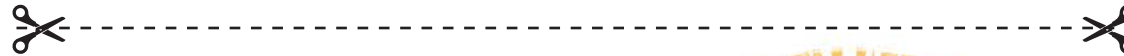
TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE



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.



© Text by Gaja Guna Eklė
eklei.laiskas@gmail.com

© Illustrations by
Eidvilė Viktorija Buožytė
evbuozyte.com

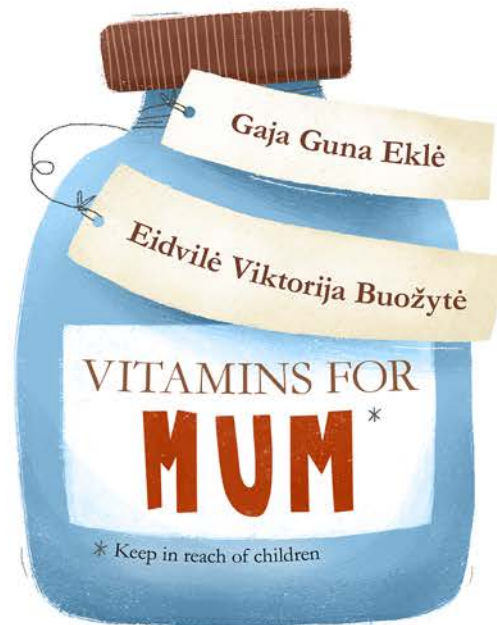
Translated by Darius Sužiedėlis

© Tiny Books to the Rescue, 2020



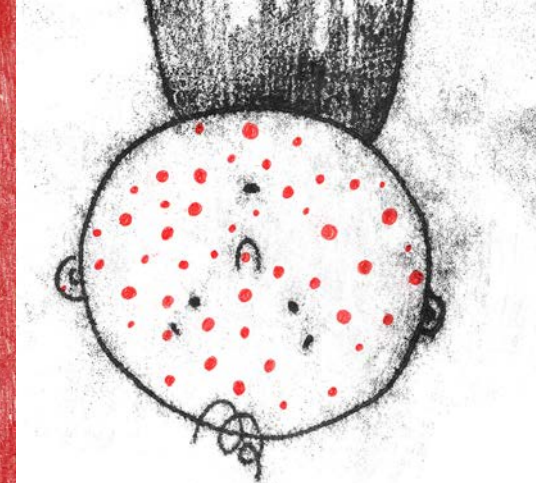
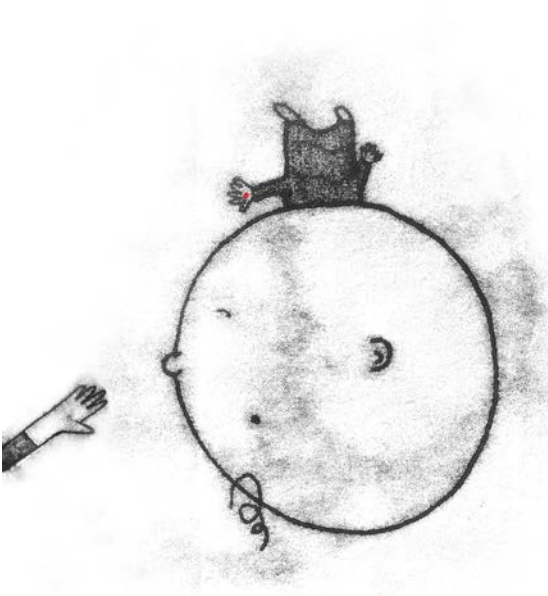
vaikuzeme.lt

CHILD
PSYCHOLOGY
CENTER



TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE





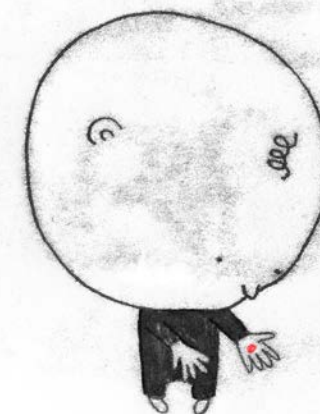
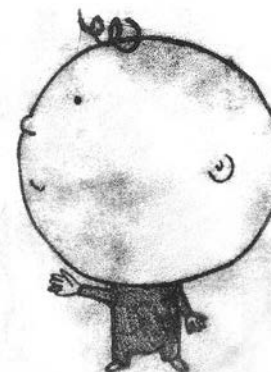
© Created by Agne Nananai
instagram/nananai_illustrations

Translated by Darius Sužiedėlis

© Tiny Books to the Rescue, 2020

agne nananai

WHATEVER COMES EVENTUALLY GOES



vaikuzeme.lt

CHILD
PSYCHOLOGY
CENTER



M/C
MOKYKLŲ TOLIUOJIMO CENTRAS



TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE



© Text **Marius Marcinkevičius**
www.lyrikline.org/en/poems/bda-15353

© Illustrations **Lina Itagaki**
linaitagaki.com

Translated by Darius Sužiedėlis

© Tiny Books to the Rescue, 2020



vaikuzeme.lt

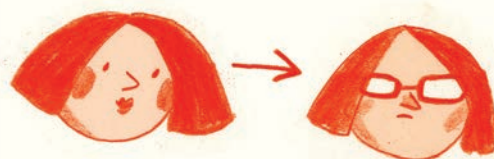
CHILD
PSYCHOLOGY
CENTER



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.



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.

'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.

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...

Eglė Jasė
 Elena Selena

THE LITTLE SPROUT

© text Eglė Jasė

© illustrations Elena Selena
 instagram: _elena_selena
 facebook: elenaillustration

© tiny books to the rescue, 2020



vaikuzeme.lt

CHILD
 PSYCHOLOGY
 CENTER



TINY BOOKS TO THE RESCUE

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.