

THE HORSE

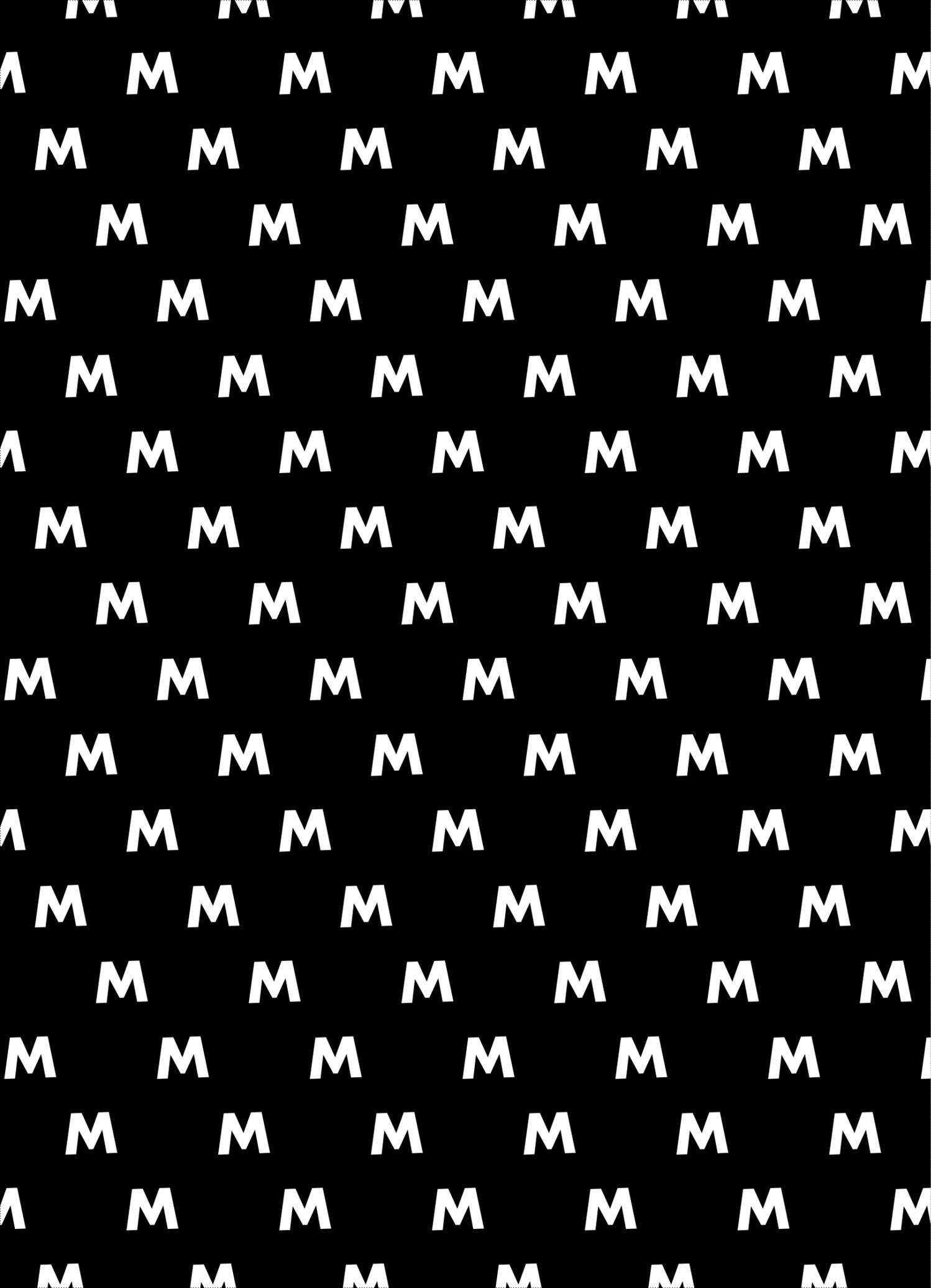
Latvian
Authors &
Illustrators
Catalogue

...we began to work on the catalogue, in which twenty well-known Latvian writers of children's literature were asked to write a chapter about a HORSE. The authors of these stories were then paired with twenty talented illustrators. We decided to do a little experiment – it is not often that authors and illustrators find each other by lottery. To be honest, we relied on the professionalism of everyone involved. If there is one art where it is crucial for artists to collaborate and consider the emotions of their counterparts, then it is the art of children's book illustration.

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INTRODUCTION

Ever since we chose the HORSE to be the common theme of this catalogue, I started to notice more and more of them around me. It never occurred to me how regularly HORSES – which we don't see too often in the city streets any more – still appear in our everyday language, names and titles, works of literature and art, urban architecture, fashion, etc.

The HORSE is a universal symbol of freedom: liberation from shackles, personal growth, ascent to maturity, and a balance between freedom and willpower. In fairy tales, HORSES are often believed to have magical abilities, but they also have superpowers in the literal sense – they have a strength that humans lack. HORSES have highly-developed senses of hearing, smell, touch, and – their entire nervous system in general. They have an outstanding memory and excellent spatial orientation skills. A HORSE can obey without losing its dignity, and still retain mutual respect. A HORSE's obedience is not submission.

HORSES are gifted with great endurance; they are, however, susceptible to the environment and illness, and demand great care. A HORSE's hoof mainly touches the ground at just a single point, but if its toe is injured, the HORSE is rendered helpless. HORSES can be capricious and stubborn, and so should be tamed attentively – at first earning the animal's trust gradually, and only then introducing them to the harness.

A person's social status is largely based on how fast he can move, think and react. Even in the 20th century, a household's wealth was determined by the number of HORSES they kept. In modern times, they have been replaced by technical devices and cars, and this transition has also marked a significant shift in how we think and how we perceive the world. A car seems to stand in for a HORSE, but its owner is autonomous and overly demanding. This relationship lacks mutual cooperation, understanding and interdependence. In the six thousand years of shared history between people and horses, the HORSE probably taught us what we now call humanity.

With this in mind, we began to work on the catalogue, in which twenty well-known Latvian writers of children's literature were asked to write a chapter about a HORSE. The authors of these stories were then

paired with twenty talented illustrators. We decided to do a little experiment – it is not often that authors and illustrators find each other by lottery. To be honest, we relied on the professionalism of everyone involved. If there is one art where it is crucial for artists to collaborate and consider the emotions of their counterparts, then it is the art of children's book illustration. It is the art of respecting a way of thinking very different from yours: your young readers'. How many other activities are based on anticipating what your partner's next step will be – dance, duet, synchronized swimming, piano four hands?

As it turns out, in Old Norse and Germanic writings, 'Ehwaz', or the Horse rune, is ascribed magical traits invoking teamwork and mutual trust. It is shaped like the letter 'M', or the number '1' and its mirror image, or two HORSE silhouettes with their noses touching, or two symmetrical HORSE ears.

In the chapters of this book, twenty writers and twenty artists tell us about their HORSES – individual, but in some ways similar. For one of them, a HORSE is the inner voice talking during the night; for another, it is the hidden true "self"; for yet another, it is longing and dreams, or uncontrollable, galloping thoughts that arrive in the shape of a HORSE each time they play the piano. For some a HORSE might mean serious responsibility, conscientiousness and, occasionally, great exhaustion. A HORSE can be fear, jokes, fairy tales, fantastical creatures living in your backyard, the endless horizon of an American Western, or a distant twinkling star of strength. This book combines various styles and approaches while reaching into the unknown in an attempt to lure the HORSE out, so that it follows its master, calm and dignified.

On behalf of the team of editors –

Santa Remere



1.

CHAPTER ONE

IN WHICH THE HORSE TRAVELS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME

Rasa Bugavičute-Pēce
Anete Melece



IF ANYONE EVER ASKED ME WHETHER IT WAS EASY TO BE A HORSE, I WOULD SAY RIGHT AWAY THAT IT WASN'T - LOTS OF WORK, VERY LITTLE REST, NOT MUCH CHANCE TO MEET OTHER HORSES AND YET, THERE ARE SOME ADVANTAGES TO BEING A HORSE. TO CUT

A LONG STORY SHORT, HORSES KNOW HOW TO TRAVEL THROUGH SPACE AND TIME. THIS IS HOW IT IS DONE: AS SOON AS I FEEL SADNESS OR ANGER, I CLOSE MY EYES AND JOURNEY TO ANOTHER PLACE. I BELIEVE I CAN GET ANYWHERE; I JUST CHOOSE A DESTINATION AND... THERE I AM!



FOR INSTANCE, THIS MORNING I GOT SAD EATING MY BREAKFAST OATMEAL, AS IT IS RATHER LONELY EATING BREAKFAST OATMEAL ALL ON YOUR OWN. TO STOP MYSELF FEELING SAD, I CLOSED MY EYES AND, IN AN INSTANT, FOUND MYSELF BACK IN MY CHILDHOOD. I AM JUST A WEE LITTLE THING, MOM IS NEXT TO ME, AND SHE



PULLS MY EAR GENTLY AND MUMBLES THAT SHE LOVES ME AND WILL ALWAYS BE WITH ME. THE TIME WHEN THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED, I WAS NOT ALL THAT HAPPY BECAUSE THE COW FROM THE NEIGHBORING MEADOW HAD BEEN WATCHING THE WHOLE THING - SO EMBARRASSING! SO I SAID NOTHING TO MOM AND JUST GALLOPED AWAY.



WHEREAS THIS TIME - THIS TIME I TURNED THE COW
SO IT WAS LOOKING AWAY AND, SNUGLING UP
TO MOM, THANKED HER FOR BEING THERE FOR ME.

AND SO I FELT BETTER, OPENED MY EYES AND
I WAS BACK. SEE. SO, IF ANYONE SHOULD EVER
ASK ME IF IT'S COOL TO BE A HORSE, I WOULD SAY
RIGHT OFF THAT IT WAS.

2.

CHAPTER TWO

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
WALKS
ON THE
PIANO**

Inese Zandere
Anna Vaiivare



Every time I sit down at the piano to practice, a horse appears from underneath it. He walks serenely across the white keys, his hooves clicking. Left hind leg, left front leg, right hind leg, right front leg, one, two, three, four. Only once in a while the horse looks at me with a sly brown eye.

I want to caress his neck or pull his mane a little, but the horse immediately jumps to one side. He leaps over the black keys as if a race had begun. The horse ignores such barriers. Having reached the end, he stops and taps the keys producing the highest notes on the piano.

I have a piece of bread in my pocket and I show it to the horse. At a small, obedient trot, he comes nearer - click-clack-click-clack-click-clack-clack-clack - it sounds as if I had begun practicing my scales.

Around the middle of the keys, however, the horse whinnies loudly: - **Neigh, neigh!** - It is a long whinny and, in order to do this sudden passage, he needs both the white and the black keys. I jump, and breadcrumbs drop down between the keys. The horse gobbles down what is left and looks at me, accusingly.

I shrug my shoulders - it isn't my fault. While he is wondering if he might find a bit more, I grab onto his mane and mount him in an instant. This time it works, but there have been times when the horse shakes me off and I somersault across the keys -

bah-bah-bah-bah! Bommm
- the bass keys make their deep sound.



But today the horse wants to play with me, he wants to be agile and swift, to rise and cross his legs in dance-like steps. It's like clockwork! I sit on his back, straight as an arrow, just as my piano teacher makes me.

- canter! - I call out.

The horse likes it! One, two, three, pause! One, two, three, pause! The faster he runs, the longer the pause. I feel his canter turn into a gallop and the horse and I fly into the meadow. We race up a hill and tear back down! Up and down! Up and down! And then we rush into a river, splashing and splattering!

- Blr-rr-rr-Lam! Blr-rr-rr-Lam!





- Mom, I can't stand
the little tyke
anymore! -

My sister calls from the
other side of the door.

- Instead of studying, he keeps
banging on the piano!

The horse rushes ashore, shakes off the
water and looks back at me over his shoulder
with his big, sly eye. When my mom opens
the door, he is already gone.



3.

CHAPTER THREE

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
IS A RED
WOODEN
HORSE**

Juris Zvirgzdiņš
Anita Paegle

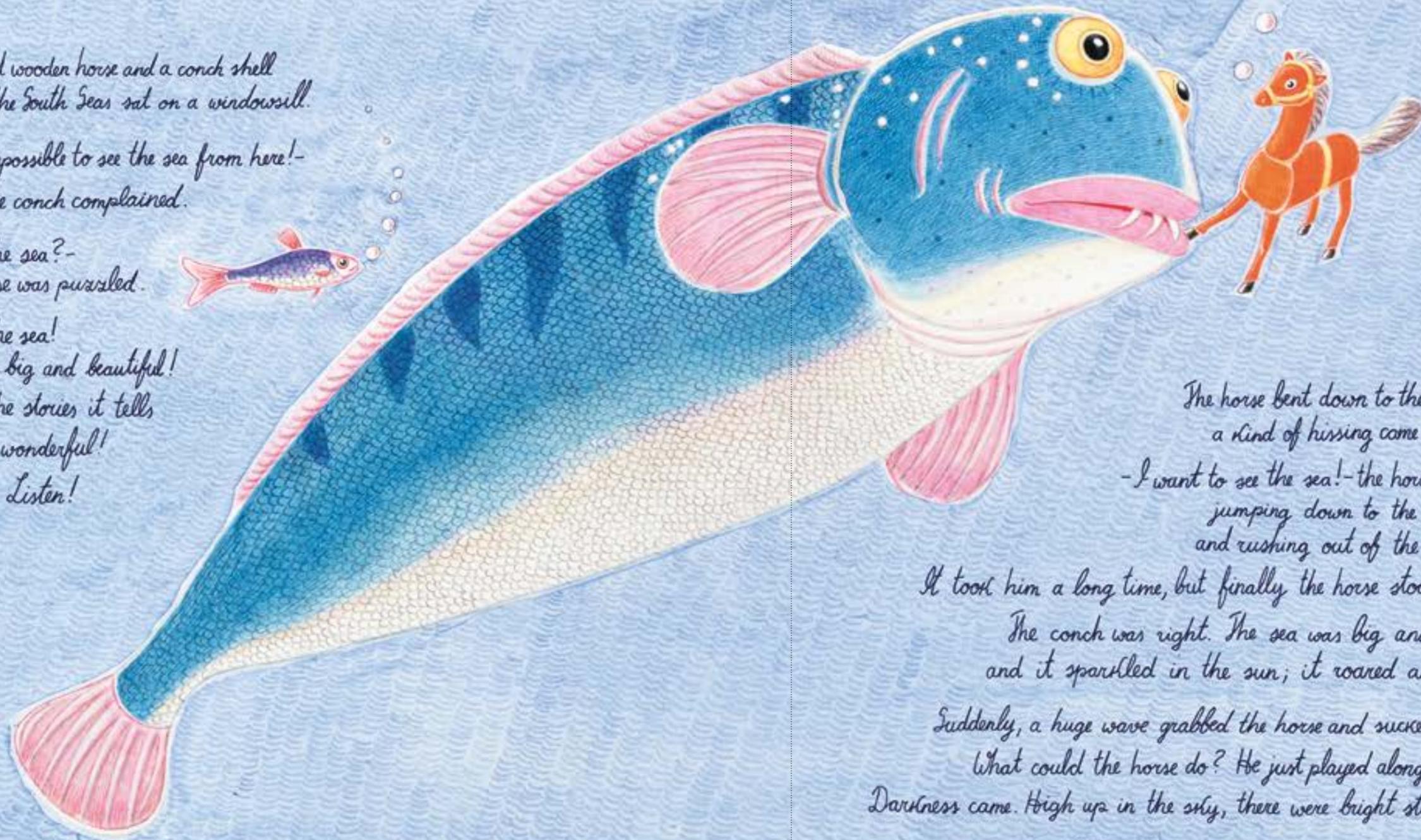


The red wooden horse and a conch shell
from the South Seas sat on a windowsill.

-It's impossible to see the sea from here!-
the conch complained.

-The sea? -
the horse was puzzled.

-The sea!
It is so big and beautiful!
And the stories it tells
are wonderful!
Listen!



The horse bent down to the conch - yes,
a kind of hissing came from it.
-I want to see the sea!- the horse announced,
jumping down to the floor
and rushing out of the door.

It took him a long time, but finally the horse stood on the seashore.

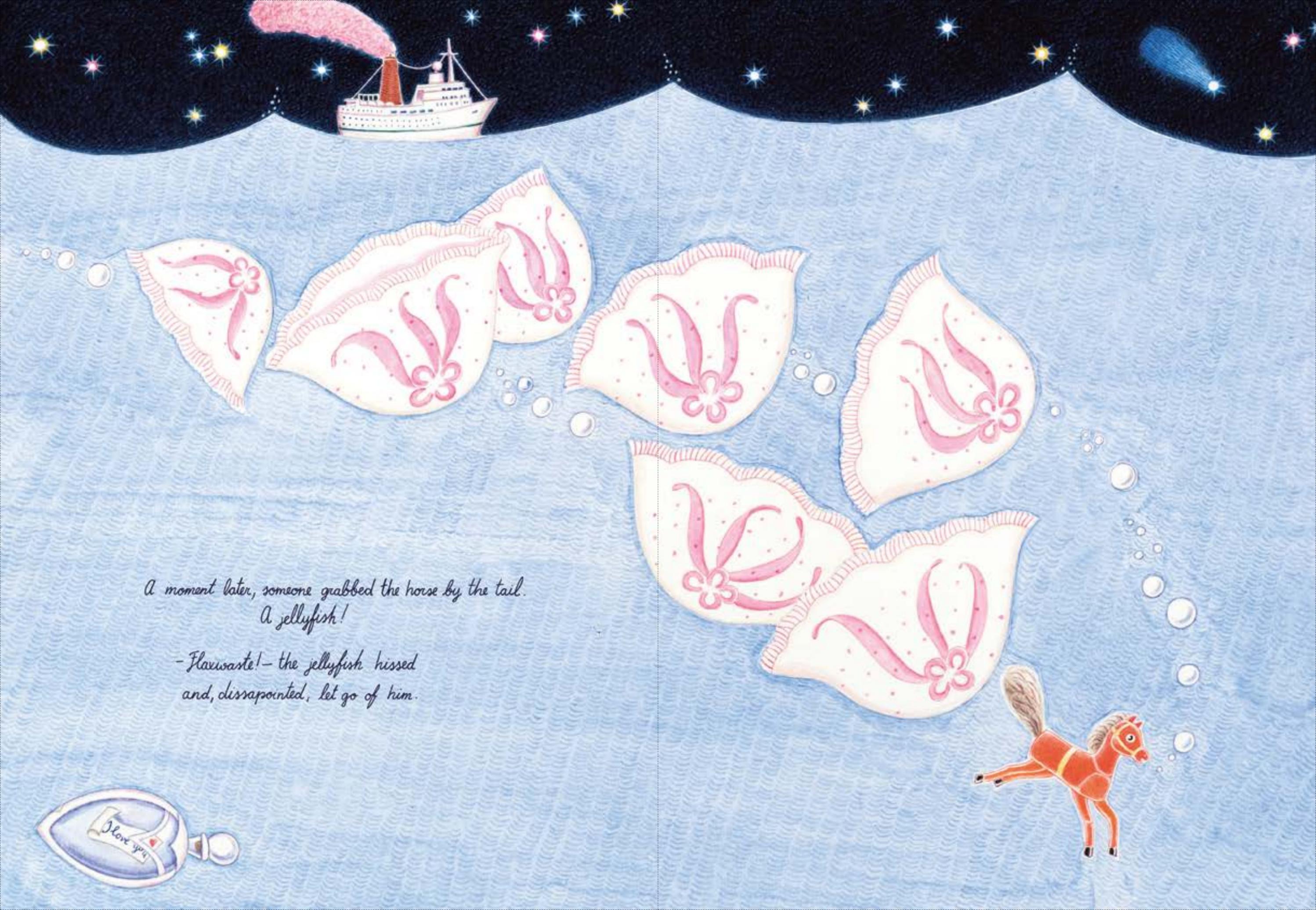
The conch was right. The sea was big and beautiful
and it sparkled in the sun; it roared and it hissed!

Suddenly, a huge wave grabbed the horse and sucked him into the sea.

What could the horse do? He just played along with the waves.
Darkness came. High up in the sky, there were bright stars and the moon.

A very big fish swam up to the horse and sniffed at it.

-Wood! Painted wood! That's no food for a fish!
-the fish stated and swam away.



A moment later, someone grabbed the horse by the tail.

A jellyfish!

*-Flaxwaste!- the jellyfish hissed
and, dissappointed, let go of him.*





Morning came, the sea calmed and the waves washed the horse to the shore.
- A horse! A red wooden horse! - a voice cried out.
- I'll take you home! You can live with us! In Visby, Gotland! -
a boy told him happily.

At home, he was put on a windowsill
next to a tin soldier and a model sailing ship

Just before Christmas,
the boy's father gave the horse a fresh coat of paint
to cover the old one, bleached by the waves,
and the boy's mother made
him a new tail.

There he stands now proudly,
looking out at the sea.
Only from time to time
the horse is overcome with sadness
as he remembers his first home
and his friend the conch shell.

4.

CHAPTER FOUR

IN WHICH THE HORSE MADE A CHOICE

Māra Zālīte

Vivianna Maria Staņislavska

THE HORSE FELT A SUDDEN BLOW AND WOKE UP.

HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A STRANGE TRAILER.

HE HAD A TERRIBLE HEADACHE.

ANGRY CURSING COULD BE HEARD OUTSIDE.
THE CAR HAD RUN INTO A TREE.

THE HORSE BEGAN TO REMEMBER.

THE DAY BEFORE HE HAD NOTICED SUSPICIOUS SHADOWS,
FELT A PRICK OF A NEEDLE IN HIS NECK AND THEN
EVERYTHING HAD SUNK INTO DARKNESS.

THE HORSE REALIZED THAT HE HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED.

WHERE WAS HE? WHERE WAS HE BEING TAKEN?
WHAT WILL THE MAN-CHILD THINK WHEN HE DOES NOT FIND HIM
IN THE MORNING?

THE HORSE THREW HIMSELF AGAINST THE DOOR

HIS NEW HORSE SHOES SENT SPARKS FLYING.

THE DOOR SHATTERED WITH A LOUD CRACK

ONE LEAP AND THE HORSE WAS OUT!

CATCH HIM, CATCH HIM! - ONE OF THE KIDNAPPERS YELLED.

- YOU CATCH HIM! I HAVE A BUMP ON MY FOREHEAD THE SIZE OF A LEMON! -

THE OTHER KIDNAPPER MOANED.

- THAT'S NOTHING!
MY BUMP IS THE SIZE OF A PUMPKIN!

THE HORSE
BROKE INTO GALLOP.

HE HAD TO GET AWAY!

NOT LONG NOW
AND IT WOULD BE
MORNING.

SOON THE MAN-CHILD
WOULD BE AWAKE.





DAWN CAME. HE DID NOT RECOGNIZE HIS SURROUNDINGS.
SOMEWHERE NEARBY HE COULD SMELL A LAKE.
THE HORSE DRANK ITS CLEAN WATER
IN LONG GULPS.
SUDDENLY, HE HEARD A SWEET NEIGHING.
THE HORSE LOOKED UP.

NEARBY, A HORSE MAIDEN
WAS GRAZING.

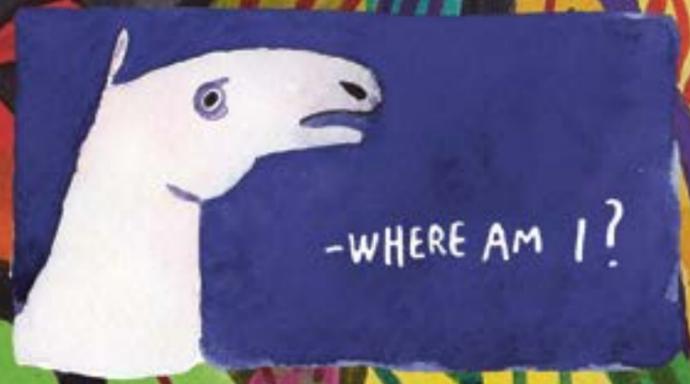
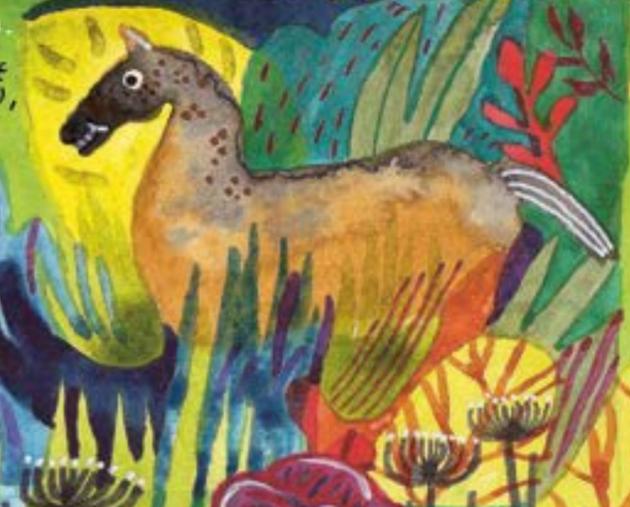
THE HORSE FOUND HIMSELF UNABLE TO LOOK AWAY.

- YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL!
- AND YOU SEEM SO SKITTISH.
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

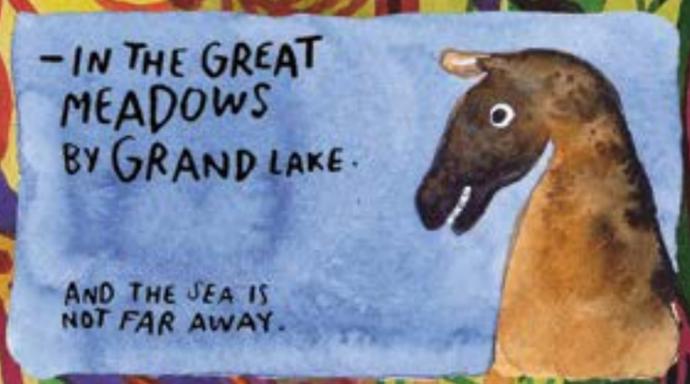


- I WAS KIDNAPPED. I RAN AWAY BUT HAVE NO IDEA WHERE I AM.

- THE KIDNAPPERS WOULD HAVE MADE
A LOT OF MONEY OFF YOU,
THE HORSE MAIDEN
SMILED.



- WHERE AM I?



- IN THE GREAT
MEADOWS
BY GRAND LAKE.

AND THE SEA IS
NOT FAR AWAY.



- THE
SEA!

IF I RAN ALONG THE SEA EDGE,
I WOULD EVENTUALLY
FIND MY HOME!

FOLLOWING
THE SUN.



- TODAY AND TOMORROW THE SUN
WILL NOT SHINE.

HE HAS TO REST.



- YOU HAVE A LOVELY STRIPE ALONG YOUR BACK.
WHAT IS YOUR JOB?



- I DON'T WORK. WE JUST LIVE.
WE ARE WILD HORSES.
WE ARE
FREE.

AND YOU?



- I HAVE TO CURE
THE MAN-CHILD.

- HOW?



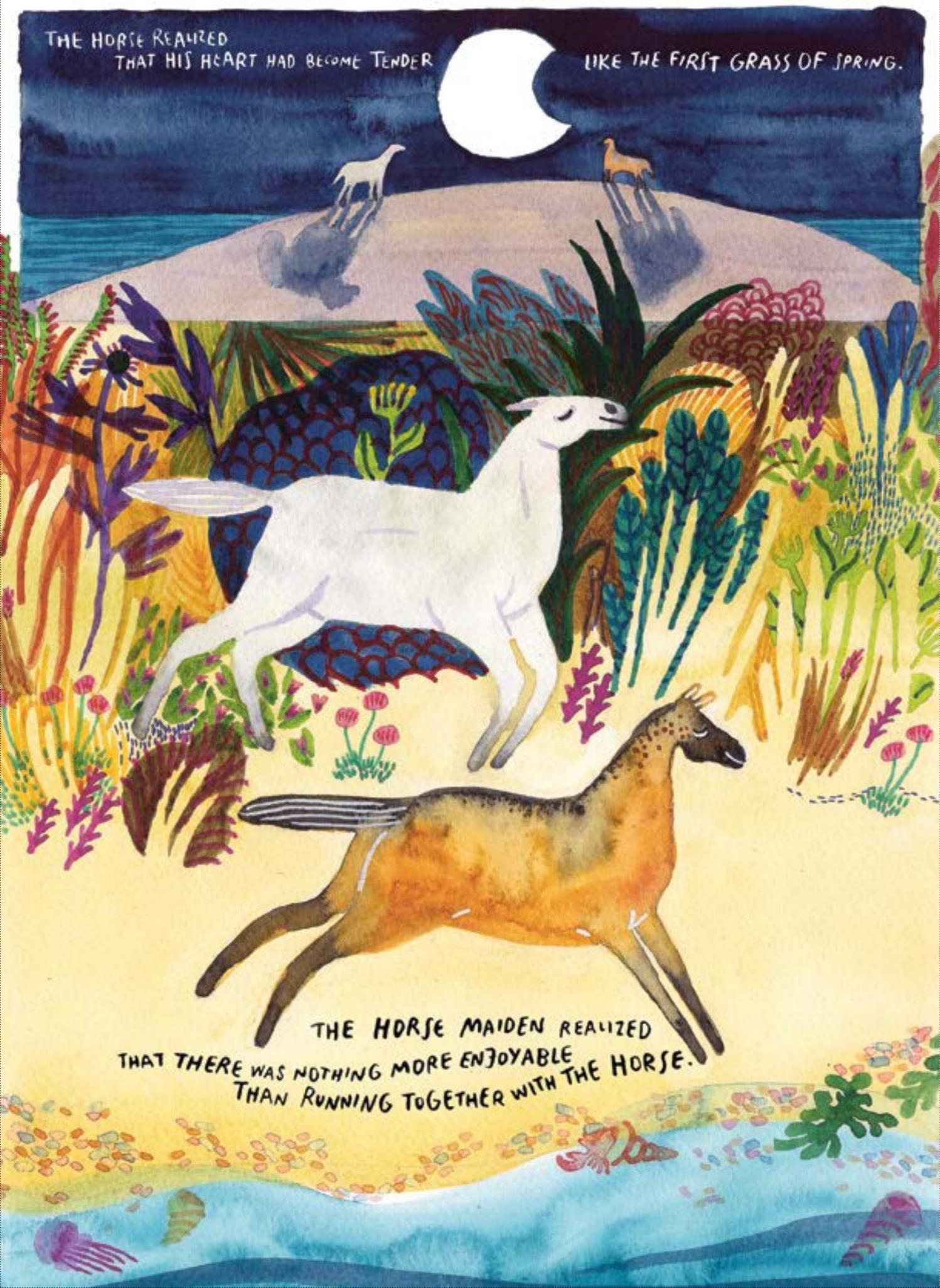
- I CARRY HIM ON MY BACK.

- COME,

LET'S
RUN TO
THE SEA!

THE HORSE REALIZED
THAT HIS HEART HAD BECOME TENDER

LIKE THE FIRST GRASS OF SPRING.



THE HORSE MAIDEN REALIZED
THAT THERE WAS NOTHING MORE ENJOYABLE
THAN RUNNING TOGETHER WITH THE HORSE.

ON THE THIRD DAY, A BRIGHT SUN APPEARED.
THE HORSE NOW KNEW HIS WAY.



-STAY,-

THE HORSE MAIDEN
SAID, FOR SHE WAS
SORRY TO
BE PARTED
FROM THE HORSE.



-WITHOUT ME
THE MAN-CHILD
WILL NOT
RECOVER,-

THE HORSE TOO WAS SORRY.



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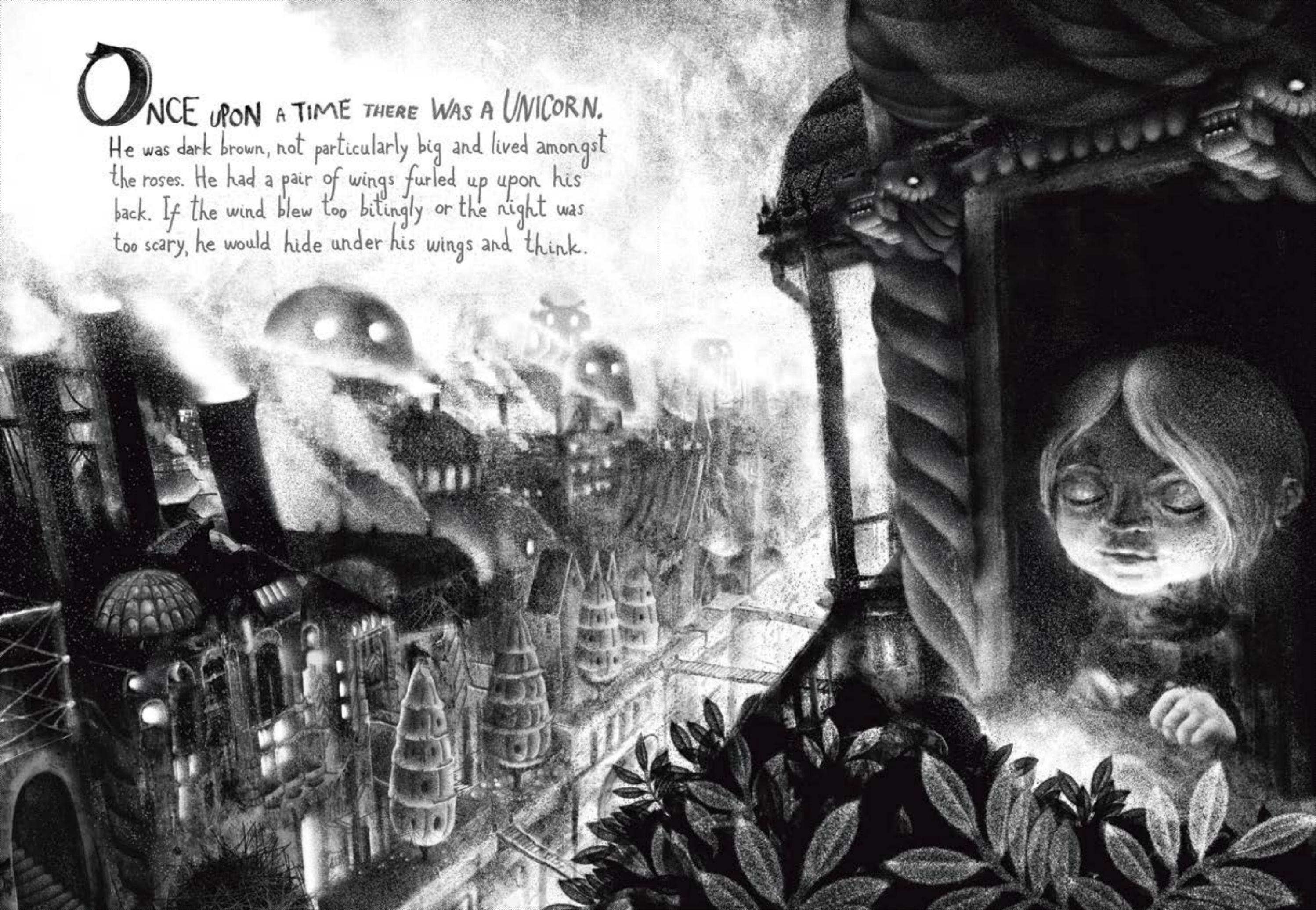
CHAPTER FIVE

IN WHICH THE HORSE WAS A UNICORN

Ieva Melgalve
Reinis Pētersons

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A UNICORN.

He was dark brown, not particularly big and lived amongst the roses. He had a pair of wings furled up upon his back. If the wind blew too bitingly or the night was too scary, he would hide under his wings and think.



He had a single horn. This meant that he always had one eye turned in on himself - inwards - while his other eye was placed on the tip of his horn so as to look out at the world. All he needed to do was extend his horn to see if the pink-and-gold rose had opened yet.

Of course, the Unicorn did not eat the roses. Right beside the rose beds grew ground-elder - which he called unicorn grass and broadleaf plantain.

There was no other use for them. Unlike the roses - everyone needed those, despite them having such sharp thorns.

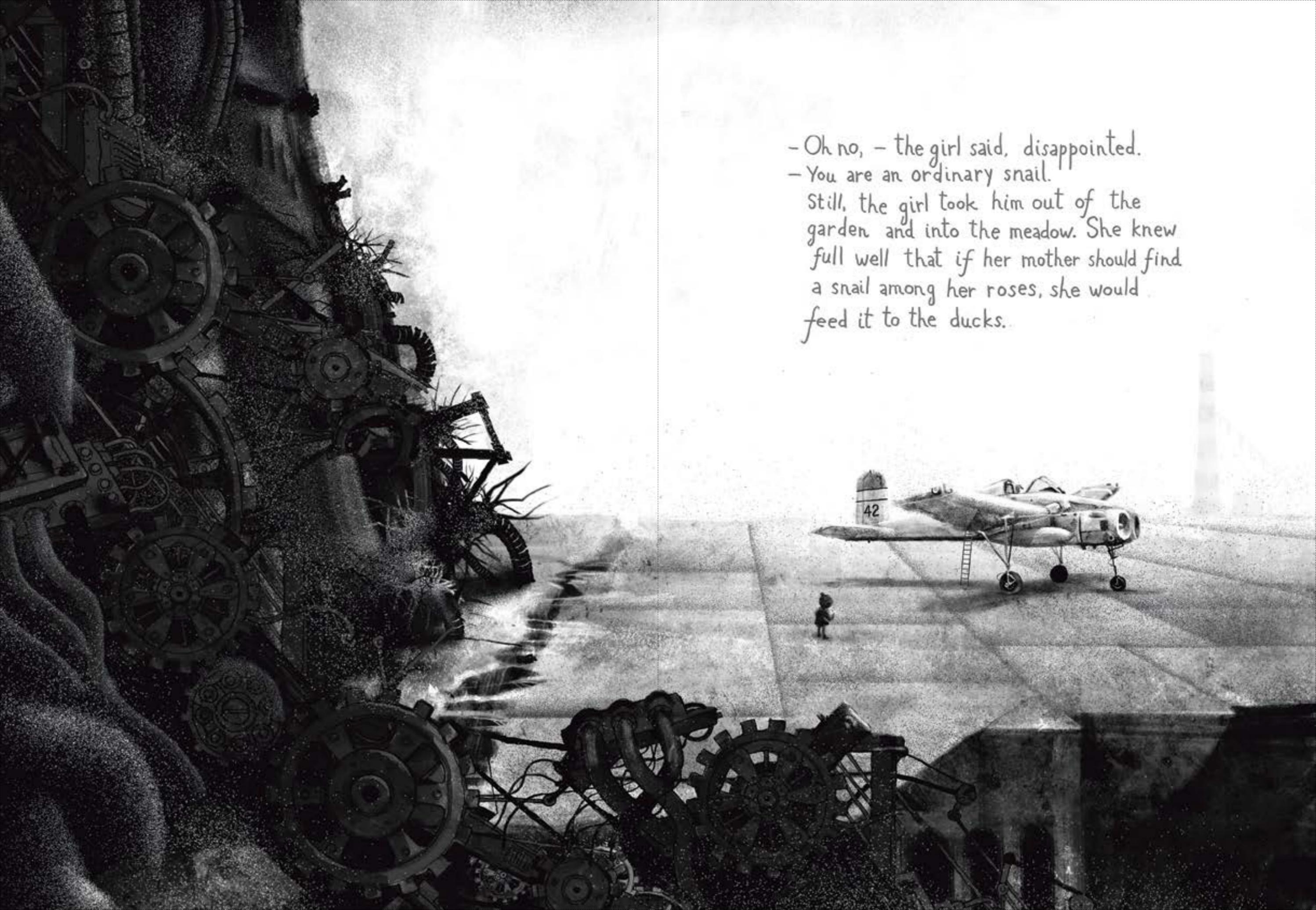
The Unicorn did not even see who it was, but someone found him. A little girl picked him up by the wings and lifted him into the air.

- Are you a unicorn?
- she asked.

For the first time in his life, the Unicorn discovered who he was.

And for the first time in his life, he was so surprised that he pulled out his other horn and looked at the girl with both of his eyes.





- Oh no, - the girl said, disappointed.
- You are an ordinary snail.

Still, the girl took him out of the garden and into the meadow. She knew full well that if her mother should find a snail among her roses, she would feed it to the ducks.

6.

CHAPTER SIX

IN WHICH THE HORSE FLIES

Leons Briedis
Aleksejs Naumovs

EVERYONE CALLED HIM SCRAGGY AS, COVERED WITH SCABS AND RAW SPOTS, SICKLY AND FRAIL, HE WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE COLD WINTER DAYS IN THE STALL NEXT TO HIS MOTHER, THE MARE. HE STOOD THERE DREAMING QUIETLY. ONE DEEP WINTER NIGHT, WHEN AN AMAZINGLY BRIGHT LITTLE STAR SHONE IN THROUGH THE SMALL, DARK WINDOW, SCRAGGY SHOOK HIMSELF SO VIGOROSLY THAT ALL HIS SCABS FLEW OFF AROUND HIM AND HE WENT BACK TO BEING JUST AS HE WAS WHEN HE HAD ARRIVED IN THIS WORLD: STRONG AND MAJESTIC, AND FOUR WINGS SUDDENLY SPROUTED ON HIS BACK.





THE AMAZINGLY BRIGHT STAR MOUNTED SCRAGGY, DUG ITS SPURS INTO HIS SIDES AND, WITH THE WIND WHISTLING PAST THEIR EARS, THE TWO OF THEM GALLOPED ACROSS THE MOON-BUILT BRIDGE TO THE SKY. IN THE MORNING, WHEN SCRAGGY RETURNED EXHAUSTED TO HIS STABLE AND, ALL SCABBY AND SICKLY, CREPT INTO HIS STALL TO CATCH HIS BREATH, HIS MOTHER THE MARE SMILED AND NEIGHED: — MY POOR LITTLE SCRAGGY, MY WINGED SCRAGGY! TONIGHT YOU REALLY HAVE SPED ACROSS THE VAULT OF THE HEAVENS FASTER THAN THE WIND AND SWIFTER THAN THOUGHT!



SCRAGGY NODDED
IN AGREEMENT AND BEGAN QUIETLY NIBBLING THE
OATS IN HIS NOSEBAG. ON HIS SCRAGGY, SCABBY FOREHEAD,
ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE AND CURLED UP, ITS ROUND CHEEKS
PUFFED UP AND SNORING SLIGHTLY, SHONE A NEVER-TO-BE-
EXTINGUISHED, AMAZINGLY BRIGHT LITTLE STAR.

7.

CHAPTER SEVEN

IN WHICH THE HORSE COUNTS STARS

Uldis Auseklis
Gundega Muzikante



I really LIKE
THE MASTER'S DAPPLE
GREY HORSE WITH
HIS KINDLY,
PENETRATING EYES.
I call HIM

THE
BIG ONE



HE'S BIG and I AM SMALL.
Yes, I AM a SMALL GRAY-WHITE KITTEN
WITH a WHITE TIP
TO My TAIL.
WE are a GOOD MATCH and UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER.



IN THE AFTERNOONS, my FRIEND THE BIG ONE,
CALM and DISCRIMINATING,
GRAZES ON TUFT after TUFT OF GRASS IN
THE MEADOW BEHIND THE HOUSE.
I RUN ABOUT NEAR HIM, LEAPING and
DOING SOMERSAULTS WITH THE BUTTERFLIES.

AS DUSK DESCENDS, THE MOON RISES AND
STARS ENCIRCLE IT FROM EVERY WHICH WAY.
THE BIG ONE RAISES HIS HEAD TO THE SKY. LOOKS AT IT A WHILE
and THEN BEGINS TO NEIGH SOFTLY AND NOT SO SOFTLY.
THAT CERTAINLY DOES NOT STOP ME FROM WALKING RIGHT UP TO HIM.





— Who are you TALKING TO?
— I am GREETING THE STARS COUNTING THEM.

— My WISE MOMMY Told ME That THE STARS
CANNOT be COUNTED.

— THAT IS TRUE. But ONLY BY COUNTING THEM
is IT POSSIBLE TO FIND the ONE WHICH is YOUR OWN.

— HAVE you FOUND Yours yet?
— I HAVE. But I HAVE TO GREET IT each TIME ANEW.
OTHERWISE IT HIDES SOMEWHERE.

— So IT IS PLAYING WITH you?
— So IT IS.

— But WHY?
— IT WANTS TO KNOW how STRONG my LOVE FOR IT IS.



— BUT YOU ARE STRONG.
— YOU ARE MISTAKEN!
EVEN A HORSE GETS HIS STRENGTH
FROM A BELOVED STAR.
AND THEN HE ADDED:
— AT LEAST I DO.

HAVING SAID THAT,
THE BIG ONE TURNED HIS
HEAD AND CARRIED ON
WHINNYING.
I DIDN'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS.
I RAN HOME.



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THE FOLLOWING EVENING,
HAVING DRUNK THE MILK
THAT HAD BEEN LEFT FOR ME IN A SAUCER
ON THE STEPS, I RAISED MY HEAD
TO THE SKY AND MY WHISKERS STARTED COUNTING
THE STARS ALL ON THEIR OWN.

NOW I COUNT THEM EVERY EVENING. I GET LOST AND THEN I COUNT AGAIN.
I WANT ONE OF MY OWN SO VERY MUCH!

I HAVE YET TO REACH MY OWN BELOVED STAR BUT I KNOW I AM NEAR—
JUST A LITTLE BIT FURTHER STILL, MAYBE I WILL GET THERE TONIGHT.



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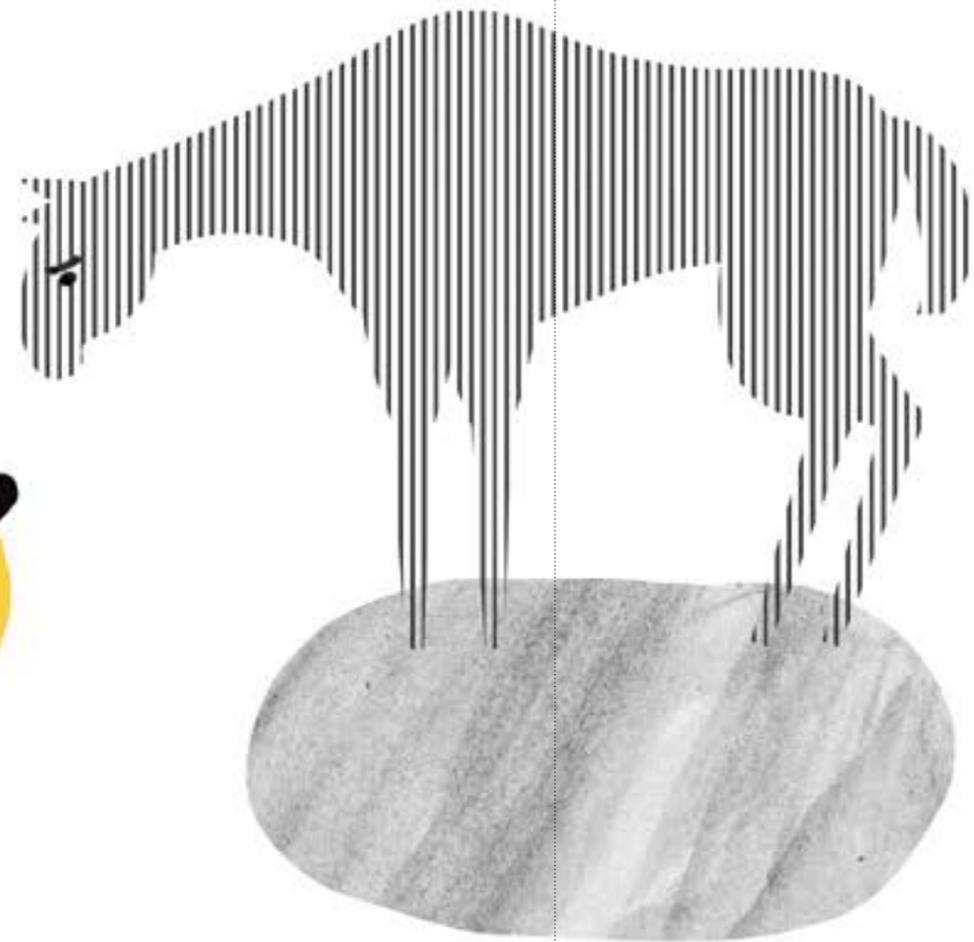
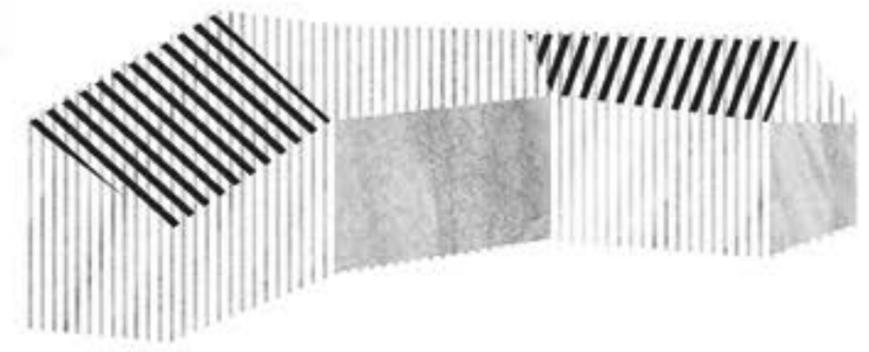
CHAPTER EIGHT

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
STEPS
OUT
OF THE
PAINTING**

Luīze Pastore
Māra Viška

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, A TRANSLUCENT HORSE
ROAMED THE CITY STREETS. I SAW HIM WITH MY
VERY OWN EYES BEFORE THE SHOCKING NEWS
SPREAD ON TV AND IN THE PAPERS AND
SOCIAL NETWORKS BEGAN TO FILL UP WITH
PHOTOS FROM EYEWITNESSES.

HEAD
HANGING LOW, HORSE-
SHOES CLATTERING ON THE
COBBLESTONES, THE HORSE WALKED
ALONG THE TRAMRAILS NEAR MY HOUSE.
ONLY AN OUTLINE REMAINED OF THE EMACIATED
CREATURE - THE HORSE WAS SO WASTED THAT
YOU COULD SEE STRAIGHT THROUGH HIM, SEE THE
FRIGHTENED FACES OF THE NEIGHBORS ACROSS
THE STREET. THE POOR HORSE LOOKED AFTER
EVERY PASSING TRAM AND CAR WITH A HEARTFELT
SIGH. WITH EACH SIGH, THE BLACK CONTOURS
FADED FURTHER AND, TO THE GREAT RELIEF
OF THE NEIGHBORS, NOTHING OF THE
RACK OF BONES WOULD SOON
REMAIN. I DECIDED TO ACT.



FIRST, I
TOOK THE POOR THING SOME
OATS. BUT AS IT ATE, THE OATS JUST
POURED STRAIGHT THROUGH HIS INSUBSTANTIAL
BELLY! THE TRANSLUCENT ANIMAL FADED A NOTCH FURTHER
AND A TRAM WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIM. THEN IT
OCCURRED TO ME TO PAINT THE HORSE. THERE WAS SOME RED
CABINET PAINT LEFT OVER FROM OUR KITCHEN RENOVATIONS,
SO I USED THAT. A RED HORSE WAS SLIGHTLY ODD, BUT
AT LEAST IT WAS NOW VISIBLE!

- A
REAL WORK OF ART!
- I SAID, PLEASED WITH MY
HANDIWORK, BUT THE HORSE
LOOKED EVEN MORE UNHAPPY.
- NEIGH, NEIGH, MY ONLY PLACE IS IN
THE MUSEUM! - HE WHINNIED.
- WHAT A GOOD IDEA! - I THOUGHT,
AND IMMEDIATELY TOOK THE
HORSE AWAY.





CHAOS REIGNED AT THE ART MUSEUM. THE HORSE HAD DISAPPEARED FROM A FAMOUS PAINTING! I HAD SEEN THE PAINTING WITH MY OWN EYES BEFORE THE STORY WAS TAKEN UP BY THE MEDIA - ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS A LONE CART AND ITS DRIVER. IT SOON BECAME CLEAR THAT MY MAGNIFICENT RED ARTWORK WAS ACTUALLY THE DRIVER'S LOST HORSE WHO HAD WANDERED OFF TO LOOK FOR WORK. HOW LONG CAN A HORSE SIMPLY IDLE AWAY IN A MUSEUM! THE HORSE WAS MADE TO RETURN TO THE PAINTING. AND WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? DESPITE THIS HAPPY ENDING, I WAS PUNISHED FOR VANDALIZING A WORK OF ART!

9.

CHAPTER NINE

**IN WHICH
WE HIT
OUR
HEADS
SEVERAL
TIMES**

Pauls Bankovskis
Pēteris Līdaka

CHAPTER SEVEN, IN WHICH WE
HIT OUR HEADS SEVERAL TIMES

IT HAPPENED A LONG, LONG TIME AGO, SOON AFTER PETER THE GREAT'S MONUMENT WAS UNVEILED IN RIGA - THAT WOULD MAKE IT AROUND 1911.

THIS BRONZE MONUMENT WAS OF THE RUSSIAN TSAR ON HORSEBACK.

UNCLE MIKELIS STUDIED AT THE POLYTECHNIC WHERE HE WAS FRIENDS WITH AN ENGINEER, HORSING HORACE. MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, HORSING HORACE

IS SAID TO HAVE ENJOYED HORSE RACES AND HORSING AROUND - HENCE THE NICKNAME.

ONE DAY, WHEN MIKELIS AND HORSING HORACE WERE ON A TRAM, HORACE WAS ONCE AGAIN

HORSING AROUND, AS WAS HIS WAY, CLAIMING THAT HE COULD PROVE THAT

THE POWER OF SCIENCE WAS SUCH THAT IT COULD EVEN LIFT UP A TRAM.

THE TWO OF THEM RODE ON THE BACK OF THE TRAM, ON THE OPEN PLATFORM AND, AS SOON AS THE TRAM JUMPED, SO DID HORSING HORACE AND WHEN THE TRAM ROCKED A LITTLE,

HORACE BENT HIS KNEES - LIKE YOU DO WHEN SWINGING ON A SWING. HE URGED

MIKELIS TO DO THE SAME AND SOON IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE CARRIAGE WAS ROCKING

BACK AND FORTH EVEN HARDER UNTILL, JUST AS THEY WERE GOING PAST THE

COPPER-PLATED HORSE AND ITS RIDER, THE WHEELS JUMPED OFF THE RAILS AND THE

TRAM STOPPED WITH AN UNWORDLY, METALLIC SCREECHING SOUND.

THE SUDDEN JOLT MADE MIKELIS HIT HIS HEAD AGAINST THE CEILING OF THE TRAM

AND, WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES AGAIN, HE FAILED TO NOTICE THAT THERE WAS NO

LONGER EITHER PETER OR HIS HORSE.



GRAYISH RAIN WAS FALLING OUTSIDE THE TROLLEYBUS WINDOW; AVOIDING PUDDLES, PEOPLE HIDDEN UNDER UMBRELLAS WERE MEANDERING THROUGH PUDDLES TO CROSS THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE SAKTA STORE AND, JUST AT THAT MOMENT, THE FREEDOM MONUMENT BUILT TO REPLACE PETER THE GREAT IN 1935 AND ITS STONE IMAGES, SLID BY.

THE TROLLEYBUS CAME TO A HALT AT THE INTERSECTION BETWEEN LENIN STREET AND SOVIET BOULEVARD, SO IT WAS CLEAR THAT THESE EVENTS



TOOK PLACE IN SOVIET TIMES INSTEAD OF 1911. UNCLE MIKELIS
CONTINUED TO MUSE ABOUT THE RAGING HORSE WITH ITS EYES
POPPING IN WILD FEAR CHISELED IN FINNISH GRANITE ON THE SIDE OF
THE MONUMENT, BUT FAILED TO COME TO ANY CONCLUSION BECAUSE
THE BACK TIRE OF THE TROLLEYBUS EXPLODED AND UNCLE MIKELIS WAS
THROWN FROM HIS SEAT, HITTING HIS HEAD ON THE CEILING.

WHEN HE FINALLY CAME TO, IT WAS NIGHTTIME, YET THE
FREEDOM MONUMENT WAS STILL WHERE IT HAD BEEN. MANY PEOPLE
STOOD AROUND, LATVIAN FLAGS IN HANDS, SO IT WAS AFTER 1990.

TOGETHER, THEY ALL SANG:
- I DRANK WITH MY OWN MONEY, I RAN MY OWN HORSE...



RIGHT NEARBY, HIS WHITE TEETH FLASHING, SANG NORSING HORACE.
HE HAD MADE HIMSELF SCARCE FOR A WHILE AND SOMEWHERE IN THE
DEEP SHADOWS OF THE LINDEN TREES TO THE BACK OF THE CROWD,
THE COPPER HORSE OF PETER THE FIRST COULD STILL BE HEARD SNORING.



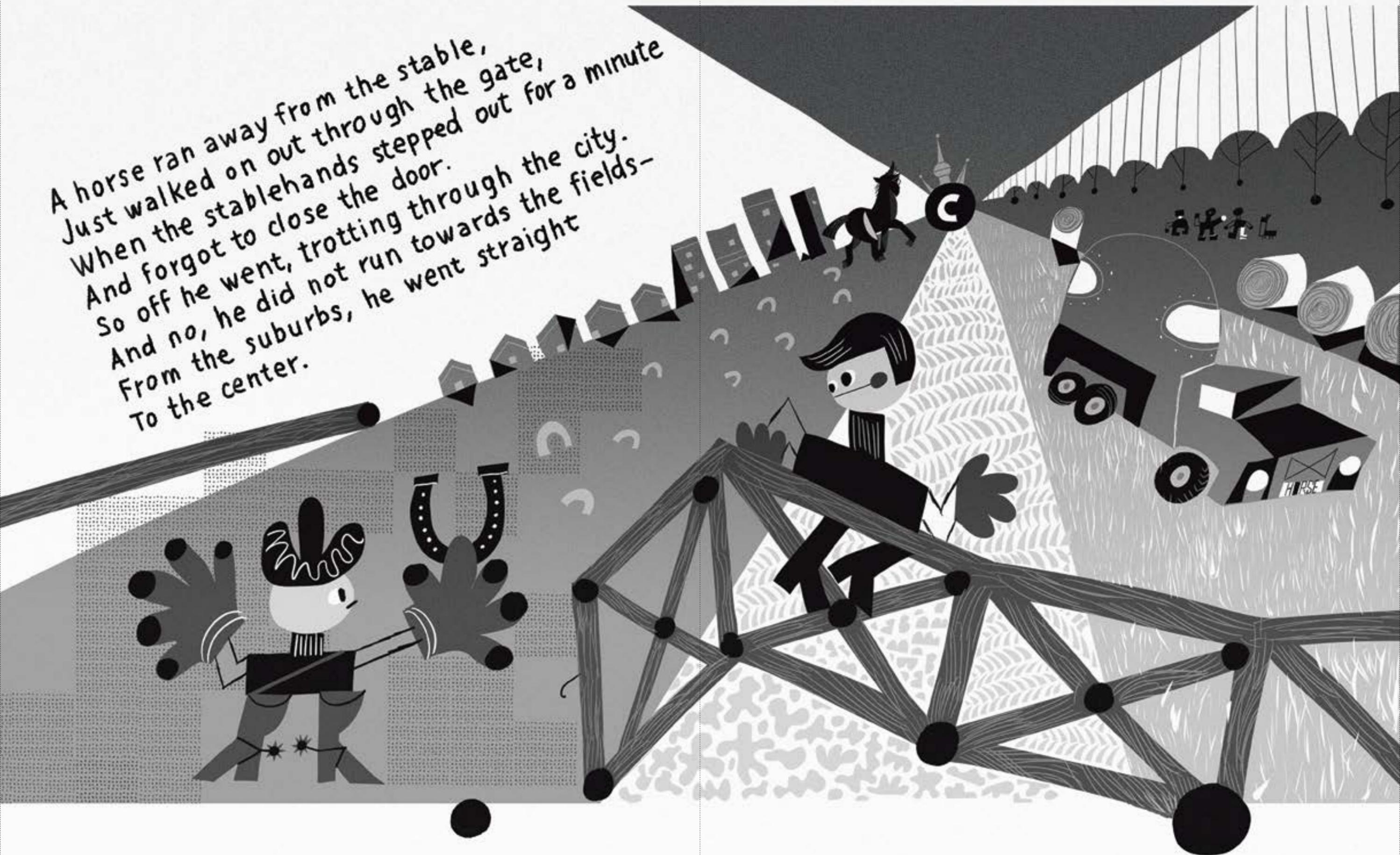
10.

CHAPTER TEN

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
RUNS
THROUGH
THE CITY
LIKE IN A
MOVIE**

Sergej Timofejev
Edmunds Jansons

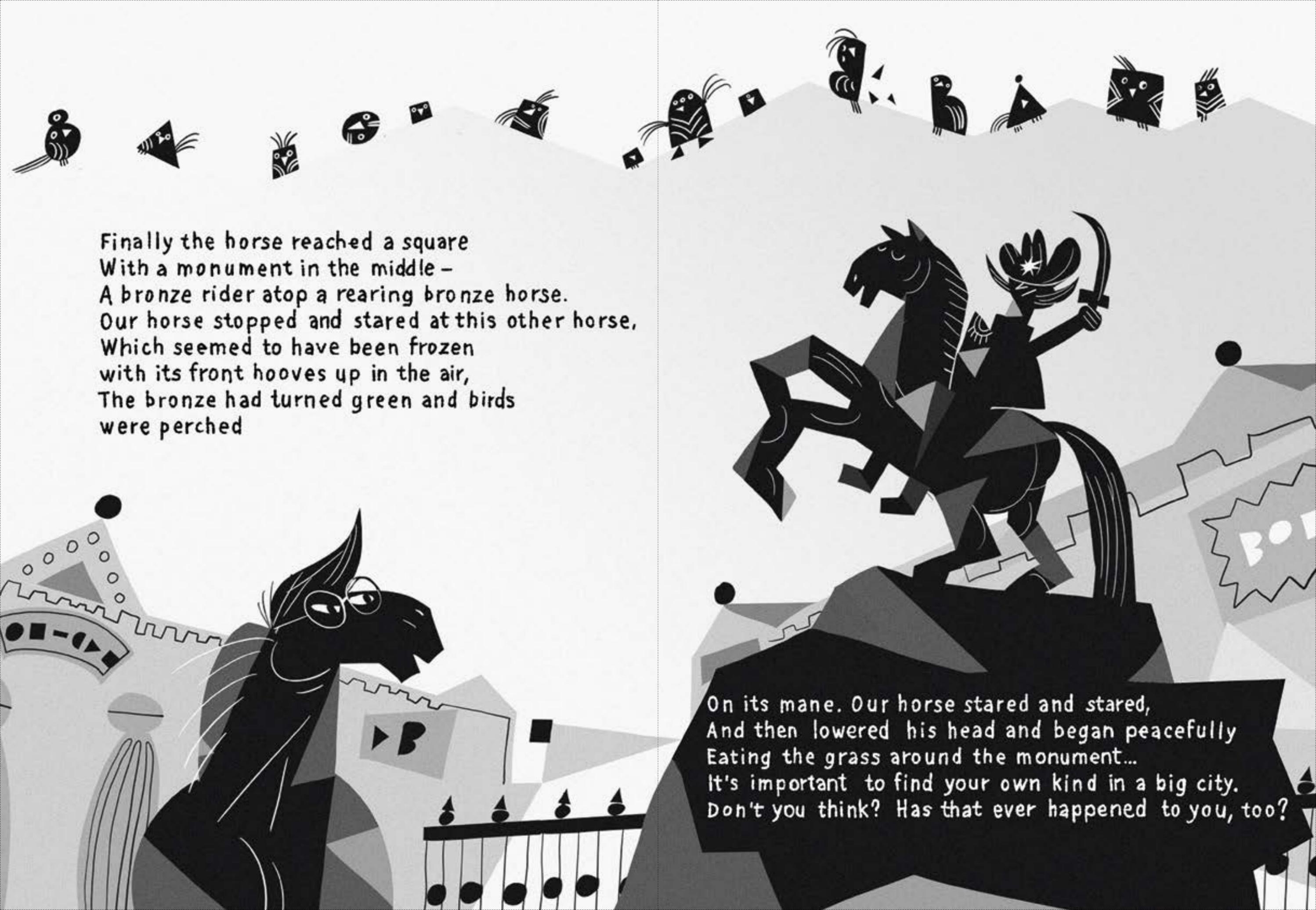
A horse ran away from the stable,
Just walked on out through the gate,
When the stablehands stepped out for a minute
And forgot to close the door.
So off he went, trotting through the city.
And no, he did not run towards the fields—
From the suburbs, he went straight
To the center.





Past trams and buses,
Past trucks and people at bus stops
Wrapped in jackets and coats.
They all said: "What's all this? Are they
shooting a movie?"
"There's probably a camera in one of the
cars..."
"Just look at that horse,
How beautifully it moves! It must be the
star!"

And the horse trotted hither and thither,
Through the stench of gasoline and rotting
Autumn leaves, through intersections
And past firewalls hung with advertisements
For perfumes and airlines.
Cars were careful to make way
Or to go around him. Everyone thought
A movie was being shot, so no-one called
the police.



Finally the horse reached a square
With a monument in the middle –
A bronze rider atop a rearing bronze horse.
Our horse stopped and stared at this other horse,
Which seemed to have been frozen
with its front hooves up in the air,
The bronze had turned green and birds
were perched

On its mane. Our horse stared and stared,
And then lowered his head and began peacefully
Eating the grass around the monument...
It's important to find your own kind in a big city.
Don't you think? Has that ever happened to you, too?

11.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
WORKS
IN
AMERICA**

Kārlis Vērdiņš
Elīna Brasliņa

ONCE UPON A TIME, THE HORSE WAS INVITED TO GO AND WORK IN AMERICA.
— STOP WASTING YOUR TIME HERE, — HE WAS TOLD, — THERE, YOUR FIELD WILL BE MUCH BIGGER AND YOU'LL REALLY BE ABLE TO WORK!
THE HORSE FLEW TO AMERICA AND BEGAN WORK.
THE MASTER LOOKED AND SAID:
— YOU MUST WORK HARDER!
THE HORSE DID AS HE WAS TOLD.
— I WILL WORK EVEN MORE DILIGENTLY, — HE SAID, FOR HE HAD READ GEORGE ORWELL.



THE HORSE SET TO WORK WITH DOUBLE THE ENERGY, YET THE MASTER AGAIN SAID:
— YOU HAVE TO WORK HARDER STILL!
THE HORSE BEGAN WORKING EVENINGS AND WEEKENDS AS WELL. THE MASTER LOOKED A LITTLE MORE SATISFIED — HE WOULD PAT THE HORSE FROM TIME TO TIME AND WHISPER:
— KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!
AND, SINCE THE HORSE KNEW ALL ABOUT THE PROTESTANT WORK ETHIC, HE GOT UP EVEN EARLIER, STRETCHED HIS PAINFUL BACK, QUICKLY ATE A BOWL OF OATMEAL AND RUSHED OFF TO WORK.



ONE DAY THE MASTER SAID:
— THAT COUNTRY YOU CAME FROM — LUT... LIT... LAT...
WHATEVER IT IS CALLED — ARE THERE MANY HORSES
LIKE YOU THERE? YOU COULD INVITE SOME TO COME
AND WORK FOR ME. I WILL GIVE YOU A COUPLE OF WEEKS
OFF, GO AND TALK TO THEM!
THE HORSE WENT BACK TO HIS COUNTRY AND MET UP
WITH HIS OLD FRIENDS — RUSTY, BROWNIE AND BLACKIE.
— WHAT'S IT LIKE IN AMERICA? — THEY ASKED. — ARE
YOU RICH NOW?
— NO, — THE HORSE SAID, — EVERYONE MUST WORK HARD
THERE AND ONLY A FEW CAN HOPE TO
GET RICH. IF YOU COME WITH
ME, YOU'LL SEE FOR
YOURSELVES.

-WE DON'T REALLY WANT TO WORK SO HARD, -RUSTY,
BROWNIE AND BLACKIE SAID, AFTER THEY HAD GIVEN THE
MATTER SOME THOUGHT. -WE ENJOY RUNNING THROUGH
THE WOODS AND FIELDS, GOING NIGHT GRAZING WITH
MARES AND, WHEN NO ONE IS WATCHING, GOING INTO THE
VEGETABLE GARDEN TO EAT
THE DELICIOUS CARROTS.

-WHAT KIND OF
LIFE IS THAT? -
SAID THE HORSE
INDIGNANTLY.

-EVERY HORSE MUST WORK HARD, PLAYING AROUND
IS FOR YOUNG FOALS.
- BUT WE ARE YOUNG, - HIS FRIENDS REPLIED,
WHEREAS YOU ARE SO OVERWORKED THAT YOU
HAVE GROWN OLD.
THE HORSE ONLY SHOOK HIS HEAD REPROACHFULLY.
IN THE END, HE WENT BACK TO AMERICA ON
HIS OWN.

THEY MADE HIM WORK HARDER
AND HARDER, AND THE HORSE IS STILL
DOING SO TO THIS DAY, UNLESS HE HAS
DIED. IF YOU WANT TO MAKE HIS WORK
EASIER, GO TO AMERICA!

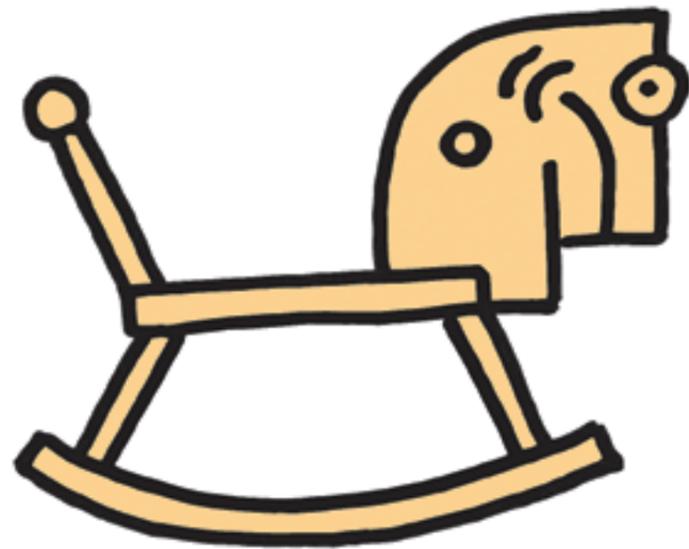


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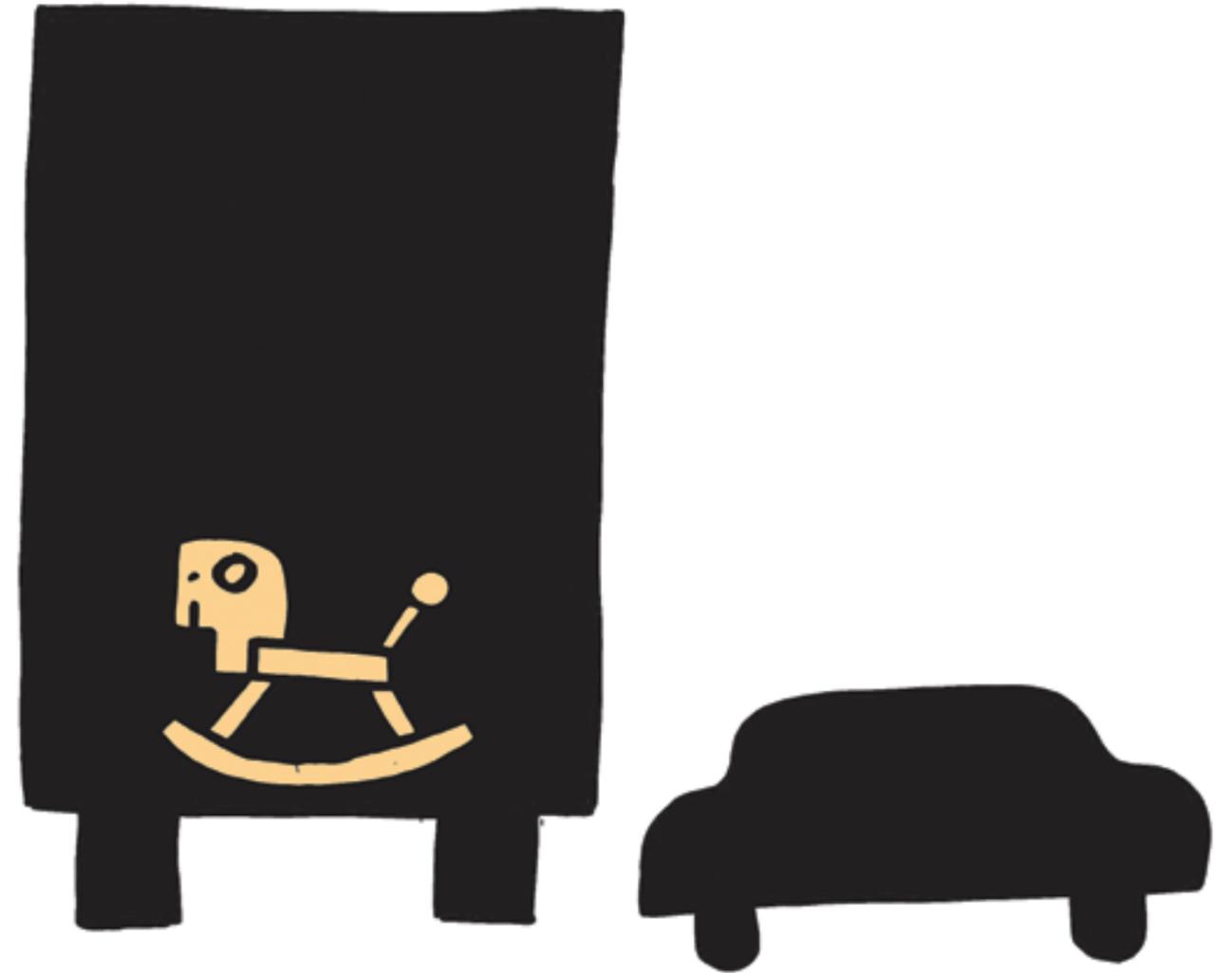
CHAPTER TWELVE

IN WHICH THE HORSE WANTS TO RETIRE

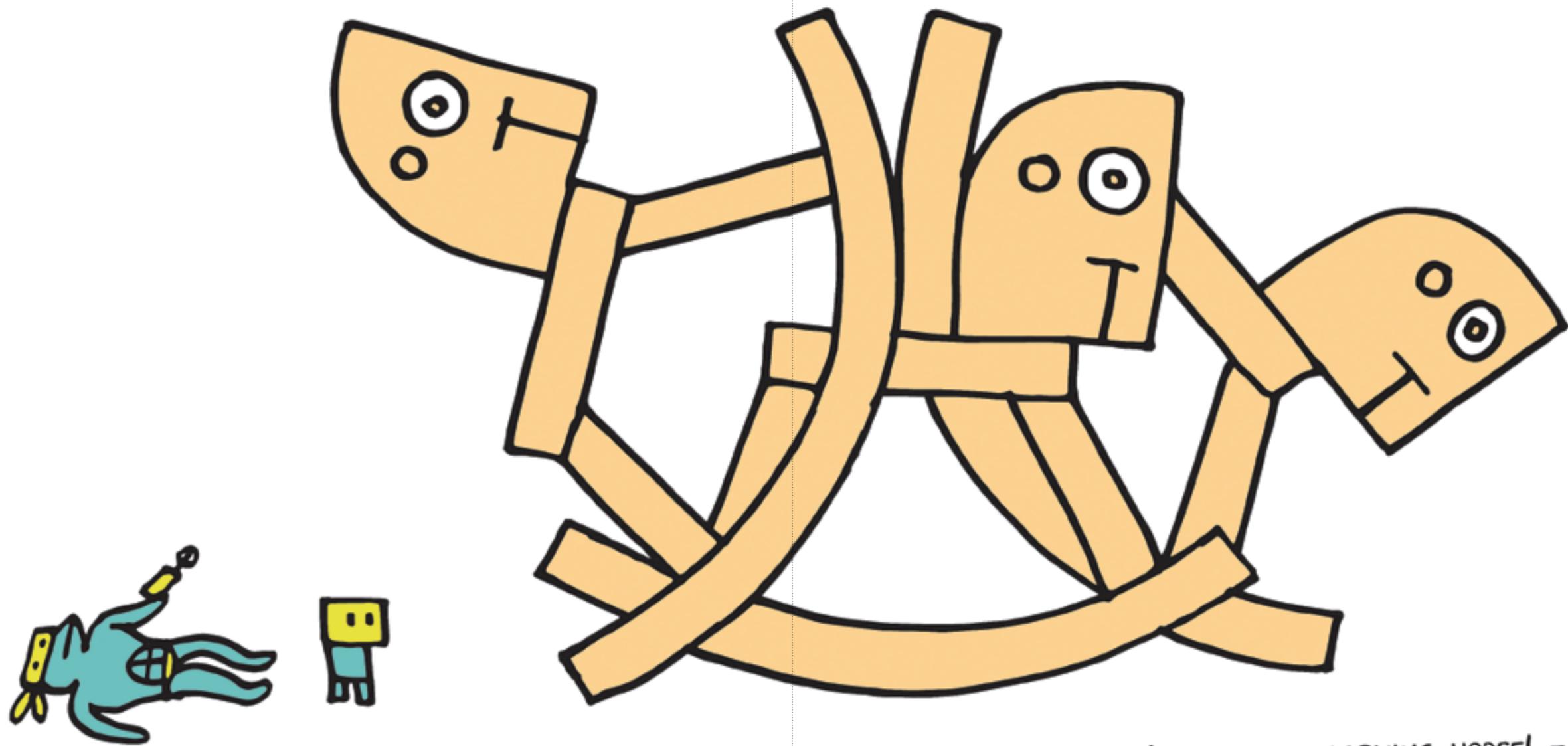
Ērika Bērziņa
Ernests Kļaviņš



THE HORSE WOKE UP IN A BAD MOOD. FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS HE HAD BEEN LEFT IN PEACE AND QUIET UP IN THE ATTIC, BUT NOW HE WAS BEING TAKEN SOMEWHERE.

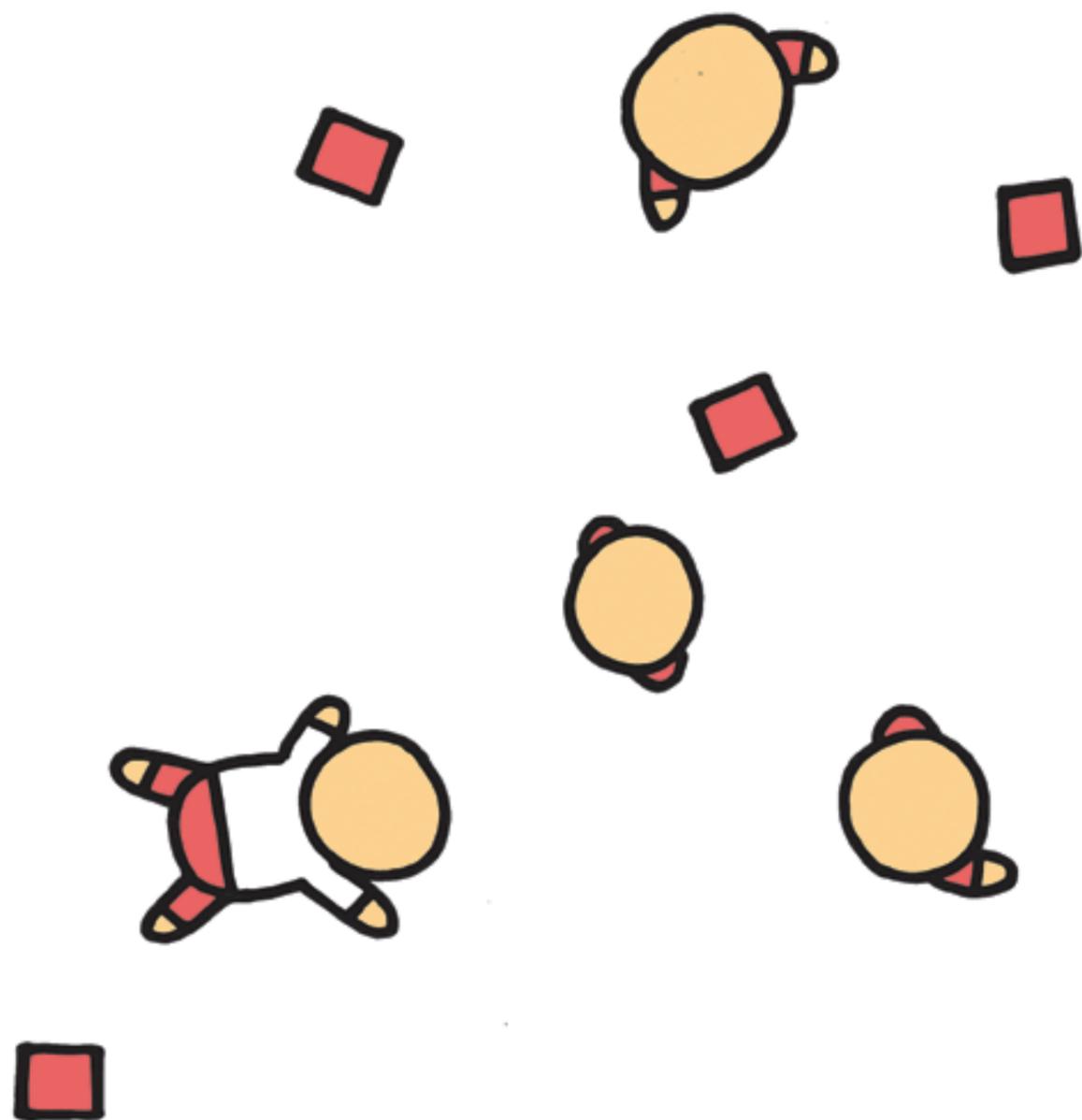


HE FOUND THE NOISES IN THE STREET SHRILL AND JARRING AND THE RIDE VERY BUMPY. YES, MUCH HAS CHANGED OVER THE LAST TWENTY YEARS, THE HORSE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF, DOZING OFF.

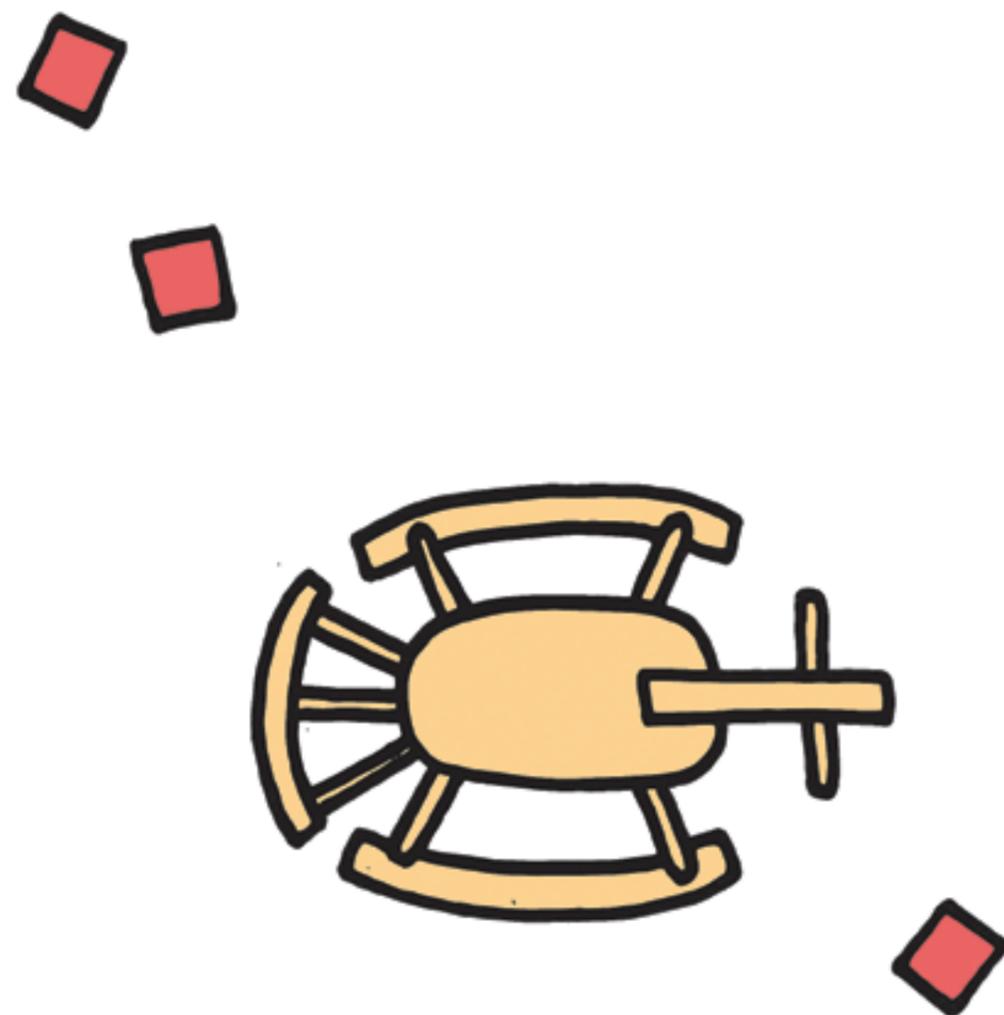


HAVING WOKEN FROM THE FORGOTTEN BUT OH-SO-SWEET SENSATION OF SLOWLY ROCKING BACK AND FORTH, HE LOOKED AROUND. Hmm, it WAS A RATHER COMMON-LOOKING NURSERY ALTHOUGH THE LITTLE GIRL DID NOT LOOK PARTICULARLY THREATENING. WE'LL PROBABLY GET ALONG FINE, THE HORSE THOUGHT, BUT MY BACK HURTS - I MUST BE GETTING OLD. AND THEN HE DOZED OFF AGAIN.

- I DREW HIM, I DREW OUR ROCKING HORSE! - THE SISTER CALLED OUT.
THE HORSE WOKE WITH A START - HE MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP IN THE CORNER OF THE NURSERY FOR ANOTHER COUPLE OF YEARS. "NO, I DON'T WANT TO BE DRAWN, I AM CRANKY AND OLD! I WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE!"
- BUT IT IS NOT A HORSE AT ALL, IT'S MY BULLDOZER! - THE BROTHER OBJECTED.
NO, NO, I AM A HORSE, AND NOT SOME STUPID PIECE OF MACHINERY!



LEAVE ME ALONE, I WANT TO RETIRE!
THE HORSE PROTESTED AS VIGOROUSLY
AS HE COULD.
THE HORSE'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.
ANOTHER TEN YEARS AND THEN THEY
LET HIM RETIRE...



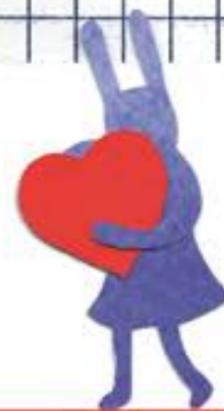
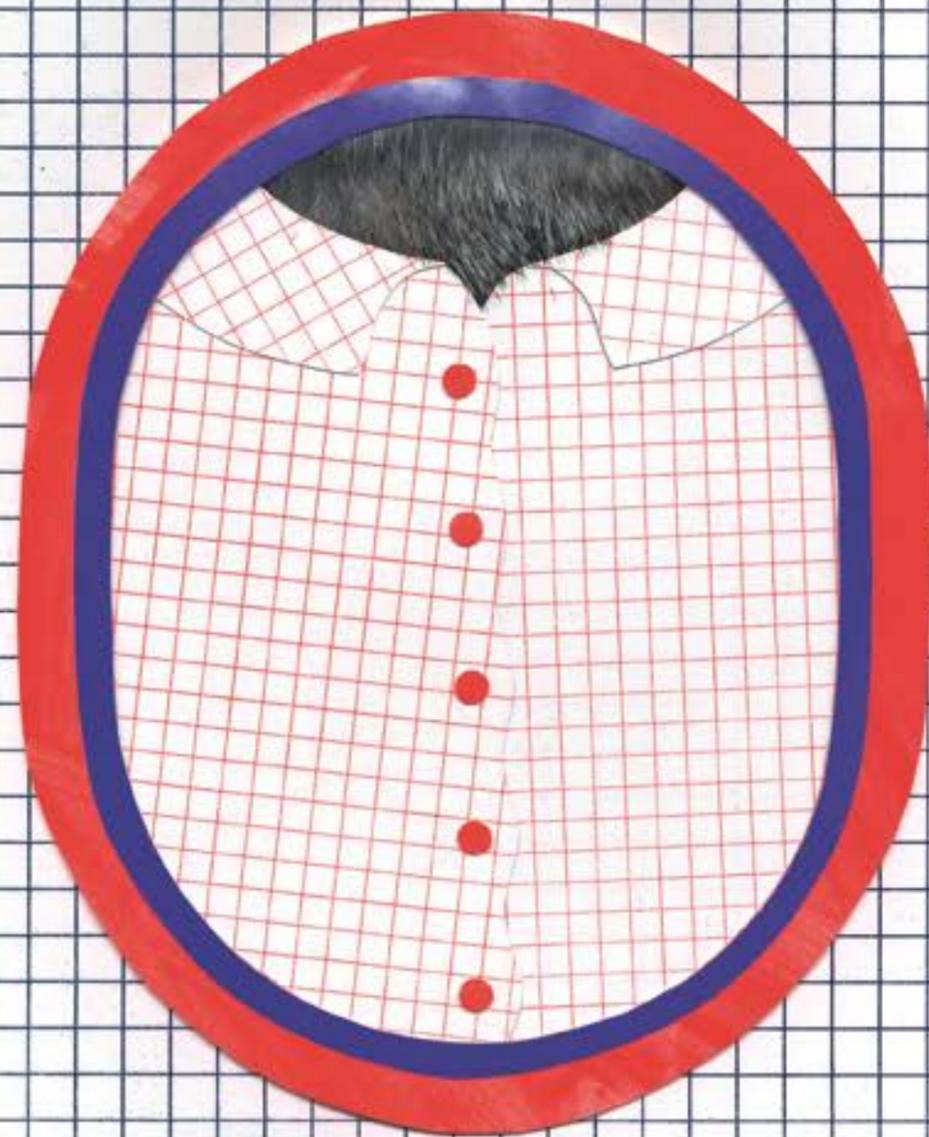
IT CERTAINLY NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM
THAT RETIREMENT WOULD MEAN MOVING TO
A KINDERGARTEN WHERE TWENTY LITTLE
BRATS COULDN'T WAIT TO TAKE TURNS ON
THE BACK OF AN OLD ROCKING HORSE.
COULD THAT REALLY BE CALLED A
WELL-DESERVED REST FOR A RESPECTABLE
OLD WORKHORSE?

13.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

**IN WHICH
PUMPKIN
WAS
PREPARED
WITH
HORSE
HEART**

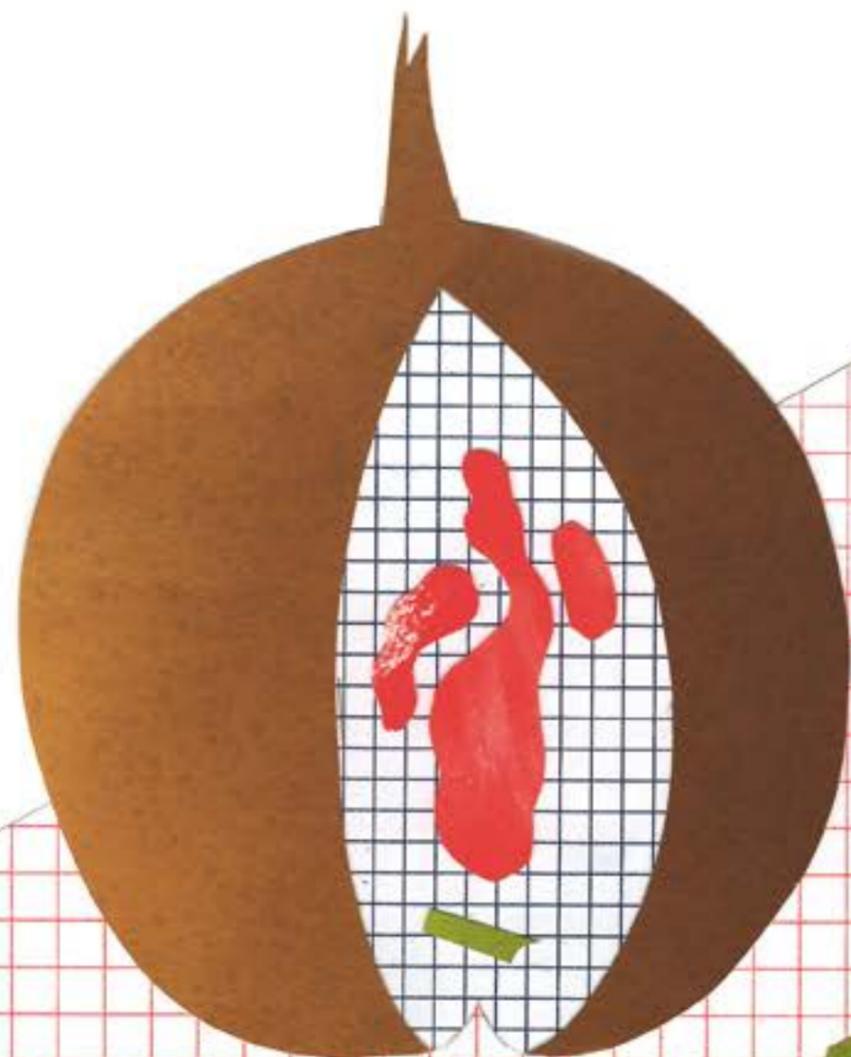
Maira Dobele
Maija Kurševa



Mother Hare was pale, standing by the mirror and looking at her scar. First, she had been cut open, then stuffed and sewn back up again. The scar began at the very top of her and finished down below. There was something beneath her scar, thrashing and raging and kicking like a small animal.

It was her new heart. Mother Hare had been warned about the possible noise, but it did not matter to her. There was always noise at home. She had waited a long time for this good heart. For the time being, she didn't have a moment to give it a second thought. She fastened the many buttons on her blouse, cleared off the mirror and rushed to the kitchen.

Today, she was cooking pumpkin soup for her children. First, you poured olive oil over the pumpkin before roasting it in the oven. Then you removed the seeds, separated the flesh from the skin, cut the pumpkin into pieces and put it in the pot. You added spices and water and stirred slowly.





The horse sat at the big desk. He knew that his time was coming. At the racetrack, no one placed bets on him anymore; he had come last in every final of the season. Nor had he garnered any interest at the farm auction. The horse wrote, filling an A4-size page. He wrote it all out, point by point.



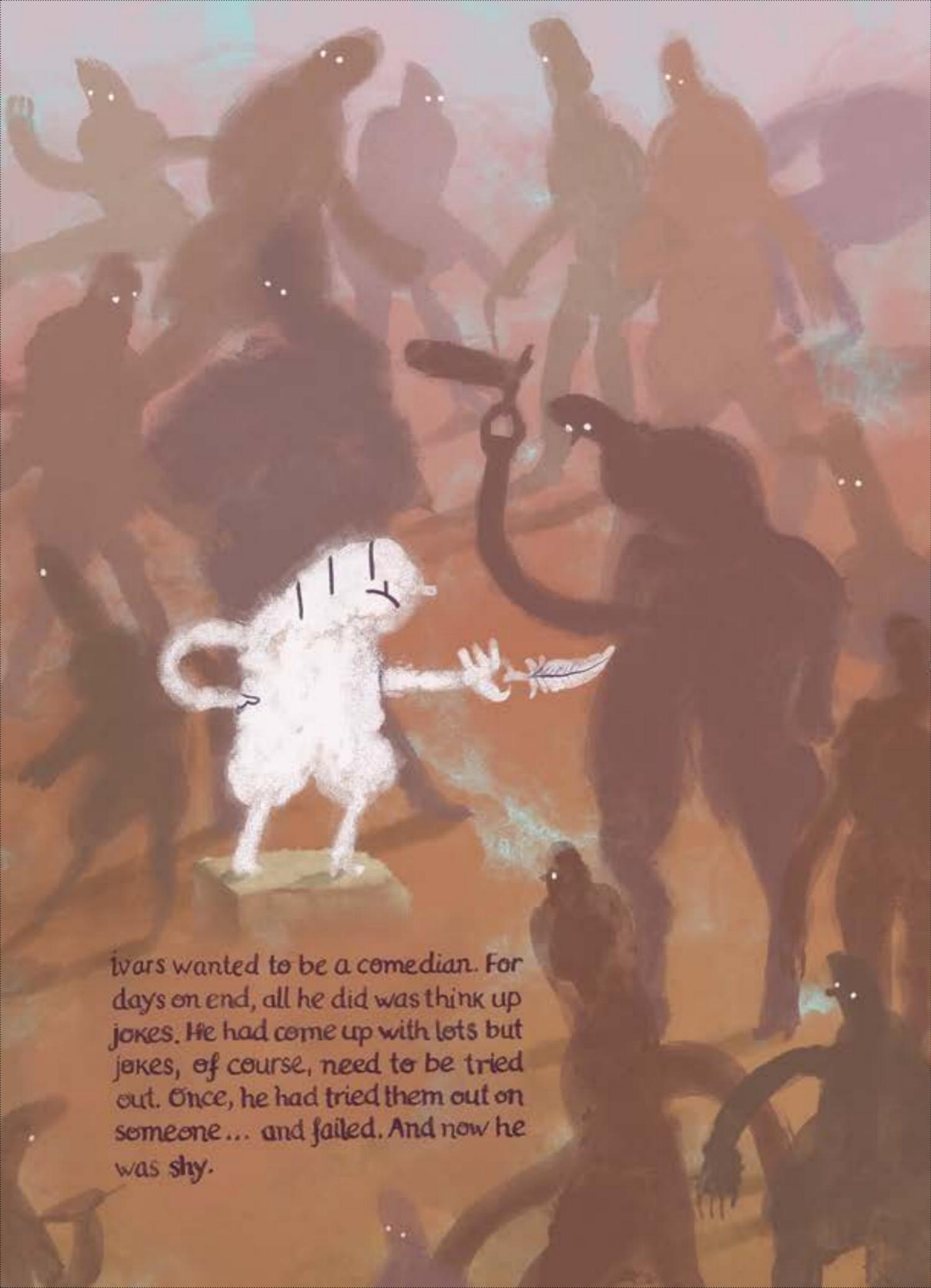
On the way to the meatpacking plant, he submitted the paper to the department. Now, the register of donors clearly stated that the hair from his mane would be used for violin bows, his muscles would go into making salami and his hooves would be used for knife handles. And his heart, too, would also go to someone.

14.

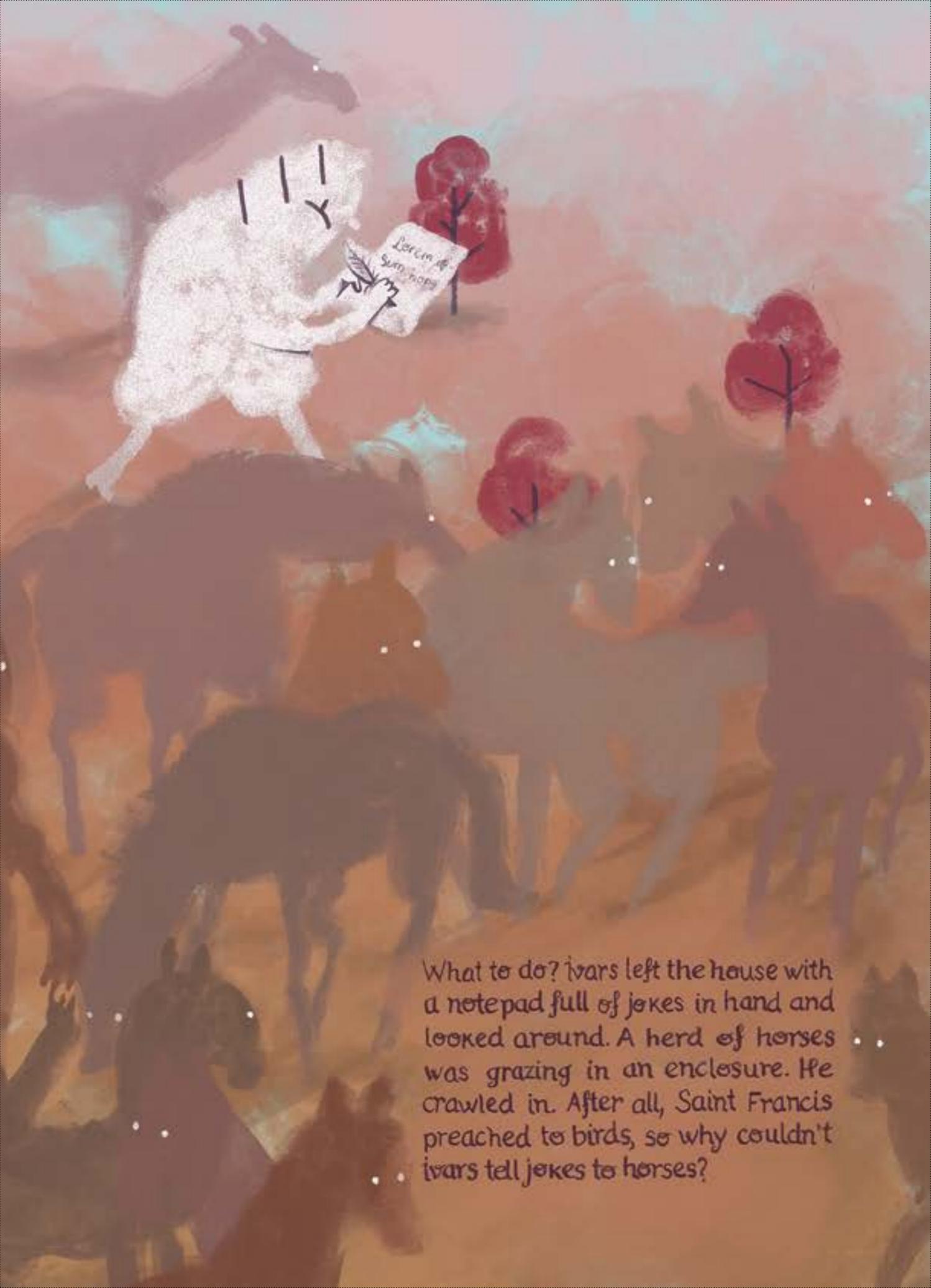
CHAPTER FOURTEEN

IN WHICH THE HORSE NEIGHS

Jānis Joņevs
Mārtiņš Zutis



Ivars wanted to be a comedian. For days on end, all he did was think up jokes. He had come up with lots but jokes, of course, need to be tried out. Once, he had tried them out on someone... and failed. And now he was shy.



What to do? Ivars left the house with a notepad full of jokes in hand and looked around. A herd of horses was grazing in an enclosure. He crawled in. After all, Saint Francis preached to birds, so why couldn't Ivars tell jokes to horses?

He started out with his most original joke:

- *A Lithuanian horse goes into a bar...*

The piebald stallion guffawed like mad! Ivars was kind of taken aback - okay, so he did believe in himself but such immediate success could throw you off balance.

He continued in his original style:

- *The bartender goes: - Why the long face?*

Now five of them were neighing. A white mare was whinnying beautifully. Ivars was filled with joy. Indeed, the whole herd seemed to get him! And he hadn't even got to the funniest part yet.



The background of the entire page is a dense, repeating pattern of white horses in various poses, some appearing to be laughing or rolling on the ground. The horses are set against a warm, brownish-orange background. On the right side, there are stylized trees in shades of red and teal. The overall style is whimsical and folk-art inspired.

Right then, a bunch of people rolled out of the bar. They listen, and hear the whole herd of horses laughing. They look - yes, the white mare is rolling about on the ground. In front of the horses, some simpleton is reading from a piece of paper:
-And the horse answers: - At least I'm not a horsehead!

Everyone in the bar laughed uproariously at this. And Ivars sees - the horses are laughing and people are laughing. They are laughing at his jokes. Very well done! And Ivars was happy.

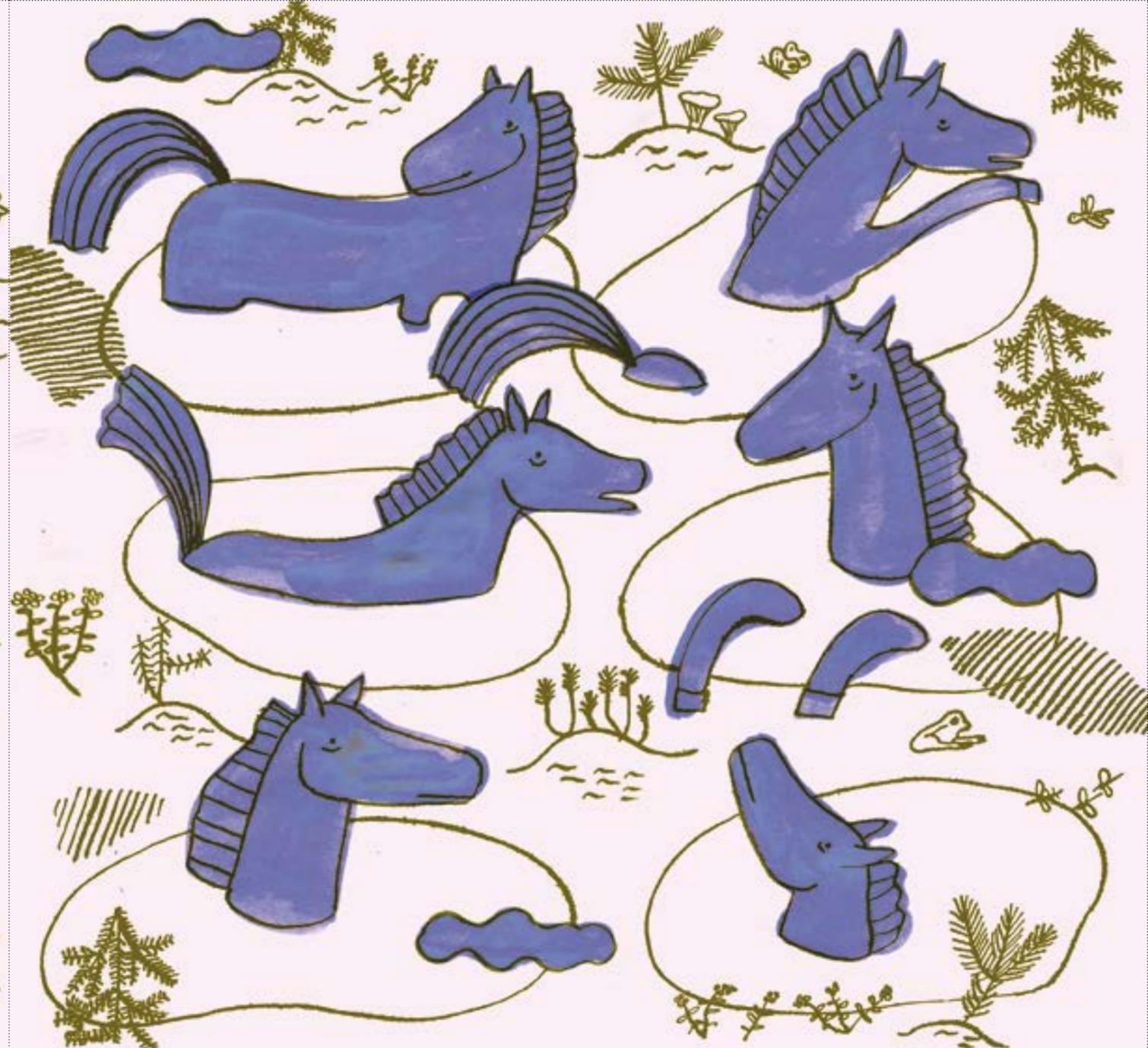
15.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Daina Tabūna
Rūta Briede

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
OVER-
COMES
HIS
NIGHT-
MARES**

ONCE UPON A TIME THE HORSE GOT STUCK IN A SWAMP. EVERYTHING WAS ENVELOPED IN FOG AND SADNESS, THE HORSE COULD DO NOTHING BUT SINK DEEPER. WHEN HE WAS ALREADY UP TO HIS NECK IN THE SWAMP, THE FOG GOBLIN APPEARED - IT WAS A WICKED CREATURE, WITH SLIMY TENTACLES AND A HUGE MOUTH. THE HORSE REALIZED THAT THE FOG GOBLIN WOULD SWALLOW HIM IN AN INSTANT.



"WHAT A NIGHTMARE!" THE HORSE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT REALIZED THAT IT WAS INDEED A NIGHTMARE. HE WAS DREAMING!



— BUT THEN I CAN DO ANYTHING! — HAVING SAID THAT,
THE HORSE FLEW UP INTO THE AIR AND SHOT A LASER
BEAM DOWN AT THE MONSTER, HE NOW HAD SUPERPOWERS!



BUT THE FOG GOBLIN SWELLED UP EVEN BIGGER
AND HIS TENTACLES DOUBLED IN NUMBER! EVEN THE
HICCUP STARS THE HORSE TOSSED AT HIM ONLY
MADE HIM ANGRIER.



THE CREATURE GRABBED THE HORSE
AND BEGAN PULLING HIM CLOSER TO ITS REVOLTING,
JANGLING MOUTH.

"BUT IF THIS IS A DREAM," THE HORSE MUSED ANXIOUSLY,
"THEN IT IS ALL HAPPENING IN MY HEAD! AND THE FOG GOBLIN
IS ONLY AS EVIL AS I MAKE HIM!"

THE MONSTER'S TEETH WERE ONLY A COUPLE OF FEET
AWAY WHEN THE HORSE SCREWED UP HIS EYES AND SAID
IN A LOUD VOICE:

— SORRY THAT I ATTACKED YOU, FOG GOBLIN! YOU ARE
TRULY IMPRESSIVE AND I WISH YOU ALL THE BEST.



THE JANGLING DIED DOWN. THE HORSE OPENED
ONE EYE: THE FOG GOBLIN HAD BECOME PINK AND FLUFFY
AND HAD A SHEEPISH SMILE ON ITS FACE!

FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT, THE HORSE AND
THE FOG GOBLIN FLEW OVER FORESTS TOGETHER AND
ROLLED AROUND IN MEADOWS. IT WAS THE BEST
DREAM THE HORSE HAD EVER HAD. HE WOKE UP HAPPY.

16.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
GOES TO
HELL TO
CLARIFY
THINGS**

Māra Cielēna
Juris Petraškevičs



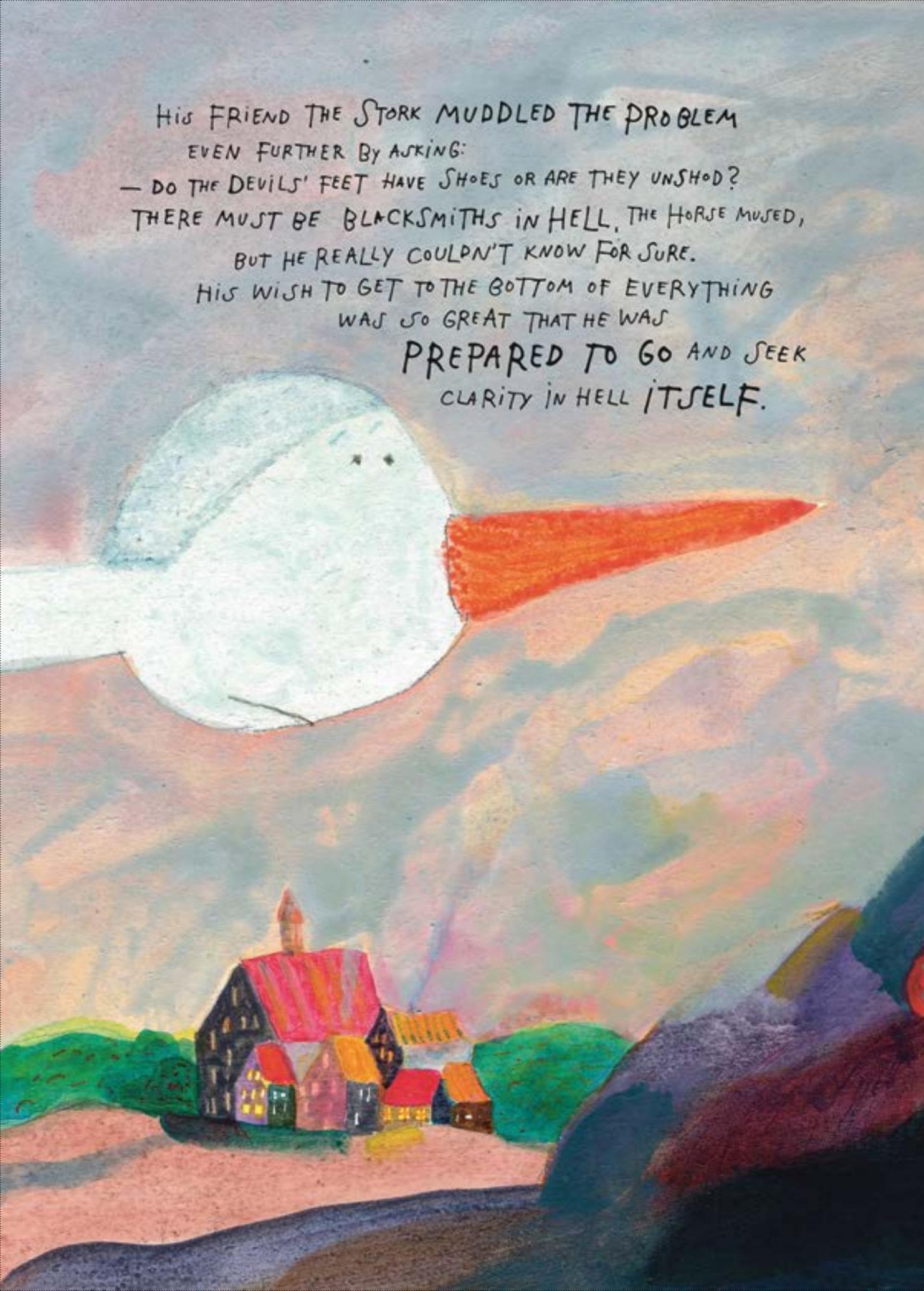
THE HORSE WAS LEAFING THROUGH THE BOOK OF WISDOM
WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT LATVIAN DEVILS HAVE
ONE FOOT IN THE FORM OF THAT OF A HORSE, A COW, A GOAT OR A ROOSTER.
POSSIBLY EVEN BOTH FEET.

IT WAS A NICE BIT OF INFORMATION TO COME ACROSS, YET THE HORSE
WAS TROUBLED BY THE WORDS "OR" AND "POSSIBLY".

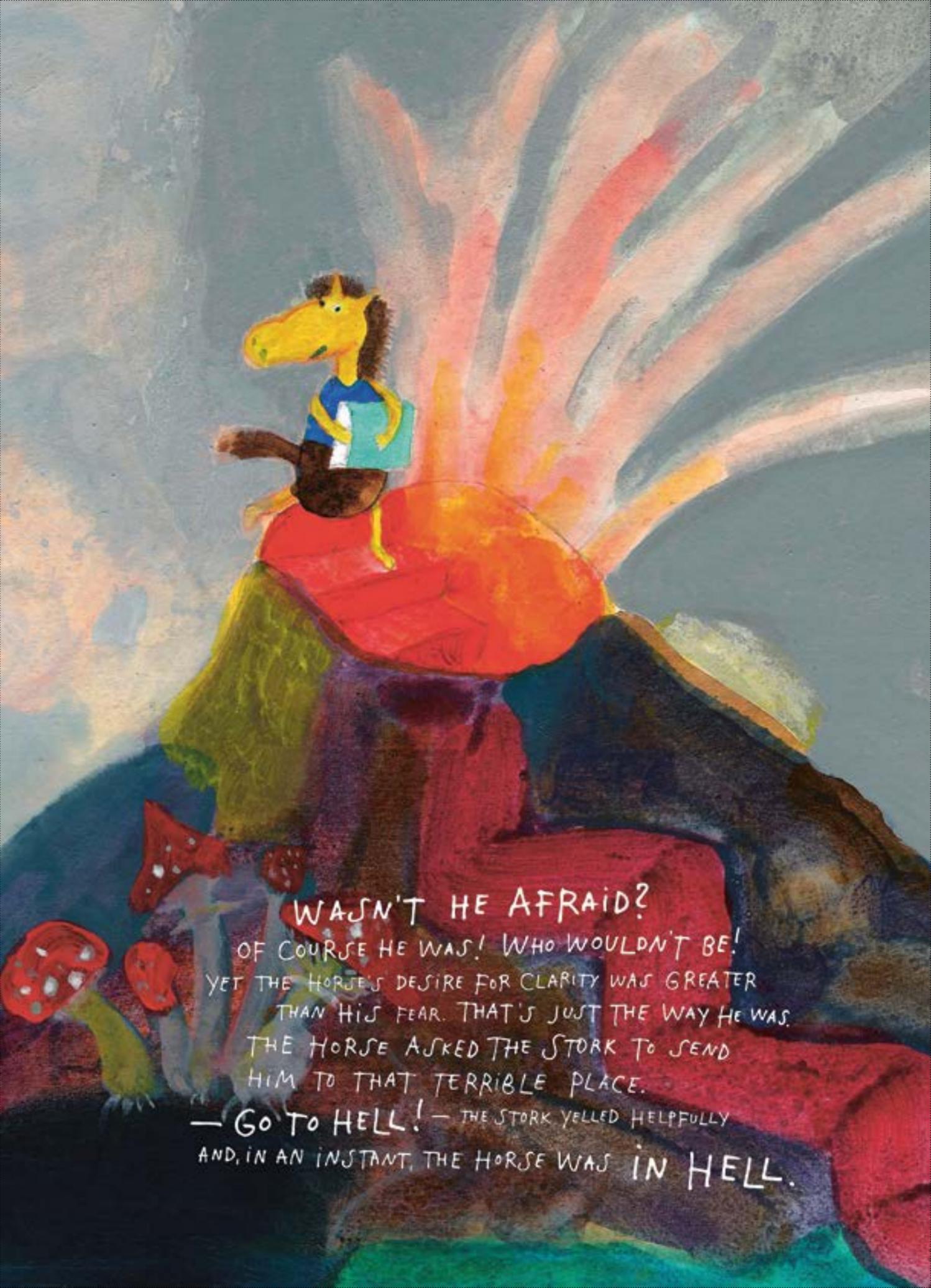


HE LIKED COMPLETE CLARITY— THE ONLY THING TO GIVE HIM PEACE OF MIND
AND WHICH, ALONG WITH MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT,
WAS THE HORSE'S GREATEST PLEASURE.

THE HORSE ASKED SOME OF HIS FRIENDS ABOUT THE DEVILS' FEET
BUT NO ONE COULD TELL HIM ANYTHING WORTH KNOWING.



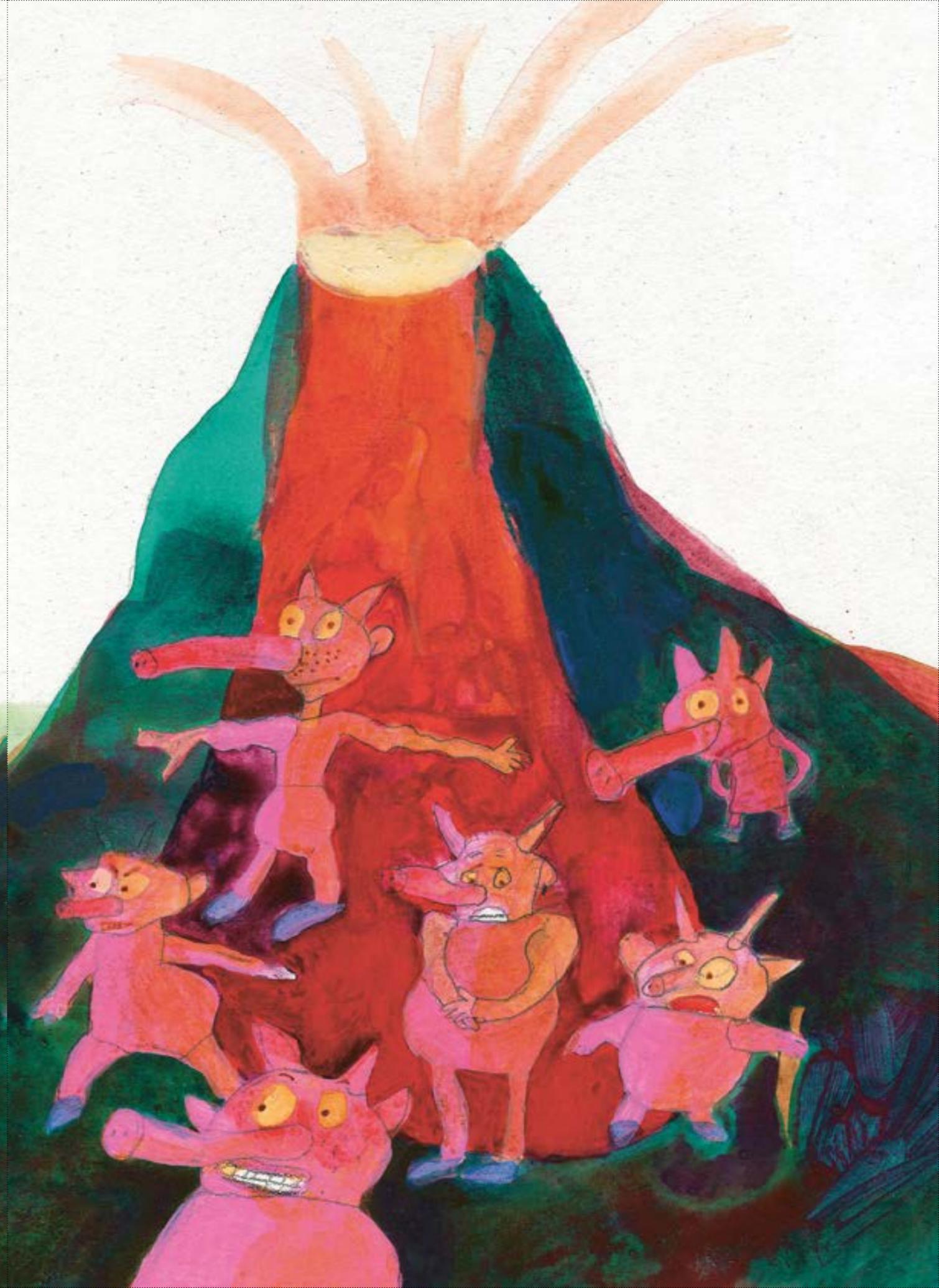
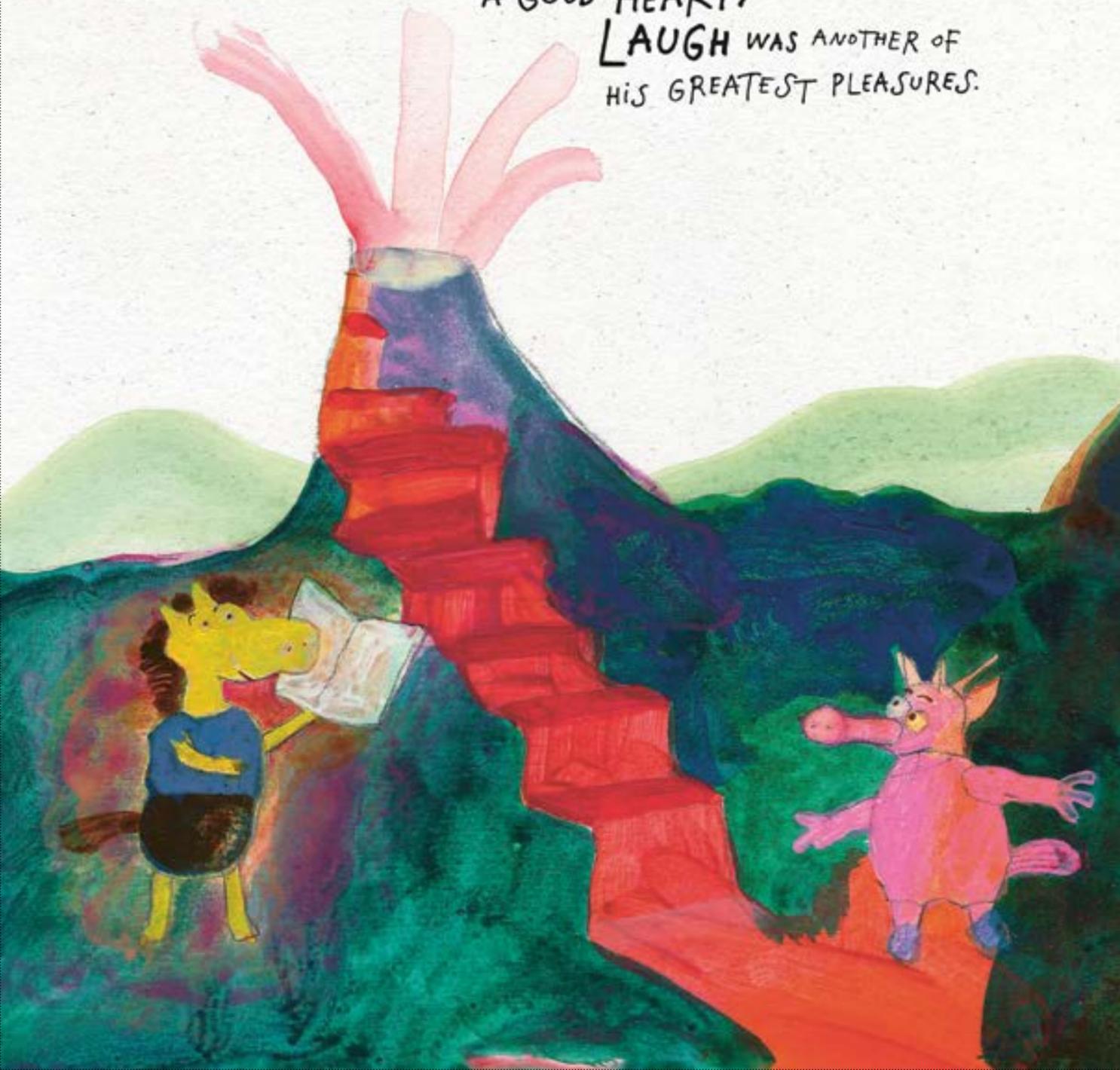
HIS FRIEND THE STORK MUDDLED THE PROBLEM
EVEN FURTHER BY ASKING:
— DO THE DEVILS' FEET HAVE SHOES OR ARE THEY UNSHOD?
THERE MUST BE BLACKSMITHS IN HELL, THE HORSE MUSED,
BUT HE REALLY COULDN'T KNOW FOR SURE.
HIS WISH TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF EVERYTHING
WAS SO GREAT THAT HE WAS
PREPARED TO GO AND SEEK
CLARITY IN HELL ITSELF.



WASN'T HE AFRAID?
OF COURSE HE WAS! WHO WOULDN'T BE!
YET THE HORSE'S DESIRE FOR CLARITY WAS GREATER
THAN HIS FEAR. THAT'S JUST THE WAY HE WAS.
THE HORSE ASKED THE STORK TO SEND
HIM TO THAT TERRIBLE PLACE.
— GO TO HELL! — THE STORK YELLED HELPFULLY
AND, IN AN INSTANT, THE HORSE WAS IN HELL.

HE STARED AT THE FEET OF THE DEVILS.
HORSE, COW, GOAT OR ROOSTER?
BOTH OR JUST ONE? HORSESHOED OR UNSHOED?
ALL THE DEVILS' FEET WERE HIDDEN BY SLIPPERS,
THE KIND VISITORS OCCASIONALLY HAVE TO PUT ON IN MUSEUMS -
THEY DID NOT WANT TO RUIN THE FLOORS OF HELL.
UPON SEEING THE HORSE'S SHOES, THE DEVILS YELLED:
- OUT, GET OUT OF HELL!
WITHOUT ACHIEVING ANY SORT OF CLARITY, THE HORSE TROTTED HOME,
LAUGHING AS ONLY HORSES KNOW HOW.

A GOOD HEARTY
LAUGH WAS ANOTHER OF
HIS GREATEST PLEASURES.



17.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
CON-
JURED UP
SNOW**

Ieva Flamingo
Liene Mackus

EVERYONE TRIED IT - THIS WAY AND THAT. YET NO SNOW FELL. NOT EVEN THE TINIEST SNOWFLAKE WOULD DANCE ON THE TIP OF ANYONE'S NOSE. IN THE END, IT WAS ONLY THE HORSE WHO HAD NOT YET TRIED. HE WANTED THE OTHERS TO BE SUCCESSFUL. BUT WHEN THEY WEREN'T, THE HORSE

DECIDED TO GIVE IT A GO. FIRST, HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND IMAGINED HIS SURROUNDINGS, WHITE AS PAPER FROM

TOP TO BOTTOM.
- WHEN IT SNOWS, IT IS AS SOFT AS SILK, AS WHITE AS MILK!
- THE HORSE MUMBLED WITH HIS MARSHMALLOW-SOFT LIPS.
- ICE-CREAM. SALT. CHALK. LILACS. CLOUD, - THE HORSE

CONTINUED (THESE WERE NO ORDINARY WORDS, BUT EXCLUSIVELY WHITE ONES):

- GRETA THE GOAT (NOT COUNTING HER LEFT EAR). THE STORK. SUGAR. MERINGUE, MM...



AS HE SAID IT, THE HORSE LICKED HIS LIPS AND TOOK THE SNOWBALL OUT OF THE FREEZER - HE HAD PUT IT THERE AROUND CHRISTMAS-TIME LAST YEAR. THE HORSE WAS AMAZED AT HOW

COLD AND CRUNCHY IT WAS. EXCITED, HE WRAPPED A LILAC-COLORED SCARF AROUND HIS NECK, PUT WOOL

MITTENS ON BOTH FRONT HOVES AND, IMMEDIATELY, NOTICED SOMETHING UNUSUAL - WARM - STEAMY - BREATH-ESCAPING - FROM HIS - MOUTH, INDEED! - WHINNY! - THE HORSE LET OUT A NEIGH OF APPRECIATION AND GALLOPED UP TO THE ATTIC. WITH A

GREAT CLATTERING, HE BROUGHT DOWN A PAIR OF SKIS AND A SLED AND PUT THEM OUT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.





AFTER HAVING PAUSED FOR THOUGHT, THE HORSE RUSHED OUT INTO THE APPLE ORCHARD.
-TAP, TAP, TAP! -HE TAPPED AT THE TRUNK OF EACH OF THE TREES. THEN HE TILTED HIS HEAD BACK AND LOOKED AT THE SKY. HE WAITED AND WAITED, AND WAITED...
- HARRUMPH! - SAID THE HORSE AND WENT HOME TO

TAKE A NAP. BUT FIRST, HE PICKED UP A PILLOW, Poured ALL THE EIDERDOWN OUT OF IT AND THREW IT UP INTO THE AIR. THEN HE WHISPERED:
- PLEASE FALL, WOULD YOU?
THEN THE HORSE FELL ASLEEP. BUT WHEN HE WOKE, HE SAW THAT IT WAS SNOWING OUTSIDE.

18.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
WRAPS
HIMSELF
IN MIST**

Inga Gaile
Roberts Rūrāns



THE HORSE BENT HIS HEAD.

THE THING THAT HAD HURT HIS BACK AND MADE HIS JAW
CLENCH INTO A STRANGE SMILE WAS WITHIN THE HORSE'S
FIELD OF VISION. THE HORSE TOUCHED IT WITH HIS NOSE.
IT WAS MADE OF LEATHER. THE LEATHER STILL SMELT OF
THE OWNER'S DESPAIR AT THE MOMENT OF HIS DEATH.

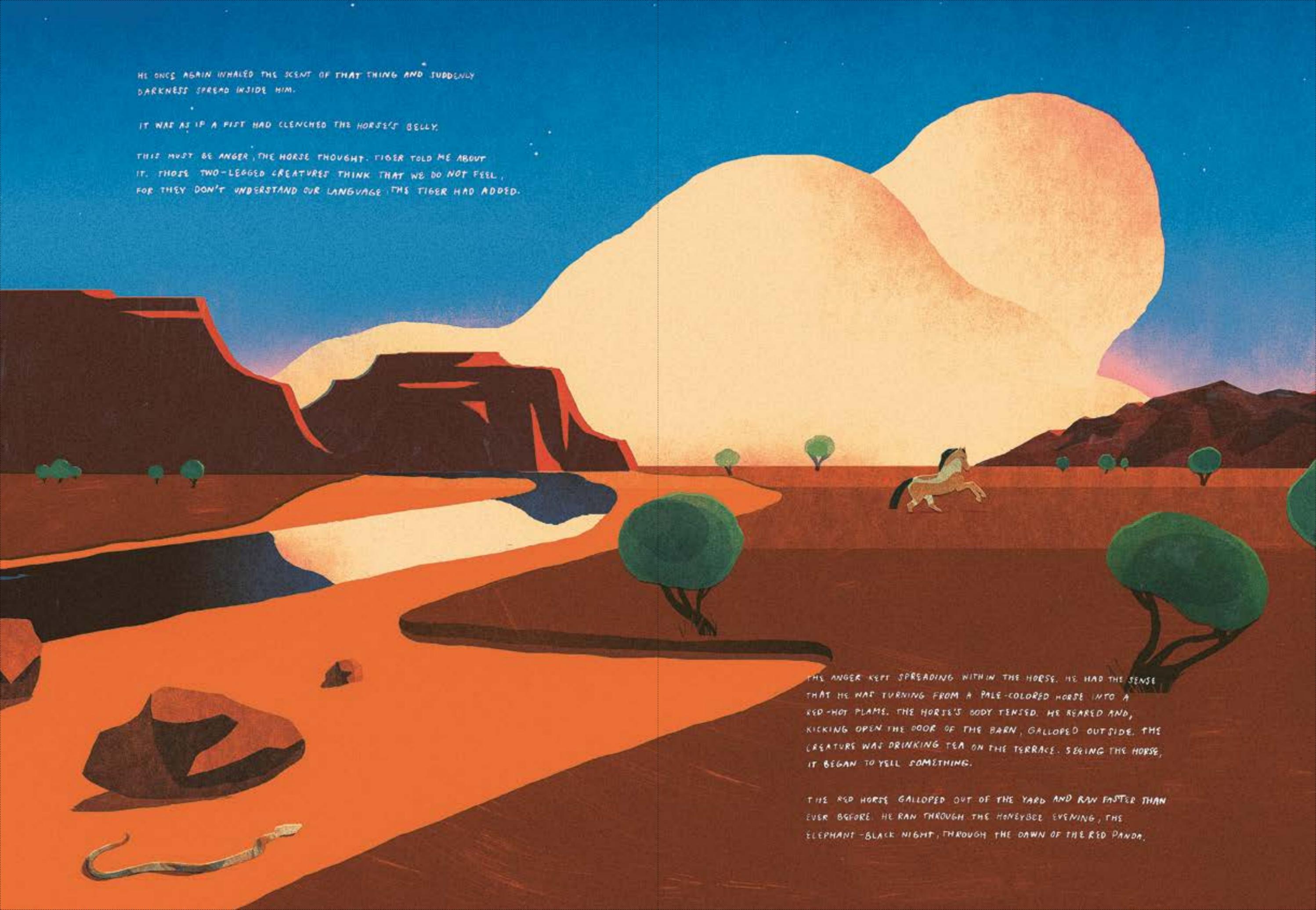
AT FIRST, THE CREATURE HAD BEEN NICE. IT PETTED THE
HORSE'S MUZZLE. IT GAVE HIM FOOD. THE HORSE DID NOT FEEL
LIKE EATING BUT, NOT WANTING TO OFFEND, HE HAD EATEN.

BUT THEN, THE CREATURE PUT THAT THING ON HIS BACK. THE
HORSE DID NOT RESIST BECAUSE HE WAS A CALM AND HAPPY
HORSE. AND HE LIKED ALL LIVING CREATURES. ONLY HE DIDN'T
LIKE THAT THING ON HIS BACK. WHAT IS MORE, THE CREATURE
WAS GETTING MORE AND MORE BOSSY - IT PULLED THE HORSE
BY HIS MOUTH, DIRECTING HIM WHERE HE SHOULD RUN. THE HORSE
DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT ALL.

HE ONCE AGAIN INHALED THE SCENT OF THAT THING AND SUDDENLY
DARKNESS SPREAD INSIDE HIM.

IT WAS AS IF A FIST HAD CLENCHED THE HORSE'S BELLY.

THIS MUST BE ANGER, THE HORSE THOUGHT. TIGER TOLD ME ABOUT
IT. THOSE TWO-LEGGED CREATURES THINK THAT WE DO NOT FEEL,
FOR THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND OUR LANGUAGE. THE TIGER HAD ADDED.



THE ANGER KEPT SPREADING WITHIN THE HORSE. HE HAD THE SENSE
THAT HE WAS TURNING FROM A PALE-COLORED HORSE INTO A
RED-HOT PLAME. THE HORSE'S BODY TENSED. HE REARED AND,
KICKING OPEN THE DOOR OF THE BARN, GALLOPED OUTSIDE. THE
CREATURE WAS DRINKING TEA ON THE TERRACE. SEEING THE HORSE,
IT BEGAN TO YELL SOMETHING.

THE RED HORSE GALLOPED OUT OF THE YARD AND RAN FASTER THAN
EVER BEFORE. HE RAN THROUGH THE HONEYBEE EVENING, THE
ELEPHANT-BLACK NIGHT, THROUGH THE DAWN OF THE RED PANDA.



HE STOPPED BY A STREAM THAT FLOWED IN FRONT OF A CAVE,
THE ENTRANCE OF WHICH WAS BLOCKED BY A ROCK. THE HORSE
DRANK. THE HORSE STILL FELT THE FLOWERS OF ANSWER GOING
WILD WITHIN HIM. EVEN WATER COULD NOT DOUSE THE FLAME
BURNING INSIDE. THE HORSE REARED AND PUSHED AWAY THE
ROCK BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE.

AND THEN HE CALMED DOWN.

THE HORSE WRAPPED HIMSELF IN MIST. I WILL SLEEP IN THE MIST
AND WILL NEVER COME OUT, THE HORSE THOUGHT, CLOSING HIS
EYES.

IT WAS THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK, THE SUN WAS RISING
AND THREE WOMEN CARRYING FRAGRANT GRASSES WALKED
DOWN THE ROAD LEADING TO THE CAVE.



19.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
WAITS
FOR HIS
MASTER**

Ilmārs Šlāpins
Rebeka Lukošus

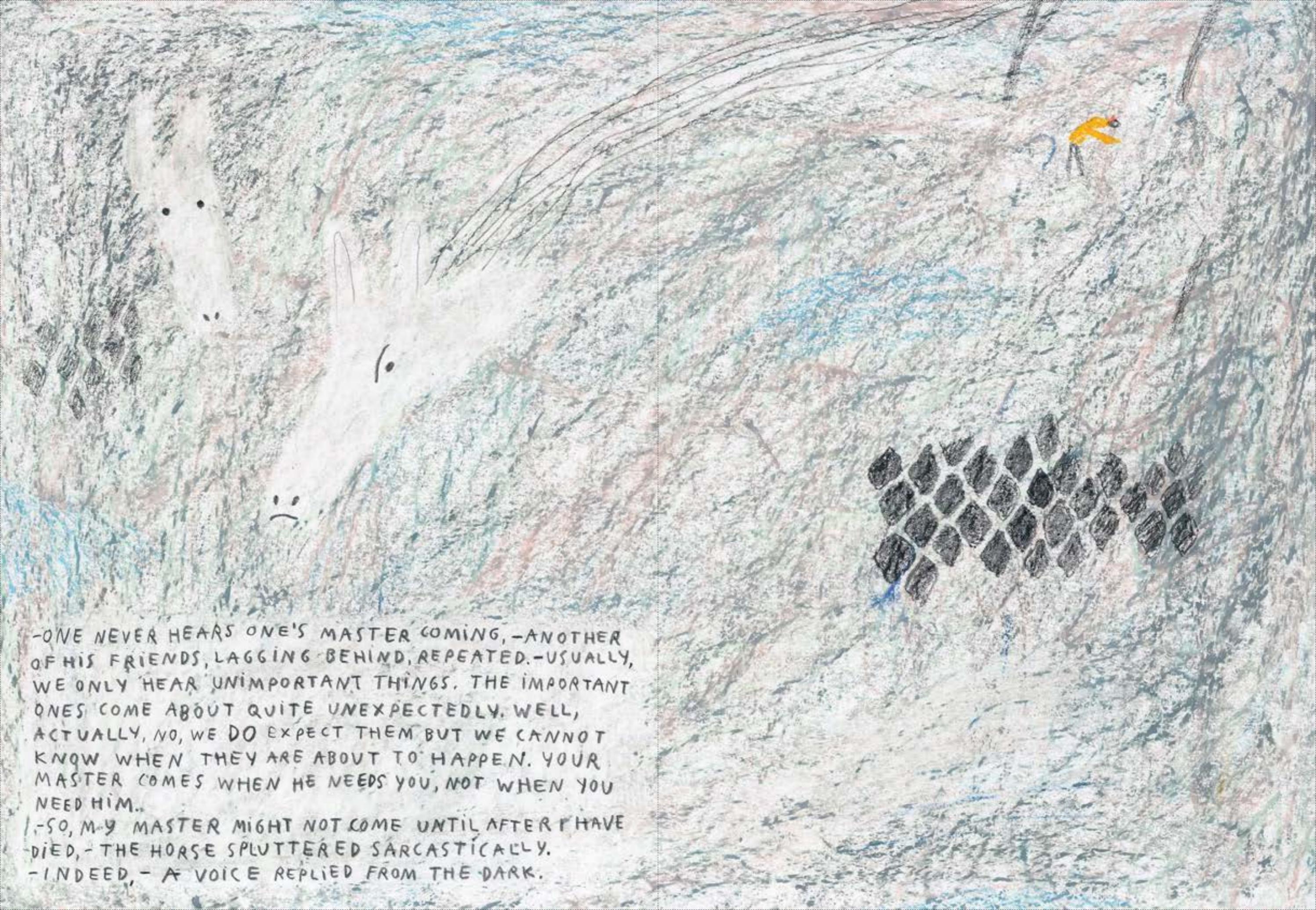


FOR SEVERAL DAYS, THE HORSE STOOD IN THE PASTURE WAITING FOR HIS MASTER. THERE WAS GRASS TO EAT IN THE MEADOW, AND WATER TO DRINK IN THE STREAM. THE HORSE WANTED FOR NOTHING, YET EVERY EVENING HE WOULD PRICK UP HIS EARS, HOPING TO HEAR HIS MASTER COMING.



-ONE NEVER HEARS ONE'S MASTER COMING, - THE HORSE WAS TOLD BY HIS FRIENDS.
-WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "ONE NEVER HEARS"?- THE HORSE WONDERED. -I HEAR THE STREAM RUNNING THROUGH THE MEADOW, GRASSHOPPERS CHIRPING IN THE EVENING AND CHILDREN'S VOICES FROM AFAR AS THEY WALK HOME FROM SCHOOL. I WILL DEFINITELY HEAR MY MASTER COMING - WHEN HE HAS NEED OF ME. I WILL HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS AND STEADY BREATHING, HIS LEATHER SATCHEL SWISHING AGAINST HIS COAT AND THE GURLING OF WATER IN HIS METAL FLASK. YOU KNOW, IF IT WERE NOT FOR ALL OF YOU BEING SO RESTLESS AND MAKING SO MUCH NOISE, I COULD EVEN HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF SUGARCUBES IN HIS POCKET. HE ALWAYS USED TO BRING ME SUGARCUBES. HIS FRIENDS SHOOK THEIR HEADS IN SILENCE AND WENT BACK TO PASTURE. IT WAS BEGINNING TO GET DARK.



The background is a complex, textured abstract painting. It features a mix of colors including earthy browns, muted blues, and greys, with visible brushstrokes and layered textures. On the right side, there is a prominent dark grid pattern. On the left side, there is a simple drawing of a sad face with two dots for eyes and a downward-curving line for a mouth. Above the sad face, there are some faint, sketchy lines and a small black dot.

-ONE NEVER HEARS ONE'S MASTER COMING, -ANOTHER
OF HIS FRIENDS, LAGGING BEHIND, REPEATED. -USUALLY,
WE ONLY HEAR UNIMPORTANT THINGS. THE IMPORTANT
ONES COME ABOUT QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY. WELL,
ACTUALLY, NO, WE DO EXPECT THEM BUT WE CANNOT
KNOW WHEN THEY ARE ABOUT TO HAPPEN. YOUR
MASTER COMES WHEN HE NEEDS YOU, NOT WHEN YOU
NEED HIM.

-SO, MY MASTER MIGHT NOT COME UNTIL AFTER I HAVE
DIED, -THE HORSE SPLUTTERED SARCASTICALLY.
-INDEED, -A VOICE REPLIED FROM THE DARK.

20.

CHAPTER TWENTY

**IN WHICH
THE
HORSE
WRITES
ABOUT
US**

Juris Kronbergs
Zane Zlemeša



-Write about a horse, she said.
-A horse? What horse? I don't know any horses!

-Invent one!



-Invent? How can I invent something that's already been invented? No...

-Write about me!

I suddenly heard a voice. Somewhere near, yet faraway. I looked around. I could not see anyone. I was alone in the room. Then the voice spoke again - as if from nowhere.



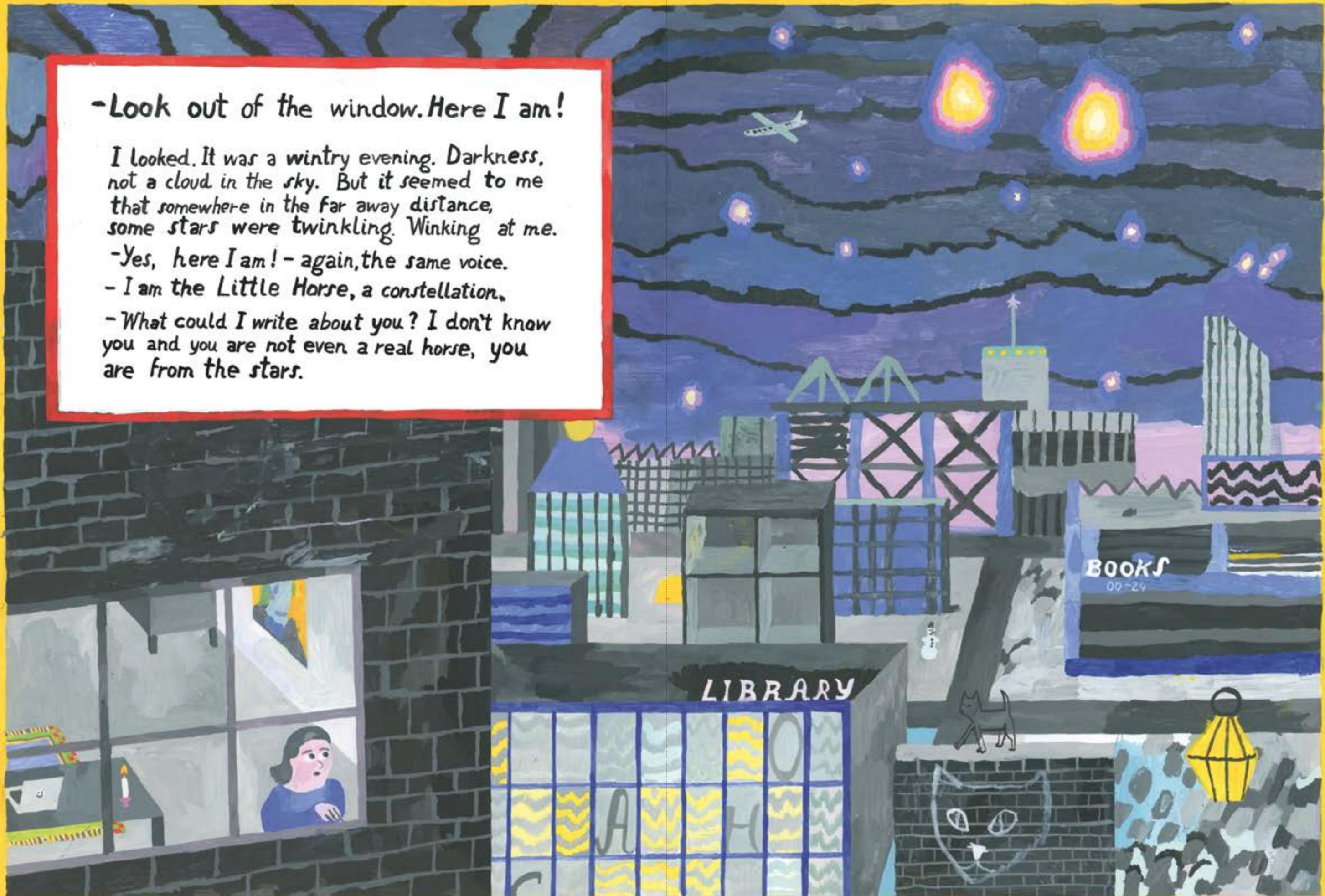
-Look out of the window. Here I am!

I looked. It was a wintry evening. Darkness, not a cloud in the sky. But it seemed to me that somewhere in the far away distance, some stars were twinkling. Winking at me.

-Yes, here I am! - again, the same voice.

- I am the Little Horse, a constellation,

- What could I write about you? I don't know you and you are not even a real horse, you are from the stars.





-Yes,-the Horse replied.- I am from the stars.
And so are you!

-What? Me? From the st ...

-Indeed. A very long time ago, in the dim and
distant past, everything came from the stars,
from the very first stardust - the strawberries
we eat, the Earth on which we live. And you, too.
Yes, you too were created from stardust.

-How can you know all that? You are the
Little Horse after all - just a foal!

-Yes, I am a foal. But a foal from the stars!



Maybe that heavenly horse is right. We are all from
the stars. We shine. And as we shine, we push back the
darkness. And we are not alone. For we see one another.

-Well, did you write about a horse? - she
asked again.

-No, I didn't. But the horse wrote about me!



ALPHABETICAL

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AUTHORS

Uldis Auseklis

Uldis Auseklis (1941) is a Latvian poet and publisher, the founder of annual children's poetry almanac *Garā pupa* and author of more than 40 books. His light-filled poetry and fairy tales are considered the golden classics of Latvian children's literature. For the last twenty years, the main character of his works, a cat named Francis has been indistinguishable from his author's personality. His poems have been awarded the Pastariņš Prize (1997), nominated for the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize (2014) and turned into more than a hundred songs.

Pauls Bankovskis

Pauls Bankovskis (1973) is a writer, journalist one of the most prolific Latvian authors of the middle generation. He has published ten novels, several collections of short stories, books and works of non-fiction. His focus tends to shift from Latvian history, its myths and legends to the realities of the recent Soviet past. In 2007, he was awarded the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize for his children's book, *The Tiny-Noggins' Play House/ Mazgalviši spēlē mājās* (Liels un mazs, 2007).

Ērika Bērziņa

Ērika Bērziņa (1977) is a mother of three and editor-in-chief of family childcare magazine *Mans Mazais*. She has regularly published her poems in Latvian periodicals, taken part in many poetry readings and is now working on her first poetry collection for children *Mammās dzejoļi/ Mommy's Poems*. She is also known as the organizer and patroness of the legendary literary excursion Walk with Poets that has taken place every September in Riga since 2004.

Leons Briedis

Leons Briedis (1949) is a poet, novelist, essayist, literary critic and publisher, as well as a translator of various important works of prose and poetry from Latin, Russian, English, Romance languages, Swahili, Albanian and other languages. Besides the tens of books of poetry and prose of his own, he has also compiled the bulky and impressive Anthology of 20th century Spanish poetry, and is the author of many essays, articles, lyrics for well known songs, librettos, and plays. He has been nominated for countless honours and awards, and most recently, in 2015, received the Annual Latvian Literary Award for lifelong contribution.

Rasa Bugavičute-Pēce

Rasa Bugavičute-Pēce (1988) is a playwright who often tries her hand at different types of writing. Her plays and dramatizations have been showcased in all Latvian theatres and received several awards, including Latvian Dramaturgs' Guild's award 2012. In 2016, she published her first children's book *Mans vārds ir Klimpa, un man patīk viss/ My name is Gnocchi, and I like everything* (Lietusdārzs, 2016) which was well received by readers and critics alike.

Māra Cielēna

Māra Cielēna (1954) is a writer who has published more than forty books of poetry and prose, mostly for children. With her positive intonation and affectionate characters, she immediately captivates the smallest readers' attention. Her books were awarded the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize in 2006 and 2011, several national awards, and were nominated for the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award in 2015 and 2016. She is on the IBBY Honor List (2000 and 2012). Many of her works have been translated into English, German, and Russian.

Maira Dobeļe

Maira Dobeļe (1976) is a Latvian writer, journalist and filmmaker based in Finland. She was awarded the Latvian Annual Literature Award 2009 in children's literature for her first book *Nepareizas dzīves skola/ School of living wrong* (Liels un mazs, 2008) – a collection of tragicomic episodes about a teenage girl's sexual awakening and first emotional storms. Among her current projects are a new children's book: a story about an autistic girl growing up between two different cultures and divorced parents, and *Recycling4Poetry*: a series of experimental 8mm short films processed in organic caffenol and filled up with Latvian poetry.

Ieva Flamingo

Ieva Flamingo (pen name of Ieva Samauska (1969)) is a children's literature author whose heart-warming stories, poems and fairy-tales often focus on how to create loving and understanding relationships both in family and society. The author of more than 20 books enjoys meeting her young readers in public readings. Her books have been nominated several times for the Annual Latvian Literary Award, the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize and awarded the Pastariņš Prize 2015. The story *Engēlītis/ Little Angel* (Zvaigzne ABC, 2008) was highly praised by children's jury in 2010. Samauska's first collection of lyrical poems *Kā uzburu sniegu/ How To Conjure Up Snow* (Liels un mazs, 2006) was staged at the Latvian National Theatre.

Inga Gaile

Inga Gaile (1976) is a poet, writer, playwright, stand-up artist and theatre director. She is the author of four poetry collections and a collection of children's poetry. With her peculiar humour, the author explores the inner states of being, her own experiences, everyday lives of women and stigmatized groups of society while promoting equal rights. She has won several awards, including The Annual Latvian Literary Award in children's literature category in 2015. Her first historical novel *Stikli/ Glass shards* was published by Dienas Grāmata in 2016.

Jānis Joņevs

Jānis Joņevs (1980) is a prose writer. His first novel *Jelgava '94* (Mansards, 2013) immediately became a hit and was chosen among the 100 most favourite Latvian books of all times. The novel represents the generation which experienced their youth in the nineties when Latvia had just regained independence. He also writes short stories, especially for children. In 2014, the publishing house Liels un mazs published his book for the smallest children *Slepenie svētki/ Secret Celebration*.

Juris Kronbergs

Juris Kronbergs (1946) is a Sweden-born Latvian poet and translator. He writes poetry in Swedish and Latvian, as well as translates literature from and into Latvian and Swedish. One of his most well-reviewed and popular books, the poetry collection *Wolf One-Eye/ Vilks Vienacis* (Minerva, 1996), was awarded the Latvian Writers' Union Prize of 1997. Kronbergs' poetry has been translated into more than 20 languages.

Ieva Melgalve

Ieva Melgalve (1981) appeared on the Latvian literary scene with a bang in 1996, by writing a rebellious flash fiction piece *Definitions/ Definīcijas*. Now, she is a recognized science fiction and fantasy writer. Her novel *Mirušie nepiedod/ Dead Don't Forgive* and middle grade fantasy book *Zvaigzne, Bulta un Lai/ Arrow, Star and Laee* (Zvaigzne ABC) were nominated for Annual Latvian Literary Award. For several years, she has been leading a fiction writing workshop at Literary Academy in Riga. Currently, she is working on a science-inspired mystery novel and several children's books.

Luīze Pastore

Luīze Pastore (1986) is the author of eight prose books for children. The latter five book series *Mākslas detektīvi/ Art Detectives* (Neputns) – adventurous detective stories about Latvian artists – help school-age youngsters get in touch with the canonical Latvian art. She has two times received the Annual Latvian Literary Award (2013 and 2015) and the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize in 2015. Her book *The Invisible Man* (from *The Art Detectives series*) was selected for The White Raven 2016 list.

Ilmārs Šlāpins

Ilmārs Šlāpins (1968) is a well-known publicist, literary figure, philosopher, and translator. In his poetry for children he never avoids serious subjects and multiform irony. Due to his light-hearted poetic intonation and easy rhythm, it is almost impossible to distinguish which poems are for the adults or children only. His poem *Es tiešām gribu sunīti/ I truly want a little dog* was included in the compilation of a hundred Latvian children's poems *Bikibuks/ Bicki-buck* (Liels un mazs, 2016), others were published in the annual children's poetry almanacs *Garā pupa/ The Beanstalk* (2014, 2015, 2016).

Daina Tabūna

Daina Tabūna (1985) is a Latvian prose writer. Her talented and contemporary coming-of-age short story collection *Pirmā reize/ The First Time* (Mansards, 2014) was nominated for the Annual Latvian Literary Award 2014 as the best debut of the year. She is the winner of the annual Prose Readings Festival 2016. Three of her stories under the name *The Secret Box* will be published as part of the Emma Press Pamphlets (UK) series in 2017.

Sergej Timofejev

Sergej Timofejev (1970) is a poet, journalist, translator and DJ. The author of seven poetry collections writes in Russian and mixes modern poetry with other art-forms and media. He was among the first in the post-soviet cultural space to invent the genre of poetry-video and he is one of the founders of multimedia poetry project *Orbita* – a creative group of poets and artists. He is also the laureate of the Annual Prose Readings Festival 2016.

Kārlis Vērdiņš

Kārlis Vērdiņš (1979) is a Latvian poet, literary scholar and the author of six collections of poetry. He has been called “the most honest Latvian poet of his generation”, and his poems reveal uncomfortable truths in a piercing, playful and highly relatable way. His poem *Come to Me* was listed by Southbank Centre among 50 greatest modern love poems of our day. He has written two collections of poems for children – *Burtiņu zupa/ Alphabet Soup* (Liels un mazs, 2007), and *Daddy/ Tētis* (Liels un mazs, 2016), which was awarded the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize 2016.

Māra Zālīte

Māra Zālīte (1952) is an influential Latvian poet, playwright, essayist, political commentator and cultural worker whose books touch upon social issues, Latvian history and folklore, discuss morality and offer a balanced critique of the Soviet regime. Her works are well received by young readers and have been translated into English, French, Russian, German and other languages. Being a winner of countless literary awards, Māra Zālīte is also an honorary member of the Academy of Sciences and holds many other titles testifying her significant involvement in Latvian culture.

Inese Zandere

Inese Zandere (1958) is a Latvian poet, author, editor, as well as an author and publisher of children's books. She has written more than 20 books for children and is actively involved in projects connected to children's literature and cultural education. Her musical and cheerful writing, considered quite serious and philosophical at the same time, is often awarded important literary prizes, including the Annual Latvian Literature Award. Four of Zandere's books were included into the IBBY List of Honour. Her poems have been translated into more than ten languages, and the short stories are adapted into colourful animation films (*Shammies*, 2010).

Juris Zvirgzdiņš

Juris Zvirgzdiņš (1941) stands out in Latvian literary scene with his educational books for children on subjects such as the history of Riga, the National library, music history and so on. The collector of toys and author of more than twenty books masterly intertwines documentary with fantasy, and for this reason, is dearly loved by children. His works have received many awards, and have been translated into several languages. His book *Mufa: stāsts par Āfrikas balto degunradzēnu/ Muffa: Story of the White Baby Rhinoceros* (Liels un mazs, 2011) was included in the prestigious White Ravens Catalogue in 2012.

ILLUSTRATORS

Elīna Brasliņa

Elina Brasliņa (1988) is an award-winning young Latvian illustrator who has 13 books to her name. Her various eccentric characters and light-hearted irony gained almost instant popularity and recognition. Books illustrated by Brasliņa have won Zelta Ābele National Prize for Book Art two years in a row and Jānis Baltvilks Prize for her successful début in children's book art (2014). She has also made her international début in 2016 with illustrations for Kate Wakeling's collection of children's poems *Moon Juice* (Emma Press, 2016).

ELINABRASLINA.COM

Rūta Briede

Rūta Briede (1984) is an illustrator, cartoonist and lecturer in the Art Academy of Latvia. She is known as the author of the concept and horned doodle logo of the popular compilation of a hundred Latvian children's poems *Bikibuks/ Bicki-buck* (Liels un mazs). Briede's comics have appeared in local magazines *kuš!* and *š!*, and abroad in *Crachoir*, *FinEst*, *Naturegraffix*. She has participated in “L'Europe se dessine” at the Angouleme comics festival and awarded the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize for the design of *Bicki-buck*.

RUTABRIEDE.LV

Edmunds Jansons

Edmunds Jansons (1972) is a children's book illustrator and animation film director who works with a big variation of genres and techniques – drawing, sand animation, animation with charcoal, puppet and cut out animation. His studio Atom Art tends to be a platform for young talented animators and their experiments. His eight animation films have been screened and awarded all over the world. He is on IBBY Honour List 2010 and his books *Brīnumbēbiša gads/ Year of the wonderbaby*, (Liels un mazs, 2008) and *Kaka un pavasaris/ Poop and Springtime* (Liels un mazs, 2012) have been awarded the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize.

Ernests Kļaviņš

Ernests Kļaviņš (1977) has studied painting, but is mainly known to the audience as a political caricaturist who works for the weekly magazine *Ir*. In parallel, he also works as a conceptual artist trying his hand in sculpture, animation, comic art etc. His works are often perceived as social criticism, even though he considers them as joyful scenes from everyday life.

Maija Kurševa

Maija Kurševa (1981) is a masterly illustrator, teller of absurd stories and *enfant terrible* of the Latvian art scene. Taking an active part in artist collective *Popper Publishing* and organizing *Riga Zine Fest*, she is also teaching illustration, composition and silkscreen at the Art Academy of Latvia. Her savage and illustrative artworks are highly appreciated by the youngest audience, confirming the similarity between the worldview of the artists and children. Since 2004, Kurševa has participated in exhibitions in Latvia and abroad, and her installation *Dzīvesprieks/ Joviality* was nominated for the Purvītis Prize (2016).

KURSEVA.COM

Pēteris Līdaka

Peteris Lidaka (1978) is an artist who works in a wide range of disciplines such as illustration, sculpture, animation, art direction. Rich in visionary imaginings, always playful, bright and surreal, his expressive drawings and kinetic artworks catch one's ability to fantasize about abstract landscapes and parallel worlds. His illustrations are published in such magazines as *Un Sedicesimo*, *Popper*, *Benji Knewman*, *City Visions*, *Loop* etc. He is also one of the illustrators of the *Bikibuks/ BICKI-BUCK* series (Liels un mazs).

PETERISLIDAKA.COM

Rebeka Lukošus

Rebeka Lukošus (1995) is studying painting in the Art Academy of Latvia and successfully taking her first steps in book illustration. The author of illustrations for children's poem *Iedomīgā radiniece/ The Arrogant cousin* in *Bikibuks/ BICKI-BUCK* series (Liels un mazs, 2015) is taking part in such projects as *Poetry in 10x10 centimetres*, *Printmaker Calendar 2016* etc. She is working with oil pastels, adding some pencil-drawn lines to the colourful chaos. Her charming characters always possess personal and symbolic details.

REBEKALUKOSUS.TUMBLR.COM

Liene Mackus

Liene Mackus (1984) is a sculptor and animator who usually works with plasticine animation she herself calls the moving sculpture. Her début in children's book art – illustrations for a children's poem in the *Bikibuks/ BICKI-BUCK* series (Liels un mazs) were nominated for the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize (2016). The artist often pays attention to the social theme, but analyzes it from a distance and with lots of unconditional love. She is also the nominee for the Purvītis Prize in Arts and author of an extraordinary environmental art object in Riga – a bench called *Riga's Lion* (2015).

[FACEBOOK.COM/MACKUSLIENE](https://www.facebook.com/mackusliene)

Anete Melece

Anete Melece (1983) is a Latvian illustrator, animation artist and director whose works stand out with witty details, charming characters and sincere stories. Currently based in Switzerland, she has published her illustrations in magazines such as *kuš!*, *Strapzin*, *Internationale* etc. Her animation films have received awards at multiple international film festivals, including Swiss Film Award for the Best Animation Film in 2014 for the film *Kiosk* (2013). Her recent film *Analysis Paralysis* (2016) has qualified for the Academy Awards' Best Animated Short Film.

[ANETEMELECE.LV](https://www.facebook.com/anetemelece)

Gundega Muzikante

Gundega Muzikante (1964) stands out in the family of Latvian illustrators with her particular matted, fluffy looking colouring, windy motion and fantastic machines with a vintage touch. The illustrator of more than 20 children's books has participated in many international exhibitions: Biennial of Illustration Bratislava, Golden Pen of Belgrade, Biennial of European Illustration in Japan etc. She has received a number of local prizes, including The Most Beautiful Book of the Year (1995, 1997, 1998, 2000), Illustrator of the Year (2002), the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize (2014) a.o. Her works were included in the IBBY Honour List 2016 and nominated for the Hans Christian Andersen Award (2016).

Aleksejs Naumovs

Aleksejs Naumovs (1955) is a painter, professor and rector of the Latvian Academy of Art since 2007. Spontaneous, emotional and rich in atmosphere, his paintings reflect the mood of an instant created by natural light and his illustrations render books similar to those on art. Naumovs' contributions to children's book illustration have earned him many awards, including the special award in the competition for the Annual Prize for Book Publishing (2007), first prize in the book art competition Zelta ābele 2010, the Jānis Baltvilks Prize in Book Art (2011, 2014) a.o. His works were included in the White Ravens List (2006) and the IBBY Honour List of world illustration (2006, 2012).

Anita Paegle

Anita Paegle's (1956) wonderful book illustrations have been captivating children's attention for more than thirty years. She has illustrated over 35 books that have been exhibited at book fairs in Bologna, Frankfurt, Munich, Prague. The artist has regularly received acclaim and awards for her special, inimitable style. She was nominee of Hans Christian Andersen Award 2012, Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award 2013 and 2014 and has been included in the IBBY Honour List 2000. For her contribution to the development of children's book art in Latvia, she received the Award of the Art Academy of Latvia 2014.

[ANITAPAEGLE.COM](https://www.facebook.com/anitapaegle)

Reinis Pētersons

Reinis Pētersons (1981) is fast and brilliant as a rocket – having made his début as an illustrator in 2007, he was Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award nominee by 2012, making a few outstanding animation films in the meantime. There is a strong backbone to his aesthetics that brings balance to the great diversity of his techniques: from traditional media as charcoal and ink to digital painting and drawing. The artist has been nominated several times for the Hans Christian Andersen Award, awarded the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize (2008, 2012), Zelta Ābele Prize and others. His animation films also have received acclaim in local and international film festivals.

[REINISPETERSONS.COM](https://www.facebook.com/reinispetersons)

Juris Petraškevičs

Juris Petraškevičs (1953) is a visual artist with a sense of creative freedom and artistic lightness. He is one of the most authoritative figures in Latvian book design - a professor of the Graphic Art Department who has contributed to the formation of a whole new generation of book illustrators. Recognized as the Year's Best Artist 2001, he has also received the Annual Prize for Book Publishing (in 2001 and 2006), the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize in children's book art (2007) etc. His works were included in the White Ravens List (2010) and IBBY Honour List of world illustration (2008).

[JURISPETRASKEVICS.COM](https://www.facebook.com/jurispetraskevics)

Roberts Rūrāns

Roberts Rūrāns (1990) draws illustrations for printed publications, company websites or product packaging, and he is one of the founders of *Popper magazine* and *Overpriced* design studio. His works radiate humour and feature peculiar little creatures. Rūrāns has made illustrations for the *Benji Knewman* magazine and children's poem *Rudens/ Autumn* by Kārlis Skalbe in series of *Bikibuks/ Bicki-buck* (Liels un mazs, 2014).

[ROBERTSRURANS.COM](https://www.facebook.com/robertsrurans)

Vivianna Maria Staņislavska

Vivianna Maria Staņislavska (1992) is a young, perspective illustrator who received the Jānis Baltvilks Prize in the "New Growth" category in 2016. Her illustrations for Ieva Samauska's poetry collection *Skaļā klase/ The Noisy Class* (Pētergailis, 2015) tastefully capture the emotionally and psychologically exuberant reality of school life. Staņislavska's works are published in the magazine of comic culture *kuš!*, and she has contributed to the series of *Bikibuks/ Bicki-buck* (Liels un mazs).

[FACEBOOK.COM/VIVIANNAMARIA.ART](https://www.facebook.com/viviannamaria.art)

Anna Vaivare

Anna Vaivare (1987) is an architect and illustrator who draws comics and illustrations, visualising even the most complex messages with great skill. She has made illustrations for two children's books, and her comic strips have been published in magazines *Kuš!* and *Benji Knewman*, as well as exhibited in Latvia and internationally. In 2016, she was awarded Jānis Baltvilks Prize in Book Art for illustrating Leons Briedis' book of poems *Saputrotā putra/ Forage for Porridge* (Liels un mazs, 2015).

[ANNAVAIVARE.LV](https://www.facebook.com/annavaivare)

Māra Viška

Māra Viška (1982) is an illustrator, graphic designer and owner of clothing brand Lucky Me. She draws from nature and seeks a story in every image, combining mixed techniques, naive painting style and witty references of popular culture. The author of illustrations for children's poem *Buršanās/ Witchcraft* in *Bikibuks/ BICKI-BUCK* series (Liels un mazs, 2014) and fairytale cookbook *Baltais lācis/ The White bear* (Liels un mazs, 2017) was awarded the "Prize of Taste" in Riga Picture Book Quadrennial "Picture Story" (2014).

[VISKA.LV](https://www.facebook.com/viska.lv)

Mārtiņš Zutis

Mārtiņš Zutis (1988) is an illustrator, animator, graphic designer and writer. His illustrations, comics and animation often stand out with their unusual characters, word games and exact patterns that are turned into visual language. His works are published in the magazine of comic culture *kuš!* and *Popper magazine*. He was nominated for the International Jānis Baltvilks Prize, in the "New Growth" category for his début in children's literature and book art in 2015 and his book *Neatklātais atklājums/ The Discovery That Never Was* (Liels un mazs, 2015) was included in the annual White Ravens Catalogue.

[MARTINSZUTIS.LV](https://www.facebook.com/martinszutis)

Zane Zlemeša

Zane Zlemeša (1988) is an artist who works with drawing and painting in the form of visual narrative. Layered, textured, detailed, her illustrations are individually characteristic, whether depicting an interior, a landscape or an individual. The artist has invented a peculiar character for the children poem *Negantā muša/ The Nasty Fly* by Valdis Grenkovs, series of *Bikibuks/ Bicki-buck* (Liels un mazs, 2015). Her works have been published in such magazines as *kuš!*, *Popper*, *Stripburger* etc. She was awarded 1st prize in the "Body Factory" comic competition (2014) by the Pauls Stradins Museum and won the European Social Fund scholarship 2015.

[ZANEZLEMESA.TUMBLR.COM](https://www.tumblr.com/zanezlemesa)

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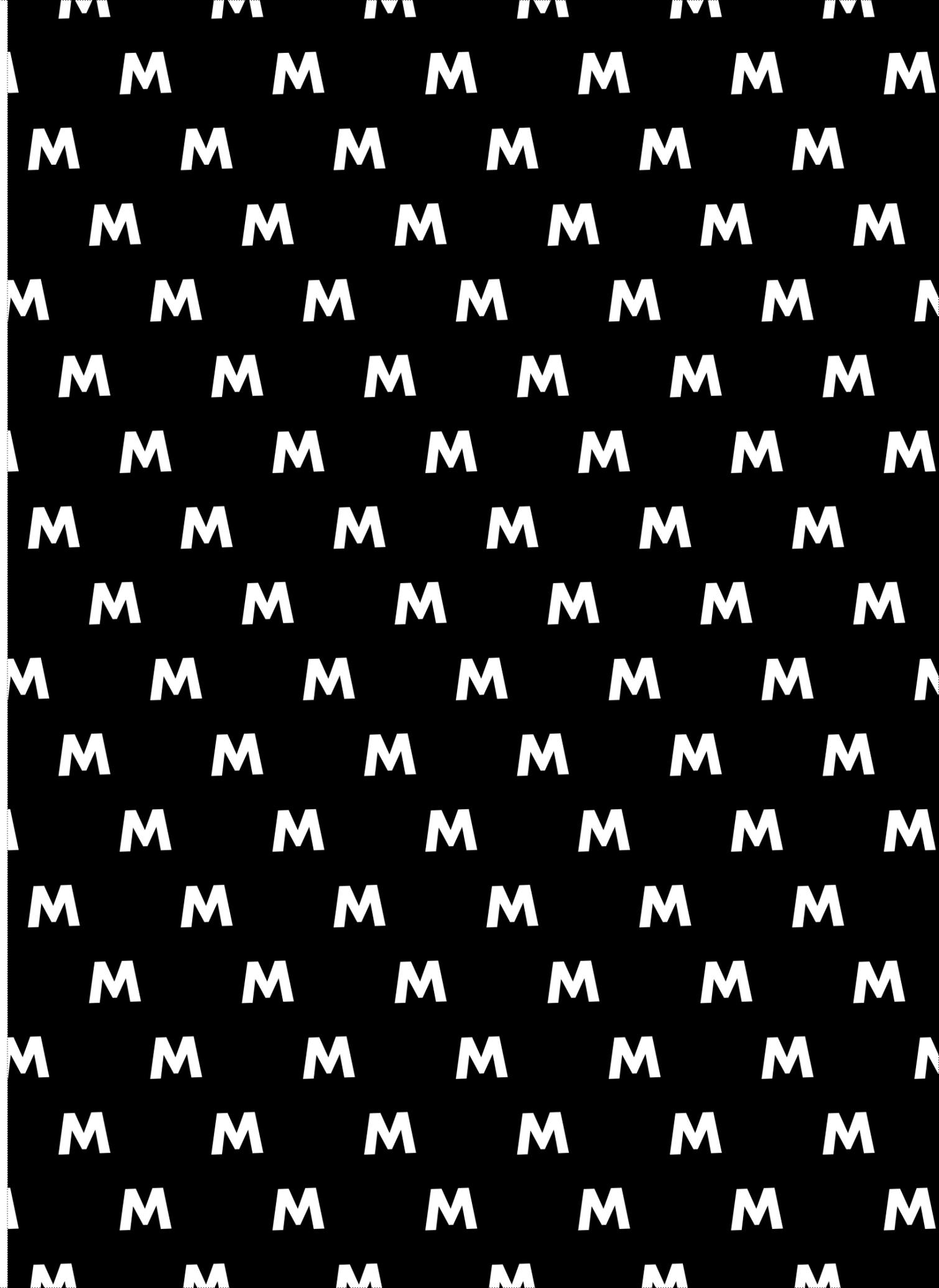
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...we began to work on the catalogue, in which twenty well-known Latvian writers of children's literature were asked to write a chapter about a HORSE. The authors of these stories were then paired with twenty talented illustrators. We decided to do a little experiment – it is not often that authors and illustrators find each other by lottery. To be honest, we relied on the professionalism of everyone involved. If there is one art where it is crucial for artists to collaborate and consider the emotions of their counterparts, then it is the art of children's book illustration.

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THE HORSE

Latvian
Authors &
Illustrators
Catalogue