

ÁRRANGÁTTIS ÁRRANGÁDDÁI

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  RRANG  TTIS   RRANG  DD  I¹

S  mi Fairytale

¹   rrang  ddi = outdoor fireplace. The title means from one fireplace to another, in the meaning of passed down from generation to generation.



Davvi Girji



Content

Gearretnjárstáppát

Boazu ja goddi

Golbma bohcco

Guollediggi Iešjávrris

Manne guovžžas ii leat seaibi

Mo čuoika bođii Sápmái

Násteboagán

The Mouse Raid 7

Ulda

The Mouse Raid



The mice are busy today – it’s Christmas Eve. They’ve been preparing for Christmas all year. The mice go on a raid every Christmas Eve to make sure the humans have tidied up their yards so the Stallo² raid doesn’t get stuck.

“Where’s my harness for the raid?” Girjjat asks.

“I don’t have time for this, I don’t have time for this,” Motset mutters, scurrying around.

“Ask Gabba, she was sewing harness decorations for everyone earlier,” Snaidi suggests.

Girjjat goes to look for Gabba. Even though Girjjat runs all over the mouse siida, he can’t find Gabba anywhere!

² A mythical figure who appears in various roles in Sami folklore



Old Mother Mouse is standing in the doorway. She is so old that her fur is completely white, and she can't see as well as she used to.

"I can stay here with the children," says Old Mother Mouse.

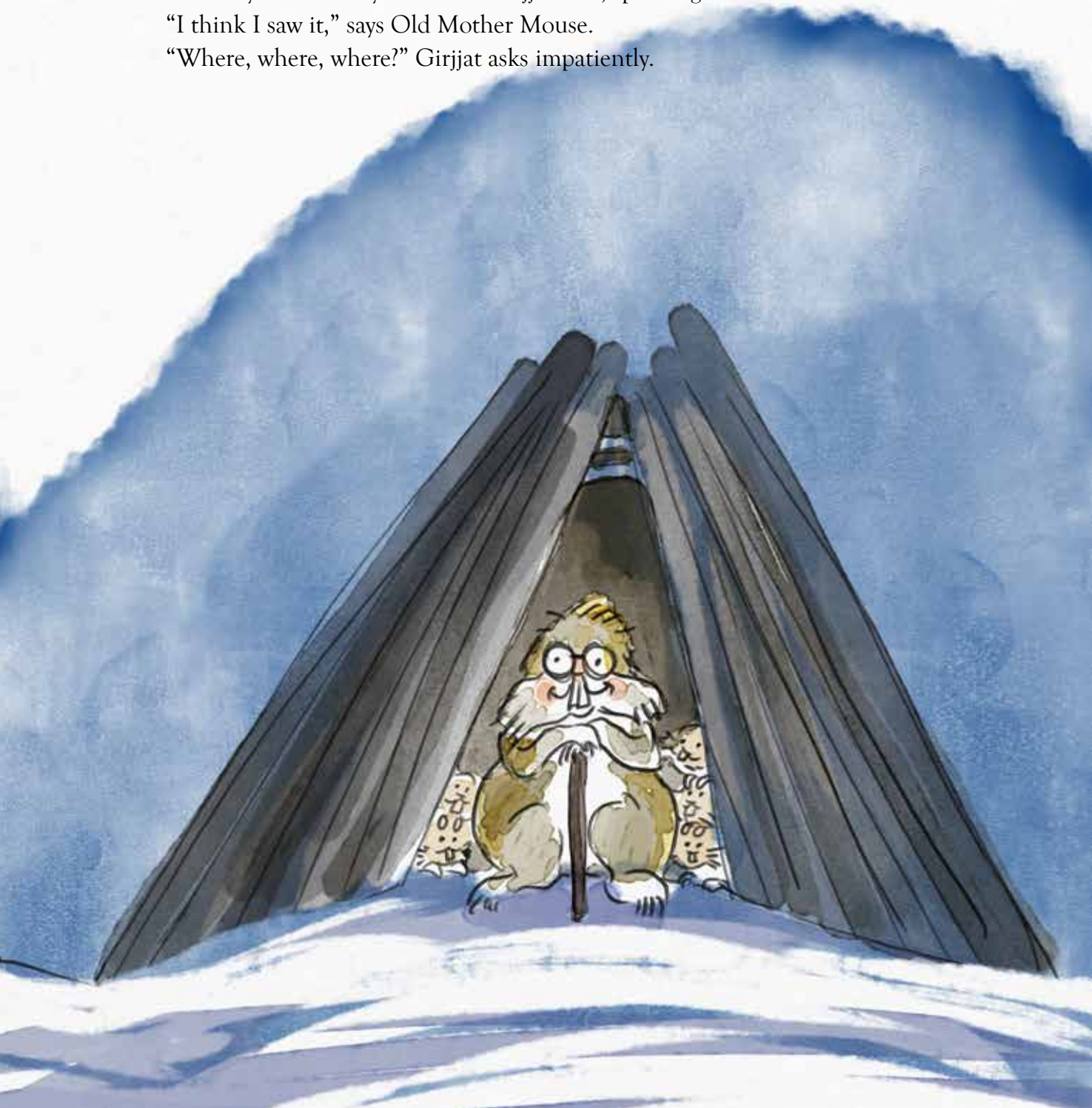
"If the big troll, Stallo, comes, no one can say anything until we get back," Girjjat replies.

"I've never told the big Stallo anything," says Old Mother Mouse.

"Has anyone seen my harness?" Girjjat asks, spinning around in circles.

"I think I saw it," says Old Mother Mouse.

"Where, where, where?" Girjjat asks impatiently.





The little mouse children start laughing and point at Girjjat's back.

"What are you laughing at?" Girjjat asks.

"You're *wearing* your harness!" they say, giggling.

Girjjat runs back to the other mice. They've already put on their harnesses and are ready for the raid.

"So, what do we do this year if the children haven't done a good job of tidying up?" Motset asks.

"We just have to remember to drive straight through the middle of their yard," Gabba says.

"Who's going to go into the l  vvo and bite the humans if they haven't cleaned up?" Motset asks.

"I don't dare do it alone!" Snaidi says.

The children have also been eagerly waiting for Christmas Eve all year. Today is the day they get candy, delicious food, and presents!

"We have to tidy up the yard so the mouse raid doesn't get stuck," Papa says.

"Ugh, I'm not doing that. The mouse raid doesn't even exist!" Big Brother argues.

"I've already tidied up my things," says Little Sister.

"Do we *have* to do it?" asks Big Brother.

"If the mouse raid gets stuck in our yard, there's no telling what will happen," says Papa.

"What happens then?" Big Brother asks.

"The mice will come into the l  vvo and everyone inside, and Stallo, the big troll, will come and suck our blood!" Papa explains.

"I can tidy up Big Brother's things," says Little Sister.

"That's very nice of you, Little Sister. Come inside afterward," Papa says.

Little Sister stays outside to tidy up. The children had been sledding and skiing all day. It's freezing cold, and the yard is illuminated by moonlight. Little Sister is shivering so hard she can barely stack the wooden skis against the woodpile!

"Now the mouse raid can come if they want to!" she says happily.

She doesn't see that one ski had fallen down, though, because she suddenly hears the sounds of bells and tiny voices.

"Papa!" she shouts.



Papa sticks his head out of the l  vvo.

“What is it, my dear?” he asks.

“I thought I heard little bells and voices,” she replies.

“Are you done tidying?” Papa asks.

“Yes, I am,” she says.

“Come back inside, then, so you don’t freeze to death out there,” he tells her.



Little Sister goes inside the lávvo.

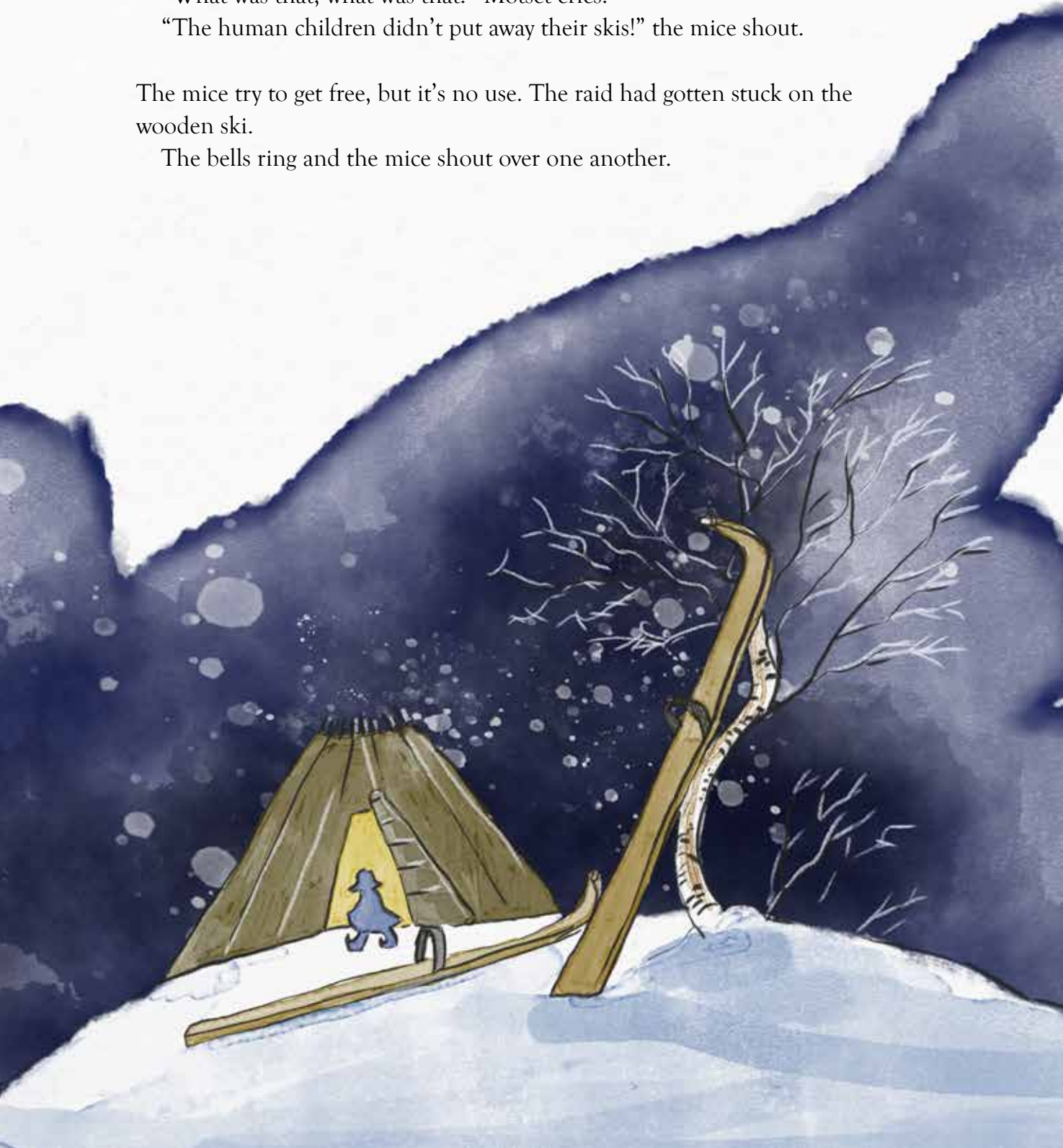
The mouse raid comes racing into the yard and is driving smoothly past the lávvo – but then it gets stuck!

“What was that, what was that?” Motset cries.

“The human children didn’t put away their skis!” the mice shout.

The mice try to get free, but it’s no use. The raid had gotten stuck on the wooden ski.

The bells ring and the mice shout over one another.



Inside, the family starts eating Christmas dinner.

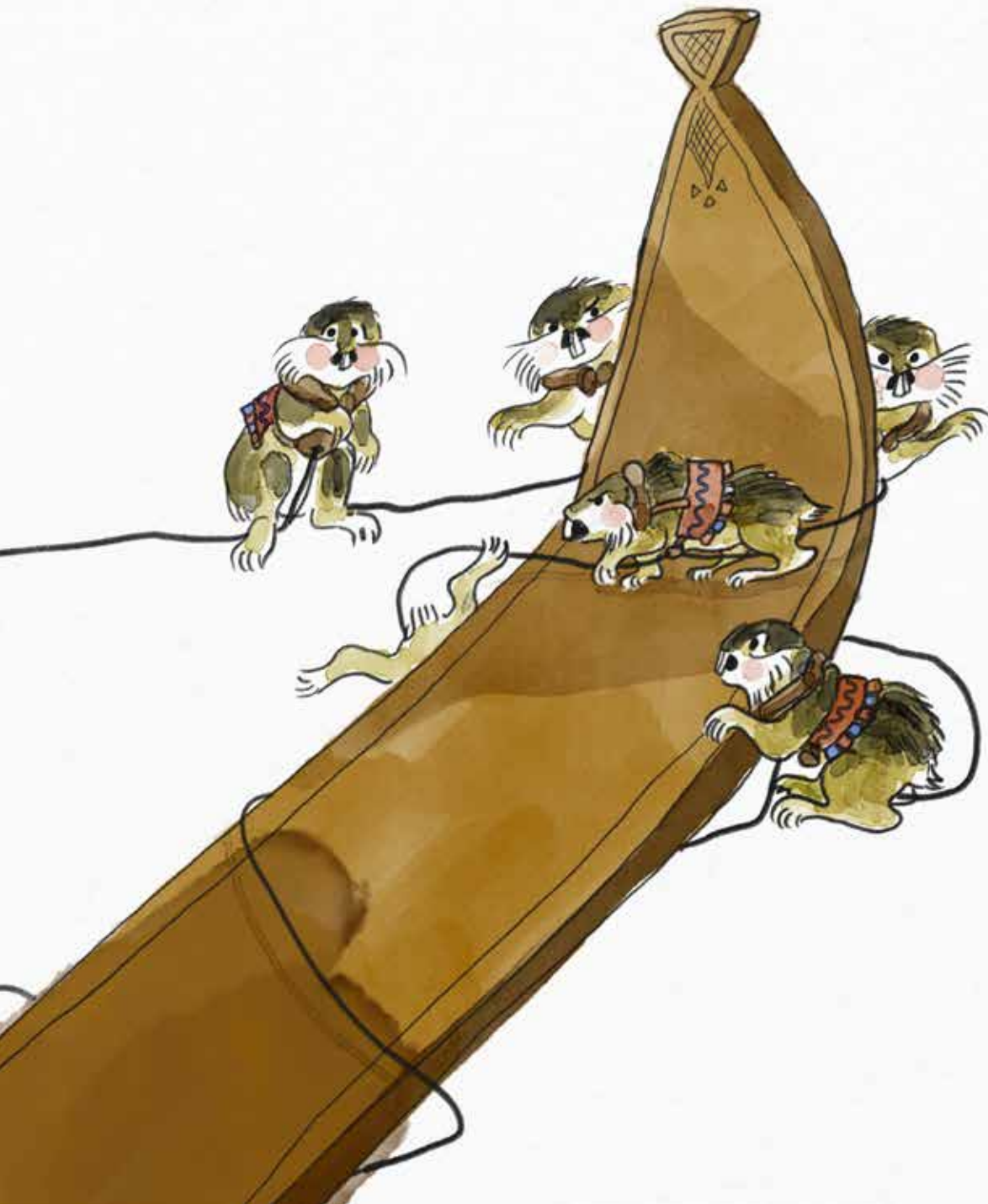
"I can't wait to open my presents," says Little Sister.

"Listen - what's that noise?" Grandmother whispers.

"Shh, listen!" Papa says.

Little Sister jumps up and hides behind Papa at the back of the lávvo.

"You two did tidy up, didn't you?" Grandmother asks.



Papa puts on his hat and opens the l     door. In the moonlight, he can see the mouse raid has gotten stuck on the wooden ski. He waves his hands and shouts:

“The mouse raid has gotten stuck!”

“What if they come and bite us?” Little Sister cries out tearfully.

“I’d be more concerned about the Stallo. He wants to drink our blood ...” says Grandmother.



Papa goes outside and sees that it really was true: the mouse raid was stuck on the wooden ski. He steps into the deep snow. The wooden ski comes loose and slides down the hill with the mouse raid in tow.

"I'm scared," Little Sister sobs.

"Well, now I believe that the mouse raid really does exist!" Big Brother says.



Papa comes back inside and smiles.

"The mouse raid slid down Stallo Hill with the wooden ski!" he says.

"That means the mice will slide straight into the Stallo's sack," says Grandmother.

"The Stallo lurks underground so that no one sleds during the Christmas holidays," Papa explains.

"Next year, I'm going to help tidy up!" Big Brother promises.

