





Marit Kirsten Anti Gaup – Malle Rimmel (ill.)

The Orange Plane



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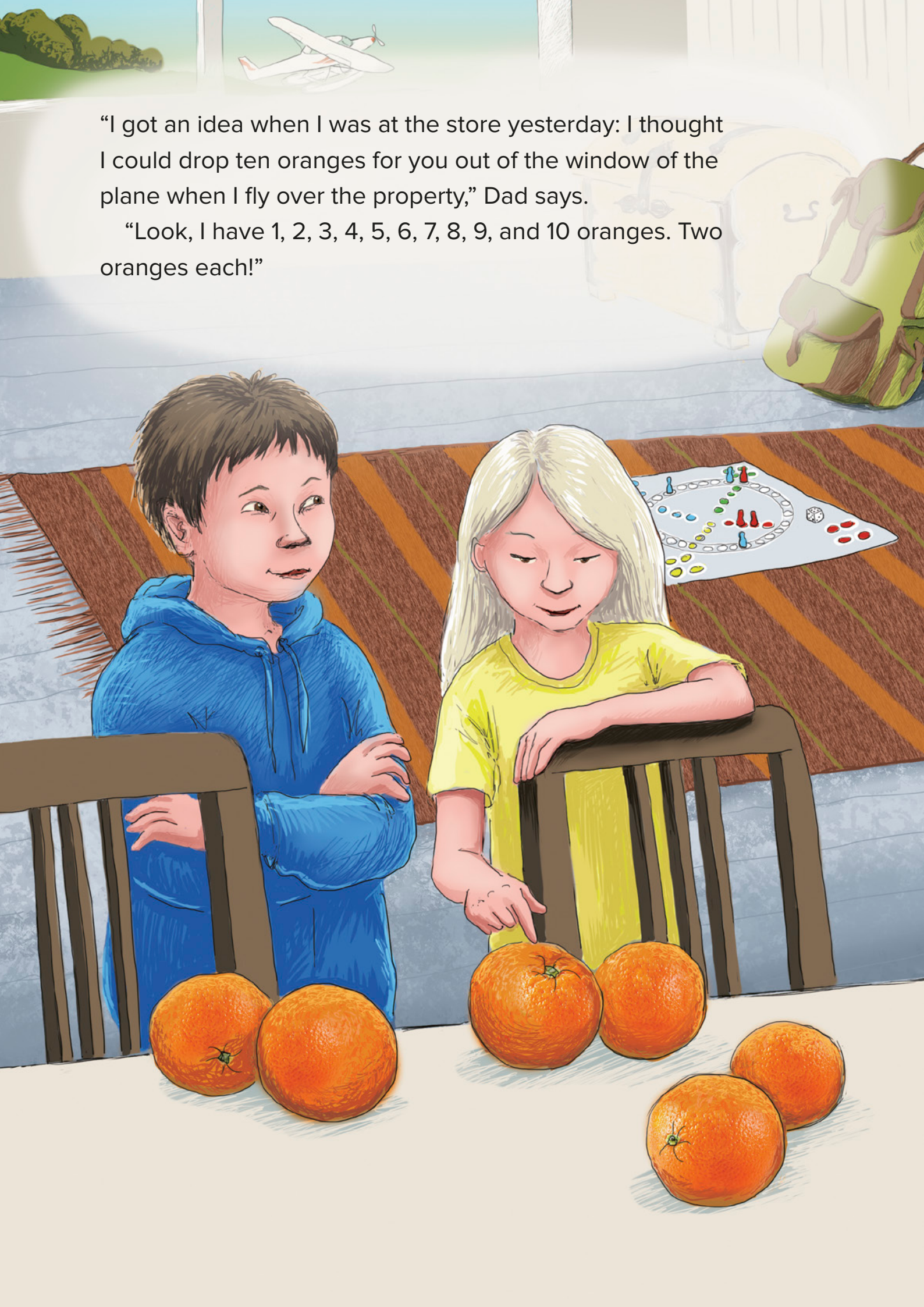




“Ráste, Májjá, Kátjá, Biggá, Jussá, come over to your dad! Čáhppe, you too.”

Čáhppe had been sleeping and now pads over to the door, cocking his head at the children and his master.

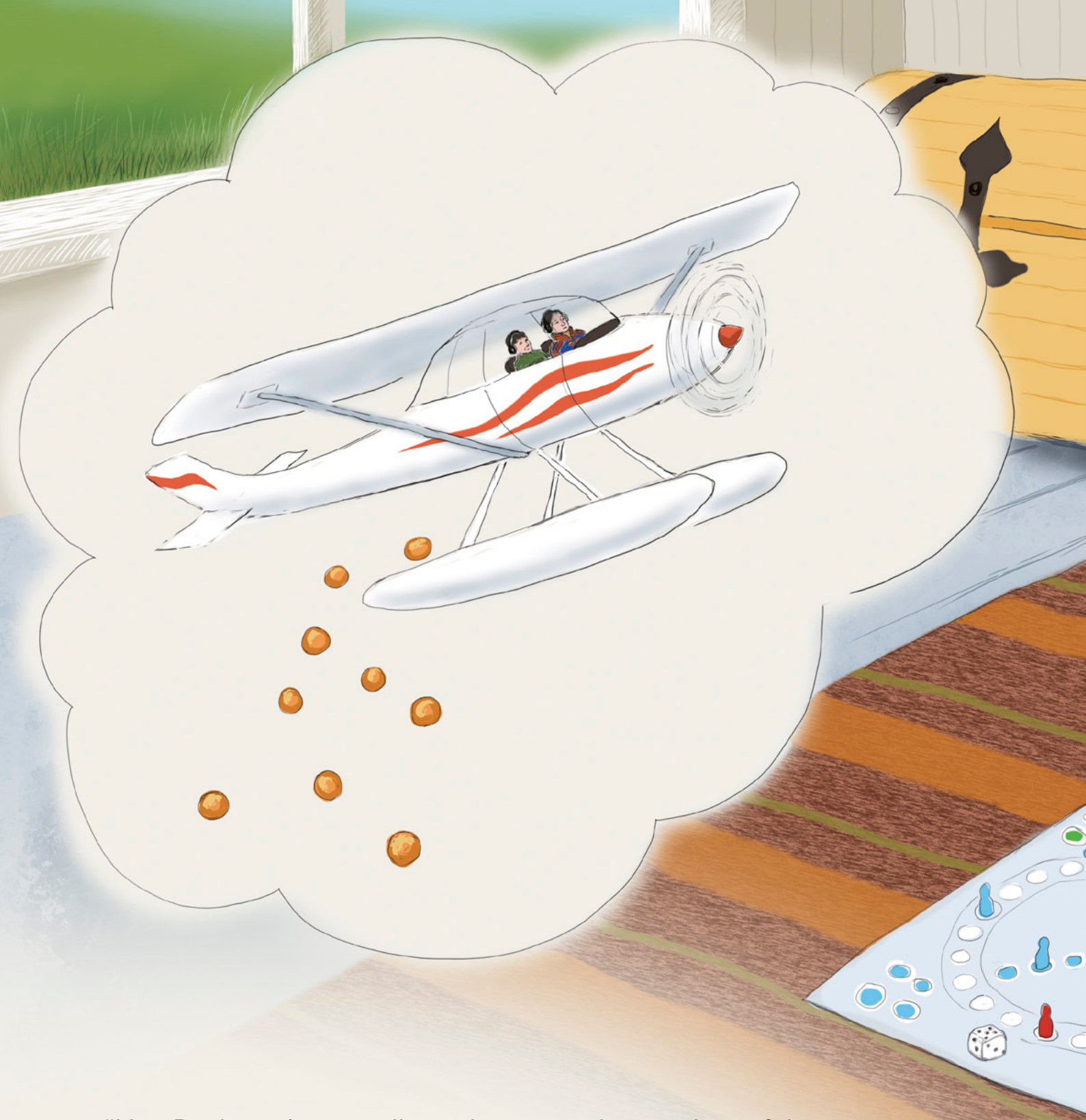
“I’m heading out to the wilderness with the seaplane today, and I thought about doing something special when I fly over Grandma and Grandpa’s house,” Dad says.

An illustration of a boy and a girl sitting at a table. The boy, on the left, has dark hair and is wearing a blue hoodie. The girl, on the right, has long blonde hair and is wearing a yellow shirt. They are both looking at several oranges on the table. The girl is pointing at one of the oranges. In the background, there is a window showing a white airplane flying over a green landscape. A green backpack is on the floor to the right, and a board game is on the table behind the girl.

“I got an idea when I was at the store yesterday: I thought I could drop ten oranges for you out of the window of the plane when I fly over the property,” Dad says.

“Look, I have 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 oranges. Two oranges each!”





“Um, Dad, you’re not allowed to open the window of the plane. Don’t you know that?” Jussá asks.

“Yes, I know. That’s why the pilot and I decided to put the oranges on the plane’s pontoons! That’s allowed,” Dad replies.

“Hmm, I guess you could do that, but I don’t think that’s the best idea since the oranges will fly off before the plane is even in the air!” Biggá says.







“Biggá, when the plane is above you, the pilot is flying it at an angle,” Dad explains. “When the plane takes off, the oranges will roll off the pontoons one after another and fall on Grandma and Grandpa’s yard.

Now listen, kids! I’ll be back home tonight, and maybe you’ll have found all the oranges by then!” he says with excitement.





The children look up in the air to see if they can see Dad waving at them. They try to see where the ten oranges fall, too.

Is it really possible they don't see any oranges falling?

"Dad must have been trying to trick us! We haven't seen a single orange rolling off the plane's pontoons. But we're still going to try to find Dad's famous airplane oranges, aren't we?" Ráste says.

Everyone agrees with him.

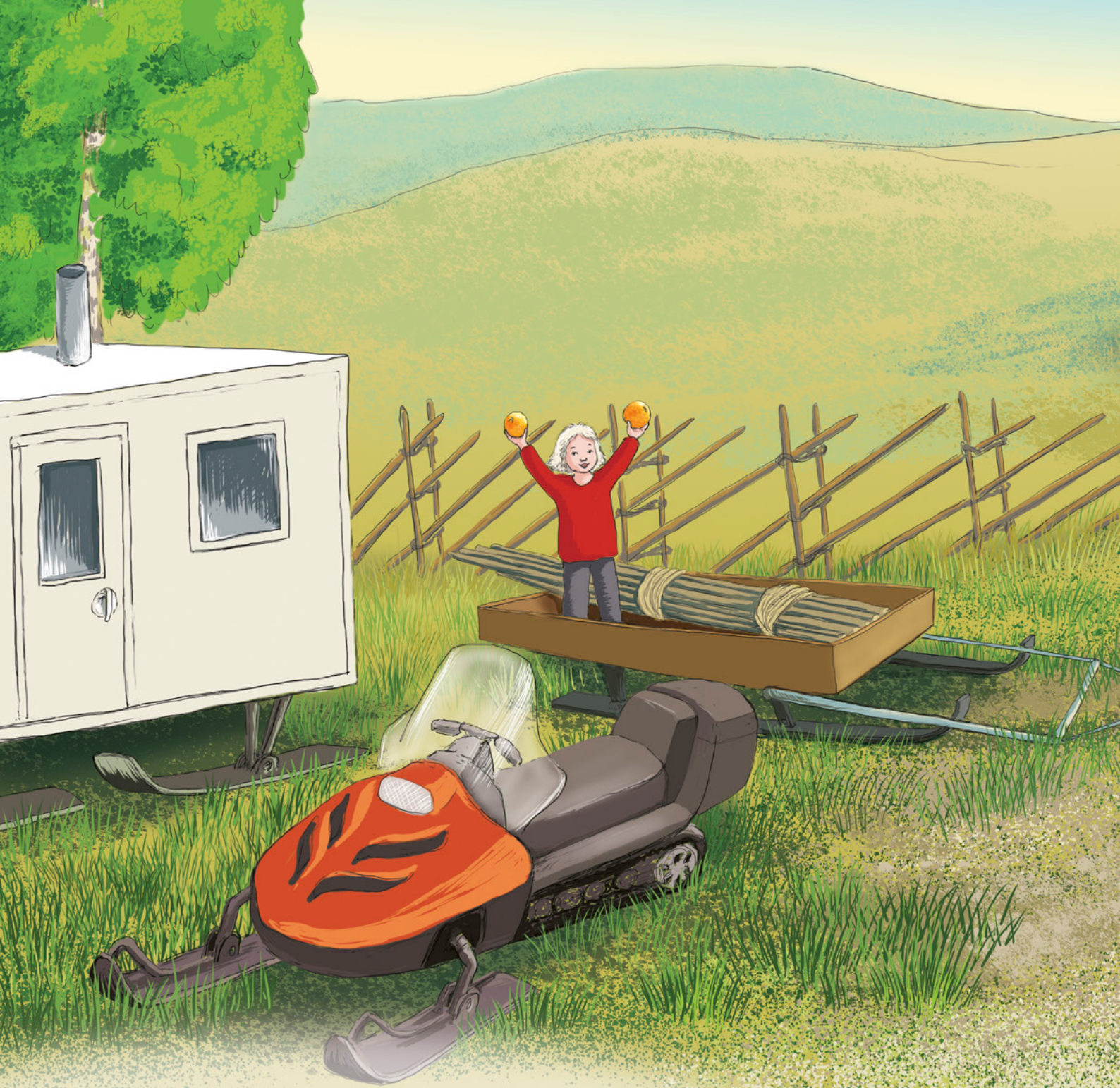


The children look and look. Some crawl across the yard, their hands digging through the grass.

“Over here! I found an orange that’s squished flat on the platform, and another one in a big pot!” Ráste shouts.

Ráste is so proud that he’s already found his share of the oranges. He puts them in a bag and goes to help the others look for more.





“Ugh, I’m tired of searching for oranges! I’m going to the snowmobile to rest a little,” Májjá says.

Just as she reaches for the steering wheel, she feels something round between her hands. An orange!

“Hei-lo-lo-lo,” Májjá joiks¹, grabbing the orange and jumping onto the skis of the snowmobile. “And look, there’s another one here!

Did you guys hear me? I’m done, too! I found two oranges!” She joiks again: “Hei-lo-lo-lo!”

¹ A traditional form of Sámi singing





Jussá crawls inside the turf hut. He's gotten tired and lies down on a reindeer skin.

"This stinks! I still haven't found any oranges at all."

Jussá looks up at the smoke hole at the top of the hut. "But wait a second ... What's that up there? Oranges! That's amazing! And look, there's even two!"

Suddenly, he's no longer tired. He quickly finds a stick and loosens the oranges from the tent poles.

Jussá speeds out of the turf hut and shouts: "I finally found my share of the oranges!"







