



Elle Minná ja Čebo leaba murjet
vuolgimin. Soai oaidniba ealgga, mii
suorganemiin ruohtta njuolga muora
njeaiga. Lihkus lea Elle Minnás
ráđđi mo ealgga oažžut fas julggiid ala.
Go sevnjodišgoahtá, de vuolgiba ruovttu
guvlui lossa muorjelihtiiguin. Ilgadis
holvun gullogoahtá. Mo galgaba dál
dearvan ruoktot joavdat?

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Original title: Elle Minná murjemin
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Illustrations: Cathrine Sandmæl
Graphic design: Cathrine Sandmæl
ISBN 978-82-329-0547-8

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English sample translated by John Prusynski
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Financial support: NORLA – Norwegian
Literature Abroad



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ELLE MINNÁ
GOES BERRY-PICKING



ATHALIE LANGO & INKA NUORGAM
CATHRINE SANDMÆL (ill.)

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DAVVI GIRJI

Soon they reach the best berry patch.

While they are picking berries, the sky turns dark and they hear strange sounds.

“Caw, caw, go away. Away! Those are our berries. We’ve always plucked berries here,” squawks the biggest crow.





Čebo is so afraid that he cowers between Elle Minná's legs. Elle Minná explains modestly to the crows:

"I won't pick all the berries, just enough for me and my grandmother."

"Is that so. People usually pick all these berries, and they don't leave any for us," complains the biggest crow before flying up with a joik and pooping on Čebo.

Poor Čebo hides his eyes since he is so afraid and ashamed. Elle Minná wipes the crow poo from Čebo's head:

“We don't need to be afraid anymore, my dear little Čebo, now we will have some peace to pick berries.” She comforts Čebo by jolking for a bit.

