

# I Give You My Heart

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My name is Issát. I live in the blue house with a reindeer fence around it. It was Grandfather who built the fence for us.



This is my mother. She has dropped the pile of wood again.  
She doesn't lose her temper so easily. Maybe a little.  
The other one is my sister, Sáve. She goes to school now, too.



This is me. I am in my room. I have a lot to do. Right now I'm decorating a gift for a healer who is coming here to Karasjok tomorrow. Tomorrow is the Saami National Day.



– Issát! Issát! Issát! You must remember to feed Gabba.  
You'll remember, won't you? Grandfather needs help.



This is my driving reindeer, Gabba. Grandfather has said that Gabba is a special driving reindeer. My father was the one who tamed him. Maybe Gabba and I will take part in a reindeer race this Easter. What I have heard could be true – that a person who has a white driving reindeer will meet a blonde healer. The wood nymph had light-coloured hair, too. Could it be that the woman coming to Karasjok tomorrow can do more than most people?



This is how we usually eat. Me, Mother, my little sister, Grandfather and Grandmother. We are having bidos for dinner today. It's good.



- When is Father coming home? Sáve asks.
- He will surely come home soon, Grandfather answers.
- But when, I want to know! Sáve won't give up. She stares straight at Grandfather. - Does his heart still hurt?
- Yes, it does, says Grandmother, but a healer will certainly come soon to help him.
- Is that a heart doctor, Grandmother? What is a healer?



Sáve has a lot of questions. Her eyes are beginning to burn. Every time she asks about Father, her eyes start to burn.

– A healer is someone who helps people, Grandmother explains.

– If it's very expensive, I have a lot of money in my piggy bank.

– Dear little Sáve, you don't pay a healer with money, says Mother, stroking her hair.

– You pay a healer with your heart, says Grandmother.

– Pay with your heart? That sounds strange. Sáve is surprised.

