

Loty Petrovits-Andrutsopulou

the child from the sea

illustrated by Spyros Youssis

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in the deep.



I was born and raised in the heart of Athens, Exarchia. When I was a little girl, I played on the Strefi hill with the older kids on the block (whenever they would actually let me play, that is). Whenever they didn't let me play, I would make up stories in my head and dream of putting them in a book. I dreamt of playing an imaginary game with children my age: I would write my stories, the kids would read them and then we would become friends. When I grew up, I began writing children's books for real. And I acquired many young friends. With this book, I hope that my little friends increase.

You can find out more about me and about my books from my website: <http://www.loty.gr>.

THE CHILD FROM THE SEA



By Loty Petrovits-Andrutsopoulou
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Translated by Maria Rousaki



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Have you ever been lost in a gigantic supermarket or a huge department store?

Not now that you're older. I mean when you were little, five or six years old. On a day that you may have gone shopping with a grownup and amongst the confusion and crowd you slipped away a little bit and then couldn't find him anywhere. If something similar has happened to you, then you know how terrifying it feels. If not, then I will tell you how Fivo felt when he got lost one Saturday morning (some years ago) in a five-storey department store, amongst a sea of merchandise and customers. There were clothes, toys, kitchen-ware, furniture, electronic devices, and whatever else you can imagine.

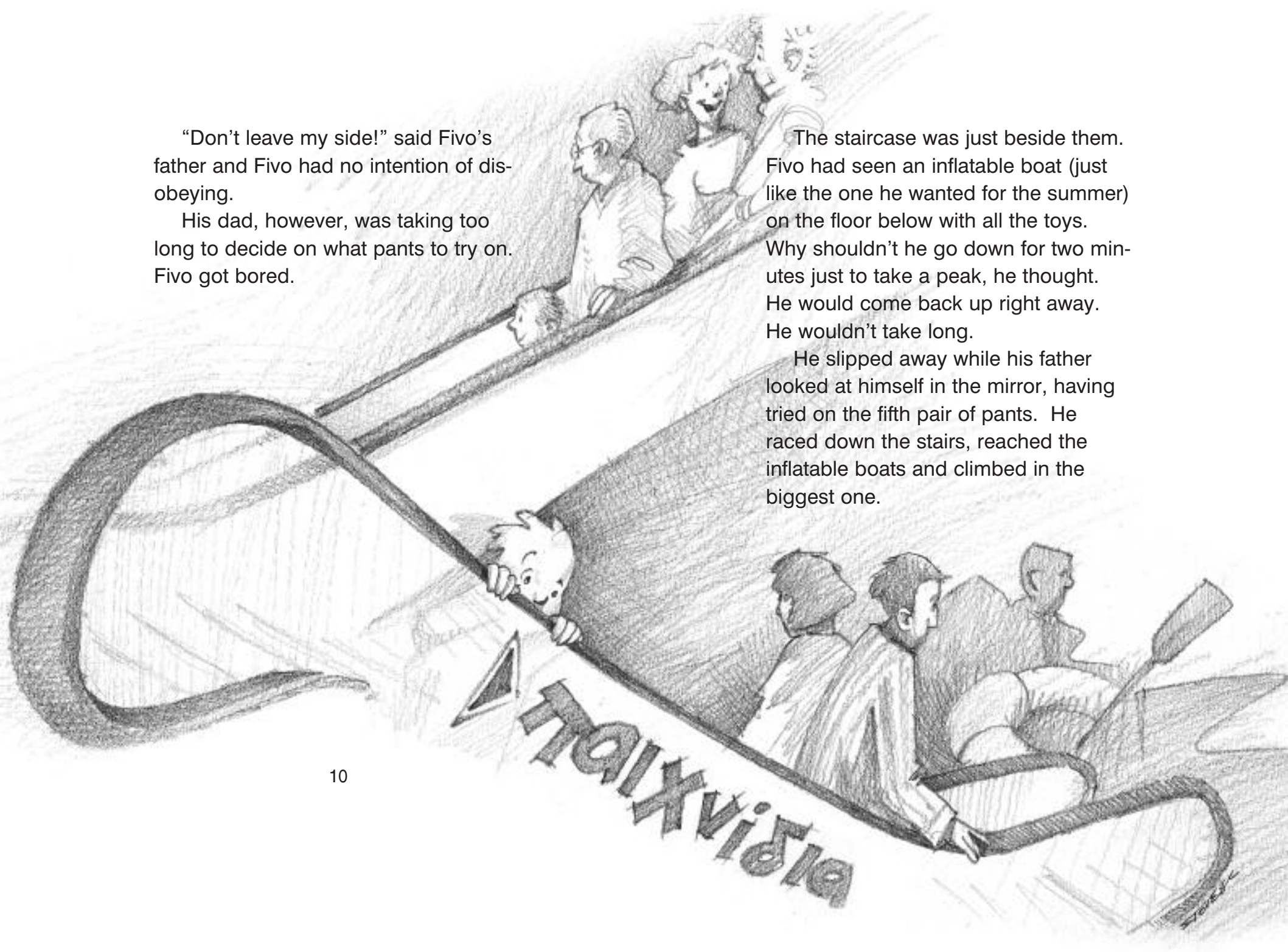


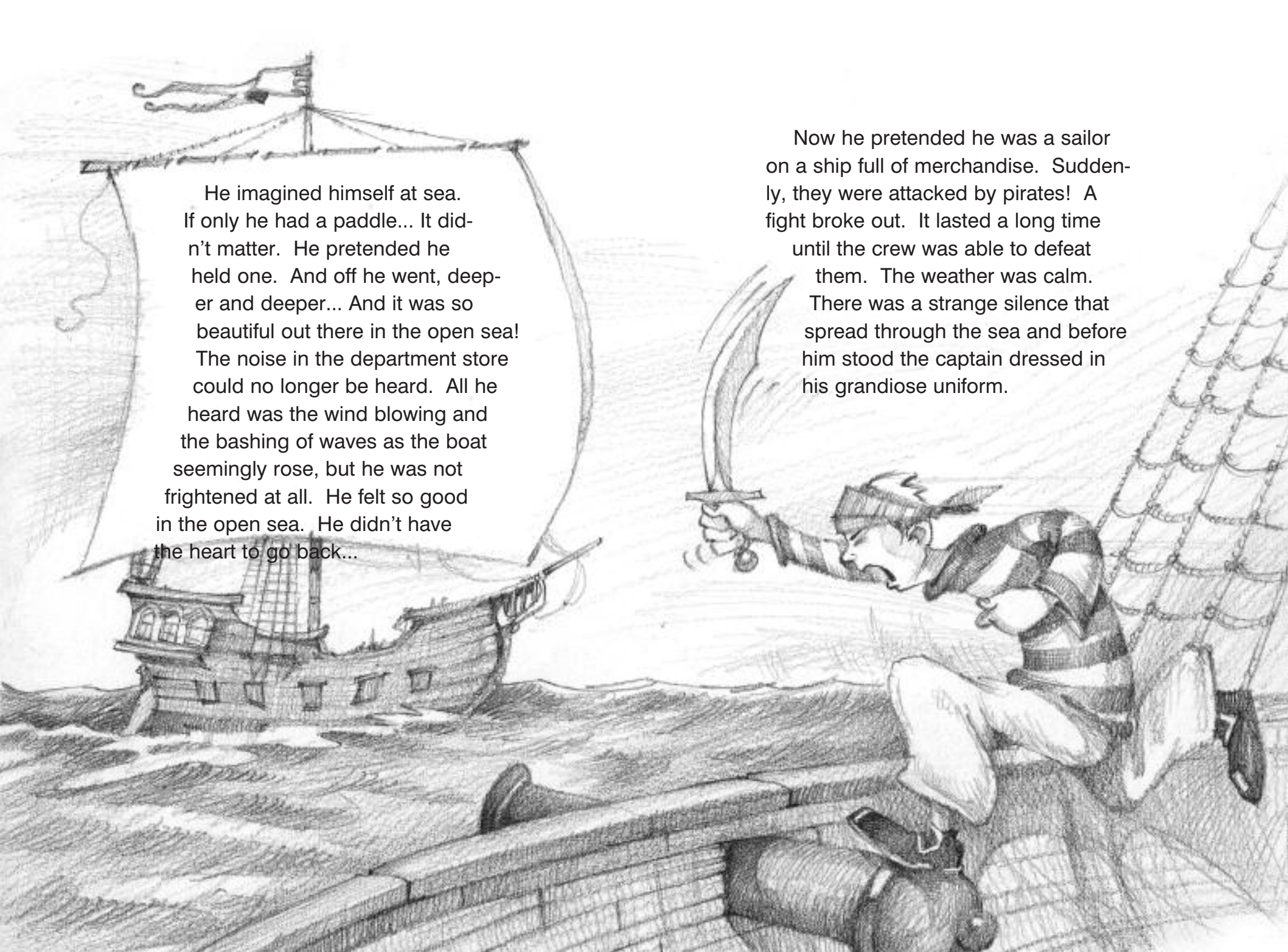
“Don’t leave my side!” said Fivo’s father and Fivo had no intention of disobeying.

His dad, however, was taking too long to decide on what pants to try on. Fivo got bored.

The staircase was just beside them. Fivo had seen an inflatable boat (just like the one he wanted for the summer) on the floor below with all the toys. Why shouldn’t he go down for two minutes just to take a peak, he thought. He would come back up right away. He wouldn’t take long.

He slipped away while his father looked at himself in the mirror, having tried on the fifth pair of pants. He raced down the stairs, reached the inflatable boats and climbed in the biggest one.





He imagined himself at sea. If only he had a paddle... It didn't matter. He pretended he held one. And off he went, deeper and deeper... And it was so beautiful out there in the open sea! The noise in the department store could no longer be heard. All he heard was the wind blowing and the bashing of waves as the boat seemingly rose, but he was not frightened at all. He felt so good in the open sea. He didn't have the heart to go back...

Now he pretended he was a sailor on a ship full of merchandise. Suddenly, they were attacked by pirates! A fight broke out. It lasted a long time until the crew was able to defeat them. The weather was calm. There was a strange silence that spread through the sea and before him stood the captain dressed in his grandiose uniform.