

VASIA PARASKEVOPOULOU

Featherlee

and its foray *into* the world

illustrated by Persa Zacharia
design & layout by Panagiotis Andrianos



PATAKIS
PUBLISHERS

to anyone spreading their wings
to Nikos that helped me spread my own

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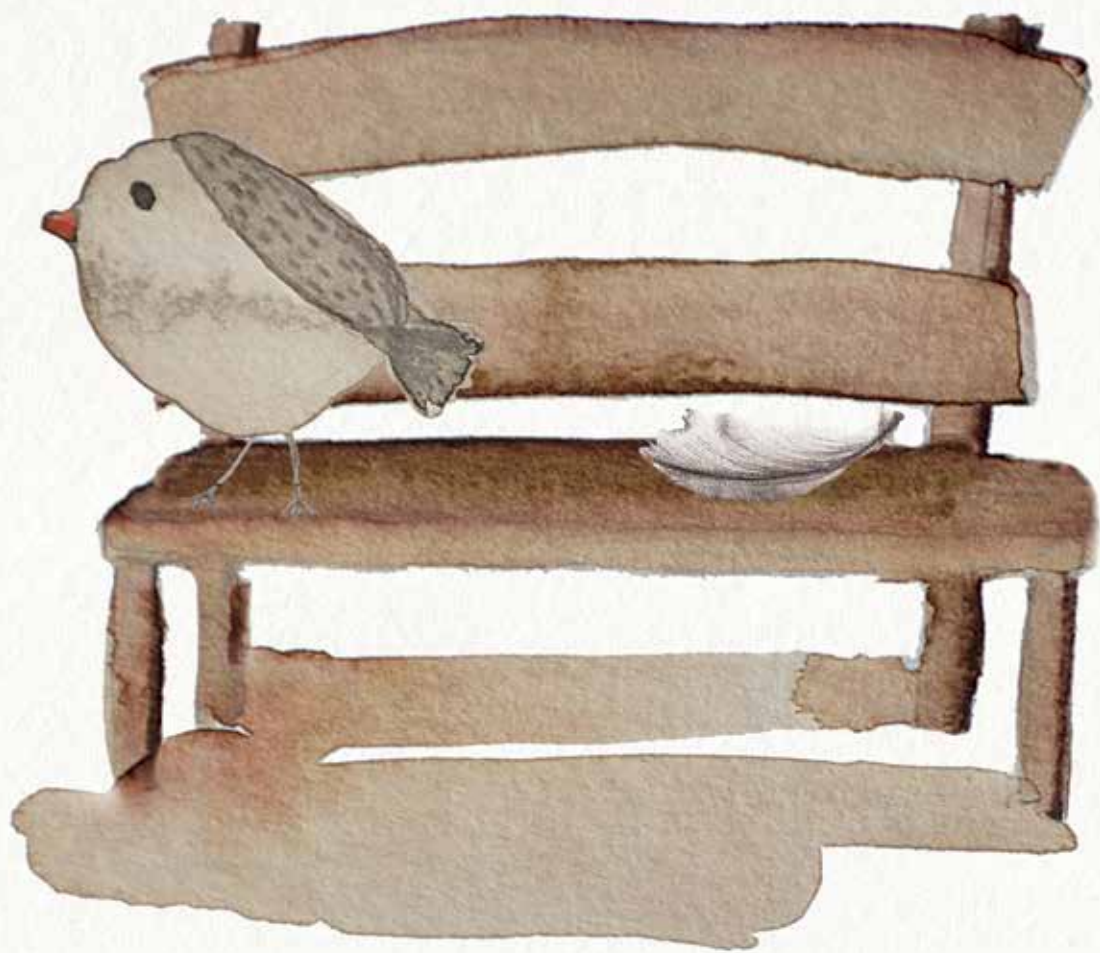


Translated by Dímitris Mentis
Edited by Carolína-Elení Theodoropoulos

Once upon a happy time
a feather tiny like a dime
on a bench it lay at ease

when

it felt a little breeze



hey! hey!

cried out the little feather

i don't like this kind of weather!



it held on tight
with all the strength it had
so not to move
it wanted to stay there so bad



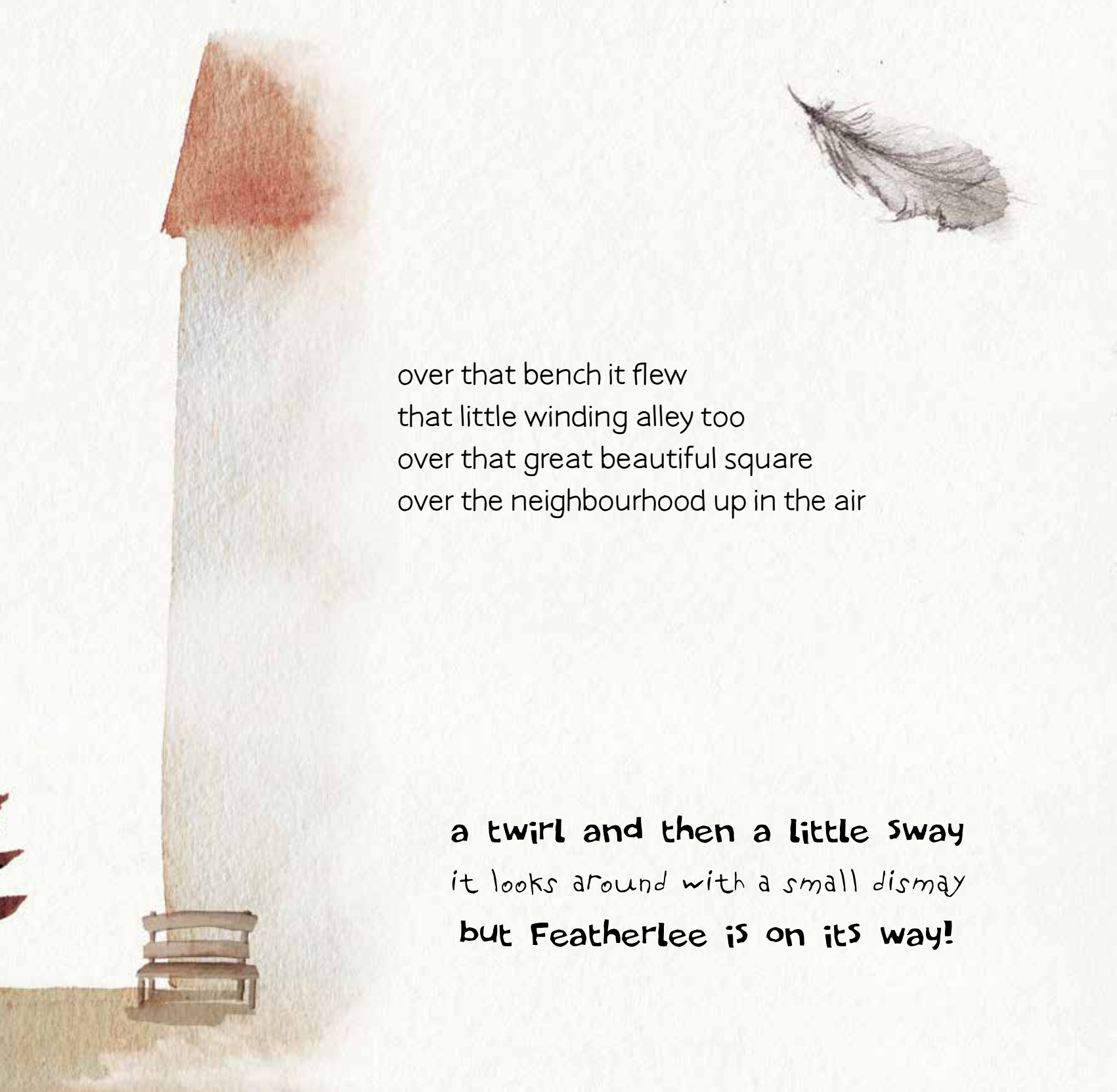
but after a little while
for yet another time
the wind blew softly
once again

and

a twirl and then a little sway
and Featherlee flew right away



ΕΥΣΤΑΘΕΙΑ
ΛΑΤΑΚΕΥΡΩ



over that bench it flew
that little winding alley too
over that great beautiful square
over the neighbourhood up in the air

**a twirl and then a little sway
it looks around with a small dismay
but Featherlee is on its way!**



it flies away right on top
of the whistling mailman chasing it with a hop
to this wild journey trying to put a stop


and right over the mailman
with his satchel wide open
letters and words slipping away
he is not going to catch it anyway

a twirl and then a little sway
it shivers lightly
quivers brightly
flies even further slightly




it flies
over so many people all together
and over people in hats, the little feather






and even higher it flies
over a giraffe that's big in size
on a theatre stage down low
wearing a hat with a crimson bow
people cheering in the front row



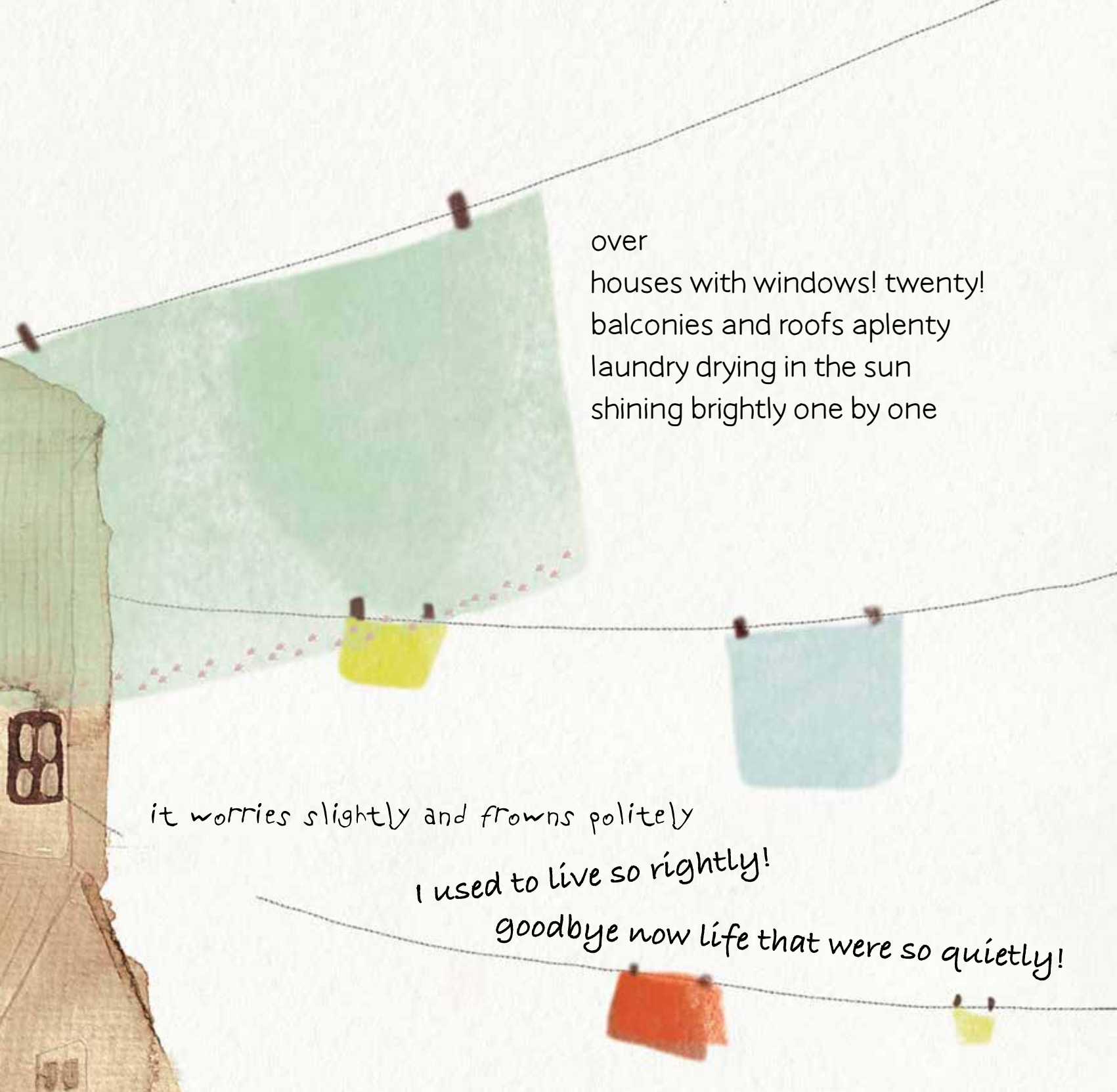
a twirl and then a little sway
and when it hears the giraffe neigh
it doesn't know what to say
ten question marks come out to play!
And Featherlee flies far and away





it continues to fly on
in this journey come along
full of grace
in a wild race



An illustration of a laundry line with several items hanging on it. On the left, a portion of a brown house with a window is visible. A large green sheet is pinned to the line with two brown clothespins. Below it, a yellow cloth is pinned with two brown clothespins. Further right, a light blue cloth is pinned with two brown clothespins. At the bottom, an orange cloth is pinned with two brown clothespins, and a small yellow cloth is pinned with two brown clothespins. The background is a light, textured white.

over
houses with windows! twenty!
balconies and roofs aplenty
laundry drying in the sun
shining brightly one by one

it worries slightly and frowns politely

I used to live so rightly!

goodbye now life that were so quietly!

and a mister with a snotty nose
his sniffer caught in the line of clothes



and in its wild journey
away it flies

ever so carefully
in the skies



and another mister
it comes upon
the clothes line he is pulling on
and tying a knot that's tightly drawn
to tie a boat that floats like a swan

oh! and I forgot to bring my coat!
excuse me! It fussed,
will we make a stop at last?

a twirl and then
a little sway
the feather greets him
with a hey!

**And Featherlee
flies far and away**







without stopping, away it floats
flying over entire boats
that it leaves behind

a little girl looks at the feather
where are you headed in this weather?
with a little laugh, ever so brief
it waves a white handkerchief

a twirl and then a little sway

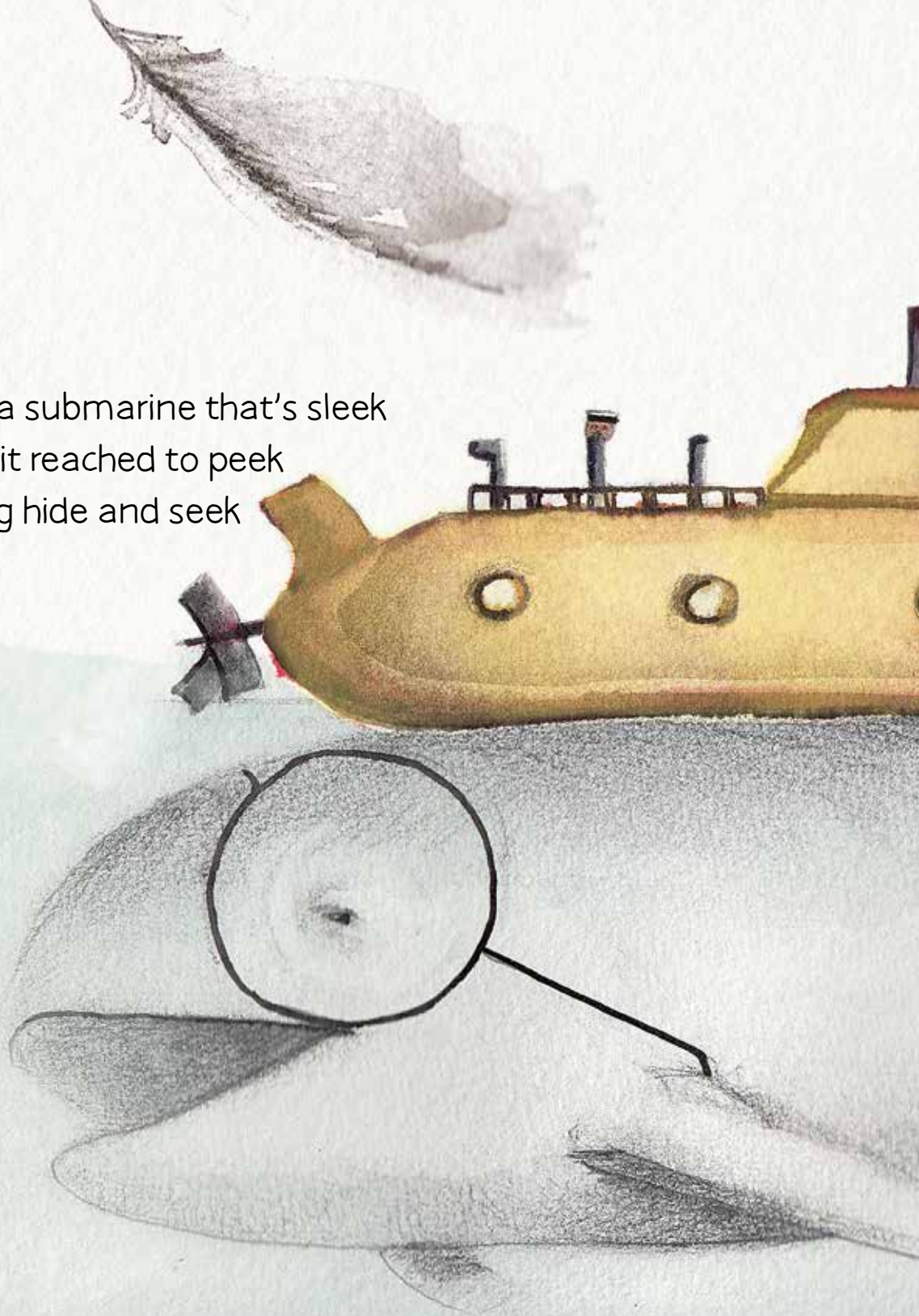


the feather grins with some delay

i have no clue! oh what to say? and Featherlee flies far and away

over the sea
so wide and free
continues to fly
Featherlee

it happens upon a submarine that's sleek
out of the water it reached to peek
the sailors playing hide and seek





a short-sighted whale
caught it by mistake on its tail
and took it for a little sail
she gives the sailors quite a scare
excuse me, I didn't see you there!

a twirl and then a little sway
what in the future might lay
add shy and whisper
And Featherlee flies far and away

it counts over thirty waves
a journey over a tiny boat it braves
a pirate reading on the stern
next to some flowers and a fern





smelling of spring

a salty breeze

the feather soaring with ease

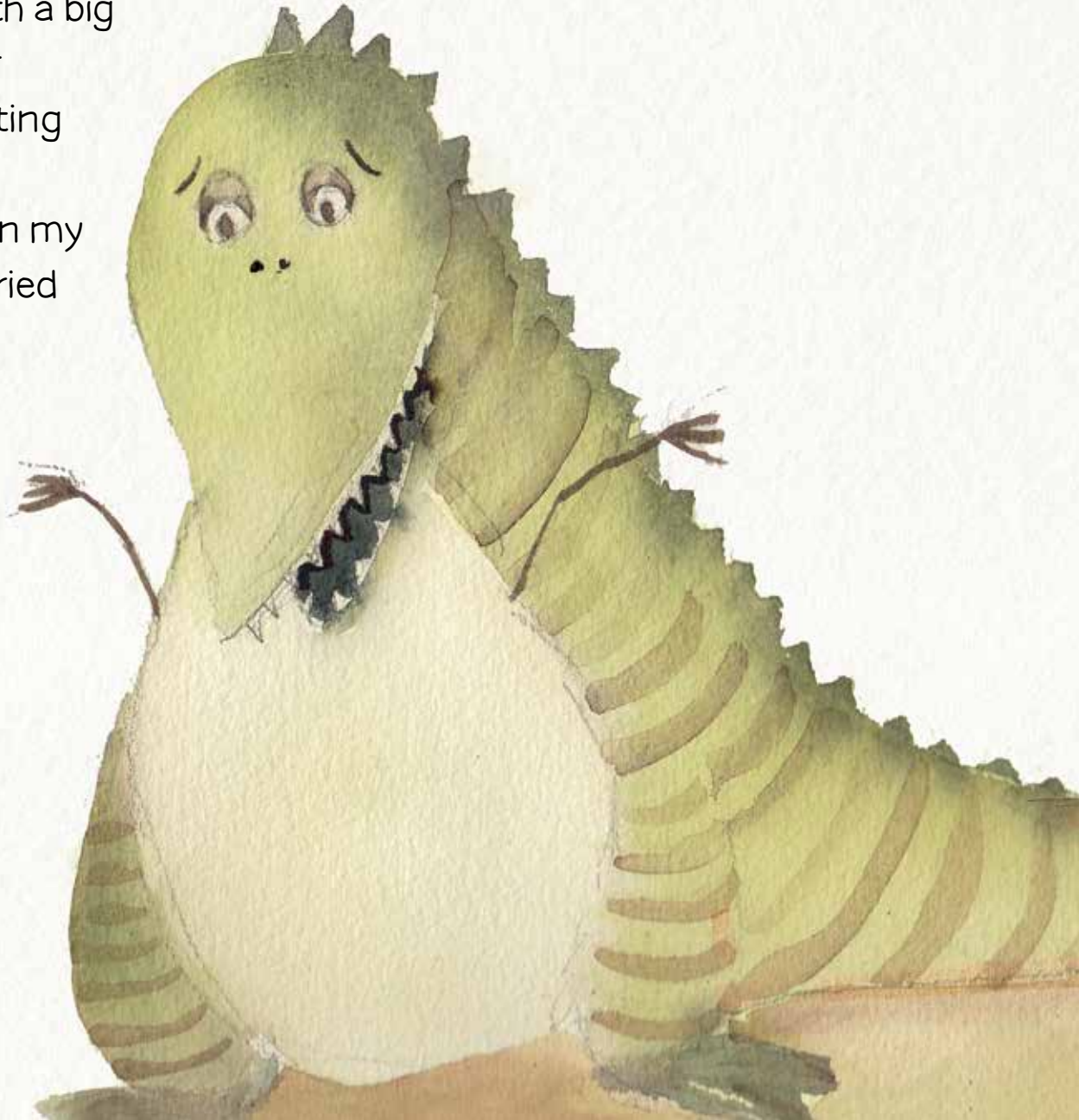
and another twirl
what does it see?
an old lady sitting by the sea
knitting a white, foamy lace
in her slow old lady pace





hiding her stories in a seashell and throwing it in the heavy swell

and now over
a sandy shore
a castle with a big
locked door
a knight sitting
outside
I can't get in my
castle, he cried



a twirl and then a little sway
the locksmith is right on his way!
but Featherlee just cannot stay
And it has to fly far and away



oh! What problems are these
not to be solved with ease
you see that crocodile with the big tummy?
he thought the castle's keys were yummy

the feather reaches
very soon
a camel standing
on a dune
it's been there
since last afternoon



it doesn't look so very fine
standing in front of a big sign

where is the desert?

*it hears the camel musingly say
i have been standing here all day*





a twirl and then a little sway
Featherlee gives it a shy smile
you're not so far from the river Nile!
you just have to walk for another mile



a tiny flight
to the right
a searching gentleman in sight
what is it? what could it be?

*i'm searching for
the hidden treasure*

he says, and looking at the feather, he bends
to inspect it through a magnifying lens



two hundred steps he walks then eight
he finds his old favourite classmate
oh! isn't that so very great?

what a surprise!

what an odd twist of fate!

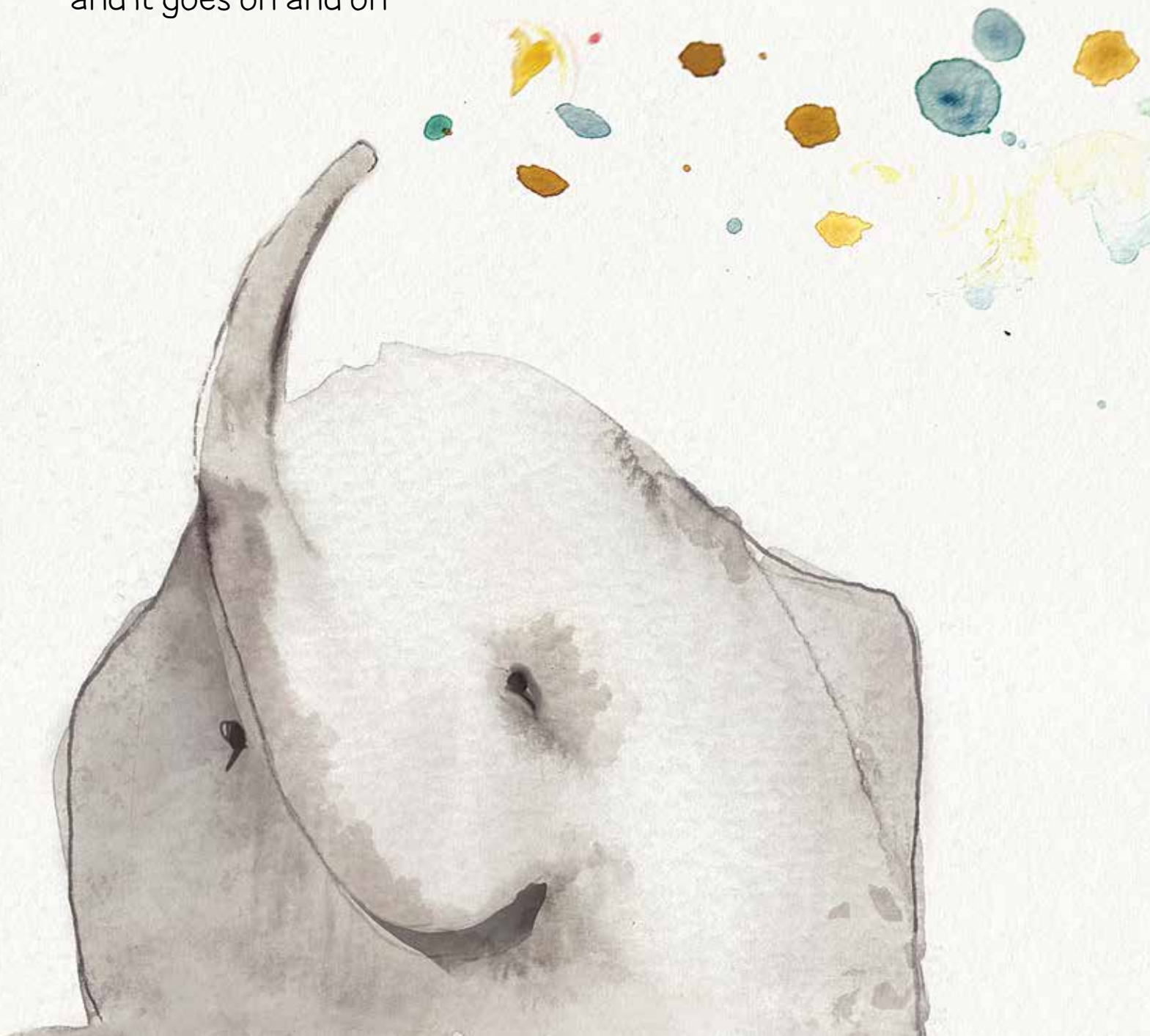


a twirl and then a little sway
and slowly now, isn't it strange?
something is surely starting to change
and Featherlee flies far and away





and it goes on and on

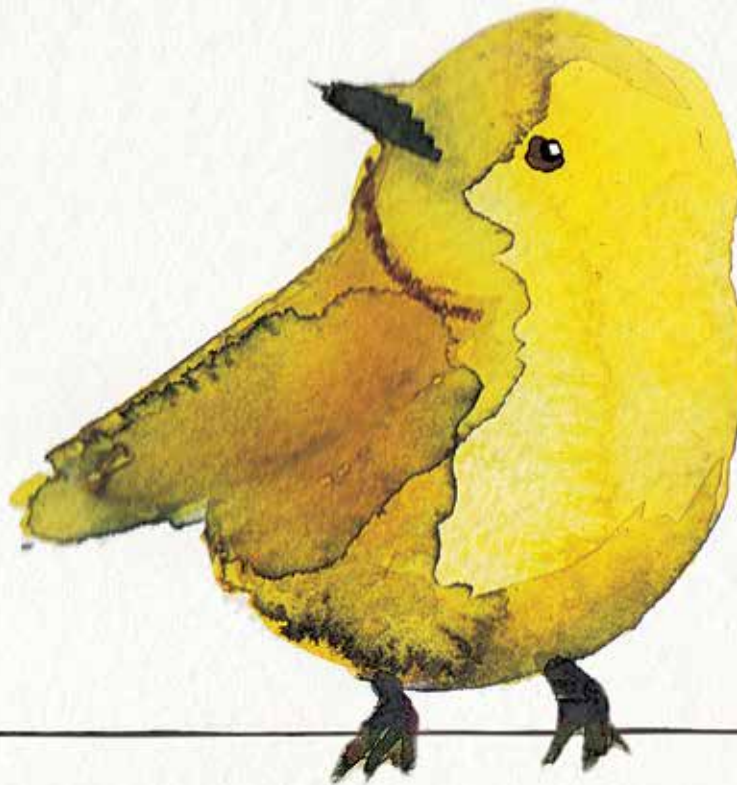




more bravely!

and then, look what catches its eye!
an elephant two stories high
painting with multi-coloured dye
and joyfully looking at the sky

and it goes on and on



more daring!

and then, look, a yellow bird!

hey! hello there!

how are you?



before long it greets a badger too
on its flying suitcase by the sun
where are you going?
I'm on the way to Milan!





Me too, me too
Where can I find a flying suitcase too?
I want to travel to the world's ends
And take with me all my friends!

and it continues on and on, and on and on
its smooth ascent
it passes a field of flowers
oh, what a beauty! what a scent!
and it passes a stylish hare



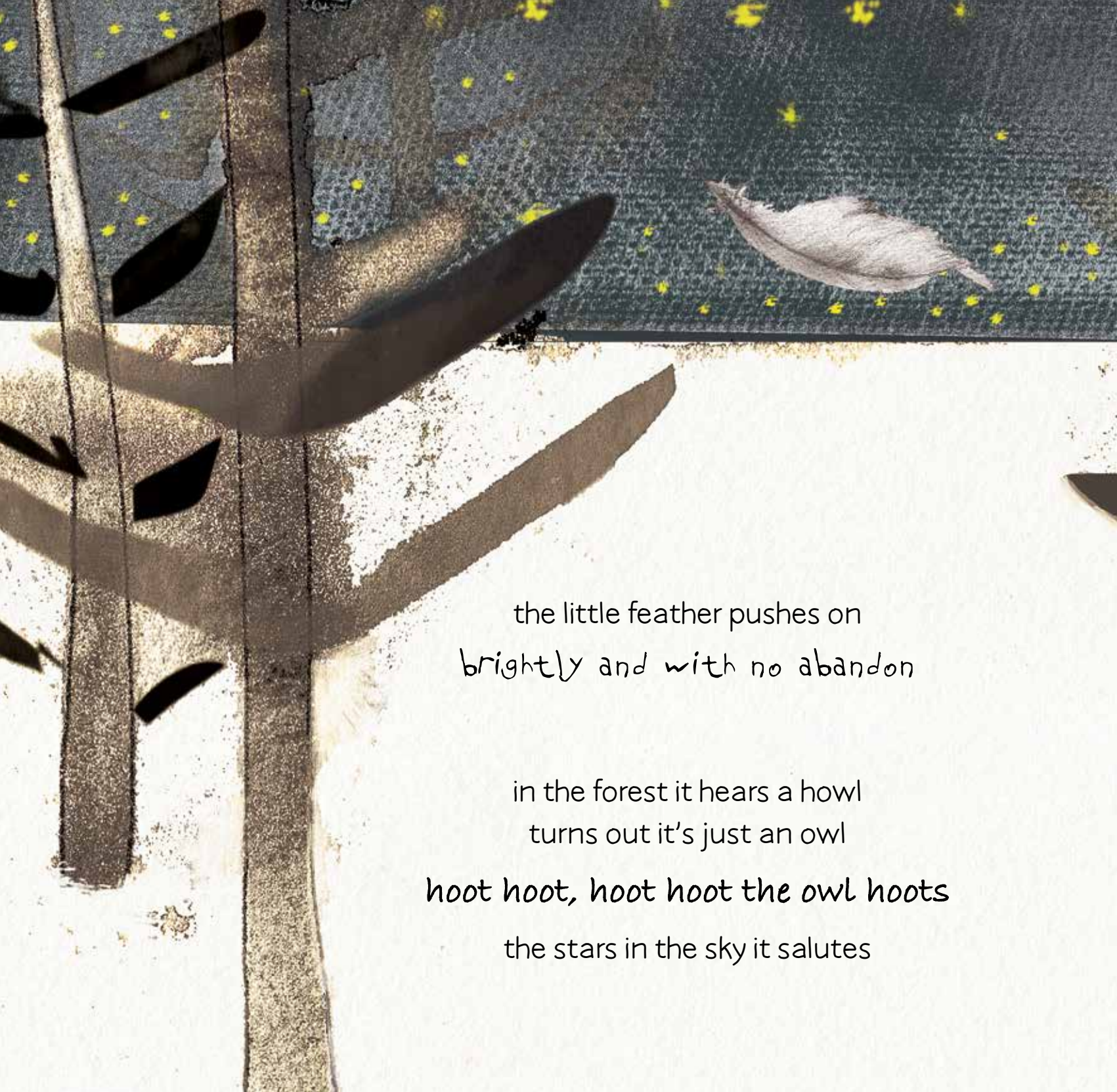
his stripy costume full of flair
he's invited to a ball
I'm late, so late, I'm searching for the hall

a twirl and then a little sway
in a tango with you I want to sashay
we should arrange it some day!

the hare hears Featherlee with excitement say

and then the feather
flies far and away





the little feather pushes on
brightly and with no abandon

in the forest it hears a howl
turns out it's just an owl
hoot hoot, hoot hoot the owl hoots
the stars in the sky it salutes



a twirl and then a little sway
a star is sending a little ray
a tickling game it wants to play
and Featherlee flies far and away





high, high and higher it goes

over the mountains where it snows
even over mountain tops
watching the bears on the slopes

they're wearing little birthday hats
and chewing on chocolate snacks

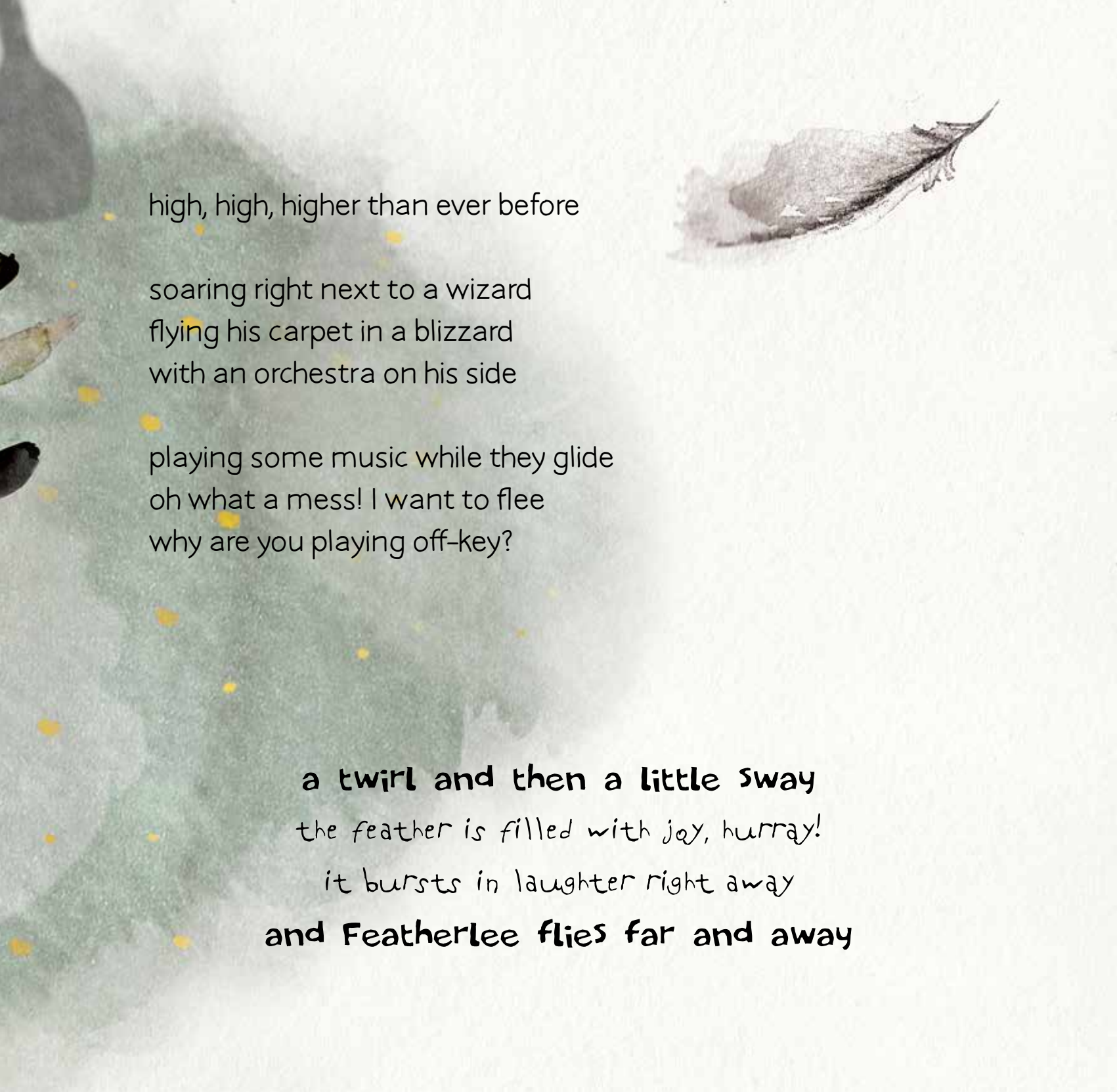
a twirl and then a little sway

the feather feels so warm inside...

it now doesn't want to hide
the wind is blowing as a tender guide

so Featherlee away can glide





high, high, higher than ever before

soaring right next to a wizard
flying his carpet in a blizzard
with an orchestra on his side

playing some music while they glide
oh what a mess! I want to flee
why are you playing off-key?

a twirl and then a little sway
the feather is filled with joy, hurray!
it bursts in laughter right away
and Featherlee flies far and away



flying over China, Moscow and South Carolina
flying over Iran and then reaching Taiwan

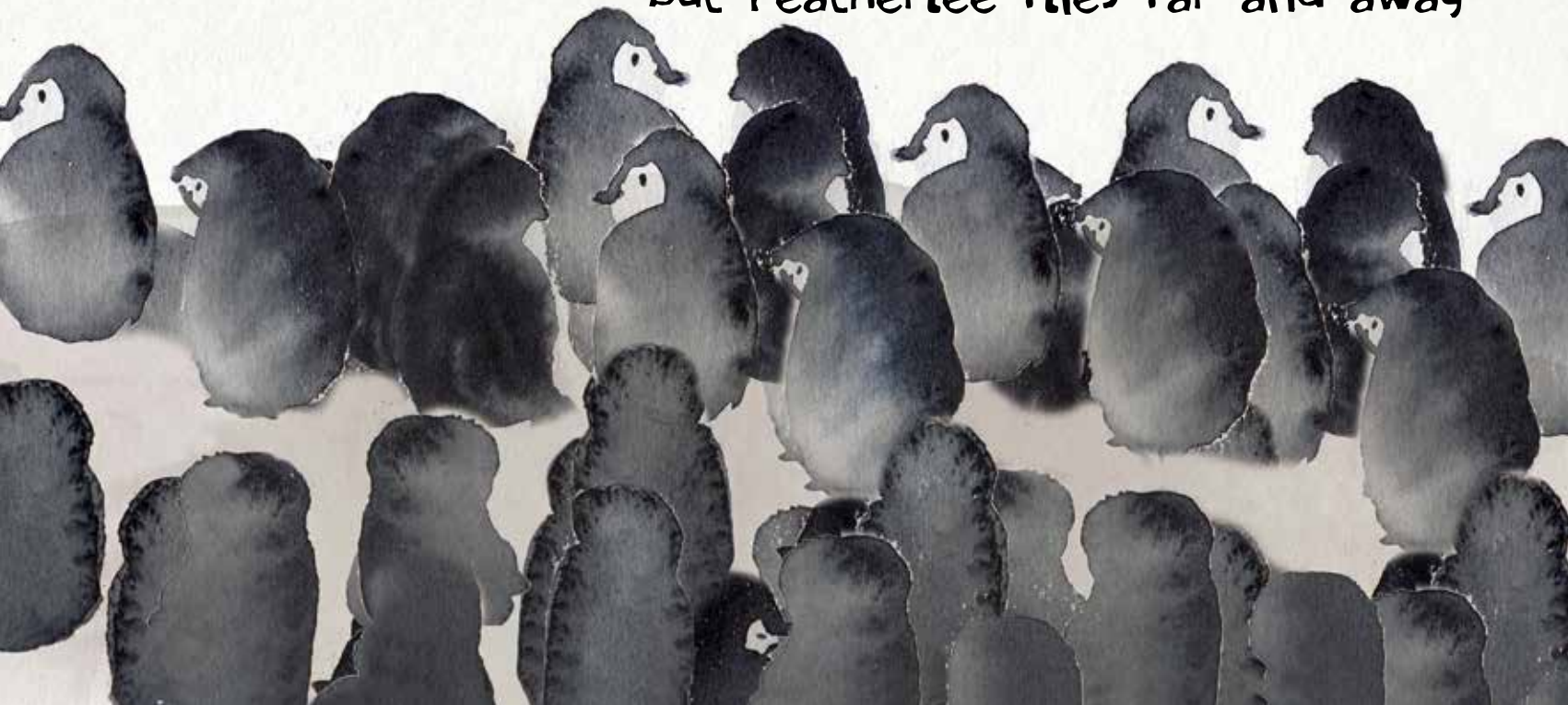
and then right at half past three
over one thousand one hundred and thirty-two penguins
that squawk with glee
waiting patiently in the queue
to buy ice cream and candy too



a twirl and then a little sway

it now wants to further play

but Featherlee flies far and away



and it continues without a fall

now want to see it all!

it flies over a ballerina
it asks her name, it's Valentina!
it flies over a lady cooking quite a tale
all down to the last detail!

it flies over a spotted umbrella
that once belonged to a friendly fella
and over a buoy that is very yellow
and looks like a roasted marshmallow!

it flies over a golden finch
that's smaller in size than even one inch!

it flies over a single sandal
who might have lost it? now that's a scandal!

it flies over a wooden ladle
that wants to be a bubble's cradle!

it flies over a peacock holding some chalk
it's drawing hopscotch on the boardwalk!

and in there hops a kangaroo
that's also playing peekaboo!



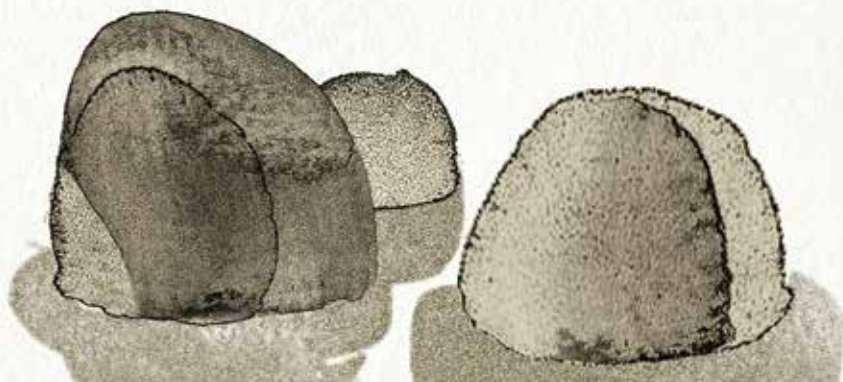




and
and
and

it flies with a skillful tumble
and in the distance hears some rumble

it sees a dinosaur of who knows how many
centuries old headed to a phone booth
to call a dentist about an aching tooth





and

and

and

last but not least

it meets an astronaut who asks for the time
and says it's way past his bedtime



a twirl and then a little sway

and now the wind just goes away

phew! with relief sighs Featherlee

back to the usual bench with glee



one moment
two moments
three moments now pass

quietly
as it used to
it looks at the grass

hmm
the little feather thinks things through

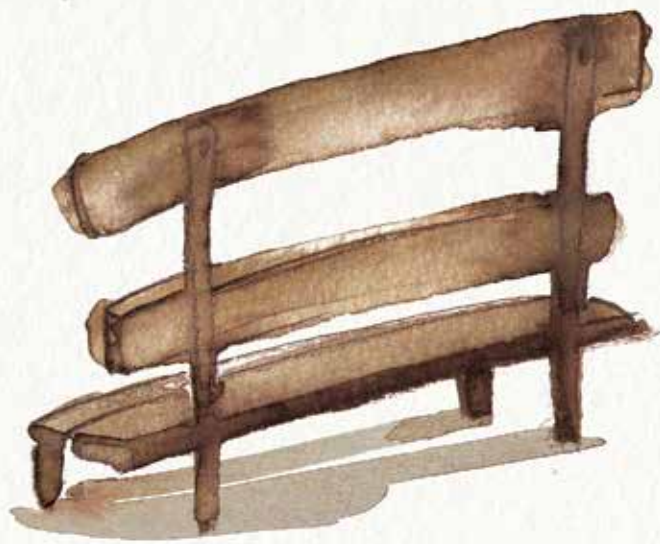
hmm... I think
I've changed my view





this bench now seems dull
who knew!





dear wind, please blow again and take me high



... I am no longer afraid to fly!





Vasia Paraskevopoulou was born on 1978, in Athens. She studied Drama and later got herself a job in the theatre. She has also worked in the movie industry and radio, which she loves just as much as the stage. Vasia has been writing fairytales, lyrics, plays, and small novellas for the last few years. Some of her plays have been performed on the stage by the drama group Mikroi PyroTechnes, in performances that she has directed herself. You can find her at www.vasiaparaskevopoulou.weebly.com



Persa Zacharia was born in Athens in 1987. She studied set and costume design in Nauplio and art in London. Since then, she has taken part in art exhibitions both in London and Athens where she lives and works as an artist-illustrator and teacher art and drama to children. She illustrated Stella Michailidou's Polyxene (Papadopoulos Publishing, 2014) which was honored with the Greek IBBY award for Best Illustrated Children's books. You can find her on www.persazacharia.tumblr.com



Panagiotis Andrianos was born in Athens in 1987. He studied Fine arts in Ioannina and Milan and has been drawing, writing and loving the film industry since a little boy. He's worked with many drama groups, theatres and companies as a painter and graphic designer. You can find examples of his work on www.be.net/andrianos

What might happen when a light breeze
lures a... little feather
for an adventure in the big, wild world?

**an old lady that knits a foamy lace,
a dinosaur that's trying to ease the pain in his tooth-achy face,
a lost camel trying to find her place,
an adventurous mister giving some treasure a wild chase**

and many more, in a story that describes
the wild flight of a small feather
that discovers the world for the first time.

A story about the fear of the unknown,
but also the joy of exploration!

A story about the delight of airiness
and about what may... go with the wind!