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The boy who missed the moment





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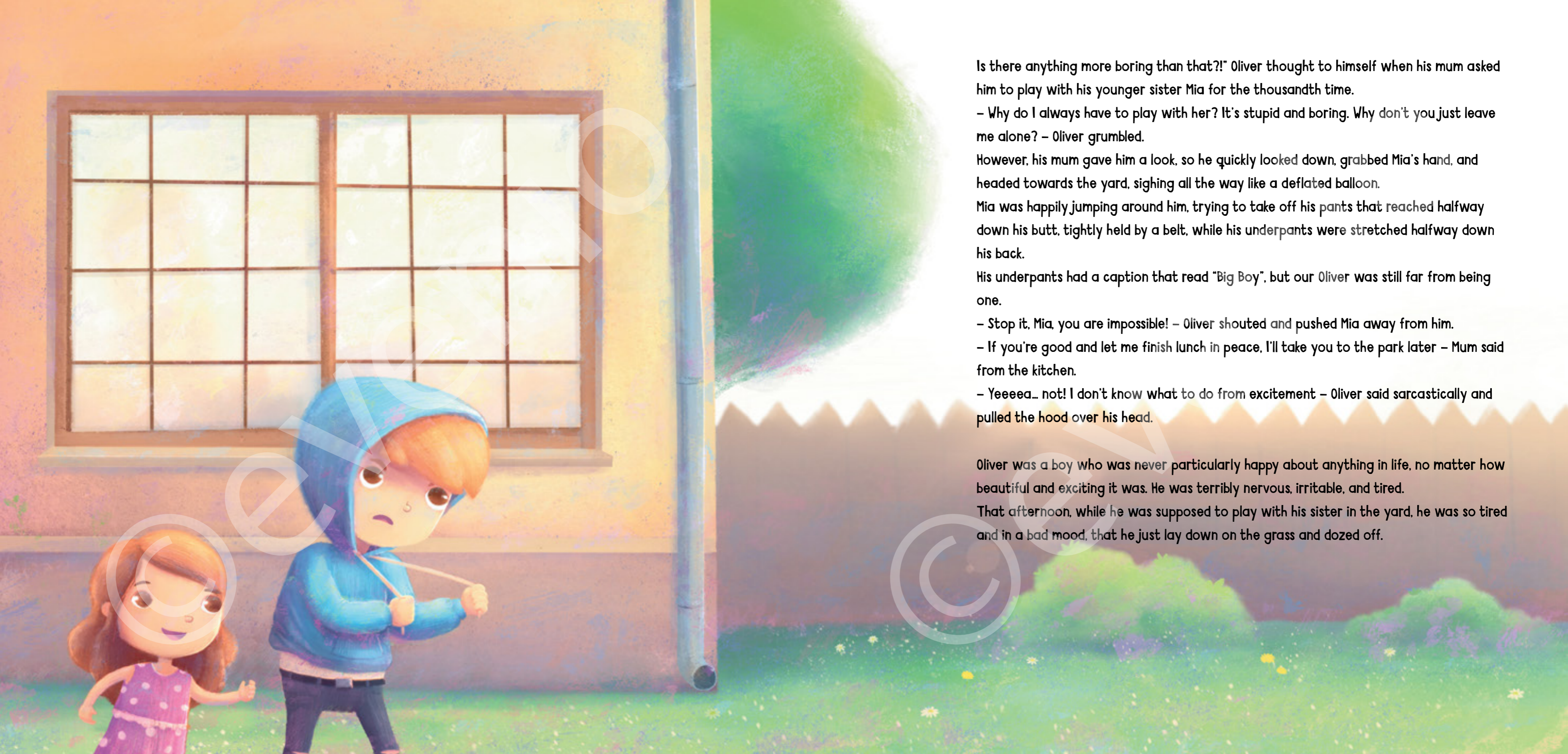


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Priče grade put do srca



Is there anything more boring than that?!" Oliver thought to himself when his mum asked him to play with his younger sister Mia for the thousandth time.

– Why do I always have to play with her? It's stupid and boring. Why don't you just leave me alone? – Oliver grumbled.

However, his mum gave him a look, so he quickly looked down, grabbed Mia's hand, and headed towards the yard, sighing all the way like a deflated balloon.

Mia was happily jumping around him, trying to take off his pants that reached halfway down his butt, tightly held by a belt, while his underpants were stretched halfway down his back.

His underpants had a caption that read "Big Boy", but our Oliver was still far from being one.

– Stop it, Mia, you are impossible! – Oliver shouted and pushed Mia away from him.

– If you're good and let me finish lunch in peace, I'll take you to the park later – Mum said from the kitchen.

– Yeeeee... not! I don't know what to do from excitement – Oliver said sarcastically and pulled the hood over his head.

Oliver was a boy who was never particularly happy about anything in life, no matter how beautiful and exciting it was. He was terribly nervous, irritable, and tired.

That afternoon, while he was supposed to play with his sister in the yard, he was so tired and in a bad mood, that he just lay down on the grass and dozed off.

“Knock, knock,” you could hear a sudden noise.

“Knock, knock,” and then again.

Oliver raised his eyebrows, and then slowly opened one eye at a time.

– Just like a horse – he heard a squeaky voice and this time he twitched and opened his eyes wide.

– What kind of horse?! Who is that?!

– You have reflexes like a horse – said the voice.

Oliver took a closer look in the direction of that unusual voice and saw a little man lying on his back and laughing so hard, with tears streaming from his tiny eyes.

– It’s not funny! – Oliver got angry while looking around to figure out what was going on.

– What is this?! Where am I?!

– And what do you think, smarty-pants? Or maybe you’re not so smart after all? – the little man teased him, grinning like a madman.

Oliver looked around, but he couldn’t see anything that would help him figure out where he was. Where the yard and his house should have been, he only saw a huge lawn that stretched in all directions as far as his eyes could see.

– Stop teasing me, you, you little flea, and tell me where I am?! Or maybe you’re not that smart and you don’t know where we are either? – Oliver was now challenging the little creature, trying to get it to tell him where they were.

– Really? And that sometimes works for you? – the little man replied mockingly and added: – Look at me, how big and dangerous I am, a bare-bottomed rascal with pants around my knees! Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Oliver had really had enough now. He jumped up and ran towards the little creature, but his forehead hit something that seemed like thick glass.

Oliver started banging his hands all around him until he realized that he was trapped under a glass dome.



Oliver looked around himself in panic and shouted: – What is this?!

– This? – the little man explained, pointing to the glass dome in which Oliver was. – This is your space now. You are on the bench.

And really, Oliver was suddenly sitting on the bench.

– And this – the little man continued, now pointing to the space around him outside the glass bubble – THIS is life. Life begins here. And you will be on the bench until you start to appreciate it. It's something like a game, if you know what I mean – the little man tried to act cool, but Oliver gave him a grim look right away.

However, it didn't stop a little man, so he continued: – When a player doesn't play fair, he goes to the... bench! When a player doesn't try and doesn't play well enough, he sits on the... – he paused here so that Oliver could finish his sentence, but he was just staring into the distance.

– Well, well, don't despair now, old chap, cause this isn't something permanent for you. I mean... it doesn't have to be. Or could it be? A difficult case, difficult... – he was now murmuring to himself.

– Basically... your task is to find an event from your life when you were truly happy and present with your whole being. When you remember that moment, you will return to life. But until then, you'll warm your buttocks on this bench – little man said in a serious tone.

