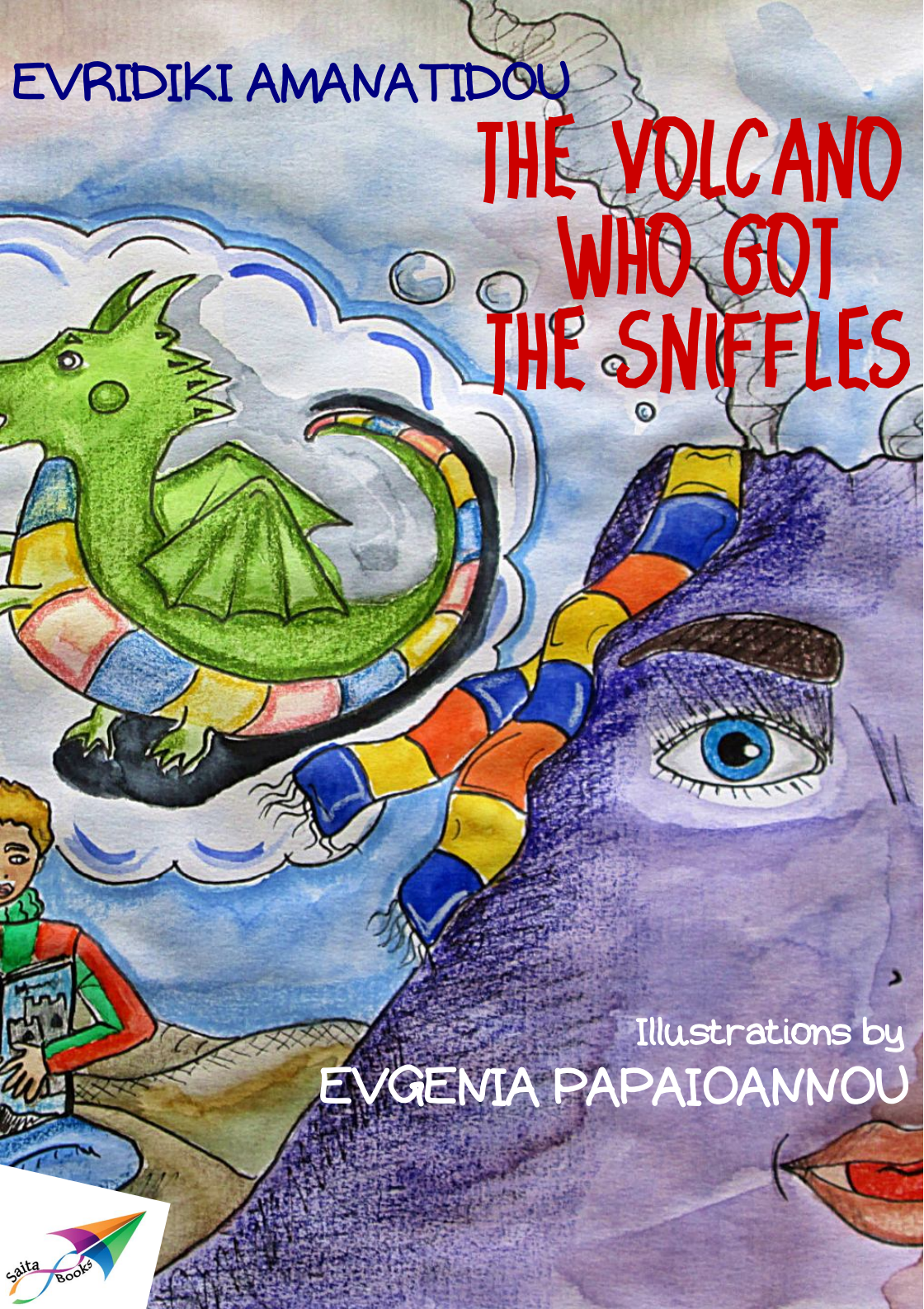


EVRIDIKI AMANATIDOU

# THE VOLCANO WHO GOT THE SNIFFLES



Illustrations by  
EVGENIA PAPAIOANNOU



Evridiki Amanatidou lives in Athens, even when she rests in her own world, hanging out with her other self, Erilia. Although she has studied in Law School, she always preferred playing with words, paper and pencils. For argument's sake, so far, four of her novels and a children's theatrical play "*A hat for the professor*", which was awarded by the Ministry of Culture, have been published.

Some of her texts can be found in various websites such as:  
[www.schooltime.gr](http://www.schooltime.gr), [www.deity.gr](http://www.deity.gr),  
[www.mesogios.gr](http://www.mesogios.gr),  
[www.vivliodeiktis.blogspot.gr](http://www.vivliodeiktis.blogspot.gr),  
[www.onestory.gr](http://www.onestory.gr), [www.antiepilogou.gr](http://www.antiepilogou.gr),  
[www.fresh-magazine.net](http://www.fresh-magazine.net)

She would be glad to meet you all in her e-homes: <http://evriam.blogspot.gr> and <http://politeiatiserilias.blogspot.gr> or in [www.facebook.com/evridiki.amanatidou](https://www.facebook.com/evridiki.amanatidou)

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Translation from Greek by  
JOHN ZERVAS



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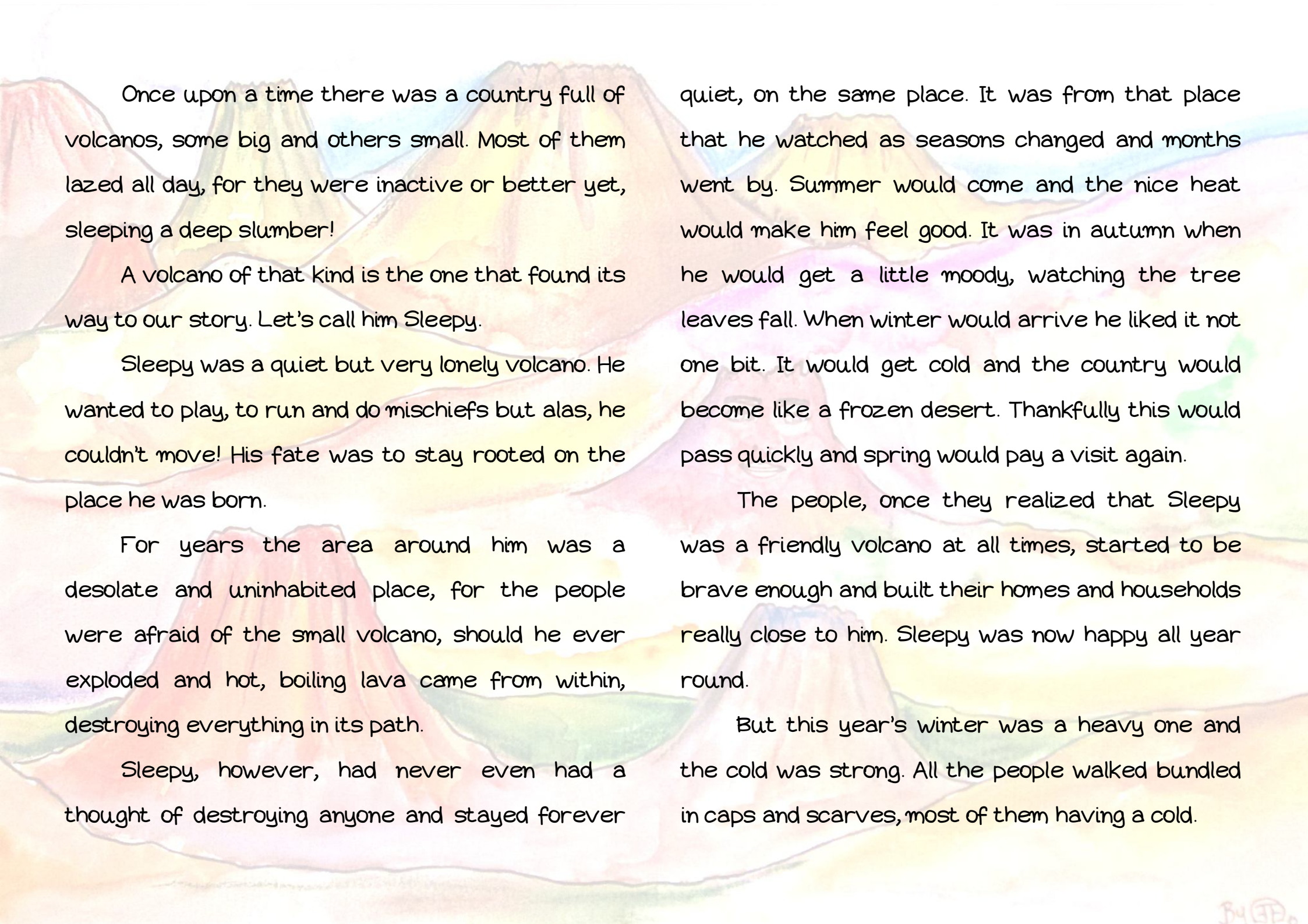
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Once upon a time there was a country full of volcanos, some big and others small. Most of them lazed all day, for they were inactive or better yet, sleeping a deep slumber!

A volcano of that kind is the one that found its way to our story. Let's call him Sleepy.

Sleepy was a quiet but very lonely volcano. He wanted to play, to run and do mischiefs but alas, he couldn't move! His fate was to stay rooted on the place he was born.

For years the area around him was a desolate and uninhabited place, for the people were afraid of the small volcano, should he ever exploded and hot, boiling lava came from within, destroying everything in its path.

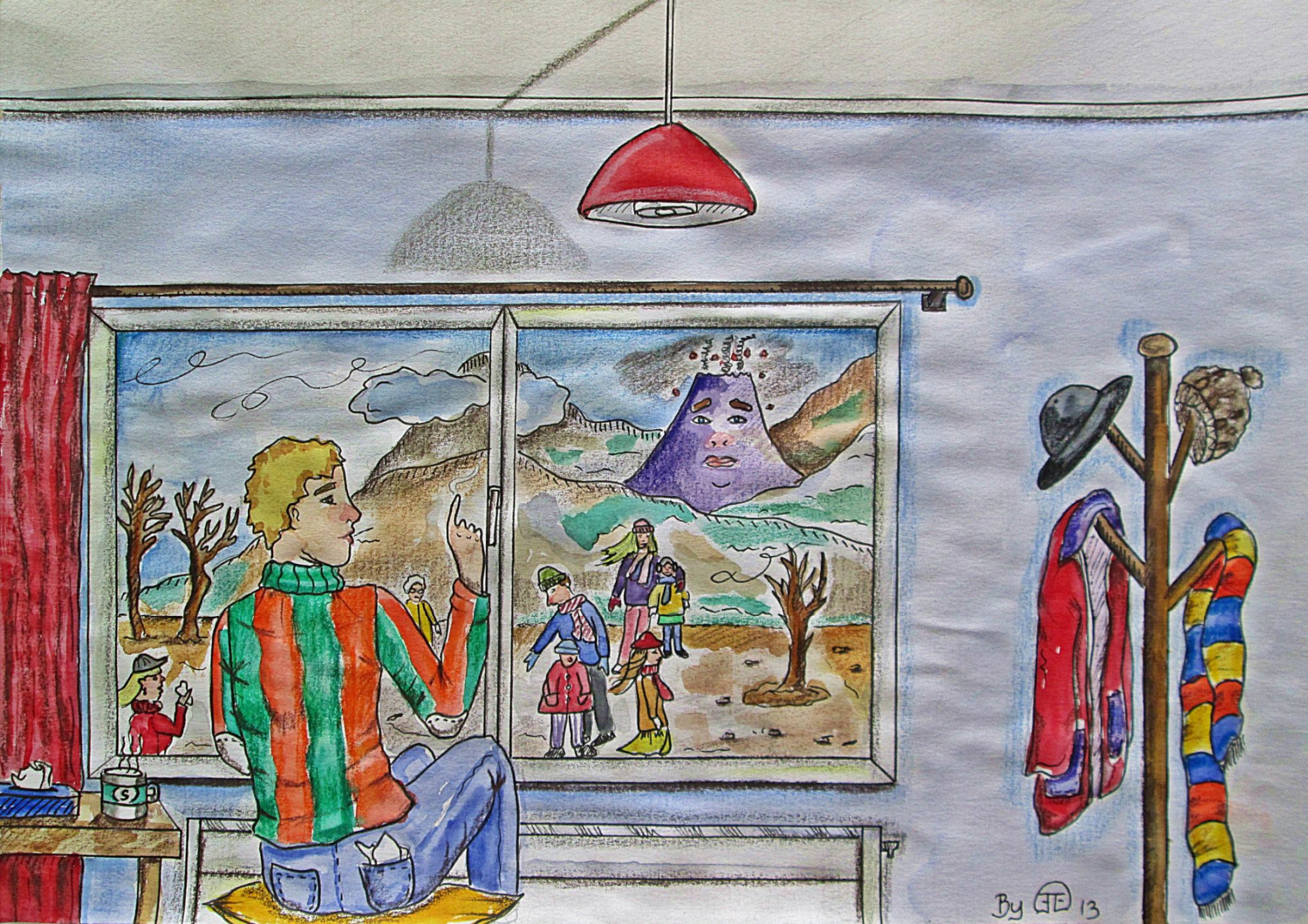
Sleepy, however, had never even had a thought of destroying anyone and stayed forever

quiet, on the same place. It was from that place that he watched as seasons changed and months went by. Summer would come and the nice heat would make him feel good. It was in autumn when he would get a little moody, watching the tree leaves fall. When winter would arrive he liked it not one bit. It would get cold and the country would become like a frozen desert. Thankfully this would pass quickly and spring would pay a visit again.

The people, once they realized that Sleepy was a friendly volcano at all times, started to be brave enough and built their homes and households really close to him. Sleepy was now happy all year round.

But this year's winter was a heavy one and the cold was strong. All the people walked bundled in caps and scarves, most of them having a cold.





By GE 13



Men, women and children all sneezed and from their sniffles and ever more sniffles their noses had become red, like beetroots.

Stamatis, a boy of eight also got the sniffles and so he would not go to school, and having no choice, he stayed home.

Bored as he was he sat near the window so he could see outside. He was looking for something to play with so he began drawing on his breath's imprint on the cold windowpane. Not a long time after that he heard a noise as if someone had sneezed really loudly and had coughed even louder. Stamatis squeezed his nose against the windowpane and looked outside. In the distance, smoke and rocks flew out of the small volcano.

"Mom, dad, come quickly!" Stamatis shouted, half-scared.

Within moments many people had gathered outside the house, each speaking his own mind.

"You think Sleepy might have woken up?" one of them said. "Is Sleepy awake?" another one beside him also asked.

"Oh my, oh my, Sleepy is up!" five or six spoke in one voice.

Suddenly three sneezes, one after the other, sounded.

"Bless you." everyone said out of habit.

"Thank you." a rasping voice answered.

"Who, who is it?" one shouted and then all together.

"It is me, Sleepy, the volcano."

"Sleepy... It's Sleepy!" a frightened whisper loomed amongst the people.

"It's too cold! Brrr! I have caught a really nasty cold! I got the sniffles!" the volcano said and sneezed once more.

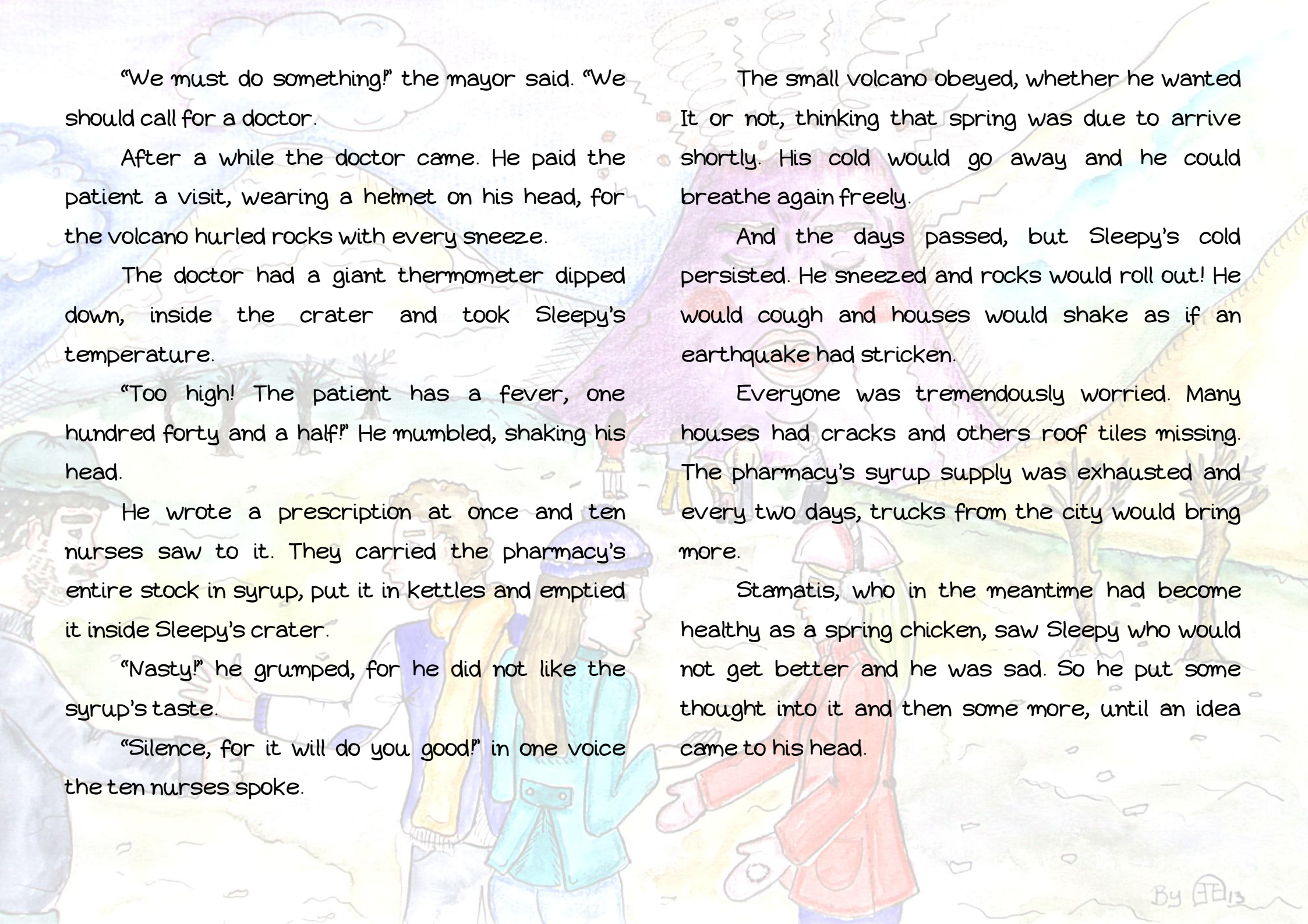
"Bless you." the people spoke again.

"What a mess! I have no mom to take care of me!" the volcano whimpered.









"We must do something!" the mayor said. "We should call for a doctor."

After a while the doctor came. He paid the patient a visit, wearing a helmet on his head, for the volcano hurled rocks with every sneeze.

The doctor had a giant thermometer dipped down, inside the crater and took Sleepy's temperature.

"Too high! The patient has a fever, one hundred forty and a half!" He mumbled, shaking his head.

He wrote a prescription at once and ten nurses saw to it. They carried the pharmacy's entire stock in syrup, put it in kettles and emptied it inside Sleepy's crater.

"Nasty!" he grumped, for he did not like the syrup's taste.

"Silence, for it will do you good!" in one voice the ten nurses spoke.

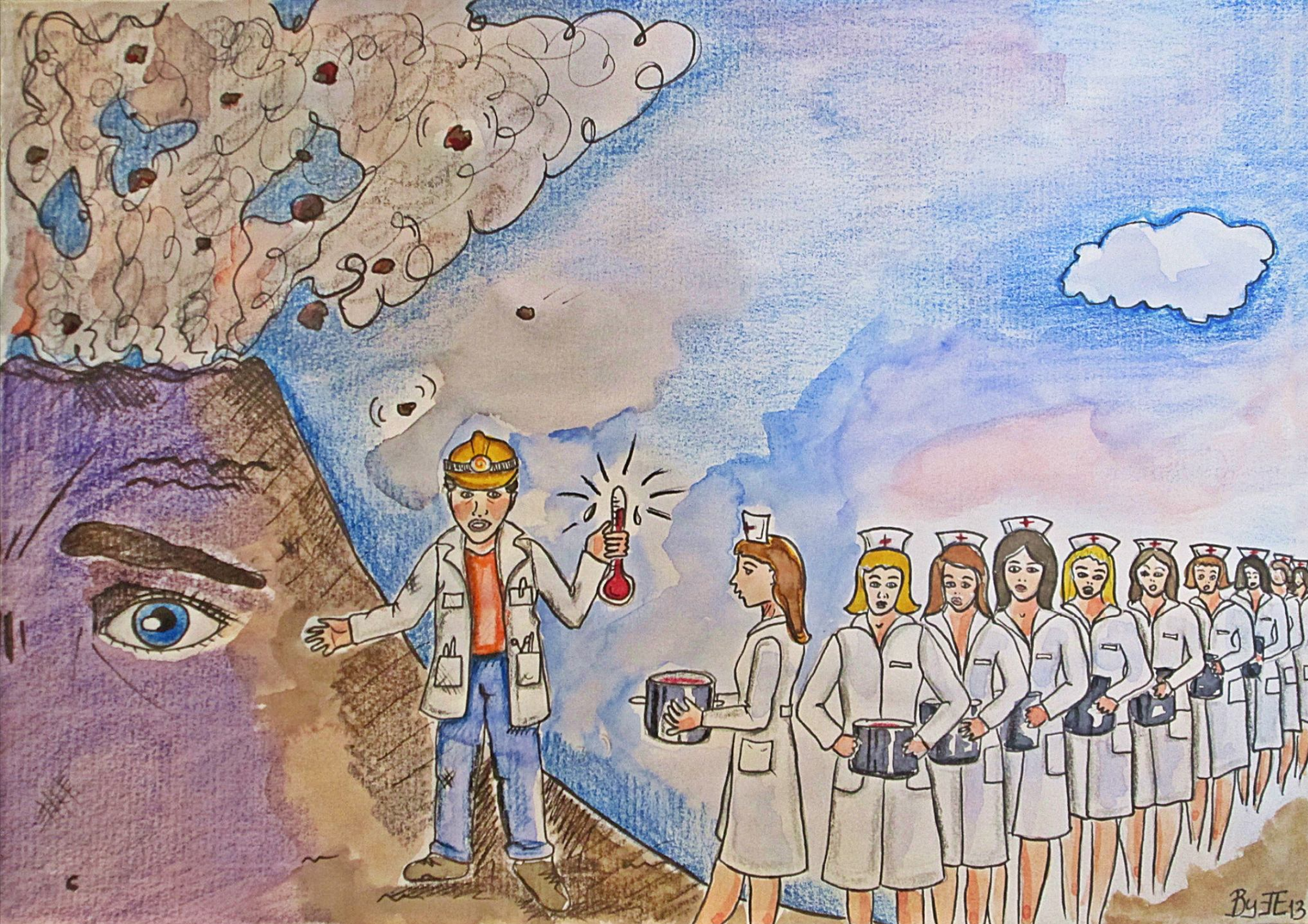
The small volcano obeyed, whether he wanted it or not, thinking that spring was due to arrive shortly. His cold would go away and he could breathe again freely.

And the days passed, but Sleepy's cold persisted. He sneezed and rocks would roll out! He would cough and houses would shake as if an earthquake had stricken.

Everyone was tremendously worried. Many houses had cracks and others roof tiles missing. The pharmacy's syrup supply was exhausted and every two days, trucks from the city would bring more.

Stamatis, who in the meantime had become healthy as a spring chicken, saw Sleepy who would not get better and he was sad. So he put some thought into it and then some more, until an idea came to his head.







It was Saturday, not a school day. He dressed in warm clothes and went out, holding his favorite book. He climbed up to the volcano and sat on a big rock.

"Hello to you Sleepy! My name is Stamatis!" he introduced himself to the small volcano.

"Hello to you as well!" he answered raspily.

"You know I was sick too but now I am fine! Do you want me to keep you company?" Stamatis asked.

"Do I ever!"

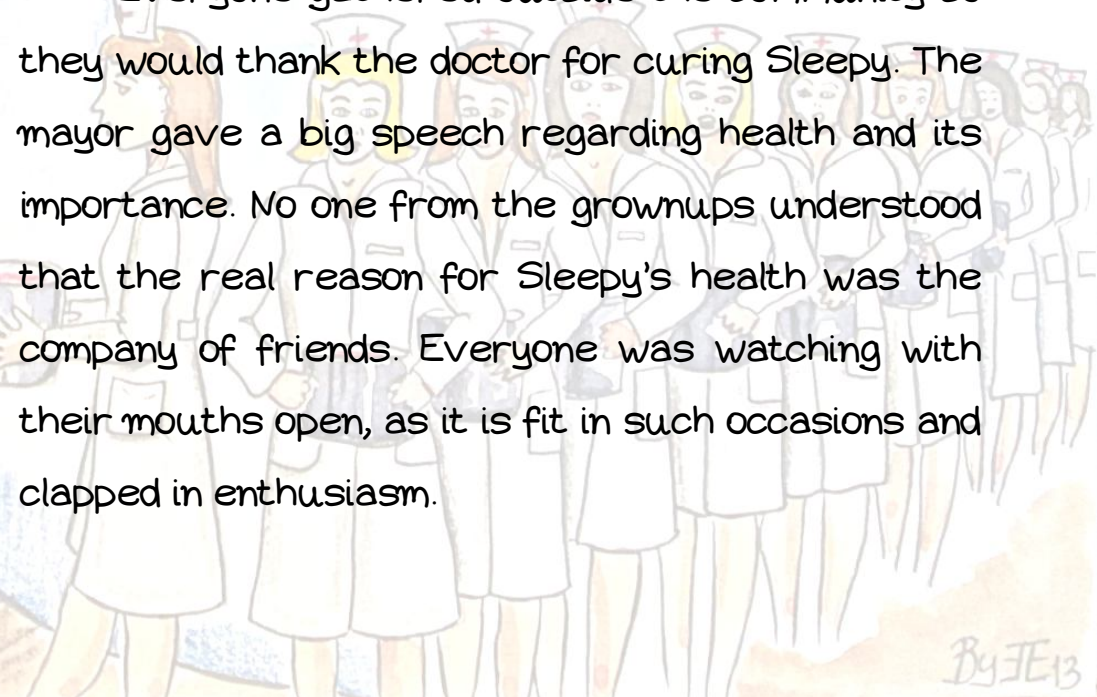
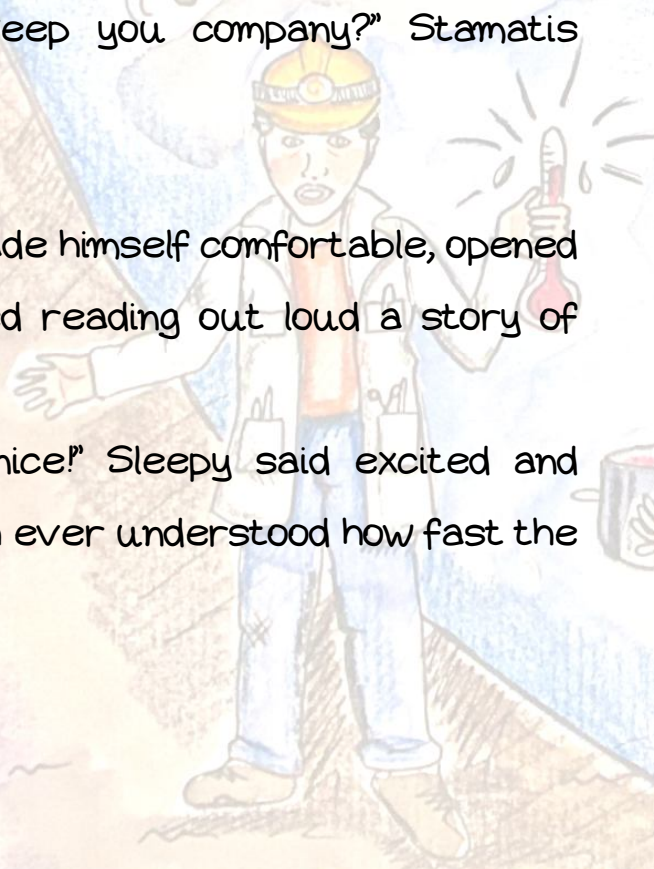
So Stamatis made himself comfortable, opened his book and started reading out loud a story of knights and dragons.

"Oh boy, how nice!" Sleepy said excited and neither of them both ever understood how fast the book was over!

The next day, Stamatis brought another book with him and did the same on Monday, after school. His friends accompanied him so they would pay a visit to the sick volcano.

Altogether, the new friends, the readings and the syrup, made Sleepy get better at last, until his cold had passed completely. He would not sneeze and he would not cough and no one was in danger anymore. The missing tiles got repaired and the wall cracks got mended.

Everyone gathered outside the community so they would thank the doctor for curing Sleepy. The mayor gave a big speech regarding health and its importance. No one from the grownups understood that the real reason for Sleepy's health was the company of friends. Everyone was watching with their mouths open, as it is fit in such occasions and clapped in enthusiasm.





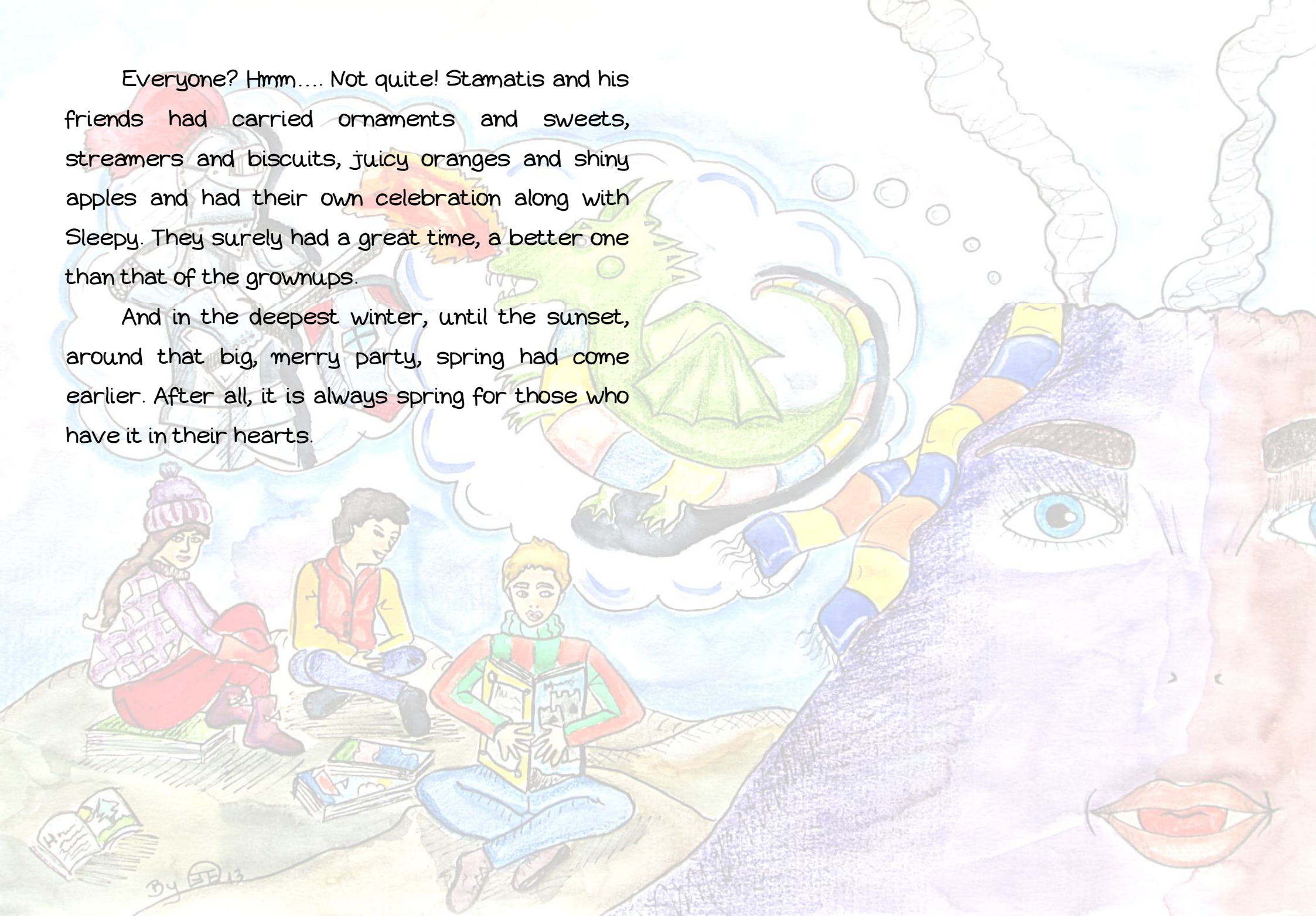


By [signature] 13



Everyone? Hmm.... Not quite! Stamatis and his friends had carried ornaments and sweets, streamers and biscuits, juicy oranges and shiny apples and had their own celebration along with Sleepy. They surely had a great time, a better one than that of the grownups.

And in the deepest winter, until the sunset, around that big, merry party, spring had come earlier. After all, it is always spring for those who have it in their hearts.









## Erilia returns from Sleepy's homeland

Brrr, it is cold! I've just returned from the celebration for Sleepy. Oh, was it warm there, near him. This is a chance for you to have your own celebration, all my little friends together, how nice!

How? What will we do there? But of course, we will tangle with volcanoes for a short while. We can make our own volcano with lots and lots of play dough. And may I tell you my secret? Whenever I am around play dough the first thing I am going to do is to mix two or three colors and then mould them and see what the new color looks like. So let's all make our own Sleepy and of course we can add small pieces of cloth so Sleepy can become the most beautiful volcano! We can make eyes, a nose and a mouth for him and have him make grimaces just like Evgenia drew him in the story pictures.

We can print our own photographs from volcanoes all around the world. Do you know about the volcano of Santorini island or about the volcano of Missiros island? I was just informed that each year in Santorini, in August, the people have a celebration with fireworks in order to represent their own volcano's explosion.

And what's next? We can make our own song which will be called "Friends of Sleepy" and dance like Indians or as we like. Because we dance to cheer ourselves up.

I am going now as well to find a tune that is fit for the dance I have in mind. Unless of course you find it first! If so I better go and make a very funny hat and prepare myself for the celebration.

*Erilia*



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