A Little Old Man
KUTTI THATHA (In Tamil)

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Natalie Norton
Tamil Translation: Ko Ma, Ko. Elango
Illustrations by Jyoti Himath
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Once there was a little old man
who lived in a little house on a little
island in the middle of a great big ocean
He lived all by himself.
He was a smiling little old man with no hair at all on the top of his head. But he did have a nice white beard.

Every day after he had washed himself and dressed himself, he cooked his own breakfast.
He thought it would be fun if he had someone to eat with.
He was a very busy little old man.  
After breakfast, he swept his little house inside.

And then he worked outside. Sometimes he worked in his garden.
Sometimes he worked on the roof of his little house.

Sometimes he went fishing in his rowboat.
And caught fish to fry in his frying pan.

But the little old man had no one to talk to and sometimes he was sad.
He thought he would be very happy if he had a cat.

At night he dreamed of cats—big cats and little cats, black cats and gray cats, and sometimes little kittens.
One morning when the little old man woke up he heard rain splashing on his roof.

And when he went outdoors, the wind was blowing and the ocean waves were getting bigger and bigger.
Suddenly a huge wave came and carried the little old man's little house right out into the ocean.

There the waves tossed it and the wind blew it until the little old man could no longer see his little house.
Or could he?
There was something far out in the ocean.
Could it be his house?

No, it was a boat
The wind and the waves pushed the boat right up onto the island where his little house used to be.
When the rain stopped raining and the wind stopped blowing, the little old man went to see what the boat was like.

He walked all around the outside. It was a big boat, bigger than the little old man’s house. And on the deck was a little boat, smaller than the little old man’s rowboat.
Then the little old man went inside.
He found a bedroom with bunks at the sides.

And a kitchen as neat as could be.
The little old man looked all around and said:
"Oh my, what a wonderful house this would be.
I will live in it until the people who own it come for it."

And then the little old man heard a sound.
Purrp!
Out from under the stove came a cat!
"Out from under the stove came
one, two, three, four kittens.

The little old man was as happy as
any little old man could be.
And so he and the cat and the four kittens lived together on the boat.
They swept it on the inside.

And painted it on the outside.
They went fishing in the little boat.

And caught fish to fry in the frying pan.
No one ever came for the boat.
And the little old man was never sad or lonely again.