

*Once upon a time there were two royal children. They were so very sweet. They had a throne, a crown, a golden bed. Sometimes they'd start to laugh. All of a sudden. Their laugh wasn't just any old laugh. But a genuine burst of laughter. Anyone who heard them would have no choice but to join in. They were special. Just that. A miracle. These two royal children.*

*Sweeter than sweet is a beautiful, poetic story that draws you into the fantasy world of two children with Down syndrome. The words and colourful illustrations make their world come alive.*



Een Vier Windstreken Prentenboek



Peek - Jonker

**Sweeter than sweet**

A fairy tale in the land of Down

De Vier Windstreken



Moniek Peek  
Bente Jonker

# Sweeter than sweet

A fairy tale in the land of Down



De Vier Windstreken



ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೨  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೩  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೪  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೫  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೬  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೭  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

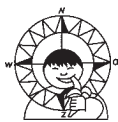
Moniek Peek  
Bente Jonker

# Sweeter than sweet

A fairy tale in the land of Down



De Vier Windstreken



Op [www.vierwindstreken.com](http://www.vierwindstreken.com) kunt u zich aanmelden voor onze nieuwsbrief.  
Hier vindt u ook al onze boeken en andere artikelen.

© 2014 De Vier Windstreken, Rijswijk

Illustraties van Moniek Peek

Tekst van Bente Jonker

Alle rechten voorbehouden. Gedrukt in België  
NUR 273, 274 / ISBN 978 90 5116 997 3

Niets uit deze uitgave mag verveelvoudigd en/of openbaar gemaakt worden  
door middel van druk, fotokopie, microfilm of op welke andere wijze dan ook  
zonder voorafgaande schriftelijke toestemming van de uitgever.







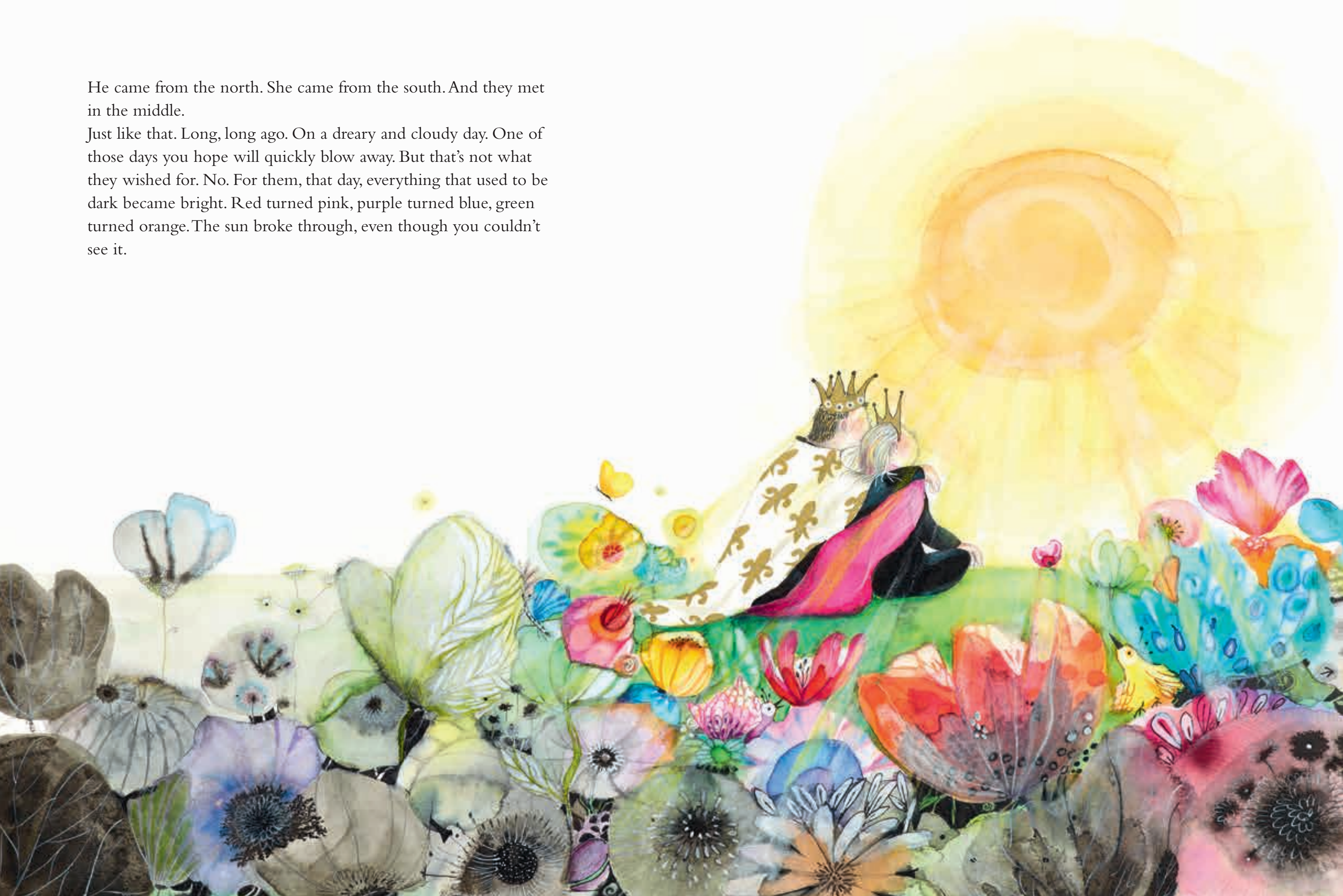
Once upon a time there were two royal children. They were so very sweet. Not just plain sweet. Sweeter than sweet. You could see them coming from afar. Hand in hand. Their fingers entwined.

They had a throne, a crown, a golden bed.  
They had slanted eyes. Sometimes their tongue would pop out.  
Just like that. And then they'd laugh. Not just any old laugh. But  
a genuine burst of laughter. Anyone who heard them would have  
no choice but to join in.  
They weren't little, they weren't big. They were special. Just that.  
A miracle. These two royal



He came from the north. She came from the south. And they met in the middle.

Just like that. Long, long ago. On a dreary and cloudy day. One of those days you hope will quickly blow away. But that's not what they wished for. No. For them, that day, everything that used to be dark became bright. Red turned pink, purple turned blue, green turned orange. The sun broke through, even though you couldn't see it.





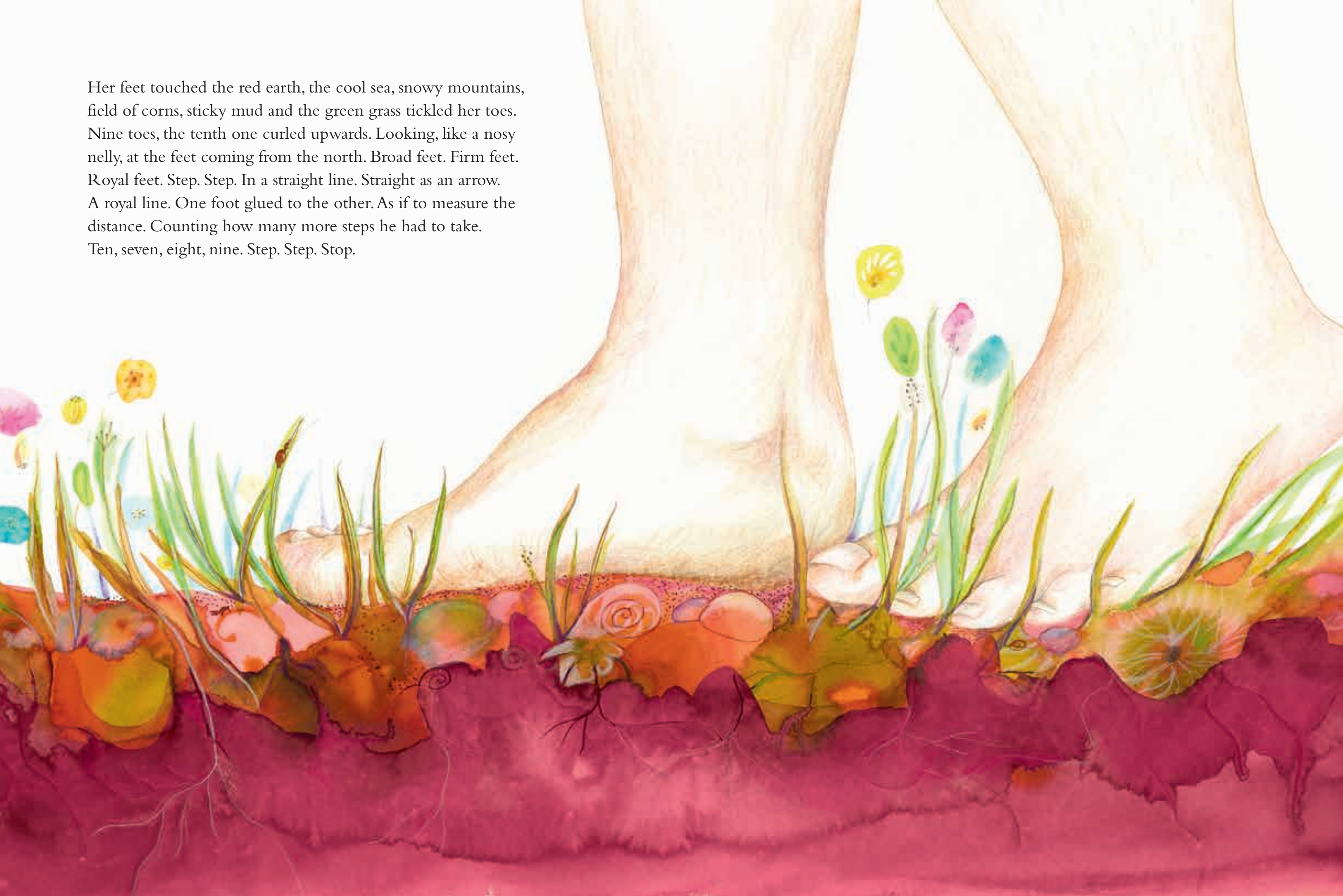
That day. Long, long ago. Or maybe not as long ago as you think, they both took one step forward. One foot in front of the other. And again. He came from the north. She came from the south. Step. Step. He held his hands in front of his face so he didn't have to see. He was a little nervous. Step. Step. He peeked through his fingers. Step.

But her. She looked. Squinting her eyes nearly shut. Wrapping herself gracefully in her scarf. Step. Step. From the south. Step. On her toes. Step. One foot neatly in front of the other. In a line as straight as an arrow. Like only royal children can. And ballerina's. Step. Step.





Her feet touched the red earth, the cool sea, snowy mountains,  
field of corns, sticky mud and the green grass tickled her toes.  
Nine toes, the tenth one curled upwards. Looking, like a nosy  
nelly, at the feet coming from the north. Broad feet. Firm feet.  
Royal feet. Step. Step. In a straight line. Straight as an arrow.  
A royal line. One foot glued to the other. As if to measure the  
distance. Counting how many more steps he had to take.  
Ten, seven, eight, nine. Step. Step. Stop.





He stopped. And her? She did too. In the middle.  
Him too, almost in the middle.  
He peeked, she waved.  
'Hello!'  
It stayed silent for a moment.  
'Uhm... I can't hear you.'  
'Hello!' she smiled again and sucked on her tongue.  
'I'm here.'  
'I can't see you,' he answered.  
She shook her thin golden royal locks.  
'I'm here. And you?'  
He peeked and spied, his fingers spread far apart.  
'I don't know. Will have to look. Am here for the first time.'  
'Six more,' she said with a lisp and blinked.  
'Six what?' he asked.  
'Six exact steps, then we'll be together.'







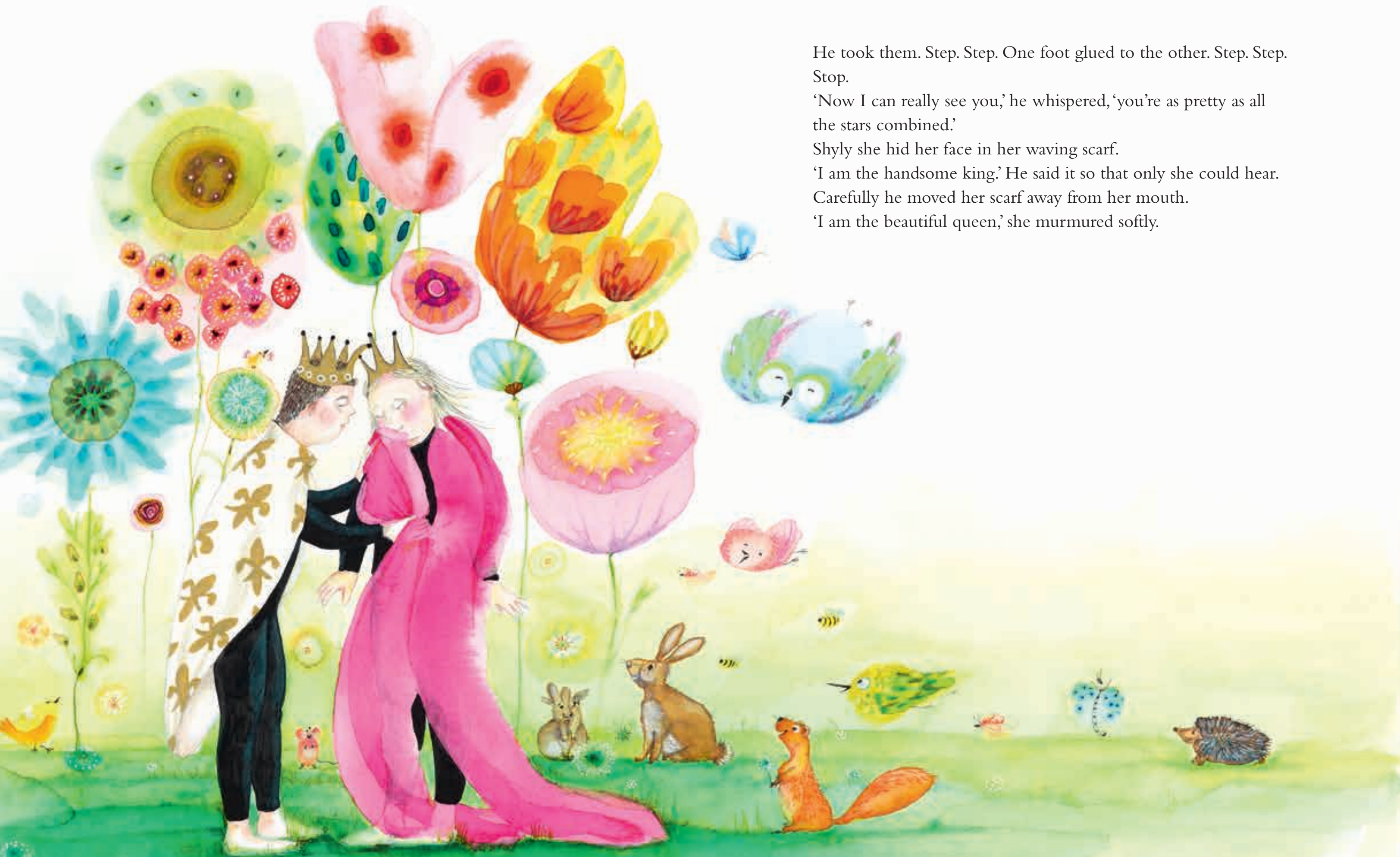
He took his hands from his face.  
‘Wow!’ he yelled, so loud that the  
world could hear him. ‘Wow! You  
are beautiful!’

Her cheeks turned pink, red.  
‘Wow!’ he yelled again. So loud that  
all the animals from the forest came  
to see.

‘Wow!’

Then he counted.  
‘Six! Six exact steps.’





He took them. Step. Step. One foot glued to the other. Step. Step. Stop.

‘Now I can really see you,’ he whispered, ‘you’re as pretty as all the stars combined.’

Shyly she hid her face in her waving scarf.

‘I am the handsome king.’ He said it so that only she could hear. Carefully he moved her scarf away from her mouth.

‘I am the beautiful queen,’ she murmured softly.



He laughed. A genuine burst of laughter. She laughed as well. They couldn't stop.

They rolled on the ground laughing. In the grass, the sticky mud. Golden royal tears streaming down their faces.







‘Will you marry me, beautiful queen?’

‘If I may. Yes!’

‘I will ask your father.’

Step. Step. He walked, barefooted, along the green grass, the sticky mud, bumpy boulders, fields of corn, snowy mountains, his feet feeling the cool sea, the red earth of the south. Step, step. His crown now crooked on his head, his beautiful queen beside him. Her scarf waving in the warm wind. Their fingers entwined, to never ever let go again.





Once upon a time there were two royal children. They were so very sweet.  
Not just plain sweet. Sweeter than sweet. You could see them coming from afar.  
Hand in hand.  
Their fingers entwined.  
They had a throne, a crown, a golden bed.  
They had slanted eyes. Sometimes their tongue would pop out.  
Just like that. And then they'd laugh. Not just any old laugh. But a genuine burst of laughter. Anyone who heard them would have no choice but to join in.  
They weren't little, they weren't big. They were special. Just that.  
A miracle. These two royal children.





And then it was time. Dinner time. Mum called.  
'Tim, are you coming? Yes, you too, Wendy.'  
'My name isn't Tim. I am the handsome king! And this is my wife, my beautiful queen.'

Mum dropped to her knees and bowed. A deep royal bow.  
'Excuse me king Tim, excuse me queen Wendy. Your dinner is served.'  
He nodded. She laughed. A genuine burst of laughter.  
They rolled through the grass, the sticky mud, doubled up with laughter.  
Like real royal children. Until their crowns fell off and mother called again: 'Dinner's ready!'







Tim reached for Wendy's hands. Wendy reached for Tim's hands. Their fingers entwined.  
'You will always be my beautiful queen,' Tim sighed with a deep sigh, 'forever.'  
'Forever,' she murmured softly, and gracefully wrapped herself in her scarf in the blowing wind.



ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೨  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೩  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೪  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೫  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೬  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ

ಶ್ರೀಮದ್ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆ  
ಅಧ್ಯಾಯ ೧೭  
ಕೀರ್ತಿಯು ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ  
ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವಾಗುವುದು  
ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ  
ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ  
ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ  
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ