

LITTLE JÖRÖ

Uncle Is Off to Asia



A story about missing someone and a bridge of dreams



Uncle is off to Asia soon.



I, Little Jörö, feel wistful, and I miss him already.



I lie down on my back with my paws to the sky and start to dream.



I'm going along on the adventure.



Dreams and wishes comfort us when we miss someone.
They build a bridge of love between my home and Asia.



The bridge is decorated with colourful flowers and tasty treat bones.



First I have an adventure with Uncle in India.
Karhu, Ledi, Nalle and Valo come along too.
We sail on a riverboat through the rice fields.



Big flocks of exotic birds flutter up into the air as the boat chugs slowly along.



The sun blazes hot.

VIETNAM



Then I travel with Uncle to Vietnam.



I explore the bustling city with a pack of beautifully dressed pugs.



Everywhere there are little stalls selling fragrant, strange-smelling food: shellfish, snails, pho soup and durian fruit.



Next, in Japan, I climb to the top of a high volcano.



The climb is hard, and sometimes Uncle carries me in his arms.



At the top of the mountain, we gaze at the dazzling view together.



As far as the eye can see, there are clouds as soft as cotton wool that you could imagine bouncing on.



Then I wake up from my dreams.



I pad into the safe crook of my dad Osku's arm
and dream about all the things I'll soon get to do with Dad.



We go out boating on the lake together.
At the cottage, we catch big whoppers.



We zoom off on Dad's motorbike towards everyday adventures – me in Mom's lap.



Just before I fall asleep, I remember:
Uncle will surely be home for Christmas.

Good night, Jörö.



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