

Laventeli Taiwas

A Joik of Brotherhood and Light



Heini.L

Preface

“A cloud of light appeared in the sky - vast and luminous, like the eye of the northern lights.”

This story was born in silence, in a dream where memory and imagination walk hand in hand. Within it, a longing took shape for my departed grandparents, and for my grandmother, who was forced to flee from Salla, Kuolajärvi, in 1944.

Lavender Sky is dedicated to her. Her legacy moves through this story as both light and shadow, carried from heart to heart.

Life is shaped by loss and longing. I hope this story brings you comfort, a sense of wonder and perhaps a quiet remembrance of what lives softly within us all: our connection to nature, to one another, and to those who walked before us.

My grandparents have appeared to me as birds, just like grandmother Maarnij wrote in her joik within the story. This book is also an expression of deep respect for Sámi culture; whose language, beliefs, and bond with nature have endured across generations, quietly yet with great strength.



KUOLAJÄRVI, SALLA

In the winter of Lapland, the sky glows in shades of lavender, and the snow creaks beneath one's feet like an old song.

Near Kuolajärvi, in a small cabin by the fells, lived three brothers: Áilu, Mikkâl, and Ivvár. Their family had been reindeer herders for four generations. Their mother cared for the animals at home, while their father was building a new reindeer fence along the edge of the fell.

The brothers had just returned from school. They rushed outside. Snow had piled up into high drifts. They slid down the small hills, steered their sleds through winding paths, and dug tunnels into the snow. Inside them, they whispered old stories to one another just as they always had.



It was time for the three brothers Áilu, Mikkâl, and little Ivvár
- to set out to fetch bread from the village.

Their mother spoke gently, yet firmly:
“Bread is fetched before supper, and before dusk settles in.”

As the northern lights danced across the sky, it looked as though someone had painted patterns onto a lavender-blue canvas.

The boys nodded. They had made the journey before. The ice of Kuolajärvi still held, but spring was already breathing beneath it. The air carried a light frost and the scent of an old forest.

The brothers set off, taking the kick sled with them. Ivvár held tightly to his older brother’s hand, their footsteps sinking softly into the surface of the snow. The path ahead was familiar yet to Ivvár, it always felt like a brand-new adventure.



On their journey, they encountered a reindeer.
Not just any reindeer but the Soul-Reindeer.
It was old and thin, it's fur white as the breath of frost.

Villagers spoke of it in hushed rumors, saying it was
“a little different from the others.” - Áilu chuckled at the
reindeer's gaze, but Ivvár stopped. He looked straight into its
eyes and whispered:
“You understand, don't you?”
The reindeer nodded slowly.

Ivvár believed in stories. He believed in magic and in old
songs that told of the Soul-Reindeer. It was said to carry the
soul of an ancestor and to have lived for one hundred and
twenty years.

The Soul-Reindeer knew every bend of the rivers, the
shadows of the fells, and the pathways of the wind.
For a moment, Ivvár fell completely silent.
When Áilu gently touched his shoulder, Ivvár stirred.
It was time to continue their journey.



Along the way, Áilu stopped in the village to greet a friend. He knew he had not been given permission by their mother to leave his younger brothers on their own, but he believed he would catch up with them before anyone noticed.

“I’ll be right behind you!” - Áilu called out, waving cheerfully.

Mikkâl and Ivvár continued on together. The snow creaked beneath their steps, and in that moment the journey felt thrilling.

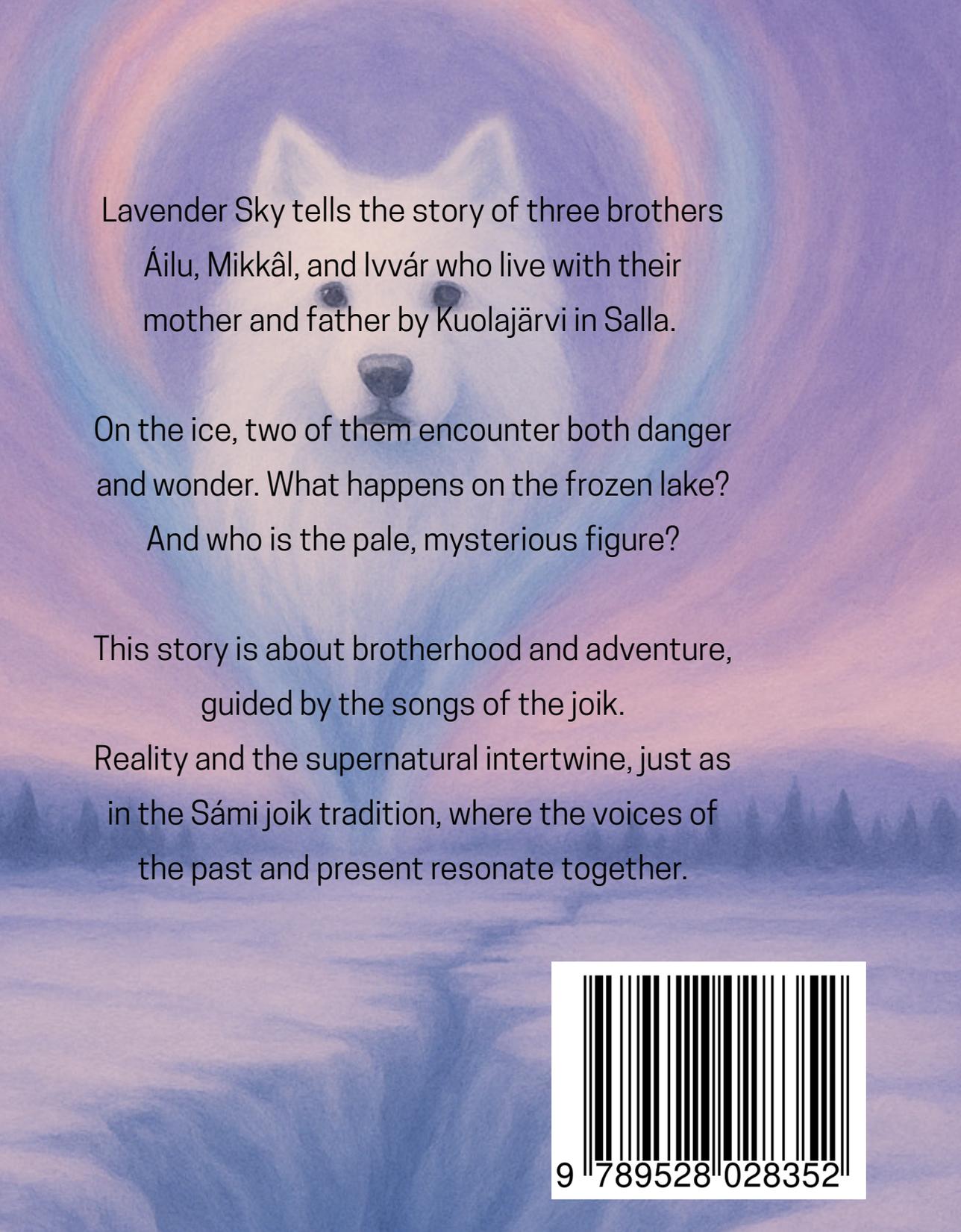
Ivvár was still lost in thought.

Why had the Soul-Reindeer appeared to them?
Why had it looked at him for so long as if it had seen something within him that he did not yet know himself?

He did not yet know how to joik, but deep inside he felt that a song was beginning to form.

It was not yet a sound, but it moved quietly within his chest, like the hush of waves or the cracking ice, whispering of spring.





Lavender Sky tells the story of three brothers
Áilu, Mikkâl, and Ivvár who live with their
mother and father by Kuolajärvi in Salla.

On the ice, two of them encounter both danger
and wonder. What happens on the frozen lake?
And who is the pale, mysterious figure?

This story is about brotherhood and adventure,
guided by the songs of the joik.

Reality and the supernatural intertwine, just as
in the Sámi joik tradition, where the voices of
the past and present resonate together.

