

The airplane journey

Spuddy got up at the crack of dawn. During the night, he had a vivid dream about how he would meet the real Potato Lama in the future. It was decided. He would go!

Mom packed everything Spuddy might need for his journey in a bundle. And dad told him some valuable advice:

“If you remember, you can send us a message with the night moths. They’ll know how to deliver your words to us. If you ever get lost, the stars will show you the way. And when you’re ready, come back to us again.”

Then they said goodbye, and Spuddy set out on his adventure.

As Big Tater promised, he was waiting for him by the crate with the ladder ready. Spuddy ran over to the other side, took a last look back at the crate he called home, and then Pomfrité and Diya led him straight to a crate filled with raspberries.

“These raspberries will be flying to Asia today, and you’ll be flying with them,” Pomfrité said enthusiastically.

Spuddy put his bundle inside and rolled up next to the raspberries.

“Be careful. The raspberries are very delicate and could easily get squashed,” Diya warned him before leaving.

But the raspberries gladly welcomed Spuddy to join them. They were pleased to have a new companion. At least the long journey would go by faster.

As soon as Spuddy had nestled in among them, the gardener came and loaded the crates of fruit and flowers into the truck.





He drove them to the airport, where they were transferred to a large cargo airplane.

The plane raced down the runway, picked up speed, and within a few seconds they were already in the air. Spuddy watched the ground get further away through an oval window as the plane climbed higher.

“Isn’t it awesome!” one of the smaller raspberries said as the plane flew through a fluffy white cloud.

“How high do you think we are? And how far will we fly?” asked Spuddy quietly.

Suddenly a voice could be heard from the airplane’s ceiling:

“This is an intercontinental flight, kiddo!” rasped a voice, followed by a gruff “ahem, ahem!”

Spuddy looked up and saw a black and purple spider hanging from the ceiling of the plane.

“Hi Fortune!” the raspberries greeted in chorus.

The spider waved a hairy leg at them, stretched his aching back, and began to slowly stroll along the silky webs he’d spun above them.

“Who’s that?” Spuddy asked one of the raspberries sitting next to him.

“That’s Fortune the spider,” a raspberry whispered.

“You know, every plane has a spider onboard because, as everyone knows, spiders bring good luck,” explained another, larger raspberry.

The spider heard them and said:

“Luck, you see, is very important in life. It’s great to be lucky, but it’s even better to spread joy and luck to others. Then you have even more of it yourself,” the spider added with a kind wink.

“And what about you?” he pointed a hairy leg at Spuddy.

“The only potato among all this fruit and flowers. You must have a good reason,” the spider said.

“Tell us, what brings you here?”