

FINA CASALDERREY



CANDIDATURE TO THE
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
AWARD 2024

CATEGORY: AUTHOR

SPAIN (Spanish Section)

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| INSTITUTIONAL ENDORSEMENT | 2 |
| APPLICATION LETTER (by Víctor Fernández Freixanes. President of the Royal Galician Academy) | 3 |
| FINA IS NOT WRITEN WITH F | 5 |
| AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES | 11 |
| INTERVIEW (by José Luis Estrada Betancourt) | 16 |
| BRIEF BIOGRAPHY | 22 |
| FINA AND HER VISION OF CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH LITERATURE. THE MAGIC FORMULA TO BREAK DOWN FENCES..... | 27 |
| PUBLISHED WORKS | 32 |
| LITERARY AWARDS SPECIAL MENTIONS AND OTHER PRIZES ... | 45 |
| SELECTED WORKS | 50 |
| TEXTS | 83 |
| FINA... THE CHILDREN, POETRY AND MUSIC | 125 |
| CINEMATOGRAPHIC SCRIPTS | 130 |
| FINA, ACADEMIC OF THE ROYAL GALICIAN ACADEMY | 134 |

INSTITUTIONAL ENDORSEMENT



Galician Government



Organización Española para el Libro Infantil y Juvenil
(Spanish Organisation for Children's and Young Adults' Books)



Asociación Galega do Libro Infantil e Xuvenil
(Galician Association of Children's and Young Adults' Books)

APPLICATION LETTER TO THE HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AWARD
2024

From the president of the Royal Galician Academy to the members of
the jury.

This note is to express our solidarity, in our own name and in the name of our colleagues of the Royal Galician Academy, with the nomination of Fina Casalderrey Fraga for the Hans Christian Andersen Prize for children's literature, undoubtedly one of the greatest prizes that honours this literary genre in the world.

Fina Casalderrey Fraga (Xeve, Pontevedra, 1951) is one of the great authors of literature in the Galician language for new readers, internationally recognised, translated into different languages and winner of the Spanish National Prize for Children's and Youth Literature, among other distinctions. Her work, which she began in 1991 (*Mutacións xenéticas/Genetic Mutations*), includes more than sixty publications in the field of children's and youth literature alone, to which we must add narrative for adults, essays, journalism, theatre, travellers books, gastronomy... However, her main vocation and where she focuses most of her production is in works aimed at young readers, from the very youngest, just starting to read, to teenagers. For years and until her retirement, she taught in schools, which made her especially sensitive to these audiences, aware that they are the seed of the future.

The Galician language, which in recent times has been striving to recover its status in society, although it has a very rich historical tradition that dates back to the Middle Ages, can count on authors such as Fina Casalderrey in the collective effort towards a new revival. There is no doubt that the Hans Cristian Andersen Prize will be enriched by this distinction, while honouring and delighting all of us, citizens of Galicia who do not want to lose their language and work hard to pass it on to their children and grandchildren.

In Santiago de Compostela, december 2022

Víctor Fernández Freixanes. President of the Royal Galician Academy.

Fina can definitely be written with the whole alphabet because her heart is as big as her literary talent.

By the way, with **H** of heart too, because Fina has a very big heart, because she writes from it and because, with her words, she reaches it.

With her heart she caresses, with it she moves, with it she shakes.



FINA IS NOT WRITTEN WITH F

FINA IS NOT WRITTEN WITH F



FINA IS NOT WRITTEN WITH F

My life as a writer couldn't be understood without Fina Casalderrey's presence.

The first book of hers I've read was *Dúas bágoas por máquina, Two tears per machine*. Sensitivity and narrative liveliness summarize this work. It really moved me.

I met Fina and soon realized that she was authenticity personified. A kind of authenticity wrapped in affection and respect. An authenticity that one would really thank when fighting for being read.

Fina has always encouraged me to continue the way I had undertaken. She has always believed in my writing. She has always declared herself an admirer of my poetry. And that made me feel very proud. Fina was completely sure that I would reach one or other success and I have never forgotten those words coming up from her heart: 'The most important thing, the biggest prize, is being loved by your readers. Never forget that'. She was right. I just looked at her and thought how true that statement was. Being loved and respected for what you did became a constant theme in my life. And to a large extent I owe that to Fina.



So after thinking quite a lot about these and other things, I came to the conclusion that Fina could be written with **F** of familiar, of fantasy, of famous, of inner force, or the **F** sounding in literary phenomenon... but definitely not only that. Fina is written with **A**. Yes, with **A** of affection for her family, affection for her students, affection for her friends, affection for all those who write, for her pupils. An **A** of affection, all right, but it could be also and **L** of **LOVE**. Love for life, for each creature that suffers, for so many vulnerable people, for the little things, for children, for her whole life partner.

Because Fina is not written with **E** of envy but with **E** of enthusiasm,

Fina is not written whith F

it isn't written either with **A** of ambitious or arrogant, but with **A** of amiable, of amity; it isn't written with **U** of unique star but with **U** of useful.

Fina is written with **C** of Casalderrey, of course, but also with **C** of comprehension, of coincidences. Fina and I have some issues in common. Incidentally, common is also written with **C**.

We are bound together by our love for words, for teaching, for the Galician term *MESTRE* or *MESTRA* for schoolteachers, the respect for the readers, the contact with the beloved and late lamented Maria Victoria Moreno.

We are bound together by our passion for poetry, for the poetic tone of prose, our gift for feeling happy for our friends' successes. We are bound together by our freedom when writing and when approaching what we write.

Fina is also written with **M** of Moraña, of Marin, of Mariano. With **M** of *mestra*, that beautiful word she loves so much. I will never forget the treatment I was given on my first visit to her students in Santa Lucia's School. How they read/lived my poems! They dramatized, they sang, they shood. You felt loved by them. You felt them waiting with a not very common affection. There it was Fina's



hand quite visible. Because Fina is written with **G**. Really it is, with a **G** of generosity. And this is one of Fina's biggest qualities. Fina is generous as a writer. You can sense that through her characters, those who captivate you every time you read or reread her books. And you can really believe this the way it happens. But she is generous as a writer because she is generous as a person. I can remember the letter she sent to my students by the year 1995, I think. She had written something specific to each one of them. She encouraged them to immerse themselves in the fascinating world of reading. She encourage them to follow wise ways in their lives and she insisted

Fina is not written whith F

-There it was her generosity!- on the poetry of their schoolteacher.

That's why Fina is written with **G** of generous, of great, of gentle. Fina carries inside her concepts as humane as that about social justice. I have to say, Fina is written with **G**. I can also remember when I was ill because of a kidney condition. In those moments Fina, yes, the one written with G, knew about that. And it didn't take long before a recording in a cassette arrived to my house with the voices of her students reciting the poems of my book *Lueiro de papel, Moonlight of paper*, wishing me a speedy recovery. It was so delicious. An unforgettable present I keep with affection and which helped me to see some light in days of darkness.

Furthermore, Fina is written with **U** of unforgettable. When you read a book of hers, you want to meet her, and when you meet her you will never forget her. I could say more, Fina is written with **I** of of indefatigable, of illusion, of illusionist, of illusioning. Reading her novels brings you illusion. It makes you think, consider things, it moves you. That's why Fina is written with **T** of thought, with C of consideration, with **E** of emotion. And again with **L** of loving. I have always been impressed by the love for her parents. A disinterested and deep love. Fina never gets tired of loving. In times where



elderly people's role is not enough appreciated, Fina loves them, they appear in her novels and she makes readers notice them. Then, Fina is written with **L** of loving and feeling loved. Also, she would love that we all share with her the fight for a better world by being affectionate, being warm to those around you. Because, here it comes at last, Fina is also written with **T** of tenderness. If anything defines her completely, if we had to use an only adjective -something not possible when talking about this woman-, I would choose *tender*. Tenderness in Fina's characters comes from her own person. She's tender in her look, tender in her manners, tender in her voice. Definitely, Fina is written with **T**

Fina is not written whith F

of tenderness. Now I can say that her characters, men and women, children and elderly people and, please, don't forget animals, all of them quite important in her life, all of them filled with tenderness. Like her, it's obvious. It couldn't be any other way, because for Fina, as well as for me, life and literature always walk along hand in hand. Fina is written with **N** of narrator. Fina tells, captivates, makes you feel that there are many registers. She demonstrates that the word traps you when it is used with inventiveness and intelligence. Fina knows that and is able to tinge her writings with tender humour that puts the unnecessary dramatics away from the speech. I love when she states that she appreciates words which have wings. Fina, of course, is written with **I** of identification. We all her readers identify ourselves with her creatures, we appreciate their reactions and we want to feel like them. But Fina is also written with **O** of openness in the topics she deals with. I remember when I read *O estanque dos parrulos pobres*, *The Pond of the Poor Ducklings*, I felt amazed by the way she had of telling such a harsh thing as death. I was surprised because of the sensitivity she used to deal with such a traumatic topic for so many people, taking into account that she was thinking of children as target readers. With **A** of opening doors in life too, of being open to changes produced in life,



to suffering as well as to joy. And she does so on either a literary or personal level, because Fina is quite honest, where we find an **O** too. Fina is written with **E** of eyes. Those child eyes for which she has been building up hopes year after year in classrooms and in books. That's why she has such special ability for writing literature after staring at the world the eyes of a little girl.

Fina is written with **B** of big child, of big mother, with the **B** of the boat she uses for sailing the seas of fondness and lovingness, with **B** of being bored of hypocrisy. Fina is also written with **F** of fear. Fear of disappointing, of the fact that people may not understand her

Fina is not written with F

purposes, that those little things which really upset her may not be conveniently appreciated. Fear of the fact that the moved beats of readers not taken into account, of the so called critics writing for the sake of it, many times based on silly prejudices. Summing up, Fina is afraid of the people that may lose their freedom for choosing the paths they want to go through...

Fina is written with **C** of credible. A kind of credibility that allows her to reflect clearly kids and teenagers' world in her writing. Fina achieves something that she has always wanted to achieve: *“manage to get tender and naughty smiles, fears, tears, to shock kids from time to time being politically incorrect when falling back on words that, incidentally, I steal from their reality”*. Fina can definitely be written with the whole alphabet because her heart is as big as her literary talent. By the way, with **H** of heart too, because Fina has a very big heart, because she writes from it and because, with her words, she reaches it. With her heart she caresses, with it she moves, with it she shakes. Because of that and of many other things, please Fina, let me write you with **T** of thank you. Thank you, my friend, for being as you are.

ANTONIO GARCÍA TEIJEIRO*



* Antonio García Teijeiro is a writer and literary critic of children's and youth literature. He received the Pier Paolo Vergerio Award (1998), the Merlín Award for Children's Literature (1996) and the National Award for Children's and Youth Literature (2017).

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

An autobiographical text! What a shame it's me the one who is going to write it. If this chance was given to my parents (I don't have grandparents any longer), they would set out extraordinary qualities of mine and unbelievable merits about my job. Me... what can I say? I'm not a catwalk beauty, I wasn't born in a palace and, when I was a child, we didn't even have a local library (imagine in the school or at home!). I didn't starve of mackerels or affection, neither of stories I could say; I heard them from my father and from the radio (they were my first classics). Yes, I starved of books, although those I strove to read secretly tasted like candy. And, in my environment, reading things with other title than *Mathematics*, *Geography*... was almost a 'sin'.



That lack of reading seems irrecoverable to me, and I feel it like an illness I would like to stop as I grow older to avoid it increasing. Maybe because of that, when I go into a library I feel a mixture of joy and anxiety: How many books! How wonderful! I would like to read them all! Maybe half of them? Impossible! Time, always time... I buy those I can just in case, although I don't read all of them. They are like a blanket I keep for those cold days which makes me feel protected.

I was born in Xeve (Pontevedra). My childhood went by between Xeve and Lérez (where I live nowadays), in a rural atmosphere which is gradually turning into semiurban, urban... We neighbours hardly ever speak to each other, in the mornings chirping of birds and the horns and roaring of cars are intermingled... My childhood bag is full of dearly loved experiences.

When I learnt how to use words, I asked for a sister. I had urged my parents to go to the market and buy one for me before the best ones were were sold out. They took nearly eight years in taking me into account, but in the end they brought me one and I was the happiest girl in the world. On the day she was born there were celebrations in Lérez, many people going by my door; I sat on the stone bench which is still

Autobiographical Notes

right up against the front part of my parents' house, my house, and told everyone passing by the good news:

'I have a sister!'

I got very odd looks from some of them but I kept on spreading the important news.

I remember the joyful picnics in the sowing fields. In the early evening, that was the moment when we appeared punctually taking part in the ring of the day labourers and it was because the bread, the quince jelly, the coated cod... tasted differently there.

Well, there also comes to my mind the quarrel for not being allowed to keep a cat I had come across in a path...

Another of my great wishes was to have a pair of Wellingtons to be able to step into the pools. I hated the clogs, they made such a noise that I had the feeling of wearing a transmitter often warning about my situation.

'Sit down Finita' the teacher said, not needing to look up.

The chilblains on hands scrubbing a soapy cloth in the washing place was not a funny thing, but the politically incorrect conversations of the washerwomen were worthwhile indeed. They used to straighten certain pieces of clothes in the air and, I don't know if for revenge or to confuse the chilblains, they used to say.

'You see, these are the knickers of my Miss.'

And everybody laughed. I sometimes dropped the soap into the basin, which we used to call river, river for the washing. I pulled my sleeve up to my shoulder and I put my hand into that mud. On some occasions instead of finding my little cube of soap, I could get a bigger one. That made me very happy, as if I had discovered a treasure.

About school, the nicest memory I have is that box of little bottles with coloured ink in them. They were from the injections. We used to wash them and buy a kind of magic powder which we mixed with water, inside the bottle...And go! We got beautiful ink in many different colours. We also put them upright into a little flat box with its cover



Autobiographical Notes

full of holes. We wrapped it up in beautiful paper as if it were for a present. Every single bottle was wearing its own exclusive design bib. With that luxury, all of us (only girls) were willing to go to the upper school, it was where we became alchemists of colours.

When I finished secondary education, my parents, with few financial resources, allowed to decide on my future: do you want to learn sewing or do you want to study teacher training? I chose the latter and here I am (now in a secondary school). The day I started my job in my first primary school (being 19 years old) I cried, and the day I had to say goodbye I cried even more.

I would like to know more than I do; but sometimes, I enjoy lying on the grass looking up to the sky. I would like to have done things I haven't been able to, to travel more...I wish I always kept joined to my family by an elastic tail...

First time I left my country I got the feeling that the world was shrinking at my step, and today I don't understand how being it so small we can be so far from each other.

In my childhood one of my tasks was to carry water in buckets from the Three Spout Fountain which supplied the washing basin, at the end of the neighbourhood. When I postponed this task for later in the evening, I could see wicked old women on my way to the Gramal Fountain. I have heard (and I still do) the goblins running up and down the roof of my house... I got upset when my neighbour's cat was knocked down.

I thought I had to choose between getting married or becoming a nun, and I decided I would have to become a nun, although I was not very enthusiastic about it; today I am married and I have a daughter and a son who, for their age, look rather like my friends.

I love reciting poems, although I haven't written them myself, I love reading and I have discovered that writing lets me have and do quite a lot of things, even play the piano, although I don't know how! I also like girls and boys (alive, not fried), eating, dancing, talking to friends,



Autobiographical Notes

laughing... Loving and being loved is still the most important thing for me, although it takes some of my time.

Sometimes, I feel like mixing my own experiences with dreams, with imagination, with fantasy... and create stories in my mind, which I write on paper only after thinking them over and over.

I have also tasted investigation learning facts about the culture of my land, my people, which I tried to share later. In that way several of my books related to gastronomy were born, always with the help of Mariano García (my old friend); or the work about the horreos (typical Galician granaries), about the climate and the popular astrology, about the games, the popular medicine... with which, thanks to the collaboration of my students, we got some awards.

Another of my hobbies is the theatre, being able to get into different characters... I have written, directed and also acted some plays for the school. This makes me enjoy extraordinarily.

I've been trying to learn for over two years, and thanks to the Galician newspapers, thanks to write newspaper articles every Saturday... And, from time to time, in some other media. As you can see I'd need that varnish with which only a grandmother knows how to paint the insignificance to give my biography the colours of importance.

And if the statement that we are marked by our circumstances is true, that we are made of what we remember, I suspect that those little things have an influence on my way of writing.



INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW



LITERATURE IS RATHER LIKE LOVE

(Juventud Rebelde. Diario de la Juventud Cubana. February 2008)

Fina Casalderrey prize-winning Galician writer of children's and young adults' literature, talks to Juventud Rebelde about her participation in the 2008 Cuba Book Fair.

By: José Luis Estrada Betancourt

Fina Casalderrey, the acknowledged writer of children's and young adults' literature, is counting the hours that separate her from Havana, where she will arrive as part of the Galician delegation - since the 17 International Cuba Book Fair 2008 will be devoted to the rich culture of Fina's homeland.



'I've transferred the copyright of *¡No te cases, papá! (Dad, Please, Don't Marry!)* to Ediciones Unión, directed by Olga Marta Pérez, a well-known Cuban author and publisher. This book will be launched on Wednesday the 20th at 4:00 p.m. in the Pabellón Infantil de la Fortaleza San Carlos de la Cabaña. I can't wait to see the book!' says Fina. The Galician writer will also participate actively in 'Children, authors and books. A snack for crazy people', a literary event that Editorial Gente Nueva has been organizing for the last five years. Fina Casalderrey will speak in this event about young adults' literature and society; Xabier Docampo and Xosé A. Neira Vilas will also participate.

'I have a long list!', this was Fina's answer when Juventud Rebelde asked her by e-mail about which of her works she would like to have published in the island. She suggests: *The Pond of the Poor Ducks; I am I; Vanilla Hugs; Gela Becomes a Vampire; The Lake of the Mute Girls; Isba, Born from Heart; A fly's wings for an Angel; Who wants to adopt me?; The Dove and the Man with his Throat Cut; Mother-of-Pearl Moons...*

Literature Is Rather Like Love

‘Fina, does the writer you are now owe a good deal to the tales your father read for you when you were a child?’

‘Of course it does. My father was my own Perrault and, although he didn’t know anything about the theoretical basics of child development, and probably about the meaning of the word “metaphor” either, he did know how to make words flow like water from a spring in a very natural way. I loved his sometimes politically incorrect stories, because he avoided easy things, he knew he didn’t have to explain every single thing to me. His tales live on inside me... We are all shaped by our own childhood, it’s... it’s like a Neverland that we all have to return to quite often.’

You have been a schoolteacher since you’re 19. Is it because of that that you decided to write for children and youth?’

‘It is becoming more and more difficult for me to answer that question, I can’t say exactly what was the reason that made me write, but I do know that the circumstances surrounding me, including my job, have always influenced what I am, my evolution, my dreams, my wishes, what I ask the world, what I give to it... Anyway, I’m sure that you don’t need to be a schoolteacher to be able to make children’s literature. There are many examples showing this: Roal Dahl, Antoine de Saint-Exupèry...

‘Many times, the most important events of your life just appear, it’s like being surprised by love, love that unexpectedly crosses your path. In my childhood I didn’t even know that writing stories was a dream that I could afford to dream. Writers –most of them men– lived, from my point of view, in a kind of Olympus in which only gods or dead people ever entered – I had never in my life seen one “alive”–, they were out of my reach.’

‘Since your first book, *Mutacións xenéticas* (1991) –Genetic Mutations–, you have made a grand entrance to the world of literature. Do you feel a privileged writer?’



Literature Is Rather Like Love

‘Privileged... no, I don’t, because I wasn’t given it just like that. I’m fortunate, yes, I am. Awards –which also have their touch of luck– have made me known to new readers, which is the thing we wish the most when we write or publish.

‘What formula do you use to guarantee the success of your work?’

‘I still haven’t found that magic formula for guaranteeing it. I try to create each story with the same attitude, an attitude of “nobody has done this like that”, as if I am trying to discover gunpowder. I suppose it’s a way of contributing with something personal and therefore new. I think that showing your naked soul completely and not feigning a kind of vital immediacy when you don’t have it, taking childhood seriously and with much respect, managing to get smiles, emotions, fears out of children... I think all that helps.

‘Your book *O misterio dos fillos de Lúa* –The Mystery of Lua’s children – was awarded the National Award for Children’s and Young Adults’ Literature in Spain. Were you surprised about the verdict? What is special about that work?’

‘Of course I was surprised, not because I didn’t believe in the story but because it is an award for which you don’t apply, it is the most prestigious one in Spain... and I haven’t caught the virus of narcissism! I recognise that there are many good books deserving that prize. The jury is made up of 12 people from different parts of Spain. They choose the book that they consider the best book of the year, among all those which have been published. Nobody can be as “bigheaded” as to expect that.’

‘It’s perhaps special because I put myself faithfully inside the skin of an eight-year-old boy, David – who is a literary character excessively simple and over-confident, who pulls smiles out of ‘normal’ children– with a mixture of intrigue, humour, tenderness, ingenuousness... and



Literature Is Rather Like Love

even with drama at times. David behaves as if he was a detective with the weapons of a child, he's not a "superhero". The book must have something special since it sold in the first year –note, this was after the award!– more than 100 000 copies, just in the Galician language. It was an added satisfaction to realise that literature lies beyond the differences between the languages of Spain. Awards in literature don't mean anything, but for the impact of a book, they actually do.

'You've said "I'm lucky to know so little that I can still imagine many things". Does that really help you write?'

'I think that having curiosity is always good, even for scientific research. To write, it's necessary to research, have questions in mind, be able to astonish, and keep yourself on track and motivated. In Spain there is a saying that "having seen everything is having gone nowhere". I subscribe to that. When we write we are also getting to know ourselves better, and the rest of the world too.'

'What do the worlds created by authors for children and youth have to be like?'

'Beautiful and well told. A story has to captivate, to intrigue, to amaze, to provoke and even to shock -never to traumatize-. If a story is good, both children and adults will like it, it grows with the reader, it offers different readings. Although I have to admit that when I hear an author saying this same thing solemnly, that they would be disappointed if adults didn't like their stories for children, that makes me think twice, even me -who agrees with it-. I think what would disappoint me greatly would be if my obsession with making my work interesting to adults meant that children found me less interesting.'

'Do we have to make any concessions in order to reach a child audience?'

'Of course not! Obviously, children are obviously younger than we are,



Literature Is Rather Like Love

but they aren't less intelligent because of that. If a book has to be both a building (structure) and a garden (a thing of beauty), children books should also include a kind of orchard with "edible" fruits that help you to grow without over-stuffing you'.

'Do you think that there are "forbidden" topics in children and young adults' literature?'

'Almost every topic can be dealt with for all kinds of audience -at least all those they are worried about-. The difficulty lies in our inability to achieve this in the right way more than in children's not having the intelligence to understand them.'

'I have dealt with death, with Alzheimer's disease, with gender violence, with immigration, with adoption, with disabilities. for a children's audience, and judging by the success of these books, I believe I have been able to communicate with children without giving up being who I am.'



'Which is your way of interpreting literature?'

'Let's see. Literature is like love, no definition seems complete.'

'Literature is a magic potion, an elixir. and it has power over world history - or the collective memory- we need to remember that in every time and in every country there were forbidden books and accursed writers.'

'Literature was born along with human beings as a necessity. We can change our props, but as long as there are humans, there will be literature.'

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

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BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

Fina Casalderrey was born in Xeve (Pontevedra, 1951). She has been a teacher since she was 19 years old, currently she teaches in Secondary Education. **She spends most of her life time in literary creation and in reading promotion among children and youth,** and she is

the most read and awarded Galician writer of children's literature in Spain. In 1996 she won the **National Award for Children's and Young Adults' Literature**, the most prestigious one in Spain, with a novel written in Galician -a minority language in the Spanish State- *O misterio dos fillos de Lúa* (The Mystery of Lua's babies). This novel has been republished many times in several languages up to now, we can emphasize the 18 in Galician and other 18 in Spanish.



From her first announcement as a writer in 1991 with her first publication, *Mutacións xenéticas* (Genetic Mutations), she sold more than 1.000.000 copies of her more than 47 published works, and she was awarded with the most notorious and prestigious awards and decorations of the children's and young adults' scene.

Fina Casalderrey started her literary career as an author and director of different plays, which were always focused to children's audience. Many schools use their theatre texts for making performance in classrooms, events and festivals.

Her original texts -always in



Brief Biography

Galician- have been translated to every language and dialect existing in Spain, as well as to different foreign languages. So we can find her texts in Asturian, Aragonese, Valencian, Basque, Catalan, Spanish, Portuguese, Brazilian and English/Spanish and English/Valencian.

She did several projects of ethnography with the participation of her students, with whom she received remarkable awards.



She did several projects of ethnography with the participation of her students, with whom she received remarkable awards.

Her books reflect her involvement with Children's Rights.

We emphasize her participation in the UNESCO report *'Education Contains a Treasure'* in 1997.

Fina collaborates as honourable person inaugurating multiple festivals and book fairs. She also works as columnist for different magazines and written press, whose articles were acknowledged with awards on the Spanish State level.

She also collaborated with Spanish publishing houses creating literary texts for reading books for children. The aim of these collaborations was to stimulate and increase interest on children's literature.

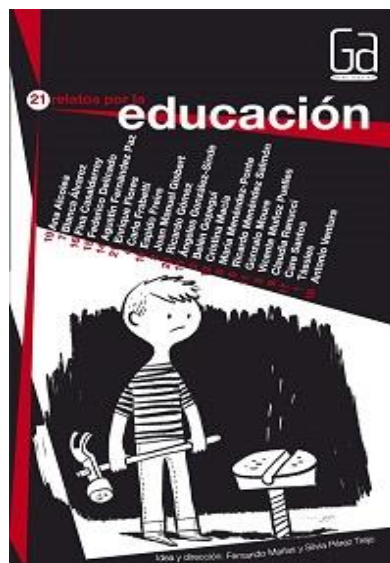
She gave more than 600 talks, colloquies, round tables and lectures related to children's and young adults' literature in different points of the world: Spain, Venezuela, Panama, Cuba, Switzerland, Morocco, Portugal...



Brief Biography

Always linked to and committed to the rights of children, its involvement in children's and youth education and the advocacy of a universal and free education is reflected in collaborations with entities that safeguard cooperation and solidarity.

For example, *Bicos de cereixa* (Educación e Paz III-Literatura Galega pola Paz, Education and Peace-III Galician Literature for Peace. Xerais, 2008), *Electrocardiograma plano* (Ninguén está só/Nobody is alone. Amnesty International. Tris Tram, 2001), *Matrioskas* (Palabras con Fondo/Words with Fundaments. Galician Fund for Cooperation and Solidarity, 2000), *Un día te contaré* (21 relatos por la educación/21 stories for education. SM, 2010), *Ata sempre, capitán de conto* (La protección de la dignidad de la persona y el principio de humanidad en el siglo XXI/The protection of people's dignity and the principle of humanity in the 21st century. Tirant lo blanch, 2012) and *Bailes perfumados* (III Short story contest. FANPA Pontevedra - Federation of parents of public schools students and pupils associations, 2015).



Brief Biography

As a sign of acknowledgement of Fina's work in favour of equality throughout her literary and personal career, in 2018 the publishing house Baía Edicións, in collaboration with the General Secretariat of Linguistic Policy of the Xunta de Galicia, created the FINA CASALDERREY PRIZE for Equality in Children Literature.



This award combines the celebration of March 8th, the promotion of education in equality and a tribute to all those who are committed to writing non-sexist childhood literature. The works must be based on the concept of non-sexist and co-educational children's literature in any of its forms, introducing analytical elements that question the dominant sexist social model.

FINA AND HER VISION OF CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH
LITERATURE. THE MAGIC FORMULA TO BREAK DOW
FENCES

FINA AND HER VISION OF CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH
LITERATURE. THE MAGIC FORMULA TO BREAK
DOW FENCES



FINA AND HER VISION OF CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH LITERATURE THE MAGIC FORMULA TO BREAK DOWN FENCES

In 2020 Fina Casalderrey opened the VI Series of Children and Youth Literature, with the collaboration of the Galician Language Writers Association, the General Secretary for Language Policy and the Education and Social Work Faculty.

"The young people are younger than us,
not less intelligent".

In the virtual conference, Fina spoke of "the literature that in the early days of freedom overturned fences constructed with preconceptions that made them less interesting and less credible because they were "politically correct" texts, which rather than responding to literary aesthetics and to the real curiosity of the young, responded to an intention of indoctrination".



Likewise, she defended the inclusion of controversial topics such as death, gender violence, racism, disability, senior citizens and gender stereotypes, among others.

"Perhaps literature, reading, cannot change the world but it can shake consciences that can change the ugliness that surrounds us, the injustice... without forgetting that all topics can be dealt with at different levels of understanding, but not of intelligence".

Finia and her vision of children's and youth literature the magic formula to break down fences

THE DECALOGUE OF FINIA'S READING SEDUCTION

1. The natural order to discover the power of the word begins with orality ("let's tell them stories...").

2. We must learn to listen (what boys and girls tell us matters).

3. The main activity with a book is reading it (enjoying literature is an end in itself).

4. The number of pages of a book does not matter, nor the number of books, but the pleasure they leave us with (nobody has the capacity to read everything).



5. Never recommend a book that we do not read (or in which we do not feel any interest, nothing is more effective than enthusiasm by contact).



6. It's better a prohibition than a bad imposition (however, blessed are the "compulsory" readings, which I didn't have in my day and which all teachers should have).

7. We should not divinise reading (divinities are "untouchable", they are not tangible).

8. Bear in mind that children are younger than us, not less intelligent (they can read about any subject they are curious about).

9. The key points of the chosen readings are not the solution for eliminating taboos, but they do offer the possibility of shaking people's consciences.

10. Children's literature is very important, but even more important are the children who read it (the ultimate aim of education is to enrich them).

Fina and her vision of children's and youth literature the magic formula to break down fences

CYL: A WAY TO ENJOY READING WITHOUT ESCAPING REALITY

For Fina Casalderrey, a fantastic story is more interesting if it has a link with reality. "*Between The Neverending Story and Alicia In Wonderland*, I choose the former because there is a Bastian who emerges in the story itself as a real boy, flesh and blood, with his real conflicts". He has a great capacity to give voice in an extremely truthful way to children who live different situations, as in *O misterio dos fillos de Lúa* (Premio Nacional de Literatura, 1996) where the main character has her own voice that is totally different from the adult world that does not give importance to the loss of a herd of kittens.



Fina Casalderrey says that literature "removes consciences, and cannot change the world, but it can try to change you, so that you can change it". She says that all subjects can be dealt with at all levels, the different capital issues can be faced at different levels of human experience, but not of intelligence. "When we say 'a child wouldn't understand this', I think that it has more to do with our own lack of knowledge or incompetence to explain it than with his or her emotional and intellectual capacity to reflect on the matter".

When talking about controversial issues, Fina is clear that we have to deal with diversity as naturally as possible and if there is conflict, we have to show that conflict and make the injustice it entails transparent.

"Things going well does not awake curiosity, nor is it attractive, in literature what we do is present conflicts which we don't even have to solve, but with which we knock on the doors of conscience so that we think about it and, with what we already know, what we see around us, what we feel and our experiences, we draw our own conclusions".

Fina and her vision of children's and youth literature the magic formula to break down fences

An advocate of equality, she tries to make us reflect on this "for example in *Un día de caca e vaca* (2006) it was premeditated that they put names like Andrea and Cruzó because anyone could be the father or the daughter and they didn't put until the end who each one was".

He advocates literature for enjoyment and that "the power of books helps us to understand the world, but above all we must not lose sight of the fact that it is about finding a beautiful story told in the best possible way"; She refuses to put any message, however good it may be, above the story itself, which is intended to entice and excite the readers.



"Everyone is clear about the difference between a didactic text and a literary one, but that doesn't mean that you can't learn more than that, but without pushing, because no one likes to be pushed around".

PUBLISHED WORKS

PUBLISHED WORKS

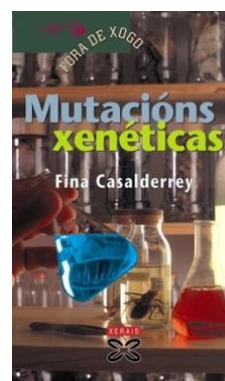


PUBLISHED WORKS

. **MUTACIÓNS XENÉTICAS** (Vía Láctea, A Coruña, 1991.
Edicións Xerais, Vigo, 1998).

Catalan translation: *Mutacions genètiques* (Edicions Bromera, 1992).

Braille translation: *Mutaci3ns xen3ticas* (ONCE, 2003).



. **DÚAS BÁGOAS POR MÁQUINA** (Edicións Xerais, Vigo, 1992).

Catalan translation: *Dues llàgrimes per Màquina* (Eds. Bromera, 1993).

Basque translation: *Bi Malko Makinarengatik* (Elkarlanean, 1999).

Spanish translation: *Dos lágrimas por Máquina* (Anaya, 2008).

Braille translation: *Dúas bágoas por Máquina* (ONCE, 1993).

Braille translation: *Dues llàgrimes per Máquina* (ONCE, 1995).

. **A NOITE DOS COROIDES** (Vía Láctea, A Coruña, 1993).

. **CHAMIZO** (Edicións Xerais, Vigo, 1994).

Basque translation: *Ilenti* (Desclee De Brouwer, 1999).



. **¡ASÚSTATE, MERCHE!** (Edicións Xerais, Vigo, 1994).

Catalan translation: *Ostres, tu, saps què?* (Editorial Cruilla, 1996).

Spanish translation: *¡Pásmate, Merche!* (Ediciones SM, 1997).

Portuguese translation: *Nem te passa!* (Contemporânea Editora, 1998).

English translation: *Just Imagine, Merche!* (Small Stations Press, 2021).

Braille translation: *¡Asústate, Merche!* (ONCE, 1995).

. **O MISTERIO DOS FILLOS DE LÚA** (Ediciones SM, Madrid, 1995).

Catalan translation: *El misteri dels fills de la Lluna* (Ed. Cruilla, 1997).

Spanish translation: *El misterio de los hijos de Lúa* (Eds. SM, 1997).

Breton translation: *Kevrin ar c'hizhier biban* (Sav-Heol, 2011).

Valencian translation: *El misteri dels fills de Lluna* (Bromera, 2013).

Cornish translation: *Kevrin an kathes byghan* (Kernewek gans Peter Trevorah, 2019).

Braille translation: *El misterio de los hijos de Lúa* (ONCE, 1997).

Braille translation: *O misterio dos fillos de Lúa* (ONCE, 1999).



Published Works

. **O ESTANQUE DOS PARRULOS POBRES** (Edebé, Barcelona, 1996).

Catalan translation: *L'estany dels ànecs pobres* (Edebé, 1996).

Braille translation: *O estanque dos parrulos pobres* (ONCE, 1996).

Braille translation: *L'estany dels ànecs pobres* (ONCE, 1997).

Spanish translation: *El estanque de los patos pobres* (Edebé, 1996).

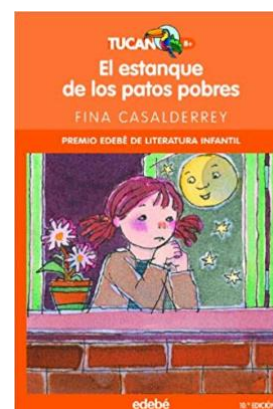
Spanish translation: *El estanque de los patos pobres* (Círculo de Lectores, 2002)

Braille translation: *El estanque de los patos pobres* (ONCE, 1997)

Basque translation: *Abate pobraen urmaela* (Edebé, 1998).

Chinese translation: (Liaoning Children's Publishing House, China, 2014).

Korean translation: (Editorial Saenggakui Jip, 2019).



. **¡PROHIBIDO CASAR, PAPÁ!** (Editorial Galaxia, Vigo, 1996).

Spanish translation: *¡No te cases, papá!* (Ediciones SM, 1997).

Spanish translation: *¡No te cases, papá!* (Círculo Lectores, 2001).

Spanish translation: *¡No te cases, papá!* (Ediciones Unión, 2007).

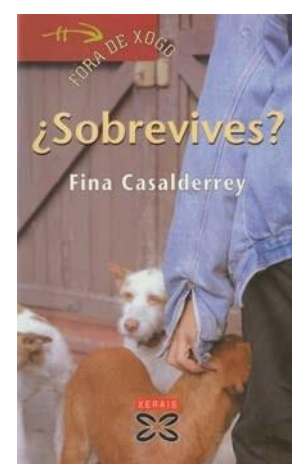
Portuguese translation: *Nao te cases, papá!* (Ed. Ambar, 2000).

Braille translation: *Prohibido casar, papá!* (ONCE, 2000).

Brazilian translation: *Nao se case, papai!* (Ed. Paulinas, 2002).

Valencian translation: *No et pots casar, pare!* (Eds Bromera, 2003).

Basque translation: *Ez ezkondu, aita!* (Elkar, 2009).



. **¿SOBREVIVES?** (Edicións Xerais, Vigo, 1996).

Spanish translation: *¿Sobrevives?* (Ediciones SM, 1998).

Catalan translation: *Sobrevius?* (Editorial Cruilla, 1999).

Braille translation: *¿Sobrevives?* (ONCE, 1998).

Braille translation: *Sobrevius?* (ONCE, 1999).

Audiobook: *¿Sobrevives?* (Metaforic Club de Lectura S.L. 2016).

. **¡PUAG, QUE NOXO!** (Editores Asociados: Galaxia, 1997).

Catalan translation: *Ecs, quin fàstic!* (La Galera, 1997).

Spanish translation: *¡Puag, que asco!* (La Galera, 1997).

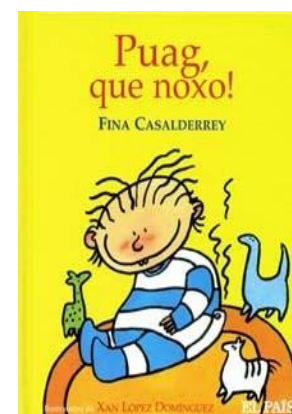
Basque translation: *Puf! Hau nazka!* (Elkar, 1997).

Asturian translation: *¡Puah, que asco!* (Llibros del Peixe, 1997).

Valencian translation: *Ecs, quin fàstic!* (Eds. Bromera, 1997).

Ipah and iPhone downloadable interactive story: *¡Puag, que asco!*

Contoplanet – Apple (2010).



Published Works

. **PODESVIR** (Sotelo Blanco Eds., Santiago de Compostela, 1997).

. **UNHA RAÍÑA NEGRA** (Edebé, Barcelona, 1998).

Spanish translation: *Una reina negra* (Edebé, 1998).

Audiobook: *Una reina negra* (Metaforic Club de Lectura S.L. 2016).

. **NOLO E OS LADRÓNS DE LEÑA** (Eds. SM, Madrid, 1998).

Spanish translation: *Nolo y los ladrones de leña* (Ediciones SM, 1999).

. **ÁS DE MOSCA PARA ANXO** (Editorial Anaya, Madrid, 1998).

Spanish translation: *Alas de mosca para Ángel* (Ed. Anaya, 1998).

Valencian translation: *Ales de mosca per a Àngel* (Ed. Anaya, 1998).

Basque translation: *Euli-hegoak Anxorenzat* (Ed. Anaya, 1998).

Braille translation: *Alas de mosca para Ángel* (ONCE, 1998).

Braille translation: *Ás de mosca para Anxo* (ONCE, 1998).

Catalan translation: *Ales de mosca per a l'Àngel* (Edit. Barcanova, 2001).

Korean translation: (Editorial Pulbit Publishing Co., 2010).

. **PIMPÍN E DONA GATA** (Ediciones SM, Madrid, 1999).

Spanish translation: *Pimpín y doña gata* (Ediciones SM, 1999).

Audiobook: *Pimpín y doña gata* (Metaforic Club de Lectura S.L. 2016).

. **O MISTERIO DO CEMITERIO VELLO** (Ediciones SM, Madrid, 1999).

Spanish translation: *El misterio del cementerio viejo* (Eds. SM, 2000).

Braille translation: *O misterio do cemiterio vello* (ONCE, 2000).

Braille translation: *El misterio del cementerio viejo* (ONCE, 2005).

Mexican edition: *El misterio del cementerio viejo* (SM/S.A. de C.V., 2011).

. **A FILLA DAS ONDAS** (Concello de Pontevedra, Pontevedra, 1999. Editorial Kalandraka, Pontevedra 2003).

Spanish translation: *Hija de las ondas* (Editorial Kalandraka, 2003).

. **BICOS DE PRATA** (Ir Indo, Vigo, 2000).

. **UNHA PANTASMA BRANCA** (Editorial Everest, León, 2000).

Spanish translation: *Un fantasma blanco* (Editorial Everest, 2000).

. **A MÁSCARA DE PALMA** (Editorial Galaxia, Vigo 2000).

. **UN SACO DE ESTRELAS** in *Un saquiño de contos* (Xerais, 2001, 2010).



Published Works

- . **CANDO A TERRA ESQUECEU XIRAR** (Ediciones SM, Madrid, 2002).

Spanish translation: *Cuando la Tierra se olvidó de girar* (Eds. SM, 2003).

Braille translation: *Cuando la Tierra se olvidó de girar* (ONCE, 2006).

Korean translation: (Editorial Samtoh Publishing, 2012).

Audiobook: *Cuando la Tierra se olvidó de girar* (Editorial Libervox S.L.).



- . **DESVENTURAS DUN LOBO NAMORADO** (Galaxia, Vigo, 2002).

Spanish translation: *Desventuras de un lobo enamorado* (Salvat, 2002)

- . **DERRADEIRA CARTA ÓS REIS MAGOS** (Xerais, Vigo, 2002).

Spanish translation: *Última carta a los Reyes Magos* (SM, 2005).



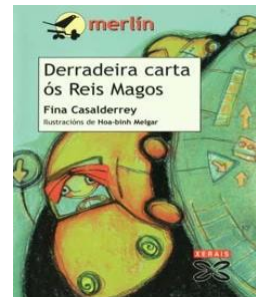
- . **AAVOA TEN UNHA MENCIAÑA** (Combel Editorial, Barcelona, 2002).

Spanish translation: *La abuela tiene una medicina* (Combel, 2002). Catalan

translation: *L'àvia té una medicina* (Combel, 2002).

Portuguese translation: *A avó tem um remédio* (Círculo de Leitores, 2006).

Braille translation: *La abuela tiene una medicina* (ONCE, 2002).



- . **A AVOA NON QUERE COMER** (Combel Editorial, Barcelona, 2002).

Spanish translation: *La abuela no quiere comer* (Combel, 2002).

Catalan translation: *L'àvia no vol menjar* (Combel, 2002).

- . **O AVÓ SAE DE PASEO** (Combel Editorial, Barcelona, 2002).

Spanish translation: *El abuelo sale de paseo* (Combel, 2002).

Catalan translation: *L'avi surt a passejar* (Combel, 2002).

Braille translation: *El abuelo sale de paseo* (ONCE, 2002).

Published Works

- . **O AVÓ É SABIO** (Combel Editorial, Barcelona, 2002).

Spanish translation: *El abuelo es sabio* (Combel, 2002).

Catalan translation: *L'avi és molt savi* (Combel, 2002).

- . **LÚAS DE NÁCARA** (Edicións Xerais, Vigo, 2003).

- . **¡UN CAN NO PISO! ¿E QUE?** (Editorial Galaxia, 2003).

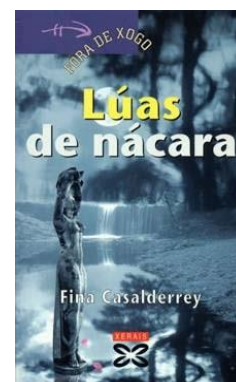
Spanish translation: *¡Un perro en el piso! ¿Y qué?* (La Galera, 2003).

Catalan translation: *Un gos al pis! I qué?* (La Galera, 2003).

Basque translation: *Txakurra daukau etxean. Eta zer?* (Elkar, 2003).

Asturian translation: *Falo col perru. ¿Y qué?* (Llibros del Peixe, 2003).

Aragonese translation: *Un can en o piso. ¿E qué?* (Xordica, 2003).



- . **EU SON EU** (Edicións Xerais, Vigo, 2004).

Spanish translation: *Yo soy yo* (Editorial Algar, 2004).

Valencian translation *Jo sóc jo* (Bromera, 2004).

Basque translation: *Ni ni nai* (Erein, 2004, 20016).

English/Valencian translation: *I am me/Jo sóc jo* (Bromera, 2009).

English/Spanish translation: *I am me/Yo soy yo* (Algar, 2009).



- . **UN MISTERIO NA MOCHILA DE ALBA** (Editorial Planeta & Oxford, Barcelona, 2005).

Spanish translation: *Un misterio en la mochila de Alba* (Planeta, 2007).

Tese de bachelor: *Un misterio nello zaino de Alba* of Roberta Parisi, Universidad de Boloña.

Academic year 2011-2012.

- . **O MEU AVÓ É UNHA GATA** (Edicións Xerais, Vigo, 2005).

Spanish translation: *Mi abuelo es una gata* (Algar Ed., 2005).

Basque translation: *Nire aitona kateme bat da* (Erein, 2005).

Catalan translation: *El meu avi és una gata* (Bromera, 2005).

Valencian translation: *El meu iaio és una gata* (Bromera, 2005)



- . **¿QUEN ME QUERE ADOPTAR?** (Eds. Xerais, Vigo, 2005).

Spanish translation: *¿Quién quiere adoptarme?* (SM, 2005).

Korean translation: (Editorial I-Daum, 2010).

Colombian edition. *¿Quién quiere adoptarme?*, (SM Colombia, 2010).

Published Works

. **ISHA, NACIDA DO CORAZÓN** (Rodeira, A Coruña, 2006).

Spanish translation: *Isha, nacida del corazón* (Edebé, 2006).

Catalan translation: *Isha, nascuda del cor* (Edebé, 2006).

Braille translation: *Isha, nacida del corazón* (ONCE, 2006).

Mexican edition: *Isha, nacida del corazón* (Edebé Ediciones Internacionales SA de CV, 2011).



. **¡¡¡LUME!!!** (Rodeira, 2006).

Spanish translation: *¡¡¡Fuego!!!* (Edebé, 2006).

Catalan translation: *Foc!!!* (Edebé, 2006).

Chinese translation: (Hubei Children's Press, China, 2015).

. **UN DÍA DE CACA E VACA** (Baía Edicións, 2006).

Spanish translation: *Un día de caca y vaca* (Algar, 2006).

Spanish translation: *Un día de caca y vaca* (Círculo de Lectores, 2006).

Catalan translation: *Un día de caca i vaca* (Animallibres, 2006).

Valencian translation: *Un día de caca i vaca* (Bromera, 2006).

Catalan translation: *Un día de caca i vaca* (Círculo de Lectores, 2007).

Basque translation: *Lehenengo txangoa* (Erein, 2006).

. **A LAGOA DAS NENAS MUDAS** (Xerais, 2007).

Spanish/English translation: *Silence!: El lago de las niñas mudas* (SM, 2006).

Valencian translation: *El llac de les xiques mudes* (Bromera, 2007).

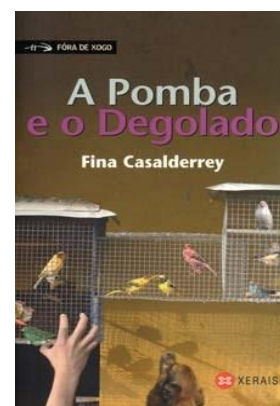
Spanish translation: *La laguna de las niñas mudas* (Editorial Milenio, 2015).

. **A POMBA E O DEGOLADO** (Xerais, 2007).

Spanish translation: *La Paloma y el Degollado* (Anaya, 2008).

Valencian translation: *Contra el vent* (Bromera, 2008).

English translation: *Dove and Cut Throat* (Small Stations Press, 2014).



. **GORDIÑO RECHEO** (SM 2007).

Spanish translation: *Gordito relleno* (SM, 2007).

Mexican Edition: *Gordito relleno* (SM/S.A. de C.V., 2009).

. **XELA VOLVEUSE VAMPIRA!!** (Baía Edicións, 2007).

Spanish translation: *¡¡¡Gela se ha vuelto vampira!!!* (SM, 2008).

. **APERTAS DE VAINILLA** (Galaxia, 2007).

Spanish translation: *Abrazos de vainilla* (SM, 2007).

Mexican edition: *Abrazos de vainilla* (SM/S.A. de C.V., 2009).

Published Works

- . **UN CABALO DE LUME** (Baía Edicións, 2007).
Spanish translation: *Un caballo de fuego* (Algar, 2007).
Catalan translation: *Un cavall de foc* (Animallibres, 2007).
Valencian translation: *Un cavall de foc* (Bromera, 2007).
Basque translation: *Suzko zaldia* (Erein, 2007).

- . **OLA ESTÚPIDO MONSTRO PELUDO** (Galaxia, 2007).
Valencian translation: *Hola, estúpido monstre pelut!* (Bromera, 2008).
Spanish translation: *¡Hola, estúpido monstruo peludo!* (Algar, 2009).

- . **O MISTERIO DA CASA DO POMBAL** (SM, 2008).
Spanish translation: *El misterio de la Casa del Palomar* (SM, 2009).

- . **PAPÁ E MEU** (Editorial Galaxia, Vigo, 2009).

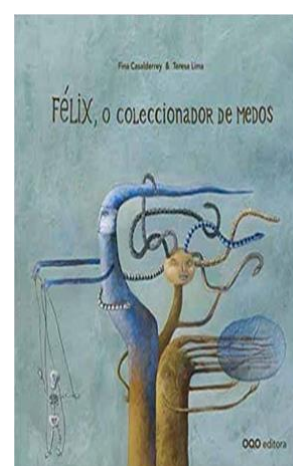
- . **FIZ, O COLECCIONISTA DE MEDOS** (OQO Editora, 2009).
Spanish translation: *Félix, el coleccionista de miedos* (OQO, 2009).
English translation: *Felix, the fear collector* (OQO books, 2010).
Italian translation: *Felix, il collezionista di paure* (Logos-OQO Collana, 2010).
Portuguese translation: *Félix, o colecionador de medos* (OQO editora, 2010).
French translation: *Félix, le collectionneur de peurs* (OQO éditions, 2010).
Basque translation: *Mattinen beldur-kutxa* (Xalaparta-OQO, 2010).

- . **PESADELO NO TREN DE CHOCOLATE** (Galaxia, 2009).
Spanish translation: *Pesadilla en el tren chocolate* (Ediciones SM, Madrid, 2010).
Valencian translation: *Malson al tren Xocolate* (Edicions Bromera, 2011).

- . **E TI QUE FARÍAS POR MIN?** (Xerais, 2010).

- . **O MISTERIO DO FARO VELLO** (Xerais, 2012).

- . **CUCA E O ABRIGO MARRÓN** (Edebé, 2014).
Cuca y el abrigo marrón (Edebé, Barcelona, 2014).
Audiobook: *Cuca y el abrigo marrón* (Edebé, 2014).
Argentinian Edition: *Cuca y el abrigo marrón* (Argentina Edition, Editorial Sol 90 S.L., 2015).
Chinese translation: (People's Oriental. Pub. Media co LTD, 2016).



Published Works

- . **HISTORIA DA BICICLETA DUN HOME LAGARTO** (Xerais, 2014).
Spanish translation: *Historia de la bicicleta de un hombre lagarto* (Anaya, 2015).
Catalan translation: *Historia de la bicicleta d'un home llangardaix* (Pagès editors, 2016).



- . **ICÍA QUERE CAMBIAR O MUNDO** (Parlamento de Galicia, 2015).

- . **O SEGREDO DE ZOE** (Tambre - Edelvives, 2016).

- . **A FURGONETA BRANCA** (Xerais, 2019).

- . **CADERNO DE BITÁCORA (HISTORIAS PARA COÑECERMOS VIGO: OIA, CANIDO)**
(Editorial Elvira, 2019).



- . **LINGUA GUAPA. CANTOS QUE CONTAN...** (Galaxia, 2020).
Book/Disc. Co-author with Néstor Blanco.

- . **O XENIO DA CIDADE DE SAL** (Xerais, 2021).
Libro/CD. Author of text. Author of the music: Luis Soto.

- . **UN DÍA CON PAPÁ** (Edicións Embora, A Coruña, 2022).
Libro/Disco. Author of texts and poems. Author of the music: Víctor Castro.

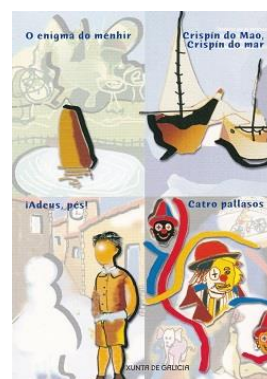


- . **A COIDADORA DE OUTONOS (HISTORIAS PARA COÑECERMOS PONTEVEDRA: LÉREZ)** (Editorial Elvira, 2022).

Published Works

MISC

- . **O LIBRO DA EMPANADA** (Xerais, Vigo, 1993) (coauthor).
Spanish translation: *El libro de la empanada* (Alianza Editorial, 1995).
- . **FESTAS GASTRONÓMICAS DE GALICIA** (Xerais, Vigo, 1994) (coauthor).
- . **REPOSTERÍA EN GALICIA** (Xerais, Vigo, 1997) (coauthor).
- . **A ROSQUILLEIRA** (Casa de Galicia, León, 1993).
- . **CANCIÓN DE BERCE** (*CLIJ*, nº 93, 1997).
- . **CUCA E O ABRIGO MARRÓN** (*A maxia das palabras*. Xunta de Galicia, Santiago de Compostela, 1998).
- . **CHAVO DE LARANXA** (*Imos xuntos camiñar*. Xunta de Galicia, 1999).
- . **MATRIOSKAS** (*Palabras con Fondo*. Fondo Galego de Cooperación e Solidariedade, 2000).
- . **ELECTROCARDIOGRAMA PLANO** (*Ninguén está só*. Amnistía Internacional. Tris Tram 2001).
- . **¿MEDO, EU?** (*Tres pegadas*. Xunta de Galicia, 2002).
Braille translation: *¿Medo eu?* (ONCE, 2002).
- . **TERRAS DE MORAÑA** (Concello de Moraña-Pontevedra, 2002) (coauthor).
- . **O CHARLATÁN DE FEIRA** (*Lagarto Pintado*. Xunta de Galicia, 2004).
- . **¡ADEUS, PÉS!** (Xunta de Galicia, 2004).
- . **PERIGO NA CATEDRAL** (*Postais do Camiño*. Editorial Galaxia. Vigo, 2004).



Published Works

. **SANGUE DE GATO NEGRO** (*Contos de medo no museo*. Museo Provincial de Lugo, 2005).

. **ESCOLMA: EU SON EU E RESIDENCIAL CERO** (*Poetas Narradores nas súas voces*. Consello da Cultura Galega, 2006).

. **VAGALUMES NA NOITE** (*Contos de Agardar*. Asociación de Funcionarios para Normalización Lingüística, 2007).

. **CARTA ABERTA A UNHA NAI** (Política lingüística, Xunta de Galicia, 2007).

. **A PEQUENA GARDIANA** (Colección cadros. Museo de Belas Artes da Coruña, 2008).

. **BICOS DE CEREIXA** (Educación e Paz III Literatura Galega pola Paz, Xerais, 2008).

. **ATRAPADOS NO MUSEO** (*Quen casa ten de seu*. Fundación Rosalía de Castro, 2009).

. **1 PULGA, 5 AMIGOS E UN TÁNDEM** (Concello de Pontevedra, 2009).

Braille translation: *1 pulga, 5 amigos e un tandem* (ONCE, 2009).



. **UN DÍA TE CONTARÉ** (*21 relatos por la educación*. SM, 2010).

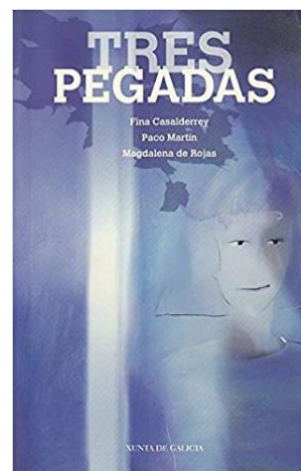
. **UN VAMPIRO Á MESA** (*Cociñando ao pé da letra*, Galaxia, 2011).

. **UNHA PETICIÓN ESPECIAL** (*O libro dos Reis Magos*, Xunta de Galicia, 2012).

. **ATA SEMPRE, CAPITÁN DE CONTO** (*La protección de la dignidad de la persona y el principio de humanidad en el siglo XXI*, Cruz Roja Española, Tirant lo blanch, 2012).

Published Works

- . **O NENO CAN** (Galaxia, 2012).
(Co-autor with Francisco Castro)
Spanish translation: *El niño perro* (Pearson, 2013).
Catalan translation: *El nen gos* (Andana Editorial, Picassent, 2015).
Serbian translation: *Dečak-pas* (Data Status, Srbija, 2020).
- . **LURA PILAR** (Edicións do Cumio, 2013).
(Two children's songs of the book *Tambo*, Laura M. García Ferro and Víctor A. Castro Martínez).
- . **GALICIA, NAI VELLIÑA** (*Galicia: un pobo con futuro?* Mupega, 2014).
- . **HOXE SÓBRAME O CORAZÓN** (*Pontevedra. Laranxeiras e limoeiros*. Galaxia/Ayuntamiento de Pontevedra, 2015).
- . **CAMIÑADAS CON MARÍA VICTORIA MORENO** (Ayuntamiento de Pontevedra, 2018). (Co author with Ana Acuña).
- . **MEMORIAS DE SEDUCCIÓN LECTORA** (*Habitando historias. 10 experiencias alrededor del libro y de la lectura*, Galaxia, 2019).
- . **LÚA CHEA** (*Se te quixen foi polos grelos*, Galaxia, 2021).
(Author of poem). Book/Disc. Timparrantela.
- . **UN VAMPIRO A LA MESA** (*Pil-pil y lacón con grelos*. Literarte, 2021).
- . **UNHA ARAÑA VERMELLA** (*Relatan... Nós. Nós Diario*, 2022).
- . **AZO E OS ELFOS RIBEIRÁNS** (*Creador@s na reserva*. GÁLIX, 2022).



Published Works



LITERARY AWARDS SPECIAL MENTIONS
AND OTHER PRIZES

LITERARY AWARDS SPECIAL
MENTIONS AND OTHER PRIZES



LITERARY AWARDS SPECIAL MENTIONS AND OTHER PRIZES

AWARDS

- 1991 **Merlin Children Literature Award:** *Dúas bágoas por Máquina.*
- 1992 Runner-up in the poetry category for the **Feliciano Rolán Award.**
- 1993 **First Prize of the Short Narrative of Casa de Galicia de León:** *A rosquilleira.*
- 1994 **Barco de Vapor Award:** *O misterio dos fillos de Lúa.*
- 1995 **Edebé Literature Award, Children Category:** *O estanque dos parrulos pobres.*
- 1996 **Children and Youth Literature National Award:** *O misterio dos fillos de Lúa.*
- 1996 **Cidade de Pontevedra Award.**
- 1998 **The White Ravens List:** *¡Prohibido casar, papá!*
- 1999 **III Álvaro Cunqueiro Award for Gastronomical Journalism:** *Repostería en Galicia.*
- 2001 **Puro Cora Journalism National Award.**
- 2001 **Lecturas Children and Youth Literature Award-Winner** convened by **GÁLIX** (Galician Association of Children and Youth Literature: *O misterio do cemiterio vello.*
- 2003 **Medalla Castelao,** Xunta de Galicia.
- 2003 **Silver Medal** awarded by **SM Editorial** for selling 100.000 copies: *El misterio de los hijos de Lúa.*
- 2003 **Benito Soto Award:** *Filla das ondas.*
- 2004 **Fernández del Riego 2003 Journalism Award.**
- 2004 **Distinguished Galician award** for the Dialogos 90 collective.
- 2005 **Pontevedra Book Fair Award** (by the Pontevedra Booksellers Association).
- 2006 **The White Ravens List:** *¿Quen me quere adoptar?*
- 2007 **Irmandade do Libro Award.** Author of the year from the Galician Bookseller Federation.
- 2007 Finalist at the **Awards Premios Edición Galicia 2007:** *Xela volveuse vampira!!*
- 2008 **Ramón Cabanillas Award** for the Agrupación de Libreiros de Cambados for its literary career.

Literary awards special mentions and other prizes

- 2009 **Frei Martín Sarmiento Award:** *A lagoa das nenas mudas*.
- 2009 Candidate, proposed by **OEPLI**, for the **Astrid Lindgren Award**.
- 2009 Finalist for the **Hache 2010 Award** (Cartagena).
- 2011 Candidate proposed, by **GÁLIX**, for the **Astrid Lindgren Award**.
- 2011 In the culture section she wrote a piece on **Pontevedresa in the year 2010** (*Diario de Pontevedra* and Nova Caixa Galicia).
- 2013 Xosé María Álvarez Blázquez. Author of the year **Award by the Galician Editors Association** (Asociación Galega de Editores, AGE).
- 2013 **Outstanding Books for Young people with Disabilities:** *O neno can*.
- 2014 **Frei Martín Sarmiento Award:** *O neno can*.
- 2015 **Cultura Galega Award** (Literature).
- 2016 **Bos e xenerosos Award.** Eduardo Pondal Foundation (Ponteceso).
- 2017 **Picadillo Award.** Dissemination of Galician Gastronomy. Fórum Gastronómico (A Coruña).
- 2018 **Rosa dos ventos Award.** Santiago Apóstol School. Buenos Aires (Argentina).
- 2020 Finalist at the **Martín Códax Music Award:** *Lingua guapa. Cantos que contan...*
- 2022 **Josefa Fariña Award.** Promotion of Equality. Culture Section. CIFP A Xunqueira. (Pontevedra, Spain).

Literary awards special mentions and other prizes

HONORARY DISTINCTIONS

- 1994 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *Chamizo*.
- 1995 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *¡Asústate, Merche!*
- 1996 **Gold Emblem from the Moraña Town Hall** for her literary career.
- 1996 **CCEI Honour List:** *El estanque de los patos pobres*.
- 1996 **CLIJ Honour List:** *O estanque dos parrulos pobres*.
- 1998 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *¡Puag, qué asco!*
- 1999 Included in the selection for **The Best of the Decade by CLIJ magazine:** *¡Puag, que noxo!; O misterio dos fillos de Lúa*.
- 1999 **Homage to the collection of work entitled Galician Letters**, by the Monte Blanco Association of Pontecesco (A Coruña, Spain).
- 1999 **Silver & Gold insignia** from the Cultural Association of Santa Cecilia in Marín (Pontevedra, Spain).
- 1999 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *Ás de mosca para Anxo*.
- 2000 **Gold insignia** from the Cultural Association of Friends of Pontevedra.
- 2001 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *Pimpín e dona gata*.
- 2002 Candidate for the **Honour List of International IBBY International Board on Books for Young People:** *Ás de mosca para Anxo*.
- 2003 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *Cando a Terra esqueceu xirar*.
- 2007 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *A lagoa das nenas mudas*.
- 2007 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *O meu avó é unha gata*.
- 2007 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *¿Quen me quere adoptar?*
- 2007 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *Isha, nacida do corazón*.
- 2008 **Member of the PEN Club** since the 12th of January 2008.
- 2008 **CCEI Honour List:** *Apertas de vainilla*.
- 2009 **CCEI Honour List:** *A Pomba e o Degolado*.



Literary awards special mentions and other prizes

2009 **Honoured author in the X International Exhibition of the Children and Youth Literature** in Pontevedra.

2010 **Writer of the month** (February). AELG – Galician Language Writers Association.

2010 The Monteporreiro (Pontevedra, Spain) **Public School for Early Child Education has now changed its name to EEI Fina Casalderrey.**

2011 **CLIJ magazine Honour List:** *Fiz, o coleccionista de medos.*

2013 **Galician Children and Youth Book Association (GÁLIX) Honorary Partner.**

2013 **Member of Royal Academy of Galicia (RAG).**

2016 Caxato de Avelino. **Avelino Pousa Foundation.**

2017 **Godmother of the school library.** CEIP Carballal. Marín (Pontevedra, Spain).



SELECTED WORKS

SELECTED WORKS



SELECTED WORKS



Dúas bágoas por Máquina Two Tears Per Machine 1992

Illustrations: Víctor Rivas

A realistic and touching story which describes the relationship between a girl and her dog. The background is a rural family where grandparents, parents and children all live together, with present-day problems (the father is unemployed, the grandmother seems to be unbearable, a first love...); the discursive narrative focuses on the sadness brought about by the disappearance of a dog that the main character desperately looks for, until at last it reappears. Finally, it dies when it is run over by a car when it tries to save the grandmother, who, despite never having loved the animal, could not hold back two emotional tears.

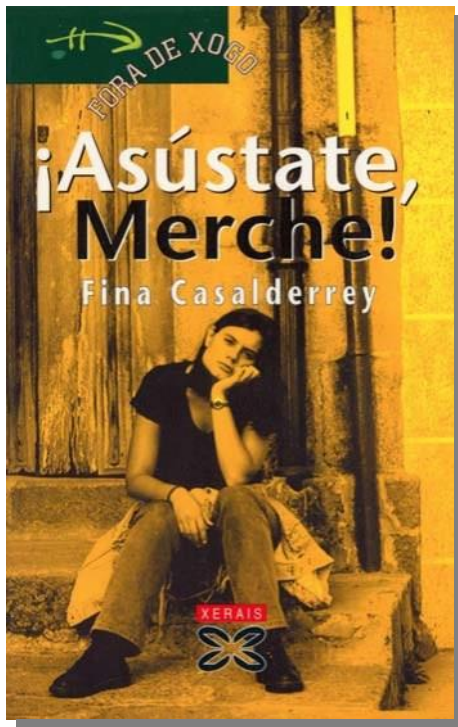


An excellent story able to touch the young ten-year-old reader, who will easily feel identified with the leading character and will live the most vivid scenes passionately, in the same way as a great number of readers have vibrated once with the novels by Jack London.'

Josep M. Aloy

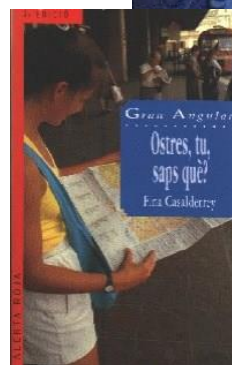
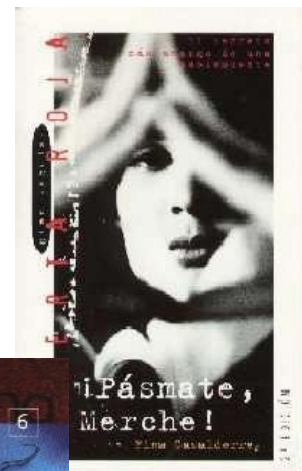
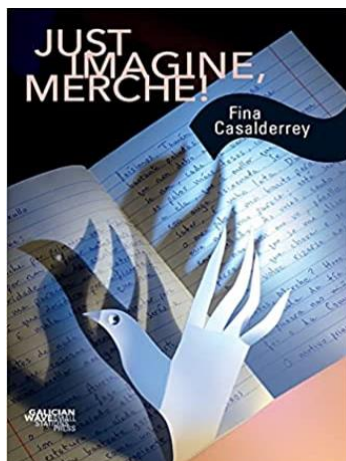


Selected Works



¡Asústate, Merche!
Be Afraid, Merche!
1994

Auria is a fifteen year-old girl, who discovers a mysterious reason in the obituaries of a newspaper, which drives her to commit suicide. This diary, in the shape of letters written to an imaginary friend, Merche, helps the reader to progressively understand her problematic adolescence: she discovers love during a parish trip around Europe to attend a Papal Youth rally, her mother, who is not married, begins a amorous relationship with the parish priest. But the dramatic suspicion that she is the daughter of her boyfriend's father torments her and it becomes another of her worries, along with those about her mother's future, her studies or her health, all together forming a game of tension, which keeps the readers waiting until the end of the story.



'My name is Esther and I am 15 years old. I have just finished reading your fantastic book. I feel very much identified with Auria, not only because she does the same things as me, but also for her attitude, I understand her. I want you to know that I read the book in only 4 hours, in one go. My God! I had never read a book so fast (.) It is the first one of yours I have read, and believe me, I will read many more, I promise you (...)'
Xosé Ballesteros

Selected Works



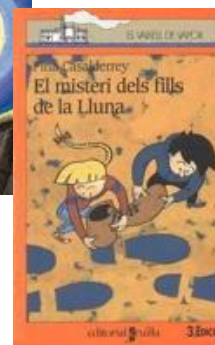
O misterio dos fillos de Lúa The Mystery of Lúa`s Babies 1995

Illustrations: Manuel Uhía

PREMIO O BARCO DE VAPOR 1994

PREMIO NACIONAL DE LITERATURA INFANTIL Y JUVENIL 1996

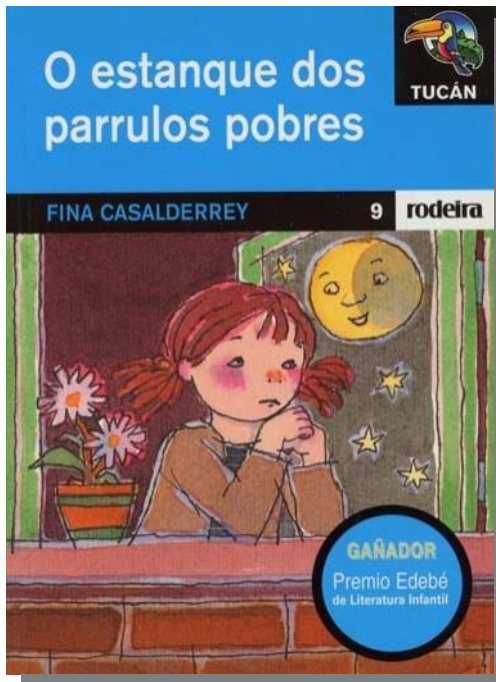
David - an eight year-old boy - along with his girlfriend Branca - who is nine years old - try to discover the reason why the kittens of his cat Lua disappear every time she has a new litter. To uncover the culprit, they have to lay traps and to be on the look out for the footprints of the possible cat-thief. This mystery, together with their worries about sinning before the First Holy Communion or about how the kittens got into the belly before being born, are some of the enigmas that the main character manages to resolve at the end of this detective-like plot, loaded with naïveté and tenderness.



'It is a love story running alongside life, with her eyes very attentive to the everyday reality she feels around her. Here we have the most appreciated value of her books: her capacity to tell stories, clearly and straightforwardly, as Alvaro Cunqueiro used to recommend. Stories from the world she knows best, very especially that of children and teenagers, with an admirable capacity for watching -extraordinarily efficient in the literary speech- and a very uncommon humility, rewarded by her persistent and irresistible vocation for writing.'

Victor F. Freixanes

Selected Works



O estanque dos parrulos pobres The Poor Ducks' Pond 1996

Illustrations: Manuel Uhía

PREMIO EDEBÉ DE LITERATURA INFANTIL 1995
CCEI HONOUR LIST 1996

This is the story of the relationship between Noema and her grandfather, who was her guide and counsellor. Noema is the recreation of the bright little girl (although also naive) who analyses grown ups under her intimidating eye. Her enormous love for her grandfather, who is her companion and teacher due to his admirable experience in life, goes hand in hand with respect and truth. A truth which is inevitably transformed with his passing, less traumatic because it was part of the vital lessons, which progressively transform and mature his grand-daughter.



'It is one of the children's books essential in today's children and young adults' literature.'
Victoria Fernández

'It is a great novel, full of tenderness from the beginning to the end, where Fina shows her best skills as a writer, dealing with the subject of death related to children in a masterly way.'
Xavier S

Selected Works

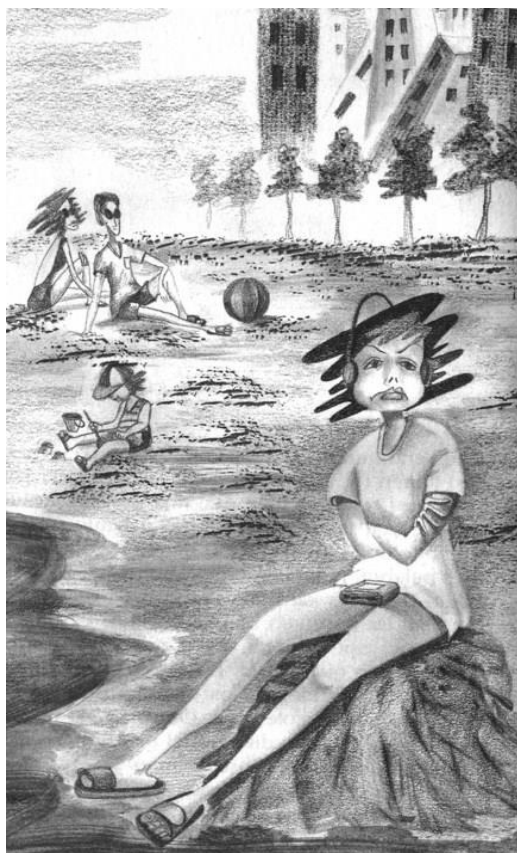


¡Prohibido casar, papá! Dad, You Can't Get Married 1996

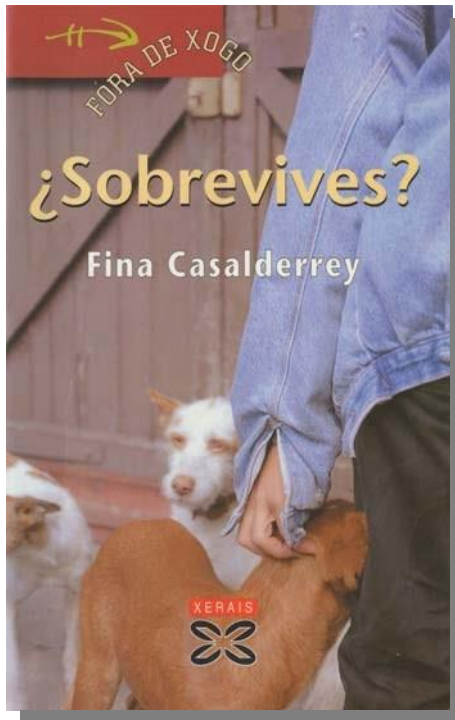
Illustrations: Marta Rivera Ferner

THE WHITE RAVENS LIST 1998

The main character in this publication is Elia, a young fourteen year-old girl, whose mother has died and who witnesses the romance between her father and a woman who she does not like very much. Because she had her appendix removed, she has to stay in hospital, and Elia alternates the recollection of the most important moments of her life with the visits from her relatives and also from Berta, her father's loathsome girlfriend. Based on this plot outline, the novel, with its elaborate technique and realistic desire, introduces itself into the frantic interior world of an adolescent, without any complications or false visions.



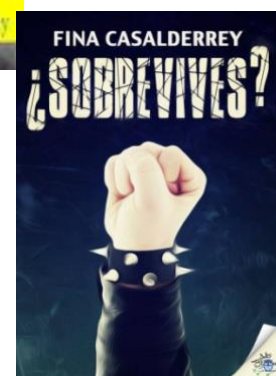
Selected Works



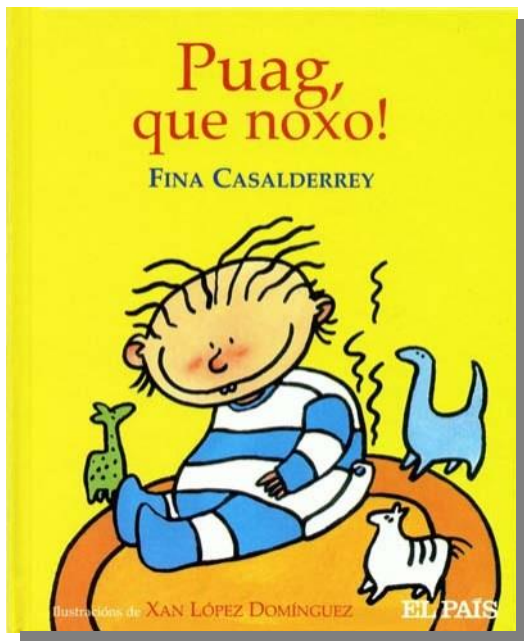
¿Sobrevives? Do You Survive? 1996

This is the narration of the bloodcurdling story of Moni, Francisco Sánchez Loiro, a seventeen year-old youngster, who is having a hard time with his job training courses. His constant bad behaviour, his surprising friends, his obsession with hunting and spaniels, his hidden resentment and absurd reactions, together with the disturbing vivaciousness of his enormous eyes, never fail to continuously surprise the teaching staff and his classmates. Moni is a permanent black blemish, that refuses to go away.

'The language of the text is one of her best values as a writer: and it is in a natural way. Let's have in mind that this is not easy when the characters are in the boundary between the rural area and the town. This linguistic situation is not easy to manage, preventing the language from losing authenticity and freshness, but the author solved it in a proper way.'
Xosé María de Castro



Selected Works



¡Puag, que noxo!
Agg, yukky!
1997

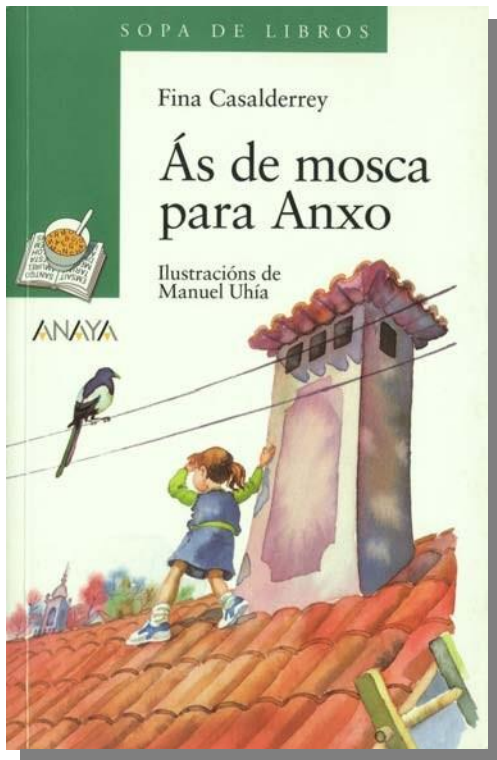
Illustrations: Xan López Domínguez

CLIJ HONOUR LIST 1998

One day, when the main character of this story has to stay at home with his seven month-old sister, he has to solve a big problem: how to change her nappy. The solution is difficult and dangerous, and he even has to put her in the bathtub because she touched the pooh with her hands and got herself all dirty. So he finds himself forced to stop playing and he takes on the serious of the unique challenge, which he successfully overcomes and he is rewarded when he finds out that his sister can already crawl.



Selected Works



Ás de mosca para Anxo Ace of Flies for Anxo 1998

Illustrations: Manuel Uhía

CLIJ HONOUR LIST 1999

Will there ever come a day when human beings are able to live together in harmony, beyond their differences of opinion or capabilities? Estrela, a new pupil in the last year of primary school - who has extra tuition because of her intellectual limitations - will prove to all her classmates, to her family and to everyone that the most important thing is to have an enormous heart.



Selected Works

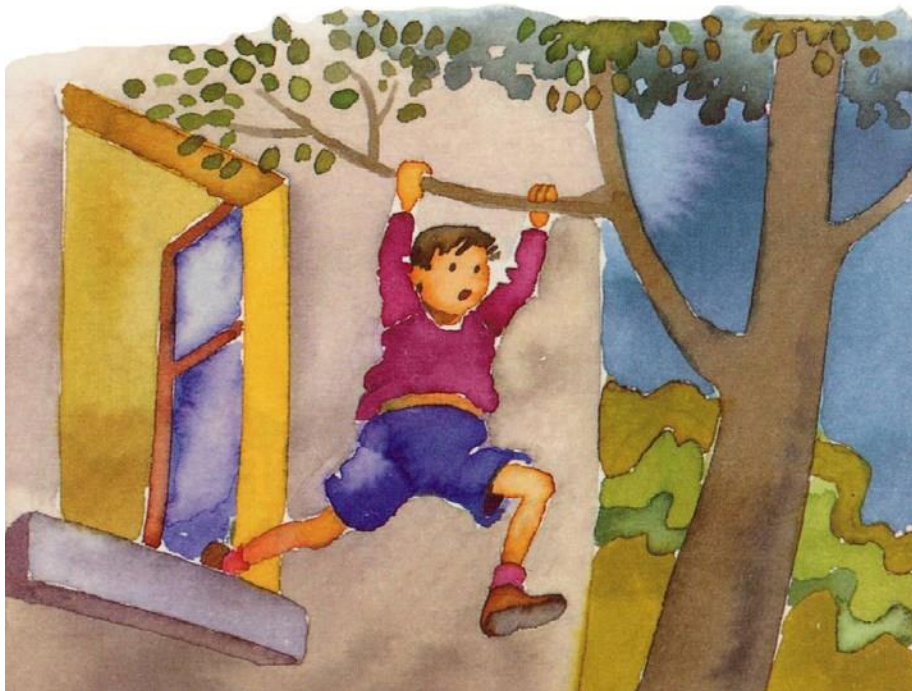


O misterio do cemiterio vello The Mystery of the Old Cemetery 1999

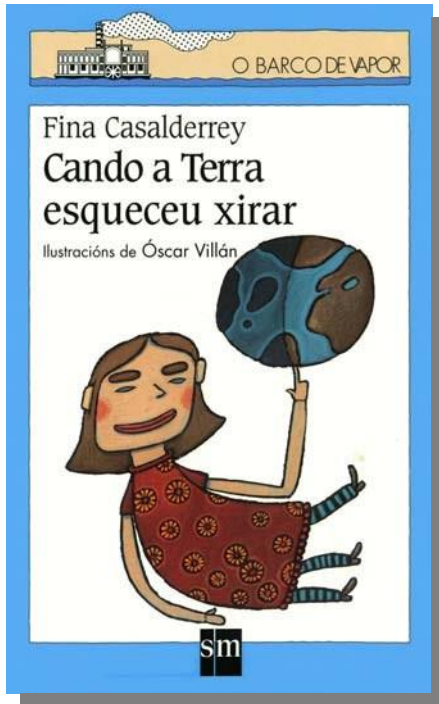
Illustrations: Manuel Uhía

PREMIO LECTURAS 2001

Once again we meet the characters from "The Mystery of Lúa's Litter" and the author offers us a new mystery. This time, David describes in first person the steps that he took, together with his friends, in order to find an explanation to the mysterious sounds that came from the old cemetery in the village. Accompanied by his friend Branca, the boy gathers together clues, which lead him to resolve the case. At the same time, David thinks about his relationship with his older sister, about his family's way of life, about living with his great-grandmother, about the strange behaviour of one of the neighbours from the village or about some of his classmates' problems.



Selected Works



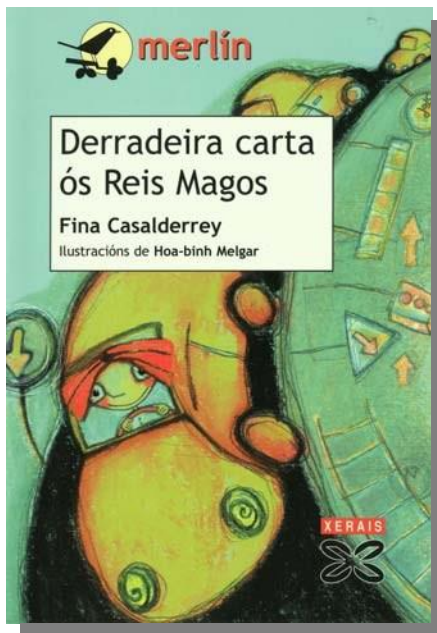
Cando a Terra esqueceu xirar When the Earth Forgot to Turn 2002

Illustrations: Óscar Villán

Many years ago, the Earth forgot to turn and to wander through space: she simply stared transfixed at the Sun. On one half of the planet it was always day, and on the other half always night. Time passed by and nobody was able to find the solution... But, what if all the inhabitants of the Planet joined forces and walked together?



Selected Works



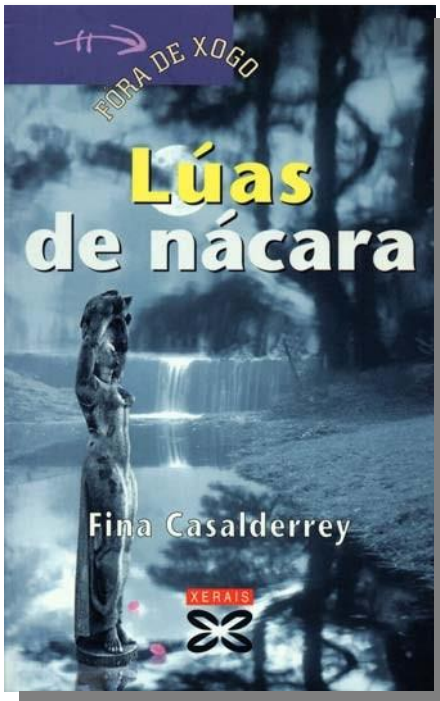
Derradeira carta ós Reis Magos Last Letter to the Three Wise Men 2002

Illustrations: Hoa-binh Melgar

Paulo had become the best behaved boy in the Universe so that the Three Wise Men would bring him his favourite present. But when he woke up on the morning of the Three Wise Men and he turned on the light, he realised that it had been completely useless behaving so well. So then he poured out all his anger in the longest letter he had ever written, reproaching Their Majesties and promising to behave worse than ever. Although in the end, his father will find the solution and the explanation for such a mistake.



Selected Works



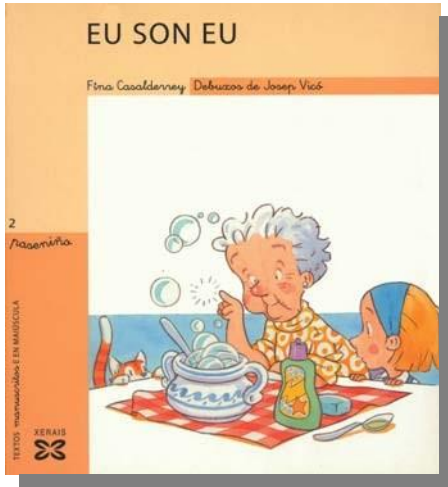
Lúas de nácara
Mother-of-Pearl Moons
2003

Selection of five stories, in which there is a symbiosis between the real world and the world of fantasy, and where feelings such as love, fear or loneliness palpitate, with the always present mother-of-pearl light. Mysterious findings, supernatural beings, unfinished business, personal experiences such as the Santiago Way and the description of sensations full of anguish are the main topics of these stories.

'The five stories by Fina Casalderrey could be perfectly in a collection for adults. Atmospheres crossed over by sunbeams of select lyricism which appear and reappear so that we can't forget that the way is to be able to feel.'

Xosé M. Eyré

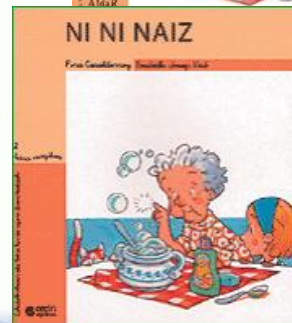
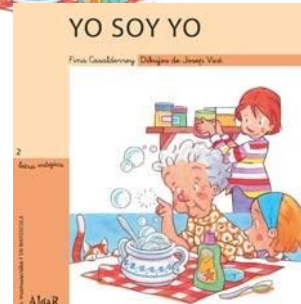
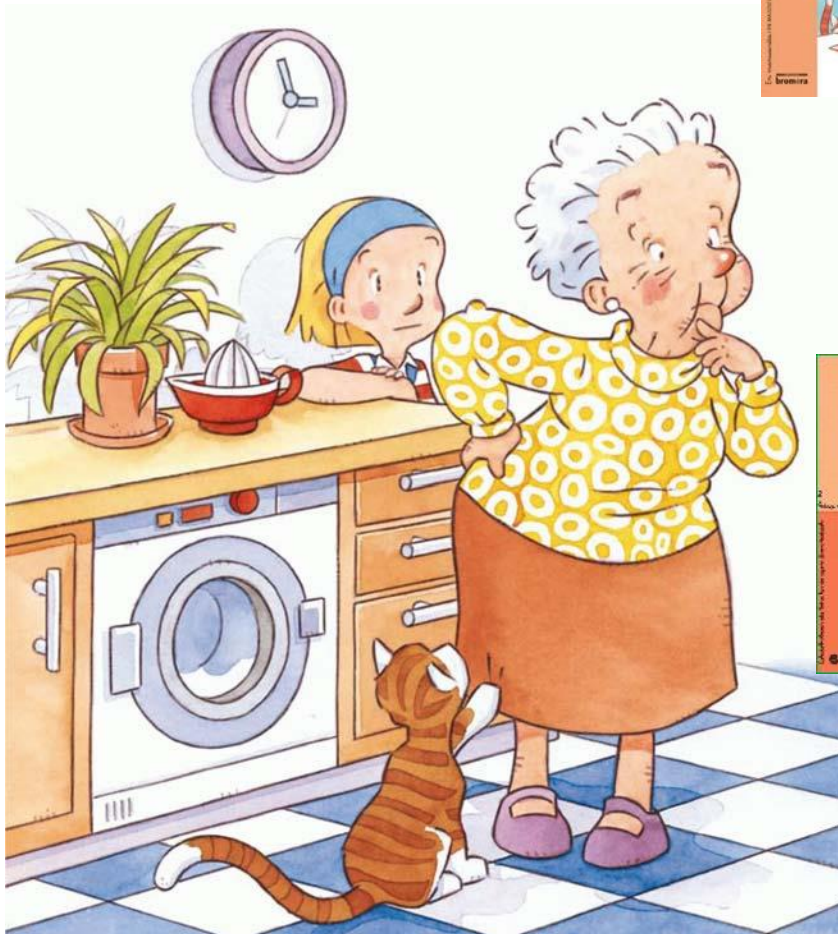
Selected Works



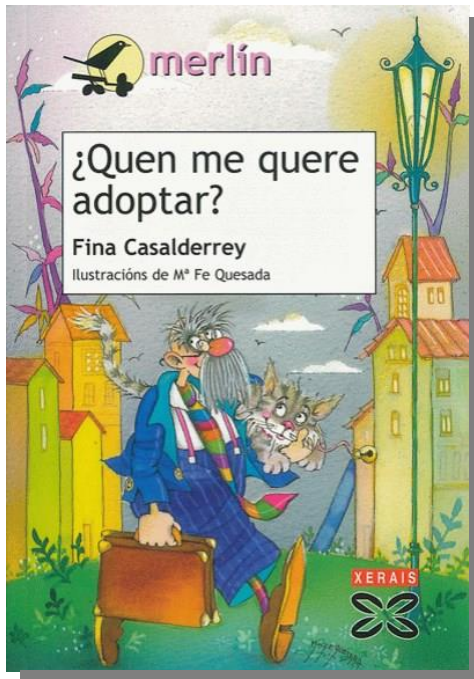
Eu son eu I Am Me 2004

Illustrations: Josep Vicó

A narrator in first person describes the things that her great-grandmother does, an elderly woman who has lost her memory and who puts on her trousers head-first, who makes soup with soap, who does not recognise herself in the mirror and who does not even recognise her grandchildren. She does not remember a lot of things, but she never



Selected Works



¿Quen me quere adoptar? Who Wants to Adopt Me? 2005

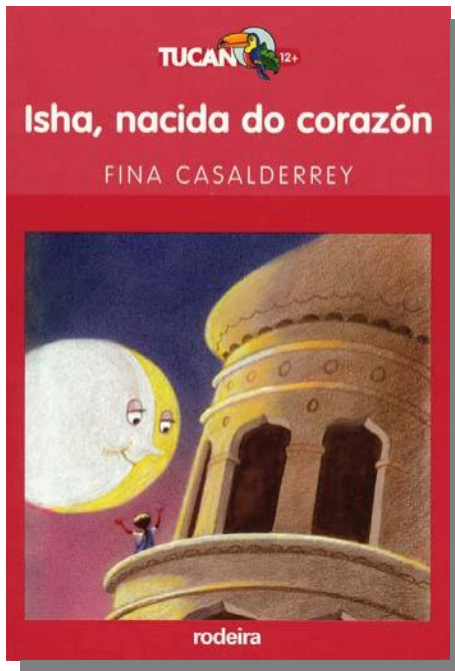
Illustrations: Mª Fe Quesada

CLIJ HONOUR LIST 2007
THE WHITE RAVENS LIST 2006

One night, Manuel could not get to sleep. He looked at the moon and thought that it looked sad. In the morning, a blackbird came to his window and flew off before he could touch it. Manuel is a retired teacher that lives alone with his cat. That afternoon he did not feel like eating and did not know what to do with his time. He then thought about putting a poster on his door asking for a family with children to adopt him. When he saw a mother accompanied by triplets, two lovely girls and a cheerful boy, who gave him three pots of honey, he went with them to their home. From then on, every morning the blackbird comes to his window to wake him up and the moon looks happy.



Selected Works

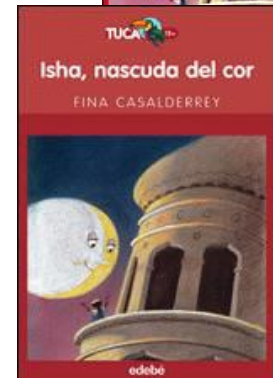
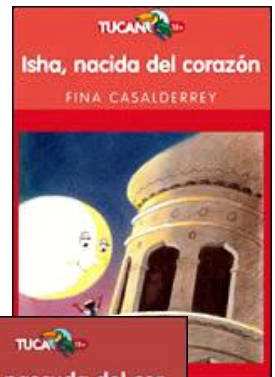


Isha, nacida do corazón Isha, Born from Heart 2006

Illustrations: Manuel Uhía

CLIJ HONOUR LIST 2007

Isha is sad. A classmate said something about her mother's complexion being so very fair and so very different from her own cinnamon skin, and she was upset. She is different from the girls in her class because she didn't come out of her mother's belly: she came out of her heart. Isha knows that her parents love her, but has problems with her friends because she is adopted. César tries to cheer her up by telling her once again the story of her life in India. The story takes both Isha and the reader to a magical land of fantasy.



'It deals with a story full of tenderness, written with the sensitiveness this author from Xeve has made us get used to.'

Diario de Pontevedra

Selected Works



Un día de caca e vaca A Day of Shit and Cow 2006

Illustrations: Marina Seoane

A little girl tells of her first experience during a school outing, fun but filled with incidents, from the pooh stuck to her sneaker soles, with it foul smell, to the travel sickness of a schoolmate on the bus, and the hitting of a wild calf on the road. The characters are interesting as regards the roles assigned to them following established social archetypes, e.g. the school janitor is a man, while the bus driver is a woman. Likewise, the father is a violinist who leaves his occupation aside to take care of his daughter and carpenter wife. The value of equality between the male and female condition is made explicit in a final teaching proposal.



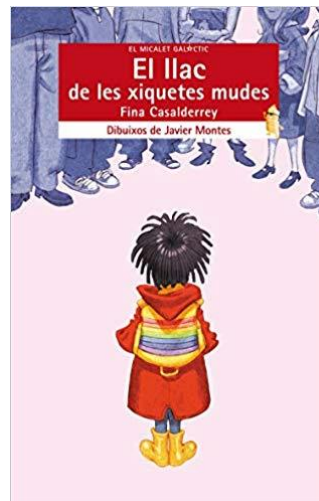
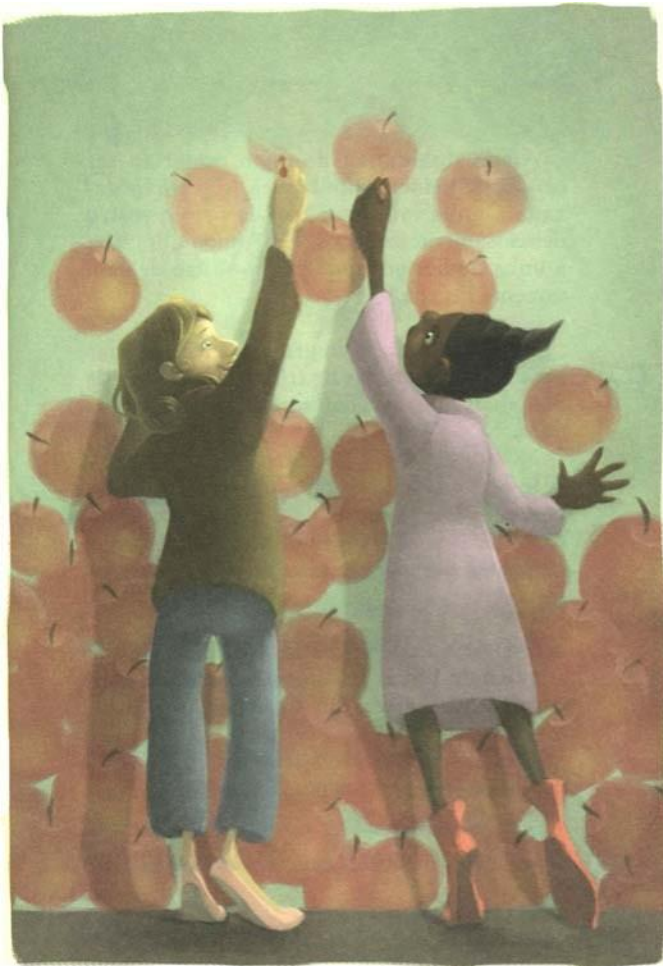
Selected Works



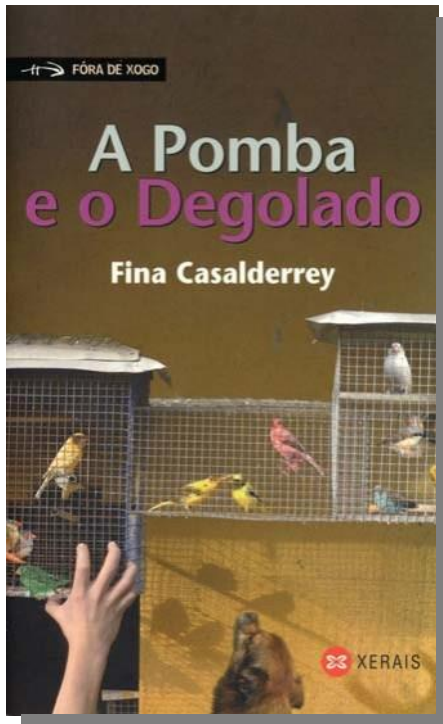
A lagoa das nenas mudas The Lake of the Mute Girls 2007

Illustrations: Patricia Castelao

The arrival of Amina Nwapa, a new classmate from Africa who only speaks English, is an important event at the school, which disturbs the normality and brings about another point of view about the reality of people. Her adaptation process is described in the shape of letters that she writes to a cousin still living in Nigeria, where she escaped from along with her mother after a dramatic experience and the death of her father. At the school, along with the generalized warm welcome with isolated racist prejudices, the most remarkable thing is the good relationship with quiet Ío, who suffers a difficult situation of abuse at home in silence. An abandoned house next to a lake becomes the secret hide-out of these two friends. It is also the secret shared by the mutual sensitivity of the text and illustrations.



Selected Works



A pomba e o degolado The Pigeon and the Hanged 2007

Andrés tells us, in first person, those moments in his life which have deeply marked him: the separation of his parents, the teaching of his grandfather about birds, the arguments with his sister, school bullying, the flirtation with drugs. And we understand that he needs a way to escape to be himself in a world full of traumatic experiences. He finds this island of tranquillity on a chat in the internet.

In the forum he becomes Hanged, his more sincere and open ego; with this nickname, he establishes a relationship with a person called Pigeon, a girl with whom he gets on well and he feels free to speak about all his problems, his mistakes, and his deeper pain.

But outside the computer, life goes on for Andrés: his grandfather, the person who has taught him everything about birds and who is his closer father figure, has died. This circumstance is suitable to make him grow up, mature, and understand the responsibilities and obligations which everybody must achieve.

There will be also good things for our main character, mainly his friendship with Halima, a Moroccan classmate with whom he will fall in love for the first time.



'We are in front of one the most relevant and significant works of young adults' literature that have been published this year in Spain.'

Manuel Bragado

Selected Works



Gordño recheo

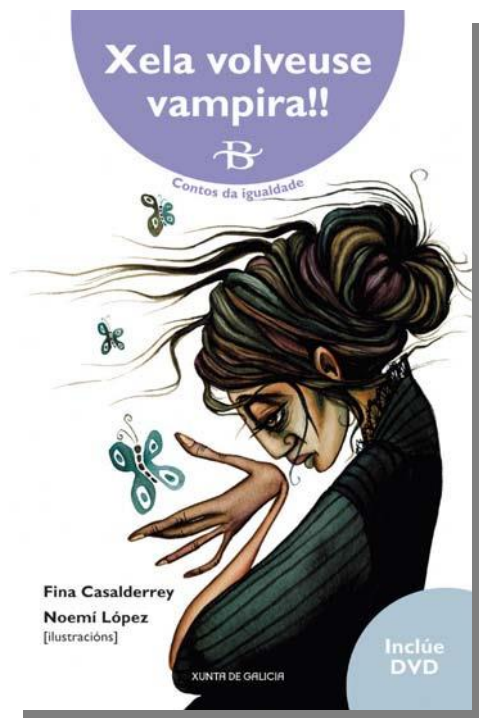
Chubby

2007

Illustrations: Xan López Domínguez

A slightly plump boy has to spend some time in hospital because, apart from the consequences of an accident at a summer camp, he also has cholesterol and high blood pressure problems. To keep himself busy, he writes a kind of diary at the same time as he reads an entertaining book about a boy who is exaggeratedly fat, that his dietician uncle lent him. His uncle wants him to change his eating habits, because since his mother died, he and his father eat in an uncontrolled manner. In fact, the excess of food was the reason why he left the tent at the camp, and the Green Eyed Witch took advantage of the situation to try and drink his blood. The tree house that the older kids had built wasn't the solution: the ladder couldn't hold so much weight, it broke and down he fell against the ground





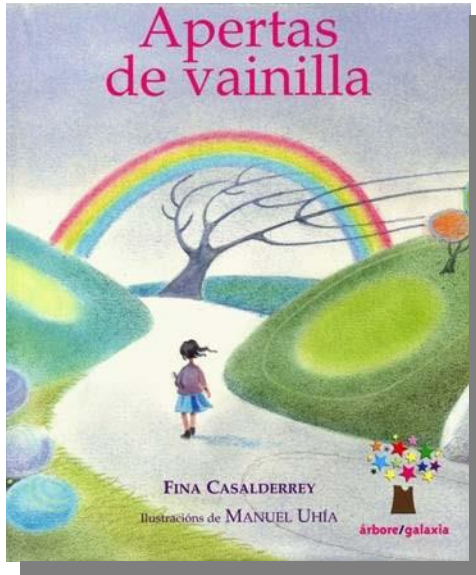
Xela volveuse vampira **Xela Become a Vampire** **2007**

Illustrations: Noemí López

The narrative of this story is centred around the change which comes about in an exceptional teacher when she returns after the summer holidays and has got married, seen from the perspective of a pupil. She does not seem to be the same person: her hair is tied up, her hands no longer dance through the air when she tells stories, neither does she play with the pupils. Her emaciated appearance and some red spots on her neck give her away: she has become a vampire. But Breixo, who refuses to accept the news, discovers that her husband treats her badly and he doesn't even let her leave the house. A tiny being, that only he can see, grants him the wish to transform the man into a pig and to send him wandering off among the clouds. Then, Xela goes back to her class looking beautiful and with an enormous smile. The text abounds in illustrations and is accompanied by a DVD narrating the story.



Selected Works



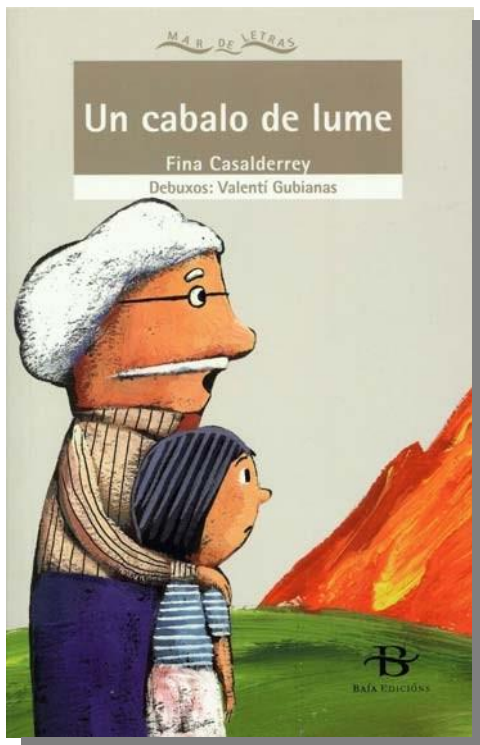
Apertas de vainilla Vanilla Hugs 2007

Illustrations: Noemí López

Roi isn't afraid of the dark: he lives surrounded by mountains and dreams. His best friend is called Magali, and she likes the stories Roi tells her about animals. But one day they have to say goodbye because she has to move to another city. The girl gives him her flute and he gives her his frog gloves with bat and sheep stripes, which are green with black and white stripes. Because he thinks that colours have the names of animals. They say goodbye with vanilla hugs, but they will remain together from a distance by sharing a fantastic game: opening their windows, they will say things to the clouds, which will transport them on their wake of white, sheep foam. Because even though Roi doesn't see with his eyes, he is very smart, as the reader can see in the illustrations, which are very in tune



Selected Works



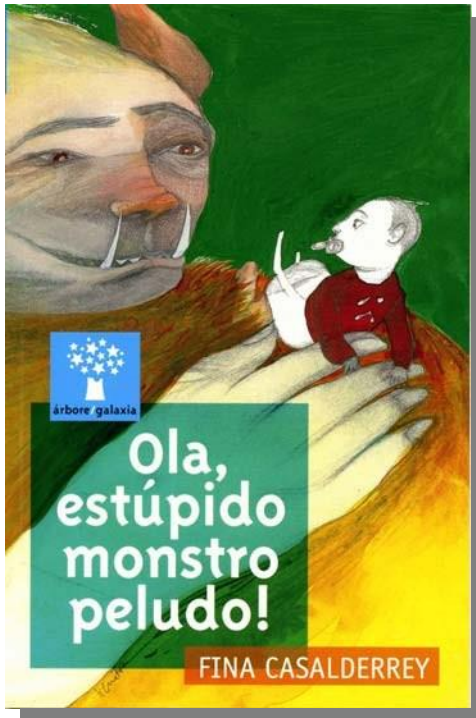
Un caballo de lume A Fire Horse 2007

Illustrations: Valentí Gubianas

Mr. Paco lives in Liciaga, a small and ancient country whose coasts are washed by an enormous ocean. He is an old school teacher and at the age of eighty-four he lives alone in the same house where his children were born. His wife flew away to one of those high houses that are built in the trees in the sky. One morning, his grand-daughter comes to look for him because the country is burning and she takes him to her house, where he has to remain locked inside with his small great-grandson. The fire spreads relentlessly and the old man has to calm the boy down, because he is terrified of the fire-horse that is coming down from the hills. He tells him the story of the Phoenix and Saint Ero so that the boy can sleep peacefully. Then he begins to wonder whether a little common sense will rain on the world, and raindrops begin to fall from the sky



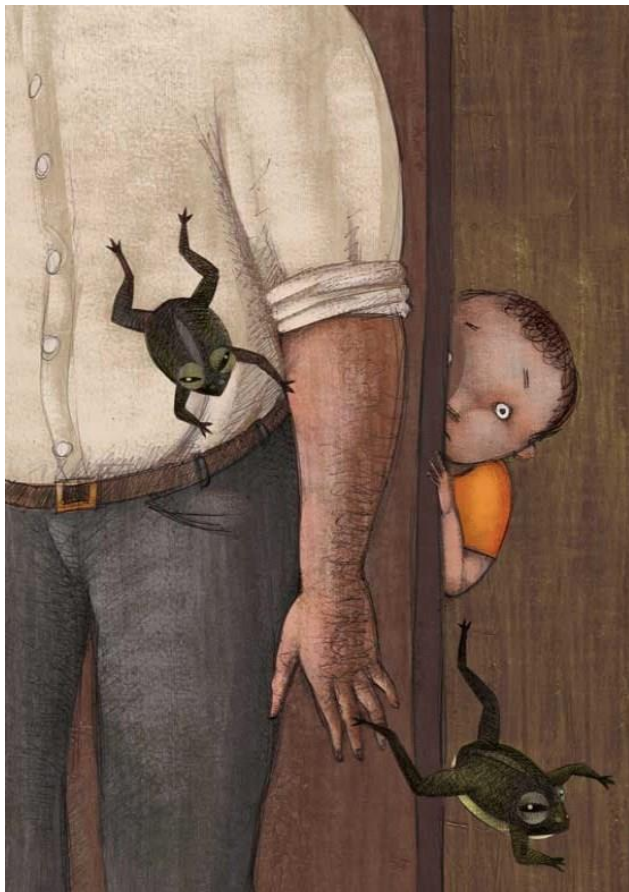
Selected Works



Ola, estúpido monstruo peludo Hi! Stupid Hairy Monster! 2007

Illustrations: Irene Fra

From her mother's womb, a girl describes how on her mother's birthday, when she was happily waiting for her husband, he stormed in completely drunk and spitting toads from his mouth. Since that day, he returned home turned into a hairy monster that filled the house full of disgusting toads: he forbade his wife from going out and threatened to tie her hands if she wasn't bearing a boy. Sad and frightened, she didn't tell him that her baby was a girl, who grew up trying to kill the toads her father swamped the house with. until her father wakes her up: she had slept a lot of hours, with a fever and nightmares because she had eaten so many sweets at her eleventh birthday party. And because her mother is pregnant, her father had looked after her all night, because he is the best father in the world.



Selected Works

Fiz, o coleccionista de MEDOS

Felix, the Fear Collector

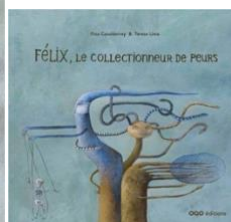
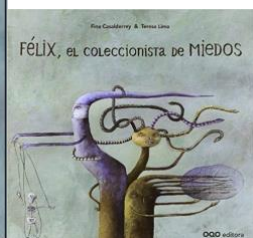
2009

Illustration: Teresa Lima



Felix wasn't like the other children: Felix was the most frightened boy in the world!

A story favouring expressing feelings making the most of what, at the beginning, could seem like a limitation or a barrier in every day life. The well-known Galician writer invites us to laugh at ourselves, and the Portuguese illustrator Teresa Lima, accepting this invitation, shows her complicity in the ever elegant and warm images in the álbum.



Un saco de estrellas

A Bag of Stars

2010

Illustrations: Enjamio



Every evening during the month of May, before the sun began to prepare her orange bed in the mountains, that woman would pass between the mockery of the boys and girls, towards the lands of Sobredorrió. She always carried a mysterious luminous sack that seemed to have the light of a dozen stars inside.

O misterio do faro vello

The Mystery of the Old Lighthouse
2012

Illustrations: Manuel Uhía



Lorena and her friends want to discover the origin of the mysterious balls of light that, like giant soap bubbles, float over the Old Lighthouse from time to time, without anyone older than them seeming to notice it. What they do not imagine is that there is a boy in the village ready to prevent them from unveiling the enigma, even if he has to use the most perverse means to do so.

Historia da bicicleta dun home lagarto

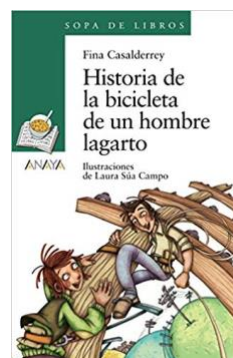
The Story of a Lizard Man's Bicycle

2014

Illustrations: Laura Súa Campo



This is the story of Mundo, a boy who overcame the attack of the wolves on his farm, pedalled on a telephone guard's bicycle, climbed the highest poles like a lizard... But the mysterious disappearance of his father, the fear on the faces of his neighbours, the enigmatic mourning of mother, the handwritten notes in the books... all these things have shaped his dreams of the future.

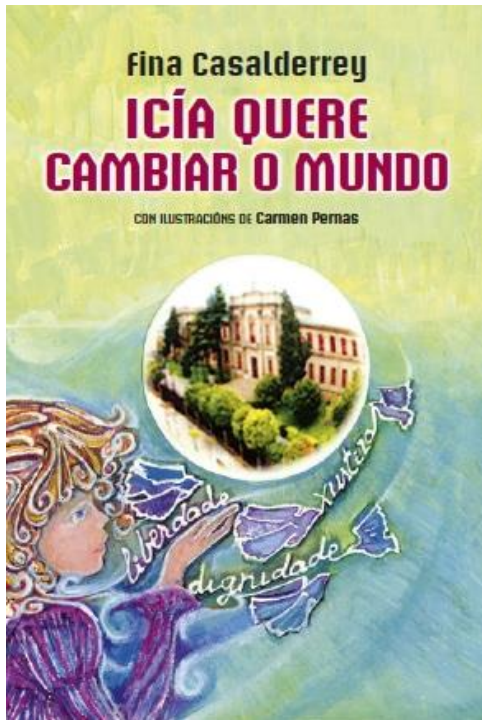


Icía quiere cambiar o mundo

Icía wants to change the World

2015

Illustrations: Carmen Pernas



A fable-like approach to parliamentary life and activity, through the eyes of children who are beginning to discover democracy and how it works. It is also a chant to the defence and protection of the environment through the eyes of a girl.

Selected Works

O segredo de Zoe

Zoe's Secret

2016

Illustrations: Marina Seoane



In one of her jacket, Zoe keeps a secret so small that it would fit in a girl's heart, but it is so important that it keeps her awake at night. She can't tell anyone about it, and that makes it very difficult for her. Will she be able to stand it?

Lingua Guapa. Cantos que cantan...
Beautiful Language. Songs that tell stories...
2020

Illustrations: Lucía Cobo



Book/Disc. Co-author with Néstor Blanco.

Finalist Martín Códax Music Award 2020.

I have a really long language with miles of history. It carries words of sugar that sound in the memory. Here is this BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE so we can all fly above all the musics of the world.

O xenio da cidade de sal

The Genius of the Salt City
2021

Illustrations: Xosé Cobas



Book/Disc. Author of the music: Luis Soto.

"If they tell you that I'm crazy, that I enjoy talking about scatological filth, or if they tell you that I laugh at any nonsense, don't listen to them, you rotten poo! I'm simply a genius". That genius is Mozart and he was 12 years old in 1768. With this tale of mystery and adventure, Fina Casalderrey proposes that we get to know the figure of the brilliant composer through a journey along the Way of St. James until he arrives in Galicia. The book contains a CD, coordinated and performed by the composer Luis Soto, with Mozart's quartets for flute and string trio that dialogue with traditional Galician music.

Selected Works

Un día con papá

A Day with Daddy
2022

Illustrations: Paula Andrade



Book/Disc. Author of the music: Víctor Castro.

Ten stories about a day's sleep of a sailor and his daughter that open the way to another ten songs that appear in the CD that is included. Also to so many other activities with karaoke from a specific Youtube channel.

TEXTS

TEXTS



TEXTS

DERRADEIRA CARTA AOS REIS MAGOS
LAST LETTER TO THE THREE WISE MEN

January, 6th.

Melchor, Gaspar and Baltasar,

You are not my beloved three kings any more.

I don't understand how you can be so bad and silly. There are still scalextrics in the shops of my street.

You've been very stupid and I will never love you again.

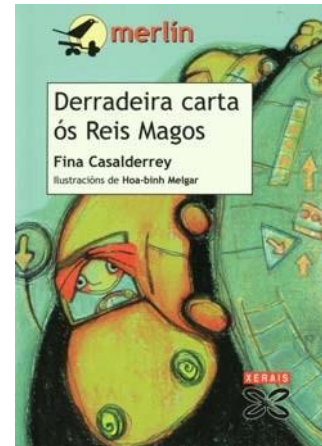
I've worked much harder than Lupe and she got more presents than those she had asked for in the letter we wrote at school. I've done my homework without big blots. I've cleared the table after dinner every day and I've dried the dishes washed up by Dad. And I can't stand doing those things..... I've had the whole afternoon snack Daddy left for me on the table. I haven't even emptied the milk through the sink!!!!

Do you want to know something? I'm going to piss out of the bowl because I just like it, I'm going to spill the milk in the sink because I don't like it and I'm going to tell Mum that I've drunk it down because I like telling lies. And, on the top of this, I'm going to wish strongly that all the varnishing machines in the world break into pieces, even if this is not right.

And do you want to know something else? You are not even handsome..... Melchor, your beard is so ugly that it looks like pencil shavings. Gaspar, you must be one-eyed because I made you signs but you were throwing the sweets in the wrong direction all the time. And you, Baltasar, you are a dirty pig; the neck of your shirt was completely black when I saw you in the procession.

Who do you think you are? Do you believe that one can have a good time being always obedient? No!!!!

I just wanted one thing but you have not brought it to me.



Texts

Bye bye, Silly Kings.

I don't love you any longer.

Paulo

Put that in your pipe!!! Dad has just read this letter and he has told me not to worry because tomorrow he's going to buy me the scalextric and, besides, Mum and Dad are going to tell me a top secret.



O ESTANQUE DOS PARRULOS POBRES THE POOR DUCKS' POND

17

A brilliant secret

I knew Grandpa was well that day. He even laughed. He went to the doctor with Mum. And when they came back, Mum went straight to her bedroom and cried. I could hear it. And once again she started to be happy in front of us and to cry when she was alone. I know. So I talked to Grandpa about it:

'Is Mum ill?'

'Why do you ask?'

'Because sometimes she laughs and then when we can't see her, she cries a lot and says my dearest dad and things like that. That's very strange. She also says that she doesn't want you to go. Where would you go, Grandpa?'

'I don't know... I don't know where or when, my little ant.'

'I am not an ant. I am big, Grandpa!'

'Listen, Noema...'

'Yes, Grandpa?'

'I am old and...'

'Ah, I know! And you'll have to go to the museum and sleep. You are already ancient, is that it?'

Grandpa laughed a lot and I also laughed because Grandpa was happy. And then he became very serious and he kept on talking about things.

'One day I will have to go, and I don't want you to cry or be sad, understood?'

'Ok. I don't cry, not even when Dad combs my hair. I don't cry when he leaves either. Anyway, I have powers; if I close my eyes, I can see



Texts

things. Mum is silly because she cries, isn't she?

I don't know why Grandpa insisted so much about not crying. I don't cry. I am strong like him. One day I fell in school, and there was blood, a lot of blood, and I didn't cry one bit.

The teacher who helped me said: 'Noema, you are very brave, you are not crying.'

Grandpa was afraid that I'd be sad because he knows I love him more than anyone. But I don't cry about that. We will see each other eventually. It is the same thing when Dad comes back. Everyone is really happy.

'Grandpa, even if you take a while in coming back, I don't mind. You will bring me more things then, won't you? I want you to bring me a huge pair of binoculars. I want to see you from here.'

'Do you know that we all have to go to heaven?', he said, to teach me things. He is wise.

'I know, that's why I want a pair of binoculars bigger than Dad's.'

Yes, we have to go to heaven when we are old, and Grandpa is already quite old. Mum says that we should say elderly because we say old for things. Grandpa has a stick, he has wrinkles..., and once he went in an ambulance. That's why I had to tell him about this thing.

'Do you know that you might die some day?'

'Yes...'

'Ant!'

I said it before he did. I can also predict things. I knew that's what he was going to call me. He always does. Then I went to the balcony and I found an ant. I put it inside grandpa's empty glass pill box. Then I went back into the room.

'Grandpa, look. Do you see this? This is me.'

'Where?'

'Here, in the glass box, can you not see?'

And we both laughed. Grandpa laughed so much that he looked like he was crying. And because I always tell my Grandpa everything, I also had to tell him something else:



Texts

'Mum and Dad know that you are going to leave some day. They say that we shouldn't talk about that in front of you because it would upset you. They also say that I shouldn't know about that. I heard them talking once. They think that if I knew I wouldn't sleep, but I do sleep. Mum is always lying. She is lucky her nose is not getting bigger.'



Grandpa and I made a promise, which is a brilliant secret. We can't tell anybody that we are talking about things like this. They don't want to talk about them with Grandpa and he can only talk with me. 'I don't have much time, do I?', Grandpa asked Mum.

Texts

‘Dad, don't be silly! You are fine. Don't worry.’

She told him in a very angry voice and she ran away. Maybe she went to wash her mouth to stop insects growing inside for telling lies. That can happen as well, Dominga told me so.

Grandpa was not worried, but Mum was running like a hare, which is a rabbit that runs a lot. It was her fault that Grandpa grew a bit sad and said:

‘I can't talk to anybody. My little daughter runs away from me as if I was burning.’

But Grandpa was not burning, it was a joke. Only his beard is a little bit itchy, but only a tiny little bit.

‘You are not going to cry, are you?’, he asked me a few times.

‘Grandpa! You are as boring as Mum! I already told you I won't, but you will have to bring me presents.’

I got a bit angry and I left. I was tired of hearing him talking about the same things all the time. He's so silly! Sugar, a sin! Well, I don't think so. Some people can be really silly.

I know what you have to do to die. I saw it in a few films on TV, and it isn't a big deal. All you have to do is lie down, close your eyes, and put one hand over the other. You have to be very quiet. You can't start laughing or anything. You don't need to be afraid either because it doesn't hurt. You only need to learn it so that you know how to die when you are elderly.

During those days we practised so that Grandpa could learn and we had a great time. Sometimes we laughed so much that my tummy ached.

‘Grandpa, lie down on the couch and look at the lamp. Now close your eyes and don't move.’

Grandpa would do as I said and would close his eyes. I would put his hands in the right position and would tell him:

‘Don't breath!’

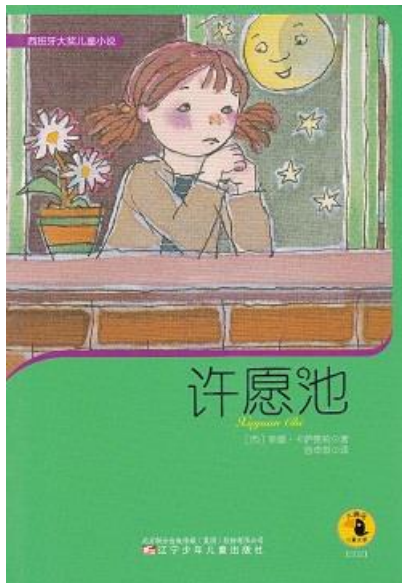
I am sure dead people don't breath. Grandpa breathed because he



Texts

couldn't help laughing and his tummy was moving a lot. I can die better than him. I am able to hold my breath for longer.

We couldn't tell anything to Mum or Dad. They only let me play shop, school, and mummies. Not going to heaven. They said that we couldn't talk about it, that we would get scared. Anyway they were all lies because we are not afraid at all.



O MISTERIO DOS FILLOS DE LÚA THE MYSTERY OF LÚA`S BABIES

2

How Does the Mystery of Lua's Babies Start?

For the third time, it was about my cat. Oh! She's also Branca's cat. We sworn between two stones that she belonged to both of us. This way Branca will help me to solve the mystery.

For the third time our cat is pregnant, which means that she's going to have kittens. I know this not only because my parents told me, but also because her belly is big, very very big, it almost touches the floor and she can hardly jump. She used to play a lot, but now she's always lying, like my grandma, but my granny is not going to have kittens. These days she doesn't want anyone to caress her. If I touch her belly, she runs away. Before having the kittens inside her she was not like that. I could tickle her as much as I wanted. Even her tummy! Sometimes she fell asleep in that way, and she snored. She snored like my dad when he is lying on the sofa of the living-room in the afternoon. My dad lies with his belly up and Lua hides it under her. She's afraid of falling asleep and losing her kittens. And that doesn't surprise me!

The other two times that Lua had babies a very strange thing happened. The first day she had her kittens there. They were in the yard, on an old chair beside the wall of the shed. They were so small that they looked like tennis balls, but they were not. Tennis balls are rounder and less hairy, and they do not breathe.



Texts

tennis balls, but they were not. Tennis balls are rounder and less hairy, and they do not breathe.

I know about tennis balls because sometimes I play tennis with dad and Xocas, my brother. Playing tennis, for example, is throwing a ball to the other side with one thing they call tennis racket. There is a net in the middle and it is not for fishing. And from the other side, the because I also play with them a lot of times. I'm the one who picks up the balls that dad and Xocas drop, and I have to give the balls to them when they ask me to. I have to stay alert and run a lot. That's why dad says I do the most difficult task. Sometimes they let me throw, but the racket is too heavy and I get tired.



I already know how the kittens get out through because mum told me. She said they get out through a little hole they have near the tail. What I still don't know is how they can get in.

Mum says they just appear in the belly of the cat when she joins another male cat she likes. If they move very close, they get engaged and they really love each other a lot, this can happen. She said that it is the same with people, but that's a lie. I really like Branca, I even gave her a kiss in the right place so she would be my girlfriend, in the mouth, and Branca isn't going to have kittens or anything.

I think that happens making love, which is sleep together, like in movies. Not like mum and dad, because they are my parents, and besides they can't be in love because they are married. They are not boyfriend and girlfriend.

I was really willing to put one of those kittens on my lap. I also wanted to give one to Branca. That first time that Lua had babies I felt much happier than when The Three Wise Men brought me a waterwheel. After all, I can't play with water at home, even though there is a lot in every tap.

My parents were not that glad, specially mum. She talked to herself and that's quite strange. She said:

'I don't have to go through all this trouble because of the row of the cat.'

Texts

I don't know what trouble was she talking about. I didn't see her going through anything. I didn't know what the row of the cat was either.

I got up early in the morning, even before the fishmonger sounded the honk and then the fathers or the mothers go out running with a tray towards the car of that man. I went down to see the pussy cats. They had gone!

'Mum!' I cried really surprised. 'Kittens aren't here!'

My mother came but not in a hurry, and she said calmly 'I don't know what could have happened, they just disappeared, we'd better forget about them.'

Branca and I tried to find them again and again... We looked even inside the oven! Just in case they went there because of the cold. Branca said that they can't walk when they are that small. That's part of the mystery.

Lua meowed and she was quite sad. She tried to find them too. She asked me to go with her and find them, and I did. We looked over mum's car wheels, where Lua used to hide when she was smaller. She sniffed everywhere, so did I, but they didn't appear.



Texts

11

The bold man's boot

'Davi, have you noticed that any shoe we took was as big as the footprint?'

'I don't know... Do you think the thief is not among them?'

'David! I got it! It must have been Mr Indalecio! There's no doubt!'

'Why?'

'He's always saying: small ones out, small ones out!'

'So what.'

'So what? I'm sure he's the one who stole the kittens, they are small!'

'But, Branca, what would the bald man do with the kittens?'

'Maybe he wanted to sell them in another place or, as he hates them, to abandon them in the middle of the forest. Or maybe he has kidnapped them.'

'We must take one of his shoes by any means.'

'He might not have. He only wears boots'

'Well, then we will take one of his boots. It's all the same!'

On markets or fair days, Mr Indalecio leaves early because sometimes he goes begging or he also sells some kind of worthless stuff. That Tuesday was a market day. Mum and dad went to work and Xocas disappeared on his bike. It was one because the small hand of the clock was pointing at one, so it was one o'clock, that's how it must be said.

Branca and I went to the Old House. The door wasn't locked! We went in quite slowly because we didn't know where the things to turn lights on were. There was a strange smell, the same as when we go to our apartment in the city because mum wants to air it, which is to put air through the windows, and actually it comes in by itself.

'There are no cats here' said Branca.

'But we've come to look for a boot, haven't we?'

We were very close to a wall in order not to trip over anything. Despite our being brave, that darkness frightened us a bit. Then we heard how the door was being opened. It was the bald man! We



Texts

didn't know the place so we couldn't hide anywhere. Branca took my hand and pulled at me but I could not follow her. My jacket got caught on something. Mr Indalecio passed by with his back to us. He snorted as a cave dragon.

'Small ones, go away, away' he was talking to himself.

We curled up and stayed there very quiet for a long time. He put away his raincoat – he always wore a raincoat – and threw himself to the floor moaning.

'Aaaah!'

After being there quite for a long time like that the room – which had no door or anything – became much clearer. We could see much better. The bald man wasn't lying on the floor but in a mattress that was there. We were silent, I even tried not to breathe, I just moved my chest a bit up and down but without any noise. He did start making a lot of noise, he was snoring much more than dad in the living-room sofa, and more than Lua too. Maybe someone would have to buy him a magic pillow for not snoring, they are shown on TV.

'Davi, let's go now, he's asleep.'

'Look! His boots are beside him.'

'We have to take one by any means.'

It was Branca who freed me from that thing on the wall and who suddenly took the boot. We were a bit scared. Well, we were very scared. We could not run. If he woke up and we were still there God knows what would happen. He could kidnap us and put us into a sack, or he could give us a beating for going inside his house without permission. We opened the door slowly and we shot off, which means that we ran away as fast as war cannon balls.

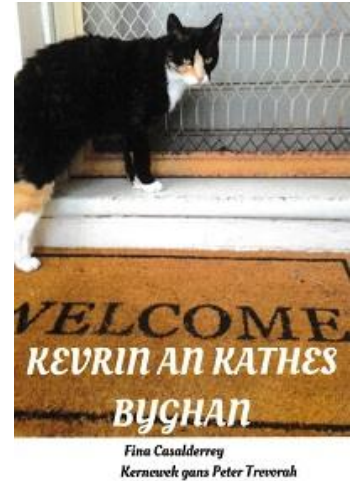
Texts

We swore that we would never go into that house again. We would not put the boot back there, as we did with the others. We would leave it in front of the door at most. Moreover, the boot really stank. It smelt the same as a cheese that mum brought once, a sheep cheese, called like that because it was not made with cow milk or goat milk. We knew that was the perfect boot for the footprint. When we arrived to the shed there were no sign of sawdust. Mum had swept all. Footprints had disappeared and we doubted whether they would fit the bald man's boot, the boot of Indalecio from the Old House. Mum had already come back from her job. She works less time than dad.

When we were about to discover the mystery, to unmask the responsible for that, we lost the main evidence, the footprints on the sawdust. We had to give him his boot back. He didn't mistrust anything because as he's drunk a lot of times, he thought he had left it behind.

The only thing we got that day was to be told off for being late at lunch and for spreading sawdust over the entrance to the shed.

We have to continue searching, though we are almost sure it was the bald man. When I think over, I'm in another doubt. My granny – who is not in her right mind – says it was dad who had buried them. Why didn't I verify his footprint? Huh! That's foolish! How was my father going to bury them? He doesn't do that kind of things. My grandma is completely crazy! We have to continue till we solve the most mysterious myster.



LÚAS DE NÁCARA

MOTHER-OF-PEARL MOONS

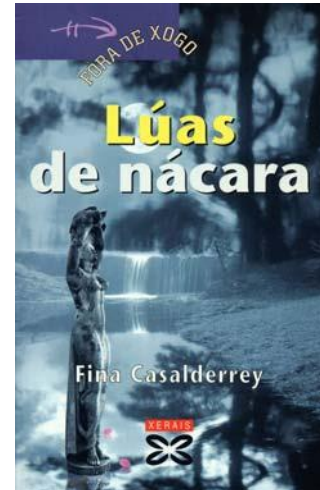
“Zero” Apartments Complex

All of a sudden that loft had become a straitjacket. It was only at night when I was able to model something worthy of not being destroyed immediately. I even began to hate the excess of light in my loft, blaming it for my progressive creative infertility. The sun had turned into the eye of a gigantic insect which chased me with hundreds of elements juxtaposed. Working and living in the same place demands a different conception of the spaces and, if I wanted to raise my prestige as an artist, I required a sanctuary to captivate my fairies.

After a desperate search, I had found that house: a forbidden jewel that by chance had become available. I was visitor five hundred thousand and thirteen of an unusual web site (www.residencial-cero.es), a premonition that had only been circulating in the web for a month. I, who had always laughed at superstitions, at that way of manipulating weak minds, felt immediately the bonds that linked me to that place and to that house, in a physical and psychological relationship.

My obsession was to find an organised flexible space; it would be my duty to make it “reasonable and useful”. I was looking for a solid development that would draw me away from my fear to failure and that would foster my mental agility; and that wicked and attractive housing opportunity was a clear challenge. I needed a space of freedom and I wasn’t going to find anything better anywhere else in the world.

The date and time to close the deal had been arranged: Monday the fifth, at half past nine in the evening, at the offices of a provisional



Texts

At the agreed time, I arrived at the aforesaid office. A woman with extremely white skin was waiting for me at the entrance; a porcelain beauty whose paleness didn't diminish the attraction that I had immediately felt for her. A brown hair that curved like wood shavings made her look a little like a fairy. I followed her inside. I was offered a cup of tea and some cookies but she didn't have any, claiming that she couldn't join every customer she met in the evening.

On the floor plan I saw a very original spacious and furnished flat. I needed it urgently so I didn't require any more accurate information. I accepted.

To say goodbye I held out my hand to her; she didn't refuse it but she just barely touched my cheek with her lips, in a gesture that I hadn't expected at all. That was like her stamp, a mark that registered me like her property in the book of fate.

'How many days do you need for moving, Victor?' she asked me in a cold silky voice.

'Next Friday,' I managed to say.

Just there, at the "Zero" Apartments Complex, Eva, that was her name, would be waiting for me.

I had barely four days to arrange everything. My luggage was my art: the sculptures, the sketches, the materials ... The removal company she had contacted dealt with my belongings.

I said goodbye to the loft and to those cracks that zigzagged from ceiling to floor and that I found as depressing as looking at my own decline in a mirror.

There was no friends' procession following the removal truck to the new housing. As soon as I had everything tidy I would surprise them inviting them over to my permanent dwelling.

At my arrival, the first impression shocked me. An unforeseen rain uncovered all the winter in the world in a dark downpour that beat those buildings. I felt them like living beings, immigrants in their own

Texts

territory, in a kind of architectural Babel. The thick fog and the proximity of the night turned their pyramidal and cubic shapes into granite vessels stopped in the adventure of a long calm, anchored by a mud and stone harbour. I hadn't expected the facades to be decorated with lillies, camellias or aquatic plants, like the modernist middle classes would have required, but I had been puzzled by the lack of windows that reminded me of those burkas that kidnap the looks and bodies of Afghan women. It meant passing from light to darkness in a very abrupt way.

My house was number seven: huge, a fortress without walls, without soldiers to defend it, a palace without servants.... There, at the oncoming of twilight, the lady of the agency was waiting.

'How was the trip, Victor?' she behaved in a familiar manner. While her employees dealt with everything, we came in through a big gate that led to the basement. Before anything I wanted to see the place that would become my workshop. I wasn't disappointed. It was a big space, with very high ceilings that made it look like a cathedral and erased the feeling of being buried that overwhelmed me in the previous dwelling. That organic sensitivity and the stone that covered the walls gave a solid feeling, protecting me. The only natural light came through a small window in the ceiling. I took a deep breath. I liked the simplicity, the capacity...; I had always wished to be a high-tech, a minimalist lover of very refined techniques. At last I would be able to make simple gigantic works covered in patience.

We went outside. A huge cypress tree swayed its crown in a gesture that I understood to be a welcoming. In that corner, two pillars of the ground floor were left exposed. A streetlight lighted the embrasure on the top wall; quite a privilege which would help save electricity. On one of the side facades, an only window; stuck to the main door and ignored by the wind, two petrified bushes stood up. Not far from there I could hear the murmur of the river. The moon, feeling lazy,

Texts

refused to carry out its duty of pearly brightness. At a few metres from the entrance, there was a fountain with a rusted spout pouring water without interruption; the image contrasted with the newly appearance of the housing.

We came in again in that temple of modernity where time died. I noticed the wide wooden stairs: a few floating steps leading upstairs. I noticed the frieze and volutes in the ceiling, also made in carved wood.

‘Even though you stayed shut away here forever, these stairs will keep you in contact with the outside world; they would transmit you the spring vital force, the summertime dryness, the autumn dampness... Wood is the material that deals best with seasons- the hostess explained to me.’

I inspected the different rooms with her. I found the idea of combining antique furniture with the new house original, with those edges and cubic exposed beams like unusual decorative objects. She led me to the room that, on the floor plan, had agreed to be my bedroom. It didn’t have a door! None of the rooms had doors! The open spaces and the deep waters blue colour of the walls disturbed me a lot but I was even more confused with what happened afterwards.

Don’t you ask me how it started nor who took the initiative, I only know that I closed my eyes as if eternity had started. I gained consciousness naked and tired, with the feeling of having enjoyed myself in a sublime way, almost painful, something that gave me the heart that I needed to survive and I only felt like giving myself up to nothing.

Everyone had left, including Eva, and I let time pass by in a pleasant state of sleepiness.

Texts

In the morning, the first thing I did was to look towards the embrasure in my bedroom. It was too high to lean out of it like if it had been designed to look through it from outside. There the cypress was, pointing at me like a sharp sickle.

I went to the toilet. The window was placed also at the top. Standing on my tiptoe I managed to see a hill which I hadn't noticed the day before. You will find this stupid but, between the hill and the cypress, I felt threatened by two bullies. This building changed the surroundings. What the night before had been pleasant feelings were melancholic ones now. The volumes, the walls, the furniture... talked to me in a new language that was changing my behaviour. I had agreed with my good friend Ángel to send him an email describing my new house but I didn't feel like doing it. I didn't even want to visit the workshop. I remembered that Japanese, Arata Isozaki, who maintained that architecture builds thought and I was seized by the fear that it was changing the way I was.

I kept on with the never ending tour of inspection.

Walking on the rough tiles of the corridor was like doing it on river pebbles. I placed myself in the hall, in front of the wooden stairs. Those empty gaps between each step made me feel dizzy. I didn't find the furniture comfortable either: a chaise-long by Le Corbusier, an English desk... Not knowing their history was like letting intruders in.

In the centre of the sloping ceiling, like the ceilings in every single room, there was a big skylight. Except for my bedroom and the bathroom, which, by the way, was close to the main entrance, there were no windows in the walls of any other room. The indoor plants decayed quickly with petals rotten by sadness; they seemed to be part of a conspiracy to alter my mental stability.

I took the plants outside; a few kids were playing by the fountain with silent shouts and water syllables. A saffron sun was beating down on the bushes that guarded the main door. They looked like

Texts

big candles burning at the sides of a commemorative stone. It made me shudder. I looked back at the house and I understood the reason of the slope of the ceilings: the roof was like a saw.

Disappointed, I came in and connected the laptop to the mobile and sent a complaint letter to the agency. I had an email from Ángel, I didn't open it. I spent the rest of the day tidying my things and ideas a little. I even forgot that I hadn't had lunch; and, of course, I didn't pick up my work in my temple. A cruel deceiving mist blinded the evening and the weather turned rainy again. I could hear the drops hitting the earth while their scent reached me surrounded in shadows, in dangers...

Towards sunset Eva appeared, looking pale and magnificent like when we first met. When she rang at the door a white car was leaving guarded by a layer of lightning from the strong storm. I assumed that she had brought all those things in it. The agency staff had been very efficient. I didn't ask a thing. I just helped her. I took a heavy red tube without knowing that it was a carpet yet. I then helped her to place it on the stairs as well as the golden fixing rails.

'Are you happy now?' she said. From now on you won't be disturbed by the gaps in between the steps.

Seeing it spread towards the entrance door, so red..., I swallowed hard. I remembered the palace of Tsar Nicholas in Saint Petersburg. That regal and huge door in front of that regal and huge indoor staircase that started two metres from the door and moved forward in a straight line before forking to right and left was like... was like the one in that palace. I pictured it like a bloodstained arrow that would pierce whoever dares to cross that threshold. Would it be a coincidence that Tsar Nicholas and all his family had been murdered? I remembered that Satan spirits spread in a straight line.

Eva seemed to read my thoughts.

'These small disruptions will be solved shortly. You already know the saying: if we had the chance to do and undo our house a hundred

Texts

times, we would rebuild it in a hundred different ways.’

She had certainly sent professionals more efficient than I could have thought possible of. Without noise, without words, without producing any debris,... they changed in just one day that staircase for a spiral one in forged iron that pointed towards the skylight in the ceiling. A skylight that opens and closes like an eyelid; it had metallic latticework that responded to a photoelectric cell. Those alterations didn’t make my sense of unease any better. I didn’t feel the safety and power attributed to metal at all; on the contrary, I felt it hard and cold like a lethal weapon, a gigantic corkscrew plunging in my own heart. Eva assumed that it was a syndrome related to living in a new house. That night, and the following nights, she was as kind as to confuse me; she even stayed for a while keeping me company. I... always woke up alone, with an uncomfortable cold tickling me in the back, in the arms, in the belly and in my whole body. I tried to scratch the skin of memories but I couldn’t remember a thing. They were like extracts of an eclipse.

In one of those early nights I woke up very early, naked, sweaty, filthy and happily wounded. Darkness still crossed the wall. The light of the streetlight pretended to be a god keeping an eye on me while I stretched floating above the wading bird that my bedroom was. I felt again the humidity of having made love to her and the enjoyment till rapture. My heart beat arrhythmically in the arteries of the night and my body was shrinking, satisfied, in heartbeats of infected wound. I couldn’t remember the touch of her body, nor her excited breathing, nor her movements... nothing.

I sat on the bed. I looked at the headboard and a shiver ran down my spine. That white marble reminded me of a tombstone in a cemetery. I got dressed and tried to take my mind off my senses. I didn’t feel like going out, talking to my friends... and I had forgotten my

Texts

workshop. Eva visited me more and more often. She even introduced me to some of the neighbours. I wasn't surprised by the fact that they had such a pale skin. In the few occasions that I had gone out I had never come across them; only the children that jumped in those rainy and full of fantasy evenings next to the old fountain, leaving the water foamy and agitated.

That people gave me some presents like pictures, fabric chrysanthemums, paper hydrangeas, plastic lillies,... which, supposedly, I should place all over the house for politeness. And I was polite. Despite that, those artificial plants and pictures with wounded animals made me feel uneasy. I wanted to repay their kindness with a party. I played "Night on bald mountain" by Mussorgsky. I danced with a complete lack of inhibition. I didn't know why but I needed it. My guests danced out of step, out of time, as if they didn't listen to the music. It wasn't hot but the stench of sweat was terribly revolting.

Eva kept on striving to make my stay pleasant, as if it had been her mission. She ordered that the side walls be painted in purple and orange, leaving the ceilings white to avoid the sensation of shipwreck that the blue colour inspired me; she put climbing plants that covered the facade until hiding it... and I ... I had the impression of changing my own skin at the same time that the house.

I got used to Eva's presence and to that mystic way of making love, without kisses and cuddles, without sharing confidences,... in which details summed up in very intense feelings. Waves of desire overcame me every night. Each time I needed more time to recover; it felt like every day had taken up a year.

I don't know exactly how much time passed by, I only know that I gradually calmed down until I learned to take part in the rituals of my neighbours in a natural way. Finally, the landscape, the house, Eva, me... had a complete relationship in that dwelling of exiled people who gather loneliness, of foreigners who share their fate and keep

Texts

each other company. All observed by the same streetlight, the same illicit hill... in a land of hidden scent, of unborn flowers, of seeds that played with the elongated shadow of the cypress.

I stayed there, in the house of my dreams, convinced of having found the link that joined my present with my past. A pleasant exhaustion kept on preventing me from going back to work; I just waited for Eva's visit. I didn't care any more about the state of amnesia in which our meetings took place. My body and my spirit merged into a magma fed by a subtle and fragmented love of which I couldn't remember the details. And me who had always been irrationally scared of death, lived in a continuous state of semi-unconsciousness, like a ghost that would get confused in the hours of wakefulness. I didn't mind any more that that house wasn't precisely the symbol of the maternal uterus where to feel protected. The sky used to go with it in that journey, moving from one place to another in a carriage of grey clouds, rain and racked lightning.

One day at dusk she didn't turn up and I felt that an invisible rope was choking me. Downhearted, I went out. The cypress, the other buildings, the streetlight, the hill, the black moon ... even the river that meandered in the withered back garden became unnatural, like part of a retouched photograph. No one in the street, so calm...

I went back into the house. I sent an SOS email to the agency. Subject: Eva. It didn't go through and I typed the address again: residencial@cero.es. I tried several times. Nothing. I checked if I had any emails from Eva in my inbox. None. I only had some from Ángel. I logged off. Before switching the mobile off it rang.

'Eva?' I asked without checking the phone number.

It was Ángel who insisted in hearing from me. I ended up telling him the name of the apartment's complex.

'What are you saying?' he was shocked. 'That was the name of the old cemetery!'

Texts

I hang the phone. A stench of corrupt flesh had seized the walls. I assumed that my vital cycle was about to end. I had then a painful intuition and I went out to wait for Eva. It was raining. A sad bells ringing without a bell tower, like sounds that had been recorded on a tape, spread around the complex. Some blackbirds were still flapping their wings in the balcony of dusk and complaining irritated; the water kept on with its monotonous singing through that rusted spout.

Finally, she appeared. She was rain sculpted in a painfully shapeless ghost, and filled with love, I cursed her. What, to start with, had been the profile of an enigma, was clear to me now. I looked right and I noticed the sinister aspect of two coffins over the open desecrated tombs. I reacted: my fate was still in my hands! I refused to be part of that organic architecture integrated in nature and there and then I broke the spell. The immobility of the scenery revealed the presence of those disturbed souls in the old cemetery. When Eva threw her gloomy silhouette, I found out who she was in reality. Now everything had an explanation. She appeared, on top of everything, accompanied by a train of spirits, determined to take me away.

I moved back from that horrendous vision. A cloud of night birds crossed her path on the way. Eva hesitated, knocked down by such a racket and she fled terrified immediately.

It was then when she revealed herself in her true nature, in her skeleton shape. She was vanishing.. She turned into ashes; I was a bundle of lack of affection. A freezing wind dressed the night spreading far that damn dust. The river, wounded by the moon, threw truly pearly reflections. The last golden leave drowned in its waters while the first bats started to wrap the night in a shroud. A faint rain licked the roof of the house until melting it, vanishing with it its sad signs and the completely lifeless corpses. Only the old

Texts

fountain and the old cemetery remained. The owls looked satisfied at the collapse that ended in silence. A silence interrupted by a repeated car horn. I recognised Angel's car...

It didn't take long to know that the unmentionable had been using the oriental techniques that regulate spaces and atmospheres, Feng-Shui, trying to drive me mad to the point of stealing my life. And I found out that the most terrible agony that we can go through is individual, not in a group; and that the border between life and death is very vague.

I regained my mental stability, went back to my loft and after a cosmic spasm of resurrection, I admired once again Mies, Louis Khan... architects of the light.

THE PIGEON AND THE HANGED

THE PIGEON AND THE HANGED

18

Bursting the eardrums of the air...

Birds made a racket that morning. I got up early and looked through the window, as I always do when I wake up; the sky promised rain and there, next to the wall, the small domiciliary hospitalization car stopped. A man and a woman came out of it with full bags, as if coming from the supermarket. The ring rang almost immediately. I stayed in my bedroom until I saw the car started again; then, I went downstairs to have breakfast. I heard some voices from the kitchen. I didn't dare to enter. But that didn't avoid me listening to:

"I want everything to be the best and I want the choir to come and sing, cost what it may, a bus coming from Bueu and another one from Estribela. There, there a lot of people who know and love him..." Was grandma preparing a party?

A miracle! Grandpa was recovering. I made the firm purpose of not to do things which could displease him any more, to learn to stand up to life... They were preparing a surprise to celebrate it. I would invite Halima, because I had paid little attention to her the day before. I would call Curro; I would reconstruct my previous life after the footfall of the hurricane.

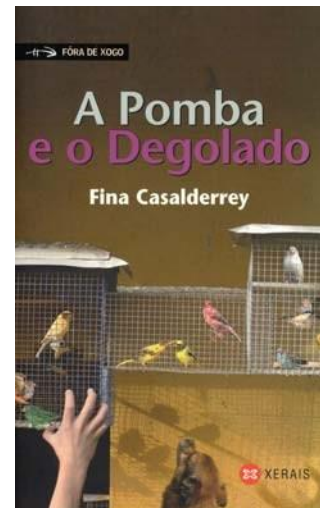
"And when do you prefer us to prepare...?," an unknown voice insisted.

"I'll go with you to show you the place," mum said.

I almost entered the kitchen jumping for joy, when...

"You know already, the way we were in bed. And I want the wreaths..."

It was as if a lorry surprised me in a zebra crossing and crushed me;



Texts

a strong stomach to have breakfast and I went upstairs. I went to my grandpa's room; I was still a while next to the door before coming in, then I approached on tiptoe, I didn't want the floor to creak. He had his eyes closed, I leaned over him; he breathed a little agitated, but he breathed!

"Grandpa, are you sleeping?" I came closer... I sat down on the bed and I held his hands among my hands. In that moment he moved an eyelid. "Can you listen to me?," he gestured to be laughing.

"He can't listen to you. They are just his muscular rictus," mum assured from the door.

The glance that I devoted to her took the strength of a tornado and shot out. Were they going out of their minds? Grandpa could hear; the beatings of his fingers were different when I spoke to him. And I spoke to him. A lot.

"Eh, don't worry, man! Be quiet, you'll be ok, you'll see. Do you know? Birds are well, I take care of them, but they ask for you a lot. Ah! You were right; the weaverbird is not pink any more. It became grey. I think this year it is going to breed. As soon as you can, we must get the nests ready. Do you remember the goldfinch? —Grandpa's breath became faster and more tired—. Be quiet, slowly, so-so. Don't you know that it was so clumsy that it didn't achieve to move from a cage to another? But now it walks through all of them and it is right at the first attempt —I spoke to him with a happy voice in order to he didn't notice the snore of my soul—. Yesterday, I rescued a robin —I lied to him—; this one was bright, after half an hour it moved already from one side to the other. You're right, grandpa; they do as people do; ones don't need much and others look for life, they are as brave as you are, man —I heard him faster and faster; grandpa was going away and I couldn't stop speaking. I thought that if I stopped, he would stop—. Ah! I haven't told you, do you remember that raven which Mario brought us? It



Texts

wasn't happy and I did what you would do; I left the door opened and the damned bird ran away—that had been true—. Me, as well as you, I don't keep them by force. Yeah, I know, be quiet, I understand you already. Yes, yes. It was that one which peck at Luisa's nails when they were in red. I saw it so nervous that I let it go. I don't know if it will want to return. These days there are ravens on the pines; all of them alight on the highest branches, but there is one which is much more self-confident and it stays below. I'm sure that it recognizes me; that is it. When I come on to the garden, all of them run away and this one shakes its head, opens its wings and stays a little more; it's not scared—grandpa's breath became more and more slowly, without a rhythm; life fluttered inside his body as a bird in a hermetic and glass cage: for a moment he looks that he forgot breathing and, for another, he struggled to accumulate all the oxygen of the room; then, he paused again and I choked while my false euphoria increased. My hand was hotter and hotter, or his colder and colder, I don't know. Even so, I didn't stop speaking—. Do you know? I'm going to teach you how to chat, it's funny—I felt how his hand eased mine. I passed the other hand over his hair and I noticed that it became full of strange electricity. It stuck like a magnet; it didn't look natural hair-. Can you hear? I met a girl in the chat who is called Pigeon. Both of you are the only I tell things to. She's very intelligent. I imagine she'll be like pigeons are, dressed white like them. I have a good time speaking to her. Be quiet, man. And you don't know who is back in the classroom, do you? That girl who had come from outside; I'm not saying the Swiss; this one can become a lizard if she wants. I mean Halima, do you know? I found her along the street and she asked me to go shopping with her. He wanted me to buy a bird! She didn't know that we have already everything. I'll introduce her to you one day. Maybe she likes me. If I knew it surely... At least I know she likes birds. Ah! You must be well as soon as possible because Roque goes too far without you. I don't

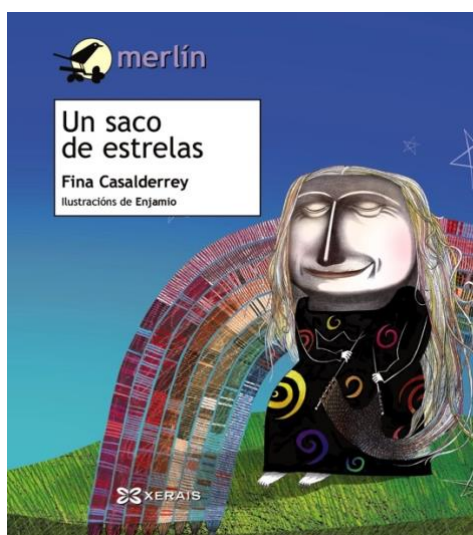


Texts

know if it will be becoming gay. I saw how it got entangled in the tail of Caco and it took it at full speed—I laughed, but the words burned in my throat—. Can you hear? They say I’m a privileged person because I have a grandpa who let me put the internet—my mouth ran out of saliva, but I didn’t want to stop. It was as if I was hung from my hands in a slippery bar, with a precipice under my feet. I had to go on—. Ah! I hadn’t told you that I have passed every subject, even Technology!—I lied to him—. All of them! I’ve passed each one with good marks. And you know that while you aren’t well, I won’t forget the birds. Don’t worry about them, they’re fine. Now, they even like Primal Scream’s rock. When the seed’s time comes, if you aren’t totally well, I’ll do what you’ve told me: I’ll open them, I’ll give them a return ticket, and they’ll be able to do whatever they want. Be quiet, everything is ok. You are lucky with a grandson who loves you so much, aren’t you? But who can’t love you, man? Even the sea protected you when you had your boat, that one which you named with an androgynous name as soon as I was born—“androgynous”, what a word I’ve learnt, eh!—I perfectly know why you did it: the Nievesandrés, who were your great loves, weren’t they?—I imagine that Raúl Pernas, Héctor Solla or any other could be looking at me, and I think it would be all the same to me. I felt as if, through his hand, something from grandpa was being introduced inside me for always, as if his brain was being melted with mine—. The sea never played a dirty trick on you. “The sea kisses women’s feet who wait on the sand for the boats which arrive heavily in nostalgias,” I don’t forget anything you have told me. Do you remember that day when there were a lot of seagulls on the sand, all of them looking at the wind, combing their feathers? “They point North,” you explained to me. I remember every minute that I spent with you. Both of us were barefoot, walking along the shore, looking for some little stones with strange and shiny shapes. “These are those ones which the sea belches out sometimes!”—You said to me—.

UN SACO DE ESTRELAS

A BAG OF STARS



A bit far away, at the foot of a chestnut tree, Alba spotted a black and white lump. Hundreds of different flowers sprouted on the inside of the wall. The birds, turned into dots in the distance, jump from branch to branch. They were playing the game of love. Alba looked at the clock. She thought that it would soon be dusk and she would finally be able to find out what that old woman was doing in there and, above all, discover what she had in that sack of light. Her little eyes turned into fireflies that glowed with curiosity.

For many minutes she kept her gaze fixed on that black and white lump. Suddenly, the lump began to move and to joyfully jump around. It was a puppy! It kept running, jabbing and barking until someone opened that huge black iron gate. Alba was talking to herself as if she was telling someone. Her restless heart could be heard from any corner of that room on the seventh floor.

The woman entered, closed the gate and went towards the dog. She put down the sack and from a pocket pulled out a bag. She sat on a log, opened the bag and the dog ate from her hand what she was giving him little by little.

Texts

Alba didn't bat an eyelid. She watched how lovingly she tickled the dog and how he returned her caresses by resting his front paws on her lap.

-Oh, I wish I knew what he had in his sack!

Alba couldn't get the thoughts out of her head and continued to talk to herself.

For a moment, the lady and the dog became statues. She looked at the sky and the dog looked at her. Then, unhurriedly, she stood up and, before opening the sack, she even plucked some weeds growing among the flowers. The sun was hiding behind the clouds. Through a gap it drew slides of light that went right down to the meadow of Sobredorrió. A few small raindrops began to fall. The old woman opened her arms and danced. She danced as if the water carried happy melodies as it fell. She looked happy. The pressure of the window glass turned the tip of Alba's nose white. Will she never open the sack? Will girls and boys be emerging from her mysterious walk? Alba shuddered at the thought of what might be in there.

At last she approached the bag, untied it, put her arms inside and pulled, pulled, pulled... A narrow and very long scarf was emerging from that magic bag. It shone like the paths that the sun draws in the sea. It was red. It seemed incredible that such a long strip could fit in the bag, no matter how big it was. It was shining, shining, shining more. It was like a magician's mouth.

The dog immediately grabbed one of the ends and helped him to spread it all over the foot of the fence.

-One, two, three..." Alba began to number the turns the scarf made along the fence, until she lost count. Twelve? Fifteen? More?

Texts

As she finished stretching it, the woman grabbed it at the other end. She pulled something out of her head and began to move her hands in a hurry. The strip was increasing in width in an orange colour. She looked up at the sky and drank the drops as they fell down, her hands still moving. The dog wagged his tail at the same speed. Slowly, the fog covered the buildings far away, varnished the leaves of the trees with moisture and signalled that it was time to pack up. She packed the giant strip in the sack and left. The dog stood still again like cloth mess.

This discovery did nothing to dampen Alba's curiosity. Now she needed to know what the scarf was made of in order to make it fit into the sack and also, what the woman wanted it for.



The next day at the same time, Alba stood guard at the window. She could see that, half an hour before the old woman arrived, the black and white bundle was once again a happy dog, showing signs of impatience. He barked, ran, jumped up, huffed and urinated at the foot of every tree. The old woman arrived, gave him his food, petted him, stretched out his giant scarf with her help, continued to make it grow wide with the spell of her hands into a yellow colour and, when the time was up, it disappeared until the next sunset.

The story repeated itself during the days that Alba stayed at her aunt's house. Other light-filled colours continued to swell the spectacular strip. On the seventh day, the old woman suddenly raised her head and waved her hand towards the glass in which a white ball was embedded, Alba's nose, who, startled, stood still as if the tip of her nose had glue on it. The woman waved again. The girl, surprised and amazed, finally raised a hand in response to the greeting. The old woman beckoned her to come closer and she opened the window to explain:

Texts

-I can't, I have a broken foot!

But the old woman's magic made Alba lose her fear of the crutch. She went down in the lift and only had to follow a small narrow path, turn left and immediately she was in front of that black doorway, which she opened in no time at all.

-Hello, Alba, come in.

-Hello...

She knew her name before she even asked it, and that made her shiver as if she were getting a cold in her teeth. The old woman looked at her and Alba felt like a snail shrinking in her shell. Then, taking hold of the crutch, she followed her and looked closely at the strange scarf. Now she could see the colours perfectly: red, orange, yellow, green, blue and indigo.

-See, I'll finish them today," the woman explained.

She didn't dare to ask, but watched as she plucked, without any sign of pain, strands of purple hair and wove them along the whole length of the huge strip.

-Do I scare you? -she asked as she saw that she was still mute.

-No," Alba answered, noticing her frank smile. What is this? -she dared to say.

-They're... they're love tokens that I'm handing out in the sky.

-Signs of love? -Alba repeated.

-Yes, they are kisses between the sun and the water. The day I make an arc so big that it encircles the planet, all the boys and all the girls will see the same light.

O MISTERIO DO FARO VELLO

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE



David is looking strange, he wears dark glasses that don't let you see his black eyes like Pulga. He closes the outside door and walks towards his room. He closes the door of the street and walks towards his room. Her arms look like the tentacles of a moth that touch everything in its path. Lorena sleeps with Pulga clinging to her T-shirt. David's room has never been so tidy. Something changed forever and Lorena becomes tense. If David Fernández can never again get on a bicycle, she won't do it either.

David sits on the bed and Lorena stands looking at the window. It is a silence full of noises that she cannot throw away. At that precise moment, a few beams of light rise up towards the roof of the Faro Vello, but she doesn't dare to say anything.

-Do you want to see my eyes? -asks David suddenly. His tone is kind. He doesn't wait for an answer to remove his glasses. Lorena observes him...

-Do you see something? -she dares to ask when she sees that his two precious little balls of jet are still there.

Texts

-Of course! -he says emphatically. Do you want to play chess? They gave me a very cool one.

-Okay.

-For me, the white ones.

They sit on each side of an original board: the white side is very rough and the black side is very smooth. -he says emphatically. Do you want to play chess? They gave me a very cool one.

-Okay.

-For me, the white ones.

They sit one on each side of an original board: the white side is very rough and the black side is very smooth. David picks up a pawn and moves it gently, as if he were an art collector, but without taking his eyes off Lorena.

- Don't look at me like that, while you're moving, you're making me nervous! It's as if you had other eyes in your fingertips! -protests Lorena, who is calming down.

He smiles and puts his eyes on the table.

Just before the end of the game, he stands up and picks up a handful of peanuts.

-Do you want some? -he offers her.

Lorena says "no" with a smile and David puts the plate back in the same place. He walks slowly, but he no longer has his leg in the air.

David says that Lorena doesn't show much interest in chess, she wins easily; he picks up a book and starts to read aloud. He takes his two hands on the pages that he is grabbing with his fingers, without taking his eyes off his friend.

-It's in Braille," she says at last, "I can read a little in Braille. It's only dots, but it's so difficult!

-Well then... it's not true what you see, clumsy!

-No... -David sighed and sighed. Then he fails at proposing something else to do: "Shall we turn on the TV?

-The TV? -Lorena sighs-

Texts

-Of course. I'm blind, not fat!

The two of them start laughing loudly without really knowing why. Pulga also barks happily. And Lorena begins to melt the snow that she brought along during this time. David Fernández is doing well, he has learnt a lot of new things, he can move around the house without any problem...

Both she and Fátima, the Spiderman of the group, or the twins, come back to spend many hours with David; and some days they even eat at aunt Marta's house.

-The steak on the right, the potatoes on the left and the salad just behind, on another plate.

That is a lot, I don't need so much care.

David is very intelligent and, as he heals from his leg, the blows to his head and all the bruises, he also heals from sadness. At ONCE (Spanish organisation of the blind and deaf) they teach him tricks to become independent.

On his birthday they all go to the cinema. It's the first time since their misfortune.

-Where are they going now? Where did they hide the lighter?

David asks some questions, but he follows the story perfectly. At the height of the film, when they are on the verge of discovering the real thief, a lady whispers:

-Will you shut up, chatterbox?

-My friend can't see," answers Lorena.

-Ask him to open his eyes.

-He already has them open, but he's blind.

-Rude! -The woman protests again.

And they laugh out loud.

Lorena loves going to the cinema with him.

HISTORIA DA BICICLETA DUN HOME LAGARTO

THE STORY OF A LIZARD MAN'S BICYCLE



The story of the bicycle happened many years ago in a small village in the Serra de Albarracín, in the province of Teruel.

There lived a boy who had a name bigger than a thirty-storey building. His name was Mundo, although he was sometimes called Mundito or Mundi.

Mundo was no older than seven or eight years old.

At that time the children seldom attended school. Mundo's father was lucky and could read very well. His grandmother did not. The girls barely had the chance to learn and even less to go to high school or university, which is why words like doctor, architect or lawyer sounded rare.

Mundo was such a bright boy that he barely learnt to read by cutting the words and he already followed his father in moving the herd of goats and sheep to the pastures.

Texts

Antonio, that was Mundo's father's name, had more than one thousand five hundred head of goats.

In reality they were not heads, they were whole sheep. He had more than one thousand five hundred sheep.

And then there were the goats, with their heads intact, placed in their place, and there were more than fifty of them.

The lambs and the small goats were left in the court, with their breeding nests, until they grew up and became strong enough to be able to walk for many hours.

Mundo loved to act as a foster mother when some sheep or goat did not have enough milk to suckle their young.

The funniest thing was to feed two goats at the same time with just one bottle.

-You dip a finger in the milk and put it in his mouth to feed a baby while he suckles. Then you take the bottle out of the other one's mouth and put your finger in his mouth, while you give it to him. That's how you feed both of them -explained his mother to him.

The first time, Mundo withdrew his finger:

-Ouch! he will eat it!

But he soon learnt that this tickling was not harmful and, every time he had to do it, he laughed.

That day Mundo got up before the sun to join his father in the pastures.

On the way to the Serra you could see the wall and the houses of Albarracín looking down towards the river Guadalaviar.

It is not that the houses had wheels to move down to the water, but that they some were placed lower than others at the bottom of the mountain, all of them inside the stone walls that were opening towards the river. They looked like beautiful pieces of jewellery embroidered on a magician's cloak. All of them were pink except for one.



Texts

-Dad, from here you can see the blue house!

-And do you know why they painted it blue? -Mundo replied with a smile and his father told him: "A long time ago, his first husband fell in love with an Andalusian woman who was very fond of her homeland and it was then that she had her house in Xaén painted in the colour of blue.

-Was it blue?

-Of course. And, besides, she put bars on the windows and some geraniums, just the way she liked it.

-And how do you know?

-The job of shepherd teaches you to remember many things that you read or that you have heard. You often think about it in your head.

-I'm going to be a shepherd, like you. I also think a lot.

And Mundo thought that the most likely thing would be that a boring day awaited him, where everything that was going to happen was already planned, just as his father had taught him, so that he would be leaving footprints of his passage along the paths to the pastures.

But he was wrong.



Texts

O SEGREDO DE ZOE

ZOE'S SECRET



In the morning, Zoe is startled and realizes that, mysteriously, she is hidden among the sheets. The jacket is hanging on her dresser without her taking it off. Before standing up, she turns around in bed with the pillow wrapped around her head. She is looking for an explanation. Suddenly, her hand hits something hard.

-Hey, what's in here?

It's a chocolate egg. The ones she likes the most!

Zoe notices a detail: instead of her note, there is another piece of paper written in capital letters.

Zoe gets nervous:

DON'T EAT THE EGG
UNTIL SNACK TIME

Texts

With her heart shaken by the unexpected gift, Zoe closes her eyes and runs to put her hand inside her jacket. The secret that torments her so much is still there, where she has been lying, and she sighs in relief:

-Pheww! I got scared!!!

Zoe finds it very difficult to wait until snack time to open the egg, but she puts it in her bag and holds on. She won't eat it until she goes out for break.

Her mother appears at the door of her room. She has her cherry t-shirt and red trousers on her arm.

-Come on, come on. Get dressed or you'll be late for school! Come on, today I have the day off and in the afternoon I'll give you a haircut. Zoe has a doubt: she doesn't know if she should tell her mother everything.

-Mum, you don't tell your secrets, do you?

-Of course. If you reveal them, they are no longer secrets.

-Okay," the girl reassured herself.

Zoe didn't tell her any more. And her mother neither asks her any more questions.

At school she only thinks about opening the egg.

It's break time and she goes to a corner of the playground. From there you can't see the sea, but you can see the oak trees, which are still standing there, without leaves. The camellias are the only flowers that have been waiting for almost a month.

Zoe takes advantage of the dull sun and sits on a bench. Her secret hurts in her chest. She puts her hand inside her jacket and finally takes out the egg. She opens it. Inside there is a yellow ball. That's no surprise, she already knew it! What she doesn't guess is what's inside that yellow capsule. Discovering it is what she likes best.

Zoe opens the capsule and the pieces of a tiny boat appear inside.

She tries to rebuild it, but it doesn't work. The bell that warns her that she's finished with playtime is too soon.

It doesn't matter," she says, "I'll ask my mum for help".



Texts

As soon as she gets home, Zoe runs to the kitchen to tell her mother.

-Can you help me put this together?

-I can't do it now, I'm afraid. Can't you see that I'm busy with the cake? And I still have to take you to arrange your hair. We'll do it later," she promised excitedly.

-Cheese cake... wondered Zoe... -But we don't like it!

Her mother's eyes shine like the lights of a party and Zoe's heart skips a beat. She runs to the living room and looks at the calendar. It has a whole bunch of broken numbers, and the last one is surrounded by red. That's why her mother asked for a day off at the factory!

She goes back to the kitchen and asks her: "Today is the tenth day of the month:

-Today is the tenth, mum?

Her mother smiled and Zoe understood. That same night, and after many weeks away, her father returns home.

-Hum, the cake smells very good! -the sailor exclaims as soon as he enters the kitchen door.

But instead of eating the cake, the first thing he does is to hug them both so hard that he is about to turn them into spaghetti. He pulls away from them and, without letting go of their hands, he looks at Zoe.

-My beautiful sailboat, my sister, my singing seagull, how have you grown! Oh! I see you've lost a tooth! -said her father, while he became melancholic. I missed your birth, then I missed your first steps, then I missed your first day at school and now I'm going to miss your first tooth too.

Dad, how absent-minded he is! He loses everything!

FINA...THE CHILDREN, POETRY AND MUSIC

FINA...THE CHILDREN, POETRY AND MUSIC



FINA...THE CHILDREN, POETRY AND MUSIC

Music for Fina Casallerrey is another way of enjoying reading and literature, another way of educating children while they sing her poems. Another way to have fun...

LINGUA GUAPA. CANTOS QUE CONTAN...

(Galaxia, 2020)



I have a very long language with miles of history. It carries words of sugar that sing in memory. LINGUA GUAPA to fly all over the world. Her project *Lingua Guapa, cantos que contan...* has 3 facets: literary, musical and scenic

Illustrations: Lucía Cobo.
Book/Disc. Author of the music
Néstor Blanco.
Códax da Música Award finalist 2020

SONGS

[Lingua Guapa \(Beautiful Language\)](#)

[O sapo \(The Sap\)](#)

[Von cambiar o mundo \(Let's Change the World\)](#)

I'M GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD

I'm going to change the world
in a heartbeat.
I'm going to change the world
For one that I like better.
In the skin of my river
birds do not dance.
They are scared!
In the skin of my hill
horses do not trot.
They are afraid!
No more polluted rivers,
Nor burnt mountains!
I'm going to change the world
in a flash.
I'm going to change the world
for one that I like better.



MUSICAL IMOS CAMBIAR O MUNDO (I'M GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD - MUSICAL)

Imos cambiar o mundo (Let's Change the World) tells the story of Lúa's journey through Galicia during a whole night. In her nocturnal visit, she travels through different stories from the window of the protagonist's room. A story of nightmares that are overcome with "Literapia", a choreography of how to cook the words of our language, climate change or a Mexican illusion... These are some of the moments that are experienced in the 45 minutes of the journey.

It is a cocktail of choreographies and styles that go from contemporary to waltz, including traditional Mexican or pure urban. A performance by all and for all, necessary, emotive and evocative. With the main intention of taking the Galician word to all the countries of the world. To delight the little ones and make the not-so-little ones reflect...

Fina... the children, poetry and music

UN DÍA CON PAPÁ (Edicions Embora, 2022)



Illustrations: Paula Andrade.

Book/Disc. Author of the music: Víctor Castro.

Ten stories about a sailor's day off and his daughter that open the way to another ten songs that appear on the CD that is included. There are also many other animations with karaoke from a specific Youtube channel.

[LET'S SING!](#)



CINEMATOGRAFIC SCRIPTS

CINEMATOGRAFIC SCRIPTS



CINEMATOGRAPHIC SCRIPTS

. Script for the short film [A ORIXE DA NOSA LINGUA GUAPA](#)

(The Origins Of Our Beautiful Language)

(A Coruña, 2022)

Production: Real Academia Galega (Royal Galician Academy)

Screening and premiere: CPI Santa Lucía de Moraña. Pontevedra 2022

A orixe da nosa lingua guapa is a film produced by the Real Academia Galega from an original idea by the academic Fina Casalderrey. Damián Varela was the director of the orchestra based on the script written by Casalderrey and Fátima R. Ruibal, who is also the witch-teacher who stars in this film alongside the real stars: the boys and girls of the Santa Lucía de Moraña School. In the film, reality and fantasy come together to explain to a new audience how the Galician language was formed over the centuries.

. Direction and script for the short film [A ÚLTIMA MOEDA](#)

(The Last Coin)

(2013)

Screening and inauguration: Principal Theater. Pontevedra 2016.

Screening: CEIP Marcos da Portela, for all students of 3º, 4º, 5º and 6º. Pontevedra 2016.

A última moeda a short film inspired by a story I wrote some time ago. I am discovering that cinema, from the other side, also has magic. It's a pleasant way of perceiving that I can still continue learning. And a few more things, as a child would say.

Cinematographic Scripts

. Script for the short film **QUERIDO TOMÁS** (Dear Thomas)

Fina Casalderrey & Uxía Blanco (2013)

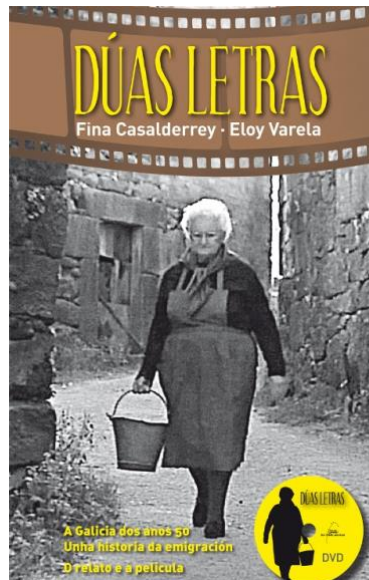
Uxía Blanco: Best Actress Award in the International Independent Festival. Braga 2014.

Screening: Spring Cinema Festival. Vigo 2015.



Cinematographic Scripts

. Script for the short film **DÚAS LETRAS** (Two Letters)
(Pontevedra, 2011)
People's Choice Award in the International Short Film Festival of Bueu,
(Pontevedra): FICBUEU 2011.
People's Choice Award in the International Short Film Festival in Cans.
O Porriño, Galicia 2012.
Best Short Film Award in the International Short Film Festival in Cans.
O Porriño, Galicia 2012.
Teresa Fraga won Best Actress Award in the International Short Film
Festival in Cans. O Porriño, Galicia 2012.
Best Short Film Award in the Spring Cinema Festival: Vigo, Galicia 2012.



. Script for the short film **GARUDA** (Pontevedra, 2010)
Screening: Principal Theater in Pontevedra. Casino Mercantil in Pontevedra.

FINA, ACADEMIC OF THE ROYAL

GALICIAN ACADEMY

FINA, ACADEMIC OF THE ROYAL GALICIAN ACADEMY



FINA, ACADEMIC OF THE ROYAL GALICIAN ACADEMY

Since November 2013 she is a member of RAG Real Academia de Galega (Galician Royal Academy). Her inaugural speech was entitled: *Viaxe á semente. Dende os refachos do corazón ata onde habita o imaxinario* (A journey to the roots. Bursts from the heart to where it in-habits the imaginary).



The writer praised childhood and defined it "as a territory of imagination and the roots of fiction, a journey to the seed of literature will always be a pilgrimage since the whole life fits in the memory of childhood.



Fina, Academic of the Royal Galician Academy

Fragment of the speech given on November the 22nd, 2013 in the ceremony of her reception, by the distinguished Mrs. Fina Casalderrey in her admission to the Galician Royal Academy and fragment of the reply of the most excellent Mrs. Rosario Álvarez Blanco.

A JOURNEY TO THE ROOTS.
BURSTS FROM THE HEART TO WHERE IT IN-HABITS THE IMAGINARY

By Fina Casalderrey

If we use the gaze of childhood, vigorously activating personal memory to write a story, a novel, a poem..., why is it so hard for us to let go of those prejudices, which distance us so much, when we are in front of a text catalogued in the CYL? That only means that it is suitable to be enjoyed in childhood, the stage we revisit so much because of the moving power of its sentiments when we write for adults. That is why I believe that one of the RAG's responsibilities is to pay special attention to this literature, which also has a high degree of normalising power. Solid constructions are always built on firm foundations.

By Rosario Álvarez
Member of the Royal Galician Academy

But don't think that Fina's literature is limited to a re-remembrance of a happy and arcadian childhood. Her characters are real: they live, think, have fun and suffer like the young people of our time. In his work there is room for orphanhood, paternal neglect, the separation of parents, the new relationships between parents and their romances, neglect, new siblings and new family models, adoption...

The impotence in the face of grief and the impossible acceptance of their loved ones' death. The difficult relationships with adults, the feeling of mutual incomprehension, the safe space of the grandparent's protection, care and abandonment. The relationships with their peers, role-playing games, internet contacts, social networks, new forms of contact and friendship...; also youth bullying and school bullying, mistreatment, fear of abuse, definition and reaffirmation of personality, doubts about one's own sexuality. Drug addiction and dealing, hitting on friends, family members, even parents. The collapse of the family economy, unemployment and business bankruptcy; the financial and organisational difficulties of the single-parent family; emigration and immigration; contact with other languages, cultures and societies... And what can be said about the sensitivity and affection with which the children are treated in her texts? The grandparents are the heroes, the safe companions, the hand outstretched in the face of uncertainty, the torch that lights up the darkness...; they are also the link with our lineage, the transmitters of ancestral knowledge, the ones who teach us how to hunt for crickets or know how to tell a story. But Fina also tells us about the old people loneliness, which can only be overcome with children, real or pretended grandchildren...

Fina has been seeding here and there a clear message in favour of the importance of children's literature in education and culture, fighting against the prejudices that, not infrequently, contribute to a lower visibility of this genre.

FINA ACADEMIC

By Manuel Bragado Rodríguez
Pedagogue, teacher, writing and editor

A teacher since the age of nineteen, a professional committed to public education for four decades, Fina Casalderrey has published around fifty volumes, all of them originally written in Galician, most of them translated into the languages of the peninsula, aimed at different audiences for children and young people, from small albums and stories for early readers to long novels for readers who are leaving adolescence. In all her books she showed that, however complex they may seem, there are no forbidden or taboo subjects that cannot be dealt with in the process of shaping readers and their literary criteria. She also showed that so-called children's and youth literature, far from its frequent and unfair invisibilisation and undervaluation, is a genre that can be approached by readers of all ages, as there are bridges and treatments that invite them to do so.

Using this view of childhood and the narrative source of popular and family tradition, Casalderrey knew how to deal with the relationship between children and animals, in unforgettable volumes such as *Dúas bágoas por Máquina* (1992) for which she won the Merlín prize, *Chamizo* (1994) or *O misterio dos fillos de Lúa* (1995), for which she won the National Prize and began to be translated into other languages. She committed herself to more complex topics, such as death, in a memorable book for us, *O estanque dos parrulos pobres* (1996), for which she won the Edebé prize for children's literature, and with which she would begin a series of her own stories on the relationship between children and the elderly, a treatment in which Fina is recognised as one of the world's leading authors. To this topic belong stories for little children such as *A avoa non quere comer* (2002), *O avó é sabio* (2002), *Eu son eu* (2004) about Alzheimer's disease, *O meu avó é unha gata* (2005) or *Quen me quere adoptar?* (2005) about the adoption by a family of a grandfather who was left alone, reference titles in which she deals, with high doses of realism not without tenderness and without whining, with the complex relationship between the stages of the beginning and end of life. The two stories about people with special educational needs, collected in one of his best known books *Ás de mosca para Anxo* (1998), or about emigration, especially in *A lagoa das nenas mudas* (2007), starring some sub-Saharan girls who emigrated to our land, are exemplary for their rigour and narrative breath.

Throughout her literary work, Fina Casalderrey expressed a deep respect for childhood, for her an "inexhaustible spring, in which so many things seem prodigious", also a source brimming with family and school memories where to seek explanations for the unknown and for a world that emerges from uncertainty. She also made a journey through Galician literature in search of the gaze of childhood.

