

"EL Nen Gris"

Premi Hospital Sant Joan de Déu 2006

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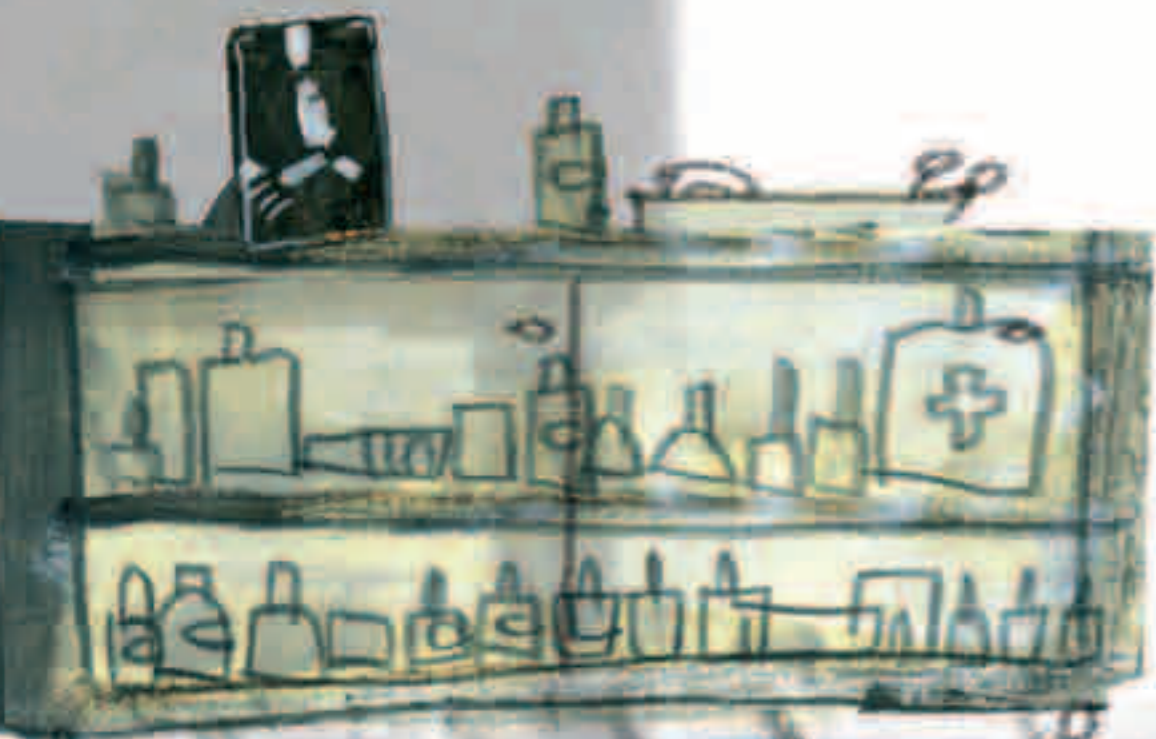




The first thing Martí heard when he stuck his head out into the world was the smack on the head that his mother, Teresina Canovelles, gave his father, Marcel·lí Carmanyoles, for talking nonsense.

“Teresina, this boy ISN'T MINE!
You've made him on one of your business trips!
He's not the same colour as people here are!

Just like that, he said it.
The second thing he heard was the midwife Marquesines' slap on his bottom.



The thing is, though, that Marcel·lí was right.



Little Martí was not
the raw **prawn**
colour
of the Carmanyoles
family.
Nor that of the
Canovelles family,
who were actually
rather **greenish**.



Little Martí was
GREY.
Simple as that.
From the nail of the
big toe
on his right foot
to the end of the
last hair
on his head.

It goes without saying that little Martí
was looked at again and again by half the
doctors in the country.
But they could find no explanation for it.

They therefore told
Marcel·lí and
Teresina, Carmanyoles
and Canovelles respectively,
not to worry – in
time and after a few
weeks in the sun
the boy would go
THE RIGHT
COLOUR.

It also goes without saying that this didn't work.

Martí got a bit greyer every week.



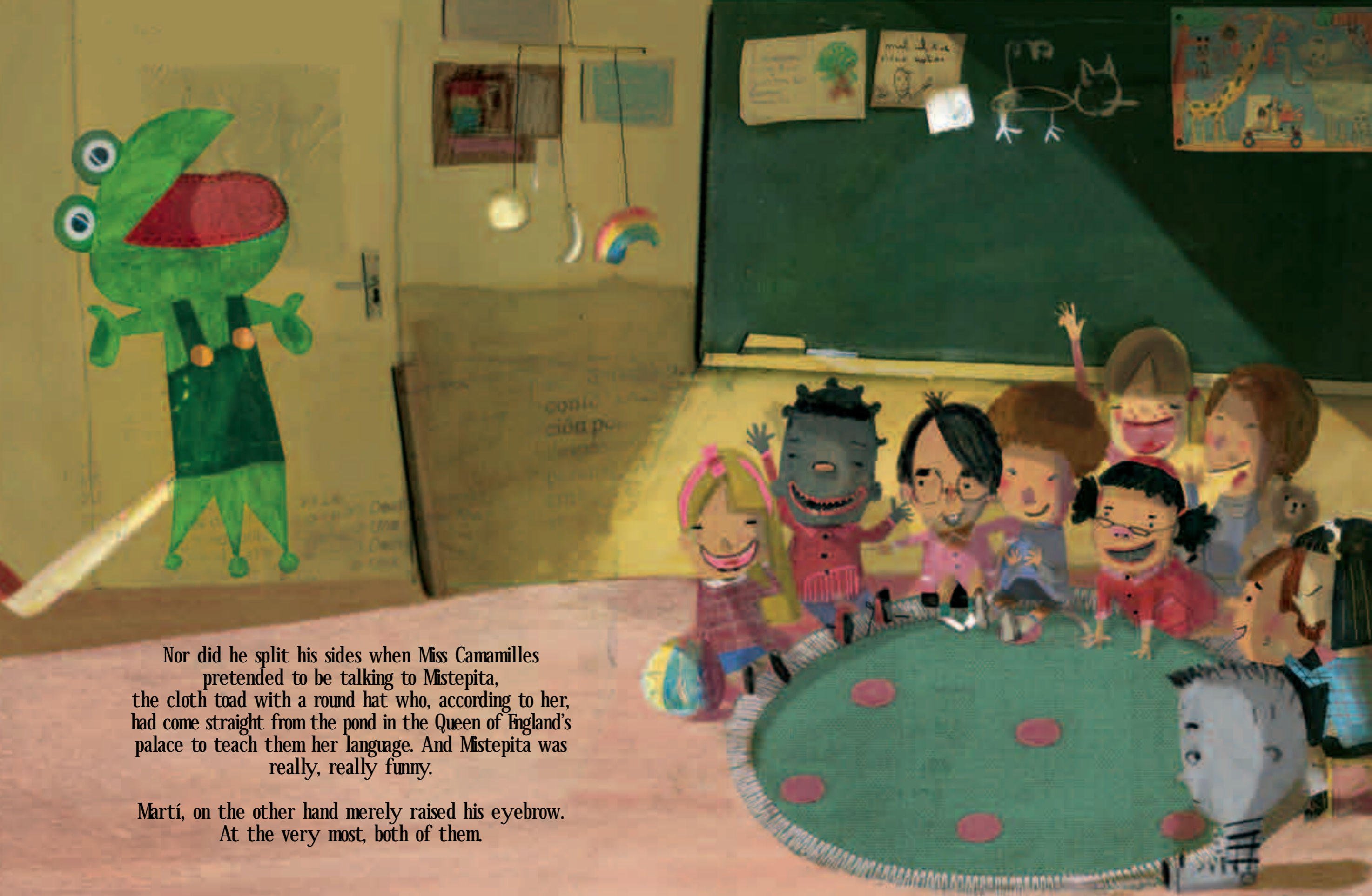
But this wasn't the worst of it.
Over time, in the Carmanyoles and Canovelles families
they realised that Martí was
ALSO GREYISH ON THE INSIDE TOO.

He didn't cry loudly on the first day in front of the
door to the nursery school. And it was enough to make
anyone weep buckets, at that time of the morning!

Unlike the other kids, Martí just heaved
a couple of sighs and shook his head.

"Blimey, what a fuss. OK, mum and dad, see you later"
he said.





Nor did he split his sides when Miss Camamilles pretended to be talking to Mistepita, the cloth toad with a round hat who, according to her, had come straight from the pond in the Queen of England's palace to teach them her language. And Mistepita was really, really funny.

Martí, on the other hand merely raised his eyebrow. At the very most, both of them.



- "Huh! My
hamster Gustau

is funnier,
nibbling sunflower
seeds.

What a load of rubbish"
he told Carmeta
Clavellines,
who was sitting next
to him.

Carmeta, however,
couldn't hear him
because she was
laughing so loudly at
the toad's last joke.

CARTONAJE

CONFECCION DE MUEBLES DE PAPEL,
CARTULINA, CARTON Y PAPEL "MACHO"

por *théo rosemiffoz*

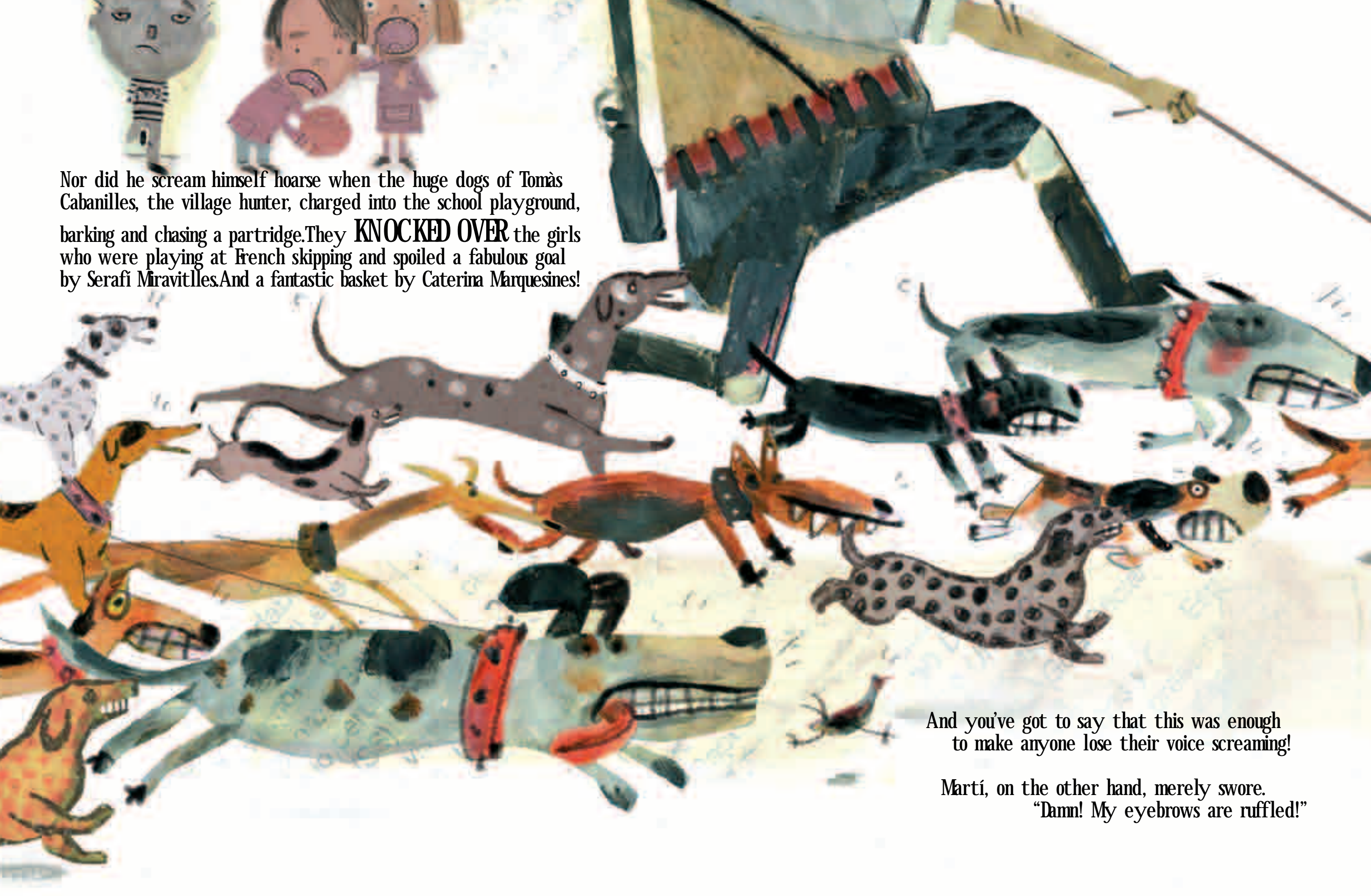


EDITORIAL  BOBBY

[AVANCE LA MAR - BUENOS AIRES]

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A colorful illustration depicting a chaotic scene. In the upper right, a large, dark-colored dog with a red collar is running towards the left. In the upper left, three children are shown: one boy with a sad expression, one girl with a surprised expression, and another child. In the center and lower half, several other dogs of various breeds and colors (brown, orange, black, white with spots) are running and barking. A small partridge is visible in the lower right, being chased. The background is a light, textured surface, possibly a school playground.

Nor did he scream himself hoarse when the huge dogs of Tomàs Cabanilles, the village hunter, charged into the school playground, barking and chasing a partridge. They **KNOCKED OVER** the girls who were playing at French skipping and spoiled a fabulous goal by Serafi Miravittles. And a fantastic basket by Caterina Marquesines!

And you've got to say that this was enough to make anyone lose their voice screaming!

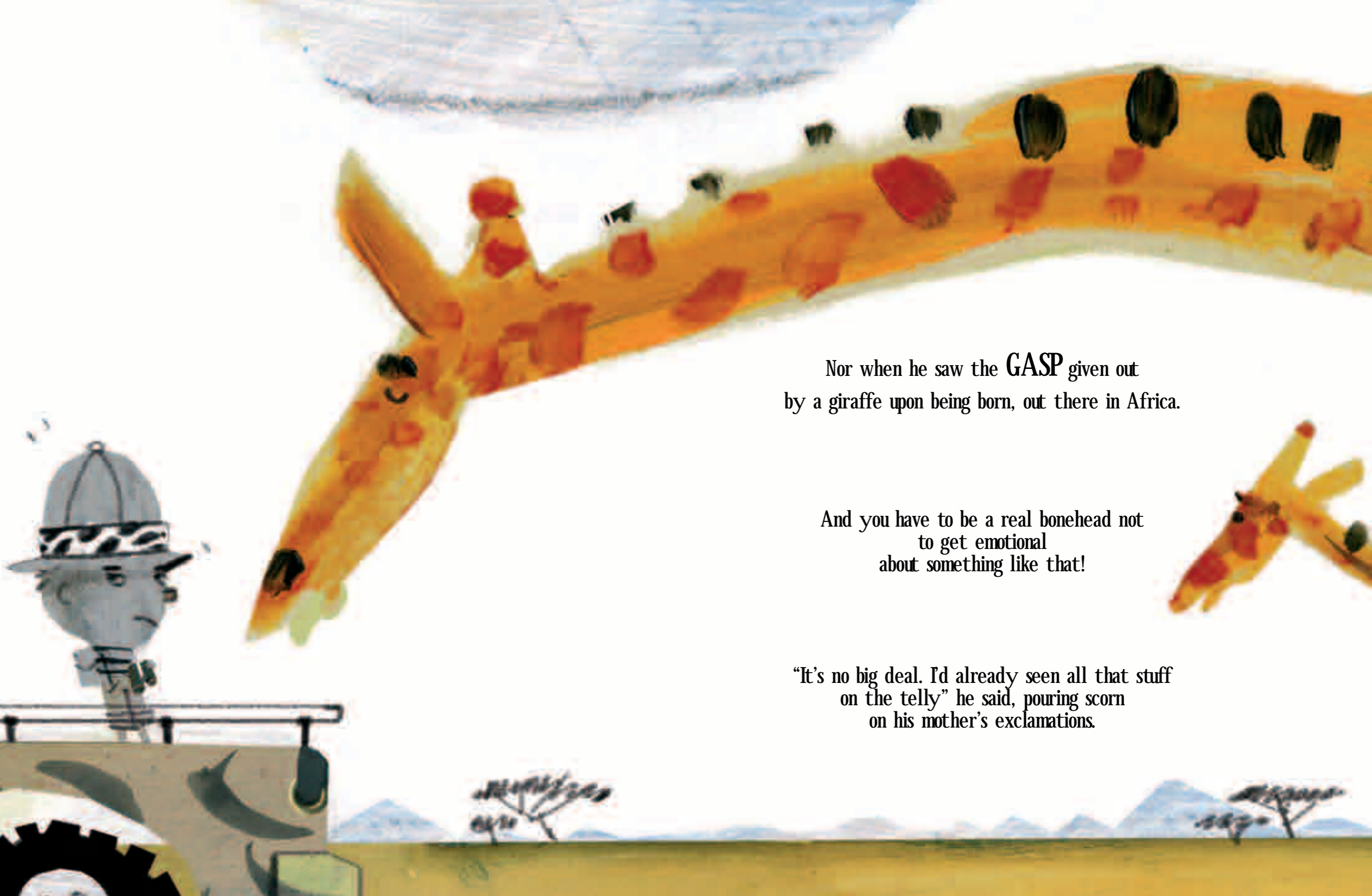
Martí, on the other hand, merely swore.
"Damn! My eyebrows are ruffled!"



And he **WASN'T THE SLIGHTEST BIT SCARED** when his mother took him to see the white whales on one of her journeys to the pole.

Nor when a volcano on a Pacific island erupted **RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM..**





Nor when he saw the **GASP** given out
by a giraffe upon being born, out there in Africa.

And you have to be a real bonehead not
to get emotional
about something like that!

“It’s no big deal. I’d already seen all that stuff
on the telly” he said, pouring scorn
on his mother’s exclamations.

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Toys
Canovelles inc.



It really seemed that Martí would be grey **FOREVER**,
inside and out.

The family already saw him as a grown up, in a grey office,
with a grey suit and tie,
spreading grey children all over the place.



But everyone knows that
few things last forever.
Not even **GREYNESS**.



And for Martí it all ended one day
when he was
greyly looking at Gustau nibbling
sunflower seeds.


Suddenly the animal **CHOKED** coughed
four times
and ended up on its back next to the
old sock
that was his house.

Martí raised both
eyebrows,
sighed twice,
kept all his hairs in
place
and swore.
“DAMN!”



All very grey.

As usual.



But, all at once, he noticed that something
was knotting down there in his stomach,
and **A TEAR** came up his throat and rolled down his cheek.

A **SECOND** tear did the same.

And a **THIRD**

Then,

A **SCREAM** escaped past his uvula.

A **SECOND** scream did the same.

And a **THIRD**



Then, suddenly, the hamster, making a horrible noise, spat out the choking seed, so powerfully that it nearly put Martí's eye out.

He was seeing stars.

But he let out **A HUGE GUFFAW.**

And a **SECOND**

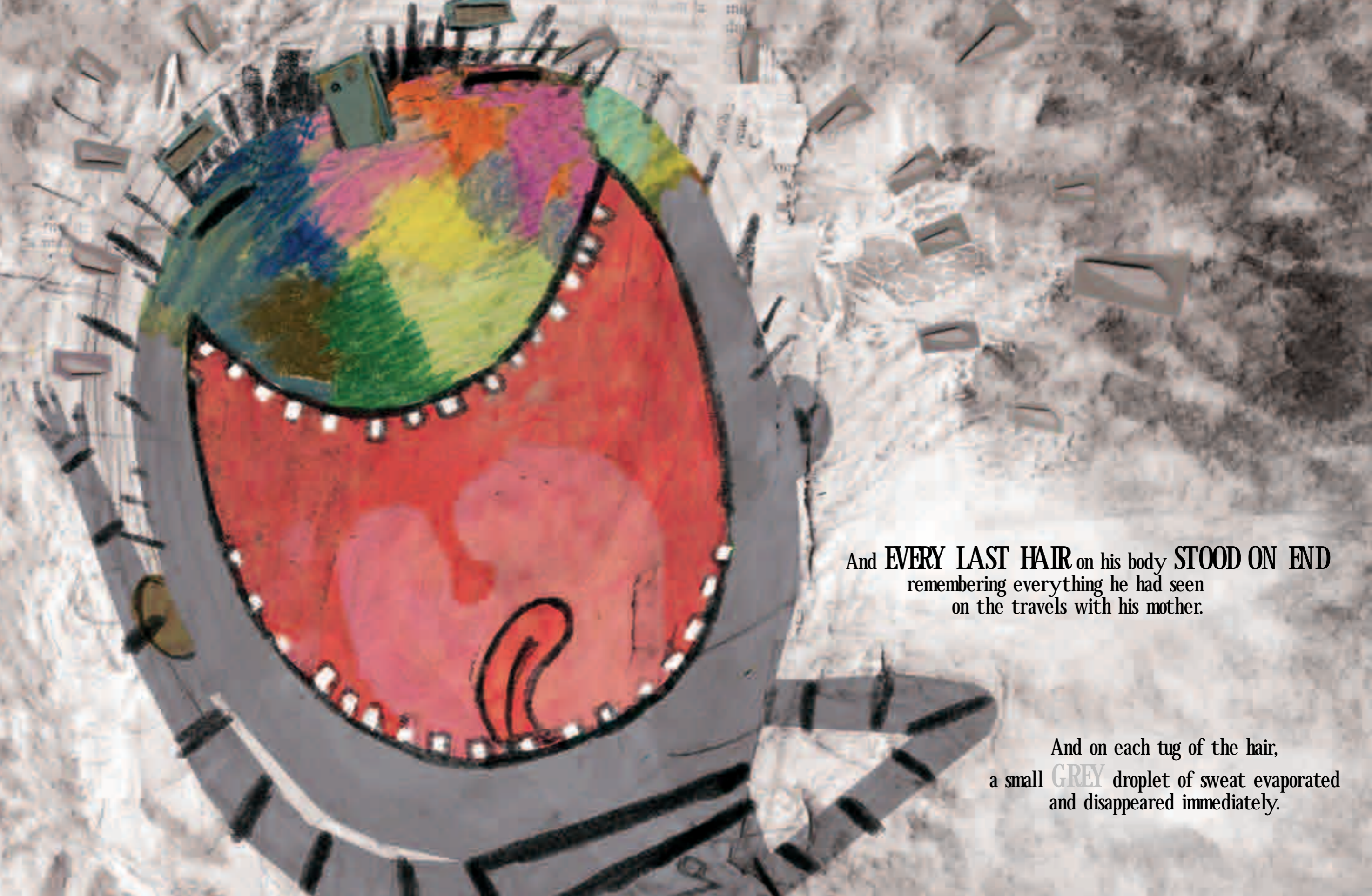
And a **THIRD**

And a **FOURTH**

Martí filled every corner of the room with laughter.




And then, unable to stop himself, Martí **LAUGHED** at all the jokes he had heard Mistapita tell. And with every laugh, mouthfuls of greyness went flying in all directions. He **CRIED** over all the mornings in front of the nursery school. And in each tear, a drop of grey rolled down his cheek to the ground. He **SCREAMED** about the barking of the dogs chasing the partridge. And with each scream, grey breath came out of his mouth and slipped out of the window.



And **EVERY LAST HAIR** on his body **STOOD ON END**
remembering everything he had seen
on the travels with his mother.

And on each tug of the hair,
a small **GREY** droplet of sweat evaporated
and disappeared immediately.



When his parents entered the room,
intrigued by the row he was making,
they were astonished,
flabbergasted and speechless:
Martí was laughing, crying, screaming!
And he was totally horrifying.

And he was his father's
colour, like a raw
prawn, from the nail of
the big toe
on his right foot
to the last hair
but one on his head!

The last one had taken on the **greenish**
colour of his mother's side of the family.



Per a tots aquells que, després de llegir algun conte meu,
m'han dit que no sigui tan gandul i n'escrigui més.
I, sobretot, per a en Roc, que encara no sap llegir,
però que espero que, quan ho faci, em digui el mateix.
Pobre d'ell si no!



Aquest llibre ha guanyat el 9è Premi de Conte Infantil
Hospital Sant Joan de Déu, convocat per aquest hospital i les
editorials La Galera i Cercle de Lectors.

Formaven part del jurat del premi:
Miguel Martín, Rosa Munt, Maria Palau, Joan Portell i August Tharrats,
amb Muntsa Fernández actuant com a secretària.

HD HAN IL·LUSTRAT...

gusti:

Vaig néixer a Buenos Aires fa uns quants anys i, segons la mare, amb un llapis sota el braç.

L'any 85 vaig viatjar a París i des de llavors visc a Europa, on m'he convertit en un il·lustre il·lustrador.

Mhan donat molts premis, però el més important de tots és poder fer el que m'agrada.

Vaig dibuixant per la vida, i gràcies al dibuix puc viatjar i conèixer gent i llocs increïbles. A més a més, m'agrada tocar la guitarra i el piano i aprendre japonès.

Ah! Ara em dic Llimpi, que significa dibuixant en quítxua, i Muk Ul Xic, que vol dir àguila gran en tzeltal, una llengua d'un poble originari de Chiapas, Mèxic.



THÉO

En Théo, tot i que va néixer no fa gaire, a part de participar en un llibre com aquest, parla tantes llengües com... tres: català, castellà i francès. Apa!

HD HA ESCRIT...

LLUIS FARRÉ

Vaig néixer a Barcelona ara ja fa uns anys, sense tenir cap idea sobre el que volia ser de gran.

Tot i que dibuixo des que vaig poder agafar un llapis, en això de ser il·lustrador dels que il·lustren gairebé cada dia una cosa o, fins i tot, dues (com faig ara), no hi vaig pensar fins que ja tenia pèls a la barba. I em va agradar. Molt.

I en això de ser escriptor dels que (a part de cartes, e-mails i redaccions per a la classe d'anglès) escriuen contes, tampoc no hi vaig pensar fins que alguns d'aquells pèls de la barba (no gaires, però) se'm van fer blancs. I també em va agradar. Moltíssim.

Però encara no sé del tot què seré quan sigui gran. Perquè gran, gran, dels que fan de grans tots els dies de l'any, i tothom qui els veu pensa: "Mira que n'és, de gran", em sembla que encara no ho sóc.

Però tant se val. Mentre m'ho passi tan bé com fins ara!



