

THEOFANIS THEOFANOUS

Mati,



the magic whisper

illustrations by
Rafaela Fantasia



introduction by mum **Christina
Nikoloplaki**





Theofanis Theofanous was born in 1982. His parents came from Cyprus and he grew up in Chaidari Forest in Athens.

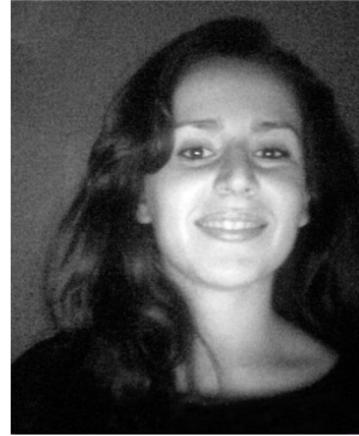
He has attended the Akmi, Domi, Florina ATEI and Athenian College educational institutions. He has also attended a number of literary art seminars at the Book National Centre.

He is married, he has two daughters, 'Princess Capritsiozza', 'Just a Teensy One', infinite fairytales and they live all together-just for spite-in the city of Florina.

His first book, titled '12 Versions of Her', was printed by the 'Peri Tehnon' Publications in 2009.

One of his most significant literary distinctions was the 'Homer Award', awarded by the 'Bavaria Speech, Art and Greek Culture Association'.

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Rafaela Fantasia was born in Italy and grew up in Cyprus. She is a student at the University of Thessaly, School of Medicine. She devotes most of her free time to drawing, music and literature.

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Theofanis Theofanous, Mati, the magic whisper
ISBN: 978-618-5040-70-3
May 2014

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website: www.saitapublications.gr

Note: The font that we used is offered by Aka-acid (www.aka-acid.com).



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Introduction

For every person there is a 'magic whisper'.

This could be a note on the piano for the beginning of a song, a word on a piece of paper for the beginning of a fairytale, a flap in a woman's stomach which presages the arrival of a new life.

Whatever this is though, it's always and only for the best.

My 'magic whisper' was, is and will be a challenge.

The challenge to raise two children that are so similar and at the same time so different. Similar because they are twins, different because one of them is disabled and the other isn't.

However, this disability is not my challenge, an obstacle my family has to overcome, it isn't the struggle of my life.

My challenge, the 'magic whisper' is to raise two children with love, with soul and patience expecting only one thing: to be able to see the 'rainbow' one day just like the one Mati saw.

Enjoy the reading.

*Mum Christina Nikoloplaki**

**Author's note: Our online acquaintance with Mum Christina started after a loving, spontaneous, sincerely disarming and in-depth post on the websites: www.eimaimama.gr & www.facebook.com/greekmothers owned by Olivia Gavriili who brought us together. I truly thank both of you for the immediate response and, in my turn, I would like to welcome you to the big family of Saita publications!*



Make yourself comfortable in someone's arms,

it will feel like a dream,

a short prayer

before the night journey,

an angel will come

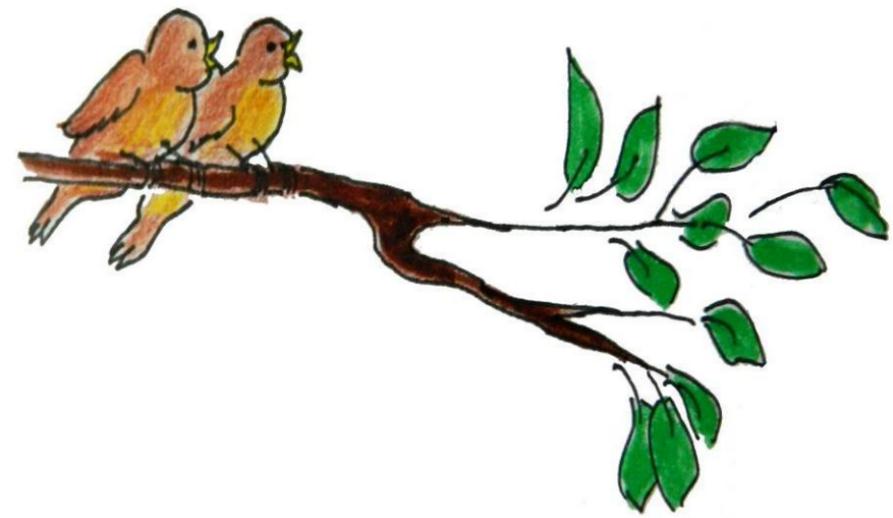
to whisper the secret in your ear

shush... you should only listen....

to your heart!

Open your hand,

Blow some stardust and... off we go!



Once upon a time, in the clearing, next to the old house with the happy people, the nightingales sang the story of a child with sparkling eyes. As soon as it got dark, Mati's tears flowed like a river. Not a single star could figure out the reason why a tiny girl with silk, neatly cut hair, freshly washed pyjamas, grandparents to pamper her in the princess room, always full of all kinds of goodies, giant round lollipops, colourful sweets, juicy candies, fresh marshmallows and pink cotton candy could become so grumpy every night before going to bed. Except....



Except for...a star which flew very low. Her personal little star. The sky sends to all babies, regardless how small or big they are born, a star the moment the first cry is heard. To lighten up their way through the absolute darkness and to remind them that they have been moulded in order to serve love with good deeds. The star, trembling with fear, found out the reason, put on its robe and hurried to inform the king of the night.

The little moon, startled by the news, and since it wasn't full moon, meaning that any explanation it would give would be incomplete, thought, before even the dawn broke, to whisper it to the sun. To an exceptional being with a golden heart. All day long it shines with all its power. It gives away sunrays to anyone who needs them. But how can someone mouth such a word? There is only one way: pure and simple or, even better, simply with a pure night sky.



'It is the first time I feel that you are sad. Why is that?' wondered the half moon. 'It is clearer than a crystal' said the sun. 'At the first opportunity, I will also reprimand the wind, in order to calm down. I am sure that he, having travelled a lot, must have dealt with similar cases and he will be able to comfort me. Cases of children who refuse to do anything. Because they believe that every day is the same as the previous one and the next one, boring and meaningless. How wrong they are. How little they do know.'

So, it's time to find out the truth!

It grows in my fairytales!

'Oops', said the wind, 'I hope that what I see coming straight towards me is not the cloudy little cloud. But if it is, I have to give it the news. Besides, I promised the sun that I would. I would tell the story of Mati's concern to the first creature I would meet. When you promise something, you must strictly keep the agreement'. A,B...,C... Cloudy Little Cloud. It is so sensitive that it changes thousands of looks depending on its mood. It cannot accept that some moments in a day can be hard, uploaded with setbacks, disease, and sadness. However, it's time it started to crave, to be stubborn and to learn that every problem has a solution.

The cloud heard the news. Its cheek-bones became red. Its irritation and whining grew bigger and bigger until it burst into tears. 'This little girl will drive us all crazy', it exclaimed. 'There is not a single day which starts without an impregnable castle, a forgotten melody, an unknown word, a smell expecting to be discovered, in order to raise your own flag. By winning time to time your spoils'.

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