

STEFANY VELDENIRY

THE BOY,  
THE GIRL

AND THE VERY  
TINY  
REALITY



*Stephany Veldemiry* is a Conservationist of archaeological findings and works of art, cooperating with museums in Greece (Archaeological Museum of Thessaloniki, Byzantine Museum of Thessaloniki, Institute of Archaeology, Museum of Natural



History of Iraklion, The Lesvos Petrified Forest European and Global Geopark) and institutions abroad (University of Missouri St. Louis, Smithsonian Institution, American Museum of Natural History). She also makes casts and copies of fossils and art objects for display. She works as a conservationist on site at archeological excavations and has attended the "Iklaina project" programme. Since becoming a mother in 2002, she has looked for simple and playful ways to instill her love for art and common everyday items in children of all ages. She started working as an art teacher in full-time grade schools and teaching Art History to children through interactive activities, games, experiential exercises, audiovisual stimuli and more importantly through smiling and a cheerful but disciplined atmosphere. Recently she has been illustrating children books and drawing. She has had five art displays, where the paintings were accompanied by Kostas Stoforos's fairytales, credited to her, while the children played an active part in the action and development of the story. She often receives young children to her studio where, depending on their mood they play and learn through art.

*Stephany* loves to be in touch with the world of children and feels happy when allowed in that realm. That is how she feels as an arts teacher after class: Happy.

Personal blog: <http://stefaniaveldemiri.blogspot.gr>

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TINY REALITY

Translation from Greek by  
Eva Smirli-Bainbridge



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To Georgia Manafi  
& the Bookstand.gr magazine



Once upon a time there was a very tiny reality that lived betwixt and between other realities. Although it was so very tiny, it was so real, that people in our world did not dare recognise it because the very tiny reality would make their world insignificant. Our tiny reality, with its uniquely tiny size, took over with a rebellion, every other space and time of every other reality.

But what was this very tiny reality? It was, all in all, a *Neverita josephinia* seashell. The seashell was not in a sea, on the contrary; the sea was in the seashell. The sea was the colour of Prussian blue created by a giant painter

(who only painted seas) who washed off his brush in the shell. By the Prussian Blue Sea lived a girl who never tired of swimming. She would swim and swim all day long, but she never listened to her mother. She wouldn't eat her breakfast or wear her slippers. Most of all, she loved being told "don't!" She especially loved to be told, "Don't swim in the deep." Instead of doing what she was told, she would wait for the deepest waves, the waves that were so deep they seemed to be still and then dive into the sea. One day, at a moment of sheer joy, in a dive she wished would never end, the girl turned into a mermaid, leaving her rose-red dress at the edge of the seashell.



At the bottom of the seashell was a little palace in which lived, all alone, a little boy. He was always frustrated, because he couldn't have things his own way. Although he was only eight years old he was dying from old age, because every day was exactly the same as the one before. When every day is the same, it leads to the disease of habit, which is the main cause of aging and dying. It's a way of aging and dying that sometimes people are unaware of, or ignore. The world is full of those who are already dead, but live amongst us.



One day the boy was eating fish and he noticed the mermaid's tail, the tip of her hair and at a glance, while she was diving in the air, her eyes. Immediately he fell in love with her with a love deeper than the deepest sea. Suddenly, he was a young boy again. He wanted to tell the mermaid a funny story to see her laughter, which was sparkling under the water. As the mermaid raced past the boy's palace, he shouted to her a rather stodgy story, which was made from the sweetest things.

He called "Hey! Little one! As soon as I finish my fish, I will come to blow you a kiss." Our mermaid stayed still, holding on to a wave. She smiled at the boy and fell in love with him straight away, with a love deeper than the deepest sea. She loved his somewhat stodgy jokes made from the sweetest things. The boy leaned over the sea and kissed the girl.



*Sea and wind in a kiss,*

*Foretell a*

*love*

*you cannot miss.*

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