

Introducción

La Organización Española Para el Libro Infantil y Juvenil (OEPLI), se constituyó el 27 de julio de 1982 y es una entidad sin ánimo de lucro que organiza, promueve y coordina actividades de promoción del libro infantil y la lectura. Ejerce la representación en España del IBBY (International Board on Books for Young People) y está estructurada en cuatro secciones territoriales:

- Consejo General de Libro Infantil y Juvenil (Sección castellana)
- ClijCAT. Consell Català del Llibre Infantil i Juvenil (Sección catalana)
- Gálix (Sección gallega)
- Galtzagorri Elkarte (Sección vasca)

Introduction

The Spanish Organization for Books for Children and Young People was created on 27th of July, 1982. It is a non-profit organization to promote and coordinate activities of literature and reading for children. OEPLI is the Spanish Section of IBBY and it is organized in four branches:

- Consejo General de Libro Infantil y Juvenil (Castilian Branch) www.consejodellibro.org
- ClijCAT. Consell Català del Llibre Infantil i Juvenil (Catalan Branch) www.clijcat.org
- Gálix (Galician Branch) . www.galix.org
- Galtzagorri Elkarte (Basque Branch) www.galtzagorri.org

International Children's Book Day

A book is waiting for you, find it!

2nd April 2010



ORGANIZACION ESPAÑOLA
PARA EL LIBRO INFANTIL Y JUVENIL
OEPLI

INTERNATIONAL BOARD ON BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

iBBY



Día Internacional del Libro Infantil. 2 de Abril de 2010
Un libro te espera, búscalo!

UN LIBRO TE ESPERA, BÚSCALO!

Había una vez un barquito chiquitito, que no sabía, que no podía navegar.

Pasaron un, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis semanas, y aquel barquito, y aquel barquito navegó.

Se aprende a jugar antes que a leer. Y a cantar. Los niños de mi tierra entonces esta canción cuando aún ninguno sabíamos leer. Nos juntábamos en corro en la calle y, disputándonos las voces con los grillos del verano, cantábamos una y otra vez la impotencia del barquito que no sabía navegar.

A veces fabricábamos barquitos de papel y los poníamos en los charcos y los barquitos se hundían sin conseguir alcanzar ninguna costa.

Yo también era un barco pequeño fondeado en las calles de mi barrio. Pasaba las tardes en una azotea mirando ocultarse el sol por el poniente, y barruntaba a lo lejos –no sabía aún si a lo lejos del espacio o a lo lejos del corazón– un mundo maravilloso que se extendía más allá de donde alcanzaba mi vista.

Detrás de unas cajas, en un armario de mi casa, también había un libro chiquito que no podía navegar porque nadie lo leía. Cuántas veces pasé por su vera sin darme cuenta de su existencia. El barco de papel, atascado en el barro; el libro solitario, oculto en el estante tras las cajas de cartón.

Un día, mi mano, buscando algo, tocó el lomo del libro. Si yo fuese libro lo contaría así: “Un día la mano de un niño rozó mi cubierta y yo sentí que desplegaba mis velas y comenzaba a navegar.”

¡Qué sorpresa cuando por fin mis ojos tuvieron enfrente aquel objeto! Era un pequeño libro de pastas rojas y filigranas doradas. Lo abrí expectante como quien encuentra un cofre y ansía saber su contenido. Y no fue para menos. Nada más empezar a leer comprendí que la aventura estaba servida: la valentía del protagonista, los personajes bondadosos, los malvados, las ilustraciones con frases a pie de página que miraba una y otra vez, el peligro, las sorpresas..., todo, me transportó a un mundo apasionante y desconocido.

De esa manera descubrí que más allá de mi casa había un río, y que tras el río había un mar y que en el mar, esperando zarpar, había un barco. El primero al que subí se llamaba La Hispaniola, pero lo mismo hubiese dado que se llamase Nautilus, Rocinante, la nave de Simbad, la barcaza de Huckelberry...; todos ellos, por más que pase el tiempo, estarán siempre a la espera de que los ojos de un niño desplieguen sus velas y lo hagan zarpar.

Así que...no esperes más, alarga tu mano, toma un libro, ábrelo, lee: descubrirás, igual que en la canción de mi infancia, que no hay barco, por pequeño que sea, que en poco tiempo no aprenda a navegar.

Eliacer Cansino

A BOOK IS WAITING FOR YOU, FIND IT!

Once upon a time there was a little boat, that didn't know how to, that couldn't sail.

One, two, three, four, five, six weeks went by, and that little boat, that little boat sailed.

We learn to play and to sing before we learn to read. The children of my region and I sang this song before we could read. We'd form a circle in the street, our voices competing with those of the summer crickets, over and again to sing the woes of the little boat that couldn't sail.

Sometimes we'd make little paper boats and place them in puddles, letting them sink without ever reaching a coastline.

I too was like a little boat anchored in the streets of my neighbourhood. I would spend my afternoons on a rooftop watching the sun set in the west and foreseeing the distant future – though it still wasn't clear if I was peering into space or into my own heart - imagining a wonderful world that was as yet out of my sight.

Behind some boxes, in a wardrobe at home there was a little book that couldn't sail either as no one had read it. So many times I passed it by, not once noticing that it was there. A paper boat, stuck in the mud; a lone book, hidden on a shelf behind cardboard boxes.

One day, my hand was searching for something and came across the spine of this book. If I were a book I'd tell this event as follows; “One day, a child's hand brushed against my cover and I felt my sails unfold and began to sail”.

What a surprise it was when my eyes finally set upon that object! It was a small book with a red cover and a gold watermark. I opened it expectantly, like someone who had just found a treasure chest and was anxious to discover its contents. I was not disappointed. No sooner had I started to read it I saw that I would be guaranteed adventure; the heroism of the protagonist, the goodies, the baddies, the illustrations with footnotes that I looked at over and again, the danger, the surprises... everything transported me to a world that was at once exciting and unknown.

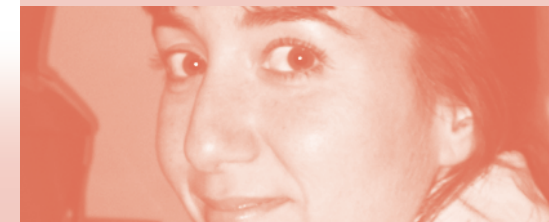
And that is the story of how I discovered that beyond my home there was a river, and behind that river a sea, and in the sea was a boat setting sail. The first boat I embarked was called La Hispaniola, but could just have easily be called Nautilus, Rocinante, Sinbad's Ship or Huckelberry's Great Big Boat... All of these, no matter the passing of time, will be there waiting for a child's eyes to look upon them, unfold their sails and set them sailing...

So, don't wait any longer. Reach out and pick up a book. Read it and you'll find that much like that childhood song of mine, there is no boat, no matter how small, that in time doesn't learn how to sail.

Translation: Nadya Merghani

Eliacer Cansino

Noemí Villamuza



Noemí Villamuza was born in Palencia in 1971. After getting a degree in fine arts from the University of Salamanca she embarked on a career in text book illustration, and in 1998 illustrated the children's book *Oscar y el León de Correos*, published by Anaya. This title is still popular today and a reference point in Noemí's career.

Noemí lives in Barcelona, the city where her career in children's literature really took off. To date, she has had over 30 children's literature titles published. She combines her illustration work with teaching editorial illustration at the Escuela Massana.

Among her most notable works are *De verdad que no podía*, published by Kókinos in 2001 which came second in the Premio Nacional de Ilustración competition; *Libro de Nanas*, published by Mediavaca in 2004 and *El festín de Babette* published by Nórdica Libros in 2006. More recent titles include *El bosque encantado* published by Macmillan in 2008 and *El capote* published by Nórdica in 2008. Noemí also won the Premio Junceda for the best illustrated book for adults.

Eliacer Cansino



Eliacer Cansino studied philosophy at the universities of Seville and Salamanca and since 1980 has taught philosophy in a secondary school. He is a regular participant in meetings and events involving young readers as well as groups and organisations concerned with children's and young adult's literature.

In 1992 he was awarded the Premio Infanta Elena for his book *Yo, Robinsón Sánchez, habiendo naufragado* (published by Everest in 2003) and in 1997 he won the Premio Lazarillo for his book *El Misterio Velázquez*, (published by Bruño in 2007) which has been translated into German, Japanese and Italian.

In 2009 he received the Alandar prize for young people literature for *Ok, señor Foster* (Edelvives). He also received the Anaya prize for *Una habitación en Babel*.

Further highlights of Eliacer's career were being included on the IBBY list of honour in 2000, being selected as one of the best of 2000 by the Banco del Libro de Venezuela, being chosen as a finalist for the Premio CCEI award and Premio Nacional de Literatura in 1999. His novel, *El Misterio Velázquez* was chosen as one of the 100 best of the 20th century by the Fundación Germán Sánchez Ruipérez and was included in the Anaya's list of Cien libros para un siglo (One hundred books for a century), published in 2004.

Other recent titles are *El lápiz que encontró su nombre* (Anaya, 2005), “El descubrimiento” en Sesión Galfa (Sparafucile MSH, 2007), *Leyendas de Bécquer*, contadas por Eliacer Cansino (Anaya, 2008) and *Sebastián ayuda a sus amigos* (AE, Jerez, 2008).