

Spring 2025

ANDE LANDE



BOMPIANI

Children's Books

Ande Lande

Antonia Murgò



ANDE LANDE

PB + flaps / Euro 18 / 496 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

February 12, 2025

First print run: 12,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Antonia Murgò was born in 1991. Originally from Puglia, she now lives in Turin. She made her debut in 2022 with *Miss December and the Moon Clan*, winner of the Strega Ragazze e Ragazzi award for Best Debut Novel and translated into seven languages.

From the author of *Miss December and the Moon Clan*, a new story of unbridled imagination, the adventure of a girl with a too-short name in a world steeped in magic where names are everything, and more.

In *Ande Lande* the most important thing is the names. Everyone has more than one, indeed much more than three or four, and the king even has thirty-one. Depending on how many names you have, you can borrow more books from the library, spend more time at parties, attend the best schools, and become an apprentice to the Astros – those who, when a human being comes into the world, give them their names –, but also, be considered reliable, important, judicious, intelligent.

Chel, however, has only one name, and moreover composed of a single syllable, and in *Ande Lande* those who are short of names, according to the popular saying, are short of everything else. As if that wasn't enough, she is also manifesting Earth Sorceress powers, but which Astro would ever take a little girl with a single name as an apprentice?

However, when aunt Dore Laya and cousin Fe Rufina are miniaturized and kidnapped by the terrible Queen of Tasche, Chel will have no choice but to enter the fray and throw herself into an adventure with the most unlikely of allies: an Astro.

option publishers:

Germany (Knesebeck), **World Spanish** (Nordica), **Catalan** (Nordica), **Russia** (Clever Media), **Simplified Chinese** (Beijing Everafter), **Turkey** (Timas), **Estonia** (Varrak), **Georgia** (Academic Press), **Film rights** (under option)

excerpt

My name is Chel, and it is the only name I have. You will say this is not a problem, that one name is enough. But in *Ande Lande*, where I live, parents do not choose names for their children, this is the task of the Astros.

Sometimes the Astros go overboard and give a person many, many names, a chain of long and unpronounceable names, impossible to remember even if you have already procured yourself a copy of the *Ande Landean* bestseller, *Fifteen Ways to Remember the Full Names of your Family Members*. Those who have more names are more in favor with the Astros and also have more talents, wealth, fame, and fortune. While those like me who have only one name ... well, to tell the truth, there are no others like me. I am the only person in the entire land with just one name.

And now, I know the reason why.

"If you open your book to chapter one you will find the image of a map. This is *Ande Lande*, our kingdom, and on the map it looks exactly like a bird in flight. It contains five regions, I am sure you remember them all but let's go over them now.

In the north there is *Alandra*, where the rugged and rocky mountains take the shape of a curved beak.

In the east rises *Calandra*, whose hills and wide valleys extend like an open wing.

In the west there is *Lechuza*, whose jagged coastline reminds one of a ruffled belly flying low over the water.

In the south rises *Bisbita*, whose plains are more and more intensely green as one moves down the feathered tail of the country.

And finally, at the center we find *Cincha*, the region that borders all of the others, the beating heart of the economic life of *Ande Lande*.

It is because of this odd shape that we, the inhabitants of *Ande Lande* wear feathers, that we pin plumes to our clothing, following the code set down by the Astros. Every feather has a symbolic meaning."



Miss December and the Moon Clan

Antonia Murgò (written and illustrated by)



MISS DICEMBRE E IL CLAN DI LUNA

HC + jacket / Euro 15 / 224 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa / (b/w)

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

March 13, 2022

Copies in print: 25,000 (10/24)

Partial English translation available



Antonia Murgò was born in Manfredonia in 1991. Originally from Puglia, she now lives in Turin. She studied and worked in both Florence and Rome. She made her debut in 2022 with *Miss December and the Moon Clan*, winner of the Strega Ragazze e Ragazzi award for Best Debut Novel and translated into eight languages.

What if the Bogeyman really existed? What if he had a son? What if that son needed a nanny?

A stunning debut, a dark tale reminiscent of Mary Poppins and Howl's Moving Castle.

Miss December is looking for a job, but all of her previous positions ended almost as soon as they had begun. When she applies for a job as a nanny, she discovers her employer is the Bogeyman himself, in need of someone to care for his son, Corvin. Incredibly, December gets the job and is tasked with keeping an eye on Corvin (with the help of a bellows and a stoker). He is a boy who is able to change into smoke and hide among the ashes.

One night, December discovers that Corvin is not the Bogeyman's only child: three violent strangers have broken into the house. Why are they there? What do they want with Corvin? And is his mysterious older brother involved in all of this somehow?

international rights (8 editions)

Germany (Knesebeck), **World Spanish** (Nordica), **Catalan** (Nordica), **Russia** (Clever Media), **Simplified Chinese** (Beijing Everafter), **Turkey** (Timas), **Estonia** (Varrak), **Georgia** (Academic Press), **Film rights** (under option)

excerpt (translated by Alice Kilgariff)

December opened her mouth wide open and rubbed her eyes. There was a child in the chimney pot of the house.

She had seen children inside cots and prams, inside post boxes and laundry baskets, inside cannons and tigers' cages, but never inside a chimney pot. His head poked out beyond the stone mouth like a ball of smoke, his jet-black hair blowing in the wind, or perhaps a blackbird had made its nest between the child's ears.

One thing was certain, the child was watching her. There was no one else in the driveway, no one else outside the gates marking the entrance to the villa.

The house was a red brick building on two floors, topped by a small tower and flanked by a line of yellow trees. There were dry leaves in the garden and creepers on the windows, as if down there the winter had not yet arrived.

December pulled out the newspaper cutting on which the vacancy was advertised and compared the address with the number on the door: they matched.

"Are you here for the interview?", asked the governess as she appeared at the door. "I saw you from the window."

December nodded and cautiously moved closer.

"There is a child in the chimney pot," she whispered, concerned.

"And where else should he be?", the woman answered as she knocked the ash from her apron.

"Follow me, Mr Moonro is waiting for you."

December hesitated. She cast a final glance towards the roof, beyond the roof tiles and the chimney bricks. The child had disappeared.

The Little Naked Ape: a Brief History of Humanity

Desmond Morris, illustrations by Sergio Ruzzier



LA SCIMMIETTA NUDA

HC / Euro 15 / 48 pages / 21 x 26

Imprint: Ragazzi Illustrati

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

March 26, 2025

First print run: 7,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Desmond Morris (January 24, 1928) is a British zoologist and ethologist who was born in Purton, Wiltshire, England. He is also a popular author of sociobiology. He is very well known for his original work entitled, *The Naked Ape: A Zoologist's Study of the Human Animal*, first published in 1967. It has been translated into twenty-three languages

Throughout history, humans have built cities, painted masterpieces, composed wonderful music and poetry, and invented machines that allowed them to fly in the sky. And yet deep down they have never stopped being some kind of furless ape.

We are a bit nude compared to chimpanzees, orangutans, or gorillas, who are our closest relatives. We are *naked apes*, in fact.

At birth, a human baby and a baby monkey are different in appearance but share an impressive number of gestures, attitudes, and abilities.

Over time, the human baby begins to develop more varied and complex abilities and behaviors. We are very proud of our intellectual abilities, and in fact we call ourselves *Sapiens*, or the wise ones.

Yet it is best to remember that inside every wise human there is a legacy, and an animal spirit: inside of us a little monkey lives on. Every now and then it peeps out and reminds us where we come from, and what we were before we became what we are now.

quote

- "I discovered long ago that, if you write a book about cats or dogs, everybody loves you, but if you dare to write a book about human beings, all hell breaks loose..." - Desmond Morris

excerpt

My name is Desmond Morris and I am a zoologist and an ethologist: I study animals and their behavior. And since humans are animals, I also study humans.

Many years ago I wrote a book entitled *The Naked Ape*. This is a version of the original book, but is dedicated to children and young readers who are looking for more than fairy tales, animal stories, or adventure tales: everything that is written in this book is entirely true.

It is the story of our ancestors, told in a very straightforward way, and also quickly - when you are older you can read the longer version, and many other very interesting books that discuss the same topic.

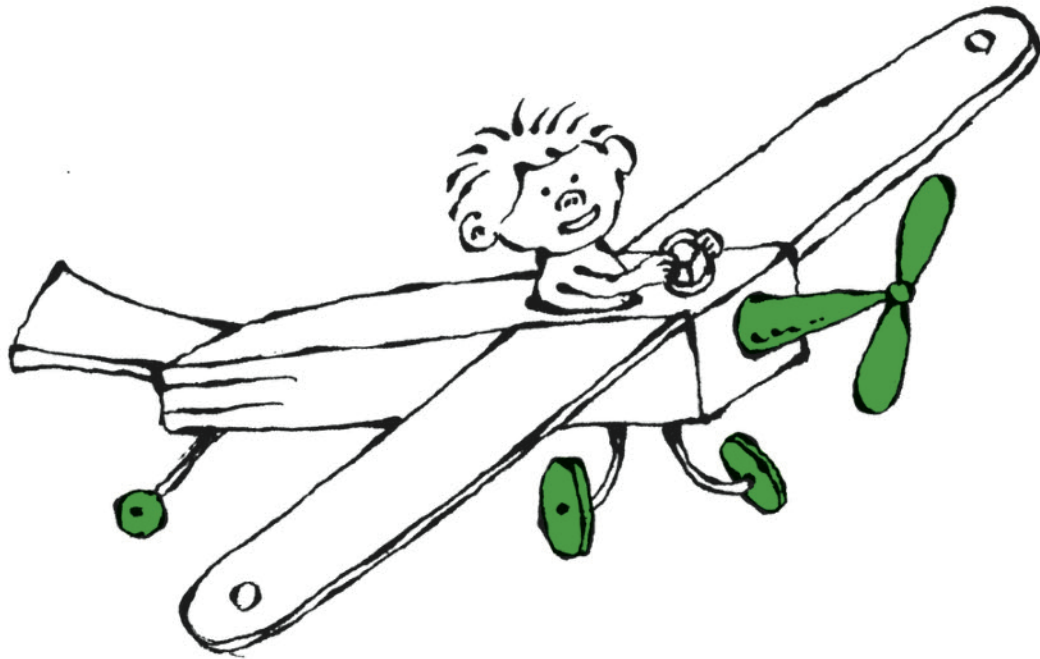
In the meantime, you have this book, that is made just for you, the youngest of the naked apes, that is why the title is *The Little Naked Ape*.

It is your chance to understand who we are and where we come from. Which is very important to understand if you want to know where we are going.

Enjoy!

The Little Naked Ape: a Brief History of Humanity

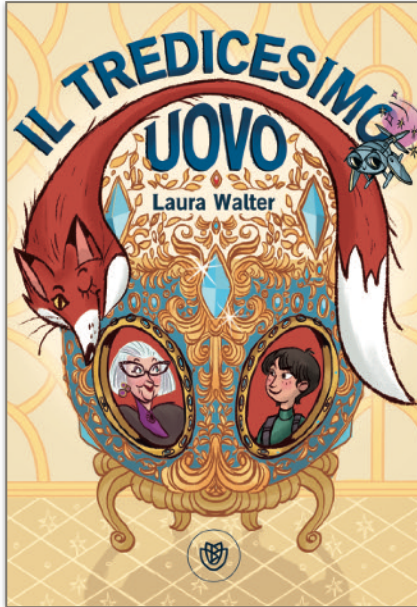
Desmond Morris, illustrations by Sergio Ruzzier



Noi umani siamo così orgogliosi delle nostre capacità intellettive **che ci siamo chiamati HOMO SAPIENS**, che in latino, la lingua degli antichi romani, vuol dire uomo sapiente. Noi siamo i Sapienti, dunque. Ce lo diciamo da soli. Eppure dentro ogni Sapiente c'è uno spirito animale: dentro di noi abita una scimmietta che ci ricorda da dove veniamo e che cosa eravamo.

The Thirteenth Egg

Laura Walter



IL TREDICESIMO UOVO

HC + jacket / Euro 14 / 256 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

April 2, 2025

First print run: 4,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Laura Walter lives in Padua, Italy where she works and writes stories for children. She made her debut with the novel *La Grande P.P.P.*, which received a special mention at the Pippi Prize 2004 (Fabbri). Her second novel, *Mistica Maëva e l'anello di Venezia*, the first in a trilogy featuring the redhead Maëva, won the *Libri Infiniti – Critici in Erba* 2007 prize and ex aequo the *Marielle Ventre* 2008 national prize. Three theatrical works and a television animation cartoon have been adapted from her novels.

A bizarre old lady, a boy who is there to keep her company, a merciless eviction looming over the neighborhood: Laura Walter mixes these classic elements of children's literature with a pinch of magic and the charm of the legendary thieves of times gone by.

For the school project *Nonni In Affido* (*Taking Care of Grandparents!*), Mattia, to his great dismay, has to keep company with an elderly lady from the neighborhood.

However, he immediately realizes that the woman assigned to him is not an old lady like all the others. Madame is strange: she always wears gloves, she rides a red Graziella motorbike, she hugs the magnolia tree in her garden, and she always wears an old-fashioned fox stole, complete with paws and head. An eccentric lady to say the least!

At the same time, the thinking drone Didì is traveling around the neighborhood. The first of its kind, it was designed by the mysterious Mr. Wuhan, who however has other plans for it ... perhaps not freedom.

But what kind of plans? And what do they have to do with Mattia and the mysterious Madame? And why does Madame seem so sure that she can help the residents of the council houses who are about to be evicted?

excerpt

Madame stood in line in silence, her pale green eyes fixed on an imprecise point, absorbed in an idea that had flashed through her mind a moment before. An idea that the crazier it seemed to her, the more magnificent and tempting it seemed.

She absentmindedly stroked the fox's tail three times, her eyes sparkling. Mattia then ventured a caress to the poor little animal.

"A whole fox, even with its head."

"A beautiful fur coat, isn't it?" Madame shook herself.

"Yes, but killing like that..." Mattia blurted out.

Madame looked at him slyly.

"Kill?"

A word, sometimes, can turn the world upside down.

Mattia, in an instant, could not believe his ears, opened his eyes wide and felt his hands sweat profusely. He remained open-mouthed, like a fool, then felt his head spinning like the top he had liked so much as a child.

"But...but..." he stammered, pointing in front of him, white as a sheet.

Then he felt a pair of ringings in his ears, unidentified.

Everything went dark, suddenly.

And he fainted.

The Pear Pusher

Valentina Misgur



LO SPACCIATORE DI PERE

PB + flaps / Euro 15 / 304 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

April 2, 2025

First print run: 4,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Valentina Misgur was born in Alessandria, Italy in 1970. She studied Architecture in Genoa, where she lived for ten years. In 2007 she was a finalist for the Calvino Prize and in 2008 she published her first novel for children with Edizioni EL, *Trovami un giorno*. She now lives and works in Bologna, where she works with narrative, architectural, and cultural projects.

A book that with intelligent irony unmasks the absurdities of all fundamentalism and the lack of reason of the most extreme choices.

William lives with his grandfather Homer in the only non-intelligent house in the neighborhood: no home automation, doors that rotate on hinges, paper books and a very honest object: a recipe book! Yes, because since the proclamation of the Great Edict, acts of cruel cannibalism such as picking, cutting or, for goodness sake, eating peaches, aubergines, strawberries, tomatoes and so on are not only prohibited by law, but considered truly abominable behavior: vegetables have the same dignity as people and animals.

The Twelve, through the temple of the Great Peach and the ritual funerals of the dead fruits, keep the faith of the population under control, and the population itself, and William certainly cannot share that he knows sadistic texts by heart such as the recipes for making jams that the smell of tomatoes being cremated makes his mouth water.

But things change when his grandfather Homer decides that the time has come to let his grandson taste a pear for the first time. A fresh pear. And to open his eyes to the world he lives in.

excerpt

“But you often go to the temple, I even saw you talking to the Great Peach.”

William blushed. He couldn't even tell his best friend, but in front of the altar of the Great Peach he did not pray, he recited the recipe for the jam that he had known by heart since he was little.

He always asked his grandfather for it before falling asleep, and Homer read it to him every night.

“I don't talk to the Great Peach. I think about my own things. And I often go there because I love the smell.”

This was true, but William certainly could not confess that smelling it made him lose himself in cannibalistic fantasies, fantasies that no normal person should have had, after the Great Edict.

By now they had arrived in front of the Palace of the Twelve. As always, starting from seven in the morning, the gate to the gardens was wide open, and the summer guards cast distracted glances at the crowd that entered.

They were all gathered in the Green Pastures, some with their heads down, others lost in contemplation of the nearby fruit trees. The priests were blessing the wheelbarrows of tomatoes.

A peach tree had approached the High Priest to tell him that the ovens were ready.

William's mouth filled with saliva.

Signor Salsiccia

Flavio Soriga, illustrated by Riccardo Atzeni

A story of hedgehogs, grandparents, and climate change.

One autumn day Nora's mother finds a baby hedgehog in hypothermia out in the garden. The family reacts immediately: they need to figure out how to feed it, how to keep it warm, and possibly find its mother, who, due to local climate changes, has given birth very late in the season. For this reason, her baby hedgehog was not able to gain enough weight before going into hibernation.

They are not able to find its mother and therefore, the family must help the baby hedgehog to survive the winter. But looking after a hedgehog is not easy if you don't really know anything about hedgehogs!

Luckily, Mr. Salsiccia, (as this little creature is eventually called) can count on Nora's eccentric family, on her mother's innate practicality, her father's general enthusiasm, and on her two fiercely loyal grandparents.

In the meantime, however, Nora is also starting a new school with all the problems that it entails. She must face, just like Mr. Salsiccia, the ever-present challenges of growing up.



SIGNOR SALSICCIA

HC + jacket / Euro 14 / 144 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa / (illus.)

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

March 27, 2024

Copies in print: 10,000 (1/25)

Partial English translation available



Flavio Soriga was born in Uta, a small town in the province of Cagliari. At twenty-five, with his debut novel *I diavoli di Nuraiò*, he won the Italo Calvino prize for unpublished works. All his books are published by Bompiani.

press

- *"Soriga's writing is elegant, and the gentleness with which he develops the plot is surprising...with attention to rhythm, irony, and exactly the right choice of words ...a hedgehog found in the garden becomes the basis upon which a story about care is told: care for an animal, care for relationships, care for one another's feelings..."* – Federico Taddia, *TuttoLibri* (13/4/24)

international rights

Russia (Alpina)

excerpt

I WILL HAVE A HEDGEHOG WITH ME! ALL WINTER LONG!
AWESOME! I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL MY CLASSMATES ABOUT IT,
ESPECIALLY SOFIA!

I have to come up with a name. I think about it day and night, until one day my father comes home from work and says: "I heard an interview on the radio with an important guy who works for a big company and his name is ... Antonio Salsiccia. Can you imagine that? The poor guy's name is Salsiccia ... what a hard life he must have had with that name."

"Even for an adult, it's hard, how many do you think make jokes about him," says my mother as she makes a salad, "imagine him coming into work every day: "Good afternoon, Mr. Salsiccia', 'Welcome, Mr. Salsiccia'."

And then I said: "That's what we'll call the hedgehog!"

"Salsiccia?" my father asked.

"No," I said. "Mister Salsiccia".

And that was his name, from then on.

The Summer of the Whale

Nicola Cinquetti, illustrated by Angelo Ruta



L'ESTATE BALENA

HC + jacket / Euro 15 / 144 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa / (illus.)

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

March 1, 2023

Copies in print: 3,600

Partial English translation available



Nicola Cinquetti is a poet and writer. He teaches Philosophy in Verona. With his children's book entitled *Ultimo venne il verme*, he was finalist for the 2017 Strega Ragazzi Prize. With his novel, *Il giro del '44*, he was awarded the 2020 Andersen Prize as Best Author, as well as the 2020 Orbil Prize. He was also a finalist for the 2019 Laura Orvieto Prize.

2023 Finalist, Premio Strega Ragazzi e Ragazzi, age 8+.

Dad, Mum and Carlo are traveling to the seaside. The same old sea. There is someone with them, even if she is not quite there yet: Carlo's little sister, who is in his mother's womb.

On the beach there are mischievous children who call his mother a "whale" for the shape of her body. And three little sisters who are loyal and affectionate allies, the lifeguard, the strange child everyone calls Stain, who is always on his own and does not know how to float.

There is another whale, too, the one that appears from the water to show itself only to Carlo.

But maybe it was just a dream, after too much water and too much sun.

International rights

China (Daylight Publishing), **Arabic** (in negotiation), **Macedonia** (in negotiation)

excerpt (from the English sample translation by Julia MacGibbon)

Carlo's thoughts drift off of their own accord and start making strings of words: sea/lake, mountain/hill, river/stream, tree/hedge, horse/donkey...

This boat trip is taking forever. And it is definitely not comfortable, here in the back.

Watermelon/melon, orange/tangerine, fly/midge...

When he gets to the word "midge" he raises his eyes and looks out to sea. He has heard something strange, like an alarm, but coming from inside himself, not from outside. Like when you feel nervous but don't know quite why. He looks around; he has never, ever seen the sea this calm. Slowly, silently, gently, the whale surfaces; it makes a black circle on the water with its back, and then it sinks back down.

Carlo doesn't move a muscle, or say a word, or dare breathe. If anyone had been looking at him they would have said, "Carlo, what big eyes you have!", like in the fairy tale, because he's staring at the spot where it vanished back into the water, and his eyes are round as saucers. Actually, if anyone had looked right into his eyes, they would have seen the image of the whale imprinted there.

The boat continues its journey, as if nothing had happened. Eventually, Carlo stands up, sways, and moves forward to put a hand on his dad's shoulder.

"What is it, Carlo?"

He can't speak, because his mouth is dry.

"Well, what is it?"

He says it stammering – that he's seen the whale – and he has to repeat himself three times before his dad understands.

In Your Skin

Chiara Carminati



NELLA TUA PELLE

PB + jacket / Euro 16 / 192 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

January 10, 2024

Copies in print: 8,100

Partial English translation available



Chiara Carminati was born and lives in Udine. She writes stories, poetry and plays for children and young adults. She was awarded the Andersen – *Il mondo dell'infanzia* Prize as best author in 2012 and was nominated for the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award in 2021, 2022, and 2023. Her first books published by Bompiani, *Fuori fuoco* (2016) and *Viaggia verso* (2018) have been awarded many prizes. Bompiani also published *Un pinguino a Trieste*, which was shortlisted for the Campiello Junior Prize. Her website is www.parolematte.it

In the North-East of Italy, WWI and the comings and goings of different armies brought with them all kinds of suffering and destruction.

Chiara Carminati takes inspiration from the lesser-known story of the War Children, young girls and boys born as a result of local women being raped by soldiers, who were then abandoned by their mothers' families or by their mothers' husbands when they returned from the front.

Many of these children were raised by a religious group in a specific institute, the only one of its kind in Europe.

From these unfortunate events comes a story filled with adventure and friendships. It follows the events in these children's lives, from their shared childhood to their unique stories.

One of them is adopted by a wealthy family; she changes her name and moves far away; another stays behind and begins to work; others try to discover their origins or start their own families.

However, each of these children finds him- or herself in the thrall of sometimes hostile or even complicit adults, they, too, victims of the corrosive events of war.

press

- "...historical truths and fiction are blended in a refined descriptive format ... with crystalline prose and without tearful digressions, Carminati guides the reader through a dramatic tale illuminated by touches of optimism and hope ..." – Patrizia Violi, *La Lettura*/ CDS

international rights

German Academic (Reclam Germany, Italian edition)

excerpt

At the end of the war there were the orphans of the dead and the children of the living. And then there were the orphans of the living. They came from the territories occupied by the enemy and from what were known as the "emancipated lands," conquered by the Italian army during the war.

They were orphans of the living because they had a mother, who first was forced to give birth to them and then to get rid of them, and they even had two fathers. One was the soldier who took their mother by force and got her pregnant: Austrian, Hungarian, Italian, Bosnian, it doesn't really matter. The other was the legitimate husband, the head of the family, who was away on duty at the time. Upon returning home at the end of the war, he found an extra child. An intruder, conceived and born in his absence. A disgrace. An unacceptable affront.

So those mothers were victimized twice over: first by the stranger who raped them, and then by their husband or family, who forced them to get rid of the child with terrible threats. To avoid seeing those children thrown out on the street or beaten to death alongside them, the mothers entrusted them to the Institute for War Children, forever foregoing any rights to them. And this was one way that people referred to them: war children. But it isn't correct. War doesn't create children, it only creates the dead.

A Penguin in Trieste

Chiara Carminati



UN PINGUINO A TRIESTE

PB + flaps / Euro 10 / 224 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

April 2, 2025 (new edition)

Copies in print: 10,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Chiara Carminati was born and lives in Udine. She writes stories, poetry and plays for children and young adults. She was awarded the Andersen – Il mondo dell'infanzia Prize as best author in 2012 and was nominated for the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award in 2021, 2022, and 2023. Her first books published by Bompiani, *Fuori fuoco* (2016) and *Viaggia verso* (2018) have been awarded many prizes. Bompiani also published *Un pinguino a Trieste*, which was shortlisted for the Campiello Junior Prize. Her website is www.parolematte.it

*A boy who is looking for his father gone missing during the war.
A small South African penguin, and the story that links them.*

Shortlisted for the Campiello Junior Award, 2022

In Nicolò is just a boy in the 1950s when he leaves Istria and his grandfather's home to travel to Trieste in order to live with his uncle. There, in Trieste, he will be able to attend an Italian school, find a job, and perhaps gather some information about his father: he was a sailor who disappeared, who never came back from Africa after the end of the war.

When he discovers that his father might be alive, he finds a job on a cruise ship in order to make the journey to South Africa and possibly locate him once and for all.

international rights

World French (La joie de lire), **World Spanish** (Siruela)

excerpt (translation by Alice Kilgariff)

If I were born a girl, I wouldn't have had to go out on the ships. There aren't any girls in the crew. There are generally very few women on board, just a few maids. They say that having women on board brings bad luck, but I don't know if this is the reason. My grandfather would take us fishing on his boat when I lived in Lussino, and he said that my cousin Anita was much better at it than me. He was right. She always seemed so at ease on board, whereas I was often struggling, not least because I suffered from sea sickness. Once, I nearly managed to capsize the boat, and if it weren't for my cousin taking the line from me in order to let out the sail, we would have all ended up in the water, along with the snappers we had caught.

And, thinking about it, it was thanks to a woman that Piero Piccini's boat didn't explode when we left Lussino. So, I'm not sure whether having women on board bring others bad luck, but it doesn't for me. This sea sickness business isn't easy to hide. I'm unbeatable in the water when it comes to swimming, but when I climb aboard a boat, I soon feel like I have a live eel in my stomach. I've never told anyone. In fact, when I had the medical examination for my embarkation papers, I lied without hesitation. I needed to get on that ship, I needed to leave.

"Any phobias? Allergies? Naupathy?", the official tasked with carrying out the medical examination asked me. I shook my head.

"Naupathy...sea sickness?", he asked again.

He thought it was strange I would know the meaning of that word, but I knew it well. I had read it in a newspaper, in the advert of a medicine to combat it. And I had put it on like a tailor-made shirt, giving a name to the eel that was writhing around in my stomach.

"No, sir. No sea sickness," I answered with absolute calm.

Little Girl

Alice Keller



LITTLE GIRL

PB + flaps / Euro 14 / 112 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

April 3, 2024

First print run: 2,500 copies

Partial English translation available



Alice Keller was born in Bologna in 1988. In 2016 she opened Momo, a bookshop for children and teenagers in Ravenna. She is the author of several picture books, novels and graphic novels for children and young readers published by various publishing houses. Her latest books are *Il mistero dei cani che sognano* (Pelledoca, 2023) and *Gaspere e Amleto* (Sinno, 2023).

A short novel with a surprising ending. Choosing who you will become is not easy, but it must be done.

A summer camp, a pine forest, the light of bonfires, a swimming pool, a group of kids dealing with body changes; the older, almost grown-up group leaders and some mysterious, intriguing foreign teens.

The narrator's voice, which is delicate, and also scared, is still not totally self-aware and assured. Yet, it tells the reader what it means to discover yourself, who you are, what you are, and what you want.

And what a precious gift it is, in the protean freedom of summer, to find someone who sees you for who you really are, who sees you even better than you see yourself.

excerpt

If I think of Anna, I always see her arriving while the others are already seated. I don't have an image of her mixed in with the crowd, there isn't a single time I didn't notice her arrival. In my mind Anna walks far up from the ground, light and taller than everyone else, with light jeans and a low-cut top that reveals her breasts, or a long skirt and clogs on her feet, a man's shirt when she returns from the beach in the morning. Anna never wears a bra and her body is both masculine and feminine all at once.

I look at Maddalena: her eyes are closed. Maybe she's imagining Anna too. I know that since we arrive at camp, everyone thinks of Anna, even our mothers.

"What do you think makes her such a fascinating woman?"

"Hmmm...", Maddalena opens one eye, turns her head, "perhaps the fact that she always seems so sure... that she doesn't need anyone... that she talks about her work as if she were walking three meters off the ground... that's it: it's as if she's always walking, even when she's standing still. If she doesn't walk with her feet, she walks with her head."

"I see her that way too, and when she's standing still she always seems perfectly in her place..."

When Anna is standing, she occupies the exact space that she should occupy.

My standing body is undecided, wobbling from side to side. When someone looks at me, I wish I could disappear, that a window would open from which I could shout: hey, I'm here, not there, don't look at this shape! Sometimes I don't know how to carry myself around. While Anna... I imagine light and deep roots that go underground, they dance, move. Anna dances the tango. She moves elegantly, with her back straight and her chest high, her legs cut through the waves without ever missing a step. Whoever dances with her is carried along as if by a cyclone. How did she become like this?

I Will Be Your Eyes

Cristiano Governa



IO SARÒ I TUOI OCCHI

HC + jacket / Euro 16 / 272 pages

Imprint: Ragazzi Narrativa

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

March 1, 2023

First print run: 3,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Cristiano Governa (1970) lives and works in Bologna as a journalist, author and writer for cinema and theatre. He has also worked for various Italian newspapers, including *la Repubblica*, *Il Domani di Bologna*, *Corriere della Sera*, *L'Osservatore Romano* and the magazines 'Il Venerdì', 'D' for *la Repubblica*, *D Lui* and *GQ*. With Bompiani he has published the noir entitled, *La strategia della clarissa*.

Four friends in Bologna, a group of odd, original twelve-year olds who have a wonderful time together. But then one of them disappears.

A story of adventure wrapped in horror, where a true city turns out to harbor a portal into another dimension.

Chiara is not the first girl to vanish in the city of Bologna. The police are not able to solve the crime and find themselves at a loss.

Eugenio, Ivano and Nino decide to carry out their own investigation. They ride around on their bicycles at night and break into a stationery store that guards a terrifying mystery: it is connected to a series of photographs of primary school children.

It is up to the band to solve the mystery and piece together the truth. The four young people will prove that a girl with dark skin, a chubby kid, a geeky boy, and another boy who is about to lose his sight, can actually change the world if they really want to.

excerpt

It could be any maniac, one of those you see on the TV shows, or the Devil himself with the evil empire and all the rest, or maybe just that witch from the stationery shop across the park.

We still don't know who's behind this, there are different opinions about it.

The fact is that Chiara has been kidnapped. We are sure of it.

We haven't heard from her for almost a week, she hasn't been seen at school and she doesn't answer her cell phone.

They took her away, I feel it, this time it was her turn.

Why do I say "this time"?

Because she's not the first to disappear like this, suddenly.

Strange things have been happening at the park for some time now.

It all started two months ago with Enrico. Last month it was Gianluca.

Two kids who were playing at the park disappeared and no one has heard anything from them since. They disappeared without a trace.

No one saw or heard anything strange, one minute before maybe they were playing ball with you or hide and seek with a classmate of yours, and the next day they were gone. Disappeared.

Voluntary departure. The police aren't even ruling out this possibility.

They say that kids sometimes run away. Which can happen.

I don't know, it seems to me that three kids missing in almost three months is too many.

"Maybe Chiara just changed parks," says my mother, while dad nods.

They love that word, *maybe*.

I think it helps them downplay the bad things, but I'm afraid it works with the good things, too.

The reality is that our parents don't want to worry about it, and that's exactly when we start to worry.

We worry about different things: they only worry about the things they know, while we are, you know, more open-minded.

The thing is, there are rumors.

The Wrong Boy

Giada Borgatti and Cristiano Cavina



IL RAGAZZO SBAGLIATO

PB + jacket / Euro 16 / 304 pages

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Giada Borgatti (Bologna, 1985) trained as an actress, teacher, and creator of children's projects at the *Compagnia Teatro dell'Argine*. In 2020 she published an illustrated book, *La mia mamma ha qualcosa nella pancia*, with Edizioni Arka. *Il ragazzo sbagliato* is her first book for teenagers.

Cristiano Cavina was born in Casola Valsenio in 1974. He spent half his life as a pizzaiolo, and the other half writing books. His first ten novels were published by Marcos y Marcos. His latest book for Bompiani is *L'ananas no!* (2024).

What happens when your best friend ignores you, your brother doesn't want to sort himself out, your parents are too worried about him to think about you, and you are left on your own? You are alone, and there's nothing you can do about it.

Desi is alone. She had a best friend, Simo, who left for Mexico and now is not answering her texts. Desi also nearly lost her brother Pippi in a motorbike accident that has left a deep mark on their family.

Her mother is obsessed with the health of her favorite child, her father is wrapped up in his work, and they both ignore Desi.

But then, the wrong boy comes along. His name is Jader: he is older than the other classmates, he has scars on his neck, and he wears a mysterious-looking hoodie.

Who is he? Why does he regularly skip classes? Why has Simo changed? How can Desi help Pippi get his life back?

excerpt

My name is Desi. Written as it is pronounced, not *Daisy*. Not the diminutive of something else. Even though it may seem that way sometimes.

Her last message was a smiley with a sticking out tongue. Before takeoff, from the airport: it was too early for one of our postcards.

Amiga, I miss you already! I wrote to her.

In mid-July Simo leaves for vacation with his parents. A tourist village in Mexico. Forty days. The cardiologist wanted to spend some time at the seaside with his family.

Nothing new. There were the Maldives, Bali, Madagascar. This year it was the mariachis' turn.

Certain habits have to be maintained, and so the day before departure I show up at her place, even though she forgot to call me. It must be a new phase in her version of a Grumpy Teenager Who Is About to Leave, Reluctantly.

I catch her packing and unpacking her suitcases, while she can't decide what to bring.

Everything is as usual: I am at her house to keep her company in her delirium. If I had brought the violin, I could have soundtracked it underneath, like a circus.

Me on the chair and she inside the closet; me at the desk and she under the bed looking for something; me lying on the floor with my feet up against the wall and she standing in the middle of the room, her gaze lost in the void.

Our normal reality.

"What the hell do you wear in Mexico?"

"Maracas."

The True Story of Robin Hood and his Merry Men

Wu Ming 4



LA VERA STORIA DELLA BANDA HOOD

PB + flaps / Euro 16 / 240 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction/YA

Rights: c.zangrandi@giunti.it

April 3, 2024

Copies in print: 10,000 (10/24)

Partial English translation available



Wu Ming 4 is a member of the collective of storytellers Wu Ming, authors of the novel *Q* (Einaudi, 1999) under the pseudonym of Luther Blissett. He has also written solo novels, travel stories, reportages and essays on literature. With Bompiani, Wu Ming 4 has published *L'eroe imperfetto* (2022), the novel *Il piccolo regno* (2016) and *Difendere la Terra di Mezzo* (2023). The website for the collective is: www.wumingfoundation.com

After The Little Kingdom, Wu Ming 4 goes back to England to tell us a story deeply rooted in British tradition, one of the most beloved adventures of all time.

The Sherwood Forest, the Sheriff of Nottingham, John Lackland, Richard the Lionheart, Lady Marian, Friar Tuck, Little John: thanks to a host of successful movies and books of all kinds, everyone, from every country, knows all about the legend of Robin Hood, the epic bandit who stole from the rich to give to the poor. He was a phenomenal archer and a champion of British dynastic legitimacy.

But where does the truth lie?

Wu Ming 4 attempts to answer this question by offering us his fictionalized yet “true” version of the story of Robin Hood and his band of Merry Men.

press

- *“There is no distinct separation between “historical” elements and “made up” elements in Wu Ming 4’s new novel which, instead, is all about the fusion of mythology and reality. The outlaws who take refuge in Sherwood Forest meet by chance but they live a common destiny: their struggle is political.” – Daniele Giglioli, La Lettura*

excerpt

“Get down,” ordered a male voice behind him.

Gisborne dropped to his knees, feeling the flint sting his neck.

“The weapons and the bag,” the voice said.

He drew his sword and laid it beside him with the rest.

A kick pushed him against the rock. He found himself sitting beside the corpse and could see who was in front of him. Little more than boys, ravenous faces, bows and arrows stuck.

The chances of getting out alive were slim. That made him grin.

“It’s a crusader,” said one. “They passed through here years ago. They went to the Holy Land with the king. They had a cross sewn on them.”

Gisborne recognised the beggar’s rough voice.

“Is it true? Were you with the king?” asked another.

Gisborne nodded silently.

“If you kill a soldier of God, you give your soul to the Devil,” said the first.

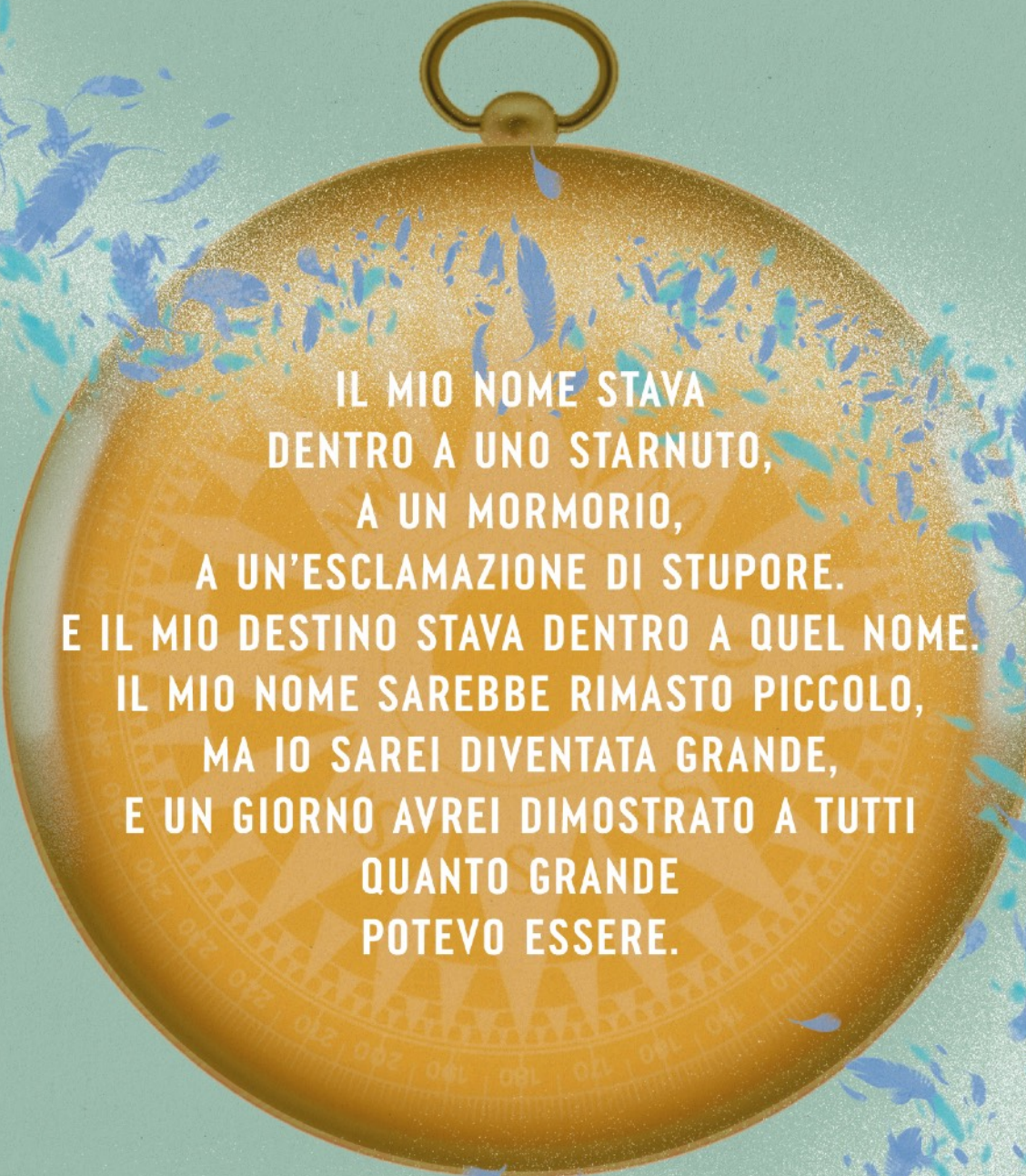
The girl bent down and grasped the flap of green cloth sticking out from under the vest, unrolling the belt. She brought it to her nose.

“What is your name?”

“Lady Marian.”

“Where is she?”

“Locked in a tower in Nottingham.”



IL MIO NOME STAVA
DENTRO A UNO STARNUTO,
A UN MORMORIO,
A UN'ESCLAMAZIONE DI STUPORE.
E IL MIO DESTINO STAVA DENTRO A QUEL NOME.
IL MIO NOME SAREBBE RIMASTO PICCOLO,
MA IO SAREI DIVENTATA GRANDE,
E UN GIORNO AVREI DIMOSTRATO A TUTTI
QUANTO GRANDE
POTEVO ESSERE.

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