

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.

Like all fairytales with mermaids, this ends the same way. At nights, our little mermaid would slip on her dress, grow a pair of legs and run to her boy, always out of breath. He was wearing her fish costume and he painted his entire little palace turquoise, planted seashells, turned sun into a black urchin. He held her in his arms, as his embrace was her air out of the sea; her breath. The mermaid knew that the boy lived by breathing her laughter. At mornings, she would again become a mermaid and return to the Prussian Blue Sea. She would swim and plan how to cherish her boy at night. The boy would spend his mornings waiting for the night when he could see his girl, taking care of her dress and garnish his little palace with sea depths.



They loved each other like no two people have ever loved. The way that only children can love. Every attempt to describe their happiness would lead to failure. There are no words in any language to come close.

This is how they lived, in a very tiny seashell. That enclosed a sea and a little palace built by its bottom. In a very tiny reality, that made the deepest certainties of this world, uncertain.

One day, the giant got bored of painting seas and carelessly threw the seashell over the sharp rocks of a tall mountain. The seashell shattered silently. The mermaid withered on the rocks. The boy became a man. The man grew older, loving the colour rose-red, so deeply, that his love for it is deeper than the deepest sea.



The idea of Saita publications emerged in July 2012, having as a primary goal to create a web space where new authors can interact with the readers directly and free.

Saita publications' aim is to redefine the relationship between publisher-author-reader, by cultivating a true dialogue, and by establishing an effective communication channel for authors and readers alike. Saita publications stay far away from profit, exploitation and commercialisation of literary property.

*The strong wind of passion for reading,
the sweet breeze of creativity,
the zephyr of innovation,
the sirocco of imagination,
the levanter of persistence,
the deep power of vision,
guide the saita of our publications.*

We invite you to let books fly free!

Within a seashell was hiding one very tiny reality. There lived a mermaid girl. One day, a handsome boy saw her and said to her "Hey, little girl! As soon as I finish eating my fish, I will come to kiss you." Their love was so deep, it was deeper than the deepest sea...

