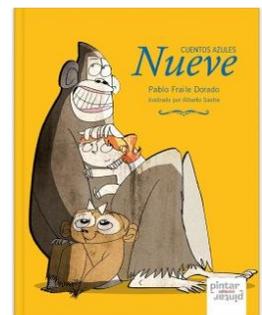
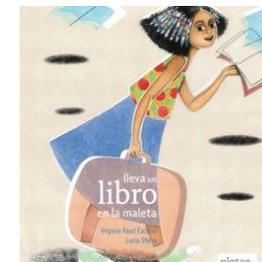
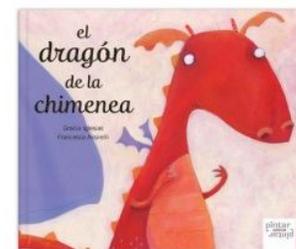
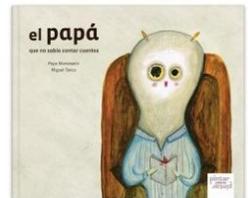
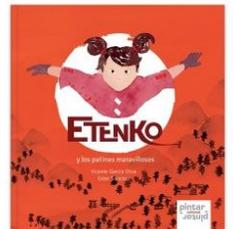


# pintar editorial pintar

## Rights Guide Frankfurt Book Fair 2018



New

## Armonia Chainsaw – Armonía Motosierra



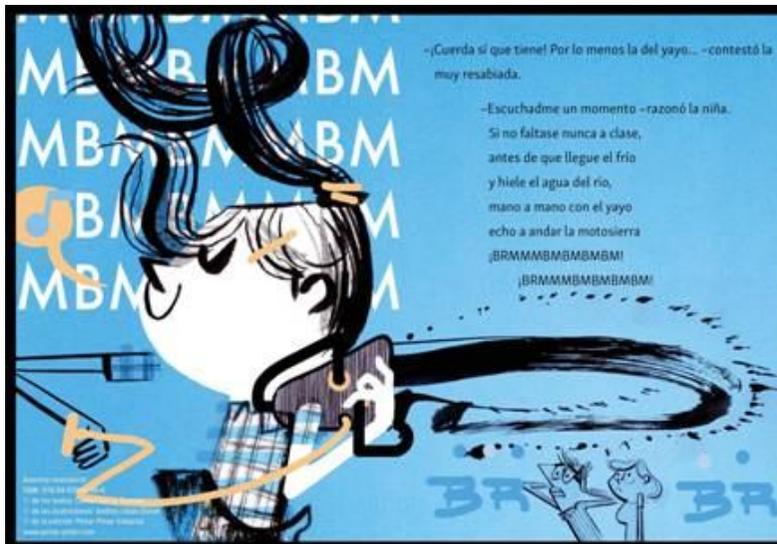
**Publication Date:** 2018

**Authors:** D.García Granda & A. Llinas Durán

**Pages:** 72

**Format:** 16 x 22 cm

"And then, Amorina caught a tantrum, rolled on the floor, kicked, yelled, and threw a shoe into the sky." The girl refused to rehearse, to play the violin, which is a phenomenal instrument, yes, it's fantastic and great, and does not sound like any other. But, it is just not an instrument for all girls, and nor for all boys. Do you agree that you neither can force a dancer to paint drawings or to cook? That's why Amorina prefers to learn with grandpa, who uses the chainsaw just as well as a squirrel climbs the trees. And the girl grabs the chainsaw, turns it on and with its "brm ..., brm ..., brm" she leaves like a bolt of lightning...



Some double pages:

<http://www.digital.pintar-pintar.com/books/korr/>

New

## The Hat That Flew – El sombrero que voló



**Publication Date:** 2018

**Authors:** J.C. Román & M. Carretero

**Pages:** 44

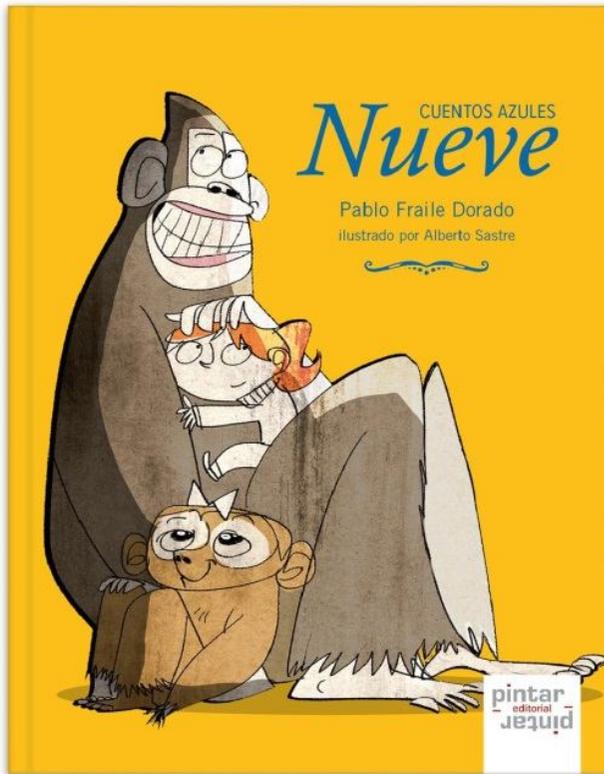
**Format:** 21 x 22 cm

Mrs. Filomena goes out for a walk, with her Sunday clothes and a new hat that everyone admires. But the wind begins to blow, without anyone expecting it, taking the headdress for Filomena's sadness. Thus begins the journey of this elegant and volatile hat, which on its way meets a family of mice that turn the interior of the cup into their home: below, they put the kitchen and the living room; Upstairs, a little bed, with its soft mattress. But the wind blows again, and the pretty hat leaves. Even further. What other characters will the hat meet in its funny swing?

Some double pages:

<http://www.digital.pintar-pintar.com/books/dhhz/>

## Nine Blue Tales – Nueve cuentos azules



**Publication Date:** 2017

**Authors:** P.Fraile Dorado & A. Sastre

**Pages:** 56

**Format:** 21 x 26 cm

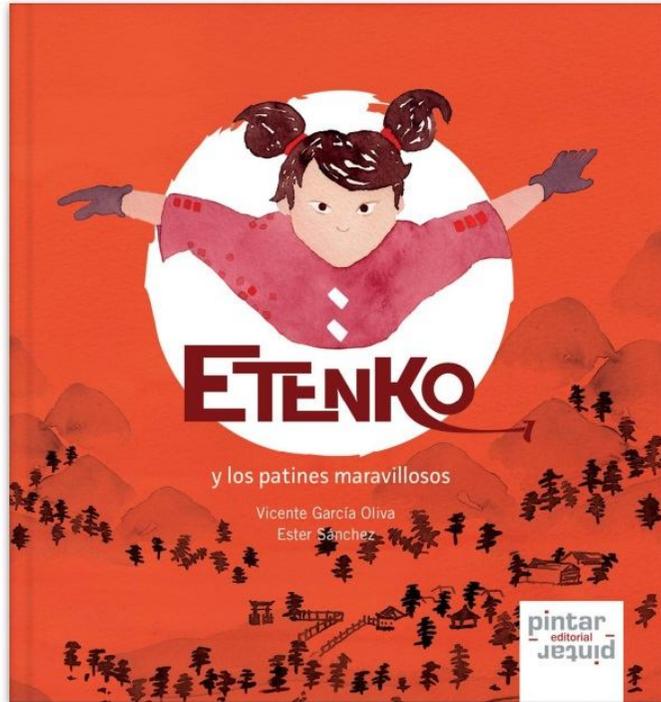
A peaceful vampire receives an unexpected visit in his castle, a young Neanderthal observes a group of invaders from the top of the valley, a knight-errant looks for the last living dragon in a frozen cave, three aliens arrive on Earth to study its varied and abundant life. These are some of the arguments and characters in "Nine Blue Stories", nine stories that fit fantasy, adventure or science fiction, genres that sometimes intermingle, stir, shake to take the shape of dinosaur or robot, Bigfoot or planet, spaceships or Abominable Snowman. Nine stories to read softly or aloud, with or without company, with one eye on classic stories and the other in the most current stories.

"I am struck by the fact that there are many characters who identify with negative traits, but when you go deeper into them, they draw positive conclusions. The stories include items such as geography, maps or dinosaurs, things that we see people with attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD) and autism spectrum disorder are very interested in." *Fabiana Ginobili, president of the Asperger Association of Asturias, Spain.*

Some double pages: <http://www.digital.pintar-pintar.com/books/vasm/>



## Etenko And The Wonderful Skates – Etenko y los patines maravillosos



**Publication Date:** 2017

**Authors:** V. García Oliva & E. Sánchez

**Pages:** 40

**Format:** 21 x 22 cm

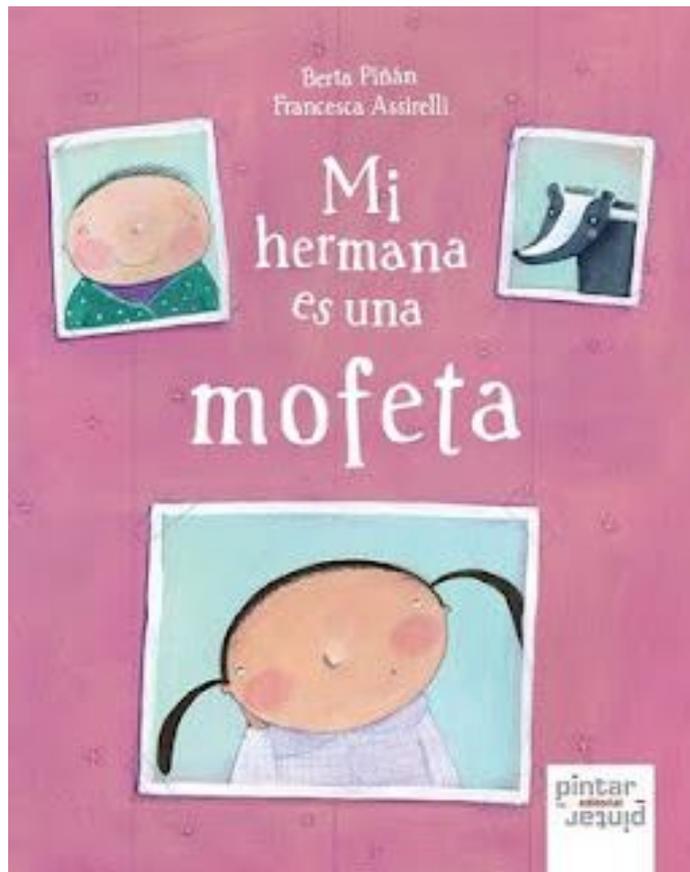
The image that classical literature has given about girls and women is only the reflection of our society: girls are passive, secondary beings, oblivious to the epic reserved only for males. This stereotype is still valid in three quarters of the world, in Africa, Asia, Latin America, and even in that so-called "first world", in which the vital and professional development of young women continues to have great obstacles to reach the highest levels.

In this story, Etenko dreams of skating, of flying, of getting out of that reality that dwarfs her. Etenko knows that we have to fight against many laws, even against the one that ties us to the earth: the law of gravity. This is why Etenko's dreams are so important: they help her to build another alternative world that, in order to exist, you first must imagine...



## My Sister Is A Skunk – Mi hermana es una mofeta

**Publication Date:** 2011  
**Authors:** B. Piñán & F. Assirelli  
**Pages:** 32  
**Format:** 21 x 26 cm



Nobody told me before, no one said anything, but from the beginning, since she was born and I saw, I knew my sister was a skunk." Thus, in this direct way, in first person, begins the story "My sister is a skunk" The little narrator tells in a way between innocent and surprised, as only children can do, how she feels having a baby sister who does not meet her expectations at all. Because, somehow, jealousy clouded her vision and understanding.

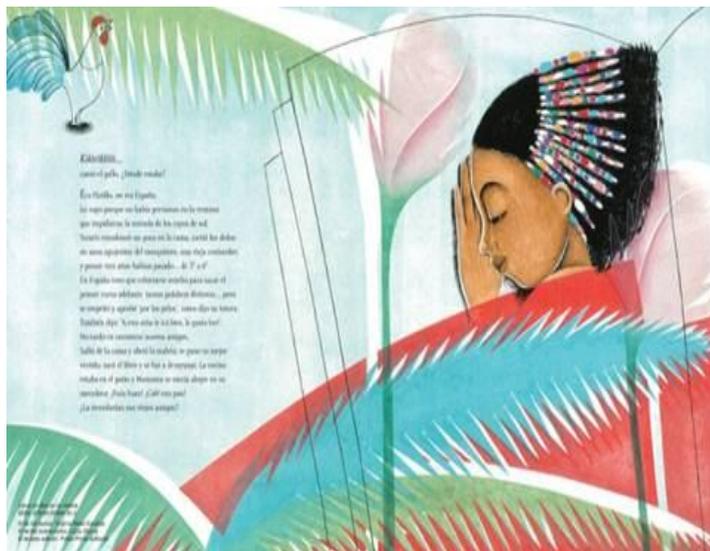
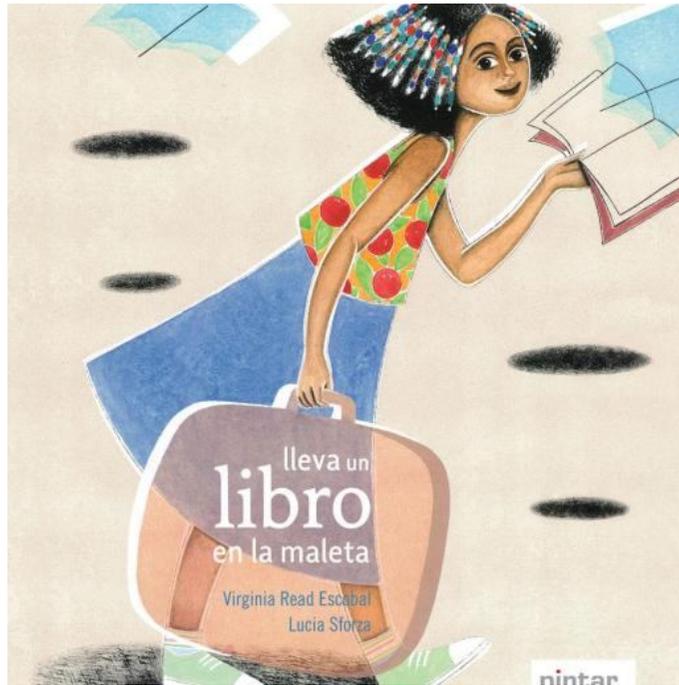
Suddenly, she loses intimacy with her mother and is taken a back seat because the whole family, absolutely all of them were caught by the sister. Moreover, they called it corny and inexplicable things.

"**My sister is a skunk**" addresses in a funny way the problem of jealousy, the arrival of a brother or sister in a different and novel way since the author is camouflaged behind the narrator and gives voice to a small who, directly and without barriers, tells how she feels.



**German rights sold**

## Take A Book In The Suitcase - Lleva un libro en la maleta



**Publication Date:** 2011  
**Authors:** V.Read Escobal & L.Sforza  
**Pages:** 40  
**Format:** 21 x 26 cm

...“We have visitors!” – announced Narciso. Yaniris looked back, there was still time to turn around. Where were her father and her brother? Her mother pushed her gently into the classroom. Some girls greeted shyly ... There were ... Bernarda! Nana! Ana Gabriela? Jenny? She could not keep looking, she felt ridiculous when he handed the book to the teacher. Miss Miriam, she remembered her name.

Yaniris managed to stammer a few words watching at the ground.

“It's just a book, but it's nice ... I would love that my friends had a library ... as I have over there ... I love reading.”

She raised her eyes and something from the corner of the classroom, Starlingbell winked mockingly ... That junk continued being punished!

The teacher, Miss Miriam, smiled and took the book in her hands.

“It is beautiful!” she said aloud and thanked her .“Hopefully everyone who returns to visit us brings a book as gift ... Everyone should bring books into the suitcase.”...

**Third National Award 2012 of Best Books in Spain and Kiriko Book Award Finalist 2012**

**Korean rights sold**

## I Sleep With A Bear - Yo duermo con un oso



**Publication Date:** 2010

**Authors:** A.Acebal & B.Sauras

**Pages:** 36

**Format:** 21 x 22 cm

I sleep with a teddy bear and one thousand monsters close to my pillow. Before, I was afraid of them but now they do nothing to me. They live in my room, under the bed and in the cabinet that is right at the entrance. There is a heartless pirate who has forgotten how to steal boats,  
A tin robot with only one leg,  
A werewolf who howls and sometimes seems silly,  
A sharp-fanged vampire who now is a bit toothless,  
A dragon that sleeps in a coffin,  
Also there is this man from Mars who, as having no house was here to live anywhere,  
A ghost that has escaped all chains and now does not cry penalty.  
And the bogeyman, I still not speak to him, just in case.

I sleep with a teddy bear and one thousand monsters close to my pillow. Before, I was afraid of them but now they do nothing to me. They are with me during the night and say goodbye to me every morning, Although sometimes someone slips, hidden in my backpack, and comes with me to school.

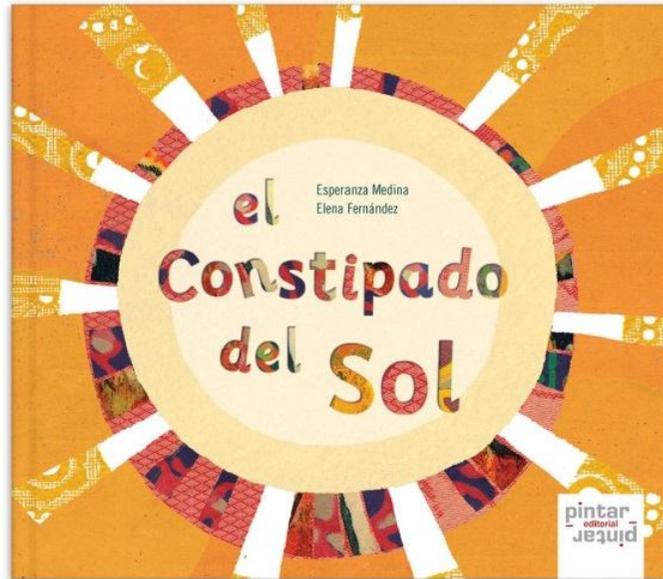
## The Sun Has A Cold - El constipado del sol

**Publication Date:** 2012

**Authors:** E. Medina & E. Fernández

**Pages:** 40

**Format:** 25,5 x 22 cm



One day, the Sun caught a cold.

No one knows exactly why, but somebody said that some nights the Sun stares at the moon behind the mountains. And of course the mountains have snow in winter, and the snow makes it very, very cold.

Anyway, what is certain is that the Sun caught a cold, and it was the first time that this had happened. Not even the oldest people in the villages remembered something like this.

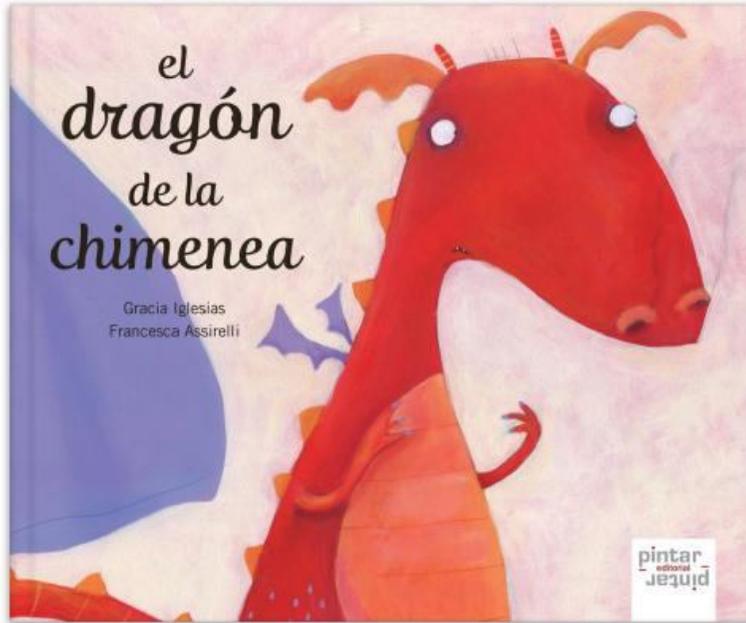
When we sneeze, we put our hand over our mouth and turn our head a little. This is how to avoid greater evils, but when the Sun sneezes ...

When the Sun sneezes, a huge invisible ball of heat at the speed of a locomotive train comes out of her mouth. It is impossible to stop it or avoid it, because you do not see it coming. So, the Sun having a cold was creating terrible disasters everywhere:

Dried grass everywhere. Cows with nothing to eat, their milk so warm that we could mix it directly with chocolate and have hot chocolate with cookies. As the sheep's wool had been burned off, they were so cold that their fellows which had missed the Sun's sneeze, cut some wool scarves and made pullovers for their friends. This was such a strange winter. How to cure the Sun's cold?



## The Dragon From The Chimney - El dragón en la chimenea



**Publication Date:** 2014

**Authors:** G.Iglesias & F.Assirelli

**Pages:** 48

**Format:** 29,4 x 24,5 cm

Like every morning, Estrella swept the fireplace today. When she tried to put out the last embers with water, she suddenly heard a tremendous roar and a little red dragon rose from the chimney. He was not only sympathetic but also very helpful and Estrella thought that a dragon would be a better pet than a dog or a cat. She did not have to go for a walk with him and in addition, the dragon learned in a short time to warm dinner and to dry the laundry. The only inconvenience was that he could not get wet, because he could die, he would. The dragon was afraid of visitors, and they decided to receive no one at home. "Do not open the door to anyone you don't know," Estrella admonished him whenever he was left alone at home.



But one day the postman brought a letter. He knocked on the door so persistently that the dragon could not help but to open the door. As soon as the postman saw the dragon, he was so frightened that he ran away as fast as he could...

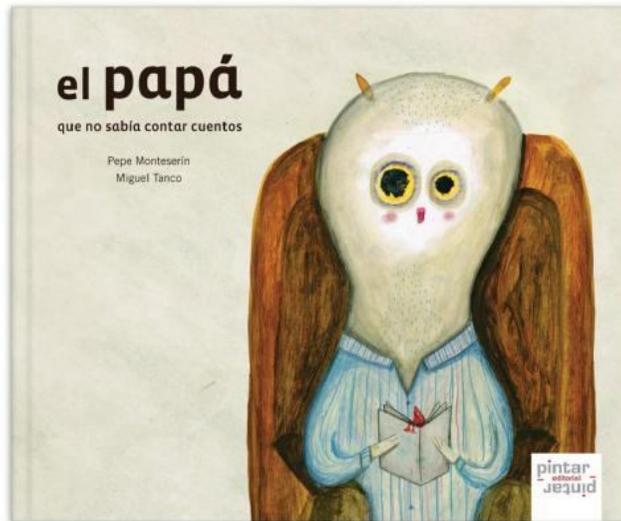
## The Daddy Who Could Not Tell Stories - El papá que no sabía contar cuentos

**Publication Date:** 2012

**Authors:** P.Monteserín & M.Tanco

**Pages:** 32

**Format:** 29,4 x 24,5 cm



This was a daddy who could not tell stories to his little children, the mother did, but the father does not.

Mom gave them to dinner, she slept them three in the cot, in one small bed, two on one side and other one on the other side, just like sardines lie in a can. She told them the story of a frog sitting underwater, and the children always slept very, very happily. Dreaming with that frog sitting under water.

One night, when Mom came home after a hard working day, she asked her husband for help with making dinner. Because she felt a little tired. And he helped.

Actually, he was good at everything, so he learned to fry eggs... although they sometimes get burned.

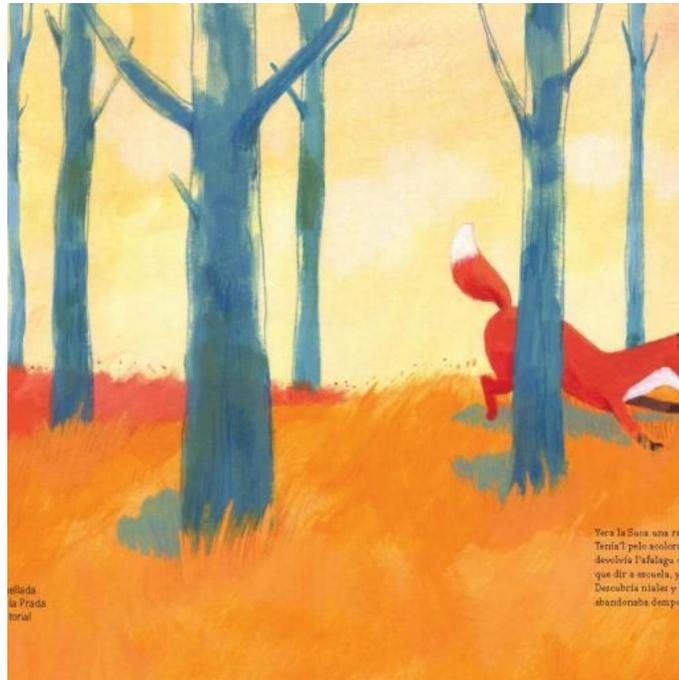
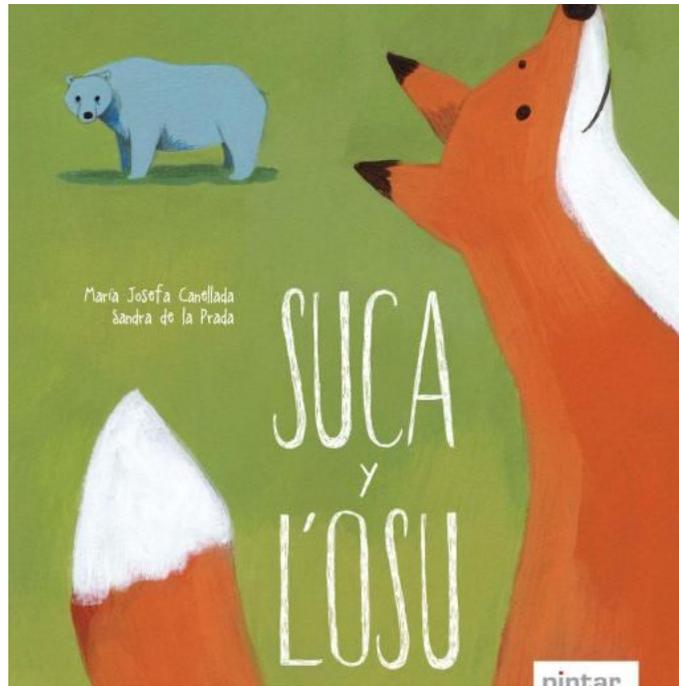
Another night, she asked him for help with washing, and he did; his wife was amazed at how good he scrubbed and barely glasses were breaking.

Another day she asked him for help with ironing and he grabbed the iron and drove it at full speed through the sleeves of the shirts for not burning them, so as he did with the eggs. He was good on ironing!

But, he was not good telling stories...



## Suca And The Bear - Suca y el oso



**Publication Date:** 2012

**Authors:** M.J.Canellada & S.de la Prada

**Pages:** 32

**Format:** 21 x 26 cm

Suca was a cheerful and bright young fox. Her fur was reddish and soft, shining like silk and returning the caress, when you touched it. Suca did not need to go to school, but went quite according to her mood through the forest. She discovered nests and nuts that she set out to smell them and after this let.

One morning - that morning Suca will always remember – she discovered the bird Pinta in her nest. This was hidden in a hedge and lay on soft thorns that do not hurt when they are touched, but only stacking when the spikes are pressed firmly against the skin. This hedge was white, fragrant and had flowers of five petals. In the middle, hiding among green good-smelling leaves the mother bird Pinta had built her nest.

A belated egg was back in the nest. Of the other five eggs, the eggshells were already picked and five cute little birds were crying and begging with yellow and wide opened beaks the first midges or sweet worms that their mother had promised them. The mother was waiting desperately for the hesitant and immobile egg, when Suca heard the cry of the bird. It was a feast. She could smell the delicious odor of warm feathers and just did not resist and ate the whole family for breakfast. She sipped even the poor bird out of the unwrapped egg, whose bones were still quite soft. Among the flowers of the hedge only the small yellow feathers of small birds and the big cock of the wing nut remained. They were gray-yellow and at one end of iridescent blue, this metal colored blue of pigeons' necks.

Suca felt that her sense of smell was developed day by day more and more. She smelled things that were far away. Rarely she ran down to the farmhouse, but one day she smelled from far away, when she stood on the pathway and from where she could see the house without being seen, a whole new fragrance...



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