

Verónica Bienvenido i Paula Pérez

[Traducció a l'anglès del conte «el cistell», inclòs en el llibre *Nens de llet*]

THE BASKET

At the crack of dawn, after having breakfast, the mother hands over a basket full of fruit and several vegetables to her daughter and she says: “Now that you’re all grown up, my child, go on your own to grandmother’s house and bring her the food which she needs to recover”. The girl hurries to take the handle of the basket with both of her hands -how heavy it is!-, and a bit overwhelmed by the duty, she gives an innocent kiss to the mother, on the cheek, and she starts the path to her grandmother’s house in the middle of the forest. She arrives a couple of hours later. Exhausted, she leaves the basket on the floor and knocks at the door.

“Knock, knock”.

Nothing. She waits for about three or four minutes, time that she grasps to pick some wild flowers, and she knocks again.

“Knock, knock”.

She waits a few more minutes in front of the door, fidgety -due to nervousness, she chews her nails- until she is fed up:

“Grandma! Open the door! It’s me!”

There is no hint of the grandmother. The girl leaves the nails and starts carving the handful of wildflowers until there are no flowers anymore. Once finished, furious as a beast, she kicks the door, with her patent-leather shoes from her first

communion, and she bursts it open. She picks up the wicker basket full of fruit and vegetables, she gets into the house and shouts:

“Grandma! Where are you?”

A bit of an echo is heard:

“you, you, you...”

She leaves the basket on the kitchen table and she starts searching throughout the house in the hope of finding her grandmother: living room, rooms, bathrooms, wardrobe...

There’s no trace. “Maybe she has left for a moment,” she thinks.

Meanwhile, she takes the fruit and vegetables out from the basket to keep them fresh, just as mother does, so they won’t spoil. She opens the door of the fridge and *bonk*, there is grandmother, fully naked and wearing her knitting glasses. Her nipples, her ears, two fingers of her right hand and three fingers of her left one are missing. She doesn’t have any toes left in her feet. Without even closing the door of the fridge, she takes the basket in the blink of an eye and makes her way home, like greased lightning.