



The Man who Swallowed the Moon

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27 x 27,5 cm
33 pages



At the Sardinyard alley the universal physical laws seem a little bit more flexible than anywhere else, which means that the man who by chance opened his mouth in a slightly wider yawn than expected got to swallow by accident the whole moon.

Age 8+

Após, olhou para o Céu e bocejou um destes bocejos do tamanho duma casa, escancarando muito a bocarra que era considerada uma das mais competitivas da zona oriental. E aconteceu aquilo da Lua.

Deslocou-se um bocadinho, assim como quem se desequilibrou, entrou a descer devagar, ressaltou numa ponta de nuvem que por ali pairava feita parva, e foi enfiar-se inteirinha na boca do Andrade que só fez “gulp” e esbugalhou os olhos muito.



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After that, he looked at the Sky and yawned one of those yawns as wide as the size of a house, opening such a big mouth that it was already considered one of the most competitive in the oriental zone. And then, that thing with the Moon happened.

It moved a little bit, as if losing balance, while slowly descending and hitting on the tip of a dumb cloud that was walking by and then entering, the whole of it, inside Andrade's mouth. He was only able to make the “glup” sound, and goggling his eyes.

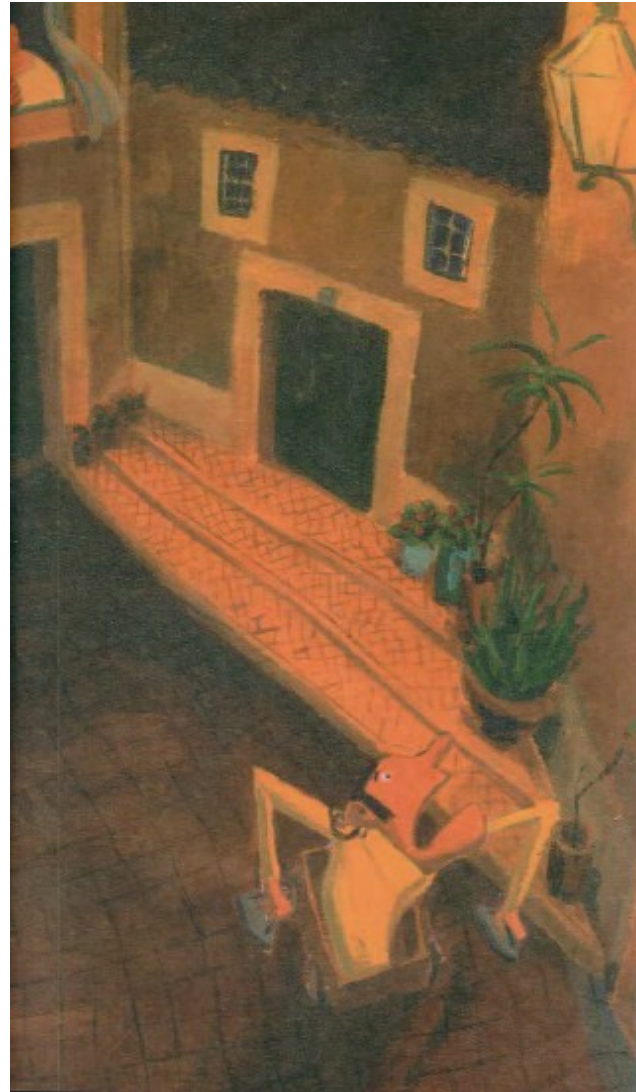
No sítio da Lua, lá no astro,
ficou um vinco esbranquiçado
como dobra em papel de seda que
logo se apagou e o céu tornou-se
bem liso e escorreito. O Beco ficou
um tudo-nada mais escuro e um
gato passou a correr, pardo,
da cor dos outros.
Diz o Zé Metade, no fim duma
estrofe: – “Ina cum caraças!”



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Instead of the Moon, right there in the stars, there was left a whitish wrinkle resembling folded silk paper, but then it disappeared and the sky became very smooth and neat. The Neighborhood was just slightly darker than usual, and a black cat ran by, as black as any.

“Holy Moly!”, said Half-Zé, who was caught at the end of a stanza.



Vai o Andrade lá de cima e atira o maior arroto que jamais se ouviu naquele beco. Era o Zé Metade a berrar para dentro:

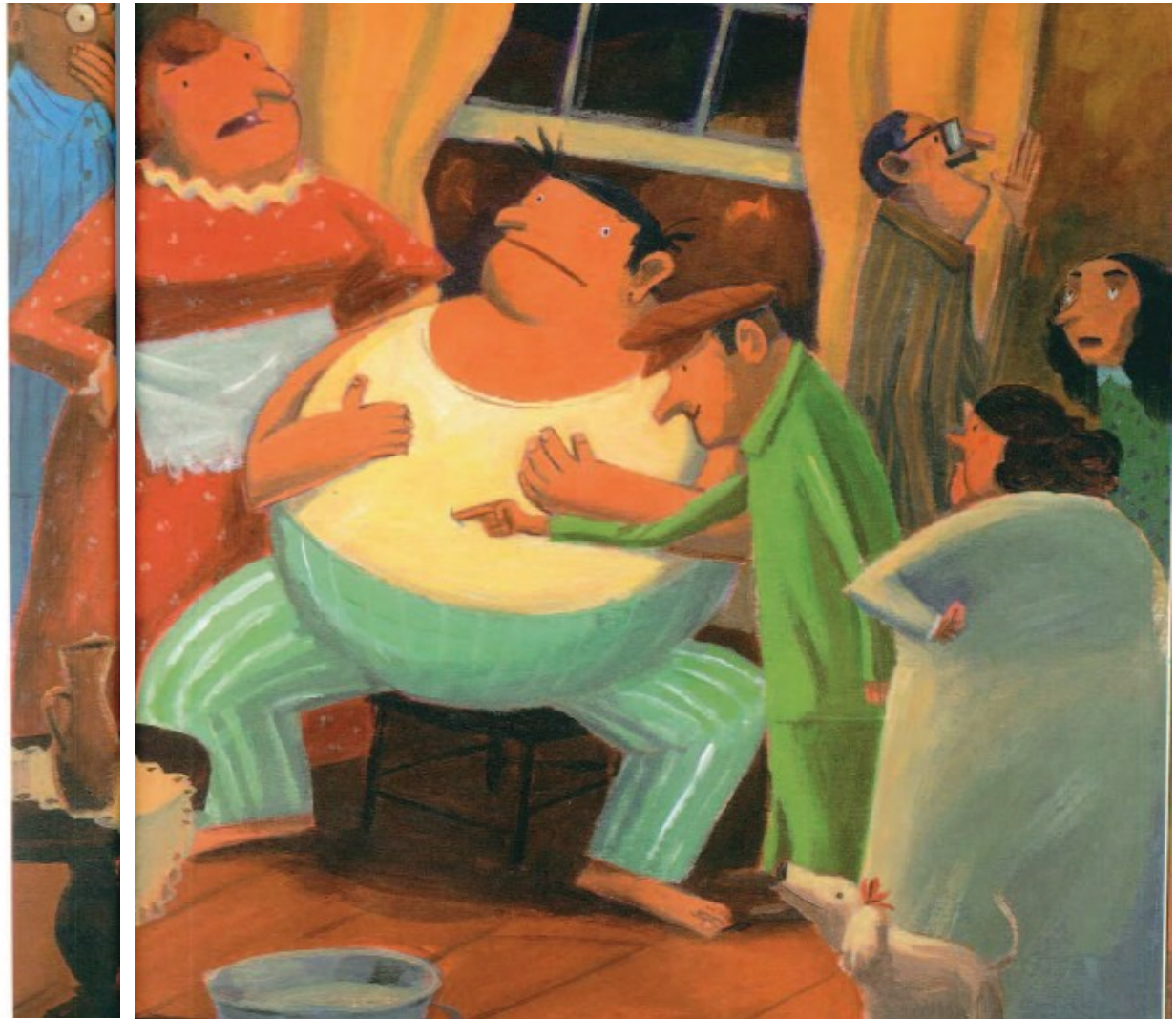
“nha mãe, venha cá, senhora, co Andrade engoliu a Lua!” e o Andrade a olhar para nós, limpando a boca com as costas da mão, um ar azamboado.

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From the top of his place, Andrade sent out the loudest burping that Neighborhood has ever heard. And Half-Zé followed with a shout:

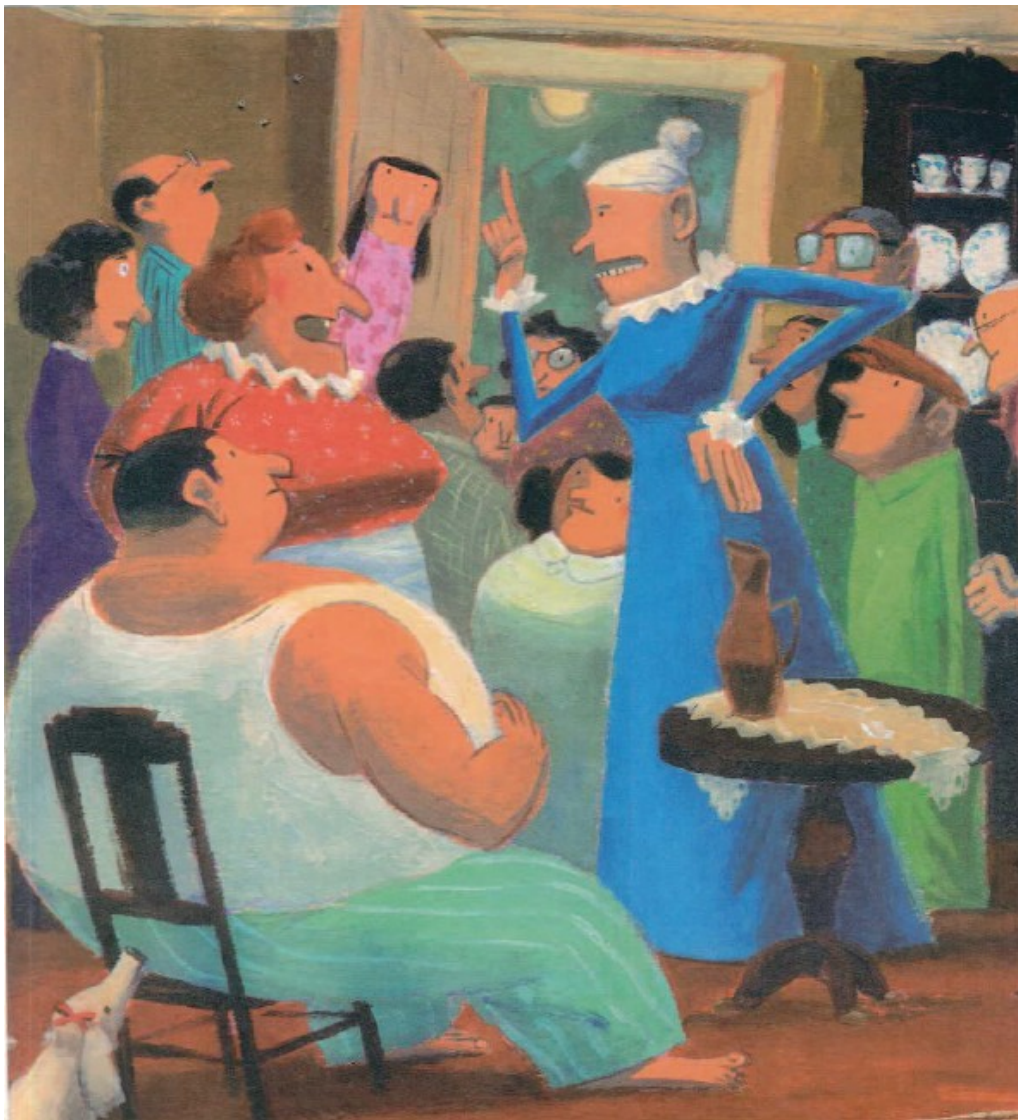
“Ma', come here fast, Andrade has just swallowed the Moon!”. Andrade, by his turn, was simply staring at us, while cleaning his mouth with the back of the hand and putting a woozy look on his face.

Seguiu-se o alvoroço costumeiro sempre que havia novidade. Ia um corrupio de pessoal na rua a falar alto e um ror de gente em casa do Andrade, que estava sentado numa cadeira, pernas muito afastadas, pedindo muita água e queixando-se de que sentia a barriga um bocado pesada.



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Then the big fuss came, as it's usual every time there is some novelty. On the streets, an agitated bunch of people commenting in loud voices, and inside Andrade's house an awful crowd helping him out, who was sitting in a chair, his legs very far apart from each other, and asking for a lot of water and complaining that his belly was feeling a bit heavy.



– Ele não teve culpa, tadinho, que ela é que se lhe veio enfiar pela boca dentro – comentava a mulher do Andrade, torcendo a ponta do avental.
– Mas se foi ele quem a desafiou... – gritava a mãe do Zé dando punhadas de uma mão na palma da outra, – Pôr-se ali na janela aos bocejos, olha a farronca! Agora vem esta a querer baralhar género humano com Manuel Germano. O meu Zé viu tudo, óvistes?

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“He didn't do anything wrong, the poor guy, it was the Moon that went inside his mouth”, Andrade's wife was saying, while playing with the tip of her apron.

“But if he was the one defying her...”, Zé's mother shouted turning her hand into a fist and hitting on the other palm. “Why should he be yawning like that at the window, in such a show-off?! And all the pretty words for what, for confusing human being with winning thing. My Zé saw everything, you hear?”