

My name is
NAME



UCV



**Cátedra Caixa Popular
para el Estudio de
los Desafíos Sociales
y Vulnerabilidad**

Organización

Cátedra Caixa Popular para el Estudio de los Desafíos
Sociales y Vulnerabilidad - UCV

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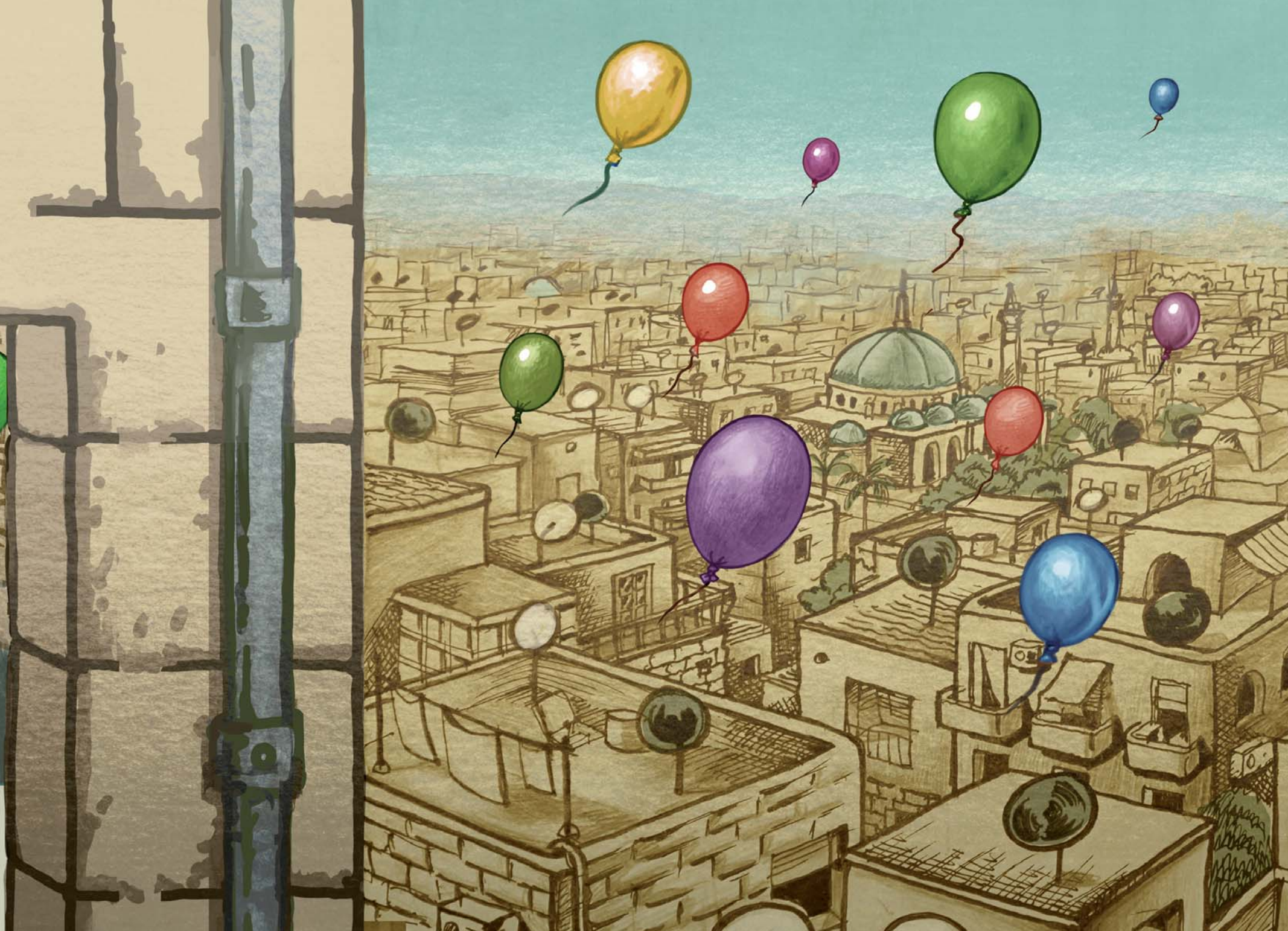
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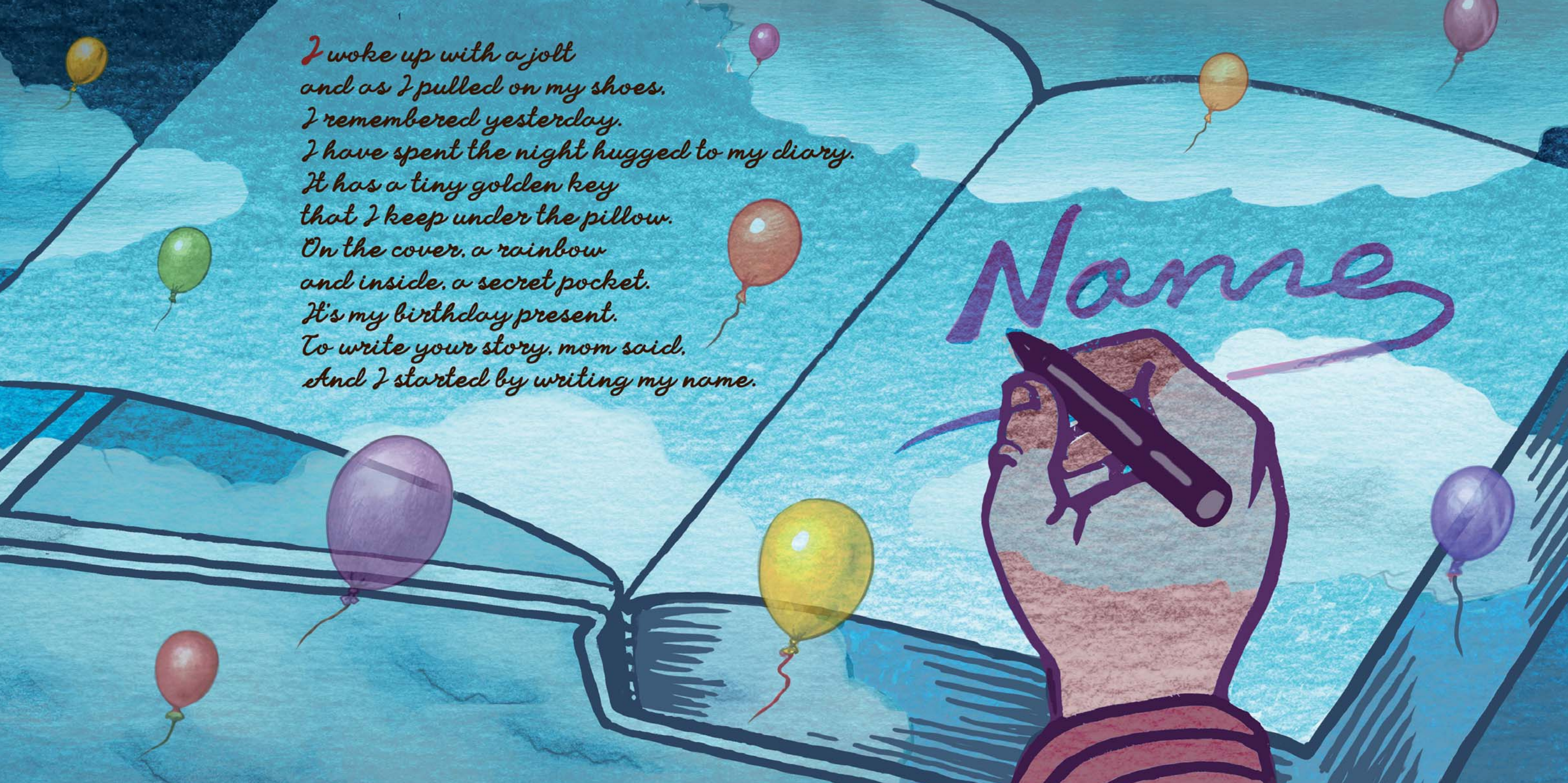
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*Soft and spongy cake,
filled with strawberry jam,
covered in crispy chocolate.
Jars of frozen lemonade
and nine white candles
adorning my cake.*



*I woke up with a jolt
and as I pulled on my shoes,
I remembered yesterday.
I have spent the night hugged to my diary.
It has a tiny golden key
that I keep under the pillow.
On the cover, a rainbow
and inside, a secret pocket.
It's my birthday present.
To write your story, mom said,
And I started by writing my name.*

Name





**Name has a heron,
Of white feathers and wings,
tall and outstretched,
of curved beak and legs slim.**

**It flies north to south
between autumn and spring,
rocked by the wind,
in a sky without borders.**



*A gaping hole of red and black,
full of steel,
the ground burns.*

*A gaping hole of red and black,
full of blood,
a fire urn.*

*On the way to school,
we jump around,
dodging shards of glass,
leaping over puddles.
Sirens wail with every step.
Maira looks at me in tears.
I know what she is thinking,
but I stay silent.*



A heron with brown and white feathers is shown in flight, facing right. The background is a solid grey sky. Numerous bombs, depicted as purple and orange oval shapes with black fuses, are falling from the top of the frame towards the bottom. Some bombs are closer to the heron, while others are further away. The bombs have motion lines trailing behind them, indicating they are falling rapidly. The heron's wings are spread, and its long neck is extended forward.

**Name searches for her heron in the grey sky
she fears a bolt of fire might strike its wing,
that a bomb may reach it,
she fears it won't find its home,
with no ceiling, no windows.**

*The waves rock the boat.
Moored to my mother with a piece of cloth.
I dream of my father, across the water,
in a town of white houses
with a silver ball.*





*The sea covers my feet,
the night is black and clear
I shiver from the cold.
My mother pulls me in,
whispers in my ear,
and sings.*

*I look in the distance and see the beach.
Europe appears like a mirage.
My mother smiles,
they shout with glee,
there's a large boat.
The sun is rising.*



*The swaying of the boat throws us off
we fall still tied up
she braces with all her might
I'm drowning
a whirlpool seizes me
my mother tears the cloth off
she lets go of me
she pushes me up
I'm drowning
she pushes me up
I break the water's surface
I breathe I look for her
I look for her I breathe.
My mother saves me.*



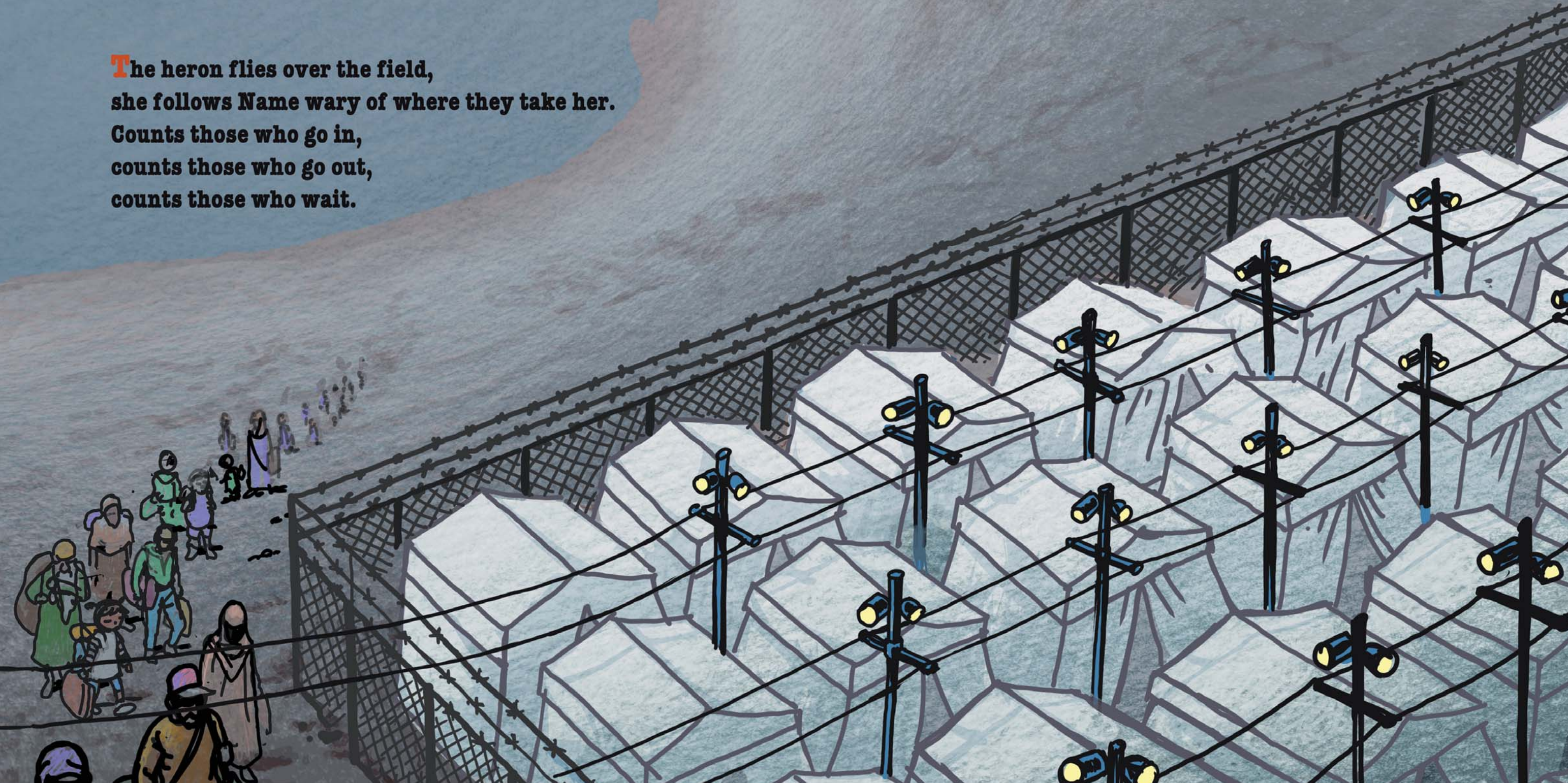
*I arrived and my heron was already there,
sitting on the sand,
gazing at me with serenity.
It asked for nothing.
I was thirstier than it was.
I sat by its side,
my back to the sea.*



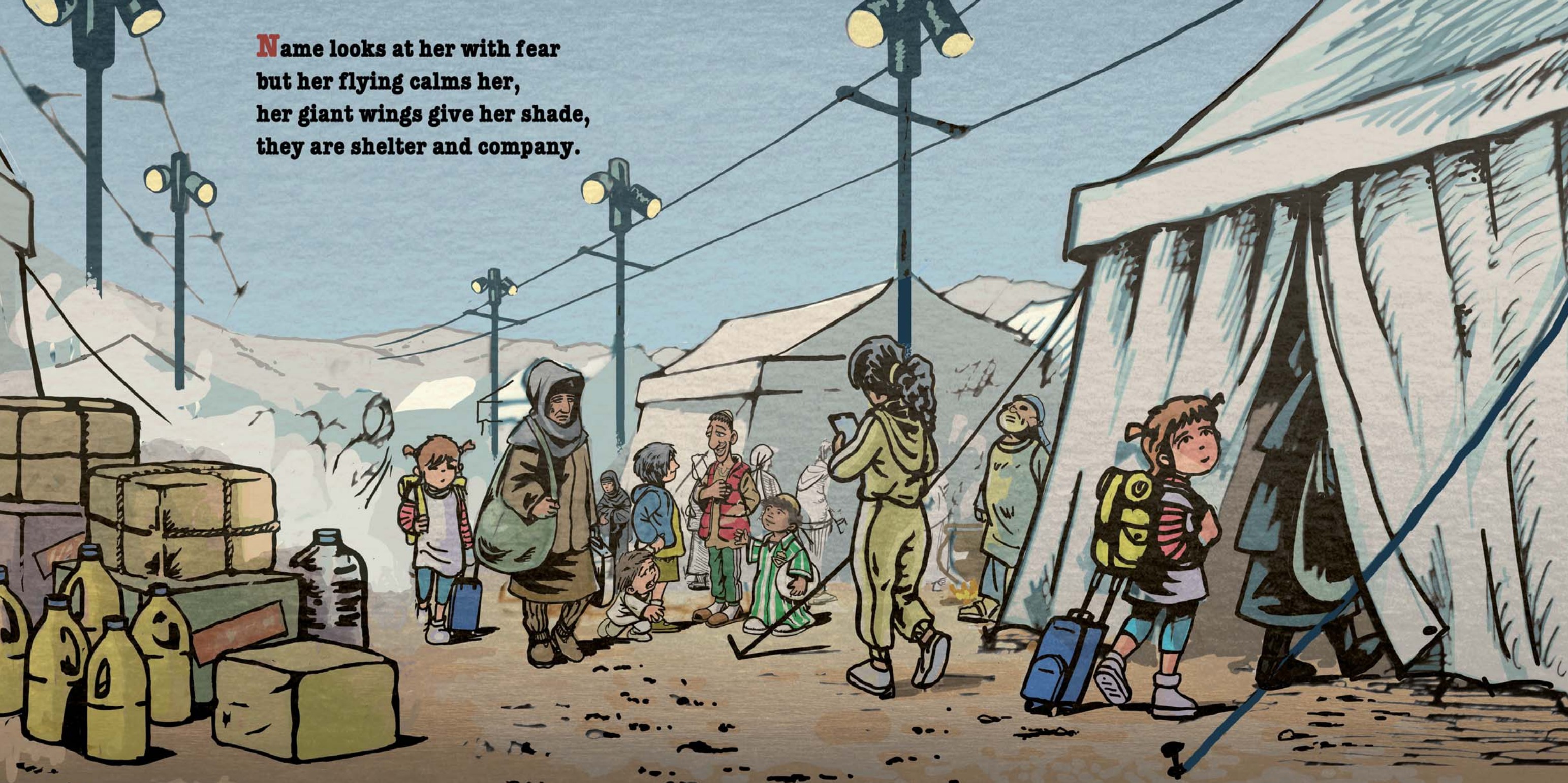
*Strangers embrace me,
they talk at me, they stare at me.
I eat, I drink,
I close my eyes,
I let myself go.*



The heron flies over the field,
she follows Name wary of where they take her.
Counts those who go in,
counts those who go out,
counts those who wait.



Name looks at her with fear
but her flying calms her,
her giant wings give her shade,
they are shelter and company.



*The wait drags on
between walls and wires.
But I am no longer scared
My mother is with me.*





*I am the daughter of No One,
of those who inhabit the sea,
the one who reached the other shore
looking for a future.
I am the daughter of No One,
hoping for a chance.
My name is Name.*





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