

BITÁCORA

de una travesía multicolor II



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Fundación MxM es una Organización feminista de Tucumán, al norte de Argentina.

Promovemos desde hace casi 10 años el acceso a los derechos sexuales, reproductivos y no reproductivos en general, y al aborto permitido por la ley, en particular.

Somos un equipo interdisciplinario e intergeneracional compuesto por profesionales y estudiantes de la abogacía, la medicina, la salud mental, el trabajo social, la comunicación y las letras.

Nuestro objetivo es fortalecer la soberanía sexual de mujeres y diversidades para que puedan ejercer una ciudadanía plena en un Estado que garantice, más allá de todo fundamentalismo religioso, el pleno acceso a una vida libre de violencias.

Llevamos adelante acciones de litigio, incidencia, investigación y elaboración de insumos para favorecer la alfabetización jurídica y el respeto por los derechos humanos desde una perspectiva feminista e interseccional.

Trabajamos activamente por una sociedad donde quepan todas las corporalidades incómodas, irreverentes, desafiantes, insumisas y desprolijas que históricamente el Patriarcado ha excluido.



PRÓLOGO



Foreword by María Luisa Peralta

Editor at Madreselva Editorial

What needs to be done to create a world that has room for everyone? Undoubtedly, many things. Undoubtedly, one of those things is telling stories. Telling stories

that show that this world, this other world, is possible. It may seem like little, but it isn't. In a world structured by systems of oppression, inequality, injustice, and various forms of violence, many never hear stories about lives like their own, or worse: the stories they do hear, the ones that circulate, are tragic and cautionary. This lack of positive role models is painful and can even be disheartening. Much more so when we are children. A child who never finds stories about others like themselves ends up feeling very alone, very strange, sometimes wondering if there is something wrong with them.

The Women for Women Foundation brings us in this book a collection of stories for children, depicting a variety of situations that often don't appear in other stories. They are short, simple, and heartwarming stories that children can read on their own or with adults before bed, in the classroom, or on a sunny afternoon. Stories that address body shape, gender identity, gender roles, fear, and...

Discovery, being with friends, violence, the many ways of forming a family and building a home, disability, celebrations, saying enough is enough, different forms of love. The voices that tell these stories are many, each from their own perspective, from their own experiences. One might say that there are stories like this for children. There are, it's true, but they are still not many and their distribution is geographically limited, probably because they are generally published by small presses. That's why the publication of this book in the north, in Tucumán, a territory of struggle where the women of MxM, along with others, continue to defend the possibility of freer lives, sexual sovereignty, and autonomy, in the face of the constant threat of conservatism, is all the more important and auspicious.

These are complex and challenging times. On the one hand, we come from many years of courageous struggles and painstaking work that have led to significant legal achievements and profound—and, in historical terms, relatively rapid—social changes. Today, many sexist, homophobic, lesbophobic, transphobic, fatphobic, ableist, and moralistic prejudices no longer find the support and resonance they had just a few years ago. Many people, especially teenagers and young adults, do not hesitate to confront these prejudices and aggressions. However, we are witnessing the resurgence of a backlash.

This conservative movement seeks to restore the old social order based on inequality and oppression, an order that multiplied suffering. This reactionary wave, fueled not only by hatred but also by the resentment its proponents feel at having lost oppressive privileges they considered secure, presents itself as rebellious, as defiant, as if they were coming to bring order to chaos, to something that has exceeded all limits. Yes, we have exceeded not limits, but rather limitations that prevented us from living with dignity, without fear, with freedom. We have created a society with more space, where we can breathe, and we cannot allow ourselves to be suffocated again. The reactionaries claim to speak in the name of freedom, a supposed freedom to hurt and insult others, without even pausing for the young people they claim to defend. They are not the ones defending the young people. Feminism, the LGBT movement, the disability rights movement, and fat activism defend them. All these movements place at their center bodily autonomy, the right to decide about one's own body and life project, bodily and sexual integrity, access to information, and diversity as a value. And all these movements, in one way or another, revisit that old feminist slogan that "biology is not destiny." On the contrary, the commitment is to the possibility of each person forging their own path.

that leads each of us to a destination we dream of, that we desire, that we try to build.

That's why it's so timely, so refreshing, so beautiful that a feminist organization from the north of the country, which dedicates much of its effort to formal activities like litigation, is launching a children's storybook.

Because sometimes we fight our battles in the streets, shouting together, with our fists raised. And sometimes we fight them in a calmer voice, sitting down to read stories.

LA DIKINI COLOR MAR

Abril Carrera

The sea-colored bikini

April Carrera (Tafí Viejo, Tucumán)

The sun shone brightly over the province of Tucumán. It was a great summer day to spend cooling off in the pool, and that's what Olivia had planned.

She wanted to do it. But there was something holding her back: her body. She had wearing her favorite blue bikini, the one her Mom and her sister on her eleventh birthday.

The little girl loved it from its beautiful sea color to the little sparkles that were scattered all over sides. But why? If the little girl with jet-black hair She loved showing her family and friends how beautiful she was. It was her swimsuit, to find out the answer to that The question is, do we need to go back a few minutes?

- Oli, don't you think you're a little chubby?

"To wear that bikini?" said her Aunt Carmen catching her off guard as she ran towards the garden.

-But it's my favorite... I like how I

"It remains," Olivia replied, puzzled.

- I know, honey, but those kinds of swimsuits

They're made for thinner girls – Her aunt

Carmen continued talking while Olivia

She just listened without understanding why she should

Stop wearing your sea-colored bikini – A swimsuit that

It would cover your tummy a little more, it would look great on you

Linda, and I think there's one here that was yours.

cousin Catalina when she was about your age –

The red-haired adult woman said, "Well, actually..."

She was bigger, she was thinner at your age –

She finished with a little giggle.

As she handed him the net, he let out a small giggle.

convinced she was doing what was best for the child. Olivia didn't

She knew what to say about her aunt's comments, in

especially after his last sentence: "I'm telling you this because of your

"Good, Olivia."

Without saying a word, she returned to the room with the
her cousin's mesh in hand and her aunt's words
echoing in her head. A cacophony of voices overwhelmed her.
And she just wanted to go play, showing off her sea-colored bikini.
Looking at herself in the mirror again, Olivia made herself a few
questions that would define everything.

Why can't I wear my bikini? Why?

Am I "chubby"? That doesn't make sense, if I...
like.

Determined, she grabbed the net and went out into the yard of the big house.
She approached her aunt and firmly told her.

- Auntie, I'm not going to stop wearing what I like
because of my body type, and it's really mean of you to say that to me.
that kind of thing-

Without giving the older woman a chance to respond, she left in her
She put on her swimsuit and went to the pool where her cousin was.
Marisol was already expecting her.

- Hi!! You finally came! – The brunette girl greeted

The brunette was cheered up; it had been a while since she'd been seen.

They saw – Your bikini is so cute, I love it! – Olivia

She posed happily in response to her cousin's comment and

He spent the whole afternoon playing and enjoying the day with
her sea-colored bikini.

Because that's what you have to do when they criticize

your body, ignore it and continue being happy, no matter what

Whoever comments, because nobody has the right to

to give your opinion about your body.

All bodies are good bodies.



UN HECHIZO PARA TOXIS

Soledad Deza

A Spell for Toxins

Soledad Deza (Tucumán)

The question "Why don't you want to give me your password
"of Instagram?", with a suffering face and a
His fierce insistence was what made me decide to break up with him
Marce, one of the last times. Message number 17
of WhatsApp that he sent me, and I didn't reply, the night in
that we went out with my friends to the student party
It was the last straw the second-to-last time that
We broke up. And I don't know if that's what ended our relationship.
It was her screams and my tears in the last fight in the
plaza; or that my 15th birthday bracelet broke in that
discussion where I wanted to leave and, after a tug
On my arm, the charms crashed to the floor and a
a lot of memories from that last year.

When I was little I was very afraid of witches and
their spells. With *Snow White*, because they could give me
a poisoned apple; with *Sleeping Beauty*
because they could prick me with something that would make me

sleep their whole lives; with *Hansel and Gretel* because they could
to cage me and eat me after following a little path
of crumbs.

- I can't go today, Oscar. The witch isn't available.

"It's making me laugh and it's been going around in my head," my uncle told him.

Martin to my dad one day.

I was walking around nearby with my cat and I stopped
frozen because I thought there was something wrong with football, or
that there was some kind of witch who hated the
sports. My dad played ball every Thursday and
I was afraid he'd been bewitched. Luckily, I didn't let him.
that fear won't get the better of me, and I talked about it with my mom who,
after a really loud laugh, one of those that...

They come out with some of my jokes or my brother's, me
She explained in a low voice, "No, don't worry, that's what he calls her."
"Lovingly, Uncle Martin to your Aunt Julia." I didn't understand.

I'm very glad to know where the nickname came from and if the aunt liked it.
Or not, but since there was no possible spell, I decided to continue.
in the school's football team.

I had recently celebrated my 11th birthday
when my mom and aunt Julia took me to a march
where other women had the same green scarf as
My mom would hang from her backpack when she went to
work. That day I learned in one of the many songs
that I heard as we walked that "we are the
granddaughters of the witches they couldn't burn" and me
I was happy for Bebelá, my grandmother who lives in Santiago del Estero
Estero sends me alfajores and teaches me to knit when
I'm going to visit her. And although I was left wondering if I was or
No, not a witch, because my grandmother wasn't burned at the stake.
My fear of them lessened a little because if those who
They marched with us; they were the real witches.
So witches weren't evil. They knew how to dance, they had
They had sparkles on their faces and kept saying, "We take care of ourselves."
between us" some of them were already shedding tears while
They were shouting "Not One Less." I was sure that none of them
They would not be able to bewitch anyone.

Now that I'm 17 and I've marched several times asking for
our rights, I'm not afraid of witches anymore.

I fear that they will not be with me to tell me "No"
You're alone, sister. There's always somewhere to go.
Someone break my bracelet. Because with Marce
I learned that there are no spells against toxic people, only
We have to leave them behind.



DE NENIAS Y SABIOS

Evelina Turienzo

Of girls and wise men

Evelina Turienzo (Buenos Aires)

I approach the corner walking quickly and still nothing
I arrive, the pedestrian light turns red, and I'm going to have
What to expect. Always in a hurry, I think. I step back a little
little because someone asks me for permission:

-Yes of course.

"Thank you," he replies. And he approaches the taxi that
It was stopped to my right, very close to the
cord.

He brutally pulls a wheelchair out of the trunk,
small, she assembles it with obvious clumsiness and lifts it to the
sidewalk. A woman in her thirties gets out of the car.
more or less, holding who appeared to be his daughter, in
arms. He places her in her little chair and continues unloading things: a
A huge handbag and a backpack with cartoon characters. You could tell.
exhausted; messy hair, mismatched clothes, the
worn-out sneakers. He paid the taxi driver and thanked him for
to dedicate yourself to hanging up the bag and putting on the backpack.

Meanwhile, the little girl was smiling. She was smiling a lot. With the mouth wide open, showing its little white teeth and
As he does so, his eyes narrow slightly.
making a cute and funny gesture at the same time.
I think I'm smiling too. He extends his hand and tries
He touches me, but it's not me he wants to greet, but rather...
another girl, the same age as her, who was with her own
Mother, to my left. I hadn't even seen them, they were
on the other side and were waiting for the same traffic light as me.

The little girl on the left didn't have a contagious laugh,
But her eyes were so wide open, blue, and curious that she couldn't
I was able to decide which of the two captivated me more.

The girl on the right, the one in the car, insisted again.
She wasn't going to give up until her fleeting friend...
answer. The ruffles of her aqua green dress
They moved with a gust of wind and that amused her so much
that the smile turned into laughter with a hearty laugh.

"Hello!" I hear someone shout from the other side.

"You finally said hello to her," I thought.



Now the little girl on the left was smiling too, and the
Waves of her black hair covered her eyes with a sudden pull
the arm that his mother gave him to help him walk.

Oh, right! The traffic light!

The little girl with blue eyes was crossing the avenue at a very short pace
meters ahead of me, his feet were walking, but his
Her gaze continued to drift back, searching for her friend among
the people.

"Bye!" he shouted now, and received another tug of
arm.

- Stop staring at her, please!

- Why?! (I think I even saw how he...)

(raised his right shoulder)

"Because it's special," she replied in a tone

Firm yet unconvincing.

I wanted to explain many more things, but that

That was what he could improvise.

Then the blue-eyed girl, without stopping walking...

Taking long strides, she looked at her mother with puzzlement and turned back looking back, stretching the neck, moving the
With her head bowed and a frown upon her, she pulled up the cord of the
She jumped across the sidewalk and stopped suddenly. She looked at her mother and demanded:

- I WANT TO BE SPECIAL TOO!

At that moment I pulled up the cord too. I stopped
Seeing them, and even though I was dying to give them a hug,
I continued on my way. I would have liked to give him one of those that
They squeeze you tight. As if I could reach through it.
transfer to me that simple girl's gaze, of explanations
without labels, of fleeting friendships, of infinite wisdom.

RENATA Y LA MARAÑA

CousCous

Renata and the Tangle

Couscous (Saint Louis)

Every morning, Renata unravels the strange
a tangle of her hair. And she calls it strange because only if it is given
skill untangles it.

When Renata was as small as a pea, or as small as a
Bean, she wanted to have straight hair like the girls
who went to school on the avenue. Hairs that didn't
They don't embrace each other, but fall alone, with distance and
modesty.

Every time he passed by a window, or found
In a mirror reflection, unable to do anything, Renata
She cried because she didn't want to have that strange tangle.

There are stories that have been woven since time immemorial.
A bee and a flower. The moon against the sun. The good.
in the face of adversity. Renata didn't remember how, or why,
I had always known that what I had in my head
It wasn't something common.

And so, as I gazed at the golden, tamed hair in
Television, she came to understand that her path would always be a
strange tangle.

Renata grew more than a pea and in high school
She discovered what she thought was her best friend: The
iron. Every day, in a head-to-head confrontation
body, the tangle and she met to see who
She disappeared from both of them. And, although she looked listless, she dreamed.
He was not in the reflections of the streets. Suddenly, in
Those disappearances from his tangled web, he encountered the
Looks from his classmates. Looks of sympathy.
accompanied by a "You look great."

Every morning that year, one by one in a
Renata, in her cross-eyed way, eliminated the curls and their strange tangle.
It became a dark curtain. Just like the others. Renata already
She didn't want to be strange or exotic. She didn't want to be the black woman.
Stranger than the cunning tangle. She just wanted to be Renata.



Years passed and one day, at his grandmother's house,
Renata found a photo of five women. All
They're all similar to each other. All like Renata. Watching that
The photo was the first time her tangle didn't feel
strange, nor her exotic skin. Seeing her young grandmother with
With her hair loose, she promised to be true to herself.

The memory of peoples is woven like a tangle
Weird hair. It's up to us whether the weirdness is...
a virtue or a defect.

TATO EL SAPO

Archibaldo Fiore

Tato, the toad

Archivaldo Fiore (Tucumán)

Tato was one of the most creative little frogs in Charco Big. He liked to swim, play, and go to the park. investigate the other animals that went out for walks.

One day, while playing in a puddle with the little frog Tito, there was a thought and a feeling that I no longer... He was able to keep it to himself. He told his friend:

-Tito, I don't think I'm a little frog.

- What's that, Tato? You don't want to be a toad?

It's not that I don't want to. It's just that the other day, I saw in the vera de la Laguna Mayor, to some ducklings that They swam with great brilliance. I watched them with attention, when suddenly they took flight, and there I could no longer contain my emotion.

-It's very nice to see when the ducks fly, Tato. But I don't understand where you're going with this.

interrupted his companion, who was trying to understand it very carefully.

- The story continues, Tito. Because one of

The little duckling saw me there, wide-eyed, and came up to me and

He invited me "to fly with the experts." Since then

Just a moment, Tito, I think and feel that I would like to be able to be a duckling.

-Now I understand, shall we look into calling you?

Tato, the duck?

-For now, just Pato, or Patito. I think that's right.

"Easier," Tato concluded happily, or rather, "even better." said, Duck.

The next morning, while Pato was having the

having breakfast with his mom Rita and his dad Berto, he decided

to tell them about their self-discovery. Both of them

They looked somewhat astonished, for it was seven o'clock in the morning.

morning and they still hadn't finished eating their

spiders. After a silent moment, his father, who

He wasn't prejudiced at all, he told her:



-When you get back from school, we'll have a proper talk, son.

But for now, don't tell anyone your
discovery.

This impediment caused by his father resulted in a
An unpleasant feeling. I knew Berto wanted to see
His son was happy, but he also knew for a while that
That toad was so proud.

That day in biology class, the teacher taught them
about various animals from different places, but not
They didn't talk about the ducks for a single moment.

After leaving school, she traveled in the "tortucolectivo" (a type of minibus) with her
My friend Tito, talking about what had happened in
his house on the subject of the ducklings. The other toad told him
that, to his surprise, his father shouldn't have known
what to answer, and that's why she had decided to say nothing and
It's better to think first.

Pato finally arrived home, thinking about everything.
that he had learned in his most recent class.

He opened the door and there were Berto and Rita, waiting for him.
to eat some tarts.

"I need you to go to your room, son."

Lunch was over, that's what his dad told him
said.

The boy, without answering, went to his room and found a
A partially wrapped package. Inside was a

note, which said in block letters "this is a suit of
Duck, if that's what you want to be, you'd better have good

"To look." He put on the suit and looked at himself in the mirror,
He was surprised by all the feathers. He returned to the dining room.

He was wearing his suit and couldn't believe what his eyes were seeing.
they had just seen.

Their parents each had a duck costume!

Amazed and amused, he asked them:

-Was there a 3-for-1 deal or did they discover something new?

"Neither," said his father. "If our

My son is Pato, so it's best to have some suits too.

to complement that beautiful plumage.

She ran to hug them and when she walked away she said, after

I've thought about it a lot:

-Mom, Dad. Thank you for everything, but I think that

I'm not a duck. Would it be okay if I were a cat?

UN CUMPLE CON SUPERHÉROES

Fundación MxM

A birthday with superheroes

MxM Foundation

- The whole thing chiqueeees, let's blow out the candles!-

Ramirez's mother said as she approached

in slow motion with a bunch of superheroes

spread out in a square of chocolate well

a bright color that he carried in both hands.

The Grandpa who always wears a Boca Juniors cap

He was the referee of the football match and barely saw the

Torta caught a long pass as if he were Dibu Martínez,

He noted that the red team was winning 2-1 and pointed to the table

who was standing under the rubber tree as if he were about to take a penalty kick. And

amid protests and sighs, with the promise to resume the

Later in the match, the teams ended up where the

Another mother of Ramírez, the one with the tattoo of

Butterflies on her arm, she lit the little candles.

"Ten candles!" Grandma kept repeating.

Ramírez was taking pictures with his cell phone while

We sang Happy Birthday - Now a selfie

Guys, don't go!

-Come on Tita, we're melting, we want to go back

"To the pool!" Ramírez said impatiently because his Uncle Nico had already stuck his head in the cake and Probably also because it was hot.

- I didn't put on my glasses, I can't see well, because

"I'll take several to choose from later," she explained.

Grandma, and she was waving her arm all over the place like if a bee were chasing her.

Ramirez's Mom 1, not the one with the tattoos, but the one from She cut the cake with orange curls and divided it into napkins. I got a napkin from the Man.

Spider, but Gordillo got one from Wonder Woman and he didn't want to eat until it was Hulk's turn or the one from Batman, because he said it was "faggot" to eat in women's napkins. Ramirez's mom laughed at the He put his hand to his mouth and asked Mom for another piece. that the "baby shouldn't cry"; and Tami, the tallest in the class of

judo and the one who knew difficult words, told him "Gordillo, no

"Be a sexist and eat." And at that moment we laughed.

A lot, partly because Tami was funny, and partly

because she was the only one who dared to put him in his place.

to Gordillo.

The grandpa who wears glasses and a beard, not the one with the cap.

Boca looked at Mama 1 and said to her, "everything she lacks

"learn from the kid," and he wiped his thick mustache with a

a little dark chocolate on the outside of the cake and a lot

cream inside the cake. And I did the math and

Gordillo really had a lot to learn

because he was also in Fourth Grade like me, so

He had at least 7 years left.

When the cake was finished, the Grandpa with the Boca cap

He headed towards the pitch with the World Cup ball under his arm

arm and his remaining free hand thrashed as he shouted

"Follow me for the football! 2-1, we're back in the game." And he

Martín, Cami, Gordillo, Fer, Ravena and the cousin followed

from Ravenna, who was excellent and played in the youth teams

from Atlético. There were more players, but they were from the

I knew Ramírez from school and judo classes, so
who didn't know their names. Gordillo was the top scorer and a
The girl they called "Cele" was also good
The players were captains. At first they proposed to play
men against women, but Grandpa said "teams
"Mixed groups are more fun," and nobody dared to...
contradict him because it's never a good idea to argue with him
referee.

I went to the side of the lemon tree where my uncles were.
Ramírez's judo instructors and the bearded Grandfather
drinking mate. There were also "the twins" who are
Professor Tato's identical little daughters. One was sleeping and
The other one was drinking from a bottle while being held by her dad.

After a while, Ale, Ramírez's older cousin, approached.
She is 17 years old and sometimes walks with a cane and sometimes
He uses a wheelchair and asked me, "What about you?"
"Do you have a disability that makes you stand here looking like me?"

I, who was used to it being in all the
When they ask me the same thing on my birthday with a strange look, I'll tell them



I answered, "I don't like football," and I got serious. Ale
Surprised, he replied, "That's a bummer, bro, yours is..."
"More complicated to accept than mine," and she blurted out
a tremendous burst of laughter, which was joined by the uncles and the
Bearded grandfather.

I didn't dare laugh so loudly and I stayed for a few
There were a few awkward minutes until La Mosca started playing at full volume.
volume and we started singing "Guys, I want
"To win the third time, I want to be world champion."

EL ANTI-PRÍNCIPE

Ana Sofía Alarcón

The Anti-Prince

Ana Sofía Alarcon (Tucumán)

From a very young age, I was used to being a Princess. She had clothes in a disturbing amount of Shades of pink surrounded me, cotton balls were everywhere, and everything was always very meticulous, myself included. I met him while I was there growing to several people who found several different ways of taking care of myself, and although the layer of The cotton was getting thinner and thinner, I was still There, cared for and meticulous as always.

People liked that, and I liked that they liked it too.

If I liked it, then I decided that was the way I was going to unleash my character: meticulous, pink, helpful and smiling.

One day I woke up strong, there was no more cotton wool that I surround me and with a strong voice that encouraged me to continue Growing up, I began to help my father with his affairs of the kingdom. He then entrusted me with a special mission, He told me that I had to receive the Prince of Manfrù

because I knew that together we would solve the problems
from the water that was troubling the town. Something unprecedented happened:
A boy punctured my neat little bubble and it was
He hated the comb, and didn't match the colors of his clothes.
Not even the stockings. It's awful.

We spent many days together and there were things that I
They attracted attention, on a day when the sun hid from
Suddenly, as the temperature dropped, she took a [item] from her bag
She put on a jacket and a coat without offering me beforehand if I wanted one.
On another occasion, the power went out in the tower where
We were working and on the excursion towards the switches
I walked ahead of him with the candle trembling in my
Man, I think I saw him trembling too, and
Worst of all, he never let me win.

arguments at first, but the strangest thing was that later
I found it after a long and tiring day at work
crying in the castle kitchen, cooking over a fire
Slowly, I approached him with a handkerchief and he asked me for a
I hugged him, surprised, I gave it to him, am I turning into him
"In her knight?" I thought to myself, and



While sharing a hot meal, the anti-prince told me
I understood a little more the things that were heavy for him to carry.
From that day on, I worried, thinking that I didn't know with
What things did the people around me carry with them?
They were so worried, looking for ways for us to
I took care of myself and forgot to ask them how they were.

For the upcoming matches, I knew I had to bring
my own coat, a candle to be brave if you
They cut the lights from the tower, and good arguments for
winning arguments. One day I found myself
With the mismatched stockings, I didn't tell anyone.

After a while, we encountered the Anti-Prince
the solution to the water problem that worried the
town, I thanked them for what they had shared and what I had learned, and
He went back home, and we wrote letters to each other.
hoping the new adventure will find us again.

EL SILENCIO

Agustina Rivadeneira

The silence

Agustina Rivadeneira (Tucumán)

They heard the phrase: "He was too good to be true."

Those words continue to echo in this truth
Body. Indecisive, distressing, full of fear and panic.

For the first time, they didn't listen to me. That scares me.

Because now, I too was the object of hatred.

It was a cause for fury.

Or rather, a whim.

This is the first time I've seen him so unhinged. To the point of
approaching her in a dangerous and dizzying way,
with its pointed poison darts and its head
striking the territory of kisses of yesteryear.

He now watches TV in silence.

She bathes the survivors with her tears.

hands play with the fallen soldiers, remembering their

Years of life. The person who gave them to them. A voice.

muffled by tears and helplessness, she reminds him
that those parts will never come together again and that hurts.

Chairs.

Modular.

Notes from a daughter who wants to leave, but guilt and the
complacency submits her.

Cups.

And a soup plate are what were discharged in the
battle of "they didn't do things when I asked them to."

The fallen don't lacerate your skin, those who burn you are

The memories. The rubble suffers and trembles.

They survived the battle.

My throat hurts.

It bothers me.

Tears want to escape my throat, but I can't.

Release it. Not yet. My mom is about to flood.

the kitchen. I have to tuck her in and remind her that

He should never keep his sword in the drawer. I have
to rub Adermicina on him so he knows that some
Antidotes are within our reach. Perhaps you
Make a tea with honey so your vocal cords will never
lose the habit of singing their emotions. So that
Always remember that your voice matters.

There is a vast and surprising distance between what
What you want to do and what you end up doing.
I visualize it as a bridge; on one side, there is a city.
architecturally harmonious, orderly and clean, but
once you cross the bridge of express thoughts or
Ideas that come to you out of nowhere, you come across a
The city is somewhat chaotic. The buildings aren't that great.
Harmonious in form and colorimetry, there are windows
and doors made in passing and a sky undecided about whether
You must paint your clouds white or red.

Things didn't turn out as I expected. I was never good at it.
Expressing my ideas, perhaps it's the fear of making a mistake,
to fail and for everything to collapse like a tower of
playing cards. Or perhaps, if I've expressed myself correctly, only they weren't

the words she was looking for. When I asked her to
Calm down, stop talking, and be quiet; it was so that the
The situation would come to a halt. I was afraid things would get out of hand.
I was afraid the bruises would get worse.
could emerge from his body. From his hands or his head.
pounding on emptiness, on life, on the wall. Those hands
helpless, clutching a knife. She was scared of
I think he should continue to fuel hatred and helplessness.
who will have already realized that fear and I are
partner, although it's not a relationship I'm in.
proud.

I'll never forget that look. Those brown eyes.
filled with sadness, pain that his own daughter asks him to
Be quiet. So that the man calms down. That "I always
I'll keep quiet. Why do I always have to be the one to keep quiet? That's it.
It hurts. I'm ashamed. Because I asked her to
I didn't ask him to be quiet. I think it was because I had him.
Fear. Is it normal to be afraid of your father when he's
angry?



INSTRUCCIONES PARA CONSTRUIR UN HOGAR

Las Gorettianas

Instructions for building a home

The Gorettians¹

1. To begin building a home, we must know

The concept of family can vary depending on the
own history.

2. When we begin to build, we must have the enthusiasm as
fundamental tool.

3. When we build a house, we must not forget to
waiting for the Sunday barbecue.

4. To build a house, there has to be love.
respect and care

5. A house doesn't stand on its own; it's supported by the whole...
people who surround us and love us.

6. The house is not just four walls, but the whole
neighborhood.

7. The house is a party.

¹ The Santa María Goretti Institute is part of the Childcare Centers run by the Ministry of Social Development of Tucumán. It houses more than thirty girls and young women. institutionalized.

8. To build a house that smiles, we must avoid
the fights, the excesses, and the shouting.
9. When building a house we must have
Rest and play areas are necessary.
to rest after so much building.
10. The house we like must have a large garden
with many flowers: roses, sunflowers, jasmine,
daisies and rabbit plants.
11. Family is not just family, because in a house
The animals also accompany us.
12. When building a home, we leave behind small memories
in objects, that when we leave and see them in
On the other hand, they take us back to her.
13. When we are studying, it is necessary to build
A quiet house. Noise is not a good thing.
of the concentration.



14. Understanding that all of the above is the most

Importantly, we know that without a job, a house cannot be built.
argues.

15. As architects of our homes, we understood

that books make our homes more welcoming places
magical.

16. To keep our house clean, your

We architects must remain clean.

17. Home is sustained by joy and music

Laughter is always essential.

18. In our house all children can enter who

They are in the street.

19. Returning to instruction 5, a home is a place for

everyone: our home would feed everyone who
They can't, and it would be a space to play.

20. As architects, we would like to point out the following:

A HOUSE IS NEVER FINISHED AND IS

THAT IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY. TO SUSTAIN IT.

NOCHES LLUVIOSAS

Poppins

Rainy nights

Poppins (Tucumán)

My name is Ixchel. My story is ordinary. You've probably heard it before.

A thousand times before, but never like this. My life, my childhood, and

Adolescence was quite difficult. Everyone was still

telling me that I was confused, that my true

Identity was a phase, and he would eventually change his mind.

that I would regret everything. They were wrong.

Everyone. They knew nothing of love, nor of truth, nor of

soulmates.

The world wasn't kind to me at sixteen, before

to transition and embody the magnificent woman and

I'm so confident today. Back then, I was an ugly, clumsy thing.

on the outside. I, Ixchel, was trapped inside the body

of a tragically male teenager. Within

The fire of anger and the pain of betrayal burned within me.

human. But I liked driving at night through streets

soaked by the rain, listening to sad songs that

They were playing on the radio. It was one of those rainy nights.
that my life changed forever.

That night I took a damned curve and met for the first time
Love once. Her name was Trisha. She looked like
any other girl hitchhiking on a road
desert, her white dress billowing in the wind. The
I invited her to get in my car and in response she...
She dazzled with a smile that burned with the passion of

one thousand soles.

During the trip, Trisha entertained me with stories.
Much better than this. We were having the best time.
a moment of our lives, laughing out loud.
Every so often, our eyes would meet in the
rearview mirror and his hand brushed against mine. Was this the
The beginning of our love story? I was sure
yes.

Imagine my surprise when, hours later, upon turning
A curve, Trisha prevented us both from getting killed
colliding with a rocky outcrop. It was just a bump.

It's spectacular how lucky we both are to still be alive,
I thought, but Trisha had vanished into thin air, like
All that is beautiful fades away, and day frightens away the night.
Sooner rather than later, the beautiful Trisha transformed into
my memory is just a spectral recollection, outside of this
world, the world of heat, of light, of life.

For years I searched for Trisha's ghost, in many
roads, with many curves. I became an expert at hunting
apparitions and other superhuman beings, but I never gave
With her again, as far as I know. I wonder if someday
Trisha will appear before me again, one last time. If
If you know their whereabouts, please whisper my name:
Ixchel. Tell her I still love her.

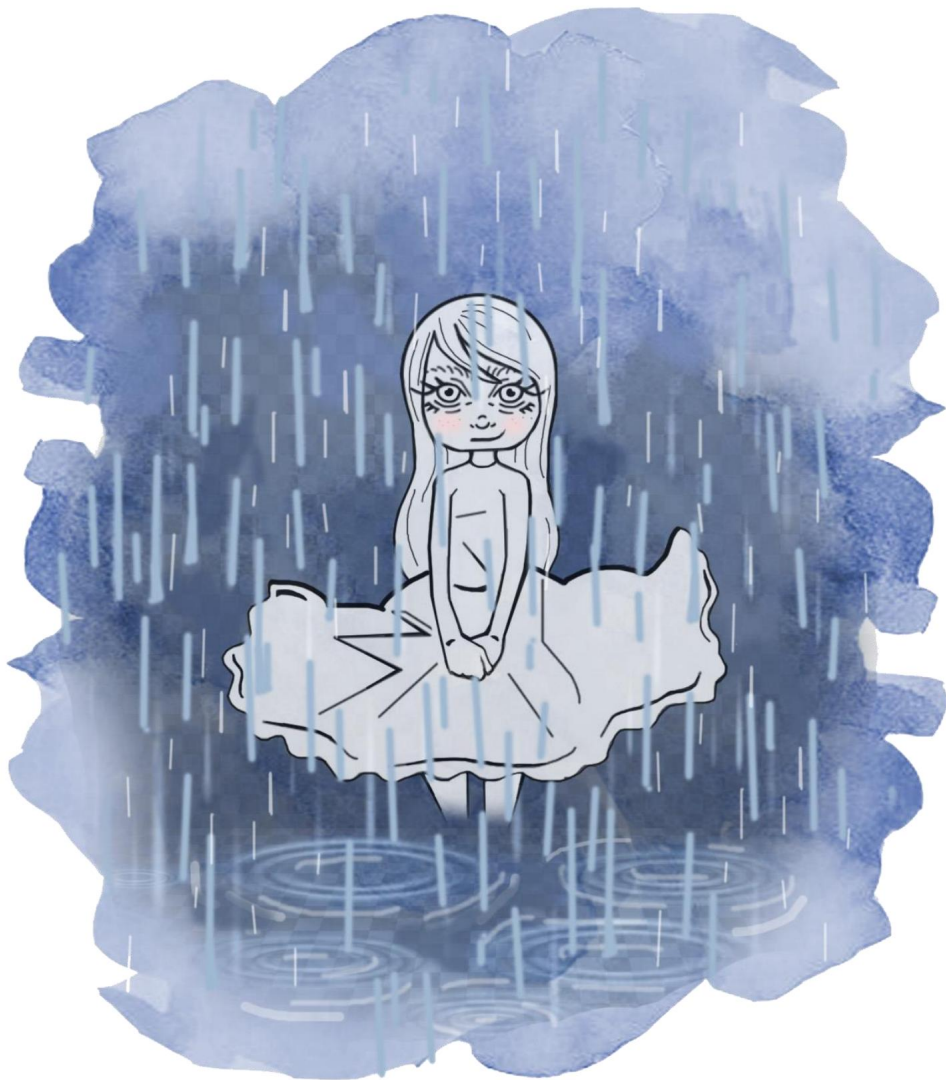
On rainy nights like this, ghosts walk
through the earth. They love to feel the cold and the darkness brushing against them
their veils. They love to converse with lost souls of
Angry but kind young people who inhabit our
world. They enjoy jumping hard over puddles of water and
to splash unsuspecting passersby. And they're always looking for
helping confused teenagers who get lost

end of the rainbow, trying to fit into bodies that
They were never intended for them in the first place.

If you ever need my help, with apparitions
evil, unbreakable curses, or the search
The secret of love, don't hesitate to call me. Whisper
Ixchel standing at a crossroads in the moonlight.
And the next time you hear about Trisha, the beautiful
girl who appears on deserted roads, lakes without
background, deadly curves and abandoned houses, for
To help very absent-minded strangers, don't hesitate to
call me.

In other lives, I was an angry and confused boy,
who hated love. Now, I am a wiser woman,
happier and freer. Now I am free to be, to love, to
To dream. So free!

You can tell anyone who asks that I
I like driving through sleeping cities at night
Rainy days. And sometimes I listen to somewhat sad music.
That I have known pain. That I have known love. That



On nights like this, all the winds of the world

They whisper that Ixchel is still in love with Trisha,

A good, wandering soul. And one who still dreams of her, searches for her, and...

finds.

365 DÍAS

Malena Oyharzabal Castro

365 days

Malena Oyharzabal Castro (Tucumán)

Catalina's birthday was on a Thursday, as her mother had already told her

It seemed better to celebrate on Saturday. The girl wasn't there.

I agree, I've been waiting 365 days and now I should

wait two more to celebrate with his friends.

All the corresponding rituals were performed on Thursday,

breakfast in bed, ear-pulling, and the

The story of the day she was born, as told by her mother. That day

They let her miss school and invited the whole family

to eat. They showered her with gifts, Uncle Raul gave her a

princess comb, it was one of those with nice teeth

all together. Aunt Irene gave her hair ties and clips shaped like

From the heart. Grandpa arrived wearing one of those pink dresses

that tie at the back, it had tulle, lace and sleeves

bulky. Her dad gave her a big box, Catalina

She excitedly thought it was the game they were showing on the

propaganda, he opened it quickly and where there should have been

There was a pair of white shoes among a pile of blocks

Made of patent leather, a little disappointment was visible in her eyes,

But they convinced her it was a great gift, because

They had a little bit of a taco, and it was the first time I'd had one.

Some like that.

Two days later, Saturday arrived, and Catalina jumped from the

He went to bed earlier than usual; he loved to inflate

the balloons and hanging garlands while Dad cooked the

Cake, which was her specialty. That's how she spent the whole morning.

tidying up the house.

It was time to get ready for the guests. Catalina

She wanted to try out all the family gifts.

They started with the dress with puffy sleeves; it cost a

Shortly after entering, the grandfather had bought it something.

Small, as usual. But it didn't matter, the girl

He took a deep breath, sucked in his stomach, and his mom could...

tie it up. Then, with her hair thoroughly wet, it was time to

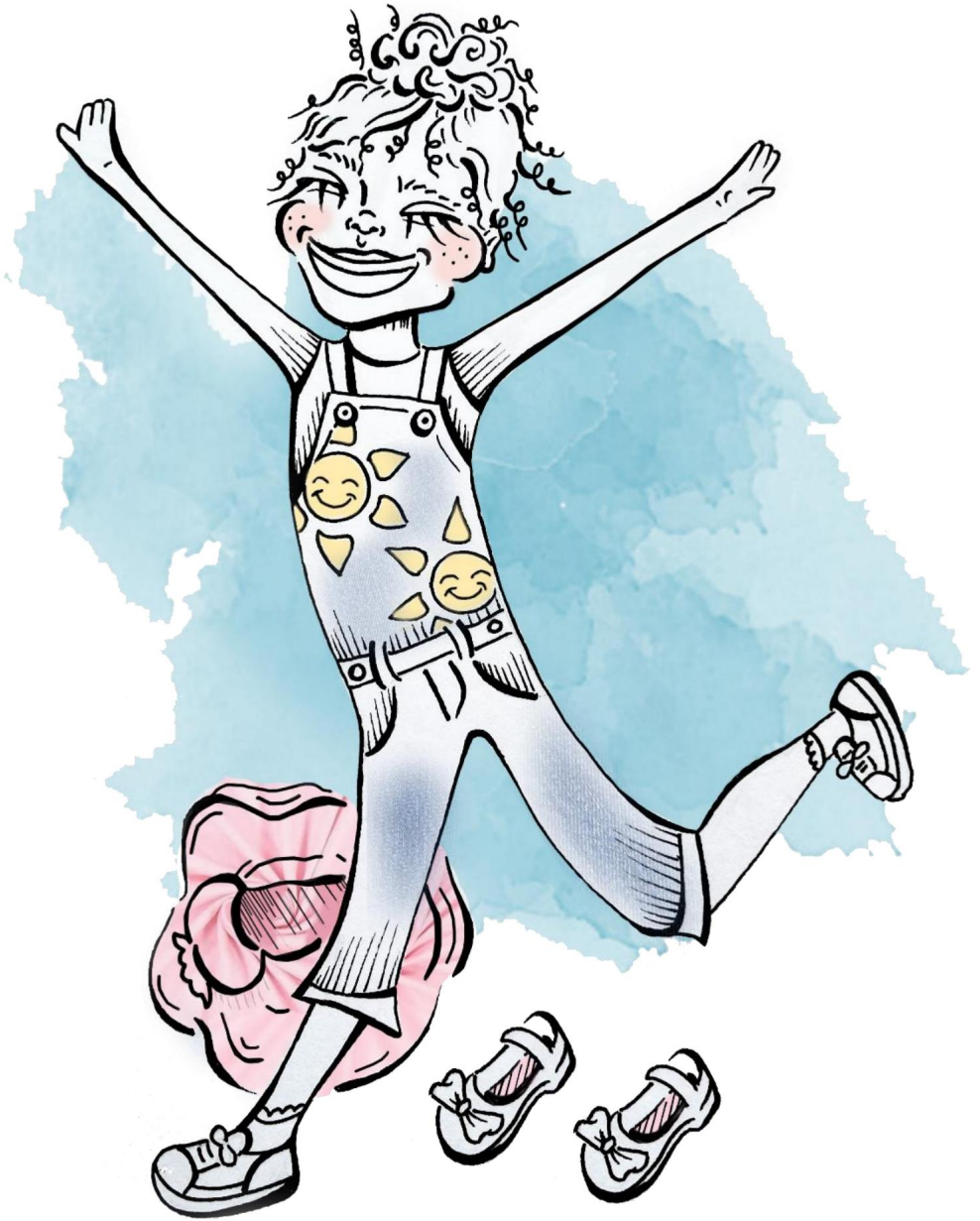
To comb her hair, half an hour later, the princess comb had

a couple of teeth missing and the girl's curls were

hidden in a tight bun. In the end,

Patent leather shoes. She'd never looked so much like

a princess.



Her friends arrived, and they all told her how beautiful she was.

I saw. At first I was sitting down, so everything was...

Well, the problem was when he wanted to go out and play, he noticed

that the dress didn't allow her to move much and the shoes

They got dirty very easily, little by little Catalina left

remaining still. She sat watching as her

The other children ran and played all over the garden, the

Her head started to hurt because of the tight hairstyle and

Her eyes filled with tears. She had waited.

three hundred and sixty-seven days to celebrate and not

I wasn't enjoying anything.

Luckily, fairy godmothers do exist, like Catalina's.

She was disguised as her mother, who had rushed her to

his room and gave him his gift, it was a blue gardener, with

soles, her size. She changed as quickly as she could, to the

She took off her pink dress and her curls escaped from the

She styled her hair, changed her shoes for sneakers, and ran to the

patio, no headache, no uncomfortable feet, no putting

The belly. Less princess and more Catherine.

CAMINO A LIBERTY CITY

Vania Rosales Durán

Road to Liberty City

Vania Rosales Durán (Chiapas, Mexico)

Our protagonist is named Melissa, a girl
"different" compared to the other girls, in terms of
Physically, they were tall, very thin, with long hair and
Brown hair, blue or green eyes, and fair skin; As for her
attitudes/character were what was socially considered
"Perfect," he followed his parents' orders to the letter.
They didn't study; they dedicated themselves to the house and taking care of
Whether his siblings were older or younger, never
They were just complaining about doing something and didn't aspire to more, very
introverts. Melissa, on the other hand, physically doesn't
She looked like the others; her hair was pink and short, her
yellow eyes, not very tall, and of course she was
thin and fair-skinned (that was the only thing she had in common with
the others) and as for her attitude she was very cheerful, full
Because she was a woman, she was denied access to knowledge due to her thirst for it.
the option to study , However, Melissa knew how to read and
He never stopped writing, following his father's teachings.
not even to be manipulated or controlled by another man, not even by

Her father, for this and many other reasons, she always

It was frowned upon, although she didn't care much.

Melissa loved writing "fantasy" stories where the

Women could be free and not depend on anyone, she

She longed for the day the other girls would come out of the

ignorance and aspire to something. Melissa devised a plan to

free them from these standards and stereotypes

established for women, it was the library to investigate

about travel and found a way to create a transport

an aircraft that can carry large numbers of people

Getting from one place to another was difficult for Melissa, without knowledge

about mechanics and without seeking the support of a man,

after a very long period; we are talking about

2 years.

He finally managed to create a transport that can

to take four to six people per trip, and I'm not talking about

planes or helicopters as you might be thinking, this

The vehicle was a car made of car parts.

that I had found in the garbage dump , That's right, a car, to

who built propellers underneath to lift the

vehicle and that will not attract the attention of others, with wings like those of an airplane to give it lift, only
There was one obstacle left, fuel, she returned to the library and researched renewable fuels,
For months he read and experimented with different organic products, it was sugarcane that
It attracted attention; in its fermentation it could create sugarcane alcohol.
which mixed with other organic components such as corn and yeast, gave the correct octane rating for to power the engines; approximately 4-5 months
After creating the fuel, he embarked on his mission of taking women out of the city and the conditions in
the one they lived in.

- ATTENTION WOMEN OF OUR CITY! -

Melissa exclaimed, drawing the attention of some.
Women - If any of you are interested in helping me with a project please look for me in the center of
Lakveria at 4:30pm- said Melissa.

Many women intrigued by this project searched
They secretly ran away from their parents to meet

With Melissa, and upon arriving they saw the incredible vehicle, something
They were scared because they didn't know this was real.

Since you are all gathered here, I have come to ask you
that those who wish to free themselves from these ties and
We're leaving this city, please get in the vehicle.

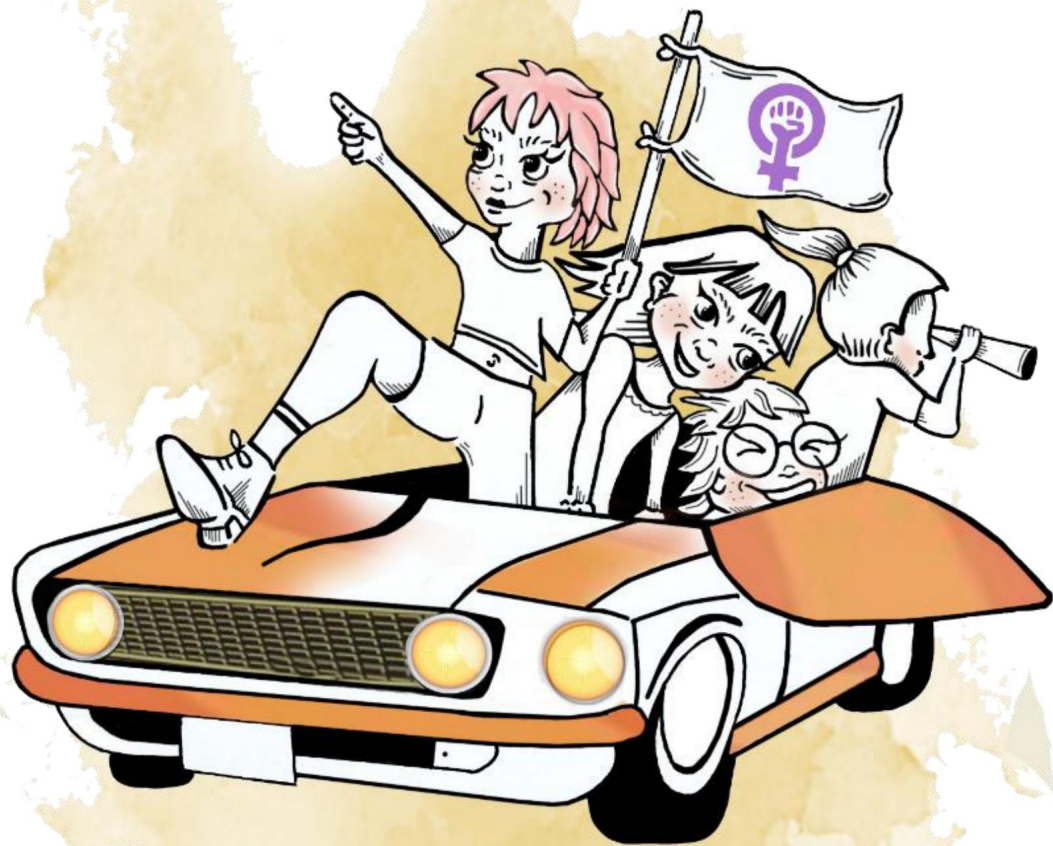
Don't worry, I did several tests and it's
"Completely stable," Melissa told them.

The bewildered women began to get into the vehicle,
wondering if it wasn't all a dream.

Melissa after some travel and hard work
She managed to evacuate all the women from the city of
Lakveria and took them to an "invisible" city which was
uninhabited, as it was full of unattached women.

They called the city "Liberty City".

A city where everyone was free to be themselves,
without the prejudices of men.



As for Melissa, she was named founder and in turn
She took charge of building schools and teaching.
same to other women.

Melissa was aware that they wouldn't be able to be there all the time
life in that city, but at least he has the certainty of
who did what he could to help and above all is
confident that those women will never live tied up again
seeking to please others.

Melissa tried to share all her knowledge with the
inhabitants of Libertad City, at the same time acquired the
knowledge of each one.

CLARITA

Mara Torres

Clarita

Mara Torres (Tucumán)

In a neighborhood without internet access, without great luxuries for to show, but with solidarity and neighborhood gatherings, Josefina, the expectant mother, felt about those things... maternity, who was expecting a girl. Even so, and against all odds who should believe, didn't buy pink clothes but various colors because I was also thinking about why a Girls should be assigned the color pink, and light blue for men, when no color should be present. associated with our being, because ultimately they are only colors.

So one very cold winter morning, and in the middle of a very inhumane treatment by the medical staff who "attended" to her, that longed-for baby was born and to her surprise Josefina's mother wasn't named Clarita, but David. name chosen in case your intuitions Maternal complications failed. She had serious complications at birth. Therefore, David had to be hospitalized with problems of

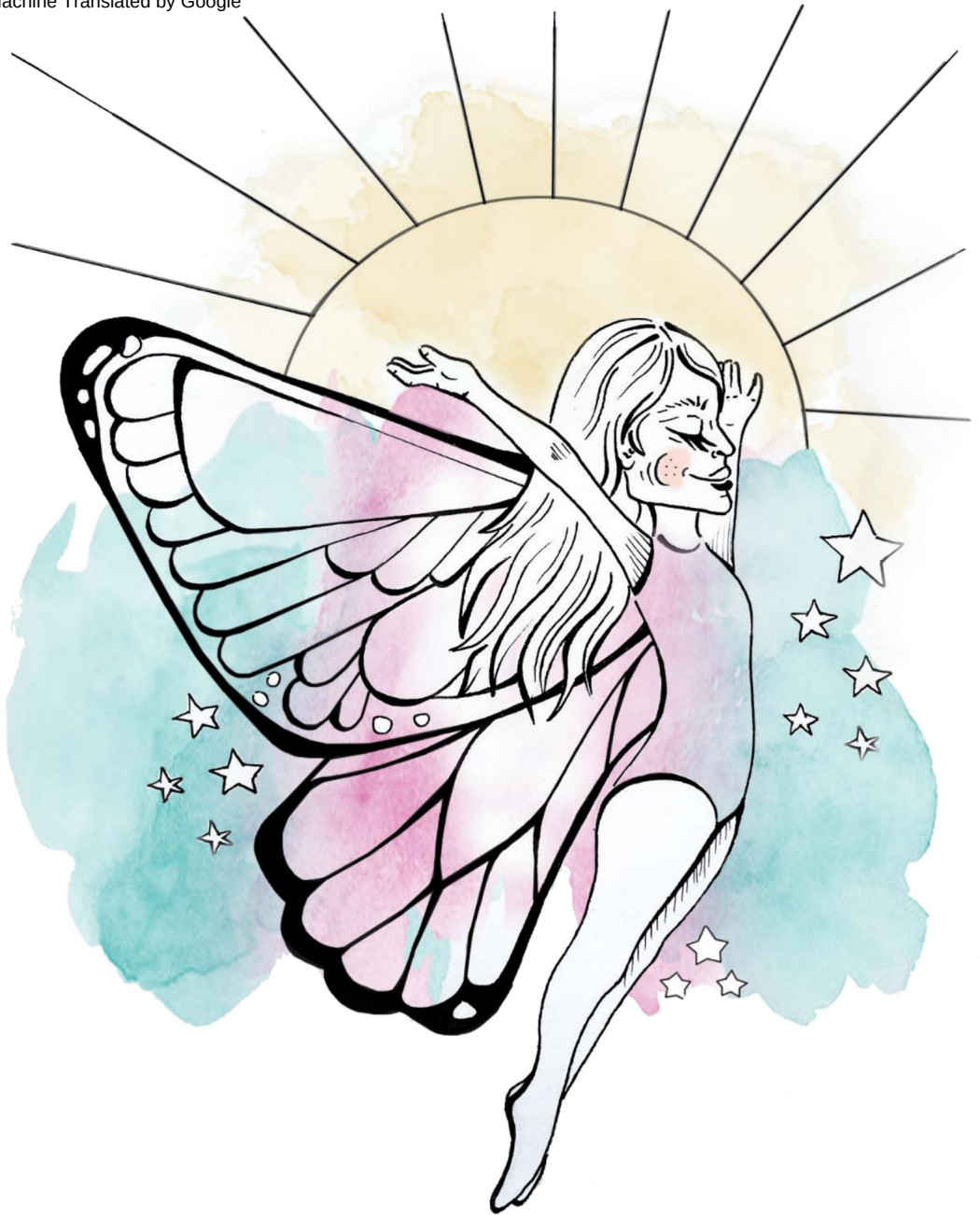
all kinds, but especially cardiac. So Josefina had
to face the fact that she wouldn't be able to hold her baby until then
recover, just settle for seeing it through a
cold, alien glass gave him the strength from which he
women feed themselves for when they carry the guilt
imposed by having been abandoned by the father,
All eyes are on them and none on him
father who decided to abandon and who at this point
He is also unaware that David , It's not right. ,
Even if I knew, I wouldn't go, since his days are passing by.
He's just as unconcerned, because being is enough for him.
man.

More than two months passed before David could be
embraced by his mother, they melted together daily in
caresses and glances that spoke volumes about what

There was one in each of them.

David began to grow , to run, to talk, to play, his
The game wasn't necessarily about the soccer ball
used by "men" or cars...their game was with
Dolls and baby dolls, with cars , with glitter and bracelets,

She began to love the color pink , while Josefina
I only thought about fulfilling each of their wishes
David, and at the same time he was carrying the
concern about cruelty , the evil and injustice that
David could live outside that home that contained him,
She encouraged and admired him. Around this time, Josefina
I had already read many magazine articles about the
David's behavior but his true
His own son had taught him that; there was no learning.
nothing "strange" about him , that weirdo who stabs people every time
that someone dares to go against what has been said and
"It's over," thought Josefina. , It had to begin with David.
to put into words everything he did , each
tiny detail of their actions , will be a human being
empowered... Josefina reflected as she dreamed in
that David can travel to every corner of the world without
No more taunts or cold stares. Years passed, and David
It was Clarita! The very same one that Mama had felt in her
womb since forever! both had been built with
mutual strength and pride, their hands reached out to



whoever is going through a bad time or just for
who needed a warm hug.

They had been able to understand that everything must be
imbued with love, and with that beacon they embarked on the
daily march of spreading the word, of sharing the message to
She ran from monsters to ward off storms. Clarita ran
through the endless labyrinths of those streets, their freedom
expressed in those invisible wings that he and Josefina had
woven, her step was firm, she knew that fear could not
paralyze it and thought that every living being in the
Earth should also have that right, because the sun,
The stars and the moon are the same for everyone, because...
There should be nothing to stop us when we decide
to live our own lives.

AGRADECIMIENTOS



There are magic words. Journeys that change everything.
Paths that connect possible worlds with real ones. There are people
who believe and who create. There are wordsmiths who weave together
rights that are not always within reach. There are people, there are
words, there are worlds.

We're back on board our ship, whose crew keeps growing. On this
journey, we want to begin by thanking those who believe in the power
of words and their connection to a more equitable reality.

Writing children's and young adult literature with a
gender perspective is a political act. From Argentina to Mexico. From
Tucumán to Buenos Aires. From all over the world.

Ages, and each with their own memories. Thank you, authors. May we
always be united by the bridges of literature that champions these
realities.

We appreciate María Luisa Peralta's words in the prologue to this
edition. Publishing with a shared commitment to a transfeminist and
intersectional project is what allows many independent publishers
across our country to continue connecting and supporting each other
through words. Thank you, María Luisa, for your warmth. Thank you,
Madreselva Editorial, for continuing to weave literature from the
foundations of rebellious struggles.

loving.

Open the windows of our ship and let everything be colorful. Let the
sentences be narrated with the corresponding rhythm of

The visual beauty. The ability to capture, through visual art, the multicolored narrative of the polyphony that makes up this work is the work of two great magicians: Julieta Sota, who illustrated each of the stories, and Karime Kandalaft, our star designer. Thank you for the magic.

In envisioning a dream, one believes. In realizing that dream, one creates. When creating this new, second boat for this project, we had the support of the ESIgualdad Campaign, of which we are a part, and which upholds Comprehensive Sexuality Education (CSE) as a gateway to full sexual sovereignty throughout the region.

Let's travel together. Hand in hand. Side by side. One step at a time. Let's build a ship and set sail. Believing and creating end up being the perfect pairing, with a leap of faith in between. It's less difficult to jump when you have a safety net to hold you up, or friends who jump with you. A huge thank you to Mariana "the dagger" Álvarez, the one with the most discerning eyes and the first reader of this work. Thanks to Soledad Deza, our guide and compass, but also the spark that motivates us to keep believing and creating.

To the kaleidoscopic team: Julieta Ferreyra, for your art; Alina Gramajo; for always having the right words; Ivana Romero, because interdisciplinarity also builds more habitable worlds, and Magalí Fernández, because without your vision of the environment, a blog with

Reach. To Pablo Querci and Juli Lobo, our newest crew members, thank you for jumping with us. To Josefina Reinoso, thank you for the endless coffees in the office with the Chats in between. Thanks to Jichu Gomez Rosello for the laughs.

And of course, to our historical figures, the founding witches of MxM: Sofi Gandur, Noe Aisama, Adri Álvarez, and Fer Mónaco, thank you for showing us with Things worth dreaming about.

Every journey has a destination. A point of arrival. And we know that the processes are part of the product, but this map has a cross. Thank you, reader, for traveling with us.

Florencia Sabaté

Kaleidoscopic Publishing

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