

Lola Anglada's Dream

The war had ended months ago. The bombs had stopped falling. But sadness spread over everything like a grey, invisible rain.

In Tiana, a little town on the coast near Barcelona, even the children had forgotten what it was like to laugh and play. Or at least that's what Lola Anglada thought, as she watched them through the window of her house.

Lola Anglada was a writer who loved drawing. She was an artist! An artist who had lost all desire to write and illustrate her stories.

One day she went out for a walk. She had a secret place, high up in the Conreria hills. There, sitting under a pine tree, she tried to think up new stories. But it was no use. Suddenly a car came driving along the road. "Goodness! The driver looks like a friend of mine! Or did I imagine it? Perhaps I did." She felt terribly sleepy... She closed her eyes and went to sleep.

LOLA ANGLADA'S DREAM

When she woke up, she was astonished to find herself in Barcelona, in Argenteria, a narrow street in the old city. How had she got there?

Then she remembered that this street was home to Margarida and her doll, Hortensia, the main characters in one of her stories. She looked for them everywhere. But they were nowhere to be found. They had gone. It wasn't surprising that her stories wouldn't come if her characters were leaving her too. Never mind. I'll look for them and all of their other friends! Suddenly, she realised that she really wanted to see them all...

She walked towards the port where she stopped under the statue of Christopher Columbus. A mischievous voice made her look up. There, standing proudly on Columbus' finger, was Peret, and his dog Tom was perched merrily on top of the statue.

"What are you doing here, so far from the farmhouse?"

"We were bored. Since you're not writing any more adventures for us, we want to go to America."

"Whatever next!" said Lola. "Get down at once. And come with me."

As they walked on, they heard someone saying that a lizard with a top hat, a walking stick and a jacket, had climbed into the aeroplane at the Tibidabo fairground.

“Mr Lizard!” cried Peret and Lola.

“Woof, woof” barked Tom.

They went to find him, and when he saw them, the lizard explained that he was fed up of doing nothing and had boarded the plane so he could travel far, far away. But he hadn't realised that the aeroplane was a fairground ride! What a disaster! They persuaded him to come down and walked off together.

Mr Lizard helped them find little Narcís. From on board the plane, he'd seen him sitting on the roof of the Pedrera. Like the others, Narcís had got tired of waiting for Lola to write more stories, and was entertaining himself by sliding down the undulating walls of the building, as if it was a helter-skelter. When he saw them, he clapped his hands in delight, and joined the group.

Now the only ones missing were Margarida and her doll Hortensia. They found them in Gracia, in Diamond Square. It was festival time, and all the streets had been decorated. They danced and laughed, just like the old days. This is wonderful, thought Lola. How she loved those characters.

They returned to Tiana by car and went up to her secret place in the hills. Lola promised that she'd start drawing and writing again, and they said goodbye. Then a sweet sleepiness weighed down her eyelids.

And when she opened them again, she remembered her dream. Her stroll around Barcelona and her reunion with her friends. But whereas before she'd seen only a grey landscape, now she saw colours shining out. In the old city streets, a rainbow sparkled on the walls, the balconies and the doorways.

The aeroplane on Mount Tibidabo shone a gleaming red, whirling happily above the city. The wobbly walls of the Pedrera reflected the blue sky over Barcelona.

Even the statue of Columbus, with its serious expression, seemed to be laughing under its breath. Lola Anglada realised that her imagination had come back to her. And that it would stay with her forever. She simply had to keep on dreaming.

Which is what she did.

Script: Anna Manso