



The Sugar Boy

Isn't the world full of people? I know a city that was home to people from all over the world. Sounds fun, doesn't it? Well no. It wasn't much fun at all. Because the people who lived in the world's most beautiful city were also the angriest people on the planet. What a pain. The streets were always full of the noise of police and ambulance sirens, which annoyed everyone.

"What a racket! It's the people who live in the Indian neighbourhood –making so much noise with their celebrations!" shouted some.

"What are you talking about? It's the people in the English neighbourhood, there must be a cricket match on!" complained others.

And so it went on. All day there were people complaining, arguing and quarrelling, and sirens blaring. So many sirens. People were in such a rush to get out of there that the roads were always full of traffic jams. Beep-beep-beep! But the city was also home to a boy who didn't want to leave. All he wanted to do was to play with children from all over the city.

"Why can't we all play together?" he wondered. This boy was called Marti, but after the story I'm about to tell you, he became known as...

THE SUGAR BOY

Marti was convinced that he could come up with a solution. And then he had an idea. One morning, he left his house, still gulping down his breakfast milk, and he ran to the Indian neighbourhood.

"Hey, where is everyone?" he shouted.

A few boys came out, to see what was happening.

"Hello, my name's Marti."

"I'm called Yamir," said an Indian boy (02:34) "What are you doing here?"

"I've come to find a way to make everyone stop arguing. There must be something we all like."

"That's impossible," laughed the Indian boys "We'll never have anything in common with the Arabs."

"Maybe, maybe not..." said Marti. "I'd just like you to tell me what your favourite thing

in the world is.”

The Indian boys weren't sure, / but it didn't seem that difficult to do what Marti had asked them, so they thought about it / and then they all agreed that their favourite thing was called ‘çarkara’.

“Çarkara?” asked Martí.

“Yes, çarkara means 'sugar'.”

Marti left feeling very happy and it didn't take him long to reach the Arab neighbourhood. There he found a group of children who were shouting and scuffling.

“Hello, my name's Marti,” he said, feeling a bit nervous.

“I'm Faruq,” replied an Arab boy. “What are you doing here?

“I've come to find a way to make everyone stop arguing. There must be something that we all like,” he repeated.

“That's impossible!” replied the Arab children. “We'll never have anything in common with those Latinos.”

“Maybe, maybe not...” repeated Marti. “All I'm asking, is that you tell me your favourite thing in the world.”

So the Arab children thought for a while and then answered as one: sukar!

“What does sukar mean?” asked Martí.

“Don't you know?” they laughed “Sukkar is 'sugar' in Arabic.”

By now Marti's breakfast milk had almost worn off, but he carried on until he reached the Latino neighbourhood. There, he asked the same question, and a boy called José said their favourite thing in the world was 'azucar,' which meant sugar in Spanish.

When Marti reached the English neighbourhood, Tom and his brothers explained that they loved sugar. And when Marti asked them why, they laughed and said that sugar was the sweetest thing in the world. Ahhh – English sugar!

Now all he was missing were the boys in his own neighborhood, but Marti reckoned that he already knew what their answer would be. What he and his friends liked best in the world were cakes, biscuits, Christmas icing, ice-cream, sticky buns, their Mums' baking, and sweets. And they were all made with sugar, and sugar was what made everyone happy, no matter where they were from. He'd done it!

And Marti had also discovered that words could be different when you travelled from one country to another. But it didn't matter, because in the end they all meant the same thing - don't you agree?

“Gather round!” shouted Marti from the sweet stall he had set up in the middle of the city. “There's plenty for everyone.”

“What's that cheeky boy shouting about?” asked someone.

But gradually, children emerged from all of the neighbourhoods to find out what was going on.

“Hey, he’s got cakes!” said one boy.

“And biscuits!” said another.

That day, the city changed. Martí's idea worked, because he was convinced that if he could find something that everybody liked, they'd all stop fighting. Now instead of sirens, all you could hear were mothers shouting:

“Yamir!”

“Faruq!”

“José!”

“Tom!”

“Come on Martí, it's getting late!”

Years and years passed by, but the city still remembers Martí. Every year, to make sure they never forget, they celebrate by eating sweets, biscuits, cakes and buns. Do you want to join the party? There are trays of Peda too, and bowls of Maskima, slices of Turró, a hot apple pie and lots of Carquinyolis . Look, it's about to start... Can you hear that? Look at the fireworks! They're to remind us what we learned that day, from the Sugar Boy.

Script: Mireia Vidal