

LUCAS KENT & GRETA ROUGE

Rocio
Bonilla



*A summer of likes
and Kryptonite*

bromera



LUCAS KENT & GRETA ROUGE

Rocio Bonilla

*A summer of likes
and Kryptonite*



MORE INFO

EDICIONS BROMERA

Carol Borràs

carol@bromera.com

www.bromera.com

Original title:

Lucas Kent i Greta Rouge: Un estiu de bicis i kryptonita

© Text: Rocio Bonilla

© Illustrations:

© Translation: Andrew McDougall, 2026

© Animallibres

Apartat de correus 6141 - 08080 Barcelona

www.animallibres.cat

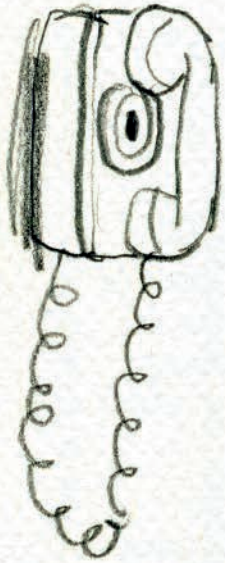
First edition: 2006

All rights reserved.

Any means of reproduction, distribution, public communication or alteration of this work is only permitted with the authorisation of its owners, unless exempted by Law. Please contact CEDRO ('Spanish Reproduction Rights Centre') if you need to copy or scan any part of this work (www.conlicencia.com; 917 021 970 / 932 720 447).

Rights license assigned by Edicions Bromera, SL (www.bromera.com).

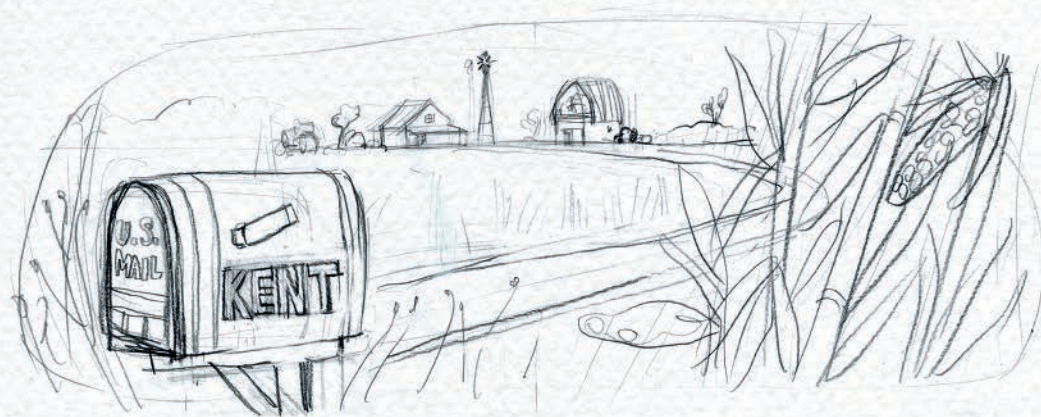
La TIRA
bromera



1

CROSSING THE OCEAN

At last, school was over and the summer holidays had arrived. Anybody would be delighted with the prospect of almost three months without a thing to do, but not me. Yes, I know, you must be wondering why. It's very simple. My friends: Greta and Frederic. Ever since I moved to this neighbourhood, we have been inseparable. And right when the first holidays here with them come around, they only go and split us up.



How ironic, our language teacher would surely say. Or maybe not,

because, to be honest, I've never quite understood all that irony stuff, even though I passed the subject with a good grade and everything. The one I wasn't



so lucky in was English; I scraped a pass mark. That was the main excuse my parents used to decide to send me to the USA. Well, that and spending a month and a half with my paternal grandparents, who live in a village in Kansas called Smallville. The last time I visited them, I must have been four years old. Lita hadn't even been born.

'You'll have a whale of a time, you'll see!' my dad kept saying, trying to convince me without much conviction. I couldn't be bothered, but there was nothing for it: suitcase and off to the airport.

I'll sum up a transatlantic flight for you: they stick you in an enormous





plane, they give you a tiny seat and some plastic headphones and...let you rot in front of a screen for ten hours straight until you've crossed the ocean. In other words...

A-MAZING!

Ten hours straight watching films and eating pasta and mass-produced cakes without anyone saying *turn off the computer?* I really don't know why anyone complains.

When we landed, I sent my parents a WhatsApp to let them know I'd arrived. They had decided to buy me a phone for the trip (*just for this trip and then you'll give it back*), as that way they could communicate with me easier because apparently my grandparents still got by with phones that didn't even have screens. My parents said something about *analogues*, a word that to me sounded every bit as understandable as *irony*.



2

THE KENT FAMILY

Grandpa Kent came to pick me up at the airport. I couldn't remember him at all; luckily, my dad had shown me a photo and only thanks to that was I able to recognise him. He has the biggest hands I have ever seen in my life. After an hour and a half in a clapped-out old van that was open at the back (they call it a pick-up), bouncing along so fiercely that I almost hit my head on the ceiling, we arrived at the farm: a large wooden house with the classic porch and a



barn out back, just like in the films, and in the middle of nowhere. Well, in the middle of loads of corn fields. Which is the same thing.

Grandma was waiting for us in the doorway. She covered me in kisses like the world was about to end. I didn't want to seem rude, but I was so tired that as soon as they showed me my room, I threw myself onto the bed and slept for what felt like three straight days.

I was woken up by a smell... It was breakfast time! I shot out of the bedroom and reached the kitchen table in the blink of an eye. I devoured everything they put in front of me, as if I had gone a week

without eating. My grandma observed me with eyes like saucers, watching

as I gobbled down everything, almost without stopping for breath.



Once I had recovered from the jet-lag, thanks to an abundance of fried bacon, eggs, sweetcorn and pancakes, I had time to take a proper look around the house. It had two floors and the typical attic. Downstairs, there was a dining room that looked straight out of a film set, and that was never used because they always ate at the kitchen table, as well as a large living room with a fireplace, two armchairs and an old rocking chair that Great-grandma Louisa never moved from.

She was an old woman who I found adorable, even though, when I arrived, she decided she had to give me an in-depth demonstration of how to put in and take out her dentures. My



goodness, that was scarier than Grandad Eudald dressed up as Nosferatu. She's also as deaf as dear knob. Maybe that's why most of the time she keeps



herself to herself and spends her days looking out the window or reading a book. Now and again, however, and without warning, she reconnects to the world and says something in the middle of a conversation, usually about her late husband, my great-grandad. I barely understand her, but it seems like she's saying something about the man in the photos in frames on the wall not being her husband. Grandad pulls a "here we go again" face, rolls his eyes, and tells me not to pay any attention to her.

Anyway, getting back to the house, I must admit that what most caught my eye were the lights. Yes, I know, you'll be thinking, *why would you take so*



much notice of the lights? Well, because they were very, and I mean very, strange. How can I explain them? Imagine some walls covered in reddish flowery wallpaper, throw in worn-out velvet armchairs, and then suddenly in the middle of all that, an enormous chandelier with shiny crystals, as if it were a French palace in the time of D'Artagnan and the three musketeers.

Now, I'm no expert in interior design, but it seemed a little bit out of place. Like Darth Vader in a Barbie film.

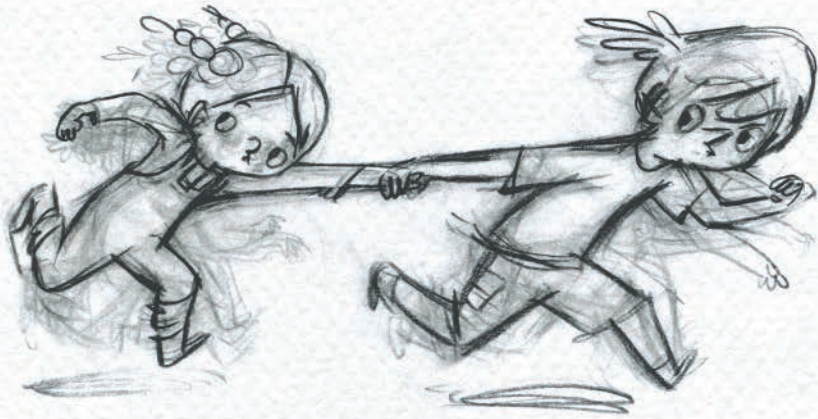
The rest of the family lived in a house on the other side of



town: my Aunt Martha (who is my dad's sister), her husband and my cousins, Rupert and Ashley. Rupert plays American football. He's only two years older than me, but he's about two heads taller and as wide as a wardrobe. It was a

miracle he didn't break my hand when he shook it, but he seems like a good guy. Ashley is a year younger than me, much smaller, and does her hair in pig-tails that are even tighter than Pippi Longstocking's.

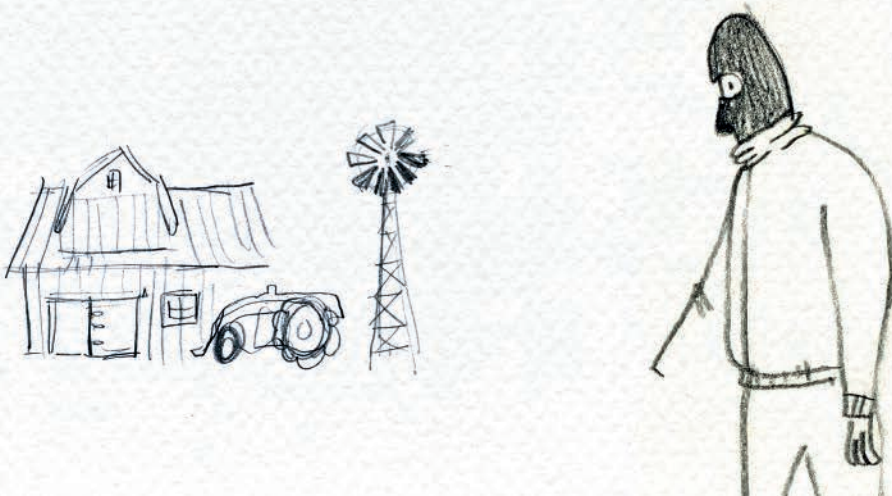




5 A RESTLESS NIGHT

My grandparents were in the habit of leaving the porch light on, but never the one in the dining room. Also, when we drew nearer, we began to hear Marshmallow howling incessantly. Something was definitely going on.

We left our bikes on the path and, without making a sound, we crept towards one of the windows. Crouched down below it, we saw two men in dark balaclavas who were using a stepladder to try to take down one of the living room lights. We were in shock!



Our grandparents were tied to their armchairs with rope and gagged with handkerchiefs. There was no trace of Marshmallow.



'What should we do?' whispered Ashley nervously.

'We can't take on the robbers just the two of us,' I replied.

I didn't know what to do... *Think, Lucas, think...* And then...I remembered I'd hidden the fleabag in the barn that afternoon!

'Come with me!' I said to Ashley, taking her hand.



We went round the back of the house and ran to the shelter. When we drew nearer, we heard the grunts of the dog, who was shut and locked in. Before going to the cinema, I had made sure to bolt the door properly, so he wouldn't escape or be discovered. The mutt had smelt the robbers and was beside himself, scratching the doors, trying to get out. As soon as I opened, he broke free and ran at top speed towards the house, jumped through the kitchen window and... Honestly, at that moment, I wouldn't have liked to be in the robber's shoes.

We heard cries, barks, a loud crash of glass breaking and, then, the two men ran away, with the giant dog hot

on their heels. I had never seen anyone make off in such a hurry, not even

the Millenium Falcon escaping the Imperial Star Destroyers.



The robbers disappeared into the dark of the night. We thought we heard a car engine spluttering into life and then getting further and further away. The fleabag was barking in the doorway, calling us over. What a mess we found when we went inside! Upturned furniture, broken vases, the glass from the lights...complete chaos.

While I untied our grandparents, Ashley went to look for poor Marshmallow, who the robbers had shut in the pantry.

'Are you alright?' Ashley said, hugging Grandma.

'Yes, yes,' Grandad assured us, taking off his gag. 'Although they managed to take one of the lights... Shameless!'

Then we heard a voice from the top of the stairs.



'What happened?'

It was Great-grandma Louisa. She had been fast asleep when the criminals entered and, as she's so deaf, she hadn't noticed anything at all. She had gotten up to go to the bathroom



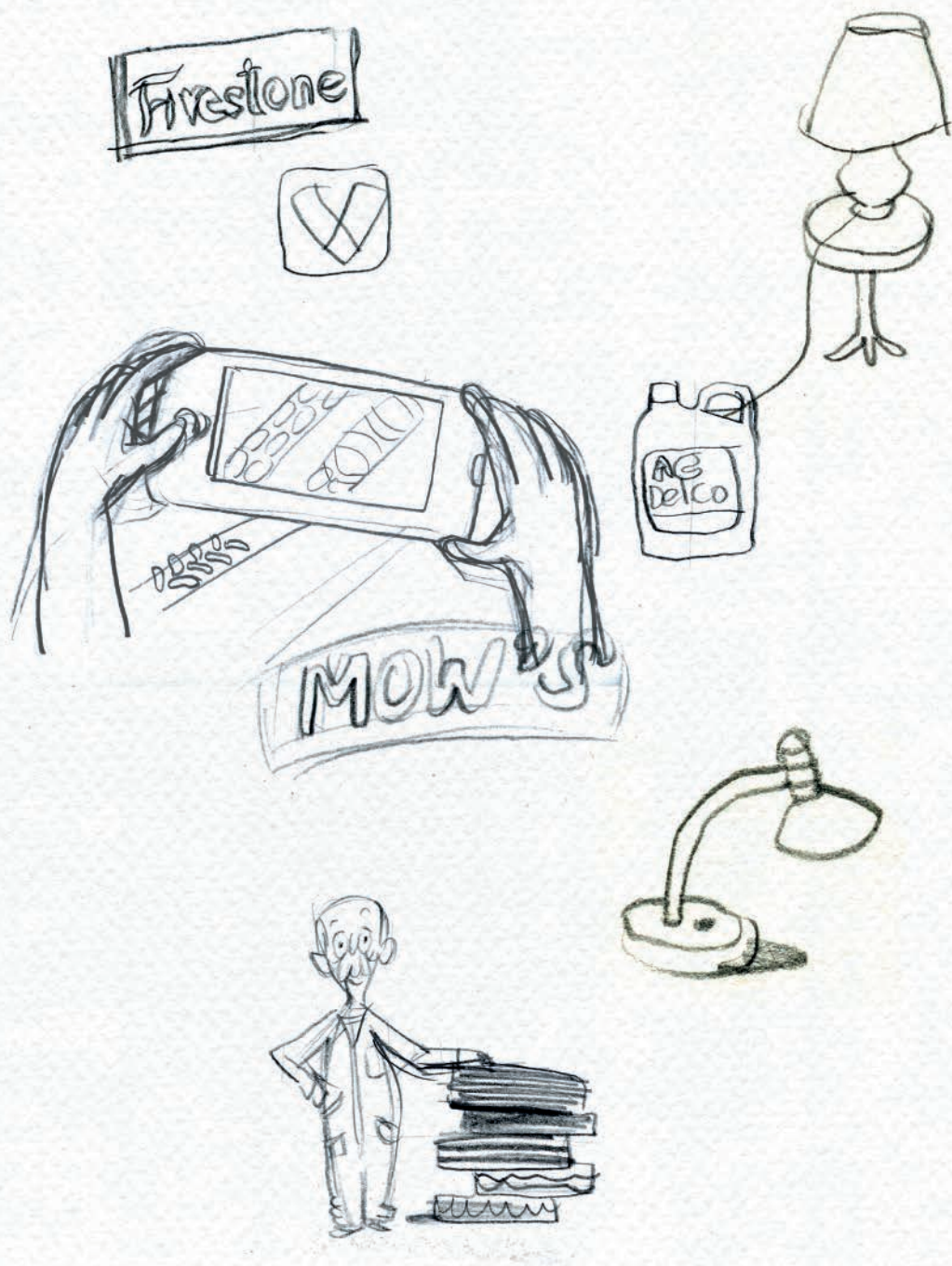
when she saw the light on.

'If my Clark were here, he would have stopped them and flown off with them to the police station,' she murmured, yawning.

'Great-grandma, Great-grandad was called Mark, not Clark,' Ashley corrected her. But Great-grandma had already gone back to bed.

'Ach, I told you not to pay any attention to what she says,' grumbled Grandad.

Incidentally, our grandparents were so grateful to the fleabag that they ended up deciding to adopt him. After giving him three thorough baths, he looked brand-new. They named him Superman, because he had saved them from the bad guys.



6 ROBBERS OF...LIGHTS?

The next morning, the police turned up at the house bright and early. Grandad told them about the adventure the night before and the officers wrote everything down. Afterwards, they told us that in the last few days there had been a couple of other burglaries in the area and they suspected the same thieves were behind them all, because in every case they had stolen glass lights.

As Ashley had promised me to teach me how to fish, after devouring a huge

piece of pumpkin pie, we left Grandad saying goodbye to the police offers and went to the barn to fetch the rods.

'Lights? Who would want to steal plain old lights? And why?' Ashley asked me, furrowing her brow, while we got the bikes out.

'You know what? I get the feeling all this is connected somehow, I'm just not sure how yet.'

Suddenly, something caught my eye: a sparkle on the ground. It was one of the crystals from grandma and grandad's chandelier! The robbers must have dropped it as they made their hurried getaway. A bit further on, in the undergrowth, we saw another one. Following the trail, we headed into the wood.

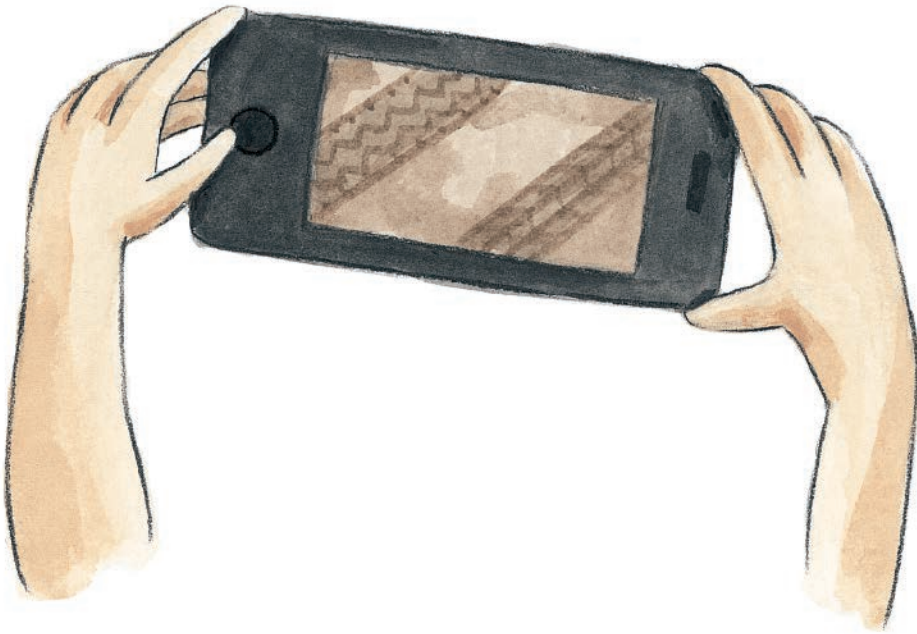


'Look, Lucas!' Ashley had spotted some tyre tracks in the wet ground. 'They must be from the robbers' car!'

I remembered I had my phone in my pocket, so I took the chance to snap a few photos of the tyre marks.

'Maybe at old Mow's garage they'll be able to tell us what vehicle made them!'

'Great idea, Ashley!'



I felt like I was in one of the action films my parents watch on Netflix. We cycled to the village and hurried to into the garage to ask questions, but all Mow could tell us was that they looked like the tyres of a van but that he didn't recognise them. Our enthusiasm deflated like a balloon.

'Although...wait a minute!' he exclaimed, looking at the photos again. 'Look here: one of the tyres has a different mark to the other three. Hmm... Interesting...' he went on. 'Last week, someone brought in a van that had a puncture in one of the back wheels. We tried to fix it but in the end we had to change it. And I reckon...that I still have that tyre.'



We ran with Mow to the garage's forecourt and, sure enough, there was the tyre, in amongst a huge pile of old ones. The mechanic rolled it along the

wet ground and...the tyre mark coincided exactly with the three wheels from the photos!

I could feel my heart racing.

'What kind of van was it, Mow? Do you remember who drove it? The registration?'

'Hmm...if memory serves me correctly, it was a Chevrolet. Yes, that's right, a very dusty red and white Chevrolet Silverado. There were two men. They weren't from round here, that's for sure. They didn't give me a name, they just paid and left. One of them was wearing slightly strange clothes. I remember because I thought I'd never seen such ugly checked trousers in all my life.' He paused and sighed. 'Gee, I'm sorry I can't give you any more details, kids.'

We left the garage with our heads down. Opposite, in the doorway of his shop, Mr Brown was waving to us with a

great big smile. Brilliant, all we needed was the lantern joke again, I thought, remembering the scene from the day before. But, suddenly, I had a lightbulb moment and I stopped dead. Ashley looked at me quizzically.

'I've got it! The ugly checked trousers...it was the same man who was buying rope in the shop yesterday!'



And just at that moment, when we were about to cross the square to talk to Mr Brown, a very dusty red and white Chevrolet Silverado passed by

and carried on down the street. We froze.

'I think we'll need backup,' whispered Ashley, putting a hand on my back.'







It was supposed to be the best summer holiday ever,
with Greta and Frederic, my best friends.

We were inseperable!

Then my parents decided to send me to the USA,
to my grandparents' farm in some forgotten town in
the middle of nowhere, to visit the Kent family, who
I could barely remember. So boring!

However, a trip that seemed like a punishment would
end up turning into an adventure worthy of a film.

Bike rides, high-speed pursuits and a whole load of
family secrets awaited me in Smallville...

Ring any bells?



bromera

www.bromera.com

 @Bromera

 @bromera

 @bromeraed

 Edicions Bromera