

LUCAS KENT & GRETA ROUGE

Rocio
Bonilla



How It All Began

bromera



LUCAS KENT & GRETA ROUGE

Rocio
Bonilla

How It All Began



Translated by Andrew McDougall

bromera



MORE INFO

EDICIONS BROMERA

Carol Borràs

carol@bromera.com

www.bromera.com

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).

Original title: *Lucas Kent & Greta Rouge. Así empezó todo*
© Text and illustrations: Rocio Bonilla Raya, 2024
© Translation: Andrew McDougall, 2024
© Edicions Bromera
Av. Areners, 25 (Pol. El Pla) - 46600 Alzira
www.bromera.com



Lucas

1 ME

I was normal. A normal boy. Or at least that's what I'd always believed.

I had a normal family, a normal dad and a normal mum, who worked in normal places and a little sister who I fought with completely normally.

We lived in a normal flat – well, a small one actually, so, normal-ish – and I went to a normal school, with other normal kids who told totally normal jokes. I myself was a rather normal



height for my age. Nothing about me strayed away from normality and I was fine with that. Well, all normality except for my teeth, those small fangs I'd inherited from my mum which jutted out a bit and which orthodontics had never been able to correct. The poor orthodontist, after a year and a half of tightening my braces, had to give up in despair. Just like he will with my sister, in a few months, when he concludes that our family's only oddity cannot be fixed.

By the way, I haven't introduced myself. My name is Lucas, Lucas Kent, although at school they call me Kentucky. My sister calls me Lucath, but I don't mind because she also says "glatheth"

and "penthilth". And my mum, affectionately, called me Lukey when I was little, although she still lets it slip now and again and I pretend I don't mind.





2

MY FAMILY

Family is important. At least, that's what I think. Or rather...that's what they say! The unfortunate thing is, you don't get to choose them: when you're born, you already have a family assigned to you and, on top of that, you have no right to return or exchange them.

My family is quite good, all things considered, and so I feel lucky. I mean, for not having chosen them myself, I've gotten a pretty decent deal.

Dad is the good cop. Mum the bad cop. You can spot it a mile off, although I pretend I can't.

My sister Lita, well what can I say? What are little sisters good for except taking your things without permission,



hitting you without punishment, snitching to mum and basically being annoying in every possible way? So yeah, a nuisance.





3

THE LETTER

I know it was Monday because that's the day at school when we get flan for dessert. My friend Fernando always sits next to me, just so he can give me a slap on the back when I'm going to eat it so I get flan on my face. He's a bit tiresome, poor Fernando, but I don't mind, because afterwards the supervisor tells him off and I get to have seconds of flan.

That day, when I got home in the afternoon, I quickly realised something

strange was going on. The table was set and lunch was still untouched. Even though it was after four 'o'clock, mum and dad hadn't had a bite to eat. They were sat on the sofa, staring hard at a piece of paper, with their mouths open and eyes like saucers. They looked like a pair of abducted zombies,



they didn't even tell Lita off for kicking the sofa non-stop!

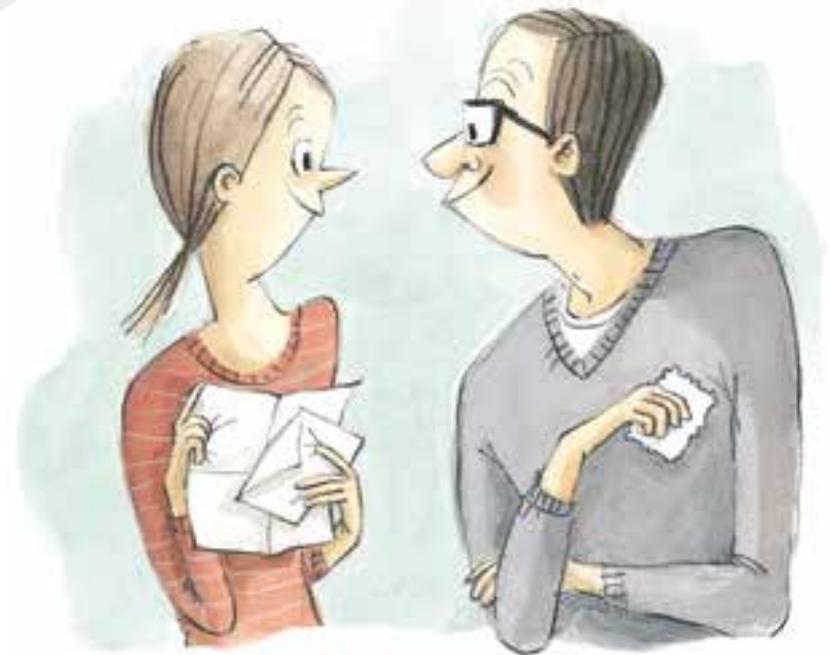
It turns out that my mum's great-granddad, who she never knew, lived in a huge house on a hill on the outskirts of town. Apparently, when he died, he left it to his descendants, with the only condition being that they lived in it.



He had left all this written down and explained in a letter. However, that letter, for many years, had remained hidden in a brass box buried in his garden, who knows why. It was found by some electricians when they were digging to install a new streetlight. That same letter was the one that was now in my mum's hands, together with a small, very faded, black-and-white photo, in which you could just about make out an enormous ramshackle house.

My mum's grandad had died quite a long time ago and her father had gone to live in the Romanian mountains shortly before I was born, which meant that we were the only candidates to re-inhabit that shack.

My parents didn't hesitate for a second. A few phrases and the matter was settled: I can work remotely, you can take a sabbatical, the house is huge, the kids will have a room each, we've always wanted to get out of the city, fresh air, a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity...





and in two shakes of a
lamb's tail, the decision
was made.

It didn't even take them a week to
sort out the move. I'm sure they take
longer to write the shopping list.

