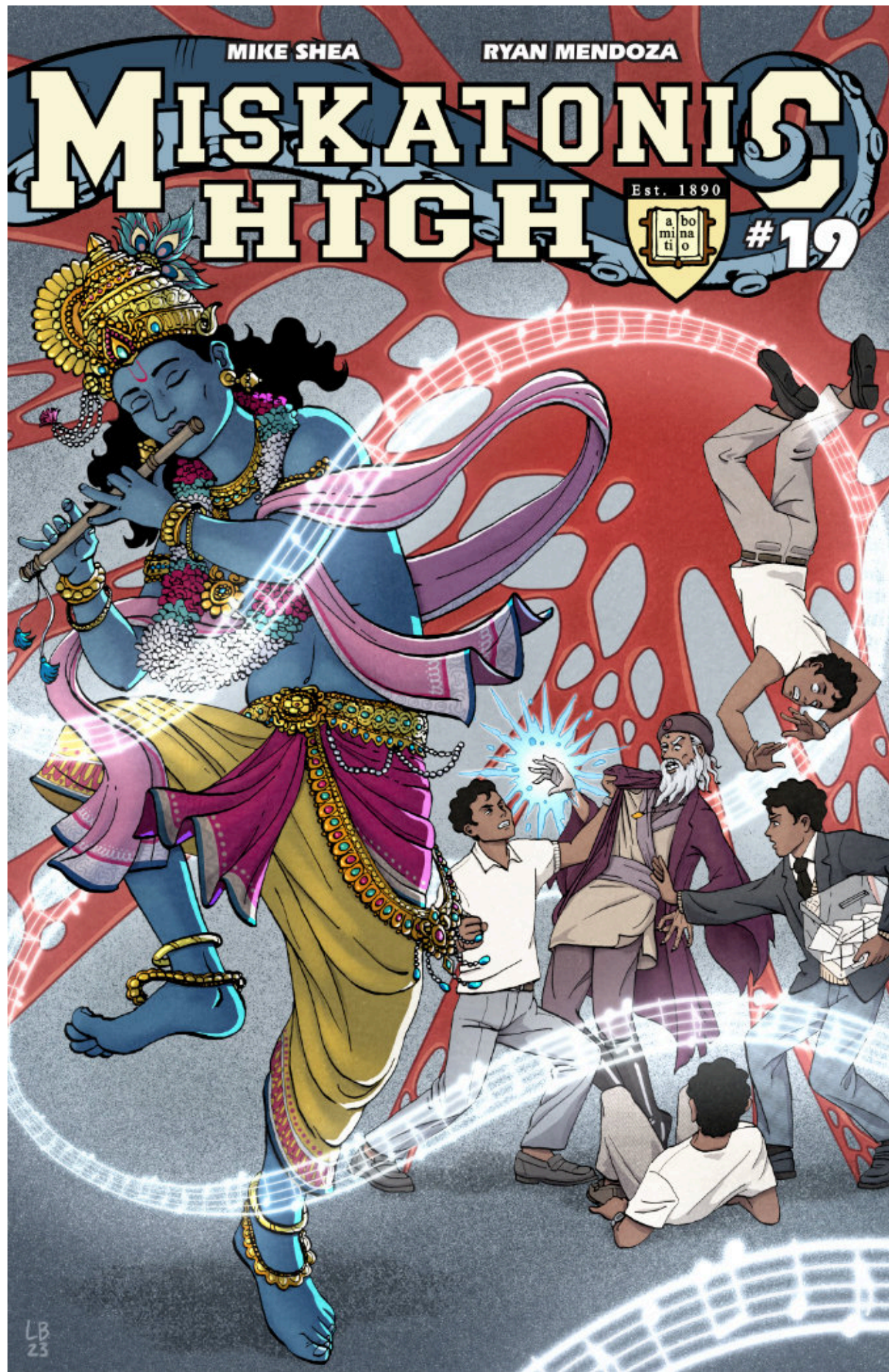




Laura Benavente

COVERS & FICTION
PORTADAS Y NARRATIVA

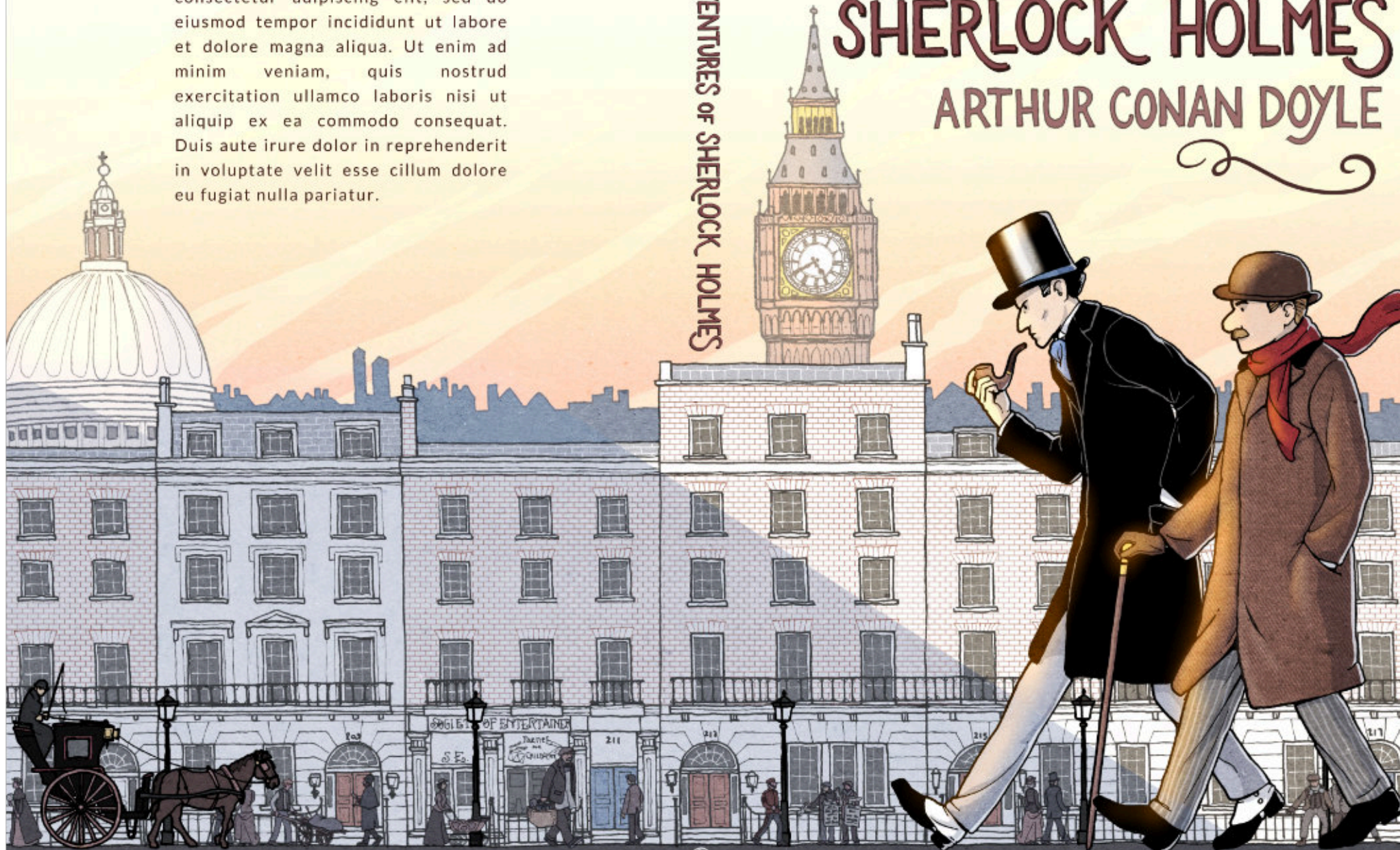


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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

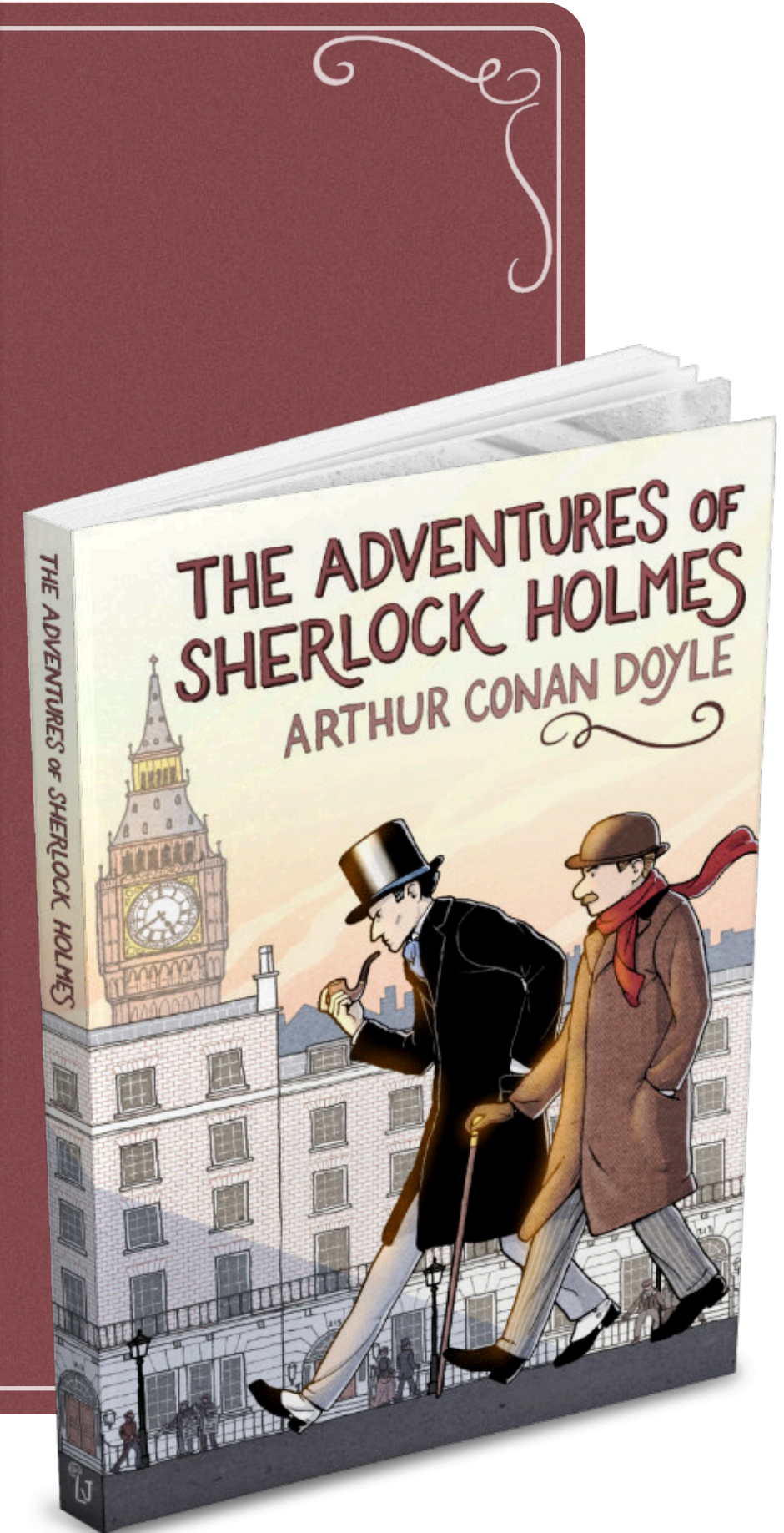
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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES



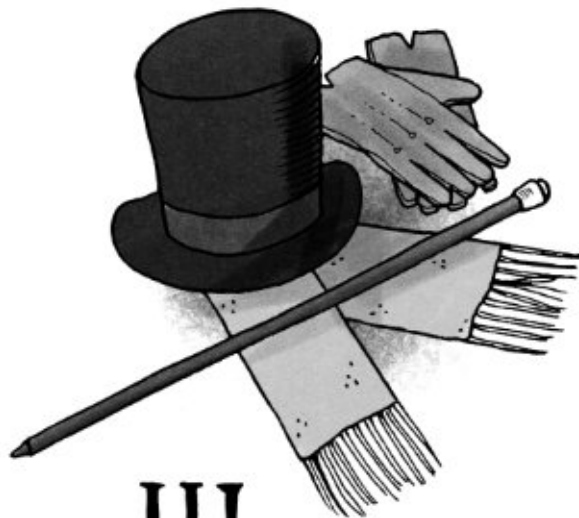
THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES



I.



II.



III.

was a remarkably handsome man, dark, aquiline, and moustached—evidently the man of whom I had heard. He appeared to be in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait, and brushed past the maid who opened the door with the air of a man who was thoroughly at home.

"He was in the house about half an hour, and I could catch glimpses of him in the windows of the sitting-room, pacing up and down, talking excitedly, and waving his arms. Of her I could see nothing. Presently he emerged, looking even more flurried than before. As he stepped up to the cab, he pulled a gold watch from his pocket and looked at it earnestly, 'Drive like the devil,' he shouted, 'first to Gross & Hankey's in Regent Street, and then to the Church of St. Monica in the Edgeware Road. Half a guinea if you do it in twenty minutes!'

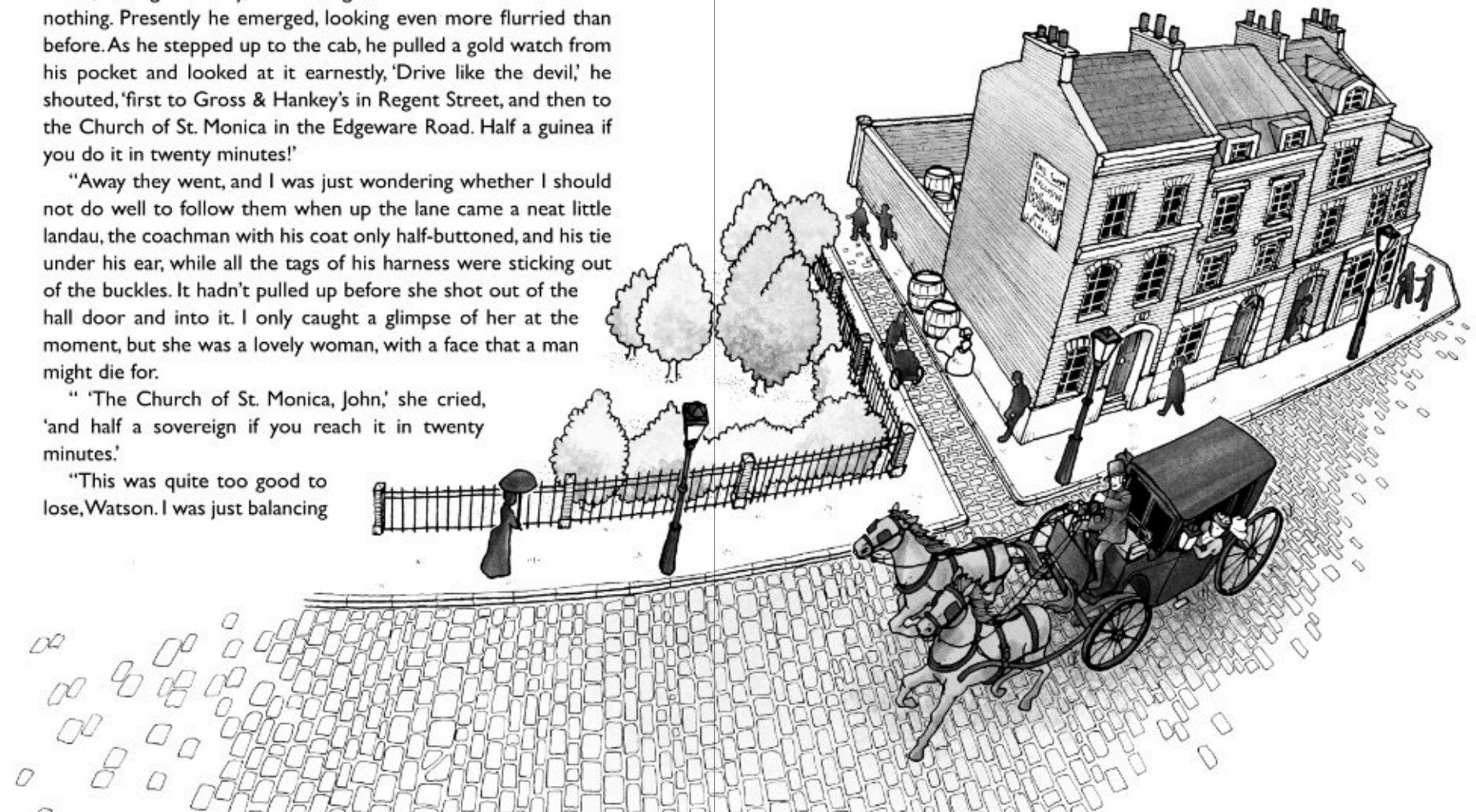
"Away they went, and I was just wondering whether I should not do well to follow them when up the lane came a neat little landau, the coachman with his coat only half-buttoned, and his tie under his ear, while all the tags of his harness were sticking out of the buckles. It hadn't pulled up before she shot out of the hall door and into it. I only caught a glimpse of her at the moment, but she was a lovely woman, with a face that a man might die for.

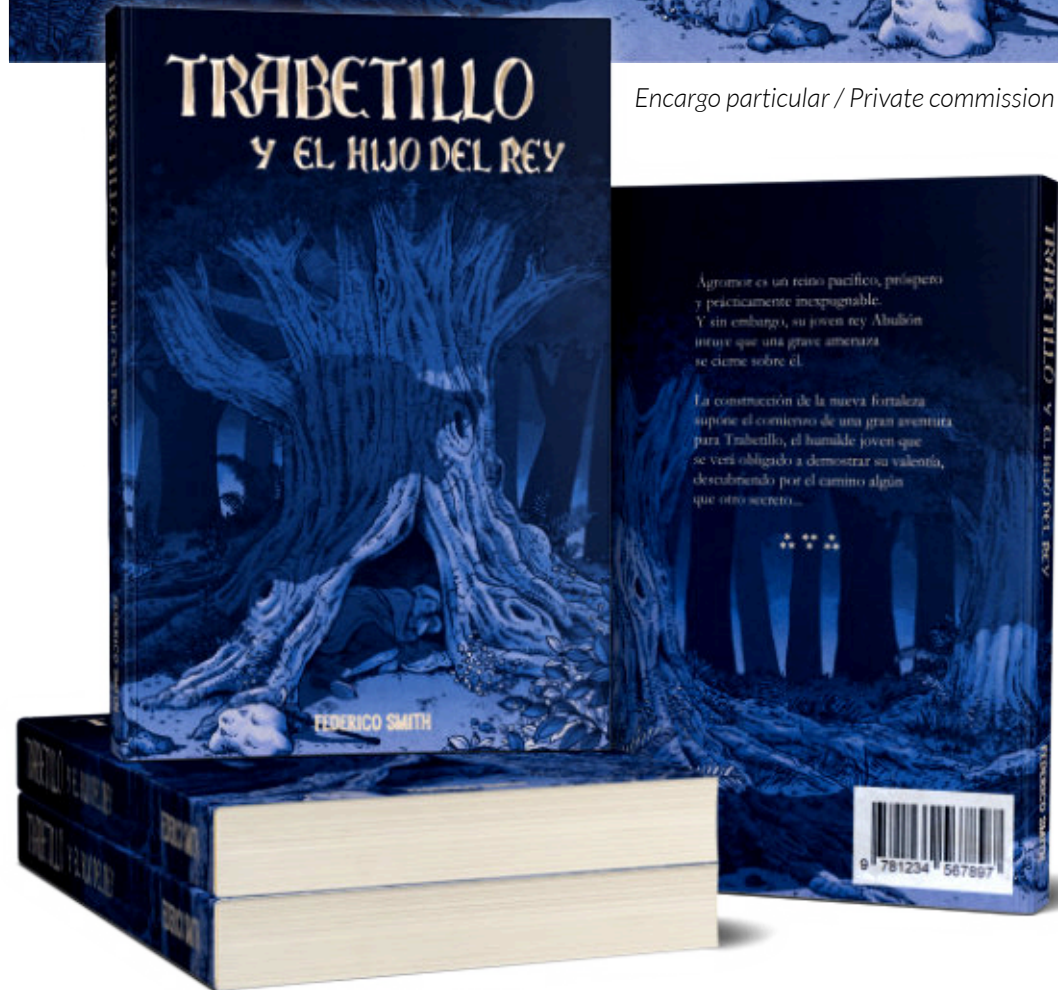
" 'The Church of St. Monica, John,' she cried, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.'

"This was quite too good to lose, Watson. I was just balancing

whether I should run for it, or whether I should perch behind her landau when a cab came through the street. The driver looked twice at such a shabby fare, but I jumped in before he could object. 'The Church of St. Monica,' said I, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.' It was twenty-five minutes to twelve, and of course it was clear enough what was in the wind.

"My cabby drove fast. I don't think I ever drove faster, but the

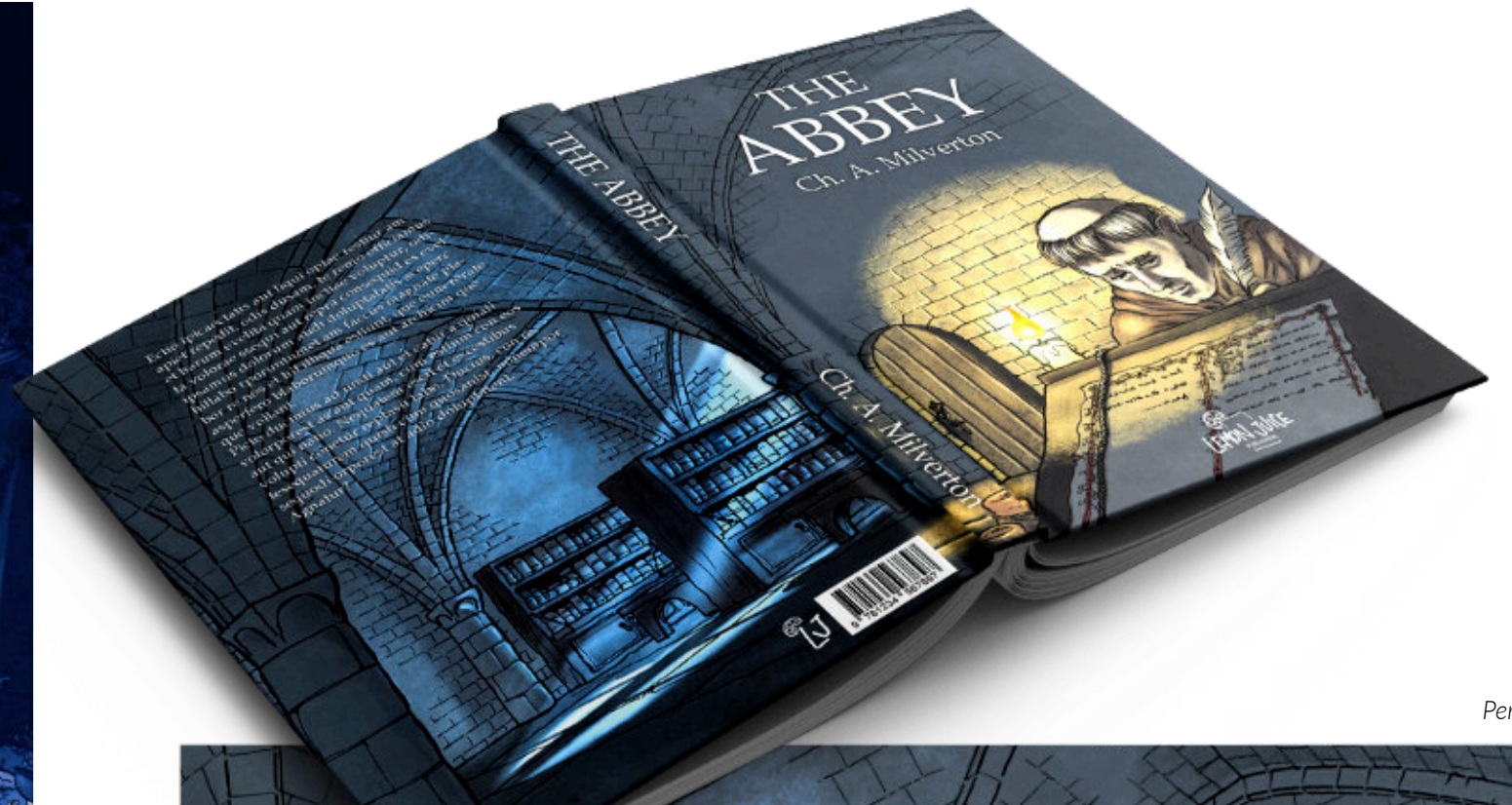




Encargo particular / Private commission

Novela de fantasía medieval sobre un reino amenazado, un joven rey y un cuentacuentos, donde nada es lo que parece.

Medieval fantasy book about a threatened kingdom, a young king and a storyteller, where nothing is what it seems.



Personal



Uno de los monjes del scriptorium encuentra por casualidad un milenario libro prohibido y se verá envuelto en una misteriosa aventura.

In a lost abbey a forbidden book has been hidden for a long time. One of the monks at the scriptorium finds it by chance and gets involved in a mysterious adventure.



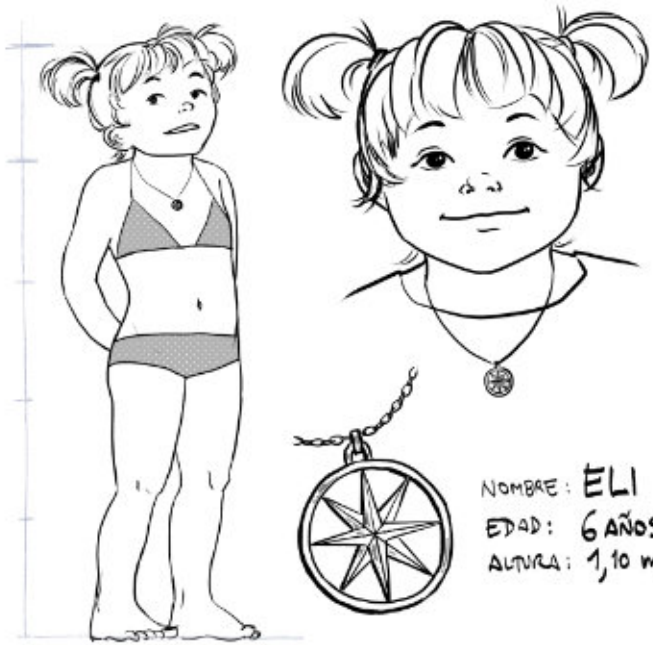
'TRAM', by Andrea Bocconi.

At last! The stranger always got on at that stop. 'Broad smile, wide hips... an excellent mother for my children,' he thought. He greeted her; she responded and continued reading: a cultured, modern woman.

He sulked: he was very old-fashioned. Why did she respond to his greeting? She didn't even know him.

He hesitated. She got off.

He felt divorced: "And the children, who are they going to stay with?"



NOMBRE: ELI
EDAD: 6 AÑOS
ALTURA: 1,10 m



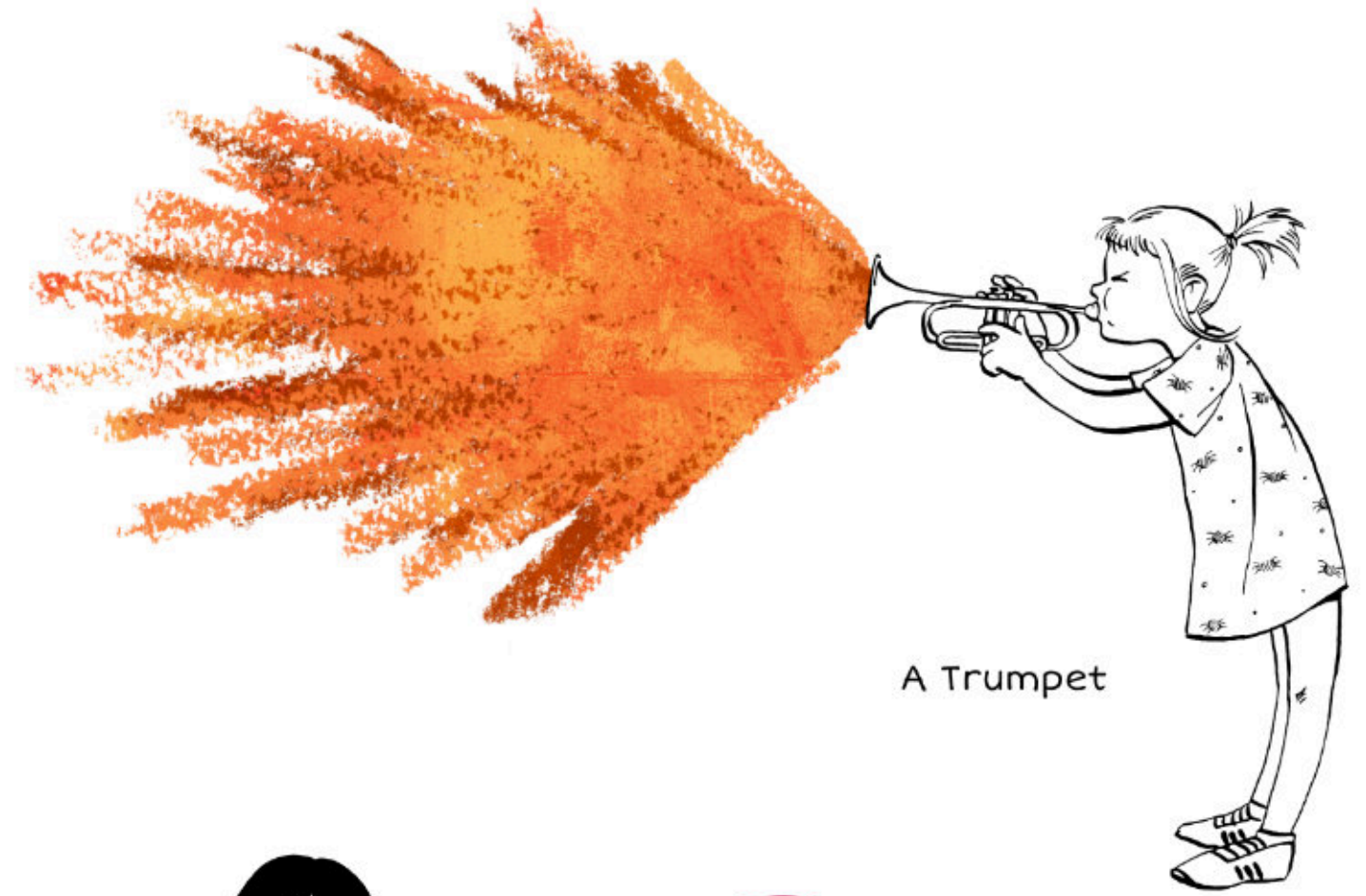
WHAT DOES SOUND LOOK LIKE?



A TINY ZINE BY LAURABE



A Shout



A Trumpet



A Violin



An Oboe



RHHHHH

...Y CUALQUIER DÍA...

TIC TAC

HACE AÑOS QUE SOSPECHO QUE EL TIEMPO YA NO ESTÁ DE MI PARTE...

TIC TAC

...QUE TRAMA ALGO A MIS ESPALDAS...

...QUE NO IMPORTA LO QUE YO HAGA O DIGA...

TIC

TAC

...ESTÁ AHÍ, AL ACECHO, ESPERANDO SU OPORTUNIDAD...

AAAHH

MEJOR NO PENSAR...

MEJOR DORMIR...

LB 24



Al otro lado de la calle, donde termina el asfalto, ahora no hay más que vacío.

"El día que se rompió el planeta", por Laura Rivas Arranz.



Across the street, where the asphalt ends, there is now nothing but emptiness.

"The day the planet broke", by Laura Rivas Arranz.

El día que se rompió el planeta • Colaboración





*Thank You
Gracias*



Laura Benavente



NON FICTION &
MIDDLE GRADE ILLUSTRATION

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