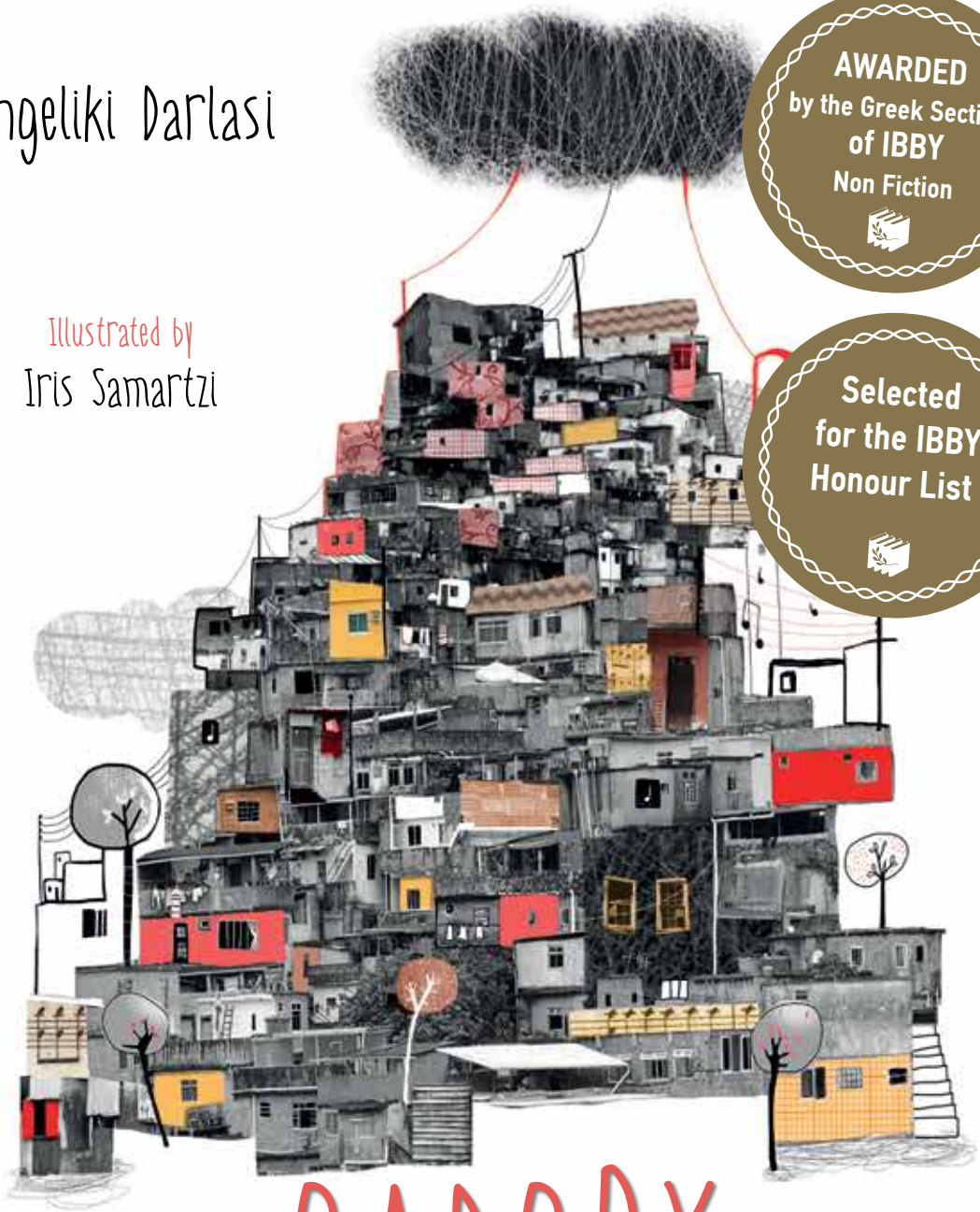


Angeliki Darlasi

Illustrated by  
Iris Samartzi



AWARDED  
by the Greek Section  
of IBBY  
Non Fiction



Selected  
for the IBBY  
Honour List

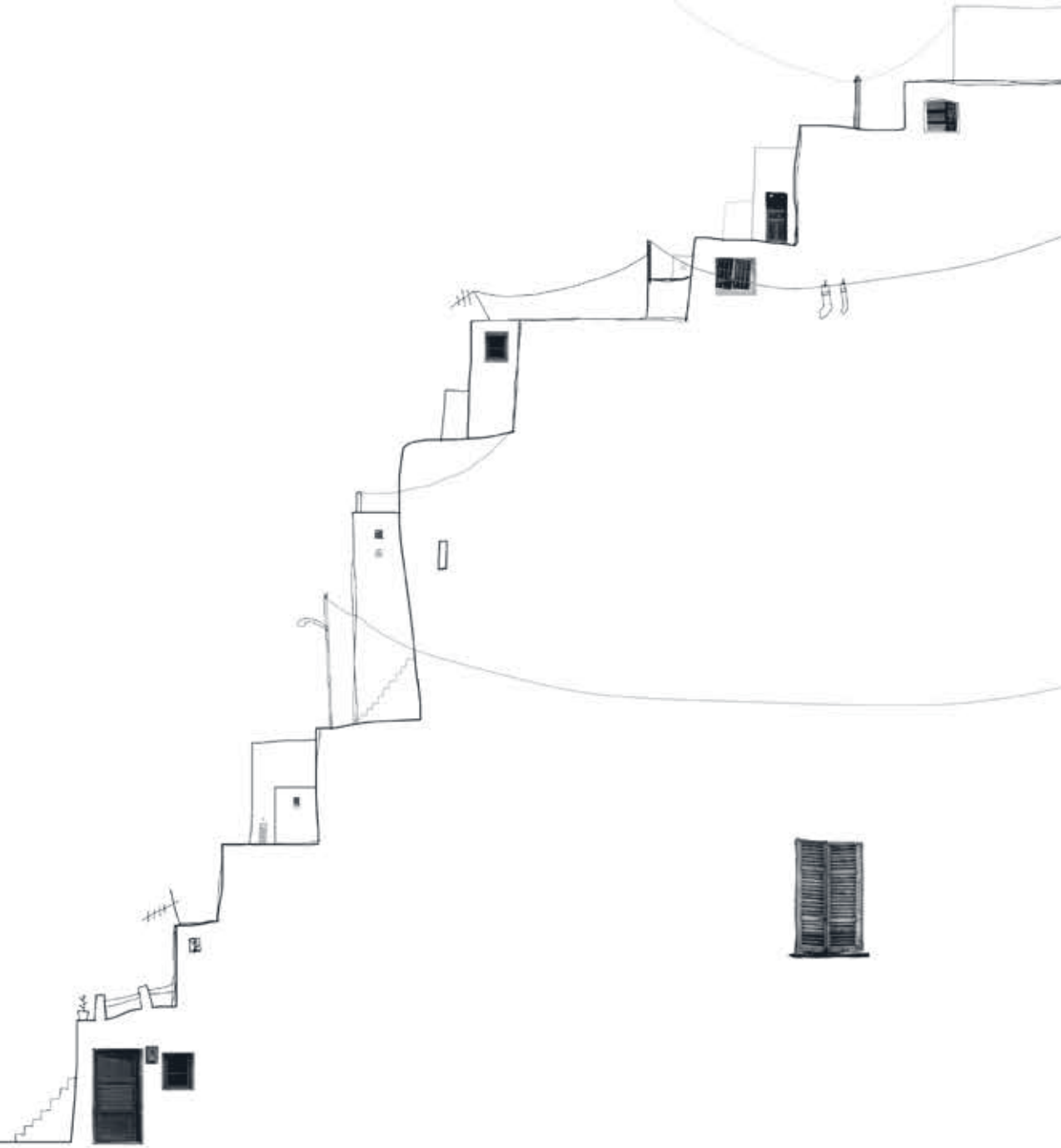
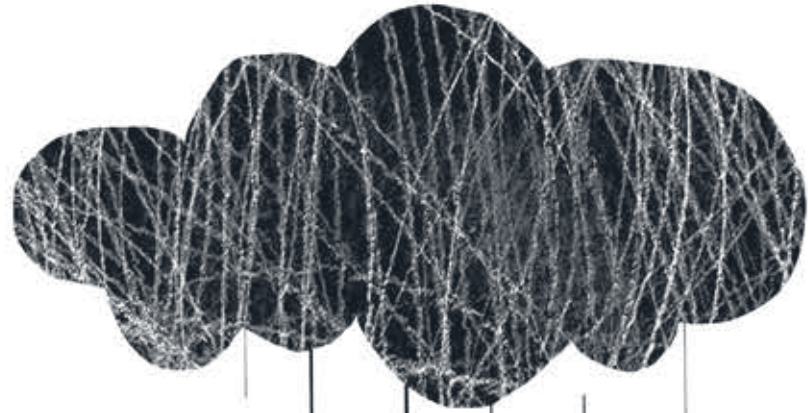


# BADBOY

From the Streets to the Symphonic



**PATAKIS**  
PUBLISHERS

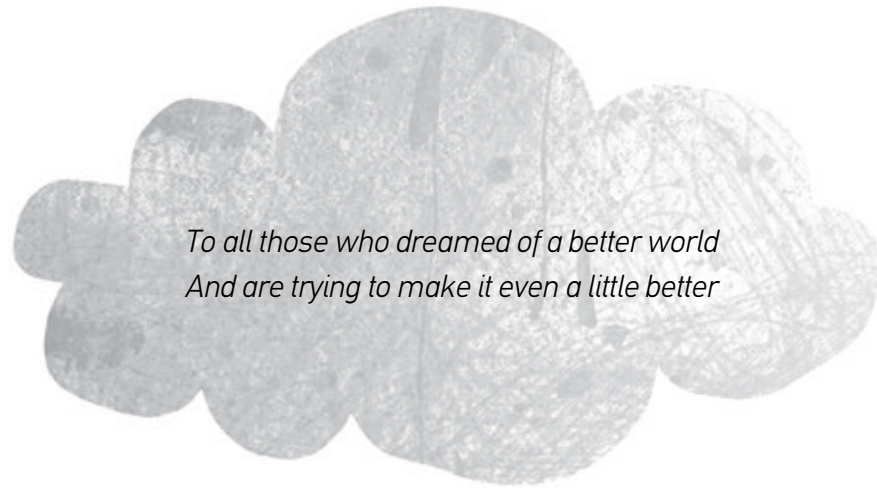


Angeliki Darlasi

# Badboy

Illustrations:  
Iris Samartzi





To all those who dreamed of a better world  
And are trying to make it even a little better

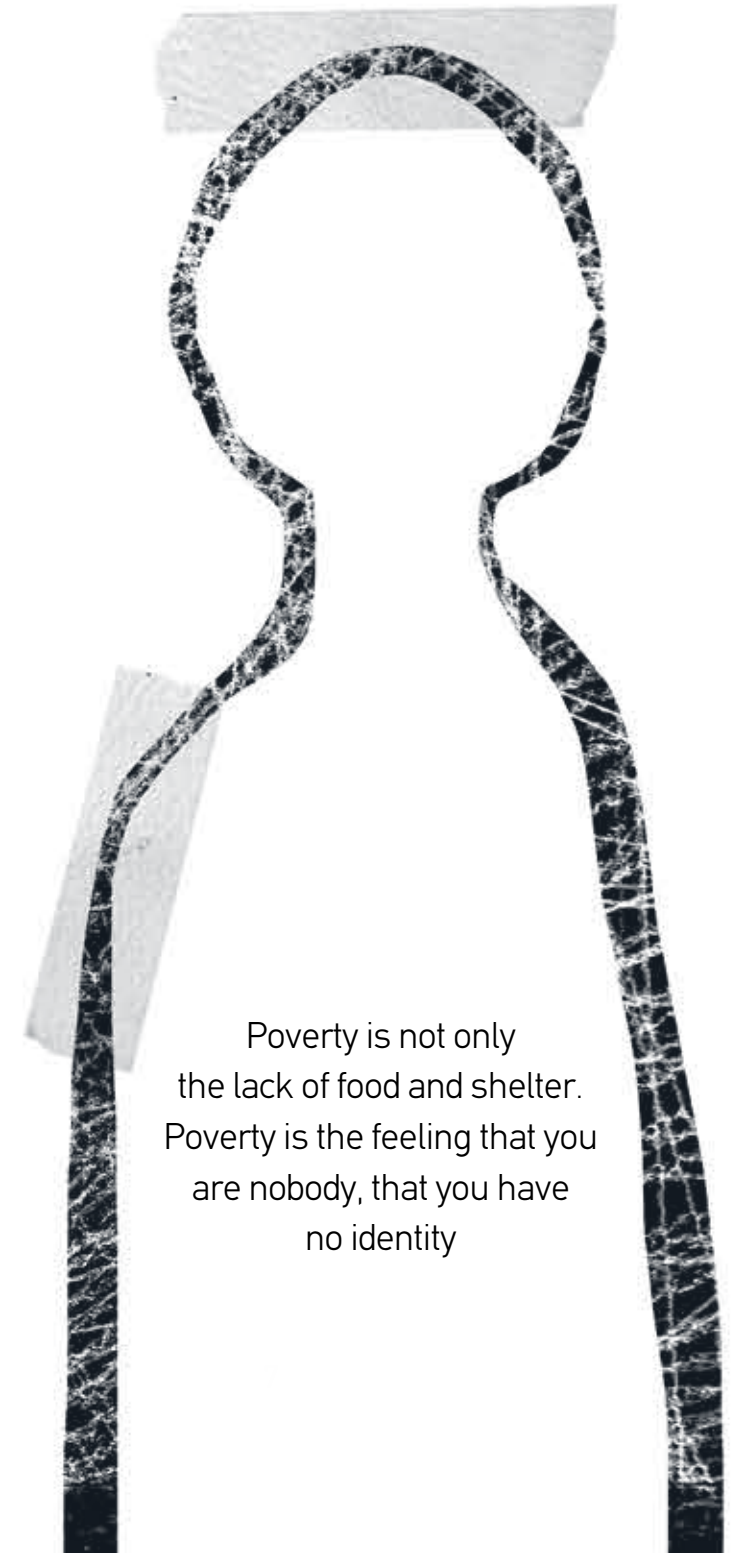
### Reviews for Badboy:

This is one of the most tenderly tough and realistic stories I have ever read. The perfect contrast between the cruel face of Venezuela (do not consider that place too distant!) and of poverty all over the world on the one hand, and Angeliki Darlasi's poetic narrative on the other, forms a powerful work of such gentleness that it feels as if with every sentence the author were wiping a tear off the face of the Felixes of this world... Darlasi's flawless prose tugs at the reader's heartstrings with every word [...].

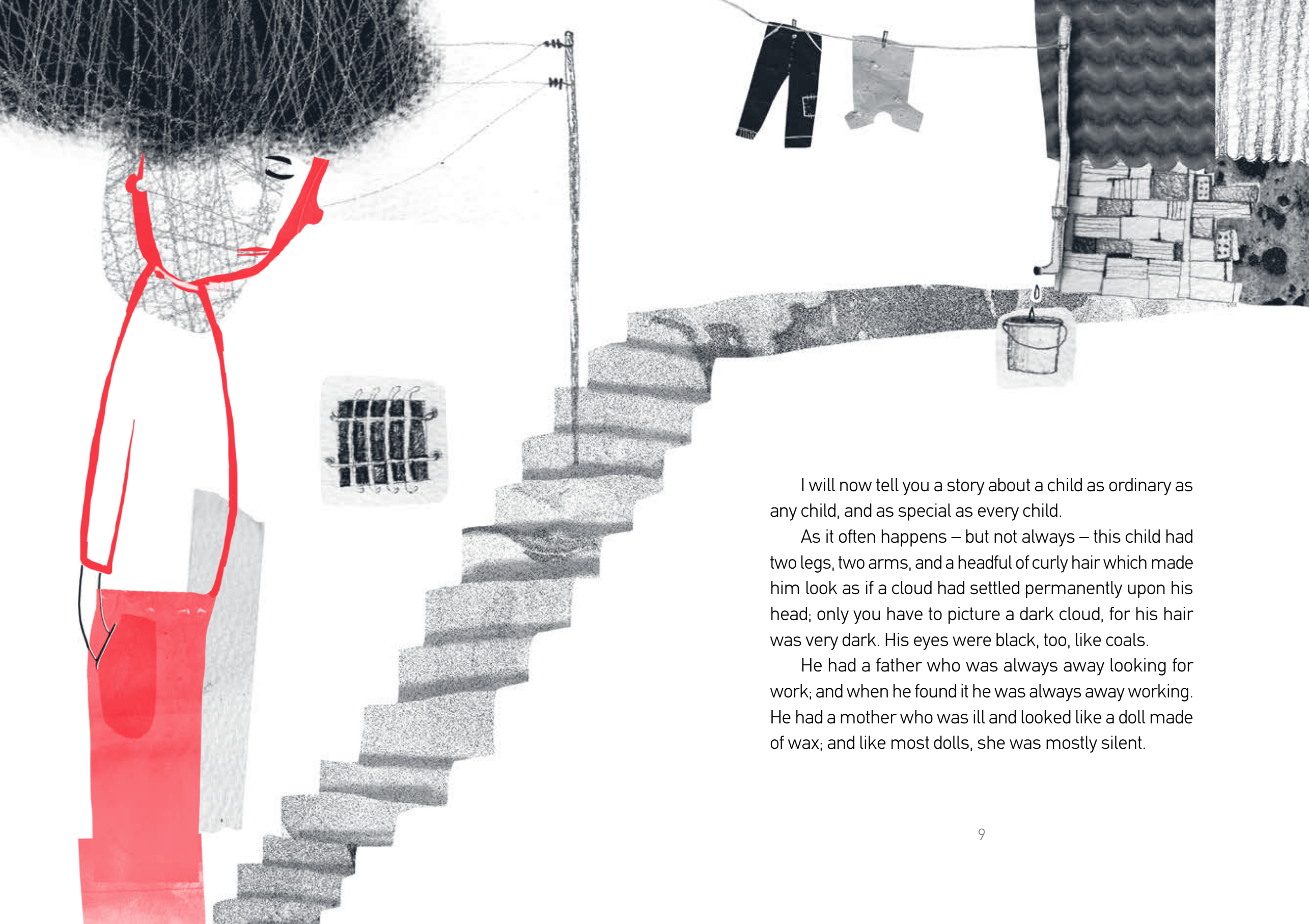
*Apostolos Pappos, Elniplex*

Angeliki Darlasi has created a story for children and young adults, or, as Stuart Staples would put it, for 'the young at heart.' Brimming with optimism and inspired by love and faith in humanity, this is a story about the loss of identity in a world defined by the unfair distribution of wealth.

*Thaleia Karamolegkou, Popaganda*



Poverty is not only  
the lack of food and shelter.  
Poverty is the feeling that you  
are nobody, that you have  
no identity



I will now tell you a story about a child as ordinary as any child, and as special as every child.

As it often happens – but not always – this child had two legs, two arms, and a headful of curly hair which made him look as if a cloud had settled permanently upon his head; only you have to picture a dark cloud, for his hair was very dark. His eyes were black, too, like coals.

He had a father who was always away looking for work; and when he found it he was always away working. He had a mother who was ill and looked like a doll made of wax; and like most dolls, she was mostly silent.



But sometimes she sang softly and her voice was sweet, very sweet, in spite of her weakness. Then her eyes smiled and the boy's black eyes sparkled like little crystals.

So that's how that child was raised; with a few songs, a little food, some kind words and cuddles and kisses. Kind words and cuddles are good for raising children. They are a comfort to grownups as well.

