

The Man Made of Water (*L'uomo d'acqua e la sua fontana*)

Author: Ivo Rosati

Illustrator: Gabriel Pacheco

Year of Publication: 2008

Pages: 32 pages, (dimensions 22 x 27cm)

Target age group: 4-8

Genre: Picture Book

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Original Language: Italian

For Rights information, contact: Erika Rondoni at ZOOLibri on rights@zoolibri.com

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About: *“Try sitting in the freezer - with any luck you'll become more normal.”*

A lyrical picture book for all ages about finding your place. Ivo Rosati's thought-provoking tale of a man who is “tall, blue and completely see-through” and the prejudice he faces in a world of houses and cars is brought to life by the illustrations of acclaimed Mexican artist Gabriel Pacheco. Shortlisted for Italy's Premio Andersen for Best Children's Picture Book in 2008, *The Man Made of Water* is currently on its fourth reprint, and has been translated into Catalan, Chinese, Galician, Japanese, Korean, Portuguese, Russian, Slovenian, Spanish and Turkish.

Georgia Wall is a translator working from Italian to English, and a publishing assistant at The Emma Press. t: @cascettara

SAMPLE TRANSLATION

Reading available [here](#).



The Man Made Of Water by Ivo Rosati & Gabriel Pacheco

sample translation by Georgia Wall (contact details & rights information below)

Someone had left the water running.
The man who owned the house never came back. Who knows where he ended up?
Maybe he went to Fiji, or some faraway island.
Maybe he went to find his fortune
in Africa, where there are mines of blue gold (so they say).

Eventually, all that water
rising, rippling, swilling around
made a man:
a transparent man who was tall and blue
completely see-through

Yes, a man made of water.

I'll say it again, in case you missed it
A man made of water who with the last drip,
which formed the tip
of a curl in the middle of his forehead
suddenly sat up, jumped
out of the sink
and said,
"What on earth is going on?"



Scese le scale e uscì per strada,
per tornare al mare o al lago,
al limite in un canale.

Chi lo vide lo scambiò per una pozzanghera,
qualcuno per una fontana,
per un riflesso d'acqua o un'allucinazione.

"Scusi, dove va lei?"
"Faccio un giro", rispose.
"Ma non può bagnare dappertutto, è contro la legge!"

"Chi lo dice? Io sono fatto così!"

"Chiamate la polizia", urlava la gente.
"C'è questo qui fatto d'acqua
che va in giro a schizzare dappertutto."

He went downstairs and walked out the door,
to make his way back to the sea or a lake,
Or, at the very least, a canal.

Those who saw him thought him a puddle,
a fountain, or a reflection,
a figment of the imagination

"Excuse me sir, where are you going?"
"Just out for a walk", he replied.
"But you can't go round making everything wet. It's against the law!"

"Who says so? I can't help it—I'm made of water!"

"Call the police!" the townsfolk shouted. "There's a man made of water who's going splashing everything!"

Page three:

The doorman chased after him
because he'd flooded the hallway.
A man with a tall hat brandished his umbrella:
He tried to drown me
with his sneeze, that fella!
A wave six metres high I'd say,
like the ones you see
in the You-Ess-Ay!

“Cover yourself”, people told him.
“Put on some clothes, try sitting in the freezer -
with any luck you’ll become more normal.”

Page four:

Word spread: beware the man made of water!

He, meanwhile, wandered the streets at night
silently, shrinking into walls
stopping now and then to water the flowers.

He washed the windows of dirty cars
And drivers thanked him with a nod.

He let dogs lick him
and filled up the bottles
of night owls and thirsty folk...

Page five:

He stayed out the sun, because it made his hands and feet evaporate.

He was never thirsty and didn’t need to sleep.
He didn’t even know what sleep was!

And he didn’t have to worry about peeing his pants or washing his feet.

Page six:

People pointed when they saw him.
“There he is! There he is! Call the police!”
“It’s the man made of water, grab a bucket, get a plumber!”

And he’d look for a stream, a puddle, a drain,
dive in and disappear.

When the waters settled (so to speak)
he’d get back on his feet, emerging slowly
dripping bits of waste and plastic
pebbles and chewing gum.

Page seven:

Life is not easy when you’re so different
that people assume you’re a scoundrel

He was like a glass flagon with fingers,
he was like a bit of ocean in a plastic bag.
They hunted him for weeks
with barrels and pumps.

When they saw him they set off sirens.
But he'd vanish—sometimes into a well,
sometimes into a bottle of lemonade.

Gradually, people started to get used to him:
they realized he wasn't a bad man.

The street sweepers asked him for a sip to quench their thirst,
because his water, they said, was particularly pleasant.
Children went up to him and held out their hands.

“Please can I have a drink, sir?”

Then one day, the sky darkened [END OF SAMPLE TRANSLATION]

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