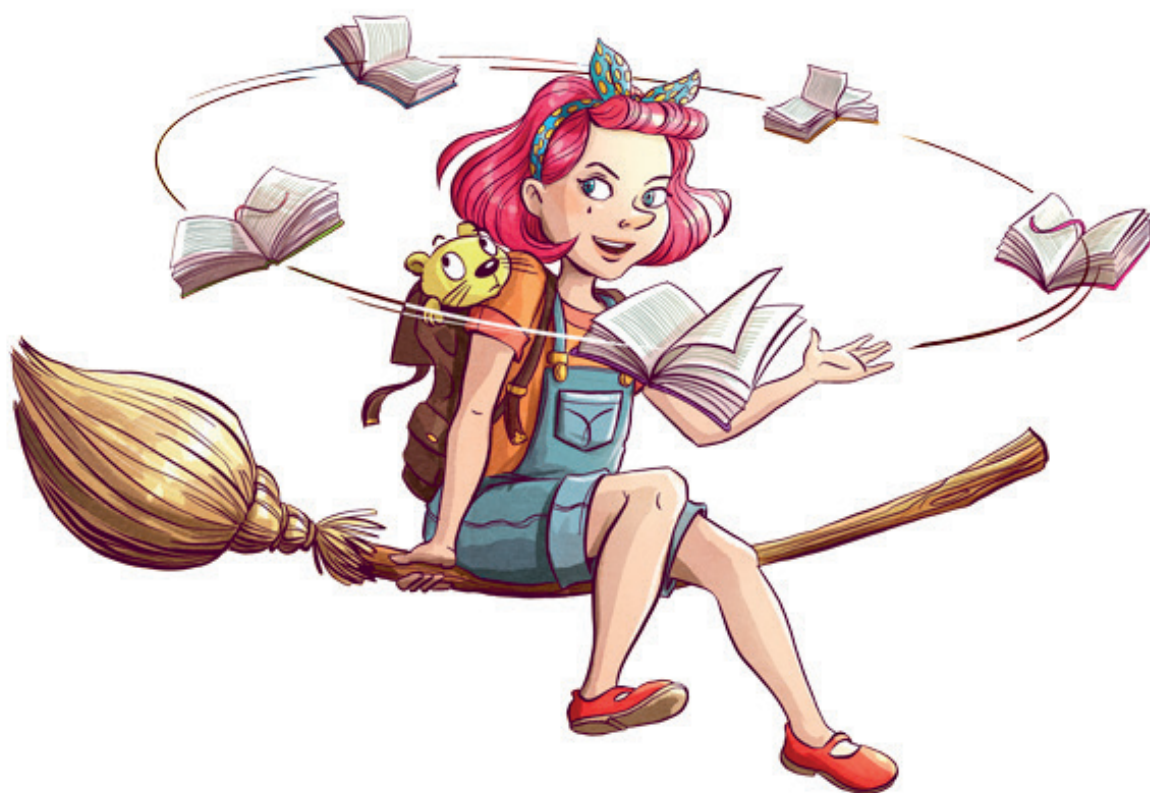


PATRÍCIA FURTADO

Matilde



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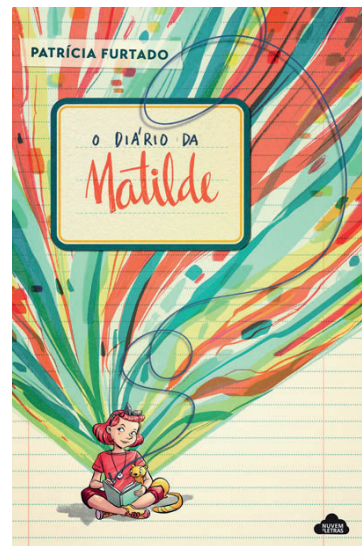
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SERIES OVERVIEW

Matilde



- A series of five fantasy middle-grader novels (so far) and one companion diary
- Illustrated and written by Portuguese author Patrícia Furtado
- Recommended to ages 8-12
- Published in Portugal by Penguin Random House

SERIES OVERVIEW



Matilde is a 10 year old pink-haired witch from a small and remote village in the middle of the forest. She is free to run around all day exploring her surroundings with Fred, her pet ferreleon, and she has just received her forever broom and learned how to ride it. However, there are no other children in Old Oliveton, and Matilde's parents send her to live with her aunt Miranda and attend a regular school in the big city of Hightowers.

Matilde is the only witch in her class, but that doesn't stop her from making friends very quickly. She is bright and brave, very curious and terrible at following rules. She soon discovers that Tower School is anything but regular and that the city itself holds secrets that go back a thousand years.

Under the watchful eye of her aunt and some of her school teachers, Matilde will go on exciting adventures with her new friends, discover what has been going on under the streets of Hightowers and slowly begin to figure out her magic powers and how to use them.

MATILDE E A CIDADE DAS PORTAS MÁGICAS

NOV 2020

Recommended by Plano Nacional
de Leitura (National Reading Plan)



Matilde and the City of Magic Doors

This book sees Matilde arrive to the big city, start school, meet her teachers, make new friends and, obviously, let her curiosity get her in trouble.

She'll be forced to face her fears and insecurities while discovering that Hightowers has a rich history of powerful wizards, a lot of secrets and mysteries, and even an underground world full of dangers.



MATILDE E O RETRATO AMALDIÇOADO

NOV 2020



Matilde and the Cursed Portrait

Although the grown-ups seem to keep all the secrets, Matilde is starting to learn that, in Hightowers, there is magic around every corner. Even her so called “regular” school turns out to be a magic school by night, and Matilde finally meets another witch her age.

While the headmistress is afflicted with a mysterious disease, a group assignment brings to light a curse that causes a heirloom locket to go missing. The search, led by Fred, the ferreleon, leads to a spell fight in the lair of a real cat-thief.

Each answer brings even more questions, but with the help of her friends, Matilde is determined to figure it all out.

MATILDE E AS HORAS ROUBADAS

NOV 2020

Recommended by Plano Nacional de Leitura (National Reading Plan)



Matilde and Stolen Hours

Someone is messing up time, and Matilde seems to be the only one to notice it. Nothing starts when it should, everyone is always late and clocks move in unexpected jumps. Matilde starts to really worry when some people go missing and nobody remembers them but her.

She will learn that there is a place somewhere in Hightowers – the Great Forgetfulness – where people get stuck in a dream and are erased from the memory of everyone they know. But it isn't until her best friend disappears too that she decides to face the Oblivion and rescue all the people who got trapped.

MATILDE E O SEGREDO DOS QUATRO VENTOS

NOV 2020



Matilde and the Secret of the Four Winds

Matilde and her best friend fall off, right before the spring holidays, which is unfortunate, since there is a new mystery to solve.

The libraries of Hightower have been attacked and although nothing seems to be missing, Matilde figures out it's all a cover up. At first sight, «The Secret of the Four Winds» appears to be a harmless fantasy book, but someone from the underground world is trying to steal all the copies.

Can Matilde get her hands on that elusive book? What revelations does it contain? And who is behind it all?

MATILDE E O ESPELHO DA SORTE

NOV 2023



Matilde and the Lucky Mirror

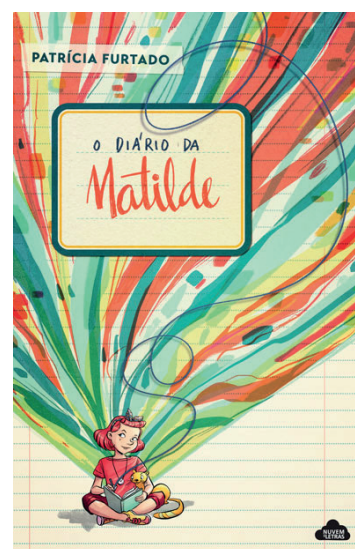
It's Friday the 13th, Matilde's favourite day, and the school is closed due to a strange accident in one of the labs. Matilde uses the opportunity to stalk a suspicious teacher and ends up having a broom accident.

Moreover, the day isn't turning out as fortunate as Matilde thought it would be. There is a lucky mirror that can cause a catastrophe if it falls in the wrong hands and a cute but dangerous creature on the loose.

Matilde is running against the clock to recover the mirror, catch the Flalufle, and prove to everybody that there is nothing wrong with that date.

O DIÁRIO DA MATILDE

NOV 2023



O Diário da Matilde

This is not a normal diary, this is a letter from Matilde herself. On each page there is a prompt, a question to be answered in form of texts, funny lists or drawings.

Set within Matilde's universe, it's a vehicle for creativity and self-knowledge that can also be a valuable tool for parents and teachers.

PATRÍCIA FURTADO





I

It's universal: there isn't a single ten-year-old girl in the world who bears hearing the word "no." Strong willed and self-assured, Matilde is no exception.

"Daaaaaad, please...", begged Matilde, hands clasped in front of her chest and the sweetest expression she could muster.

Dad was her best bet. If anyone was going to give in, it would be him.

He bent down and placed his hands on Matilde's shoulders.

“Stop it, Matilde!”

“But I’m already ten years old, I can...”

“You’re ONLY ten!”, interrupted her father.

“Then explain it to me as if I were only nine: why can’t I go on my broom?”

Alvaro closed his eyes, pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a deep sigh. The little pink-haired witch was moving to the city of Hightowers, to live with her aunt Miranda and attend a regular school, but that idea was beginning to feel unwise.

“You can’t fly all the way to the city for a thousand reasons. And you know them.”

“Oh, Dad, come on!”

“Matilde, it’s not just five minutes, it’s a long journey!”, said her mom, who’d been silent until now. “And how do you plan to carry that huge bag? You don’t even know the way there! Come on, sweetie, just chill and give me a big hug. The train’s almost here.” Her mother always knew how to end the conversation.

The three of them hugged tightly, right there on the platform of Old Oliveton’s small train station. This would be the first time that Matilde was going to be away from her parents.

That is, if we don’t count that time she’d decided to explore the mountains and ended up spending a week in a cave with a hibernating bear...

(“What if he woke up, Matilde?”

“Oh, I’d give him a fennel candy. I know how to make friends, mom!”)

Or that time she'd decided to spend a few days with Grandma Ursula, who lived in the middle of the forest, without leaving so much as a note to let her parents know.

“Grandma loved the surprise so much!”

“It didn't have to be a surprise for us, 'though! We were so worried!”)

Truth is, Matilde was always running away. Old Oliveton was one of those quiet villages, surrounded by nature, where everyone knew each other, and she had a great amount of freedom and not many rules.

Her parents hoped that living in the city with her aunt would give her some discipline and responsibility. For Matilde, it was a whole new world to explore.

But now that the time was approaching, the heebie-jeebies were getting so strong that the hug seemed to want to last forever.

Even Fred, Matilde's ferreleon, wanted to take part. He sneaked out of her backpack, over the girl's shoulder, and joined in on that hug. He was all blue, a very sad blue.

“Fred, it's not that bad. Going by train is boring ” said Matilde, winking at the little creature, “but we'll have great adventures in the city! It'll be super cool!”

Fred immediately changed colours, but mom was quick to halt the conversation : “No adventures, big or small! Matilde, promise me you'll behave.”

“Okay, okay.”



“Do everything your aunt tells you to, don’t mess with witchcraft at school, focus on your classes...”

“Boring!” Matilde was about to say.

“...and stop saying “boring”!”

“Yes, mom.”

“You have a lunch bag in your backpack: grandma Ursula’s crispy cricket cookies and a bottle of bubble gum smoothie. Aunt Miranda will pick you up at the station.”

“Have a good trip, sweetie. Don’t forget to write back!”

“Yes, dad!”

The train arrived and Matilde set out to drag her giant suitcase onto the coach, with Fred in her backpack and her broom in her other hand.

The suitcase was one of those magical bags that stretch and shrink according to how much stuff they carry. Afraid of feeling homesick – and despite mom’s advice – Matilde had jammed in almost all the junk she had in her bedroom. She was having a hard time lifting it but didn’t want to show weakness. From a distance, mom and dad observed her, amused.

After winning the fight with the suitcase, she waved to her parents through the window and watched as they left the station. Then she got up and stepped out again.

“Fred, we’re taking the broom.”



2

“Do you really think your sister can handle it?” asked Simone, Matilde’s mother, as the couple walked back home.

“Of course she can!” replied Álvaro. “Don’t forget that my sister practically raised us on her own. Six younger siblings, can you imagine? And I wasn’t even the worst.”

“But many years have passed since then.”

“Do you think Miranda might have softened?”

"It's possible. And you know Matilde is..."

"... a sweetheart" Álvaro finished.

"I was going to say a little devil," corrected the mother.

Álvaro smiled.

Meanwhile, Matilde was checking if her broom was ready for the journey. She lifted off gently, flew over the station, and rose a bit to take in the sights.

"Look, Fred, mom and dad are right there. I hope they don't look up, or we're in trouble!" she said, giggling.

As it was traditional in Old Oliveton, the little pink haired witch had received her broom on her tenth birthday. She had a natural talent for flying and everyone praised her for it. Since that day, she didn't think of anything else but of soaring through the skies on the most precious birthday gift ever.

"She really has an aptitude for it, doesn't she, Simone?" Her parents kept chatting, unaware that their daughter was performing acrobatics right above them.

"She's incredible, but I'm afraid she might get hurt. She only just learned to fly! And she has a lot of aptitude for trouble too."

Up there, Matilde was indeed dedicated to mischief and, with his head sticking out of the backpack, Fred was already turning yellow, almost greenish.

"Don't be afraid, silly. I'm acing this!" she said. And then she executed two more pirouettes and a loop, dove sharply and stopped hovering just inches from the ground, just to show off her technique. The ferreleon almost shot out of the backpack and was turning greener by the minute.

“Sorry, Fred!”

The train whistle echoed through the station, and the old steam locomotive began to move.

“Ready, Fred? Hold on tight, here we go! You see, the train will both take our luggage, and show us the way. Mom and dad had nothing to worry about.”

She jumped and took flight again, following the moving train.

“It’s breathtaking!” she said, admiring the scenery. “Not literally, of course, because breathing is actually easier here!”

Matilde was filling her lungs with happiness. Even Fred had started to relax.

“I’m sure we’re going to love Hightowers, Fred. It must be a vibrant and modern city, with sky-high buildings, overflowing with lights and fascinating people!” Matilde often used fancy words she’d learn from her mystery and adventure books. She loved reading through the night.

(“Matilde, turn off the lights!”

“Just finishing the chapter!”

“Now!” the mother shouted, knowing too well that she’d turn on a small flashlight under the covers to keep reading.)

“Fred, have you ever seen such a splendiferous sunset?”

Colouring the sky with orange and pink hues, the sun was slowly diving behind the snowy peaks of the Cockatoo Sierra, toward which the train was leisurely heading. Also going down was the warmth that had made the journey so pleasant up to then.

“It’s getting chilly! Shame I didn’t bring a coat in my backpack.”



Fred barely had his nose out and was already turning purple. The icy mountains were getting closer, and the sun had already dipped behind them, leaving the landscape in a dusk that didn't herald anything good.

Apart from the cold and the darkness, Matilde realised they were going to have an even bigger problem: the train would soon enter a long tunnel to pass through the mountains. And she wasn't a fan of dark confined spaces.

The little witch accelerated and tried to land on one of the moving coaches in order to return to her seat, where she would certainly be more comfortable. That's when she realised that, despite all the stunts she could do and all the praise she'd received, she didn't have the experience for that kind of feat.

"If my parents had told me that the train would only get to Hightowers at night, I wouldn't have insisted, Fred! Or warned me about the tunnel!..."

"If only I'd done what they told me to..." she thought, without the heart to say it out loud.

Night was falling, there was nothing but rocks and trees around them, and... the tunnel was so scary! Matilde slowed down and watched the train being swallowed by the darkness, too afraid to follow it. She was tired and cold, and tears began to roll down her face.



3

She stopped there for a few minutes, hovering by the mouth of the tunnel. Going back and facing her parents was unthinkable. Old Oliveton was way behind and the Hightowers was right on the other side of the mountain range. It was so close, but flying over the mountains didn't seem possible either. She'd get lost without train tracks to follow, if she didn't freeze along the way.

The tunnel was her only chance, but without the train's lights to guide her, it was nothing more than a dark and endless void.

"I'm scared, Fred," she admitted. The ferreleon poked his head out.

At that moment, Matilde's empty stomach made such a loud noise that it echoed through the mountains. They looked at each other and burst into laughter. Now, if you've never heard a ferreleon's guffaw, know that it's such a hilarious and contagious sound that it makes you laugh until your belly hurts.

"The hole in my stomach seems scarier than the tunnel!" said Matilde, now crying with laughter.

Hearing this, Fred disappeared into the backpack and came back up with one of the crispy cricket cookies they had.

"Oh, what a great idea! Grandma Ursula cookies are exactly what I need right now. Thank you!" With each bite, Matilde regained strength and remembered all her grandmother's adventures when she was a young girl. "If only I knew a spell to light the way, like the one Grandma used when she got lost in the giant mole maze of the North..."

Matilde couldn't give up now and was trying hard to think of something to help her in that moment. "I know! Can you try to find the flashlight I use to read under the covers, please?" she asked Fred, hoping she hadn't packed it in the big bag on the train.

The backpack shook on her back while the ferreleon searched in the darkness. At last, he found the flashlight. The battery wasn't full, but it had enough power to see a few meters ahead. After all, a good laugh, a bit of food, and a glimmer of light were all Matilde needed to be brave.

“Hold on tight, Fred! We have a train to catch!”

The broom glided through the long Cockatoo Sierra tunnel at full speed. Initially, the slowness of the old steam locomotive had annoyed impatient Matilde but now, it worked in her favor. She knew Hightower station wasn't far off and she needed to get there before the train. She had to pick up her suitcase and pretend she'd been sitting calmly the whole journey. Aunt Miranda would be waiting for her and couldn't get a whiff of this adventure.

As they finally got out of that horrid tunnel, the full moon was shining so much that the night was bright as day. The two travel companions breathed a sigh of relief. They spotted the lights of the train and, right ahead, the lights of Hightowers. In a final push, Matilde managed to reach the station at the same time as the train.

She waited for it to stop, entered the last coach and ran to her luggage. She was so tired that the suitcase now felt like it was loaded with rocks. With great effort, she took it off the shelf and dragged it out of the train. The whistle had already sounded and, as soon as she dropped the bag on the platform, the train pulled away immediately.

Aunt Miranda appeared on that exact second, kissed her on the cheeks and hugged her tightly. “My dear Matilde, it's so good to see you! You're freezing! Was the train window open?” she asked with a smile.



Matilde had turned pale, as if she'd seen a ghost, and couldn't utter a word.

"Are you feeling okay, dear?"

No, Matilde wasn't feeling well at all. She knew that something important was missing. In her haste to grab the suitcase, she had dropped her precious broom on the train floor and was now, slowly but unstoppably, heading off to who knows where.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born in 1977, Patrícia Furtado is an illustrator and children's book writer. She has a degree in Communication Design by the Faculty of Fine Arts of the Lisbon University and worked as a graphic and web designer for a decade before focusing on editorial and children's illustration.



Patrícia has worked regularly for newspapers and magazines, illustrated over thirty children's books and even more middle grader book covers, in particular, children's literature classics.

She had already published a couple of cookbooks before, writing and illustrating, in 2020, her first middle-grader fantasy novel, «Matilde e a Cidade das Portas Mágicas», published by Penguin Random House Portugal, followed by four more books and a companion diary.

For a younger audience, she's also written and illustrated the picture book «À espera do Natal», out in 2022.

She lives with her husband, their five-year old son and their really old cat in Lisbon, Portugal, and spends her days crafting stories and making stuff at the lovely Little Pond Studios.

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