A large, faint, stylized illustration of an olive branch with several leaves and small olives, serving as a background for the title. The branch curves from the top left towards the bottom right.

# Hualdo's Magic Olive Tree

*Written by: Teresa L. Velayos*

*Illustrated by: Carlo Franco*









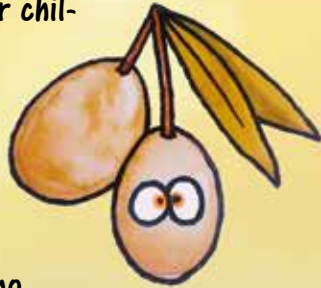
In the middle of a vast forest with rows upon rows of olive trees in the territory of the Tagus River, there was a little house so white it looked like a cloud.

The valuable trees had thick twisted trunks and bore gold coloured fruit as precious as real gold. They were taken care of by a family who lived in the little cloud house which stood in a beautiful estate called Hualdo.

The Mother and Father of that family had taught their children Paula and Eric to love and respect the paradise that surrounded them. Paula was an 8 year old girl with blond hair and lots of freckles who loved to dress up as a princess. Her 6 year old brother

Eric was a little rascal whose legs were covered in bruises who wore a visigothic helmet fastened on to his head.

That paradise was also the habitat for a beautiful couple of Golden Eagles who watched the sky. Every spring they reared their chicks on top of an Oak Tree on the hills of Hualdo.



The children liked nothing better than waking up every morning.

First thing in the morning with the windows open looking out on the countryside was pure bliss for them, especially when it was time for breakfast, the most important meal of the day.

The princess and the visigothic gentleman with his plastic sword in hand, told their mother all about their

wonderful dreams from the night before which had a lot to do with the stories their father read to them from their favorite story books. Both children liked to feel grown up and so each morning they took turns to make the most fun part of breakfast.

“Today it’s my turn”, said the princess resolutely, with her shiny tiara tangled in her hair.

When her brother moved forward and picked up the big slices of crusty bread that everyone loved, she pushed him to one side.

The morning performance began with a little rap song:

*B, b , bread, tomato toh toh and pour.  
Yes, pour, shake on some salt and pour.  
You will grow big and strong, just pour!*







Their mummy had made up the words so that the children would always remember the order of the ingredients used for preparing the bread with tomato and olive oil.

*Remember, you will grow big  
and strong.*

*B, b, bread, tomato toh toh and pour.*

*You will grow big and strong*



It was fun to watch the little princess dancing to the rap, moving around with all the right moves while rubbing the crusty bread with a big juicy tomato cut in half.

A small pinch of salt and the final blessing, a generous drop of liquid gold extracted from the nearby trees.

The colour and the aroma of the extra virgin olive oil which came in a nice bottle went before its extraordinary flavour. The children collected the bottles as they came with a beautiful illustration of a story.

And that was how the princess and the knight fueled their energy to face the day ahead at school while their mummy applauded them.





The days passed by happily with much laughter in the Little house in Hualdo until one day, unexpectedly, something happened and darkened them.

The childrens' grandmother who lived far away had taken ill and mummy had to leave the paradise to go and take care of her.

Neither Eric nor Paula thought she would be away for such a long time, and although daddy looked after them very well, they didn't stop thinking about mummy and their grandmother.

Time, as if by magic, turned into a tortoise that moved along ever so slowly. So much so that Eric even spoke to the sun, asking it to go to sleep so the days would pass by faster.

The sun however had a lot of work to do, and didn't pay any heed to Eric. The little boy didn't give up and without telling anyone, one night he quietly climbed outside from his bedroom window.

He ran barefoot and felt the cool damp grass on his feet. His heart was beating fast while he moved through the trees until he got far enough from the house.

He wanted to speak to the moon on his own, and when he got to his favourite olive tree, he climbed up the trunk to get as close as possible.

It wasn't the first time he spoke to the moon, nor was it the first time he had run away.

The moon knew about his secret plans.

When he grew up he wanted to change his visigothic helmet for an astronaut's one.

He would be the first person to build a house on the moon just like his own house, surrounded by olive trees and olives, and he would live there forever.



“Could you do me a favour?” he asked the shiny moon as soon as he saw it that night. Give the sun push so it sets faster. Something has happened to time and the hours last longer than before. Give him a push and that way the days will go by more quickly and my mummy will come home.

Eric spent all night waiting for the answer and covered himself with the olive trees’ branches. However the moon who had just come out and was still yawning sleepily didn’t pay much heed to Eric.

And so the day daddy spoke to their grandmother on the phone and found out that she had recovered, he didn’t expect his father to add at the end “mummy is coming tomorrow.”

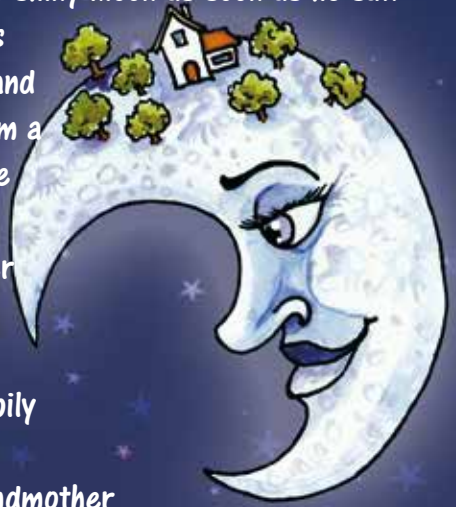
The princess squeezed her brother and kissed him like never before, and at that exact moment Eric came up with the best idea ever.

He whispered his idea to Paula the next day when he had thought it through. But first he wanted to reconfirm the good news, it was important to be completely sure.

“Is granny really better?” he asked his father.

“Of course she is”, he answered without hesitation. “This evening I’ll go and collect mummy and we’ll all be together again in no time. Granny will come too.”

His father stroked his hair, Eric felt reassured when his father stroked his hair after telling him something. That was the proof he needed so the good news was true. It was true! Three weeks had passed since their grandmother had taken ill. Three weeks. Twenty one days without their mummy were a lot of days, too many hours and far too many minutes without playing, dancing to rap or laughing with her.







Eric's plan was activated when daddy left them alone in the kitchen - that was when the action started.

They wanted to show their mother how much they had missed her by making a gift for her.

"Pancakes" Eric said to his sister as he remembered his mothers' favourite dessert.

"Cupcakes", Paula replied, remembering how much her grandmother enjoyed them when she came to visit them.

"We are going to make pancakes because it was my idea."

"We'll make cupcakes because you haven't got a clue about how to make one thing or the other."

Paula was right about that so Eric had to give in and think about making some delicious cupcakes as a welcome gift.

"Ok then, we will need...we'll need..."

But Paula couldn't remember the recipe for the cupcakes either.

"Do you not remember what we need?"

"Well, I remember that you make a mixture and then you pour it into coloured bun cases."

"Yes, but what sort of mixture?" Eric asked and saw how his great idea might not work even before starting.

"Wait, when mummy opens the fridge she knows what we're going to have for lunch on that day.

That's where she gets what she needs."





The children ran to the fridge and when they opened it they were taken aback by what they saw.

There were eggs everywhere, white ones and brown ones. The eggs tried to hide as if they had been caught doing something they shouldn't be doing.

Four eggs jumped from the box trying to escape. The children closed the door as fast as they could but one managed to get out.

Eric caught it right before it landed under the table.

"Be careful, I'm very fragile!" shouted the egg.

Eric couldn't believe that an egg was speaking to him but he didn't let go of it.

"I didn't know that eggs could speak" he said.

"I don't know any eggs that don't speak" the egg answered hurriedly.

"Are you the one in charge here?"

Eric didn't know what to say. Paula stepped in to help him.

"I'm the eldest so I'm the one in charge."

"Of the fridge?"

"Of everything in general."

The egg stood up as tall as it could in Eric's hand and studied Paula's face carefully.

"Yes" it concluded. You certainly look like you're in charge of everything. Maybe you can help us."

"How?"

The egg pointed to the fridge and said "inside we have a serious problem."

"A serious problem?" Eric asked with his eyes wide open.

"We, as the egg team have to solve it"





“The egg team?” Paula repeated. Her astonished eyes were wide open just like her brothers’.

“Good heavens, I can see that on the outside you repeat everything you hear” said the egg in surprise. The children looked at each other and then looked at the egg. Paula was first to speak again.

“How can we help you?” she asked.

“That’s better. Look, the problem is that it is so cold in there, it is unbearable. We are almost freezing. Fruit and vegetables don’t stop complaining and the milk is looking for a scarf.”

“A sca..?” but Eric didn’t finish the Word.

“There is a simple solution” said Paula knowingly.

“All you have to do is turn up the temperature in the fridge, we can do it.”







She was quick and determined to help. The solution was so simple that all of the food in the fridge that had previously been on the verge of war applauded their new heroine.

“Hurray, hurray” shouted the lettuce, the tomatoes and even the sad old broccoli in unison.

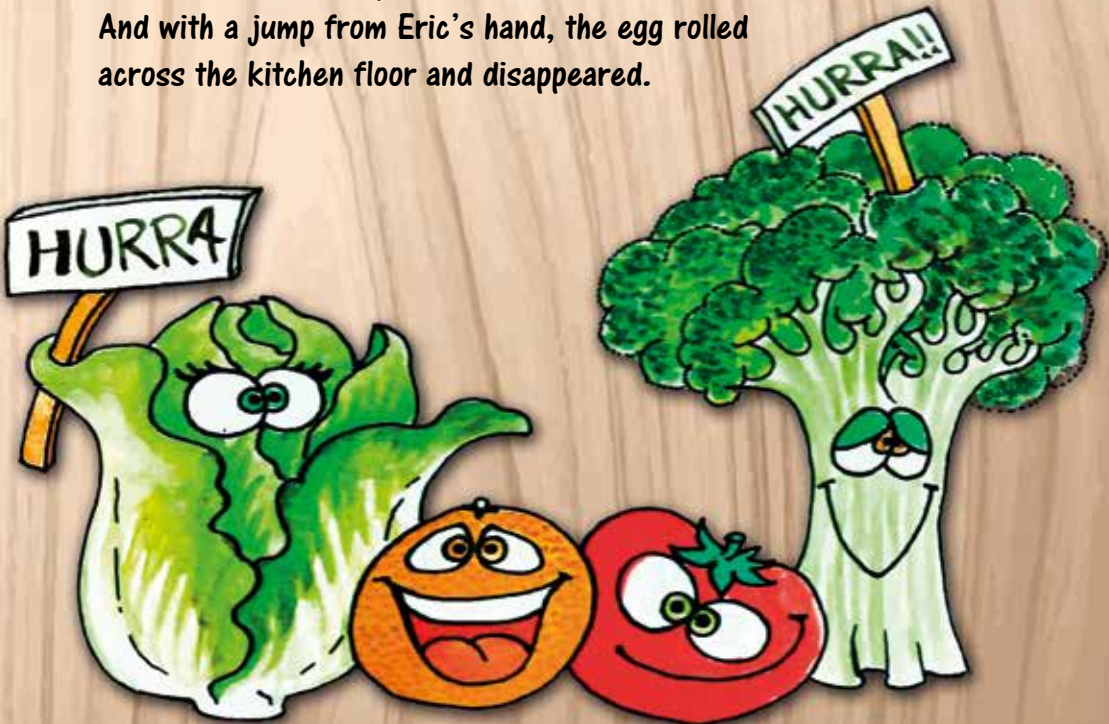
In the middle of the commotion it occurred to Paula whom she could ask for help with the cupcake recipe.

She turned to the egg which was still in Eric’s hand, “Mister egg, we need help too. We want to make cupcakes for our mummy and granny as a welcome gift but we can’t remember the ingredients.”

“Oh, but that’s easy leave it to me, I just need to make a few calls.

“Little White Face, Ta-Da and Sweetie Lips love a good party. I’ll have them here ready for action in ten minutes.”

And with a jump from Eric’s hand, the egg rolled across the kitchen floor and disappeared.



¿Little White Face, Ta-Da, Sweetie Lips? Who on earth were they and how could they help to make the cupcakes?

The children didn't have to wait too long for the answer because mister egg, member of the fridge's egg team soon returned with the others.

"Here we are", he said.

The children recognized all of the others but as a gesture of respect they let Mister Egg make the introductions seeing as he had taken the bother to call them.

That's when they discovered the flour had a name, Little White Face.

The powder used for baking wasn't just yeast, due to its magic effect it was called Ta-da and the energetic sugar went by the name of Sweetie Lips.

Another four eggs joined the committee that was preparing the festivities.

Paula counted and remembered something important, something that her mummy never forgot when she was going to cook. Extra virgin olive oil.

"We can't make cupcakes without olive oil" she exclaimed.

Eric ran like a flash to fetch the beautiful bottle they used at breakfast but discovered it was empty, there wasn't a single drop left.

"We are surrounded by olive trees and we don't have any oil? This is a joke!"





Little White Face was right, it was a joke but nobody laughed. Their hopes were dashed. The children knew how conscientious their mother was when she cooked and they knew she had exquisite taste.

She would know that her welcome gift lacked an essential ingredient and that the children hadn't paid attention when she was making cupcakes for them. Eric was angry and left slamming the door. Sweetie Mouth wanted to follow him, all children smiled when he was around but Little White Face wouldn't let him.

"Leave him, I'm sure he will find Oli."

"Oli?" inquired Paula as she looked out the window and saw her brother move deeper into the forest.

He walked for a while until he reached his favourite tree, the one he had lain on that night when he spoke to the moon.

"The moon didn't answer and I don't want it to do me any favours" he said angrily to the windy old olive tree.

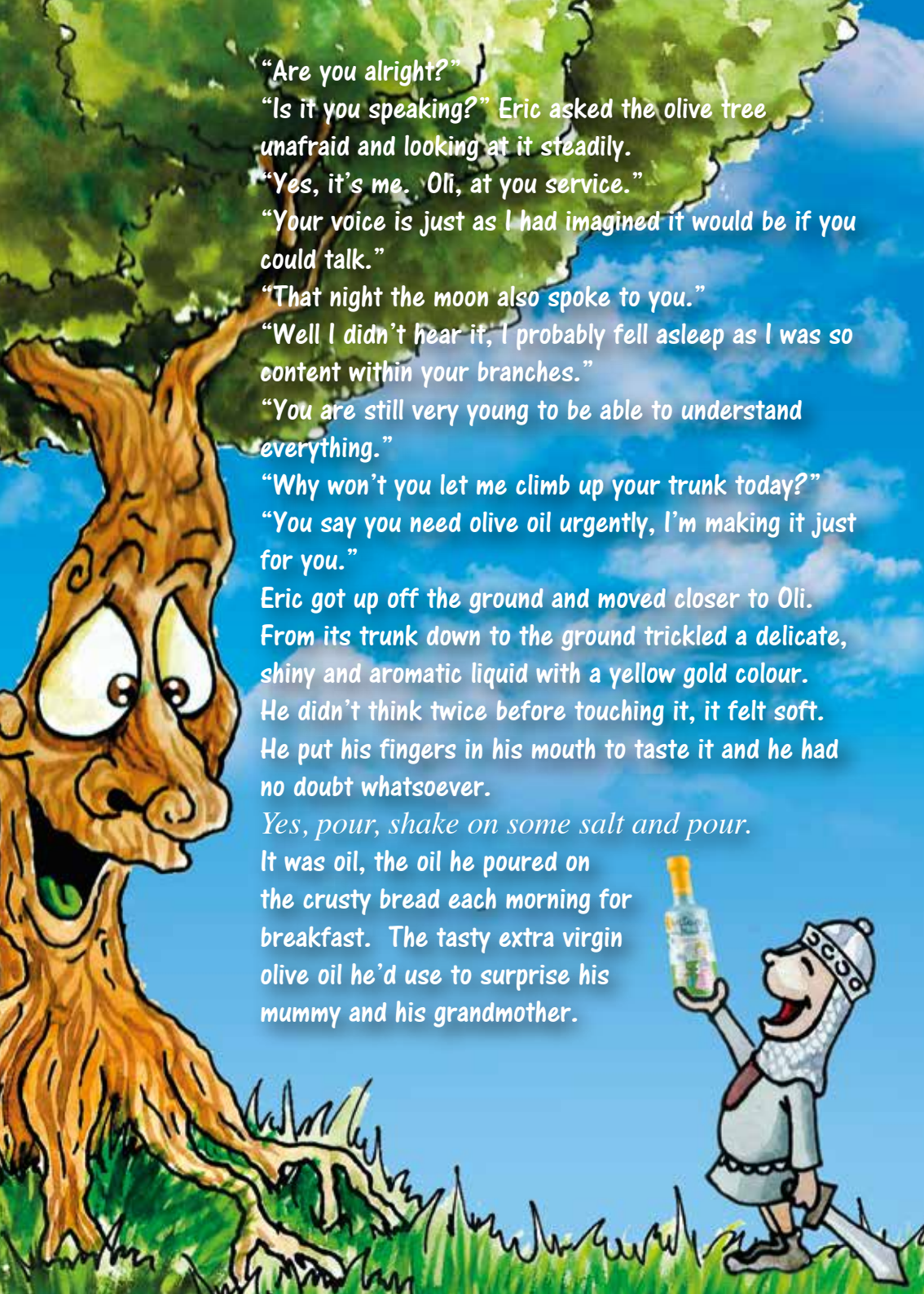
"My mummy is coming home. Paula and I wanted to make a present for her but we don't have any olive oil. Little

White Face says it's a joke, we live surrounded by olive trees and we don't have any oil to make a simple batch of cupcakes.

He kept his head down as he thought no one could hear him and began to climb up the tree as he always did when something happened....

His feet slipped and he held onto the tree as tightly as he could, but the tighter he held on the more his feet slipped until eventually he fell onto the ground.





“Are you alright?”

“Is it you speaking?” Eric asked the olive tree unafraid and looking at it steadily.

“Yes, it’s me. Oli, at your service.”

“Your voice is just as I had imagined it would be if you could talk.”

“That night the moon also spoke to you.”

“Well I didn’t hear it, I probably fell asleep as I was so content within your branches.”

“You are still very young to be able to understand everything.”

“Why won’t you let me climb up your trunk today?”

“You say you need olive oil urgently, I’m making it just for you.”

Eric got up off the ground and moved closer to Oli.

From its trunk down to the ground trickled a delicate, shiny and aromatic liquid with a yellow gold colour.

He didn’t think twice before touching it, it felt soft.

He put his fingers in his mouth to taste it and he had no doubt whatsoever.

*Yes, pour, shake on some salt and pour.*

It was oil, the oil he poured on the crusty bread each morning for breakfast. The tasty extra virgin olive oil he’d use to surprise his mummy and his grandmother.





Oli was very generous with his magic essence. Little White Face who was his friend, organized a big party with Sweetie Lips, Ta-Da and the full Egg Team and even some little mint leaves as a finishing touch.

They all worked tirelessly with the children, they all did their bit to give mummy and their grandmother the best ever welcome gift.

The tastiest and the most beautiful cupcakes made with olive oil that you could ever imagine.

THE END





## Casas de Hualdo

FINCA HUALDO

Camino de la Barea s/n - 45533 El Carpio de Tajo

TOLEDO - ESPAÑA

Tel. +34 628171841 - [aove@casasdehualdo.com](mailto:aove@casasdehualdo.com)