

**MOVIES
SHOWING
NOWHERE**



YORICK GOLDEWIJK is a Dutch author, as well as a musician who writes music for films, television and computer games. *Movies Showing Nowhere* won the Golden Pencil Prize for the best Dutch children's book of the year and was shortlisted for the Flemish Boon Literature Prize.

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MOVIES SHOWING NOWHERE

The title 'MOVIES SHOWING NOWHERE' is written in a large, bold, black font with white dots inside the letters, resembling marquee lights. The text is arranged in three lines and is slightly tilted. Below the title, a film strip graphic curves across the page, with the name 'YORICK GOLDEWIJK' written on it in a bold, black, sans-serif font. To the right of the film strip, there are two white, concentric swirls that resemble film reels or motion blur.

YORICK GOLDEWIJK

Translated from the Dutch
by Laura Watkinson
Illustrated by Yvonne Lacet

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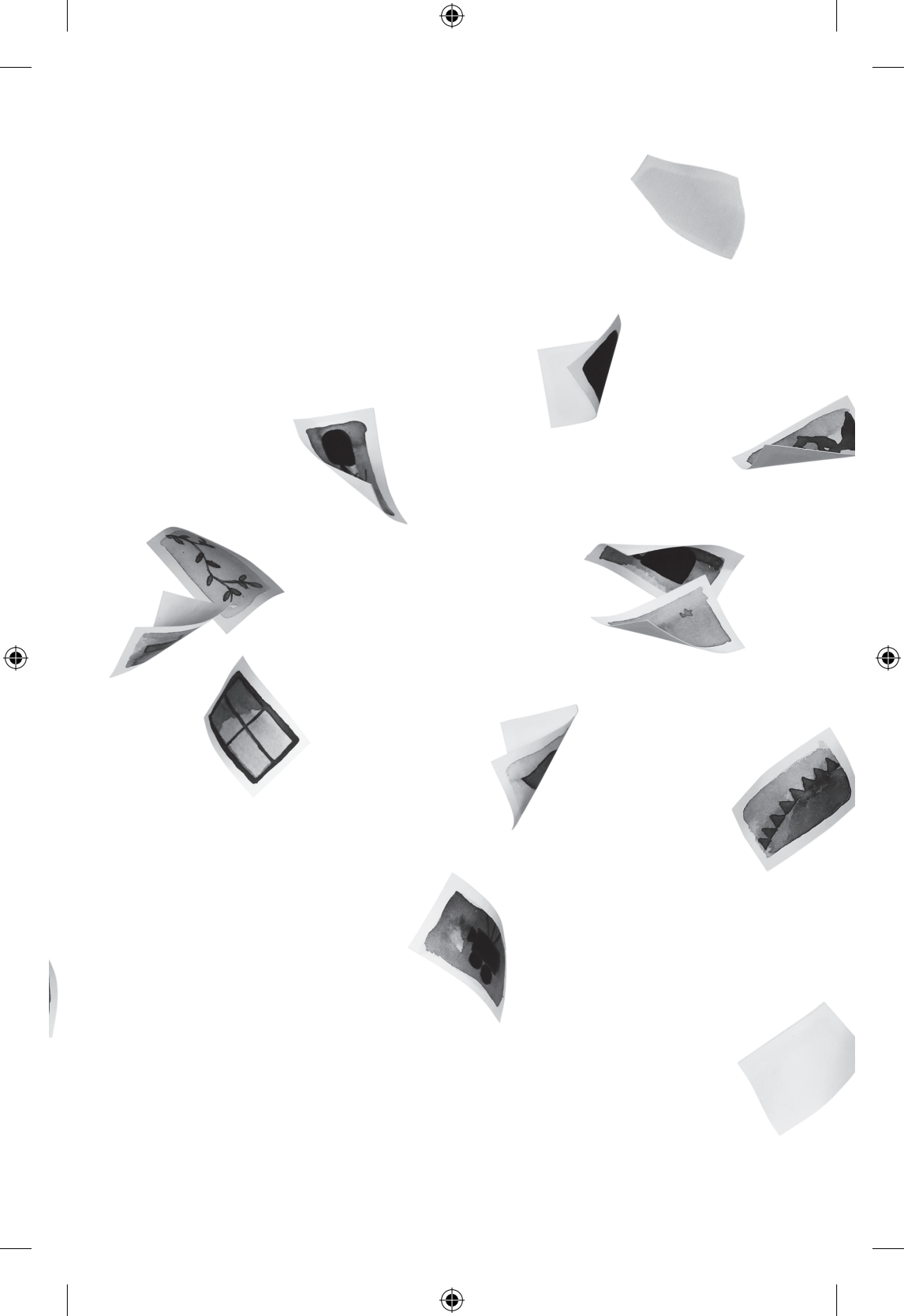
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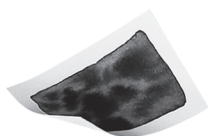
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For Mama, Tante Zeni, Omi, Ien







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CATE

Cate was twelve when her dad told her it was about time she grew up. He didn't say anything to her very often, so the fact that he was speaking to her at all was quite remarkable. It was a shame, though, that he chose such a silly thing to say. Cate was still a child, and there was no reason for her to grow up for a long time yet. And in any case, she'd never want to grow up to be like he was.

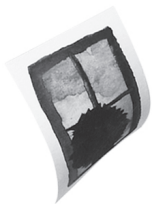
Pretty much all her dad did was disappear off into his own little world. He stared at the TV in his own little world, at the wall in his own little world, at the window in his own little world. Early in the morning, he got out of bed, grabbed himself a cup of coffee and gazed outside for about half an hour. All in his own little world. Cate was convinced that he saw absolutely nothing of the view from the window. Not the trails slowly fanning out behind the aeroplanes and into the blue, not the woman twirling down the street like a ballerina behind her dogs. His expression was empty, and when his coffee

mug was empty too, he usually walked out of the door without saying anything and headed off to work. If that was what it meant to be a grown-up, Cate had decided, then she was *never* going to be one. Not even when she actually did grow up.

Cate was now staring out of the window herself. Not in her own little world – although she did have a cup of coffee and a head full of thoughts.

She saw Cornelia walking up the garden path. With a bucket full of cleaning products in one hand, a mop and spray can in the other, and a sour look on her face, as if she could already smell the dirt inside the house, even from outside. Cornelia was just a neighbour, but sometimes she acted like she thought she was Cate's mum.

But no one was Cate's mum. At least, no one who was alive.



THE FLOATY RED SUMMER DRESS

As Cate came into the world, her mum left it. She had been dead, almost to the exact minute, for as long as Cate had been alive. All Cate knew about her were the few things her dad had told her. She had only one photo of her. And a dress.

That photo was one of Cate and her mum together. Her mum on a bench in the grass in the sunshine. In a floaty red summer dress, with a great big smile on her face. Cate inside her mum's belly, probably without a smile, because she was clearly still far too little and clueless for that. The photo was from a few weeks before her birth, a few weeks before her mum's death.

And the dress she had was the one her mum was wearing in the photo. It hung in a separate corner of Cate's wardrobe and every morning, when she opened the wardrobe door, she looked at it for a moment. Other than Cate herself, those two things were the

only evidence in the whole house that her mum had ever existed.

Although Cate was far from grown up, she was old enough to have a bruised heart. Firstly, because she felt guilty. Obviously she hadn't done it on purpose, but the facts were simple: if Cate hadn't been born, her mum would still be alive. Cate sometimes spent an hour at a time looking at herself in the mirror, wondering what to make of the girl reflected there. Sometimes she felt disgusted and angry with herself. Sometimes she felt mad at everyone and everything – at the entire world. Because it was a world in which Cate and her mum could not both exist. Cate didn't really believe that there was someone, somewhere behind the scenes, meanly cackling away, but it did feel as if the world had been unkind. As if ever since the moment she was born, reality had decided to be her enemy.

And sometimes – this was happening more and more often in recent years – she simply felt nothing. It was as if her mum were fading away more and more as time passed, and as if Cate cared less and less. And that was what made her feel worst.

The front door opened and Cate gave a little shiver. Partly because of the coffee, partly because of Cornelia's sickly sweet perfume, which was seeping into the kitchen. And maybe just a little bit because of her mum.

