



# The Superpower of Villalimpia

María Celeste Chávez



In the delightful village of Villalimpia, houses burst with colors like a candy box – peach walls, sky-blue roofs, and mint-green doors. Every morning, neighbors sang greetings from their windows, their joyful tunes blending with bird songs. Children like curious Anita and brave Benito spent afternoons skipping across the smooth stones of the sparkling Crystal River, where iridescent fish whispered tales in the pure, clear water. Dragonflies with silver wings danced silently above, making the village a symphony of happiness.



But as years passed, a strange "haste virus" crept into Villalimpia, making everyone walk faster and forget their shared home. Respect for nature began to fade like smoke, and phrases like "throw it on the ground, no one will notice!" became common. Soon, "grey visitors"—crumpled papers, empty plastic bottles, and rusty cans—cluttered the streets, tripping the elders.



The saddest change was the Crystal River, which stopped singing as its waters grew thick, dark, and slow. The once vibrant fish hid away, and the graceful dragonflies left, leaving the river breathless and silent. A veil of sadness settled over the village, dimming its once cheerful glow.



One dreary autumn afternoon, with grey clouds covering the sun, Anita and Benito sat on a park bench, their faces full of sorrow. They watched a grand old oak tree, its highest branches tangled with a black plastic bag, like a trap preventing its leaves from dancing. Benito tried to climb up to free it, but it was too high.



Suddenly, a whirlwind of dry leaves, golden sparks, and the scent of pine spun before them, growing brighter and brighter. From its shimmering center emerged Recisla, the Transformation Fairy, her appearance truly amazing. Her wings, made of old newspaper sheets, sparkled like diamonds, and her dress was woven from rescued fishing nets and colorful fabric scraps.



With a voice as soft as gentle rain, Recisla explained that Villalimpia didn't need magic wands to be saved. Instead, they needed to activate the "Superpower of Classification," a special magic found in everyone's hands and daily choices. She smiled, her eyes twinkling with encouragement.



To guide them, Recisla waved her hand, and three glowing spheres of light appeared before the children. A brilliant blue sphere represented the "Invincible Team" (paper, glass, metal) that could be reborn endlessly. A lush green sphere showed the "Mother Earth Team" (food scraps) that transformed into rich compost for plants. Finally, a soft grey sphere was for the "Non-Recyclable Team," reminding them to use these items as little as possible.



Before departing with a bright flash, Recisla entrusted Anita and Benito with the secret code of the 8 R's: Reflect, Reject, Reduce, Reuse, Repair, Recover, Rethink, and Recycle. Armed with this knowledge and a seed of hope, Anita and Benito became the "Captains of Cleanliness." They inspired everyone, from the baker who started using cloth bags to neighbors making compost, and children enthusiastically cleaning the riverbanks.



Thanks to their collective effort, one glorious spring morning, the crystalline sound of water returned to the river. It sparkled with its former transparency, welcoming back the iridescent fish, and the grand old oak proudly hosted new birds' nests. Villalimpia bloomed anew, vibrant and clean.



As the sun painted the sky violet that evening, the children felt a gentle flutter near their ears, knowing Recisla was silently celebrating Villalimpia's renewed sparkle. They understood that caring for the planet is the greatest act of love, and no gesture is too small when done with a giant heart. From that day forward, the village remained clean forever, as every inhabitant learned that protecting Earth is the most exciting adventure of all.