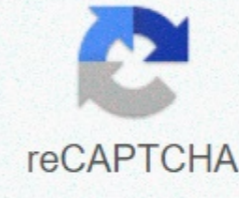




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Enging yourself to the Valeria phenomenon @BetaCoqueta, a very funny, emotional and sensual saga. You fall in love! Valeria is a writer of love stories. Valeria lives love sublimely. Valeria has three friends: Nerea, Carmen and Lola.Valeria live in Madrid.Valeria loves Adrian until she meets Victor.Valeria must be honest with herself. Valeria cries, Valeria laughs, Valeria walks... But sex, love and men are not easy targets. Valeria is something special, just like you. In Valeria's shoes is the first book in Saga Valeria, the first work by Elisabet Benavent, who began his literary career by self-publishing and soon won hundreds of readers and placed at the top of the list of best-selling fiction. Subsequently, the author, also known to her fans as @BetaCoqueta, has continued to achieve great success with the release of her Saga Silvia, the trilogy My Choice, the biology Horizonte Martina and the novel My Island. Critics have said ... Funny, sensual, tender [...]. An opportunity to discover love and dream of the life we each deserve. AR Magazine I do not know how Benavent kidnapped me, but I demand a duel at dawn for the hours you have robbed me, or if not, the following journeys of these women. Web Mideclipse We will feel in our flesh the lives of the four women who stare at their best through the pages, and we will be identified: we will laugh because we have all committed some of the stupid things suggested by Elisabet Benavent, our fists will shrink when we see what the protagonists are suffering, and we will close the book expecting much more of these four friends who are struggling among the Madrid pack to be happy, to work a future, and to feel for themselves, even when life is so fucking that there seems to be no way out. Web Librosyliteratura I blogs ...«It is becoming a literary phenomenon [...]. It's fun, fresh, addictive, tender, passionate... He's got it all. Blog Inés and his books You will find elements that will make the novel irresistible. There is love, passion, eroticism..., there will also be situations with great humor. Love Promises Blog This is a very cool, fun, fast reading book that leaves you wanting more. [...] A book that surprised me. Blog Romance Hunters In Valeria's Shoes has been something of a revelation, a very entertaining, fresh, seemingly funny novel that keeps many emotions and scenes so close that any of us could feel identified. Romantic Landscapes Blog A cool, modern, fun, entertaining and enjoyable book that It will make a good time between your pages. Blog Moments of shared silence Engánchate phenomenonvaleria de @BetaCoqueta, a very funny, emotional and sensual saga. You'll fall in love! Valeria is a writer of love stories. Valeria lives love sublimely. Valeria has three friends: Nerea, Carmen and Lola.Valeria live in Madrid.Valeria loves Adrian until she meets Victor.Valeria must be honest with herself. Valeria cries, Valeria laughs, Valeria walks... But sex, love and men are not easy targets. Valeria is something special, just like you. In Valeria's shoes is the first book in Saga Valeria, the first work by Elisabet Benavent, which began his literary career by self-publishing and soon won hundreds of readers and placed at the top of the list of best-selling fiction. Subsequently, the author, also known to her como@BetaCoqueta fans, has continued to achieve great success with the release of her Saga Silvia, the trilogy My Choice, the biology of Horizonte Martina and the novelMy Island. Critics have said ... Funny, sensual, tender [...]. An opportunity to discover love and dream of the life we each deserve. R... Academia.edu use cookies to customize content, tailor ads, and improve the user experience. By using our website, you agree to our collection of information using cookies. To learn more, see our Privacy Policy.* I imagine this is like skydiving and that no matter how vertigo you feel now when the trip is over, I will only be able to think of repeating. Or at least that's what I expect. What I know for sure is that I couldn't have done it without all the people who trust me so blindly. I dedicate this adventure to them. First of all, I want to thank my parents for everything they have done for me. There is no one in the world to respect and admire more. From them I have learned all the good and beautiful things in life. Of course, I have to thank my sister who instilled in me a taste for reading and a million other things that I wouldn't know how to condense into a single sentence. He will always be my reference. In a very special and wholehearted way, thanks to Oscar, my husband, for his support, for advice, for living with the same intensity as me every single thing I write and for making every day of my life easier and happier. Thank you, because without him, I'm going to lose myself. Also thank you to all the people who have inspired the characters and the dialogues. This novel has a bit of everything: from my three friends from school, from my lifelong friends, from the angry ladillas, from junkies, from my girls from graduate education, from the girls from ofi and from the gang without filters. In particular, I would like to give To Mary, my bloodless sister, to always be there when she gives me didonana; to little Juliet to spend her teenage years by my side, promoting my imagination; Aurora to be my Lola, with all that it means; Ani for always trusting this; Maria D for being involved in this project; Jessy for supporting me by talking about the whole late arguments; Laura Lopez, for making me editor and Keko, for drawing the cover so lovingly. Thanks to John, for everything and more, but above all too patiently to read a book whose genre is so far away. Txema, because of how much she's going to laugh at me and make me believe in myself. I can't forget people like Bea and Alvaro or Cristina H, among others, who have insisted so much that I had to jump in the pool that they made me do it. This dip, it's coming for you! And of course to you who have this book in your hands, THANK YOU for giving me a chance. Oscar, because it's the best decision I've ever made. If your intention is to describe the truth, then do it with simplicity and elegance leave it to the tailor. Albert Einstein.Once upon a time ... I stopped the noisy walk of my fingers on the keyboard and reread as I scratched my head with a pencil: They looked at each other. The meters away between them did nothing because thoughts materialized, falling to the ground and bouncing until they fled. In the tenth of a second when the gaze was held everything froze; by the window stood up to the breeze that touched the trees. But she winked and they both looked away, embarrassed, whipped and suddenly in love with the idea of falling in love with a stranger. I put my eyes blank, dropped the pencil on the table and stood up as if someone had installed a dock in the seat. But what a shit! I obviously knew that no one would listen to me, but I needed to say out loud the only thing that filled my head at the time. It sucks. It was like the early lyrics of Star Wars, but in the poorly-standing version. What a piece of shit. Huge shit. A shit the size of the shit I wrote, which was huge. I was dry with ideas, that was the sad truth. The 57 sheets I had already written were nothing but as I reasoned, it was clear. Chusque and gruesome sandeces worthy of institute literary competition. In the end, I demanded that I had written at least two folios, although given the situation I had started to thank two or three drinking pieces. Drink? It was a lot to look forward to. Spending the day in front of the computer made no sense. Being alone at home, I didn't have to fake anything, and I knew I wouldn't get anything shiny that day. Or maybe So from the living room/office/living room I went to the bedroom, a walk which no more than three steps were needed and I sat on the bed. I looked at my bare feet and as the peeling enamel of my nails horrified me, I approached the ashtray and lit a cigarette... With what I had been. Since when did I find this state of dejadity acceptable? Then I looked at the phone, and after thinking about it two-tenths of a second, I grabbed it. A tone... Two... three... - Yes? He replied. Let's say I'm a loser, will you still love me? I asked freely. Lola laughed in a laugh that vibrated my eardrum: You're paranoid, she replied. It's not paranoia. I haven't written a good sentence yet. I'm going to get kicked in on the publisher. A huge kick. Or rather, they don't care. I'll give it to myself. No one but me can kick yours, Valeria, she added affectionately, like the one who makes a crumb. You know what's the hardest thing for a Nobel writer? Publish his second novel. Second novel. It means at least having something. What I have on my hands is a wet. My other shit, it's going to be. You're stupid. I'm serious, Lola, I think I made a mistake to keep up with work, I grabbed my head in my hands and noticed the flabby woble of my undone bun. Don't talk nonsense. You were up to yours, your boss was ugly to rage, and now you have something to live on. Where's the problem? The problem is that the money did not last forever and trying happiness in the publishing market had always sounded too ensifable. I considered it for another, but the horn from one bus to the other side of the ads thread in Valeria's Shoe Weight: 3.74Mb Format: txt, pdf, ePub Robyn Carr James Swallow Gonzalo Bridge Ojea Charles Bukowski A supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again David Foster Wallace Clemente G. Novella T. Lob Rampe Taylor Stevens Elisabet Beventna H.

