



FEDERICO PARRA



A LITTLE GIRL

IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

LOST HER HAPPY THOUGHT

Federico Parra

**A Little Girl In The Middle Of  
Nowhere Lost Her Happy Thought**

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

**Parra F.**

A Little Girl In The Middle Of Nowhere Lost Her Happy Thought /  
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To Joel Buton When he was still a child. When you could already see a little glint, if attentively looking into his eyes. A glint slowly lighting in the darkness. And from that fragile glint, guessing in him, little child, the birth of his great dream. A Lost Little Girl left Her Happy Thought by Federico Parra Drawings Anastasia S. Parra Preface This is a story of courage and changing. A fairy tale, a great adventure, a growth. A nemesis, a social and personal revolution. Passing through the features of the high-sounding French names, you will enter in Alice's Wonderland through its ventricles and narrow streets. You will meet the Aristocats and then you will go back to the 101 Dalmatians in a dreamy Paris. You will encounter distant memories of characters known only in the imagination of children, and you will meet other real but carelessly and unfortunately unknown characters! In this story, you will cross a good part of the vast and colorful world of fairy tales. You will travel with few bags to fill, at every single stop. Through a small arc of white roses, you will enter the garden of a faraway fairyland. You will enter a world that, in some way, it belongs to us and leads us to the true reality of our childhood... When animals and plants were able to speak. When a small stone could be magical. And when every happy thought, could also come true tomorrow! J. D. Goodman

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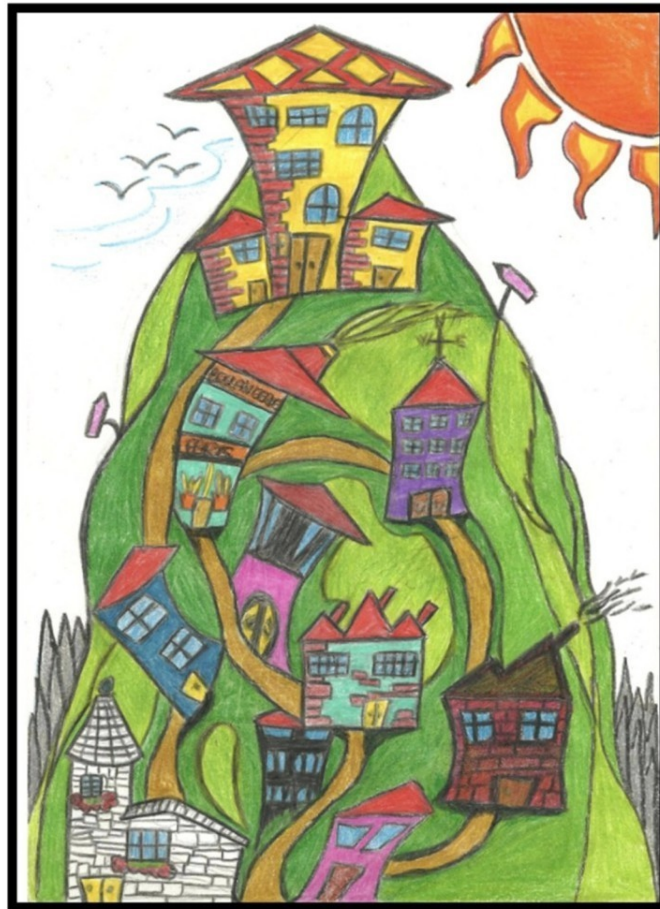
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## Содержание

A Little Girl in the middle of nowhere lost	6
Preface	7
1	9
2	14
3	18
4	24
5	27
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	28



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**LOST HER HAPPY THOUGHT**

# **A Little Girl in the middle of nowhere lost Her Happy Thought**

by

Federico Parra

Drawings

Anastasia S. Parra

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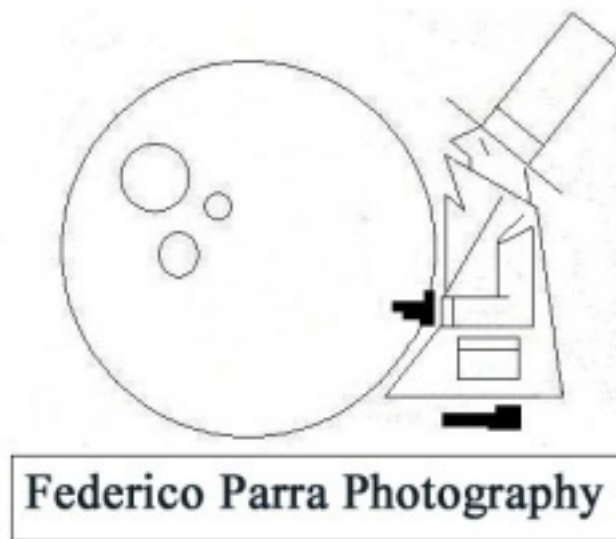
Anastasia S. Parra

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## Preface

This is a story  
of courage and changing.  
A fairy tale, a great adventure, a growth.  
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Passing through the features of the high-sounding French names,  
you will enter in Alice's Wonderland through its ventricles and narrow streets.  
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When animals and plants were able to speak.  
When a small stone could be magical.  
And when every happy thought  
could also come true tomorrow!  
J. D. Goodman  
To Joel Buton  
When he was still a child.  
When you could already see a little glint  
If attentively looking into his eyes.  
A glint slowly lighting in the darkness.  
And from that fragile glint, guessing in him, little child,  
the birth of his great dream.





# 1

This story begins in Paris.

One night, years ago, a few days before Christmas, while softly snowing and the first lights of the street lamps being powered off by a long candle-snuffer.

- Crazy things! There's people doing  
odd jobs for living!

Madame Tussauds thought to herself.

Outside it's snowing big twitchy flakes,

dancing in the wind and

in the glow of the lights,

before settling on the roofs and

the streets of Paris.

- How cold it is! What a rough night out!

Mary Jane thought, leaning on the fogged glass window overlooking the courtyard.

Facing Ladurée House, the residence of one of the richest families in the city.

And lastly, the street lamps on the luxurious entrance of the villa are powered off, as if even the light felt a certain subjection to the richness.

Coincidentally, the useless person doing an odd job is the one to ensure that eventually, the street lights on the road beneath that window are turned off. Where far away, he - maybe he's the only one - can see the shape and face

of the beautiful and sad Mary Jane.

So, the last light in Paris remains lit on the landing full of snow

beyond Ladurée's backyard...

Then there is only night and few stars in the sky.

You can make out a stealthy shadow, fast in the little and only light on. Maybe a thief beyond the gate? ... After an imperceptible second, the shadow vanishes into thin air, and in the dark of the deep night.

To Mary Jane's misted eyes it seemed to have bent like a caress or a kiss; she was still motionless in her strong melancholy, watching the snow falling.

Then there was only night and few fragile stars in the sky.

So, the last light in Paris remained lit on the landing full of snow, in

Ladurée's backyard. Where now there was a cradle at the large gate, lightly resting on the soft blanket of snow.

Inside the cradle, under a big blanket of heavy wool,

there is a child who screams, cries and

despairs; on the edge of the cradle there's a name,

written with the painters' bloody red:

Jane Baptiste.

The sharp crying of the newborn is like a magic flute, like an ultrasonic fluctuating and invisible call.

Lights up and awakens the other houses in the neighborhood.

It's creating a small gathering of useless and curious people who want to know.

Even Mary Jane comes down and the guy comes up; he who switches off the street lamps with its long iron

now abandoned on the ground.

Oh God! How little is he!

Mary Jane shouted astonished, bringing her little hands on her cheeks.

Surely he was abandoned; let's get him out of the cold into the house!

Mary Jane's stepmother falsely  
ordered the housekeeper.

While she invited the priest to enter the house, looking at him with watchful and vile eyes.

Leaving out the rest of nosy neighbors.

The snow kept falling in large flakes.

Now, in the enlightened hall of the villa there were three people plus the priest and the little cradle.

They were all standing still, waiting for someone to start speaking, a task that was quickly acquitted by Madam Tussauds, resourceful and dictator, but also very scenic and theatrical.

- Insolent peasants! They creep even into  
our homes to bring the evil fruit  
of their sins! It's incredible!  
Isn't it, Reverend? They have fun and then  
they wash their hands!

Good lord! ... Peasants and poor people are convinced that your money can  
free them from their mortal sin!

Rev. Dumas said with his hands clasped in a vain prayer.

Mary Jane became all red with anger.

Don't you think that poor people, the peasants  
are just hungry? And they hope that here we could nourish and grow their son?  
And who knows why and how much pain they had on abandoning him!  
Mary Jane blurted out, nearly in tears,  
imploring her stepmother with shining eyes,  
who, however, was absorbed by a silent whisper with the priest and had not seen  
nor heard the words of her stupid and hated niece, now her  
little desired adoptive daughter.

In the meantime, outside it was getting snowed  
stronger and the snow was coming down like a white blanket around the chatter of the curious...

It was coming down on the heads and hats of people asking information to the coachmen of  
the parked cab,

in that rough night out, near Ladurée House.

In the meantime in the glittering salon,

Madame Tussauds and Rev. Dumas

had already decided on where and how

little Jean Baptiste

would spend his first Christmas.

- The orphanage?! ... Oh my God, Madame! ... And you, Mr. Reverend! ... Christ! ... That's  
a terrible place!

Mary Jane had so voiced her anger, which was now unstoppable.

You should tell your daughter she ought to not use the Lord's name in vain!

Rev. Dumas promptly replied with  
this catchphrase.

And you, Reverend Father... Shouldn't you do good deeds?

The beautiful and brave little girl said with a trembling and fearful voice.

Mary Jane, shut up! Go to your room! Noooooow!!!

Madame Tussauds blurted out, possibly becoming more  
ugly than usual and red as a pepper.

Mary Jane, although little, was well acquainted with the nastiness and pettiness of the adoptive  
Stepmother...

So in a heartbeat, she grabbed the cradle  
and ran out!

She ran breathless as fast as she could,  
towards the light of the Full Moon.  
She ran a long time, without knowing  
where to go and not knowing what to do,  
nor why she had done  
that gesture so clumsy and stupid.

The snow was still falling in white and quilted big flakes, as dancers for a music box overturned  
in the sky.

Dancers who, with their skirts, cover and swell  
of a kind of bridal white  
all the roofs and the streets of Paris.

So, in this story, in this long night,  
there are still white flakes of white snow falling incessantly and creating an unbreakable and  
inexplicable connection

between Mary Jane's and  
Jane Baptist's hearts.

Exactly this connection, which arises from  
a past lived at the orphanage for her,  
and a future snatched to the orphanage for Jean Baptiste.

Exactly this connection set out  
under the light snowflakes  
shortly before Christmas in Paris.

This unique and unspoken connection,  
this embrace as fugitives.

Like a flake  
tightened in this strange story,  
it was author of a great little miracle.

On that night like two fugitives,  
they found shelter in a barn, a stable,  
among cows and lots of animals.

Clear is that the little girl did not know what to do. For the cold and for feeding the little Jean  
Baptiste, but above all she did not know how to make him stop crying and screaming!

So, a bit for the cold and a bit for  
that sense of worthlessness that  
humans have

for the needs of nature and life,

Mary Jane burst into tears and sobs that joined the strong ones of the newborn. Fortunately the  
barn was far enough away from the house inhabited  
by the farmer.

STOP IT! We have to work tomorrow!

A big voice thundered.

A voice from darkness and nowhere, in the bottom of the barn where there were the cows.

Is anyone there? Is anyone down there?

The little girl's trembling and tearful voice whispered.

More than anyone! We are a herd!

Don't you see?

The booming voice from the darkness said.

No sir, I do not see anyone! It's dark down there!

That baby is crying because he is hungry and cold! Bring him here to us!

No! And who are you?

The blonde girl

asked curious and courageous.

There was an infinite moment of darkness and silence, while still snowing outside,

at that moment also Jean Baptiste

suddenly fell silent.

The two small hearts beat fearful and in sync, as one big heart.

I am Hélène the cow,

the white one with black spots.

I am Antonin the bay horse.

I am Fabien the black horse.

I am Geneviève the chicken.

I am Ernest the pig.

I am Faust the sheepdog.

I am Jean-Marc the rooster.

I am Cécile the black cow.

I am Geraldine the brown cow.

I am Basil the pony.

I am Ismael the bull.

I am Eloise the owl.

I am Bernhard the mouse.

I am Thomas the cat.

Stop it... Stop it! Please, I'm going crazy!!!

Mary Jane said, holding her head tight in her hands,

and her palms over her ears.

Get that baby down here, come on!

Hurry up, Mary Jane!

The cow's gruff voice continued;

she knew the girl's name.

The night passed in the animals' warmth that fed Jean Baptiste and the young Mary Jane.

It fed them like puppies of the she-wolf, with the same udders of a same, single mother.

Warming them in that warmth much more than family.

That warmth called: Mother Nature!

They slept on the cows' bellies and their huge and warm udders.

They fell asleep together,

like two newborn calves.

So that white night just before

Christmas, spent in the animal warmth and  
under the starlight, it marked as a line drawn on the ground, like a street in the snow, the new  
life and the living path of the two innocent little hearts.

The Moon, enlightened for a quarter,  
came out to a split in the stable wood, on the side where the two children were sleeping. Its  
clear light, like a comet star, radiated their redemptive faces.

Christmas was by now!

But the animals did not seem very interested. For them, the next morning,  
it would be one morning like every other one, with the usual things of all time.

## 2

Meanwhile, in the luxurious Ladurée House.

Little Mary Jane's Missing family former home, now owned by her mother's stepsister and now adoptive stepmother... That is: Madame Tussauds, the Gendarmerie had come, commanded by Commissioner C. Monet.

What a something' to happen to me, a few days before Christmas,

Oh my God!

What are the neighbors going to think? What will they say about this absurd story? Damnable! The wicked and sour Madame Tussauds, was babbling and begging loudly to be heard by Commissioner Monet and by Reverend Dumas.

Do you have any idea, Madame, where the children could've gone to find refuge?

Does Mary Jane have friends or relatives where she might be hiding? Commissioner C. Monet asked with a blank look on his face, as if he were following one of his thoughts.

No, I have no idea! The little girl has no family or friends in the world!

Nobody's going to stand that ungrateful little brat! If it weren't for her poor unfortunate mother! Madame Tussauds sighed continuing her painful recitation. Then she slowly started to talk again.

Ah! I'm too kind-hearted... I should have left her at the orphanage!

So she would have learned what the hand feeding you means.

Then? Mary Jane is not your daughter; and whose? If I may ask? the Commissioner inquired, attentively, following the movements of all in the room around him.

She is the daughter of my stepsister and her husband, the infamous Count Ladurée.

My sister died of a strange and unknown debilitating illness. Her beauty faded day by day, she slowly went out, as if carried away by the wind.

About the Count, I guess, you well know the story of his diabolical madness.

The Little Girl was brought to the orphanage.

I still did not live here and when I came back, I immediately had the good heart to take the baby with me.

Madame Tussauds said, while Reverend Dumas nodded with his hands clasped in a monotonous prayer.

I'm not completely informed about this nasty story, please Madame, would you tell it to me?

And so saying the commissioner C. Monet  
moved his chair and sat in wait  
to hear this strange story.

- It all began with the slow death  
of my adoptive stepsister.

The Count had gone a little mad, he began  
doing strange and meaningless things.  
He did not want to bury his great love,  
he embalmed her, saying that he would keep her close forever.

I remember that in those days the Count was as crazy or invaded, perhaps demeaned or who knows what.

He was studying all day and all nights,  
then he wrote; he wrote millions of formulas  
which for me have no meaning.

Oh! But me, Commissioner, I am a smart woman and I understand things.

I know what the Count was studying! He was studying  
the Magic... The Dark Magic, Commissioner!

More and more the Count Ladurée  
lived in a straight-up fantasyland,  
an impalpable world made up of visions.

He talked to his wife, as if she was still alive, but she was motionless, embalmed, a stuffed puppet! He talked to plants and animals! He no longer talked to people! He didn't say any other word! He didn't say a word!

We are one of the wealthiest families in Paris, Mr. Monet, and we cannot afford certain rumors on our behalf.

We can't! It's trashy!

Oh! But me... I am a woman of high society, of great nobility and I know well certain things! So, I took my fur and my puppy dressed for the occasion and went to Reverend Dumas to denounce the facts and confess everything to God!

Then I went to the police with Count Ladurée's documents and denounced him for his magic rituals and his heresies.

Thus, Count Ladurée had to take all of his stuff and run away from Paris, otherwise people would pilloried him as a heretic and / or Satan's follower!

Reading through his things I think he has fled to some distant or exotic country,  
bringing the embalmed body of his beloved wife with him.

So he disappeared in a flash leaving their only beautiful daughter  
in a shelter for orphans.

My adoption papers are all in the parish of Reverend Dumas.

Anyway,

what Count Ladurée left before escape his properly punishment, is all in his office; you can visit it whenever you want!

I left it as it was to facilitate the course of the investigation and now it is still as it was at the time.

Madame Tussauds said looking at

Dumas with a cunning glance.

It's not a great story! ... It's not a great story at all!

Commissioner Monet mumbled

beneath his long black mustaches,  
while he was a long way off from hearing.

Her voice was too irritating for his ears. As a music that does not sound good. A scratched disc  
that stops the pin and blows up ruining  
the melody of things.

Would you like something to drink?

A brandy or some coffee? Maybe some tea?

The waitress said to all  
the guests in the salon.

In that night of shock-white snow  
on the windows steamed up.

In this strange story, full of  
unsolved mysteries.

It seemed that everyone, listening to the story about Count Ladurée, they had completely  
forgotten why they were there.

At that late hour in a night  
a few days before Christmas.

They had completely forgotten about  
Mary Jane and little Jean Baptiste.

They drank and had conversations again, about this and that, they talked about the weather  
changes and Madame Tussauds was a very good host. Then they drank a toast again,  
making wishes each other.

Meanwhile, a few kilometers from there,

the two children slept with the animals in the warmth of the stable, dreaming of a happy  
Christmas.

Only after all the unnecessary pleasantries Commissioner C. Monet,  
seemed to get away from the group, pursuing a quick thought that  
it seemed to fly away and be unreachable.

Then, calling his Gendarme, he said:

Unleashed the dogs and look for the little girl and the baby boy all over Paris!

Arrest anyone who has not reported  
the facts and protects the two fugitives!

Madame Tussauds and the Rev. Dumas nodded, as if Commissioner Monet  
had addressed directly to them.

Unfortunately for the Gendarmerie and fortunately for the two children,  
the next morning it looked like spring and  
the snow melting fast,

hid all traces at sniffer dogs.

Sniffer dogs that, under the shining sun  
of that morning, they found themselves in rivers  
of running water to smell in vain.

Water followed its paths,  
made of descents and slopes,  
curves or recesses, and then puddles,  
small ponds and canals.

Water, as was its mission,  
besides the fact of irrigating the ground and  
nourishing plants and all living things,



it was hiding with careful parsimony  
the smell of the two fugitives.  
It seemed that all Nature somehow protected the two children.  
As if they were her first children or  
a precious gift for everyone.  
A miraculous harvest of fields  
that had to be nourished with great care.  
A fruit ... A red apple  
given to all men and women  
so that they may also know other truths.  
The Sun rose and replaced the Moon.  
The same thing happened even in the barn,  
but here all the animals  
saw it happen.  
Not because they had nothing else to look at  
but because the birth of a day,  
like the growth of a child,  
is the most important thing in the world.  
A single ray of light passed  
through the slit of the stable.  
On the side where the children were sleeping, it lit up  
Mary Jane's face; she stretched herself and leaned in unison with Thomas the cat,  
which, licking its private parts, soon after her, greeted the Sun with a giant yawning.

You look like the characters in that small village that humans call nativity  
scene!

Thomas the cat said pointing at the children,  
the cows and the hay all around them.

Look out! The Farmer is coming! Help! Find some cover!

Bernhard said coming out quickly from his hole and running wildly.

We should moo all together!

When the farmer arrives... and the sheep bleating, the rooster crowing, not to let him hear  
the child's weeping! Ismael the bull said.

All for one! ... It continued.  
one for all! ... All the animals replied.

And it was a choir! The barn was immense in the daylight and the animals were many, so many.  
Mary Jane was well hidden from the view of the farmer and she looked from beneath the udders  
and listened astonished, as if she was still dreaming ... A cool dreaming!

### 3

Upon his arrival, the farmer found the animals very, very agitated.

Cows and calves were mooing, horses were neighing, the rooster was crowing incessantly, the cat was meowing, the donkey was braying and the sheep were bleating.

In seeing that confusion, the farmer feared that an Earthquake, or a Storm, perhaps a Hurricane was coming.

Since animals feel disasters and earthquakes first.

The farmer hurried to take them out to the pasture, and got his family out of the house.

He looked at the sky, but everything looked serene. It was the cold sky of a rigid December, but clear and light blue, a nice cool winter sky.

While the farmer was heading grazing absorbed in a thousand questions, animals suddenly stopped pawing, making verses and various bellows.

As if everything had passed and  
the coming storm had become  
flat calm of that sky so blue.

Mary Jane and Jean Baptiste remained hidden in a floor packed with straw,  
together with Bernhard the mouse and Thomas the cat.

You're Thomas the cat, right?

Mary Jane said

At your service, Mademoiselle!

Why, can you talk?

I've always been a big talker!

Do not be silly! It drives me mad being here!

It's a fortune, don't you think?

Thomas answer me, please,

Why can you talk?

If anything... why can you hear me?

Right? ... Why can I hear you?

"It's a meaningless conversation"

Mary Jane thought;

she thought she was going crazy or  
to be still dreaming cool.

You can hear us thank to your father,

the brilliant Count Ladurée.

Bernhard was a lab rat,

you know? ... And he told me about things.

That rat's got the scoop on!

Now... the mouse can talk, too?

No! Mademoiselle is you, who can listen to us!

Bernhard the mouse said, almost annoyed.

Ok! Alright! Hear, listen, talk! I don't care! Mouse, tell me about my father!

Mary Jane said, more annoyed than him.

First of all, my name is Bernhard Blues! ... Not Mouse! ... Secondly, I do not want to tell you anything!

And so telling Bernhard sneaked away, inside his small hole.

Seen! ... You've offended him! ... Good!

Thomas said, shaking his head.

With the help of time perhaps Mary Jane would understand the personality of every single animal.

She could finally take advantage of this mysterious bond, to face the future and to understand the past that no one

had never told her.

She did not really know

how and who her Father was;

she did not even know about her Mother or

remembered many things; sometimes

their faces also disappeared from her memory.

So, she would have to wait

to grow and develop to the best

this immense power which

now it seemed nothing to her.

Mary Jane was a bright child,

there are no doubts about this.

Of her father, she only remembered slowness and

light caresses on her cheeks

with the back of his rough hand.

Of the rest she remembered little or perhaps nothing.

Mary Jane knew to wait!

Just like her father! And like the seasons.

That was why she was smart.

She ... was not in a hurry.

She was not at all.

So, with the slowness of things

even the sundown arrived, on that first day

as fugitives.

The sun was setting at the same time as the slow return of animals from pasture.

She saw them coming in the distance, like the platoon of a large army, from the crack in the barn wood.

Where she could see the Moon and the Sun, too.

The animals approaching the stable began to get nervous again, without any apparent reason.

They began mooing, braying, bleating and stamping their feet, as if they had entered a Wild West Rodeo.

With the farmer's astonishment,

even his faithful dog Faust, who had accompanied them serenely to the pasture and to the way home,

he began to bark loudly, spin out of control, as if to bite its own tail.

The farmer closed the stable.

Asking to himself a million and more questions.

Then he headed home.

Thinking that the following day

he would have to call the veterinarian,  
among all the things he had to do.  
To let somebody that knows things better  
control his animals.  
For those absurd oddities  
of their latest behaviors.  
Behaviors that  
he couldn't explain by himself.  
The captain of the gendarmerie, coming back  
at Ladurée's residence, he informed the Commissioner  
C. Monet, of his first defeat.

Commissioner! No trace of the children!  
Captain?! They couldn't have gone

that far!

Commissioner C. Monet replied, rolling his long mustaches.

We looked all over Paris!

Checked everywhere, inquired of anyone! Mr. Commissioner! Nothing!

Call for reinforcements! Get our people on it!

That's an order!

Commissioner C. Monet snorted bored and shouted loudly.

The captain of the gendarmerie,  
as embalmed, frozen by that sudden anger,  
he clicked his heels with  
an empty and blank look.

He greeted the commissioner, putting his hand outstretched above his right eye  
and executed orders received.

Do you think Madame Tussauds  
is still sleeping?  
Commissioner C. Monet asked  
the vain maid.

I think yes! Mr. Commissioner.

She ordered not to be bothered by anyone! Madame Tussauds does not feel very well ... In the  
meantime, would you like something? Can I get you some coffee?

Yes, please! No sugar.

If you let me, I'll take a look  
at Count Ladurée's studio ...  
Can you tell me which way?

Sure, follow me upstairs.

The bimbo maid said  
getting the long stairs.  
Madame Tussauds, actually,  
was not bad or even sleeping.  
Those were just the orders given to the maid, so that they would not know  
where she was gone.

Madame Tussauds had snuck out of the service door to go to Reverend Dumas.  
She had to hand over  
secrets and important documents.  
She had to hand them over the Reverend  
so as he could keep them safe in a safe place.  
Far from the prying eyes of the Gendarmerie, which now  
fixed abode in her villa.  
The documents were: The will and testament and the ...  
Count Ladurée's DIARIES AND MEMORIES.  
Edith the little nightingale of Paris,  
followed the whole story from the roofs and windows of Ville Lumière.  
Commissioner C. Monet, holding  
his cup of steaming coffee,  
he entered the study of Count Ladurée.  
The room was large and lightly lit,  
he had to open the heavy curtains  
to filter the daylight.  
As soon as the light lighted the room,  
the commissioner found himself in a place outside of the known world. As if by a gate, he  
entered in the world of impossible things.  
The walls were covered with books, then open maps, itineraries, meaningless codes,  
open books thrown here and there.  
A large globe all written with pen  
with a firm hand of Count Ladurée,  
with sea routes and land routes.  
In Count Ladurée's studio  
there were things never seen before.  
Being there among his things was like traveling without moving and watching his paintings;  
it was like flying away.  
Commissioner C. Monet placed on the plate  
an old vinyl record.  
Jazz! Only Jazz!  
And the best, just to be clear!  
Alone, in Count Ladurée's empty room. That day C. Monet traveled far into heavens he did  
not know.  
In some ways he also managed to fly  
among the things that the wind and Nature  
led him to connect together.  
So, smells became light musical memories ... And jazz! ... Only Jazz!  
Commissioner C. Monet saw himself as a child, in front of the Sea, in an infinite world to  
learn and investigate.  
Meanwhile, in the stable, tender was the night.  
Nature covered its primordial role  
of only mother and unequivocal destiny.  
Children grew up in those days with that climate that leads from winter to spring,  
without realizing it ...  
That slow and imperceptible climate that let it pass and blossom, which gives birth and then let  
the flowers grow. At that time Mother Nature gave everything to the two children!  
Hélène the white cow with black spots

was a midwife to the baby and mother and wise grandmother to Mary Jane.  
Thomas & Bernhard were their naughty  
cheerful friends, a fantasy to be discovered.  
Faust the dog and Antonin the horse  
had the role that a father and a grandfather have in a family of human beings.  
That's all... In such a big house, like Nature itself.  
Over time, Mary Jane  
began to understand the personality of every single animal,  
as she had expected.  
By developing this knowledge,  
she was able to interact with each animal  
without ever offending them in their personal character.  
Since, at first glance, all cows seemed to her identical,  
so as all sheep and chickens.  
But it was not that simple  
as the distracted gaze said.  
All animals were different from the others,  
both in features and character.  
Mary Jane, who was now a small woman,  
had learned to observe to learn.  
Count Ladurée, instead,  
had taught her to wait.  
Thus, following her primal instinct,  
that which Nature had given her at birth,  
Mary Jane learned to interact with every animal and to elicit their soul and essence.  
It was hard to get along with Bernhard the mouse.  
Perhaps the tests made on him, his friends or relatives in the labs,  
had altered his soul and his very conception of life.  
Bernhard Blues was a touchy mouse.  
He was offended or deeply resented  
on something that nothing seemed to others.  
He could find refuge in his own little world that the others never saw,  
he was on hold, just waiting and  
playing his Blues.  
Bernhard lived in a dump.  
But it was his dump. Only his!  
Mary Jane had to be his friend in order to understand his secrets,  
because she well knew how to understand him;  
One day when everyone was out and  
spring began to cast its colors,  
Mary Jane approached Bernhard's dump and  
whispered with a light voice like a jazz song brought by the wind:  
  
    Its spring out of there, come with me, Bernhard!  
Let's have some fun through the flowery meadows!  
I know the smells and sometimes with my eyes closed I sense the colors.  
  
    I'm tired! I want to sleep! I'm sorry!  
    The leaves are moving in the breeze and the air needs to tell many stories;  
Bernhard, you're not tired!

Come with me out there to see and feel.

I'm tired!

And I don't like you too much!

Bernhard said truthfully.

It doesn't matter! Touchy Mouse! Come outside, the world is all full of colors!

I'm not a Mouse! I'm Bernhard Blues! Stupid pretentious little girl!

Frickin' mouse, overcome your pain!

Just after, you'll gain!

Mary Jane said rhyming and smiling.

- Come out and let's play

'impossible flowers'!

I know all the smells and sometimes

with my eyes closed I sense the colors.

You any good at it?

## 4

After recommending to Reverend Dumas, to take great care of the documents handed over  
and not to show them to anyone,  
never under any circumstances,  
Madame Tussauds, took on her fur coat  
and said:

When this story is over, you will receive a reward  
for your current and past services,  
do not worry, Reverend!  
So saying, she greeted the Reverend Dumas with a sharp handshake and headed home.  
Commissioner C. Monet was waiting for her and she said to herself to remain calm.  
Actually, the commissioner was in the Count's studio, but among all the things to be  
investigated,  
he had completely forgotten about Madame Tussauds and her false maladies.  
Edith the little nightingale of Paris, followed the whole story  
from the roofs and misted windows of Paris.  
The cup of coffee was on the desk,  
rested and forgotten, now cold.  
Rolling his right mustache, the commissioner flipped through the documents, books and  
manuscripts,  
while sitting at Count Ladurée's desk.  
Returning home from the service door,  
Madame Tussauds sneaked into her bedroom, without anyone seeing her;  
she put on her nightly dressing and messed up her hair quickly.

Good morning, Mr. Commissioner!  
She said, faking a yawn, while entering Count's studio's door.

Good morning Madame.  
In the meantime, I've taken the liberty to take a look.  
Curiosity is a defect to us poor Policemen!

No problem, take your time.  
Did you find anything of interest?  
Yes, very interesting I would say.

Count Ladurée seemed to be a genius! At least, from what I can guess.  
I think he was dealing with alchemy and mesmerism, not black magic, Madame!

Well! What difference does it make! Even the devil is called by many names!  
Satan, Devil, Lucifer, Demon, etc. ...

Unfortunately for you,  
my curiosity leads me to know  
even about things that do not concern me.

And it isn't quite the same thing. Madame.  
It will seem a detail of little value to you, but for me it is not so!



However, I have to come back often in this studio; there are many things I still have to understand and these things could bring us to the little girl and the newborn!

Of course, Commissioner, come every day or when you want.

Indeed, I would like you also to come on the last Sunday of the next Summer,  
I'm having a party with a surprise for my birthday.  
You are hereby formally invited  
among the honored guests.

Thank you, happy birthday then, I'll gladly.

Investigations permitting, of course!

Although it seemed strange to Commissioner C. Monet thinking of a birthday party and dancing in those particular circumstances.

When an eleven-year-old girl, who is the birthday woman's granddaughter, and an unknown baby boy escaped without leaving a trace and without an apparently valid motive for doing that gesture.

Even if the commissioner found it strange,  
he still decided to attend the party,  
when it was time to go.

Commissioner C. Monet

had accepted the invitation without blinking an eye.

Especially to understand certain things he was carrying around in his head ... Strange ideas!

Moreover, it was said for years and throughout Paris about the great parties at Ladurée House.

It was told of dances and glamour, food, and the impeccable lady of the house.

Madame Tussauds, queen of gossip  
and Parisian social life.

Commissioner C. Monet wanted to understand  
the complicated full facts.

It was all about that with him.

In the meantime, in the stable, Mary Jane  
was still trying to persuade Bernhard to come out of his dump.

Come on, Bernhard! Come out! ...

I need some advice! I beg you! Please!

What advice? ...

Bernhard the mouse asked intrigued.

Let's go a little through the meadows,  
it's important to me!

Ok! But I don't like you anyway!

And neither do I! ... Are we going?

Thomas will stay with the baby, along with the cows! ... Let's go!

Bernhard said very determined.

Now, you came to ask me something.

I wanted some advice from you! Want to listen carefully?

Ok! I'm all ears!

The friendly rodent said, dropping to the ground to laugh as a fool.

Bernhard, don't be stupid! This is a serious matter! Very serious!

But so saying, also Mary Jane got a laugh and she wasn't able to stop.  
They laughed out loud together until they cried for a stupid silly thing.  
And just like that, they became  
true and great friends.  
There was a bright sun that morning and  
the green meadows seemed to glow  
of stars and crystals.  
As the dew glinted  
along their way,  
Mary Jane asked Bernhard to accompany her to Paris.

I need clothes and I have an absurd hunger! ... I'm tired of eating  
milk and eggs!  
The little girl said with her eyes glittering like the green fields around them.

Alright! We will leave tomorrow morning at sunrise and Thomas will come  
with us.

The others will take care about the baby. I've a lot of friends in town and I would love to go  
with you.

Bernhard said with quite a knowing smile.

Thomas says you know many things  
about my father and that you are very touchy! I think that's true!  
I'm just a little girl and if there were any mistakes in my family,  
I just don't think that's my fault.  
I'd like to know about my Father and  
my Mother, that's all!  
Bernhard grabbed Mary Jane's hand,  
led her to the shadow of  
a large chestnut tree.  
The two walked meeting the sun,  
in an absurd frame.  
A backlit picture where:  
A little girl with bright blond hair,  
who goes away on her back, bent on one side.  
Like a tired and shabby old lady,  
holding a little mouse's hand.  
Walking by his side,  
towards the light of the East.

What an absurd scene!

The great ones and the unimaginative ones would say.  
But so it was!

## 5

It was a warm sunny Saturday morning,  
Paris had woken up in the scent  
of heated butter from the boulangeries and  
in the fragrance of freshly baked baguettes and croissants.

The light is reflected and split  
into so many colors in the windows of shops,  
as a good wish for that Sunday feast day.

Mary Jane seemed hypnotized  
in seeing people and smelling in the air  
all those tasty scents,  
which she had almost forgotten.

Thomas and Bernhard followed her as two small shadows, like guardian angels,  
along the low sidewalks of Ville Lumière.

Mary Jane seemed lost to follow with her eyes and with all her five senses,  
the joy, the frenzy and the daily beat of life she did not know yet.

She could see life in bystanders, people and  
among the kisses of the lovers.

In the light of her first free morning,  
within the sweetest city in the world.

It was a stunning Saturday morning  
in the sky above Paris.

Everything seemed perfect in the Universe  
and in the flow of daily things.

A beautiful spring day which would donate millions of stars when the evening would have  
dressed it in black and brilliant stars.

At Ladurée House, Madame Tussauds  
looked like a crazy hysterical.

She went roaming the halls, yelling at all the servants, with unbearable and raspy voice,  
like a nail scratching the blackboard  
in the empty classroom silence.

A sour note in the perfection

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