

The pastoral of Galagu



Provençal christmas tale



In a house, old house offered to the four winds, stayed there is a very long time an old, old woman whom we called the mameet Jaumette. The life had hardly spared the old woman, and it did not have a family anymore than a grandson. And still: the child who was called Olivier was so small, so thin, so pale, that the clairvoyant each held his breath for fear of seeing him subsiding as a house of cards. The old woman had in responsibility the sheepfold of the castle of Balm which was very close of the house, the old house offered to the four winds.

A day a doctor passing there, lives the child so small, so thin, so pale. He says to the old woman that she should better lead him to the hospital. In the look that exchanged the mameet Jau-met-te and its young? Son, he knew that nothing could separate these both?

There. Then he pro-po-sa the old woman to make the child sleep in the bergerie, and not in the old house offered to the four winds:

- The heat of sheeps will protect him from the cold, and with a little luck, it's better for him.

And the doctor was there where we his services payed.

The old woman fitted out a place for the child, away from sheeps, and the life continued as in the past. But Olivier was not better there. The fever devoured the big eyes, and he left hardly the sheepfold.

The Christmas time came. Olivier, to pass the time, made a day-nursery, and put it all the Christmas crib figures which the grandma Jaumette had offered him previous Christmas: every grand-child in his straw nest, Joseph and Marie, beef and donkey, Three Kings, angel Boufareu blowing in his trumpet, the shepherd and its dog, a small shepherd who carried a lamb, a blind person and his son, a bench of matches, the lovers Mireille and Vincent hiding behind a foam bush, Roustide and his lantern looking for the lovers, Delighted going into raptures while raising arms, rural policeman and boumian, fishmonger and her husband's pistachier, grinder, whom we call amoulaire in Provence, the miller who was in charge of an enormous bag of freshly ground flour, a bear leader and its animal ...



Olivier says to himself that the donkey and the beef would maybe not be enough to warm every grandchild, and he cut a star of yellow paper which he hung on at the very top of the day-nursery. Then he remembered that maybe the lamb of the pastouret would be thirsty, and he made a big blue cloud with some cardboard which he suspended not far from the star of yellow paper. When he had stopped fitting out the day-nursery, he remembered itself the tales of the mamet Jaumette, and Galagu, the giant of legendary Provençal. Then with a little clay, he made a figurine, bigger than the others, than he placed not far from the pastouret and not far from the lamb. And because he stayed in him of the time, because he had the hand many cardboard boxes, and many boards, he made, a few steps away from the day-nursery, a small Provençal village, with its houses, its business streets and its tortuous alleys, its place and its fountain was missing there only the mount of Castelas and the pond of the olive tree so that the village ressemblât to Istres, at that time!

He had ended for Christmas. Mamet Jaumette came to bring him a big dish of lens, by way of Christmas Eve, and admired the day-nursery, and the village a few steps away from there.

- Especially close the good doors: it is so cold that wolves approach the village. Soon we shall see them scratching near sheepfolds. They could eat sheeps, and you by top the market!

Olivier promised, and the old woman was towards the house offered there to the four winds. The child contemplated the day-nursery, when suddenly now she livened up:



The child contemplated the day-nursery, when suddenly now she livened up: every grandchild in his small straw nest smiled to Joseph and Marie, the beef and the donkey blew to whom better can, the Three Kings congratulated with having arrived in time at the end of their journey, the angel Boufareu got his/her breath back, the shepherd caressed the dog which moved the tail, the lamb hurried up against the pastouret by looking at Galago, the son of the blind person made sit the old man on the bench of matches, the lover Mireille and Vincent kissed each other behind the foam bush, while Roustide swept the darkness of its lantern to look for them, the Delighted went into raptures while raising arms and by looking at the lovers: « That the world is beautiful », the rural policeman rolled a cigarette for the boumian, and the boumian suggested to the rural policeman sharing with him the turkey whom it had stolen from Roustide, the fishmonger watched her husband's pistachier, the grinder, whom we call amoulaire in Provence, sharpened a knife, the miller put the enormous bag of freshly ground flour to mop itself the forehead, the bear leader made dance its animal ...

Galagu gave very hardly, and declared to some in the others, than he was very hungry and than he would offer himself well a lamb. When he made a step towards that of the pastouret, all were moved. But the giant had fast made move some, the others, take the knife of the grinder, and run after the small shepherd who saved himself from all his short legs of clay towards the Provençal village, a few steps away from there, under the look amazed at Olivier:

- Do not move, tells him the angel Boufareu, or you would become Christmas crib figure among Christmas crib figures!



The pastouret and Galagu ran between cardboard and wooden houses, at random streets and tortuous alleys ...

The Three Kings had said nothing anything yet, not made to prevent Galago from seizing the lamb. But would you believe that in the evening of Christmas each of them is entitled to a wish! Gaspard tightened the finger towards the spiders which looked at all this animation, suspended from the main beams of the skeleton of the sheepfold. Spiders came down to any legs and tried to master by lashing him of their sons the giant in fury. They

bent over backwards so much and more, but in spite of the punishment which they took there, the giant had early made release himself. Melchior then reached out towards the cloud of blue cardboard, and now this one cross-posted the water in quantity such as soon the steps of the giant were made heavier, his feet came loose no more than with difficulty. Soon he was not able to move forward anymore, then he softens, and was transformed into a formless heap of wet clay, at the very top of the cardboard and wooden village, while the water tumbled down streets and alleys, to form a puddle below. Balthazar, who did not want to be of rest, tightened the finger towards the star of yellow paper, and now spiders streamed again, and undertook to raise her at the very top of the biggest of the main beams of the skeleton of the sheepfold.

There, the star began shining, shining, shining, while the angel Boufareu, before blowing his trumpet, addressed the child to tell him :

- Well, that you do wait to open quite big the doors of the sheepfold? It is Christmas for all this evening!

Then each took back the break:

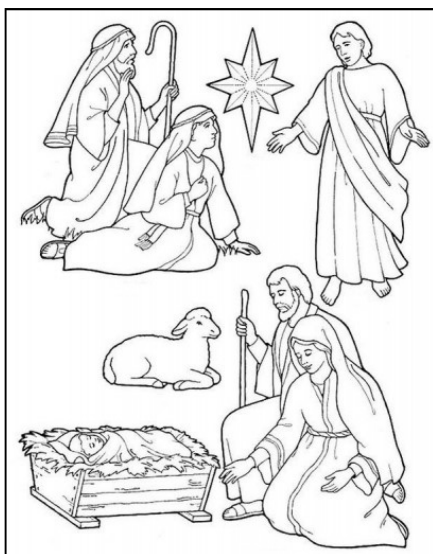
The small child in his straw nest, Joseph and Marie, the ox and the donkey, Three Kings, angel Boufareu blowing in his trumpet, the shepherd and its dog, the small shepherd carrying the lamb, the blind person and his son, the lovers Mireille and Vincent behind a foam bush, Roustide and its lantern, Delighted raising arms, rural policeman and boumian, fishmonger and her husband's pistachier, the grinder, which we call amoulaire in Provence, the miller and his enormous bag of freshly ground flour, the bear leader and its animal ...



Olivier opened the door! A first pair of eyes ignited in the darkness, and a wolf returned by showing teeth, then an other one, and the third one. But instead of running to sheeps, they became milder by penetrating further, and in passing under the star. Here they are sat everything around the dish of lens! Then was in the tour of the foxes, then the badgers to take a seat in the sheepfold. Rabbits, squirrels followed. The animals of wood, coombs and hills hurried up around the dish, and more they ate it, so much there was. The dish seemed to have to never

decrease. When they were assadoulés, they left. Wolves at first, then foxes and badgers, followed by rabbits and squirrels, and all the animals which populate wood, coombs and hills of Istres...

When in the morning the mamet Jaumette went to the sheepfold, its throat was formed by seeing wide open doors. She was afraid for sheeps, of course, but especially for Olivier, so small, so thin, so pale, incapable to resist the appetite of wolves! It was friendly bleats which welcomed him, instead of the slaughter which she dreaded to see. Very close of the day-nursery, the child slept. The fever seemed to have fallen. The old, old woman wondered to see that the wooden and cardboard village counted now a mount Castelas; and a pond bathed him taken for that of the olive tree: it was at that time. A ray of sunshine man. One thousand golden sons den sons who converged on the ve, suspended from the biggest of ton of the sheepfold.



which looked like that of feet, which we would have was good Istres, such as he returned behind the old wo-sparkled, one thousand gol-star which shone, quite abo-the main beams of the skele-