



The moon, Bollino and the bat

Livy Former



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Аннотация

On the rooftops of Paris, on a moonlit night, Bollino, a wise, conformist owl, and Daky, a lazy, eccentric bat, embark on a dangerous adventure to help a small girl.

A picture book.

Daki, a lazy and eccentric bat, abandoned by his fellow bats, and Bollino, a wise, conformist owl, left with no friends after taking Daki's side, live in Paris on a beam of the Eiffel Tower, they have chosen as their home. Bollino found this safe spot for both of them. On a night with a clear and silvery moon, Daki tries to convince his friend to search the rooftops of an infamous area of the city, but Bollino, who is afraid to meet bad characters, is not easily convinced. In the end, however, in the name of friendship, he agrees to follow Daki to a very poor area, with houses with cracked walls and crumbling chimneys, where the bat, some time before, had flown into the attic, intrigued by a little girl. They both fly there to spy on her, watching her in her sleep. When they decide to fly back home, they realize the building where the child lives is on fire. At that hour, on the rooftops, people are asleep and don't see the building going up in flames. How can they save the little girl? One of the two throws himself in danger risking his own life, while the other waits for him in vain. But...

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1.

That night, the moon gave out its most intense light, flooding the city and covering into the wide paved streets, streaming over the bridges, plunging into the river that flowed into its wide bed, climbing along the walls of the stately palaces, over the trees of the streets and gardens, slewing into the darkest alleys, the cracks of the old houses and the manhole covers, and extending out over the tower, that spectacular and very high tower of metal and bolts that extended boldly towards the sky.



– Hey, Daki, wake up, it's time! – croaked a high, nasal voice.

A small round owl, with brown plumage streaked with red, and horns standing on its head, looked at the beam where resting hanging upside down, was a young sleeping bat.

– Daki! Come on, wake up – he repeated.

Not receiving an answer, he patted the bat's claw with his curved beak. The bat first started to rock, then pulled himself up, slumping down with a small thud at the side of his companion. With his eyes still closed, he began to yawn and grunt.

– Ugh, Daki, the moon is already up!

– So? Asked the bat. – The night is long. You know it takes me some time to wake up. As I explained to you ...



– Yes, yes, that while you sleep your body has a drop in temperature, that goes back to normal when you wake up – he chanted. – But the problem is that I always have to wait for you. I am fed up; do you know that?

– Really? – His friend opened his lively eyes on his pointed muzzle. – Are you fed up with me?

In response, the owl sighed.

– Then, my dear Bollino, let me go! He exclaimed, barely opening his wings.

– Of course! – Whimpered his companion blinking his big bright eyes. – If I leave, I don't know what you're going to do without me – he said, as he was the one who kept his life organized. He had found refuge on the large tower where no one would have disturbed them, kept him on schedule, accompanied him hunting, and was always ready to listen to him.

– I'll manage – said the bat gravely.

Oh yes, of course. Had he already forgotten the night his companions left without him? Bollino had found him in a bush, muddy, weeping and lost.



– Oh, dear me, nobody wants me,— he babbled in tears.

Touched by his pain, he offered him shelter to give him a chance to recover, but since that night, Daki had clung to him, and he hadn't been able to take care of anything else.

His friends had made fun of him. – Are you dumb? That flying mouse is not a fit friend for an owl.

– He is a different creature from us, but special and marvelous – Bollino said angrily, as his friends laughed at him. They were foolish and close minded, and he had avoided their company, but, like Daki, he was left without friends.

Meanwhile, the bat devoted himself to his daily cleaning by

licking with his sharp tongue the soft dark fur that covered his round body, very different from that of a mouse, because of the long sharp ears that made him funny looking. His wings were almost the shape of a human hand without a thumb, with a strong membrane stretched between those odd fingers.



He was the only mammal in the world able to fly, although he was not related to birds.

– You should go back to your friends, you know? And accept we are aggressive, we suck blood, we are blind, and we cling to your hair, as humans think of us – he said when he finished washing himself.



Bollino's eyes became wider, but he remained silent.

– Well, don't you have anything to say? – Asked his companion in a provocative tone.

– Since you are feeling sorry for yourself, let me add that they think you are quite ugly.

After a moment of silence, the bat began to laugh, first with a small grin and then louder and louder, showing his sharp teeth. – Humans are not even kind to you, though – he managed to say, as he was laughing– since owls are often a bad omen.

He he he, he he he, he he he – Bollino replied to his friend, laughing wildly.



Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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