

**1.**

*Open the left-hand side, to show only the farmyard.*

Dawn's plumes have just begun to flutter and the mountains are still wrapped in night when Cornelia the goose wakes up.

*Open the middle and right-hand sides, to show Cornelia.*

The world around her is still sleeping and the big hen-yard is completely silent.

ANGLAIS



## 2.

Cornelia stretches out her neck and listens:  
she knows that the church-bells nearby will soon ring five times.

Then the blackbird, perched high in the pine tree,  
will throw his beautiful song into the wind.

ANGLAIS



### 3.

Cornelia loves to listen to the world as it wakens. Before the rooster crows “cock-a-doodle-do”, thinking he’s announcing a new day, she hears music coming from the farmer’s radio, the cat meowing for her bowl of milk and, on this particular May morning, the voice of the cuckoo-bird echoing somewhere in the forest.

*Pull the next board, stopping at the line, to show only the birds in the hen-yard.*

After dawn, what a concert begins in the hen-yard! The grey hens cluck, their black and orange cousins cackle and the downy yellow chicks run around them, peeping. On the edge of the pond, the big duck and his partner quack in their nasal voices. The old turkey gobbles, the three pretty guinea-hens cluck and the turtle-doves coo.

*Pull the board completely open.*



**4.**

Only Cornelia does not dare make a sound.

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## 5.

Every morning, she remembers the day when she wanted to make her voice heard too.

Encouraged by the song which a pair of tit-birds had been practicing since day-break, she stood in the middle of the hen-yard...

lifted her head to the sky and answered them with the beautiful spring song which had been hiding in her head for so long...

Krreuckkkkk! Krreuckkkk! Krreuckkk!

Ksschchttt! Ksschchttt!

ANGLAIS



## 6.

Cornelia has forgotten nothing, neither the deafening silence which followed her disgraceful cry, nor the teasing after that. "Geese can't sing, they needn't even try!". "It croaks, it whistles, it screeches, how my ears hurt!" "Never again, Cornelia, have pity on us!" "Cornelia, please, you make us wish we were deaf!" The hen-yard went crazy and even Hannibal, the guard-dog, made it clear that she really should be quiet.

And ever since then, Cornelia has not dared to sing.

ANGLAIS



## 7.

As always when the weather is fine, Cornelia spends the day in the meadow : the farmer opens the gate for her and she pecks in the dirt with the sheep. She cuts big bunches of grass, mixtures of sainfoin and alfalfa, clover and sorrel, plantain and dandelion leaves, with her large sharp beak.

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**8.**

Night has now fallen on the hen-yard.  
The moon is dark tonight and only a few stars sparkle in the sky.  
The grey and black hens, the big ducks, the old turkey,  
the guinea-fowl and chicks have all fallen asleep.  
And so has Cornelia... with her feet tucked under her and her  
head under her wing, her eyes closed, she dreams.

ANGLAIS





## 9.

But suddenly, Cornelia wakes up: she can hear a strange noise!  
Something is rubbing and scratching quietly...  
it stops, it starts again, and in between she thinks she can hear whispering,  
coming from none of the sleeping animals.

ANGLAIS



**Cornelia, the Goose That Wanted to Sing**

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## 10.

Cornelia is wide awake now.

She looks at the shadows near the door, at the cage where the mother-hens are resting with their chicks: she is certain the noise is coming from there!

Sure enough, in the darkness, Cornelia can see shadows that are just as dark. Slender, flat, strange shapes are moving around the chicks, in quiet agitation which really frightens her.

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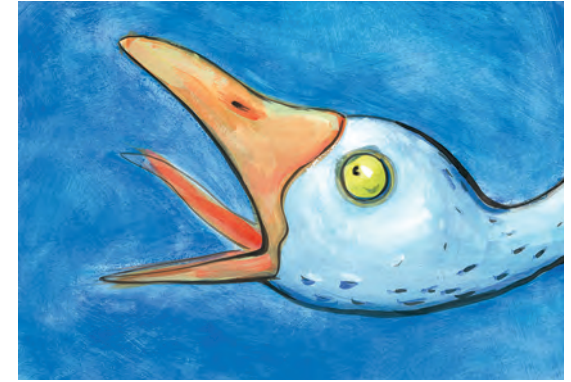


## 11.

Cornelia doesn't stop to think what she should do but opens her beak as wide as she can and...

Krreuckkk! Kreuckkk! Krreuckkk!  
Kschtschttt! Kschtschttt!

ANGLAIS



## 12.

... Makes as much noise as possible!  
Her strident shrieks tear through the night and the hen-yard wakes up with a ruckus that becomes even more chaotic because of the darkness.  
Cot cot cot cot cot! Kschschttt! Glouglouglouglou! Glouglouglouglou! Bong!  
Quack quack quack quack! Kschschttt! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Kschschttt!

The intruders, frightened by all the noise, take advantage of the confusion to escape.  
They even escape from Hannibal, who did not hear them arrive and chases them, barking, in vain.

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### 13.

In the dawn light, all the animals from the hen-yard surround Cornelia.

“Thank you, Cornelia.” “Without you, the chicks would have been stolen!”

“Who knows what those vandals might have also done if you hadn’t chased them off!”

“Thank you, Cornelia!” “Your voice saved our lives!”

“Thank you, thank you!”

ANGLAIS



## 14.

Disturbed by all the noise, the farmer is also awake now. From his window, he can see Hannibal running around and shadows escaping, and he has no idea what is happening.

But he certainly recognises Cornelia's voice! And that is why, after praising Cornelia, he has built a pretty little wooden hut just for her, next to Hannibal's dog-house.

ANGLAIS



## 15.

And at the end of the day, when she is tired of watching over everyone's comings and goings, Cornelia rests and listens to the farmer, sitting on a bench in front of the house. Today he tells her an old story about Rome, where they say there are seven hills.

One long-ago night, enemy soldiers attacked one of those hills, the Capitol, by surprise, but a flock of geese on the hill gave the alert and prevented the invasion of the city. Cornelia is not sure she understands it all because the farmer uses many complicated words, but the courage of these brave geese-guards makes her very happy!

## THE END

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