

Viola und der Storch



completely
in English

Sleepily she padded across the cold kitchen floor with her bare feet. What she needed now was a cup of tea. Black. With rock sugar.

The twilight of the beginning day bathed the kitchen in delicate pink. Even the bow around the package was pink.

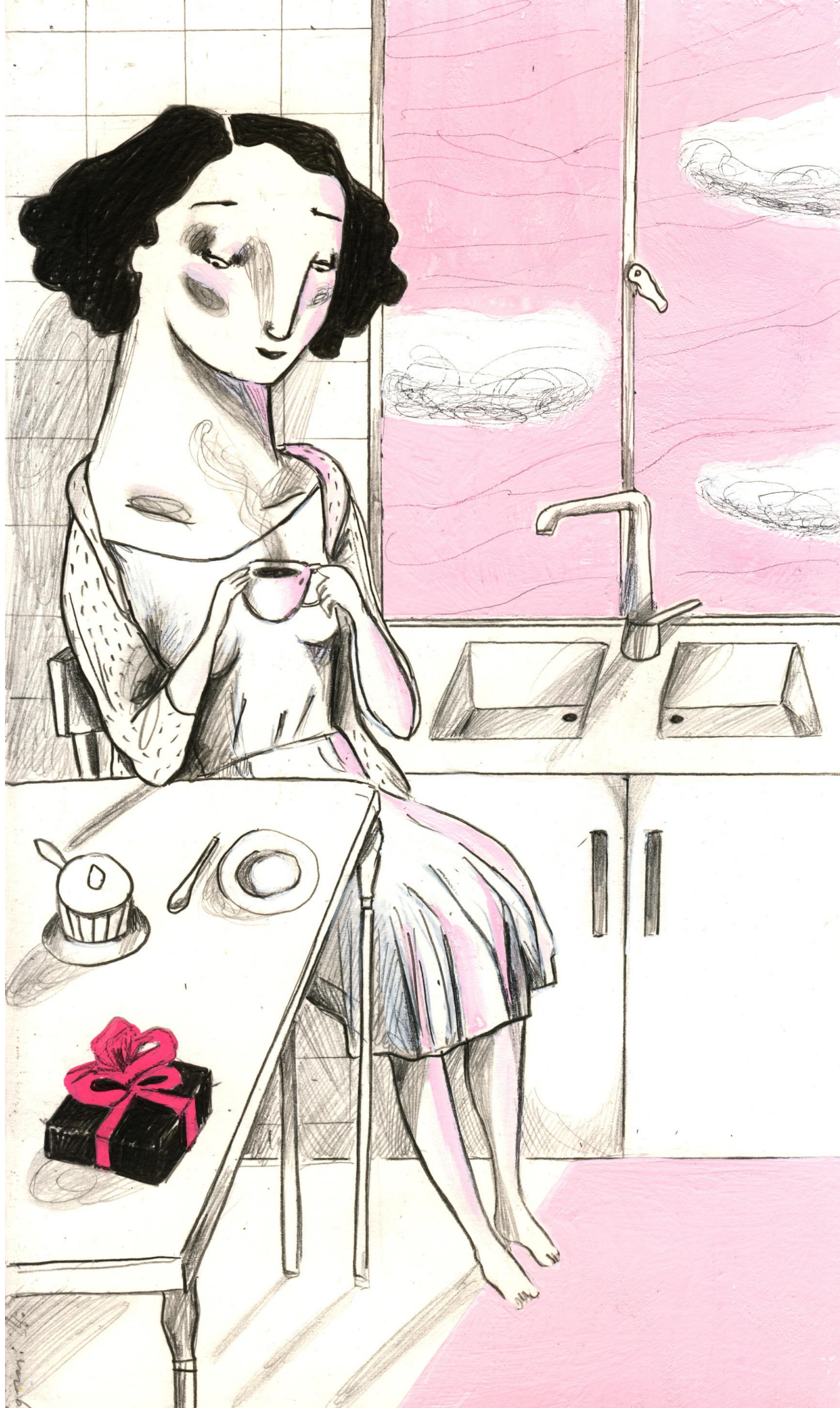
Package ... table ... She frowned. How did it get there? Neither could she imagine having put it there nor having packed it. No recollection.

Hesitantly she stepped closer and began to examine it. Black velvet with a pink bow - an eye-catcher. Strange.

Her fingers traced the clear, firm contours. Ah, there was a dent, a damage of the velvet. She squinted. Letters. That would most likely be it. This *nc* turned the package into an object that captivated and confused her. Something was wrong.

What word? Do what? Pass it on? But - to whom? Or open it? And what would happen then?

So many questions, and the day had only just begun.



Slowly, the tea ran down her throat. Warm and cozy, that's what she needed now.

She rubbed her feet together. Dreamily she realized, how her feet gleamed in a light, pink color, too. Beautiful feet.

Was it the feet or the pink that made up the color? And wouldn't it be great to create a world entirely in pink? While the thought started possessing her, she looked at her small, shabby kitchen, which now seemed enchanted.

Her eyes wandered back to the package she had put back towards the edge of the table. While it had seemed big and a little messy before, it now was small, compact and very inviting, truly beautiful. Her gaze wandered to the bow. This pink bow, unbelievably girly. But how had the package come into her kitchen? She couldn't remember. And hadn't there just been two more letters on the edge of the package? Where had they gone? Had she only imagined them? But she had seen them, and the package was still in her kitchen. That was real. All of it was real.



She would love to open the package and see what was in it, but two reasons kept her from it:

First, she didn't know if it was right to open it.
And second, would the magic remain?

Pensively, she looked at the floor, and as she did, she remembered what the truth was.

The truth was that she didn't dare take a single step. Every step could be a wrong one. But wasn't a wrong step better than no step at all? Who had told her that? While she still pondered that question, the pretty pink floor changed, turned into round pebble stones, that unexpectedly turned into glass splinters.
Every step meant a cut.

She concentrated and brought her feet to safety, hiding them on the seat under her skirt. Flying would be safe. Exactly, she ought to be able to fly.

With her eyes closed, she saw herself levitating above the kitchen floor. Well, levitating would at least be a start, a first step towards freedom. A laugh emerged from her warm throat. In that moment, her world changed.

Quickly she opened her eyes. Indeed, she was floating. In the middle of her kitchen, and from there she could see everything from a new perspective. Everything was upside down, below was above and above was below. All the important things seemed insignificant to her.

What kind of magic was that? Her very own or that of the pink light?



Floating, what a great condition! The fierce knocking at the window made her open her eyes.

Her gaze met a black cylinder with two violet-blue eyes protruding from under its rim. The red beak that belonged to a white face continued to knock on the window. With every knock the cylinder slipped a little, without falling off completely.

She was still floating when she hesitantly opened the window.

"Master Adebar, what are you doing here?" she asked the stork, who looked at her steadfastly.

"Good morning, Violetta. I'm waking you up," he replied and his face showed a slight smile.

Her thoughts tumbled and formed new patterns. Could this be real? He, Master Adebar, spoke to her - or rather: She spoke to him, the stork? What was wrong with this day, or should she rather ask what was wrong with her? And what would it lead to - this day?

"Fly with me!" Adebar's harsh, urging voice forced her to return to the present.

She would love to say yes and just do it. Sometimes even a small change of perspective was enough, and sometimes a whole new quality of life opens up. And what would that change be like? Small? Absolutely not. It would be big.

"Well, don't think so much. If I always thought so much, storks wouldn't exist anymore", Adebar cawed and sounded even more energetic than before.

She would later try to find out of whom the voice reminded her. Now she wanted to chance it, she wanted to fly. But she didn't know how.

"Adebar," she shouted. "Help me, I can't fly!"

But he just waved impatiently with his wings. His "hurry up" was clear, and so she gave herself a jolt and flew after him. Her arms turned into wings all by themselves and carried her safely behind Adebar.

Where would her journey go? Violetta noticed something spreading inside her, something unfamiliar, something she had lost along the way in her life. Hope. Astonished, she noticed how hope surrounded and filled her. How pleasant. "Hope is the thing with feathers." Emily Elizabeth Dickinson was right. Hope was what was growing from within her and what could carry her infinitely far.

Are you curious how the story continues?

On the next pages you will see:

- Seven more illustrations by Ignasi Blanch
- What else Violetta experiences, who she meets and what changes she experiences

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