



A KÉK LÓ

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1

All alone in his little farm, Martin was bored.

Every morning, he would go in his fields to pick big bunches of flowers before getting down to work.

But he had no one to give them to.

There was no Cinderella, no Snow White, no Sleeping Beauty, not even one gentle Dreaming Lady in his remote valley.

He lived a rather sad life under the often grey sky.

2

One day, he stopped by the side of the path, heavy-hearted. He was holding a big clump of cornflowers in his arms.

His little horse was prancing about when he saw Martin so sad he came up to comfort him.

First, he licked the tears that were running down his friend's cheeks.

Then... hmm... he breathed in the good scent of the flowers and he put his muzzle in the bunch then... yummy... he started to nibble it.

– You little rascal! Martin shouted.

But when he raised his eyes...

3

He cried of astonishment.

His little horse turned the colour of the flowers !

As blue as the summer sea, as bright as the cloudless sky.

Incredible !

4

Suddenly, Martin had an idea when he saw a big bed of daffodils not far from him.
What if...
He picked an armful of it and put it in the trough of Germaine.
As soon as she had swallowed it...

5

...she began to look like a big sun !

6

Immediately, Martin gave his horses a big barrowful of poppies.

7

He gave a handful of marigolds to his black cat.
A few beautiful daisies to his grey dog.
He even put a little clump of violets for the fox who came to watch his hens every evening.

8

He took care of all his animals by giving each one little flowers to eat. Then, Martin climbed up the hill
to admire his little new world.
What a pleasure !
There were coloured spots everywhere: yellows, blues, reds, oranges.
Everyone was proud as a peacock in the new costumes !
All of a sudden, a great uproar came from the farm.

9

- Give me my poppies back !
The red is ours, full stop.
- I do not care ! I do not like the blue, it is boring.
- I want yellow, not pink! It makes me sullen.
In the cowshed, they were all fighting over the petals.
In the stable, they were all tearing each other's hair out.
In the henhouse, they were all flying at each other.

10

- Enough! Stop it ! Martin desperately shouted.
Fighting for a colour that takes the cake !
But his animals kept squabbling more and more.
This time his horse got an idea. He whispered with a very low voice in the farmer's ear.
- If you want peace, you just have to mix !

11

Martin only picks mixed bunches of flowers now.
Buttercups and cornflowers, marigolds and poppies.
Sometimes he even picks a rose, a sprig of lavender, a waterlily.
Every colour in the same pot.
Every colour for everyone.
It is effective.
And it is even prettier.
