

Ghislaine Yaghe

My Mum, Mima The
Moon





My Mum, Mme the Moon

Once upon a time there was a family of birds, all of them lived in the sky from light, water and love.

Like all fathers in the world, papa pigeon Love'Laine was a little bit plump, mother pigeon Love'Laine wasn't always for fun, but she was just not always encouraged to play.

The children pigeon Love'Laine were like all the children of this world, colourful, loving, always with a mouth full of cake, a stomach full of ideas, a heart full of love, a head full of bowls and yet maybe that's why they were a little bit like us, just human.

And so there was also an adoptiv child in the Love'Laine family, it was on a bold sunny day when Mama pigeon Love'Laine was hanging up the laundry on the line outside, upsi dupsi plums fell out of the blue a little bird in the water full of soap, thank God or but unfortunately because the little Maxim Love'Laine turned out to be the most beautiful gift in the world that could had ever happened to her and at the same time for Mama Love'Laine as the best catastrophe of her life

Mama Love'Laine was, as everyone already knew, really not always for fun but very much rigged to a very serious Mama-at-work to be.

One night before she fell asleep, after having read him the tale about the drunken deer, Maxim told her that there is a place where, if you get too angry, tie pearls around the moon and give them God. It goes like this:

One: am I your Mum?

Two: I tell you that as your mother!

Three: don't laugh like your father!

Four: put on your brother's little pants!

Five: Don't constantly annoy the adults!

And six, seven, eight nine to ten

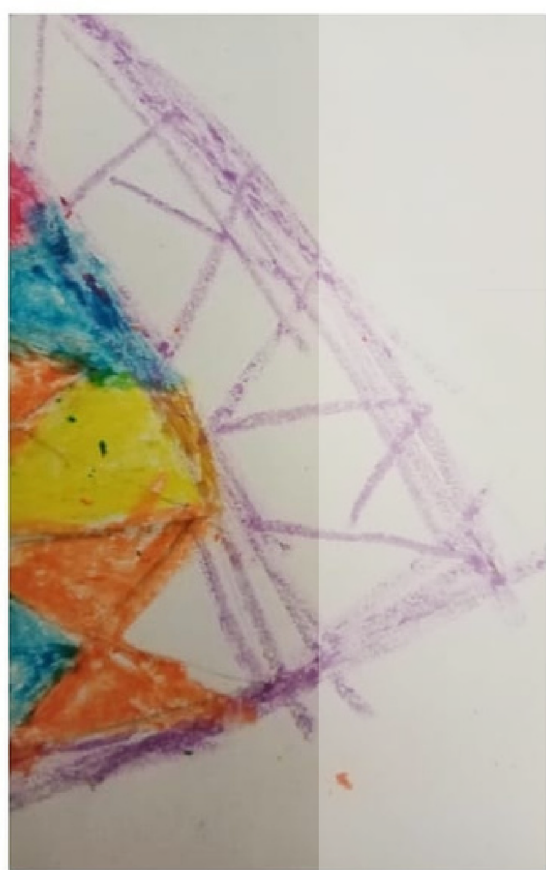
And blah blah blah blah, trallali, trallala, trallane until the sun comes up again, I'll tell it my mom the Moon too./



Sinnklair Verlag

Ps.45

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*It is not the absence
of magic that let us
feel incomplete, but
the magical
presence of God*

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