

i Lapislazzuli

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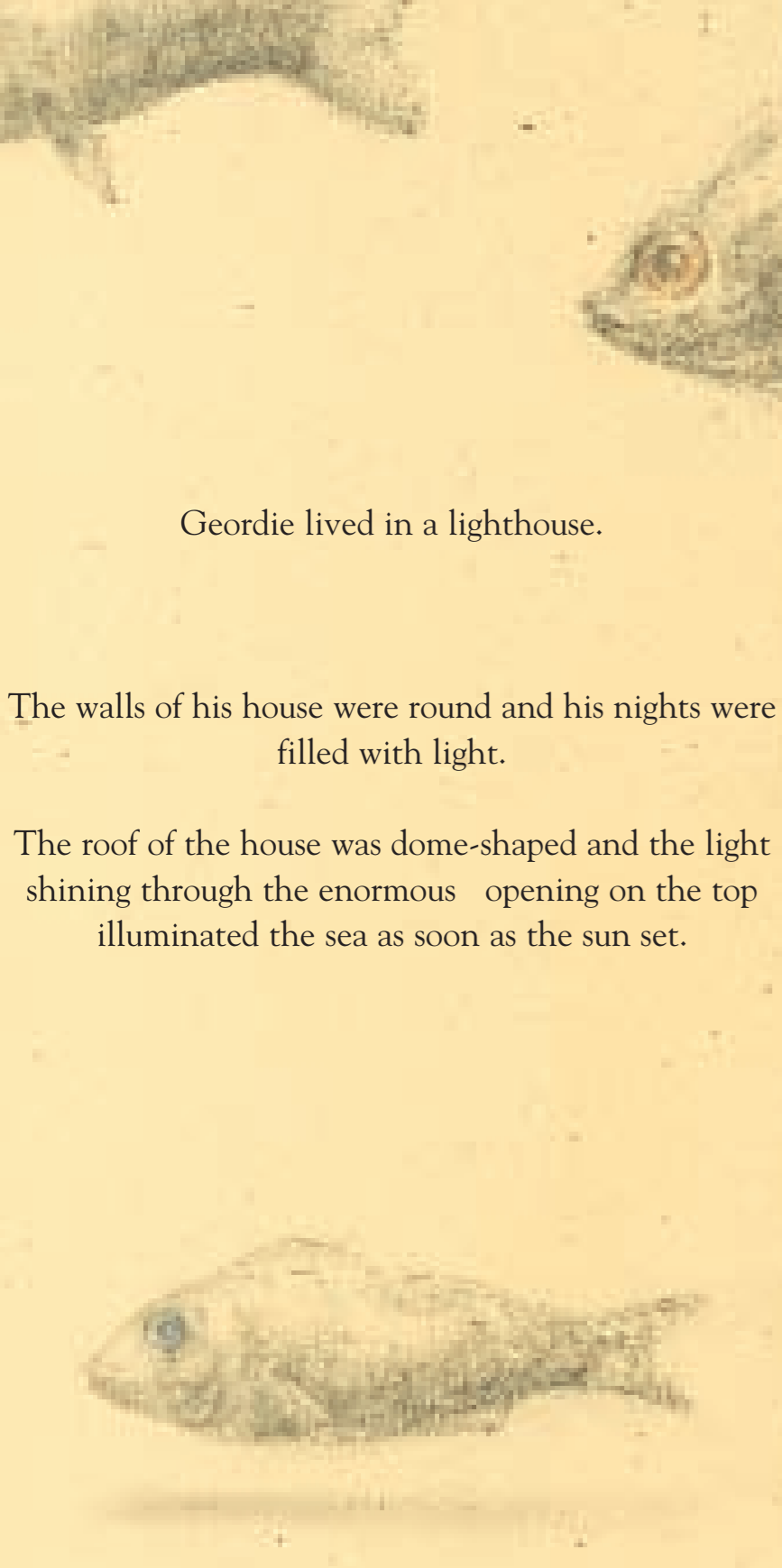
Janna Carioli

Geordie of the Lighthouse

illustrato da Marina Marcolin



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Geordie lived in a lighthouse.

The walls of his house were round and his nights were filled with light.

The roof of the house was dome-shaped and the light shining through the enormous opening on the top illuminated the sea as soon as the sun set.





On some nights he heard the deep-sounding voice of
the lighthouse calling



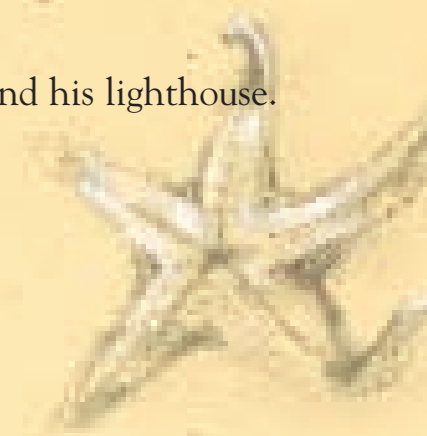
"ooooooooooooooooo!"

which meant there was fog.
Geordie would turn over contentedly in his bed
and go back to sleep.

He liked the fog, even though he couldn't say so to his
father,
since he would reply that it was bad luck for anyone
at sea.

But Geordie thought the fog was like magic for it
made everything disappear.

Everything, except him and his lighthouse.





Geordie had only one toy: the sea.

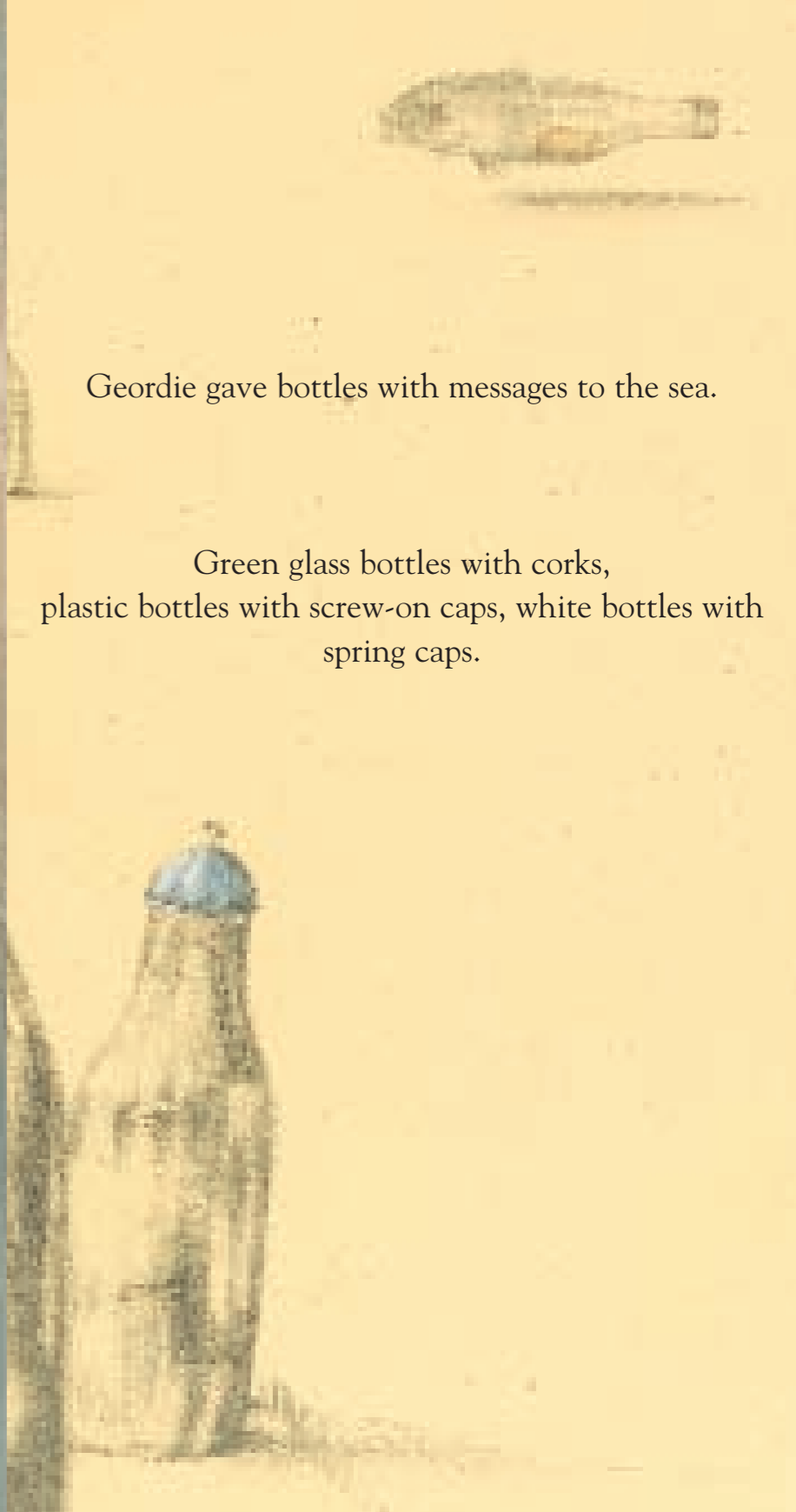
They were friends and they gave each other gifts.

The sea brought him pieces of wood filled with holes and twisted into the beak of an eagle, the crest of a dragon, and the toes of a lizard.



Geordie gave bottles with messages to the sea.

Green glass bottles with corks,
plastic bottles with screw-on caps, white bottles with
spring caps.



The messages were always written on
different kinds of paper:
on strips of newspaper, on pieces of squared
paper, on the backs of shop receipts.

But the question was always the same.

"Who's on the other side of
the sea?"

Maybe there was no one,
because no answer ever came
back to him.



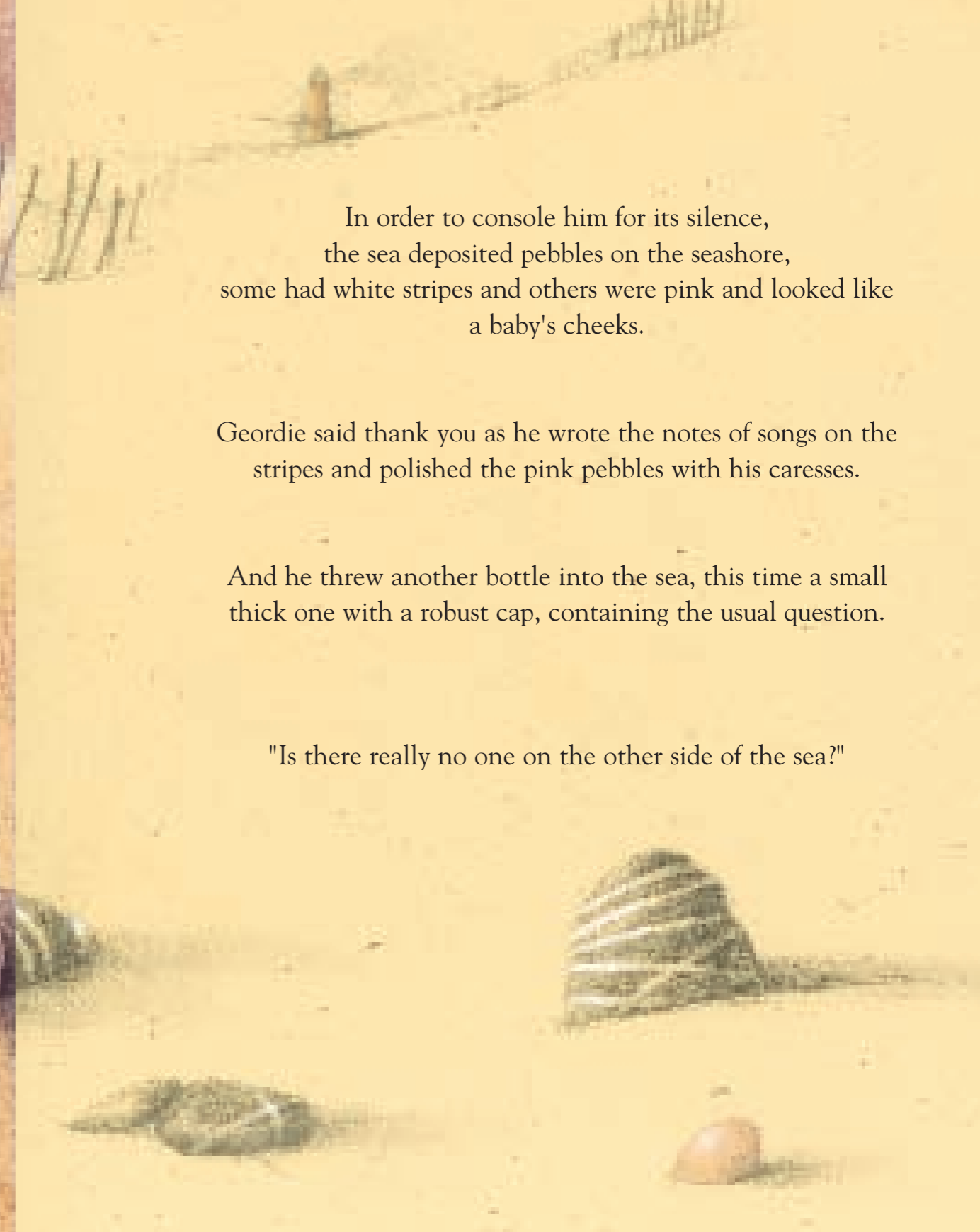


In order to console him for its silence,
the sea deposited pebbles on the seashore,
some had white stripes and others were pink and looked like
a baby's cheeks.

Geordie said thank you as he wrote the notes of songs on the
stripes and polished the pink pebbles with his caresses.

And he threw another bottle into the sea, this time a small
thick one with a robust cap, containing the usual question.

"Is there really no one on the other side of the sea?"



Then, one day, when climbing down from the lighthouse in search of some pieces of rope, he heard something beating softly against the cement landing.

"Tin... tin..." was the sound.

It was a reddish bottle with a white cap.

There was a note inside.

"On the other side of the sea, there's me: Marie Océane."





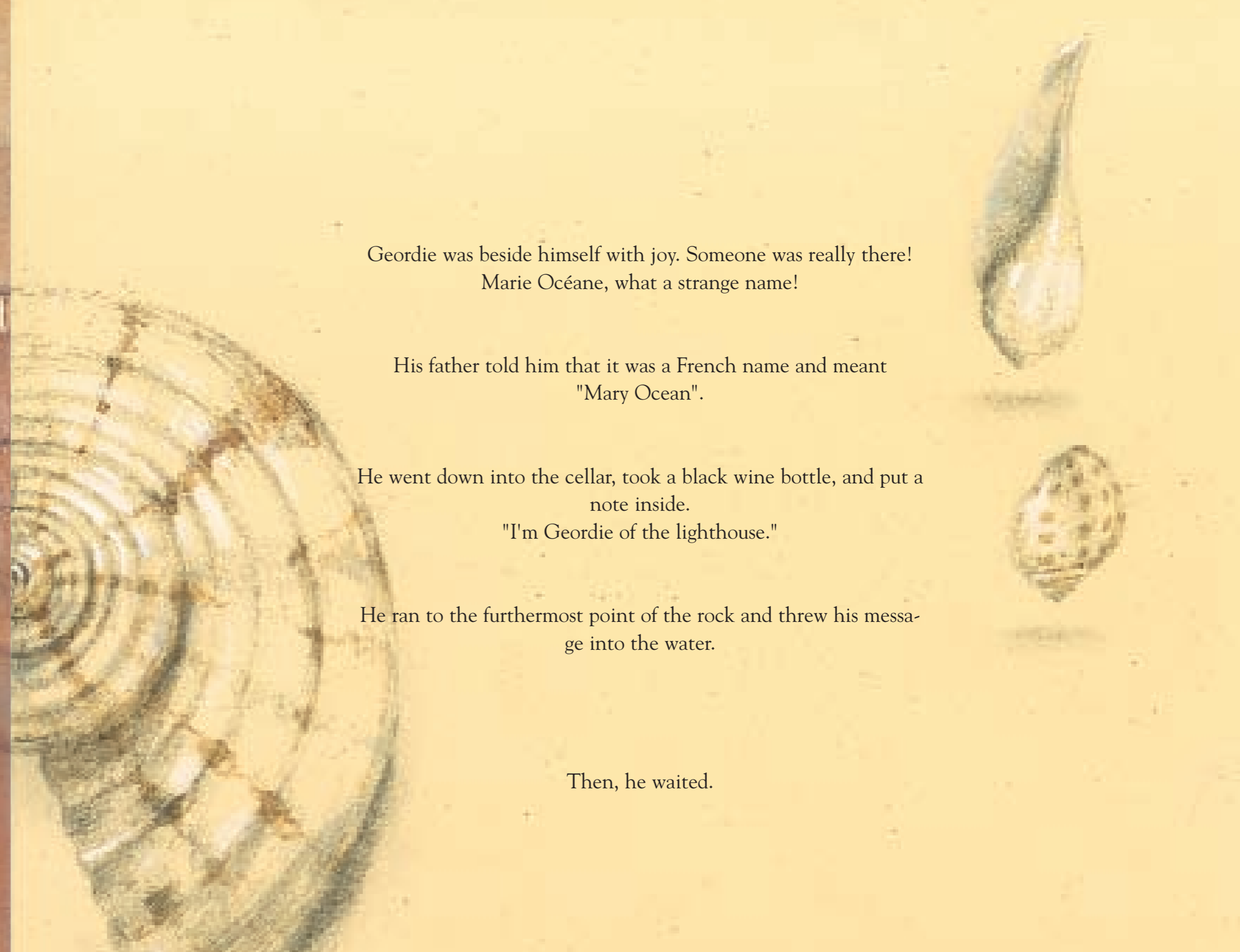
Geordie was beside himself with joy. Someone was really there!
Marie Océane, what a strange name!

His father told him that it was a French name and meant
"Mary Ocean".

He went down into the cellar, took a black wine bottle, and put a
note inside.
"I'm Geordie of the lighthouse."

He ran to the furthest point of the rock and threw his message
into the water.

Then, he waited.

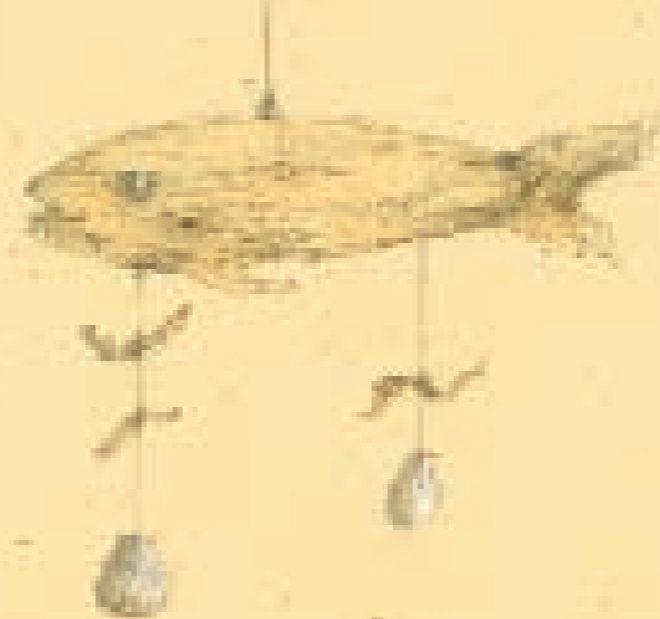


Sometimes he waited months, sometimes years.

The messages followed the course of the currents, but sooner or later they arrived, and they were always in red bottles.

Marie Océane lived in a lighthouse, too.

On the other side of the sea.





While waiting every day,
Geordie learned the most important words of that
unknown language from a dictionary:

mer,

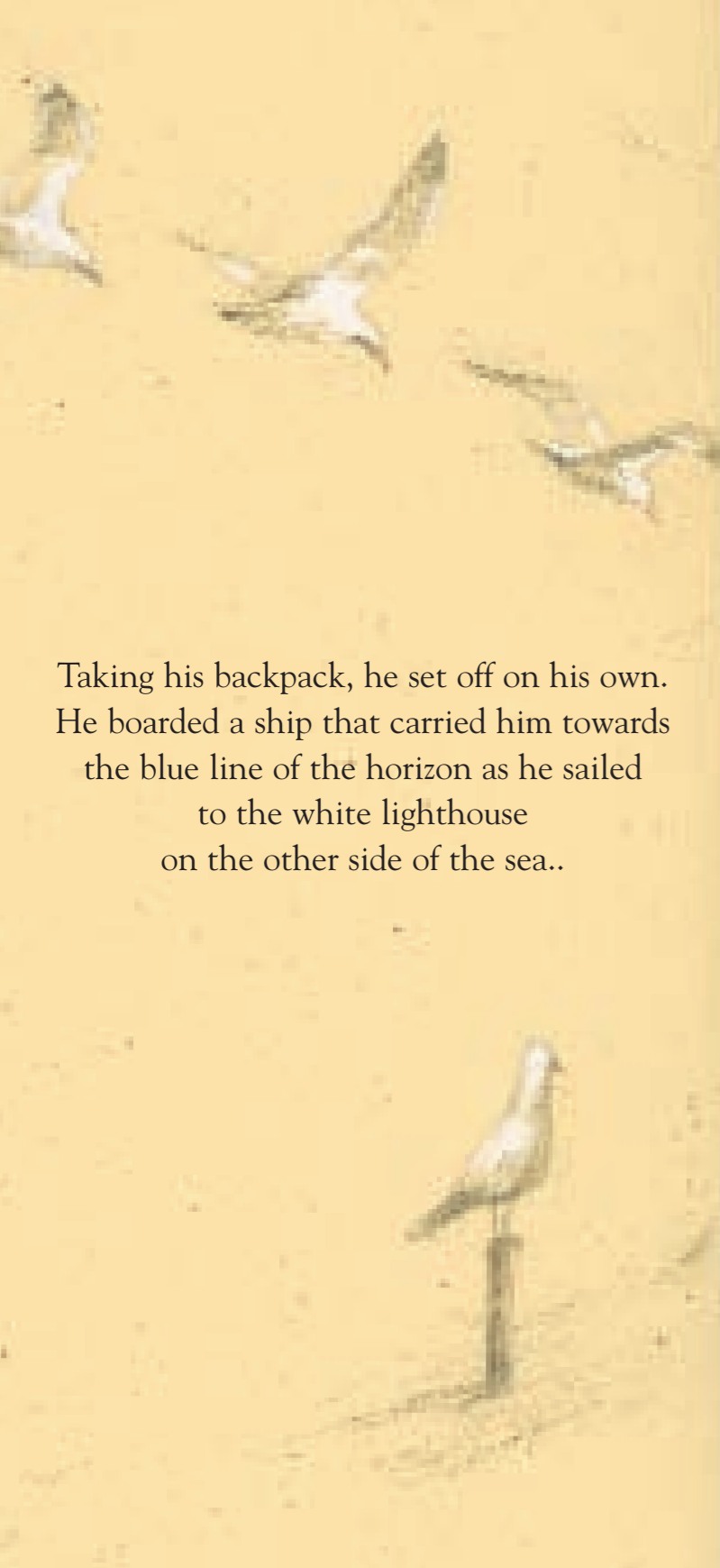
bleu,

horizon,

étoile...

And one day he sent a milk bottle
with a note containing these words:

"I'm coming".



Taking his backpack, he set off on his own.
He boarded a ship that carried him towards
the blue line of the horizon as he sailed
to the white lighthouse
on the other side of the sea..



Waiting for him on the shore was Marie Océane,
who hadn't had time to throw a red bottle into the water
that bore the message:

"I'll wait for you here".

