



A tale by

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Super Lapipotte

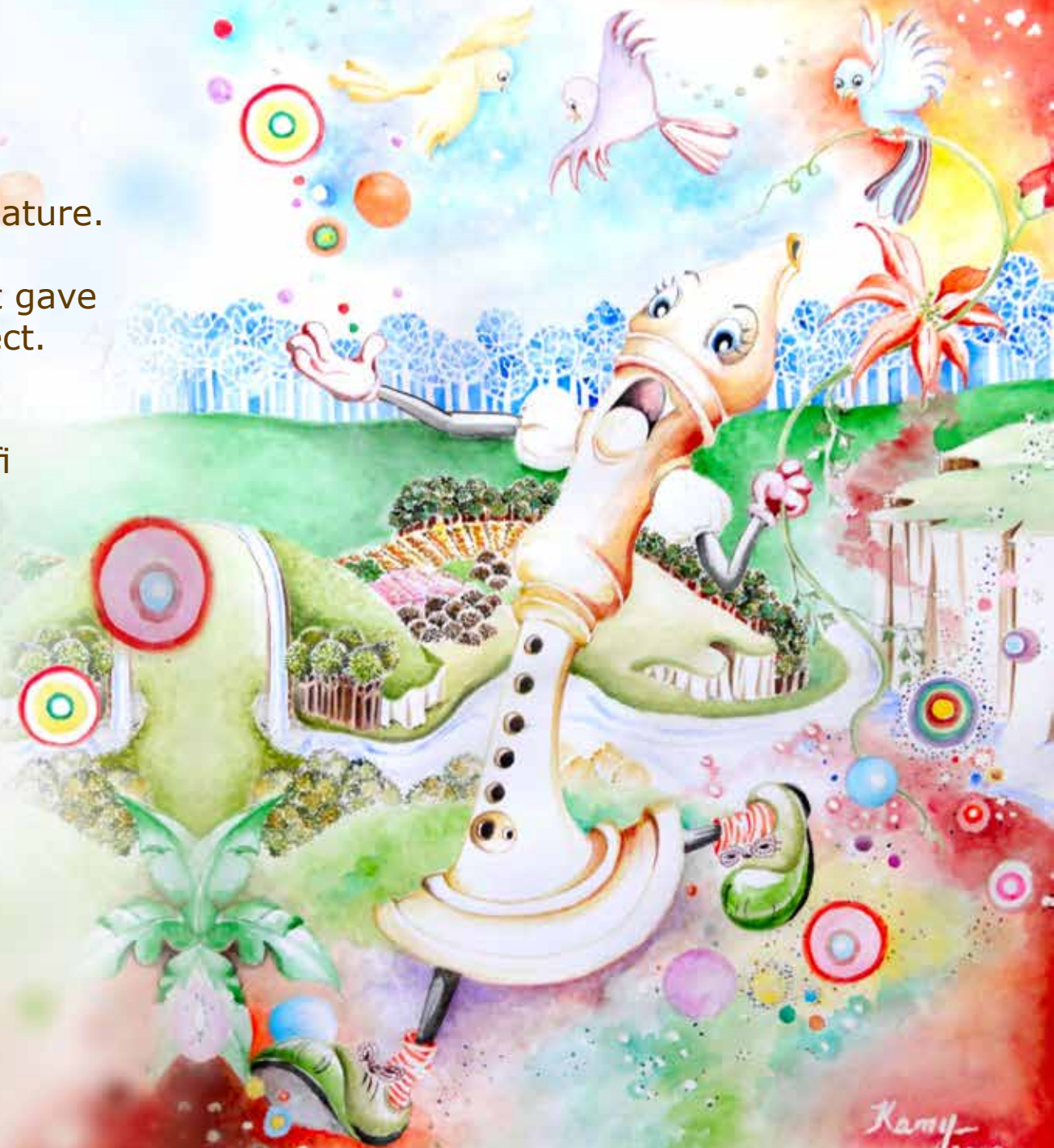
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Super Lapipotte was a joyful recorder
She played since she was small
happy and lively tunes
that she imagined from the sounds of nature.

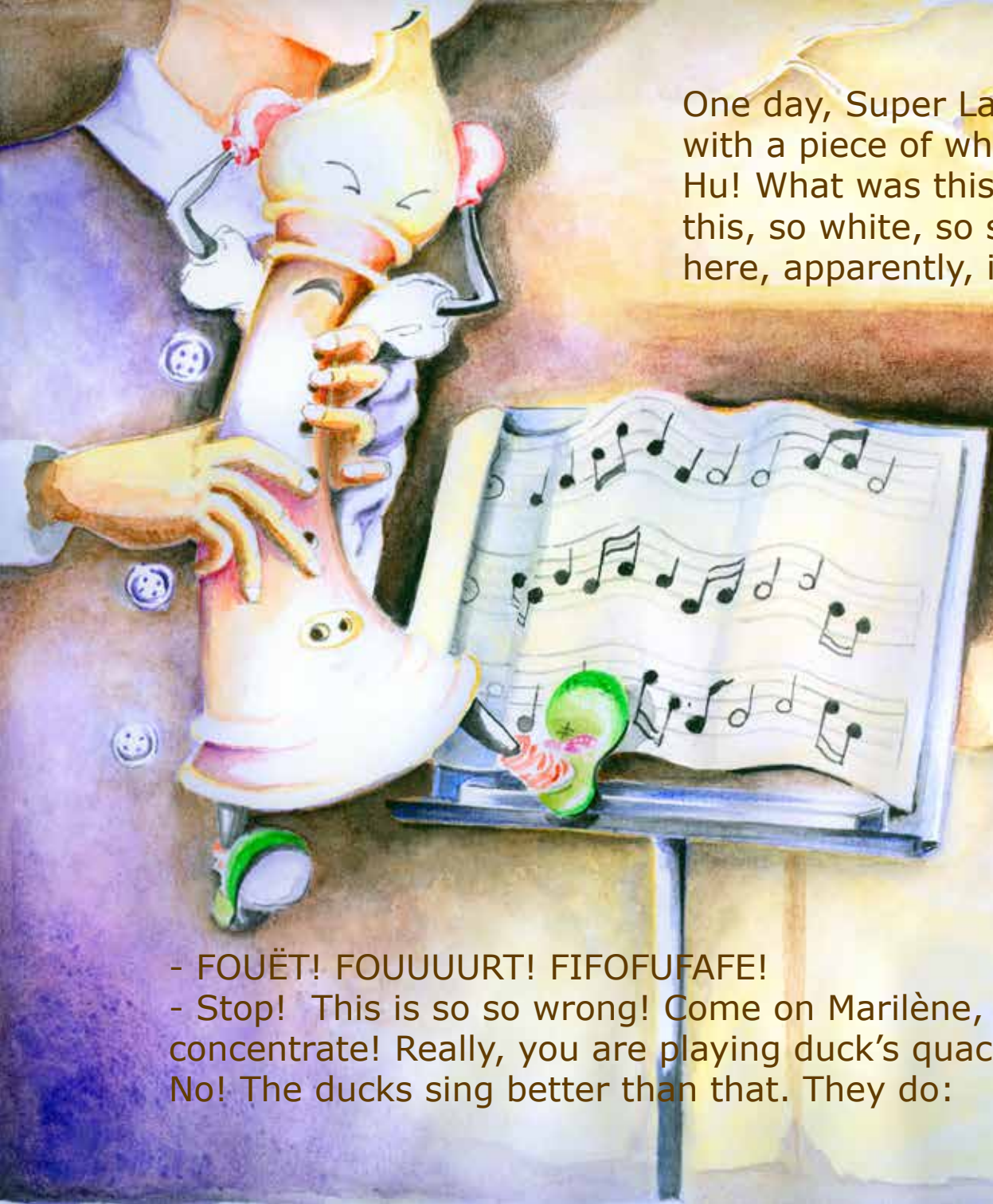
This cascade that was running down? It gave
a light PFUI FUI FUI of the loveliest effect.

Those birds singing in the wood
and here was a concert of Fifififi fifififi
a pleasure to the ears.

The sound of the wind in the leaves?
The recorder responded by a beautiful
FAFAFEFEU...



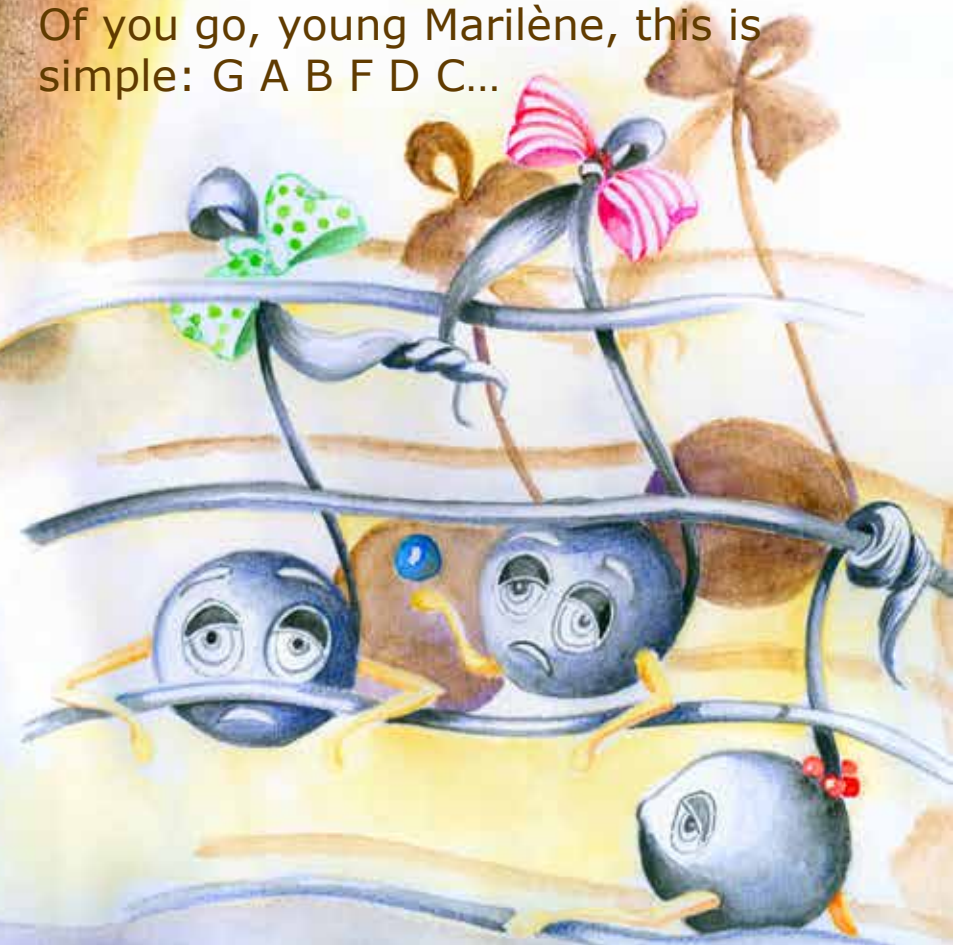
Kamy
2009



One day, Super Lapipotte, has the surprise of finding herself with a piece of white paper under her nose. Hu! What was this piece of paper? Never seen a thing like this, so white, so square... Nature has its creations! But here, apparently, it did not seem as

natural as it looked. It was resting on a metallic piece of something, highly sophisticated.

Of you go, young Marilène, this is simple: G A B F D C...



- FOUËT! FOUUUURT! FIFOFUFAFE!
- Stop! This is so so wrong! Come on Marilène, concentrate! Really, you are playing duck's quack! No! The ducks sing better than that. They do:



- FOIN FOIN FOIN FOIN FOIN

- Marilère, be serious! Stop being childish! So, read attentively your score, look here, we start slowly... Here, (sol la si) G A B... Come on, just play this! Look, a rabbit is running in the forest! Super Lapipotte imitated it musically.

- FA TA FOP , FA TA FOP, FA TA FOP...!

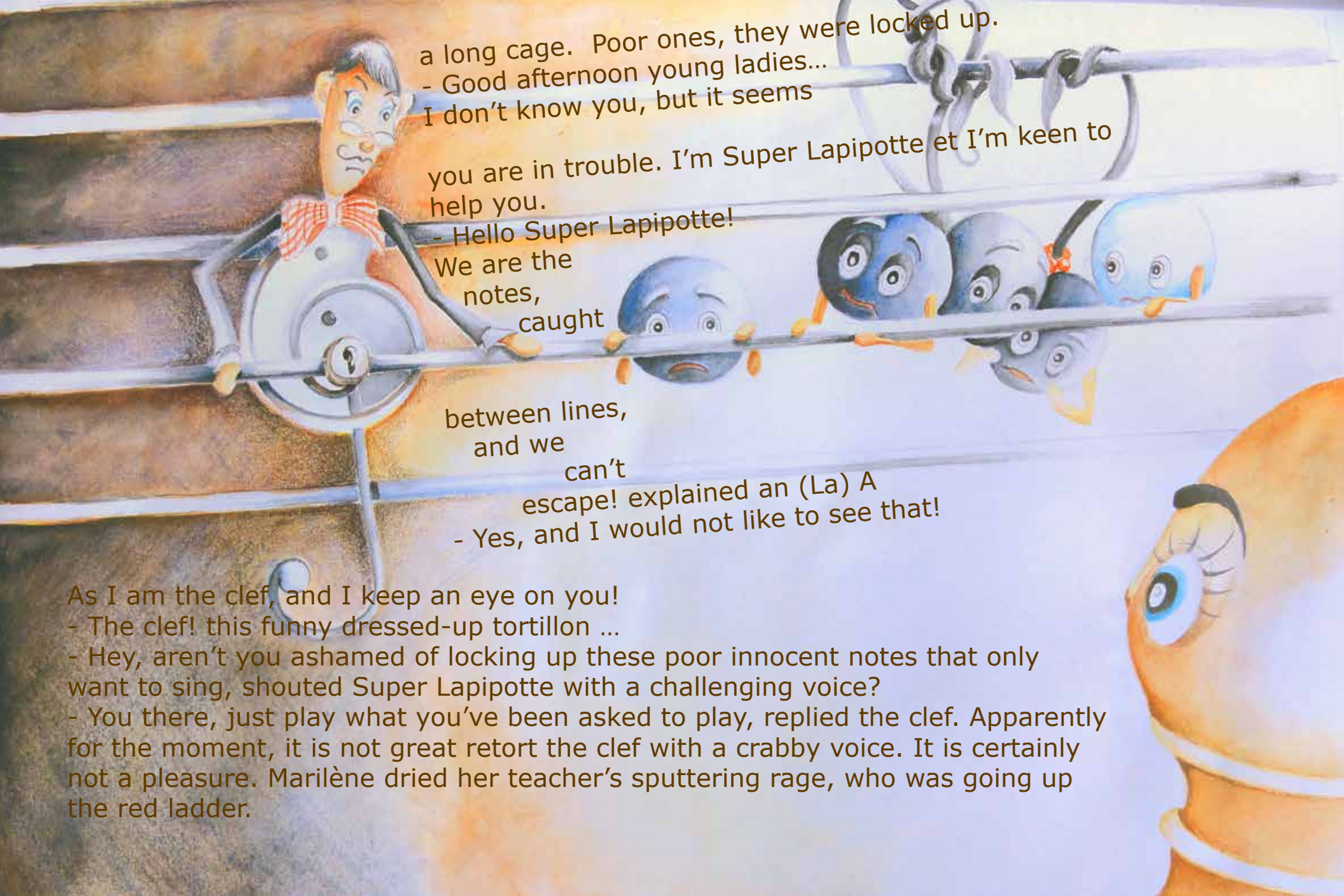
- Oh grrrhhh ! Marilène, that's enough! It is rather easy! Give-me your recorder!

The poor instrument found itself engrossed in two hairy hands. Ouch! Impossible to move, the grip was strong.

- FOL FA FI FA FI FE FO! Did you hear this lovely melody? Your turn now : follow the notes on the score, and you play them.

Super Lapipotte looked at the white sheet with more interest. Undeniably, the paper was covered with little black dots, stranded in





a long cage. Poor ones, they were locked up.
- Good afternoon young ladies...
I don't know you, but it seems

you are in trouble. I'm Super Lapiotte et I'm keen to help you.

- Hello Super Lapiotte!
We are the notes,
caught

between lines,
and we

can't
escape! explained an (La) A

- Yes, and I would not like to see that!

As I am the clef, and I keep an eye on you!

- The clef! this funny dressed-up tortillon ...

- Hey, aren't you ashamed of locking up these poor innocent notes that only want to sing, shouted Super Lapiotte with a challenging voice?

- You there, just play what you've been asked to play, replied the clef. Apparently for the moment, it is not great retort the clef with a crabby voice. It is certainly not a pleasure. Marilène dried her teacher's sputtering rage, who was going up the red ladder.

OK, Ok! She was going to play
recorder played a super (sol la
F D C! Huh, nothing really exciting,
but he found that pleasing.

- Now, it's my turn!

The recorder headed to the **stave.**

She started to whistle
ear. Even trying harder to
sounds, the clef still hangs on.
Nothing seems to let her drop
from the starve.

- You are wasting your time!

If you think, this is you, little
cheap piece of wood that will
make me leave this genius score!

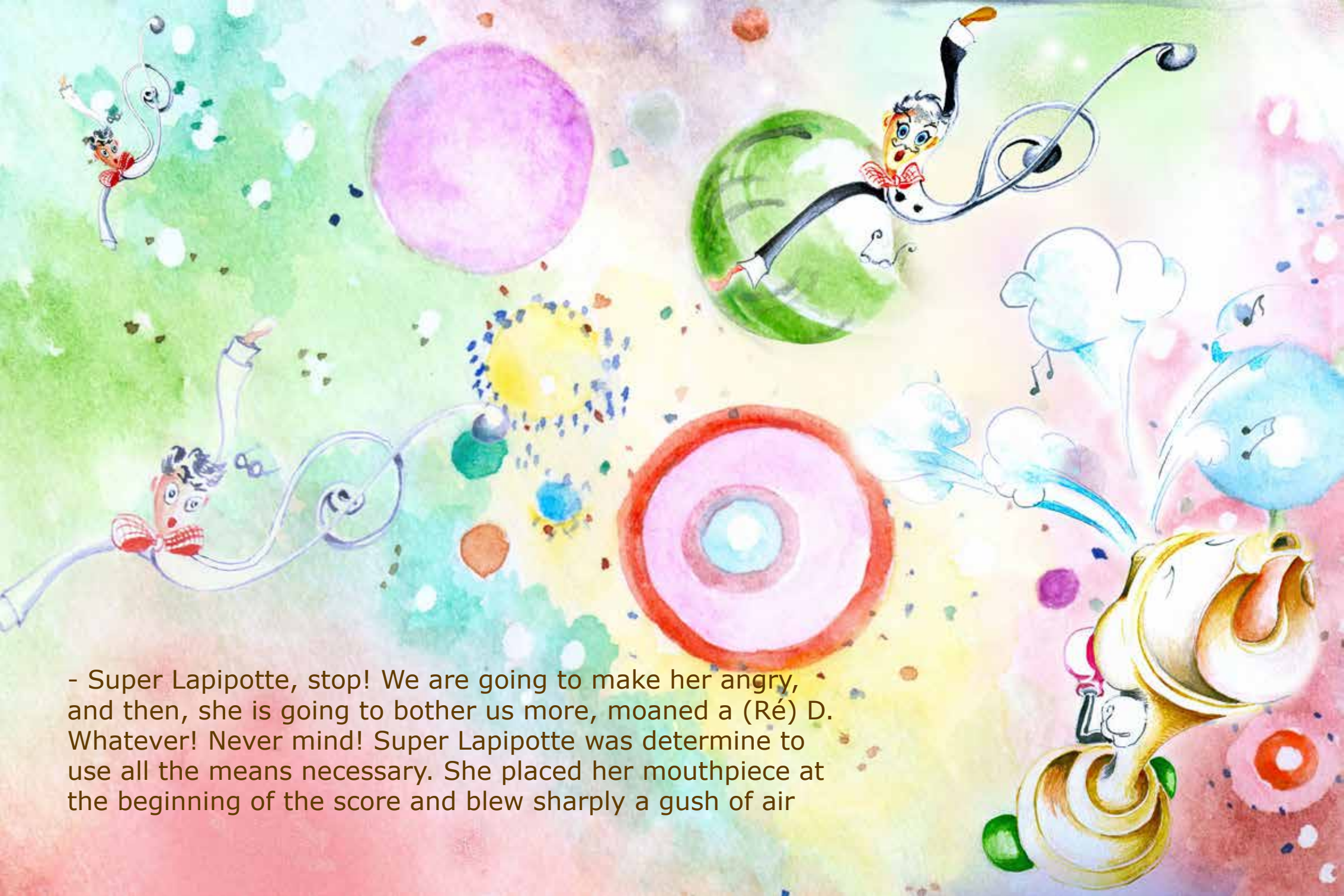
You are wrong! I've been here for centuries...

No, but does she think she is this big rounded little
Madam! On the score, the notes were balancing
their tails, shaking with fear.

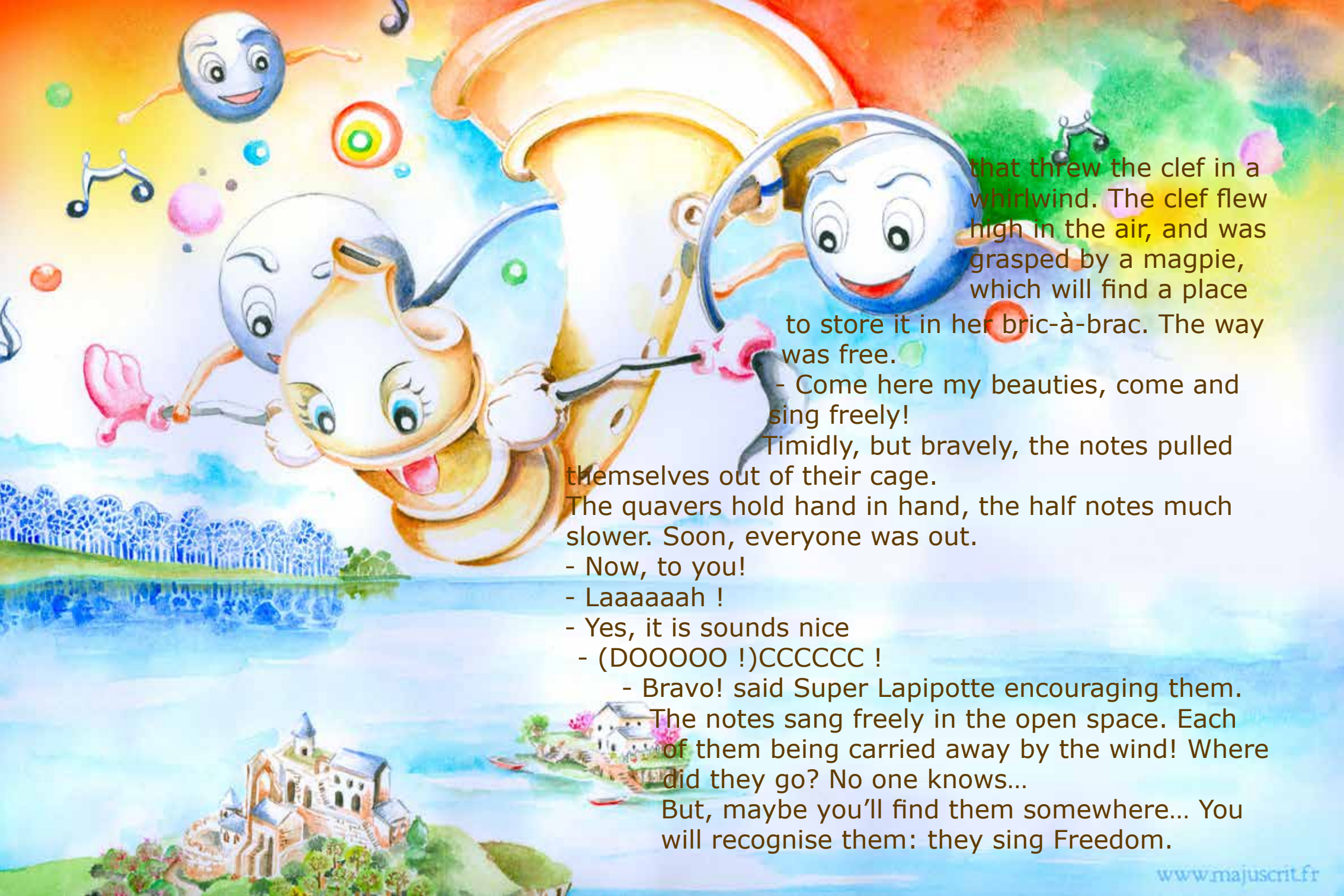
her part. And the
si fa mi ré do) ! G A B

loudly in the clef's
higher strident





- Super Lapipotte, stop! We are going to make her angry, and then, she is going to bother us more, moaned a (Ré) D. Whatever! Never mind! Super Lapipotte was determine to use all the means necessary. She placed her mouthpiece at the beginning of the score and blew sharply a gush of air



that threw the clef in a whirlwind. The clef flew high in the air, and was grasped by a magpie, which will find a place

to store it in her bric-à-brac. The way was free.

- Come here my beauties, come and sing freely!

Timidly, but bravely, the notes pulled themselves out of their cage.

The quavers hold hand in hand, the half notes much slower. Soon, everyone was out.

- Now, to you!

- Laaaaaah !

- Yes, it is sounds nice

- (DOOOOO !)CCCCCC !

- Bravo! said Super Lapipotte encouraging them.

The notes sang freely in the open space. Each of them being carried away by the wind! Where did they go? No one knows...

But, maybe you'll find them somewhere... You will recognise them: they sing Freedom.