

Nadine Passim

**As Well
Spent
The days**

Roman

JUST DREAM IN MY GARDEN

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R O M A N

Just dream in my garden

Titles in preparation:

The history of the son of Malika.

The vicissitudes of the life of Mr. Farid to the
Search for his personality.

Gely of Jaoul.

The revolt of the crunchy of the Rouergue and the
Segala in 1643 .

Isidore.

Our factor, a strange phenomenon.

The hope of next day.

The dreams of Lucien in search of a job.

Start Rocking our souvenirs.

The dreams of a retirement, Louis wants to rebuild her life.

The life a great storm.

A happiness never comes alone.
Ah! Finally, we are going to be able to work seriously.

Let us dream together
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As Well Spent The days.

*Between the valleys
The Tarn of the Aveyron,
On the Lévézou and the Segala,
There was much
Of land poor.*

Cela was two months ago that it was not falls a drop of water. A heavy heat went up from the earth, and the creeks, almost dry, seep gently between the stones. By rapid strokes, red osier dogwood demoiselles blue wings to shiny. The grass became rare. A slight breeze has fun to stir the leaves of the trees. The crickets were singing.

By a path of earth feeling the cut hay and cow dung. On his old bike, Charlou pedalait and perspiring in returning of Vezins, a village, crossed by a stream, passing under small bridges of stone. As everywhere, there is a church, a place with chestnut trees and two pubs. The men come take a glass of wine, share news of the country, talk about the troubles, disasters, memories, and also, drink and laugh a good kick.

Vezins is located ten minutes from the mas-Cabrit, the farm of the father Combe. The buildings are stone gray color ochre, the walls, that the rays of the sun are slipping with golden glints, are mounted to the sand, lime and to the earth. The main house, a floor, a roof in Les Lauzes and four windows lofts. It accesses to the entrance of the room by a staircase, made of beautiful stones of a single holding. Below the Perron, a vault protects the door of the cellar. And of course, there is a pigeonnier, whose beauty is a sign of wealth.

In angle of the house, on the right, there is the La Bergerie. The left side, by a large porte cochere to four doors of wood is opening on the court. It is between in the barn, or is located about twenty cows of the race of Aubrac, color rousse and the eyes outlined in white.

The lands are formed of a fifty hectares, of which twenty of good pastures, or three streams of living water flowing by weaving, and will soon meet to form the Viaur.

By the path of Vezins, Charlou tidings came behind the closed, opened a small door and passed through the barn to arrive in his room to whitish walls. A window was a little light, and the night, it is illuminated with a petroleum lamp. The bulkheads made of thick planks poorly attached, in winter, had the advantage of letting go the heat of the cattle. A wooden crate filled with straw, and a canvas bag stuffed with sheets of but, he served as a bed.

In a safe, Charlou dwarf its affairs: the black costume of the marriage of his father, a hairy felt, old photos, of Cannes. And also, wrapped in newsprint, the lamp of life, that he had left off at the death of his parents.

A wooden staircase that permitted access to the pailler, also used to keep the braids of garlic and onions, that the

contention was beamed by Tufts. By a window, with a pulley and a rope, one went up the hay. From up there, Charlou be divine services the racks in the barn, by passing the hay by traps

The ceiling of his room, wrapped around a wooden bar, sausage hanging down. Charlou in Marla ran a fold, sat down, of a sudden dry opened his knife on the edge of the table and is cut down a slice of bread. And then, while bite a cebe (onion), he went out in the courtyard, and is planted in the middle, watching the dog who was sleeping on an old bag. But, he took a step in the direction of the fields, Tango in a few good caught up with him and made him feast. Charlou, everything in the caressing, took a cheek in the corner of the large porch and exclaimed:

- Fetch the cows!

The Fila dog at any speed, marchers walked around this field and, gently, brought the herd in the direction of the farm. Charlou opened the mesh leaving a passage of two meters in a natural hedge, and waited until the flock to guide the beasts toward the barn. Tango, proud of his work, and threw a complicit gaze to his master.

Charlou clave the cows to the racks, or a little forage allowed that the beasts are occupied during the treaty. Then, he shot a pail of water to the tank, rinca a selha (bucket milking), sat on the stool to three feet, including the location of the buttocks was dug in the wood, and began milking.

This was more than an hour, that Charlou urged on the worse, when, a noise coming from the path attracted his attention. The small door opened and Bernat, the son of a farmer of Vezins, exclaimed:

- Charlou! Dalet has disappeared!

- Disappeared? With its mouth of Gripet (munchkin), it should be apparent with the devil!

- Do not say ca. Precisely, i was told that the other night, of the dracs invisible (geniuses malicious) were heckling.

- Or then, it may be well that he still had loaded the mule?

- Not more than usual ... but it would be preferable that we would find the other, said Bernat.

- When one is bewitched, he must put his jacket to the upside down, and sign. As ca, everything is arranged, perior Charlou.

- I remember a neighbor who the night, was feeling pain as if it was crushed between furniture. Well, my grandmother is arrival to the treat. She had the secret. It is true what I say to thee, and also, it was from the warts!

- I know the handset, it is with the plant fairy ... The Celandine, also called the grass to the warts, it is found on the walls and the edges of the paths ... Thou see! I know, often ca market, said Charlou.

- Tu te goofed again! My grand-mother, to begin, counted the number of warts and took as much of dry beans. And then, while making three signs of the cross, she said ... Warts hand! In swinging the beans by behind his shoulder in a well.

- Charlou laughed uproariously and asserted:

- It is great! And the warts fell immediately in the aiga. (water)

- Stops ... Do not say of couillardises! He had to wait three months, hyperaemia below Bernat.

- Good, I agree, but it must also walk for the emmerdements ... There are how many we have, we take

the beans ... AND VLAN! We fout all over the shoulder! Dialect Charlou laughs.

- We cannot talk with thee, you're bullshitting always in my mouth.

- But not ... I think thee. No longer debating, give me rather a hand, I must conclude the treaty.

A quarter of an hour later, the finished work, Charlou rinca the selha, pulled the bottle of milk in a cool room, and guida the beasts to the pre for the night. And then, he Ledbrook his jacket black and Placa two hairpins linen to the bottom of his trousers. And, as Bernat was already party, it is Eisenhower sent to straddle his old bike on the fly.

The night was beginning to invade the entire campaign. Charlou strongly supported on the foot pedals, zigzagging across the width of the path, which was not more than three irons of fork. Five minutes later, arrived in front of the bistro, he pulled his bike along the wall and pushed the wooden door. Cayrou, a young peasant explained to her:

- Leo and Jousep are parties seek Dalet on the path of the high mas.

- At this time, it is perhaps his home? Said Charlou.

- No, his younger brother is picked up to make the treaty. said Bernat.

- We must say to thee that he had been drinking a few pintous with the football team. Cayrou explained.

- More, everything that you have made him drink in playing cards. He was so drunk, that you pushed for it to leave. Said Bernat.

- Perhaps, but you know well, Dalet, it is as the robins, he has always thirst! Answered Cayrou.

On a table, Charlou took the log of Millau and traveled through the titles, while chatting with Germaine, who was polishing glasses behind the counter.

- The Fair of Millau has been good? Asked Charlou.

- We could not go there. You know, now, Leon takes care of his garden, of its piots (turkeys), of his ducks, and it does not want to move. replied Germaine.

- It takes more care of his animals than to his wife! Peyre said with a mocking smile.

- It does not surprise me, the fate of the cottage, the corner the more lost Lévézou. Cayrou asserted.

- Ah! Tu te mocked the other, but thou regardest not how thou screws. replied Germaine.

- Want, thy gavach (tryng), the that is, it arrives. said Charlou who had just discovered a small advertisement in the newspaper.

Leon filed his basket full of vegetables in the kitchen, and came to talk to his wife.

- There are still of the mouse in the cellar.

- Macaniche! You mean that there are more of.

- As you know well, I put the traps, but they breed like flies.

- They are more crafty than thee! Said Charlou.

- Since thou if Malin, please tell us what you would do? Asked Leon.

- I do want to try something, but I need a little bit of plaster. Answered Charlou.

- That is all, then come, this is not difficult.

Charlou arose, mit a sheet of the journal in his pocket, and followed him.

- Joker! Thou hast told stories? Said Leon.

- Given me of receptacles to dial my mixture. And thou shalt see. said Charlou while pouring two small piles of plaster end, it the saupoudra of flour, added a pinch of sugar and Placa the plates to a meter of interval, with water nearby.

Charlou and Leon were returning by laughing in the room, when Leo and Jousep went in to collapse on the chairs, and although being out of breath, they attempted to explain:

- It is incomprehensible! He had to take another route.
- You will not see it, said Germaine, you made the road head lowered, in piezoelectricity as if it were a race.
- Even with the moon, as there are clouds, there is nothing there! Insista Jousep.
- In his state of intoxication advanced, it has not been able to go very far. And then, it is easy, and tell me which of you mounted the most poorly to bike? Asked Germaine.
- With its heap of scrap metal! It is Charlou.
- Then, he reprograms the road, you will see, we will regain Dalet. asserted it.

This opinion doing so unanimously, ten minutes later, gathered in front of the bistro, they were about to leave. The lanterns hung on the handlebars, were swinging strange shadows that danced on the place. Charlou in head, the shipment sped away in the direction of the farm of the Dalet, went up a side lined with large beech, and then, a descent began with bad turning points. In the night, Charlou was going from right to left, all of a sudden, he swerved off and fell into the bushes. All rolodexes, believer find Dalet.

- In the running, I saw a dirt road. I am sure, he had to go straight! Perior Charlou.

The whole band crossed the road, to engage in Indian queue on the trail. And in the moonlight, this was an unusual procession. When, suddenly, Jousep exclaimed:

- We get home the Toulousain!

A discussion began on the advisability of drove them off, suddenly, a window s'ouvrit ... And, surprised to see this meeting in his court, under the glow of lanterns, the Toulousain asked:

- What are you looking for?

After a silence, Jousep answered with a voice nasillarde:

- Snails.

While pretending to seek in the grass, they journeyed along a field. The Toulousain the looked to move away in the night, without understand anything, and then, it Ehad its window. Now, all gathered behind a barn, in the silence of this beautiful night of August, they heard a hum.

- Someone dozen dainty delights by here. perior Charlou who, walking carefully, marchers walked around this building and went into the barn. It does tarda not to come out with the bike of Dalet and said:

- Peyre, just help me to wake him up. And you, go back gently, it should not that the Toulousain we hear.

Dalet sleeping like a baby, they began to shake him with force, without result. Then, Charlou picked up a straw and him chatouilla one ear, and here, a good Dalet jumped up with eyes haggard and exclaimed:

- For Heaven's sake-me peace! I sleep.

- Speaks more gently. Thou art in the barn of the Toulousain. Said Peyre.

There was a moment of silence, and as Dalet had not the air of understanding, Charlou said to him:

- Go, come! And do not make a noise.

The whole troupe resumed in laughing the path of Vezins. Dalet was charrier, not understanding what had happened to him. And for the disturb, each gave a different version of the adventure. Arrival at Germaine, the team began to play cards. But Charlou, while checking that he still had the page of the journal in his pocket, apologized for not being able to stay, and without further delay, joined the mas of-Cabrit.

The moon was high in the sky. Charlou does not smell the sweetness of the night. While piezoelectricity, he dreamed ... To work in his fields, see push but, barley, wheat, to the noise of the flock who returned to the barn, and after a rough day, find a woman welcoming.

In thirty years, it is normal to think of the marriage. And Charlou, concerned by this idea, does not live pass the path. Arrives at mas, he pulled his bike, opened the small door, and in the darkness walked toward his room. After you turn on its oil lamp, Charlou went out of his pocket the sheet of the journal, The was on the table and sat down to read these few lines: girl , thirty years ago, only in a large farm, seeks to meet a man, with breeding experience, serious, worker, in view marriage.

Disturbed by this text, Charlou was walking from one end to the other of the workpiece, and while bite in a piece of hard bread, repeated the announcement. But, it is the name and address that smote the more his imagination: write to Miss Marie. Announcement number 113, the log of Millau.

That evening, Charlou does not found the sleep easily, the farm of Mademoiselle Marie bothered him. At four o'clock, when his alarm clock sounded, he went out of the bed with difficulty, threw himself of the fresh water on the

face, is wiped, and departed drink his coffee in the room where he found the Berger.

The morning was long, our vacher had the head elsewhere. Of the midday meal completed, Charlou returned to his room, and immediately, the log sheet attracted him. It reread yet the announcement, and began to look around him ; everything seemed to him small and sad. Then, he decided to write a letter, but where to find the paper? Charlou searched them in the drawer of the table, when, by the window, and seeing a small neighbor, he rushed back to ask him:

- Annie! You would not get a sheet of paper and a pen-holders, I have an urgent letter to write.

- I will go and see, she said.

A few minutes later, she returned to sit on the edge of the window and said:

- Want, thee i've brought three, with my kit, glue and ink, ca te va?

- It then, which is nice, to me thou hitters. What can I give thee, perhaps of wild strawberries, with fresh cream, that in dis-tu?

- I am well.

- Wait for me, I am back! He said departing to the barn to flush its bowl and its base. What it had not done for a long time.

The gosse ate his strawberries, cream with greediness and is licked up the fingers.

- If thou in found, think of me. She said, and while slouched, went.

The sheets were on the table, but Charlou, its door-pen in his hand, remained without being able to write a word. The minutes passed, when, mechanically, he looked at his

watch and exclaimed: macaniche! The manure! It must be that i cure the cowshed.

The evening comes, after the meal taken in common to the large table of father Combe, Charlou does remained not with the shepherd and his Gosse, of a dozen years ago, to take the costs under the great chestnut trees. He came to his room, and without further ado, and began to write:

- It must be hard to be alone in a large farm, how many do you have on cows? Do you put the but? It must be a lot of land, and in addition to water, with the heat that it done.

Charlou reread several times its text. It was not, it raya everything and tried to simplify the sentences. The night was coming for a long time, when his draft him appeared acceptable. And without granting a minute of rest, he began to copy. What was a work more tiring than tilling the garden. But, with perseverance, his missive was finally completed. One could read: - I am called Charlou, I have read your advertisement in the newspaper of Millau. I am not afraid of the work and I know very well the problems of animal husbandry. I would like to meet you. Me, I am at mas de-Cabrit, to Vezins.

Now, satisfied, he proceeded to make an envelope. This work has been completed, and the letter placed prominently on the table, from his bed, before blowing the flame of the oil lamp, Charlou admira his opens. That night, he dreamed of large spaces, of plowing, wood fire and of marriage.

The next day, after the midday meal, Charlou journeyed to Vezins poster for his letter. And the whole week is spent waiting for a response. On Saturday noon, when seeing the factor, Charlou went forward to ask him:

- You don't have anything for me?

- My poor, if ca te fact as a pleasure, one of these days, I can write you! Answered Peyre laughs.

Having said to the father Combe that he does not eat at the closed at noon, Charlou came into his room and sat down, discouraged. When the window appeared a neighbor. It was a man large, dry, a little keystone, he was wearing a gray peaked cap him falling on the forehead, and we only saw its small laughing eyes. The father Tranier, which was supposed to have in the seventy-five years, said a voice roque:

- Want! The factor is wrong. I have a letter for thee. It reminds me when I was going to bring the mail to the resistant, in the grooves of the Viaur. And at that time, it was better hide what we was carrying.

Taking the letter tight in his hand, Charlou hoped that today, the grand-father does not dwell on them, and for the stop talking, he asked him:

- You are about to drink a glass of red and eat a piece of sausage?

- Not! Thank you, it is waiting for me at home. I said to my wife that i'd immediately. Go, adieusiatz!

Finally, it was party. Charlou, with a lot of emotion, Eisenhower sent to open the letter. The presentation was well ordered, the write fine and regular. He looked at the last sentence and especially the signature : to soon be read to you. Mademoiselle Marie Calvet.

In rereading this name, Charlou was experiencing a certain degree of pride, his dream became reality. In his letter, Marie Calvet asked many questions: - How old are you? Are your parents at mas de-Cabrit? What do you do on the farm? She spoke with love of life to the campaign,