

Franz Spengler

This book I dedicate our love, missing cat Felix,
it`s successor sweet Filou and
all animals of this world.

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When the animals were allowed to speak
for a day

Britta and her little sister Insa were once again allowed to drive to their grandmother during the holidays. Both were looking forward to that because they enjoy staying with her a lot.

The grandmother lived on a beautiful large farm, far out in the country. When the sisters were with her, they often were allowed to play on the meadow, where many fruit trees and flowers were blooming.

Behind the house on a small hill stood big firs and birch trees, which were swaying in the wind back and forth. In one birch you could see a huge bird's nest for a lot of years. Her grandmother had hung a bird nesting box in a pine tree, where each year the tits teased her offspring. In front of

the windows of her house hung planters, which she always colourfully planted and a arch made of roses decorated the front door. A narrow pass of stone slabs, where on the right and the left flowers and shrubs grew, led up from her street to her house. It always smelled deliciously of lavender and roses when you walked up to the house.

Grandmother has a kind face and a heart full of love for all animals and humans.

Her hair was white and sometimes also smelled like roses and sometimes like lavender.

Britta and Insa were mostly looking forward to the many animals, which their grandmother lovingly cherished and took care for. Some of them were already very old and hobbled a little. Chickens, ducks, geese, a sheep, a pig and a black and white spotted cow, which had a white

and a black ear were always on the meadow. But the highlight for the kids was the deer, that lived on the farm and had a large scar on the leg. The siblings went with a small train, that passed meadows and fields, where red poppies and blue cornflowers bloomed. Swallows flew nimbly and with a loud scream through the air and were looking after food for their offspring.

Britta pushed the window a bit down, so they could see everything better. Every time they laughed light up, when the wind blew their blond and curly hair in their faces.

At the edge of the forest they saw standing deer, which already had offspring and also ate together. “Look” said Insa. “The little deer have white dots on the fur. Has anyone painted on them?” A conductor, who just walked by with a little belly store with tickets around his neck

heard that and said to her “the lovely god painted these dots on their bodies, so that they can not be easlily recognized by their enemies as long as they are too small”

“Aha” said Insa interested. “Then surely it is the same for the young boars over there at the other edge of the forest, only that they have stripes instead of points.” “It is just the same”, he answered and looked at her with his big, thick beard and red cheeks smiling. Britta and Insa knew him from her previous trips to grandmother, where he always had taken care of them. Sometimes they got candies from him. He sat down for a while with them on a bench and looked together with the two girls at the beautiful area. Britta took a bar of chocolate of her little bag.” Look, conductor, this time we brought something sweet. Our parents have given it us

for you, because you are always looking after us so well.” She said happily to him. His eyes sparkled and he beamed all over the face. “We will share, because alone it does not taste as good to me,” he meant and broke the bar into three pieces and handed the girls the pieces, which were meant for them. “Thank you, dear conductor”. Britta was happy and took her chocolate. “ Yes , thank you” she mumbled indistinctly, as she already had put a big piece in her mouth.

“So I have to go on and to sell my tickets now” said the conductor, after he finished eating.” But I will look after you every now and then,” he promised. Britta and Insa only nodded, because their mouths were full with delicious chocolate. Both waved at him.

The ride lasted until afternoon. Finally the train stopped at the station and the sisters could leave the train. An old man, who helped her grandmother on the farm took the children with his little carriage. In front of the carriage was a horse with a light brown mane clamped from the station. He always wears a hunter's hat. Out of his mouth hung a tobacco pipe, which he never lit. He was like a grandfather to them and they liked him very much. They lovingly called him "Hunter- Grandfather", because a lot of years ago, he had been a great hunter. With attention he had observed, where they had disembarked from the train and walked towards them with outstretched arms. The girls ran laughing at him and let themselves fall into his arms.

“ Hello Hunter- Grandfather, that’s great, that you pick us up. Are you here with the carriage? Is grandmother well? Are the animals well?” they asked confused. “Slowly, slowly”, he answered smiling. ”I will answer your questions, during we drive to grandmother”. Together they went to the carriage. The old man climbed up on the wagon seat and helped the girls upstairs. On the short distance to the farm he answered all the questions of the sisters.

The way to get there was rocky and bumpy, but both girls found it funny, like they were rocking back and forth. When they looked at the farm, Britta and Insa were cheering loudly, because they already could see their grandmother. The grandmother was waiting for the children in front of her house, sitting on a bench, where she weaved wreaths of daisies.

She wore a white frilly apron , which she only

wears for the weekend or if someone visits her. On her nose she had round glasses. Besides grandmother was Felix the cat, who was sleeping, because he felt safe and secure next to her. He was almost blind in one eye and unfortunately he had no tail any more. “Brr” ordered the Hunting- Grandfather to the horse and tightened the reins. Obediently the animal stopped.

The old man rose from the driver’s seat and raised first Britta and then Insa from the carriage. The grandmother went to meet them and embraced both at once. Driven by happiness Britta and Insa gave her a big hello kiss on her cheeks.” What are the beautiful floral wreaths for?” they ask at the same time.

With a smile she puts the wreaths on the children heads.” For you both, my little angels”. “Thank

lively cried. While the sisters hopped around her till they reached the meadow with her.

Grandmother sat down in the grass and watched them romping around.” They look like elves in their white dresses and the daisies wreaths”, she thought and looked at them for a long time. As it was getting dark she stood up. “ Britta , Insa, I have to go to the stable and give the animals fresh hay and straw. The Hunters- Grandfather surely is waiting for me. When we are ready, I call you for dinner.”

“Ok, grandmother we keep on playing in the meantime” they cheerfully shouted to her. An hour later grandmother called her grandchildren for dinner. They rushed beaming into the house you, thank you dear grandmother,” the girls and ate greedily the delicious breads. For dessert there was a piece of apple pie, which grandmother has baked in the afternoon. After all

the plates were emptied, Britta asked her grandmother ” But I would like to visit the animals in the barn and wish them a good night.”

“ That is a good idea” agreed grandmother and got up from the table. Together they went to the barn, which is some meters away from the house. An old lantern burned dimly in the middle of the court. Their light already flickered a bit and many moths swarmed around the lamp. In the barn they see, that some animals already were sleeping because they were tired from walking around a lot. A chicken with a bandage on the leg limped towards them. They looked at the animal, which already lacked some feathers, because it was not that young anymore.

”Oh, the chicken has a stick on the leg,” cried Insa “Has it been injured?” “Yes”, answered

grandmother. “It had cockney bound on the dung heap and cackle. So it has crashed headlong. So, it has it now.” The chicken understood, what grandmother has said and looked at the floor with a lightly shamed face. It uttered a short “Gaaaag” more and took place in its nest, where it fell asleep immediately. The cock loved the chicken and wanted to protect it. So it clung to the warm body and spread his wings over it gently. “Oh grandmother, you are so good to all the animals” said Britta with a beaming face.” Other people would euthanize a sick animal or slaughter the violated chicken and throw it into the soup pot. But you take care for them till they will die by themself”.

“I am pleased about that, too,” cried Insa, who just stroked a little piggy, which slept on her arm”. “Don´t you eat meat and sausage therefore,

because you love the animals so much?" She asked. "Oh" answered the grandmother "That has to do with a story, that I would like tell you as a bed time story, if you are not so tired." "No" exclaimed both." We would love to hear the story. They quickly said goodbye to all animals and wished them a good night. "Beautiful dreams" whispered Insa, as she shut the stable door. Also the Hunter- Grandfather goodbyes and drove his carriage at home. He looked forward to his loyal dog, which guarded the house and which would greet him like every evening with a cheerful barking.

After Britta and Insa had washed themselves in the bathroom and brushed their teeth, they laid down in their beds and were waiting impatient for her grandmother. "Till grandmother will come, we could pray our night prayers for love

god,” she suggested. Both spoke deepened prayer, which know all children:

“Now I lay me down to sleep
Pray the Lord my soul to keep
and if I die before I wake
Pray the Lord my soul to take.

Amen. “

scarcely they finished the prayer, when their grandmother came into the room.” Now I tell you a story, which has really happened”, announced she mysteriously. Excited the girls looked at her. The grandmother put out the big bright ceiling light. Then she sat down in the rocking chair and turned on the small reading lamp, which stands near the bed on a chest of drawers. On the wall you could see her head clear and the rim braided pigtails. The children

looked a while with big, round eyes on the shadows on the wall. Only as the grandmother has started her story, they both looked at her excited.

Now grandmother started to tell:” It was on a balmy summer day, when suddenly all the animals on the earth had the need to migrate to a specific location. They did not know why, only, that it must be a beautiful place. Most of them had often dreamed about this. Now they wanted to see, if this location was real. But first, the senior leadership of each species discussed. “We cannot go out all at once. Our young, weak and ill siblings perhaps would not make it.” “Hm, hm, that is right.” They slowly swayed their heads back and forth. “Then only the strongest animal from each animal group goes” they decided unanimously. To provide enough power

for the long hike, they still took enough food for themselves. Some were swimming in the river or lake, to be fresh for the journey. Then they went out, not knowing where the road will lead them. But all knew exactly, that they will find this location, if they will pay attention to their feelings. The remaining animals were waving them long after until they had disappeared on the horizon. “Please come back to us again soon” cried some sad and silent behind. A lot of them thought” what will they expect most likely?”