Journey on a Cloud

A Children's Book Inspired by Marc Chagall

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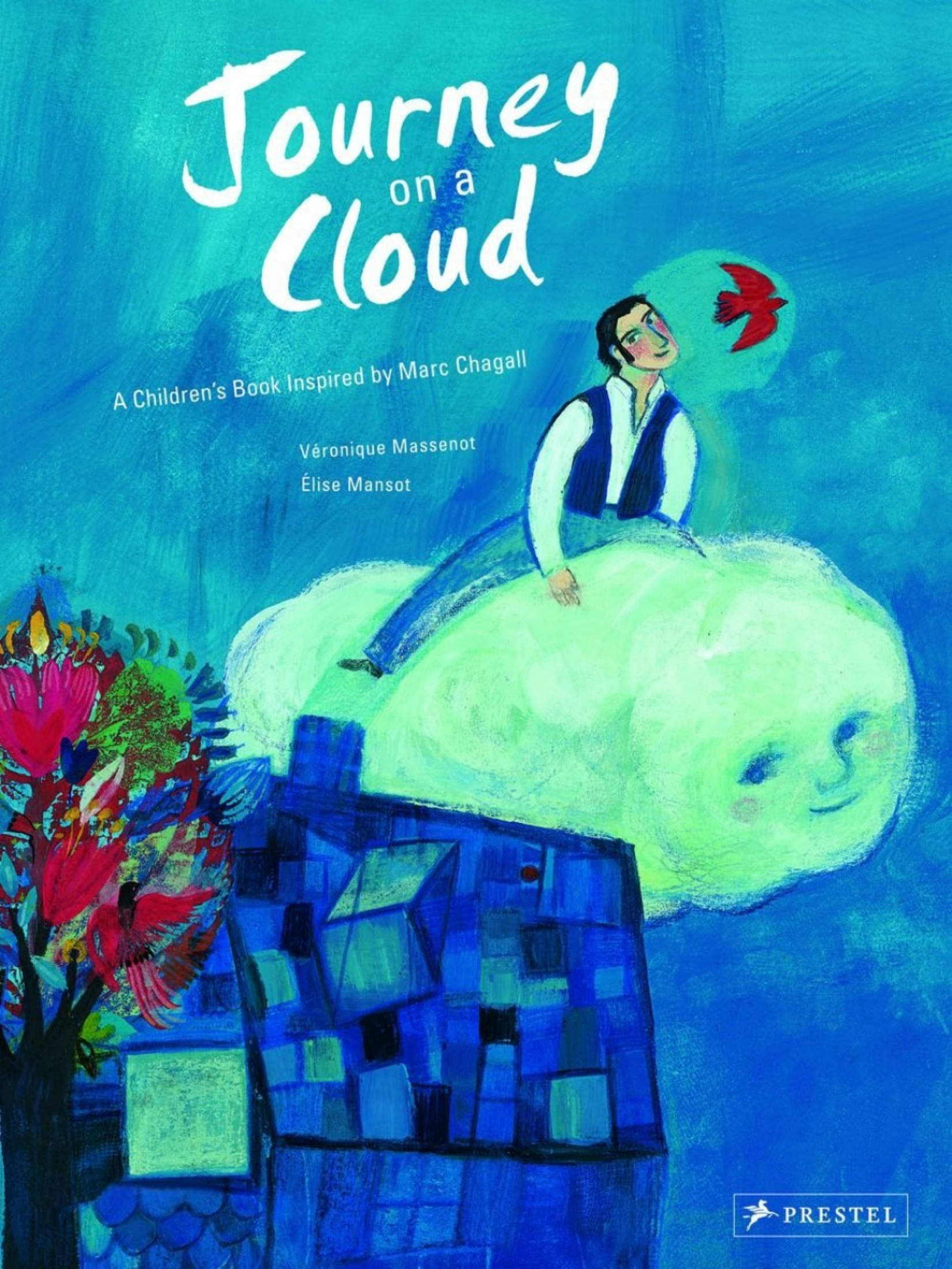

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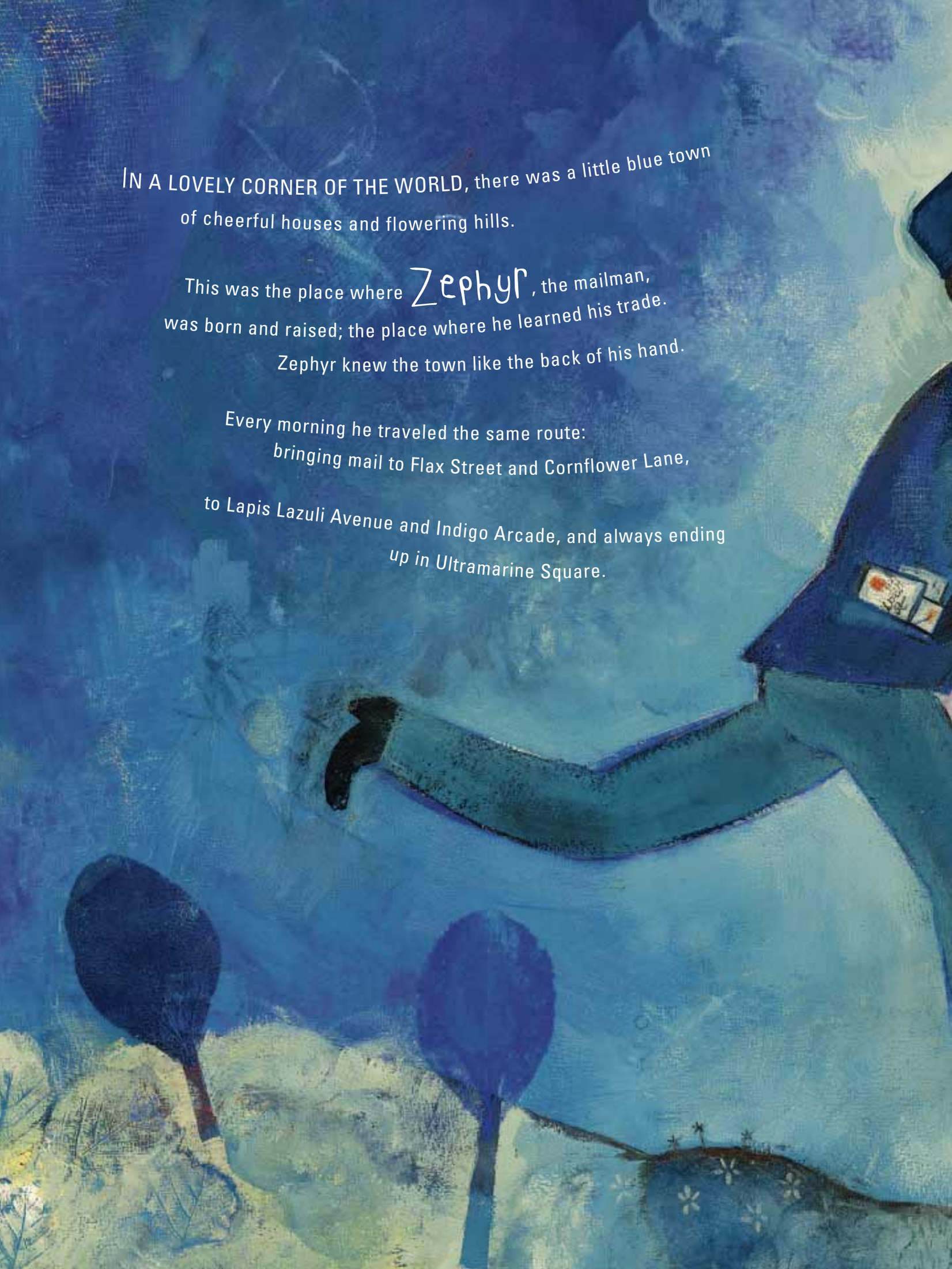


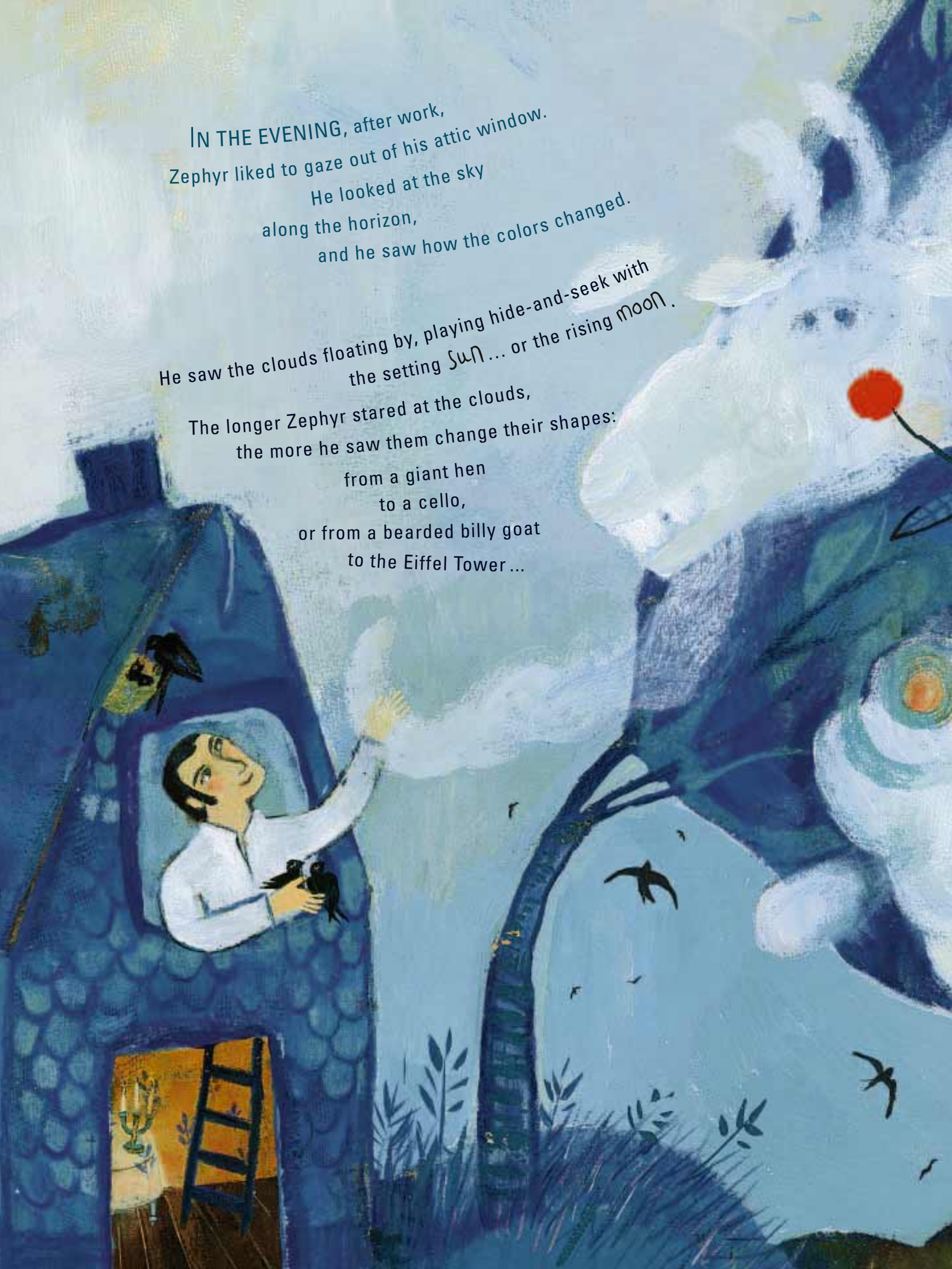
IN A LOVELY CORNER OF THE WORLD, there was a little blue town
of cheerful houses and flowering hills.

This was the place where Zephyr, the mailman,
was born and raised; the place where he learned his trade.
Zephyr knew the town like the back of his hand.

Every morning he traveled the same route:
bringing mail to Flax Street and Cornflower Lane,

to Lapis Lazuli Avenue and Indigo Arcade, and always ending
up in Ultramarine Square.

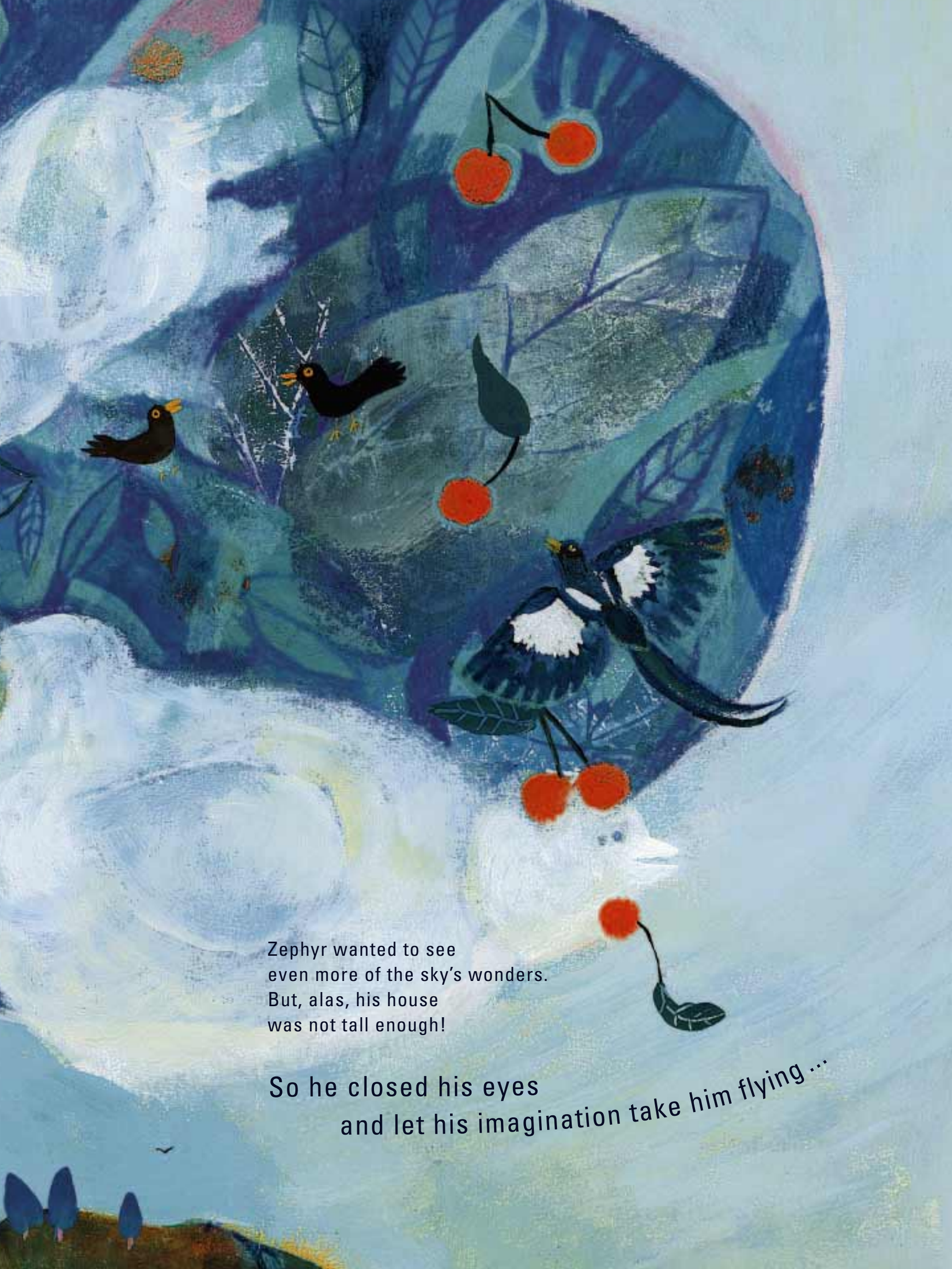
bird



IN THE EVENING, after work,
Zephyr liked to gaze out of his attic window.
He looked at the sky
along the horizon,
and he saw how the colors changed.

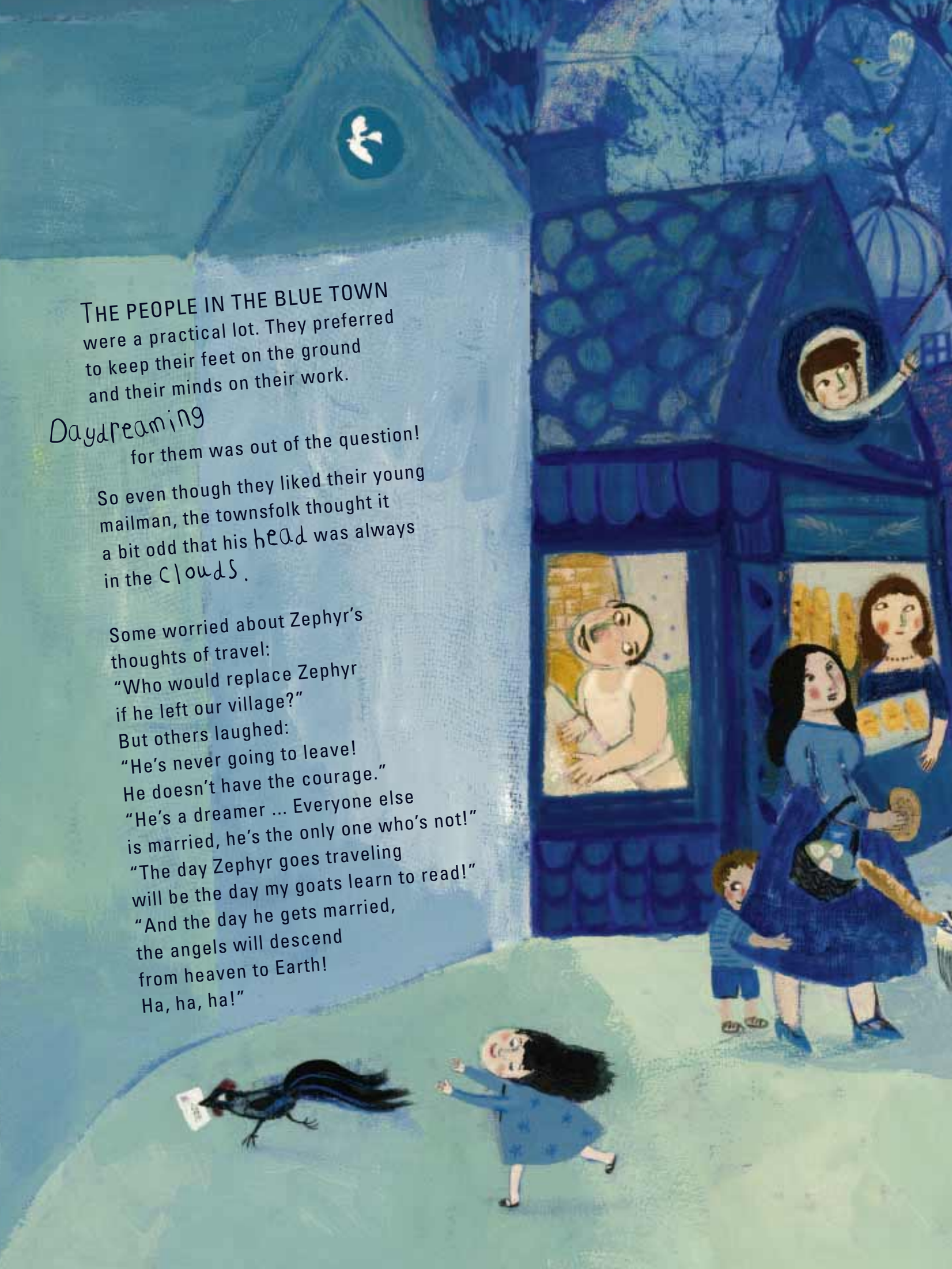
He saw the clouds floating by, playing hide-and-seek with
the setting sun ... or the rising moon.

The longer Zephyr stared at the clouds,
the more he saw them change their shapes:
from a giant hen
to a cello,
or from a bearded billy goat
to the Eiffel Tower ...



Zephyr wanted to see
even more of the sky's wonders.
But, alas, his house
was not tall enough!

So he closed his eyes
and let his imagination take him flying ...

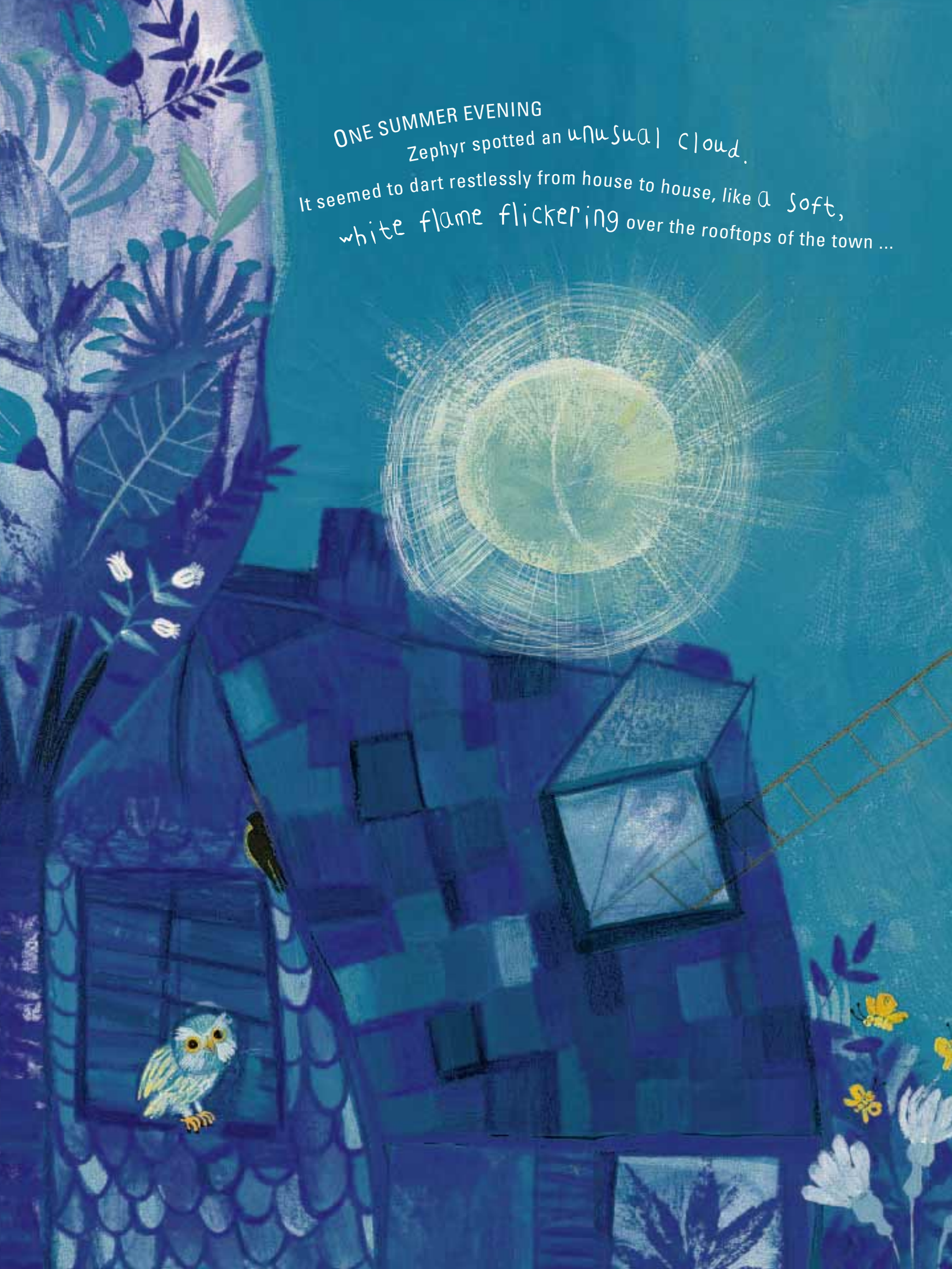


THE PEOPLE IN THE BLUE TOWN were a practical lot. They preferred to keep their feet on the ground and their minds on their work.

Daydreaming for them was out of the question!

So even though they liked their young mailman, the townsfolk thought it a bit odd that his head was always in the clouds.

Some worried about Zephyr's thoughts of travel:
"Who would replace Zephyr if he left our village?"
But others laughed:
"He's never going to leave! He doesn't have the courage."
"He's a dreamer ... Everyone else is married, he's the only one who's not!"
"The day Zephyr goes traveling will be the day my goats learn to read!"
"And the day he gets married, the angels will descend from heaven to Earth! Ha, ha, ha!"


ONE SUMMER EVENING
Zephyr spotted an unusual cloud.
It seemed to dart restlessly from house to house, like a soft,
white flame flickering over the rooftops of the town ...

As the cloud came towards Zephyr's attic window,
the mailman's heart beat faster and faster. He waved to the cloud
as it approached him, anxious to learn its secrets.
"Hello!" Zephyr shouted in greeting.
"Hello!" answered the cloud, somewhat breathlessly.
"What can I do for you?"
"You have traveled all around the world," Zephyr said.
"What is the most beautiful thing you have seen?"
"That's too hard to say," sighed the cloud.

"Climb aboard and see for yourself!"