

EVRIDIKI AMANATIDOU



THE BREEZE AND THE CHIMNEY



Evridiki Amanatidou lives in Athens, even when she rests in her own world, hanging out with her other self, Eriia. Although she has studied in Law School, she always preferred playing with words, paper and pencils. For argument's sake, so far, four of her novels and a children's theatrical play "A hat for the professor", which was awarded by the Ministry of Culture, have been published.

Some of her texts can be found in various websites such as:
www.schooltime.gr, www.deity.gr,
www.mesogios.gr, www.onestory.gr,
www.antiepilogou.gr, www.fresh-magazine.net

She would be glad to meet you all in her e-homes: <http://evriamblogspot.gr> and <http://politeiatiserilias.blogspot.gr> or in www.facebook.com/evridiki.amanatidou

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THE BREEZE AND THE CHIMNEY

Illustrations by
APOLLONIA PARAMYTHIOTI

Translated from Greek by
JOHN ZERVAS



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Cover, illustrations:	Apollonia Paramythioti apolloniaart@yahoo.com
Translation from Greek:	John Zervas jhzervas@yahoo.com
Page layout:	Konstantina Charlavani k.charlavani@gmail.com

Saita publications
42 Athanasiou Diakou str, 652 01, Kavala, Greece
T.: 0030 2510 831856
M.: 0030 6977 070723
e-mail: info@saitapublications.gr
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Once upon a time there was a cool Breeze, welcomed by everyone, anywhere he went. The trees would move their branches with joy; the blossoms would tenderly sigh and open their petals. The leaves rustled happily.



The people would look at the sky and guess from its color that the Breeze would soon pay them a visit. They would wait excited for him to cool them, sweeping with his blow all the heat and tiredness, taking away their cares and troubles. They loved him very much, thus he would play with them. He would blow the girls' long hair and dresses, the boys' short pants that were playing in the streets; the Breeze would softly caress the human bodies.



He would not however stay for long, for it was always in a rush, a true passer-by. He liked travelling and wanted to see the whole world. So, since he had no ties anywhere, the Breeze would blow and leave once more.

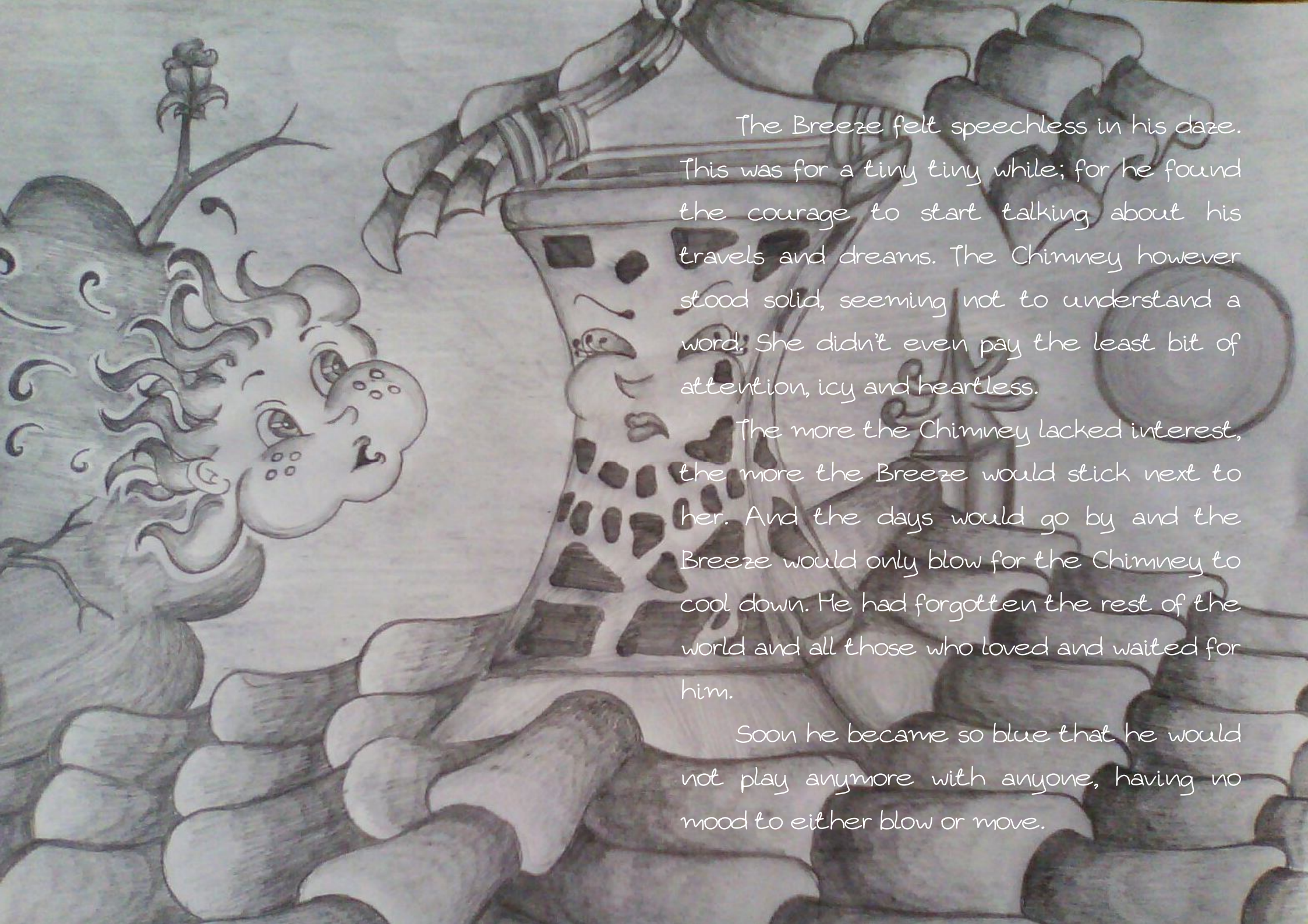


Until...

It was a sunny day and the Breeze run across the country, daydreaming. He thought of places far away and about its next journey to be, maybe in Africa, perhaps in Australia. So, while going forward, he crashed in all his speed on a Chimney.



Dizzy, it took some time for the Breeze to come around. And when he recovered, he marveled at the most beautiful Chimney he had ever met. She was a hot red, made of bricks in odd shapes, and on her top there was a nice triangle made of black roof tiles that shined as if they had just been polished. At day time she would sparkle under the sun; at night, she would bathe tenderly under the moonlight.



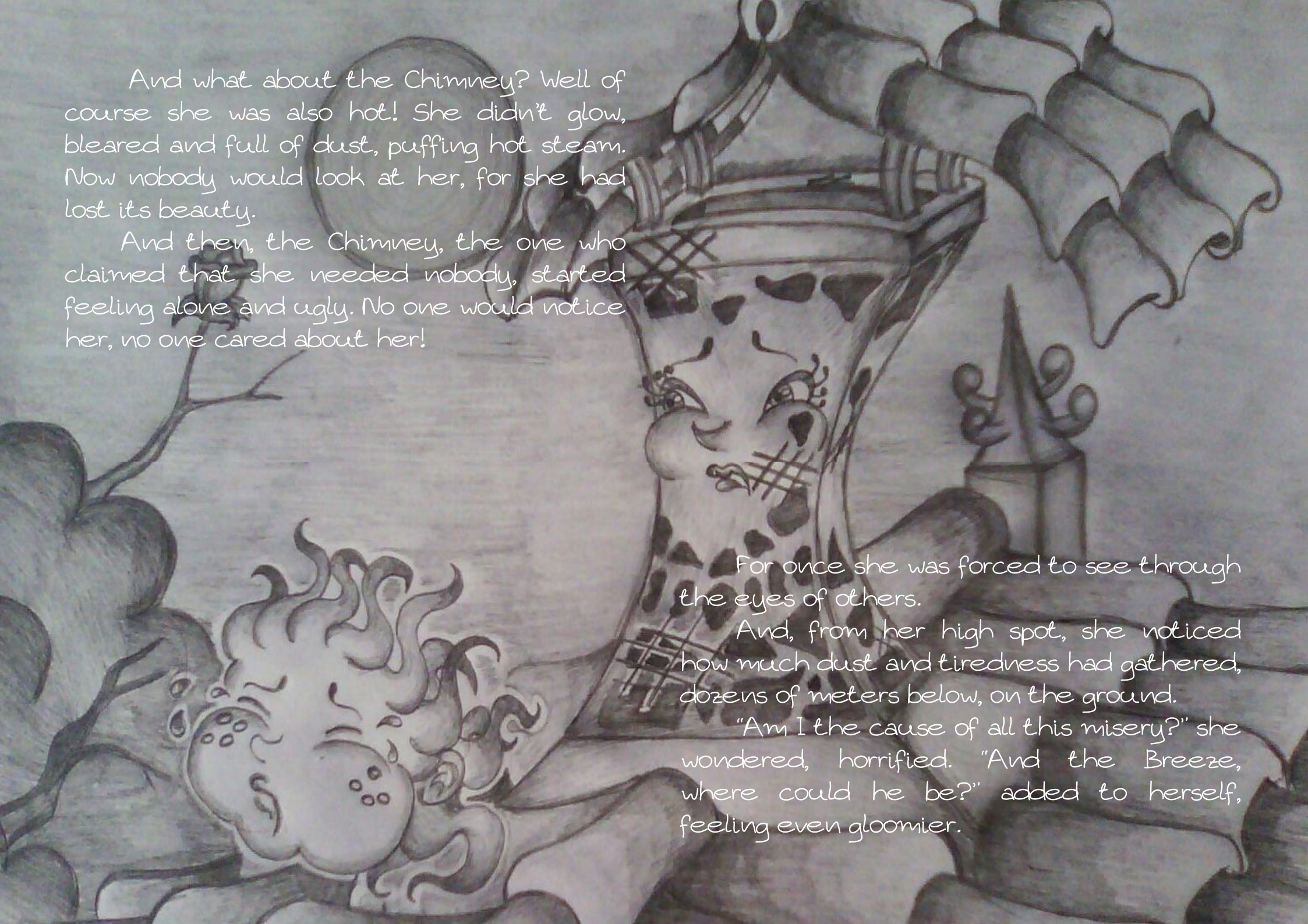
The Breeze felt speechless in his daze. This was for a tiny tiny while; for he found the courage to start talking about his travels and dreams. The Chimney however stood solid, seeming not to understand a word. She didn't even pay the least bit of attention, icy and heartless.

The more the Chimney lacked interest, the more the Breeze would stick next to her. And the days would go by and the Breeze would only blow for the Chimney to cool down. He had forgotten the rest of the world and all those who loved and waited for him.

Soon he became so blue that he would not play anymore with anyone, having no mood to either blow or move.



In the meantime it was mid summer and the heat was insufferable. Trees and flowers alike had their dusty branches facing towards the ground. The spring waters would gurgle no more, for they only made a muffled sound as they flowed lazily. Even the children didn't play in the alleys and the yards. All felt tired, shaking their heads, saying the Breeze had forgotten about them. Everyone was chocking, hopeless for a bit of cool.

A whimsical illustration in a muted, greyish-green color palette. In the center, a tall, anthropomorphic chimney with a sad face, large eyes, and a small mouth looks down. It has a lattice pattern on its body. To the left, a fire character with a surprised expression, large eyes, and a wide open mouth is shown. The background features a large, dark, leafy tree on the left and a smaller, stylized tree on the right. The overall mood is melancholic and reflective.

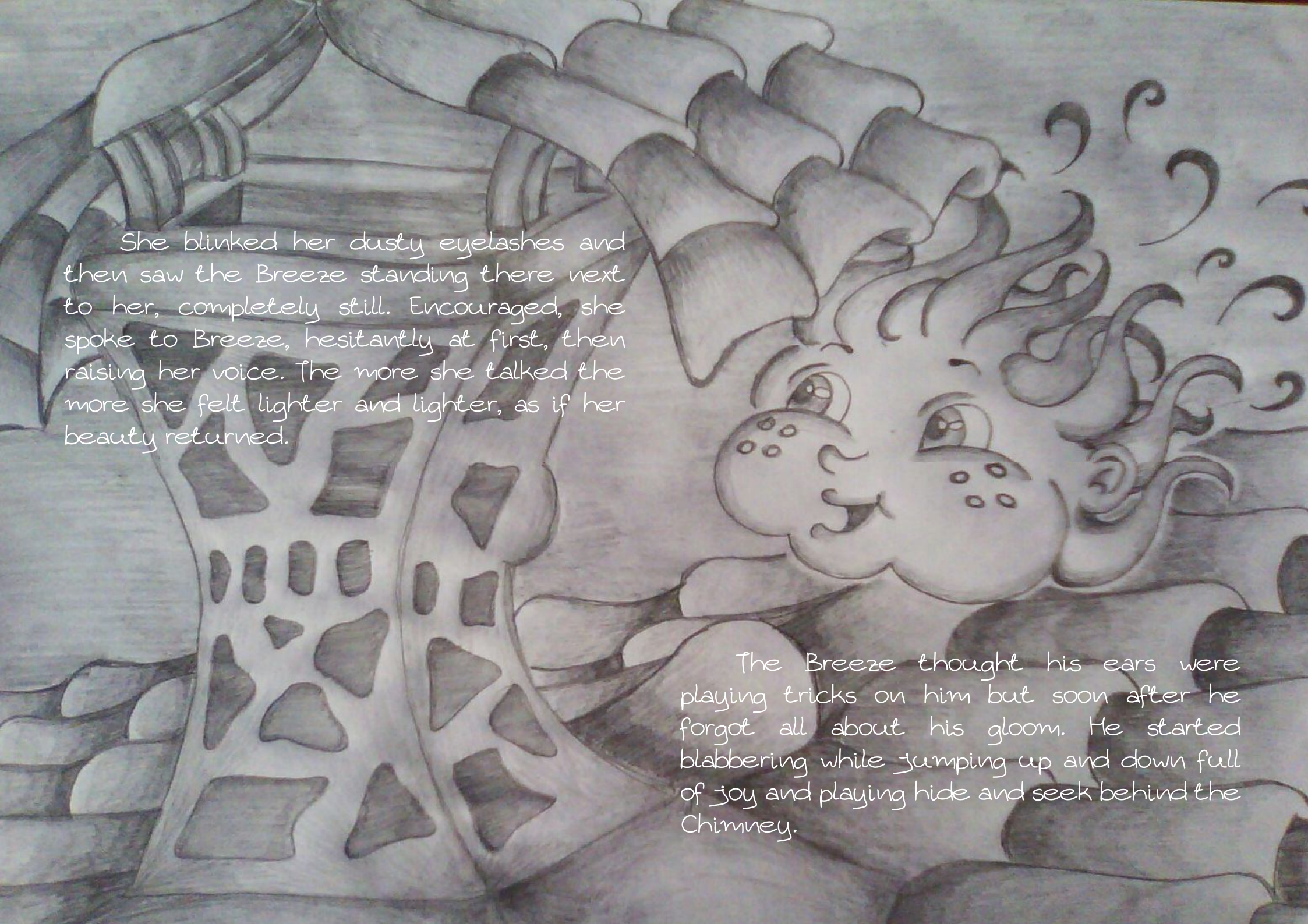
And what about the Chimney? Well of course she was also hot! She didn't glow, bleared and full of dust, puffing hot steam. Now nobody would look at her, for she had lost its beauty.

And then, the Chimney, the one who claimed that she needed nobody, started feeling alone and ugly. No one would notice her, no one cared about her!

For once she was forced to see through the eyes of others.

And, from her high spot, she noticed how much dust and tiredness had gathered, dozens of meters below, on the ground.

"Am I the cause of all this misery?" she wondered, horrified. "And the Breeze, where could he be?" added to herself, feeling even gloomier.



She blinked her dusty eyelashes and then saw the Breeze standing there next to her, completely still. Encouraged, she spoke to Breeze, hesitantly at first, then raising her voice. The more she talked the more she felt lighter and lighter, as if her beauty returned.

The Breeze thought his ears were playing tricks on him but soon after he forgot all about his gloom. He started blabbering while jumping up and down full of joy and playing hide and seek behind the Chimney.

Afterwards he blew with might all the dust that had gathered on her. And after that he rushed to blow for his old friends and all was again as it was, or rather, even better than before.

You may have also heard this story. Maybe in those cold winter nights when the air hums loudly through the chimneys. Or maybe in warm evenings when you and all your friends gather in front of a fireplace...



Urgent announcement

It's me again, Erilia. Apart from being a storyteller I am also a bit of a meteorologist. And since our story has to do with a breeze, what would you say if I asked of you to make your own weather report?

About the breeze in the story, how would you imagine it? I have some spare cotton, tissue paper, old buttons (those I think I'll use them to make the chimney!). What other materials do you think we could use to fashion it?

In our story the breeze is tender and wants to make friends with the entire world while the chimney is a big egotist. What if however things were different? What if the chimney was the good one and the breeze would not notice it? How about writing your own story?

What if someone told you that he wants to make a dance play out of our little story, how would you write the songs for it? Truth be told, it would not be a bad idea for me to see the Breeze and the Chimney in a play!

The breeze is a playful one. Imagine if a strong wind blew right now. Surely the story would be different once again. The Breeze has a big family. If I would give it a wind's name I would call it Zephyrus which is sweet and cool. Nevertheless there is many more like Tramontane, Ostro, Levante, depending on their origin, their direction and their characteristics. And depending on all those, our story can change and become as long and adventurous as we like. I am leaving you now; I am off to listen about tomorrow's weather...

Erilia...

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