



ROYAL
DE LUXE NANTES

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The grandmother's memories behind the Planck Wall

The first time I ever ate something, I was almost small: I had only two toes. They told me the others would come later. Every year my grandfather would cut a new one from the shoe tree with his secateurs. He cut a rose bud which he would then delicately sew onto me for hours. I must say, I was happier about him looking after me than about growing up.

When, finally, my feet were close to completion, I was able to begin some movement; and when I saw myself in the mirror, I discovered a beautiful grandmother without any scaffolding, sparkling with hope, my hair pulled away by the big fan of the giant elephants busy moving the clouds to place them in the factories in Chicago, in charge of transforming them into flatten slices of blues that people used to put on their record players. .

I was so very proud and pretty like the bouquets of balloons sold in fairs that lift hippopotamus into the sky.

One day with my grandpa's suspenders we had made slingshots. Of course we were having fun knocking over the planets hanging in the universe. It created meteorites propelled 4 millions years km/h that were exploding like billions of intergalactic rocks. It created light about everywhere and colors we had never seen before. Well I should say that we were screwing up, it was strictly forbidden, we had been told like so: "No messing with the balance!" My girl friends and I didn't care about the balance one bit, given that for one they hadn't sown all of our toes on and we had to stay like that all damn day sitting on the cliffs, before the eternity. So, there was a sky map that we had snatched from the grandpa's pocket. We knew how to read, for sure. So we aimed at the areas that were the kind where it was written strictly no touching ... And boom, one day we touched. It created a vibration like the explosion of several suns on the highway. A magnetic field more vibrant than the mix of many oceans into a cocktail shaker The universe gave off a transparent ray. And everyone came beside us to watch the result. Some had tears. We felt stupid, so stinking stupid I can't even tell you.

And then everyone left. We looked at each other. And they came back later to get us to bed as we couldn't walk. They didn't say a thing. But the next day we were yelled at really bad. It went on all day long. We were in big trouble, really... They got angry and angry again... real dummies good to hang in a closet! And in the evening, while I was crying under the blanket, my grandpa came. He smoked his pipe, sitting. And he said quietly; and I remember that the sweetness of his eyes was floating on the ceiling: "kiddo, you didn't destroy the rock completely, but you killed the dinosaurs."

In the end with our foolishness we had created men and women.

Years later, finally we were taught how to run. The uncle of my best friend's brother, freed our cheetah trained to galop around the stars pursuing comets. He dashed faster than light, and in the amazing skidding of his turns sometimes he would hit his head onto the planets; unbalanced he would flit around in space before crashing stiffly onto the big rocks.

A huge party was preparing and we were playing rope that jumps and hopeless hopscotch, and that's when turning my head towards the table I found: the fork! The device was immense and it came apparently from the sky thrust like a javelin with the help of a crossbow. In any case those forks had gone through the very thick woods of the table and planted straight into a pig which was walking around eating leftovers. The impact surprised the whole population. Never had we seen such a projectile. That's when hundreds of families threw in the air handfuls of Sulphur; provoking lightnings above us: broken bits of chaotic light cracking like whips on the clouds. An army of firemen were catapulting icebergs in the cosmos and that was making us dream out of pleasure. At that precise moment, my friend pinching my arm showed me the highlight of the show. We had a guest. A guest coming from the other side of the Planck Wall. From memory of hippopotamus never a souvenir party have whisked more unforgettable smells. That immense giant although smaller than us was called Rabelais, François was his first name. He started immediately to cook, and taught us the grandmother's recipes. Saucepans bigger than overturned buses were used as terrines for giant patés. He would pour tons of boiling water on the trees, making the roots come out and run away like snakes that he would grasp for the soup. Many and many imaginary recipes then entered our young grandmother's memories. Finally he went back in the wall. However little we were, my girl friends and I fell crazy in love, the cactus in the lemon and the heart laying near the rocks fallen at the bottom of the sea.

Well, now we go to bed! Tomorrow I will bury myself with my little black one. Come wearing white to accompany us on this big departure...

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