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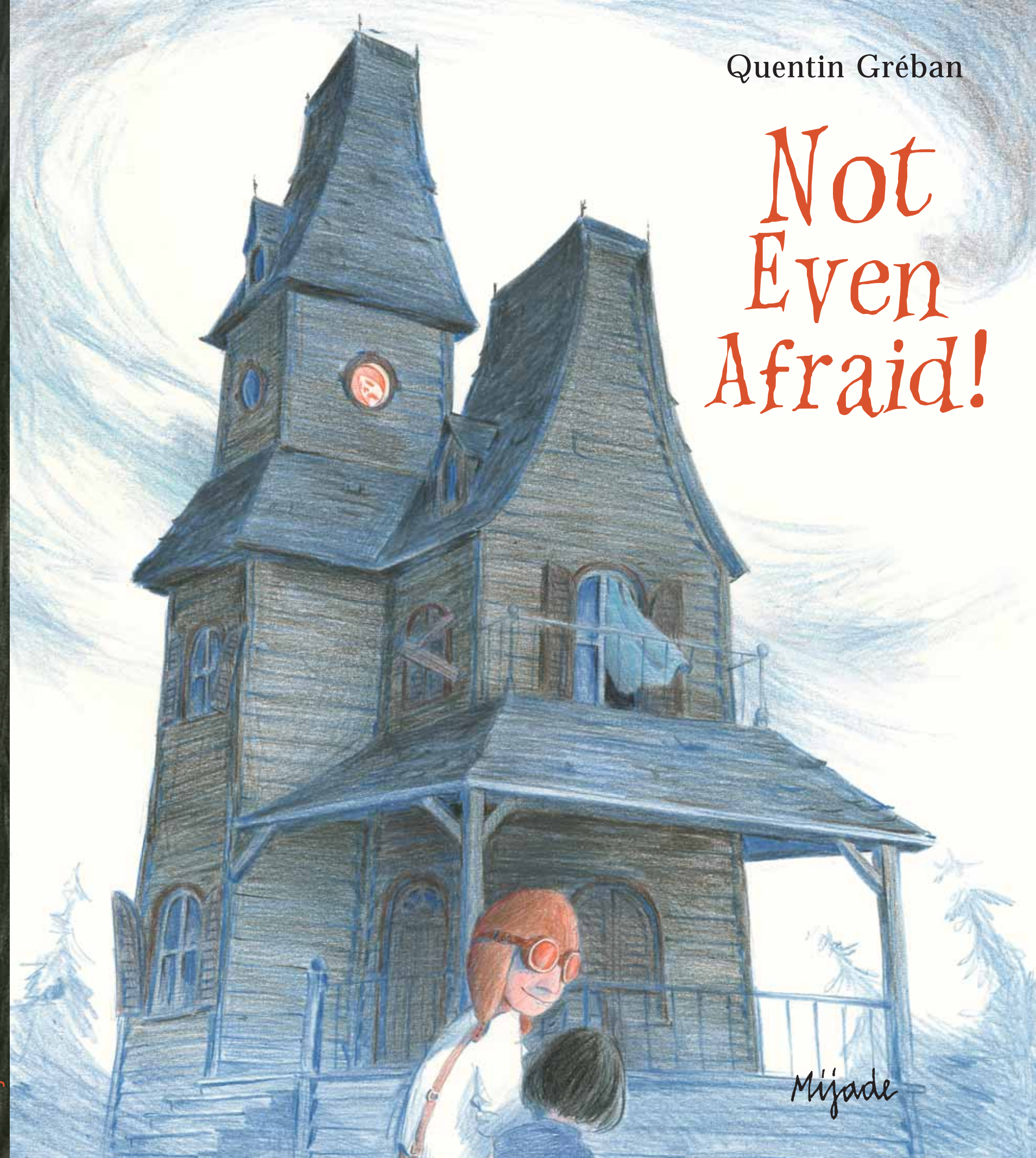
Quentin Gréban

Not Even Afraid!

Mijade

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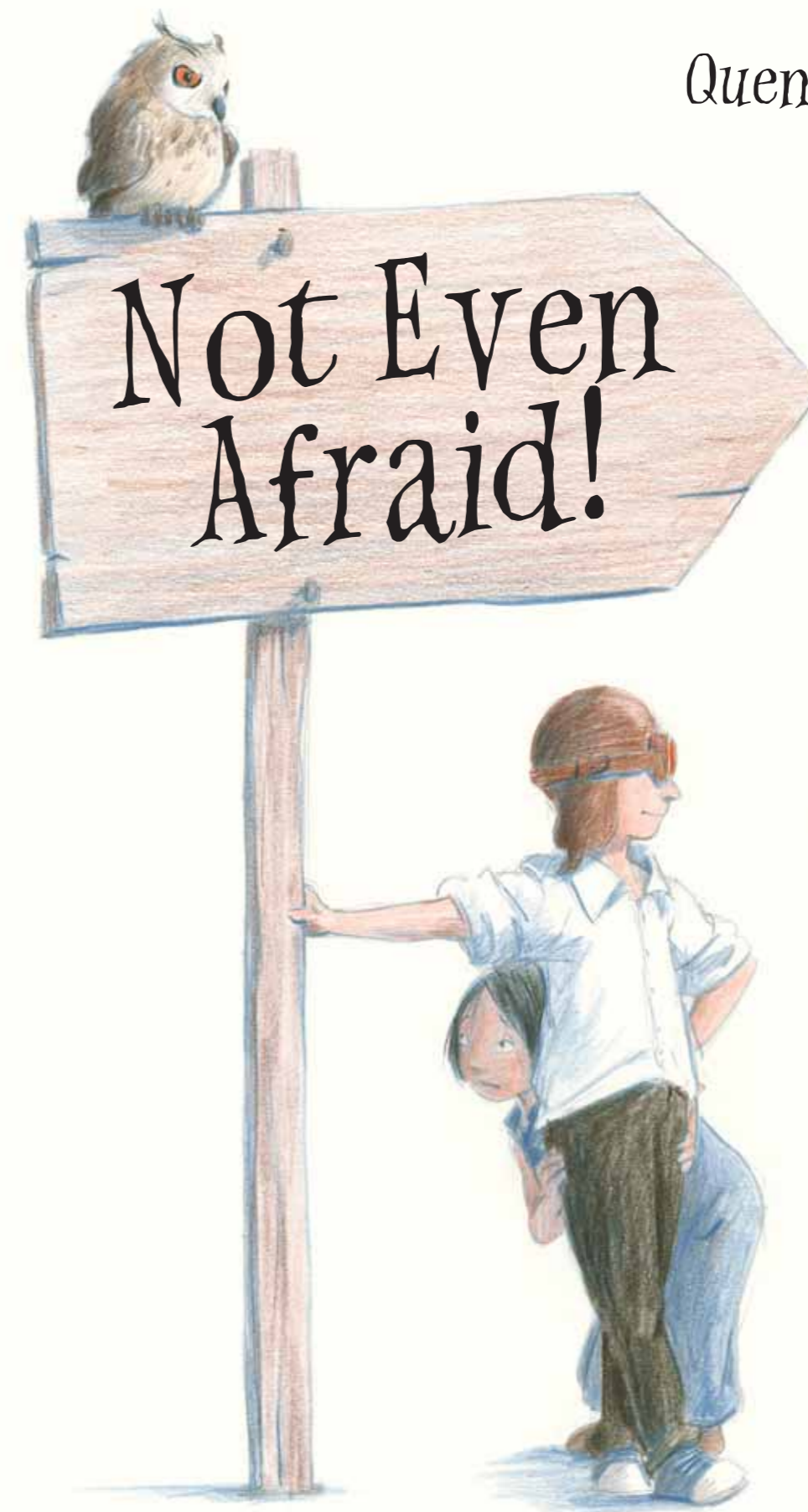


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Quentin Gréban

For Hélène
Q.G.



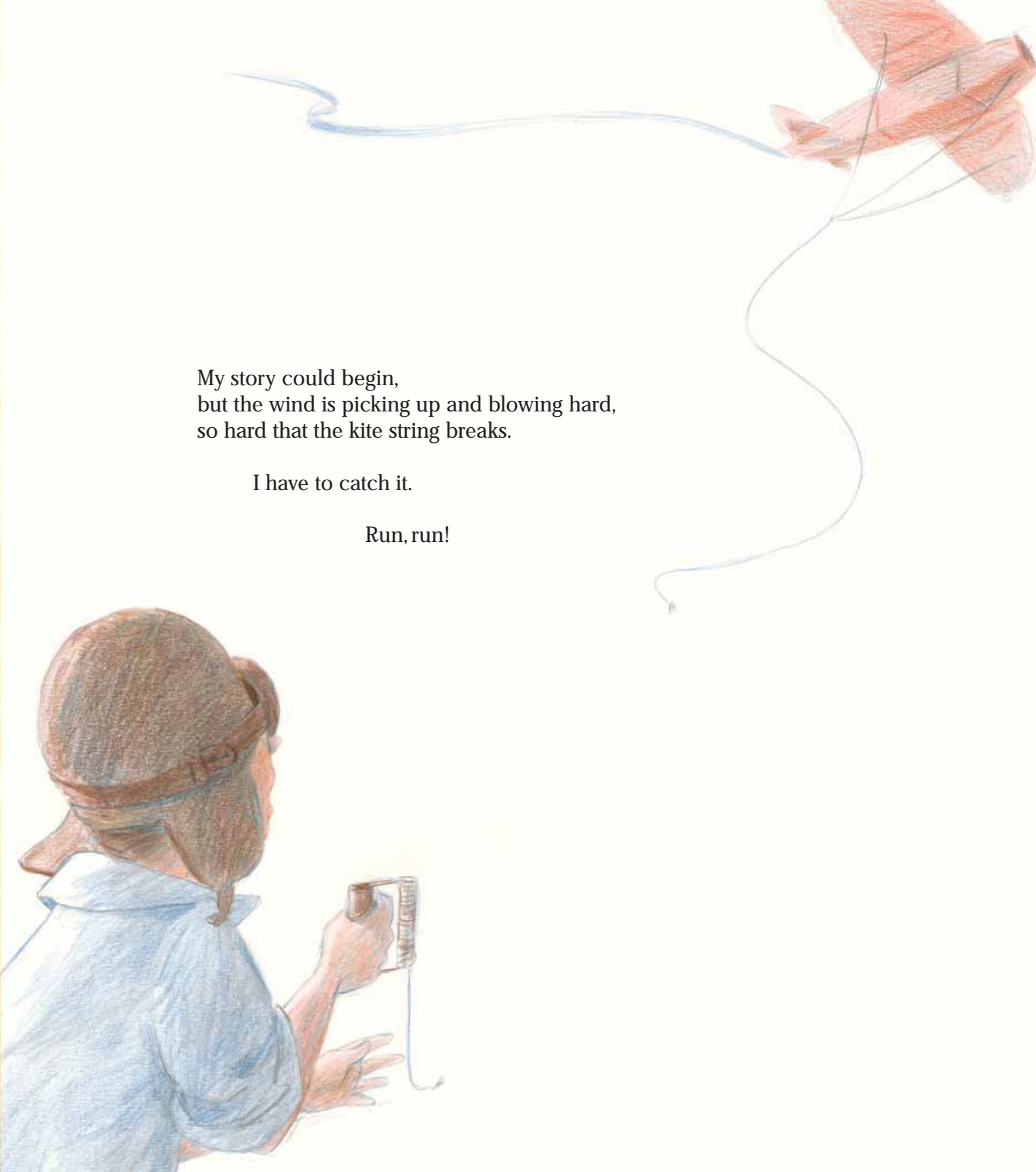
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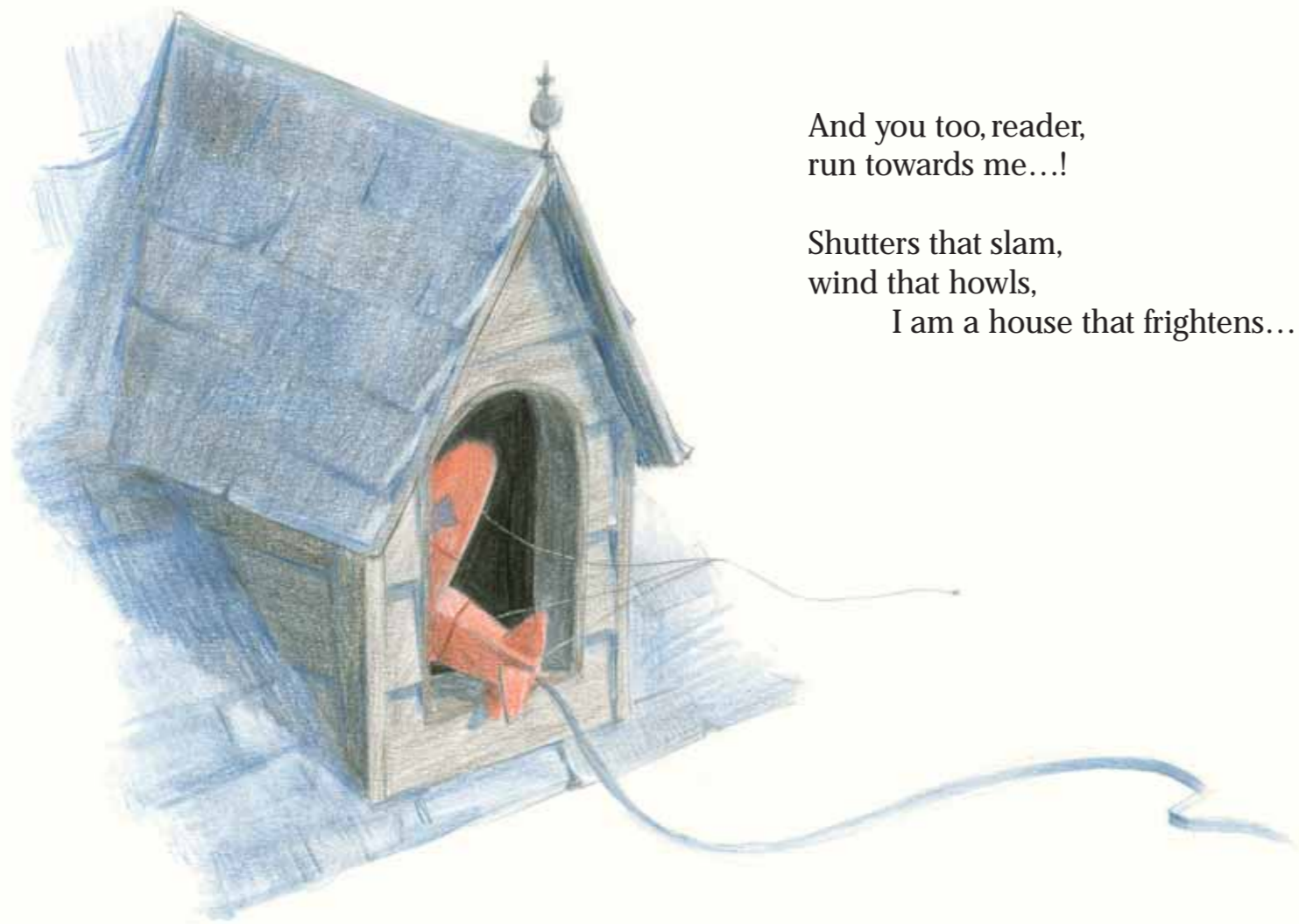
My story could begin,
but the wind is picking up and blowing hard,
so hard that the kite string breaks.

I have to catch it.

Run, run!

And you too, reader,
run towards me...!

Shutters that slam,
wind that howls,
I am a house that frightens...



Do you see the shadow at the window?

Turn the page, if you dare,
and push the door open.

Not even afraid?

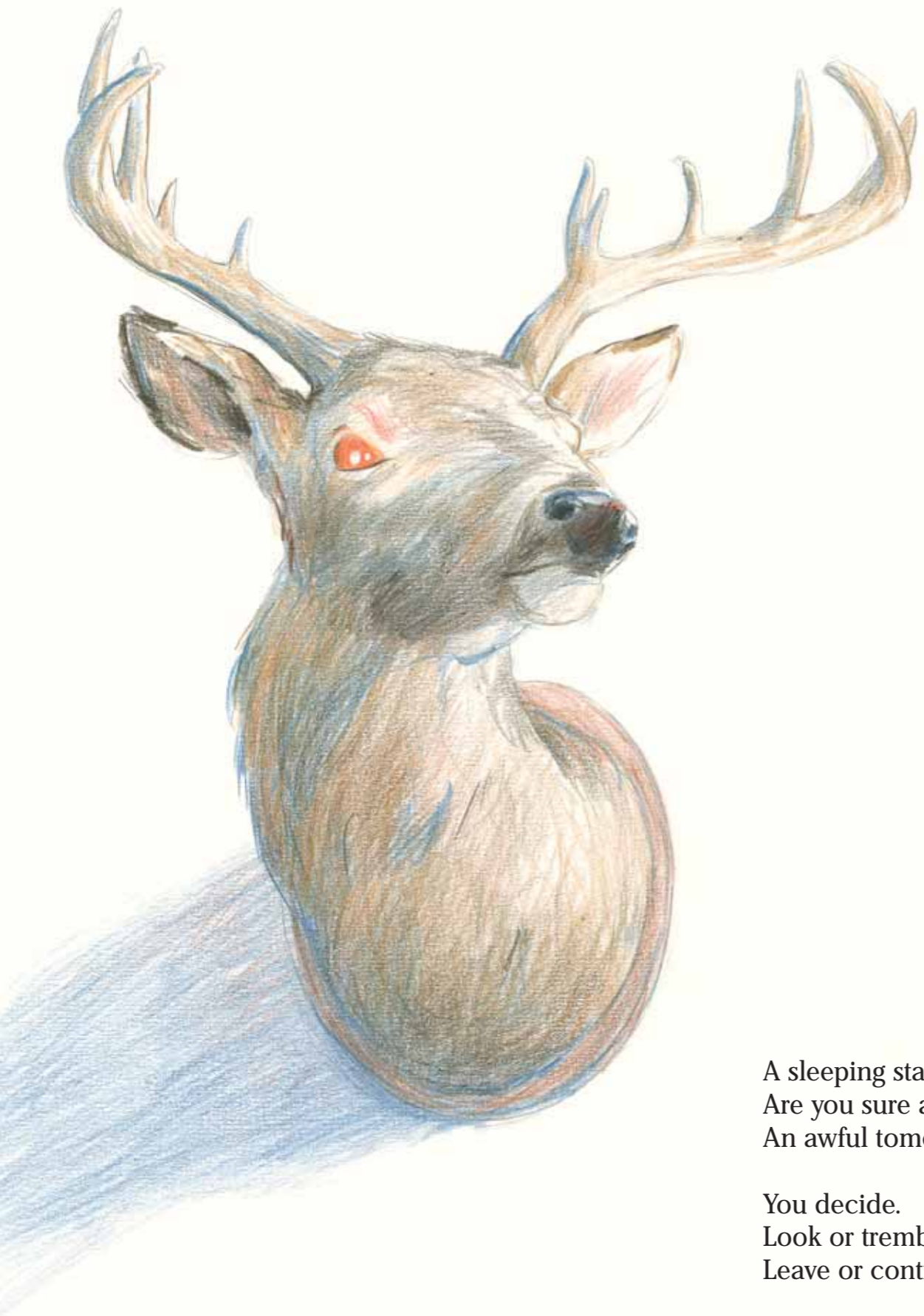


Door that creaks, dust that flies,
welcome to the house of mysteries.



Afraid or not afraid?
Ready to continue?
Open your eyes wide
and stay on your guard.





A sleeping stag?
Are you sure about that?
An awful tomcat ready to leap...

You decide.
Look or tremble,
Leave or continue.

Turn, turn the page.



Aren't you scared, sweet little angel?
Unless you too are one little devil!



In that case, you can continue...

But be on your guard or teeth might sink in!

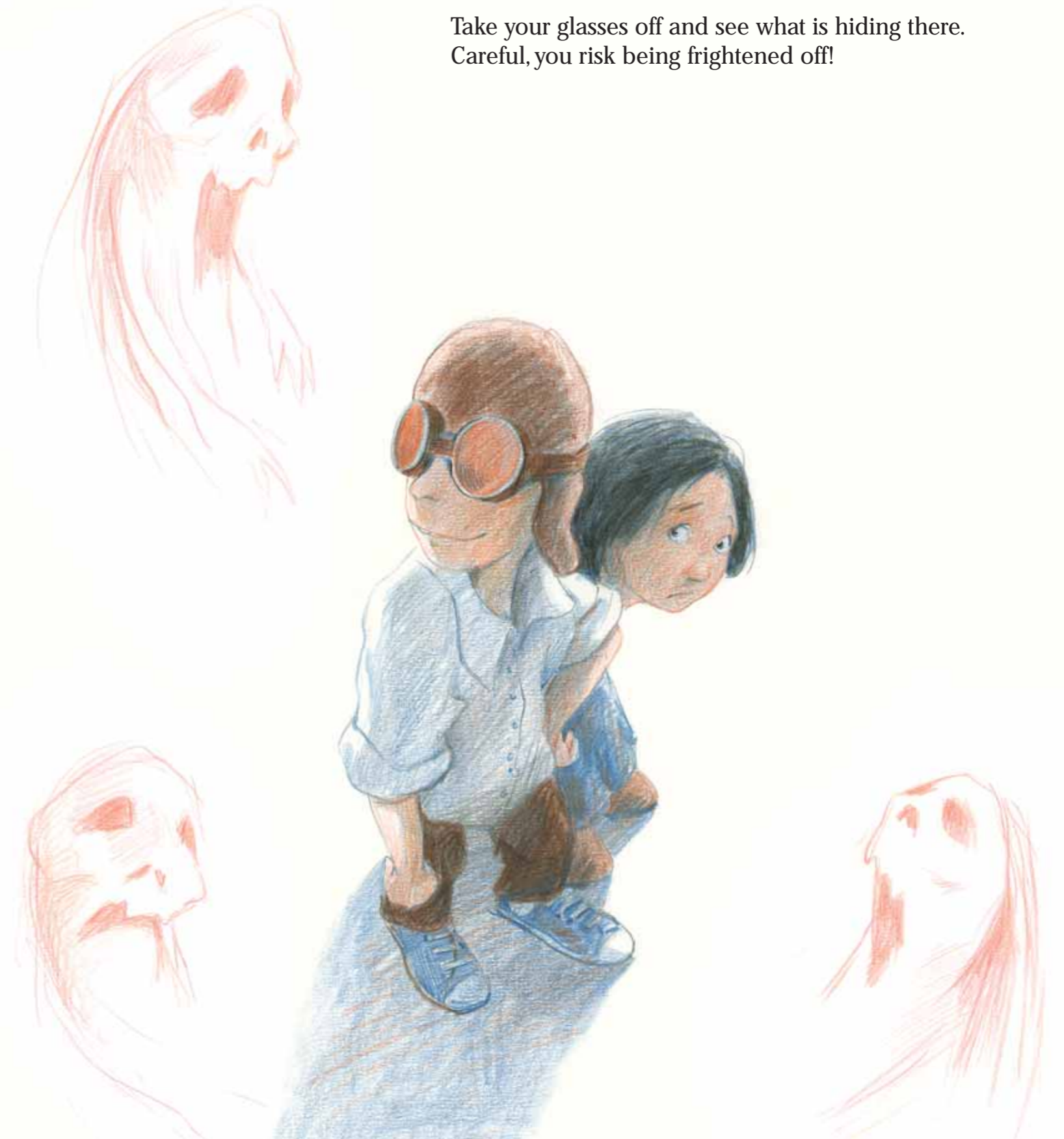
Him, over there, not afraid of anything?
He is admiring the lovely little plant!
His aviator glasses prevent him from seeing
the surprises I have in store for him.



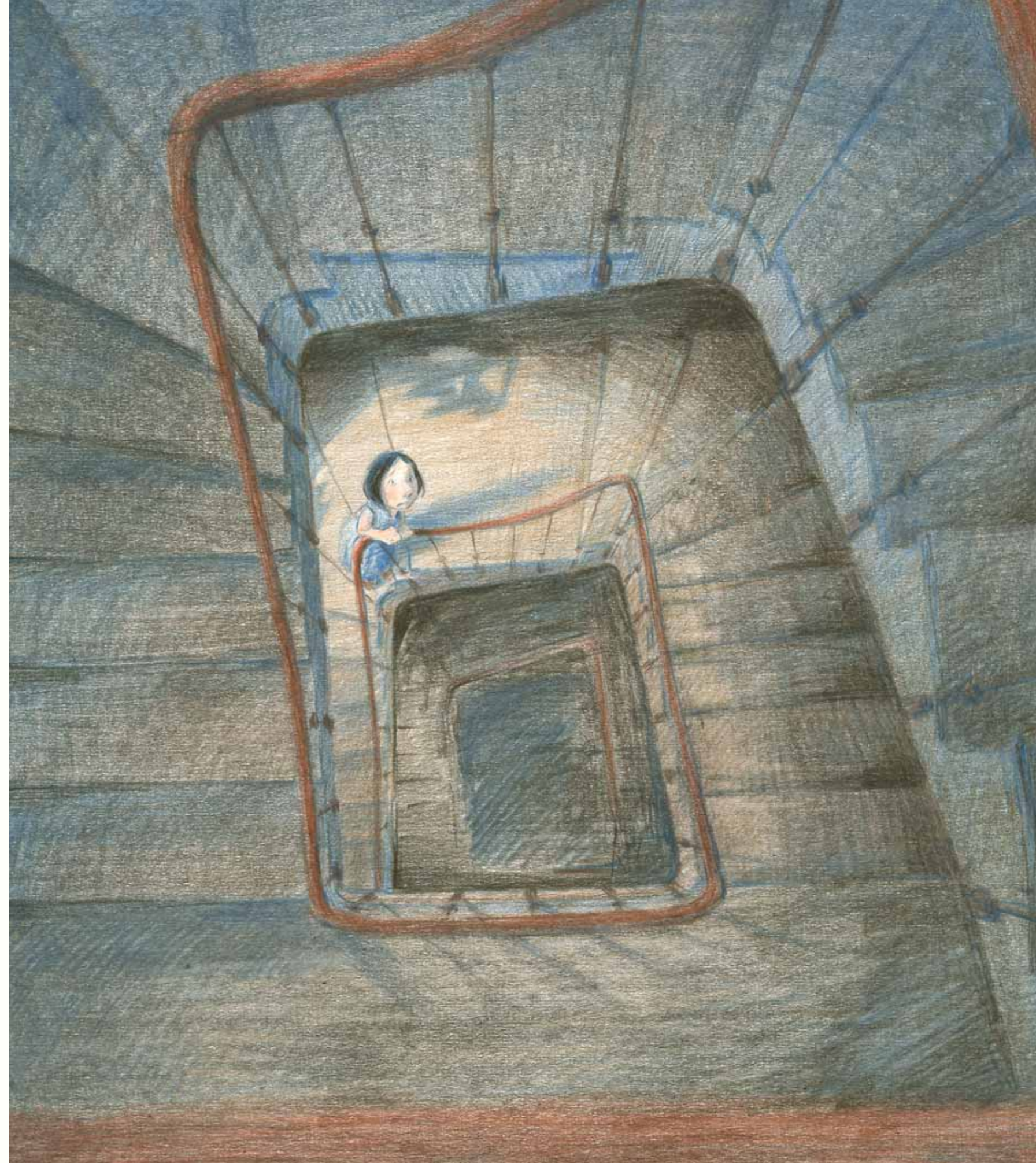


Curious little one,
it's not nice to look through the keyhole.

Take your glasses off and see what is hiding there.
Careful, you risk being frightened off!



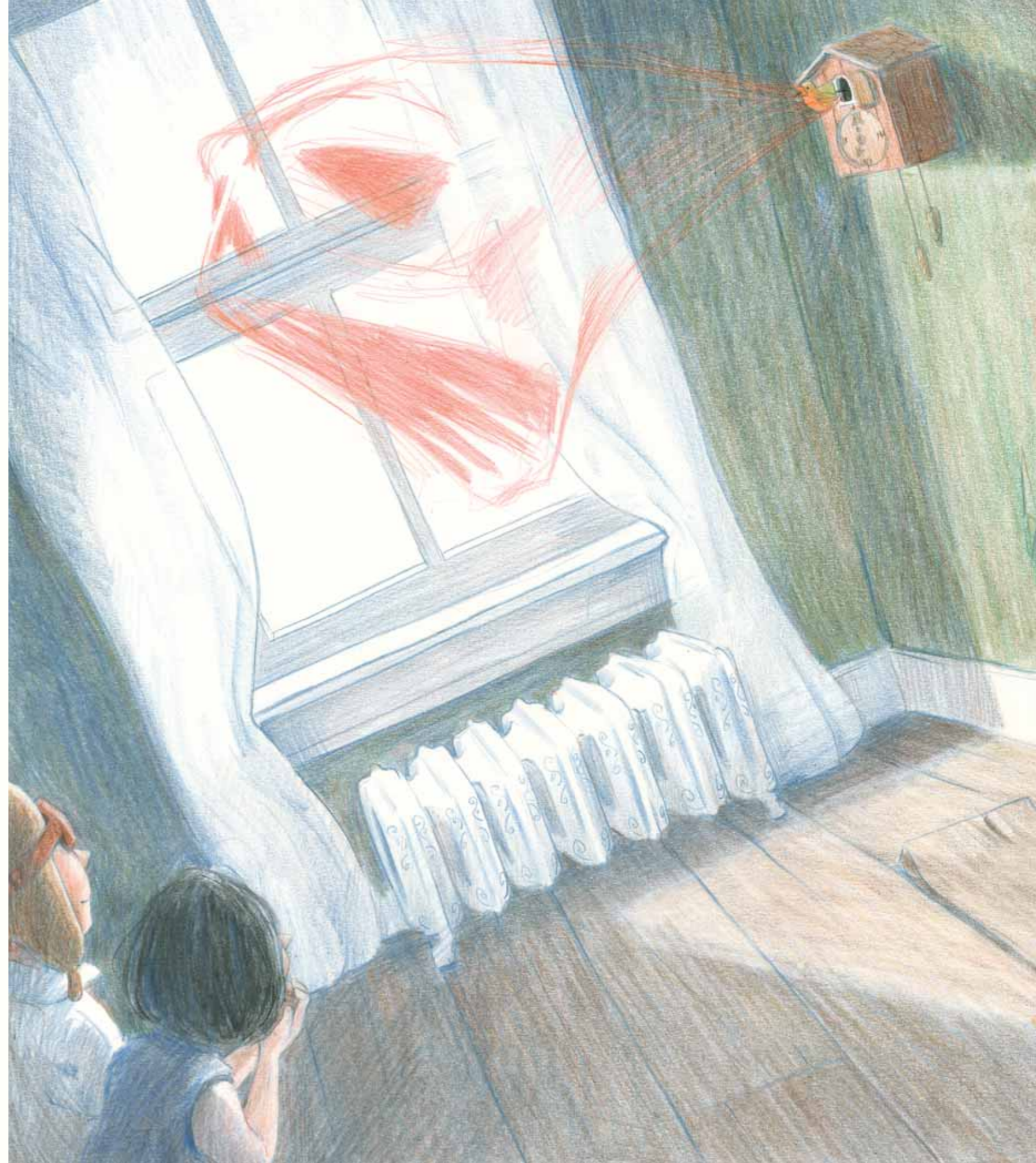
And you? You want to stop?
Come on, you're afraid?
Now, now. Be brave.
And besides, you must not get separated.
Hurry, you can still catch up with him.



Oh, goodness, this is even worse.
The former owner of the house is smiling at you.
Do you dare shake his hand?



Cuckoo, cuckoo.
We hear the cuckoo clock...
the little birdie is coming out!



I told you so.
I am a house that makes you tremble,
but you're the one who wanted to come!



And there, behind that door, guess what's...



AAAAAaahh!!



Well, what is it?
Where is he running?
He wasn't afraid of a thing, and now?
It's as though he's seen a monster!

At least one person has found his kite.

Go on, go on, and never come back to bother me.



The wind blew,
the kite flew away,
and my story is finished.

So, not even afraid?



