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Respect pentru oameni și cărți

LUIZA CIPRIANA

ON
THE ROAD
WITH *Lola* AND
Molda

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
BIANCA VOICU - IONESCU

TRANSLATION BY ALINA POPESCU



EDITORIA
CREATOR
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A faint ray of sunshine infused Lola's sleepy face. A small hand came out from under the blanket and stopped near her eyes to steal some more sleep. The sun was rising higher in the sky and its rays flooded Lola's room with lots and lots of light.



The little girl refused to wake up and covered her flushed face with a big pillow, but a neighbour's rooster began to sing from the top of its lungs:



“Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

“Uh, I’m done dreaming, this rooster won’t stop singing!”

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!”





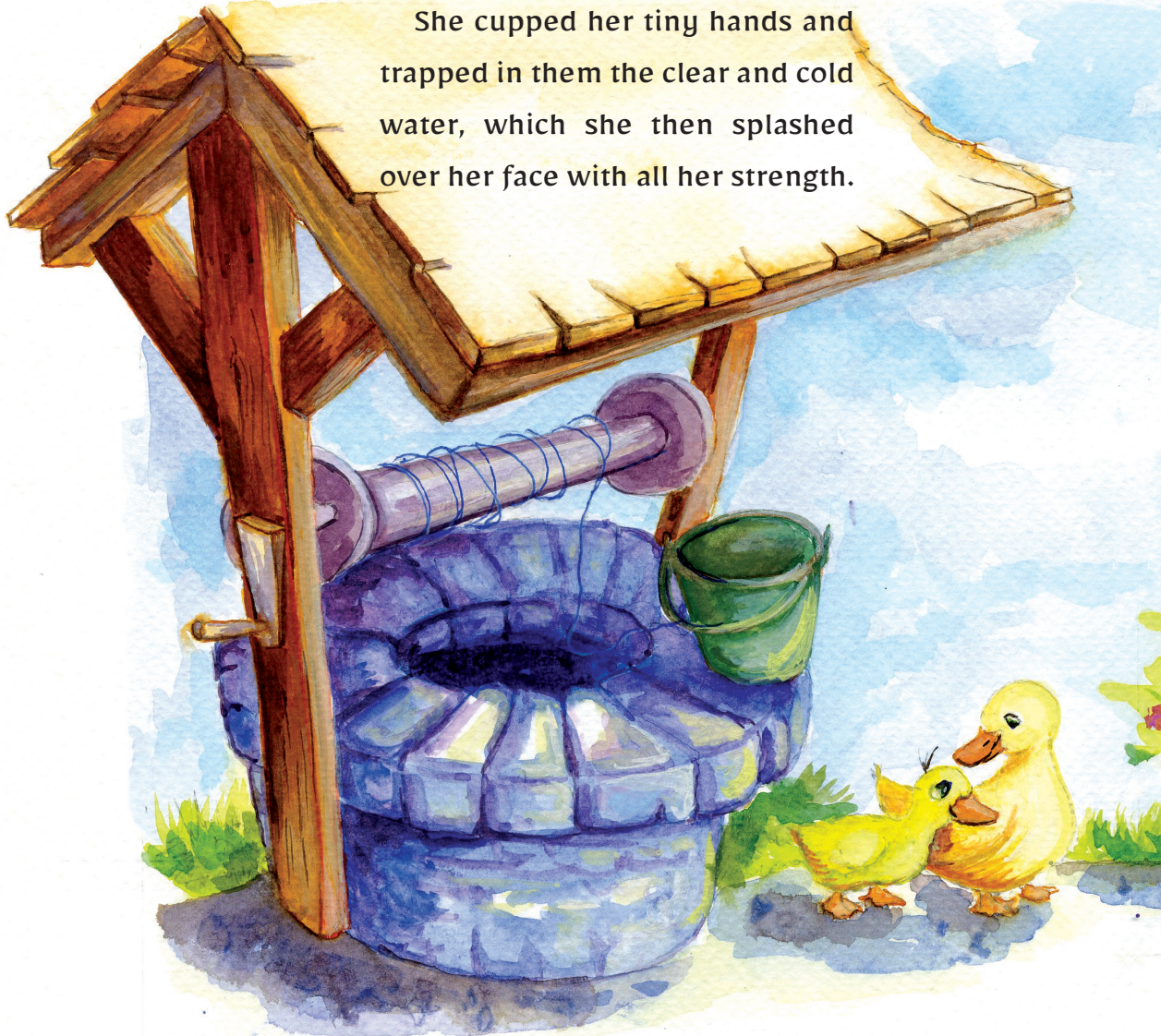
With one eye closed and her disheveled hair, she quickly put on her soft flowery dress, dragged her feet on the icy floor, went down the two stairs in front of the house and headed for the well.



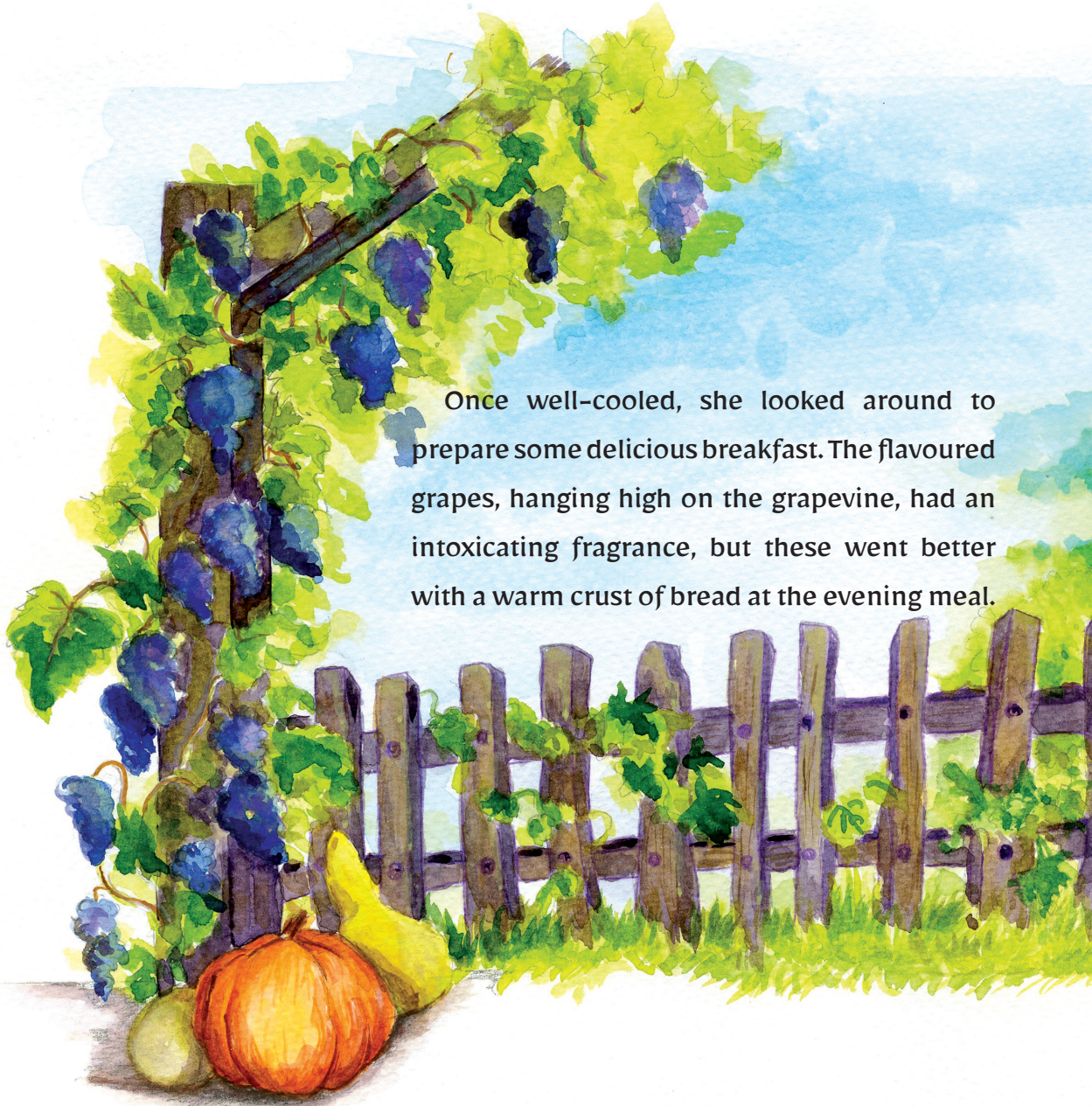
Here, as every morning, a bucket of cold water awaited for her. Lola dipped her hands in the crystal liquid.

“Brr... that’s really freezing!”

She cupped her tiny hands and trapped in them the clear and cold water, which she then splashed over her face with all her strength.

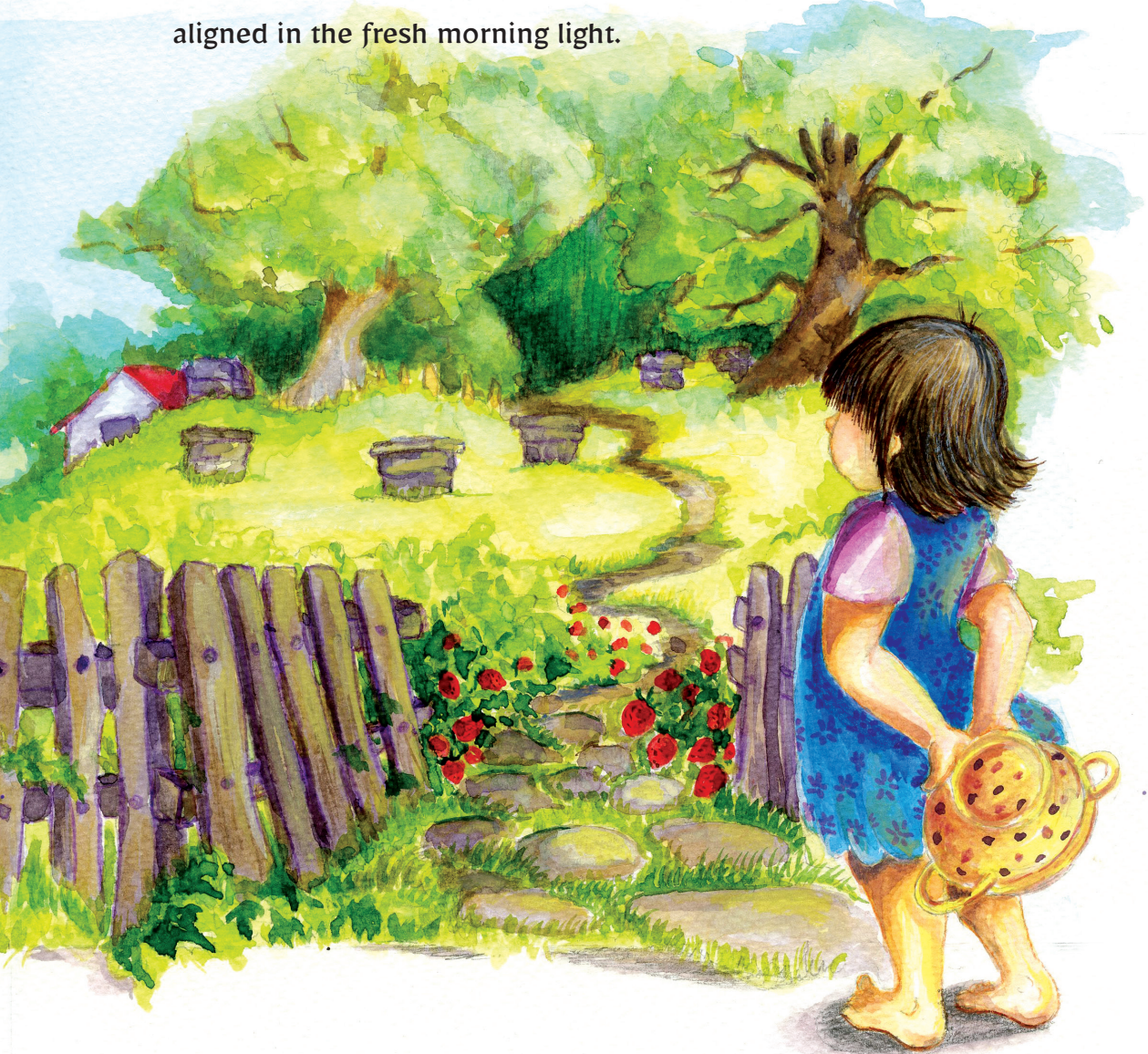






Once well-cooled, she looked around to prepare some delicious breakfast. The flavoured grapes, hanging high on the grapevine, had an intoxicating fragrance, but these went better with a warm crust of bread at the evening meal.

She rolled her eyes through the garden full of goodies and headed firmly to the beds of strawberries, laying beautifully aligned in the fresh morning light.



Strawberries were her favourites. She carefully gathered them in a bowl, washed them with cool water from the well and, over them, she poured a few drops of sweet honey, harvested by the hard-working bees that lived in the garden hives.

