



The fortune of Tristany Capsigrany

What's that?... A cup full of holes?... But all the milk you pour in will pour straight out!

And that? A pair of glasses?... A pair of flying glasses?... A pair of glasses that fly away with the eyes of whoever wears them? Whatever next?

Ah! That's a glove!... A glove with spikes?... Or is it a cactus with five stems? Well I never, who'd have thought?

A stick... a square... a three-stringed guitar? Even more spikes?... And who would possibly want such a collection of preposterous objects?

Here he is: Tristany Capsigrany, a young man who was as simple as he was rich... and on top of that, as capricious as they come. He collects all kinds of odd things, and he looks pretty odd himself, don't you think?

THE FORTUNE OF TRISTANY CAPSIGRANY

One day, when Tristany Capsigrany was roaming the world, looking everywhere for strange things for his collection, he saw a most marvellous frog in a shop window. And he said:

“Now I have some strange things in my collection, but I don't have any animals. This frog will be my pet! I want it, I want it, I want it and I will have it! Whatever it costs, it will be mine!”

He asked the shopkeeper the price of the frog, and he replied:

“That frog doesn't have a price. It's not for sale...”

But as we mentioned, Tristany Capsigrany was very capricious. Very much so. Exceedingly so.

“Well I want it, I want it, I want it and I will have it!” I'll give you all my money for it.”

“Then give it to me... But for that price, all I'll give you is the pedestal it's sitting on. I told you, that frog cannot be bought or sold.”

“Well I want it, I want it, I want it and I will have it!” I’ll give you my entire collection of strange and preposterous things for it.”

“Then give it to me. But I think the strangest and most preposterous thing in your collection is yourself, Mr. Capsigrany...”

But he went on and on about it, until in the end, perhaps fed up of Tristany Capsigrany’s tantrums, the shopkeeper told him, that to close the deal, he would gladly take all his money and his entire collection of curiosities, and that in exchange, the young spendthrift could take away that most marvellous frog... if he could catch it!

“Oh good! I want it, I want it, I want it and now I have it! Come to me, you dainty, precious and excellent frog!”

But... the frog would not allow itself to be caught! If Tristany Capsigrany grabbed at it from the front, it hopped the other way. Croak! If Tristany Capsigrany tried to pick it up from the ground, it jumped as high as his nose... Croak! And all the while it sang, mocking and making fun of the young man who had lost everything.

Now you have me, now you don’t, you want to own me, but you won’t.

You think that you can have it all I slip away, like a bouncing ball.

I’m your fortune with a lesson to teach Sometimes fortune is out of reach.

What a to do! Tristany Capsigrany had everything and he lost it all, as if on a roll of the dice, for a silly whim... That most marvellous frog that hopped and jumped this way and that way, without ever letting itself get caught, was none other than his fleeting fortune. The fortune that had slipped through his fingers in the twinkling of an eye...

The fact is that Tristany Capsigrany is still chasing after it, trying to catch it. But since he has nothing at all left, not money, or cups full of holes, or cactus gloves... do you know what he does to make a living?

Look at him: He pretends to play the guitar, like an automaton, strum, strum, strum, on top of Tibidabo, dressed up as a clown, with a cardboard frog at his side, which looks a lot like the fleeting and fugitive fortune that was once his - and is no more.

Silly Paul, Gawking Lil and Mrs. Teresina stare at the display without letting the frog fool them for a second. Because the real frog, the one that hops and jumps and slips away, and, above all, the one who will make anyone who can catch it happy, could pop up anywhere, at any moment. Croak, croak, can you hear it?

*Fortune is a fleeting pleasure,
it comes and goes and can’t be measured.*

Script: Teresa Duran