

GRANDPA CELESTIN'S NOTEBOOK

Grandpa Celestin is a wise old man who always has a story hidden under his hat. He likes to look at everything as if for the first time, to listen closely to other people, and to go for long walks. But what he likes best of all is to pick up his grandsons from school.

While he waits, he imagines being at school, learning wonderful new things to put in...

Grandpa Celestin's notebook

Gerard, Pau and Roc are triplets, and they all come racing out of school together. Gerard always wants to go home on the path that goes through the park, Roc wants to go down the steepest hill, while Pau goes off into a daydream at the traffic lights, counting down the seconds until it goes green.

You see, the three triplets are a little bit boisterous, and they jostle and push each other as they walk down the street with their grandpa. Today they all had their snack in the town square, and since it was such a fine day, they didn't come home until it was time for dinner.

Grandpa sits with them at the kitchen table, and when they've finished eating, he gives them each a different kind of fruit juice. Gerard always wants pineapple, Pau's mouth starts watering as soon as he sees his orange juice, and there's nothing Roc likes better than a nice cold glass of grape juice.

When they've drunk their juice, their grandpa asks them. "Well boys? What's it time to do now?"

"Watch cartoons?" asks Roc, just to see if Grandpa says yes.

"Play cards?" suggests Gerard, as he frowns, thinking hard.

"Aha! I know what you want us to do, grandpa! To get out our notebooks!" says Pau enthusiastically.

Grandpa looks at them, trying not to laugh, and says:

"Come on, boys, let's see which words you've collected today."

The triplets' notebooks are special ones that they were given at school, so they could collect the most important words they find every day.

Gerard prefers tricky words like “helicopter” or “transatlantic” and today he’s adding a new one to the 17 he’s got already. His word is “taxi,” and he learned it in English class.

Pau is a daydreamer and he likes words for things you can’t touch, like “idea,” “imagination,” “story,” and “giant”. Today, he learned the word “desert,” and he decided that it would look very good in his notebook, with the 23 other words he’s collected.

Roc is always hungry, so his 19 favourite words are like a little larder. He’s got “lunchbox,” “pizza,” “sweets,” “sausage,” “bubblegum,” “chef,” and “delicious”. Today he ate a banana, and he thought it was so good that he kept it, in case he felt hungry later.

“Taxi, desert and banana! What fine-sounding words you’ve collected today!” says grandpa Celestin.

When they’ve finished writing, the triplets sit down in front of the television. It’s time for grandpa’s favourite programme. Today it’s about sheepdogs. As soon as it starts, grandpa says:

“I had a dog just like that one! Her name was Fona and she was the bravest, cleverest dog you ever saw.

Seeing that Grandpa’s thinking about the old days, Gerard asks sweetly:

“Go on grandpa, tell us one of your stories!”

Grandpa Celestin starts to think back.

“One evening, when I was watching the sheep, I heard a blood-curdling howl. It was a wolf! Awwoooooo!”

“That’s really scary, grandpa!” says Pau, his eyes wide.

“Just then I heard a soft bark at my side. It was Fona. I told her to round up all the sheep. And Fona got to work as quick as a flash. Meanwhile, I found a good hiding place among the trees. The wolf came creeping up silently, and then I shouted at the top of my voice while Fona barked as loud as she could.”

“And what happened Grandpa?” asks Roc.

“Well, the wolf went running off. He must have thought there were a dozen of us by the racket we were making, and he ran away to find his supper somewhere else.”

When Grandpa Celestin has finished his story, the triplets are already yawning and looking for their toothbrushes. They put on their pyjamas and, after protesting a little, they climb into bed.

Soon their mother and father come home from work, just in time to say good night and smother them in kisses. And as their eyes close, they dream that they’re surrounded by Grandpa Celestin’s sheep, until the room is full of noisy “baas!”

When the house is quiet at last, there comes the best part of the day for Grandpa

Celestin. He's alone, and he makes himself up a mug of hot milk. He carefully open a drawer and takes out his best-kept secret, a notebook where he copies down the words the triplets have collected every day.

Grandpa Celestin can read and write Gerard's 17 words, Pau's 23 and Roc's 19 and today he's learned three more: taxi, desert and banana.

Script: Carme Aymerich