

THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN



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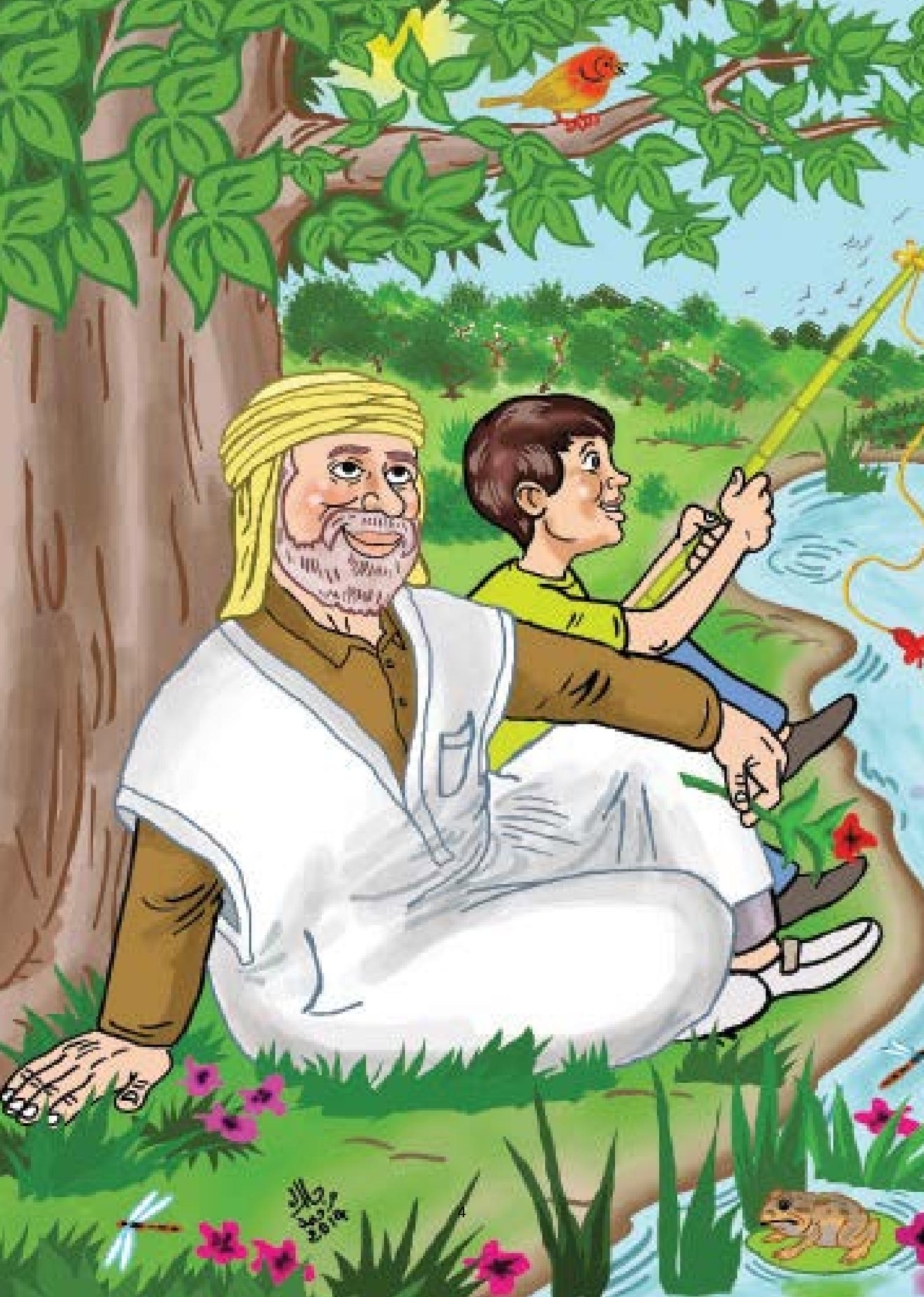
THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN

A man who is not like the others. What is the cause of his happiness? The wonderful old man is an educative exciting and story, with beautiful and meaningful drawings. It depicts the life in the countryside. This story aims at developing the imagination of the child, making him feel the importance of nature as a necessary factor for the joy of humankind. Thus, it builds the awareness and the complete personality of the child.

Last summer holidays, Salem paid a visit to his uncle in the countryside. He had spent with him pleasurable days. He then wrote about him:

Uncle Salah is a happy man, his whole life has been labor and activity, and his days were joys and celebrations.

Uncle Salah lived in the village of his birth. The residents loved a lot him because he was kind, sociable, sweet-talking and smiling. He lived a wonderful, strange life, but enjoyable and quiet.





If you ever asked him:

- What is your clock?

Uncle Salah would reply cheerfully:

- A rooster crowing at dawn and at noon. A shadow I see moving with me every time a sun rises or a moon appears in the sky...

Uncle Salah liked to listen to good songs of birds by daytime, and croaks of frogs in the night.

He followed the news of the world through the waves of nature and on the screens of earth. He thus admired the miracles of the universe as he beheld the kingdom of bees and the marches of armies of ants.

Did Uncle Salah need a radio or a television?

Uncle Salah was an active farmer, a sportive running like bolt. He breathed clean air, had a voice like thunder, and was strong like a lion. He never went to see a doctor, since he was healthy, physically and mentally. When he fell ill, he just took flowers' pollen, seeds of herbs and bee honey.





He was indeed the doctor of himself!

Every evening, his red hen would lay a delicious egg inside the hay. His green garden would provide him of vegetables and fruit. And his wife Zahra would cook him appetizing country bread.

Once, I asked him:

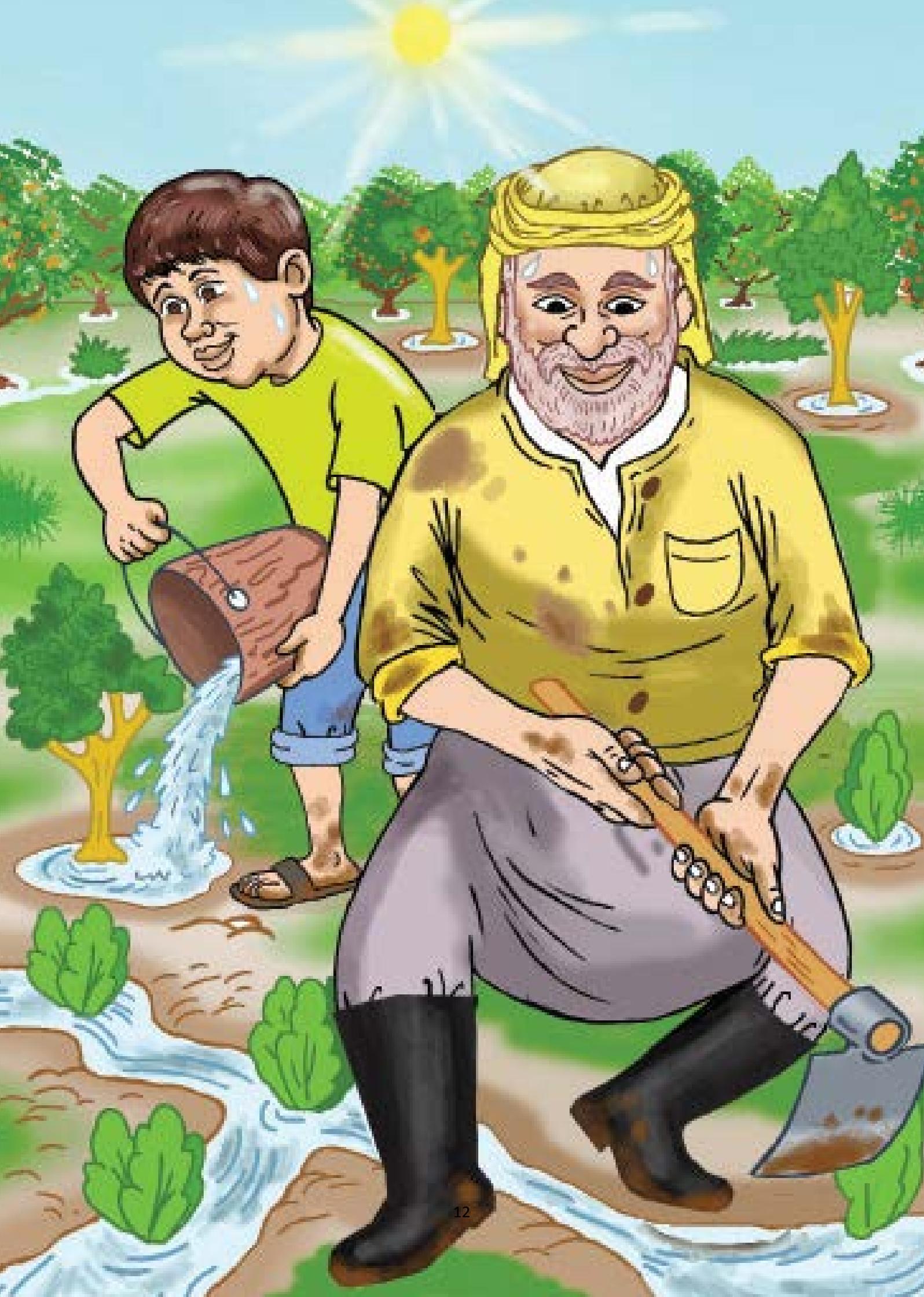
- What is the address of your house, Uncle Salah?

He stared at me, smiled, and then said:

- I dwell in the garden of love, Freedom Street, Neighborhood of Happiness, Municipality of Birds, Province of Laboriousness, and Republic of Peace.

And I requested his house's number. He replied:

- My house's number changes every evening, according to the number of drops of sweat tricking down my forehead during my farming works all the day.





I laughed at my uncle Salah's words, as he hugged and kissed me. In the last day of my visit to the beautiful, quiet countryside, Uncle Salah offered me bunch of flowers and a basket of fruit picked from his orchard. He asked me to come back the following summer holidays.

We took our seats in the donkey-drawn cart and moved toward the train station in Boufarik, wherein my father was waiting for me. The trip was delightful by beholding the meadows and the verdant fields. They were happy days I would never forget. Uncle Salah was a wonderful man, and so was his donkey! I had never seen beings like these two, either in the town's different quarters or on the Internet with its numerous websites. I am thinking about living like Uncle Salah. Hopefully, I will do.

The following summer holidays, Salem returned to the village to visit his uncle, Salah. He found him silent and sad. He did not see all those green meadows, and orange and apple orchards. Hens, bees and chirping birds, all had disappeared. Even his friend, the donkey was missing. Instead he found towering buildings making up the newly erected town, Bouinane. He was so sorry that he wept hours-long....



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