

The Story of Monsieur John and Mister Camel

Dear Reader,

After retiring about three years ago, I decided to write this short story for my grand-daughters for Christmas.

This unusual story was based on life experiences I encountered while growing-up in Morocco, actual recent life events and some imaginative fantasy involving drama and adventures with a speaking camel.

I hope this story will attract young fantasy readers and their family.

Sincerely,

John P. Tisia

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my three wonderful
granddaughters.

The Story of Monsieur John and Mister Camel

2nd Edition



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A long, long time ago, far away from any city,
in the middle of the desert of Morocco,



was an old man making toys and children
furniture for the kids in the near-by city. We
called him Monsieur John.

Every month he travelled through the desert to the nearest city with an even-toed ungulate animal, who carried the toys and children furniture. He called him Mister Camel.



Monsieur John had a daughter called Marie who lived fifty miles away in a town called Marrakesh and another daughter called Lauren who lived one hundred seventy-five miles away in a town called Casablanca. They only communicated by phone. One day, over four years ago, during the winter season, he received a phone call from Marie to inform him that she was going to have a baby. Monsieur John was very happy about the news. Later that Summer Marie called and informed him that she had not one but two girls. One was called Brigitte and one was called Margaret.





Monsieur John was now a grandfather or what is called “Grand-père” in French. He was so happy about the news that he had his favorite mint tea and cookies to celebrate and even gave his old friend Mister Camel a couple of his cookies.

Both of them were smiling and after finishing this delicious afternoon mint tea and dessert, they went out right away under this hot and sunny sky to buy some clothes for the babies and have them mailed to them.



While returning back to his home in the middle of the desert, Monsieur John was thinking and planning about the toys and children furniture he would make for his granddaughters. The day was passing by and it was getting dark and very cold.



When he realized it was so late, he got very concerned and, suddenly, realized that he didn't know how to go to Marrakesh to see Brigitte, Margaret and his daughter Marie. He was talking to himself very loudly in the middle of the desert and was getting more and more sad that he would not be able to see them. After marching few miles in this

cold night, he thought he heard a voice saying, "I know how to get to Marrakesh." He was so surprised to think he heard something in the middle of the night in the desert with this cold temperature that he thought he was delirious. He got scared. He looked all around and searched with his flashlight all around him and Mister Camel. Nobody was there, except them. He turned around his back a second time to make sure that he had not missed somebody and, while he turned his head, he heard this voice again saying, "I tell you, I know how to get to Marrakesh."

Monsieur John jumped in the air and landed on the cold sand, his face down near the front of the big toes of Mister Camel. Lying on the sand, he looked up and saw Mister Camel bending down his big head near Monsieur John's face. With a big smile showing his large teeth, leathery mouth, and unattractive lips, and looking at Monsieur John with his long, double eyelashes, Mister Camel said, "Why are you so frightened?"



Monsieur John was so shocked that he could not say a word. Finally, after a minute or two, he shook his head three or four times to remove some sand from his head, opened and closed his eyes a couple of times, and said, "But, but, I did not know you could talk. Why did you not talk before?" Mister Camel answered, "Because I had nothing worthwhile to say."

After taking a long deep breath, Monsieur John asked, “How do you know how to get to Marrakesh?”

“I was born there and I know all the streets in town. Can we please go home now? It is getting late,” said Mister Camel as he was helping Monsieur John up from the cold sand.



For the rest of this trip, both continued their walk home in a complete silence. Only the noise of the cold wind brushing the hills of the desert and the fine rock and granular mineral particles rolling down the hills were providing some background music.



The next morning, Monsieur John started to make some new toys and children furniture for his granddaughters. It took him a week to finish all the children furniture and toys he wanted to make for them: two cribs painted white, two dressers painted white and pink for their clothes, two baby mobiles, two dolls and a large doll house.



His shop was full. He moved all the toys and children furniture for his granddaughters inside the rest of his house to be disassembled and packed for the trip.

Now he was finished and decided it was time to go to Marrakesh. He packed all the food and clothes he would need for this two-day journey in the desert. Early the next morning he put all his traveling supplies and the presents on the back of Mister Camel, who was happy to go back to his own town. They both were looking forward to this exciting trip, particularly Monsieur John. He could not wait any longer to see his daughter and his granddaughters.



To make sure that they could make this trip within two days, he decided to walk until late in the night. The sun was gone, and he had to prepare to camp on the side of a mountain to protect him and Mister Camel from any potential blowing dust or sandstorm. He installed a small tent and used a few pieces of wood he had brought to make a fire. He added some water, mint leaves and sugar in his teapot to prepare his favorite mint tea to keep him warm and took a piece of bread and some dates to eat. Despite the fact that Mister Camel can keep going without eating and drinking for several days, he was eating some twigs, stems and green shoots he found around the campground.

During the cold night, from inside the tent, Monsieur John could hear the dust of sand blowing. Monsieur John wanted to check on how his old friend was doing but, because Mister Camel was used to this kind of weather, he decided to stay inside the tent..

The next morning, after Monsieur John having a little more hot mint tea, they started their next and final day to Marrakesh. The wind was gone and the landscape looked like a beautiful, untouched, gold world of waves.



While moving further toward Marrakesh, Mister Camel looked down to his feet and told Monsieur John, “Can you please pick up the desert sand rose near my feet and keep it for your granddaughters? I would like also to give them a present.”



Without a pause, Monsieur John took the beautiful sand rose from the hot sand and put it into the right pocket of the saddle. “Thank you very much, my friend, I will tell them that it is a present from you.”



Later that afternoon, they looked at the horizon and saw a town. Mister Camel said, “This is Marrakesh. Two more hours and you should see your family.” Monsieur John smiled.



They arrived at the front doors of the city. Monsieur John looked at his friend and said, “The address is 13 rue du Jura.” Without any hesitations, Mister Camel went through the nearest entrance of the city, pulling Monsieur John.



Walking at a very fast pace, they went through many streets. After about half an hour, Mister Camel looked towards the end of a street and said, “The house at the end of the street is 13 rue du Jura.” Without a doubt in his mind, Monsieur John ran to the gate.

He pushed the doorbell next to the gate, waited a minute or two, and pushed it again. He heard a voice from the back of the house asking who was calling. He said, “Surprise! This is Grand-père.”

Marie rushed from the back of the house to open immediately the gate, to be in front of him, with both babies, one on each arm. “Dad,” she said, “What a wonderful surprise, may I introduce you to your granddaughters?” “Of course,” said Dad. “On my right arm is Brigitte and on my left one is Margaret,” said Marie.



Marie looked at both babies and said “Girls, this is your Grand-père.” Grand-père give them a big smile, puts his arms around all three of them, and said, “I love you, Girls!”

Her Dad takes both kids, one on each arm and follows Marie to enter her home. When he reaches the living room, as a surprise to him, he sees Lauren. Lauren and Marie approach their Dad and put their arms around him holding the babies, happy to finally reunite.

THE END.