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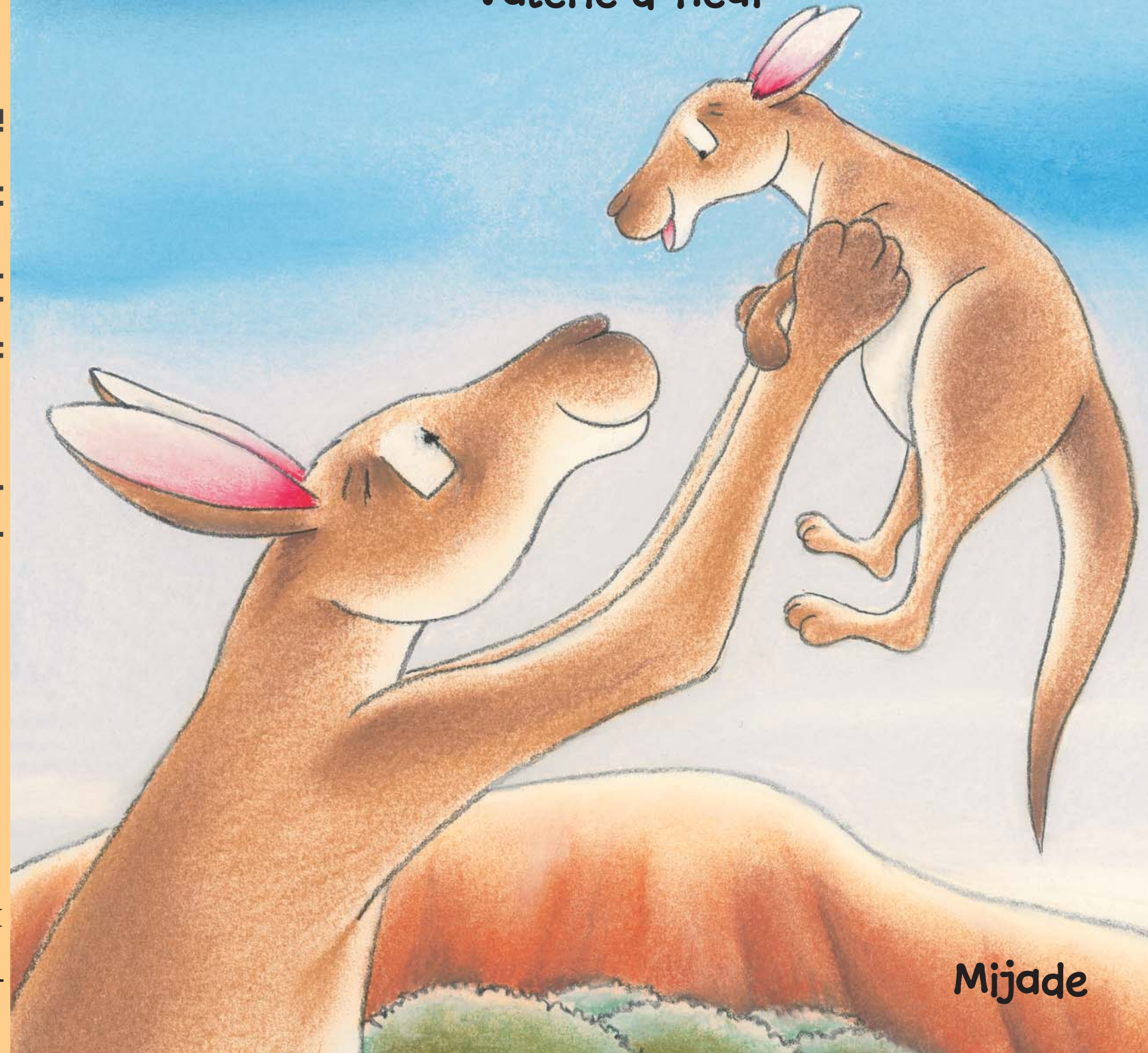
The Heart in the pocket

Mijade

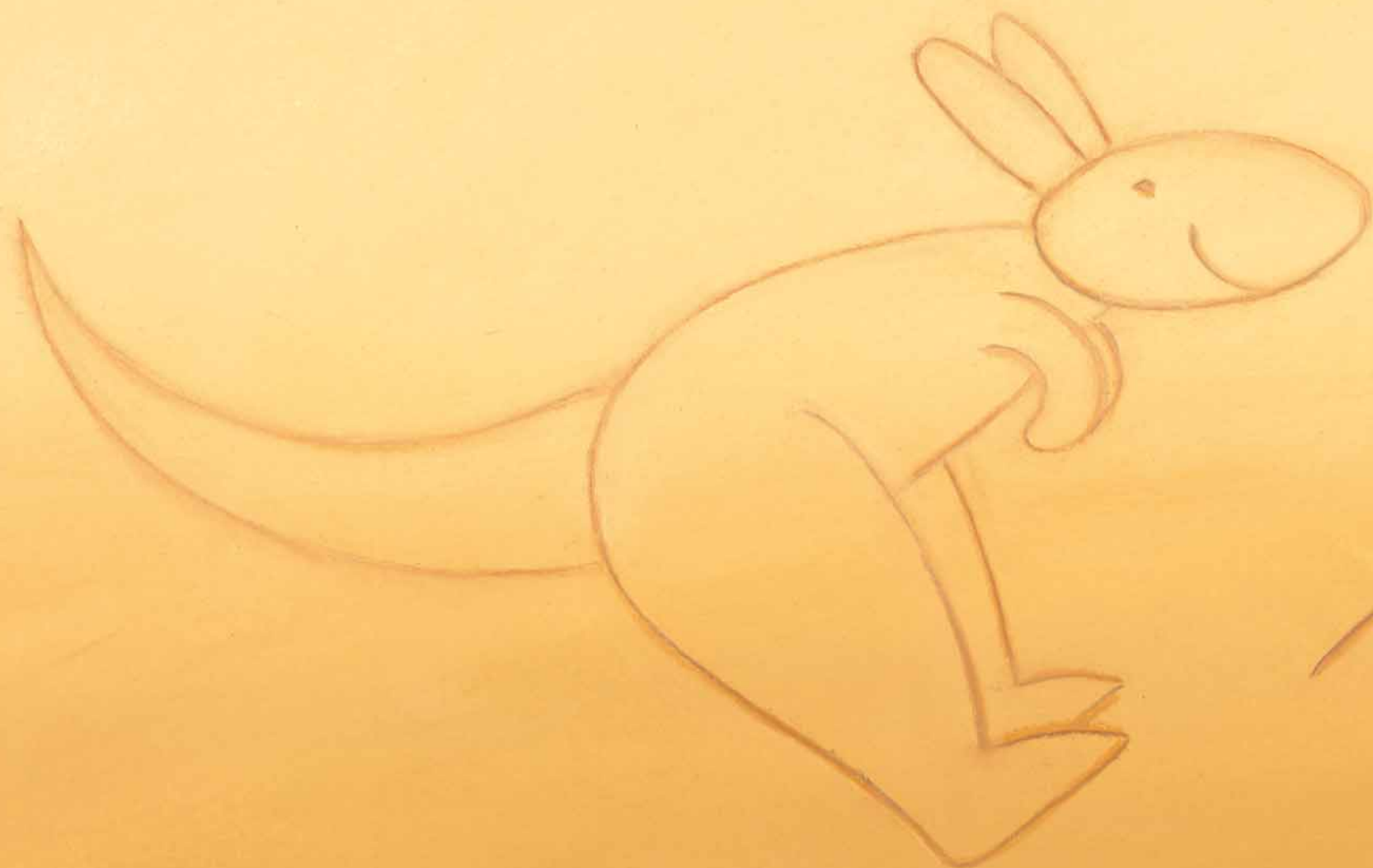
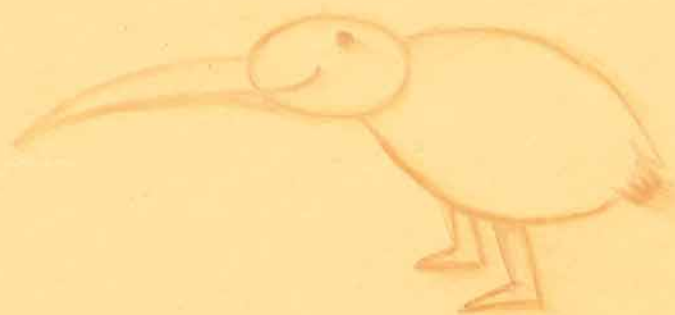
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The Heart in the pocket

Valérie d'Heur



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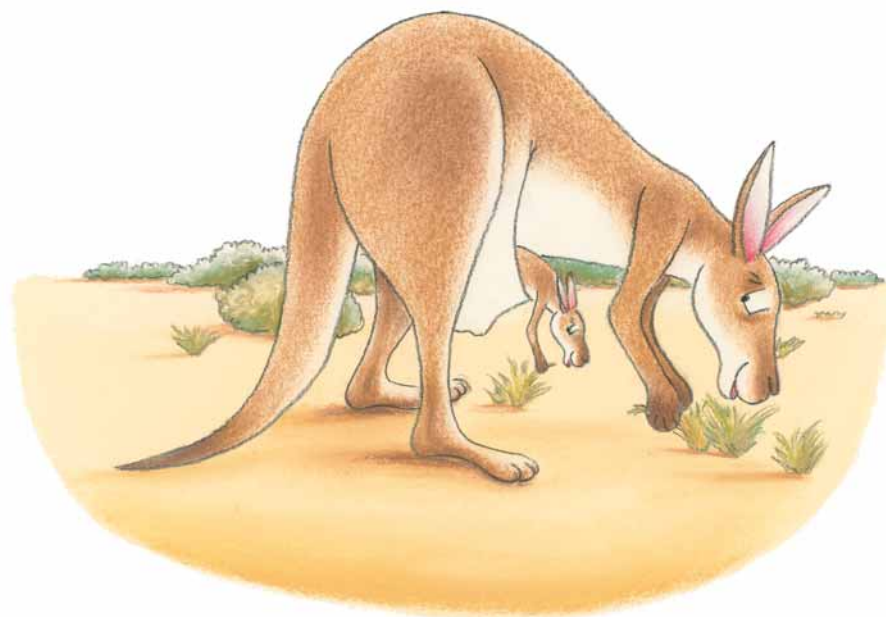
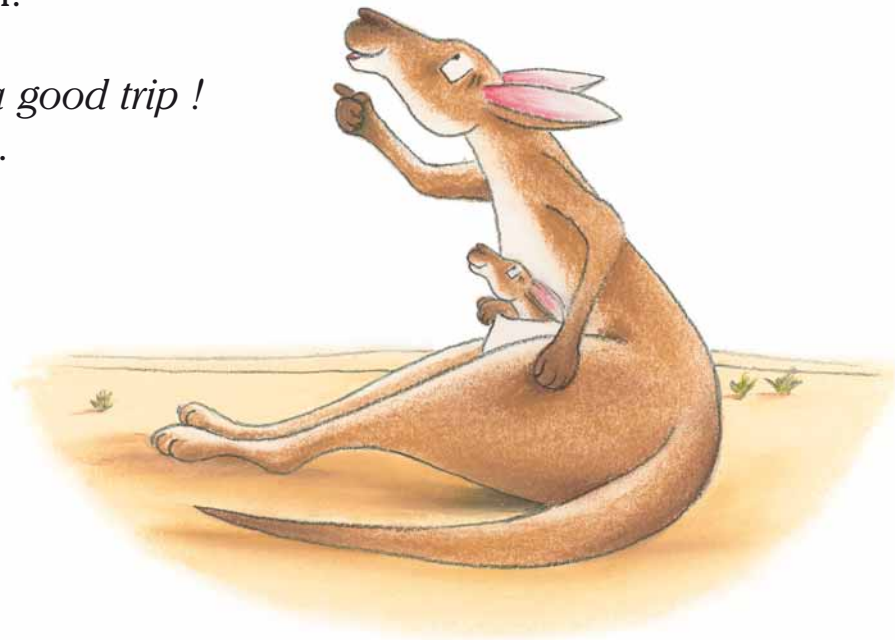
Laurence Bourguignon

The Heart in the pocket

Valérie d'Heur

To my son Alix
V.DH.

To Anto, have a good trip !
L. B.

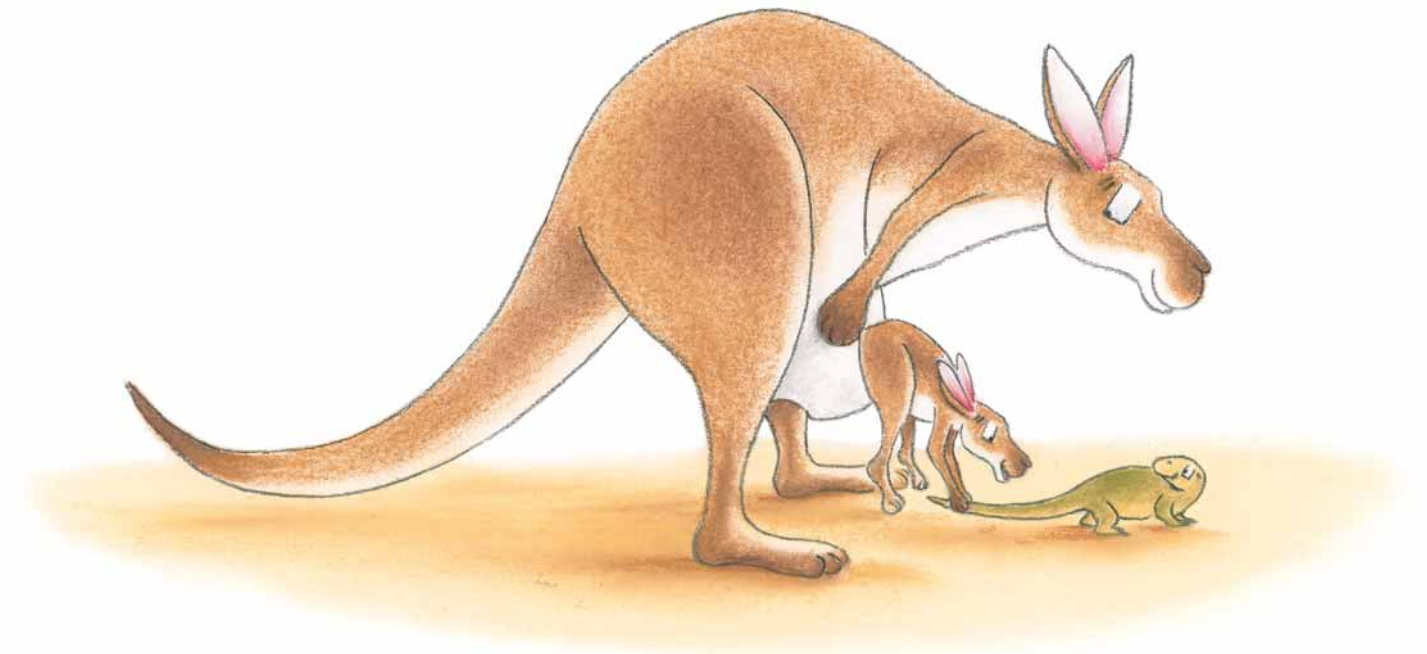


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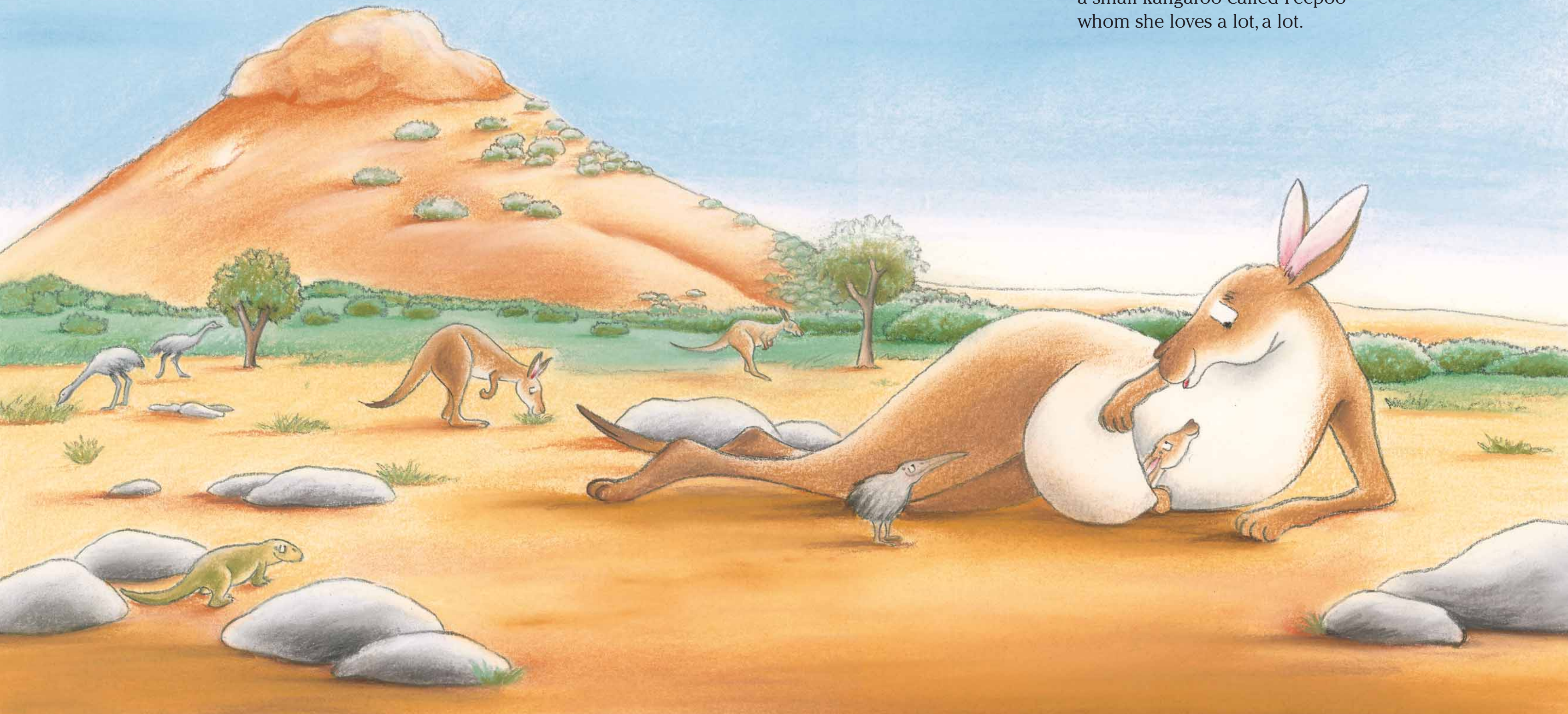
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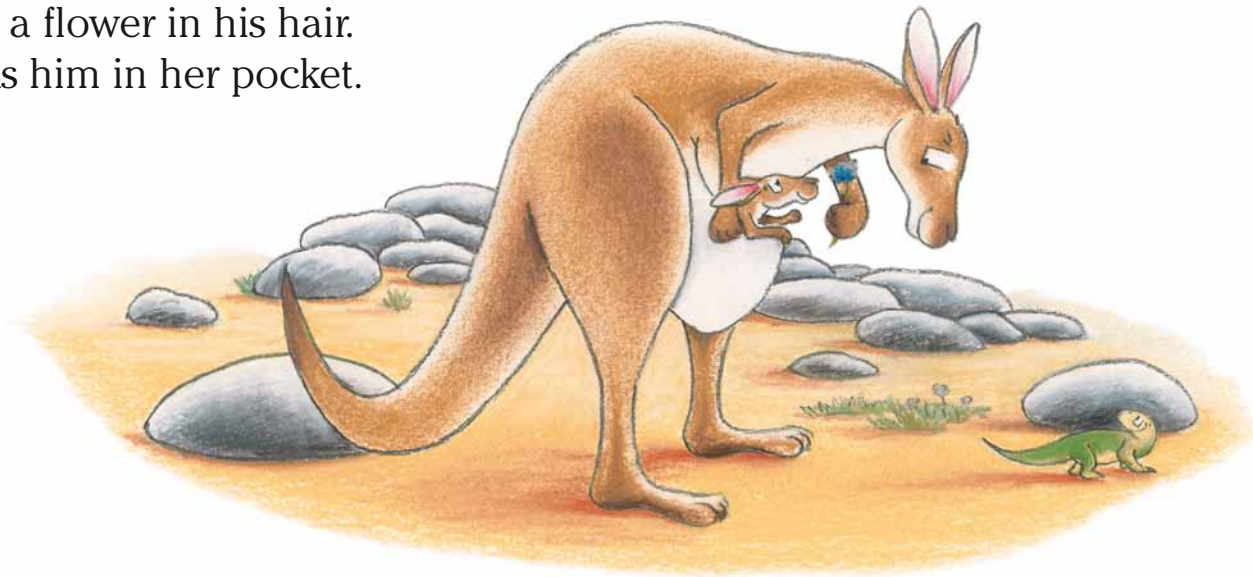


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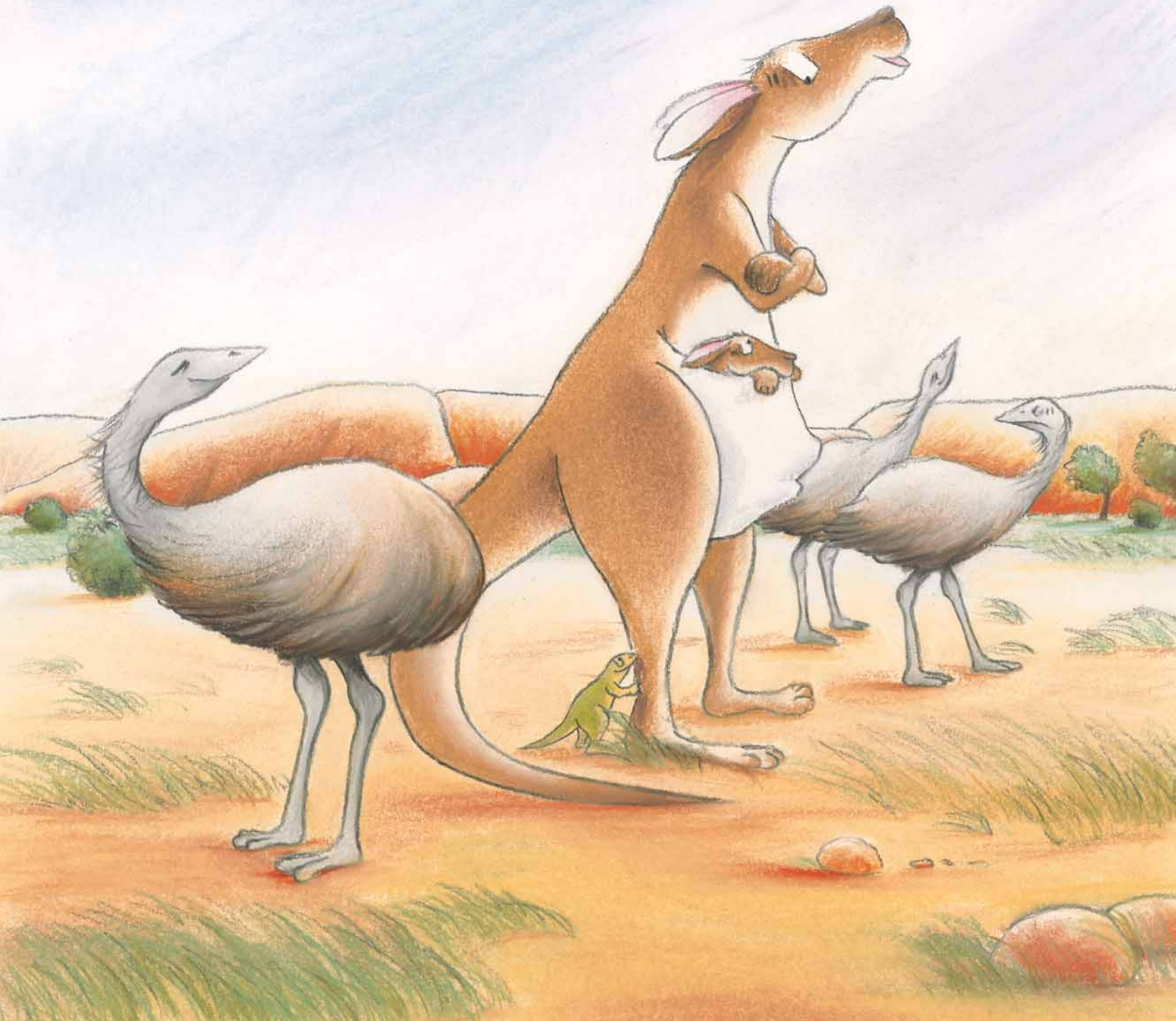
Mother Kangaroo has a baby,
a small kangaroo called Peepoo
whom she loves a lot, a lot.



She sings songs to him.
She puts a flower in his hair.
She rocks him in her pocket.



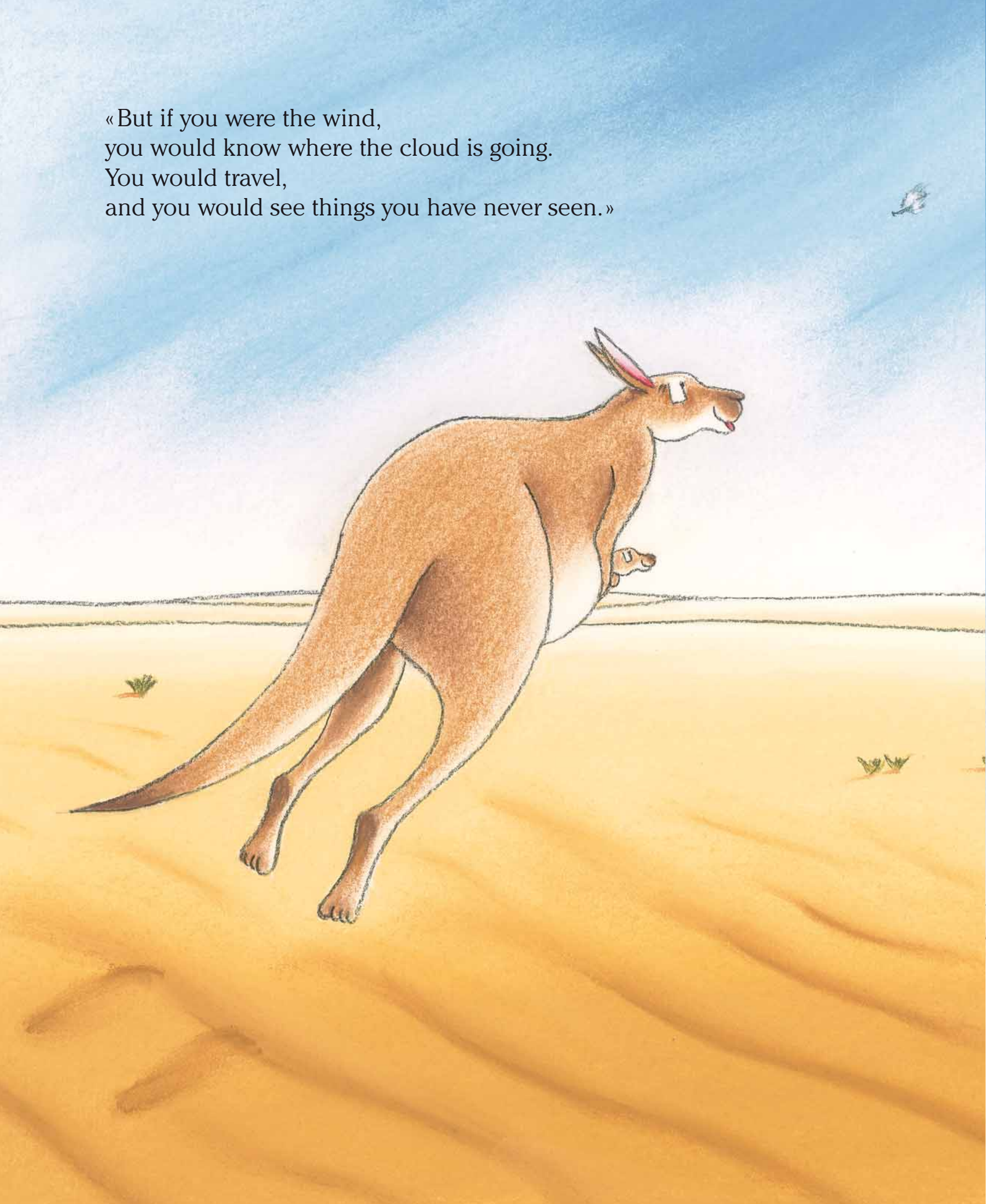
«Not me,» answers Peepoo.
«The wind pushes the clouds.
Where to? I don't know.
In your pocket I know where I am!»



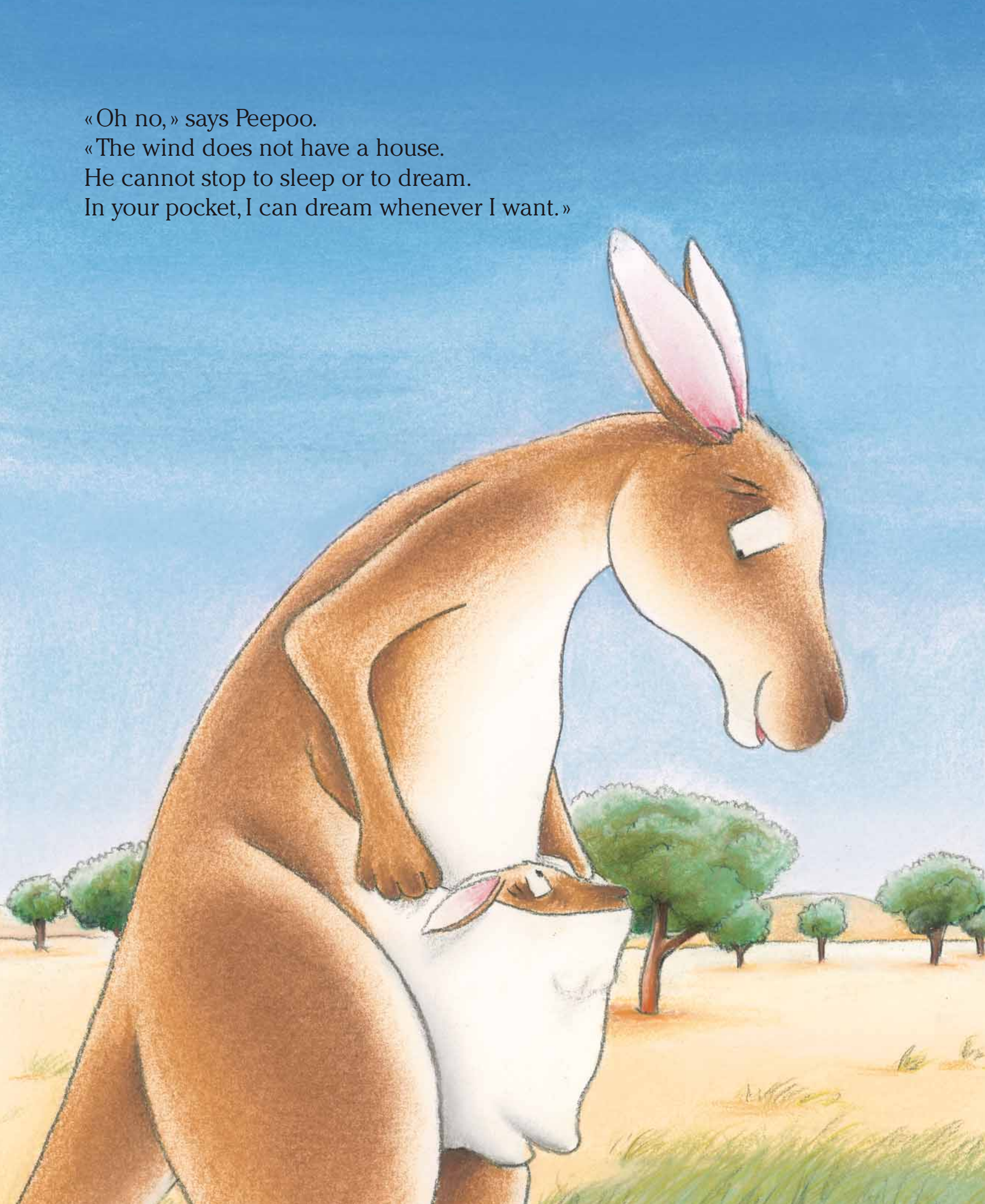
In the sky she shows him
a small bird, a beautiful cloud.
«I would like to be a cloud »,
says Mother Kangaroo.
«What about you, Little Kangaroo?»



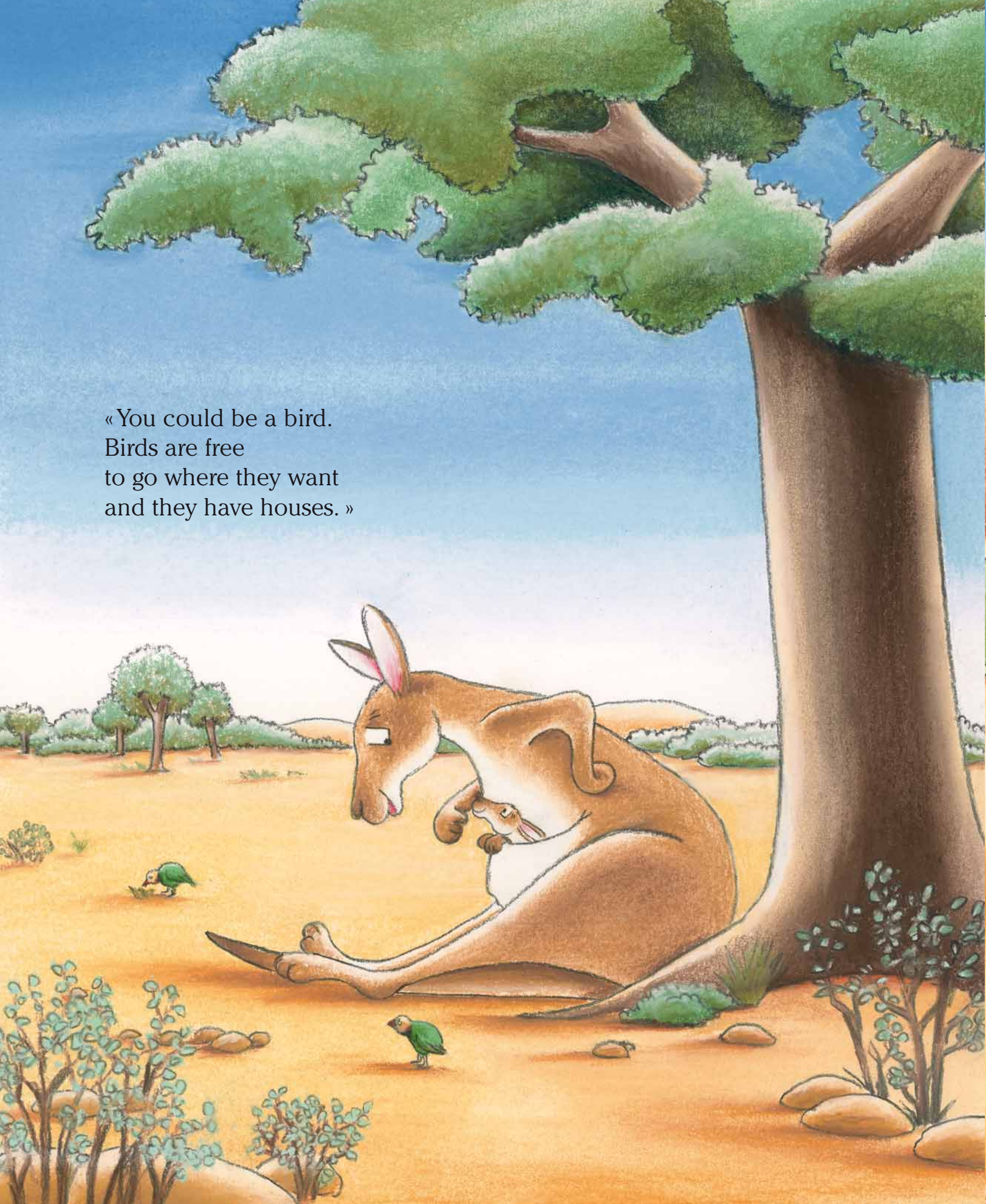
«But if you were the wind,
you would know where the cloud is going.
You would travel,
and you would see things you have never seen.»



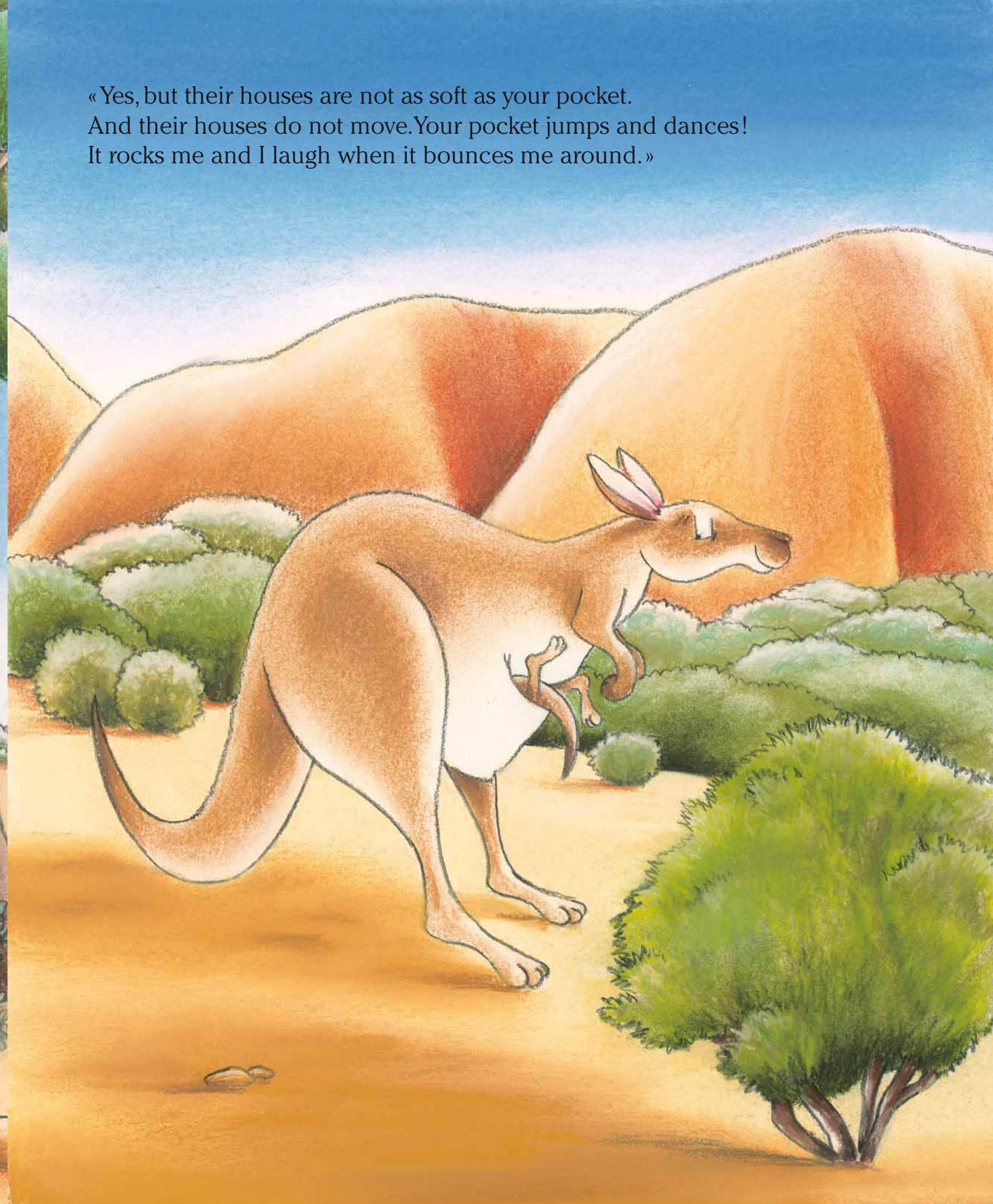
«Oh no,» says Peepoo.
«The wind does not have a house.
He cannot stop to sleep or to dream.
In your pocket, I can dream whenever I want.»



« You could be a bird.
Birds are free
to go where they want
and they have houses. »



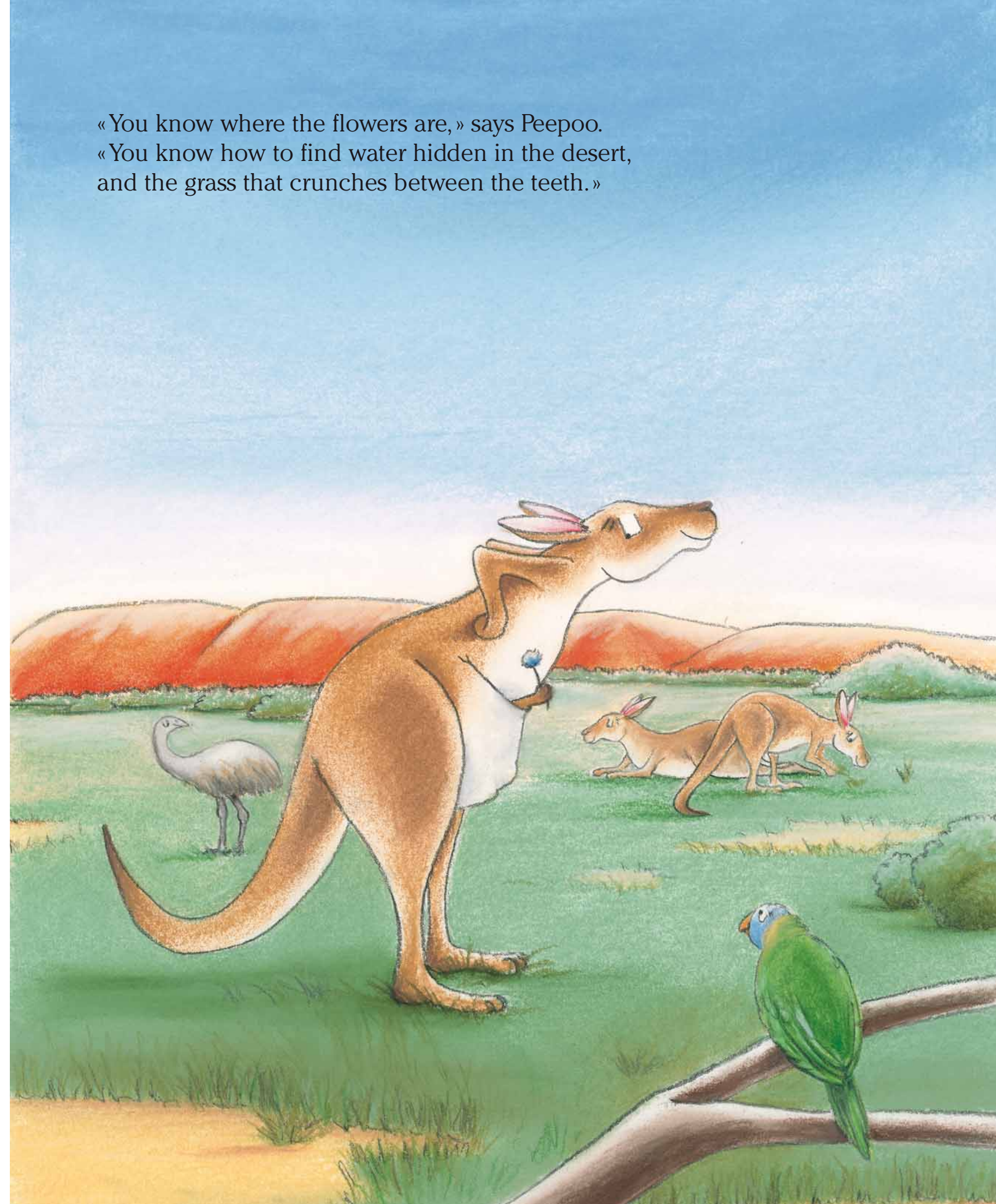
« Yes, but their houses are not as soft as your pocket.
And their houses do not move. Your pocket jumps and dances!
It rocks me and I laugh when it bounces me around. »

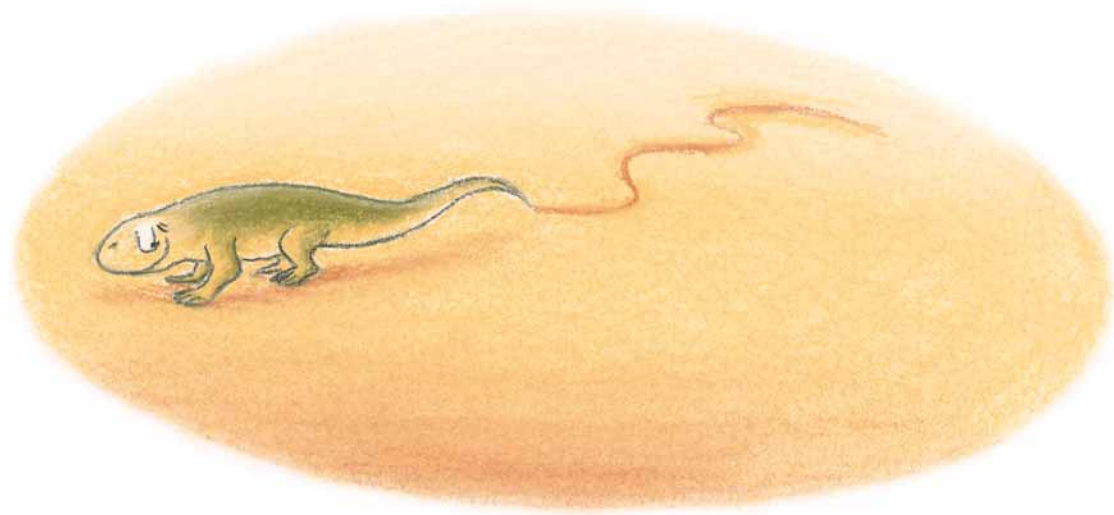


« You could be a butterfly, » Mother Kangaroo says.
« Butterflies are soft and ever so light.
They float upon the thinnest of breezes.
And they know where the flowers are. »

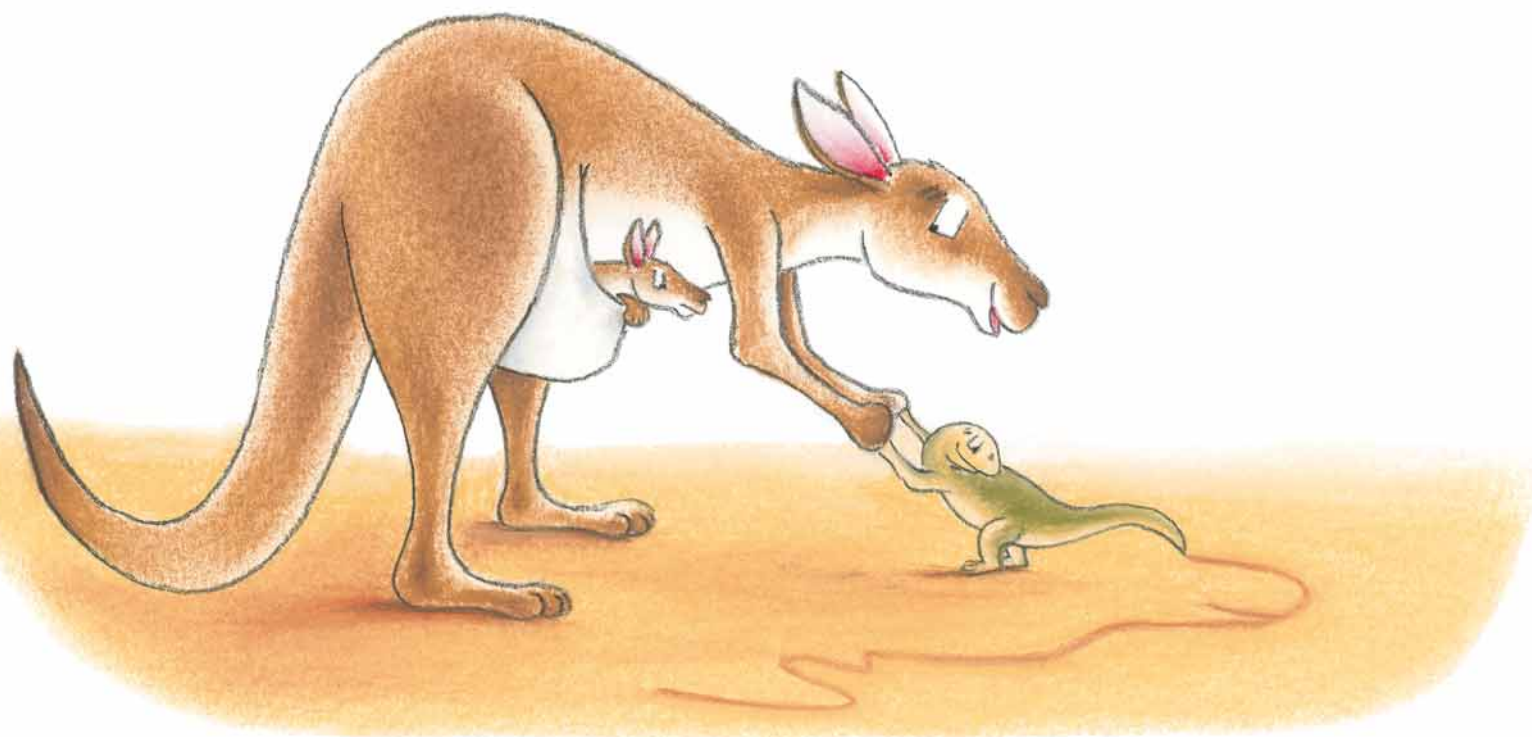


« You know where the flowers are, » says Peepoo.
« You know how to find water hidden in the desert,
and the grass that crunches between the teeth. »

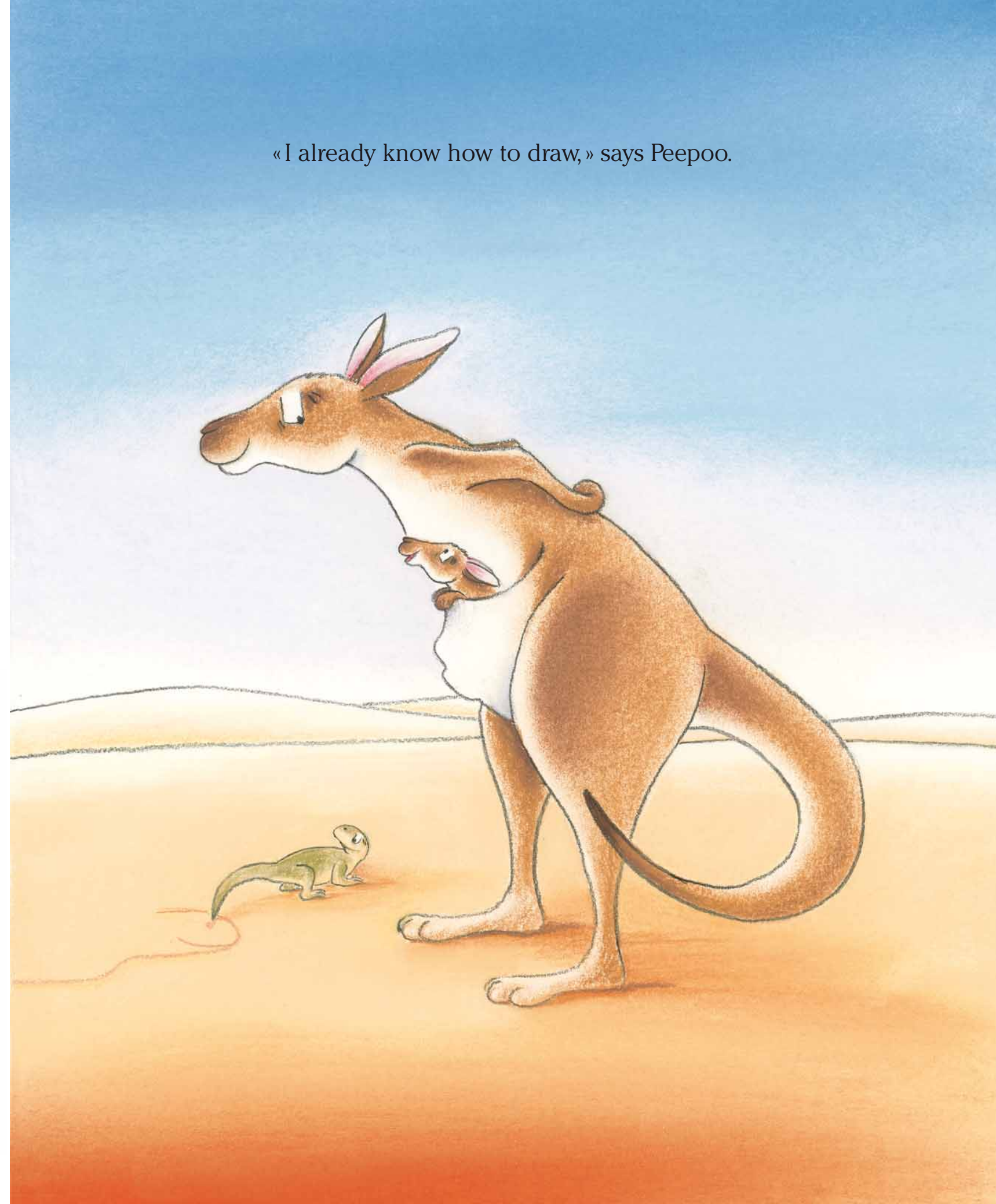




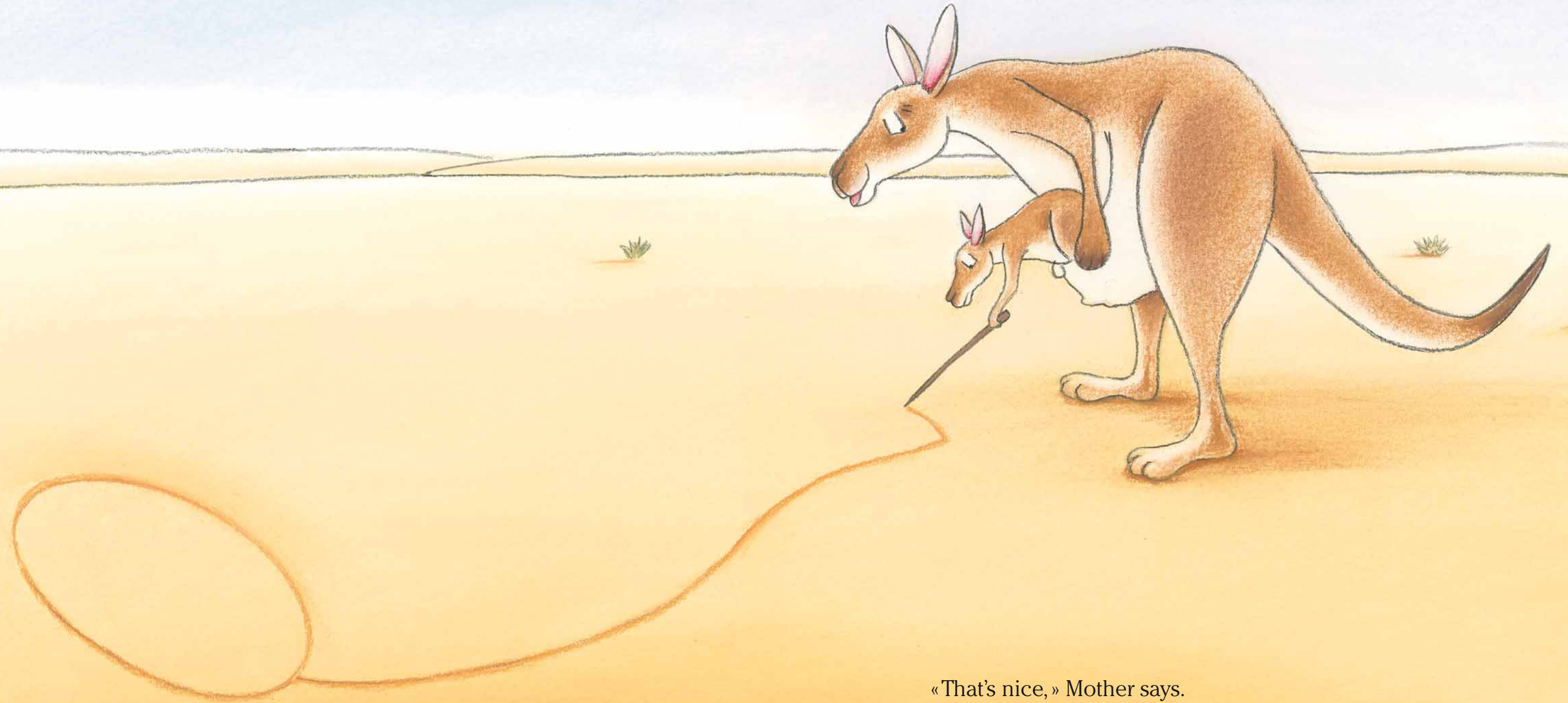
«And what if you were a lizard?
With your feet and your tail
you could draw rivers and birds in the sand.»



«I already know how to draw,» says Peepoo.



With a stick in the sand he draws a picture of a kangaroo carrying a small kangaroo.

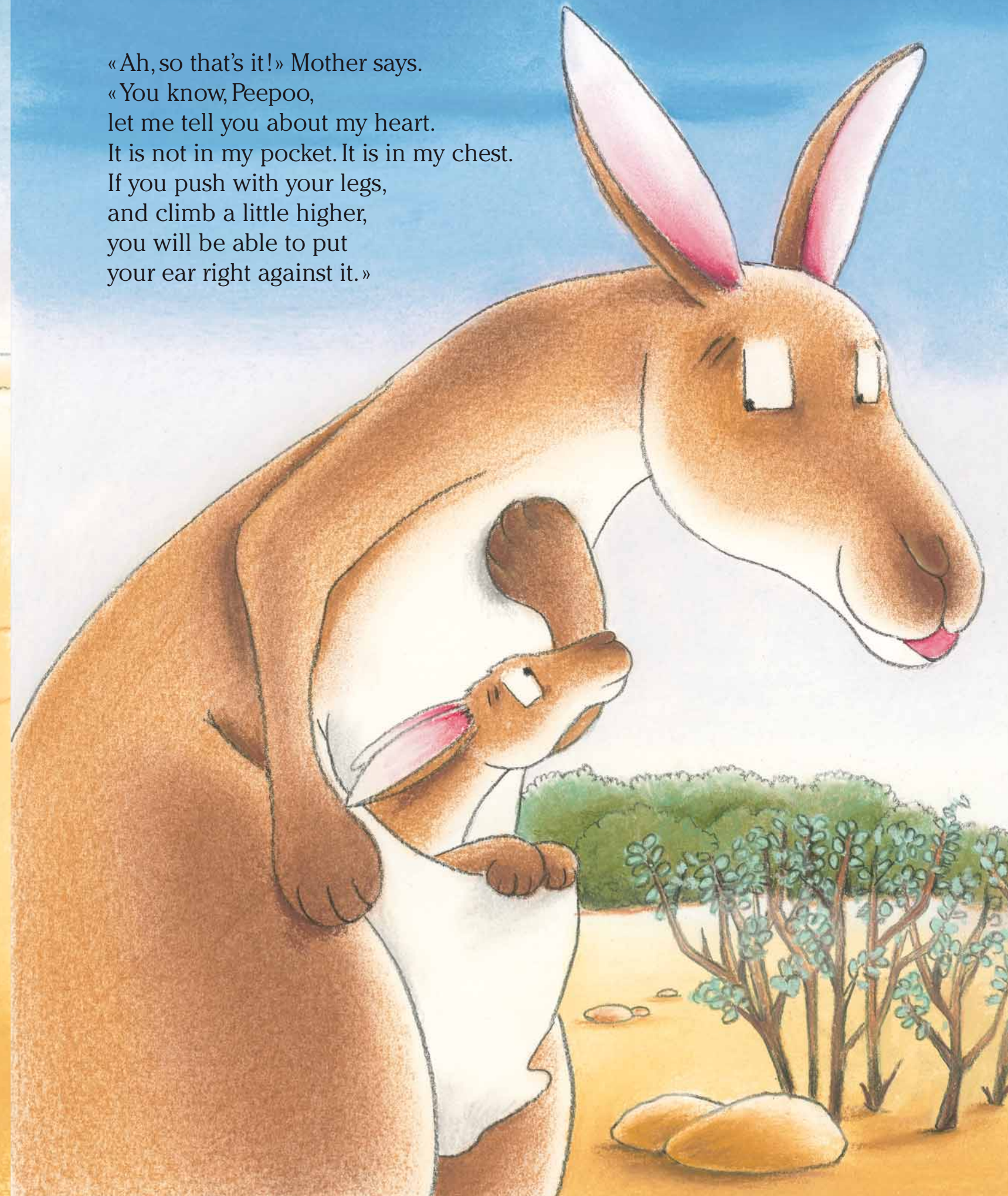


«That's nice,» Mother says.
«But what is that small kangaroo going to do?
Is he going to stay small forever?»

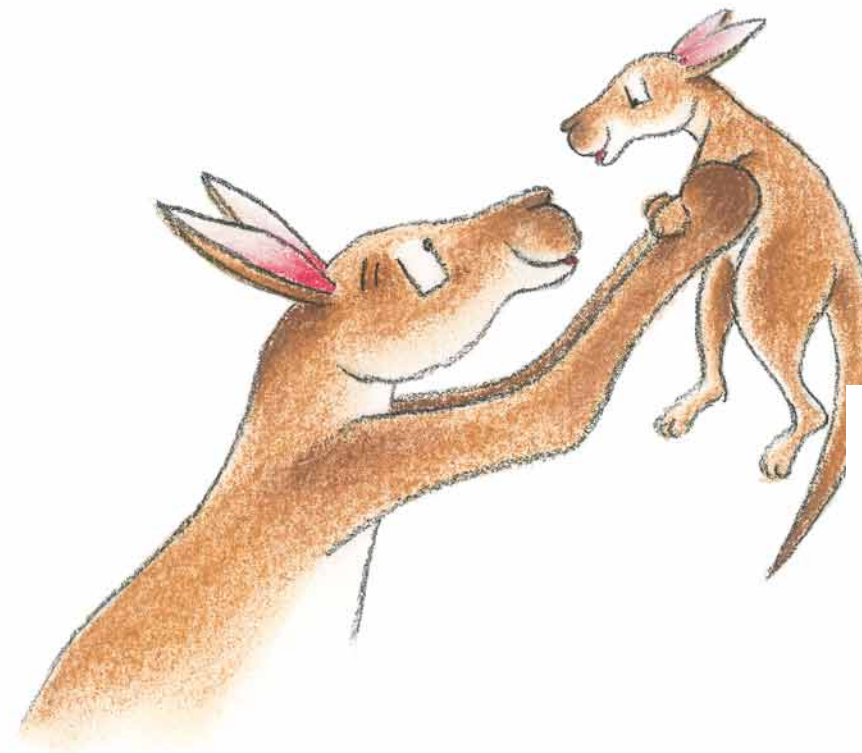
«Oh, no,» Peepoo says.
«He will grow up – but he will stay in the pocket.»
«Why is that?» asks Mother Kangaroo.
«Because inside the pocket he can hear his mother's heart beat.
If he goes out, he won't hear it anymore.»



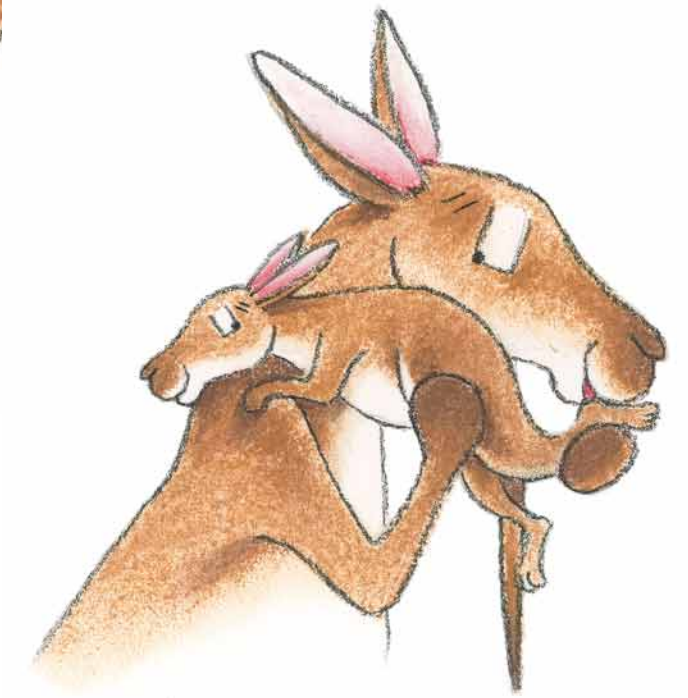
«Ah, so that's it!» Mother says.
«You know, Peepoo,
let me tell you about my heart.
It is not in my pocket. It is in my chest.
If you push with your legs,
and climb a little higher,
you will be able to put
your ear right against it.»



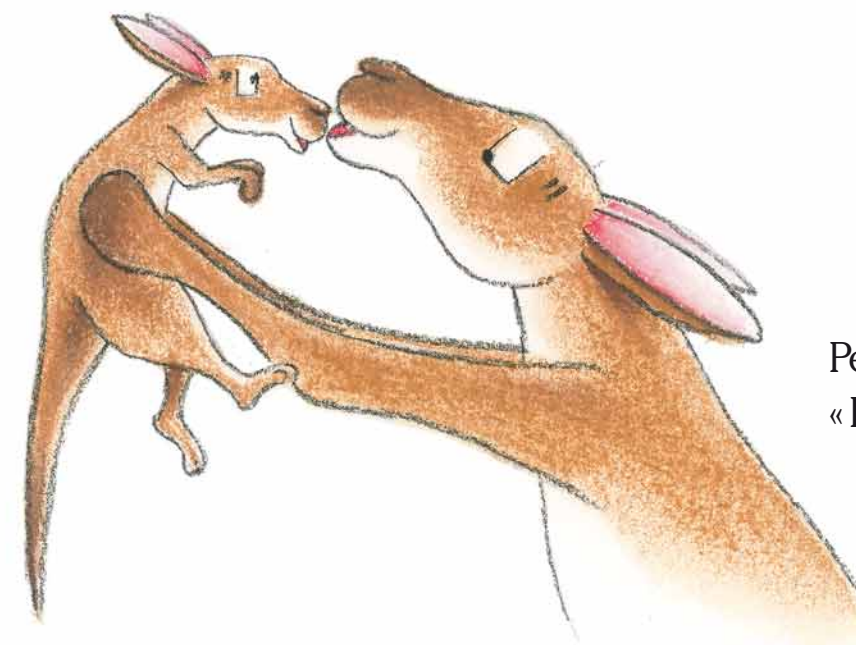
And Peepoo pushes with his legs
and he climbs a little higher
and he falls right into his mother's arms.
«And there you are, my little Kangaroo!» Mother says.



She kisses his nose, his eyelids,

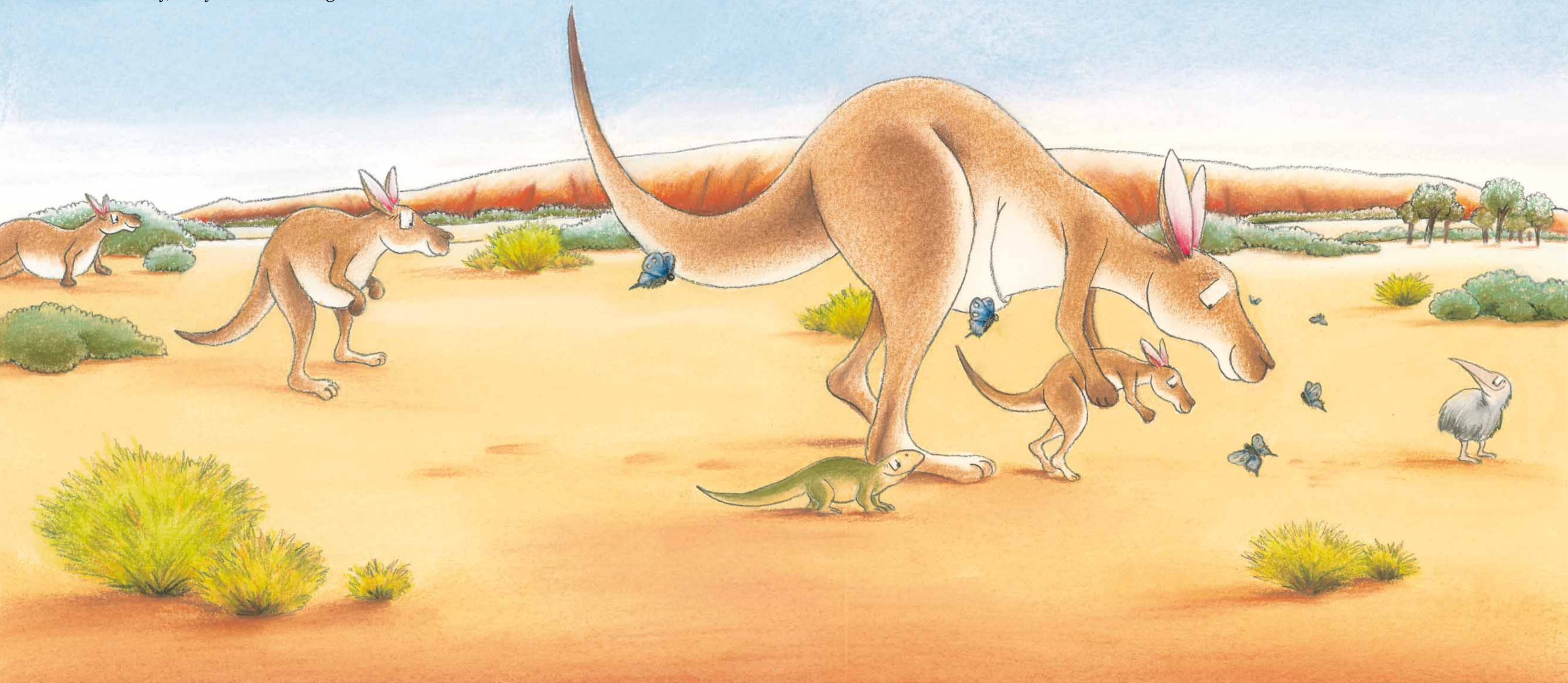


his chin, all the fingers on both hands
and his two big funny feet too.



Peepoo laughs and struggles.
«Let me down!» he shouts.

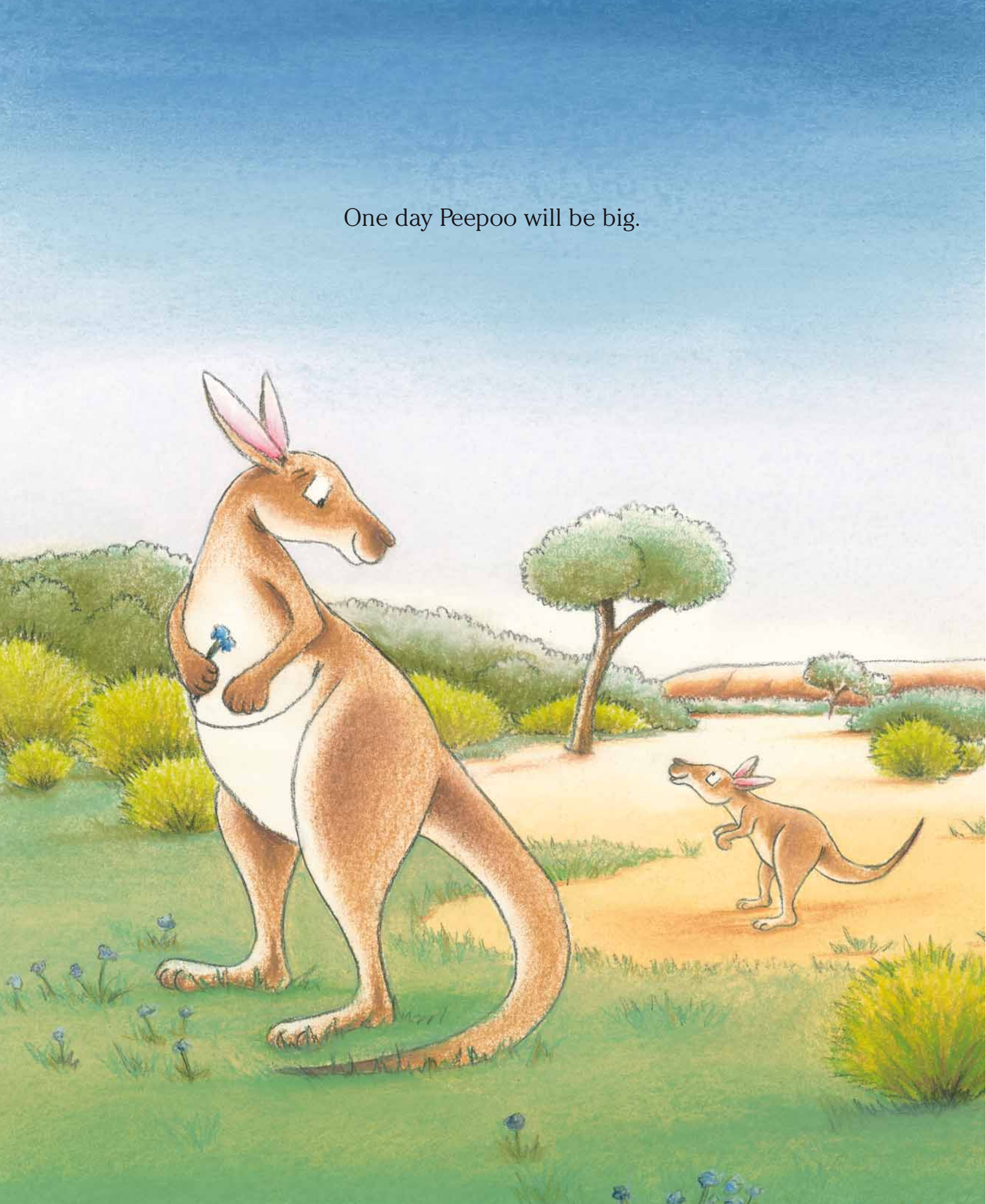
Mother Kangaroo puts him down.
The wind blows. The bird sings in the mahogany tree
but the beautiful cloud has gone.
«Where is it now?»
«Far away,» says Mother Kangaroo,
«to where the wind pushed him.»
«Can we catch up with it?»
«Let's try,» says Mother Kangaroo.



Mother Kangaroo has a small child.
A small kangaroo called Peepoo
whom she loves a lot, a lot.
Together they go where the wind pushes them.
The desert is their home.



One day Peepoo will be big.



But right under his ear
he will always find
a heart.

