

Very short story written on October 20th, 2012, in Dilijan (Armenia)
Story for the children at the 'thematic chain' workshop
in Hovh. Tumanyan's House-Museum on October 21st, 2012.
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The children's boo-man

This is how this story begins.

A long long time ago, there were no children in this world. Long before parents existed, long before the wind would blow, long long time before the so-called "NO CHILDREN YEAR", a scarry boo-man lived on earth.

All over the world, this frightening boo-man would go and catch the children. At the beginning, no one noticed. Very strange indeed, that not even the teachers noticed that the children were missing. In the end, there was not a single child, yes, whether you believe it or not, there was not one single child left. Not in Belgium, not in Baghdad, not in Belarus, not in Belfast, not in Bethlehem, not in Beijing, not in Berlin, not in Bogota, not in Bolivia, not in Bologna, nowhere on this planet was there a child to be found.

The boo-man looked very ugly with his big big belly, his 39 eyes and his 26 ears. Eventhough him having so many eyes, he wasn't seeing anything. Yes, the boo-man was completely blind. How he was ever able to look for children, no-one knows. Eventhough the boo-man having 26 ears, he was completely deaf. How he was ever able to hear the children, no-one knows. His nose? His noose looked like a curley chimney. Smoke would come out of it when he burnt his hair. Yes, sometimes he would set fire to the hair sticking out of his nose. But still, he was not able to breath.

As a matter of fact, this frightening boo-man looked like a creepy big brown beast. And as we all know, a beast can not talk. So, all you would here the boo-man say was: BBBBBBBBB.

Whenever the children were playing at the playground, or running around in the streets, or enjoying themselves on the beach, the boo-man would catch them and take them away. When the world's children were sleeping in their bed: the boo-man would be there, and without waking them up, let them disappear. Where too? How? Nobody knows.

So, on the whole planet earth, there was not one child left. On the whole planet? No, there was one little country where the boo-man never went to. In this little country the children always remained, kept on living a children's life, existing and playing happily, eating yammie yoghurt, ... and so much more. The name of this country you are asking me? HAYASTAN it is called.

Every morning, for breakfast, the boo-man ate 39 beefburgers and would drink 26 cups of beetlenut-tea. Every day, at lunchtime he would eat 39 plates of Belgian Beef stew and would drink 26 bowls of beetle-soup. For dinner he always took 39 Beluga caviar with beans dishes and 26 mugs of Bengali tiger-coffee. In between all those meals, he would very often consume some bees. And in he evening before he would go to sleep, a lot of bubbling burps could be heard.

Of course, as you all know, this is not true story. Do not believe anything of it. It's just a fairy tale, another imaginary story.

Why? Because the boo-man does not exist at all. He has never ever lived and will never ever exist. So there's nothing to be afraid of.

The only thing that you will remember from now on, or at least something that all of you will never forget, is that in my alphabet there is a letter called B.

This very beautiful letter is right at the beginning of my alphabet. It is the second letter of the alphabet. So, from now, don't worry, be happy. Because all that children should really do is laugh a lot. Be joyfull and play until the cows come home. Have fun as much as flying pigs do. Because, yes, that is true: pigs can fly!

But that is another cup of tea, a different tale. It is the story of the letter P and not B. To tell you this story, I shall come back in the "YEAR OF THE FLYING PIGS". All you have to do in the meantime, is look at the moon. And I am very confident that, one day you will see a flying pig passing at moonlight. Yes, I am really sure that you will, and that you all will find it very beautiful.