

Yvan DeMuy

1

The burdens of a
LIGHTHEART

Jean
Morin

SHAMEFUL

GLUE-POT

ÉDITIONS
MICHEL
QUINTIN

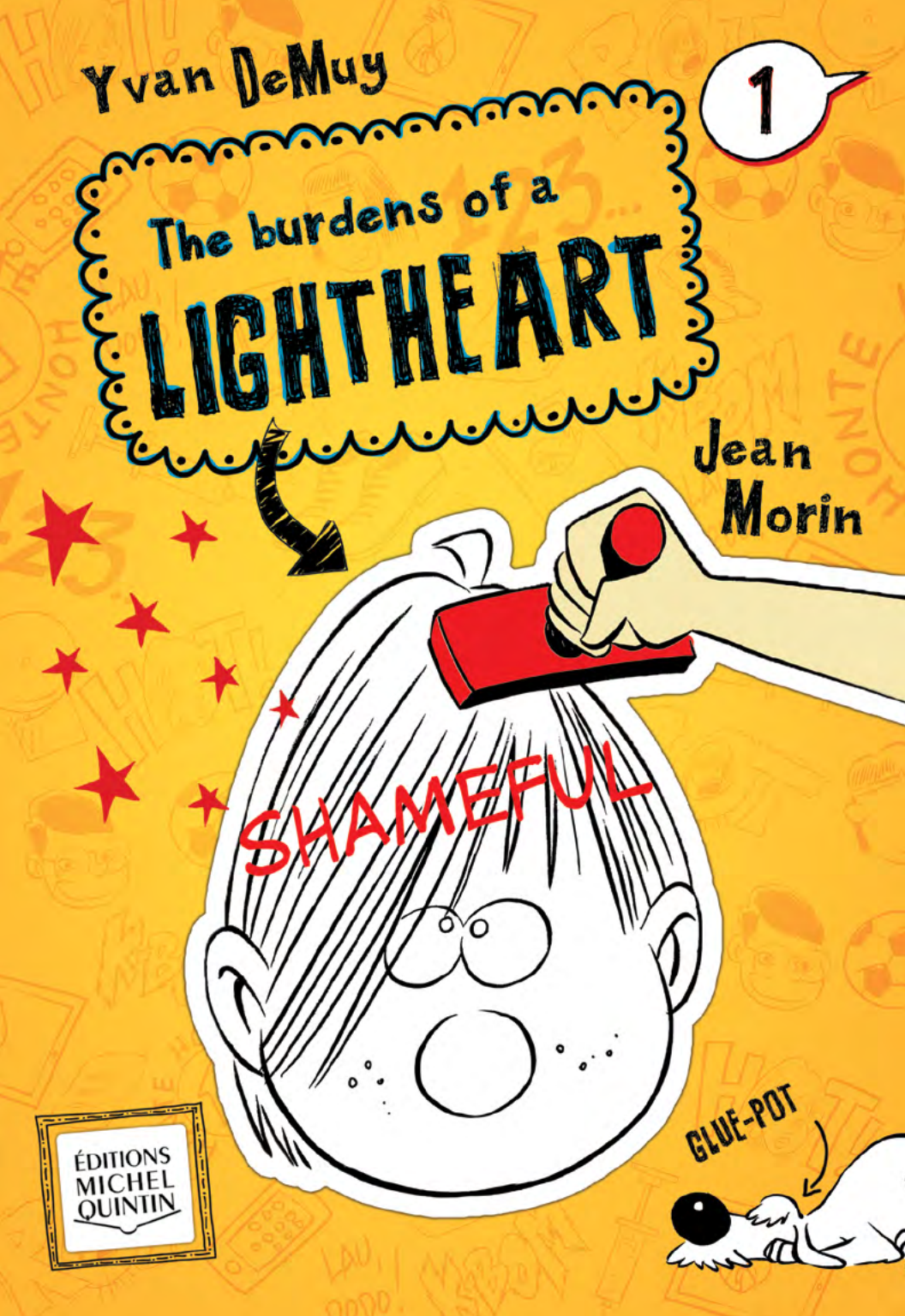
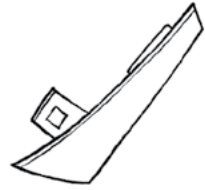


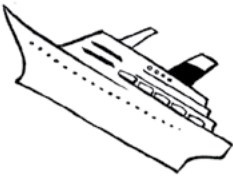
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Bedtime, Lar!



Forty-three boats, boats. Forty-four boats, boats.
Forty-five boats, boa ...

Oh no, no, no! That's not it! I'm at forty-five boats
and I just remembered that it's not boats you count
to fall asleep, but SHEEP!

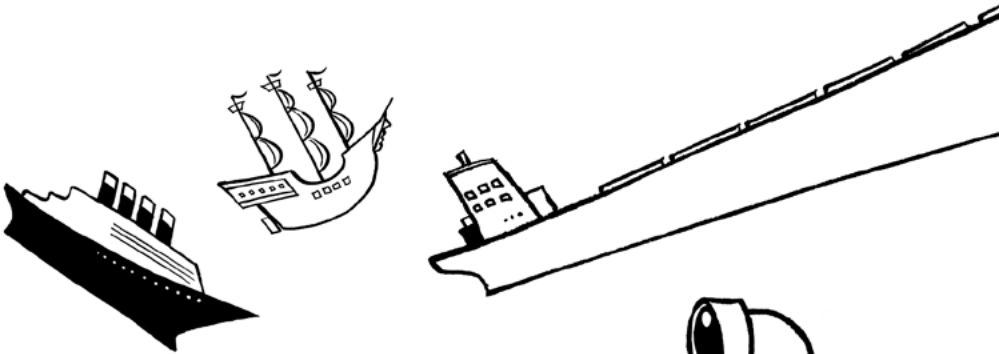
BAAA!



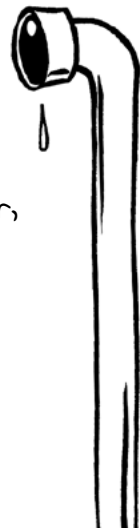
Good job, Lawrence Lighthouse, you win the prize for baaaaadest sheep! Counting boats is for touch football, not falling asleep. I should know that, I play touch football often at school.



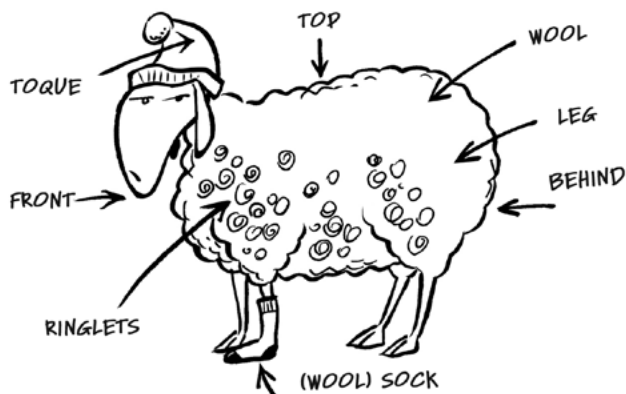
I'm really not proud of myself. No wonder it's not working! I'm as wide awake now as in the middle of the day. I knew that something was off. I didn't even yawn once while counting. But I did see boats: small boats, big boats, ocean liners, rowboats, sailboats, motorboats, multi-coloured boats, red boats, blue boats, lots and lots of boats! I even saw a submarine go by! Forty-four different boats. But all the same, I still can't fall asleep



I know now why you have to imagine sheep and not boats. Because one sheep looks pretty much like another, but boats, well now, they come in all shapes and sizes! The principle is simple:



it's because you see the same image in your head over and over again that you fall asleep. What brilliant thinking! I've just gotten smarter. I'll have to tell dad. He has to know my genius theory about sheep. My dad is a veterinarian. And he's a really good one. He knows everything about sheep.



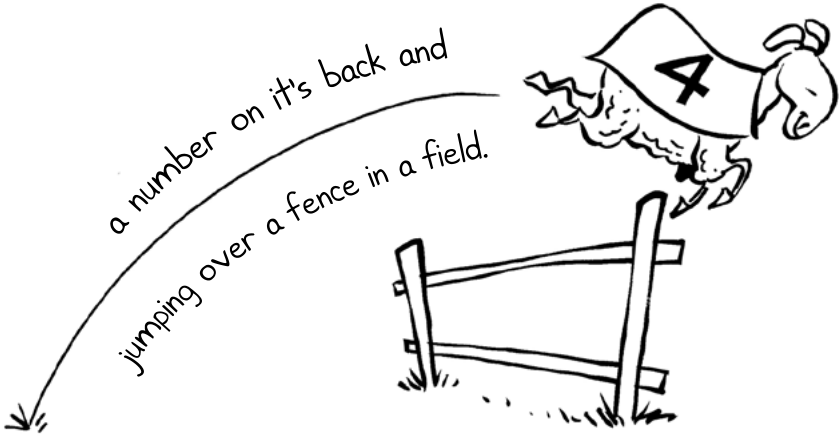
Okay, I'm starting over: one sheep sheep, two ...

Oh no, I made another mistake! It's not "sheep, sheep", it's just "sheep". In touch football, it's "boat" twice, but when trying to sleep, it's "sheep" once. Don't ask why, that's just the way it is. Okay, from the top.

One sheep, two sheep, three ...

123...

And to make it work even faster, it's best to imagine each sheep wearing



Get it? I know a sheep with a number on its back sounds weird, but it usually works.

Now where was I?



Oh well, I'll do something else. Counting is long and boring. What will help me fall asleep?

- No, Torpedo! I'm not playing fetch with you!



Torpedo is one of my dogs. She's always ready to play fetch, even in the middle of the night. She's hyperactive and worse than me! A crazy little dog that never stops moving.
- Ask Glue-pot if he wants to play. You may get lucky!



DO I LOOK LIKE
SOME DOG
WHO'D WANT TO
PLAY WITH THAT
HAIRY LITTLE
SHRIMP?!

I've got it! Mom's been telling me to tidy my closet for a while now, and now's the time to do it!

Tidying up is so boring I'll fall asleep in no time. I mustn't make any sound at all though. And I absolutely mustn't switch on the lamp on my nightstand. I could wake my parents, or worse, my half-sister Charlotte. I need my flashlight.

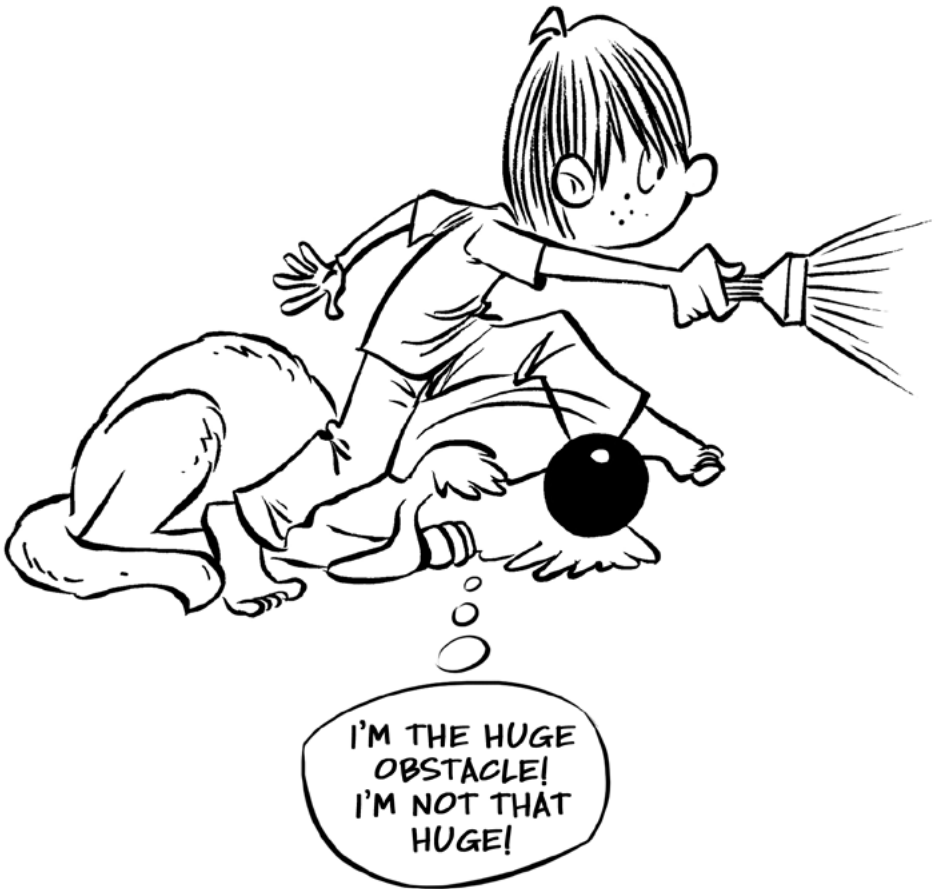


If I remember correctly, it must be ... somewhere ... under my bed. Yes, under my bed! That's where I saw it last. It's a treasure chest down there. Let's see what we find ...



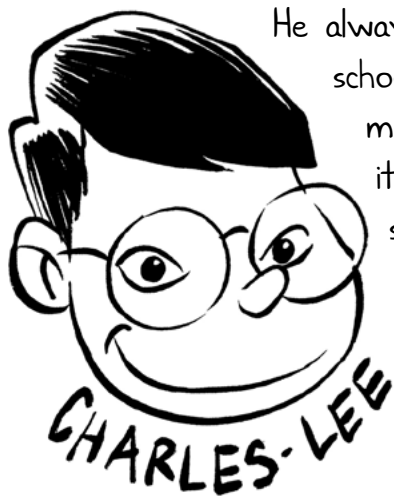
... a sock, my stuffed panda, a book about dinosaurs, a bag of candy ... dang, it's empty! A pair of underwear, some dust, a ping-pong racket, lots of other useless stuff and, as predicted, my flashlight. This proves beyond a doubt that my mess is very organized.

Flashlight in hand, I'm ready for adventure. I get out of bed, determined to face all the terrible dangers that lie in wait in the far-flung corners of my bedroom. I tiptoe over a huge obstacle on the floor ...



... and continue on my expedition to the secret door. Okay, I'm exaggerating a little, because it's just the door to my closet and it's really not a secret to be honest. Except, I'm a little afraid to open it. Who knows? My best friend, Charles-Lee, may be right. He says that at night, closets are home to terrifying, bloodthirsty monsters.

Charles-Lee is very smart. He spends all his time reading or watching documentaries.



He always has the top grades at school. So if he says that night monsters hide in closets, it must be true! After stopping to think about it for a second, I get a hold of myself and of the doorknob ... Suddenly, I hear it.

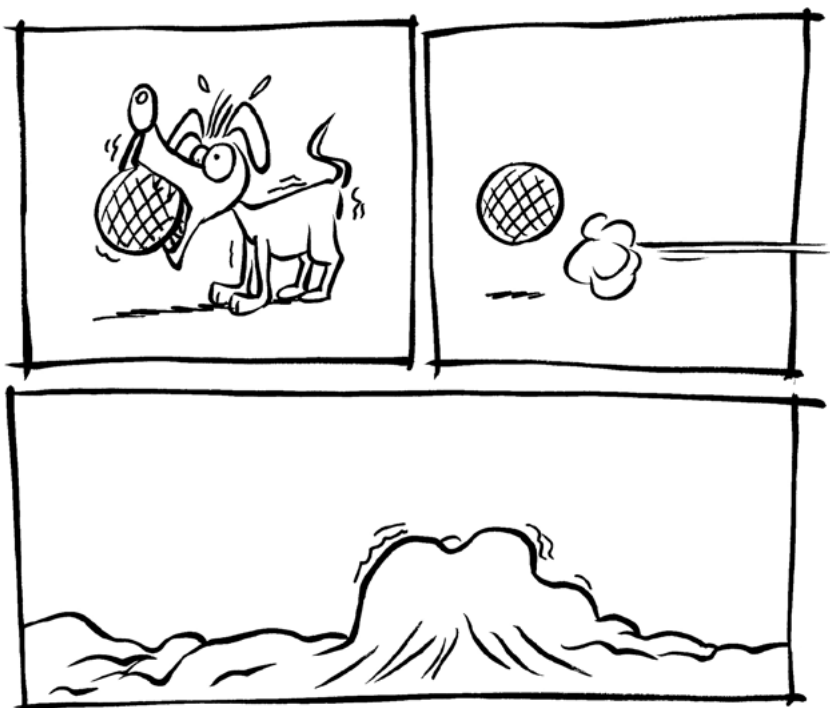
Charles-Lee was right.

There's a monster in my closet. I sweat, I stink and I hear ... my teeth chattering! I can't stop them from doing it!

There's clearly something dangerous behind the door, because Glue-pot isn't growling. And when there's danger, the big guy plays dead. He becomes as silent as ... uh ... what's something that's silent? I don't know, but I do know that Glue-pot stays very, very silent at times like these!



There's obviously some hairy green monster or some skeleton with an axe or, worse even, some terrifying animal lurking behind the door, the handle of which I'm bravely clinging on to. Torpedo is frozen with fear. She's dropped her ball and is hiding under my bedcovers.





I look for something I can use to defend myself. No hammer or saw in sight. What a shame; that would have helped me face whatever's hiding behind this door. I put my flashlight on the floor and grab a fly swatter. The monster better watch out! I'm ready to take on the strange creature trying to escape the closet. With one hand still on the doorknob, I take a deep breath and ... open the door!

LAR'S RIGHT!
IT'S A SCARY BEAST!
CAN WE ALL GO TO
SLEEP NOW?

WARNING
this series may contain
scenes causing
**AWKWARDNESS and
HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER**



Tomorrow, the first day of school, no one will treat Lar like a soggy loser because his umbrella flipped upside down. No one will laugh at him because he left his snorkelling mask on for too long and now looks like a racoon. No one will point out that he's still wearing his pyjama bottoms. No. Thanks to his new lucky charm, Lawrence Sansoucy can sleep like a baby tonight because tomorrow will be a super-duper-extra-mega fun day.



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GET OFF,
YOU LITTLE
RASCAL!