

Maritza had called "Cerb" her friend the young deer... and he answered the call of his name when in the morning she visited him in the forest, bringing him the big armful of fresh herbs he was fond of... And always, when they played together, "Rossi" the robin would come and sing above their rides!



And so life went on in the deep carelessness of Maritza and her friends... it could have lasted forever! But one morning, when the sun had warmed up a little the fogged undergrowth, appeared at the end of the path an old woman who mumbled incomprehensible words... It was a "vrajitoare"... in other words a witch escaped from hell !



And very quickly, Maritza found herself in known ground... Rosi twirled around her and shouted with joy. In the bend of a bush, they saw Cerb who was still crying all the tears of his body... When he saw his friends, he started a series of antics that the whole forest still remembers: it was his way of showing his joy. And the witch? She could not prepare her magic potion and she died in atrocious suffering!



Maritza was a beautiful child of about ten years old and nothing would have distinguished her from the other children of her age except her sadness which had turned into a kind of sickly languor. She never smiled and always seemed fearful and frightened. She never separated herself from her rag rabbit, which she held close to her like a lucky charm...

She opened a door and threw Maritza in a dark room that she closed on her. Cric, crac! The lock was pressed twice and Maritza found herself in a dark place where daylight only filtered through the door. She was calm, thinking of how to escape from this black hole in which the witch had locked her... She was thinking about her two friends who had probably been frightened by the kidnapping. She was far from knowing what was going to happen. Life sometimes reserves good surprises!



And while Maritza was moping in the dark, loud noises could be heard in the old woman's kitchen... She had lit a fire and was heating water in a large cauldron and preparing a potion of eternal youth... What she didn't know was that Rosi had been following everything as he flitted from branch to branch and was watching the house with interest... Red throat maybe... but intelligent all the same!

And the lack of money added to the accidents of life without these poor people being able to change the course of their history. These poor people had not had any luck... And the old "goutsou" lamented all the miseries that had ravaged his household and his whole family... Misfortune had fallen on them from all sides: they had had five children. All of them had died in infancy from malnutrition, deprivation and disease, except for Maritza, the youngest, who strangely resisted the traps of life...

She was sad because she felt so alone... She would have liked so much to have friends and friends with whom she could play, shout, run, smell the flowers, play with the water... But there was no one! The nearest house was at least two hours away... and still it was only inhabited by an old couple without children...



That lasted a good moment, turning to the right or to the left at every crossroads. Maritza who however knew well the forest was completely lost and did not know any more where she was!

By dint of advancing, turning and advancing again, the witch who always held Maritza by the hand had arrived at a kind of clearing at the end of which stood a miserable hovel...



Taking advantage of the fact that the witch was consulting her secret grimoire, Rosi slipped through a small hole in the wall and saw, on a corner of the table, the key to the dungeon where Maritza was... With a flick of his wing, behind the back of the busy witch, he landed near the key and grabbed it. It was a little heavy for him but he was valiant. He took his flight and, without making noise, left the infernal kitchen to approach Maritza.



At the bottom of a lost valley of the Carpathians lived a miserable family of Moldavian peasants... Life was hard, the land was ungrateful and the climate terrible!



So she had taken the habit of walking alone in the nearby forest and, by dint of going there, she had befriended a young fawn, also lonely since a nasty hunter had taken his mother's life... Both of them multiplied their games under the branches, sometimes running, sometimes doing antics that made her smile a little!

Maritza was in a second state, not knowing too much what was happening to her, and she was obediently accompanying the witch who was walking with big strides... way...



And the witch took Maritza by the hand, firmly and by squeezing her harder than it was necessary while leaving in the opposite direction by the way...



With the tip of her beak, Rosi managed to slip the key under the door of Maritza's prison, who was surprised to see this object arrive... She took it and had no difficulty in making the lock work. The door opened in a sinister creaking, by chance masked by the noise of the pans that agitated the witch. And the two friends fled, running or flying as fast as they could.

Gerald Vusoge  
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