

The Brave Little Tailor

Once upon a time, there was a little tailor named Joanet. He was small, yes, but very clever! Every day, from morning until nightfall, he sewed clothes in his little workshop. Tap-tap! Tap-tap! His needle went, always quick.

One fine day, Joanet made himself a piece of toast with strawberry jam. Mmm! How delicious! He left it on the table to get some milk. But when he returned… oh dear! Seven large, heavy flies were gorging themselves as if they were at a party.

“Aaaah, that can’t be!” cried Joanet.

And smack! With a dishcloth, he killed them all at once!

Joanet stared at them: one, two, three… seven!

“Seven at once!” he said with a wide smile. “That’s something you have to know!”

He took a piece of cloth, got out his needle and thread, and embroidered in bold letters: “SEVEN AT ONCE.” Then he fastened it like a sash, clearly visible around his belly. And he said:

“Joanet the Brave is going out to see the world!”

And chip-chap, chip-chap, with his backpack on his back and his sash gleaming, he set off on his adventure.

He walked through the forest, among tall trees and singing birds. And suddenly… THUMP! THUMP! The ground trembled slightly. It was a giant! A giant as tall as a tower with a beard as long as a ladder.

The giant saw Joanet and read his sash:

“SEVEN AT ONCE? Bah!” I don’t believe it! You’re too small!

But Joanet wasn’t scared. He stood up, adjusted his sash a little, and said:

“Don’t think size is everything. Do you want to see what I’m capable of?”

The giant, curious, accepted the challenge.

“Okay, let’s do some tests! Whoever is stronger wins!”

The first test was: getting water from a stone.

The giant picked up a stone as big as a pumpkin and squeezed it with all his might… mmmphh! grrr! But nothing.

Joanet, who had a soft cheese in his backpack, picked it up and squeezed it hard… xxt! And a stream of white liquid came out!

“Come on!” said the giant. “This stone has juice!”

“You see…” said Joanet, with a mischievous smile.

Second test: throwing a stone far.

The giant grabbed a gigantic rock and threw it with such force that it disappeared behind the mountains.

“Let’s see if you can beat me, little one!” shouted the giant.

But Joanet took something else out of his bag: a little bird! And, very carefully, he let it fly. The bird climbed up, turned around, and flew far away—farther than the rock!

“What a throw!” said the giant, his eyes wide.

“When you fly, you fly,” said Joanet, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

The giant, increasingly impressed, said:

“All right, come to my burrow and sleep here tonight. You’re an interesting fellow.”

But alas, Joanet didn’t trust him much. That night, when it was time for bed, the little tailor filled the bed with stones and hid behind a curtain.

At midnight, the giant stood up on tiptoe, grabbed a gigantic staff, and WHAM! He struck the bed with the staff with tremendous force.

“That’s what you get for being so clever!” muttered the giant.

But the next day… knock-knock! Joanet came out from behind the curtain, fresh as a daisy!

“Good morning! I slept like a king!” he said with a theatrical yawn.

The giant turned as white as sugar.

“This little fellow… he’s unbreakable!”

And he ran up the mountain, scared and sweating, shouting:

“Help me! This little fellow can do anything!”

When the neighboring villages learned that the giant had fled, everyone applauded Joanet.

“You’re a hero!”

“Thank you, brave little tailor!”

“Long live Joanet!”

They threw him a party with music, cake, and balloons, and carried him on their shoulders.

Joanet, overjoyed, said:

“I just wanted to sew in peace… but adventures are fun too!”

And so, the little tailor who started by killing seven flies with a rag became a beloved hero.

And even today, if you pass through that town, you might see a sign that says:

“Welcome to the town of the brave tailor!”

And if you listen closely… you might even hear the sound of a needle sewing:

“Click-click! Click-click!”