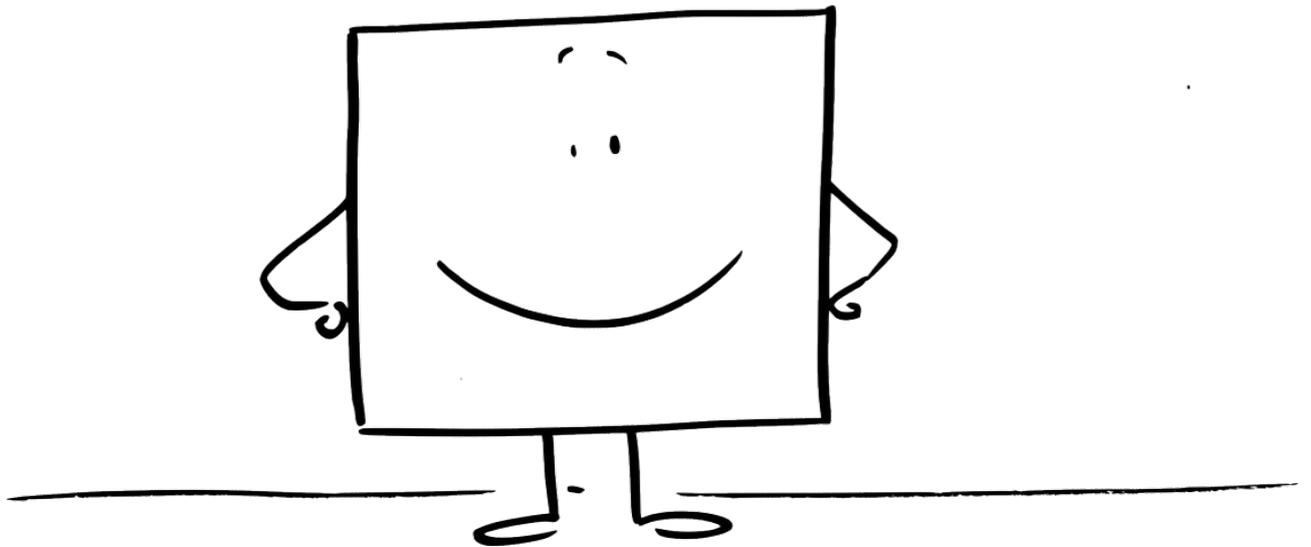


Odysseus

The Square Who Wanted to Become Round



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Inkscape: <http://www.inkscape.org>

Gimp: <http://www.gimp.org>

LibreOffice Draw <http://fr.libreoffice.org>

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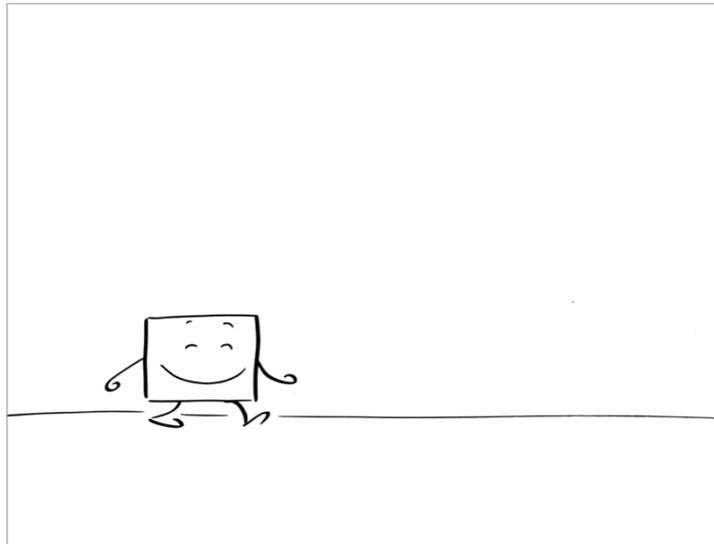
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Ending and questionnaire modified and adapted by Alessandra De Conciliis; Paola Grimaldi; Pasquale Marzano; Luigi Salvati (Naples, Italy, October 2022)

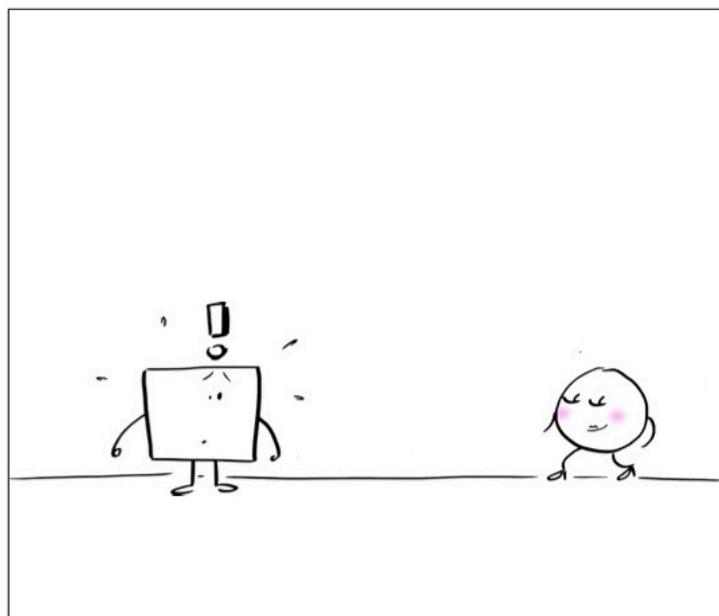


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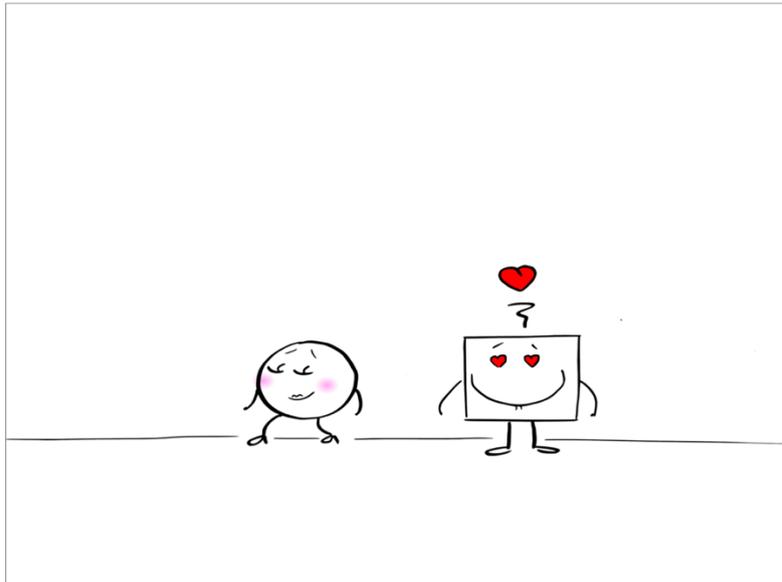
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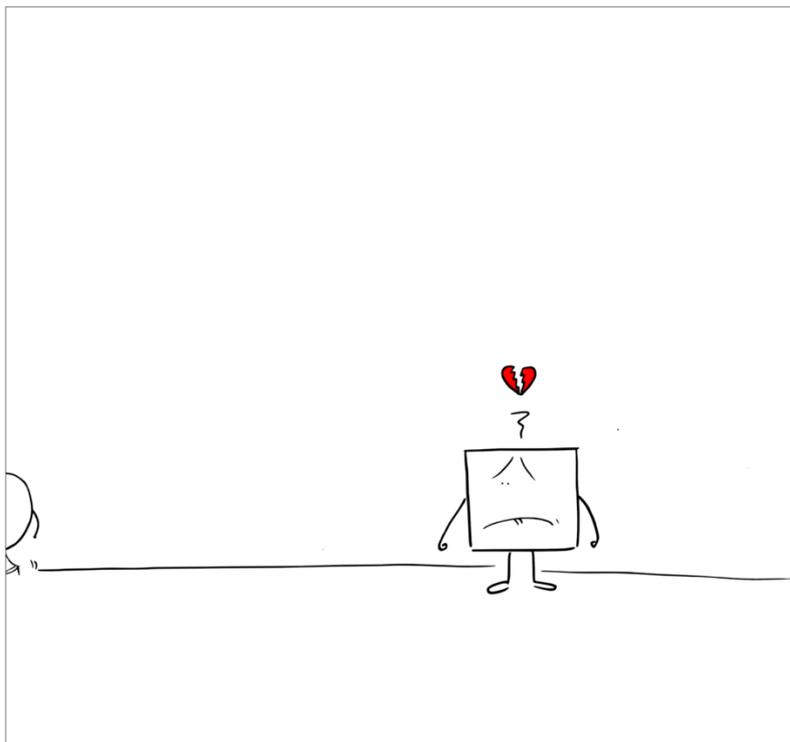
Hervé was a square like the others, perfectly shaped, although he sometimes had a sore side when he went for a run. In his family circle it was said of him that he was righteous and had a keen sense of responsibility. Hervé lived in Angle-Land not far from a large shopping center. He often happened to walk in the public garden and it is in that place that he made the most beautiful of his encounters. (3)



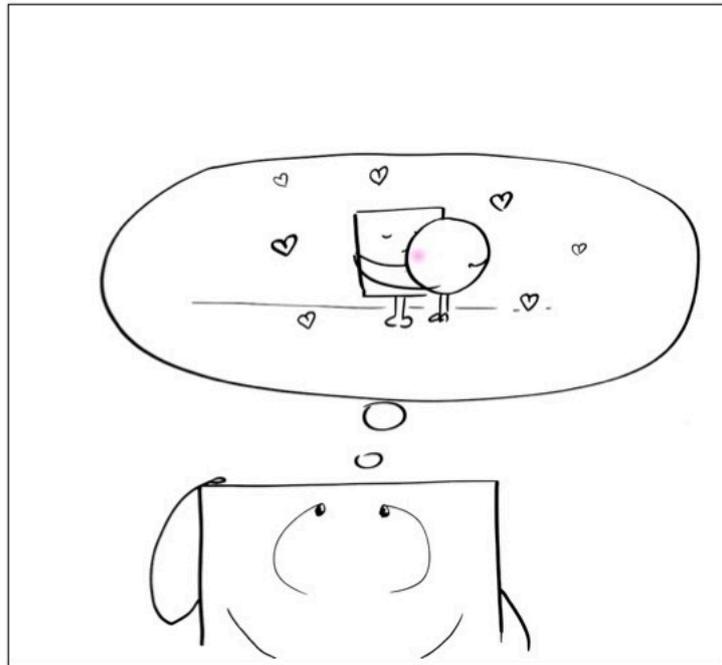
A perfect figure from all points of view approached him: it was Cléandre. By profession, she was a mediator in a center of parallel lines. But, unemployed, she had found a job at TheCircle, in the record department. The closer she got, the more Hervé felt his heart beating fast. (4)



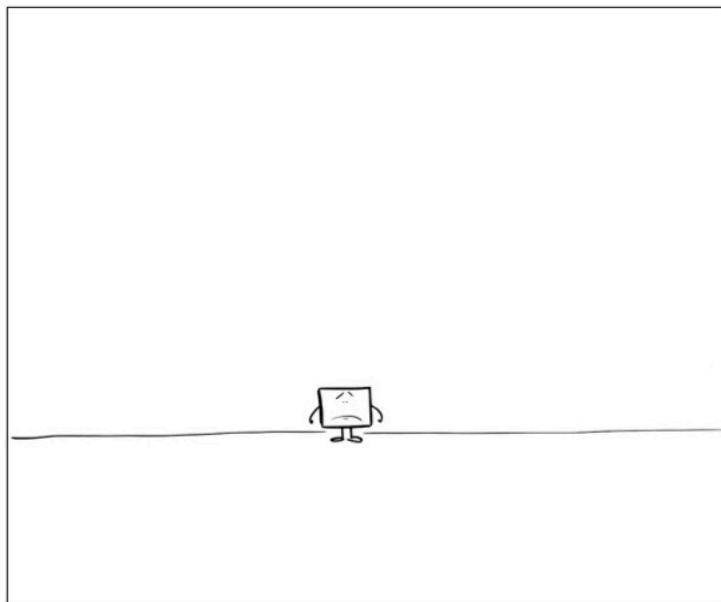
Hervé fell madly in love with her. He couldn't say a word. Cléandre passed slowly without saying anything. She had pretty curves and she looked simply magnificent. (5)



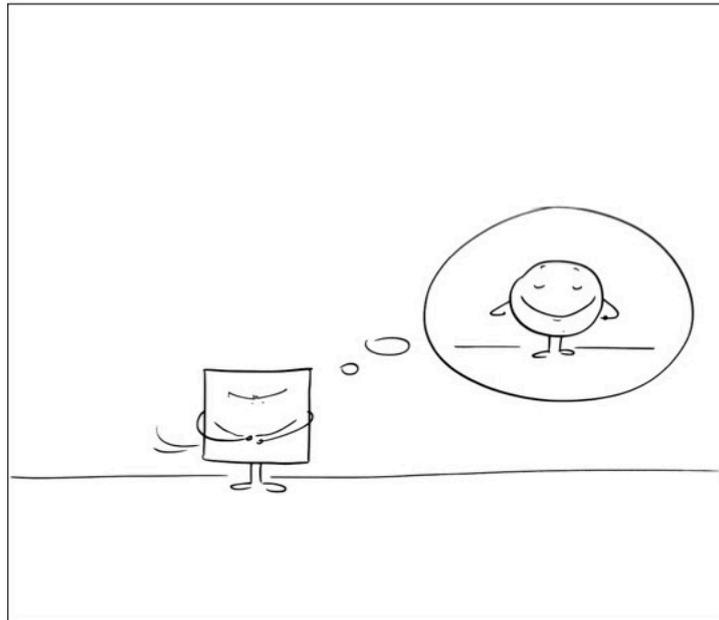
Gradually she went away. The intense seconds he had just experienced gave way to immense disappointment: she had not spoken to him and she hadn't even looked at him. (6)



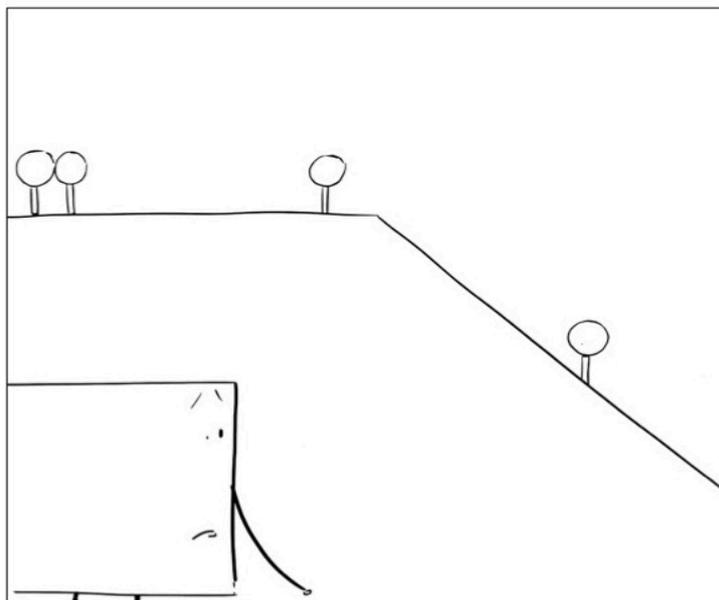
Yet Hervé really imagined he was embracing her tenderly, making her laugh and living with her all his life. They would have drunk the latte to perfection. They would have had a nice home and many children. (7)



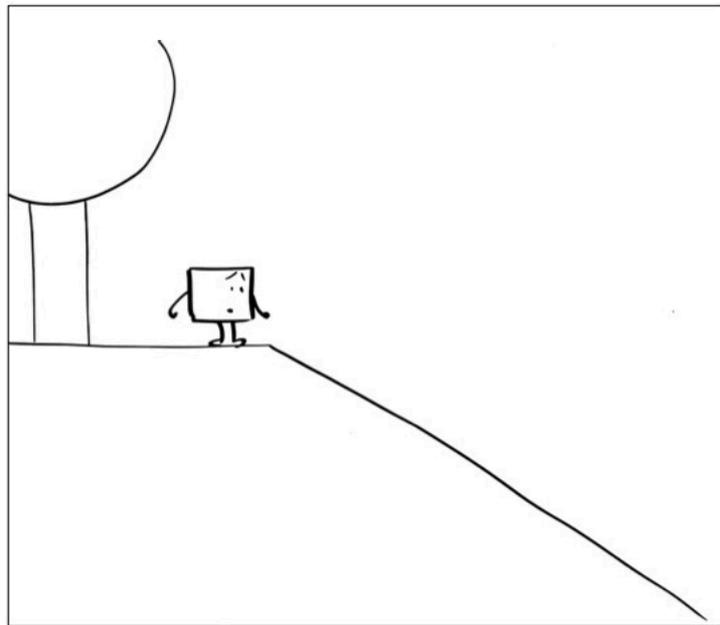
"But she didn't even look at me, I'm transparent to her, I'm not to her taste for sure, not beautiful enough, too angular, too angular for her," he whimpered. Yet Hervé is a tender type who knows how to smooth corners. But this is not enough. He feels it. He knows it. (8)



"If I want her to see me, I have to change. I too must become round. Eventually she will see me and realize that I am beautiful, round, perfect. I will change for her, I will become round!", he said, determined to win her over. (9)

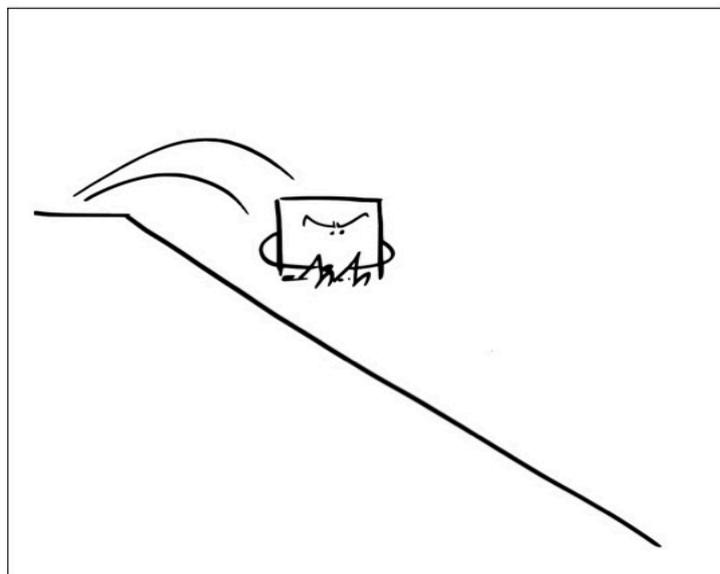


Hervé had an idea. "I'm going to roll and roll until my corners have rounded, smoothed out, and then disappeared, so I'll become a perfect circle." He looked towards the Trapezium hill and told himself he could throw himself from up there. (10)



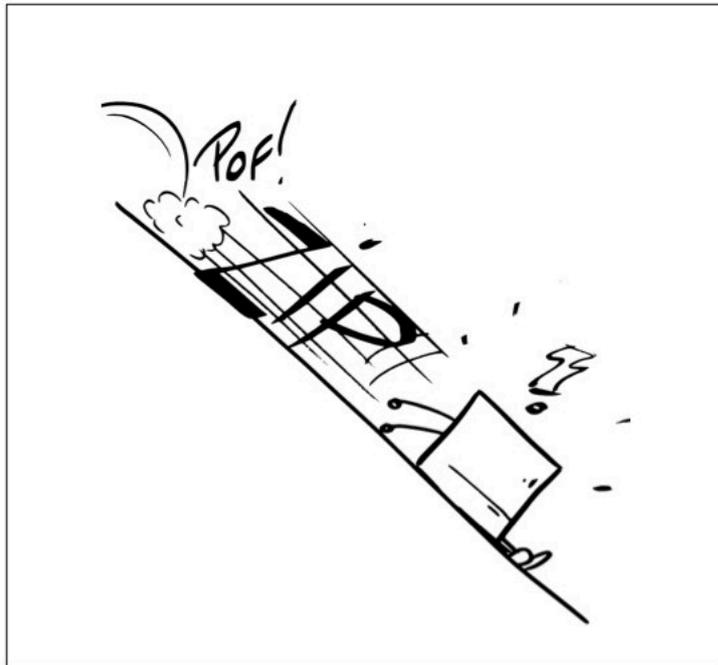
At the top of the Trapezium hill there was a lot of wind. Hervé was a little scared.

"What a height!" he told himself. "I hope I won't get hurt by rolling. Anyway I will do everything to get round, because Cléandre will see me and will fall in love with me". (11)

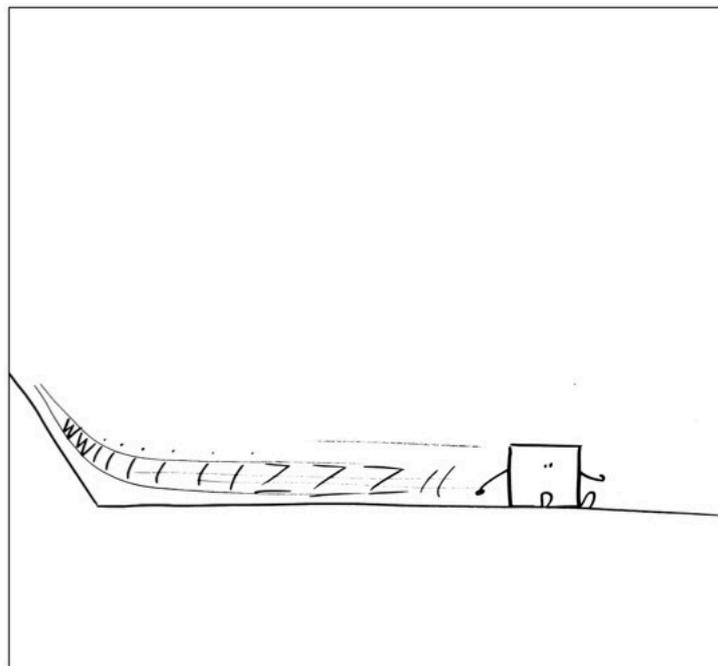


He took a deep breath, counted to three, and launched himself bravely, knees pulled together and held firmly in his arms:

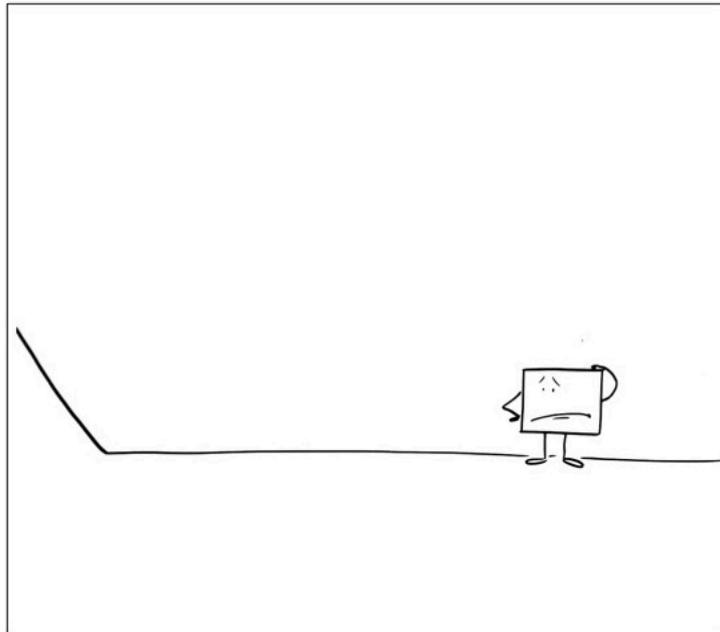
"Yahoooooo". (12)



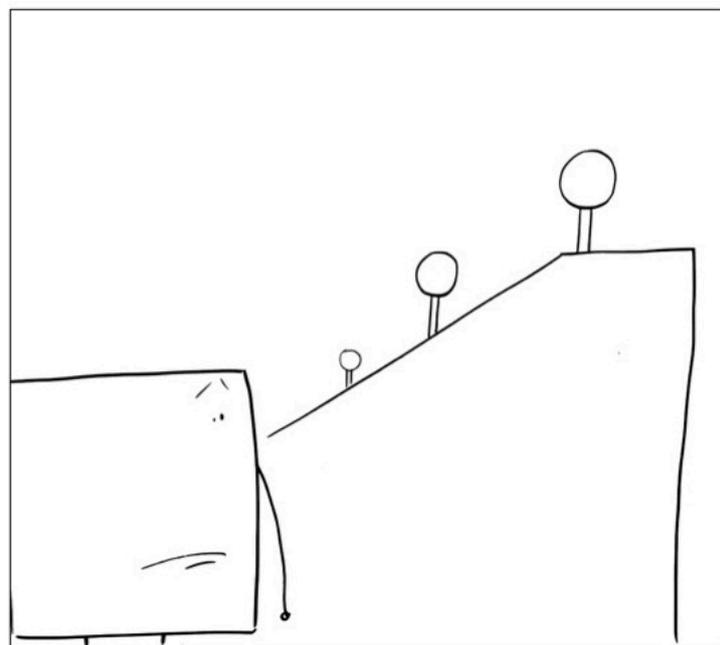
When he landed on the ground, he noticed with surprise that he did not roll. He had plunged down the hill sliding onto his backside. As he went down, he had picked up speed, but luckily he hadn't bumped into anything in his path. (13)



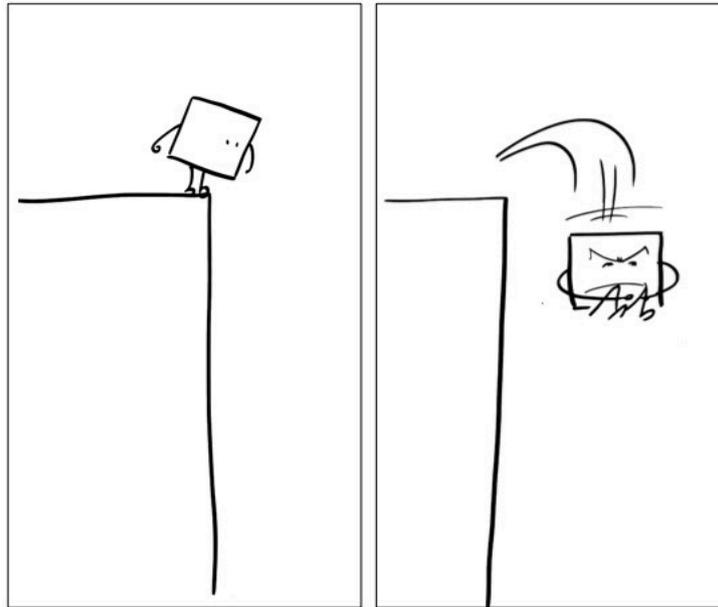
After a few minutes, he got, disheartened, to the base of the hill, still sliding in a straight line on his backside. (14)



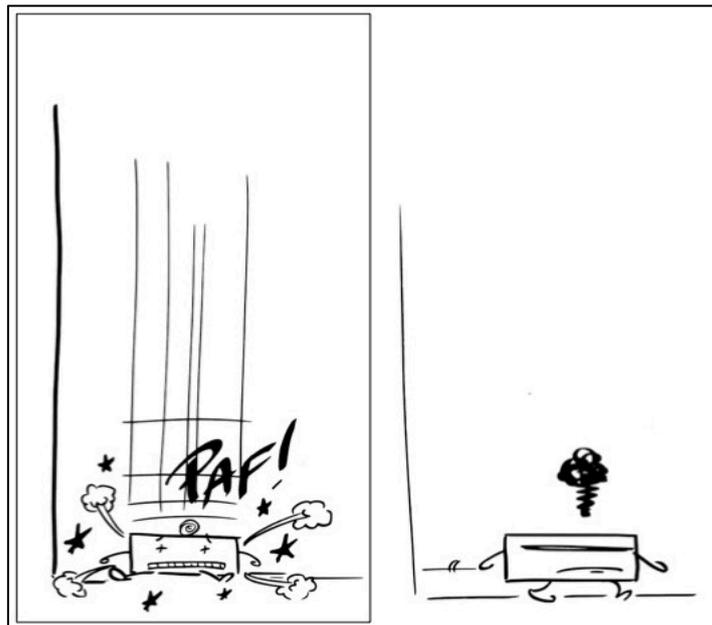
"What a great progress I have made ...", he said to himself, truly disappointed. "I have to find another solution to change my shape. It is true that rotating a square is not an easy task. I should deform a bit to be able to roll more easily. But how can I do it?" (15)



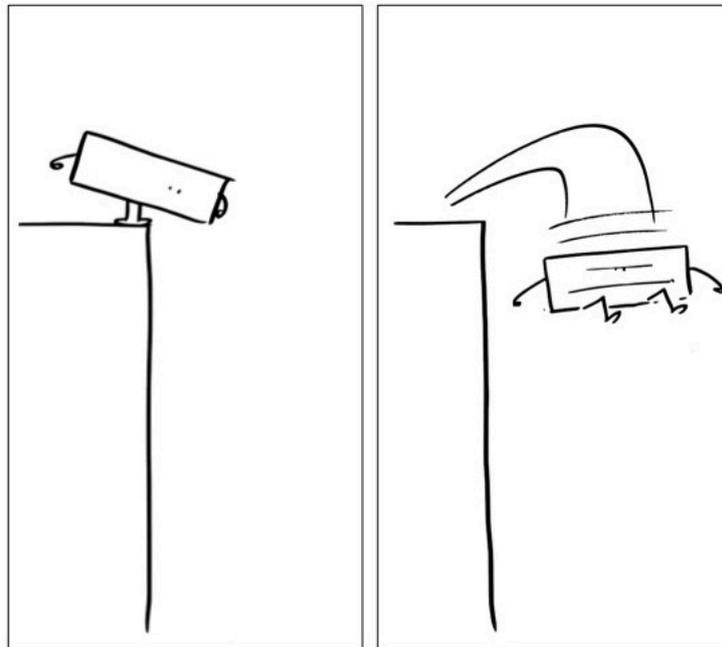
Hervé turned his gaze towards the cliff and shivered: "I have to jump from there, from the top of it, to get more comfortable a shape to roll. I don't see how I could do it differently", he told himself. (16)



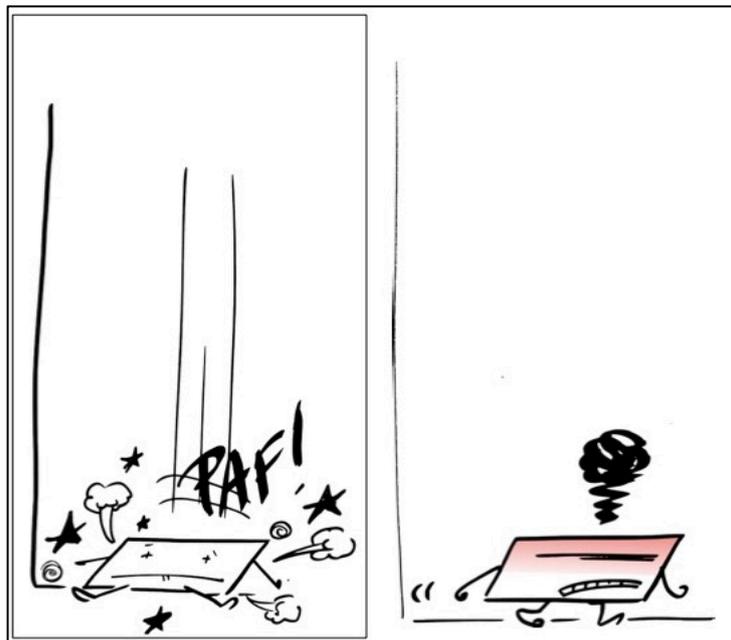
Once Hervé was at the top of it, he felt the wind was even stronger than the one on the Trapezium hill and he struggled to keep his balance. He cautiously leaned over to assess the height of the cliff. He took his courage in both hands, took a deep breath and launched himself into the void. (17)



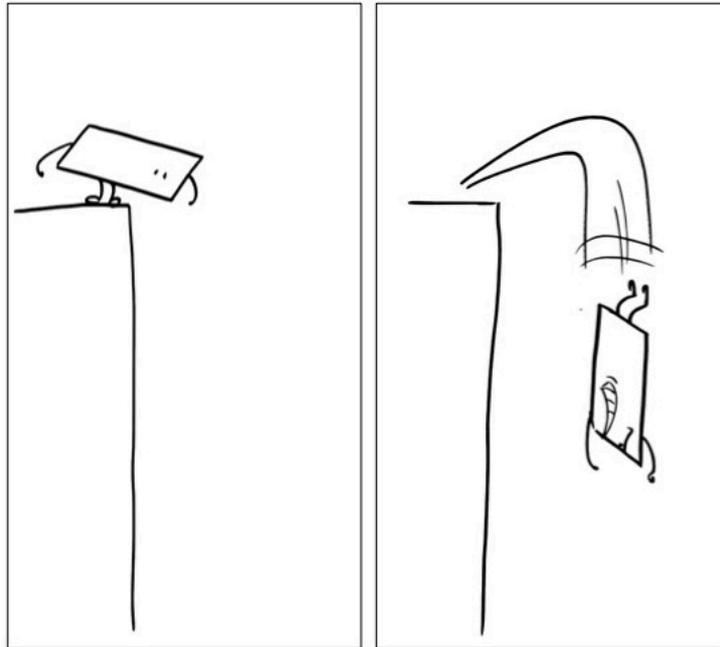
After endless seconds of falling, he crashed a few dozen meters below in a deafening crash. But he did not get the expected effect. When he recovered his senses, he realized that he had become a rectangle. "That's not how I'm going to roll. I have to try again." (18)



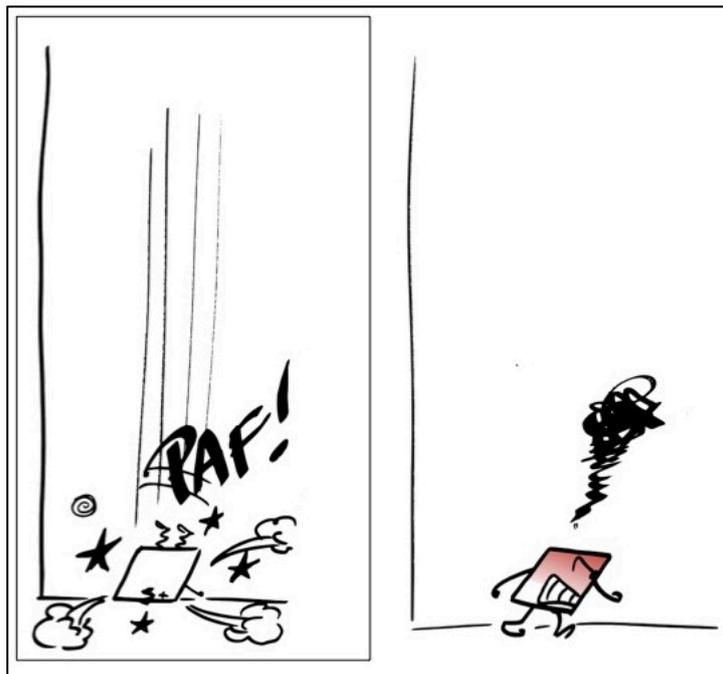
He climbed up the cliff again to make a second attempt. Hervé moved to the edge of the abyss, waited for the wind to calm down a bit, took a deep breath and threw himself in the precipice. "I hope this is the right time," he said to himself. (19)



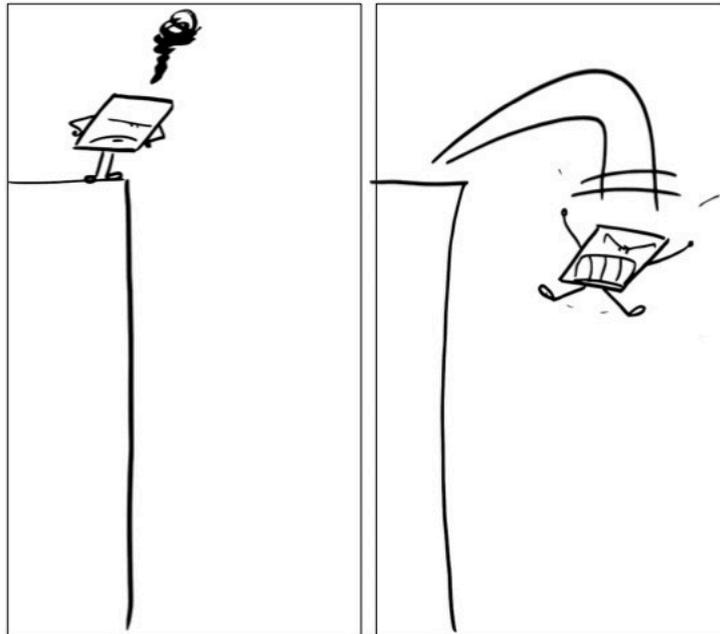
After crashing to the ground with the same infernal crash as the first time, he realized that only two of his sides had bent and had twisted him a little. He had become a parallelogram and he didn't like that at all. "Let's start again," he said rather angrily. (20)



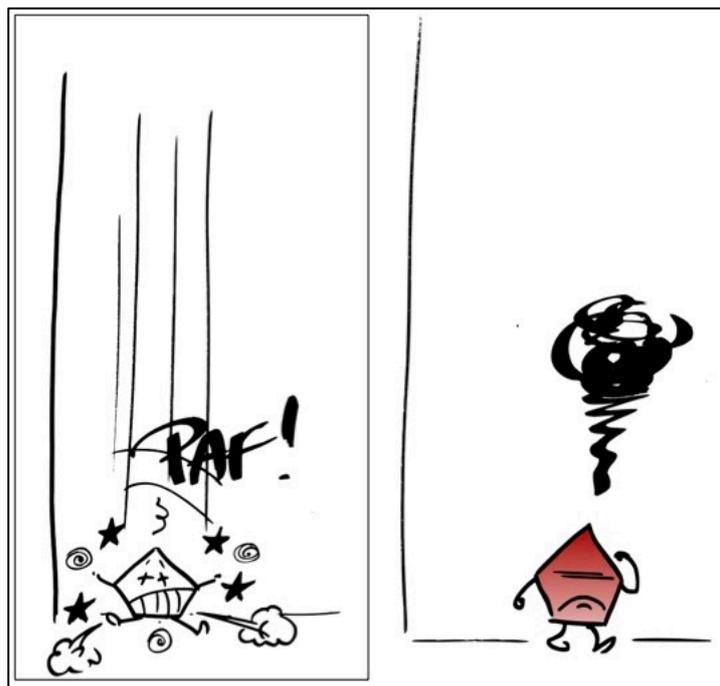
"No doubt I haven't done things right up to now", he thought. "I will change my technique and I'll jump vertically, because if I continue like this, I will end up becoming only a line". That said, he jumped. (21)



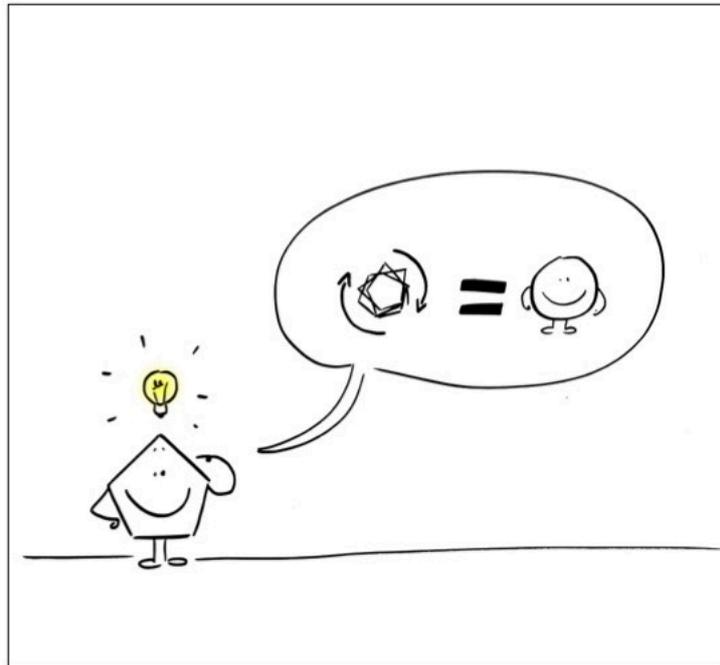
After slamming his butt at the base of the cliff again, Hervé saw that his jump had brought nothing more. He had just shrunk a little and turned into a rhomb. He felt the anger build up inside him. "I've had enough! I'll make one more last try," he shouted a little angry and a little disappointed. (22)



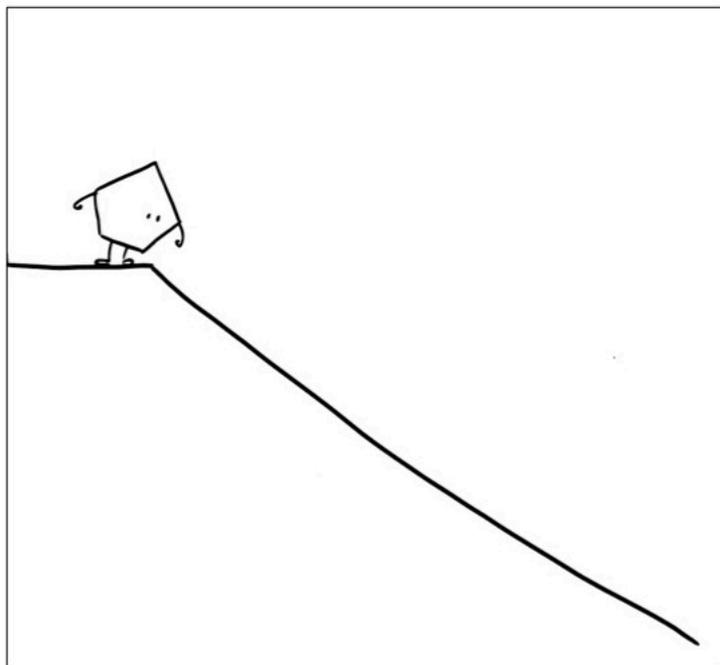
"Ok, this is the last time! I have to concentrate." Hervé carefully examined the cliff, hoping to find a solution. In vain. Then he took a deep breath and threw himself into the void shouting angrily: "I want to change my shape!" (23)



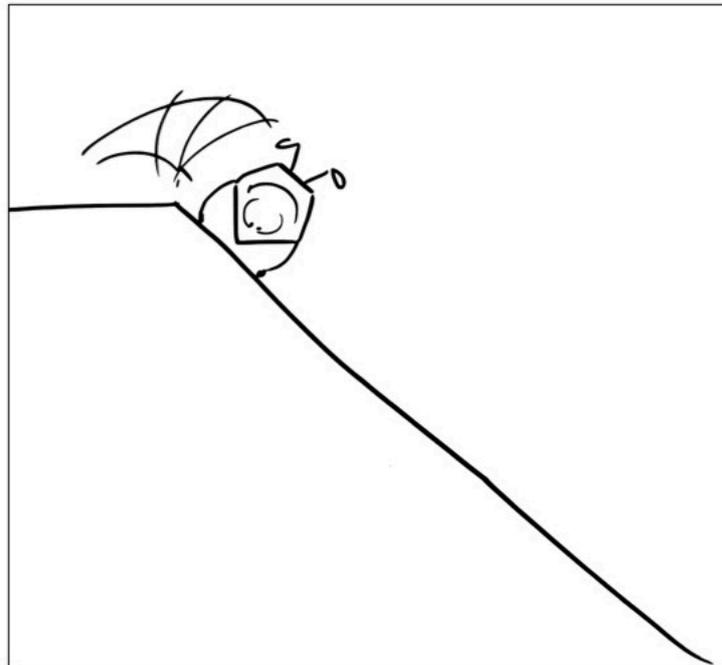
Ouch, ouch, ouch! He didn't get round. Red with anger mixed with disappointment, he walked away from the cliff. Of course, it wasn't jumping into the void that he could become round. However, now he had managed to gain another side and he had become a pentagon. He promised himself, he wouldn't jump anymore. (24)



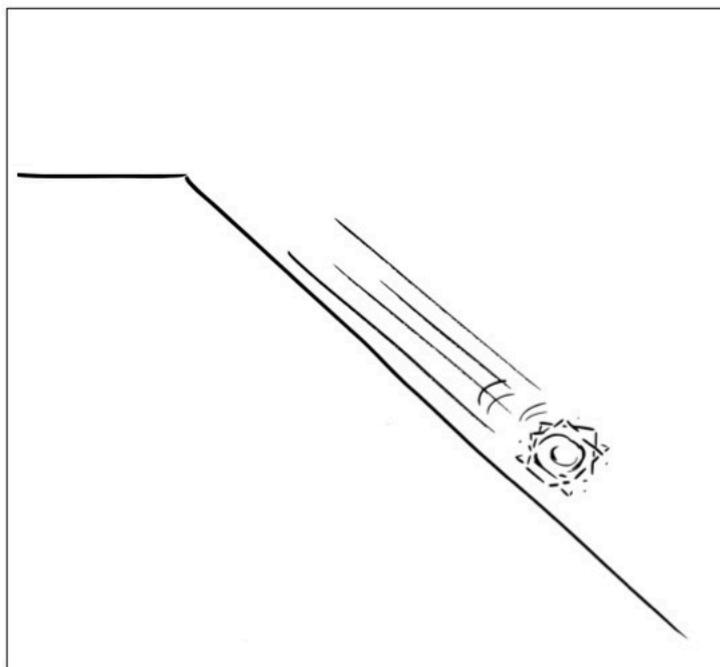
But suddenly his hope of becoming round came back to life. "At the moment I have five sides, surely now I can roll. I have to try again, one more time". And with a lighter heart he began his march towards the top of the Trapezium hill. (25)



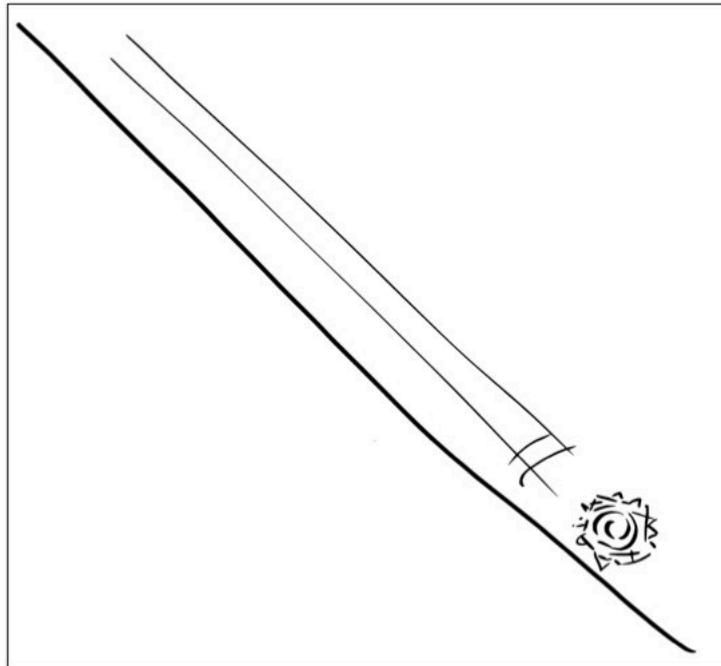
Hervé contemplated the long slope on which he had slipped before. "Now that I have five sides, it seems possible to roll. There's only one way to know about it." (26)



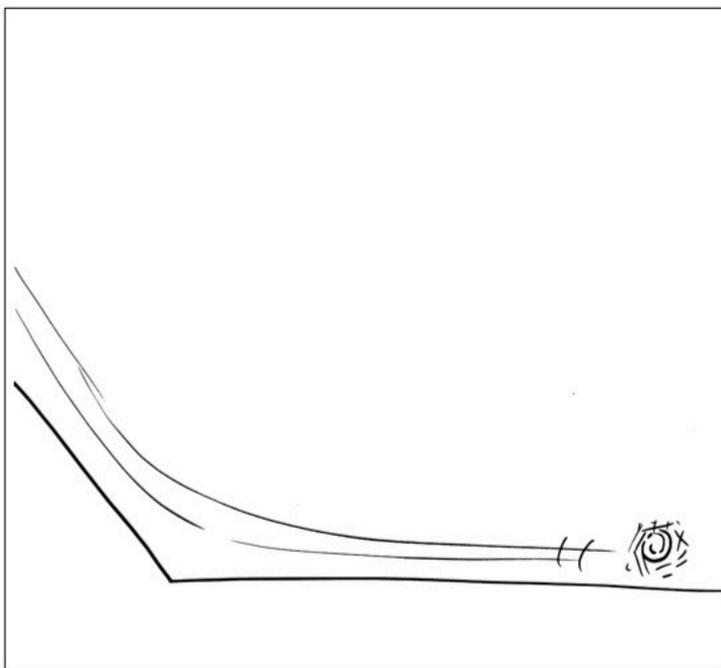
Now Hervé was convinced of his success. Instead of jumping into the void like before, he flipped onto the slope with a somersault, doing everything he could to start rolling. (27)



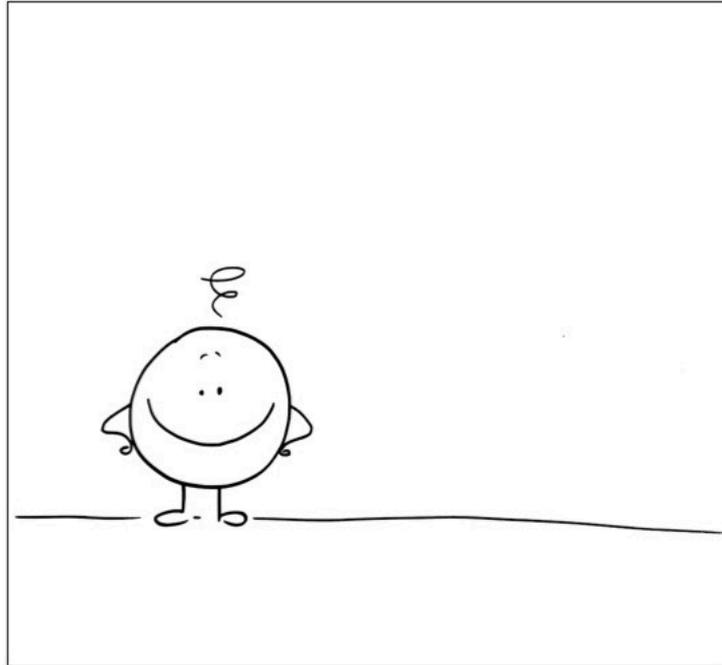
“Formidable! It works!”. Hervé began to roll and he quickly picked up speed. (28)



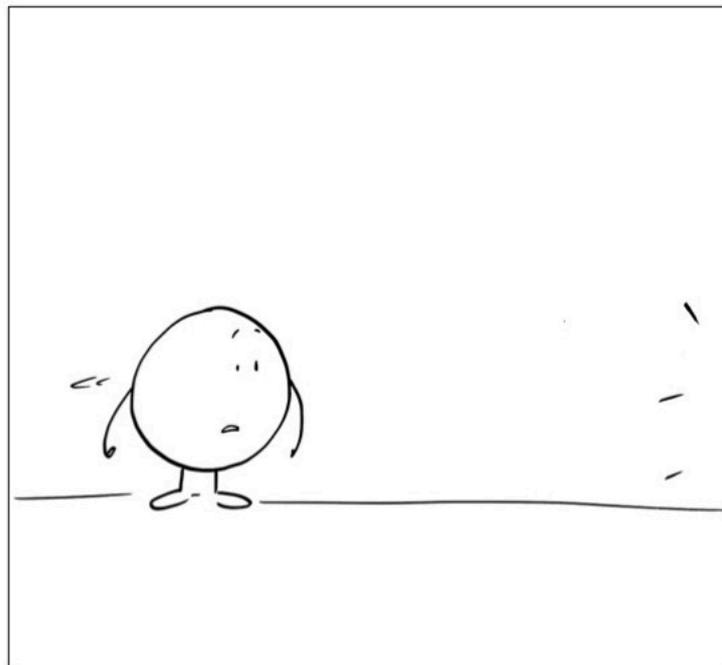
The more he rolled, the more his corners flattened out to create smaller and smaller sides. He went round and round again. He rolled so much that his sides became more and more numerous and smaller and smaller. (29)



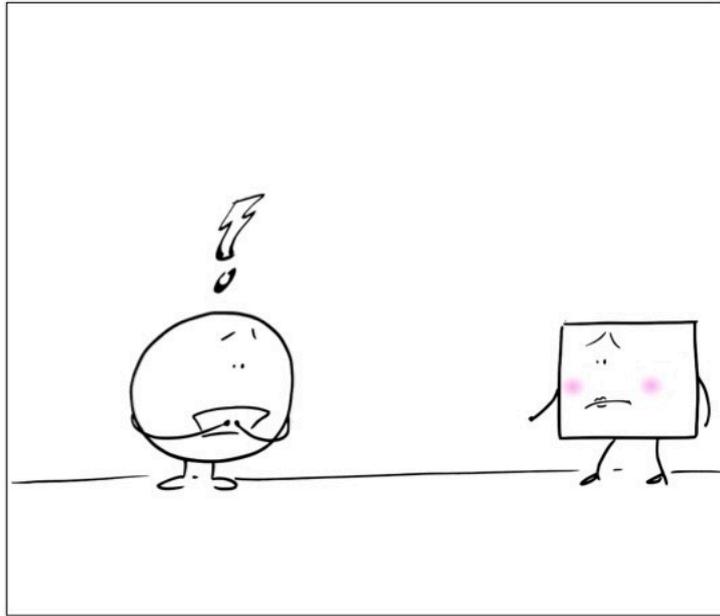
By the time he got to the foot of the hill, his sides were so small that they had become points. Now he had so many sides and so many points that he had become... (30)



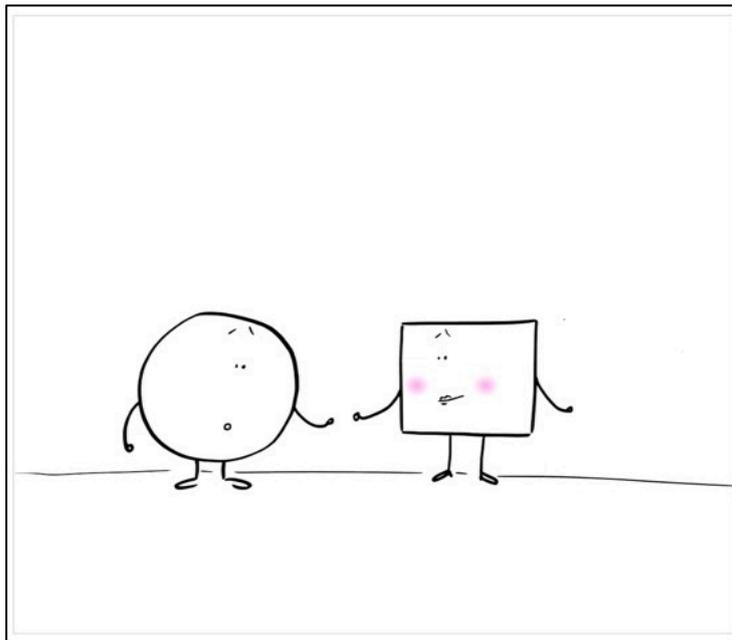
... a circle. He could win Cléandre over, at long last! (31)



Suddenly he heard: "Hervé, is that you?". A female voice was calling him. He recognized her immediately: it was Cléandre. His heart pounded. It was the first time she had called him by name. What did she have to tell him? (32)

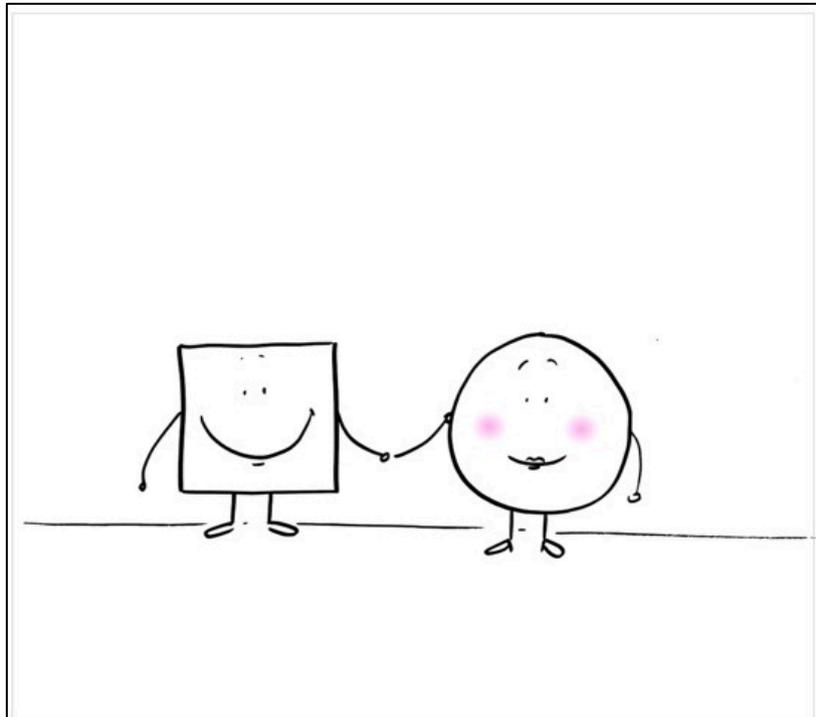


When she appeared, he was completely baffled. Cléandre had become square. All the efforts he had made had been in vain. "Cléandre? But you are square! What happened?", asked Hervé disappointed. (33)



She replied: "Since I saw you, I fell in love with you. And since you were a square, I thought you would never love me. And what happened to you, Hervé?". Hervé blushed: "I too fell in love with you and I wanted to change to win you over".

She said: "You should have stayed as you were."
"You too, Cléandre", replied Hervé. (34)



They realized their shape was not so important, after all. Other values were at stake.

This is how Cléandre and Hervé returned to their original shape.

They loved each other even better that way and lived happily ever after.

They had many children of different shapes: some of them were round, some were squares, others were neither round nor squares, but, to be honest, who cares? (35)

THE END



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It's you turn now

A) *What do you think about this story? Did you like it or not? Why yes/why not?*

B) *Have you, or some people you know, ever felt like a square who feels he/she has to become round to be welcomed or loved?*

C) *Can you describe what/how it happened? (You can draw or write)*

D) *Tell or draw a little story about that, even invented, using the attached sheets (you can use fictitious names for the characters)*

E) *Try drawing Cléandre's and Hervé's children*



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