

# At the first full moon in spring

by Ulrike

As ever, when Catherine had the chance to be part of the daily bedtime story period, she loved to be there and cherished it.

It did her good as well, helping her to calm down and relax after a hard working day. She had only to sit and listen to the wonderful voices of the narrators, any of whom could make any story lively. And the children, who at first listened wide-eyed, slowly drifted off into a happy sleep, cocooned and protected by the love of their community.

Sometimes, even Catherine got the chance to improve her narrative skills as story teller. At first she was very nervous, being aware that the little ones could be a very critical audience. But her fears were allayed by their love and understanding. The memory always conjured a smile on her face.

She never tired of listening to the old stories, although as an adult there were challenging aspects, which might have been worth some research.

"Damn, I won't get there on time," Catherine remarked after consulting her watch. She sighed but felt a lot of anticipation. She took a deep breath, sending her emotion through the bond.

Today, it was Vincent's turn to be storyteller. He sent her his reassurance.

When Catherine finally managed to go below, all was prepared. Because she didn't want to disturb the story time, she stayed in the background and took a seat.

Vincent nodded subtly at her and started.

"Today I will tell you a new fairy tale, it's from Germany and and it's written by

*Theodor Storm*

***The small Häwelmann***

*(Note:*

*Häwelmann is a Low German word, applied to a tiny child who demands excessive attention.)*

*There once was a little boy, whose name was Häwelmann. During the night he slept in a truckle bed and also in the afternoon, when he was tired; but if he was not tired, his mother pushed him in it around the room. He could never get enough.*

*Then one night the little Häwelmann was in his truckle bed and could not sleep; but his mother was already asleep in her big four-poster bed.*

*"Mother," cried the little Häwelmann, "I want to continue!"*

*And the mother stretched her arm out of her bed in her sleep and rolled the small bed back and forth, until her arm became tired.*

*But little Häwelmann cried, "More, more,"*

*So then she began her role again. Finally, she fell asleep, and no matter how much Häwermann screamed, she didn't hear; the game was finished.*

*Not long afterwards, the moon looked through the window panes, the good old moon. What he saw was so comical, that he used his fur sleeves for to wipe his face and eyes; it was something the old moon hadn't seen all his life.*

*The small Häwermann lay with open eyes in his truckle bed, holding one leg upwards like a mast. He had taken off his little shirt and hung it over his little toe like a sail. Then he took the edges of his shirt in each hand and began to blow hard. Gradually, gently, gently, the bed began to roll across the floor, then up the wall, then over the ceiling, then down again along the opposite wall.*

*"More, more!" cried Häwermann, when he was back on the ground; and then he blew his cheeks, and then it went upside down and back again.*

*It was a great luck for the little Häwermann, that it was night time and the earth was upside down; otherwise he could have easily broken his neck.*

*When he had made the journey three times, the moon looked suddenly at his face. "Boy," he said, "surely that's enough?"*

*"No," cried Häwermann, "more, more! Open the door for me! I want to drive through the city; all the people should see me driving."*

*"I can't," said the good moon; but he let fall a long stream through the keyhole; and upon this the small Häwermann went out of the house.*

*On the road it was very quiet and lonely. The high houses stood in the bright moonlight, and stared with their black windows out into the city; but the people were nowhere to be seen. There was a rattling noise when the small Häwermann was driving in his truckle bed on the pavement; and the good moon always walked beside him lit up. They pulled along roads and up and down streets; but the people were nowhere to be seen. As they passed the church, suddenly the great golden rooster crowed from the top of the bell tower. The people kept silent.*

*"What are you doing?" shouted up the small Häwermann.*

*"I'm crowing for the first time!" called down the Golden Cockerel.*

*"Where are the men?" shouted up the small Häwermann.*

*"Between the sheets," cried the Golden Cockerel. "When I crow for the third time, the first person will wake up."*

*"It takes too long," Häwermann said. "I want to go into the forest so all the animals can see me driving!"*

*"Boy," said the good old moon, "surely that's enough?"*

*"No," cried Häwermann, "more, more! Shine, old moon, shine!"*

*And with that he puffed out his cheeks, and the good old moon was shining, and they drove out of the gate and across the field and into the dark forest. The good moon had come through great effort between many trees; sometimes he was left back a bit, but he caught up always again with the little Häwermann.*

*All was silent and lonely in the forest; the animals were not be seen; neither deer, nor the hare, not even the little mice. So they went on and on, through pine and beech forests, uphill and downhill. The good moon walked along beside him and shone upon all bushes, but the animals weren't to be seen; only a small cat was sitting up in an oak tree, glaring with its eyes. They kept silent.*

*"That's the little Hinze," said Häwermann., "I know him well!; he wants to imitate the stars."*

*And when they went on, the little cat jumped from tree to tree.*

*"What are you doing?" shouted up the small Häwermann.*

*"I illuminate!" called down the little cat.*

*"Where are the other animals?" shouted up the small Häwermann.*

*"They are sleeping!" cried the little cat down and jumped further. "Just listen, they are snoring!"*

*"Boy," said the good old moon, "surely that's enough?"*

*"No," cried Häwermann, "more, more! Shine, old moon, shine."*

*And then he puffed out his cheeks, and the good old moon shined!; and so they continued going to the woods beyond and over the heath to the end of the earth, and then just straight into the sky.*

*Here it was funny; all the stars were awake with opened eyes and sparkling, so that the whole sky twinkled.*

*"Make way!" shouted Häwermann and drove into the bright crowd. So the stars became so afraid and fell down from heaven, left and right.*

*"Boy," said the good old moon, "surely that's enough?"*

*"No!" cried the little Häwermann, "more, more." And did you see, he drove the across the good old moon's nose, so that he became very dark brown in the face.*

*"Ugh!" said the moon and sneezed three times. "Everything in moderation."*

*And so he blew out his lantern, and all the stars closed their eyes. Then, at once, it was so dark in the sky, that you couldn't see yourself.*

*"Shine, old moon, shine," cried Häwermann, but the moon was nowhere to be seen, nor the stars; they had all gone to bed.*

*So the small Häwermann became very afraid, because he was alone in heaven. Although he took the edges of his shirt in his hands and puffed out his cheeks, he didn't know which way to turn. He went back and forth, back and forth, and no one saw him driving, neither the men nor the animals, nor the lovely stars. Finally, he looked down at the bottom edge of the sky and a red round face looked up to him. So the little Häwermann thought the moon was risen again.*

*"Shine, old moon, shine!" he cried, and then he blew out his cheeks again and drove across the whole sky, and right up to it.*

*But it was the sun that had just come up out of the sea.*

*"Boy," she said, inspecting him with her glowing eyes, "what are you doing here in my sky?"*

*And - one, two, three! She took the small Häwermann and threw him in the middle of the great river. As a result, he had to learn to swim.*

*And then?*

*Yes, and then? Don't you remember when you and I came and took the little Häwermann in our boat, so he could surely not drown!"*

Catherine loved to listen to Vincent's voice. She closed her eyes and her daily routine faded out.

An emotion of warmth and trust flooded through her, heartwarming.

As Vincent finished she kept her seat, retracing this magical moment, listening to a wonderful story, transported through the sound of Vincent's voice.

As all children had fallen asleep, he came back to Catherine, taking her hand, helped her up and caught her in his arms. Both felt for a moment as if the time was standing still.

Later they went for a walk through Central Park.

"Look it's full moon," Catherine said, pointing at the moon.

"Yes, it's the first one of spring," Vincent replied.

"Shine, old moon, shine," Catherine declared, linking her arms in Vincent's.

"Did you enjoy the tale? Do you know it?" Vincent asked.

"Yes I did enjoy it, but I didn't know the tale. I think I heard something about "Storm", but in another context, not as a writer of fairy tales," she answered.

"Storm is mostly known for his novellas. His most famous one might be "The Dykemaster".

He lived in the North of Germany in a town called Husum, also known as the grey seaside community.

"Theodor Storm is one of many poets coming from Germany and Europe, who wrote fairy tales different to those which are collected and edited as twice-told tales.

"This story was written for his eldest son Hans in 1849. So the sunshine of a family could be also be a pest. I chose it because I think, that it's as fresh and magical as ever, even after 140 years," Vincent explained.

"It's a wonderful story," Catherine confirmed.

They continued their walk accompanied by a bright, silvery, shining full moon and a starry sky.

When Catherine went home she still felt the miracle of the evening and looked outside. She didn't shut the curtains of her bedroom's french doors.

"Shine old moon, shine," she told him tenderly.

During the night, as the moon was on his way, there appeared a space between the tree tops and the skyscrapers, where he could shine unrestricted into Catherine's bedroom.

A bright silvery shining beam of moonlight kissed her awake. Half asleep she looked up and murmured,

"Come into me in my dreams...."

"And when the moon was overhead...."

"Surely that's enough? Shine old moon, shine," and with a blessed smile on her face, she drifted off to sleep.

A short time later, she briefly looked up again, only recognising that the moonlight was now partly veiled again from the tree tops. With a sigh she returned to her dreams.

While sending her emotion through the bound to Vincent, the good old moon finally found a way to send a bright stream of silvery light through the keyhole, which led to the world below, illuminating it.

And if you would look up at the good old moon, it seems that he smiled on the world at his feet.

End

*German Version*

by Theodor Storm

## **Der kleine Häwermann**

Es war einmal ein kleiner Junge, der hieß Häwermann. Des nachts schlief er in einem Rollenbett und auch des nachmittags, wenn er müde war; wenn er aber nicht müde war, so mußte seine Mutter ihn darin in der Stube umherfahren, und davon konnte er nie genug bekommen.

Nun lag der kleine Häwermann eines nachts in seinem Rollenbett und konnte nicht einschlafen; die Mutter aber schlief schon lange neben ihm in ihrem großen Himmelbett. »Mutter«, rief der kleine Häwermann, »ich will fahren!« Und die Mutter langte im Schlaf mit dem Arm aus dem Bett und rollte die kleine Bettstelle hin und her, und wenn ihr der Arm müde werden wollte, so rief der kleine Häwermann: »Mehr, mehr!« und dann ging das Rollen wieder von vorne an. Endlich aber schlief sie gänzlich ein; und so viel Häwermann auch schreien mochte, sie hörte es nicht; es war rein vorbei.

Da dauerte es nicht lange, so sah der Mond in die Fensterscheiben, der gute alte Mond, und was er da sah, war so possierlich, daß er sich erst mit seinem Pelzärmel über das Gesicht fuhr, um sich die Augen auszuwischen; so etwas hatte der alte Mond all sein Lebtage nicht gesehen. Da lag der kleine Häwermann mit offenen Augen in seinem Rollenbett und hielt das eine Beinchen wie einen Mastbaum in die Höhe. Sein kleines Hemd hatte er ausgezogen und hing es wie ein Segel an seiner kleinen Zehe auf; dann nahm er ein Hemdzipfelchen in jede Hand und fing mit beiden Backen an zu blasen. Und allmählich, leise, leise, fing es an zu rollen, über den Fußboden, dann die Wand hinauf, dann kopfüber die Decke entlang und dann die andere Wand wieder hinunter. »Mehr, mehr!« schrie Häwermann, als er wieder auf dem Boden war; und dann blies er wieder seine Backen auf, und dann ging es wieder kopfüber und kopfunter. Es war ein großes Glück für den kleinen Häwermann, daß es gerade Nacht war und die Erde auf dem Kopf stand; sonst hätte er doch gar zu leicht den Hals brechen können.

Als er drei Mal die Reise gemacht hatte, guckte der Mond ihm plötzlich ins Gesicht.

»Junge«, sagte er, »hast du noch nicht genug?«

»Nein«, schrie Häwermann, »mehr, mehr! Mach mir die Tür auf! Ich will durch die Stadt fahren; alle Menschen sollen mich fahren sehen.«

»Das kann ich nicht«, sagte der gute Mond; aber er ließ einen langen Strahl durch das Schlüsselloch fallen; und darauf fuhr der kleine Häwermann zum Haus hinaus.

Auf der Straße war es ganz still und einsam. Die hohen Häuser standen im hellen Mondschein und glotzten mit ihren schwarzen Fenstern recht dumm in die Stadt hinaus; aber die Menschen waren nirgends zu sehen. Es rasselte recht, als der kleine Häwermann in seinem Rollenbette über das Straßenpflaster fuhr; und der gute Mond ging immer neben ihm und leuchtete. So fuhren sie Straßen aus, Straßen ein; aber die Menschen waren nirgends zu sehen. Als sie bei der Kirche vorbei kamen, da krächte auf einmal der große goldene Hahn auf dem Glockenturm. Sie hielten still. »Was machst du da?« rief der kleine Häwermann hinauf.

»Ich krähe zum ersten Mal!« rief der goldene Hahn herunter.

»Wo sind denn die Menschen?« rief der kleine Häwermann hinauf.

»Die schlafen«, rief der goldene Hahn herunter, »wenn ich zum dritten Mal krähe, dann wacht der erste Mensch auf.«

»Das dauert mir zu lange«, sagte Häwermann, »ich will in den Wald fahren, alle Tiere sollen mich fahren sehen!«

»Junge«, sagte der gute alte Mond, »hast du noch nicht genug?«

»Nein«, schrie Häwermann, »mehr, mehr! Leuchte, alter Mond, leuchte!« Und damit blies er die Backen auf, und der gute alte Mond leuchtete, und so fuhren sie zum Stadttor hinaus und übers Feld und in den dunkeln Wald hinein. Der gute Mond hatte große Mühe, zwischen den vielen Bäumen durchzukommen; mitunter war er ein ganzes Stück zurück, aber er holte den kleinen Häwermann doch immer wieder ein.

Im Walde war es still und einsam; die Tiere waren nicht zu sehen; weder die Hirsche noch die Hasen, auch nicht die kleinen Mäuse. So fuhren sie immer weiter, durch Tannen- und Buchenwälder, bergauf und bergab. Der gute Mond ging nebenher und leuchtete in alle Büsche; aber die Tiere waren nicht zu sehen; nur eine kleine Katze saß oben in einem Eichbaum und funkelte mit den Augen. Da hielten sie still. »Das ist der kleine Hinz!« sagte Häwermann, »ich kenne ihn wohl; er will die Sterne nachmachen.« Und als sie weiter fuhren, sprang die kleine Katze mit von Baum zu Baum. »Was machst du da?« rief der kleine Häwermann hinauf.

»Ich illuminiere!« rief die kleine Katze herunter.

»Wo sind denn die andern Tiere?« rief der kleine Häwermann hinauf.

»Die schlafen!« rief die kleine Katze herunter und sprang wieder einen Baum weiter, »horch nur, wie sie schnarchen!«

»Junge«, sagte der gute alte Mond, »hast du noch nicht genug?«

»Nein«, schrie Häwermann, »mehr, mehr! Leuchte, alter Mond, leuchte!« und dann blies er die Backen auf, und der gute alte Mond leuchtete; und so fuhren sie zum Walde hinaus und dann über die Heide bis ans Ende der Welt, und dann gerade in den Himmel hinein.

Hier war es lustig; alle Sterne waren wach und hatten die Augen auf und funkelten, daß der ganze Himmel blitzte. »Platz da!« schrie Häwermann und fuhr in den hellen Haufen hinein, daß die Sterne links und rechts vor Angst vom Himmel fielen.

»Junge«, sagte der gute alte Mond, »hast du noch nicht genug?«

»Nein!« schrie der kleine Häwermann, »mehr, mehr!« und - hast du nicht gesehen! fuhr er dem alten guten Mond quer über die Nase, daß er ganz dunkelbraun im Gesicht wurde.

»Pfui!« sagte der Mond und nieste drei Mal, »alles mit Maßen!« und damit putzte er seine Laterne aus, und alle Sterne machten die Augen zu. Da wurde es im ganzen Himmel auf einmal so dunkel, daß man es ordentlich mit Händen greifen konnte. »Leuchte, alter Mond, leuchte!« schrie Häwermann, aber der Mond war nirgends zu sehen und auch die Sterne nicht; sie waren schon alle zu Bett gegangen. Da fürchtete der kleine Häwermann sich sehr, weil er so allein im Himmel war. Er nahm seine Hemdzipfelchen in die Hände und blies die Backen auf; aber er wußte weder aus noch ein, er fuhr kreuz und quer, hin und her, und niemand sah in fahren, weder die Menschen noch die Tiere, noch auch die lieben Sterne. Da guckte endlich unten, ganz unten am Himmelsrande ein rotes rundes Gesicht zu ihm herauf, und der kleine Häwermann meinte, der Mond sei wieder aufgegangen. »Leuchte, alter Mond, leuchte!« rief er, und dann blies er wieder die Backen auf und fuhr quer durch den ganzen Himmel und gerade darauf los. Es war aber die Sonne, die gerade aus dem Meere heraufkam. »Junge«, rief sie und sah ihm mit ihren

glühenden Augen ins Gesicht, »was machst du hier in meinem Himmel?« Und - eins, zwei, drei! nahm sie den kleinen Häwermann und warf ihn mitten in das große Wasser. Da konnte er schwimmen lernen.

Und dann?

Ja und dann? Weißt du nicht mehr? Wenn ich und du nicht gekommen wären und den kleinen Häwermann in unser Boot genommen hätten, so hätte er doch leicht ertrinken können!

<http://gutenberg.spiegel.de/buch/-6474/1>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mXdA63VP0ZU>

[https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Der\\_kleine\\_H%C3%A4wermann](https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Der_kleine_H%C3%A4wermann)

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