It's an evening like many others.

Mom comes home full of shopping bags, still on the phone trying to solve some problems at work.

Dad is in the kitchen preparing dinner, in one hand the spoon and the phone in the other talking to the plumber.

Luke is playing on the computer. Molly is on her cell phone.

And Timmy asks everyone: "DO YOU PLAY WITH ME?"

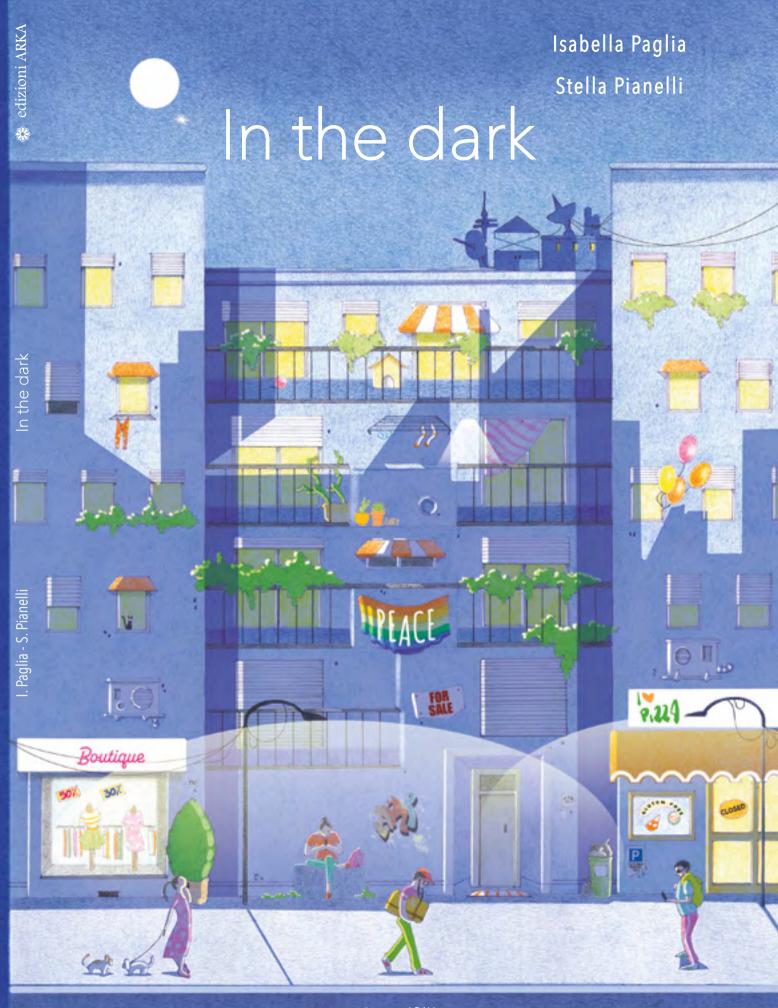
In short, a normal evening.

Until we hear that clear but short noise: STACK!

And, a moment later, we are... IN THE DARK.

A delicate story that brings us, in the social era, to rediscover slow living, games and people next door.





edizioni ARKA



It's just facing the dark of the night that you can discover a sky full of stars, outside and inside you...
I. P.

To Walter, who believes in my dreams and helps me fulfilling them.

S. P.

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Stampato da Abografika, Slovenia

In the dark

written by Isabella Paglia illustrated by Stella Pianelli



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Even that evening seems the same as many others.

Mom comes home full of shopping bags,
still on the phone trying to solve some problems at work.

Dad is in the kitchen preparing dinner, in one hand the spoon and the phone in the other talking to the plumber.

Luke is playing on the computer.

Molly is on her cell phone.

And Timmy asks everyone: "DO YOU PLAY WITH ME?"





I observe, my nose on the glass, Sandy, who is greeting me from the window of her apartment, in the building in front of mine. My family is very similar to hers and also to all the growns up living around us, always attached to a computer or to a phone as identical building blocks.

In short, everything is the same as an evening ever.

Until that clear and decisive noise... STACK!









And, together, we go out to see... the moon! The stars! Other people like us! Drugstore "I haven't had dinner yet..." "Neither do we..." "Shall we have a picnic? We bring bread!" "We have some cheese!" "We have fruit!" "I'll bring water!" "Wow! A picnic under the stars?" "Oh, what a fantastic idea!"



We head en masse to the park.

We turn a corner, we turn two, my neighborhood has streets I've never seen before.

A tram stopped.

A band plays.

An old couple dances.

People have fun.

Everyone savors the moment as when you have a candy in your mouth, slowly.



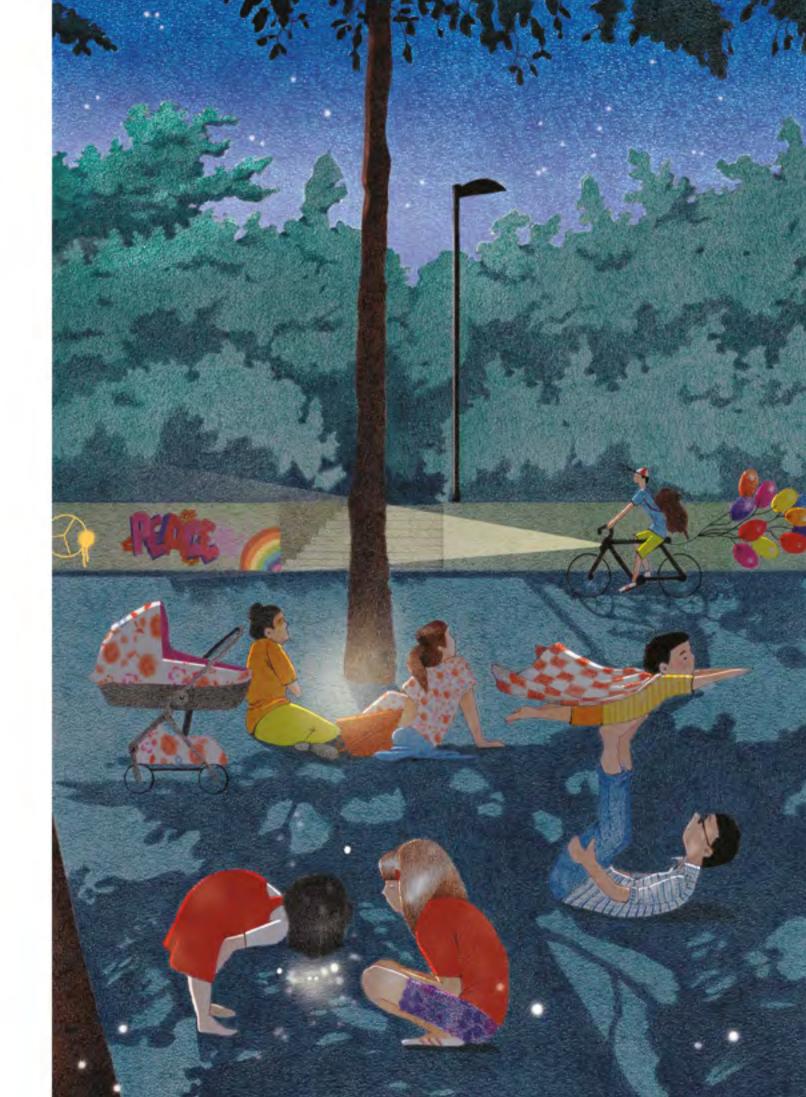






What a wonderful picnic!

Later adults, like children, go on the swings, go rounds on the carousels, jump in the puddles...







"Guys, it's time to go home..." dad tells us.

Right on the sidewalk in front of our building, Timmy drops a piece of colored chalk...

"Do you remember?" mom tells dad.

And, after drawing some squares with numbers,
she jumps into them and exclaims: "Come on, let's play!"



