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In the dark

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In the dark

I. Paglia - S. Pianelli



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.*



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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.

In the dark

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It's a morning like any other.
At least... so it seems.

Everything is as usual.

My sister Molly is locked in the bathroom
and my brother Luke keeps knocking and saying:

"Get out, I've gotta go!"

Mom can't find her car keys and screams:

"Did you have a snack? And the sneakers?

The flute? Come on, we're late!"

And in the meantime, dad is on the phone dragging my little brother Timmy
along clinging to his trousers, asking him: "DO YOU PLAY WITH ME?"

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 grown ups 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!





A murmur comes from the floors below.
A shouting from those above.
Neighbors rush up the stairs.

"What happened?"
"It's a catastrophe!"
"There is no light!"
"There is no signal!"
"No way!"

"How can I prepare dinner?"
"I can't connect anymore!"
"Ugh, I can't chat!"
"I can't turn my cell phone on!"
"I can't work on the computer!"
"No more TV!"
"My PlayStation crashed!"
"What a tremendous unexpected event!"

"That's great, I can't do my homework!"

What happened?
Well, no one knows exactly.
How many difficult words:
"Black out, socials down..."
All that simply means we are...
IN THE DARK!

On the stairs, with the lights of flashlights
and candles, neighbors and shadows
of illuminated objects seem
a jungle with many animals...

"OH THAT'S GREAT!" little Timmy exclaims.





Everyone then starts talking in a low voice,
like telling themselves a secret.
They look at each other.
Never looked so well before!



And, together, we go out to see...
the moon! The stars! Other people
like us!

"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.

My neighborhood seems to be celebrating.





What a wonderful picnic!

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



"Look over there, some fireflies!"
"Mom, what are fireflies?"
"Little insects filled with light and poetry..."

"Hey, someone's playing a piano!"
"What a melodious music..."





"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!"



Then, suddenly...

"Oh, no!"

