

*The
Adventures of*



Carlo Collodi

The Adventures of Pinocchio

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THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

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Methods: Verbal to Visual

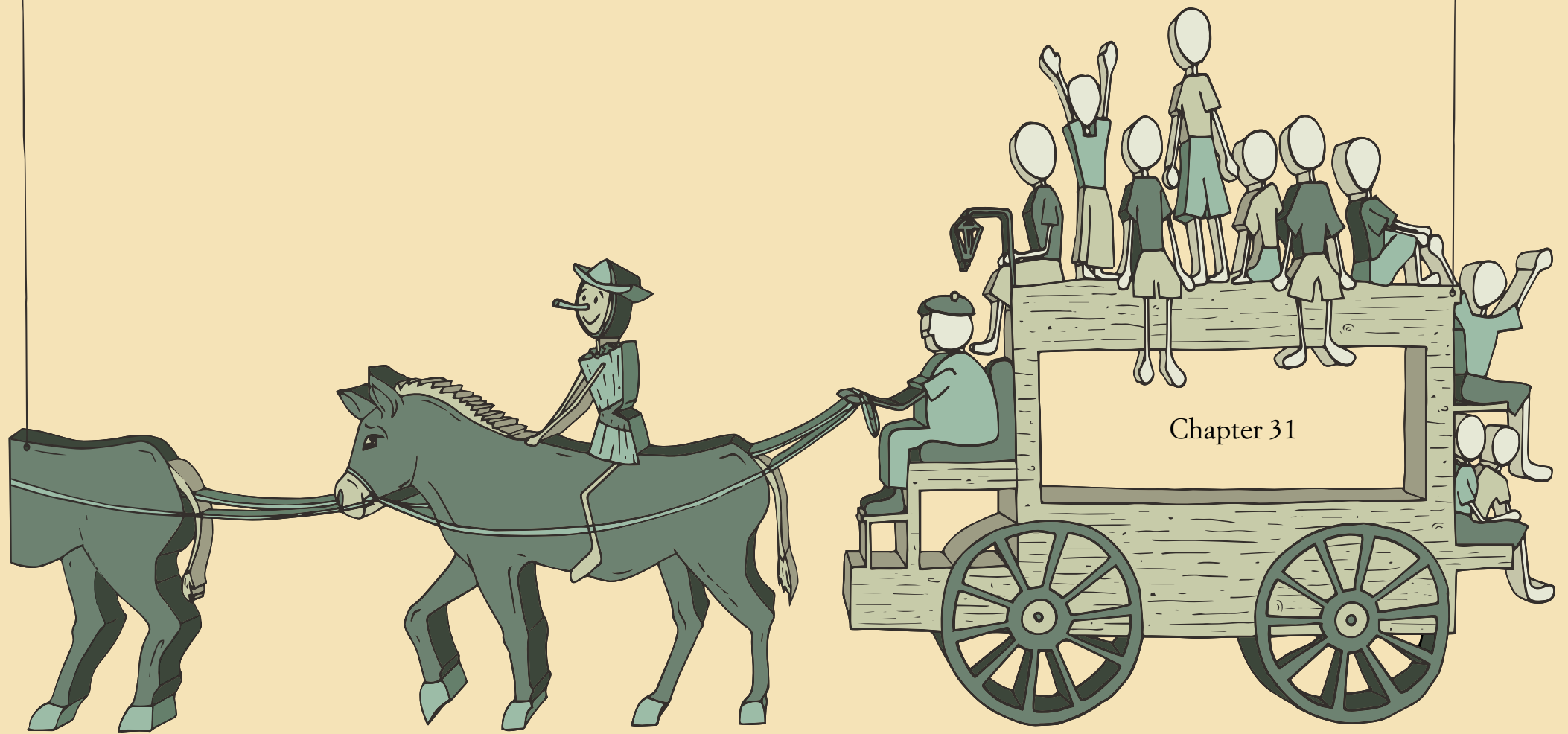
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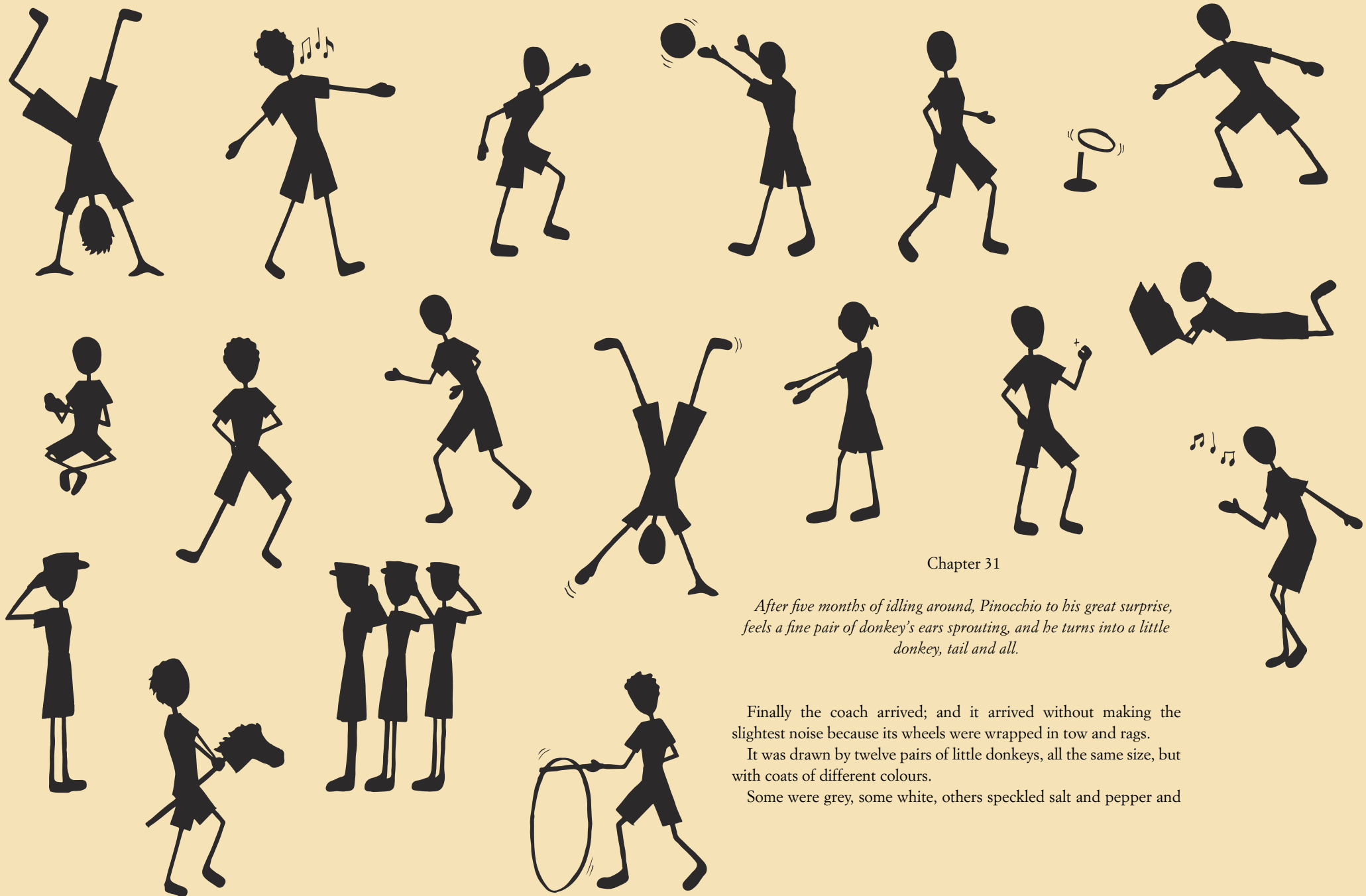


NOTE TO THIS EDITION

This booklet is part of the course *Methods. Verbal to Visual* as the final illustration assignment for the students of the Sam Fox School of Design & Visual Arts, Washington University in St. Louis, during their Spring Semester at Santa Reparata International School of Art, Firenze



Chapter 31



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After five months of idling around, Pinocchio to his great surprise, feels a fine pair of donkey's ears sprouting, and he turns into a little donkey, tail and all.

Finally the coach arrived; and it arrived without making the slightest noise because its wheels were wrapped in tow and rags.

It was drawn by twelve pairs of little donkeys, all the same size, but with coats of different colours.

Some were grey, some white, others speckled salt and pepper and

others were covered with large yellow-and blue stripes .

But the strangest thing was that those twelve pairs of asses, well, that's the twenty-four donkeys, instead of being iron-shod like any other beast of burden, were wearing men's boots made of white leather.

And the driver of the coach?

Well, picture to yourselves a little man, much wider than he was tall, as soft and greasy as a pat of butter, with a little face like a rosy apple, a tiny mouth that was always laughing, and a soft, caressing voice, like that of a cat appealing to the tender-hearted mistress of the house.

The moment the boys saw him they fell in love with him, and they competed with each other to get onto his coach and be driven away to the land of real pleasure that goes by the name of the Land of Toys on the maps.

In fact the coach was already packed with boys between the ages of eight and twelve, piled on top of each other like pickled sardines. They were uncomfortable, they were crowded together, they could hardly breathe; but not a single one said ouch!

The comfort of knowing that in a few hours they would arrive in a country where there were no books, no schools, no teachers, made them so happy and uncomplaining that they felt neither the strain of the journey, nor hunger, nor thirst, and nor need of sleep.

No sooner had the coach stopped than the little man turned to Candlewick and, with a thousand smirks and a thousand mincing ways, he asked in a wheedling tone:

"Tell me, my handsome lad, do you also want to come to that wonderful country?" "Yes, of course I want to come."

"But I must warn you, my dear boy, there's no more room in the coach. As you can see, it's completely full." "Never mind," answered Candlewick, "if there's no room inside, I shall manage to sit on the coach shafts." And with a leap, he mounted astride the shaft.

"And what about you, my love?" said the little man in a flattering

manner, towards Pinocchio, "What are you going to do? Are you coming with us, or are you going to stay?"

"I'm staying," replied Pinocchio. "I want to go back home; I want to study and I want to do well at school, like all good children do."

"And a lot of good it'll do you!"

"Pinocchio!" Candlewick called out. "Listen to me; come with us and we'll have lots of fun." "No, no, no!"

"Come away with us and we'll have lots of fun together," cried out four other voices from within the coach.

"Come with us and we'll have lots of fun," a hundred voices shouted, all together, from within the coach.

"And if I come with you, what will my good Fairy say?" said the puppet, who was beginning to weaken and waver.

"Don't worry your head off with melancholy thoughts. Just think we're going to a land where we'll be our own masters, free to make all the racket we like from morning till night."

Pinocchio didn't answer, but sighed deeply; and then he sighed again, and then a third time. And finally, he said: "Make a little room for me. I want to come along, too!"

"All the seats are full," answered the little man, "but to show you how welcome you are, I shall give up my driver's seat for you."

"And where will you sit?"

"I'll make the journey on foot."

"No, indeed, I won't allow that. I much prefer riding on the back of one of these donkeys," cried Pinocchio.

No sooner said than done. He went up to the first donkey harnessed to the right-hand side of the shaft and tried to mount. But the little animal turned suddenly and gave him such a terrible butt that it knocked him head over heels.

You can imagine the rude and wild laughter of all those children watching.

But, the fat man didn't laugh. Full of tenderness, he went up to the rebellious donkey and, pretending to give it a kiss, bit clean off half of his right ear.

In the meantime, Pinocchio having angrily picked himself up from the ground, leapt onto the poor donkey's back. It was such a splendid leap that all the boys stopped laughing and began to shout: "Hooray for Pinocchio!" and gave him a round of applause that seemed endless.

And then lo and behold! The donkey reared up on its hind legs and bucked violently, and threw the poor puppet into the middle of the road, onto a mound of gravel.

Again the boys shouted with laughter. But the little man, instead of laughing, was overcome with so much love towards the little restless donkey that, with a kiss, he bit half of his other left ear clean off.

"You can mount now, my boy," he said then to Pinocchio. "Have no fear, that donkey must have had a bee in his bonnet, but I whispered two little words in his ear, and I hope I've managed to tame him and make him see reason."

Pinocchio mounted and the coach began to move; but while the donkeys were galloping, with the coach clattering along the cobblestone road, the puppet thought he heard a very quiet voice that was hardy intelligible saying to him:

"Poor simpleton! You wanted to have it your way, but you'll be sorry."

Pinocchio, feeling rather frightened, looked all round to see where the voice had come from, but, he saw no one. The donkeys were galloping along, the wagon was rolling on, the children inside were fast asleep. Candlewick snored like a dormouse and the little man sitting on the driver's seat, was singing under his breath.

Everybody sleeps at night...

And I don't sleep at all...

After they had gone another mile, Pinocchio again heard the same feeble little voice which said to him:

"Remember this, you little nitwit! Boys who give up studying and

turn their back on books and schools and teachers in order to devote themselves entirely to fun and games... hee-haw... will sooner or later come to grief... hee-haw... I, I know from experience, I can tell you, oh...!

A day will come when you will weep too... hee-haw...as I do today... but then it will be too late, oh...!"

At these softly whispered words, the puppet, more frightened than ever, jumped off the donkey's back, and took him by the muzzle.

Just imagine his surprise when he realised that his donkey was weeping... and he was weeping just like a boy!

"Hey, Mister Little Man!" said Pinocchio to the owner of the coach. "Do you know what's going on here?! This little donkey is weeping."

"Let him weep. He'll laugh when he gets a bride." "Did you by chance also to teach him to speak?"

"No, he learnt to mumble a few words on his own, after spending three years in a company of trained dogs." "Poor beast!"

"Come, now," said the Little Man, "don't let us waste time watching a donkey weeping. Mount him again and let's go; the night is cold and the road is long."

Pinocchio obeyed without another word. The coach set off again, and in the morning, towards dawn, they happily reached the Land of Toys.

This country was entirely different from any other country in the world. Its population was entirely made up of children. The oldest were fourteen years of age, the youngest were barely eight. And in the streets there was such merriment, such a din, such screeching as to stun the brain! Hordes of urchins were gathered together everywhere. Some were playing at throwing walnuts, some were playing hopscotch, some playing ball, some were riding bicycles, some were riding hobbyhorses: these children were playing blindman's buff, and those at tag; others, dressed like clowns were fire-eating, and others were reciting and singing. A few did somersaults, some were amusing themselves by walking on their hands with their feet in the air; some rolled hoops, some strolled about dressed like generals with paper helmets and papier- mâché sabres; and some of them were laughing,

some shrieking, some calling out, some clapping their hands, some whistling, some were clucking like a hens laying eggs: in short, there was such a pandemonium, such chattering, such a devilish racket that it would have been necessary to stuff your ears with cotton-wool.

In all the town squares one could see canvas theatres, that were packed with children from morning till night, and on all the walls of the houses, one could read inscriptions written with charcoal, about splendid things such as these:

Long live soys (instead of toys): We don't want anymore skools (spelt s k o o l s). Down with Arit Mettick and other such gems.

As soon as they had set foot in that country, Pinocchio and Candlewick and all the other children who had travelled together with the Little Man, plunged right into the thick of the hubbub, and in a matter of only a few minutes, as you might well guess, they had made friends with everybody. Who could have been happier, or more contented than they?

In the midst of continual games and every variety of amusement, the hours, the days, and the weeks went by like a flash of lightning.

"Oh, what a wonderful life!" said Pinocchio each time that, by chance, he bumped into Candlewick.

"So you see I was right?" the later would reply. "And to think you didn't want to come! To think you had got it into your head to return home to your Fairy's house, and waste your time studying; now if you are free today of the boredom of books and schools, you owe it to me, to my advice, to my kindness, don't you agree? Only true friends can do such great favours."

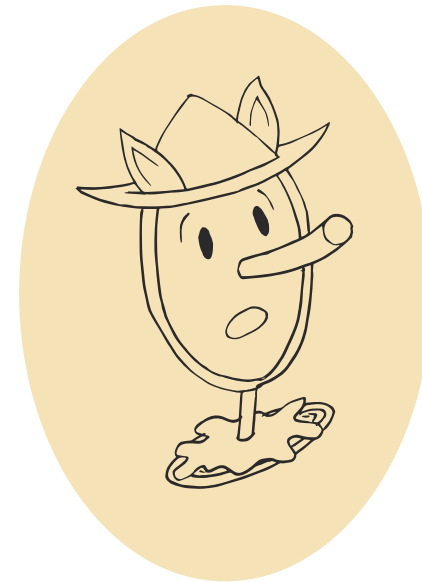
"It's true, Candlewick. If today I'm a really happy boy, it is all because of you. And the teacher, on the other hand... you know what he used to tell me, when speaking about you? He always used to say, 'Don't spend time with that rascal Candlewick, because Candlewick is a bad influence and will only lead you astray!'"

"Ha, ha! Poor teacher!" replied the other, shaking his head. "I'm only too well aware that he disliked me and how he enjoyed speaking

badly about me; but I'm generous, and I forgive him."

"Noble soul!" said Pinocchio, hugging his friend affectionately, giving him a kiss on the forehead.

Well, by now five months had gone by on living this carefree life of fun and games all day long, without ever seeing a book, or a school. And then one day when Pinocchio awoke, he had, as they say, a rather nasty surprise, which left him in a very bad mood.



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