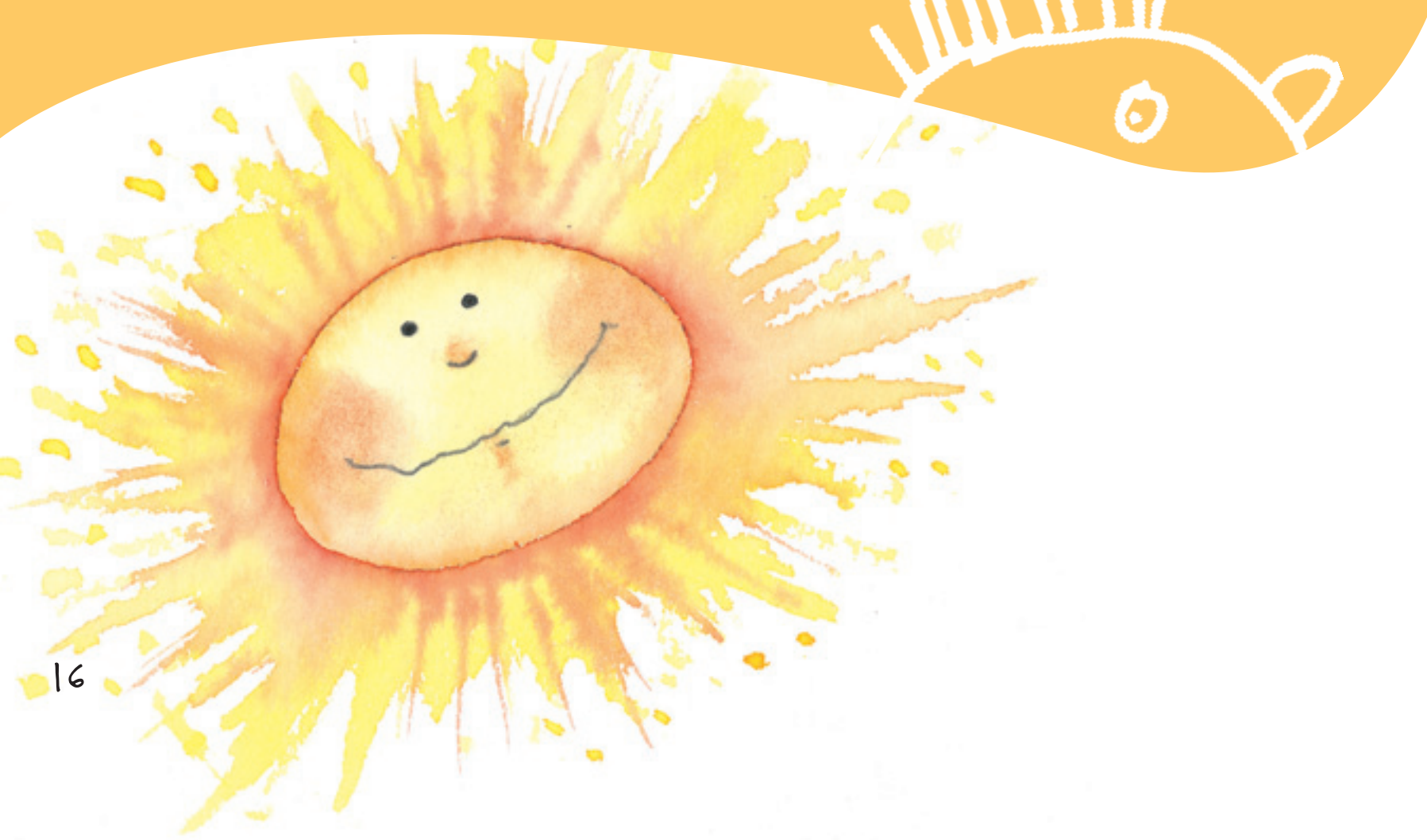


2

Beyond where the sun sets, there was a place called Cottonland. Everybody knew it as the white kingdom, because it was full of fields of cotton and flocks of sheep. It was a small kingdom, at the point of extinction, because the king, Ironhand VI and his wife were getting old and they still didn't have any children.







When the guards changed shifts, a watchman enthusiastically told the other how the village had celebrated the Good Luck Festival: “The meadow was full of children. You should have seen the children diving into the water while the adults were fly fishing and sunbathing.







The boy was most surprised by the chimney sweep and his story. He was carrying sticks, scrapers and brushes, his skin was very dark and strange sounds came out of his lips. "I suppose you have never heard anyone whistle," he guessed correctly.

