

Cinderella

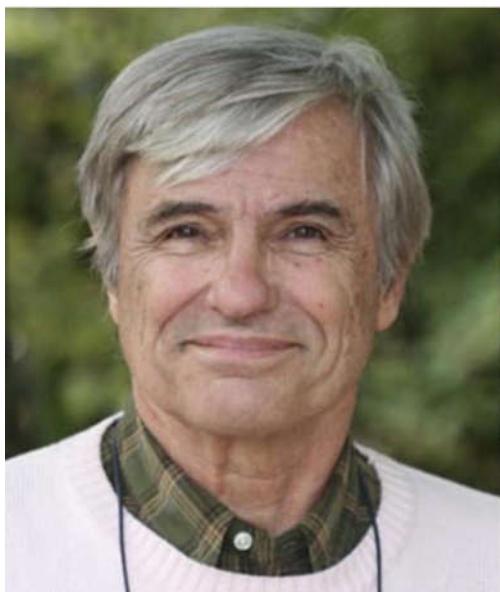
2000

Jean-Pierre Petit



Knowledge without Borders

Non-profit-making association created in 2005 and managed by two French scientists. Aim: to disseminate scientific knowledge using the band drawn through free downloadable PDFs. In 2020: 565 translations in 40 languages had thus been achieved. With more than 500,000 downloads.



Jean-Pierre Petit



Gilles d'Agostini

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The Association Knowledge without Borders, founded and chaired by Professor Jean-Pierre Petit, astrophysicist, aims at spreading scientific and technical knowledge in as many countries as possible and in as many languages as possible. To this end, all his popular scientific works, which cover a period of thirty years, and more particularly the illustrated albums he has created, are now freely accessible. Anyone is now free to duplicate the present file, either in digital form or in the form of printed copies and circulate these copies to libraries, within the context of schools or universities or associations whose aims would be the same as the association, provided that they do not derive any profit from this circulation and that they do not have any political, sectarian or confessional connotations. These pdf files may also be put on line in the computer networks of school and university libraries.




Jean-Pierre Petit intends to create numerous other works which will be accessible to a larger audience. Even illiterate people will be able to read them because the written parts will “speak” when the readers click on them. Thus it will be possible to use these works to support literacy schemes. Other albums will be "bilingual" in so far as it will be possible to switch from one language to another selected language with a mere click. Hence another tool made available to develop language skills.

Jean-Pierre Petit was born in 1937. He made his career in French research. He worked as a plasma physicist, he directed a computer science centre, he has created softwares, he has published hundreds of articles in scientific magazines, dealing with subjects ranging from fluid mechanics to theoretical cosmology. He has published about thirty books which have been translated in numerous languages.

The association can be contacted on the following internet site:

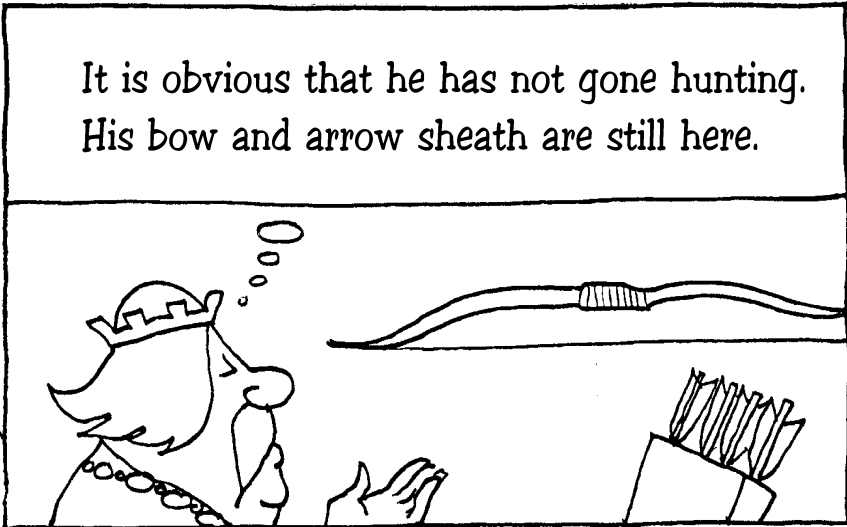
<http://savoir-sans-frontieres.com>

In a quiet and peaceful kingdom King George seems worried




What is Philip doing now ?

It is obvious that he has not gone hunting.
His bow and arrow sheath are still here.



His horse is in the stables.
Where in heaven is my son?



What, don't tell me
he is still...?

Philip, what are you making by heaven.

A machine father a machine to fly with.

Fly, like the birds?
But if the Lord had wished it to be so he would have given us feathers.

Bats don't have feathers and they fly just as well as birds as far as I know.

Making wings like theirs is a simple matter. There is only one thing missing: the force to move them. What mechanism could make such a miracle possible?

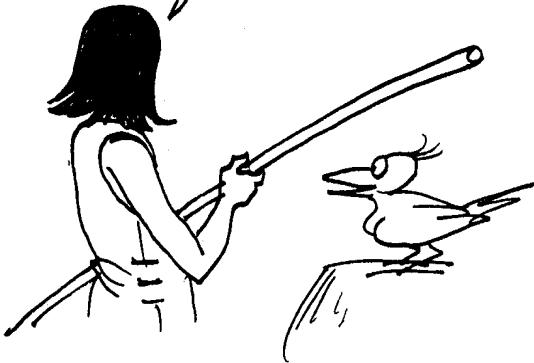
Do you realize that you haven't yet taken a wife, that there is no heir to the kingdom and that I'm starting to get old.



Yes father, but to bring a man and a woman together they need to have things in common yet none of the women you've presented show the slightest interest in flying.

How will you recognize the woman of your dreams?
Will she be a bird-woman or a bat-woman?

A magician told me that I will recognize her as soon as I see her.



My son is mad



he chases chimera. And meanwhile, the years pass, pass...

Sire, do not be sad. This rare bird must surely exist somewhere in the kingdom. You should organize a great ball and invite all the girls suitable for marriage.

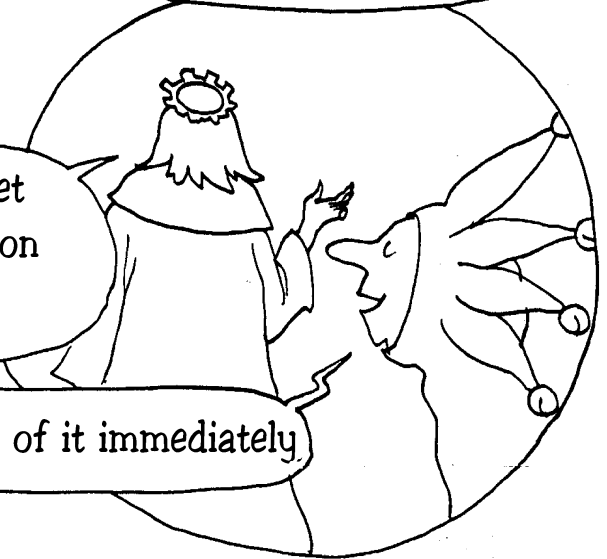


A great ball, hmm...but at which we will only invite girls of high rank.



That goes without saying, but Philip doesn't care much for princesses. To help things along, I suggest your majesty organize a masked ball.

Let it be so. Set the date and let my heralds proclaim this decision throughout the kingdom.



Yes, sire, I will take care of it immediately.



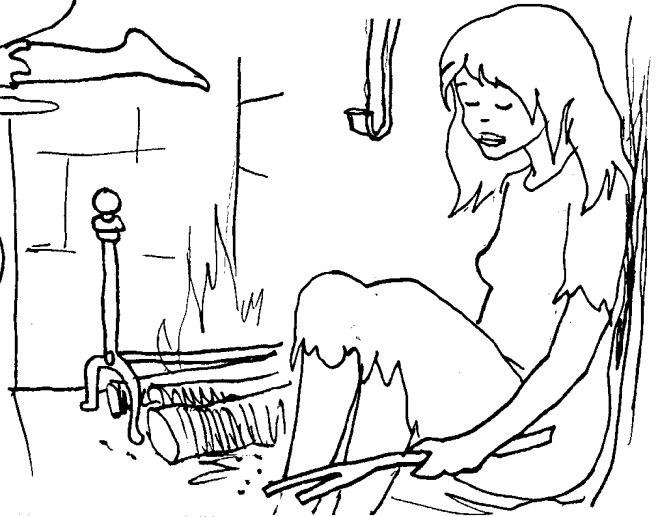
In the kingdom there lived a gentleman with one daughter. A widower, he had remarried with a woman with two daughters of her own from a previous marriage. Then the gentleman died. His wife, who had only wanted to get her hands on his property, then showed herself to be an awful hag who treated her step-daughter as badly as possible, reducing her to a role of kitchen slave.





Dressed in rags, treated with harshness by her stepmother, every day carrying out the most ungrateful tasks until nightfall. It was her custom then to sit in the ashes of the fireplace

which is why she was given the name Cinderella.



Look, here is the King's herald.
What does he want ?

Open the door dear ladies. I bear a message from his majesty King George



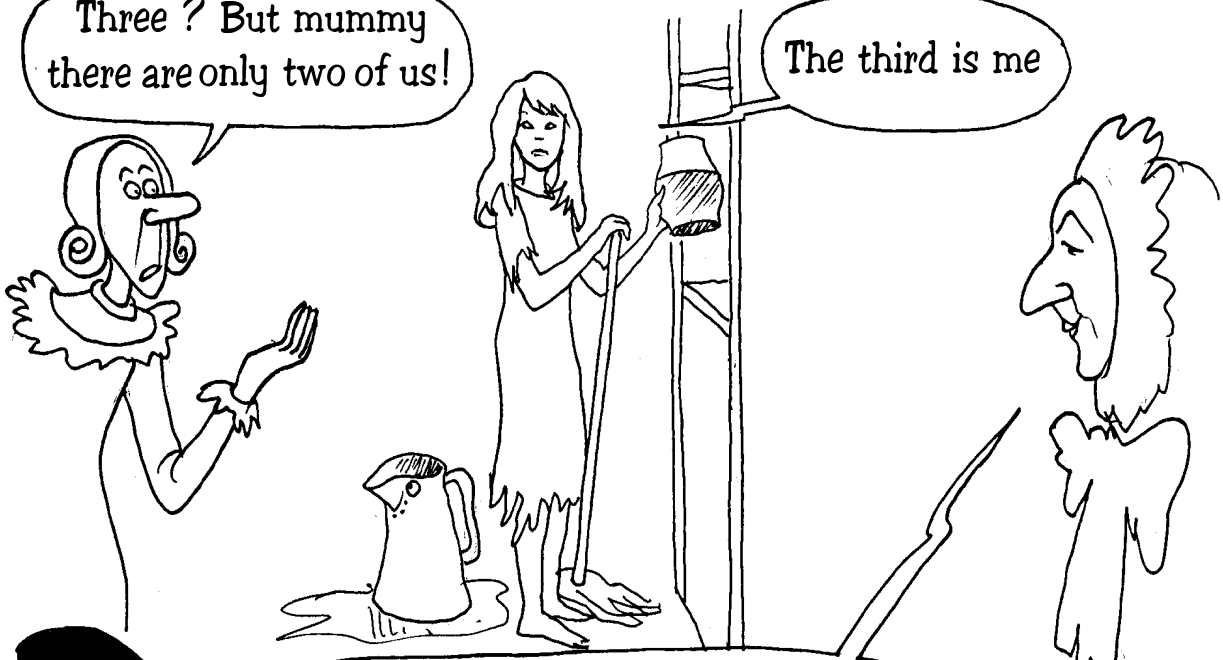
On the tenth day of the next month every young lady without exception must reply to his invitation a masked ball. All girls of marriageable age of a certain social standing of course.

Here are three invitations for the three young ladies in your household.



Three ? But mummy there are only two of us!

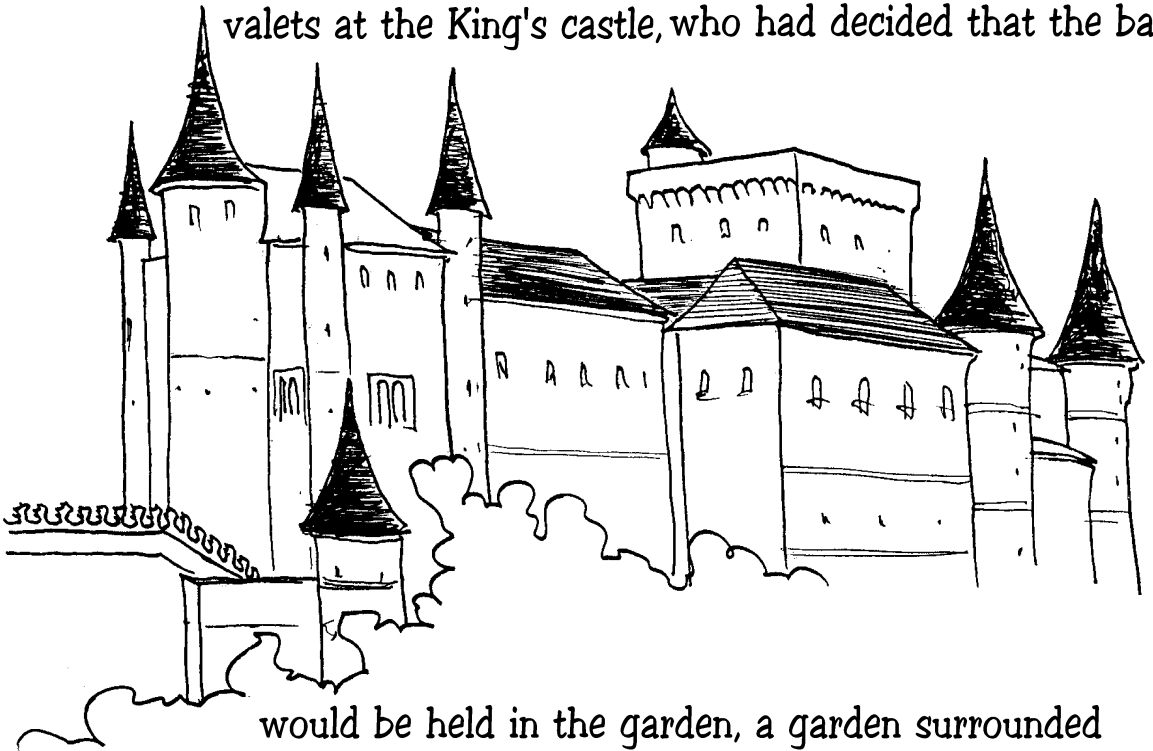
The third is me



Of course, Cinderella has the right to go to the ball. She has already got her disguise. She can come dressed as ...



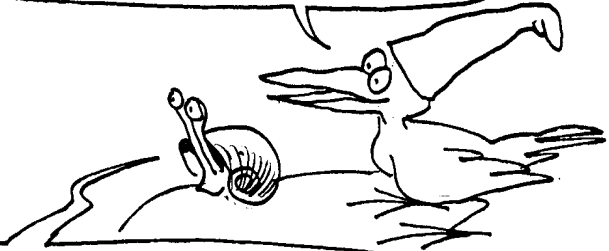
The days passed and the date of the ball arrived. The valets at the King's castle, who had decided that the ball



would be held in the garden, a garden surrounded by high walls, were busy setting tables, hanging lamps and installing a large dance floor.



Two made-to-measure masks had to be specially made for madam's two girls because of the length of their noses.



They were both dressed as princesses in the hope that Prince Philip would notice them.



Well Cinderella, the carriage is ready. Are you sure you are not coming. I'm sure that with your costume you would have been a great success.



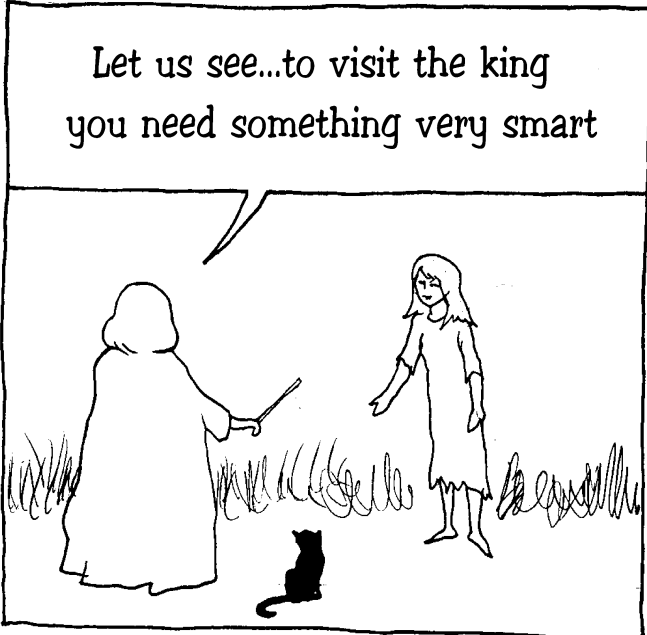





A masked ball is not a diplomatic incident.
But I can't decently let you go in that dress.
Get up, I'll sort you out



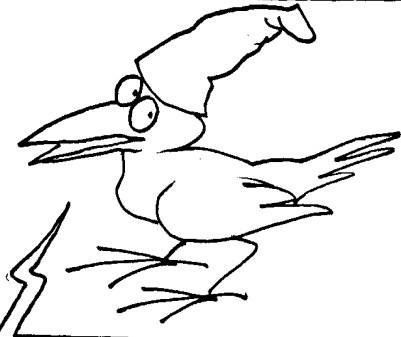
Oh
godmother !



Silk dress, long
black suede gloves,
velvet stole hmm...
that seems alright.




But ... the invitation?
How will I get into the castle without that ?
My stepmother has it.




I even know where it is. She put it in a drawer of the commode in her bedroom. It won't be easy to get back.

Madam didn't count on Cinderella going to the ball.
You'll have to steal the invitation card from her.



But how are we going to get into her bedroom. She is there at the moment and always stays up late.



You'll have to go and get it but not in that dress.
I'll have to find you something else.

Miaow !..

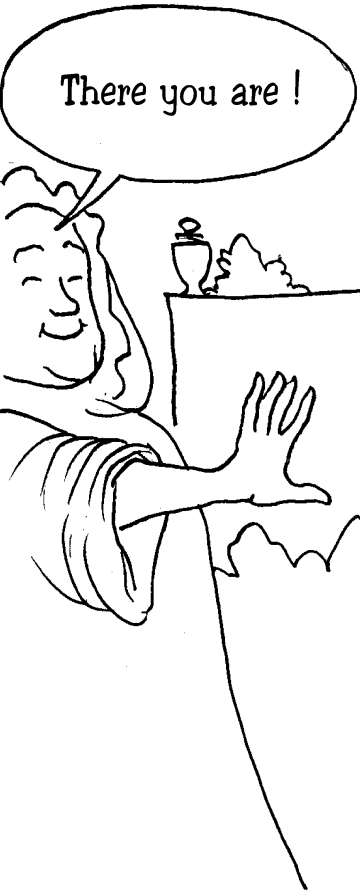


What is it ?



Feline knows how to become invisible in the nighttime just do as she does

You need a costume that allows you to become completely invisible in the night.

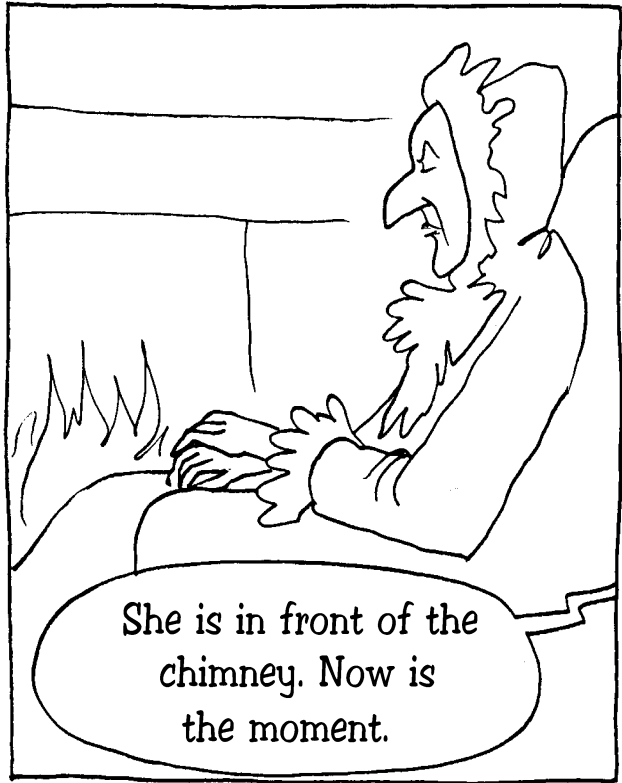
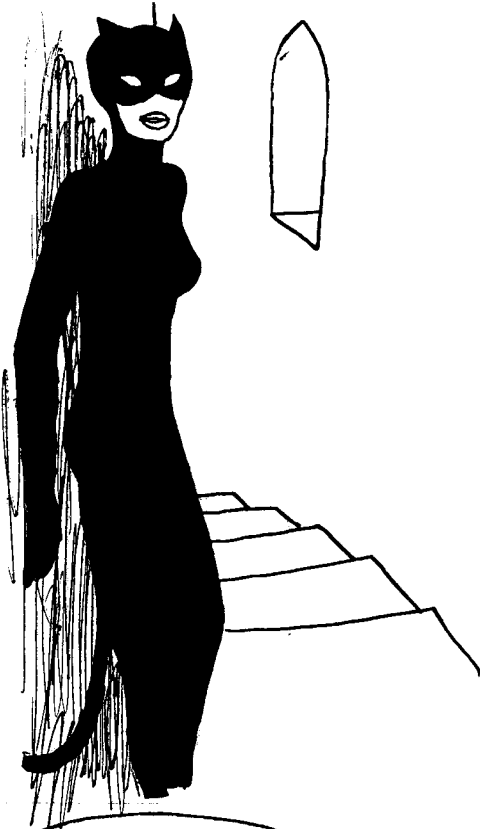


There you are !

OH!..



Without making any noise and dressed in the costume, Cinderella slipped onto the dark staircase of the tower.



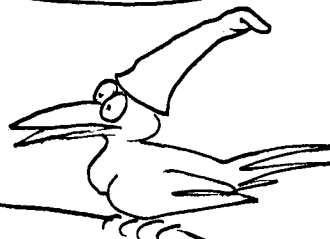
Cinderella at the King's ball ?
Pigs might fly



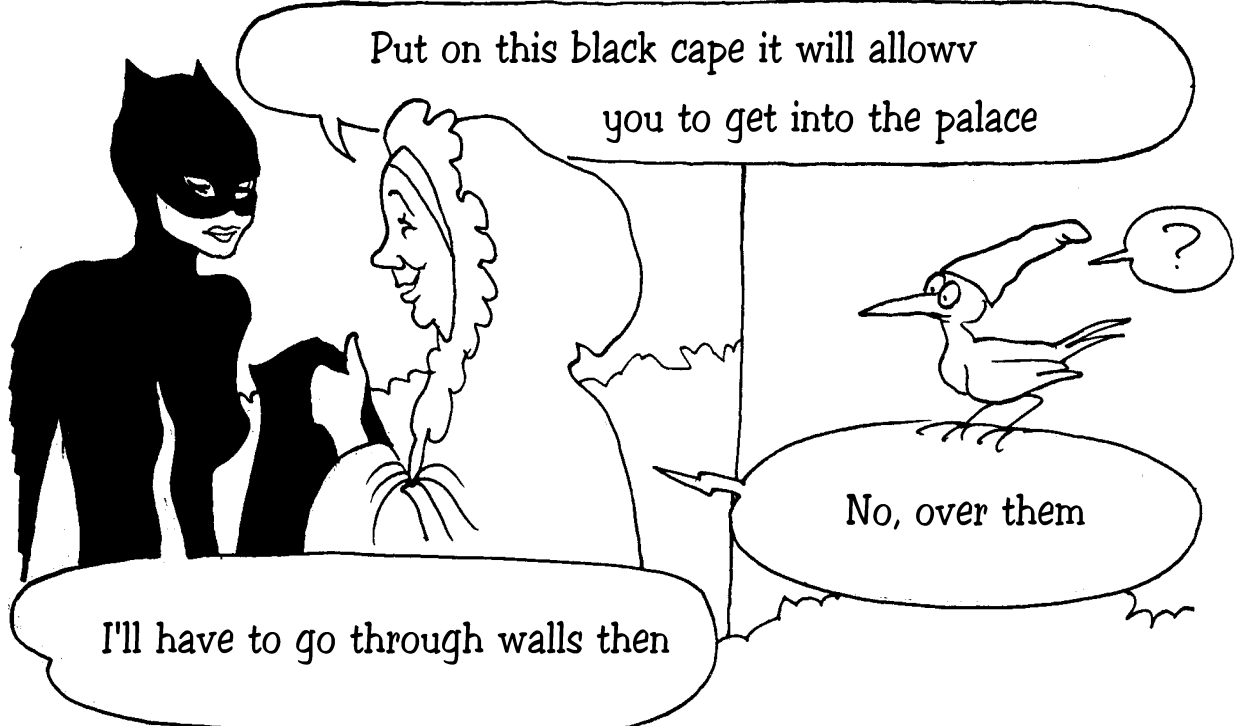
All is lost, she has burnt the invitation



Oh the wicked woman



But don't worry, I've got
lots of other tricks

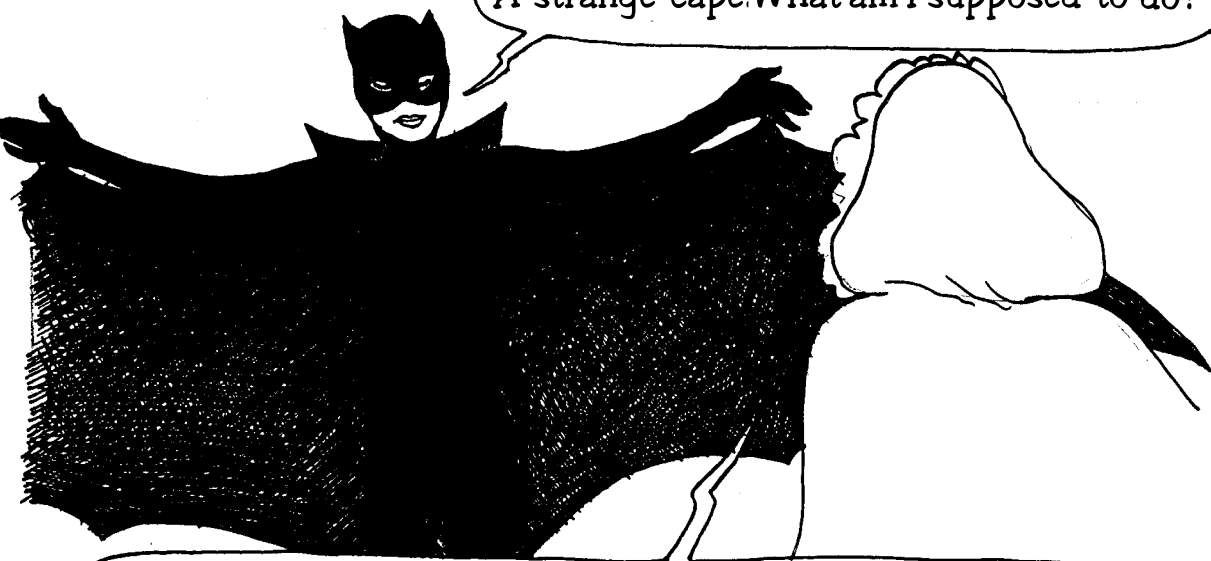


Put on this black cape it will allowv
you to get into the palace

No, over them

I'll have to go through walls then

A strange cape. What am I supposed to do?



You won't know how to do anything if
I don't give you one more magical accessory



What is it ?

Slippers

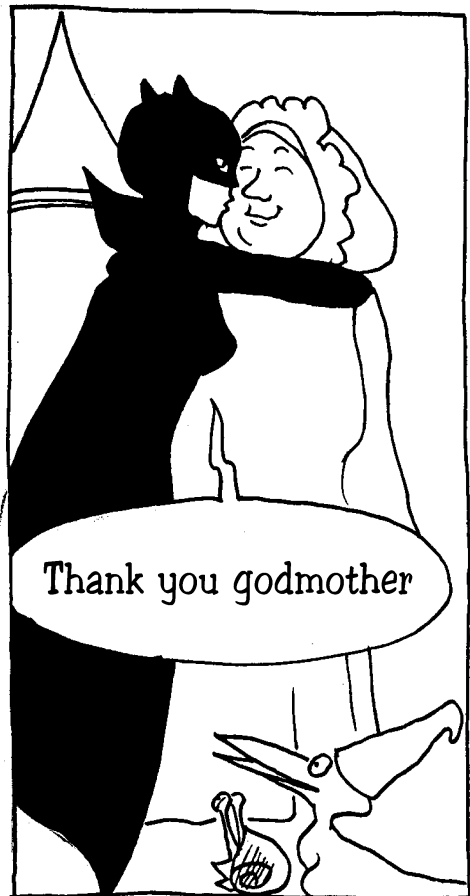




Thanks to the cape you will be carried through the air and able to join the party by going over the castle walls. It will also bring you back here. But listen carefully:



it is imperative that you take off before the last stroke of midnight, otherwise the spell will no longer work and the cape will no longer be able to take you through the air



Thank you godmother



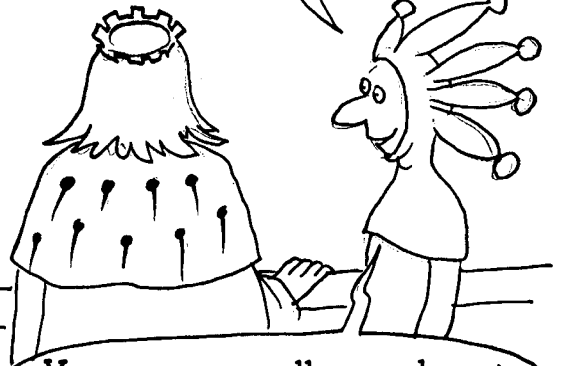
And now, hurry up

And don't forget on the twelfth stroke of midnight

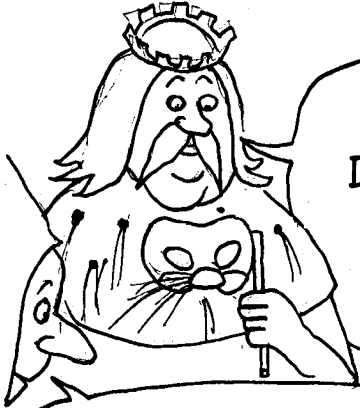


I can see the lights of the castle

Well Majesty, the ball is a big success is it not ?



Your son, usually so absent-minded has not stopped dancing with the most beautiful girls in the kingdom



Yes, he does seem to be enjoying himself Does that mean we'll have to organize a ball every week to get him to show an interest in anything other than hunting and his flying machine

Well he does seem to like it





Oh, please excuse me...

?



Isn't that a flying woman

who has just
landed on the
lawn ?

By Saint Bonaventure's stomach! You are a bat-woman.
Have you discovered the secret of their flight ?



No, not at all. It is simply
a costume. You must have
been dreaming when
you saw the evening breeze
flutter my cape

Nevertheless I could have sworn that I saw you land on the lawn...

No, I was running on the grass to listen to the flapping of my coat. I was imagining being a bat.

Oh dear, he saw me I'll have to invent something....

Do you think that is the kind of question to ask at a masked ball? You would be better inviting me to dance

What...what is your name?

I suppose that you are Robin Hood in person?

Hmm...Well in a way

Cinderella didn't know that she was dancing in the arms of Prince Philip and never saw the time passing

Suddenly :

DONG

Oh goodness
it's time !

It's time for
what ?

Excuse me I have
to go straight away

Straight away ! ? !
But the party has
only just started

I have to go home as quickly as possible

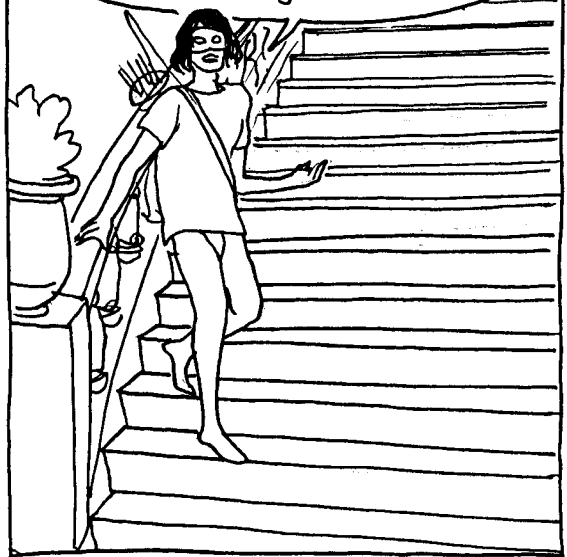
DONG!



But...it's absurd
If you need a carriage
I have one of my staff
accompany you

Listen. This stairway doesn't lead anywhere except onto a terrace. The way out of the castle is in the opposite direction

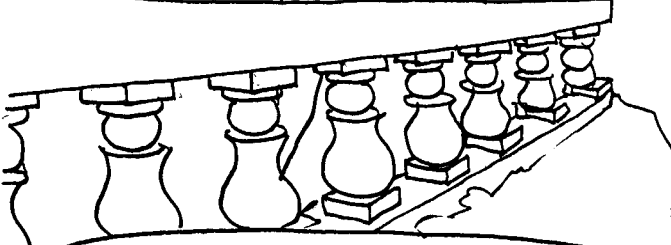
I would like to see you again. Tell me where I can find you. Come back, the terrace doesn't lead anywhere





Oh, she has disappeared

OH!



It should be noted that in this version of Cinderella she does not lose her slipper. So how is the prince going to find her ?



DONG!



Goodness, I've just managed to land before the last stroke of midnight



Now all that's left is to become Cinderella again, the skivvy



I'd better put all this away

I wonder who that knight was. I'll probably never know

Cinderella, I've been calling you for an hour. Make me an infusion, I can't sleep



Right away mother

The following day the palace was bubbling



We have very few clues to find the young lady who seems to have disappeared by magic. Given the costume she was wearing we don't even know if she is blonde or brunette. At best we only know how tall she is, that is not much



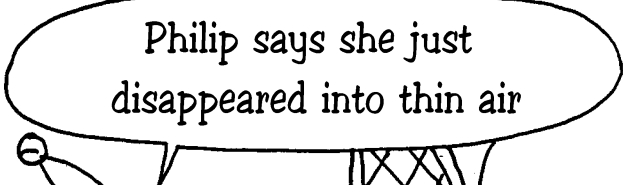
Majesty, your son is in love. That is what you wished is it not ?

In love, certainly but we don't know who with

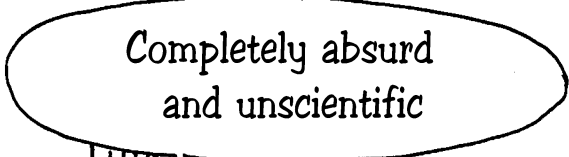


We could send out a search notice and describe her costume but then every silly goose in the kingdom will reply

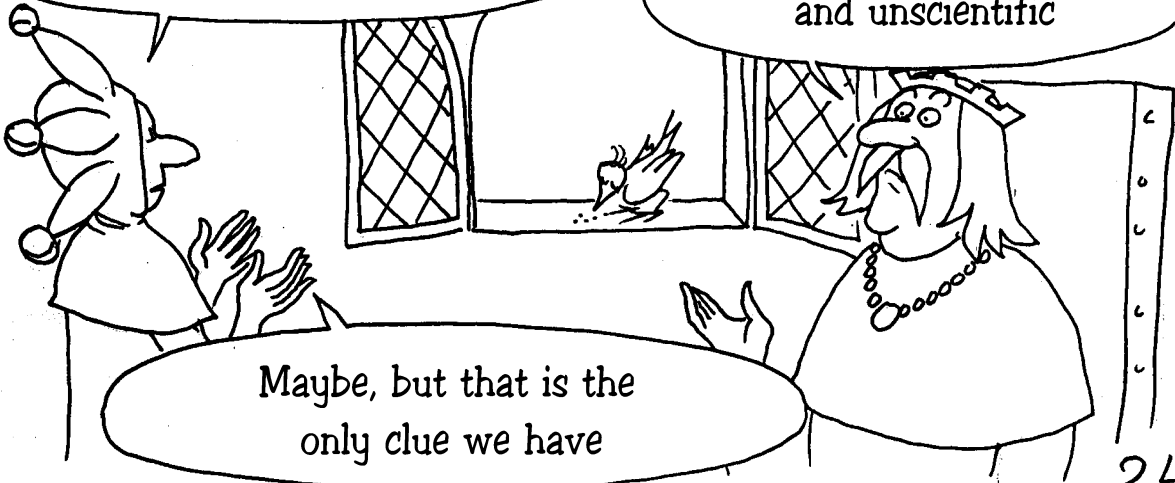
No that is the last thing we should do



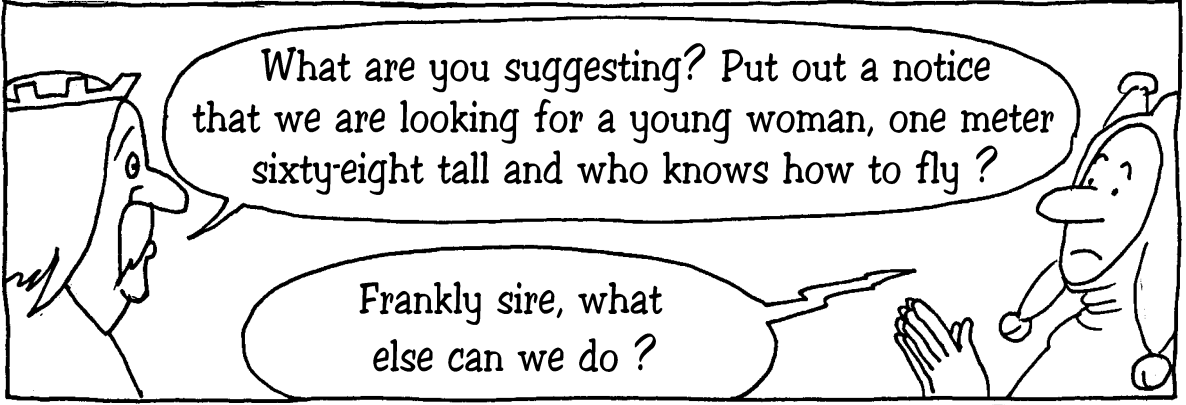
Philip says she just disappeared into thin air



Completely absurd and unscientific

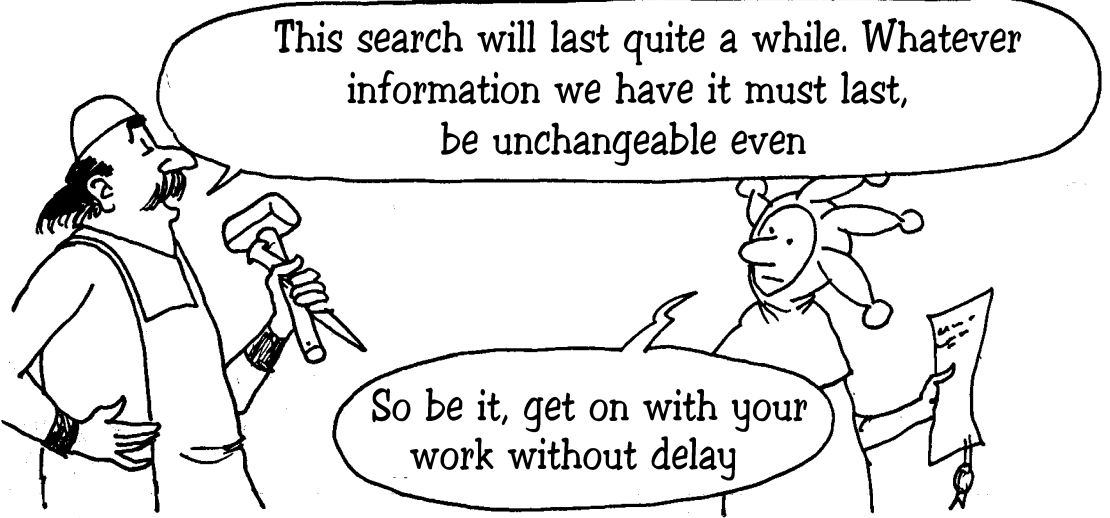


Maybe, but that is the only clue we have



What are you suggesting? Put out a notice that we are looking for a young woman, one meter sixty-eight tall and who knows how to fly?

Frankly sire, what else can we do?



This search will last quite a while. Whatever information we have it must last, be unchangeable even

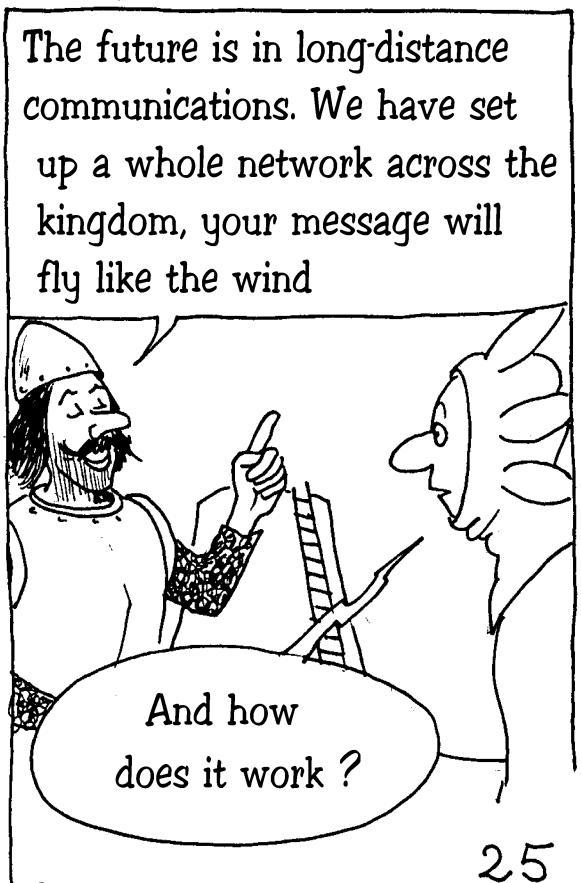
So be it, get on with your work without delay



I want you to put every man to work to copy the following message

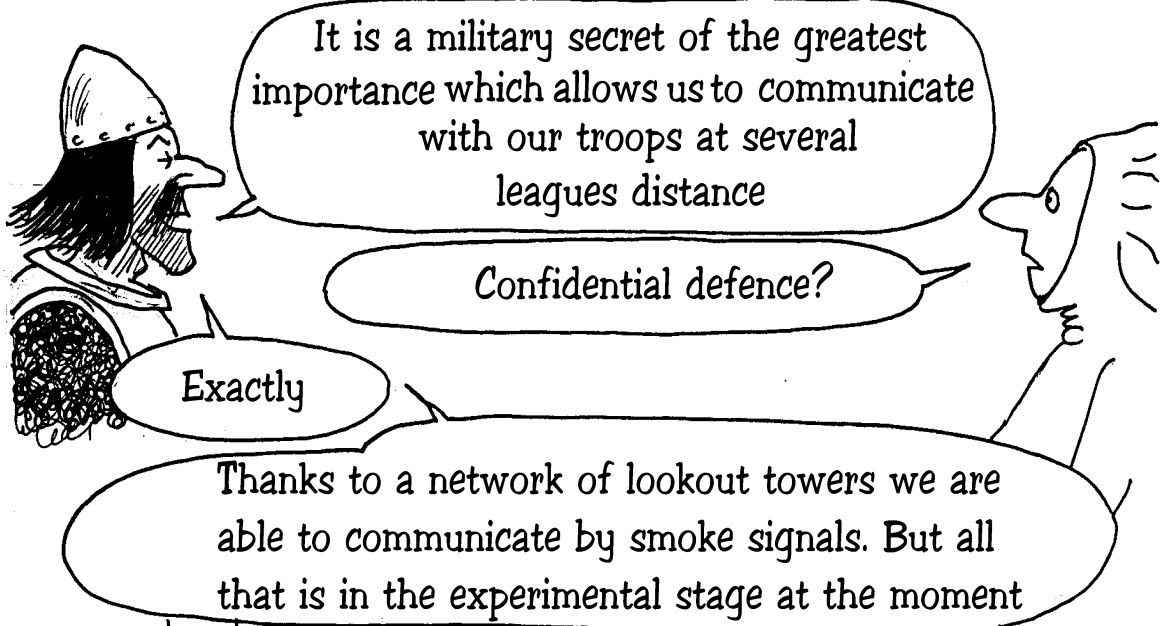
By order of the King

Very good

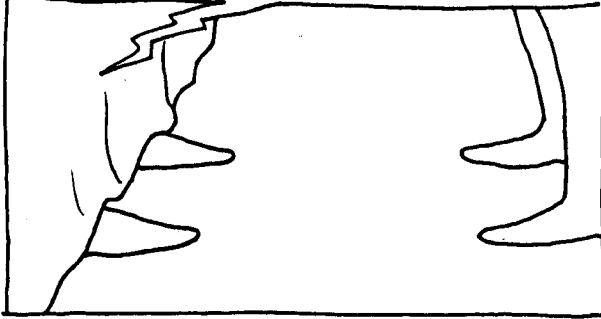


The future is in long-distance communications. We have set up a whole network across the kingdom, your message will fly like the wind

And how does it work?

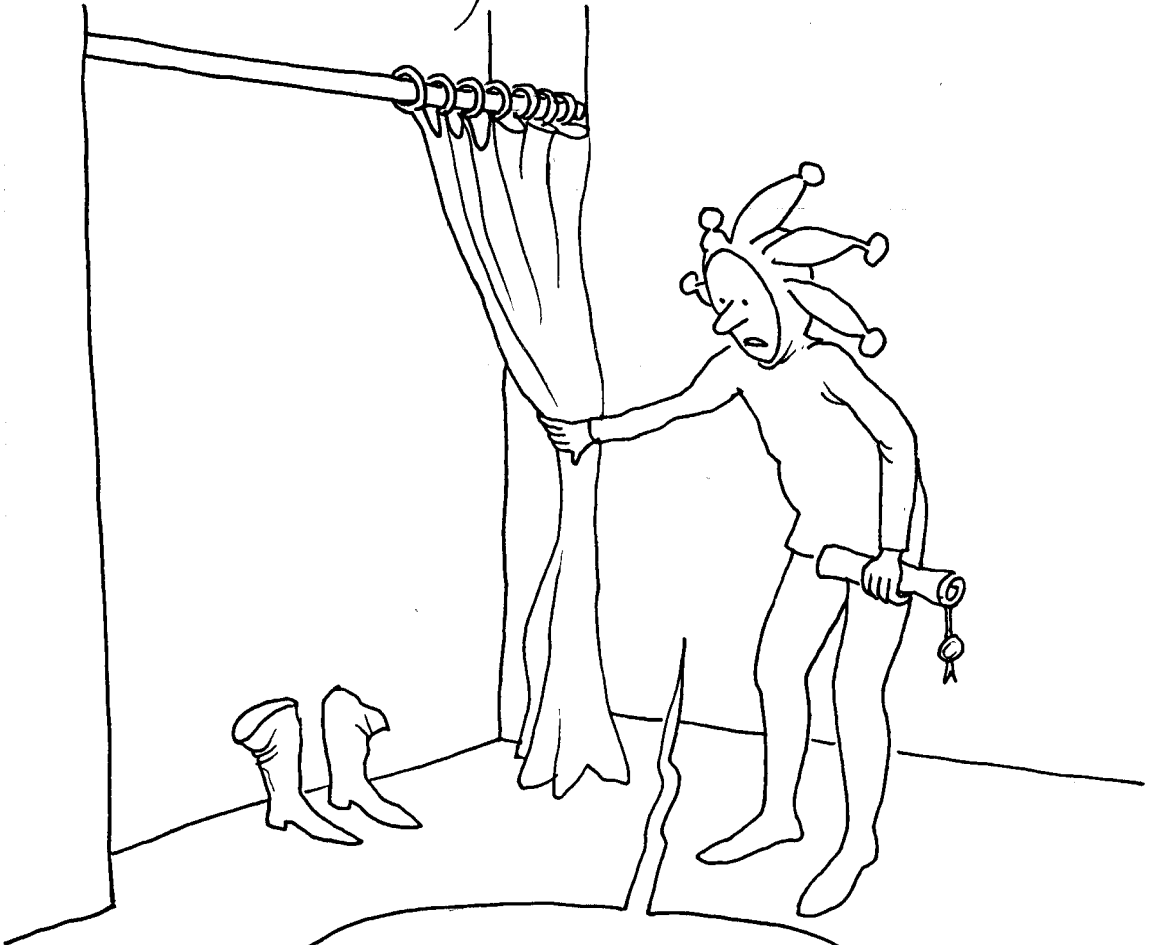
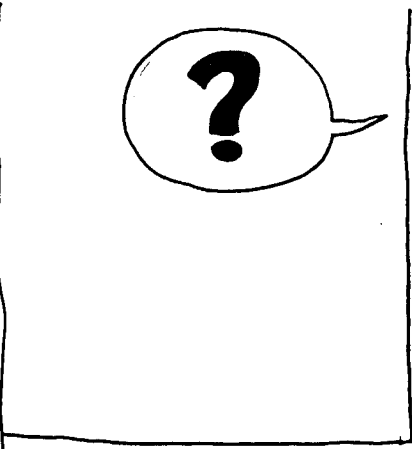


Believe me, for this type of localization the utmost discretion is required. We specialize in this type of work. Infiltration, collecting information, getting close to sensitive sectors etc.



Hmm, in such a delicate business everything is worth having. Here you are, the search notice





Hmm... They are very clever

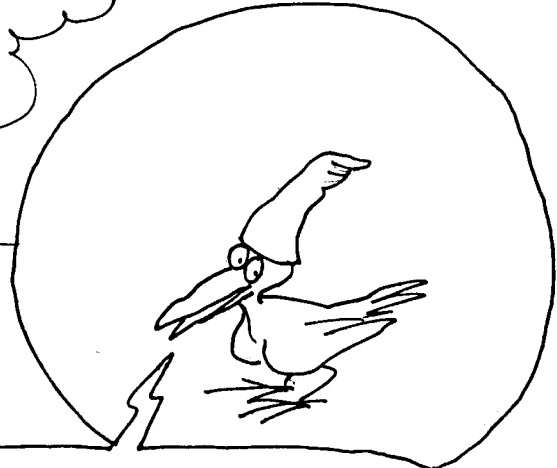


Let us see, a nice pink granite should do the trick
It can be seen for miles
Lets get to work...

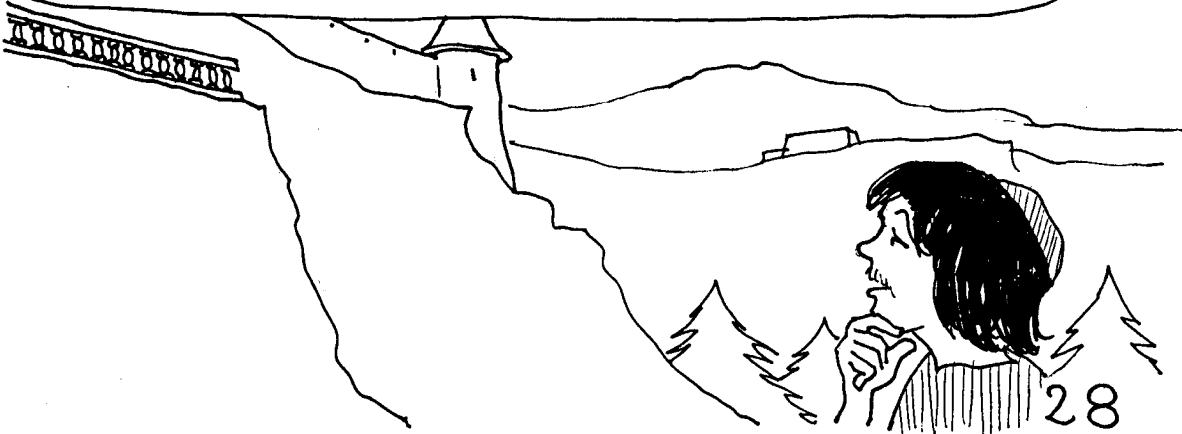


There you are, all we need to do now is to post it up throughout the kingdom

Let me see, how do you do a 'J' ?



In the mean time, Philip is looking for clues

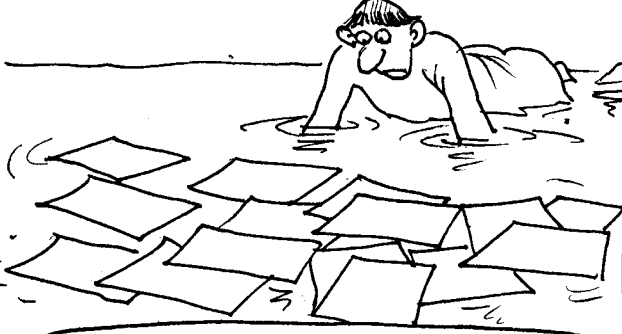




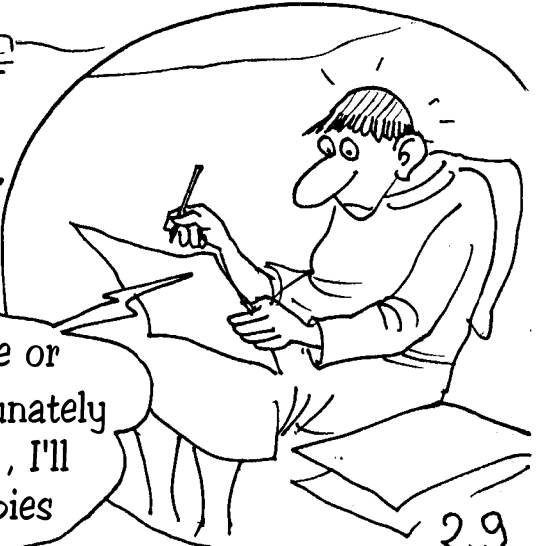
Come on, go forward
That is only a small stream
to cross, come on



If I tell brother
about this he'll kill me



The message seems to be still more or
less legible on this manuscript. Fortunately
I brought my writing case with me , I'll
just have to correct the other copies



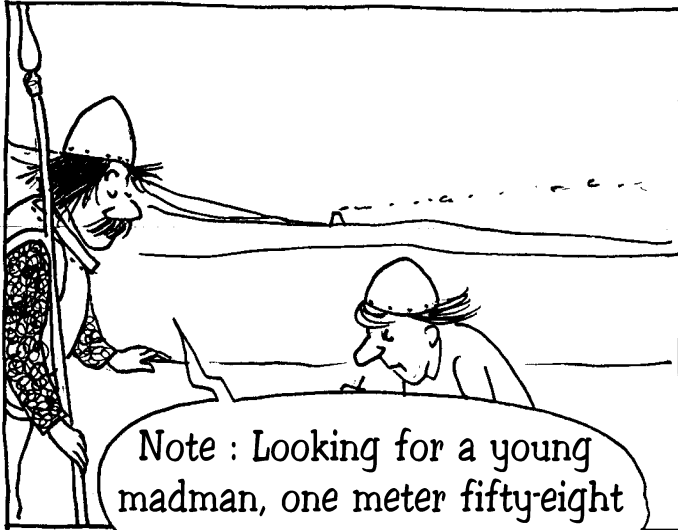


Yes boss

Agent X-27
transmit this message

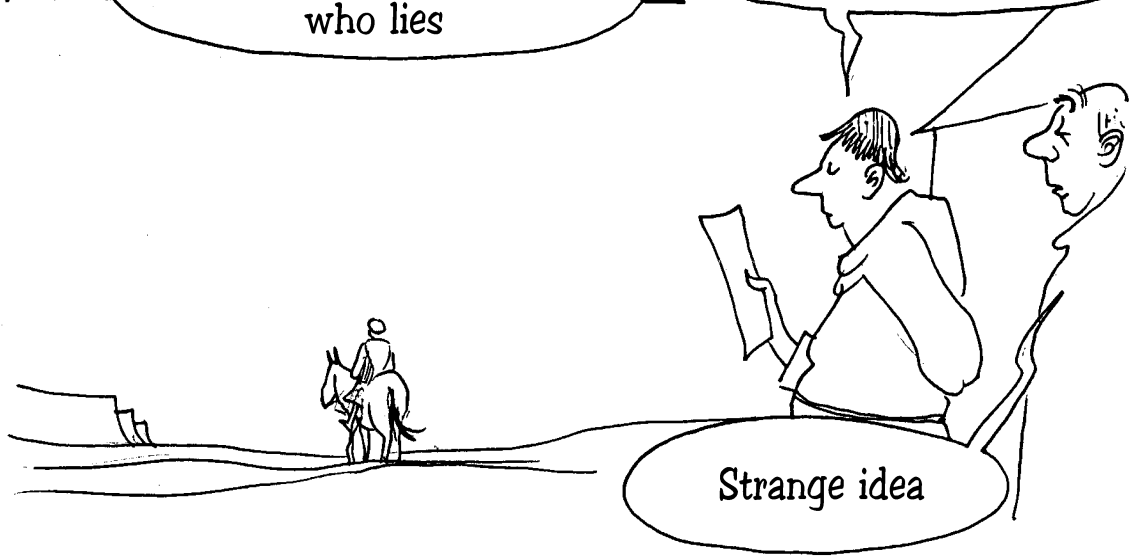


Zounds ! The
wind is coming up



Note : Looking for a young
madman, one meter fifty-eight
who lies

They want us to look
for a young maiden,
one meter sixty-eight
who cries.



Strange idea

You've found something Philibert ?



A piece of paper covered in incomprehensible signs



So jester, what results have you had from your search ?



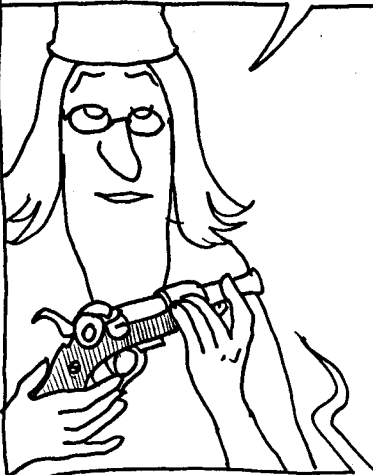
We are progressing sire but more needs to be done



They are called glasses and they allow me to see more clearly. Believe me, they could help see the future



Time is like a crystal through which we can look at two different sides



But bringing things from the future could create great disorder

Now you know the hat worn by church dignitaries ?



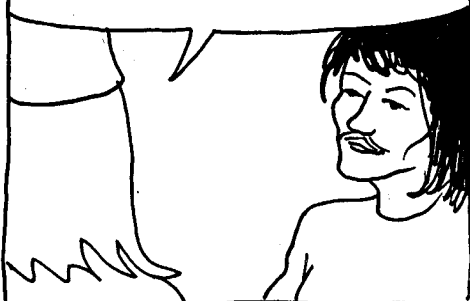
Merlin, I have met a woman who can fly apparently. Is that possible ?



Wait, let me show you something. Where in heaven did I put it ?

Did you know that they have borrowed many accessories from the past. Their crozier for instance, is the same as that used by the Romans to predict the future, though I doubt very much that the bishops have retained that talent

Everything has a meaning
I've often wondered where
they got their hat from
and I finally found the
answer in a book from
the distant future :



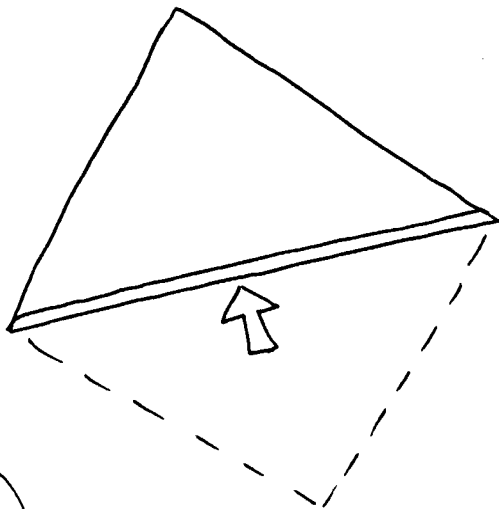
it is a flying machine

No !?!

Yes, and
I'll show you

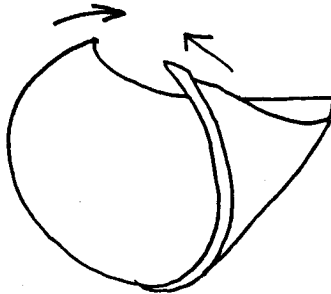
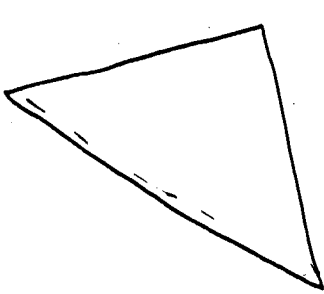


Take a sheet of paper, square, and roll it up tightly
on one of its diagonals, beginning at one of the corners

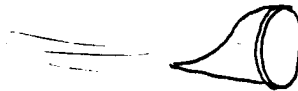


so that the rolled edge
adjusts exactly to the diagonal

The second operation consists of rolling the object on itself and fixing two corners together with the help of another marvellous thing I have brought from my journeys into the future. It is called sticky tape



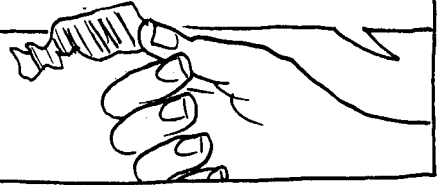
Launching the object is a delicate operation; It has to be held by one of the free corners, with two fingers, and placing it on the air while giving it a horizontal impulsion



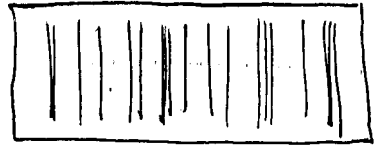
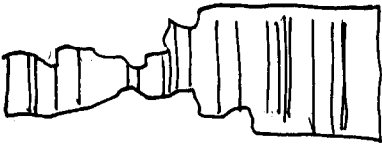
If made with care and launched from a high cliff the object can travel a league's distance



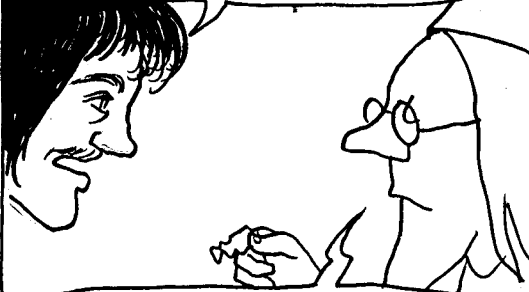
Let us return to this woman of whom I spoke. When she flew away she lost this. Are they magic runes? My dog ate half so I doubt if it will be much use to us



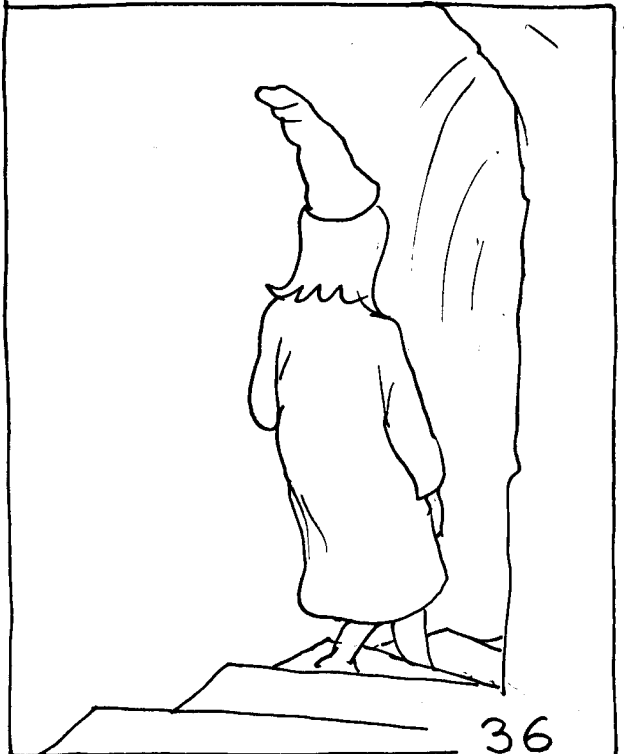
No, they are not runes. They are what people in the future will call BARCODES. It is a strange sort of writing where, even if part is missing, the message remains unaltered if the bars are visible



Can we decode this magic formula ?



Yes, but I won't be able to do it in your presence. Let me withdraw for a moment to my laboratory



There you are. The message says : Black suede
size 34 \$14.99) Our prices cannot be beat.

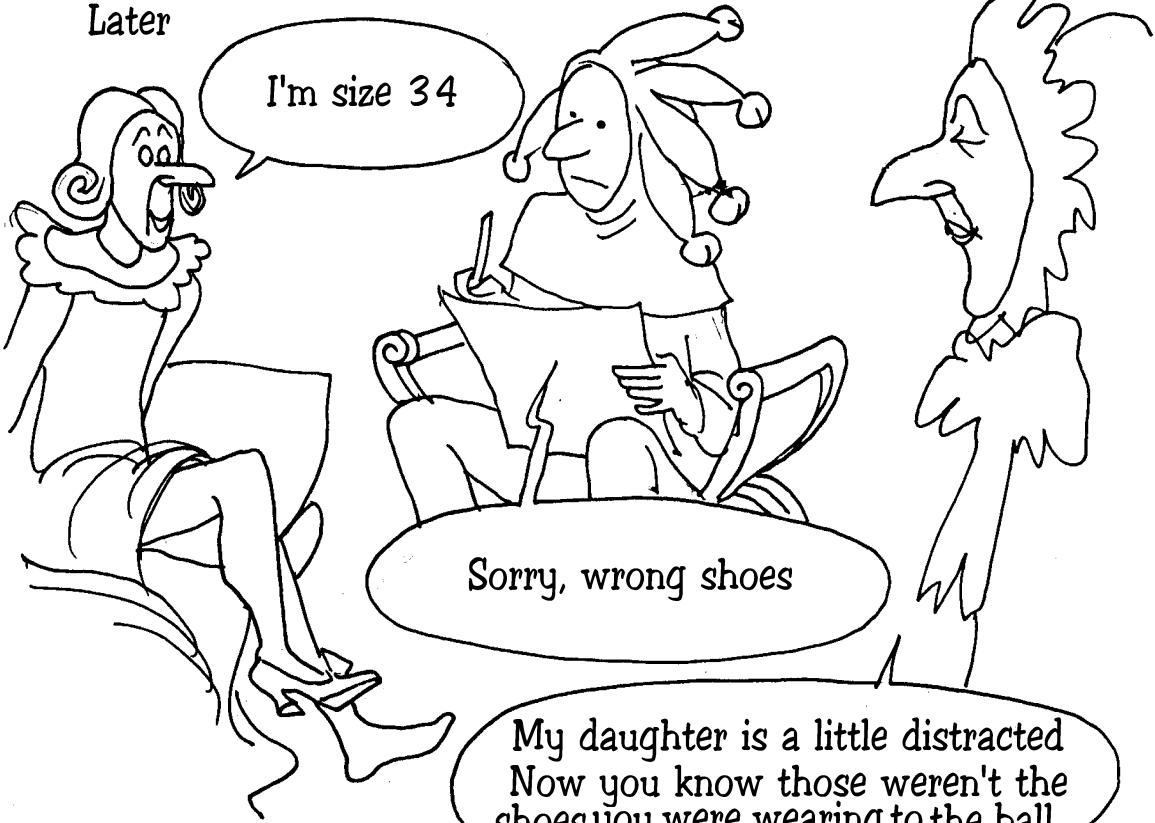
SNAP!

I've got it, it is the size
of her shoes. Thank you Merlin
Now I must rush

Jester, find all the young
women present at the ball
wearing size 34 shoes

and tell them to find the shoes
they were wearing that night

Later



I'm size 34

Sorry, wrong shoes

My daughter is a little distracted
Now you know those weren't the
shoes you were wearing to the ball



I take size 34 too

Prince Philip

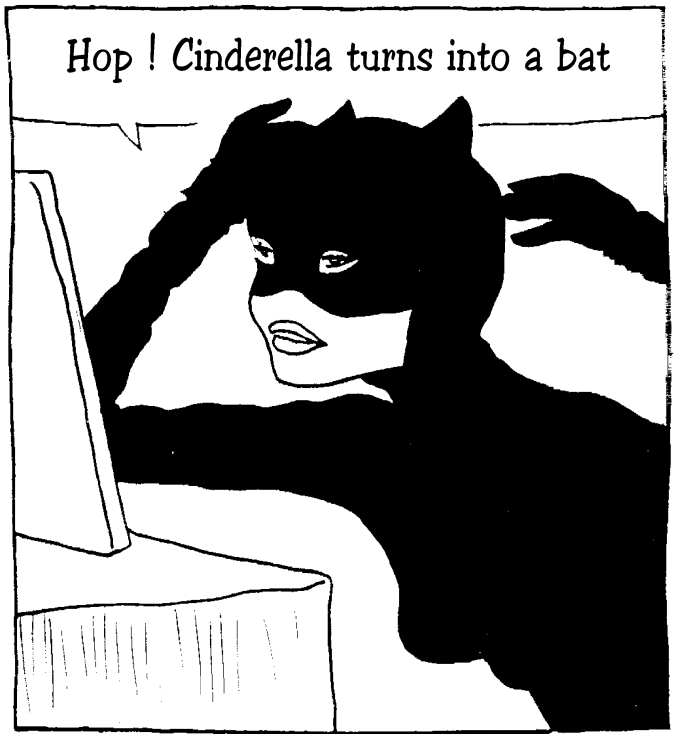
!...

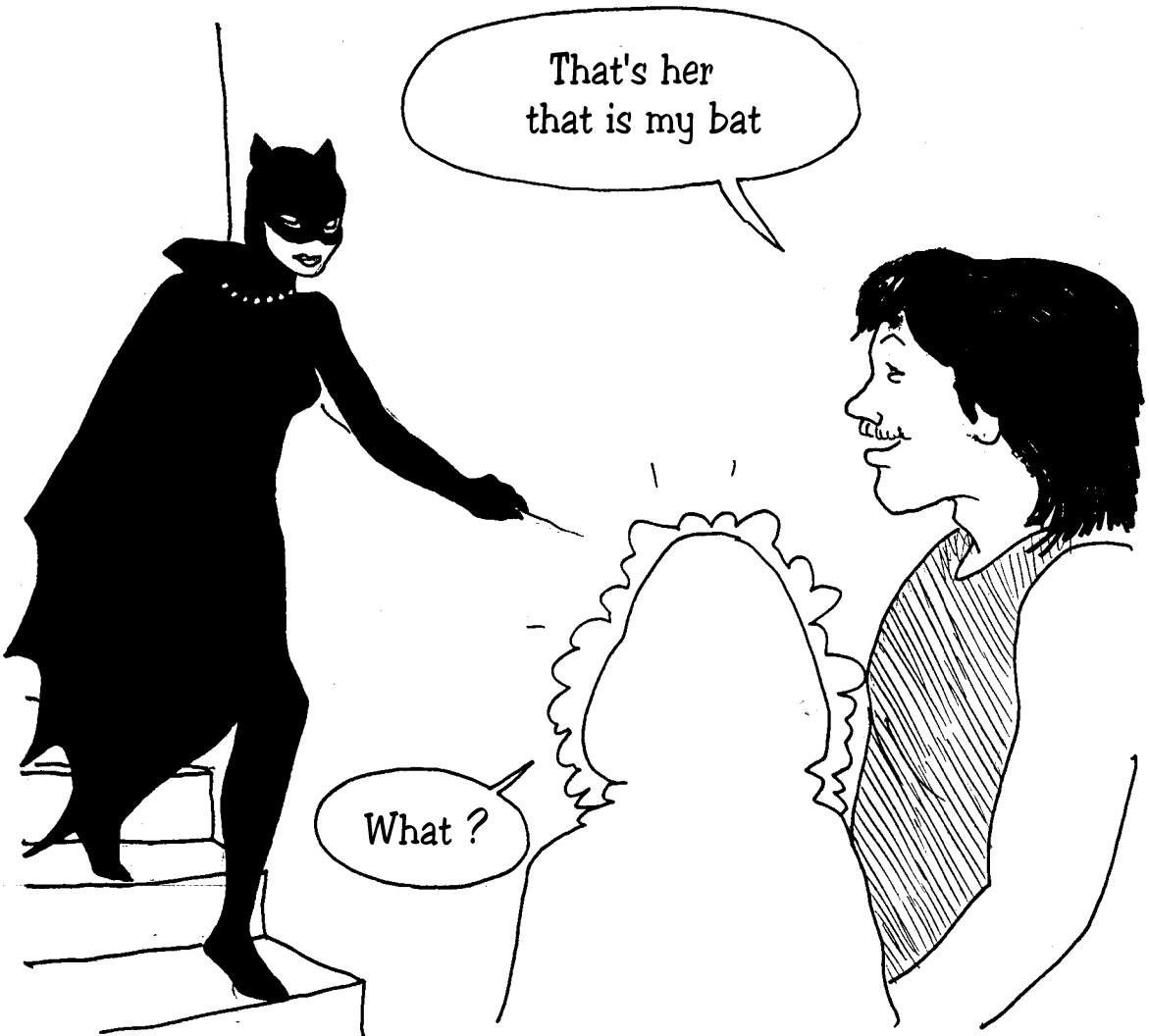
But of course. Those are the black suede slippers my daughter was wearing at the King's ball and this good for nothing stole them. We have been looking everywhere. Give them back !





Wait!





That's her
that is my bat

What ?



She who know the secret
of climbing into the sky

I'm ready to try anything

END