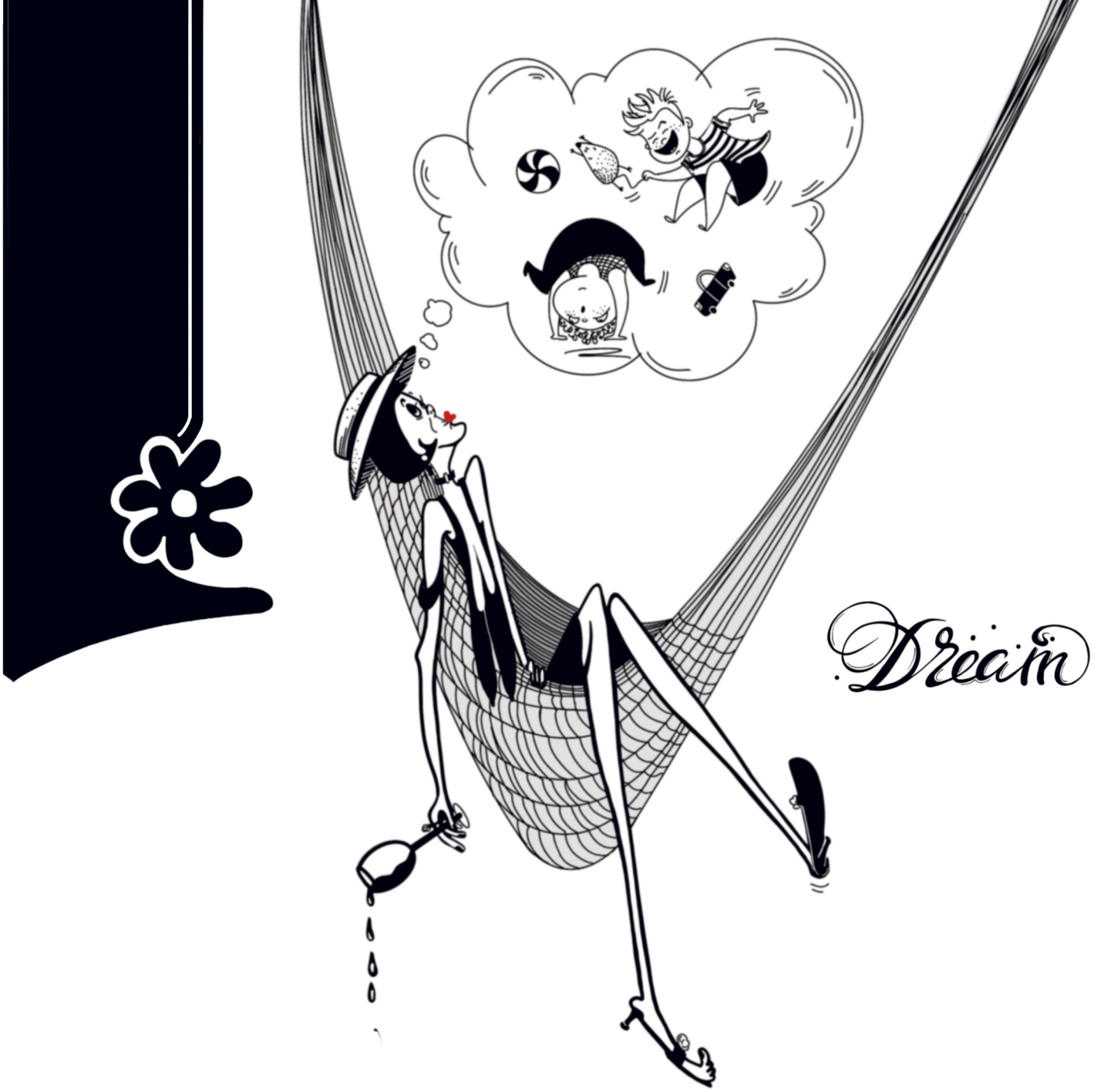

BORED LIFE
MADAME
COW



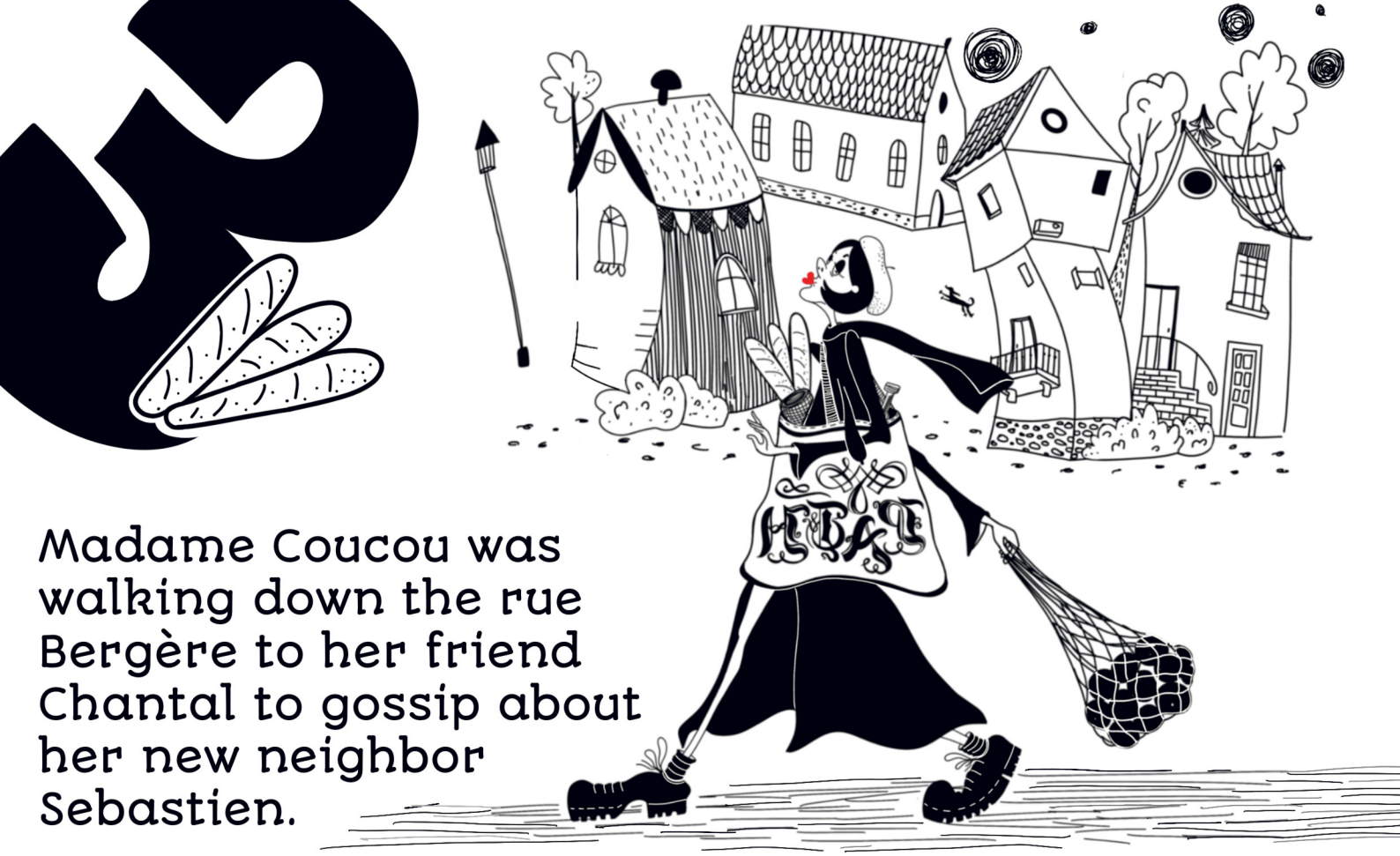
Time flies so fast that you don't have time to get used to the age.
So let's meet Mrs. Coucou. She's as old as her soul. She lives near Paris in a small, cozy house. Her routine is to have occasionally outbursts.



FROST

- I would like to have a glass of Aperol Spritz,' Madame Coucou suggested coquettishly, wrapping herself in her down jacket against the biting wind.
- Pardon me, madame, but at minus thirty you can only chew on it,' Sebastian suggested cautiously

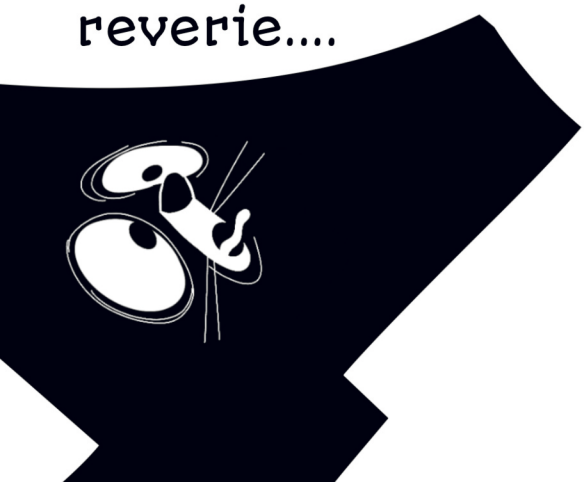




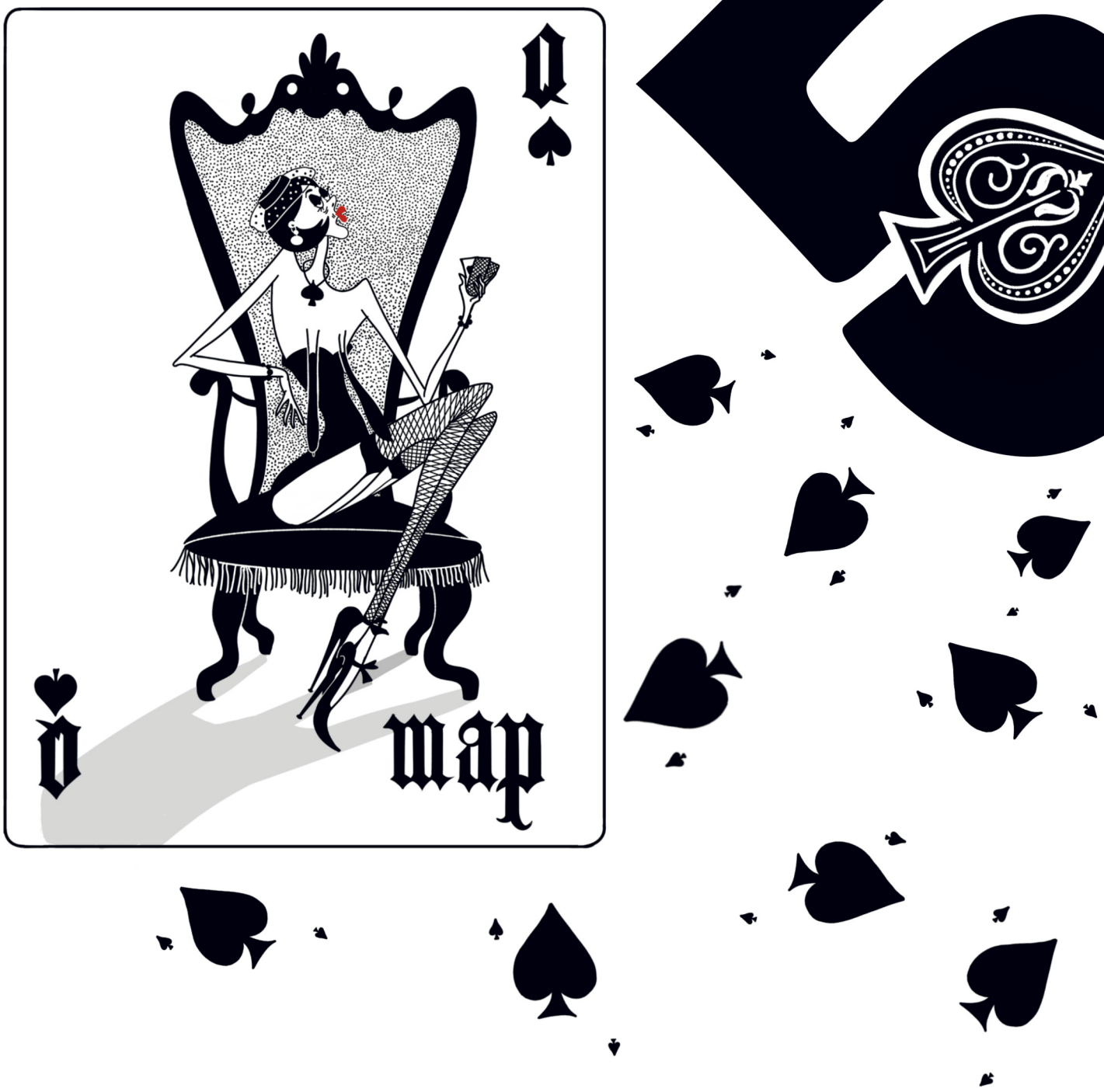
Madame Coucou was walking down the rue Bergère to her friend Chantal to gossip about her new neighbor Sebastien.

He had planted some charming roses in the front garden, but he would not share the name of the variety. The rascal, how dare he.
Coucou was going to find out the name of the Frenchman. With these thoughts she went to the corner shop, bought foie gras, a piece of Emmantal cheese and a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon. All of this would pair wonderfully with the French crusty baguette she'd baked this morning. The aroma of freshly baked bread wafted behind Coucou, drawing people to follow her.
- Pardon me, madam, what an enchanting aroma is coming from you,' a man's voice called out to her.
Coucou turned around and saw Sebastian in front of her.
- Ah, it is you, monsieur!
Did he really think she would just tell him the recipe for a baguette.
No way! Unless it was in exchange for the type of roses in his garden. And not right away. Let him suffer the agony of waiting.

- What a coquette! - Sebastian thought. The prospect of being rejected was not in his plans, so he decided to act immediately.
On the way home, Sebastien bought a bunch of violets, she would appreciate their fragrance.
Madame Coucou was returning from her friend Chantal in a playful mood. A glass of wine and a slice of stinky cheese had done the trick. The slight blush on her cheeks hinted that there had been more than one glass, but her thoughts continued to swarm in her head. She thought of Sebastian.
Meanwhile, Sebastian was rushing home. He turned down a street and saw her.
- She's so pretty,' Sebastian thought, and as he was staring, he didn't notice the cat jumping out in front of the car... A cheeky black, skinny cat.
The sound of brakes, the cat's cries and a bouquet of violets flying in her face pulled Madame Coucou out of her sweet reverie....



She plopped down in the armchair by the fireplace and began stroking the cat sharply and vigorously, even though it was not guilty of anything.
- What a rascal, this Monsieur Sebastien. But how good...



She sat in her favorite silk-covered armchair and played solitaire for a wish.
From the open window came the light fragrance of garden roses. Madame Coucou poured herself another glass of wine, broke off a piece of cheese, and looked out of the window in languid anticipation. A ray of sunlight fell on the blue cloth wall. The gilded clock struck seven in the evening. Her thoughts floated in the air like a falling leaf.
She thought of Sebastian....

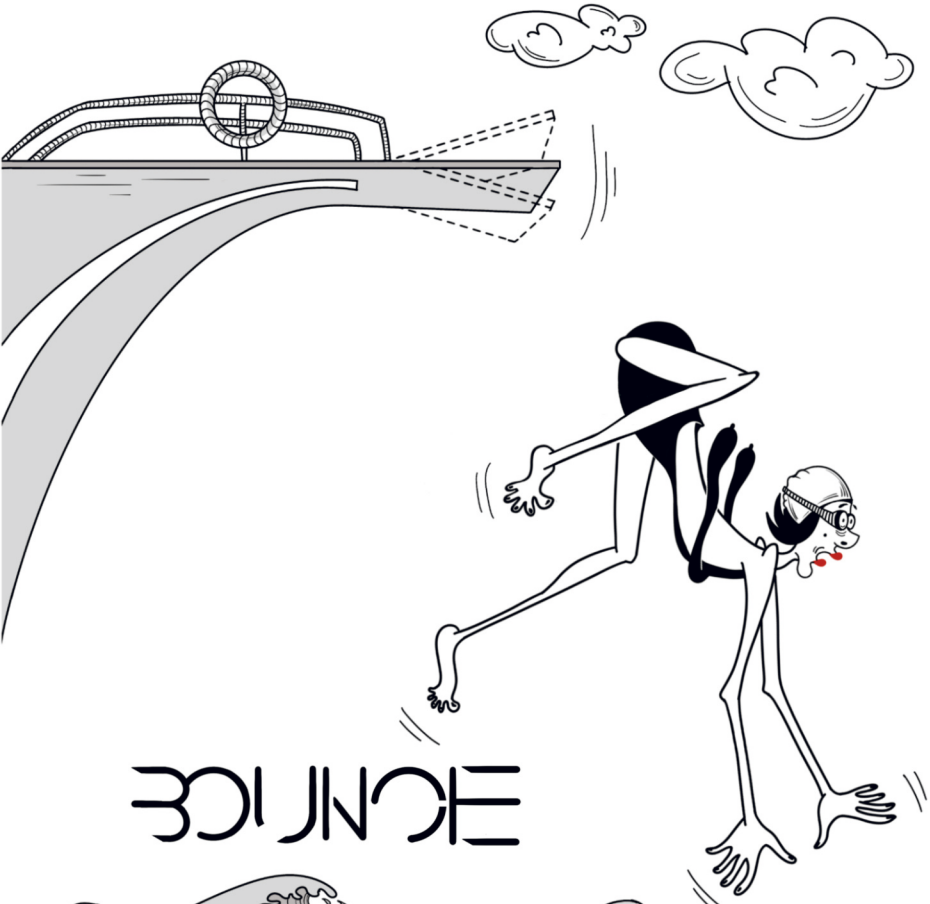


Came into this world to surprise and enchant
There was music coming from the window, fake but soulful. Madame Coucou was going to the Grand Opera House. She skillfully lined her lips with red lipstick, lightly touched her cheeks with blush, and stepped into a tart cloud of Coco Chanel perfume.
All that remained was to powder her nose, when suddenly...





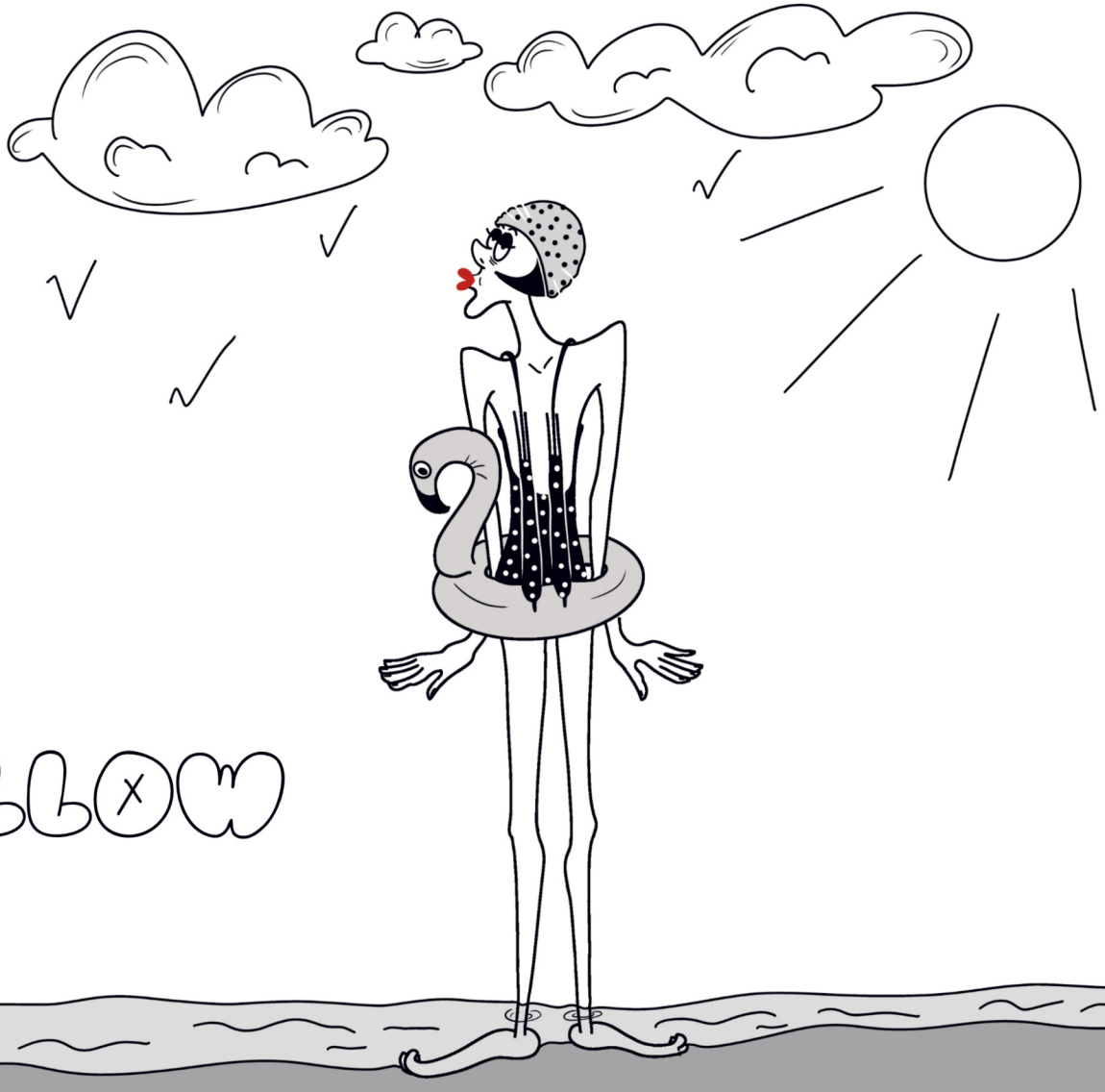
- Shall we not visit the Chateau de Viguier this weekend and laze by the pool? - Sebastien asked Madame Coucou, sipping the wine slowly.
- Why not,' she replied recklessly, and mentally began to write her will to her grandchildren.
- The fact was that what Madame Coucou dreaded more than anything else in the world was the involuntary rumbling in her stomach in a public place, heights and water....



It was a beautiful sunny day. The birds were whistling Chopin's mournful march. Madame Coucou, mentally crossed herself, stepped into the water from the edge of the pool. The drama of events developed so rapidly that a life not lived flew before my eyes....



Sebastien, mon cher, do you
know when the tide will be in?
- Mon amour, Madame Coucou,
I'm afraid to disappoint you,
but I'm guessing a full moon.



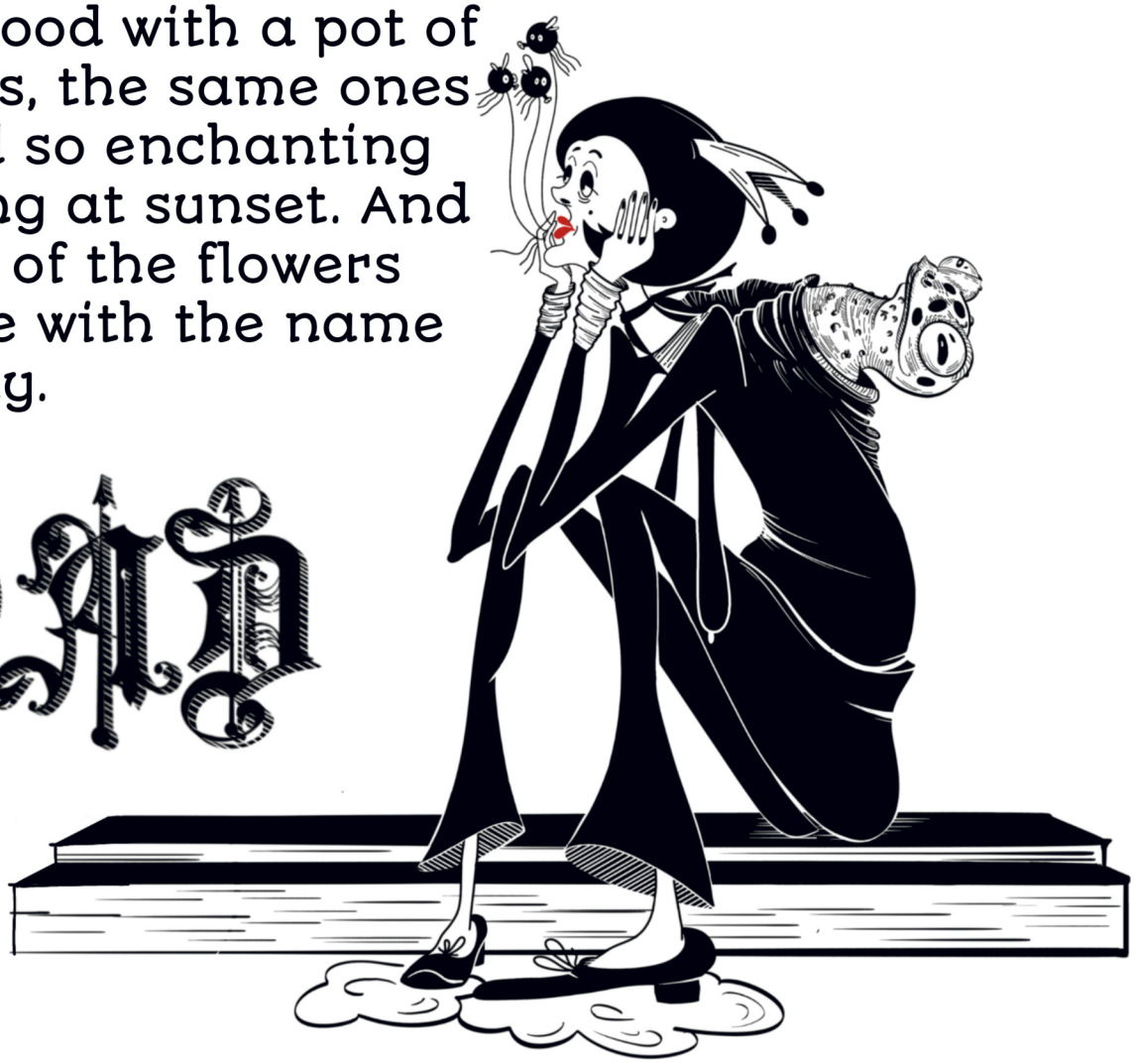


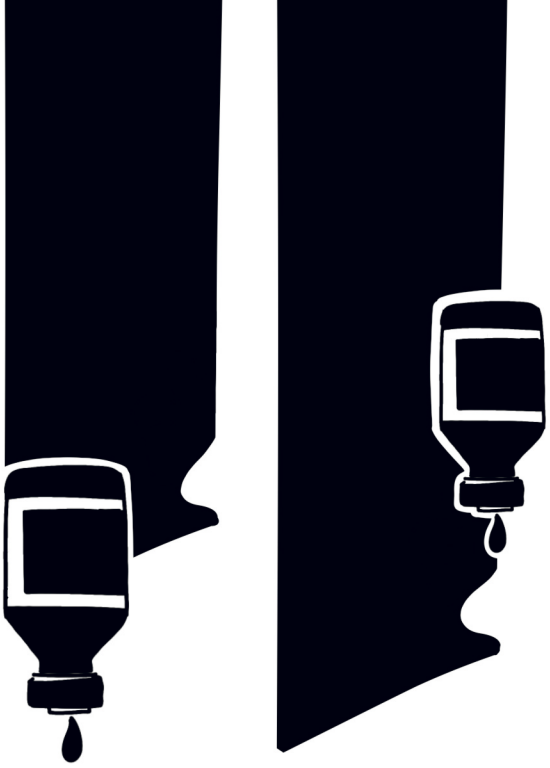
Madame Coucou had had an uneasy morning. Whether it was the evening glass of wine or the full moon, the mood was not elevated. Yves Montand's song "Les feuilles mortes" about the golden fall came from the radio speaker.
- It's time for a change of scenery,' thought Madame Coucou and confidently walked outside....



The puddles were still wet from the evening rain and her shoes were soaking wet.
-Well, it's even pleasant, - thought Madame Coucou sitting on the porch.
After all, in every girl there is a lot of princess and a little bit of... toad.
Well, and how you are seen by the people around you.....
- Princess, would you like to come in for a cup of coffee? I bought some absolutely marvelous crispy croissants today.
Madame turned around. Sebastian stood with a pot of garden roses, the same ones that smelled so enchanting every evening at sunset. And in the midst of the flowers was a plaque with the name of the variety.



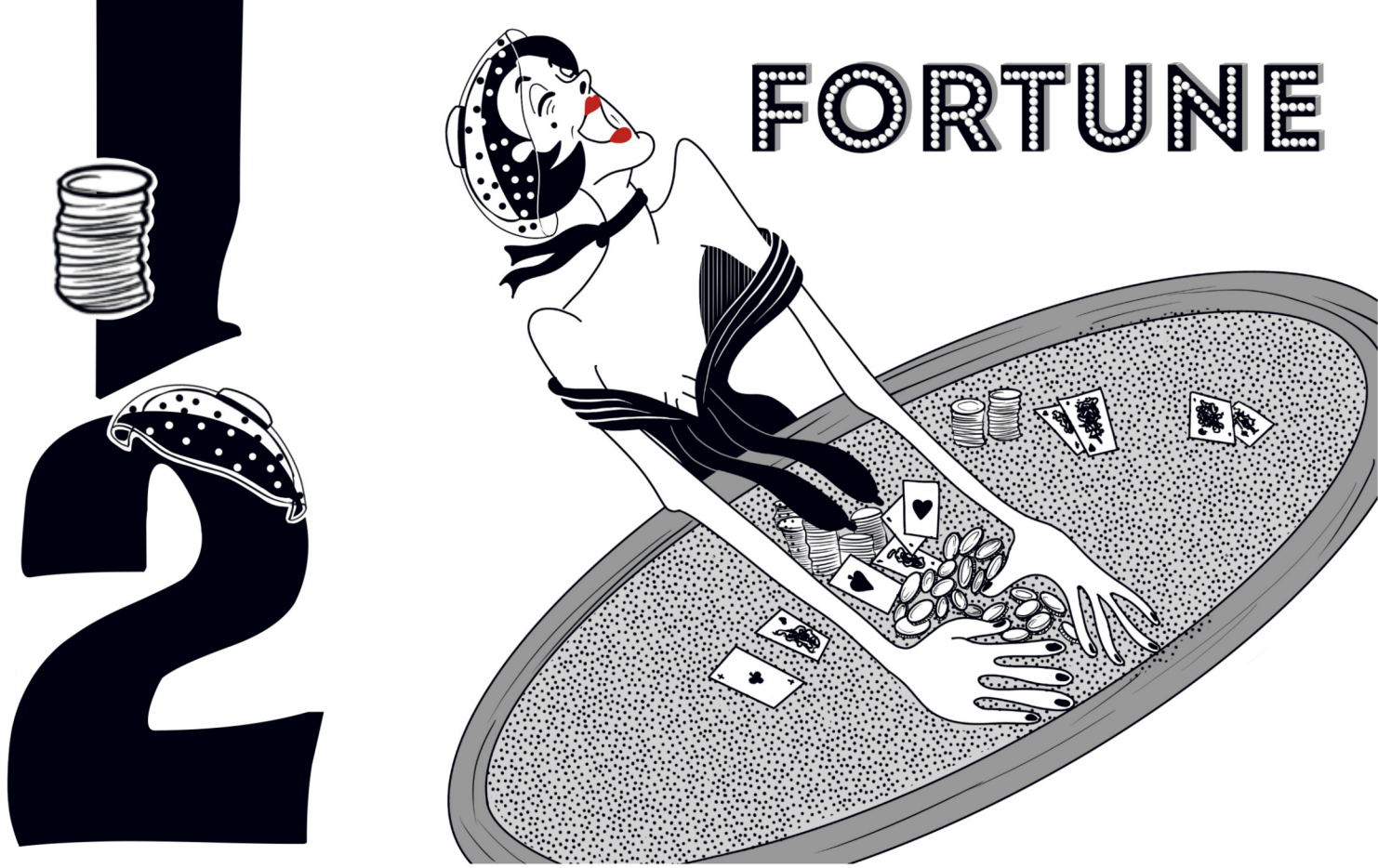




Ah, how sad,
All these thoughts
Shadows move through me.
My heart aches and my mind gnaws,
Ah, where are you, mon amour?
What does the wind whisper to you?
I'll pour a drop in the midnight abyss.
Let the passion in my heart be stilled.

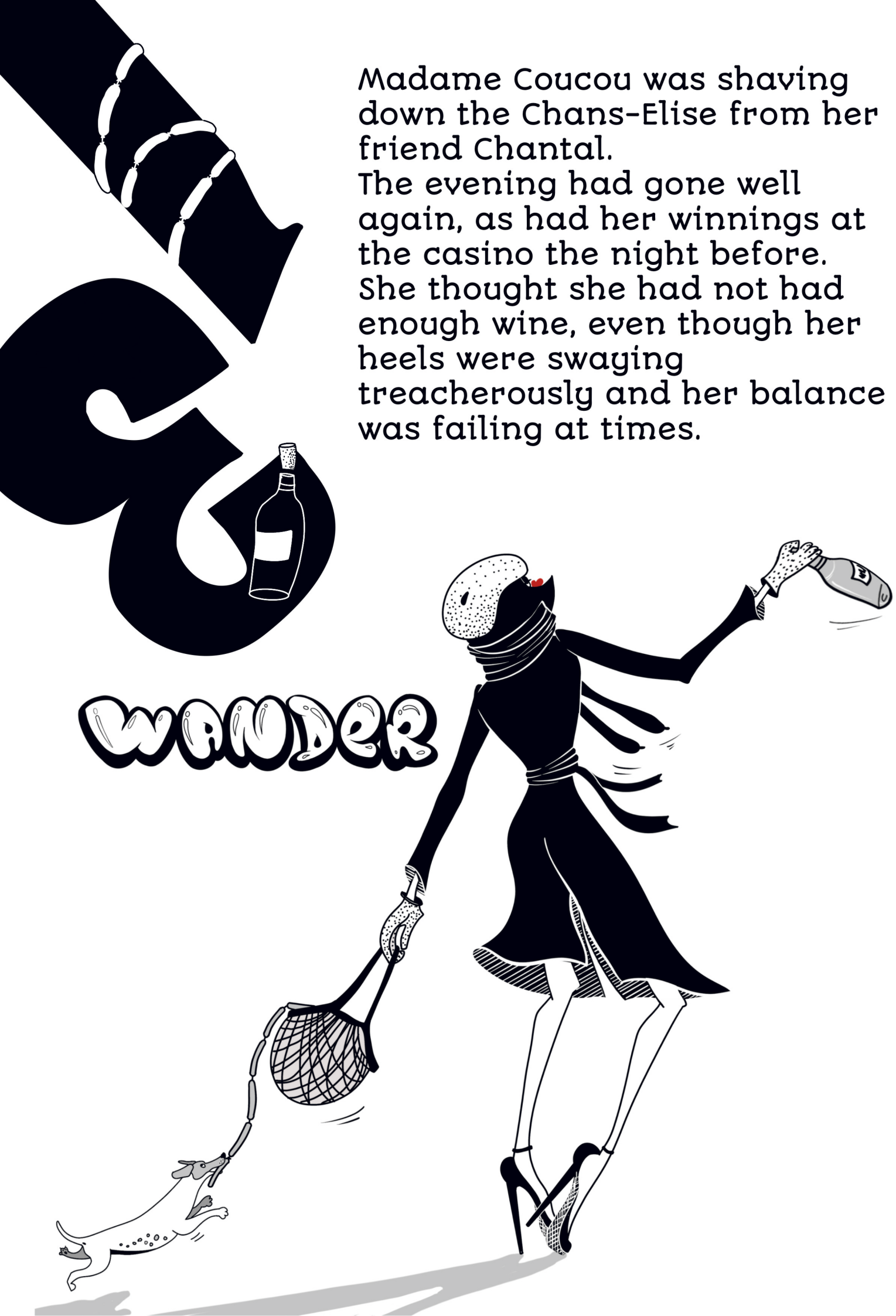






- Shouldn't we go out tonight," Sebastian cautiously started a conversation....
Considering that the first date had not gone well, Madame Coucou was a little wary. Sebastien faltered, noticing the change in his lover's face.....
- Shall we go to the casino? - he continued timidly.
Given the unluckiness that Madame Coucou had gotten used to over the years, she still assumed that it was not a good idea. But the breeze of adventurousness and the awkwardness of admitting her weakness to Sebastian made her think twice. For a moment. What a tempter. And on impulse she answered again:
- And why not?
And now they're on a convertible to Monte Carlo. This time, fortune turned to Madame Coucou in a different place. The face.
- Is it all mine,' Madame Coucou exulted, raking the chips from the table, 'maybe Sebastian will bring me luck

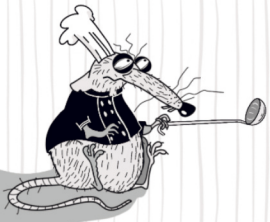
Madame Coucou was shaving down the Chans-Elise from her friend Chantal.
The evening had gone well again, as had her winnings at the casino the night before.
She thought she had not had enough wine, even though her heels were swaying treacherously and her balance was failing at times.











- Madame Coucou could cook magically, but she didn't like it.
- Sebastian, does it annoy you, too, that if someone doesn't prepare a meal, you have to cook it yourself or sit around hungry? - She asked casually, twirling a hot pepper pod in her hand.

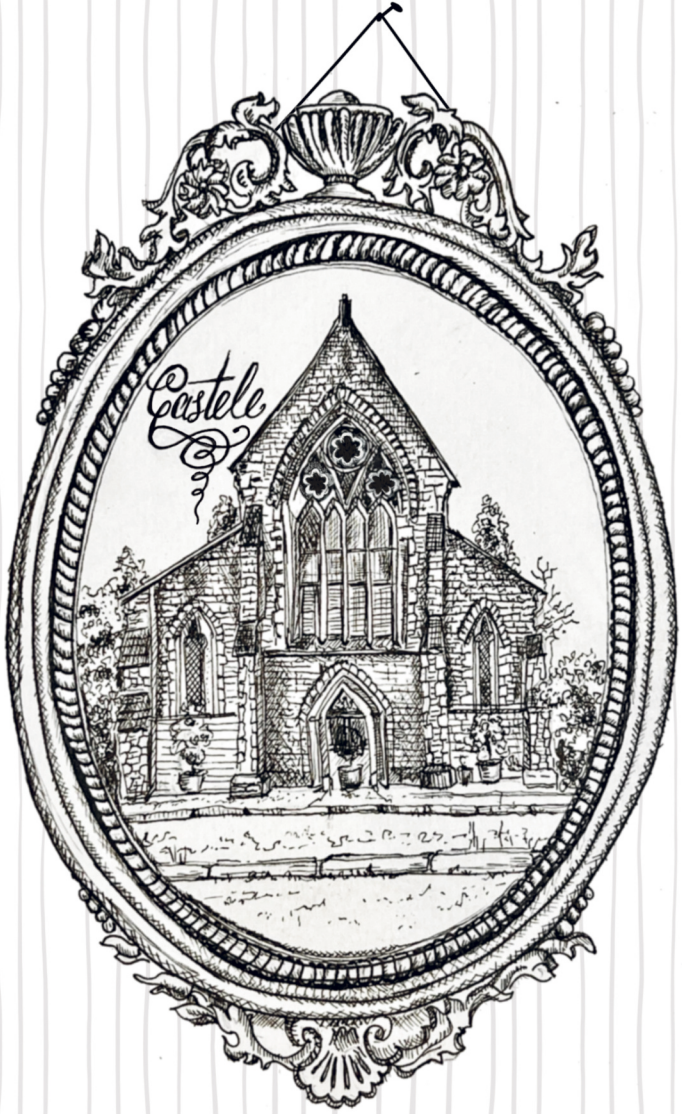


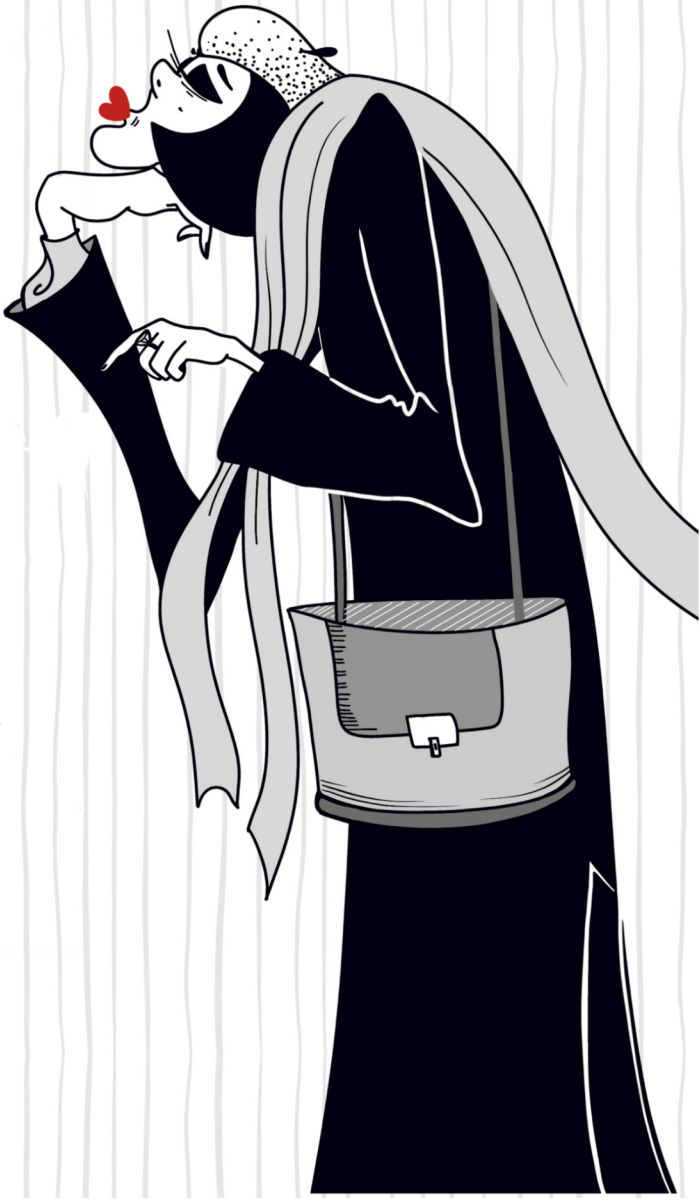
- My soul, cooking is like a song, if you don't have a voice, you should never sing, not even in a choir,' Sebastian replied, and if you're not in the mood to cook, it's better not to start.

- That's right, agreed Madame, -I'm not in voice today.
There was music coming from the window. The pianist's fingers glided across the keys and the saxophone echoed. The restaurant across the street opened its doors. Jazz poured through the air,
mingling with the aroma of basil, seafood and something else....
- Yesterday, Chantal told me that the restaurant in the next street has a completely divine dish," Coucou said casually, "but I just can't remember the name...

Madame Coucou was in love with Sebastian and decided to go to a dancing school. Thanks to that, she learned about the existence of such muscles that she had last seen at school in an anatomy textbook.
- A ballet class was certainly a rash decision, thought Madame Coucou, -I think I'd better sign up for the tango.







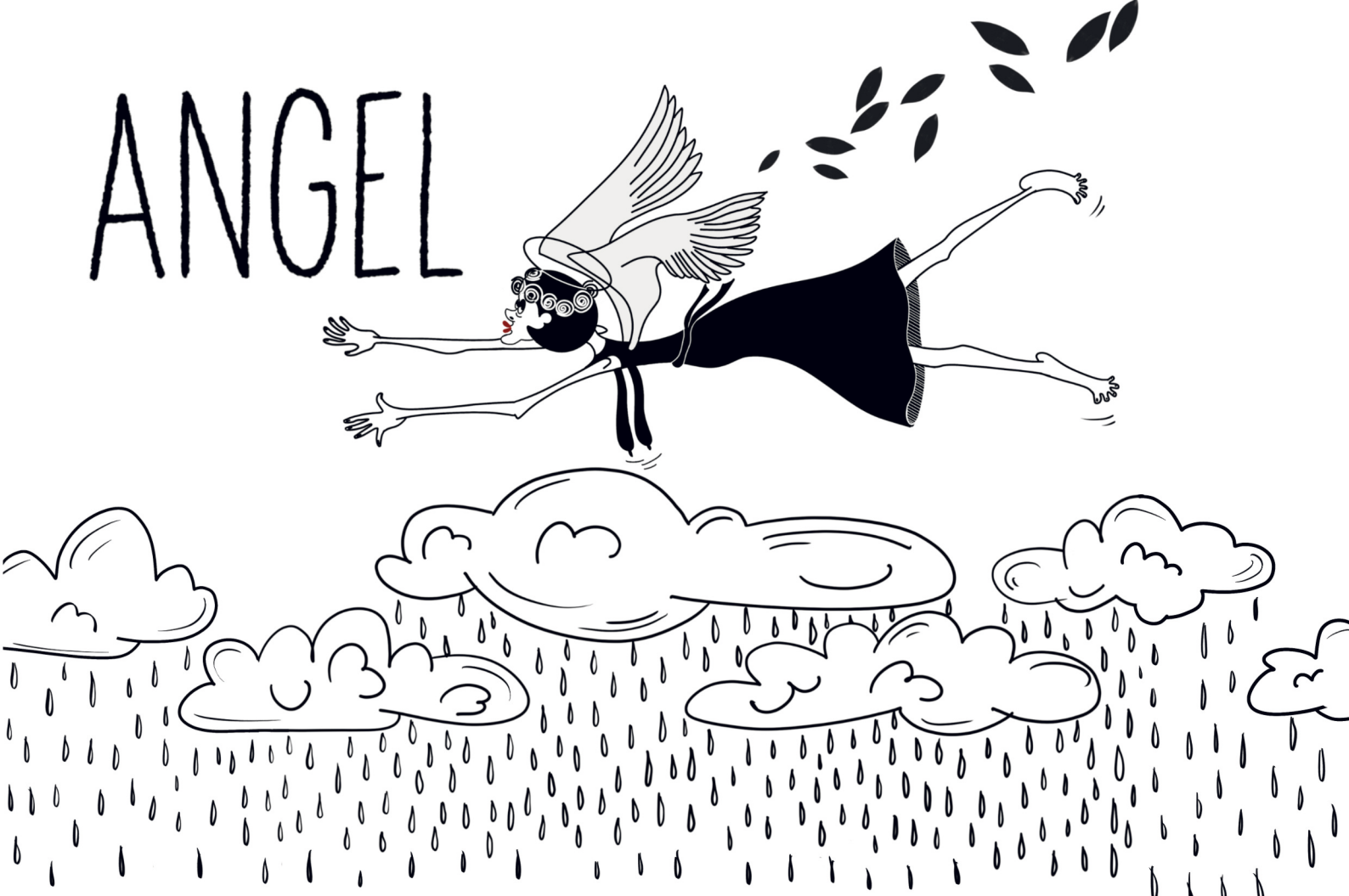


- Oh, how I would like to drive off into the mountains in a convertible whistling the Marseillaise,' said Madame Coucou, looking at the painting of the castle.
- Yes,' said Sebastian, who was standing behind her, 'and breathing perfume and mists in the ringing silence.
And already the serpentine roads are looping and mesmerized by the cliffs.

- Pardon me, madam, but looking at you I am no longer the master of my emotions,- Sebastian stared unblinkingly at Coucou's thigh.
- Dear Monsieur, sometimes you realize that not getting what you want is an incentive to do something you were too shy to even think about....



ANGEL



They sat under the moon in the garden on a slightly creaking swing.
A hearty dinner settled tightly in their bellies. The measured creaking lulled them to sleep, the birds had long since gone to bed and only the hedgehogs were rustling in the bushes.



- What a beautiful night,' said Sebastian, putting his arm around Madame Coucou, 'and why don't you, my fairy, stay with me until morning?
The moonlight illuminated Madame Coucou's nose and lightly reflected in her languid eyes.
- Ah monsieur, pardon me, but you know that fairies do snore,' Madame Coucou retorted.
- Not you," Sebastien moved closer, "you are an angel.

I had no idea that you, my eyes, could read Tarot cards. Maybe you could tell me, too," Sebastian said, a slight chuckle slipping into his eyes.
- Well, if you are not afraid to know more than you already know, then why not,' Madame Coucou replied enigmatically, 'draw a card, monsieur.
Madame's thin, long fingers touched the card reverently. She turned it over and cast a glance at Sebastien.
- Do not linger, my soul,- he glanced at the card and realized that something had gone wrong. The smirk fell off his face and goosebumps ran away through his tweed jacket.
Madame Coucou took her time answering. She tapped a red fingernail on the map.





A thick fog descended over the monsieur's head.

It's a deal," Madame smiled to herself and glanced slyly at her lover.
A drop of sweat traitorously ran down Sebastian's forehead and remained hanging on the tip of his nose.
- What's in there?" his voice was suddenly hoarse.
- Try to be a good person, because it's a small world,' Madame Coucou replied in mercy



How marvelous and varied the world of entertainment is.
- I had imagined our vacation trip a little differently,' Madame Coucou tried to choose words appropriate to her liberal arts education, 'and assumed I'd be watching the rodeo from the sidelines, not this,' she continued, fixing her hair.
- I thought you were very good in the saddle,' Sebastian tried to muffle the wave of indignation,
- you were so graceful.
- And I think that after meeting you, monsieur, my life is gaining new momentum every day.

They were sitting in the Café de Flore.
A light autumn wind was blowing. A sycamore leaf swirled and lay at their feet. A street fiddler strummed sad music, swaying to the beat of the notes.
- I want to love sweets so much that I can hang from both sides of my chair,' said Madame Coucou dreamily, rubbing a cherry petiole on a tart.
- But why? - Sebastian shifted his gaze from the musician to his lover in bewilderment.
- I've always dreamed of having chubby cheeks with dimples on my cheeks, - Madame continued, sticking her spoon into the chocolate sticky toffee pudding drizzled with butterscotch sauce, -but I'm not that fond of sweets, so I only have dimples.
- Madame, but you have another peculiarity," Sebastian said with a smile and took Coucou's graceful hand in his, "you're like a cherry with a bone, once you get a taste, you never forget it...





- Darling, I came across a wonderful brochure of tourist places in Italy,- Sebastian stood in the doorway and excitedly shook the cards in front of Madame Coucou.
- And what was it about this place that excited you so much? - She stepped back from the threshold and gestured to the house.
- Look,- Sebastian ran into the house, spread a map on the table, and began excitedly pointing with his finger, - Here, the botanical garden with cacti, Giardino Esotico Pallanca in Bordighera,- what do you think? Hurry up and get ready.
- Pardon me, sir, but I've already been there.
- And how? - Sebastian's eyes were burning.
- Wonderful, until I sat down to see them closer.
- Eeeee?
- Was strung out, crushed and couldn't sit down for three days.

chains

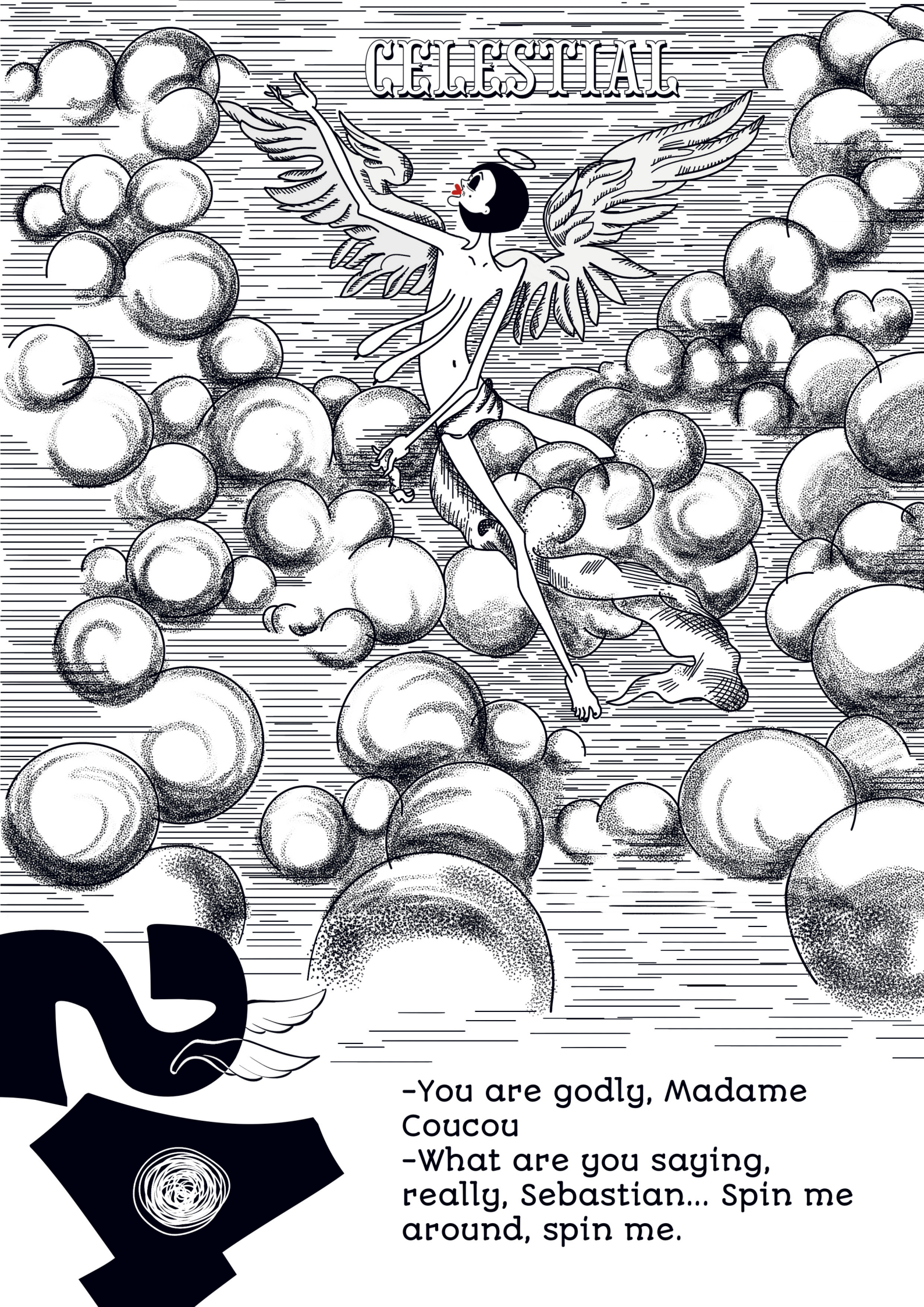


- Sebastien, are you a lark or an owl?" asked Madame Coucou from afar, spreading foie gras on toast.

- And for what purpose are you inquiring? - The monsieur looked at his beloved in surprise and pushed the lingonberry jam closer.

- I recently read in France Soir that scientists have proved that larks eat less than owls.
- Apparently because owls eat everything at night.




CELESTIAL
-You are godly, Madame Coucou
-What are you saying, really, Sebastian... Spin me around, spin me.

How did you sleep, my dear? - Sebastien asked. He tapped quietly on the shoulder of Madame Coucou, who was resting in a hammock in the shade of an ancient apple tree.
She opened her eyes instantly. The birds sang particularly delicately that morning and did not wake her from her terrible dream.
- Ah, it is you, monsieur. How glad I am to see you. I had a terrible dream,-I dreamed that- Madame Coucou was suddenly silent. Why should he know my fears?" she thought.
Coucou stood up and tap toes to the kitchen.
- It's nearing noon," Madame turned around to see if her lover was following her, "it's time for a cup of coffee.





The lights went out in Paris.
Yes, it happens everywhere.
A drop of sweat rolled down from Madame Coucou's forehead into the basin of laundry when Sebastien came in.
- Are you here to reminisce about your youth? - He asked playfully and came closer to examine the rarity.
- It's very exciting," Madame argued, - Would you like to try it?
And in my head, 5 reasons why a man should help out in the household:
1. You live here too.
2. You live here too.
3. You live here too
4. You live here too
5. You live here too



But Sebastian lived in the house next door... For now. It's just a matter of time.

- My dog is lazy and won't go outside,' complained Mrs. Coucou.
- Perhaps he has no incentive,' suggested Sebastien and reached out to scratch his ear. The sly beast quickly oriented himself and set his belly up for the scratching.
- On the evening walk, he was frightened of his shadow to his gray armpits," Madame continued, "and today he absolutely refused to leave the house.
- I think it's time he was introduced to my bologna Matilda. Men are ready for any exploits near the woman they love, even if she is a dog.



The finely welted curtains swayed immediately with the draft of the open door.
Madame Coucou sat in the kitchen in front of a giant pumpkin, pondering which side to approach it from.
- Have you decided to make diet soup?" came Sebastian's voice behind her.



Madame shuddered in surprise. "When you wait - it does not come, when you do not wait - its like a devil from a snuffbox," - she muttered mentally, and on the face depicted a nice smile. The look from under her eyelashes added to the touching image.

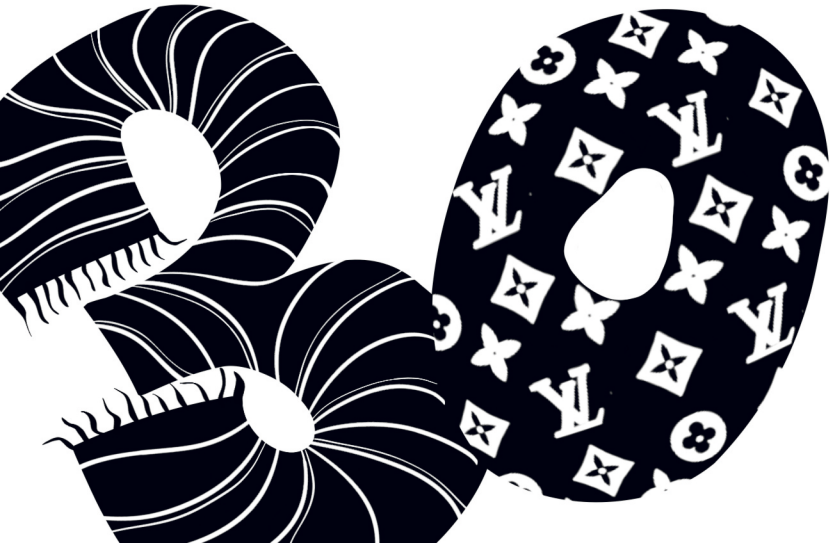
- Your eyes will charm everyone, even this vegetable, - without understanding the trick, he continued, - and your figure makes the ladies of the neighborhood astonish with envy.
- Figure, its either is or it is not necessary to eat, - answered coquettishly Madame Coucou and took the knife....



Why is there always not enough minutes in the hour and not enough room in the suitcase?" said Madame Coucou, as she packed her suitcase with the vital 102 pairs of stockings for a three-day vacation.

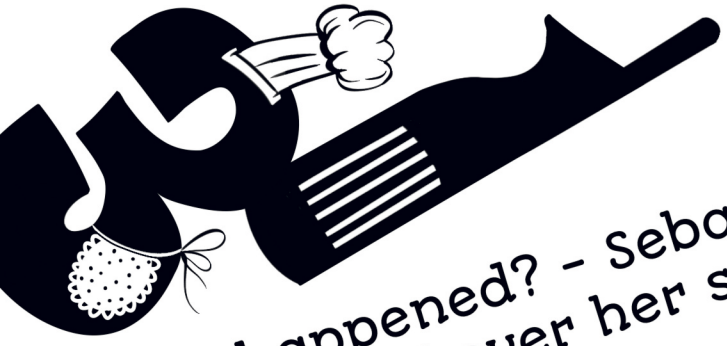


At that moment there was a knock at the door. She looked out the window with the curtain slightly pulled back. On the threshold stood Sebastian with a luggage bag over his shoulder.



- Monsieur, I'll be out in just a few minutes," she babbled through the door, trying to hide her panting voice, "all I have to do is powder my nose...

Sirens wailed nearby.
Sebastian looked out the window and was horrified to see smoke billowing from Madame Coucou's house.
He ran out of the house in his slippers and in a minute he was already at his beloved's house.
She was standing confused in the middle of the kitchen, picking something off a frying pan.



- What happened? - Sebastian ran up to Madame, threw a plaid over her shoulders and led her out of the house
- My dear, monsieur," Coucou babbled, - You said you're going on a diet from tomorrow, so today I've decided to prepare a festive dinner for you.



- Madame continued confusedly. - I thought that inspiration comes while cooking, so I decided to bake a chicken with a crispy crust. The crust seems to be crispy.