

**AYLCEE TARHA**

**CLARA**  
**A WITCH'S LOVE**  
**FANTASY TALE**



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## **Book Summary**

Once upon a time...  
A normal little girl...  
Living an everyday life!  
Yet one day...  
She met extraordinary people!

## **The Author**

I, Aylcée Tarha, have decided to speak directly to adults, parents of young children and teenagers. A storyteller before being a novelist, my imagination is put to the service of liberated writing.

### **NB:**

Defending freedom of expression, I leave it to these parents and readers to decide the content of my works by encouraging them to read them first. You are responsible for their intellectual structure.

## **BIBLIOGRAPHY**

- Dualities, a romantic novel
- Clara, a Witch's Love, a fantasy tale
- Clara and the Stone Circle, a fantasy tale
- The Watchtower, a fantasy novel
- The Elemental Peoples, a collection of tales
- Lost Stories, a text collection
- Epidamus, a fantasy novel

## DEDICATION

'Just out of a desire to tell stories where everyone has the right to a wild imagination, without morals but with a touch of fanciful storytelling under a historical thread where love has its place!

This text can be downloaded FREE of charge directly from my website by adults, parents, family members, friends, etc., who remain solely responsible for opening the minds of their children (specifically, those between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, in their teens).

I am an independent author and editor.

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## SUMMARY

- Clara and her clan
- Clara at school
- Clara in the forest
- Clara and her secrets
- Clara and Jean-Loup
- Epilogue



## **CLARA and her clan**

Once upon a time... Clara!

A little girl of her time, she loved nature and animals in particular. She adored picking armfuls of flowers for her Grandma and Grandma. She went to the village school and lived in a small house in the forest. She was very active, very studious, and very cheerful. She often remained pensive, as if lost in her thoughts, wondering about the course of her life when she grew up.

She was born and lived in a rural area. She was surrounded by the wild nature of the woods and arable farmland. There were also poultry and cattle farms. These farms also produced grain and fodder for their animals. Many people got up at dawn and didn't count the hours. She watched this whole earthly universe bustle about and admired them.

This little woman in the making was anchored in nature, between the four elements which are Fire through the sun and passion, Water through light and calm, Air through spirit and fluidity, Earth through life and work as well as the four seasons: Autumn and its beautiful warm colors, Winter and the purity of the snow, Spring and the flowering buds and Summer and its warm breeze which offers the ripe wheat.

But this pretty little girl possessed a peculiarity that set her apart from the other children in her second-grade class. She insisted on hiding treasures passed down by her family. These were called 'gifts'. It was a clan secret, a way of diversifying, a way for generations of women to help each other. She often remained silent in front of her classmates, smiling at the feeling of being different.

'I am a child in search of wonder and magic.'

For now, she was a self-confessed little witch, as tall as three frogs, with green eyes and long, often tangled black hair. She was leaving her rustic but comfortable cottage. It was the home of her Mother, her Grandmother, and all the generations of witches in her family, aunts, and cousins: all these wonderful people met there three times a year for special holidays.

The first was planned for the period of nature's renewal in March, in Spring. The second just after the harvest in August, a pretext to meet under the burning rays of the Summer sun which flooded the friable earth, lacking water. The third took place in November, where the chestnuts fall at the same time as the leaves crunch underfoot, for the great gathering on Halloween!

'So much work to do to receive them so that everything is ready on time!' muttered the little girl, chewing a blade of grass between her teeth. Clara was very happy, despite everything, with these regular reunions, which took place every four months. There were many additional activities to be provided, but it more than compensated for the joy of seeing them all together in one place.

'Everything will be impeccable as always, with the joy of living!'

Fantastic, rigorous, and sassy, they each had a certain charm. Age hadn't led them to wisdom: nothing could help! It was simply their character that took over any reason, whether it existed or not. They were too much of everything! They were bubbly, bouncy, bouncy, and full of energy. They felt life and remained human no matter what. And so adorable!

-Persephonia, sing us a catchy Irish tune!

-Oh yes, what a good idea, Tiphania! Go on, my dear!

-In the time of cranberries and wild berries, In the days of yore when fools were kings, You, the troubadour of my dreams, see what you've made of me, Sorcerer! Join in the chorus!  
-Come on, let's dance in a circle around the oak!  
-Oh yes, take my hand, Amelia, and you the other, Carmelia!

Accompanied by a tambourine, the singer twirled around the large wooden table while her cousins peeled or chopped vegetables for their soup. Wave by wave, the carrot pieces were gathered in the enormous black pot, the water boiling as they waited for their arrival. Next came the potatoes, celery, green beans, turnips, cabbages... The atmosphere was festive!

A pleasant scent then rose to the treetops, attracting greedy little noses. From Jeannot lapin to Bambi, the animals surrounded the clearing, hoping to catch or snatch the leftovers from the festive, rustic dinner. Naturally curious, they were accompanied by marauding little friends: squirrels, weasels, martens, badgers, field mice, moles, deer, even wild boars.

'Oh, what wonderful times we all have together! It's truly pure joy!'

Clara was wearing a little floral dress that brightened the rosy glow of her plump cheeks on this fresh, mild morning. She recalled some juicy anecdotes about this friendly, very strange, and above all, very diverse family. Her cousins were quite eccentric, driven by sporadic desires because they were people with intense but not always understandable IQs.

'We form quite an intergenerational lineage: bizarre, surprising, abracadabra, ludicrous, and sometimes bizarre!'.....