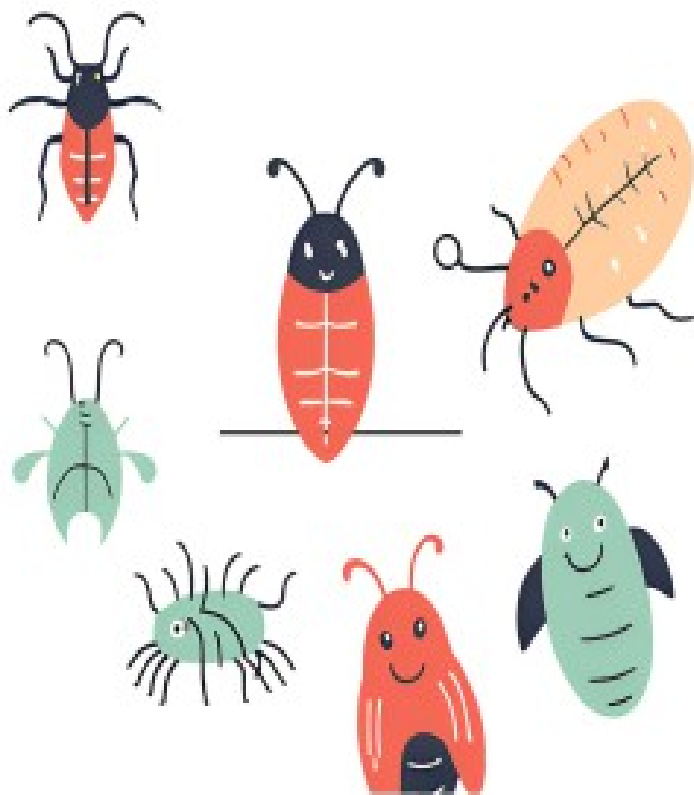


AYLCEE TARHA

THE UNDESIRABLES

Collection of Short Stories



Éditions Aylcée-Tarha@Aylcée-Tarha Éditions

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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

DEDICATION

This short story is taken from a collection of short stories: Lost Stories, to create free downloads for adults. Each story is complete and original.

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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Aylcée Tarha
La Roucoule
1, Chemin de la Bichoune
-F-15400 Menet
ou par e-mail :
aylcee.livres@gmail.com

Les Indésirables is a series of five texts describing the adventures of these everyday creatures known as 'annoying': mites, cockroaches, moths, fleas, spiders... with humor!

1. ACARIUM, the Little Mite

A house, small, tiny, very small, too small, very small, much too small, but small, so small, much too small even, that not even an ant could fit in there.

And yet, it's the world of a tiny little creature, a little mite, a tiny parasite of the infinitely small. Its name is **Acarium**, because of its passion for water!

There's a drop of any liquid, even very viscous or very viscous, and it's cheerful, especially if it's sweat, which adds a smell to its sport of flying:

PPLOUFFF

it dives in headfirst!

Its existence depends solely on the laziness of the owner of the place, a lady, a little lady, all shriveled, all wrinkled, all bent over with age, trotting along gently.

He came one day ago and immediately liked it. It's sweet, so sweet, so musically sweet. And above all, this very small, very old woman doesn't do the housework very well anymore.

So he put his things neatly in place, way up there, way up in the air, inside the cabinet under the sink. But way down there, way down in a tiny corner...

...very damp, very hidden, very dark, very black with filth. There are a lot of them in the apartments of these secluded, filthy, dirty, disgusting, filthy little places.

All dirty, all filthy, **Acarium** loves his comfort and his solitude. So he wants to be alone and especially single. He particularly likes these small, tiny dishes.

These dishes made by the infinitesimal and microscopic air particle, laden, very laden, sometimes too laden with all kinds of dust. It's not always a party, though...

There are times when luck is on his side, offering him moments of true relaxation, pure delight, and genuine indulgence. He owes it to the charisma of his elderly roommate!

Thanks to her clumsiness, he's swimming in a bit of unidentified greasy liquid. He can also sneak under the enormous mattress or the drawers beneath all that bedding!

But there's also under the pillowcase, deep inside the soft feather cushion... or even more sealed under the cover of the plump, long bolster...

MMMMMMMMhhhhhh...

... and with winter coming, curl up, curl up, curl up, snoring to his heart's content, surrounded by the ambient heat...

Watch out! ! ! !

Quick to the emergency shelters! ! ! !

The enemy to avoid at all costs: oh terror!!!

The cleaning lady is here! ! ! !

Quickly, so quickly, very quickly, too quickly, **Acarium** runs to take refuge in the escape hatch located inside the broom closet. He just remembered he forgot his scarf!

Because this place is full of drafts, and he's so chilly, very chilly, way too chilly, so terribly chilly! Too bad, it's way too late to go back and get her!

She's already attacking the floor with the vacuum cleaner!

ATCHOO! ! ! !

ATT... ATCHOOUUMMM! ! ! !

Here it is, I'm getting the **rrrhuuubbbbe** again....

I can't wait for her to finish this brainstorming... uh... commotion! ! ! ! With his soldier's helmet half tilted over his ear, **Acarium** is finally relieved.

ATTCHHHHHHHOUFFFFFFF!!!!!!!

Vite, si vite, très vite, trop vite, **Acarium** part se réfugier

dans l'issue de repli qui est située à l'intérieur du placard à balais. Il vient de se rappeler qu'il a oublié son écharpe !

Car cet endroit est plein de courants d'air et lui, il est si frileux, très frileux, bien trop frileux, si terriblement frileux ! Tant pis, il est bien trop tard pour retourner la chercher !

Elle est déjà en train de s'attaquer au sol avec l'aspirateur !

ATCHOUM ! ! !
ATT ... ATCHOUUUMMM ! ! !

Çà y est, j'ai de nouveau le **rrrhuuubbbbbe**

Vivement qu'elle finisse, de ces remue-ménages... euh... remue-ménage **! ! !** Le casque de soldat à demi incliné sur l'oreille, voilà **Acarium** enfin soulagé.

ATTCHHHHHHHOUFFFFFFFFF !!!!!!!

The enemy has just retreated back to the bedroom, giving him a little breath. Just enough time to head back home and then, **hey presto!**

The trick is done once again. The adrenaline of victory is present in him: he loves winning! But he knows he won't be victorious forever...

He understands that one day, one very, very small day, he too will leave, like his old, very old friend, and land in the dust mite paradise, among the Angels who love them...

... and use them as... emery cloth for washing feathers. Thanks to him and his kind, the Angels' wings will shine in the sun! He dreams, dreams, dreams...

but is it a dream?!...

Aahh! ! !

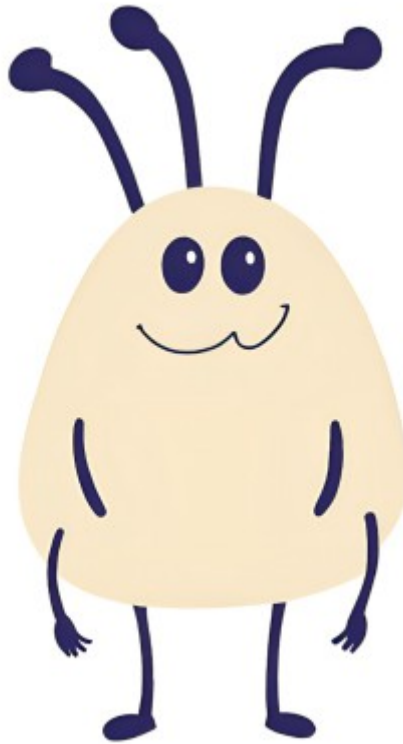
How happy I am, he thought. No more infernal machine to suck me in, no more attempts to retreat!!! All curled up, all in a little ball:

Acarium purrs with the simple, very simple, very simple, so simple happiness of being here, right here! ! !

CCHHHUUUUUTTT! ! !

Let him sleep, and above all, stop using the vacuum cleaner or aerosols to **EXTERMINE** these tiny, tiny, tiny, microscopically small particles...

Thank you for your generosity, ladies and gentlemen!!!!



2. LOS CAFARDES, the Cockroach War

Mr. and Mrs. MacFerson and their young children move into a house in the countryside. This house has been uninhabited for a long time, which is why there is so much to do!

These brand-new inhabitants, armed only with goodwill and sophisticated cleaning tools, begin their investigations noisily. They move everything there.

They are determined to make everything clean. They declare a real trench war, without respite or rest, against a family of completely black cockroaches:

Los Cafardes !

This family of so-called harmful insects, with shiny shells, has occupied the place for several years now and has founded several hierarchies of plump and crunchy cockroaches.

Unwilling to vacate the premises, their strategy is based on the fear potential buyers might have when they see their impressive number. They've succeeded so far.

They don't yet know who they're dealing with, poor things!

Because these humans aren't just anyone!

They're very, very tenacious and very, very stubborn Scots...

They've set up their quarters in the upstairs bedrooms, waiting until the next day to perform their first act of cleaning: the kitchen, the bathroom, and the toilets.

These people are comfortable in their own skin and intend to stay that way. They are very, very clean people who like to have a decent place to live, where life is good.

These people hunt for the slightest speck of dust, the smallest trace of grime, and provoke confrontation. They want a house that's almost spotless, ideal even.

However, the little creatures don't agree at all and are watching, from their operational positions, these unleashed

and more than determined human beings.

A general assembly has just been announced, and new recruits are arriving through every crack, ready to defend their original territory, whatever the cost.

All these dark creatures are virulent: everyone is talking at once; it's a veritable cacophony! The situation is becoming overwhelming, inaudible, and very noisy!

It's proving increasingly difficult to control these beasts!

This enormous mass is emitting excessively shrill screeches, demanding high command!

No one is capable of it.

Anarchy reigns!

Over the years, they have reproduced on a large scale and have seen no need to split into different clans: army, police, workers, leaders...

In these moments of general, disorganized panic, a political or military leader is sorely missing from the call of the troops. What to do now? Is it too late?...

On one side, we have a family of structured humans, and on the other, a multitude of gloomy, hairy cockroaches in the midst of a crisis. Who will win the match?

The outcome could be fatal.

Yes... But for whom?

Here we are, the next day, a fateful day for both parties. A face-off becomes inevitable.

After a good breakfast, well rested, the couple is ready for a crusade to restore cleanliness to this building. After a long night of preparations for the clash, the infamous dark creatures have also taken up their positions in a dug-in position, knowing that there will be many losses!

First in their ranks, then in their forces, they spied on the enemy as close as possible to this murderous duo and noted that the artillery was far from negligible.

There were numerous aerosol cans intended for them, as well as several bottles of liquids dangerous to their own health. War had been declared...

The man opened a cupboard and was about to wash the inside with a sponge and detergent when he saw a large army of very black monsters descending on him!

Anyone would have retreated, but him, oh no!

Once the initial shock had passed, he took matters into his own hands and, alone against all, deftly sprayed this nest of large pests. The product reached the front lines!

The corpses piled up on top of each other, the superb noxious cloud brought down even the boldest, adding to the carnage. **PPPpppcchhiittt!!!** No survivors!

The woman enters the bathroom:

She kneels to clean under the sink
and what does she see?

The most dashing knights of the army of shadows coming towards her!

PPSSSSCCCHHHHHIIIIITTT!!!

All the valiant fighters are down, defeated before they've even fought! Bravery is no longer enough these days; chemicals do the rest.

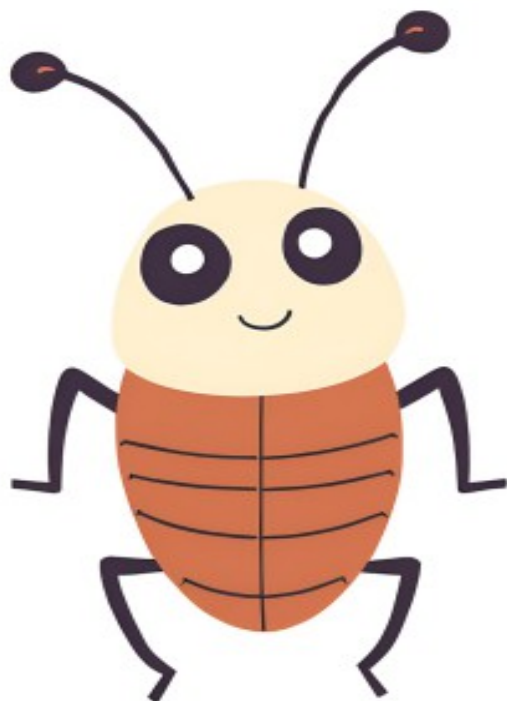
Here's the new scourge of the century: the aerosol!

Instant death, an entire family wiped out, and all this in our well-protected homes! No police, no gendarmerie, no justice for these reprehensible acts of drug addiction!

As for the young children, playing happily in the garden, they remain oblivious to their parents' acts of domestic terrorism. And the natural products, where are they?

A word of advice, kids: to avoid this, be sure not to leave them alone, otherwise they won't have enough time to make the big home change!

A word to the wise, a big thank you!
And a big thank you for them!



3. **POUSTIF**, the friendly little louse

Hello!

My name is **Poustif**, and I'm a tiny little parasite who takes up residence in a head to feed, clothe, and...

yes... have fun!!!

Since my birth, in my cozy little egg, I've survived thanks to the good blood I draw like a vampire or a scientist, little by little, and accumulate in my young body.

I was born in the very curly hair of beautiful little Mélanie, who brought me to her school. It's a very interesting place because I learned a lot there!

Especially about my invasive race and my little fellow creatures.

But I also know that humans don't like us very much. They don't want to put up with our light tickling: a free scalp massage!

They've developed various products to eradicate us.

Yet, apart from the fact that we disturb them somewhat, in order to lay our little darlings properly, we are not that terrible after all!

Furthermore, microscopically tiny, they don't see us except when they're combing their hair and looking more closely at their hair rakes! They come in all colors!

Which isn't often the case, luckily for us!

On the other hand, they are remarkably kind, as they take us on a journey on each of their many trips. Let's just say that thanks to their desire to move, we see the world!!!

I know, unfortunately, that I'll soon have to move on to another place because I heard my little girl tell her Mom that I was scratching her head too much.

She put a good dose of vinegar on my living space, and my antenna hurt most of the night...

Oh dear! ! ! !

Starting this morning, I absolutely must leave this place, otherwise...

Ouch, ow, ow! ! ! !

I'm risking a lot, I'm risking my life! ! ! !

And not just a little!!! Mélanie gets up that morning and leaves by bus to visit her grandmother who lives in a neighboring village a few kilometers further south.

I try to make a first jump on the nearest neighbor on my left, but he's put a...

ATCCCCCHHHHHHOUMMMMMMMM!!!

A... a whole bottle?!..

Or what!

A lotion for oily hair!?!

Ugh! ! !

How can he stand that smell?!

Okay! I have to land somewhere else, and quickly!

Here's a specimen I like: one, two, and three!

And here I am finally in a good situation!

I feel like I'm going to like it here...

Here, that is, on the fleece of a poodle all...

But it's already inhabited!

And even overcrowded!?!

Well, I'd better leave if I don't want any cohabitation problems!

Hi there!

And **Hop again!**

On the neck of a young teenager with long, stiff hair. I catch my breath and climb a little higher, and underneath so I don't get bothered too much!

At least for the first few moments: hide-and-seek is mine!

Phew, climbing is hard... I'm so full of blood that I absolutely have to hang on to my little eggs, which will become slow and lead a life of wandering like me.

Aaahhh!

I can get some sleep after all his Herculean efforts!

Finally, I have a nice, quiet corner to carry out my work of continuing the species: right in the middle of the skull, under the kind of velvet ponytail.

He doesn't wash his hair much! It's stiff with hair gel and shiny with...

dry shampoo!

I've landed a lucky man. Not only will I have a very peaceful time laying eggs, but my treasures will also smell delicious as soon as they come out!!!

And my race isn't about to die out, since, during my school trips, I saw a report on television about my ancestors who already lived in the caveman days!

They were so lucky, **THEM!!!**

They could live a long time, while we...

We have to be careful about everything to stay alive, in the era of anti-us shampoos, poor little creatures defenseless against the dangers of modern life!

And I'm not talking about the bombs that first give us stomach aches and from which we gradually die from poisoning or picked up with the teeth of a comb, and then

PPPPPPFFFFOUUUTTT!!!

We slide into the trash can, still dying, in this nauseating place that serves as our dumpster! !!! ...

Today, I wanted to leave this message for posterity from a tiny, intelligent louse who advises all the children of the earth not to say **"it itches me! !!! "**

to their parents so that parasites like me can still have a beautiful life in your unfortunately increasingly short hair...

Thank you for mine, which I affectionately entrust to you...

POUSTIF



4. MITINA, the Artistic Moth

"I'm a beautiful little moth, I like to wander around in sweaters and furs. If you want to give me some, I'll know how to moth them well, I'll be good and good to please my father, I'll know how to make holes in them to please my mother, I'll recreate them to be like my Grandma..."

sings Mitina, a moth larva by trade.

She haunts the magnificent wardrobes of the Théâtre Français, the Académie des Arts et des Lettres, and the Institution de la Comédie Française. She's no ordinary person! She had a strong and positive personality!

That day, she was nestled in the wig of a gentleman from the Louis XV era. Her mother had very literary tastes and spent her life surrounded by so-called historical costumes, instilling the virus in each of her many daughters.

Her mother lived a true fairy tale, finding her fiancé snuggled up in a wonderful sable, offering her the warmth of the fur and the protection of a handsome male! He was so infinitely handsome in her memories!

The fur fell apart under the young couple's sensual attacks, and they had to seek another refuge of love to shelter their young passion, which continued. Wool scarves, felt hats, ball gowns, faux mink coats, taffeta capes.

Everything was just a pretext to nest their love...

And the famous Theater was greatly disturbed!

Until the fateful day when...

Her mother never recovered!...

...her father, looking for a beautiful place to bring his offspring, suddenly found himself surrounded by the scent of mothballs: he staggered, held on at the last minute, and let himself slip into the pocket of a cashmere jacket that was his shroud...

beneath a Lyon silk pocket square.

"How I wish I were famous!" she thought.

"To go on stage just once!

To hear the applause!

It must be so exciting!

I'm just a little, tiny, tiny kitty!"

Quickly chasing away her more than gloomy thoughts, she went to visit her sisters, who were serenely enjoying some Napoleonic-era kidskin gloves. Being the eldest, she was received and heckled with all the honors due to the hierarchy, and she was invigorated by their presence:

"Family, that's all there was to it!"

Suddenly, she felt so comfortable in her larval skin that she grasped an enormous modern dance petticoat made of fuchsia pink tulle and matching fine lace, not at all shy about entering it permanently. She insisted on unexpectedly invading it by inserting herself inside:

"But who's that, right there?"

What a surprise when she encountered **HER** big, translucent larva! She didn't hesitate for a second, almost falling in love at first sight: she coupled instinctively, clinging on with all her strength, savoring the salt of Life!

There was such a surge of enthusiasm from our entire family that the female humanoids were forced to move the entire wardrobe, initially to the ground floor to repair the costumes: pure tragicomedy!

My younger sisters and I did a good job, because more than a third of the period clothing, spanning the Middle Ages to Napoleon, ended up in tatters in a very short time.

The Director was very angry with our work and decided to move the entire wardrobe to new premises. Yeah! It's true: the rooms where we artists are—this would have flattered my mother—are bright and spacious, like real theater dressing rooms...

But Yes!

I'm not dreaming?! ...

I finally have the chance to play.

I'm going to slip into one of the wig's 'waves' and I'll be in the front row! ! ! !

No sooner said than done!

"Here I am, at the pinnacle of glory!"

The stress catches me off guard, the adrenaline rushes to my head!

I'm finally ready!

That's it: the wigmaker reaches out to my hiding place and fixes it firmly on the head of Rosine, Madame's maid in Beaumarchais's *The Barber of Seville*...

What a shock!

You really have to have experienced it to be able to talk about it: it's so extraordinary!!!

And finally, the applause!...

The spotlight!!!

AAAAHHHHHHH!!!

A victim of her own over-enthusiasm, **Mitina** falls directly on to the wooden floor, which has been waxed for the occasion, falling hard for having tried to lean too far, and dies, like Molière before her, on the stage!!!

What a sad but glorious end for such a small parasite!!!



5. Mr. and Mrs. ARACHNIDES, The Deep Cleaning

At the bottom of the attic, under an old chest, a pair of spiders had taken up residence:

Mr. and Mrs. Arachnidès.

They were young and hardworking:

All day long, they searched for the best place to set up their webs, made at night.

They were hunting for food, but they loved the adrenaline rush of tracking down their unfortunate victims, caught in their stretched webs, getting stuck in them at strategic points.

And for that, they were far too good:

They got along very well.

He brought sweet butterflies to his wife, who was very fond of them. She, to thank him for his kindness, made large, sturdy webs. In the evening, as darkness invaded their domain, they went out, knowing where to go.

He blocked the corners of the walls to capture their winged prey. She, afraid of heights, weaved peacefully, collecting meals from cockroaches, lizards, ants, and mosquitoes. She prepared delicious dishes for her husband. They lived a healthy life, undisturbed in the countryside.

Over the years, they had numerous, greedy offspring who also procreated. Each generation of **Arachnidès** children gave each mother plenty of work, but also a great deal of pride in their maternal endeavor.

Everyone had pleasant moments in their living space, each gap having weaver guests.

Yet, one morning, the house awoke with a loud noise. A moving truck pulled up and men got out, dressed all in blue. They opened the front door, rushed into the hall, and climbed the stairs.

One, two, and three floors!

They then attack the old, dusty, and rickety staircase to arrive at our spiders' home. They don't appreciate this surprise incursion.

They are not at all happy to be invaded by these giant two-legged monsters!

The bipeds then roll up their sleeves, ready for their deep cleaning task.

The whole family, black and hairy, takes refuge behind the chest and drops through the emergency crack one by one. There were a lot of them, and it took them some time to clear the floor and finally escape from the attic.

The men were constantly coming and going, emptying this very storage room. As they removed the piled-up objects and furniture, they tore up, trampled, and ransacked their entire life's work!

The battle stations were called: their night-worn shells glistened with suppressed anger and despair in the face of disaster. All was lost!

The days that followed were worse!

The 'blues' returned, continuing the massacre in the house, all the way to the cellar!

The poor, hardworking eight-legged insects no longer knew where to turn, such was the radical change!

It was up to the cleaning staff to clean up the house: brooms, shovels, trowels, putty—no escape routes!—mops, buckets...

The tilers arrived to redo the kitchen and bathroom, and other tasks overlapped, one after the other.

The spiders didn't rest or refuel; the torn webs had all disappeared, nor did they work at weaving, the space being occupied. **FINALLY!** Silence fell.

The creatures all joined in and spun a gigantic web behind the front door! No one could come in and bother them.

Itt was all in vain...

A tall, lanky man appeared carrying bulky packages of hardware and kicked the door open. He saw the canvas too late and did it.

A curse escaped his throat. With the back of his hand, he tore at the strong lace clinging to his hair. He was furious at the insects' trick.

"You filthy creatures, you'll see what happens to you!

If I were you, I'd leave quickly!

The sprays will **EXTER-MINATE** you!!"

A cloud of smoke reached the front lines of the family, suffocating them. Panicked, they crawled out from under the kitchen cabinets where they had taken refuge.

When he saw them, he was seized by an uncontrollable frenzy and kept spraying them with the noxious gas. The very young, the weak, and the old fell asleep immediately, along with our original couple, now old and hairy. Some took to the roads, looking for a new home: beware of the traps hidden in the woods, the gardens, and the animals!

Others stayed behind to uphold their parents' traditions, protecting them from the dangers of everyday life.

All faced the harsh existence of these little creatures, chased by broomstick maniacs.

Fortunately, in recent years, Halloween has been a popular holiday to reintroduce these little arachnids into homes!

Nice, for once, these festivities put them in the spotlight for one evening!

