

AYLCEE TARHA

SQUARE

WINNER

LMJ 2

**COLLECTION OF 4
ADVENTURES**



ÉDITIONS AYLCÉE-TARHA@AYLCÉE-TARHA ÉDITIONS

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Children: (under parental supervision)

- Clara, a Witch's Love, fantasy tale
- Clara and the Stone Circle, fantasy tale
- The Feudal Trio, The LMJ1, fantasy tale
- The Elemental Peoples, collection of tales

Teenagers: (under parental supervision)

- Dualities, romance novel
- The Watchtower, fantasy novel
- The Elemental Peoples, collection of tales

Adults:

- Dualities, romance novel
- Epidamos, fantasy novel
- Feudalities, Volume 1, heroic fantasy novel
- The Watchtower, fantasy novel
- Liberties, Volume 2, heroic fantasy novel

Free

Children

- Tales of Yesteryear 1, collection of 3 stories
- Tales of Yesteryear 2, collection of 2 stories
- Advent Farandole, calendar
- Little Stories, collection of stories
- Cocotte's Great Adventures
- The Unwanted

Teenagers

- Tales of Yesteryear 1, collection of 3 stories
- Tales of Yesteryear 2, collection of 2 stories
- Lost Stories, collection of 5 short stories

Adults

- Lost Stories, collection of 5 short stories
- The Unexpected Dinner
- The Elevator
- Predictions
- Chemical Atmosphere

DEDICATION

I pay tribute to a certain biodiversity that I have always tried to protect from my low vantage point.

Book Summary

The LMJ, hyper-sensory toads, are three in number.

They wade through adventures that are not always clear, but are resolutely optimistic and bearers of light. They navigate extreme situations, each with their own untimely croak. They have become hypersonic in a modern parallel universe, professional spies for their government, with or without their leader.

The Author

Aylcée Tarha wrote this book of four adventures perpetrated by our three heroes, the famous LMJ! She embraces her childlike imagery and appreciates movement, action, and extraordinary stories. Her infectious joy makes her an author as original as her characters. No barriers stop her from moving serenely from fairy tales to stories told by the hearth, just like in the old days.

I am an independent author and editor.

1/ Kidnapping

At dusk, as the sun sets, casting a symphony of warm, radiant colors before the eyes, Lénimond felt his stomach shrink, his mandibles twitch, his eardrums emit shrill sounds: he was in more and more pain. He feverishly felt abnormal magnetic waves around him. He couldn't describe this sudden dismay since he'd gotten out of bed and gotten dressed.

-Good heavens, I'm so messed up today! And you, are you okay?

-Yes, thank you. You should go back to bed, I think, my friend.

-That's true, you look feverish and anxious, my poor old friend!

-Yes, you're all pale, sad. Get healthy quickly, my friend.

-Perhaps, yes, I'll listen to your advice; I'm feeling sick.

-You need rest, water, a gentle scent, a shower.

-I'll make you some herbal tea, and your head will feel better afterward.

Beside her were some friends, mostly flight attendants, along with a few colleagues from her airline.

"Everything's spinning, I absolutely have to go to my room."

They had checked into a nice hotel, changed after a long flight, and decided to stroll through the bustling streets of Puebla City, near the Rio Forte, a large, tumultuous river that divided the city into two enormous districts: one for business and commerce, and one for the populace and its history. These spaces were intermingled on the coastal beaches.

-Look over there! It's a very colorful and lively place! Oh my! Hear those songs and see those dances, it's haunting.

-Yes, when you're in good shape; I'm fragile, I must have caught a virus to be like a larva!

-If you want a friendly opinion, you should rest in your room and don't come out until tonight, depending on how you feel.

-Yes, I'll drag myself there quickly, you're probably right.

The locals loved to have fun, dance, and drink spicy fruit cocktails, eating tomato tortilla chips, saffron-laced peanuts, cubes of strong cheese, and spicy olives. Lénimond's two colleagues clearly couldn't believe it. The young women flirted with aplomb, laughed joyfully, and sang bouncy melodies, often clapping enthusiastically.

-Have you seen what they're devouring? No wonder they're so pot-bellied from ingesting so much dried fruit!

-Yes, it's unbelievable! Luckily, Lénimond told us during the flight. At first, I didn't believe him, oh no.

-And what alcohol do they drink? I'm determined, pure fresh fruit juice, there's nothing better, I'm sure of it.

-Yes, it's so hot, and they're so thirsty! They're letting loose!

They were a people of flitting insects, cheerful and lazy termites: in the stifling heat, they preferred to lounge and nap! They loved their fashion immensely: dressing in very cheerful and flashy colors, with sombreros, large hats that even covered the shoulders for a few models scattered throughout the crowd. They all, men and women, adored the bandana tied around their necks.

-For the slightest thing, they lie down, stretching: and bang, a nap!

-Under the sombrero, out of sight! It's clever and naughty.

-And what about some ice cream? The sundaes are tempting.

-Yes, that's an excellent idea: I'm suddenly so hot!

-Vanilla, cucumber, grapefruit, lime, pine nuts!

-Strawberries, plums, banana, pineapple, papaya, raisins!

-Here, gentlemen, is your fresh water, dried fruits and vegetables!

They finished enjoying their very fresh sorbets, preparing to head home, not forgetting to admire the magnificent sunset, the highlight of their evening. They were at this point when they picked up their keys from reception: they ran into Lénimond in the lobby, who was once again experiencing strange sensations in the pit of his stomach. These pressures were apparently quite powerful. He had gone downstairs to

get some fresh air.

-Excuse me, I'm leaving your charming company, as this is clearly persisting. I'm going back up to my room to lie down.

-Oh, we're so sorry for you! We were planning to go dancing afterwards in one of those crowded port-side bars.

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