





Margot Goes to France!

FABLE DESIGNER



For every small traveller whose whole heart says 'Ooh la
la!'



Margot hugged her tiny stuffed poodle and stared at the big, round globe glowing on her nightstand. "Paris," Mommy whispered, pointing to a spot far across the blue ocean. Margot's eyes went wide as saucers, tracing the tiny word with her finger, wondering what waited there, sparkly and new.



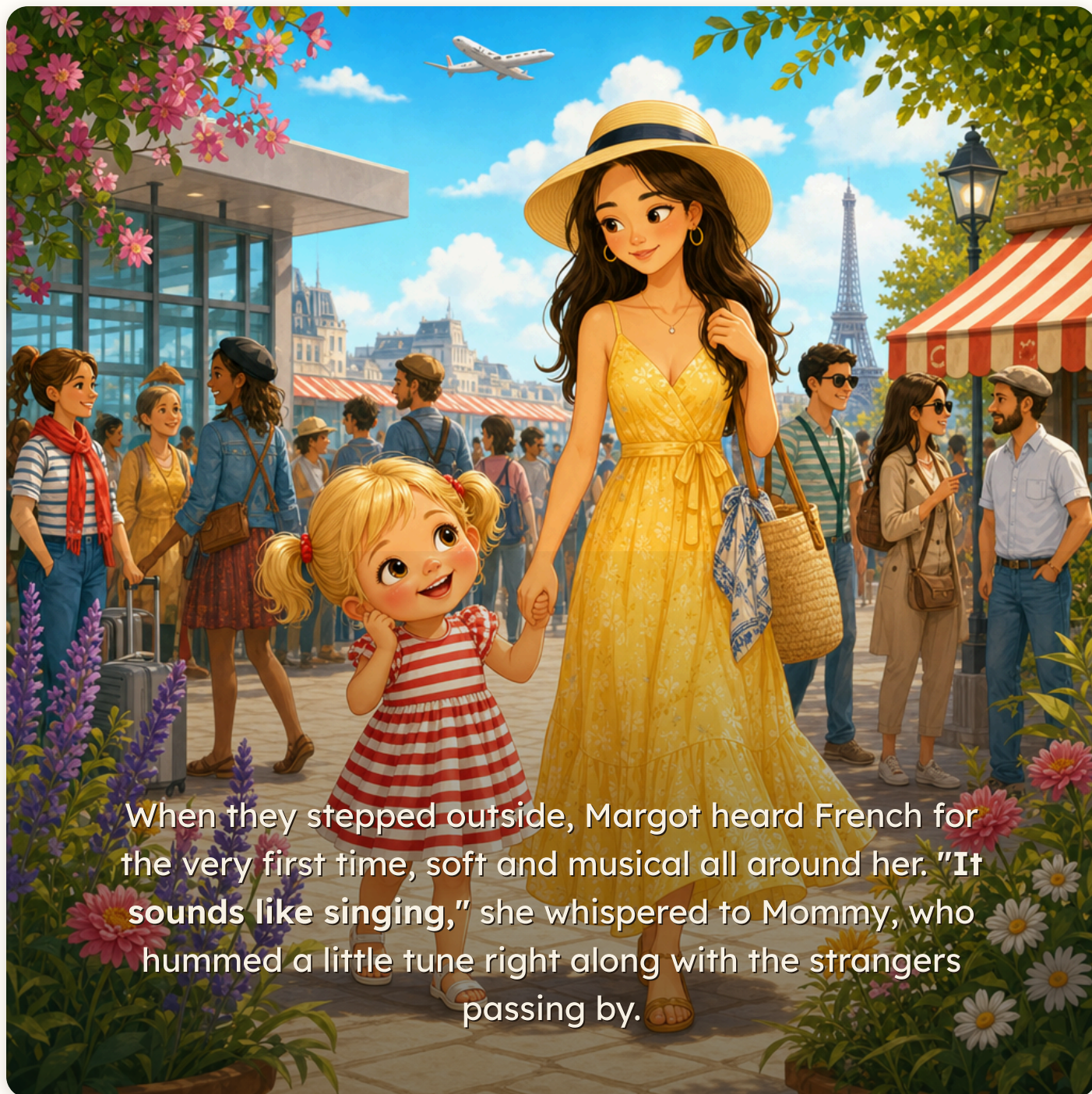
Daddy spread a giant map across the floor. "That's the Eiffel Tower," he boomed, "so tall it tickles the clouds!" Margot gasped, "Ooh la la!" Arlo rolled his eyes, but grinned anyway, already imagining how high he could climb.



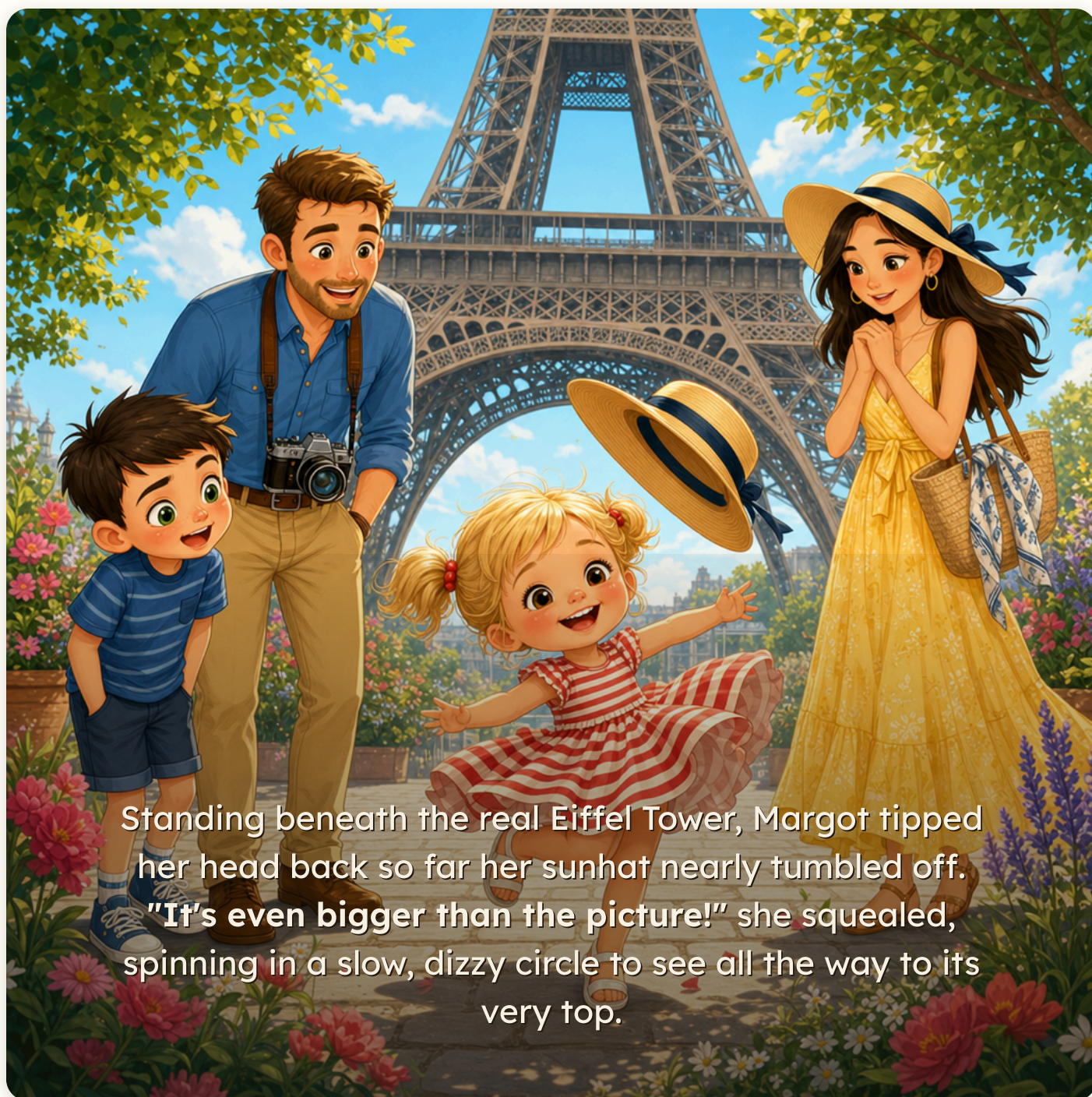
At the airport, Margot bounced along inside her rolly suitcase like it was a tiny race car, pigtails flying behind her. Mommy laughed so hard she nearly dropped her sunhat, and Daddy snapped a photo just as Margot zoomed past a very startled pigeon.



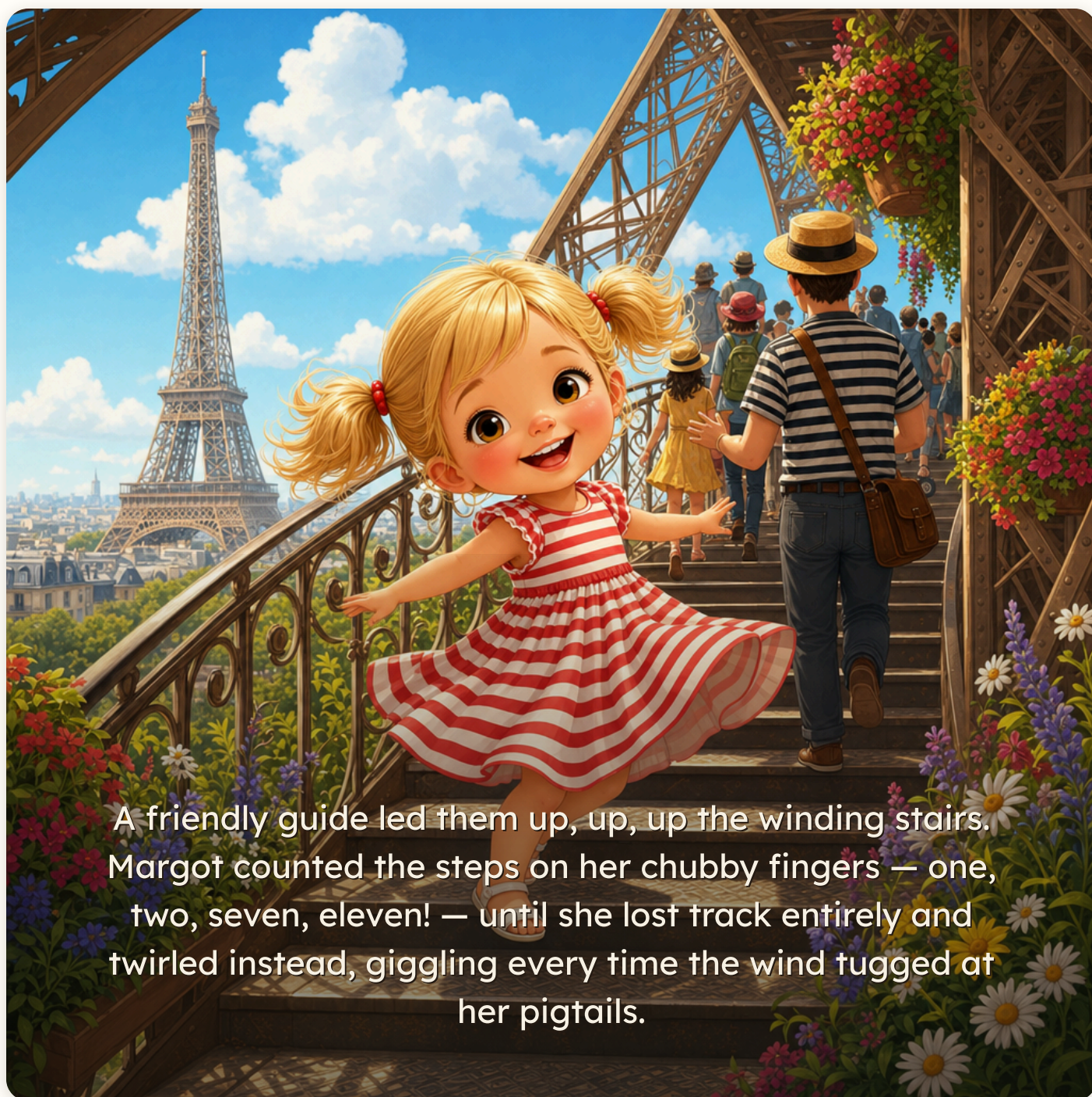
On the airplane, Margot pressed her nose flat against the window, watching fluffy clouds drift by like sheep. "Bet you can't see Paris yet," Arlo teased. "Can too!" Margot insisted, squinting hard at the white nothing below — though, truthfully, she could not see it at all.



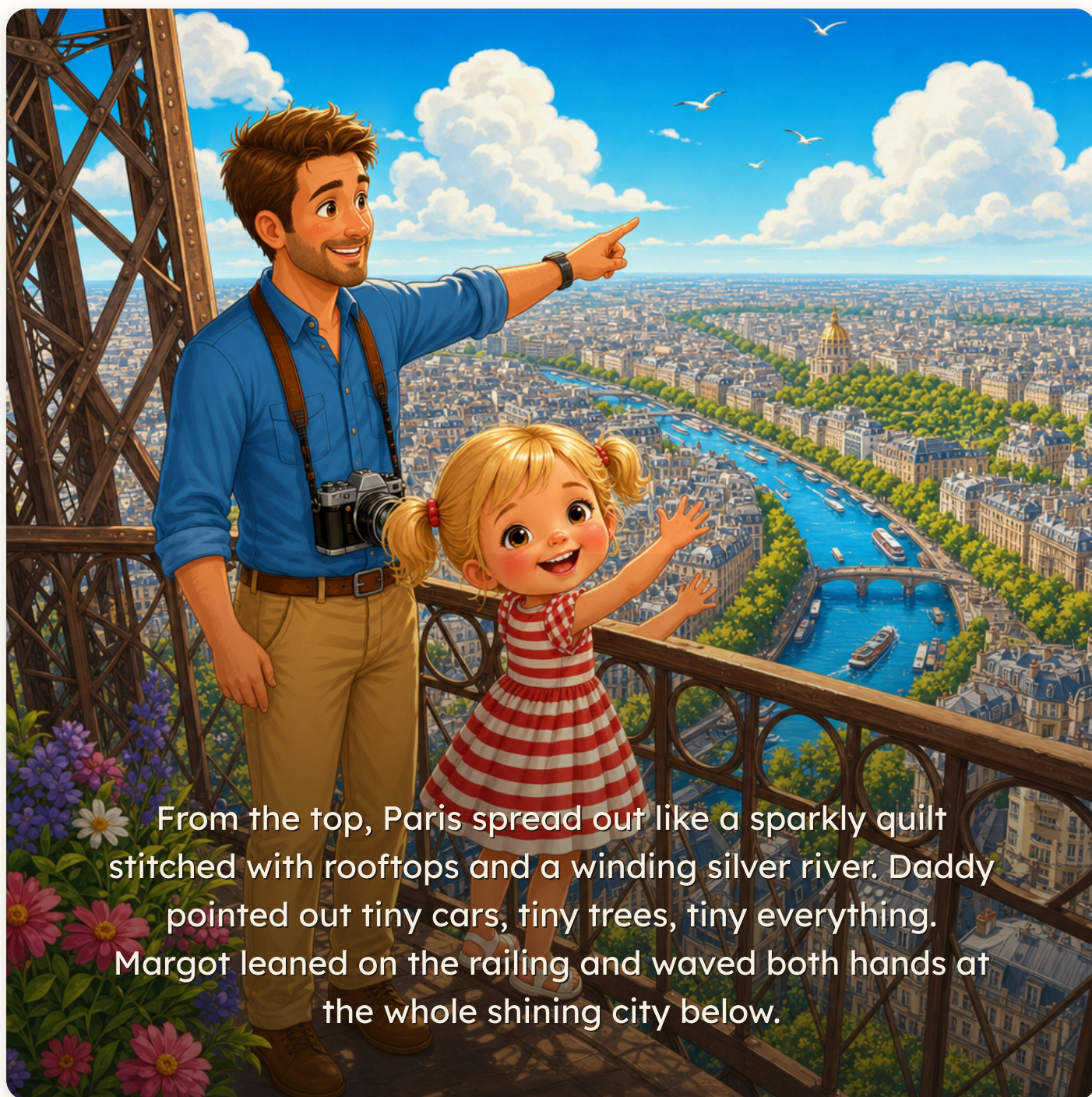
When they stepped outside, Margot heard French for the very first time, soft and musical all around her. "It sounds like singing," she whispered to Mommy, who hummed a little tune right along with the strangers passing by.



Standing beneath the real Eiffel Tower, Margot tipped her head back so far her sunhat nearly tumbled off. **"It's even bigger than the picture!"** she squealed, spinning in a slow, dizzy circle to see all the way to its very top.



A friendly guide led them up, up, up the winding stairs. Margot counted the steps on her chubby fingers — one, two, seven, eleven! — until she lost track entirely and twirled instead, giggling every time the wind tugged at her pigtails.



From the top, Paris spread out like a sparkly quilt stitched with rooftops and a winding silver river. Daddy pointed out tiny cars, tiny trees, tiny everything. Margot leaned on the railing and waved both hands at the whole shining city below.



At a cozy café, a waiter set down a golden croissant nearly as big as Margot's smile. She poked it gently — it wobbled! Margot gasped, poked it again, and then took one enormous, buttery bite that left flakes tumbling down her chin.



Crumbs scattered everywhere, Margot declared croissants her new favorite thing in the whole entire world. Arlo leaned over and swiped a golden flake right off her plate. "Hey!" Margot laughed, swatting his hand, though she didn't really mind sharing.



At the Louvre steps, Margot settled between two stone lions and let out her fiercest little roar. Mommy snapped a photo, giggling, while Daddy explained the enormous glass pyramid glittering nearby, its triangles catching the last of the afternoon sun.



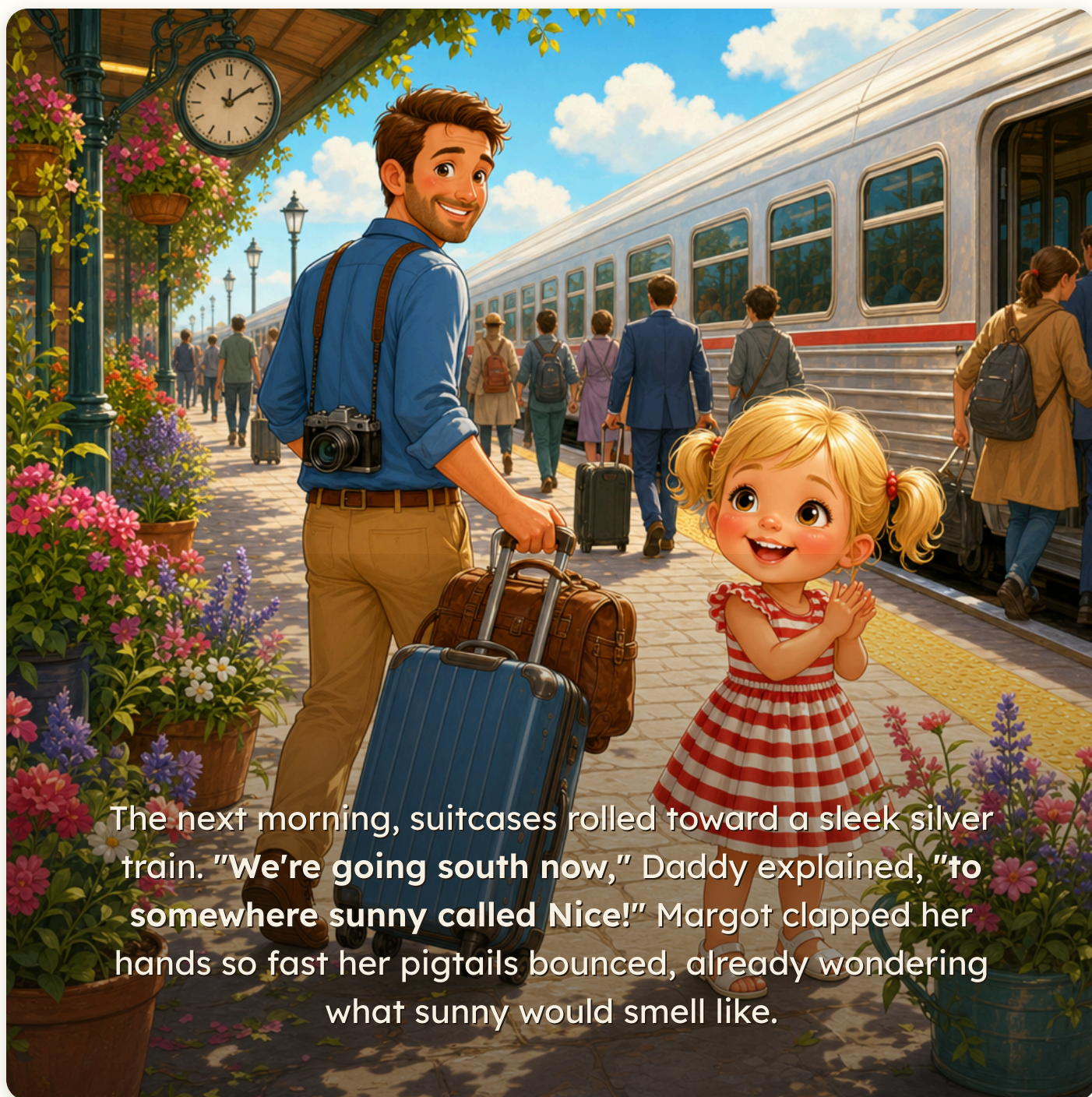
That evening, a waiter set down a plate of curly little shells. "Snails!" Arlo whispered with a sly, teasing grin. "Dare you to look really close." Margot's eyes went round, and she leaned slowly, bravely forward across the table.



Margot leaned in until her nose almost touched a shell. She giggled instead of squealing. **"They look like tiny hats!"** she announced, and even Arlo, who had expected a shriek, cracked up laughing until he nearly fell off his chair.



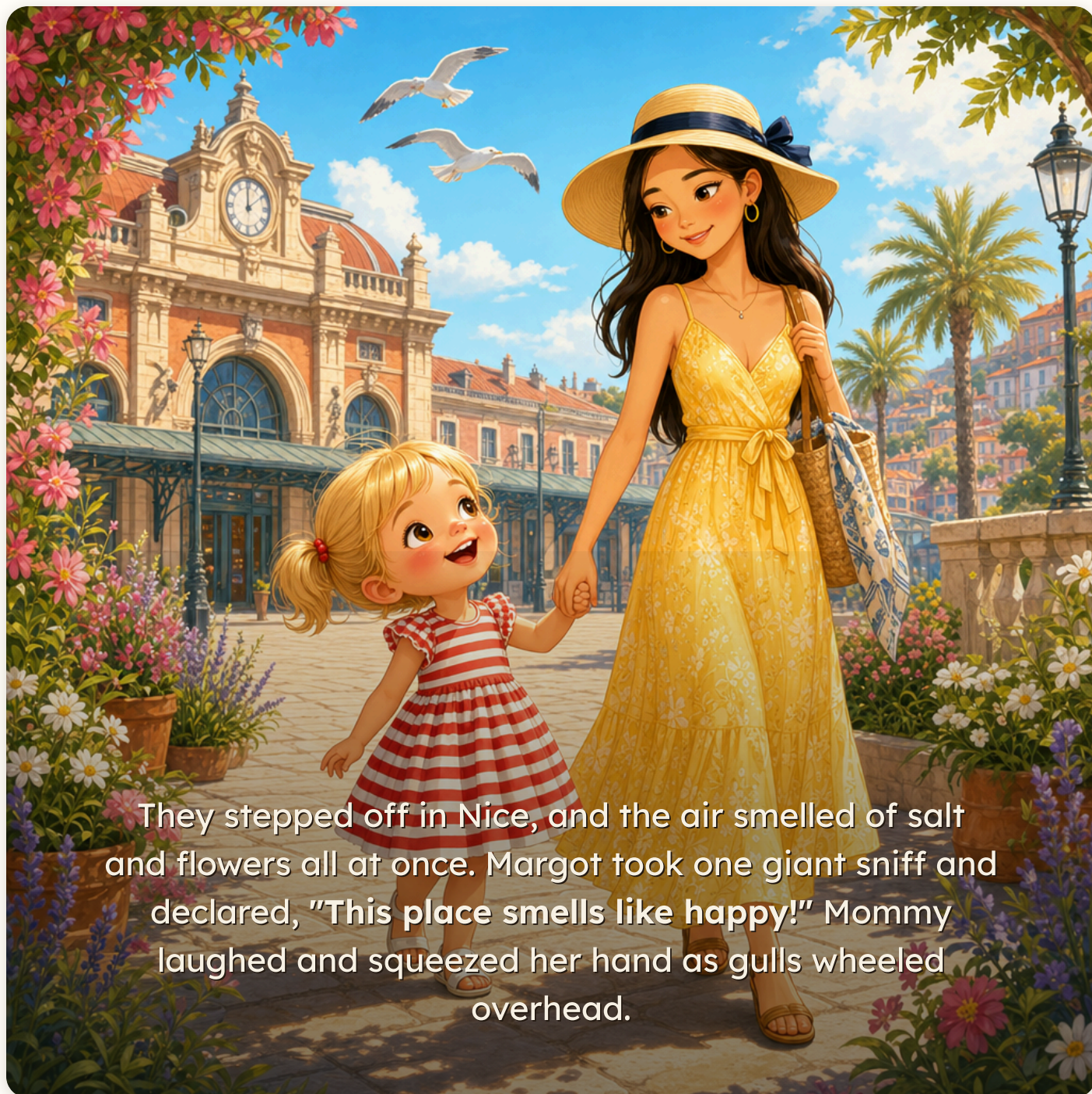
Walking home beneath twinkly streetlamps, Margot tried out her new words. "**Bonjour! Merci!**" she sang, stumbling over the sounds until, all at once, they came out just right. Mommy clapped, Daddy cheered, and even Arlo gave a proud little nod.



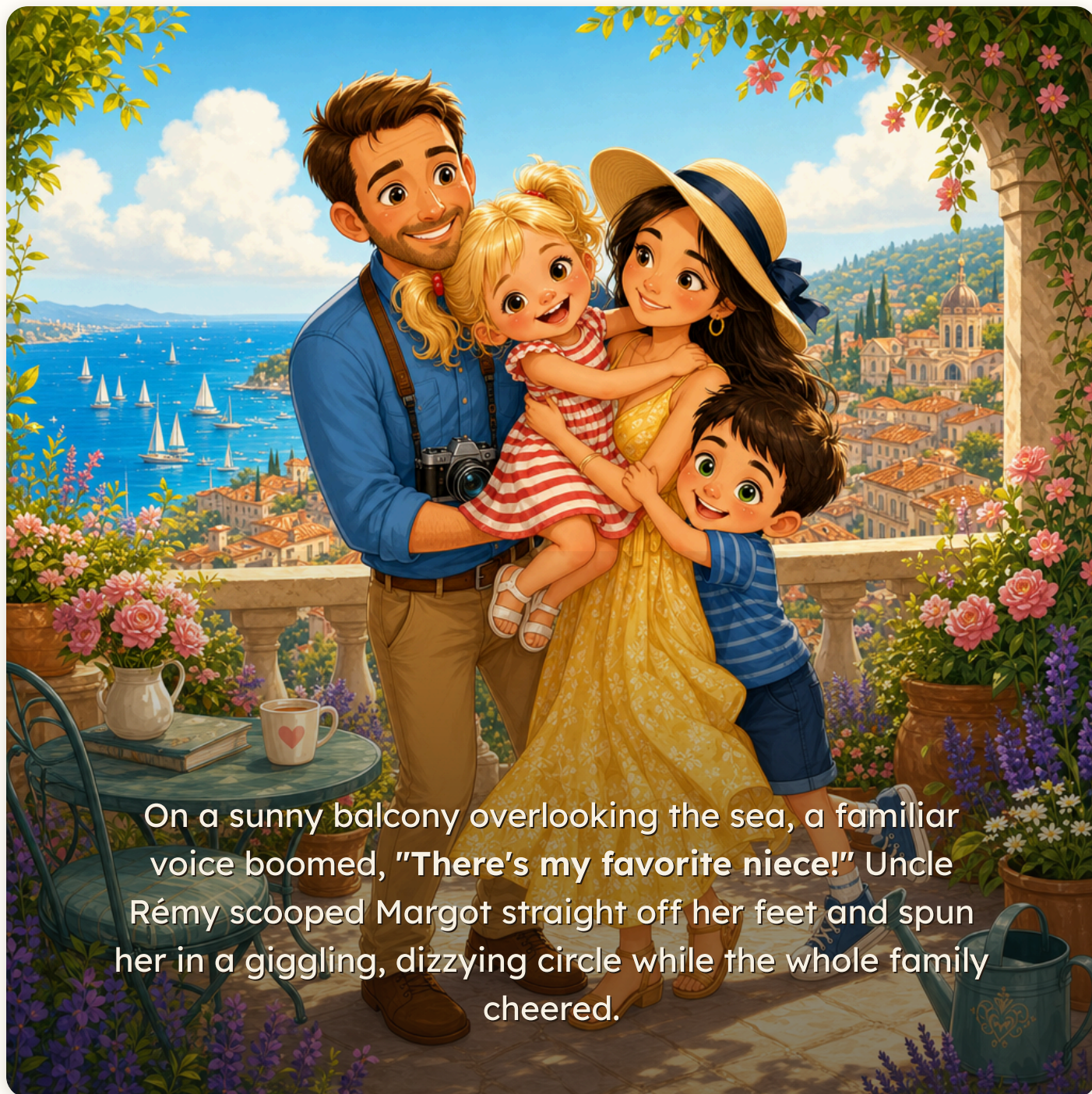
The next morning, suitcases rolled toward a sleek silver train. "We're going south now," Daddy explained, "to somewhere sunny called Nice!" Margot clapped her hands so fast her pigtails bounced, already wondering what sunny would smell like.



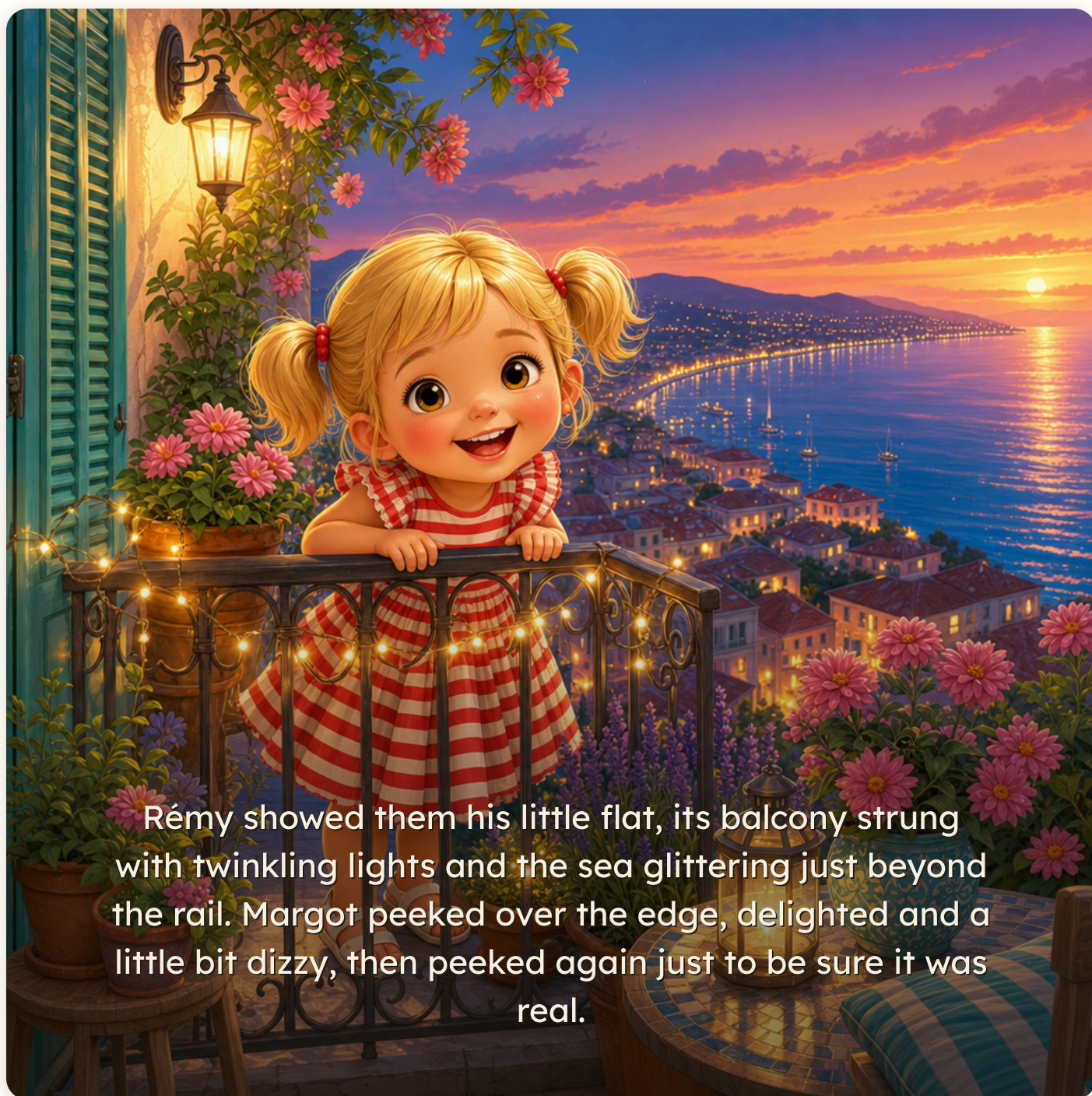
On the speeding train, green fields blurred into golden hills rushing past the glass. Margot pressed her whole cheek to the window, watching the world grow warmer and brighter with every mile, until even the sky seemed to glow.



They stepped off in Nice, and the air smelled of salt and flowers all at once. Margot took one giant sniff and declared, "This place smells like happy!" Mommy laughed and squeezed her hand as gulls wheeled overhead.



On a sunny balcony overlooking the sea, a familiar voice boomed, "There's my favorite niece!" Uncle Rémy scooped Margot straight off her feet and spun her in a giggling, dizzying circle while the whole family cheered.



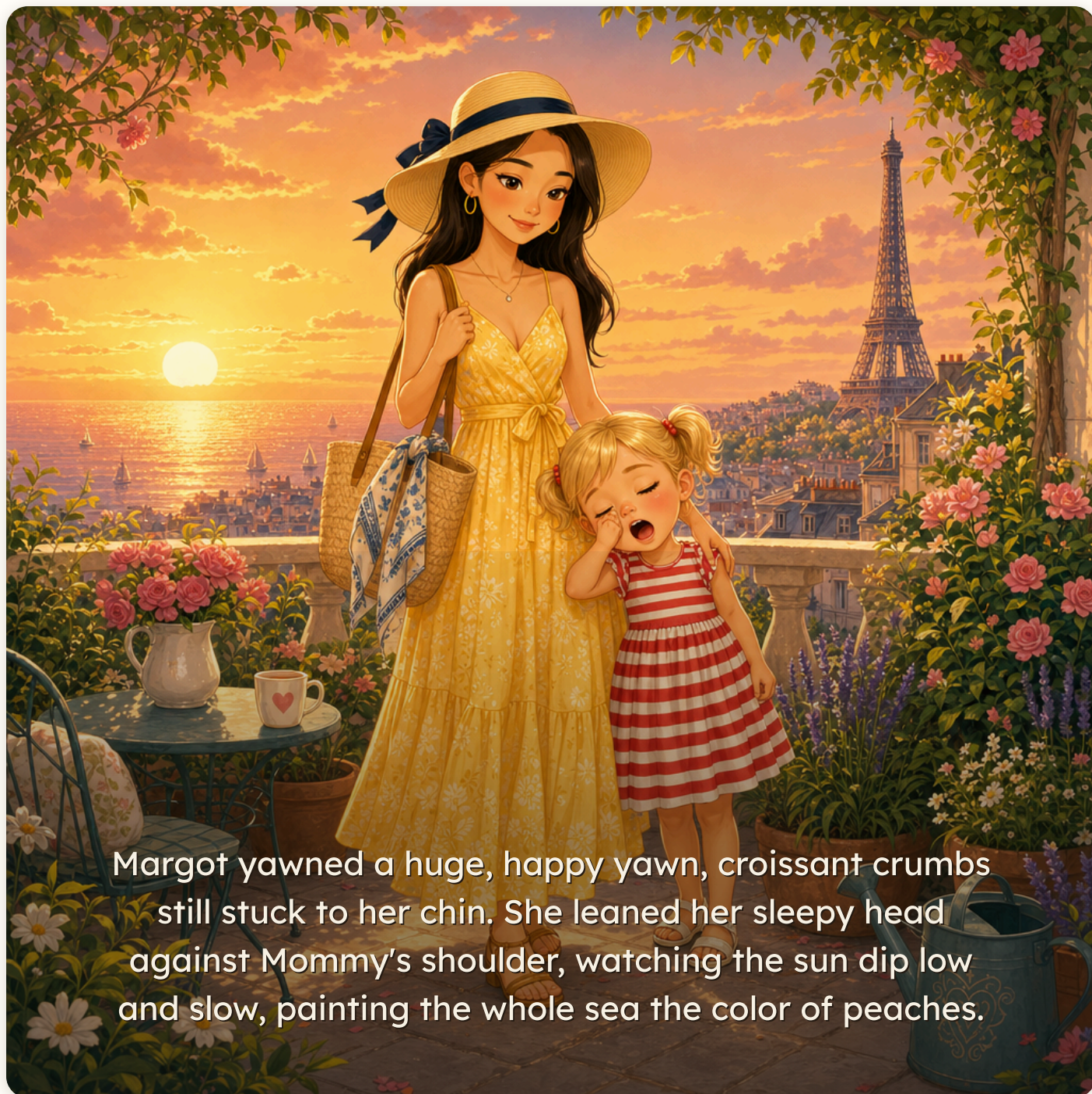
Rémy showed them his little flat, its balcony strung with twinkling lights and the sea glittering just beyond the rail. Margot peeked over the edge, delighted and a little bit dizzy, then peeked again just to be sure it was real.



Down at the beach, Margot splashed through the shallow waves, shrieking happily as the water tickled her toes. Arlo built a wonderfully lopsided sandcastle nearby, while Daddy chased a rolling beach ball, laughing louder than anyone.



Back at the flat, everyone shared warm bread and juicy peaches out on the balcony. The sky turned pink, then orange, then a deep glowing gold over the water, and nobody said a single word — they just watched.



Margot yawned a huge, happy yawn, croissant crumbs still stuck to her chin. She leaned her sleepy head against Mommy's shoulder, watching the sun dip low and slow, painting the whole sea the color of peaches.



Arlo draped a soft blanket over her knees without being asked. For once, he didn't tease — he just smiled and said, "Best trip ever, huh, Margot?" Margot nodded, too sleepy to do anything but smile back.



★ Snuggled in Mommy's lap under the twinkling balcony lights, full and sleepy, Margot murmured, "Ooh la la..." and drifted off to sleep, already dreaming of tomorrow's sunshine, and the next sparkly adventure waiting somewhere out there.

The End

Sweet dreams.

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