

ARLECCHINO

Storia tradizionale italiana

Harlequin's mask

«I am a multicolored mask by profession, I am a servant.

My first origins were from Bergamo,
but never having a penny in my pocket I lived in Venice as an emigrant.
I'm quarrelsome, clever, intriguing, but I'm the prince of mischief!"

By Maschere di Domenico Volpi

The story of Harlequin

Once upon a time there was a very cute and good boy, named Harlequin,
whom everyone loved very much.

It was Carnival time and all the children were thinking about their masks.

The mothers sewed and measured the beautiful shiny fabrics
to prepare the most beautiful costumes for their children.

Even in Harlequin's class all the classmates were talking about their next party.

-And you, how do you disguise yourself? - asked one of them to Arlecchino.

-I? I won't disguise myself – replied the child, bowing his head sadly.

– My parents are poor and I can't spend.

The next day each child brought a piece
of fabric to help make clothes for the poorest child.

But the pieces were of many colors because everyone had brought different pieces.

-It does not matter! - said Harlequin.

-My mom is so good at sewing that she will still be able to make me a nice dress, you'll see! And I will be happy that it is of many colors,
because every color will remind me of a friend. In fact, on Shrove Tuesday, Harlequin wore his strange costume which everyone liked very much.

Being made up of many bright colors, it was the happiest and most admired by the pupils.

