

## Transcript of the video "The Master of the Garden"

**Constance, the storyteller, is strolling through the museum.**

[Constance]

Ah, summer! What does it make you think of? It makes me think of fragrant flowers, gardens in bloom...

I remember a king who had a splendid palace, a wonderful garden. Every day, flowers were brought to perfume his palace. There were tulips, carnations, irises and even roses.

**Constance goes up to a painting of a basket of flowers on a black background. There are all kinds of flowers: tulips, carnations, irises, poppies, roses, primroses...**

[Constance]

By the way, did you know that some roses have magic powers?

This particular king had all he could wish for, but he wasn't happy. He was terribly afraid. Afraid of dying.

One day, an old woman arrived, bowed down to him, and said,

[The old woman]

"Oh king, I've brought you a magic rose bush. It's said that if you plant it and it flowers in summer, the master of the garden will never die."

[Constance]

The delighted king gave the old woman gold, had the bush planted, with soldiers around it to protect it from thieves, and entrusted it to his gardener. The gardener watered it, pruned it, fed it, and when summer came... nothing!

[The king]

"You're useless! Be off! Out of my sight!"

[Constance]

He summoned the greatest gardener in the land. In his turn, he watered it, pruned it, fed it... Still nothing.

[The king]

"You're all useless!"

[Constance]

Then he was visited by a young man.

[The young man]

"Oh king, I've heard about your rose bush. I know the language of plants and flowers. I beg you, let me take care of the rose bush."

[Constance]

The king, at a loss, agreed. The young man did what the others had done. He watered it, pruned it, fed it, and... the bush didn't respond. So one day, he went up to it and said,

[The young man]

"Rose bush, tell me where you hurt!"

[Constance]

No sooner had he spoken than a big, fat worm came out of the bush, a bird swooped down, caught it in its beak, and from that day on, the rose bush bloomed. The young man came every morning. He played music, recited poems, and the rose bush bloomed more and more, and when summer came, there were thousands of glossy roses. The overjoyed king made the young man...

[The king]

Chief Royal Gardener of the kingdom!

[Constance]

Time went by.

And as the years passed, the king grew old. One day, he fell ill and as he was about to die, he said, "Woe is me! The old woman lied!" And... he died. So, did the old woman really lie? All I know is that in that splendid palace the rose bush is still alive. And every morning, at its foot, is a young man who never seems to age. The king hadn't realized that the master of the garden was not the owner of the rose bush, but the person who took care of the garden.