

Transcript of the video "The Fisherman and the Mermaid"

Constance, the storyteller, is strolling through the museum.

[Constance]

Ah, summer! What does it make you think of? It makes me think of the salty sea, beaches and shells... Did you know you can hear inside a shell?

That reminds me of a fisherman who never caught a thing. Every day, Hippolytus took his little boat out, but instead of casting his net, he gazed at the horizon. He dreamed of meeting a mermaid.

Constance stops in front of a painting of a port in moonlight. A fisherman is standing at the water's edge.

[Constance]

One day, in mid-ocean, he'd cast his net, when... he felt something heavy. He pulled his net in, saw blond hair, silver scales... a mermaid! But the mermaid...

[The mermaid]

"Please! I beg you, set me free! I swear you won't regret it!"

[Constance]

When Hippolytus saw the mermaid's tears, he let her go. That evening, he couldn't stop thinking of her. The next day, he took his boat out again, scanned the horizon... Nothing.

He cast his net. An amazing catch!

From then on, every day brought an amazing catch, which made him very rich. But although he was rich, he was unhappy. He couldn't eat, drink, or sleep. He just dreamed of seeing the mermaid again.

One day, he took his boat out, cast his net... an amazing catch... scanned the horizon, nothing, when a storm burst. Lightning streaked the sky, the wind howled, the boat capsized. Hippolytus fainted.

Constance goes up to another painting, of all kinds of shells and corals.

[Constance]

He awoke surrounded by multicolored fish, seaweed... He looked up to see his mermaid smiling! They fell into each other's arms. They lived happily in her beautiful palace.

But you know what men are like... Never satisfied. He began to miss his old life. He said to the mermaid,

[Hippolytus]

"Please let me go, I'll be back!"

[Constance]

So she gave him shells to remind him of her. Beautiful seaweed, shells, shellfish, a conch shell to hear her with, and a piece of red coral.

[The mermaid]

"Take this coral. It's magic. It'll bring you back to me."

[Constance]

Hippolytus found himself on his beach. He saw his parents and family again, told them of his adventures, showed them his shells. That night, he returned to his fisherman's hut. He put his shells on the bedside table. It was so long since he'd seen the night and the stars! So he went out.

But... a storm burst, lightning streaked the sky, the wind howled, the rain fell hard. Hippolytus ran and ran. He reached his hut. The door was flapping in the wind. He went inside. All his shells... smashed on the floor! Or almost... Only the conch remained, to listen to his mermaid.

As you'll have realized, he never saw her again. But if you go to the seaside and you see a handsome young man holding a shell and scanning the horizon, you'll know it's Hippolytus, still waiting for his mermaid and listening to her song in his shell.