

Hans Perting

The Malsers Jo

A tale to be continued...

It was in these days
that it had happened that the **Malsers Jo**,
who works with many other diligent and upstanding people from Mals
for health, for the nature, for the climate, for the environment
as well as for a good economy and for the common good,
all of them also fighting against the field poison
that destroys health, nature, the climate, and the common good,
so it came about that the **Malsers Jo**
and his upstanding Malsers and Malsersinnen
received a bad court verdict, falling onto the midst of their heads and into their hearts.



While the **Malsers Jo** was sitting on his stool,
meditating on the absurd judgment,
trying to get it un-digested but still wanted it to be excreted,
there was a knock on the door.

The **Malsers Jo** stepped out of the house.

There were two little children from Mals in front of him.

*"Malser Jo," mourned the two sweet children, "alas! Malser Jo," we have heard that the dark forces and those whose names cannot be named can now **poison** our children's playgrounds..."*

And thick tears rolled over their sweet cheeks.

"Our parents said that we can no longer play in our children's playgrounds because our mayor Uli has been

forbidden to protect the health of his citizens."

The court says: He must **not issue a distance regulation,**

which could prevent that the field poison of the dark

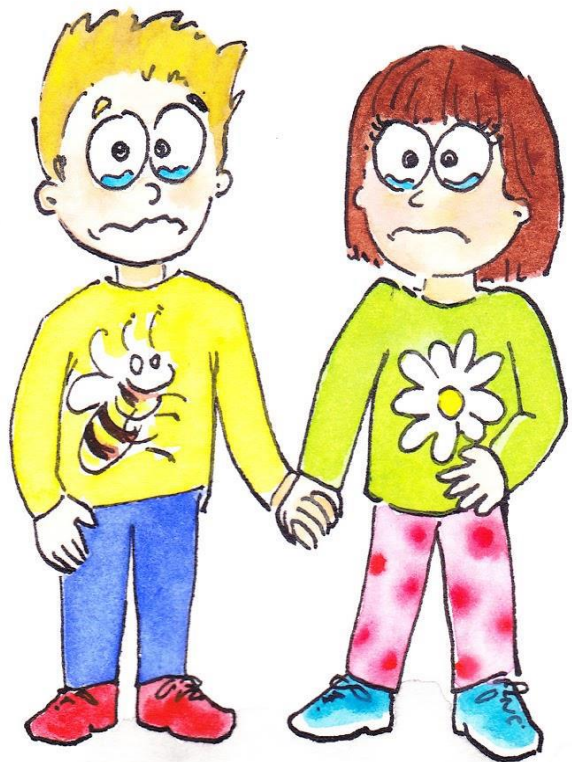
forces and those whose names can not be named, land on it!

"Oh, Malser Jo!" the two dear children complained,

"how should we go on?" "Where shall we play now?"

Where shall we roam freely and laugh freely and roll in the green grass?

Where? When everywhere poison lands on our grass, is in our grass, in our gardens, on our playgrounds, where?"



"Beloved children,"

said the **Malser Jo**,

and touched his old fighter heart,

"beloved children, it is the sacred duty of us adults

to protect you children! We will fight for you and

for us and for the whole world and will not lose!

We will continue to work until we, the courts,

the dark forces and those whose names cannot be named,

can live together in a healthy environment and in peace."



Then the **Malser Jo** took his magical cloak and flew with the children over the wonderful, still healthy Malser Haide.

They drew magical circles of protection over and around it, invoking the ancient saints, St. Martin and St. Wendelin, St. Florinus and St. Lucy,

as well as St. Nicholas, to ask them

for help for their home and for the world to

protect everything against the greed and the poisons of the dark forces and those whose names cannot be named.

The upper wind of the Malser Haide

dried the tears of the small children and comforted,

they flew to their homes.

In the evening, the dear children climbed confidently into their bed.

*"The **Malser Weg**" and the **Malser Jo** are cool", they whispered and then ...*

Then butterflies, rainbows and stars accompanied them into a deep, deep sleep ...



If you want to know how the fairy tale and the "Malser Weg" continues: Subscribe - for free - the weekly newsletter from www.der-Malser-Weg.com for every Friday!!

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