

J'ai trompé les Feu Follets

*I tricked the Feu Follets*

by

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# Dedication

I dedicate this story to my mom. She is my best friend and I could not imagine my life without her. Thank you for raising me and helping me grow into the woman I am today. You are the best mom I could've ever asked for.

I love you.

# Author's Purpose

The purpose of this writing is to help students in Louisiana learn more about the legend of the Feu Follets. There are not many stories written in children's literature to support this Louisiana legend. Appropriate grade levels are 2<sup>nd</sup> – 3<sup>rd</sup> grade students. This fictional story is meant to have a more serious tone while also informing readers of the Feu Follets.

# The Morning After



I woke up this morning and it was just like every morning before. I rose from my pink sheets, feeling the crisp air from the vent that stood on the opposite side of my room. I walked towards the hallway to the bathroom and turned on the faucet over the sink to start my daily routine.

Suddenly, I looked up and, in the mirror, and made eye contact with the reflection that looked back. Then it hit me. Today was not just like every other morning. It was the first morning since my mom passed away and the memories of the previous day came flooding back.

That phone call was one I hope no one ever must hear. The role model I have had for 17 years was gone in a car accident and I didn't even get to say goodbye. Tears started flowing from my face and I fell to the bathroom floor. My sister came out of her room and embraced me in hug, joining me in tears. After about 10 minutes, we got off the floor and began getting ready for events later that afternoon.

We invited everyone on my mom's side of the family to our home to create my mother's wine bottle in her remembrance. It has been a tradition in our family that we create wine bottles for members of our family who pass away. We do this to protect their souls from the Feu Follets, the soul stealing marsh fires that take lost souls forever. We decorate wine bottles with some of the person's favorite things and fill the bottle with the souls of our loved ones.

I knew today was going to be hard, but I knew with the help of my family I could get through it. The doorbell rang suddenly, I had not realized how much time had passed while in my thoughts. I hurried to get dressed and ran downstairs to meet our guests.

This is exactly what I needed, a nice day at home with my family celebrating my mother's life. We spent the day together, coming up with ideas for the bottle until we finally came up with something that would remember my mom beautifully.

We included pages from her favorite book, the lace from her favorite dress, even the broach she always wore and placed it on the decorated bottle of her favorite wine. My dad set the bottle up on the mantle, engulfing my sister and I in a huge hug. A few tears fell from each of us, and we sat there knowing my mom was proud of us and loves each of us dearly.

# The Calm Before the Storm

A few weeks later, I was lying in bed getting ready to fall asleep, when I felt the sudden urge for water, so I got up and headed for the kitchen. I walked through the kitchen to the fridge and grabbed a water bottle from depths of the cold. I passed through the living room to put out the fire in the fireplace from earlier that evening. Before I even made it to the fireplace, my mother's wine bottle flew off the mantle, shattering on the ground before my feet. I screamed as I hurried to pick up the pieces, but it was too late.

A blue orb floated off the ground and I stood back in awe and watched it float to my eye level. The blue orb stayed still only a moment, then began moving towards the back door.

The marsh is that way. I tried my best to stop it, holding the door shut and everything. But the Feu Follet's call was stronger than me.

The orb blew the door open and in the blink of an eye it was gone. I ran to grab my old butterfly net, threw on my pink slippers, and hurried out the door to follow the lost soul.



# I Tricked the Feu Follets

I ran around for hours, wandering and wandering for the lost soul that belonged to my mother. I stopped only for a moment to catch my breath and began walking towards the marsh. I got closer, I started to go slower and saw more orbs like the one earlier in the night.

The Feu Follets were near, and I knew they weren't going to just give up my mother's soul, the only way was to distract them just long enough to grab the soul and run. It wouldn't be easy, but I knew it needed to happen.

After about 45 minutes, the only option that would get my mother's soul back was to exchange her soul for mine. I never said it was my best plan, but it was worth a try. I walked closer to a large cluster of the floating Feu Follets, and suddenly they were all rushing

towards me. They stopped, only inches away from where I stood, and one grew brighter and spoke. I held my net behind my back and waited patiently for something to happen.

“Are you lost child?” spoke the Feu Follet.

“I am not, I have come to make a deal with you devilish Feu Follets” I said. “You have the soul of someone who belongs to me, and I want to have her soul back.”

“We both know that is not how this works. You clearly have never dealt with the Feu Follets before.” they said.

“Do not speak to me as though I am a child.” I said firmly. “In exchange for the return of my mother’s soul back to her capsule in my home, you can have my soul forever.”

“Really? Forever as in eternity, so that even after you leave your time on Earth, you will spend the

rest of your days in the marshes, hunting for other lost souls.”

“Yes, all I want is my mother back!” I pleaded. “You won’t be losing any souls, only gaining the soul of someone living.”

During this dreadful negotiation, my mother’s soul had managed to creep its way into my net without any of the other orbs noticing. I felt a tug as a sign to wrap up my conversation and get ready to hurry out of the marsh.

“I think we have ourselves a deal my child.” spoke the now amused Feu Follet. “Let’s shake on it, shall we?”

“Actually.” I said. “I think I have changed my mind. It is not that important to me, seeing as she is no longer alive and knowing the trickery of the Feu Follets, her soul would probably wind up back here anyway. I will just be on my way then. Goodnight, Feu Follet.”

I spun around, bringing my net close to my chest, and hurried out of the marsh as quickly as possible. While nothing was ever said that night amongst the Feu Follets about my mother going missing, I'm sure they figured it out at some point.

## Frog Figurines

I rushed into my house, shutting the door to the cold night behind me. I remembered that my mother's wine bottle broke and there was nothing for me to keep her soul in and protect her from the Feu Follets. I walked through the living room the net was kept close to my chest. I turned towards the ambers in the fireplace for a second and continued walking. Wait, something was different. The glass from the broken bottle was no longer cast across the floor. I looked up at the mantle and saw the wine bottle, perfectly restored like it was never broken.

Confused, I went to put my mother's soul back into the bottle, but it was gone. I panicked, thinking that the Feu Follets must have gotten her, and my exhausting night was for nothing. But, when I looked closer into the bottle, I saw the light of her orb shining brighter than before.

I sighed in relief, knowing that my mother was safe at home where she would live for the rest of eternity. I woke up the next morning and put frog figurines on the mantle. I figured if it keeps the Loup-Garous away, it will keep the Feu Follets out of sight and mind.

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VOCABULARY

Feu Follets

Loups-Garous

Marsh

Devilish

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