

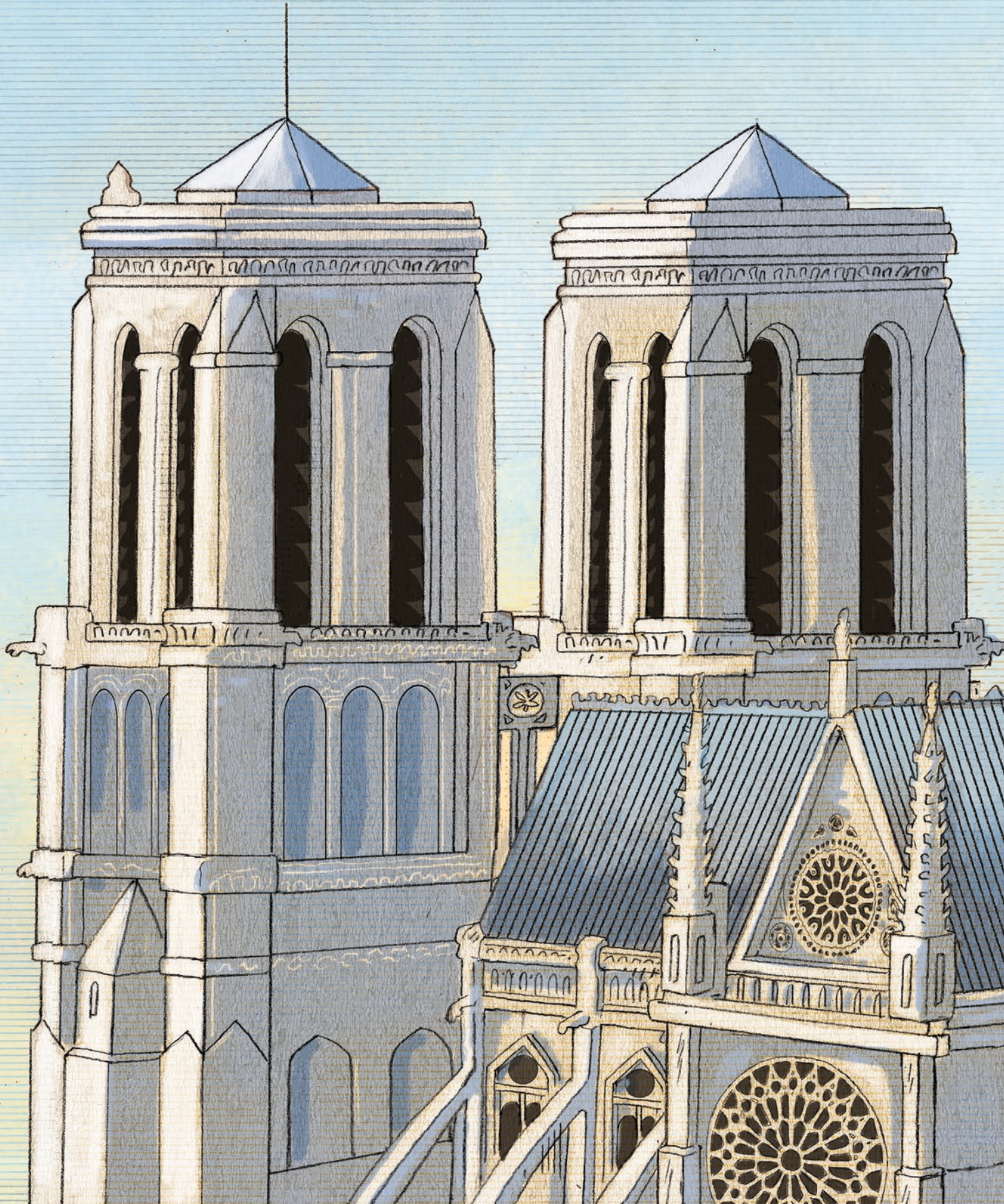
*It's unique!*

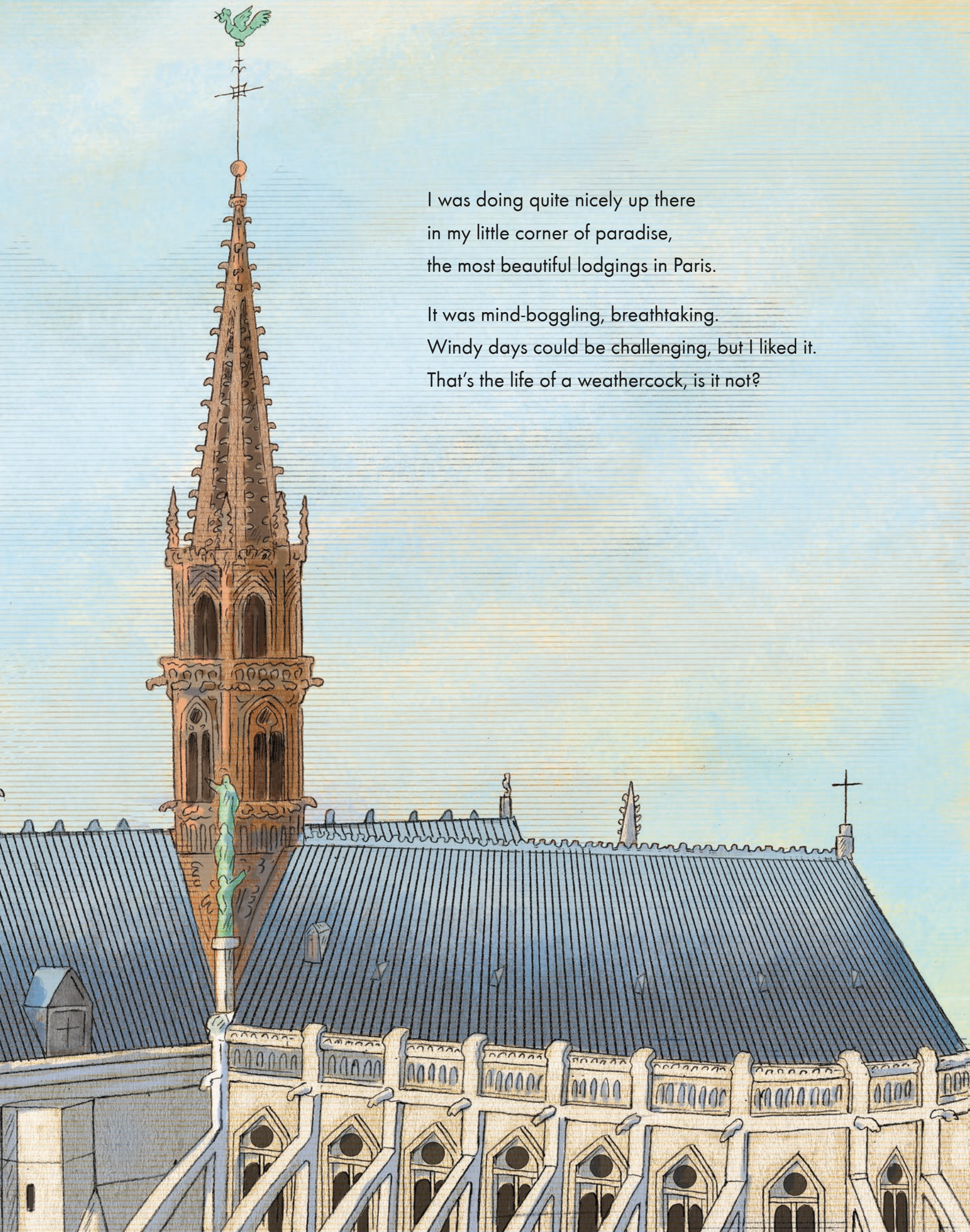
*A breathtaking view of Paris,  
305 feet (93 meters) up and 360 degrees of freedom.*

*Exceptional shadows play in the clouds.*

*And you can see it all on the fifth floor.*

*(But you can't take an elevator!)*





I was doing quite nicely up there  
in my little corner of paradise,  
the most beautiful lodgings in Paris.

It was mind-boggling, breathtaking.  
Windy days could be challenging, but I liked it.  
That's the life of a weathercock, is it not?

It opened up on me. Yes me, the one enthroned above the city, the one watching over this house. In recent days, however, a new smell started to make the comb of my crest quiver. I'd been noticing three little chickens who had just moved into a pretty garden on the right bank of the River Seine. One of them clucked dizzily, and I was smitten.



*But I was pinned to my throne, all alone, at the top of my spire. It was gloomy.  
My weathercock heart could only turn in circles.*



Every morning I began to sing just for her,  
*my sweet, my beautiful, my Esmeralda!*

I had only one desire—  
to fly to her.

And then, one evening,  
everything changed.

The sirens sounded. In no time, firefighters unrolled their hoses and set up their ladders. People on the bridges and quays were crying in panic. The flames, meanwhile, were climbing and climbing under my feathers. Then suddenly...



... a terrible crunch shook the building.  
The spire had just given way. In a hell-  
pile of stones and smoke, I plunged into the emptiness.  
With a last spring, I swayed my hips and  
desperately craned my neck out towards her,  
— *Es-me-ral-daaa!*  
If only I could land in her little garden...



The next day, I was delicately placed on a bed of velvet. The greatest art experts came one after another to my bedside.

My wounds were serious. There was uncertainty and there was concern. Was I going to survive? Was I going to be healed? Should I have an operation? I was hanging on by a thread.

At last, one fine morning, a lazy chuckle made me raise my head.



