



Canada | Montréal

## **“The volcano-child”**

When Jeanne-Mance and Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve erected a cross on top of Mount Royal to mark the founding of Montreal, it is said they awoke a giant child sleeping in the bowels of the mountain and who wept tears of lava. For thousands of years, the Indians had appeased the spirit's anger by feeding the giant child their women's breast milk. It is said Jeanne-Mance even expressed her own milk for the child, who wanted more, which supposedly caused Jeanne-Mance's tragic death as she threw herself into the mountain's abyss to save the colony. Apparently, the giant child is about to wake up. Some people even say that Jeanne-Mance is still there with him, wrapped in an erotica-Pietà picture postcard embrace. People out for a late-night stroll during Montreal's hot summer nights have witnessed the sight in the bushes. Because it's well known that once families have eaten their eco-friendly picnics between two ancestral maple trees and gathered up the leftovers, the bushes begin to burn. Personally, I don't know, I don't go into the bushes. It's a friend of mine who told me the story of the giant child and about the volcano. Nowadays, the cross on Mount Royal is covered with a fiber-optic system. And one night, on September 4, 2012, the cross lit up with an almost resonant light, causing interference on Radio-Canada's radio waves. Apparently, people even saw Jeanne-Mance appear on TV just long enough to say this prayer:

Montreal, your volcano is opening  
your child coming back to life  
Montreal, your milk is dried up  
your cobblestones crevice  
impertinent with blue sun  
your dance is celestial  
you alone know the steps  
the volcano is spewing its guts  
all is not calm  
unveil your courage  
tomorrow your child will arise  
and learn to walk  
into the distance

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