Ludik

and the Land of Forgotten Toys





Little one... come closer.

Do you see that little pink teddy bear, right there on his bed?

That's Ludik.

Tonight, he isn't quite himself.



When he reached out his little paw toward his pillow, to hug his snuggle buddy...

There was only a shadow.



“Where are you... my Bunny?”

Ludik looked everywhere. Under the bed. In the closet. At the bottom of the big sock drawer.

Nothing. Mister Bunny was gone.



A tear rolled down Ludik's cheek.

On his lap, a little pile of gray dust.



So Ludik took his courage in both paws. He left his room and ran across the yard, all the way to his best friend Karl's house.

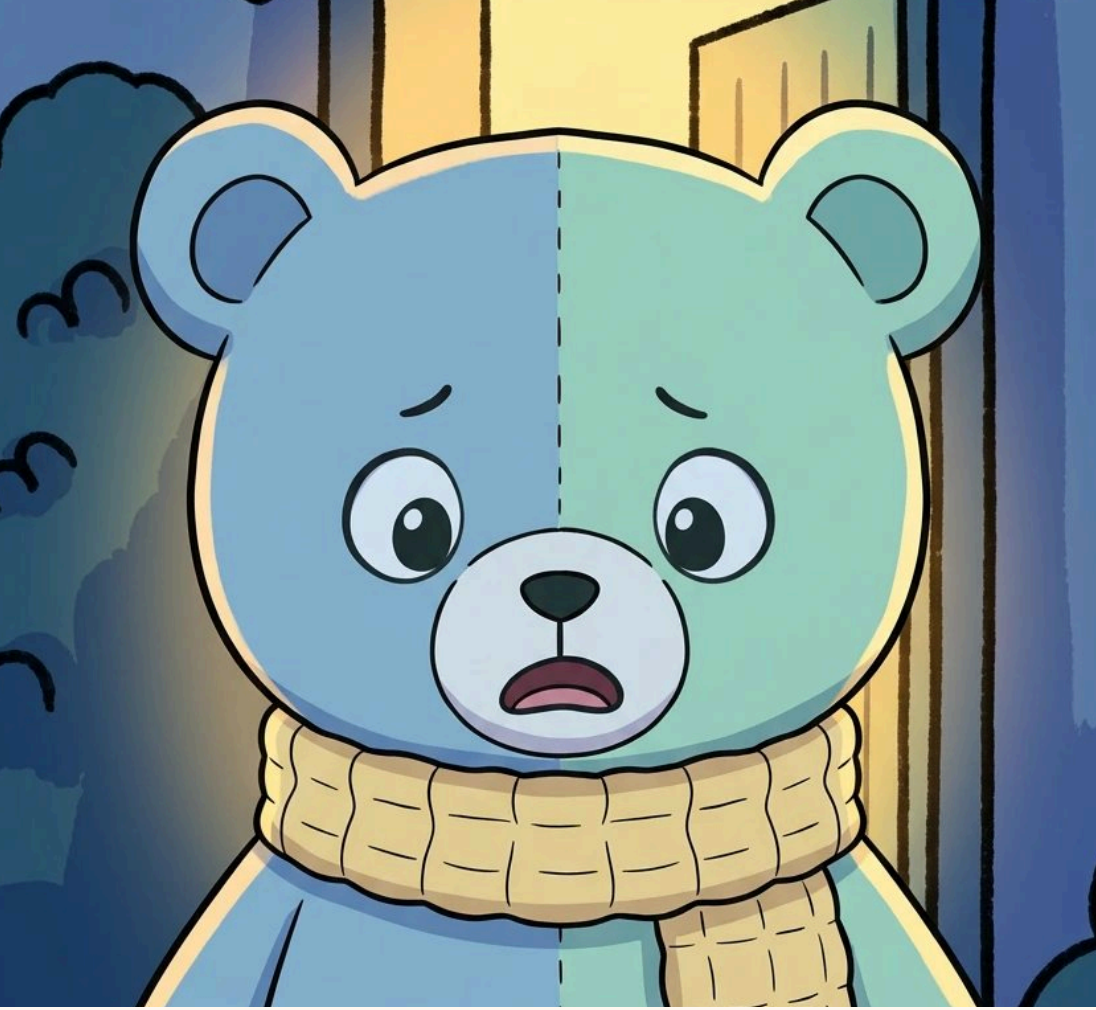
“Karl, open up!”



He opened his door, very slowly.

“Look... it's dust. All gray. Right where he used to sleep.”

Karl looked at the gray dust in the hollow of Ludik's paw. He looked at it for a very long time.



And then... Karl's face froze.

He turned very pale.



Without a word, Karl walked over to his old wooden dresser, and he opened a very dusty drawer.

And there... was a map. An old map, all yellowed and folded.



Ludik and Karl knelt side by side, leaning over the map.

“Where does this map lead… Karl?”

“It leads… to where toys go when they disappear… my friend.”



Tomorrow... the adventure begins.



The next morning... the sun rose softly.

And Ludik picked up Karl's map.



“Karl... where to, really?”

“Deep in... an old drawer.”



“But… a drawer is tiny, Karl.”

“Real drawers… are bigger on the inside.”



So Ludik took his courage... and his yellow notebook.

“Let's go, Karl.”



Karl took him to the place where he keeps his old furniture.

And you know what? The map... began to beat.



“This one. This is it.”

One, two, three drawers… nothing but little forgotten things.



“That one. At the bottom.”

And then... the drawer just wouldn't stop.



“What's inside?”

“A staircase... going down.”

And a little light... all golden... rose up toward them.



“We're going, right?”

“Slowly. Stay with me.”



And the two of them went in.

Deep down below, a little voice was calling them.

“Is anyone there... please?”



And then... Ludik set his paw on the very last step.



Here... is where all the lost toys go.



“Karl… look.”

“I know this place.”



“You've been here before, huh?”

Karl didn't say a word. He just kept walking.



And there, right in front of them, were toys... so many toys.



“Why are they sleeping, huh?”

“Shh... don't wake them.”



Ludik reached out his little paw... gently, ever so gently.

“He's so pale, Karl.”



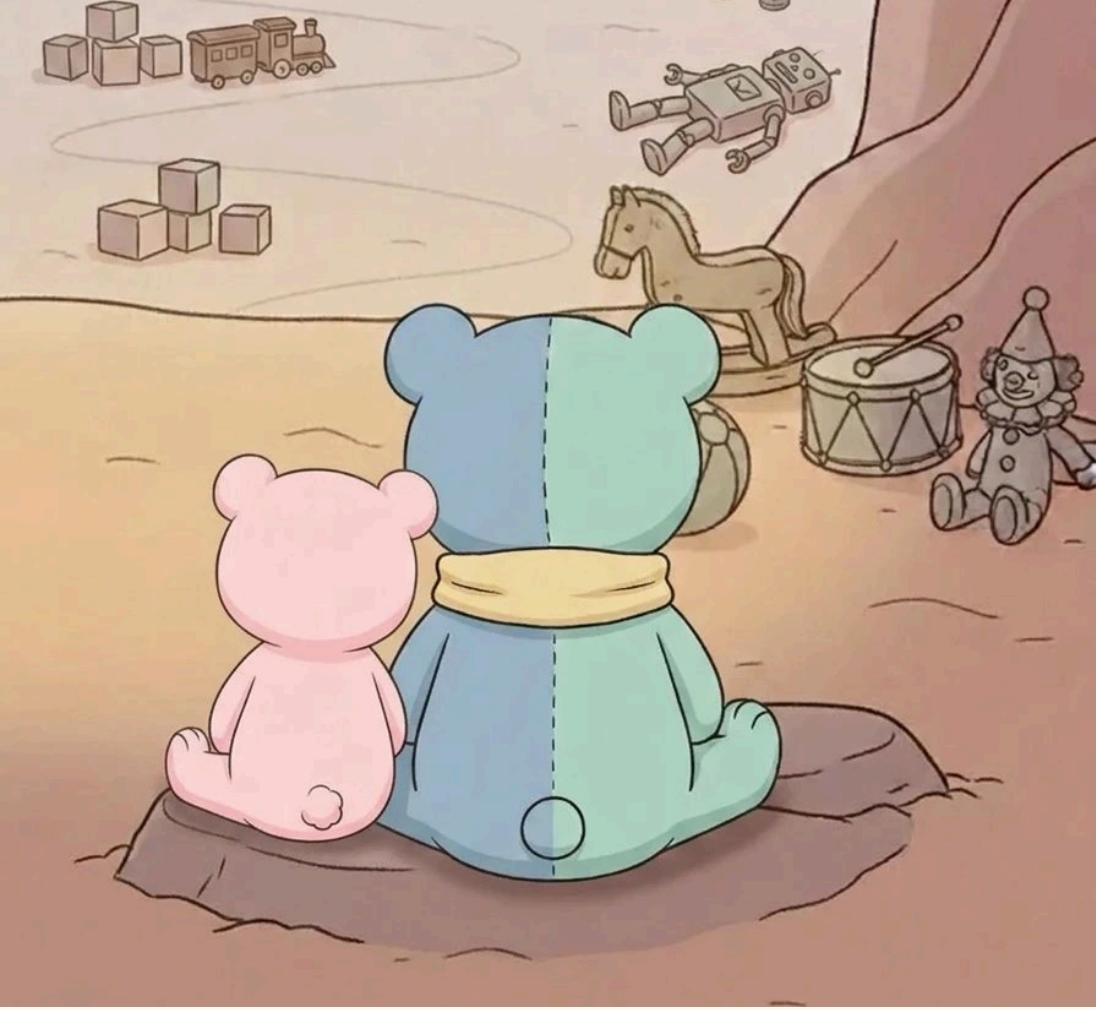
This is where the toys we've forgotten go.

The more we forget them... the more their colors fade.



“You're turning pale too.”

He was already looking farther ahead, toward the Dust Plain.

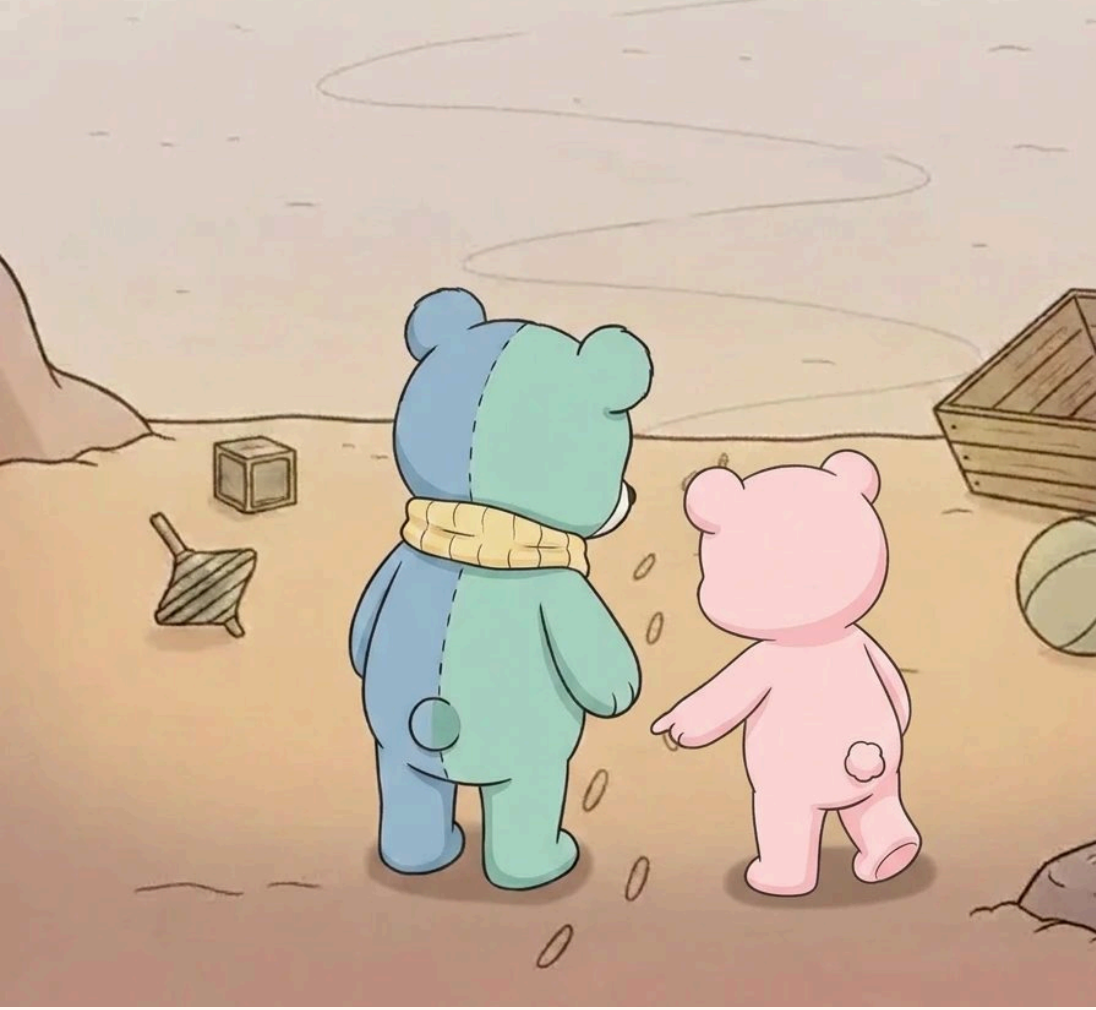


“It's beautiful... and sad.”



Suddenly, Ludik looked down... and he saw, right there on the ground... a pawprint.

“Granny... it's him. It's Mister Bunny.”



He never forgot.

Ludik and Karl were following a little trail in the dust.



A trail no one could see, except them.

Far away, a figure stood perfectly still. An old wooden puppet, its strings cut.



“Titi... it's you.”

“...You know him?”



“Come closer, my friends.”

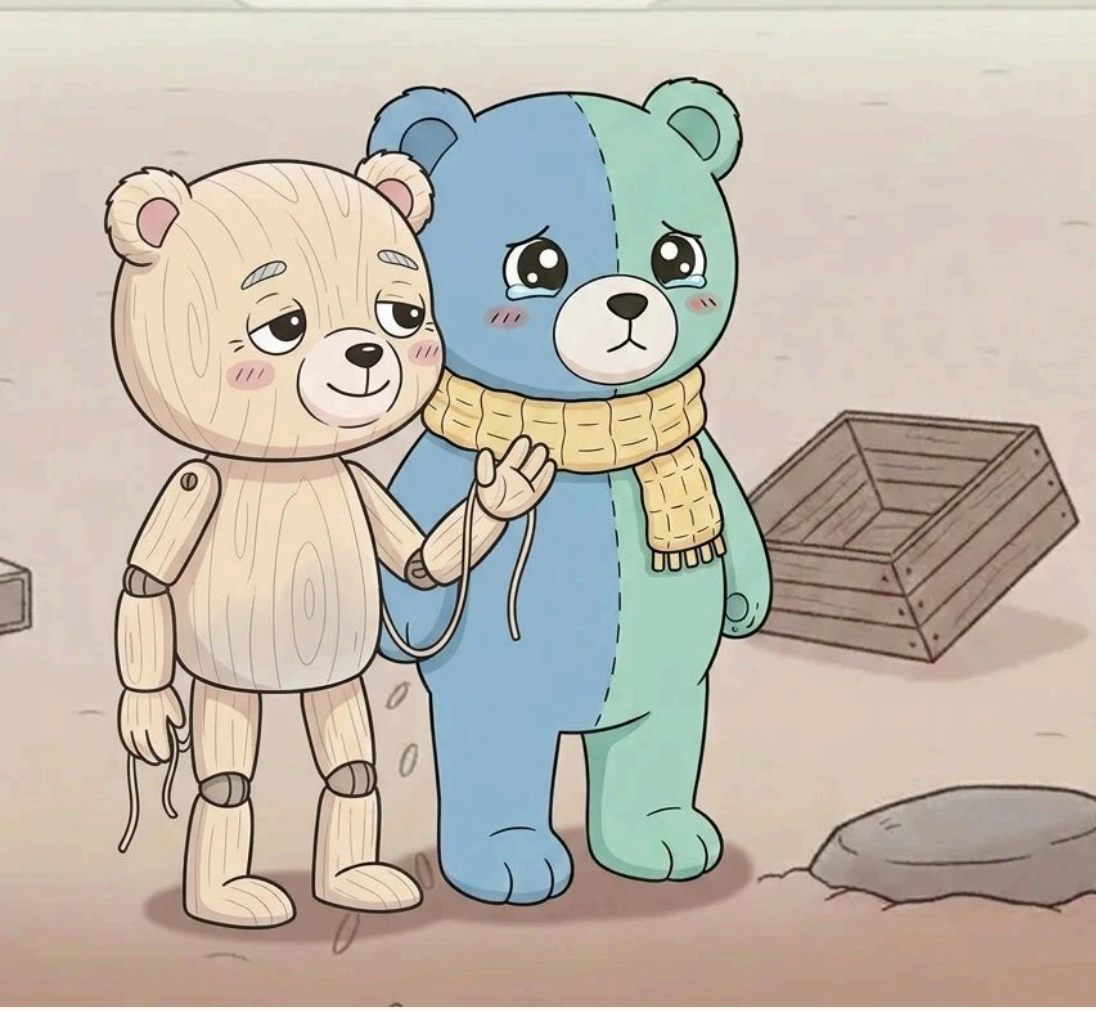


“You can move... without your strings?!”

“I learned. All by myself.”



“Wood remembers better than paint.”



“A toy that is loved... never disappears. As long as a child remembers... its colors stay.”



“Then I'll draw you. As hard as I can.”

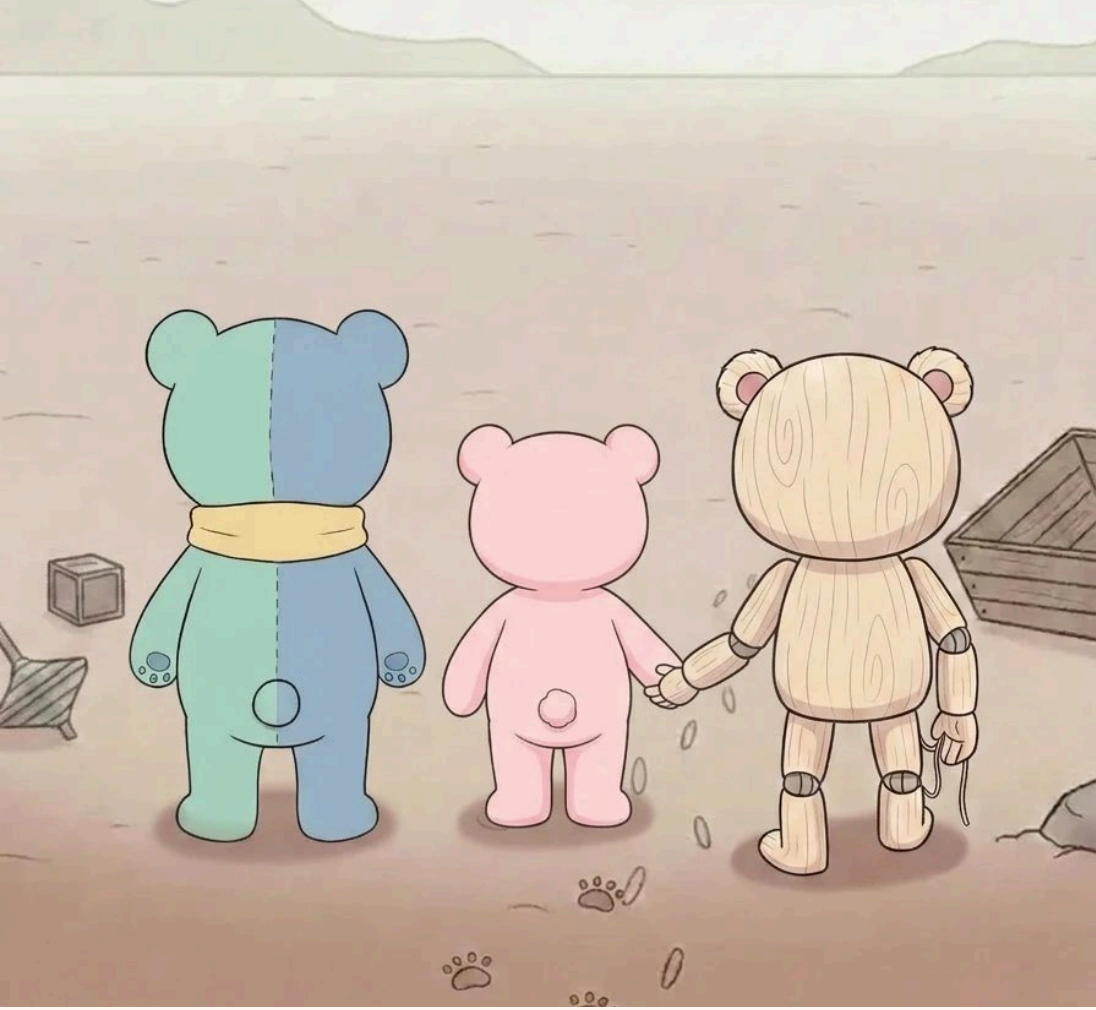


“A pencil, young one... is stronger than dust.”

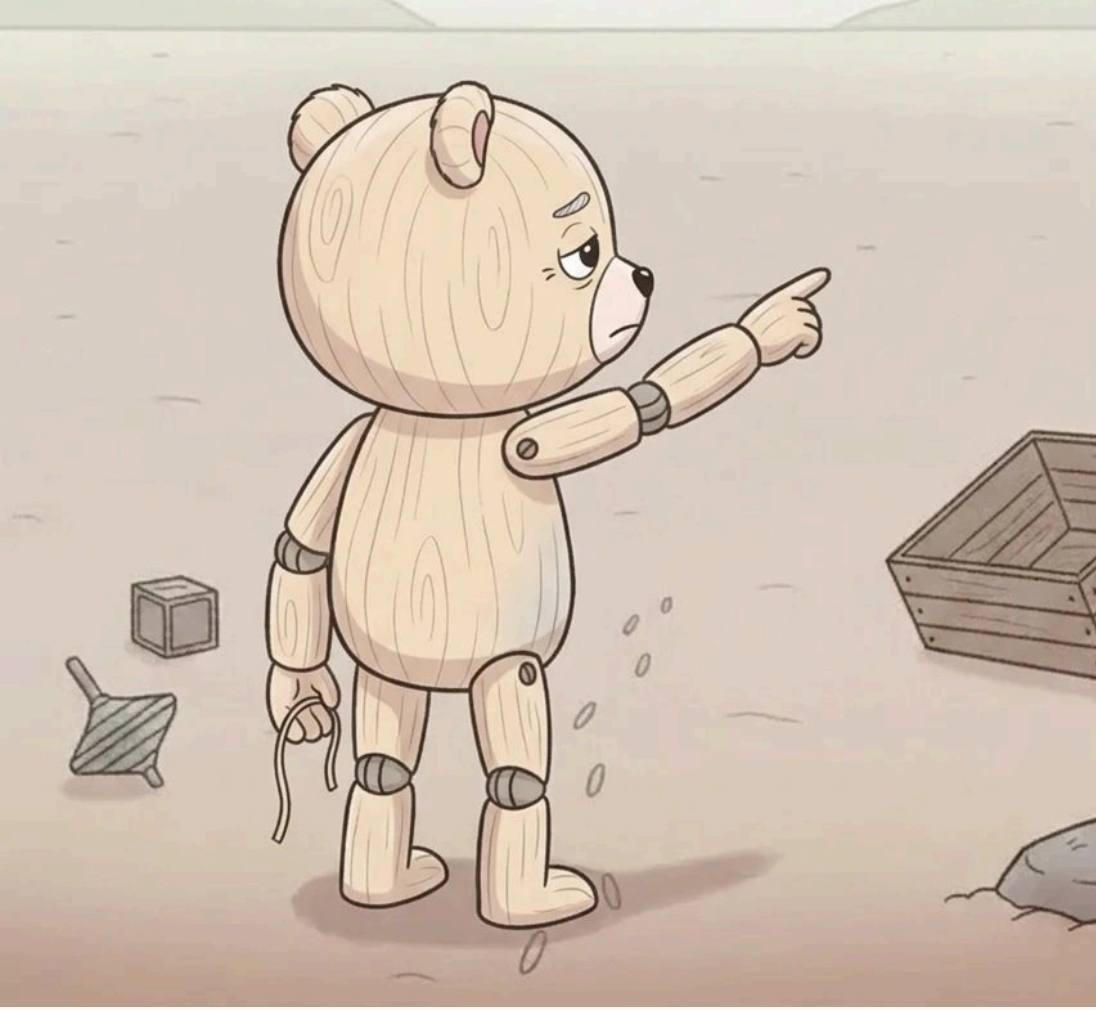


“You'll come with us, won't you?”

“I've been waiting for you, my friends.”



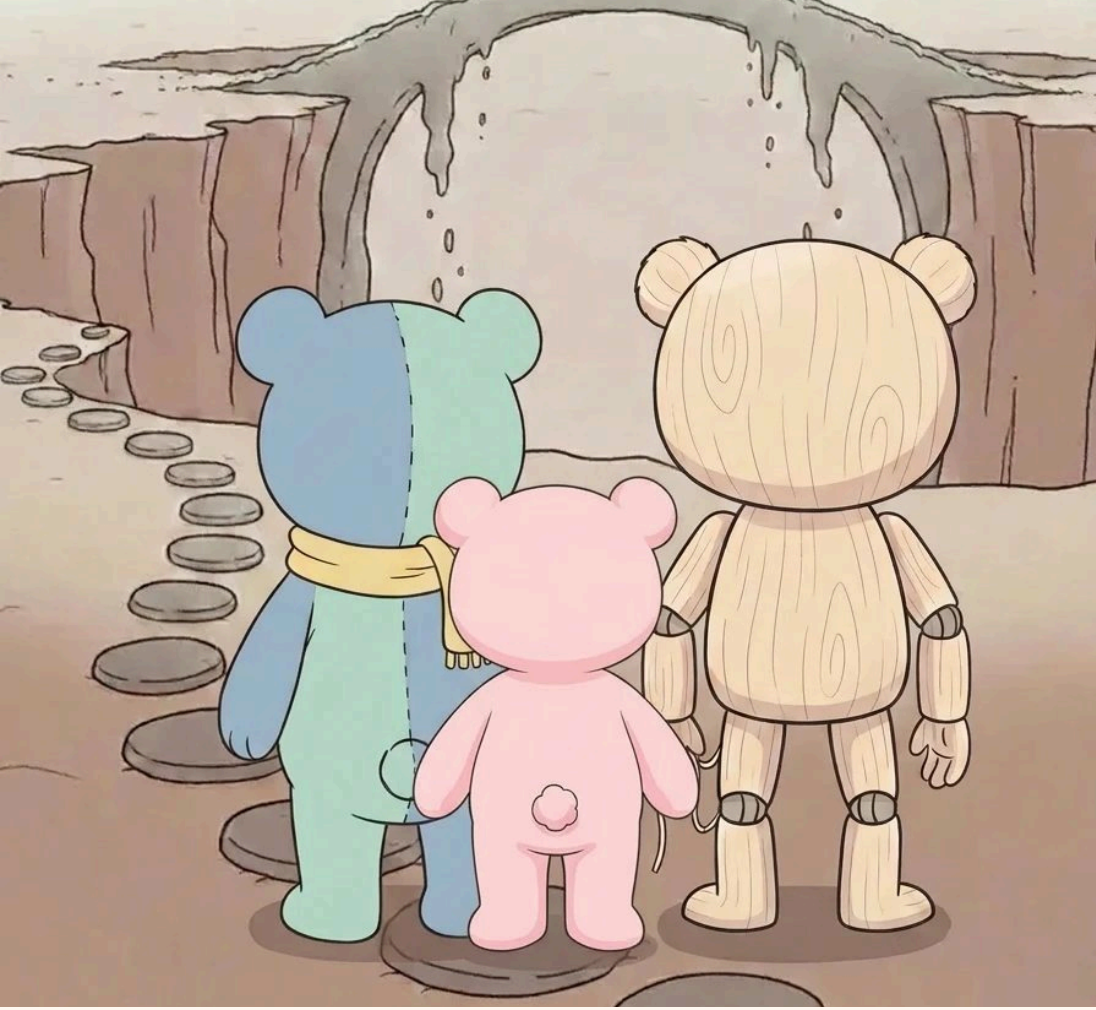
And that's how they became three.



“But I must tell you something. Where we are going… there is someone.”



“Beware... of the Forgetter.”



They came to a bridge, made entirely of gray dust.



Karl froze.

“Karl… you okay?”



“What we carry too long… grows heavy.”

“Set it down, my friend.”



“Ludik... I've been here before.”



“I had one too... a snuggle buddy... lost here, long ago.”



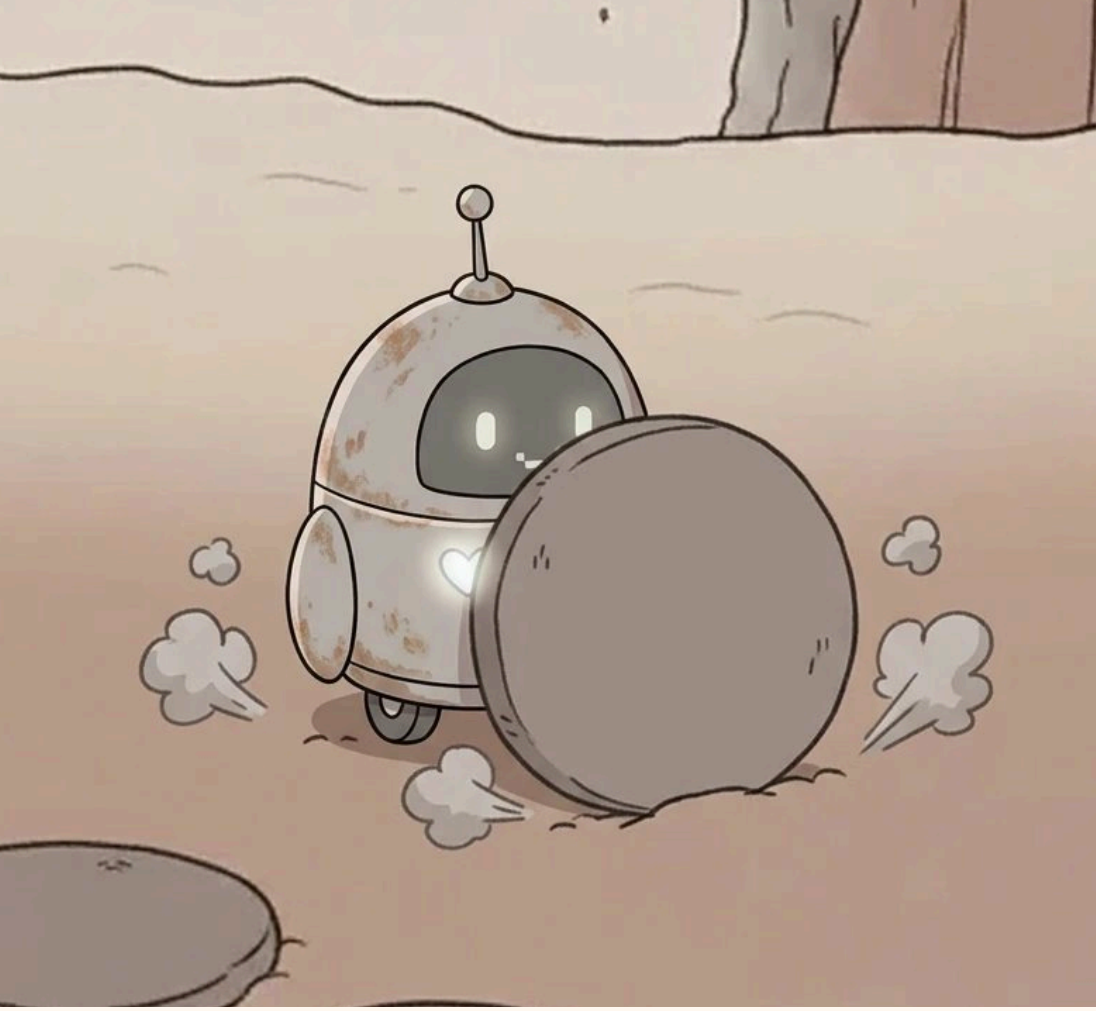
“I was scared. I left him there.”



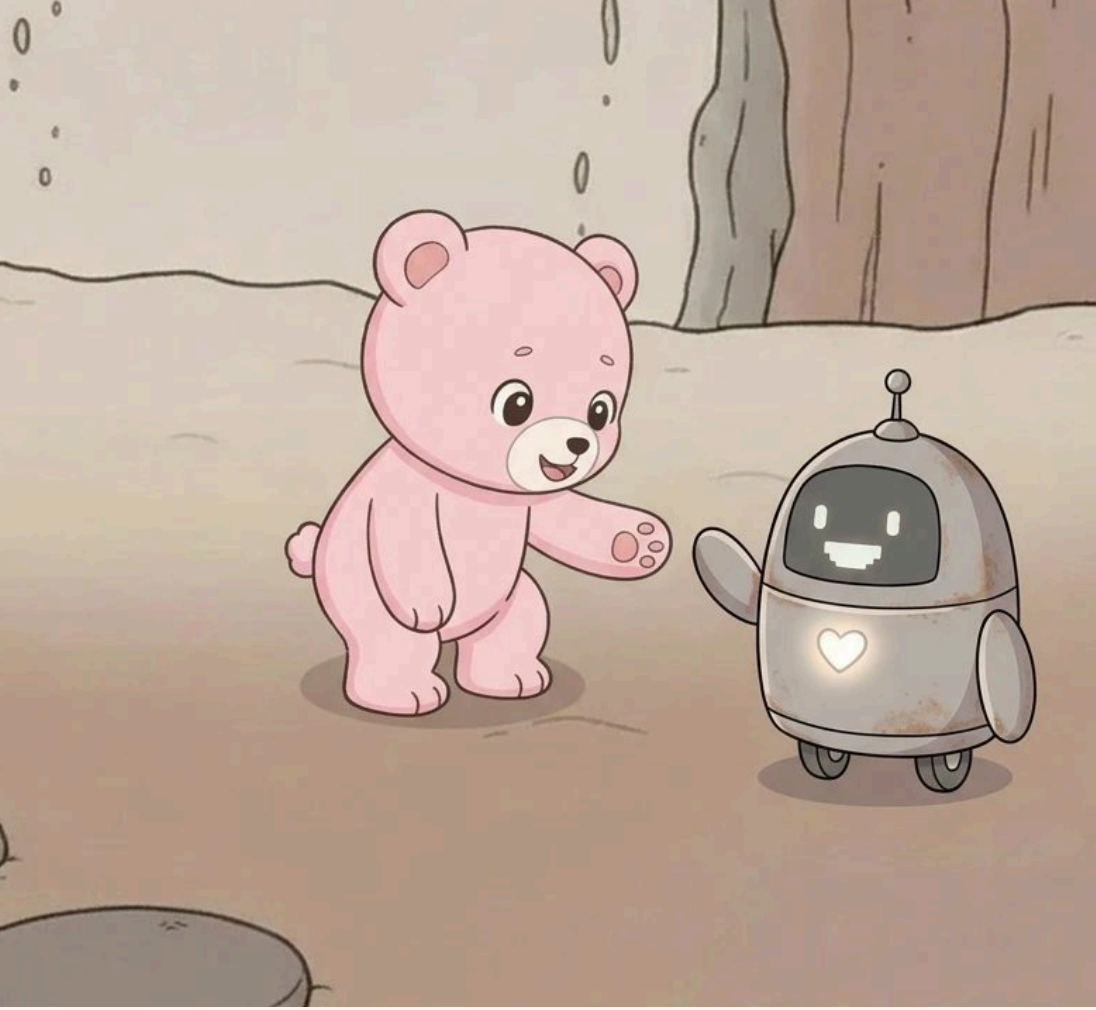
“I won't leave you, Karl. Not me.”



“We'll go find your friend too. I promise.”



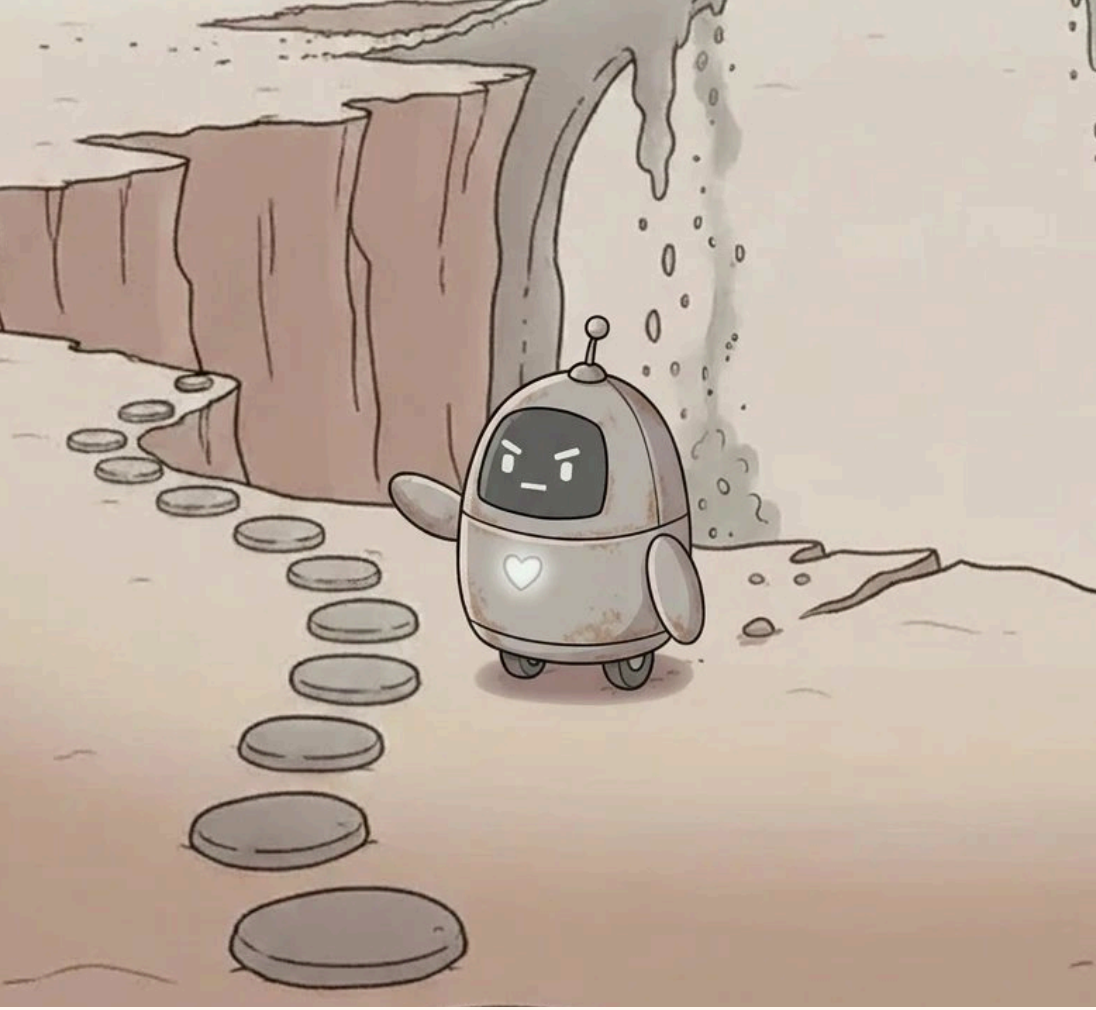
And that's when a funny little “tick-tick-tick” echoed through the dust.



“Bip! Hello! Bip-bip!”

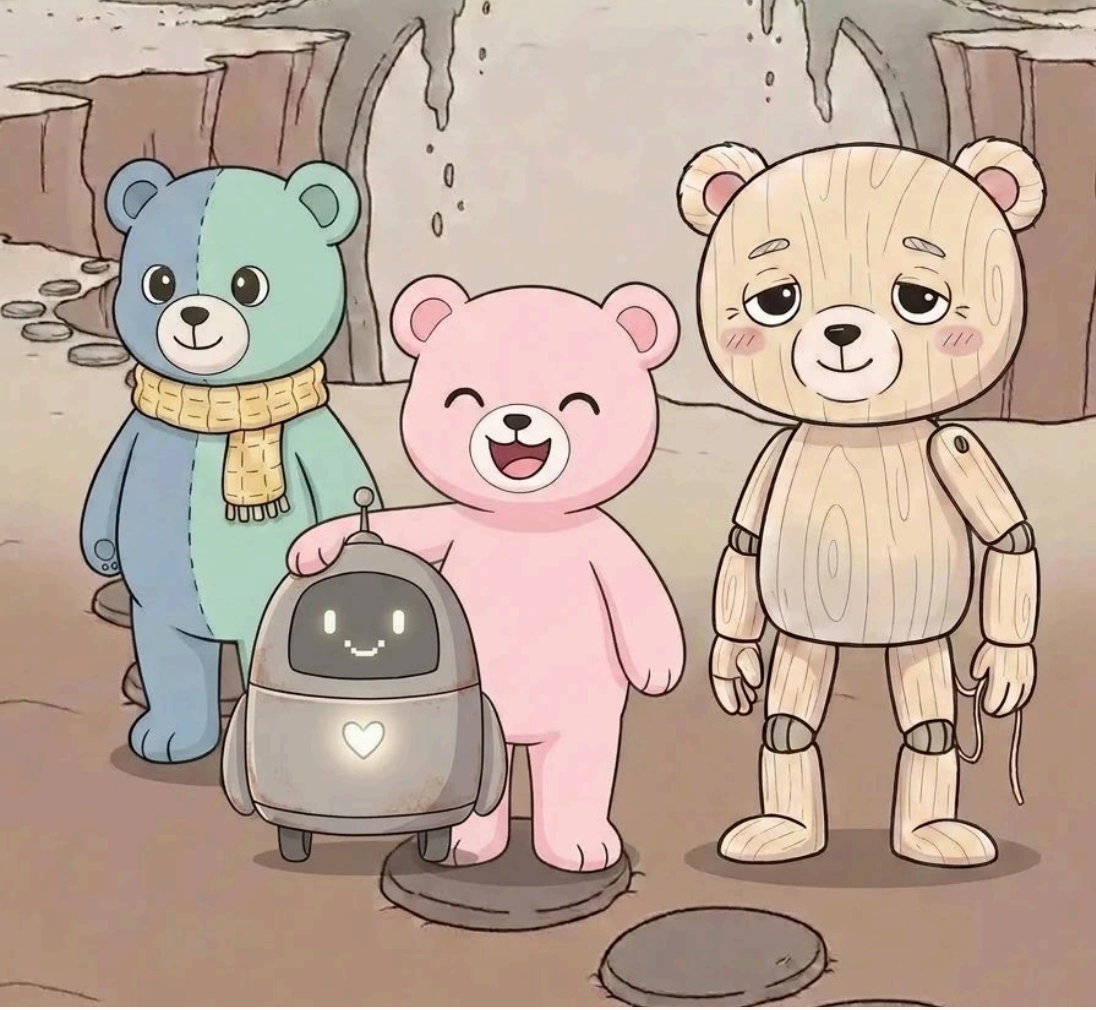
“Oh... who are you?”

“Me: Bip! Tick!”



“Bridge... not solid... tick!”

“Solution: this way! Follow Bip!”



Bip became their friend, right then and there.



“Thanks, Bip. You're really awesome.”



Something had been following them.



Someone puts the sad toys away.

These tracks... they're very fresh.

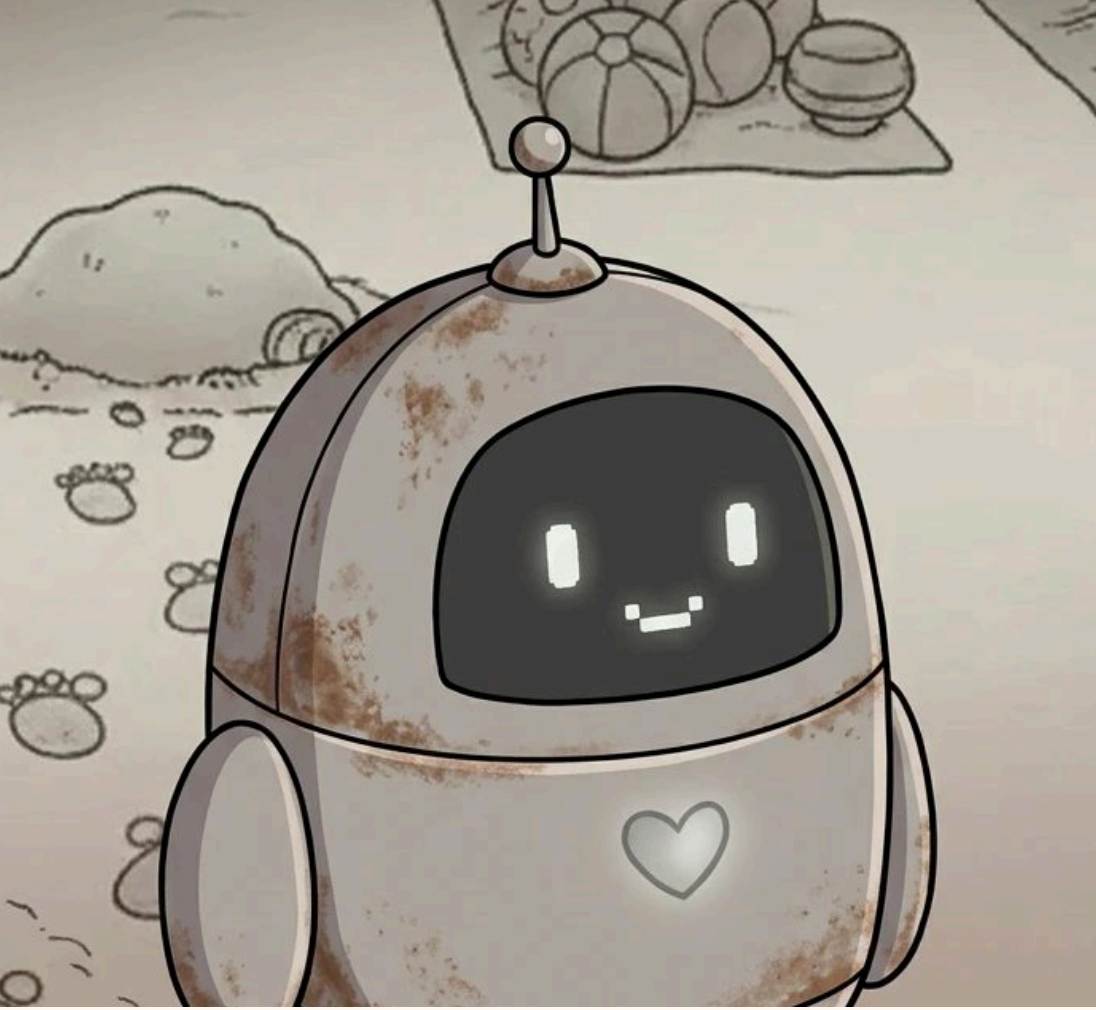


“It's him...”

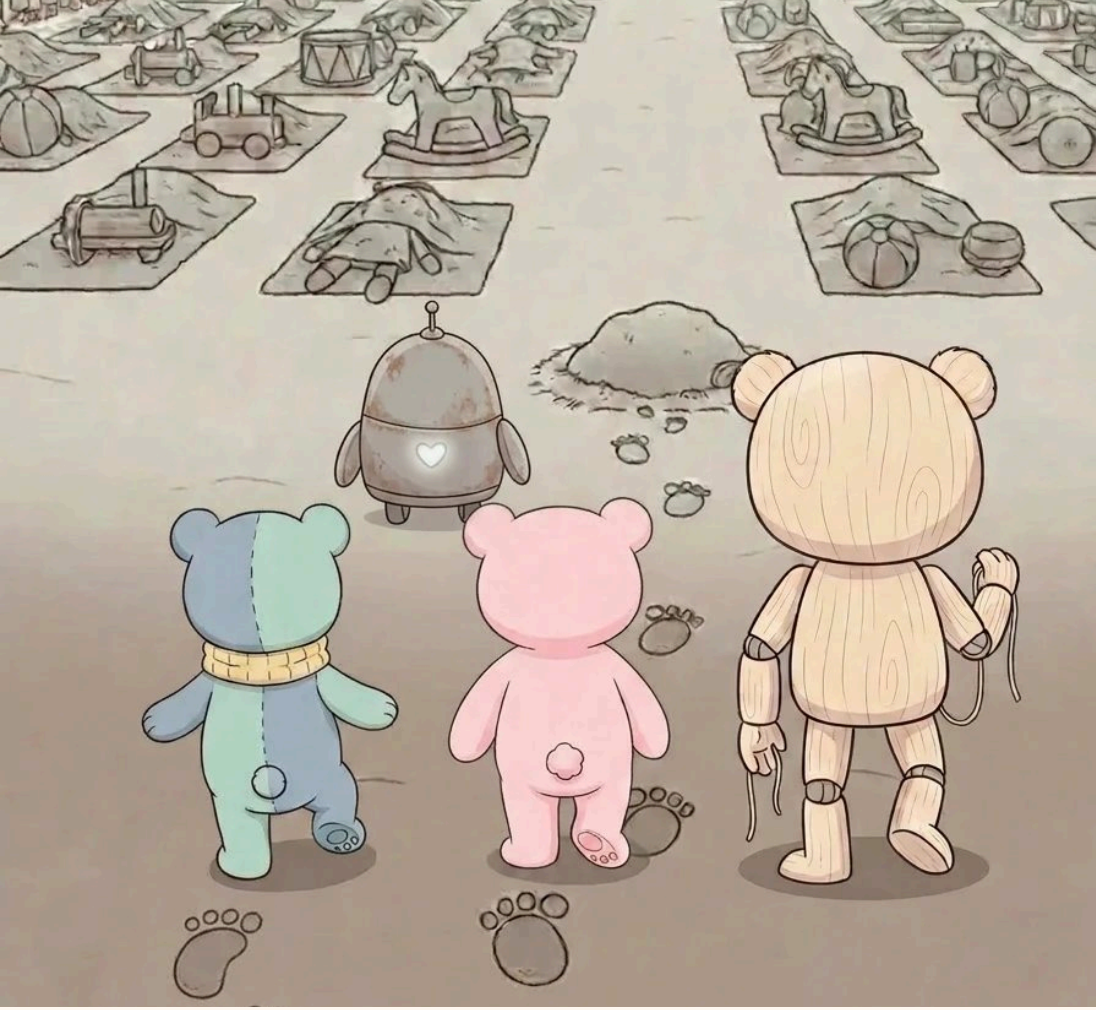


“Karl? You know him...?”

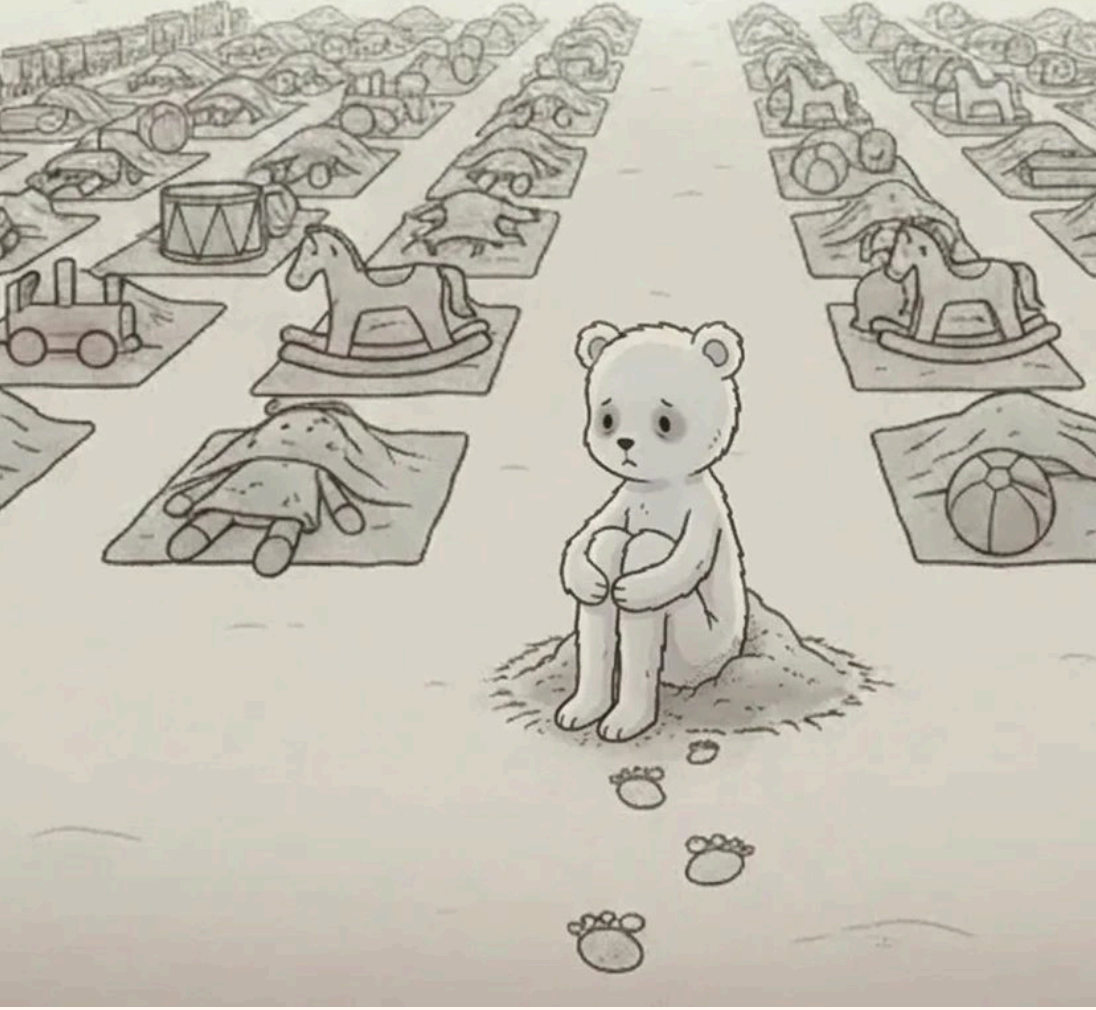
“I saw him once before, Ludik. But I ran away.”



“Bip… LED… low… but… staying.”



The little band followed the tracks, ever so quietly.



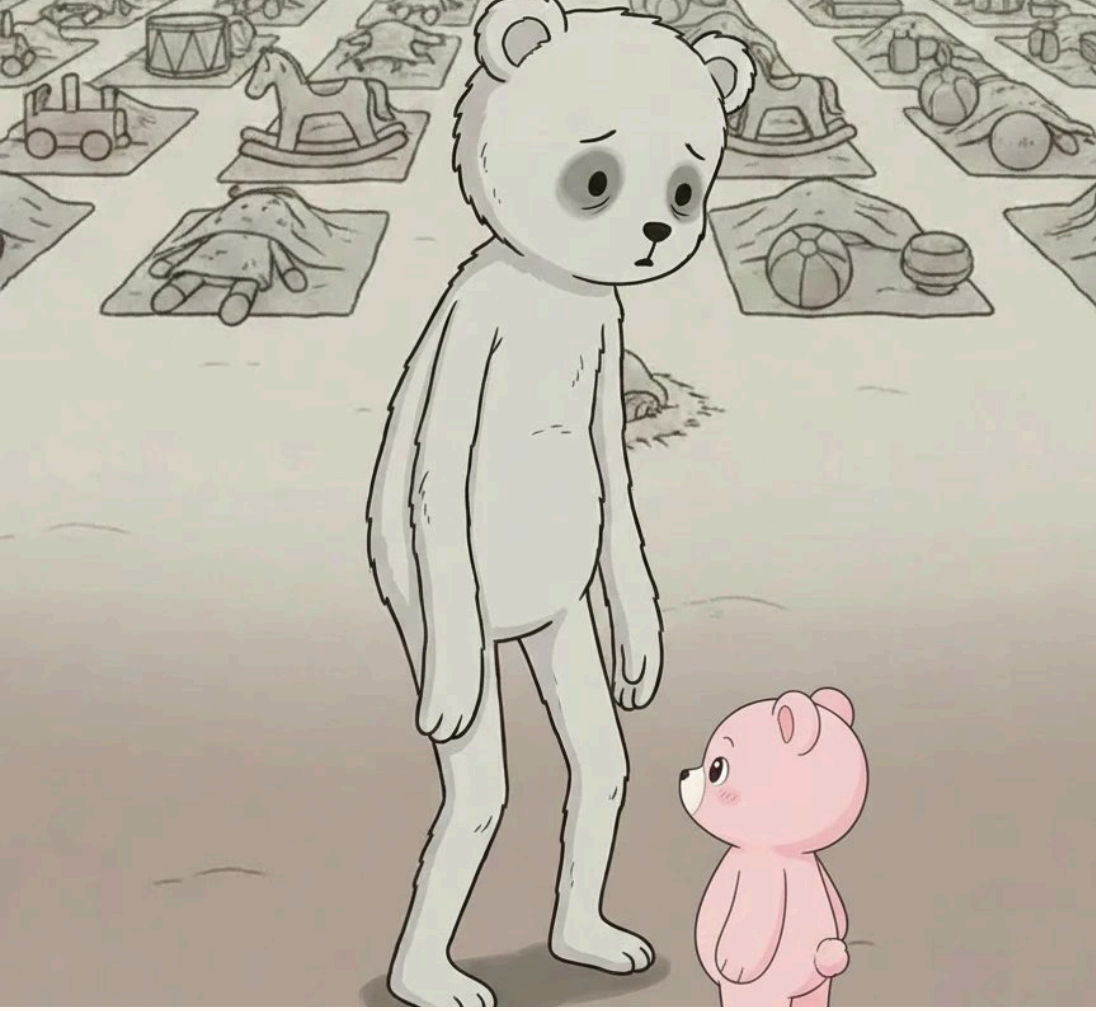
And there... they saw him.

All gray. All soft. And all alone.



“You...”

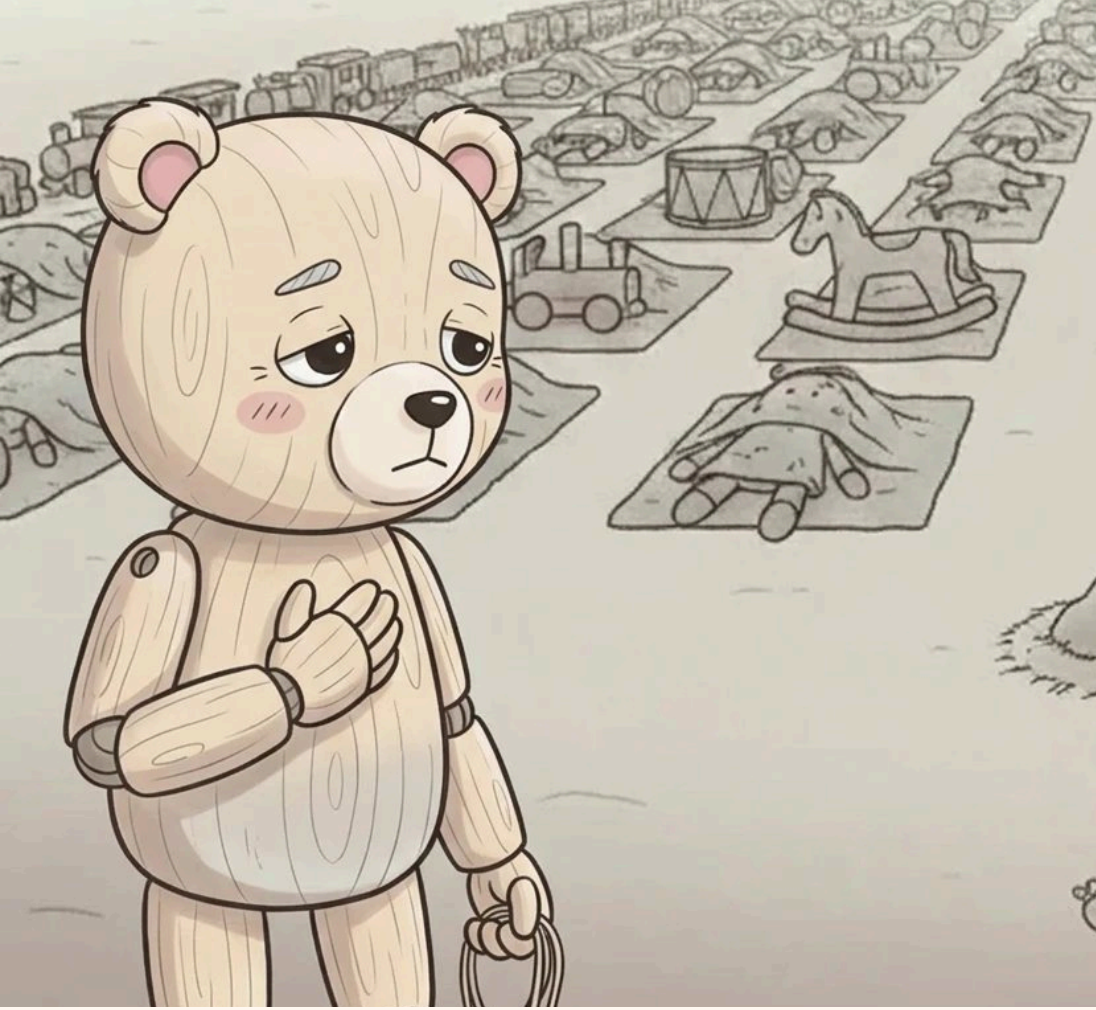
“...you can see me?”



“We see you.”



“No one… saw me anymore.”



“He thinks he's helping. That's... the saddest part.”

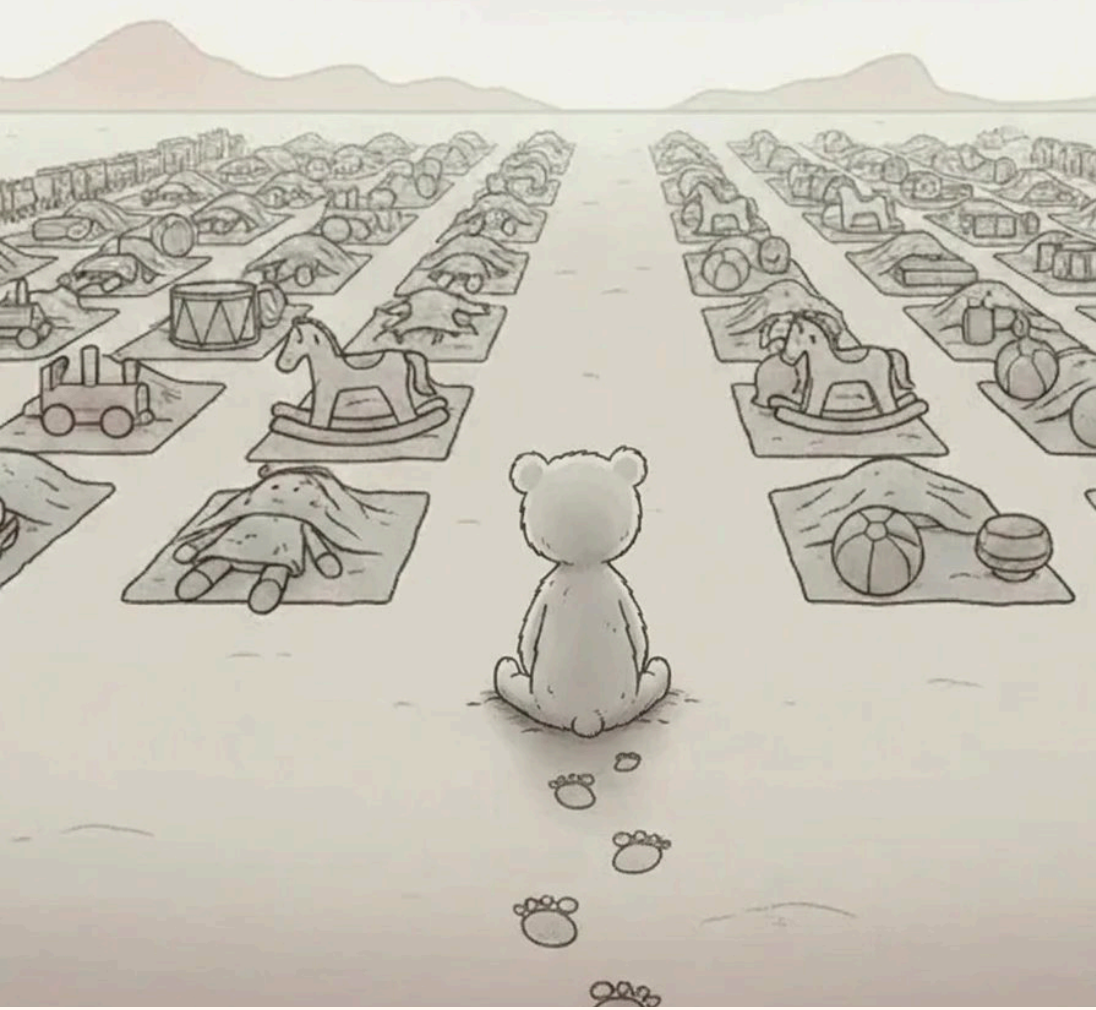


“Who... who do you remember?”



“I... I can't remember.”

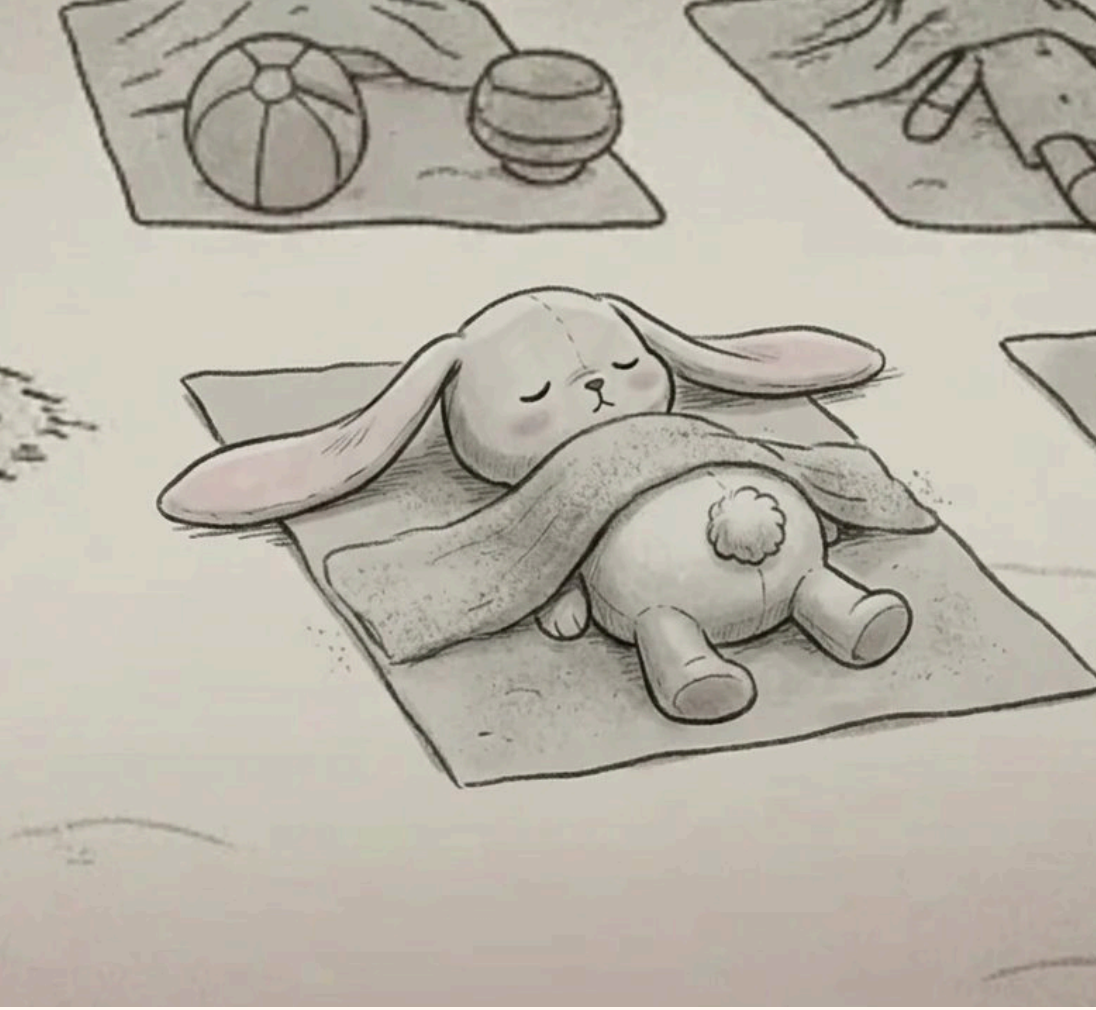
“I protect them.”



“They're alone... like me.”



“...Bunny?”



Mister Bunny... he was there.

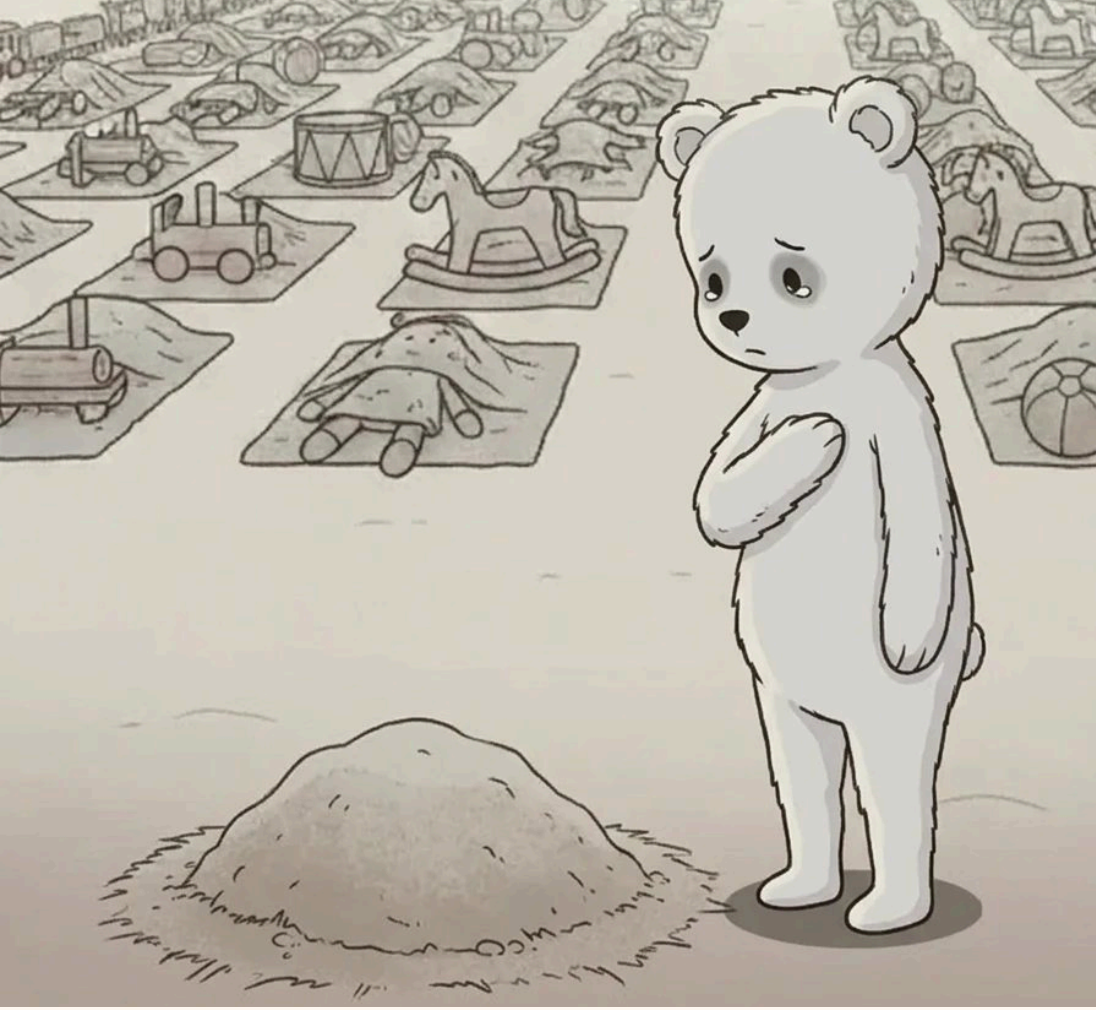


And Ludik held his breath.



“Mister Bunny…”

Something very gentle happened.



“That one… he loved him so much.”

No one spoke. No one dared.



Ludik took a step. Then another.

“My Bunny... it's me.”



“...hello, little one.”



“You... you don't remember?”



“Look... it's us.”

“...this drawing... I know it.”

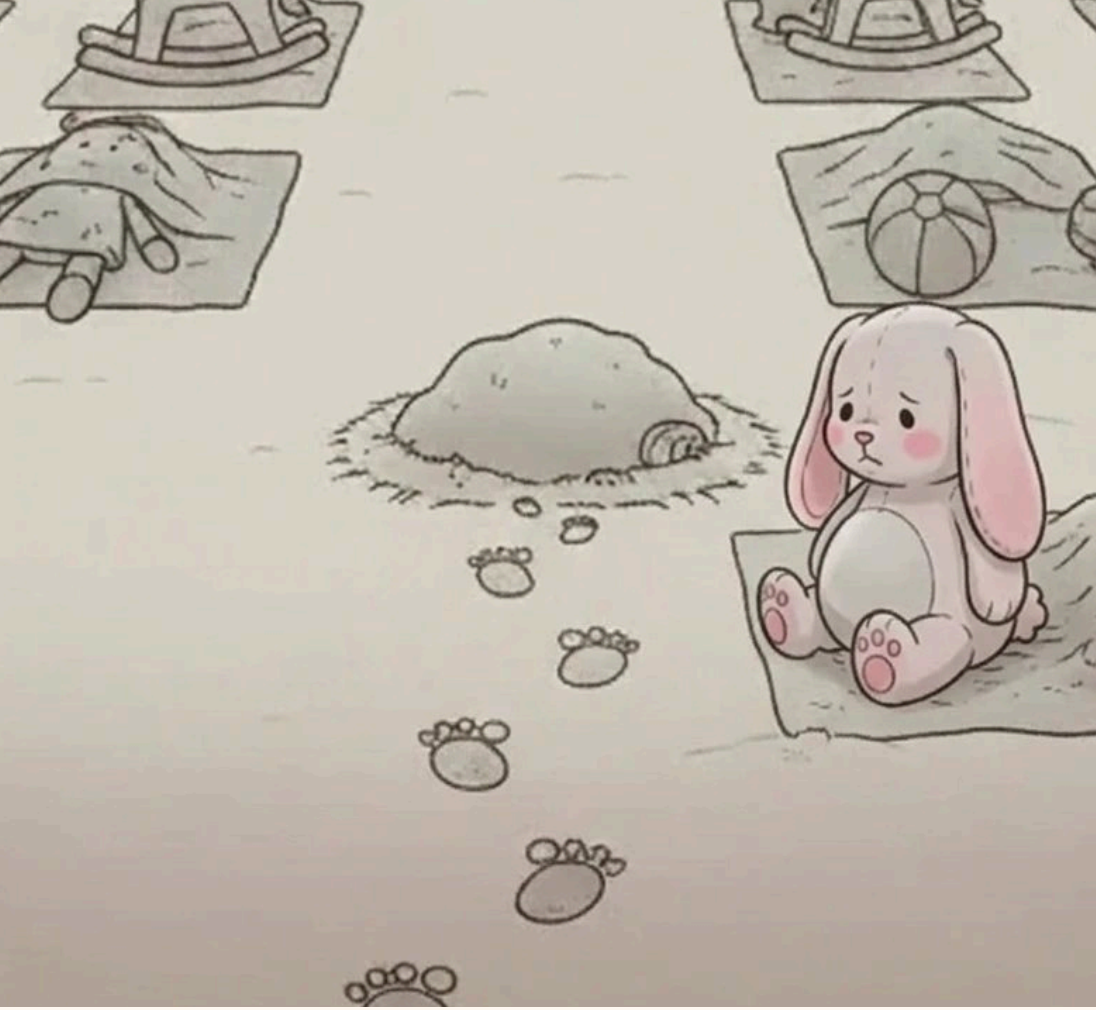


“Ludik... he remembered you anyway.”



“And these… are our nights.”

“…Ludik.”



“You... you were little.”

“The Forgetter... would've taken you.”



“So I... I went in your place.”



“You... you left me... for me?”



“But I... I wanted you to stay.”



Mister Bunny smiled. Very softly.

“Loved toys can say thank you without words.”

“...bip... bip...”

“How do you relight... a friend?”



You have to remember really hard.

“My notebook... I have my notebook.”



“Look, my Bunny. It's us, see?”

“What are you doing, Ludik...?”



“I drew everything. Everything we ever did.”



“Then I'll remember really hard, my Bunny. Really, really hard.”



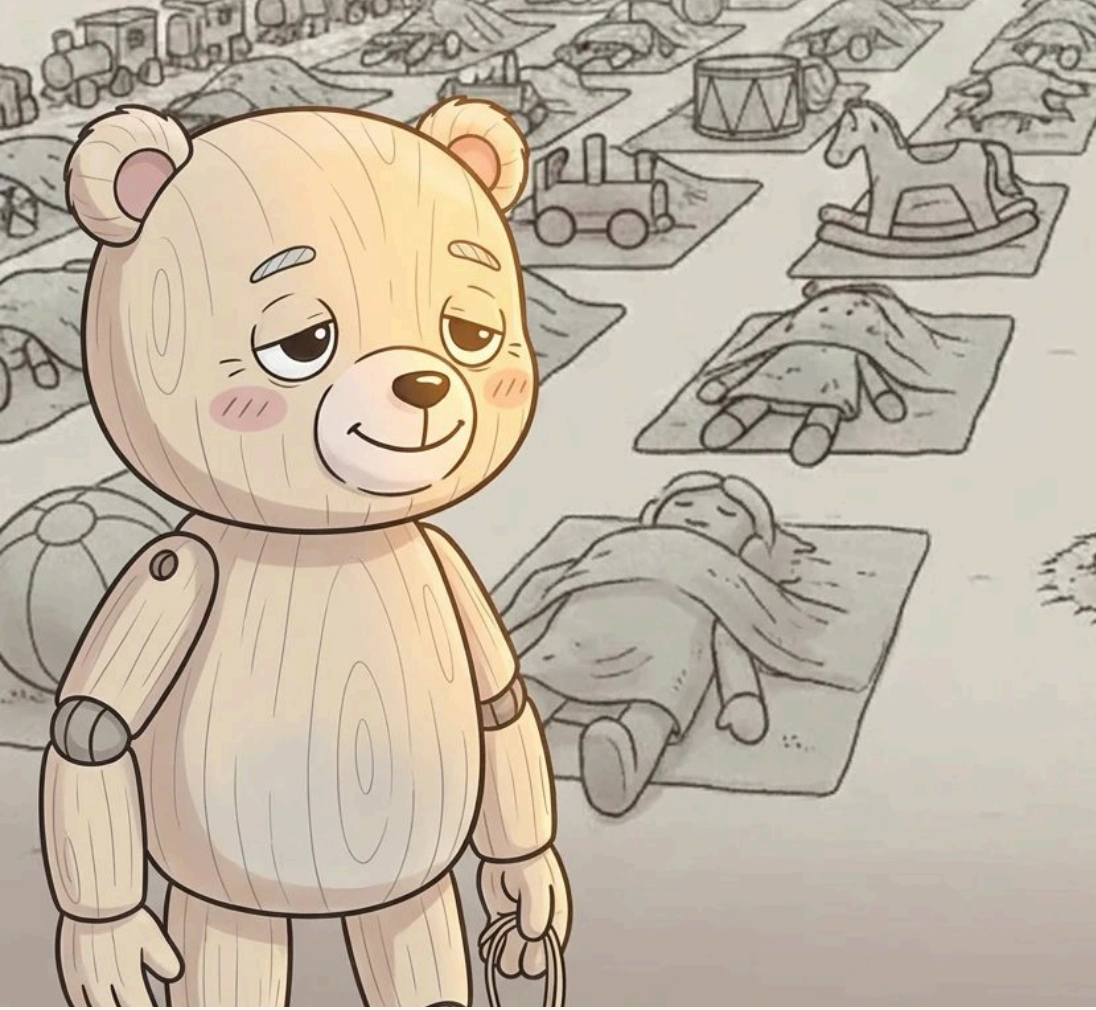
“Remember, my Bunny? The fort under the table.”

“Oh...! Granny, look!”



“Wait... you're the one doing that, Ludik?”

“Bip... does not understand. But it works.”



“Ah... so that's what your pencil is, young one. That's why you never forget.”



“Bath time! Bubbles everywhere! You were laughing.”

“Do you think... I could have, too?”



“And the flashlight, under the blanket.”



“I remember now. You're Ludik. My Ludik.”

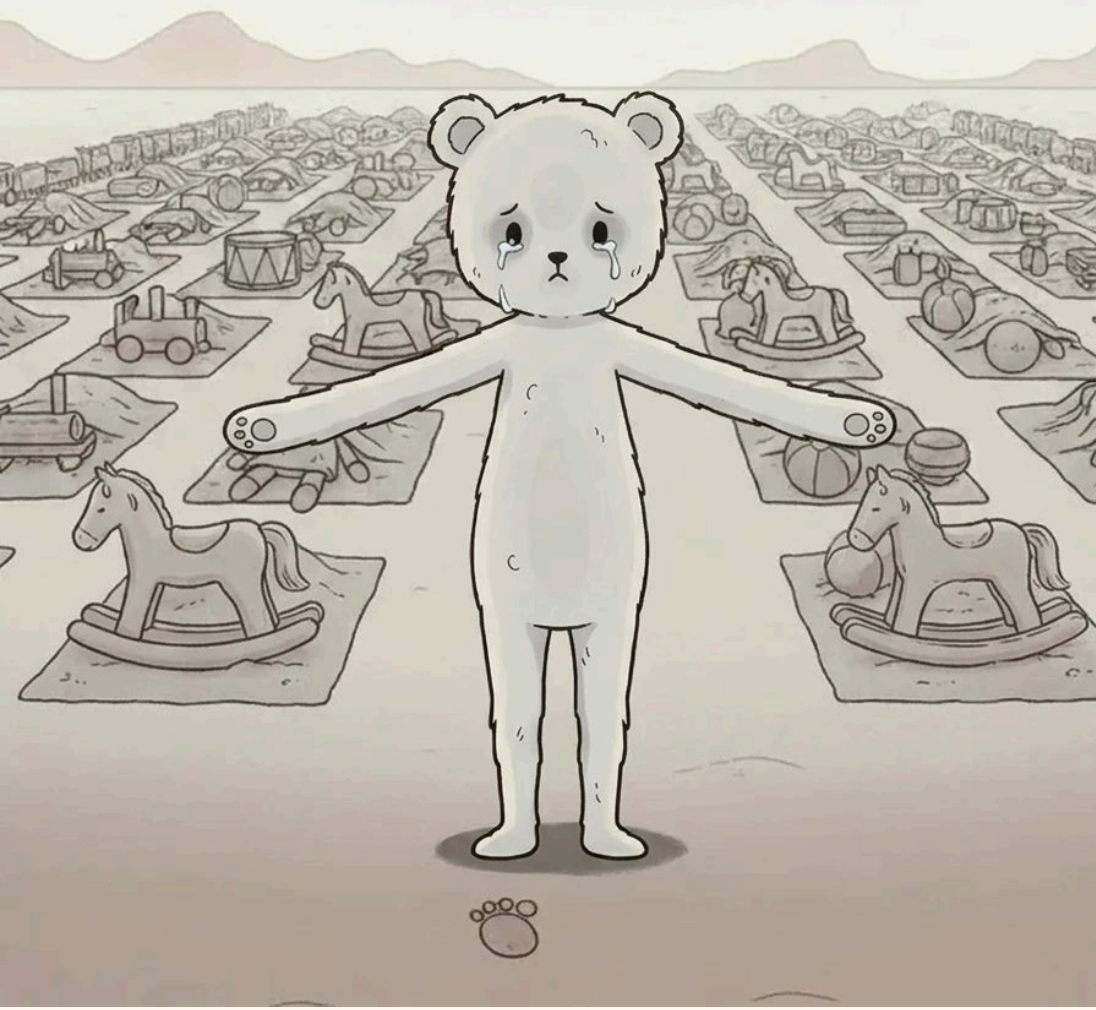


“My Bunny... my Bunny...”

“Keep that notebook safe, young one. It's worth more than this whole Land.”



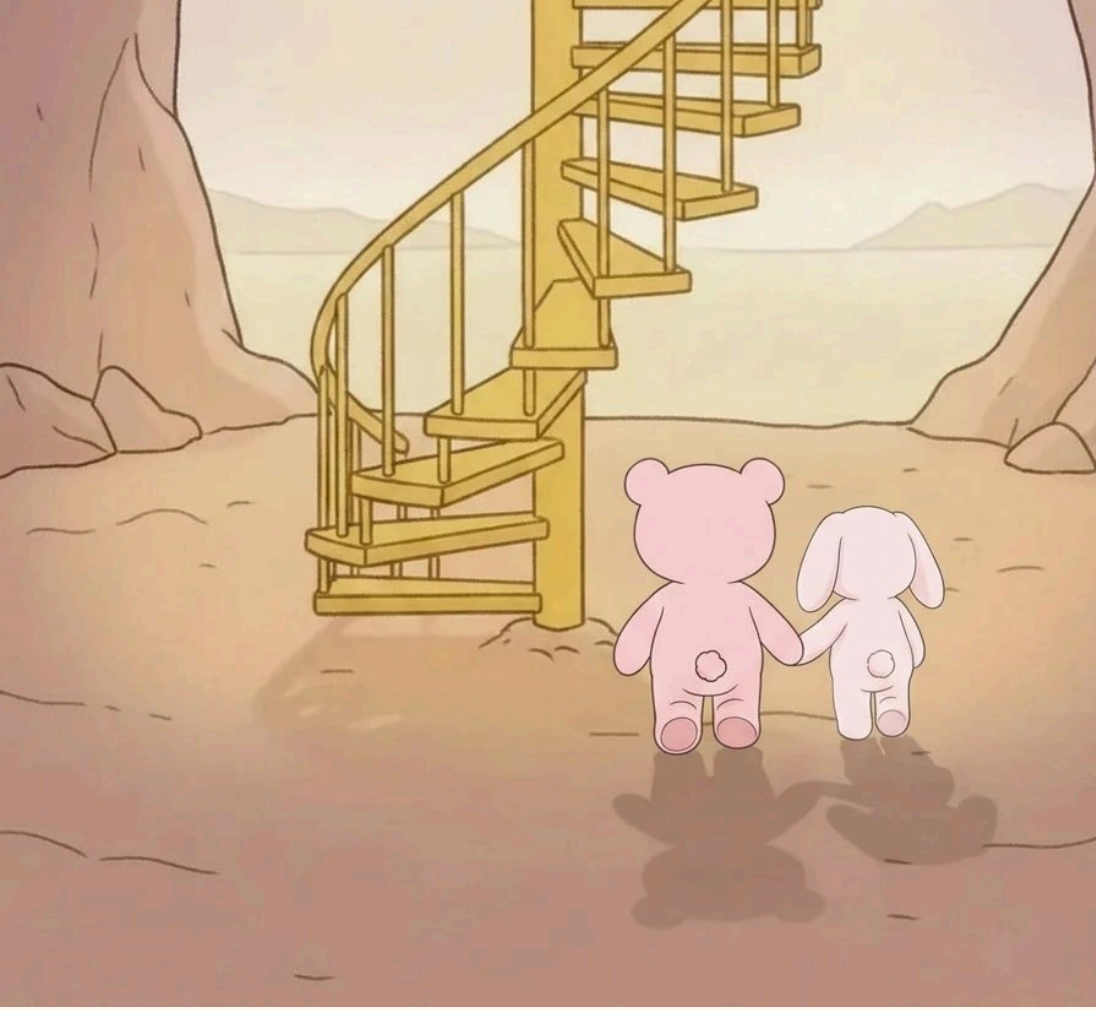
“We're going home, my Bunny. We're going home.”



“Bip! Obstacle... detected. Reroute... impossible.”

“But... he's crying, look.”

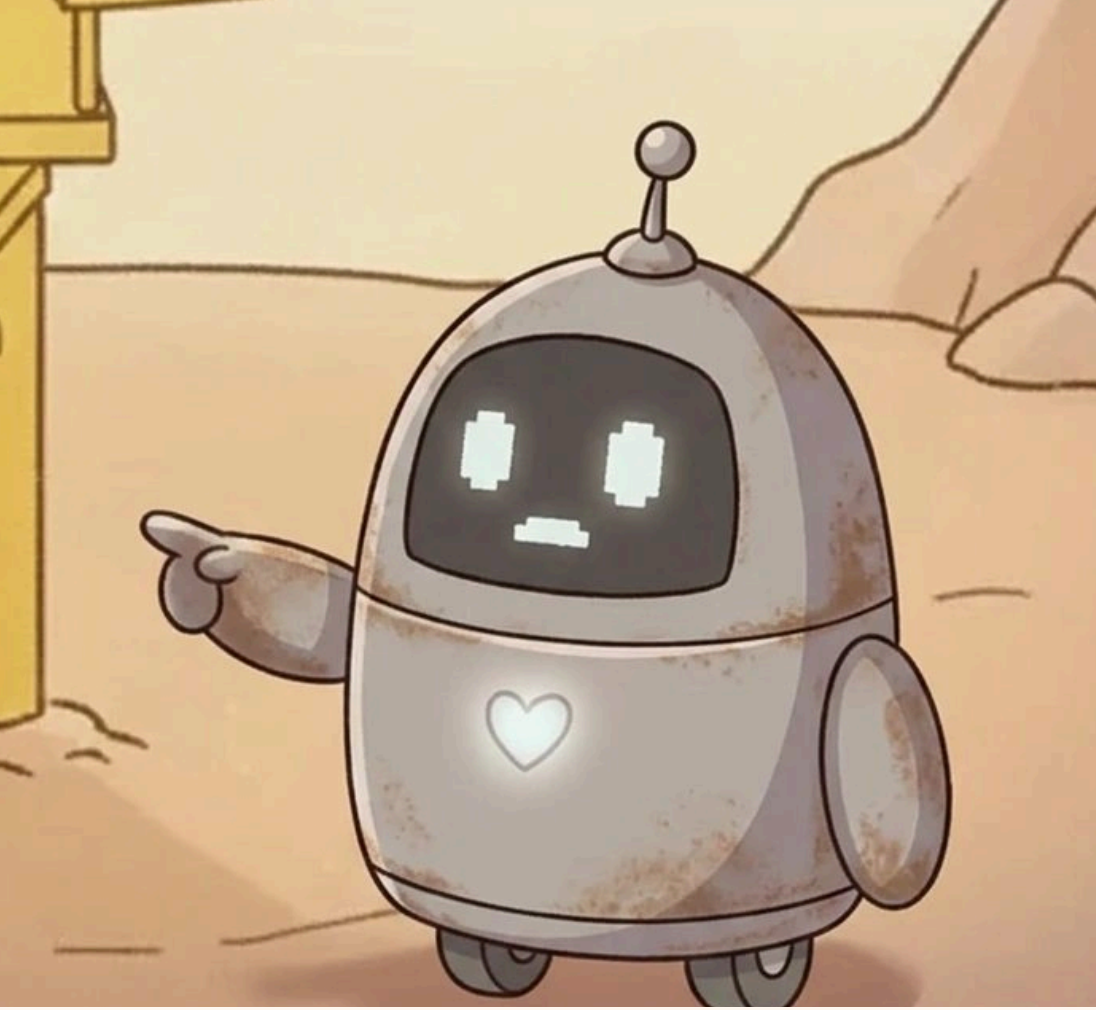
The Forgetter didn't want them to leave. Not yet.



To go home, you have to forgive him.



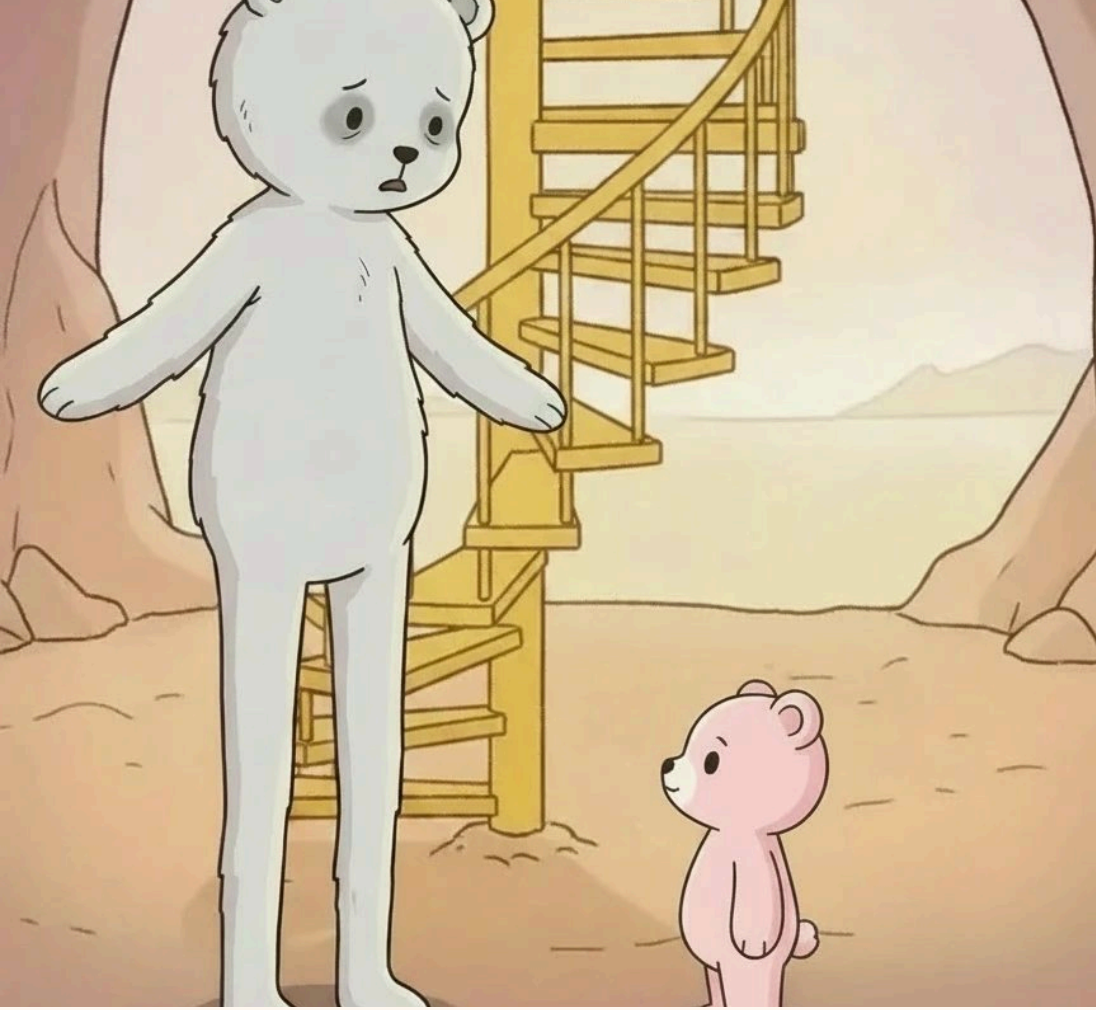
Someone was still waiting for them.



“Bip! Obstacle! Exit... blocked!”



“You… shall not… pass.”



Ludik doesn't step back. He looks at the Forgetter. Really looks.



“You don't want us to leave... because... nobody remembers you anymore?”



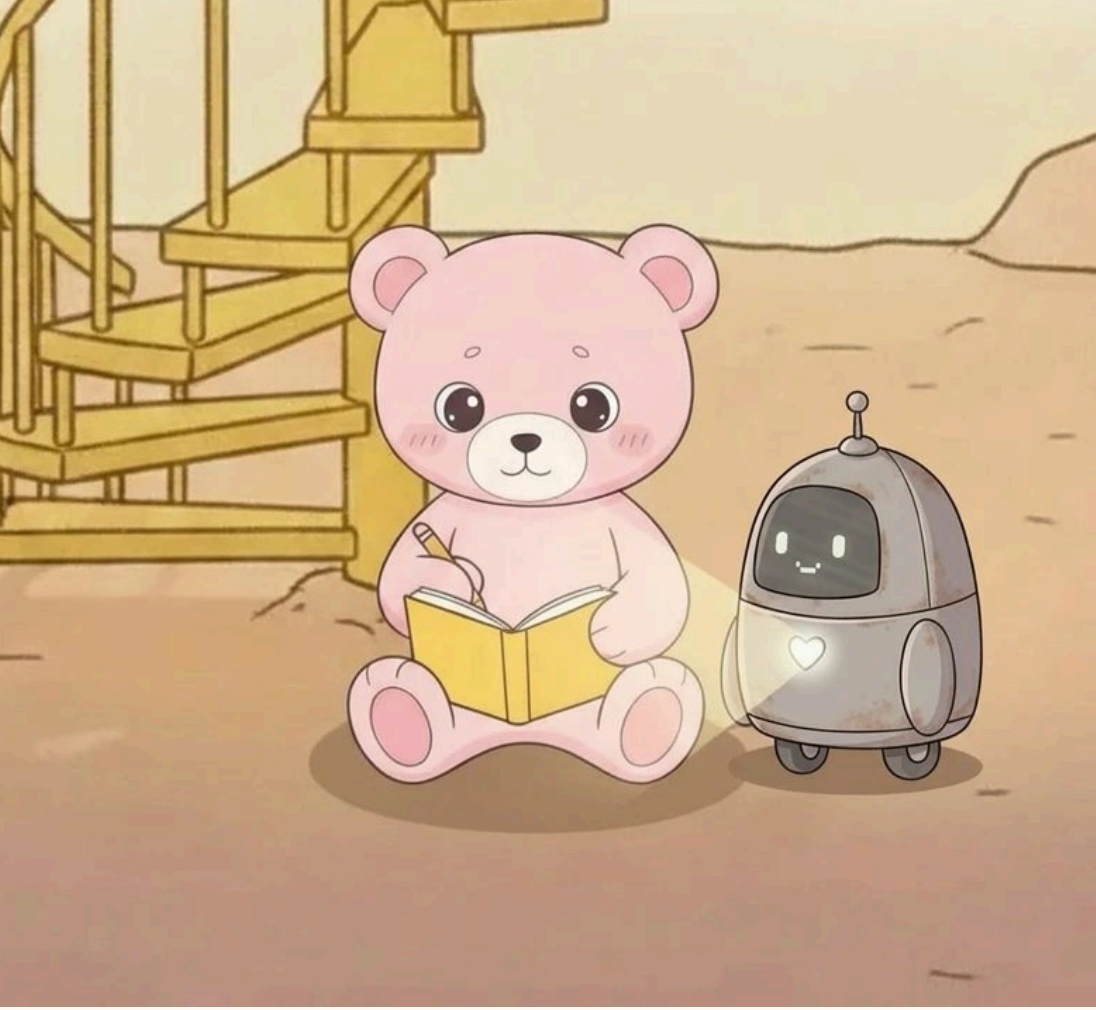
“No one... ever drew me. No one knows... my name.”



“Wait... I'll draw you myself.”



So Ludik sat down on the ground, and he began.



“BIP! Coloring... solution! Light for Ludik!”



“Can I try... too?”



“Here. Write his name for him, Karl.”



Ludik drew gentle eyes... and Karl wrote a name.



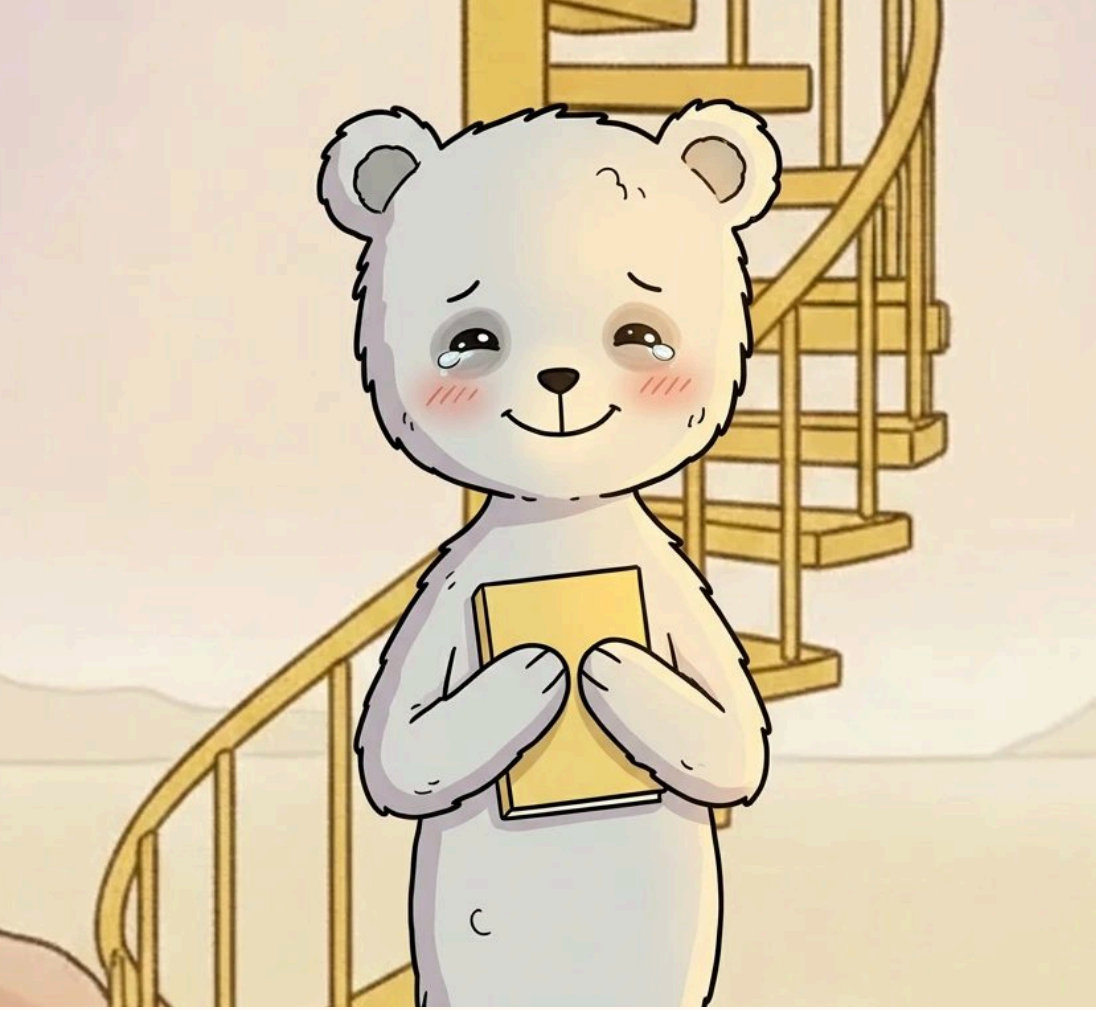
“What you're doing is beautiful, my Ludik.”



Ludik held out the drawing. Very gently.



“Oh... is that... me?”



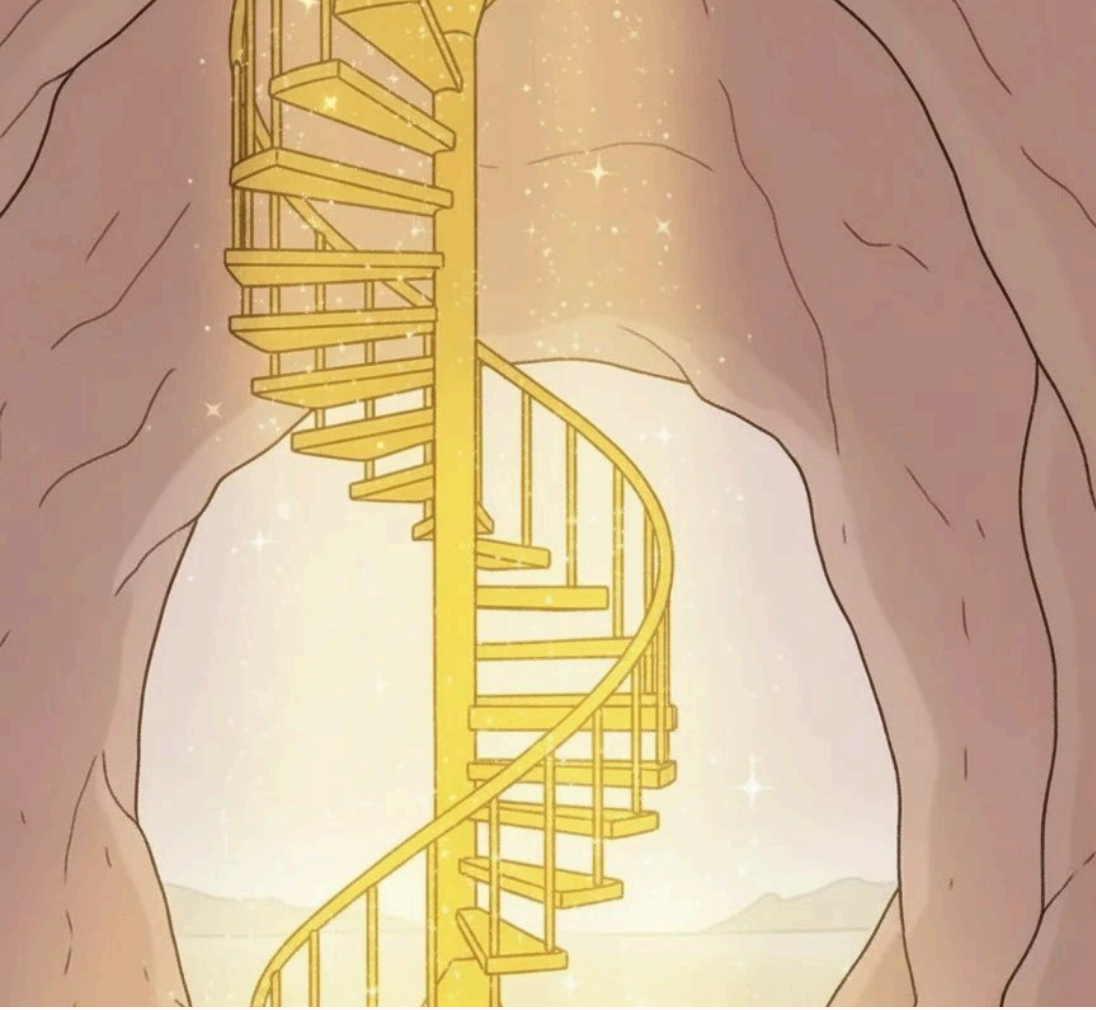
He smiled. For the first time in so very long.



“We just... looked at him. That's how you see someone. Really.”



“Granny... the map... it's still glowing.”



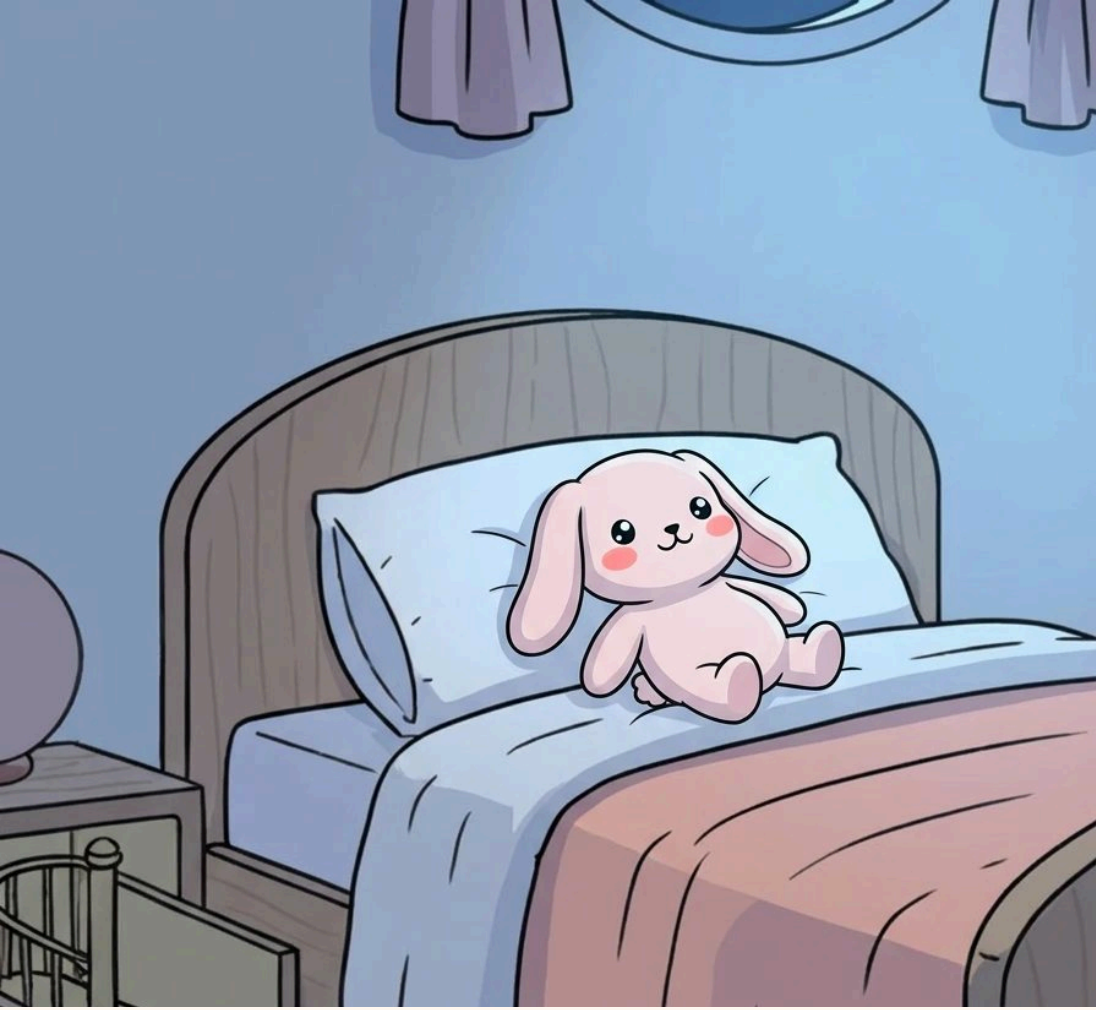
The adventure... was only just beginning.



And the staircase... climbed back up. ...all the way to the little bedroom.



Ludik lays Mister Bunny on the pillow. His colors come back, full and bright.



“Hello, my Ludik.”



“I'm home. And I found a friend. And another. And another.”



A great adventure... always ends with goodbyes.



“I'm going home too.”



“Keep it, Ludik. You'll know what to do.”



“We're staying here, my Ludik. For the next ones.”



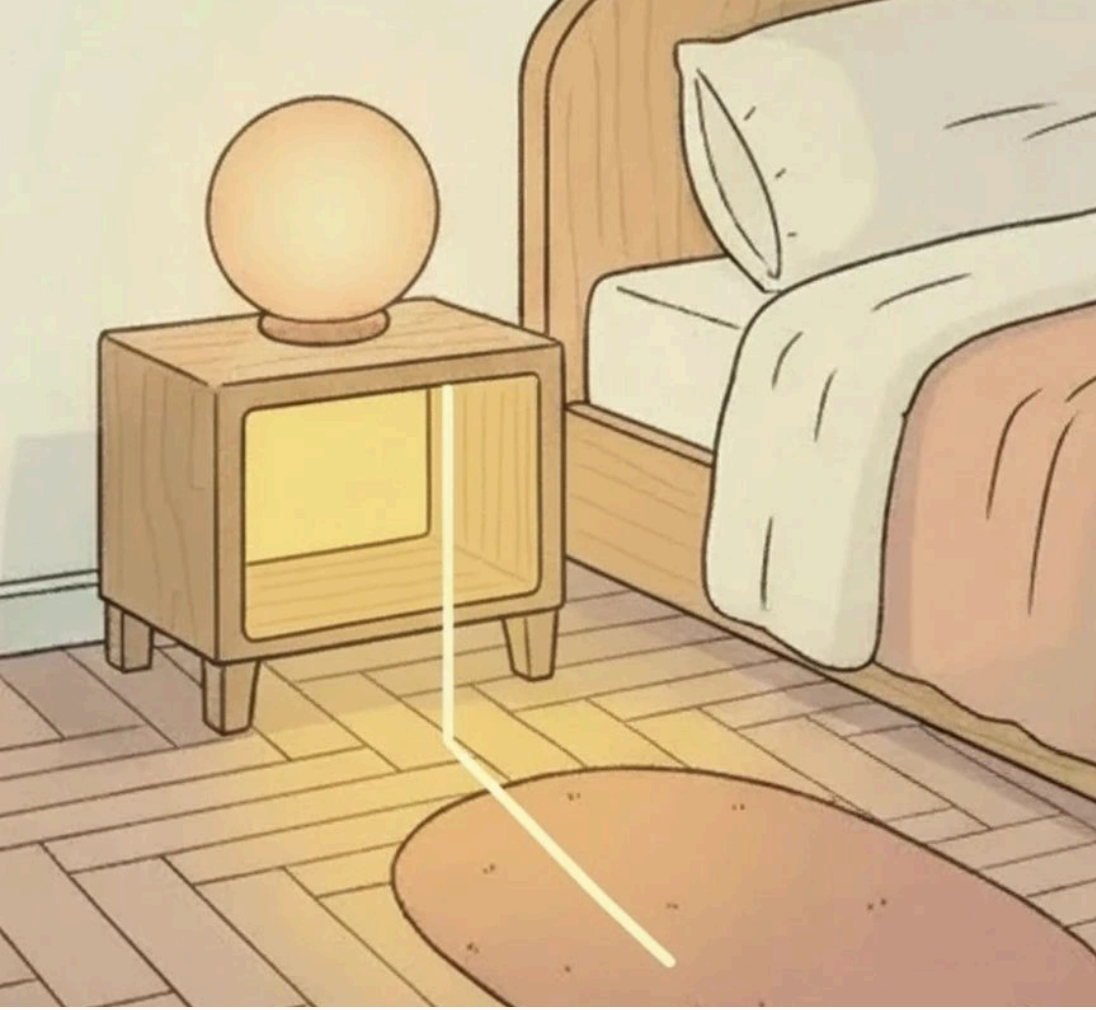
“Bip! Mission: protection! Always!”



Each of them left a little color behind.



“Thank you... little pink teddy bear... who draws...”



And the drawer... closed, ever so gently.



The sun came in through the window.



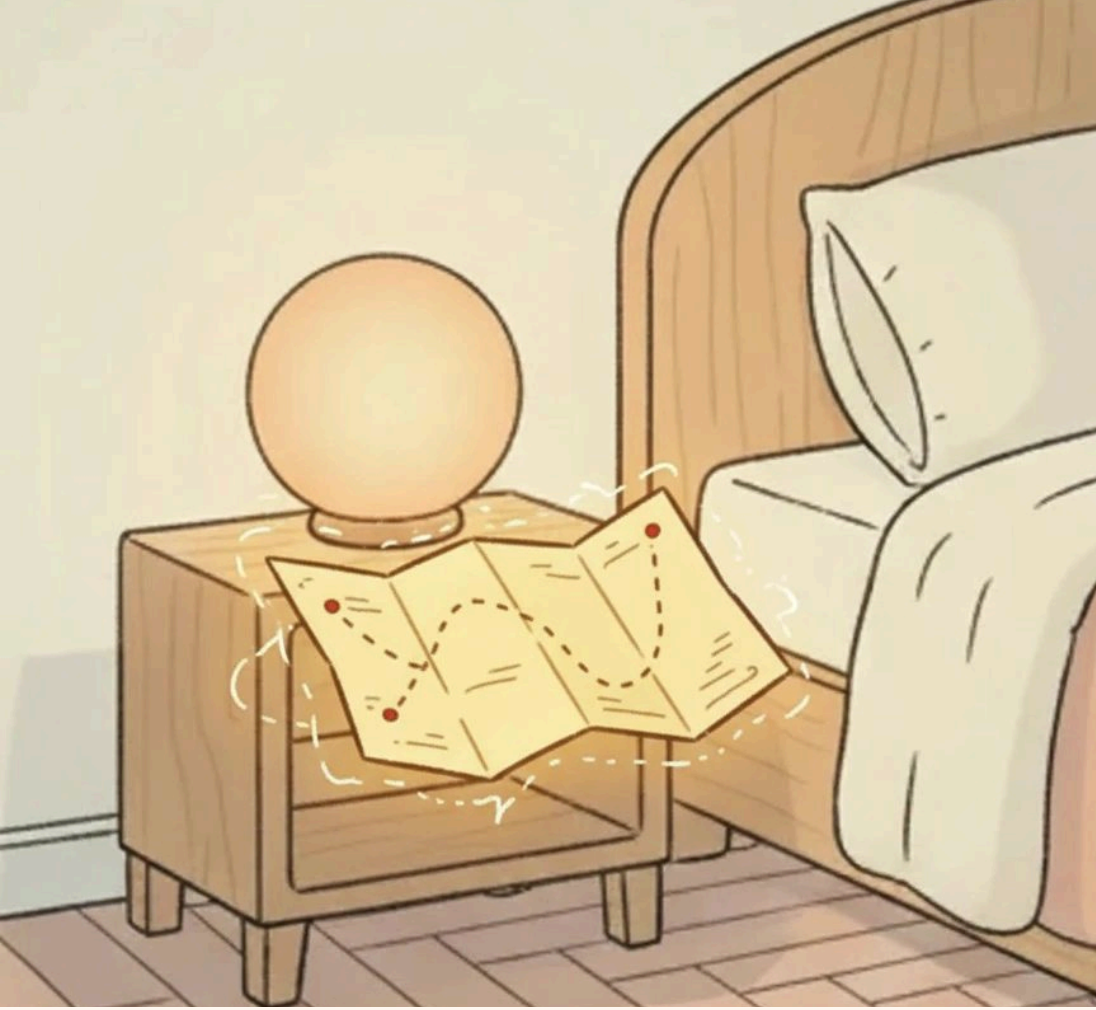
“I'm going to draw you all. So I'll remember.”



“I'm here, my Ludik.”

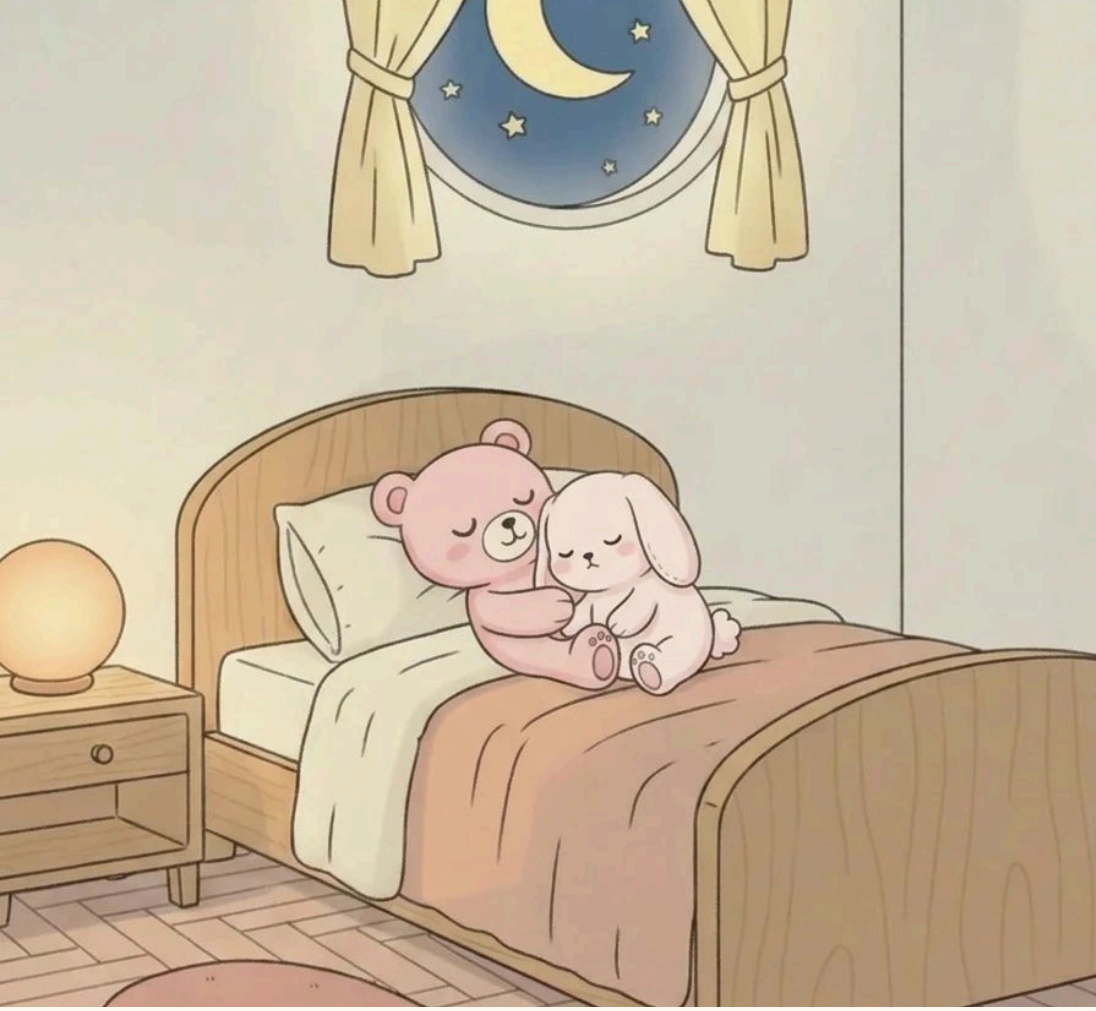


And you... if you're looking for a toy too, for real... Ludik can help you, out there, in the world where you are.



The map began to glow. A faraway voice, deep down below:

“Help... can anyone help me...?”



But that... is another story.

All right. Sleep tight, sweetheart. See you tomorrow.



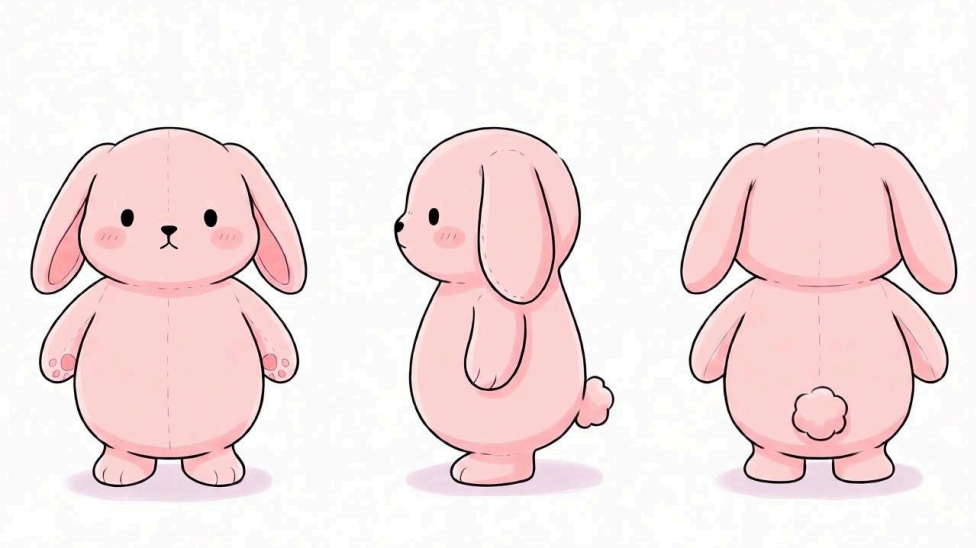
Ludik

The sweetest of all pink teddy bears. He isn't afraid of anything, as long as he has his yellow notebook and his pencil. To him, drawing means remembering really hard.



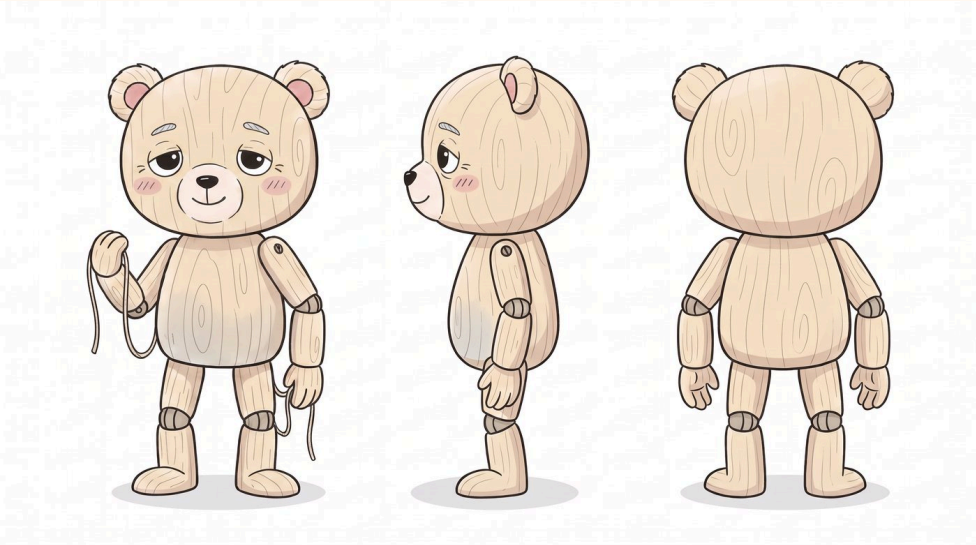
Karl

Ludik's best friend. Blue on one side, mint on the other. He has been keeping a secret for a long time. But one day, he will find the courage to tell it.



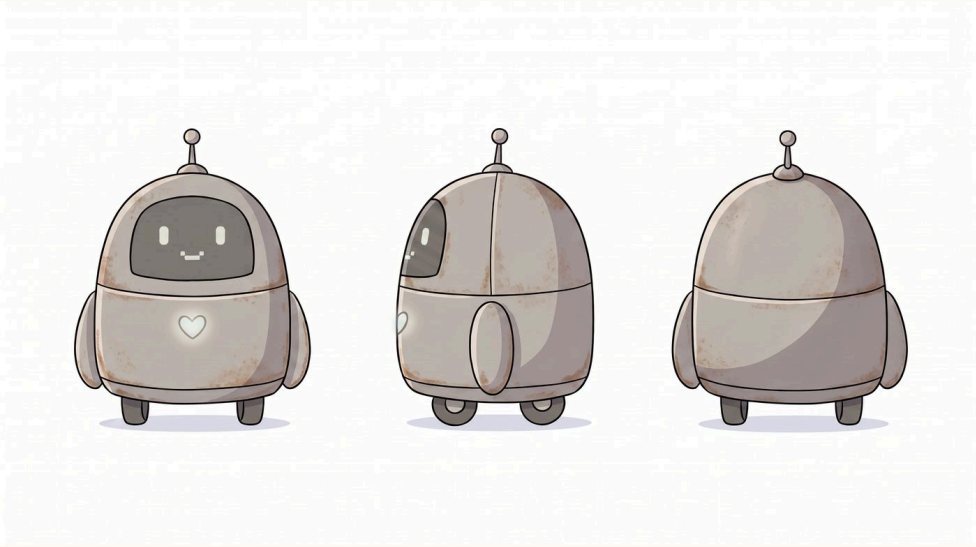
Mister Bunny

Ludik's lost snuggle buddy. When we forget him, his colors fade. When we remember him really hard, they come back.



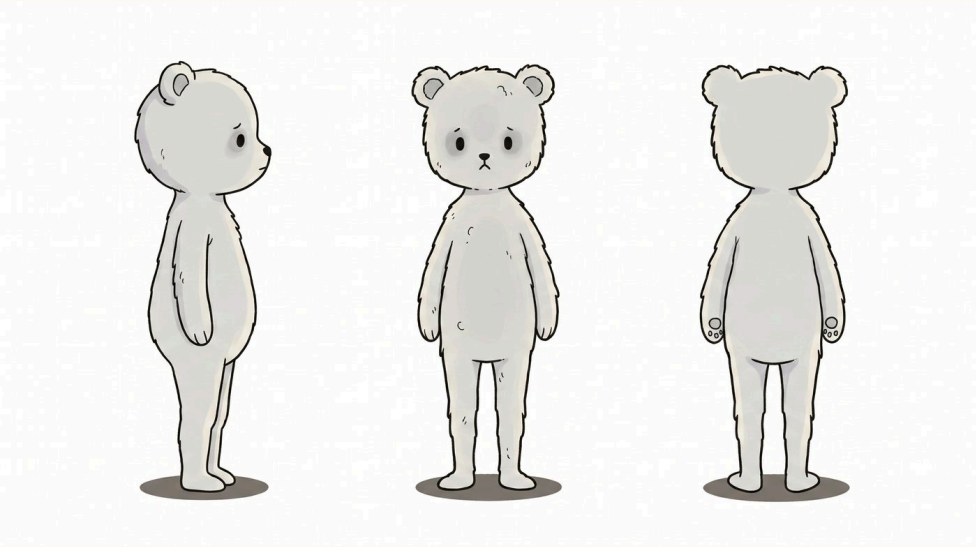
Titi

An old wooden puppet with cut strings. He learned to move all by himself. He speaks in little proverbs. The wisest of the whole band.



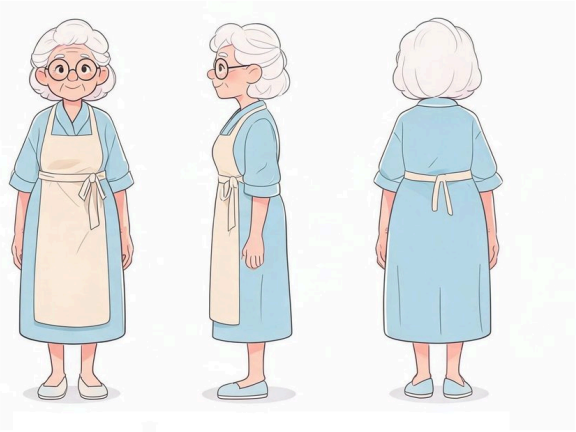
Bip

A little metallic gray robot, a bit rusty, always in a hurry to find a solution. His heart is a light that beats. It never stops, even when he's a little scared.



The Forgetter

A tall gray figure, all blurry. He isn't mean. He's just very lonely, because no one remembered him anymore. Until Ludik saw him. Really saw him.



Granny

And what about her, little one? She's the one who has been telling you this story from the very beginning. Get nice and cozy... she has lots more stories to tell you.