

TIMECODE IN	TIMECODE OUT	SOURCE	DIALOGUE
00:00:11,000	00:00:14,400		Paper people
00:00:16,220	00:00:22,220	Narrator	Hello! Today is June, yesterday was spring and I have nowhere to send a letter again.
00:00:22,220	00:00:27,220	Narrator	But anyway, I'm going to tell you what happened in our Paper city.
00:00:28,000	00:00:33,640	Narrator	According to the schedule, whales bring letters in June and on Wednesdays of spring.
00:00:33,640	00:00:40,520	Narrator	Paper Angel usually heralds everyone about the arrival of the whales, standing on the roof of his attic.
00:00:40,520	00:00:45,920	Narrator	Yesterday began as hundreds of ordinary days before.
00:00:45,920	00:00:52,140	Narrator	By noon, Paper Angel climbed onto the roof, whales appeared on the horizon...
00:00:52,140	00:00:58,700	Narrator	Angel flapped his wings and we all began to wait for the envelopes to fall on the city.
00:00:58,700	00:01:01,460	Narrator	But the whales didn't bring any...
00:01:01,460	00:01:06,900	Narrator	The mail-whales sailed over the roofs of the houses and disappeared high in the sky.
00:01:06,900	00:01:11,820	Narrator	You know, no one writes here because there are no addresses in our city...
00:01:11,820	00:01:14,060	Narrator	But there are a lot of us here...
00:01:14,060	00:01:16,060	Narrator	Us - paper people.
00:01:16,060	00:01:18,500	Narrator	We all lack a few words.
00:01:18,500	00:01:22,460	Narrator	Someone needs words of love to mend his heart.
00:01:22,460	00:01:24,540	Narrator	Someone needs words of farewell, they are good to patch the walls of houses.
00:01:24,860	00:01:29,340	Narrator	It turned out that there are no words stronger...
00:01:29,440	00:01:31,940	Narrator	we are cut from letters and words,
00:01:31,940	00:01:33,940	Narrator	commas and ellipses,
00:01:33,940	00:01:37,020	Narrator	unfinished sentences and silence.
00:01:37,020	00:01:40,220	Narrator	Hardly will you ever visit Paper city
00:01:40,220	00:01:42,780	Narrator	but try to imagine it.
00:01:42,780	00:01:47,620	Narrator	Everything...
00:01:47,620	00:01:51,980	Narrator	Absolutely everything here is made of paper and dead leaves.
00:01:51,980	00:01:56,580	Narrator	Our world is like a herbarium with the only difference that we are like you - alive and completely real.
00:01:57,260	00:02:05,580	Narrator	For example, the July-girl was created from the petals of a bouquet that one lover was going to give to his fiancée...
00:02:05,580	00:02:11,180	Narrator	But his fiancée did not come on a date
00:02:11,180	00:02:13,540	Narrator	and since then the words have settled in his heart.
00:02:13,540	00:02:21,940	Narrator	He wrote them over and over again.
00:02:21,940	00:02:30,380	Narrator	So that the mail-whales would take away his pain, thirst and tenderness.
00:02:30,380	00:02:34,740	Narrator	Devastating his broken heart...
00:02:34,740	00:02:40,100	Narrator	That is why the July-girl until yesterday
00:02:40,100	00:02:45,500	Narrator	was woven only from flower petals and vain expectation.
00:02:45,500	00:02:48,940	Narrator	Yesterday changed a lot for Storyteller as well.
00:02:48,940	00:02:53,300	Narrator	If only you know how many fairy tales his eyes and hands have captured.
00:02:53,300	00:02:58,740	Narrator	His old jacket thrown over his stooped shoulders and even his pipe
00:02:58,740	00:03:01,260	Narrator	which he keeps in the corners of his lips out of old habit.
00:03:01,260	00:03:04,580	Narrator	Paper Angel lives on the highest house under the roof.
00:03:04,580	00:03:12,380	Narrator	Thus Paper people named him for the wings that he cut out of a cold love.
00:03:12,380	00:03:18,020	Narrator	He carries them everywhere
00:03:18,020	00:03:25,180	Narrator	in the hope of soaring up on them.
00:03:25,180	00:03:27,620	Narrator	Far far away.
00:03:27,620	00:03:34,900	Narrator	To the place where the world is full of vivid, not arid words.
00:03:34,900	00:03:39,580	Narrator	Sailor spends most of his time in a hammock above the foam of paper waves.
00:03:39,580	00:03:48,820	Narrator	He could tell you about the oceans, the horizons,
00:03:48,820	00:03:51,220	Narrator	the masts and the lighthouses that call you to live.
00:03:51,220	00:03:58,300	Narrator	But Sailor has his own sorrows.
00:03:58,300	00:04:00,620	Narrator	He remembers the oceans.
00:04:00,620	00:04:03,060	Narrator	From there, telegrams on salted papers reached home, where there was no one to get them
00:04:03,060	00:04:08,780	Narrator	Yesterday morning, Singer, opened the window at dawn
00:04:08,780	00:04:13,780	Narrator	and heard the voice of a sailor
00:04:13,780	00:04:26,100	Narrator	"Love you STOP meet in Kronstadt STOP arrival..."
00:04:26,100	00:04:30,180	Narrator	Singer knows the chords of songs
00:04:30,180	00:04:39,460	Narrator	all to one, but as her guitar lacks strings,
00:04:39,460	00:04:43,540	Narrator	so she lacks rhyme.
00:04:43,540	00:04:48,500	Narrator	They were washed away during the flood
00:04:48,500	00:04:53,140	Narrator	all verses drowned in the Neva
00:04:53,140	00:04:57,420	Narrator	on the day when pieces of her silent song were brought to the paper city.
00:04:57,420	00:04:59,820	Narrator	Star-girl who often passes under my windows crossing the square
00:04:59,820	00:05:08,700	Narrator	remembers the existence of stars because her hands,
00:05:08,700	00:05:15,660	Narrator	dress and even her hat, tell about Tau Ceti
00:05:15,660	00:05:24,100	Narrator	twinkling in the evenings, and in the mornings they shining like Venus.
00:05:24,100	00:05:28,820	Narrator	She knows for sure
00:05:28,820	00:05:32,300	Narrator	there is something alive, unbearable, scorching in the world outside of the Paper city.
00:05:32,300	00:05:37,340	Narrator	This is something huge or very tiny.
00:05:37,340	00:05:40,820	Narrator	Artist often walks along the streets
00:05:40,820	00:05:45,260	Narrator	and no room left in her briefcase for even a tiny sketch.
00:05:45,260	00:05:52,140	Narrator	But everything, captured on the album pages,
00:05:52,140	00:05:55,940	Narrator	repeats again and again
00:05:55,940	00:06:01,940	Narrator	She couldn't find anything new to draw on the frills of her paper raincoat
00:06:01,940	00:06:07,060	Narrator	or on the skirt of her dress.
00:06:07,060	00:06:13,500	Narrator	Now, when you know my friends,
00:06:13,500	00:06:16,900	Narrator	I will tell you the story...
00:06:16,900	00:06:21,420	Narrator	Here, above the roofs of the city,
00:06:21,420	00:06:25,020	Narrator	Angel was the first to see whales and the first to feel the wind
00:06:25,020	00:06:31,780	Narrator	It was something new, unlike any other feeling.
00:06:31,780	00:06:37,940	Narrator	For the first time Angel's wings became so light
00:06:37,940	00:06:43,500	Narrator	that he found himself flying over the roof of the July-girl's house.
00:06:43,500	00:06:48,500	Narrator	He didn't have enough time to admire her
00:06:48,500	00:06:53,140	Narrator	when a fuss began on the Paper square.
00:06:53,140	00:06:57,420	Narrator	We all were watching the wind carrying a matchbox to the centre of the square.
00:06:57,420	00:07:03,060	Narrator	Storyteller made us step back,
00:07:03,060	00:07:07,060	Narrator	"Be careful, the wind has brought a bad luck."
00:07:07,060	00:07:13,500	Narrator	How scared we were!
00:07:13,500	00:07:16,900	Narrator	Somebody whispered, "Matches, these are matches..."
00:07:16,900	00:07:21,420	Narrator	Until yesterday, almost no one knew about matches in our city.
00:07:21,420	00:07:25,020	Narrator	What are they and why do we need to beware them
00:07:25,020	00:07:31,780	Narrator	and then Storyteller gathered us and led us to the outskirts.
00:07:31,780	00:07:37,940	Narrator	From here you could see the Big word
00:07:37,940	00:07:43,500	Narrator	the world where words are spoken,
00:07:43,500	00:07:48,500	Narrator	books are written and thousands of letters remain unanswered.
00:07:48,500	00:07:53,140	Narrator	Storyteller drew back the curtain, there, was towering a dusty glass

00:06:37,940	00:06:44,500	Narrator	a thin, fragile border of worlds,
00:06:44,500	00:06:48,220	Narrator	which the wind miraculously managed to overcome.
00:06:48,220	00:06:56,380	Narrator	throwing his terrible gift over it.
00:06:56,380	00:07:01,260	Narrator	and Storyteller told us, "Look what is happening in the world, you all dream of so much."
00:07:01,260	00:07:05,460	Narrator	"Look, Sailor, what the oceans are doing."
00:07:05,460	00:07:11,260	Narrator	We saw how the waves were washing away entire cities.
00:07:11,260	00:07:19,140	Narrator	One picture was more terrible than another and now fires were burning in front of us.
00:07:19,140	00:07:30,020	Narrator	Storyteller pointed at the square, where the matchbox was,
00:07:30,020	00:07:34,180	Narrator	"That's, what's hidden in this box."
00:07:34,180	00:07:41,940	Narrator	"Look, just one spark is enough
00:07:41,940	00:07:44,780	Narrator	to turn everything into smoke. Just like there, in the real world, that you dearly love."
00:07:44,780	00:07:52,140	Narrator	Flames were devouring the city.
00:07:52,140	00:07:57,100	Narrator	The fire was dancing through the streets and forests, throwing trees to the ground, painting everything with a scarlet flame
00:07:57,100	00:08:04,580	Narrator	and it seemed that it was about to get to us.
00:08:04,580	00:08:09,740	Narrator	We were so scared that only a few of us listened to the Storyteller's to the end.
00:08:09,740	00:08:11,620	Narrator	While we were looking at the world with its big water, fire and wind.
00:08:11,620	00:08:13,300	Narrator	Angel, who would have thought, went to the square to look into the matchbox.
00:08:13,300	00:08:20,220	Narrator	"Don't touch it!",
00:08:20,220	00:08:24,820	Narrator	July-girl screamed, but it was too late.
00:08:24,820	00:08:26,220	Narrator	Angel opened the matchbox
00:08:26,220	00:08:29,100	Narrator	and we froze.
00:08:29,100	00:08:37,380	Narrator	"One spark...",
00:08:37,380	00:08:42,380	Narrator	Storyteller's warning echoed over the city.
00:08:42,380	00:08:49,820	Narrator	Angel looked into the box and looked at us with a smile.
00:08:49,820	00:08:54,420	Narrator	"Look!"
00:08:54,420	00:08:58,180	Narrator	at the bottom of the box were small, white seeds
00:08:58,180	00:09:03,980	Narrator	completely harmless, dried, unknown seeds.
00:09:03,980	00:09:07,260	Narrator	Angel stretched out his hand and took one seed from a handful of seeds
00:09:07,260	00:09:11,980	Narrator	telling you straight, it was the very seed that has changed everything
00:09:11,980	00:09:18,140	Narrator	Surely, something like this has happened in your life, right?
00:09:18,140	00:09:23,700	Narrator	Angel reached out to July-girl.
00:09:23,700	00:09:26,140	Narrator	This seed turned into a tiny, green, sprout.
00:09:26,140	00:09:29,420	Narrator	Real, living sprout...
00:09:29,420	00:09:35,420	Narrator	Nobody has ever seen such a thing before.
00:09:35,420	00:09:41,860	Narrator	July-girl understood, for the first time, that she is going to cry
00:09:41,860	00:09:53,460	Narrator	but, we-Paper people must not cry even of the delight.
00:09:53,460	00:10:03,820	Narrator	Delight turned into fear.
00:10:03,820	00:10:09,340	Narrator	July-girl embraced the sprout,
00:10:09,340	00:10:17,860	Narrator	"It needs water, without water he will die, right?"
00:10:17,860	00:10:22,580	Narrator	Angel turned out to be an amazing braveheart. He smiled and said,
00:10:22,580	00:10:25,900	Narrator	"The day is drawing to its close and most of all we all need dreams, both we and this sprout. And in the morning we will certainly work it out
00:10:25,900	00:10:30,220	Narrator	."
00:10:30,220	00:10:37,340	Narrator	Before going to bed, the July-girl had hidden the sprout into a dusty, paper flowerpot which she had found in the corner of the yard
00:10:37,340	00:10:42,620	Narrator	and this morning a new resident appeared in the city.
00:10:42,620	00:10:49,100	Narrator	The sprout had stretched out during the night and was now looking curiously at the city and its inhabitants, and we were looking at it.
00:10:49,100	00:10:53,000	Narrator	None of us knew what to do with this creature.
00:10:53,000	00:10:59,000	Narrator	Is it going to die?
00:10:59,000	00:11:05,000	Narrator	A tear rolled down July-girl's cheek.
00:11:05,000	00:11:07,000	Narrator	Angel was afraid more than anything that one day it might not become his July-girl.
00:11:07,000	00:11:08,660	Narrator	At that moment he knew that he was going to set off on a big journey
00:11:08,660	00:11:10,660	Narrator	and while we were admiring the sprout, gossiping and wondering what awaits it and us
00:11:10,660	00:11:17,620	Narrator	Angel went to the glass border.
			We didn't know how it happened, but the whales arrived and we got a letter.
			Angel wrote to us that a tender July rain would soon visit us.
			Now, we can often hear rustling leaves.
			A living rustle.
			A whisper telling about a miracle.
			What is alive does not dissolve,
			go out, fade or pass.