

The Cabin

By: Janosz Korczak

My cabin stood far from the road.

I didn't hear the rumbling of the cart wheels going to the city market, nor the shouts of the farmers raveling in the tavern. The nightingales astounded with their singing. She planted flowers and knew their names. We had friends. They visited us often.

- You are happy - they used to say.

They use to smile at us affectionally.

- You have flowers, and songbirds are singing in your garden. You have a dovecote... you just built the cabin too close to the road.

Once a stranger came during a stormy. He came to us because he had enemies and his enemies persecuted him.

She looked curiously at a man who had enemies. We had only friends. A peculiar man: forehead and sideburns of an old man and eyes of a young man.

She told him about our cabin, but the stranger said in a gloomy voice:

- You built it too far from the road.

Later we went to see what happened to the flowers after the storm. The storm harmed them and we were sorry about them.

- What do you need these herbs for? - He asked

He was silent for a long time and we were saddened.

After that she went away, I don't know where to - she must have been ashamed in her tears. We were left alone.

- Tell her to sow potatoes - said the traveler who was being chased by his enemies.

- Destroy the dovecote, tell her to raise cows.

- Why? - I asked.

- You will distribute the milk of the cows to nursing mothers, and the potatoes to their children when they grow up.

The next day she came into the room smiling. I greeted her with silence, my eyes were closed.

Her face dropped.

- I already know - she whispered.

There was a sad silence.





- You will no longer allow me to plant flowers or raise pigeons, it was him.
- you know him?
- Yes... when he said that our cabin was too far from the road, I recognized him right away... Well, I will sow potatoes.

- These are the potatoes of the young woman who used to grow flowers - people said in disbelief.
- This is the milk of the man who used to raise pigeons.

When our friends noticed that we no longer have no flowers nor nightingales - they left us.

New people came - they had complaints:

- Your cabin is too far from the road. You don't hear the rumble of the cart wheels going to the city market, nor the shouts of the farmers when they get drunk in the tavern on Sundays.

Sometimes she is sad, but then, when I ask her is softly:

- You are not angry, are you?

And she answers through her tears:

Oh no... after all, this is the way it should be...

