

Marsin

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tales

with Meaning



parable about a parable

because one can

A parable was put up for sale. At a slave market. People examined it and assessed its worth. What could it be good for. Would it plow a field. Would it gather berries in the forest. They valued it low, for it seemed useless. At first glance. But someone bent down toward it. Maybe out of tenderness. Maybe out of pity. And paid two pieces of gold. Took it home, and let it live in the house. The parable repaid with wisdom. The buyer understood, and multiplied. What he had, he dedicated to wisdom. And wisdom repaid him, creating dozens of new parables. The buyer then opened a parable shop. And never again had to worry about his livelihood.

parable about a clam

because one must

A certain clam wandered hungry. She begged and pleaded. No one helped her. She walked in rags, asking for new clothing. No one paid her any mind. Resigned to her fate, she passed away. She arrived at the gates of heaven and heard a voice. Why does a fool seek entry into heaven? To which the clam replied that she was a pauper, not a fool. But the voice was firm. Only a fool is poor while hiding within herself the most beautiful of pearls. You carried a pearl inside, and yet you died of hunger and longing for what is beautiful. So the clam was sent back to Earth. And to this day, she searches for that pearl they spoke of.

parable about a cup

because it's proper

There once was a cup that had no handle. People drinking warm beverages from it kept burning their hands. The cup felt guilty. It pondered what to do, and finally had an idea. It went to a potter and asked for a handle to be added. It had no money to pay, but the potter was moved by the cup's good heart and did the work for free. The cup, pleased with its new handle, returned home. But the household did not appreciate the change. They didn't like what they found. They were used to burning their hands. And had no intention of changing. So they placed the cup on the highest shelf and forgot it existed. They kept drinking their way, from cups without handles.

parable about the sun

because a rifle

There was once a sun. And there was a sunbather. The sunbather had barely managed to beg for a vacation, so he wanted to make the most of every minute. He lay exposed to the sunlight from morning till evening. By the evening, he noticed his skin was burning. Stinging. Offering no relief. He rushed out of the hotel and yelled at the already setting sun. What have you done to me, you dreadful creature. I only wanted a tan. I only wanted to look beautiful. To rest. To make the most of my time, and you burned my skin bright red. To which the sun replied: I offer possibilities, not judgments. I offer light, not criticism. Free will and choices. Those are what you should be looking at.

parable about the worm and the sweet apples

because a pack

There once was a worm. Searching for food. Fate had it that he was born beneath an apple tree. The tree was old and magnificent. Its apples incredibly tempting. So the worm shuffled through the grasses until he stumbled upon one of the apples. It was beautiful and red. The worm tasted a little. And admitted it had flavor, but he had heard of even sweeter apples. So he moved on. He encountered another apple along the way. He rejected it because of its color. In the worm's opinion, it could have been better. He went further and saw a third apple. But near it, there was another worm. Our hero wasn't about to share an apple with another creature. He wanted the whole thing for himself. So he rejected the third one as well. After several days and many more failed searches, the worm died of hunger. Right beside a magnificent, sweet apple.

parable about the daisy

because a tragedy

There once was a daisy. She grew among a group of other daisies. There were many of them. One looking much like the other. And this troubled our heroine. She constantly asked herself: Why am I so similar to the others? Why did I grow among a crowd? Because of this, no one notices me. If I were the only daisy in the meadow, everyone would admire me. But here, there are so many. One indistinguishable from the next. These thoughts tormented the daisy until she made a decision. She took a step from which there was no return. She pulled herself out of the earth. Freed herself in search of a place where she would be the only daisy around. She wanted to fulfill her dream. To be exceptional. But she failed to foresee that it was the earth that had nourished her. That without it, she wouldn't get far. And indeed, she didn't. She withered just past the first bend. And the wind scattered her petals to the four corners of the world.

parable about the cherry

because horror

A certain cherry was filled with excitement. For she had heard that when she grew up, she would be turned into jam. It was something she longed for. Dreamed about. Other cherries convinced her it was something wonderful. Something exceptional. A union with sugar. A delicious creation. So the cherry waited eagerly for that moment. And the moment came. Only it turned out they pitied her. And she felt she had been deceived. That something was terribly wrong. The pit had been part of her. Something immensely important. The cherry only realized this once it was gone. The ability to pass on life. Her entire existence, held within the pit, had been taken from her. And what remained was a blend, mixed into a soulless mass of other losses.

parable about the candle

because one must

There once was a candle that worried deeply about her condition. About the fact that she was burning. That she was shrinking before her own eyes. Evaporating somewhere. The flame was consuming her, and she could find no peace. Until she understood. In the moment when the flame went out. When it marked her end. It was then she realized she had never burned for herself. She had burned for others. To give them light and warmth. To warm them from within. To pass something on. A life lived for someone else, not for oneself. And the candle went out, with a smile on her lips.

parable about the wind

because it seems so

The wind felt sad and useless. He had grown tired of his life. He believed he did nothing but blow into people's eyes and ruin things that worked just fine. So he decided to end his life. He stood at the edge of a cliff, preparing to jump. But an old man happened to pass by. He decided to ask the wind what was wrong. Why the long face. The wind told him everything. Confessed that he felt unnecessary. The old man thought for a moment and replied: You carry pollen and seeds. You create waves and ocean currents. You sustain life. You allow it to grow and endure. Is that not enough for you? The wind paused, reflected, and returned to what he was good at. To simply being himself.

parable about the finger that showed the way

because it's deserved

Once there was a finger that pointed the way for a man. The finger noticed that sometimes it showed the right path, and sometimes the wrong one. This troubled and puzzled him greatly. One day, he met an old ascetic. So he decided to ask for his advice. And he did. The finger spoke of the paths he pointed to, and the ascetic said: Have you ever wondered who gives you the orders? On whose command do you point the way? The finger thought for a moment and said, I believe it's the heart that suggests the right paths, and the mind the wrong ones. To which the ascetic replied, Then you have your answer. Listen to one master, and you will know where to lead a man.

parable about the cigarette

because one can

There once was a cigarette that wondered about its purpose. It was different from the other nineteen cigarettes in the pack. They didn't care what would become of them. But this one, exceptional cigarette decided to seek out an oracle. An opportunity arose, and he met someone who knew. An oracle. So he asked about his destiny. And the oracle replied that he had been created to poison the health and life of a human being. At first, the cigarette couldn't believe it. But he understood when he saw one of the smokers. He believed, and burned up in shame.

parable about the hairless cat

because it's proper

There once was a hairless cat. And he envied the other cats. They were so beautiful and fluffy. And he, without a coat of fur. It gave him no peace, and he walked around in sadness. Maybe it was a punishment. Maybe a sentence from the gods. Or just bad luck in the genetic lottery. One day, the owner of the hairless cat took him to a competition. A contest for the most beautiful cat. And to the hairless cat's great surprise, he won. He didn't know or understand how it was possible. But the jury unanimously decided he was the most beautiful of all the cats. After that, the cat no longer complained or wore a sad face. Though he never fully understood why, he knew that fur wasn't everything.

parable about the chamois

because it fits

There once was a beautiful chamois. She lacked nothing. She was well-liked and appreciated. She was always well-fed. One day, she decided to see what was at the top of the mountain. Other chamois didn't climb that high. But maybe it's worth it? she asked herself. And she tried. She climbed for two days, sank into the snow, but kept going. Higher and higher. Until she reached the summit. She stood atop the mountain. But she felt isolated. Alone. And lost. Frozen with cold, she began her descent. She wanted to return to her own kind. Back to where she had been happy. But the way down proved too long. The chamois froze, and no one ever saw her again.

parable about the dresser

because accidents happen

There once was a dresser that fulfilled its role perfectly. Until one day. It decided that some of the things it held were nothing but junk. Useless to anyone. Simply taking up space. So it threw them out of its drawers. The master of the house came and put the items back into the dresser. The next day, the dresser once again tossed out the unnecessary items. The master once again placed them back in its drawers. The situation repeated a third time. Items thrown out once more. But the ending after the third rebellion was different. The master sold the disobedient dresser for a pittance and bought a new one - one that had no opinions of its own. Because it served.

parable about the clay pot

because it fits

There once was a pot. Shaped from clay. But he feared what was to come. He feared fire like fire itself. He did not want to be fired. He didn't want to become like the other pots. After all, it would change him completely. Transform him. But it happened. The potter placed him into the kiln, and the pot was fired. He hardened and became resilient. After it all, the pot realized it had been worth it. That now neither water nor fire, neither sun nor frost could harm him. Now he could endure anything, and be of use. In his perfection, which had overcome fear.

parable about the table with no leg

because it insists

There once was a table that was missing a leg. On some occasion, someone had kicked the leg, and it broke off. The owner decided the table was useless. But the table came up with an idea. It slid over toward the window and leaned against a radiator. The missing leg was no longer a problem. The table stood firm and served faithfully for many more years.

parable about the pea

because it seems so

There once was a pea. Set aside in a pile meant for sowing. The other peas were excited, eager to be planted into the earth and grow into splendid plants. But this pea was different. He didn't want to be sown. He didn't want to grow. So he rolled himself over to the second pile. Made it. The second pile was peas destined for eating. Prepared for soup. And, as you might guess, he didn't like that choice either. But the choice was made. And it was too late. The soup tasted as it always did. And one pea, here or there, made no difference to the flavor.

parable about the peacock

because it happens

There once was a peacock. He thought he was untouchable because of his beauty. He was convinced that no harm would ever come to him. Who would want to hurt such a magnificent bird? So original. So all-seeing. For he had seen much. He attracted the attention of crowds. But one day, a pauper passed by. A wanderer. A hungry drifter. And he wasn't enchanted by the peacock's beauty. He looked at the bird as a meal. He seized the peacock and roasted him over a fire. But just before his death, the astonished peacock managed to ask a question: How is it possible that my beauty didn't move you? Beauty is something to be protected. The drifter simply replied: Only a person with a full stomach can focus on what is beautiful. And he tossed the peacock into the fire.

parable about the sheet of paper

because it carries itself away

There once was a sheet of paper, part of a book, who envied another sheet that bore a magnificent illustration. The envious page regretted that she had nothing like it. Such artistry, right within reach. So splendid. And the envious page shared her thoughts with the illustrated one. You are so beautiful. So original. You catch everyone's eye, she said. People stop at you in awe. The page with the illustration replied: Yes, but it's you who carry all the wisdom. Two full sides of print. People read you and marvel. And me? I merely catch their glance, and they move on. They forget me quickly. I am a seasonal attraction. But you? You are the very meaning of the book.

parable about the perfect stamp

because it creeps

A philatelist had a sizable collection of stamps. But he never had the perfect stamp. Each one lacked something. Each had some flaw. So he spent years searching for the perfect stamp. He sifted through countless collections. Checked and compared. Until he found it. It seemed he had finally discovered the perfect stamp. He sold his entire collection to afford that one, perfect stamp. And he bought it at last. At the cost of all he had gathered over the years. But he was met with disappointment. Upon closer inspection, the stamp turned out to have flaws. Far from perfect. And so, heartbroken, the philatelist kept searching. Until his death.

parable about the head

because it seems so

There once was a head that had quarreled with its body. It believed it deserved something better. Something different. Something grander. It saw nothing special in its body. Nothing worthy of its own magnificence. So it decided to set out on a journey. In search of a better body. One night, it slipped away from home, leaving the body behind, and ventured forth. But it hadn't foreseen that without a body, it would not get far. And indeed, it didn't. It became stuck in a place from which it was hard to move, and hard to be seen. The lost head understood then, but the way back was already gone.

parable about the shortening

because they grind

There once was a man who owned a single pair of trousers. One day, he came up with the idea to have them shortened. So he went to a tailor, who adjusted the trousers just as he wished. A few days later, the man saw someone wearing even shorter trousers. He decided to shorten his own once again. And he did. This pattern repeated several times. Until one day, he saw someone in short pants. He liked them so much that he asked the tailor for the same. The tailor shortened the trousers as much as possible, turning them into shorts. A few months later, a harsh winter came. And the man greeted it wearing only shorts. For he had destroyed his good, high-quality trousers along the way.

parable about two fields

because a down payment

A dying man wished to divide his estate. He summoned his two sons. He told the first that he would receive the field by the forest. The second, he said, would inherit the field near the house. They were to sell the house and split the earnings. But the first son was dissatisfied. He believed that the field by the forest was worth less than the one given to his brother. The soil seemed poorer, and access was difficult. The second son then offered to swap inheritances. So the first son took the field near the house, and the second took the one by the forest. A year passed, and the second son proudly shared his news: he had harvested a magnificent crop from the field by the forest. Wheat and rapeseed had flourished. He spoke of his earnings and his pride. The first son listened and nodded silently. He had nothing to boast about. His “better” field lay fallow. For he had been lazy and unwilling to make use of its potential. The opportunity had been wasted.

parable about the marten

because it's a story

There once was a marten who spent her nights chewing through car cables. She knew she was causing harm, but she kept doing it. Maybe to play a trick. Maybe to be remembered. She seized every opportunity. No traps or deterrents worked on her. She was a clever creature. But one day, she got stuck near an engine. She crawled into a space from which she couldn't escape. In the morning, the car's owner set off on a journey. And it was the marten's last ride. She was remembered, as the one who wanted to make her mark, but nothing good ever came of it.

parable about the ermine

because he confides

There once was a kind-hearted ermine who went to the store every day to buy a single roll. The price of the roll was always the same. But the storekeeper, another ermine, decided to change that. He had learned greed. One day, when the kind-hearted ermine went to buy his usual roll, he found the price had doubled. He paid, though with distaste, and returned home. A few days later, the price had tripled. The kind-hearted ermine paid again and went home. But when, after a few more days, the greedy ermine raised the price fivefold, the kind-hearted one lost his patience. In a fit of anger, he burned down the greedy one's store and opened his own, with fair, honest prices.

parable about hoarded love

because it reaches

A certain venomous spider earned a man's love. The man cared for him and fed him. Every day, he would confide his troubles to the spider. The spider pretended to listen, pretended to care. They even went on walks together. They spent time side by side. Until one day, the spider bit the man. The man died. And the spider simply moved on, looking elsewhere for his next love.

parable about the lame horse

because it shortens

A certain driver set out on a long journey. His horse performed well, until it didn't. At some point, the horse began to limp. The driver struck him with a whip. It didn't help. The horse kept limping. The driver repeated the blows. Once, and then again. Still the horse limped. It ended with the beaten horse collapsing, overturning the cart. Only afterward, bruised and hurting, did the driver notice something had lodged itself in the horse's leg. It could have been easily removed, but by then, things had taken a different turn.

parable about the searching star

because it's brewing

There once was a star who had a problem. She was constantly searching for the way home. She asked the other stars if they knew which direction to go. Where was that longed-for home. That haven. That place of rest. Until one wise star advised the seeker, look within yourself. So the searching star did, and was struck by a revelation. The sky is my home. And content, she stayed right where she was, upon the canopy of heaven.

parable about the hunchbacked stool

because it creeps

There once was a hunchbacked stool. With a strange, rounded backrest. He envied the other stools for their looks. Their slenderness. Their smooth, straight shapes. Yet somehow, everyone always chose the stool with the hunch. Everyone wanted to sit on him. Eventually, it dawned on the stool that thanks to his hump, everyone could rest comfortably against him. From that day on, the stool was proud of his hump and showed it off at every opportunity.

parable about strychnine

because it seems so

Strychnine wandered about, full of sorrow. Everyone thought of her as something wicked. As nothing more than a poison. It crushed her spirit. She didn't know what to do. Until she met a certain doctor. The doctor, for the first time, appreciated her. Praised her, saying she was very useful, that she aided digestion and healed the intestines. Strychnine realized she had worth. From then on, she introduced herself to people as a remedy, not a poison.

parable about the apple without a thorn

because it winds

There once was an apple. It walked around sad and ashamed. Someone asked it why the gloomy face. The apple calmly replied that it was because it had no thorn. It had heard that a true apple should have thorns. At least one. The questioner laughed and said it wasn't true. If an apple had thorns, no one would delight in its taste. It would only prick everyone. The apple cheered up and realized that indeed, it might not have a thorn, but it had something far better: a wonderful taste.

parable about the organ

because it winds

There once was an organ. It spent its days learning notes. Studying sounds. Listening to Chopin. All so it could sound as beautifully as possible. It spent hours upon hours. Rehearsing and testing. Adjusting and trying again. All to amaze people. Yet the organ noticed something, it wasn't sounding any better despite all its efforts. Until one wise person explained why: "It's the human who plays you. It's up to the person whether the melody you produce is pure, whether it moves the crowds." The organ couldn't accept this at first, that it was dependent on a human. But over time, it understood. And from then on, it no longer had to strive on its own. It simply needed to follow the hands that played it.

parable about the better leg

because it winds

One leg believed itself better than the other. Slimmer, more athletic. It even challenged the other leg to a duel. But the competition never took place. Instead, the "better" leg hatched a cunning plan. I'll saw off the other leg, and then she won't get in my way anymore. I'll be alone. Superior. More beautiful. Everyone will envy me. Right now, they see me with that clumsy other leg. They think we're alike. They think we belong together. So, one night, the first leg sawed off the second. And to her surprise, she watched the body bleed to death. And that was the end of the first leg, who thought she knew better.

parable about addiction

because it proves itself

In a certain town lived a duck. This duck was different from the others, because of her diet. Ducks usually enjoy a varied diet. But this particular duck became addicted to bread. An old man came every day to the place where the duck lived and fed her bread. The duck ate nothing else. She gave up seeds and other delicacies. She stayed loyal to the old man's bread. And so months passed. Until one day, the old man died, and no longer came to feed the duck. Nor did he come after a week or a month. Death is not something easily undone. The duck learned that too. She died of hunger, for there was no more bread from the old man. And as for other food - well, it seemed a shame to go back to it.

parable about the cigarillo

because it is smoked

There once was a cigarillo. Made from Indonesian tobacco. With a touch of clove. And she lamented. Walked around restless and frustrated. Who am I really? she asked. People expect cigarettes, they love to smoke them. People expect cigars, they savor them. But me? A cigarillo? Neither one nor the other. And so she mourned without end. Until one day, an Indonesian man appeared. He smiled warmly at the cigarillo. Bought her, and lit her. Saying it was the best moment of his day. The cigarillo understood then, that where you come from truly matters.

parable about the scrap

because it rises

There once was a scrap of paper. It thought it was no longer good for anything. That it had nothing left to give. Just some random notes. Some cross-outs. It didn't think highly of itself. Merely a useless, unthrown sliver of paper. But an old man, the author of those scribbles, had written on it the phone number of his only daughter. One day, he turned his apartment upside down to find that note. And he found it. And at last, he was able to make the call. The scrap was moved. A nothing, really, but it had fulfilled a purpose. It had brought someone a smile.

parable about hunger

because it escapes

There once was hunger, who didn't know he was bad. It never occurred to him that he brought harm to people. But he existed. He lived. Many tried to chase him away, yet he remained. Until one day, someone showed him a corpse and called him a murderer. Hunger was shaken. He paused to think and concluded, it's death who takes life, not me. I'm just hunger, a simple lack. And no one could convince hunger that everything carries consequence.

parable about the guilty one

because it gathers

There once was a guilty man. Guilty of this and that. He wasn't well liked in his village. He had wronged more than a few. But when elections approached, he decided to run. His campaign slogan was: "It's all the neighboring village's fault." And the people bought it. They were given an enemy greater than the guilty one himself. And so, the guilty man came to power. He ruled while causing only harm. But he kept repeating, "It's all the neighboring village's fault." And the people, stirred up and angry, marched to the neighboring village—and burned it to the ground.

parable about the faction

because it waves

There once was a faction of the lame leg. It accepted only the lame. Others were excluded, deemed unworthy to join. But as the faction gained power, people found a way in. They began to injure themselves. They made themselves lame. And in this way, the newly-lame seized control of the faction, and began demanding that ordinary people become lame too.

parable about gentleness

because it avoids

There once was Gentleness, and life was good for her. In her softness, she passed through each day with ease. One day, she welcomed a traveler who was coarse and gruff. He tried to win Gentleness over. He praised gruffness as something wonderful. Gentleness was swayed, she gave it a try. She dipped into harshness. And then she realized she had lost herself. That she was no longer Gentleness. What had been born was confusion and disorder. So she quickly returned to gentleness, and everything returned to its natural peace.

parable about the certain man

because it is taken

There once was a man who took everything for granted. Whatever he was told. Whatever he was shown. Every rumor and confession. Every legend and superstition. One day, someone told him they would sell him an elixir of immortality. And indeed, the man made the purchase. He paid a high price, but was convinced it was worth it. Then, one day, death came for him, and he was deeply surprised. But how? he said. I have the elixir. Death smiled and replied: The elixir has an expiration date. It's already expired. So much for your immortality. Shall we?

parable about the straw

because it seems so

There once was a piece of straw that believed it was gold. After all, it shared the same color. And it was long, like a necklace. So it decided to sell part of itself. It put itself up for sale. But no one wanted to buy. It offered a discount, still no interest. Until one day, someone came along who had never seen gold. Never touched it. And the straw convinced him it was the real thing. That it was made of precious metal. The buyer purchased a large quantity as an investment, and proudly spoke of how wisely he'd spent his money. But the straw felt regret. She had gained money that meant nothing to her. And lost a part of herself.

parable about the strange river

because it goes mad

There once was a river that decided to flow the other way, toward its source. It paused for a moment to consider if it made sense. And concluded that it did. So it began to flow backward. What surprise awaited it when it finally reached the source. A source that gives, not takes. A source that begins, not ends. And so, the river became unnecessary. The river that had reached the source died, at the very moment of origin. But the source did not mourn. It brought forth a new river, one that flowed to the sea, as it was meant to.

parable about the chestnut

because it is chosen

There once was a chestnut who couldn't wait for independence. To fall from the tree. To touch the earth. He had heard from other chestnuts that he possessed great qualities. That he held wonderful energy. That children would collect chestnuts like him and keep them in their pockets for luck. The chestnut was thrilled. And then the day came. He fell to the ground. It didn't take long before an old man picked him up. An hour later, it turned out the man roasted chestnuts and sold them at the market. The chestnut hadn't expected this. He didn't know how to react, and by then, it was far too late to escape.

parable about the neck

because it despises

There once was a man's neck. She didn't like being so short. She didn't like being so seemingly insignificant. So she dreamed of becoming the neck of a giraffe, long, graceful, impossible to miss. One day, she met a wizard who granted her wish. She became a giraffe's neck. But she soon realized her new life was nothing but repetitive, dull motions. There was nothing exciting about being a giraffe's neck. A human neck faced challenges. So much depended on it, physical training, office work, daily movement. But here? Just eating and drinking. "What kind of life is this?" said the giraffe's neck. But the wizard was nowhere to be found, so regret became a long-distance journey.

parable about the lump

because it overdoes

A certain man noticed a lump on his skin. It annoyed him. Where had it come from, and why? he kept asking himself. So he went to a doctor. The doctor couldn't answer those questions. He only said that the lump was harmless. But the man wouldn't let it go. He wanted the lump gone at any cost. The hospital refused to help. A cosmetic clinic told him removal wasn't advisable. Yet the man would not give up, and decided to cut the lump out himself. But something went wrong. He started bleeding heavily. By the time the ambulance arrived, he had lost so much blood that he couldn't be saved.

parable about a certain bee

because it collapses

There once was a bee who decided not to work. She didn't want to be like the other bees. Work bored her. So she spent her days idling. She brought no nectar. She built no honeycomb. She only consumed what the other bees had gathered. Eventually, someone noticed. Someone reported her. A verdict was passed. And the lazy bee was banished. She wasn't allowed back into the hive. She flew from hive to hive, trying to win favor, hoping someone would take her in. But no one did. Winter came, and the bee without a community perished. As she lay dying, she thought of how wonderful her youth had been, how beautiful the mornings were when there was no shortage of honey or companionship.

parable about the scoundrel

because sometimes you must

There once was a scoundrel. He did much wrong. He was a plague upon his community, causing no end of trouble. Until one day, he met an angel. The angel merely wagged a finger at him. And that was enough. The scoundrel changed. He became gentle and helpful. But the people didn't notice the change. They didn't appreciate it. To them, the scoundrel remained a scoundrel, no matter how many good deeds he did. So the once-scoundrel decided to move away. He found a new place to live, and there, his kindness was recognized. They gave him a chance, and he made the most of it.

parable about the peregrine falcon

because it seems so

There once was a peregrine falcon who grew tired of migration. Every year he had to cover vast distances, from north to south, fleeing the cold and seeking food. But he had enough. He saw how ducks and pigeons were fed by people. And he thought, I'll stay, people will feed me too. And so he stayed. Until a harsh winter came. There was no food. No warmth. The frozen falcon lined up with the ducks. He flew to where the pigeons gathered. But people drove him away. They didn't want to feed a great bird. A bird different from the ducks and pigeons they were used to. And so the falcon froze. No one knows what claimed him first, hunger or the cold, but the result was the same.

parable about the railway SPAD

because it changes

There once was a train driver who took a liking to SPAD - Signal Passed At Danger. He would stop the train where he shouldn't. Start it up whenever he pleased. He acted without hesitation, with full intent. Until one day, tragedy struck. He ran over a man at a time when the locomotive should have been idle. The weight of guilt gave him no peace. He was about to be dismissed from his job, but he came up with an idea, a form of penance. He became a kind of inspector. He fought against SPAD violations on the railway. He inspected, warned, punished, depending on the severity of the breach. He worked for free. And he came to understand that there are jobs that create good. Jobs that save lives. Jobs that are beautiful because of their weight and meaning.

parable about the clay jug

because it found out

There once was a clay jug who envied other jugs. That they were made of gold. That they were hand-painted. Exceptionally crafted. To the clay jug, it seemed every other jug was better than him. Only he was plain. But one night, he dreamt of an angel who said: "Wine from a golden jug tastes the same as wine from a clay jug." Those words struck the jug deeply. He understood what the angel meant and agreed. From then on, he no longer complained or envied. The clay jug was glad to fulfill the same purpose as the golden one.

parable about the monastery where everything was allowed

because he checked

There once was a man who heard of a monastery where everything was allowed. No prohibitions. No punishments. The monks there had complete freedom. They did as they pleased. The man became eager to visit such a place. He set out on a journey and eventually arrived. A humble monk opened the gate for him. The man toured the monastery but couldn't understand what was going on. The monks were deep in prayer. Devoted to contemplation and meditation. The man asked one of them: "I heard this is a place where everything is allowed. So why aren't you enjoying life? Why no revelry? Why only spiritual practices?" The monk replied: "Because this is a monastery where the spirit is allowed everything. And the body follows the spirit."

parable about a longstanding friendship

because God helps

There once was a man who had a friend. They had known each other for a good twenty years, maybe more. They did many things together. Spent much time side by side. But this friend fell into debt. He lost most of his fortune gambling at the casino. Yet he never asked the man for a loan. When the man learned of his friend's financial troubles, he came to his aid, gifting him a large sum of money. The friend lost it too. Became poor once again. The man, a third time, gave him a great treasure, so he wouldn't be left a beggar. And once again, the friend squandered it all. Finally, the man asked: "Why? I helped you three times, and each time you wasted the chance." To which the friend replied: "I lost the money knowing I was a fool. And you helped me believing you were wise. So who between us has become the wiser, and who the greater fool?" The man answered: "The measure of friendship is the extent to which we help a friend." And the friend replied: "And the measure of foolishness is how often we squander the chances a friend gives us."

parable about the heart's test

because it proves itself

There once was a wealthy merchant. He enjoyed offering financial help. People heard about it. People praised him. "Sometimes it's worth the sacrifice," he would say. One day, a new priest arrived in his parish. The merchant decided to welcome him properly. He filled a pouch with gold and marched over to the priest. "Here's a donation for the poor, Father. This way, you'll know I have a good heart." The priest glanced at the gold coins and replied, "This month, we have enough money to feed the poor, but we lack helping hands. Perhaps you could put away those coins and come tomorrow to our soup kitchen? Wash dishes and serve food to the hungry?" The merchant grew offended, flushed red, and left in disgust.

parable about the covered windows

because it happens

There once was a man who kept his windows constantly covered. He no longer knew when it was day or night. He didn't know when to sleep or when to work. His rhythm became so disrupted that he eventually concluded, there was no more day. Only night remained. So he said, "I'll sleep through the rest of my life." And that's exactly what he did.

parable about the past

because it defends itself

The Past went knocking on many doors. People gladly opened to her. They gladly let her in. And so she stayed with them, settling into their present. Until one person rebelled. Hid the present away from her. And the Past stood speechless. For she would no longer have a second life.

parable about the open gate

because it wonders

A man had business with his friend. So he went to his friend's house. The gate was open, and he knocked. No one came. He knocked again, and left, troubled. He returned the next day. Same thing: an open gate, no response to his knocking. On the third day, he came again and found his friend standing by the gate. The friend, with a hint of reproach, said he had been waiting for him for three days. That he knew about the matter, and had left the gate open on purpose. So he could walk right in without hesitation.

parable about the daughter to be married

because she is respected

A certain man had a daughter ready for marriage and was searching for a suitable match. One man was too fat. Another too wasteful. Yet another too sluggish. Until one day, the girl brought a young man home. He seemed well-mannered and capable. But the father asked him a question: "Would you want your daughter to do things without your approval?" The young man thought for a moment, and then quietly left the house. The next day, the father chose that very young man to be his daughter's husband.

parable about the scoundrel

because it isn't seen

There once was a scoundrel who searched for treasure. He looked for it in every one of his misdeeds. Some he ranked higher, others lower. But none of his escapades resembled the treasure he longed for. One day, he met a sannysin on the road. "Where will I find the treasure I'm looking for?" he asked. The sannysin thought for a moment and replied, "Stop your scoundrel ways, and you'll see." So the scoundrel did. He broke with his former life, and suddenly everything he looked upon became the treasure he had been seeking all along.

parable about the ship without a side

because one tries

A ship was once built in a certain shipyard, with no side wall. Just as designed. That's how it was meant to be. The workers were puzzled and said, "This ship will never sail. It'll sink like a stone." But the designers stood by their calculations. The ship was meant to have no side. And so it had none. The big moment came, launch day. The ship was lowered into the water and, as one might guess, sank immediately. The workers simply shook their heads, while the designers stood in wonder, asking themselves what went wrong. All they wanted was to be original.

parable about the malevolent oppressor

because sometimes there's no way out

In a certain village, there was an oppressor. He gave the people no peace. Took their last coin. Until one day, the villagers gathered and warned him together. Told him it was over. That they would no longer be robbed. But the oppressor had no intention of stopping. He kept being who he was. Kept raging and stealing from the poor. Until one day, they caught him and beat him. Yet still, he refused to stop. So one of the villagers decided to kill the tormentor. When word of this spread, the provincial warden rebelled and threatened the villager with prison. The villagers were left helpless. They couldn't rid themselves of their enemy, and the law frightened them just as much.

parable about the bastard

because reward or punishment

There once was a bastard who claimed a right to his father's fortune. The father's wealth was vast, and the line of heirs long. The father had many children. When the rightful heirs learned that the bastard intended to take his share by force, they gathered and beat him to a pulp. The father, barely clinging to life, declared that the bastard should receive what he asked for. The rightful heirs were stunned. The father explained: "You were raised by me for years. You enjoyed my wealth. The bastard had nothing. Let him have what he wants. Perhaps he'll make use of the money, or vanish along with it."

parable about the fall of the titans

because of rivalry

Long ago, titans walked the earth. They helped humans with both advice and action. They took on the larger burdens, the harder tasks. But one man grew to hate the titans. To him, they were freaks. So he devised a scheme and unleashed cyclopes and other forces upon them. After a long and brutal struggle, the titans were defeated, cast down into Tartarus. And the man who had devised the betrayal? He vanished into thin air. Even Tartarus would have been too much for him. He was the first to be consumed by the light.

parable about the thread too long

because sometimes it takes so little

There once was a thread that was good for nothing, because it was far too long. It stretched for miles. No one knew where it had come from or who had made a thread so long. Who could even afford it? Who could manage such a thing? One wise man suggested: cut it into meter-long pieces and roll it into a ball. That was it. His advice was heard, and followed. Suddenly, the thread became useful and needed. That changed everything.

parable about the bottomless trapdoor

because sometimes it works

Someone once created a bottomless trapdoor. No one knew why. Rumors claimed it was meant for bandits. Others said it was for wild beasts. Still others insisted it was just for show. So imagine their surprise when they learned someone intended to use it, truly use it. But no one protested. The one who stepped forward was a righteous man. And he proved something remarkable. Everyone who fell into the trap was saved. Only their guilt plummeted into the endless void. People asked the man how he had known the trapdoor wouldn't harm anyone, but instead bring relief. The righteous man replied, "I didn't."

parable about the knocked-off mudguard

because sometimes there's regret

A certain farmer was harvesting crops with his family. The farmer drove ahead on the tractor, while his family followed behind, gathering cabbage leaves. Someone thought it would be funny to remove one of the tractor's mudguards, a harmless prank, he believed. So he knocked it off. But what happened next deeply surprised him. Dirt began to fly straight at him. It got into his hair, onto his face. Knocking off the mudguard turned out to be far less amusing than it had seemed in his head.

parable about the fall of the unified

because it still harms

The Divided hunted the Unified. It wanted to get rid of it. The Divided dreamed of taking over the world, becoming the monopoly of all stances. So that nothing would ever be unified again. It came up with a trick: it would disguise itself in the clothes of the Unified and cause harm. Just enough so that people would see and believe the Unified was dangerous. And so it did. The Divided played its role. People were outraged and rejected the Unified. They left it tied to a tree in the forest. Since then, the Divided does whatever it pleases. Sometimes, it still puts on the clothes of the Unified, just to frighten people. To remind them how harmful the Unified supposedly was.

parable about the stool without levels

because it proves itself

There once was a stool that longed for levels. So it could seat many people. So it could bring joy to crowds. It went to a carpenter and asked for extra tiers. The carpenter agreed. The stool was thrilled. The day of testing came. People eagerly climbed its many levels. But unexpectedly, the stool collapsed, causing great harm. A simple stool stood nearby, stunned by what it saw. It had gone unused for a long time. No one wanted to sit on it. Even though it was safe. Or perhaps because of that. Because it didn't stand out.

parable about the terror of reconciliation

because sometimes it's enforced

In a certain village, it was said that reconciliation with God ends in death. An old legend, passed down from generation to generation. And so the people feared reconciliation. They avoided temples and kept their distance from priests. But one young man was different. He wanted to see if it was true. So he went to the temple, and made peace with God. When the villagers found out, they made a plan, seized the young man, and stabbed him to death. The legend, it turned out, was true.

parable about movement without borders

because you go for a ride

There was a village that valued traditional behavior. One of its cherished customs was movement to the left. Everyone had to turn and spin only leftward. Turning right was against the rules, against the order, against tradition. One young man secretly practiced rightward turns. He was drawn to them, because they were forbidden. When he felt he had perfected the right turn, he left the village. He longed to turn right freely, in broad daylight. So he moved to another village. In that village, the tradition was reversed, only right turns were allowed. The young man was stunned. And after some time, he couldn't bear it. He began to long for leftward turns, the very ones he once resented. He longed again for what was forbidden.

parable about the gooseberry sower

because one must take others into account

There was once a farmer who wanted to plant gooseberries. But his wife opposed him. She didn't want gooseberries growing near the house. Yet the farmer insisted, and planted them anyway. To his surprise, what sprouted was kohlrabi. He pulled it out and sowed gooseberries again. This time, broccoli grew. The farmer couldn't believe his eyes. He tore out the broccoli and planted gooseberries a third time, carefully checking the seedlings. Everything was as it should be. The next day, he saw his wife ripping out the young gooseberry plants. Furious, he asked why she did it. She replied, "Gooseberries can only grow where there's peace at home."

parable about faint hope

because it must be worked on

There once was a man known for his faint hopes. Every hope he formed was barely visible. So he went to a Wise Woman and asked for a way, how could he strengthen his faint hope? How could he help it survive? The Wise Woman replied: "You must do something with hope. Give it your attention. Work toward a result. Make it real. Nothing happens on its own. Hope that is left unattended will wither and die." The man understood, and from that day on, he never again dealt in faint hopes.

parable about the theory of the middle

because one must fall in love

There once was a man who misunderstood the idea of the middle path. He chose and did everything based on what was in the middle. The middle dish on a menu. The middle academic field from a list. A girl, thankfully there were three, so one landed in the middle. This man boasted that he followed the golden principle. That it brought him closer to the Divine. But when a Sannysin saw him, and heard of his choices, he burst into a frantic laugh. To this day, no one knows whether it was panic or laughter.

parable about the bottomless watering can

because of our assumptions

Someone invented a watering can without a bottom. He even patented the idea. It was something new. Something different. No one really knew what a bottomless watering can could be used for, but they applauded and praised it anyway. After all, an inventor isn't just anyone. And surely, if he created it, it must be something worthwhile.

parable about the ice monument

because it melts

Someone lost a loved one. The family dreamed of a beautiful monument to stand at the grave. It was meant to depict the deceased, but in a way that would symbolize the fleeting nature of life. An artist-sculptor accepted the task. After two days, a statue of the person, carved from ice, stood on the headstone. On the third day, it had melted completely, leaving only a puddle of water. A member of the family was outraged. They couldn't understand why they should pay for something so impermanent.

parable about the table with knees

because gratitude doubles

A merchant bought a table at a bargain price. A table like any other, nothing special at first glance. But the table was naturally grateful. And it wanted to show appreciation to the merchant for choosing it. So it went to a carpenter and asked to be fitted with knees. The table figured that knees would give it charm. The carpenter agreed, and indeed added bendable joints to its legs. As it turned out, the table had become foldable. And a foldable table was worth twice as much as a standard one. The merchant was impressed by the table's cleverness.

parable about the conscious fool

because it drills through

At one circus performance, there was a fool on stage. He mimicked animal sounds and mocked everything he could. At one point, a young man in the crowd choked on a cherry. He began to suffocate and collapsed to the floor. No one reacted, except the fool. He rushed to the young man's side and did all he could to save him. And he did. The crisis passed, thanks to the fool's help. But the crowd just laughed and applauded, thinking it was part of the act. Just another sketch from the fool.

parable about the cunning candle stub

because it schemes

There once was a candle stub, nearly burned out. Little was left of the old flame, except for cunning and slyness. Standing beside fresh, tall candles, it had an idea. It began praising its own state, so experienced, so fulfilled. It claimed that being burned out gave it charm. But, it added, it would gladly switch places with a fresh candle, just to show how wonderful it is to be a stub. One candle was tempted, and agreed to the swap. She became a spent wick, while the stub filled itself with fresh wax, becoming a new, grand candle. The candle who'd been tricked quickly realized what had happened. But it was too late. Someone tossed her into the trash, and that was the end of her. The renewed candle stub burned once more, quietly grinning at the gullibility of some.

parable about the rebellious branch

because it overdoes it

There was once a branch, one among many on a tree. But this one was different. It refused to bend like the others. It wouldn't yield to the wind or its force. So it began to fight back. While the other branches swayed with the gusts, this one resisted. And eventually, it snapped. It broke and fell to the ground. Now, it could do little. Detached, it no longer received the life-giving sap. Nor the will to decide for itself.

parable about the malevolent machine

because of free will

A certain inventor spent his days thinking and building. He wanted to create a machine that could think for itself. One that could help. Be useful. Adapt to standards. And after years of research, the machine was finally complete. The inventor proudly announced his success. But when the machine was activated, something unexpected happened. It began to attack and harm people. The machine wouldn't obey commands. It acted on its own, and caused harm its own way.

parable about the die cutter

because if not this way, then another

A tailor used die cutters in his work, to keep everything just right. One day, a package arrived with a new set of dies. Among them was one unlike any other, made entirely of gold. The tailor tried using it, but everything it produced came out flawed. He decided to repair the cutter, but it was no use. So he went to a goldsmith, but even he couldn't fix it properly. Together, they came up with an idea: they would melt down the die and craft beautiful rings instead, splitting the profit between them.

parable about the gentle state

because one can be convinced

There was someone who was always tense. Couldn't find peace. Many people tried to calm him, but nothing worked. Until one day, his wife had an idea. She gathered random herbs, crushed them, and approached him. She told him she had visited an old herbalist who gave her a remedy for inner peace. "Just rub it once onto your chest," she said, "and peace will dwell within you forever." He agreed, and she rubbed the crushed leaves into his chest. Moments later, he felt relief. As if he were young again, full of energy, full of calm. And that calm never left him.

parable about a wager on life

because it can go unnoticed

A certain gunslinger and card cheat loved making bets. On this and that. But he thrived most when he could tamper with the odds, cheat just a little. One day, a new opportunity came. A young hotshot rode into town, looking for entertainment. The cheat brought him in, poured a bottle, and they drank. After a while, the cheat had an idea, a wager. Whoever could draw and shoot their revolver the fastest, and hit the bottle, would win. The young gun was already drunk. The cheat saw that and figured the win was his. Time for the test. A draw, a shot, and something strange. The cheat realized he was bleeding. A sharp pain tore through him. "What happened?" he gasped. The young gun replied, "There's a bounty on you. For cheating and swindling. Dead or alive. So, wager lost."

parable about the straw to be removed

because some see things differently

A certain farmer had a pile of straw he wanted cleared from his shed. But not one to tire himself out, he hired a helper and shifted all the responsibility onto him. The young man was supposed to do the work alone. But he, too, disliked hard labor, so for half the pay, he hired someone else: a feeble old man with a dull mind. He told him to remove the straw from the shed. The old man thought for a moment, then disappeared inside. Moments later, the shed burst into flames. The young man panicked. The farmer cried out, screamed, and leapt in place. The youth came to his senses, ran to the old man, and shouted, "You were only supposed to take the straw out of the shed!" And the old man replied, "What straw? What shed?" Then walked away, pleased with himself.

parable about the sore throat

because it's good that it squeezes

There once was a man who frequently suffered from sore throats. Each one was worse than the last. His wife begged him to take better care of himself, to devote more time to healing. But the man had grown used to his illnesses, even though they were wearing his body down. One day, when the sore throats stopped and didn't return for a long while, the man asked his doctor to help bring the illness back. The doctor didn't know what to say, so he prescribed antidepressants. The man felt relieved. A new sickness had been found. One he could sidestep, circle around, and feel alive again.

parable about the worn-out horse

because sometimes it motivates

There once was a man who owned an old horse, one that had grown too weak to work. It could no longer pull a cart or sled. Could no longer help around the farm. The man wondered what to do. He considered sending the horse to the slaughterhouse, or having it put down. But his wife suggested another idea: sell the horse. Not face-to-face, but by shipment. So a buyer was found. The horse was loaded up and sent off. But when the buyer opened the delivery, he found only horseshoes. The horse had escaped the truck. He'd used the journey, used the chance at freedom, to regain his strength.

parable about the lame horse

because we imitate

There once was an old horse who walked with a limp, due to an old accident. He had a young foal who watched him closely. The foal began imitating the limp, favoring one leg, even though nothing was wrong. And so the years passed. In time, the foal grew into a full-grown horse. One day, he saw another horse, tethered nearby, walking proudly, confidently, without a limp. Our horse stared, puzzled. "What kind of strange creature is this?" he wondered. "Walking without limping?"

parable about the roof truss

because we let ourselves be convinced

There was a craftsman who built roof trusses. They were typically made of wood. But one day, a man came along, a client. Rich. Very rich. He insisted that the craftsman build the truss from solid gold. The craftsman refused at first, saying gold wasn't suitable, that nothing good would come of it. But the client was stubborn and insisted on his way. So the craftsman built the truss out of gold. And, as one might expect, it collapsed, bringing down the whole structure with it. The client then sued the craftsman. Took him to court. And won. The craftsman was forced to pay back the money for the rest of his life.

parable about the stone with a dream

because sometimes we listen too much

There was once a stone that had a dream, to be thrown into water. A stream, or something like it. It had heard so many stories about water's wonders. A sponge told him how water is absorbed. A fish from an aquarium claimed that true happiness exists only in water. A towel shared that without water, it would be useless. And so on. The stone gathered enough encouragement. He went to a stream and threw himself in. To his surprise, the water didn't change him. It didn't soften him, didn't fill him, didn't bring comfort or help. The dream turned out to be overrated.

parable about the straw

because sometimes it's fulfillment

There was a piece of straw that felt unhappy with its state. It dreamed of being an ear of grain, green and full. Or even just a freshly planted seed. It longed to return to the past, but couldn't find a way. So it asked a wise man, "How can I go back to the time when everything was wonderful?" The wise man replied, "Those times existed to lead you here. To shape you into what you are now. They were only temporary. Now, you are what you were meant to become. Fulfillment."

parable about the snake's skin

because we move on to new stages

There was a snake who refused to shed its old skin. Other snakes tried to persuade him, encourage him. They said it was healthier, that it marked a new beginning. That it was more than just tradition, it was something that simply had to happen. But the snake wouldn't listen. The old skin grew tighter and tighter, choking him. Until he died, ignoring the law that wise snakes live by.

parable about the intestine that refused to digest

because it gets replaced

There was a certain intestine, or rather, a part of it, that refused to digest. It rebelled against what the other intestines were doing. It found it all distasteful. The person in whose body this intestine lived noticed something was wrong and went to the doctor. The doctor examined the patient and gave the diagnosis: the rebellious section had to be removed. And so it was. The intestine ended up in the trash, and a new piece took its place. A replacement.

parable about the unwanted seed

because wanting is enough

There was once a seed, unwanted and unappreciated. The farmer said it was too small to plant. His wife said it was too dry to eat. The other seeds mocked it and wanted nothing to do with it. So the rejected seed decided it would surprise them all. And it did. It planted itself in the garden. It made sure it lacked nothing. And to everyone's amazement, it grew. From it blossomed a lush, beautiful plant. Far more vibrant than the seeds that once looked perfect.

parable about the head that longed for rest

because one must listen

There was a certain overworked head. The body never gave it time to rest. Always something new. Constant tasks to solve, to finish, to prove itself with. This went on for months, until the head said, "Enough. I won't keep going under these conditions." Without much thought, the body removed the head from its neck and carried on working. Mindlessly.

parable about the straw that never had a nightmare

because we shouldn't provoke

There was a piece of straw that had never experienced a nightmare. Everyone around her had, they bragged about theirs and tried to scare each other, but not the straw. Nightmares simply didn't concern her. Until something happened. A drunken farmer came by, lay down on the straw, and fell asleep with a lit cigarette. It's not hard to guess what happened next, the straw caught fire. And instead of a dreamt-up nightmare, she lived one. A far more real one.

parable about the state of the lake

because something gives, something takes away

There was a lake that had been shrinking year by year. Drying up. It feared that one day it would disappear completely. So it prayed for rain. But not just any rain, it dreamed of a flood. Like in Noah's time. And sure enough, a massive cloud arrived. The biggest the lake had ever seen. Then it happened, a wall of rain. It poured non-stop for three days. The lake filled with water, overflowed, and spilled into the nearby river. The result? All the fish from the lake swam away into the river. The lake may have grown larger, but now it held no life.

parable about agreement that punishes

because it changes little

In a certain land, there were three tribes. They didn't care for one another. Kept their distance and didn't shy away from conflict. From time to time, clashes would break out. Until someone had an idea: better to have one enemy than two. The other side picked up on it, and through this agreement, they shook hands. Two tribes made peace, just long enough to destroy the third. And so they did. Together, they wiped out their common enemy, so they could return to hating each other, just more conveniently.

parable about the straw that runs in its mind

because sometimes someone speaks up

There was a piece of straw that dreamed of competing in the games, cross-country running, to be exact. But it couldn't even crawl, let alone run. Still, it told everyone it was training hard. That it was just shy of meeting the qualification minimum. Until someone laughed in its face and said, "Why don't you focus on something you're actually good at?"

parable about the luxury palace

because sometimes one can be convinced

There was a barn that lived in comfort. Until someone came along and made it a promise, that they would turn it into a beautiful palace. Rebuild it. Make it a place people would come to admire. All it had to do was allow drugs to be stored inside, hidden from the authorities. The barn agreed. Some time passed, and a police officer eventually discovered the hiding spot. Together with a fellow officer, he decided they would burn down the dealer's hideout. They set the barn on fire, so it would go up in flames along with whatever was hidden inside. And so the barn's dream of becoming a palace vanished in smoke.

parable about the worm that wanted to be milk

because sometimes one goes too far

There was a worm who loved milk. He would sneak a tiny bit now and then from the farmer's bowl. Just a little, he didn't need much. So he was thrilled when a businessman came to the village, convincing the farmers to collect worms for him. He planned to turn them into something that looked and tasted like milk. But it wasn't real milk. Our worm was the first to volunteer. He gladly agreed to be processed. But after it was done, it turned out no one liked worm-milk. No one was interested in something pretending to be what it clearly wasn't.

parable about the sun that had doubts

because sometimes it doesn't work out

There was a sun that began to question its purpose. Question whether shining was worth it. "Why am I doing this? What do I get out of it? Maybe I should stop and do something else." And so the doubts piled up, one after another. Until finally, the doubt turned into action. The sun stopped shining. It went dark. It ceased warming the nearby planets. But it hadn't anticipated the outcome. A sun can't simply go dark. Its end always comes with consequence. And so it was, barely had it gone out, when the trapped energy with no release tore it apart from within.

parable about a strange whim

because sometimes one goes too far

There was a man with a strange whim, one might even call it an unusual dream. He wanted to switch his hand with his leg. Just like that. He wanted a leg where his arm should be, and an arm where his leg was. A display of originality. And he got his wish. They performed the surgery, cut off the limb and reattached them, just as requested. But the problem came afterward. As one might guess, neither the hand nor the leg worked properly in their new places. He could move them, yes, but they weren't where they belonged. And so the man could no longer function normally.

parable about the destruction of green

because good wins

Several colors banded together. They decided to exclude green from the palette. They plotted how to do it and set their plan in motion. No one asked why, it was just another decision among many. But people noticed the aggression toward green. And they came to its defense. They chose to protect green. And indeed, they succeeded. The conspiracy to destroy was defeated by a conspiracy to save.

parable about the meadow that refused to bloom

because sometimes too much is demanded

Spring was beginning, and the meadows were slowly turning green. But one meadow was different. This particular meadow decided that this year, it would not bloom. It would not allow the flowers and herbs to run wild. It firmly forbade them. "I do not give permission for you to indulge your whims here," it declared. But the plants didn't listen. They burst forth in full bloom and opened their petals to the insects. The meadow felt defeated. But there was nothing it could do. It had to accept what had happened.

parable about the chopping block

because sometimes we force things

There was a lumberjack who regularly chopped wood. He used an axe, of course, and a chopping block as a base. But he never appreciated the block, even though it was perfect and served its purpose well. It didn't crack, even under the heaviest blows. One day, the block decided to go on strike and hid from the lumberjack. The lumberjack cursed a few times under his breath while searching, then found it and went on chopping. After a while, tired of being unappreciated, the block decided to leave. So it went to a neighboring lumberjack, one who valued the tools of his trade.

parable about the caterpillar

because we compare

A certain caterpillar lived peacefully. It enjoyed life and everything that came its way, until one day it saw a centipede. And suddenly, it began to envy all those legs. It started comparing itself and concluded that something was missing. It told the centipede about it, and the centipede wisely replied: "Without legs, at least you can be sure you won't trip over anything."

parable about the treasure

because we forget

A man once had a great treasure and decided to bury it. He found the perfect spot and buried it deep. A few weeks later, he decided to dig it up and use it to fulfill some goals. But to his surprise, he realized he couldn't remember where he had buried it. He searched high and low. Scratched his head. Even went to a hypnotist to try to pull the memory from his mind. But it was no use. The treasure was never found. Years later, the man met a wise one and told him the story of the lost treasure. The sage replied: "If you forgot where you buried it, then it wasn't a true treasure. A real treasure is always within reach, and we never forget where we left it."

parable about the forbidden fruit

because that's how it was in Eden

God allowed Adam and Eve to eat all the fruits in Paradise, except one. Except for the fruits from a single tree. And as it happened, that tree bore just one fruit. The serpent tempted Eve, who picked the fruit. She picked it and hid it. God noticed the missing fruit and fell into a rage. He expelled Adam and Eve from Paradise. Upon hearing the sentence, Eve pulled out the fruit and showed it to God. She said: "Look, it's not even bitten. If you want, I'll give it back. The fruit is Yours, just don't cast us out." But God refused. Even though He had forbidden eating the fruit, not merely picking it. In anger, Eve quickly ate it, thinking: "If I've already been banished, I might as well find out if the fruit was worth it." It wasn't.



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Marsin

born December 2, 1986 – present

What might occur, when one helps oneself for sure. Author of books that move the soul. Sometimes written in rhyme, sometimes not at all. But can we survive, without the rhymed kind? Marsin's books are available for free online. You can find them at: wilusz.org Under the cycles section. There is also an "in English" tab.

Everything might unfold, when we look into the soul, out in the cold. The court belongs to the Lord, and the story will be explored. You can read two beautiful spiritual guides by Marsin: "lectures. the mystical Path" and "letters. a journey into the Self." A great addition to these works is a set of parables under the title "tales with Meaning". In English, Marsin also published a poetry collection about Love: "the centipede they called Love" and four debut short stories gathered into one work titled "with a touch of Irony". It's worth it, the pages are still wet

with fresh paint. And so it shall remain, the
human task, clear and plain.

Contact Marsin:
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