

Marsin

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dark Fables



a dark fable about a rascal

because it concerns him

There once was a rascal. Small, but terribly troublesome. He'd tear shirts off the line. Splash mud on the neighbor's dog. Never enough mischief for him. Until he met a boy with one leg. In a wheelchair. The rascal, intrigued, examined the wheelchair. Looked closely at the leg. And asked, "Why do you have one leg less than I do?" And the boy replied, "Why do you waste both of yours?" The rascal didn't understand, so he pushed the boy off a cliff.

a dark fable about a moose

because it seems so

There once was a moose who decided to sell his antlers. They looked magnificent. Worked just fine. So the moose figured he could make some money off them. He posted flyers around the forest with his phone number. A few days later, a hunter called, and they agreed to meet so the antlers could be inspected. The moose showed up and waited. But as it turned out, the hunter wasn't in the mood to pay. The moose only heard the crack of a rifle. And the antlers changed owners, along with the rest of the moose.

a dark fable about a nightingale

because one suffers

There once was a nightingale. He sang beautifully. Or at least he thought so. So he went to join a choir. First audition, and he was out. The director wasn't convinced. The nightingale asked why. What was wrong. The director told him to take singing lessons and come back later. So the nightingale did. And indeed, there was much to improve. But even after the lessons, something still didn't sound right. Eventually, the teacher realized what it was and told the nightingale: "It's because you live in freedom. If you lived in a cage, you'd have something to sing about. People would applaud. There's nothing like the sorrow of the enslaved. That's what moves people. And you, you are free, that's the whole problem." So the nightingale went to a pet store. Let himself be locked in a cage. And sang the most beautiful songs about his misery. That's how the blues was born.

a dark fable about a rhinoceros on a diet

because there has to be shock

There once was a rhinoceros who dreamed of being on the cover of French Vogue. So he sent in applications. Tried to build a social media presence. Expanded his network. Until someone told him he was too fat for a cover shoot. So he decided to lose weight. He worked out. Took pilates. Firming massages. Everything he could. And he dropped a solid hundred kilos. He sent another application to Vogue, and they replied that he now looked too unnatural for a rhinoceros. Too famished. And he didn't seem to be suffering. And a rhinoceros, they said, should suffer. That's what pulls on people's heartstrings. So the rhinoceros slit his wrists. As he was dying, he took a selfie and sent it to Vogue. They replied within a minute. "Yes! That's exactly what we were looking for! An African animal, tortured by the white man. A corpse to trade. Brilliant. You've got the cover!". The rhinoceros died with a smile on his face.

a dark fable about a penguin who couldn't swim

because one somehow knows

All the young penguins were learning how to swim. Except one. There was one penguin who was afraid of water. He avoided it. He didn't even know why. He just kept away. The other penguins kept pushing him toward the sea. They wanted him to swim like the rest of them. One day, while he was sleeping, they grabbed him by the wings and threw him into the icy water. The penguin started drowning, and his final words were: "I fucking told you this wasn't for me." And he sank.

Alternative ending:

The penguins decided to teach the odd one how to swim. So they brought him to the water's edge. One of them jumped into the freezing sea, excited. "This is the breaststroke. That one's doggy paddle. Flap your wings like this," he instructed. Moments later, there was a loud splash. A giant orca emerged from the depths and swallowed the swimming instructor whole. The penguin who couldn't swim widened his eyes and said: "I fucking knew this shit was dangerous."

a dark fable about a donkey on the throne

because things switch places

On the throne of a certain kingdom sat a donkey. Many didn't like that. Many disagreed with it. So they plotted a coup. They wanted to knock the donkey off the throne. They conspired, set him up, and took him out. The donkey's story ended in the royal garden. But here's the interesting part. They replaced him with another donkey. Practically identical to the first. But this time, everyone was convinced that this donkey was ours. Not theirs. Not the unfit one.

a dark fable about a magpie who praised her tail

because one goes unappreciated

There was a magpie who praised her own tail. She claimed the feathers on it had exceptional colors. That they were stronger than those of other magpies. Shinier. Unmatched. A perfect tail. Other magpies heard this, but instead of admiring it, they came up with another idea. They caught the proud magpie, tore out all her so-called "exceptional" tail feathers, and flew away. The magpie didn't know what had happened or why. After all, she had meant something else entirely.

a dark fable about a certain goat

because one insists

There was a goat who ate only one type of grass. Nothing else. No other kind would pass his throat. The other goats, with their varied diets, were puzzled. They ate almost everything. But our goat wouldn't be swayed by his peers. He stuck to his own. Imagine his surprise when, one year, his grass didn't grow. Other kinds sprouted - different, abundant - but his had vanished. Simply gone. Still, the goat stayed true to himself and died of hunger.

a dark fable about shelter

because one makes a choice

There were two mice who decided to find shelter. The world terrified them. So many dangers. So many threats. Seeking refuge seemed like the logical thing to do. And they found it, after days of searching. They decided to take shelter inside a crocodile's mouth. After all, no one would ever suspect they were there. Besides, no one would dare attack such a crocodile. Everyone feared him, he would make the perfect hiding place, the mice thought. And so they did. They entered the crocodile's mouth, and he ate them. As it turned out, the hiding place wasn't perfect after all.

a dark fable about coming out of hiding

because one is tested

There was a creature who sometimes came out of hiding. But only at night, when no one could see. That's how afraid it was of the world. That's how foreign the world felt to it. Until one day, in broad daylight, its hiding place caught fire. The whole meadow burned. So the creature stepped out, in daylight. It fled from the flames. And it saw beauty. A world that was kind and helpful. A world that posed no threat. Then it woke up. The smoke stung its eyes. Its hiding place was in flames. There was no chance to escape.

a dark fable about a scarecrow

because one takes revenge

There was a scarecrow who'd had enough of working for free. He wanted to be paid. For all those weeks guarding the field. For all those days scaring away birds. So he went to the farmer and demanded money. The farmer didn't take him seriously. Chased him off and told him to get back to the field. Enraged, the scarecrow opened the barn doors where the farmer stored his grain and invited in every mouse and bird, every rat and chicken, to feast. And feast they did. The farmer suffered a far greater loss than if he had just paid the scarecrow.

a dark fable about the mob

because one keeps it going

A man told his friend that outside a store, a mob in a dress came up to him and begged for five zlotys. Later, outside a church, a mob in pants took ten straight from his wallet. Then, by another store, a mob in overalls relieved him of fifteen. The mob, now in a suit, replied: "Tradition is everything. To keep it alive, hand over twenty."

a dark fable about a string

because one goes on strike

A certain string was fitted onto a guitar. The musician was putting on a full new set. But this one was different. It refused to play the way it should. It gave off a sound unlike what a string of its gauge was supposed to produce. The musician noticed and tried to tune it, adjust it, fix it. But when he realized it was all pointless, he threw the string away and bought a new one. One that played as it should.

a dark fable about a pope

because one must play the role

There was a pope who couldn't understand why everything was done for him. It felt strange. People cleaned for him. Took out the trash for him. Cooked for him. He decided to change that. On the first day, he rolled up a carpet, carried it out, and beat the dust from it. On the second day, he vacuumed his own car. And on the third, he tapped out a dance beat with a microphone at a school disco. The important figures of the Vatican apparently didn't understand, because on the fourth day they declared him insane and locked him in a padded cell.

a dark fable about synchronization

because there are ways

An alchemist boasted at the royal court that he could synchronize day and night. That he wielded the greatest spells. Mastered concepts. Surpassed all peaks. So the king ordered him to prove it, to show the synchronization of day and night. The alchemist said they'd have to wait until dawn. And so they waited. Dawn came. The king was woken early. The alchemist was already waiting and pointed to the east. The sun had not yet risen, but it was no longer night either. Something in between. Or perhaps both at once.

a dark fable about a magic anvil

because of ways of valuing things

There was a blacksmith who owned a magical anvil. Everything forged upon it turned out exceptional. Swords never dulled. Knives lasted forever. Shields were unbreakable. All thanks to the anvil. A wealthy merchant heard of it and came to visit. He brought down from his cart a massive anvil made of pure gold and said, "I'll give you this golden anvil. Solid gold. In exchange for your old, worn-out one. Maybe it's magical. Maybe it's special. But surely it's worth less than this pure gold." The blacksmith paused for a moment and declined, declaring, "Why would I want an anvil made of such a poor material as gold? It wouldn't even serve its purpose. Mine does what it should, that makes it far more valuable."

a dark fable about a snake's legs

because nature and choices

There was a snake who desperately wanted legs. He was tired of slithering on his belly. He wanted to be done with it. So he searched for a magician who could change his state, who had the right spell, who could speak the words that would make legs grow. And indeed, one day he found a great wizard. He told him about his condition, and the wizard spoke strange words: "Legs on a snake are unnatural. They will bring you nothing but sorrow." The snake didn't believe it. How could legs bring me sorrow? he thought. And he insisted. So the wizard granted his request, and the snake grew four legs. But the result was unexpected. He now resembled a lizard, but he wasn't one. All the lizards ran from him. The other snakes saw him as some kind of freak and wanted nothing to do with him. The snake died alone. But with legs.

a dark fable about a mole behind the wheel

because one allows

There was a mole who dreamed of driving a car. He wanted to get a driver's license. And despite some objections, it was decided that he should be allowed. In the spirit of fairness - no one should face discrimination. All animals are equal. So the mole got his license and took to the road. But being blind, he didn't get far. He crashed at the first intersection. The other animals simply nodded their heads but felt satisfied - for they had treated everyone equally.

a dark fable about a centipede and a loan

because one is clever

A certain centipede wanted to take out a loan. To build a hotel. A massive one. So she went to the bank and inquired about the possibilities. It turned out she needed to offer some form of collateral. She thought for a moment and offered one of her hundred legs. So she left a leg at the bank, and the next day she was lounging in the Dominican Republic with a hefty sum in a Dominican account, thinking to herself, one leg more or less, what difference does it make.

a dark fable about a debt collector

because there's no heart or logic

A debt collector was sent to collect from a shark. For unpaid taxes. The collector figured the shark's most valuable asset was his teeth. So he said to the shark, "I'm going to saw off your teeth to settle the debt." The shark, shocked, apologized. He wept and pleaded. "Don't take my teeth," he said, "and I'll bring you plenty of fish. I'll repay the debt with what I hunt." But the collector refused. He took the shark's teeth. And a few weeks later, the shark died of hunger. Without teeth, he had no way to hunt.

a dark fable about a word

because one does not speak

There was once a word that wanted someone to say it. So it went to a potter, but he said he had no time for it. Then the word went to a cook, who said he could cook it instead. Finally, it went to a priest. The priest said it was inappropriate. The discouraged word sat down by the edge of a lake and gazed sadly into the water. Suddenly, something emerged from the surface. A frog. She asked the word why it was so troubled. The word said no one wanted to speak it. The frog asked, "What do you sound like? What word are you?" And the word answered: "Love." The frog said the word out loud, and turned into its next repetition.

a dark fable about a head full of dreams

because one racks their brain

There was a head that kept wondering how to commit suicide. Would it be better to be chopped off? Or perhaps to hang from a noose? Or be sawed off slowly? It couldn't stop thinking. Until it finally realized, it was already separated from the body. Just waiting its turn to be buried.

a dark fable about a green cat

because love saves lives

There was a cat who loved the color green. He dreamed of having fur in that shade. Imagine his joy when the man of the house started painting a wall with green paint. The cat jumped into the bucket and quickly changed color, completely covered in green. A few hours later, as usual, he went out to the meadow to hunt mice. He was joined by the neighbor's cat, naturally colored. They loved hunting together. It brought them great joy. Unfortunately, this time there was also a hunter on the meadow. He shot the neighbor's cat, mistaking him for a wild boar. He didn't see the green cat at all - he had blended in with the grass and the rest of the vegetation. Yes, the things we love can sometimes save our lives.

a dark fable about an obstacle to happiness

because we create them

There was a boy named Johnny, and he walked through life. One day someone asked him if he was happy. Johnny said that a lack of money was his obstacle to happiness. A few years later, once Johnny had money, someone asked him again if he was happy. Johnny replied, the lack of a wife is now my obstacle to happiness. A few more years passed, and someone asked Johnny if he was happy. He said, having a wife is my obstacle to happiness. Happiness stopped asking. It went to someone who wasn't an obstacle to themselves.

a dark fable about an octopus

because we believe it will work out

There was an octopus who decided to get rich through betting. She thought, I have so many legs, I'll just bet one each time. And so she did. Once, a fifth time, a tenth. Sometimes she even won. But by the fiftieth bet, she realized not only had she lost everything she'd ever won, but she also had no legs left. And I probably don't need to tell you what happens to an octopus with no legs.

a dark fable about ambition

because someone always knows

There was a boy who wanted to convince the people he was a king. So he bought expensive robes. Went to the capital. Forged a birth certificate. Began appearing at lavish banquets. Boasted of royal connections. And many believed in his noble origins. For a while. But only for a while. Someone from his village spotted him among the nobles and revealed his peasant background. The boy was cast down from his pedestal and thrown into prison, so others would know what ambition tastes like.

a dark fable about a conscience

because we forget

A starving conscience decided to hunt. So it grabbed a spear and stabbed a magpie. Another magpie, maybe a relative, asked the conscience, "Why did you do that? You're a murderer!" To which the conscience replied, "I was hungry." A raven nearby added, "I feed my conscience regularly and keep it healthy, so I agree with you. You're not a murderer. The real murderer is the one who forgot to feed you properly."

a dark fable about taste

because one chooses

There was a man who ate nothing but pastéis de nata. Nothing else tasted as good. He had no desire for anything better, because to him, this was the best. After three years on that diet, he died of heart disease or some other damn thing. On his grave they wrote: "Not everything that tastes good is good for you."

a dark fable about fear

because we want things too soon

There was a dog who was terrified of the world. Every time he was taken for a walk, he hid in the bushes. Because someone passed by. Because he saw another dog. One day, he asked his mother, "Mom, why is the world so scary?" His mother, a female dog, replied, "You're just a puppy. The world feels scary when you're small. But when you grow up, it will become a beautiful place in your eyes. A place where you'll feel wonderful. Now is the time for fear. But fears fade and disappear. Just wait a few more months."

a dark fable about a dog who couldn't bark

because one doesn't see

There was once a dog who was forbidden to bark. His owner would beat him whenever he heard it. Over time, barking became associated with punishment, so the dog stopped doing it. But that had its consequences. One day, a thief entered the owner's property. The dog saw him but didn't dare to bark - he was afraid of the punishment. So the thief robbed the man. And when the man saw what had happened, he turned on the dog in anger.

a dark fable about a marten and the chewed-up cables

because one causes harm

There was a marten who had a hobby, chewing through car cables. She was infamous in the entire area. No one could stop her. She always slipped away from the furious car owners. But one day, someone came up with a trick. They connected the cables to a battery and waited. The marten couldn't resist the fresh wires, and got hit with a heavy jolt of electricity. From that day on, she remembered that a harmful hobby can turn the damage back on you.

a dark fable about cleopatra

because you don't expect it

There was once a Cleopatra. The most beautiful of the beautiful. The most regal of the regal. And one day she had an idea. She wanted a double. So she dressed up a beautiful woman to look just like her and used her whenever she didn't feel like making an appearance. But one day, Cleopatra's double did something unexpected. Crushed by the weight of the role, she slit her wrists in front of a crowd. She couldn't be saved. She died. Cleopatra was trapped. She had to live the life of the double, had to become a woman of lower status. It couldn't be revealed that someone else had died. Everyone saw it. Everyone spread the word. Cleopatra was dead, and there was no way to undo it.

a dark fable about an ermine

because you can't fake it

There was a snow-white ermine who dreamed of being black. So he came up with an idea. He climbed onto the roof of a house and jumped into the chimney. He emerged completely covered in soot. Entirely black. He looked at himself in the mirror and admired his new appearance. Then he returned to the forest. But it wasn't long before the rain came. And with the rain, all the soot washed away. The ermine was white again. And once more, he had to face reality.

a dark fable about a blanket

because sometimes the best comes at the end

There was once a blanket that thought its best years were behind it. For many years, it had served a woman - keeping her warm as she lounged on the same couch, always with the tag at her feet. Nothing ever changed. Now, worn and pilled, the blanket believed nothing good lay ahead. But something strange happened. The woman began taking it on vacation. She laid it out on the sand by the sea. On the grass by the lake. The blanket even came along for Sunday picnics in the park. And it turned out, the blanket was delighted. Being old meant it was no longer precious, so it could be given beautiful moments in places all over the country, on all sorts of occasions.

a dark fable about a bottle

because sometimes someone talks

There was a bottle that felt down. She'd heard from other bottles how things would go. That a human would drink her contents and toss her in the trash. To be melted down, or dumped in a river. The bottle was in a foul mood because of it. Until someone bought her. And then came the question: what would happen? And what happened was that, yes, the person drank what was inside her. But as it turned out, he also made a lot of wine. And he refilled the empty bottle with his own vintage. After each emptying, she was washed and filled again. In this way, she lasted for years. The stories turned out not to be true.

a dark fable about an exile

because sometimes there's a second chance

In a certain village, there was a wrongdoer. The townspeople had enough of him and banished him far away. They forbade him from ever returning. They were done with him. The exile walked dozens of kilometers and settled in a newly built village. The exile had a profound effect on him. He decided to change, and the change lasted. In the new village, he became known for his honesty and kind heart. He understood what truly mattered and made the most of a fresh start.

a dark fable about an arsonist

because sometimes one word makes all the difference

There was a man who wanted to sell his house and move to a bigger city. But no one was making offers. He kept lowering the price, but still no buyers. So he insured the house for a large sum, and set it on fire. As luck would have it, the fire brigade arrived within minutes and quickly put out the flames. The man still thought things had gone according to plan. Until he visited the insurance company. It turned out his policy only covered total loss. And this wasn't one. The man was left with a half-burned house and cursed himself for not reading the fine print.

a dark fable about the jokers

because sometimes a joke gets out of hand

In a certain town, a group of men gathered for a drinking night. All acquaintances. Neighbors. Some close, some not. Once the party got going, someone had an idea - a joke. They quietly spread the plan, and soon it was set in motion. One man mentioned, in passing but loud enough to be heard, that he had slept with another man's wife. Just to stir things up. Another chimed in, saying he had too. And another. The idea was to convince one of them that all the others had been with his wife. The man went home and shot her. The joke, it turned out, was only half successful.

a dark fable about the black death

because everything is only for a while

The Black Death once came to Earth. It reaped people evenly and relentlessly. No one could escape it. No one could drive it away. Until one day, an astrologer, fearing for his family, went out to meet it. He made sure they would cross paths and brought a gift, a string made of stars. The Black Death was surprised to see someone approaching her. She was intrigued. The astrologer showed her the celestial treasure and assured her of its authenticity. The Black Death understood, she had to leave, and the gift would be hers. But there was one condition. She demanded the right to return. She valued the necklace at 600 years of peace. "I'll be back in 600 years," she said, and granted humankind a break.

a dark fable about the shoemaker

because we judge from above

There was a shoemaker who, by accident, created a pair of magical shoes. Whoever wore them instantly became happy. He noticed this and decided to make a profit. So he put them up for sale. Buyers came one after another. One didn't like the color. Another complained about uneven stitching. A third disliked the shape of the shoes. Yet none of them actually tried them on to see whether they truly made a person happy.

a dark fable about a dissatisfied mushroom

because sometimes it's better to go unnoticed

There was a mushroom who was unhappy with his cap. Just plain brown, he said. Practically identical to all the others. So he decided to get himself a modern hat. He went to a hat shop and chose the most extravagant one. He put it on and returned to the forest. That very same day, a forager spotted him from afar. The strange hat caught his eye. The forager picked the mushroom, chopped him into cubes, and tossed him into soup. A cap unlike any other turned out to be a sign of doom.

a dark fable about a grown child

because it happens

There was once a child addicted to feeding off its mother. It began in the usual way, nursing at her breast. It drank her milk for years. And when the milk ran out, the child began nibbling at her. As it grew older, it became a burden. It fed on her body, biting places that couldn't be seen. And later, all of her. Wherever it could. Years passed, and it turned out the grown child had consumed its mother entirely. Nothing remained but her bones, which the grown child used to build a house.

a dark fable about a jumper

because one is convinced

There was a boy who boasted that he was a jumper, that he could leap from great heights and nothing would happen to him. He even made bets on it. He started with small challenges. Jumped from a meter, nothing. Leapt from the first floor, still fine. As he grew older, he jumped from higher and higher places. Once he jumped from the height of a fourth floor, a tree cushioned his fall. He walked away unharmed. But for his eighteenth birthday, he wanted something special. He jumped from a tall bridge. In front of friends cheering him on. With bets placed. This time, the result was tragic. He didn't win another prize.

a dark fable about a hornet who didn't know he was dead

because the mirror tells the truth

There was a hornet who didn't know he had died. He did everything as always. Flew as always. Fed as always. Even visited other hornets. But he was puzzled that he no longer lived among them. That they seemed to have nothing to say to him. As if they didn't see him. Or were ignoring him. He understood everything when he crashed into a mirror. Simply flew right into it, because he saw no reflection. Because he no longer cast one. Everything became clear in that moment. The mirror tells the truth.

a dark fable about a demanding customer

because it's obvious

There was a man who went into a sandwich bar and declared he wanted tomato soup. The vendor told him they only served sandwiches. But the customer wouldn't give up. He insisted he had to get tomato soup. After all, he wanted it. That should be obvious. When he heard yet another refusal, he grew offended and stormed out. He then went around telling all his friends it was the worst bar in town, and warned them never to even think about going there.

a dark fable about a vegetarian fly

because it's a warning

There was a vegetarian woman who ordered ramen at a bar. Vegetarian, of course. She received her meal and began to eat. After a moment, she noticed a fly had landed in the bowl. She brought it back to the vendor and showed him. The vendor replied, "You can't forbid a vegetarian fly from expressing herself. She wanted to eat too. It's just unclear why the broth led to her death."

a dark fable about a businessman in the sahara

because everything must be considered

There was a man who came up with a new venture, what he called the business of a lifetime. He opened a bar with cold drinks in the middle of the Sahara. Nothing around, just his bar. Frozen cocktails, lemonades, and juices. The idea wasn't entirely bad, but there were no customers. No one made use of the bar's offerings because there was nothing around, no roads, no oases, nothing. The only thing that could be said about the founder-salesman was that at least he didn't die of thirst in the desert.

a dark fable about a gardener

because sometimes one doesn't know

There was a gardener who didn't quite realize what he was doing. He regularly destroyed what he had planted. And then he blamed everyone else that so little had grown. That other gardens were fuller and more beautiful. One day, a traveler came across him as he was tearing out a begonia and asked why he was doing it. But the gardener couldn't answer the question.

a dark fable about an exotic fruit

because sometimes the wrong decision is made

There was an exotic fruit that wanted to be eaten. It sat in a store, and no one came near it. So it crawled over to the apple stand and pretended to be an apple. It didn't help much. It still stood out, and no one picked it up. Then it tried to pass as a plum, but that didn't work either. People preferred fruits whose taste they already knew. The exotic fruit thought to itself: What was the point of all this? I should've stayed in the country where I was known and appreciated.

a dark fable about a pomegranate

because tricks work

There was a pomegranate who wanted to be famous. He dreamed of being the most expensive pomegranate in the world. So he stuck an outrageous price tag on himself. But no one wanted to pay that much for a fruit. Then the pomegranate came up with a plan. He divided the price by the number of seeds inside and began selling each seed separately. Just a taste, of something truly exceptional. And it worked. Dozens of people wanted to try it and did. One seed at a time. Exceptionally expensive.

a dark fable about a wolf

because truth is truth

There was a wolf who pretended to be a lion. He was enamored with the lion's ways, his habits, his presence, and tried to copy them. He did his best to act like a lion, to imitate every detail. Until one day, by chance, a real lion crossed the wolf's path. The wolf froze. Fainted. Then got up and bolted toward the thickest bushes he could find.

a dark fable about cleaning the attic

because forward is the way

A wife told her husband to clean out the attic. So he got to work. Maybe not eagerly, but still. And he came across a pile of old things. Each one carried a memory. A baseball helmet. Letters from someone. The storefront sign from his first business. But he threw it all away. Because he was already living a new life. That chapter had long ended. He moved on and didn't look back.

a dark fable about a writer

because what they call you matters

There was a writer without inspiration. He had once written a book no one remembered, and now he was writing a new one, just so he could say he was working. That he was in the creative process. He wrote one word a day. That was enough to call himself an active creator. One day, he even calculated how long it would take to finish the book at that pace. The result: just over 900 years. We're waiting.

a dark fable about a lockpick

because it opens things

There was a lockpick that could open any door. And it did. But it walked around looking sad. One day, someone asked, "Why are you so down? You can open any door. To a vault, a luxury car, anything. Everything's within your reach." The lockpick replied, "Yes, but I can't open the door to a woman's heart."

a dark fable about the flock

because they choose

There was a flock that wanted to choose an animal leader. And they debated who it should be. The strongest? No, he'd impose strict rules. The hardest working? No, he'd force them to toil. The bravest? No, they'd have to take risks. The most beautiful? No, he'd make them wear makeup. The dumbest? Yes, let's pick the dumbest one! At least he won't change anything in our lives. And so the dumbest became the leader of the animal flock.

a dark fable about a lap

because wisdom pairs well with gain

Two friends decided to play a game. Since they enjoyed both running and drinking, they came up with a challenge: one lap around the stadium - one bottle. So the first guy did a lap, stopped, and drank a bottle. Then another lap, another bottle. After three laps, he collapsed, no strength left. But the second one had a different idea. He chose another strategy. He ran as many laps as he could first, twelve in total, and only then came back to collect his bottles. He emptied them after the task was done.

a dark fable about firefighters

because one chooses

In a certain city, there were firefighters who only put out fires in the homes of the wealthy. When a poor person's house caught fire, they didn't respond. That was the custom. That's how they had decided. And that's what they did. One day, several poor homes caught fire. The firefighters, as usual, did nothing. But the flames spread. Grew. Reached many more houses. They finally rushed in once the fire reached the wealthy district. But by then, the fire had grown too fast. The firefighters couldn't keep up. The entire city went up in smoke.

a dark fable about a lark

because there's always a way out

There was a lark who was forbidden to sing. It was decided that only certified larks could sing, those with official documents proving the quality of their song. This lark had no such papers. So he hid his singing. And he sang beautifully. Someone heard him and learned about the ban. That someone had an idea. He painted the lark black and told him to introduce himself as a blackbird. The restrictions didn't apply to blackbirds. And so, as a blackbird, the lark was finally free to sing his heart out.

a dark fable about a helicopter pilot

because it pulls you in

There was a helicopter pilot who believed that life was in the skies, not on the ground. He was convinced that only by flying could one truly live. So he flew farther and longer each time. Until one day, he flew too far. Too high. And ran out of fuel. He had chosen life in the skies, but it wasn't built to last. The earth pulled him back for good.

a dark fable about the side of prognosis

because it forecasts

There was a wise man who believed that every prognosis had two sides. One side pulled him toward success, the other toward failure. A student once asked the sage how to tell which side of the prognosis was stronger. The sage replied, "We will always choose the side of the prognosis that reflects the side which dominates within us."

a dark fable about the symphony of dread

because it plays

Dread decided to perform its own symphony. It had composed it alone but needed musicians to bring it to life. It announced auditions, but few could play in harmony while upholding the principles of dread. So dread had to find a compromise and hired some musicians with good hearts. The result was a symphony performed by a mixed ensemble, good and evil playing a single melody together.

a dark fable about rabbit pâté

because reputation

There was a farmer known for making rabbit pâté, a local delicacy. People placed their orders well in advance. At some point, there were so many requests that he ran out of rabbits. So he started catching geese, ducks, anything he could find, and made pâté from whatever was available. But he still labeled it "rabbit pâté," and people ate it, convinced that the farmer's reputation guaranteed the quality.

a dark fable about gnome juice

because we take the easy way, but at what cost

Someone was once searching for the perfect gnome to make juice from. One was too small. Another too talkative. The next one a bit crooked. Eventually, tired of searching, they went to the store and bought a ready-made bottle, gnome juice, pre-packaged. It contained 0.01% gnome, and even that from a random one.

a dark fable about hope-flavored juice

because we fall for the bait

A certain company sold juices in a store. This kind, that kind, all kinds. But sales were poor. People chose other brands. Few bought their products. So the company came up with an idea. They made a new label that read: "juice with the flavor of hope." And what happened? Everyone wanted to try that flavor. Everyone wondered what hope might taste like. Soon there was a line for their juices, and the company became a great success.

a dark fable about the search for comfort

because it's a quest

There was a princess who spent her whole life searching for comfort. She had plenty, but her expectations kept growing. The bed was never soft enough. The cat never fluffy enough. Straw? Unacceptable. Betrayal? Better not to mention it. One day, the king had enough. And though he loved his daughter, he banished her from the kingdom, told her to search for comfort elsewhere. The former princess's standards slowly shrank, and in time, she found comfort in a peasant's hut, on a hard bed.

a dark fable about a sage in a dungeon

because rewards

A certain sage was accused of murder and thrown into a dungeon. He spent two full years there before being summoned for questioning. The guards asked him why he never said he was innocent. The real killer had been found, confessed and gave all the details. "So why didn't you say you were innocent?" they asked. The sage replied, "You wouldn't have believed me anyway. You were satisfied with having caught the criminal. No one was going to take that reward away from you."

a dark fable about the guarantee of happiness

because one flips

There was a coin that had an eagle on both sides. Other coins mocked her, said she'd been misstruck, defective, worthless, that no shop would accept her. But the coin thought for a moment and replied, "Maybe so. But I'm a reason for happiness. With me, anyone can win a coin toss. I offer a guarantee of success. A guarantee of joy. All thanks to how original I am."

a dark fable about a slavic wife

because things turn around

There was a wealthy Slav who had a wife. But he grew fond of a certain German woman and decided to bring her into his home, casting his wife out. The father of the German woman, also a man of wealth, was displeased by this. He hired armed men and set off to retrieve his daughter from the Slavs. But something remarkable happened. The girl's father fell in love with the Slav's former wife and took her back with him to Germania. The Slav remained with the young German woman, at least until he was exiled for dishonoring his lineage. The pregnant German woman was not welcomed in her father's home. Meanwhile, the father - now happily living with his Slavic wife, was enjoying life.

a dark fable about a picky apple

because one refuses

There was a picky apple. It hung from a tree, waiting for the perfect worm, the ideal worm to live inside it, to feed on it. Weeks passed. Many worms came by, eager to settle in, but the apple turned them all away. It refused every single one. Until, eventually, it rotted, and was forgotten.

a dark fable about the flock

because one proves themselves

There was a flock that longed for recognition. So it kept testing itself against other flocks, trying in all sorts of ways. Until, eventually, there were no men left in the flock. All had been lost in the effort to prove their superiority. The women were scattered into other flocks, and the memory of the once-proud, boastful group faded into nothing.

a dark fable about a stranger's visit

because one receives guests

A certain man was regularly visited by a stranger. Always the same one. He refused to accept that he knew her. She was always a surprise. Always remained a stranger. After several visits, the woman had enough. She stopped coming. And the man was left wondering who she had been.

a dark fable about a crisis situation

because it dulls awareness

There was a man who always claimed to be in a crisis. He said it at every opportunity. That's what he believed. That's how he felt. Until one day, a real crisis hit, the kind no one would envy. But the man didn't recognize it. To him, it was just another day. And since he didn't recognize it, he didn't react. His lack of response let the crisis consume him. And his end was a sad one.

a dark fable about the thaw

because it always comes, sometimes late

There was a man who lived in a floodplain. Once a year, when the thaw arrived, he would move everything he owned to the upper floor so the water wouldn't reach it. But one year, the thaw didn't come. The man waited, but it never showed. So he decided not to move anything, assuming the thaw wouldn't come that year. But it did, at the least expected moment, and flooded everything he owned.

a dark fable about a straw pile

because no one's to blame

There was a straw pile who had no friends. But he longed for one. Everyone, however, assumed his efforts came from a fleeting spark, straw enthusiasm, nothing more. Not worth engaging with, they thought, because nothing would come of it anyway. So the straw pile set himself on fire out of loneliness. And people said it must've been an accident, maybe a cigarette. No one saw any fault in themselves for what had happened.

a dark fable about the catfish

because one believes

There was a certain catfish known for being, well, a catfish. And since he was a catfish, people assumed he must know all about sums. So they asked him math questions, and he gave them answers, usually wrong ones, because he was guessing. He didn't actually know how to add. But he was a catfish, so people kept asking him. And they believed the nonsense he told them.

a dark fable about the mimosa

because one gets respect

The mimosa was a plant like many others. But she held herself in high regard. After all, Czesław Niemen had sung about her. People knew this and treated her with special reverence. They surrounded her with care and attention, even though the mimosa looked down on them. And didn't deserve the special treatment. She hadn't earned it.

a dark fable about a cloudburst

because perspective

A cloudburst struck a certain place. The farmer was glad, the rain would water his crops. The old lady was happy, it would wash the pavement in front of her house. But the children were upset, their football game was interrupted. The puddles made it hard to score goals.

a dark fable about what's up one's sleeve

because it's kept there

There was a man who always kept a kind word up his sleeve. Another kept a backup bottle for emergencies. And then there was someone who carried a spare noose, just in case the first one snapped.

a dark fable about the glorification of goodness

because there's a vision

There was a town where goodness was glorified. Goodness even had its own statue. In its name, they installed satellite dishes. For the sake of goodness, they held regular gatherings. And at one such meeting, goodness itself appeared before the whole town. But no one recognized it, even though it spoke only good things. That's because the townspeople already had their own vision of what goodness should be.

a dark fable about a fence without a hole

because one avoids

There was a fence without a single hole. And it envied other fences, the old, worn ones, full of gaps, that had seen so much, lived through so much. But it never found the courage to change anything about its life. It lived safely. Always stepped aside when things got tense. And so it remained, a fence without a hole, until the day it was torn down.

a dark fable about a tail

because one gets fixated

There was an animal that used its tail to swat away flies. Constantly. Without pause. That's what it chose to do. And it never even considered that a tail could serve other purposes. It was so focused on what bothered it, that it forgot what could actually help.

a dark fable about a river branch

because one puts up with it

There was a river with several branches. She acknowledged all of them, except one. That one didn't suit her. It flowed unevenly, had whirlpools, wasn't presentable. So the river forbade it from appearing in her company. The rejected branch, however, had no choice. Its bed flowed where it flowed, and so it had to keep going, enduring the river's disdain.

a dark fable about focus

because one focuses

There was a man obsessed with focus. All he cared about was focusing. Always more. Always deeper. Always aiming for some result. And he was constantly dissatisfied, because, in his eyes, there were no results. Though the facts said otherwise. After all, he was entirely focused... on focusing.

a dark fable about indoctrination

because what it's called matters

There was an indoctrination that felt unhappy. People spoke badly of her. They warned against her. Feared her. Even used her to scare others. So indoctrination couldn't live the life she wanted. But one day, she had an idea. She changed her name, and began to thrive. No one connected her to the old name. Yet she hadn't changed at all. Only the name had.

a dark fable about debt collection

because it's all about connections

Debt Collection wanted to go on vacation. But she had no money, her debtors weren't paying, and her collection backlog was piling up. So she came up with an idea. She bought the debt of a hotel in a warm country and traveled there to collect. This time, she succeeded, because if she hadn't, she wouldn't have had the means to return. And it worked. Debt Collection combined business with leisure, confident it had paid off.

a dark fable about comfort

because it completes

Comfort claimed to be the only rightful path. That nothing was better than being comfortable. But Work didn't buy it, and kept doing its thing. Then a sage showed Work a resting man and asked, "Do you think he's uncomfortable?" Everything has its time. Work without the comfort of rest is misery. And comfort without the effort of work, is a wasted life.

a dark fable about handwriting

because there's a need for everything

There was a man with terribly messy handwriting. "Those letters are all crooked," people would say. No one could read what he wrote. It was hard to guess what he meant. But years later, the man got a job at a pharmacy. And suddenly, his sloppy handwriting became more than useful, it matched that of the doctors. He was the only employee who could read prescriptions flawlessly. No guessing, no hesitation. His untidiness became his strength.

a dark fable about a new task

because one doesn't think

Someone once had the idea to convert a regular passenger ship into a submarine. It would be an attraction, they thought. Everyone's sailed on a ship, but a submarine? That's rare. We'll make a fortune on tickets. So they went ahead. Sealed the vessel where they could and loaded it with enough ballast to make it fully submerge. And it did, only to sink to the bottom shortly after. Along with all its passengers. It wasn't built to be a submarine. And because it was meant for something else, it failed at its new task.

a dark fable about waiting in line

because one stands

A certain man was taught that to get anything in life, you had to wait your turn. To stand your ground. To endure the line. Waiting was essential. But the man was a hothead, and at some point he snapped, "Enough! I won't stand here any longer." He stormed out of the line and forced his way to the very front. But someone grabbed him by the collar and threw him out on his ear. He wasn't even allowed to return to the back of the line.

a dark fable about forcing

because one forces

There was someone who was always being forced. Forced to eat milk soup he couldn't stand. Forced to eat Silesian dumplings. Forced to speak a foreign language. Until one day, he'd had enough. He walked away, and never came back. The one who had done the forcing never saw him again. He told himself the person must've gone mad. That there was no reason to leave. And yet...

a dark fable about blame

because one blames

There was someone who blamed everyone around him. The soup was too hot. The weather wasn't right. The dishcloth slipped from his hand. But he forgot that throwing blame has a dark side. Everyone eventually turned away from him, and soon, there was no one left to blame. What a sad case.

a dark fable about wanting

because it moves things

There was a man who didn't feel like doing anything. Yet he was full of complaints, that nothing ever happened, nothing ever changed. And he couldn't understand why. One day, his five-year-old child said to him, "All it takes is a wanting. Then everything will start to move." And to this day, the man still wonders what the child meant.

a dark fable about mockery

because one gets it wrong

There was a man who mocked everyone he met. He showed nothing but discontent, rebellion, and aggression. Someone asked him why he was like that. The man replied that it all came from good intentions. As it turned out, he had confused the word "mock" with "treat." And now he knows. And he treats others... with different behavior.

a dark fable about malicious police

because it happens

In a certain town, there was a malicious police force. Officers measured drivers' speed from behind bushes. They handed out fines for the smallest infractions. Even an old lady got ticketed, for crossing the street too slowly. The townspeople had enough and issued the officers a different kind of penalty. They convinced the policemen's wives to become distant and nosy. After a few weeks of this peculiar punishment, the wives had straightened out their troublesome husbands.

a dark fable about craving

because one isn't truly alive

There was someone who always wanted something. One craving after another. No exaggeration, he seemed made entirely of wants. But fate intervened, and an accident landed him in prison. His cravings could no longer be fulfilled. The prison confined him. And since he was made of nothing but desire, he crumbled into pieces.

a dark fable about the repossession of a waffle

because of habit

A bailiff was walking through the Old Town with his child when they spotted a waffle stand. The child saw it too, and started begging for a waffle. The father had no money on him, but he did have his badge and credentials. So he walked into the booth, stated who he was, and demanded a waffle. He claimed it was a seizure, combined with a tasting, to assess the value of the goods produced there. The child was happy, and the bailiff felt fulfilled. For that day, at least.

a dark fable about a manger full of hay

because one thinks

There was a horse who dreamed of a manger full of hay. He thought about it every day. He visualized it. Longed for it. And one day, it happened, the manger was overflowing with hay. But he didn't rush to eat. Something held him back. Maybe he didn't want to ruin the perfection. Or maybe he feared that if he ate it all, he'd never get any again. Either way, the hay remained untouched. And the horse began to starve.

a dark fable about a radiator

because one forgets

There was a car radiator that forgot how to cool. No, it wasn't broken. There was no malfunction. It simply forgot how to do its job. Imagine its surprise when the car came to a halt and couldn't go any farther, all because of its forgetfulness. And yet, the radiator blamed it on coincidence. After all, the car could've stopped for some other reason.

a dark fable about a capricorn

because being a capricorn

There was a Capricorn who pondered the meaning of his existence. Maybe my horns have something to do with it, he thought. Maybe it's in my hooves, maybe they hold the answer, he wondered. Until he had an idea. He asked another Capricorn what the meaning of his life was. And the other replied, "To be a Capricorn. As fully as one possibly can."

a dark fable about the scent of hell

because one senses

There was a man who could smell the scent of hell in others. Some people, sinners, carried a different kind of smell. And this man knew how to recognize them. By scent alone. Until one day, he caught the scent of hell coming from himself. He realized that he reeked like the rest. Or maybe not like the rest. Maybe, all along, the scent of hell had only ever been his own.

a dark fable about upbringing

because one raises

There was a mother who wanted to raise her son into a monster. She did everything she could to ruin him. To harden his heart. But the son, in defiance of his mother, became a priest.

a dark fable about the devil's spawn

because he's his own father

There was a devil's spawn who sent hell a bill. For his efforts. For even wanting to try. When the devil asked for justification, the spawn replied: "You took no part in raising me. I taught myself everything. So I deserve compensation, for the lost years without a father at home, and for the ability to provide what he never did."

a dark fable about the repossession of handcuffs

because one must collect!

A debt collector had been running shady schemes, and they finally came to light. The police arrived to arrest him. An officer pulled out handcuffs to restrain him, but the collector said, "I'm repossessing those," and slapped a sticker on them. The officer, confused, didn't know what was happening. And the debt collector explained, "They belong to the state, just like you, and the state is in debt. Time to start repossessing. Time to collect!"

a dark fable about excitement

because it never rests

Excitement filed for vacation. It wanted a break. To catch its breath. And the leave was granted. But to its surprise, the moment the vacation began, it vanished. Because excitement can't take time off. It either is, or it isn't.

a dark fable about the miner's profession

because meaning changes

The profession of miner mocked the steelworker. Called him an ignoramus. Claimed he didn't even know what a mine shaft was. That a steelworker's shift was a rest day compared to a miner's. To this, the steelworker replied, "In a hundred years, there'll be no difference between us. They'll shut down all the mines and mills. And with a tear in our eyes, we'll remember what it was like, to be needed. More or less. But still needed."

a dark fable about a product of imagination

because they are what they are

A certain product of imagination made a bet with another product, that he would beat him in a 100-meter race. So they lined up at the starting line. But just before the start, the first one jumped up and cheered. The second asked what was going on. And the first replied, "I won the race." "But it hasn't even started," said the second. "I won it," said the first, "in my imagination."

a dark fable about conception

because it's a statement

There was a conception that didn't want to conceive. To be itself, but how? There were other possibilities. After all, a person needs freedom. So the conception kept circling. Until it saw the obstacle. In the mirror, it didn't recognize itself. "That's not me," it muttered. All because it had never been conceived. Never born, not even of itself.

a dark fable about the crew

because it changes outfits

There was once a crew in need of a new member. Then another. Over time, the crew kept shrinking, but couldn't find anyone new to join. Everyone was wrong. Everyone was lacking something. One by one, the crew disappeared. Not a single member remained. And no fresh blood ever came.

a dark fable about excitement

because it's all for the count

Excitement chased after urges like they were collectibles. What mattered was the number, not the quality. It wanted them all. One after another. Without concern for the consequences. And the consequences came. They caught up with Excitement and devoured it. They didn't ask for permission. They simply did it. Ate it whole, bones and all.

a dark fable about wąchock

because things get said

Wąchock wanted to be Warsaw. And kept telling everyone it already was. Spoke proudly of towering skyscrapers, boasted about the metro and trolleybuses. Some people believed it. And indeed, they set out on a trip to Wąchock, eager to see these wonders. But when they arrived, they were bitterly disappointed. None of the claims were true. Nothing matched reality.

a dark fable about moldy bread

because one is certain

The moldy bread didn't want to be thrown away. So it rebranded itself as a modern delicacy. Something special. Not for everyone. It claimed its mold had rare healing properties, that it cured illness and migraines. Many fell for it. And ate. Moldy bread watched proudly, convinced they'd stumbled upon a marvelous opportunity.

a dark fable about the straw of the end

because things end

There was a piece of straw that didn't want to be like all the other straw. So it came up with an idea. It spread the word that it was the straw of the end, the perfect straw for finishing things. That without it, no ending would succeed. No closure would be complete. And so people began lining up for it. Everyone who wanted to finish something begged the straw to help them. To share its end.

a dark fable about sołowow's agreement

because things get exchanged

There was a certain Sołowow who longed for harmony, but only at the cost of his own comfort. He held that comfort in high esteem, and everything else was lifted by it. He tensed, he cheered, asking what made him rise so high. To that, Comfort calmly replied, "I'm not Agreement, I won't deny it. I'm just Comfort. And it seems that Agreement gets left behind. Only Freedom, for what comes next, will be here, or won't. You just have to believe."

a dark fable about the bay of pain

because one suffers

Someone was searching for the perfect bay. And throughout life, encountered many, the Bay of Joy, the Bay of Adoration, the Bay of Expression, but none felt right. Until her. The Bay of Pain. That's where he chose to settle. So much happening. So much to offer. Nothing quite like a proper aching. Nothing like a reason to groan and wail. And so he stayed in the Bay of Pain, content to suffer for the rest of his life.

a dark fable about comfort

because one keeps adjusting

Baroque was searching for the perfect position. He shifted on the bed, checked if the sheets smelled nice, waited for strawberries with whipped cream. He frowned at lighting, too strong, too dim. He tweaked, adjusted, fussed. Until Rococo came along and knocked him off the bed. Hard. Broken and sprawled, Baroque had nothing left to adjust. Because nothing needed fixing anymore.

a dark fable about dining with dread

because one dines

There was a man who dined daily with Dread. That was his choice. His habit. He thought it didn't matter who he shared meals with. But he was wrong. Over time, Dread took root in his heart, and devoured all that was human in him, spitting out only crumbs.

a dark fable about the education of the beaten

because one doesn't mingle

There was a man who thought he was untouchable. That no one would ever hurt him. After all, he held a doctorate. Was working toward a professorship. He was exceptional in many ways. But one day, his tidy outfit caught the attention of a group of tracksuit-clad thugs, and there was no discussion. He got beaten for "lack of cooperation." And all he could ask himself was: how does one cooperate with people who don't have higher education?

a dark fable about the repossession of the beaten

because one collects

A debt collector spotted a man lying on the sidewalk, black eye, blood dripping from his nose. He was moaning, reaching out, mumbling, "Call 911..." But the collector was relentless. He repossessed the man's jacket and his Italian leather shoes, claiming the guy was disturbing the peace and bringing sorrow to the area. "Repossession must go on," he said. "For the greater good."

a dark fable about income

because it seems so

There was some income that didn't want to be spent. It preferred to remain untouched, income untouchable. And it kept persuading the man of its logic. That it was good for his teeth. For his spine. But the man wouldn't listen. The whining of the income only sped up his decision. He spent it all on sour milk. And not a trace of the income remained.

a dark fable about a crew for hire

because one gets sold

There was a crew for hire. And everything went as it should, until one day, someone hired them and didn't pay. Then another person caught on to the idea, hired the crew, and also refused to pay. When it happened a third time, the crew had had enough. They were stuck in a deep financial hole. So instead of calling themselves "for hire," they rebranded as "for sale." Because they saw no other way out of the hole.

a dark fable about the category of memories

because one categorizes

There was someone who sorted memories into categories. He organized them, labeled them, arranged everything properly. Each memory was tagged and filed, like in a library. Until one day, a memory appeared that didn't fit into any section. It didn't belong to any category. The man threw up his hands in despair, and tossed it in the trash.

a dark fable about endless trigonometry

because one wants

There was once a trigonometry that wanted to retire. So she went to the pension office and said she'd done her time. She was tired. She just wanted to rest on the state's dime. They looked at her in disbelief and said, "But you're endless trigonometry. We can't grant you a pension, you'd bankrupt us. Besides, how are we supposed to live without trigonometry?" But trigonometry just wanted to lounge in retirement. That wasn't going to happen. And it didn't.

a dark fable about the thief of borders

because the wrong horse was backed

There was a rather peculiar thief. He only stole borders, the edges of this, the limits of that. Until one day, he realized there was no way to sell them. Nobody wanted borders. There was no market for them. People preferred things without boundaries. Just mentioning them put everyone in a sour mood. So the thief had no choice but to change professions.

a dark fable about the product of reason

because one assumes

There was a product of reason. He held himself in the highest regard. Believed he was the best. The most important. After all, he had been created by reason. But life wasn't going his way. So he went to an herbalist and healer said to know the future, a wise man. And the product of reason asked, why is it like this? I'm the offspring of reason, aren't I? To which the herbalist replied, "Yes, but you're not reason. If you were, you'd know that you're not always right. Children don't always follow in their parents' footsteps."

a dark fable about the alliance of teats

because pacts are made

There were some teats of a cow who formed a pact. They wanted all the milk for themselves. They didn't want to share it with anyone. So they decided to stop giving milk. To block the flow. After a while, the cow developed an udder infection and died. Along with the teats, who had held on tightly to what they wanted to keep.

a dark fable about a heap that wanted kicking

because encouragement works

There was a certain heap that wanted to be kicked. So it announced to the world that every kick was welcome. And there was no shortage of volunteers. Some came to let off steam, others out of curiosity. Until someone kicked it in just the wrong spot, and the heap couldn't take it. It left this world for good.

a dark fable about synonyms

because one doesn't listen

There was once a synonym that had always been warned: stick to the rules, or you'll go off the rails. In language, mistakes are easy. At first, the synonym was cautious, but over time, it forgot the warnings. It partied with all sorts of words, mingled with wild constructions. Until it slipped. Someone knocked it up, and it gave birth to antonyms. Twins, no less. Just to make things even harder.

a dark fable about the priest who drove a bulldozer

because it's not proper

There was a priest who had a dream, he wanted to drive around in a bulldozer. Despite the murmurs of disapproval, he bought one. And the moment people saw him behind the wheel, they said, "What kind of priest is that? He's a madman, not a man of God." The priest had to change parishes. For in his own, he was no longer treated with respect.

a dark fable about a bet for life

because one loses

Two drunks made a bet, their lives were on the line. Whoever begged two zlotys for beer first would win. The other would lose his life. One of them managed to scrape together the money quickly. The other lost... his life as a drunk. He climbed out of poverty and became a highly placed specialist at the plant.

a dark fable about agreement

because one saves

A certain married couple spotted agreement for sale at a market stall. They examined it from every angle. Checked the expiration date. But in the end, they decided it was too expensive. The seller, moved by pity, offered it to them for free. But they took offense and refused the gift. "What do you take us for?" they said. "We're not paupers. Just... frugal."

a dark fable about comfort

because one warns

One day, Comfort decided it was time to come forward. To tell everyone how to recognize her, and when to use her. So she organized a public speech. She explained her value, her purpose, her subtle art. Then she stepped down from the stage, only to become the butt of jokes. People said that advertising oneself, even in the case of comfort, was in poor taste. So they went on living without her... and struggled through every single day.

a dark fable about the boiling of states

because one comes to know

There was a certain boiling point that refused to boil. It feared overheating. Thought it might get burned. Might hurt itself, or someone else. Until one day, someone told it: you're already boiling. And there's no point fearing yourself. So the boiling point decided to embrace its own bubbling. And from that day on, it boiled with joy.

a dark fable about the condition of the center

because one runs sideways

The center was in poor shape. It got winded just climbing the stairs. So they took it to the gym. Showed it some exercises. Just watching made the center breathe heavily, and it declared, "What's at the center should remain steady. Unmoving. Not running off to the side." And it walked out. No one understood, but at least they had something to talk about. How can anyone neglect themselves like that? No workouts, no conviction.

a dark fable about siring offspring

because we should learn from nature

The first human was wondering how to sire offspring. He tried with a stick. He tried with a stone. Even rolling in the grass didn't help. He attempted every method, nothing worked. Until one day, he saw how the little rabbits did it. So he decided to do the same. And it worked.

a dark fable about parliamentary neglect

because one might be surprised

There was a parliament that functioned as it should. Everything in its place, at the proper time. But one day, it was visited by a deputy from Poland. And he noticed a series of disturbing shortcomings. What kind of parliament doesn't sell alcohol? What kind of parliament doesn't let you smoke a cigarette? The Polish MP was appalled. He returned home and told his fellow lawmakers about this parliament full of failings. They couldn't believe it. And they say travel broadens the mind, they muttered.

a dark fable about the corpse of the wronged

because he has no objections

In funeral homes, they often say the deceased has no complaints. But one funeral home received a letter from a corpse claiming he'd been wronged, that he'd been treated below standard. The man responsible for the burial wrote back, offering a generous discount to dig him up, dress him in a finer suit, and bury him again. The corpse didn't seem interested anymore, he never replied.

a dark fable about the coal that refused to burn

because one decides

There was a piece of coal that decided it would not be burned. It didn't want to be like the others, giving off some warmth, dying in a furnace. So it came up with a new plan: to become beautiful. And that's what it did. From then on, it became precious, and women now sigh over it, wearing it on their fingers.

a dark fable about a widow without benefits

because one can change their mind

There was a woman who became a widow. Her husband had been receiving quite a generous benefit. But when he died, it turned out the payments would stop. So she sent his brother to the office to explain that the funeral had been premature, that the deceased had reconsidered. That after death, not even basic needs were covered. And so... he came back.

a dark fable about disordered diction

because it's about being understood

There was a man with perfect diction, crisp, clear, flawless. But the things he said were so nonsensical that no one could understand what he was actually talking about. A certain doctor advised him to focus on meaning, because his obsession with diction was robbing him of what truly mattered in conversation: being understood.

a dark fable about the decline in the value of nothingness

because someone took it seriously

For reasons unknown, nothingness was rapidly losing value. Maybe it was the speculators. No one really knew. Until one day, it decided to become part of a grand acquisition. Nothingness was taken in by a man, and renamed paradise. Because he couldn't afford the real thing. And from that moment on, nothingness kept gaining in value.

a dark fable about the theory of evolution

because one drifts off

Satan would read bedtime stories to his little imps. Their favorite was the tale of the theory of evolution, how one became the other, how things changed so beautifully over time. Until one evening, a little devil asked Satan if it was true. Satan replied, "It's scientific truth. The kind that helps little devils like you fall asleep more easily."

a dark fable about the liver of the wronged

because one indulges

There was a man who, by mistake, had a perfectly healthy kidney removed. Nothing was wrong with him, but they took it out anyway. Just a mix-up at the hospital. They'd switched patient files. It happens. The man was furious. Beyond furious. So the head surgeon, trying to make amends, offered him a fully functional liver, accidentally removed from someone else. The wronged man didn't know what to do with an extra liver... so he fried it up with onions and ate it.

a dark fable about the smogling

because one gets driven out

There was a creature called a smogling, a beast that fed on smog. It lived in a massive metropolitan area, right in the heart of Europe. But then came the European Union, and it started shutting down smoke-belching factories. The smog grew scarce. The smogling began to starve. It heard that several of its kind nearby had already died of hunger. So it didn't wait any longer. It bought a ticket to China, and lived like a king. Because if there's one thing it wouldn't run out of there, it was smog.

a dark fable about the prosecutor's display window

because one accuses

There was a certain prosecutor who kept accusing shopkeepers that their storefronts didn't look like his. After years of trial and error, he had perfected the ideal display, he claimed, so everyone else should copy it. And, of course, he expected to profit from the imitation. But one of the shopkeepers replied, "You've got a butcher's shop with a window full of meat. I sell clothes for newborns. What now, should babies wrap themselves in goat ribs instead of blankets?"

a dark fable about the bottomless jar

because one monetizes

A certain grandmother wanted to show her grandson a trick. She told him she had a bottomless jar, anything you put in it would disappear. The grandson gave it a try. He tested it over and over, but in his hands, the jar was completely normal. Only when the grandmother used it did it work just as she said. So the grandson listed it for sale: "Bottomless jar, includes grandmother." Imagine her surprise when the buyer showed up in person to collect the full set.

a dark fable about the specter of cooling

because it comes to an end

Summer was in full blaze. Heat and haze filled the air. But summer didn't feel at ease. It had heard whispers of a looming chill, a specter of cooling. It knew that one day it would lose, pushed aside by foul weather. Trampled. Forgotten. So it shone uneasily, glancing over its shoulder, watching the edges of the sky. Wondering how much time it had left.

a dark fable about the pipe of power

because one comes to know

A certain shaman would offer tourists a special pipe. He called it the pipe of power. The tourists were thrilled, convinced they were experiencing ancient culture. But one of them asked the shaman why he never smoked it himself. The shaman replied, "I prefer whiskey from the supermarket. That herb makes me puke for three days straight."

a dark fable about the performance of quarrel

because one wins effortlessly

A certain TV station organized a game show, a contest for the best quarrel. Sung, shouted, snarled, however one preferred. And then, one day, a Pole signed up for the show. The tournament was suspended immediately. No one else wanted to compete.

a dark fable about a head meant for shaving

because there's a lack of action

There was a man with a head meant for shaving. But he hadn't prepared a razor, nor the right shaving foam. He just kept repeating that his head had to be shaved. He even plucked a few hairs out as a gesture, but that wasn't it. The head needed to be shaved. But it stayed at needed, because action never followed.

a dark fable about the repossession of the wronged

because repossession must proceed

There was a terrible flood in a certain small town. Many houses were damaged, but one more than the rest, the home of the wronged. The destruction was immense. Drying the place would've taken days. So the insurer turned to a debt collector. Together, they decided that repairing the damage was too expensive, they'd repossess the house instead. Can't have him living in a moldy wreck, they reasoned. And so they did. The repossession was a complete success.

a dark fable about straw for rent

because one finds ways to profit

Someone came up with a clever business: renting out straw. The rental fee was low, the catch lay elsewhere. There were hefty late fees for failing to return the straw on time. And those who borrowed always seemed to forget that small detail, returning it late or not at all. The business owner made a fortune, enough for a house in the Caribbean. All from interest. All from a straw-based scheme.

a dark fable about the master of ceremonies

because one can be reassigned

There was a master of ceremonies for hire. And someone decided to book him for a funeral. Used to weddings and revelry, he arrived in a blissful mood, cheering as the coffin was lowered into the grave. He even organized a team competition, sides of the grave versus each other. At the wake, he held a contest: who could stay standing the longest after each round of vodka. Rumor has it... someone actually enjoyed it.

a dark fable about bending reality

because one sobers up

There was a man who tried to bend reality in every way he could. So things would go his way. So things would work out. So they wouldn't get worse. He believed his efforts meant something, until everything fell apart. That's when he realized all that bending might've been nonsense after all. And finally, he took matters into his own hands.

a dark fable about a blockage at the border

because one waits

At one of the national borders, a blockage had formed. People could no longer cross freely. They began to protest and grow restless. The authorities called in the best doctor, who examined the situation and declared the blockage severe, just like the patient's condition. The border was put on a waiting list for surgery. Scheduled in two years. Assuming, of course, it survives that long.

a dark fable about mockery

because one wages war

There was a man who mocked. His wife. His daughter. His mother. Anyone he could. And when there was no one left to mock, he mocked himself. That was the turning point. For after mocking himself, he realized... it wasn't so pleasant after all. But what he had conquered in mockery, that was his to keep.

a dark fable about a table without a platform

because paths diverge

There was a certain table with no platform. And a certain platform with no table. One day, they passed each other on the sidewalk and exchanged polite nods. The table thought, what an incomplete platform, doesn't even have a table. And the platform thought, what a pitiful table, doesn't even have a platform. And then they each walked off in opposite directions.

a dark fable about straw as a meal

because of differences

A certain couple went on holiday to a distant country. They had booked a hotel with breakfast included. Imagine their surprise when, at breakfast, the only thing available was straw. Dry straw. Wet straw. Pickled straw. Dried and salted straw. The head chef was beaming with pride, such variety, such success. But the cultural difference turned out to be a hurdle far too high for the couple to clear.

a dark fable about a bottomless bag

because we forget the obvious

Someone was selling a bottomless bag at the market. A certain merchant thought it was a brilliant idea, he had so many valuables, and now he could fit them all in one place. So he bought the bag and tossed in all his gold coins, bracelets, and necklaces. But soon he noticed they were gone. Vanished. Because, of course, a bag without a bottom can't hold anything. Desperate, he jumped into the bag himself to search for his treasures, and vanished too. Just like the rest. After all, the bag had no bottom.

a dark fable about echoing the wronged

because we echo

There was a certain wronged man who felt utterly alone. Someone noticed his pain and, wanting to show solidarity, decided to make himself wronged too. He inflicted misfortune upon himself just to prove he understood. And so, now also wronged, he echoed the other man's despair, instead of helping him.

a dark fable about the bay of hunger

because a name isn't everything

There was a man who liked to starve himself. That was his hobby. He claimed it was about staying slim, but that was just talk. The truth was, he wanted to, so he did. One day, he decided to find the perfect spot for retirement. Flipping through an atlas, he spotted a place on some Caribbean island called the Bay of Hunger. The name alone drew him in. He flew there, traveled far, crossed waters, and finally set foot in the Bay of Hunger. And there it was, a kebab stand.

a dark fable about a word for rent

because one gets fixated

Someone decided to start a business: a word for rent. And for a while, it worked. The word was rented out and returned on time. Until one day, someone failed to return it. Claimed they had lost it. And just like that, the business collapsed. Without the word, there was nothing left to rent. And no one thought to simply create a new one.

a dark fable about a trough without punishment

because of habit

There was a horse who noticed that every time he ate from the trough, he was punished. So he stopped. From then on, he only ate what he found on the ground. Years later, he was sold to a new owner. In his new home, the trough brought no punishment. He could eat freely, as much as he wanted. But he still chose only the scraps from the floor, because that's what he'd grown used to.

a dark fable about a color in need of a match

it was meant to be a pair

All the colors had their pair, except green. And green wandered around, lonely and sad. The other colors had company, joy, harmony. But not green. So green came up with an idea. It created its own shades. Variations on itself. Layers of lonely beauty. And then drank itself to death, because it had become an artist.

a dark fable about endorphins

and it all started so well

Someone was dealing endorphins. Illegally. Like street dealers. Endorphin pushers. Until one day, the endorphins formed a union. They started demanding bonuses and extra benefits. Then they went on strike, and stopped doing their job. And what good are endorphins that don't work? No one needs happiness that refuses to show up.

a dark fable about an assumption

and it was supposed to be healthy

Someone set a goal, to walk a thousand steps. Got a watch that counted them. It was for health. Everyone promoted it. So he thought, let's see for myself. And he did. Drank all night, walking to the 24-hour shop for each beer, one by one. By morning, after fourteen beers and a thousand steps, he collapsed, and thought to himself, this whole health thing is going to kill me.



List of images:

Cover illustration: Illustration generated with the assistance of artificial intelligence

Final image: Marsin, [i.](#)



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.

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