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Hello again on Wednesday - it´s Lacho´s storytime again. I hope you all do well at school and enjoy seeing some of your friends again. Working in such small groups also has got a lot of advantages, it´s more personal and the teachers have more time for each of you, and of course it´s quieter than normal and that´s better for your concentration.

I really miss you all so much and I hope I can see you soon outside when the weather is warmer and better than now. But for working inside it´s perfect.

I´d like to present you another fine story. Here we go.

THE STONE-CUTTER´S WISHES

Once upon a time, there was a stone-cutter who went to a great rock in the side of a mountain. The stone-cutter cut out slabs of rocks for building houses and paths.

One day he carried some stones to the house of a rich man. The walls were hung with pink silk and silver embroidery. The table had sweets and delicate biscuits on it. The furniture was made of gold and sweet smelling woods. The stone-cutter said to himself, ´Oh, if only I were a rich man!` And a voice answered him, `I´m the fairy of the mountain. Your wish is granted. You shall be a rich man!`

When the stone-cutter got home, instead of his wooden hut there stood a grand palace. It was filled with beautiful furniture. The bed was stuffed with goose feather, and the sheets were made of silk. For a while, the stone-cutter was happy ordering his servants around and enjoying his amazing treasures. But one morning, the stone-cutter saw a beautiful carriage passing by. It was pulled by four white horses with white feathers plumes and torquoise reins. In the carriage sat a prince, dressed in rich clothes. Over the prince´s head a servant held a golden umbrella. `Oh, if only I were a prince!` said the stone-cutter. `Oh, if only I could go in a carriage like that. If I could have a golden umbrella held over me, how happy I would be!` The voice of the mountain fairy answered, `Your wish is granted. You shall be a prince.`

And a prince he became. His carriage was blue and silver. A servant held a peacock umbrella over his head. But it was summer, and the sun came into his carriage, making him sweat. The stone-cutter looked out of his carriage and saw how the sun dried up rivers, and he said, `The sun is stronger than I am. Oh, if only I were the sun!` And the mountain fairy answered, `Your wish is granted. You shall be the sun.`

And so the stone-cutter became the sun. He shone down warming the cold earth. But then a cloud covered his face, and hid the earth from him. No matter how he tried, he couldn´t shine through it. He shouted out, ` So, a cloud can stop my rays reaching the earth. It must be more important than I am. I wish I were a cloud!` And the mountain fairy answered, `Your wish is granted. You shall be a cloud!`

And a cloud he became. For weeks the cloud blocked out the sun. He poured out rain till the rivers overflowed their banks, flooding towns and villages. Only the mountain stayed the same. The cloud said, `The mountain is stronger than I am. Oh, I wish I were the mountain!` And the mountain fairy answered, `Your wish is granted. You shall be the mountain!`

And the mountain he became. `This is better than everything!` the stone-cutter said to himself. But one day, a stone-cutter came along. He drove tools into the mountain`s surface and hit it with a hammer. A trembling feeling ran through the mountain. A great block broke off and fell on the ground. Then he shouted, ` An ordinary man can break me into pieces! Oh, if were only a man!` And the mountain fairy answered, `Your wish is granted. You shall be a man.`

And a man he was once more again. He set to work at his job of stone cutting as before, and stopped asking for things he had not got.

He was happy at last, and he never again heard the voice of the mountain fairy.

Aren´t we all sometimes like the stone-cutter? Don´t we want to be richer, better, more important and powerful and and and…… and what really counts we have seen in the last time during the Corona crisis and the lockdown - and we still see and feel what we really need.

If we all think a little bit we can be happy with our lives. And it is our decision what we make out of it. Let´s see it like one of my favourite songs says

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE

Have a wonderful Whitsun weekend and be happy !

Yours Lacho ☺