



THE STORY OF WOOD

A long time ago, people had a much easier life than today. They didn't know what poverty was and they didn't mind long and cruel winters. It wasn't that they didn't feel cold, but they didn't need to drag heavy carriages or carry heavy bundles of wood on their backs. They just came into the woods, they chopped down some trees and tied the trunks together. Then they took a magic stick, whipped it, and sent the wood all by itself into the village. Each to their yard. The wood would then walk the whole path from the forest to the village. Over hills, valleys, brooks, narrow tracks, and wide roads in the fields. Nobody had to give the wood directions, it just knew the way. And when the people came back from the forest, there was wood ready for them in their yards. After that, they just sawed up the trunks and used it all year round.

Why is it no longer like that? Well, people are like that. When we're doing fine, we'd like to be doing even better. In this case, the disaster was caused by a woman from the village.

One day, when it was very windy and rainy, the men chopped down the trees, put them side by side and then, they could have just whipped the magic stick

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and the wood would have just travelled to the village as usual. But this woman didn't feel like walking from the forest in the rain. And so, she got an idea! She sat down on the wood, expecting the wood to carry her back to the village, as it could walk so nicely all by itself. She took the stick and whipped it through the air. But the wood did not like her laziness and would not move. She whipped again and still nothing. No nice words, no curses, nothing helped. She climbed off and whipped the stick again, to at least get the wood to the village. But the wood just wouldn't budge. And that's how it stayed forever.

And so now, people need to work very hard to get the wood from the forest into their house.