

A small stone cutter

If you were walking in the small village of Kilead, you could hear the lapping on the tarnish windows of Chery's Inn. Inside, you could hear the comforting sound of many people talking about their daily-life around a chop or two. You could also hear the fire crackling in the big stone hearth.

But, more importantly you could hear a bunch of kids harassing Taleteller for another story. You could hear her slight sigh of surrender, her throat clearing and the silence settling around the fireplace.

“Once upon a time lived a small stone cutter at the Mountain's foot. He was working on a tough granite intrusion, the task was grueling and the sun was harsh. Exhausted, he turned to the Mountain's top. “Oh, Æons, I wish I could be the sun so powerful in the sky.”

They granted his wish.

He was the sun, powerful, shining on the world, giving energy to the plants and creating droughts at his whim. But simple clouds shielded the world from his light. “Oh, Æons, I wish I could be the clouds so massive in the sky.”

They granted his wish.

He was the clouds, massive, flying around the world, bringing rain to the plants and creating flood at his whim. But a simple gust of wind pushed him away. “Oh, Æons, I wish I could be the wind, so free in the sky.”

They granted his wish.

He was the wind, free, blowing around all the world, scattering the seeds for the plants and creating tempest at his

whim. But he could never overpass the Mountain. “Oh, Æons, I wish I could be the Mountain, towering all in the sky.”

They granted his wish.

He was the Mountain, towering all over the world, bringing sediments to the plants and creating avalanches at his whim. Suddenly, he felt something unpleasant at his foot; something was gnawing him. He looked down and saw a small stone cutter.”

[Original story: Old Hebrew story told by Bernard Werber in *Les Fourmis*, *Le Livre de Poche* n°9615, pp. 103-104.]