

The house which had never known death

One day a hunter took his son out into the forest to hunt. A snake bit his son and the son died in his arms. The hunter carried him home. Along the way he met a stranger, who seeing the dead boy gave the father a blanket with which to wrap him.

When the hunter got home his young wife met him at the door. "What have you got in your blanket?" she asked. "It's something really lovely," said the hunter. "And we must cook it in a pot that has never known death. Go and ask around the village for such a pot and then you can see what I've got in this blanket."

And so the wife set off to find such a pot. At the first house, she knocked on the door. A young woman answered. "Has your house ever known Death?" asked the hunter's wife. "Yes," replied the woman. "About a year ago my father died in this house. I still miss him."

She went to the second house and again a woman answered. "Has your house ever known Death?" asked the hunter's wife. "Yes," replied the woman. "My husband died here only a month ago and I am a widow."

She went to the third house and yet another woman answered the door. "Has your house ever known Death?" "Yes," replied the young woman. "My baby son died here. It was painful: even now I grieve."

The hunter's wife went from house to house and every household had a story of Death.

Finally she returned home. "I'm sorry husband. I've been to every house in the village and in every one I heard a story of Death. Death will come to every house in the end. We have to accept it."

"I know," said the hunter. "And now you are ready to see what I have in my blanket."

He showed her their son's body and quietly, together, they prepared for his funeral.

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