

The power of stories

Once there was a woman who lived in a house with her father, her husband and her son. Every day the men in her life would tell her to do this, do that, do that, do this, and usually she would do it in sullen silence without ever telling her story to them.

One day she went for a walk and came across a ruined cottage without a roof, just four walls standing. First she turned to the north wall and started with great force telling the wall about her father, about all the things he had done, all the things he had said and how she had felt about them but had never said. The force of her words were so great the wall crumbled to the ground until it was nothing more than a pile of bricks.

Then she turned to the east wall and started telling it all about her husband, about all the things he had said, how she felt and so on and so on and the force of her words was so great the wall crumbled into a pile of bricks.

Then she turned to the south wall and started telling it about her son, about all the things he had said to her in his life and how it had made her feel, and how she had never once said anything. Again the power of her words was so great, the wall collapsed into a pile of bricks.

Finally she turned to the east wall and started to tell it all about herself, about all the things she had never said, all the things she wished for and how she felt about everything and yet again the force of her words was so great the wall fell down.

Then she turned around and headed home. "I feel much better now," she thought.

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