

The stone-cutter (two minute version)

There was once a miserable old stone cutter who spent all his working life cutting out stone from the base of a mountain. One day, while working in the hot, midday sun, the stone cutter looked up at the blazing sun and wondered at its power.

"I wish I was something powerful and strong," he thought. "I wish I was the sun."

Then, something amazing happened. The stone cutter became the sun. He felt powerful and strong as he made those down below swelter in his hot, burning rays. But then a cloud came by, totally blocking his view. "The sun is powerful," he thought, "but the cloud has even more power. I wish I was a cloud."

And the stone cutter was suddenly a rain cloud, raining down on those below and it felt good watching them run for shelter. But then the wind started to blow him this way and that, that way and this.

"The wind is stronger and more powerful than a cloud," he thought. "I wish I was this wind."

And in an instant he was the wind and how he enjoyed buffeting the clouds, the trees, the umbrellas, everything he touched, until he blew against the mountain where even his most ferocious efforts made no difference at all.

"The mountain is so strong and powerful," he thought. "I wish I was the mountain." And so the stone cutter became the mountain.

It wasn't long before he felt a painful cutting at his side. He looked down and there he saw another stone cutter, chipping away at him. "The mountain is powerful and strong," he thought, "but a stone cutter has even more power than me. I wish I was a stone cutter."

And so the Stone Cutter found himself back at his work at the base of the mountain, only now, he had a contented smile on his face!

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