Nightingale

A Story from Iran (Persia)

There was once a Persian merchant WHO LOVED TO HEAR THE NIGHTINGALES sing.

That's why he had a nightingale that he held in a cage.

The nightingale, poor bird, WAS UNHAPPY in its cage,

but the merchant overheard the unhappy tones of the bird's song.

One day he was going out on a journey,

and he would pass the bird's home.

So he asked the nightingale if there was any message

he should give to its brothers and sisters in the woods.

Dikki Oesin, pixabay

The nightingale replied: Just tell them everything is fine and ASK THEM IF THEY HAVE A MESSAGE FOR ME.

The merchant did as he had been told, and when he returned home

he told the nightingale about his encounter with its siblings:

I asked one of your sisters and brothers if they had a message for you,

BUT ALL IT DID WAS FALL TO THE GROUND AND LIE STILL AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Mariola Grobeska, unsplash

I picked itup, but it still didn't move, so I thought it was dead.

So I laid it down carefully and was about to walk,

when it suddenly struck its wings and flew high into a tree.

I called it again to hear if it had anything to say, but it ignored my prayers.

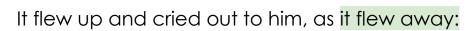I think your brothers and sisters have forgotten you.

This seemed to make the nightingale sad.

It stopped eating and drinking.

And the next morning, the merchant found it dead in the cage.

With tears in his eyes, he took it out and laid it in the grass, and then he left.

When he turned to look at it one last time,

he saw its brown wings trembling, its beak opened and

he heard a joyful whirlwind of another world.

It flew up and cried out to him, as it flew away:

Thank you for the message from my brother, it's the best message I could have received.

James Lee, unsplash