



Третий международный конкурс детского творчества «Сказки Красивого Сердца»

The Pen and the Inkpot

Every time I think back, I feel so ashamed. Fortunately in this life no one is perfect. Everyone will ever make mistakes, but the key is to know how to fix them. And here I will share my story with you.

It was a beautiful day. The sky was blue with white puffy clouds in it. The birds flew and sang. Winds blew gently. That wonderful day, Nicky celebrated his birthday. His father decided to present him a new pen. He entered a shop and chose carefully. Somehow Nick's dad chose me; I am sure it was because of my beauty. I was in the nice blue dress with stars on it and I was made in Japan. Nicky's Dad put me carefully in a tiny box that was wrapped with cute gift wrapping paper. When we were already at home, he put me on the shelf and went away. Quietly I opened the box and traveled around the house. I was stunned by the beautiful vase in the middle of the dinner table. I looked around and saw many wonderful and luxurious things: a gorgeous statue, a designer lamp, and an old clock. But among those objects there was an ugly, dirty black inkpot. I was trying to answer my question, "How can this disgusting thing stay in this beautiful house?" Then I climbed up that shelf again and closed the box.

During the birthday party, Nicky's Dad presented me in front of everyone, and it made me feel so excited! After being in this house for a month, I felt Nicky was very precious to me and to all the items on his desk. Every time he used me, he cleaned me and put me into the pencil case. He demonstrated me to his friends at school. Everyone complimented me and wanted to borrow. That made me feel so proud!

Days passed, and I noticed that each day Nicky just took the inkpot, used it exactly once, and then put away in the corner. So I started to feel contempt for him. Day by day, I despised the inkpot even more.



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Finally once I said, “Useless inkpot, you'd better get out of here. This place is beautiful and luxurious. It is not for you”.

The next day I did not see his shadow. I guess he had gone already. It was so good that my master no longer had to touch the disgusting thing anymore. But I did not know yet that it had become the worst day in my life. Without that inkpot Nicky could not use me and he did not do his homework. For that he was scolded by his parents. Next day at school he got bad marks and was very upset. So, he did not even look at me. I began to feel disappointed because I understood I was useless without that ugly inkpot. I thought this was the end of my life. And I started crying. Suddenly, the inkpot appeared beside me, comforted me, and said, "Do not cry. I'm not mad at you; I just want you to know that everything in our world is important, even not so beautiful thing like me. God has a special purpose for everything and every man”. I learned the lesson that I should not discount others and judge them looking only at the appearance. I said to the inkpot, “Without you I am nothing but with you I am everything.” Since then we have become the best friends. And every time I need help, the inkpot is always with me because, as the Bible teaches us, “A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

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