URBAN LEGENDS: STICK

Everyone has heard that a beautiful old rosy Meissen porcelain sauce bowl

became a pot underlay, and then a hedgehog drinking-trough. So, that's what the next story

is like.

Once upon a time there lived a joyful tree on a hill, and it had a branch that grew straight and beautiful.

When he was young, he felt he could be anything: a wooden spoon or a magic wand, a flute,

maybe 345 chopsticks, maybe thousands of matchsticks, maybe even if he really

grows big, he can even be shown off in Buda. In the end he became a walking stick.

Oh, I didn't even tell you that all this happened in England, where we went on holiday, visiting a friend. On a hill on the back of a hill where there were about thousands and thousands of sheep at the bottom and at the top. There were sheep clouds and sheep rain, too.

Why am I saying this? Oh, the stick. Uh, so on one of the hills there was an ancient, charming little house. We were bored a lot in this tiny house, because from all directions

it rained and a sheep always came out of nowhere.

So I had plenty of time to look at the wall of the old Welsh shepherd's house, with the flies on it and a nailed on walking stick. Needless to say, the stick came from that beautiful, hopeful branch.

The walking stick used to be the old shepherd's stick, and all his life he used it to herd the sheep, and then a famous detective bought the stick and the house and sold it to an even more famous conductor with the stick. And from him, a tennis legend bought the stick with the house. So it was a stick with a great, fantastic past.

And one lamby Welsh afternoon, with one move, I accidentally broke it in two.

I could have tried to run away, but not to add to the trouble, I quickly painted it green and used it as a laser sword.

After that, no one minded us going home. And I brought Mama a souvenir, she used it as a flower support. Well, that's certainly not what that cheerful tree was expecting, back there in England.