



The End of The Story of the Old House

It was spring once again. The day had not yet given way to night and the cold breeze of the night was what I feared most. The wind could make a hedgehog fly easily. "This wind is able to tear me from the ground as well", I the worried old hut thought the. Soon my nightmare came true. Even though the wind could not destroy me, a fire ignited by a lightning that struck the lawn made its way all up to my porch. I was burning slowly but fiercely. The worn out paint on my walls changed to the colour of the fire and embraced everything inside me. The lawn which had survived the last winter and was all yellowish was slowly vanishing, making sound like burning wood. There was nobody around. Mountains were visible behind me. There were clouds over the mountains which bore strokes of various shades of white. The flames were all around me. The echoes of the flames all around the field made the birds leave grounds after flying two rounds over my roof. Then, there was a bright white light in the sky, thunder could be heard with all its might, black clouds conquered the sky and it went even darker. Light rain drops wettened me and the fire spread in small amounts over the lawn began to vanish, yet I was still on fire. Another blast of light coming from heaven and the sound of rain and fire faded inside the mighty thunder.