

Dmitry Bolesov

*TRIPTYCH. NEAR THE VERY  
BLUE SEA...*



Dmitry Bolesov

**Triptych. Near the Very Blue Sea...**

«Издательские решения»

**Bolesov D.**

Triptych. Near the Very Blue Sea... / D. Bolesov — «Издательские решения»,

ISBN 978-5-44-938427-0

Russian fairy tale in English and Spanish. Three short stories with the smell of salt wind and the warmth of the southern sun. For people and trees.

ISBN 978-5-44-938427-0

© Bolesov D.  
© Издательские решения

## Содержание

Triptych. Near the very blue sea ...	6
1. About a rope and a tree	6
2. About the Beauty and the Sun	8
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	9

# **Triptych. Near the Very Blue Sea...**

**Dmitry Bolesov**

*Illustrator* Svetlana Adiyanova

*Translator* Irina Taranenko

*Translator* Anastasia Lukyanova

© Dmitry Bolesov, 2018

© Svetlana Adiyanova, illustrations, 2018

© Irina Taranenko, translation, 2018

© Anastasia Lukyanova, translation, 2018

ISBN 978-5-4493-8427-0

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

## **Triptych. Near the very blue sea ...**

### **1. About a rope and a tree**

Near the very blue sea an unknown tree was growing, it was not really big, and scraps of its curly leaves on the long branches were hanging down the ground. Such a nondescript existence did not bother the tree. It just remembered a secret and held it dear like no other tree can do this. It learnt the secret accidentally.

Once a merchant passed by this tree. He sat down to rest in its shadow and browsed the goods which he had. And among them there was a nondescript and strange thing similar to a clew of rope singed by fire with several knots. Outwardly, it looked unusual. The merchant pulled the rope out from his numerous things, made a few more knots in it, pulled at its both ends and hid it happily back.

It seemed there was nothing special here. Well, he took out a rope, made some knots for some reason, but the merchant couldn't hide his pleasure after he had done this. It seemed amusing for the tree. Such travelers had never been in its shadow. They had not spent the time for the rest so mysterious. You can not even assume that simple making knots can bring so much joy. The strangeness of this demanded an explanation, but trees can't ask, they only swing the leaves obeying their and the wind's will. Time for the rest had passed, but the merchant again wanted to get the rope and have a look at the knots on it. He took it back and made the knot on it again, smiled, and began to praise himself: "Good for me that I could get such a valuable thing. Now I need nothing in my life. As soon as I tie a knot, so immediately everything comes true. If you want to eat – here you are; if you want to sleep: tie a knot and see sweet dreams. So my life will go on in the fulfillment of my desires". But this rope has one flaw. It's too short. Every knot makes it shorter. Maybe it is consumed for the knots or it simply becomes shorter. Cannot be the rope mindlessly knitted and twisted checking its strength of threads. A new round of twine means a new opportunity brought to life. And the new should always replace something old, remove it from reality. So the rope melts, taking with it the old wishes. And once one day will come when it will cease the knots curl, it will end. And until this has not happened, you can live – not to grieve, and about desires continue to worry. After all there are lots of them, and one wants to fulfill all desires.

The evening came, the heavenly bodies lit up in the sky. The merchant pulled the rope closer to him in order it would not suffer from the evil intent of the occasional visitor. The faithful guards he could not have. After all, the rope is a temptation for many. In the morning the sun began to rise, scattering the night fog. Dampness disappeared under its rays, the day was filled with light and bright colours. Our merchant began preparing to go on his way. He took out the rope once more but became thoughtful: "If I fulfill all my desires, what will I do? What will I fill my life with? And if I will not have time to fulfill all my desires, then what the meaning is of this endless game. Whether wishes come true or not, I am the same. Their execution does not change me. It only pulls out of my life thread by thread the ability to achieve the Impossible by myself. It's not the rope is being shortened, but my possibility to obtain the Unknown is melting. Independent solution of problems promotes the growth of the spirit within us, an external hint does not allow him to become stronger and clarify the consciousness. You can fulfill all the desires of the world, but not to get closer to comprehension of yourself" – the merchant thought becoming wiser. And what should he do with this mysterious thing which once suddenly was given him by the fate? You can't achieve great knowledge with it and do not already want to think about your desires. They are not able to give peace and comfort in the heart of the wanderer. And he decided to do so – he tied a rope around a tree and made his last wish: "Who will understand the meaning of this rope, let take advantage of its magic properties. These miracles are enough for me. I'll take a new rope, but not for the execution of secret wishes, but for

simple work done by my hands”. So decided he and did. And the tree remains standing alone and keep this secret. But it can’t use it. The branches can’t make any knots, the tree can’t execute its secret wishes. They are great, but can’t be executed. You can’t touch the rope without hands. But the boughs reach out to it, grow and the leaves become curly.

...There are many unusual things in the world: trees can’t be counted and birds which are living in them and so many secrets connected with them. But they will tell nothing to a passer-by. They rustle with foliage and gladden by the warble, but will not disclose a secret that they are keeping, will not show on the outlandish thing. Should we ask about them? Suddenly we will not be able to tie those knots and we’ll stay under that tree, waiting for our day to come, when the secret will be revealed and everything will be fulfilled.

...And the moment will come when we have to tie our last knot. And then the rope and knots which were tied with such hope will disappear as everything that was not received by our work.

## 2. About the Beauty and the Sun

Near a blue sea a tree was growing and there was not another tree more beautiful.

The sun itself slowed down its run to admire a little its beauty.

And one day an unusual thing happened: the tree stopped making the world happy. Nothing was destroyed in its beauty, but the joy suddenly vanished. And the sun no longer stood still to admire its perfection...

Something improbable happened. May be it's just optical illusion? After all, the beauty of the tree remained and even became much more impressive. The tree blossomed, opened petals of the flowers towards to eyes of passersbys. Its emerald leaves were filled with freshness, and the bark took a nice matte tone of light sun tanning. The tree has reached its best shape, but could not the joy disappear because of this? The reason must have been in something different and the tree had nothing to do with it. It was not its blame that the Gods of Heaven did not want to bestow him with their grace and pay attention to it. Deprived of the support of the Gods, it was in a state of ignorance not realizing that time was already carrying him its sentence... The tree bloomed, exuded heady fragrance, lulled itself with the rustle of leaves and fell asleep. Its dream was faceless. Didn't come to the tree guests in its dreams, only calmness and quietness were present in them. Calmness gave rest and rest brought deeper dream. Immersion in silence became more and more addictive. The tree was no longer interested in the brightness of the outer world, and sleeping has become its only reality. This could not last long. Filled with the sounds of the forest, the warmth of the sun, had been caressed by the touch of the wind, the tree ceased to pay attention to them, focusing it only on itself, plunging into the contemplation of its beauty and perfection. And the world, when the tree had ceased to be interested in it, slowly and it itself lost interest in it.

\* \* \*

The work of growth requires external support. When we are growing, all rejoice in our progress up, the disclosure of existing potential. But at a certain stage we all get in a situation of choice: you can move on into the Unknown or go into the contemplation of what has been achieved, enjoying the result. Where the Top and where the Bottom-not so important in a state of oblivion. It's all one to the sleeping Will. It goes into silence and sleep, dissolving in the comfort of well-being... Sleeping won't accept the power of the sun. The slumbering mind will not hear the story of the wind about the new that has come into the world. The caring from others will not penetrate into the space of deep sleep. Peace and balance are not always good. Having reached it, you can go further in your development, or you can stop at a place like a lonely tree enjoying its beauty. This parable is a real toughy for those who as this tree has gone into a deep sleep, it is for those who are still looking for peace and balance, a warning about the inevitability of the most important choice in the life: stay where it is warm and cozy or go further, despite the complexity of the Path.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.