

# Creative Writing Competition 2020

## A Farmer

Once upon a time, there was a Farmer riding on a horse-drawn cart to cut some wood in the forest. Suddenly, the horses stopped.

“What is it?” the farmer asked himself. He jumped out of the cart and saw a huge tree trunk fallen down across the forest trail. He became gloomy and sat down on the trunk. Then he leapt as if he was sitting on a bumblebee and took an axe out of his cart.

“If there is a trunk just in front of me on the trail,” the Farmer thought, “I won’t have to travel to the deep forest. I can easily cut the wood right here!” And so did he. And he lived happily ever after. Until...

Once upon a time (actually, this was in 1944), there was a son of the Farmer riding on a horse-drawn cart to take care of some business in the town. Suddenly, the horses stopped.

“What is it?” the farmer asked himself. He jumped out of the cart and saw a huge tree trunk fallen down across the forest trail. He became gloomy and sat down on the trunk.

“Well, it can’t be helped now,” the son of the Farmer muttered, still in a blue mood. “I must be off.” He turned back and went home. The very next day, he read the local newspaper. It said that in the forest, a war aircraft dropped two superfluous bombs just as the son of the Farmer was coming back from the forest.

“What an amazing trunk,” the son of the Farmer exclaimed and lived more happily ever after. Until...

Once upon a time (or maybe once in the year 1968), there was a grandson of the Farmer riding a bike. The bike had no horses, because they were confiscated. Suddenly, in front of the grandson of the Farmer appeared a tank located across the forest trail. He did not have to ask: “What is it?”, so he left it out, squarely became very gloomy and stayed sitting on the bicycle. Then he heard another arriving bike. It was a woman, whom the son of the Farmer has never seen before. She stopped next to him and they were sitting on the bikes, both shocked, watching the tank for a moment. Then they turned, went back to the village and emigrated. And in the Great Britain they lived together the most happily ever after.

(JK, IV.A8)