



SHORT STORY SUMMARY

• Before

I was a child, my mother, to lie down, told a story - the story of the king and the door. She talked to me about other stories, but all of this was my favorite one. Every night I wanted to hear her again. And my mom satisfied me. In one far country, she was talking, the king dies. His son came to his place who was still a child. Though he did not make significant decisions as adult kings did, his life had changed completely since that time. Being a king was a tough game that took away other beautiful and harmless games. Still, it was one of the things that made him more shock than others - when he became king, he did not allow him to touch the door. The kings, they spoke to him, did not touch the door. He envied ordinary children, envied anyone who was free to touch the door. He alone had no other wishes. The only door he could open was the door of a chest, closet, box, and various shelves. But it was a weak consolation. Neither through one of these doors could pass, nor could they be found on the other side. He was especially interested in the big door, the ones with strange locks and keys, the dark doors that open slowly and dignitously, as if to distinguish something important and completely different.

Suddenly from the game, when he thought no one was watching him, he would run to open the door. The doors themselves opened, everywhere there were servants and guards. That the doors could be opened by servants, not the one who was the master of all of them, seemed to be a great injustice. He was trying to explain it to her mother, to the conspirators, and to all who rule the kingdom and to obtain approval from them. The kings did not touch the door, they spoke to him. In the middle of the night, as they all slept, he suddenly got up and went to the door, the servants would soon find him and bring him back to bed. And then, when he'd fall asleep, he would only dream of the door. In the story as if that place had a magical power. In those words I would fall asleep every night. The other night I asked my mother to tell me that story again. I was hoping to stay awake and hear the end. The little king, I thought, found a way to open the door and go out of his sadness. But one winter when it seemed to me that the door had to be opened, there was an event that interrupted every mother's word: she dies of some insignificant illness. As if she had gone the way, I thought she would come back and tell me how the King opened the door. She did not come back and I never heard the end of the story from her mouth. I have long begged grandparents to tell me the story. They did not know it. Since then, since the death of my mother, I became, I could say, sick for the door. Only when the game and movement began to bind to the space around the house I slowly pushed and forgot the story. But she returned, as she returns to the disease we have had in childhood. She came back when I became a young man, at a time when a man did not mind with ambiguity and inability. With all the power of my being I was trying to find out what these words were to my mother's dreams. And when curiosity became shameful, I began to ask people wonderfully: how did the king open the door? One was laughing at me, and others did not know. That's why I was trying to solve it myself: I imagined myself in the place of a little king, walked through the room, came over the door - nothing was brought to me by the serenity and the solution. It is not possible that nobody knows how the story ended? You need to travel, I've decided. Travelers on the road reveal new countries, appearances and people. Walk is what gives answers to secrets. In the endless world, all the stories are ending. I will approach the people I have met, tell them the story of the door, and ask them to continue their classes, and I will ask them to

tell me how in their opinion the story is over. From the half-hearted and the sleep I will return my mother's words and I will recognize what the end is right and which is not. And so one spring, one morning as he slept, with a bag, stick and good shoes, I left the house I lived in. I decided I would not go back until I knew the end of the story. It was a big world. On the top of the hill or looking at the new faces and scenes I forgot the door, but in the hours of sadness, which were frequent on the way, I came back to the door, remembering my mother and looking for words. The first interesting story told me in a guesthouse a soldier who came back from the war.

When he heard the beginning of my story, he was delighted and immediately agreed to continue. Kings and soldiers, he said, cannot find a solution for themselves. That's why the King stared into the face of a court-hunter, whose sadness left the impression that he would understand his desire and help him. Without much thought, as if such a question had already been expected, the crazy telling the king that there was a hole near the play room, at the bottom of the corridor there was a hole, a hole whose lid had to be climbed and steps down into the basement. From the basement of the water door to the garden. That door will open the king! At the appointed time, the crazy will take up the lid, and when the king comes in, he will put him back in his place. The king did what the crazy man said. He stepped down the stairs slowly down the attic. The basement was dark and damp. After a few moments, the king regretted what he had entered. It was a hole in which they threw and left people undesirable for the court: rebellious, spooky, and people who saw too much and wanted too much. Now they were just a skeleton with no names around which mice and owls were voted. The king was afraid of fear, he thought that it was just a fooling thing to fool him and how he would no longer get out of that hole. With these thoughts, the king was tapping the damp wall and crying. After a long time, he had forgotten the door and lost any hope of coming out, trying a large latch and lock, and with an effort it opened them. Before him was a sunny day, a wonderful scene he had not seen before. It was spring. Fruits in bloom, birds in delight. No one around him. Not just a swing. He stumbles ... The story was no doubt beautiful. The soldier spoke with joy. I thanked the soldier and went on.

