

A cage went in search of a bird.
Franz Kafka

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the tale of
**THE
CAGE**
in search of a bird





NICE
upon a time
there was a cage.

A cage not unlike most other cages. It was neither very big nor very small, had a seed feeder, a cup for fresh water, and on one of its sides hung a little swing made of a twig.

It was indeed a cage about the same as any other, with one difference: inside lived no canary, goldfinch, parrot nor any other bird. It was an empty cage. And for that reason, a very unhappy one.

So, one day it decided to set off in search of a bird.



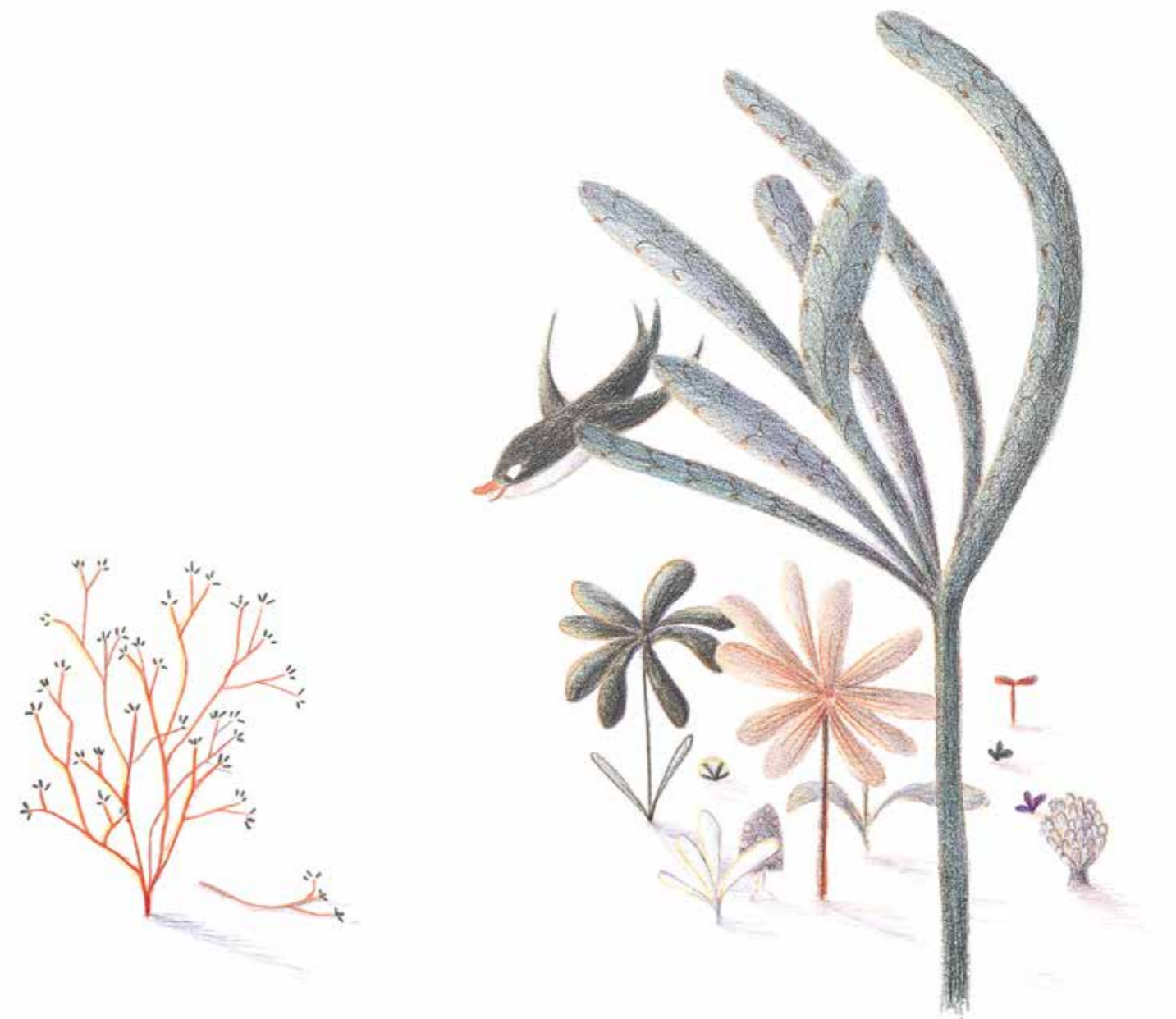


The first bird it met was a swallow. The cage was delighted.

“Hello, bird!” it said. “How pretty you are! Would you like to come live inside me? I’ll open the door for you and then close it tight.

Oh, how happy you’ll be! You’ll have fresh water and the tastiest seeds, you’ll spend the summer in the shade and the winter by the fire. You’ll never be thirsty or hungry again. You’ll have a home of your own. You’ll be safe!

So, what do you say?”





The swallow was carefully arranging a little twig and a piece of mud in its new nest.

“That’s certainly kind of you, cage,” the bird said finally. “But to me, nothing in life compares to building your own nest, even if it’s hard work; or to travelling the world, although you never know what awaits you in every new place. You’d better ask the sparrow, as he’s always looking for something to eat and a place to stay.”

And the cage in search of a bird set off to find the sparrow.

