

Translated excerpt

Dayeon Auh
Ein Berg, ein Sturz, ein langes Leben

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Dayeon Auh
The Three-Year Tumble

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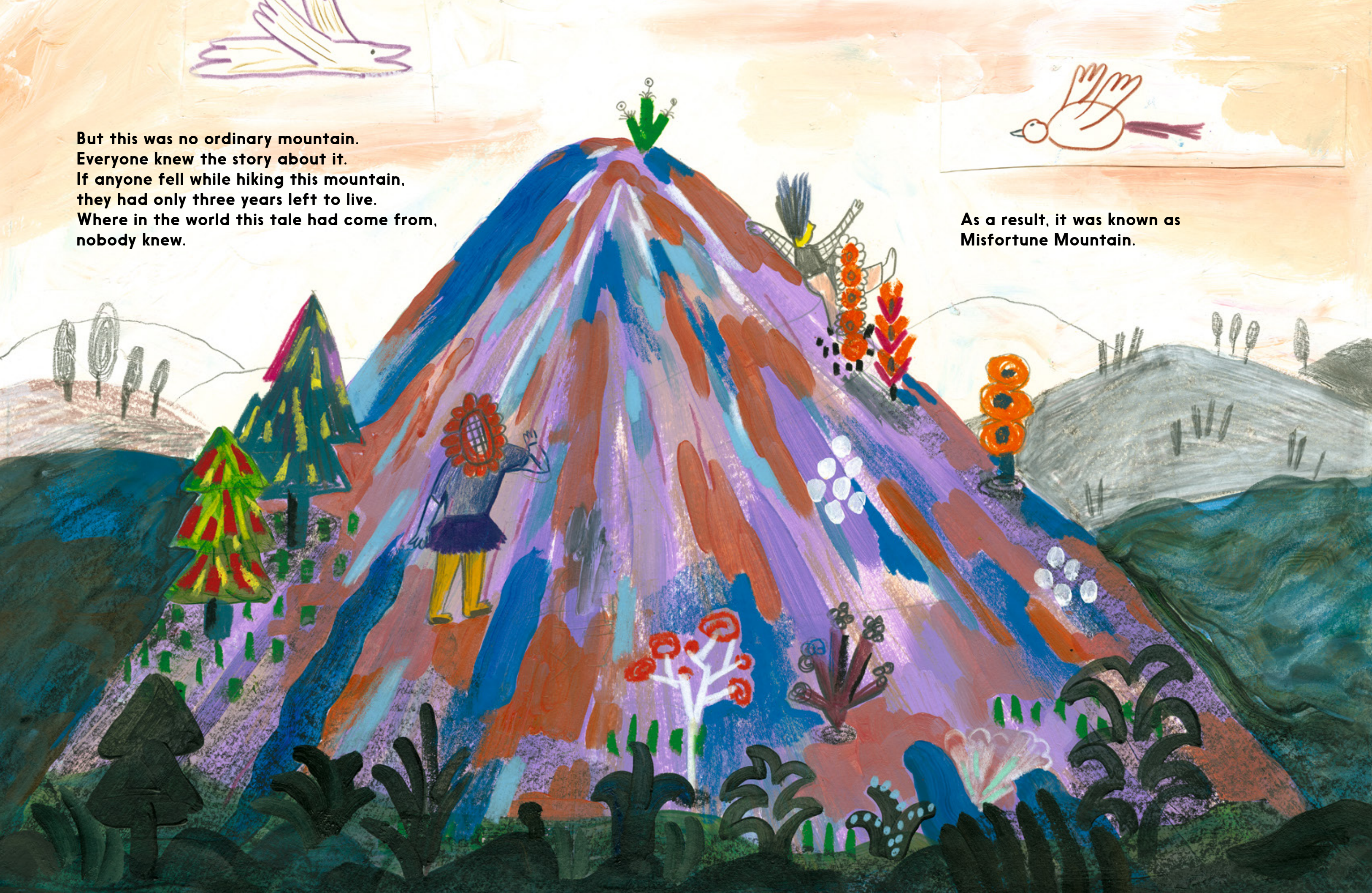


A long time ago, there lived a grandfather in a tiny village.
He had a few animals and lived in a pretty little cottage.
When he needed to go to the market, he had to go over a mountain.



But this was no ordinary mountain.
Everyone knew the story about it.
If anyone fell while hiking this mountain,
they had only three years left to live.
Where in the world this tale had come from,
nobody knew.

As a result, it was known as
Misfortune Mountain.



One day the grandfather headed off to the market. As he approached Misfortune Mountain, he was anxious, as always. The mountain looked even gloomier than ever.

He started up the mountainside.
All of a sudden . . .



... he heard a noise—a rustling in the bushes.
It sounded like a wild animal. Startled, the grandfather
stumbled. It was too late to catch his balance,
and he tumbled down Misfortune Mountain!





Oh no! There were so many beautiful things
the grandfather still hoped to experience.

But now he had only three years to live. . . .

Three years went by.



The grandfather hadn't forgotten his fall
upon Misfortune Mountain.

He began to feel unwell.
He became weaker and weaker,
and then very sick.



With the last of his strength, deeply worried,
he paid a visit to the best doctor far and wide.



But even the best doctor far and wide
couldn't determine the source of his illness.

"You seem to be perfectly healthy,"
said the doctor, patting him encouragingly
on the shoulder.

But the grandfather didn't feel
healthy at all!



One day his granddaughter came to visit.
She was surprised her grandfather didn't come happily
tramping out to meet her, as he usually did.
"What's wrong, Grandpa, are you sick?" she asked.

