

THE WINDOWS OF GOLD

by

Campbell M Gold

(1994/2010)

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A man stood on the east-side of a great rugged valley, and looked towards the west-side. It was a clear summer's morn, and the sun was rising. His eyes were transfixed, for across the valley shone windows of the purest gold.

"I will go forth and gather some of that gold that I may have comfort and ease," thought the man.

He packed his knapsack with provender, water, and tools. And set off into the valley...

It was late in the afternoon when the man arrived on the west-side of the valley. He was hot, weary and foot-sore from the journey; and he was bleeding and torn from the thorns and animals that he had encountered on his quest.

But all that was now past, and at last the golden windows were within his grasp. As he approached his prize, the man's mouth fell open, and his eyes bulged...

There was no gold; there was nothing but ordinary glass in the frames!

With a snarl of frustration and disappointment the man turned his back on his disappointment, and looked towards his home on the east-side of the great valley...

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the sun was setting. His eyes were transfixed, for across the valley, from whence he had come, shone windows of the purest gold...

End

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