

THE VIEW THROUGH THE WINDOW

There once was an old man sitting in his rocking chair.

The tired old man looked out the window of his room to see a child. A child swinging on an old, worn-looking wooden swing tied to the branch of a tree. He watched him swing happily. Even from the comfort and tranquility of his room, he could feel the happiness and freedom that the boy experienced. Continuously rising and falling without fear or worry. Feeling how the wind hugged his arms, as if it were a blanket.

The old man sitting in his rocking chair couldn't help but smile, seeing how the boy smiled in response.

The next day, the old man was still in his rocking chair, when he decided to look out the window once again. This time, he saw a young couple holding hands. He could almost feel the warmth of their intertwined fingers and sense the affection they must have felt for each other.

The old man sitting in his rocking chair couldn't help but stare at them, with melancholy.

The next day, as always, the old man was still sitting in his rocking chair, when, as it had become a habit for him, he looked out the window again. This time, he could see a man with a baby in his arms.

The old man could not help but look away, since he shed a tear.

The next day, the rocking chair was still there, but the old man was gone. Through the window, it could be seen a translucent happy man swinging on an old, worn-looking wooden swing tied to the branch of a tree.