

## A Hammer

There was a flutist who was always on the move. He kept playing the flute on sad melodies standing at door to door and got change as a reward.

One day, while traveling, he picked up a hammer on the roadside.

"What! A hammer, isn't it?! The same shape as my flute. Mine makes beautiful sounds, but this hammer doesn't. It's useless," said he. But he didn't throw it away. He put it on his waist and went into the next village.

Then he heard some rousing sounds from a blacksmith's workshop. A smith was making hoes from red-hot metal. Completed hoes were there as a company of soldiers. The flutist saw that the smith was gripping a hammer in his hand.

"Well, I haven't noticed it before. Indeed, he can make hoes with his hammer," he said to himself.

A little far from there, some carpenters were building a big house on the hill.

"Oh, what a big house! Well, they are also using hammers to build the house."

He amazed to see that the carpenters at a high work-place were also holding hammers in their hands.

Then the flutist walked a little more, and reached a small shoe shop. An old shoemaker was making shoes busily. When the flutist began playing the flute, the shoemaker shouted,

"You are making too much noise. Get away!"

"Old man, listen to my flute! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Such a thing is useless, isn't it?" saying, he kept making shoes with his hammer.

"Hammers are used to make shoes," the flutist said to himself.

The old man raised his head, and said,

"Yeah, I can make anything with my hammer. Your flute has the similar shape as my hammer, but it makes only noisy sounds," he said,

On his way to the next town, the flutist broke his flute with the hammer he had picked up on the road. He held the hammer with his hand tightly, and walked straight forward to a factory-filled town.(2016.9.1 With Itaya)



## かなづち

一人の笛吹がおりました。笛を一本持って家々の戸口に立って、ヒロヒロヒート、悲しい音をふるわせ、一銭、二銭をもらって旅をしました。ある日、道端でかなづちを一つ拾いました。

「何だ。かなづちか、同じような形をしているが、笛は良い音を立てるのに、かなづちは何にもならない。」と言いました。でも捨てないで、腰に差し、次の村に入りました。テンカンテンカンと勇ましい音がしているので、行ってみると鍛冶屋でした。鍛冶屋は真っ赤に焼けた金から鍬を作っていました。出来上がった鍬が沢山兵隊のように並んでいました。ところを見ると鍛冶屋の手には、かなづちが握られていました。

「成程、いままで気づかずにきたが、かなづちは鍬を作るることができるのだな。」と笛吹は言いました。少し行くと、丘の上に大工が大勢で大きな家を建てていました。

「ほう、でかい家だぞ。おや、成程、この家もやっぱりかなづちがつくるのだな。」笛吹は、高いところで働いている大工の手になづちが握られているのに、初めて気がついたように、驚きました。

それから少し行くと、笛吹は小さな靴屋の前に来ました。靴屋の爺さんは、一人でせつ



せと靴を作っていて、笛吹が笛を吹き始めると、

「うるさいから、行っておくれ。」と言いました。

「爺さん、まあお聞きよ。俺の笛はとても素晴らしいんだぜ。」

「そんなものが何になる。」と言って靴を叩いているのを見ると、やっぱりかなづちで

す。「かなづちは靴も作るんだな。」と笛吹が独り言を言うと、爺さんは顔を上げて、

「そうさ、かなづちは、何でも作るんだ。同じような形をしていても、笛なんか、ピロピロと鳴るだけじゃ。」と言いました。

笛吹は次の町へ入る道で、拾ったかなづちを振り上げ、くしゃんと笛を砕いてしまいました。そして、しっかりとかなづちを握りしめて、工場ばかりの町へ真っすぐ歩いてゆきました。