



The PARABLE  
of GOOD  
and BAD  
DEEDS

*or "Do as you  
would be done by"*

*Sergey Valerich*

**Sergey Valerich**

# **The parable of good and bad deeds**

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=69295474](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=69295474)*

*SelfPub; 2023*

## **Аннотация**

Our whole life is a continuous stream of deeds and deeds. And by doing them, it's as if we are building our house of life out of the bricks of deeds and deeds. But does everyone know and understand what it means to build a house of their life?... So our fairy-tale heroes, the heavenly souls Mickey and Oscar, live and build their houses of life in a fairy-tale and magical world. But bad weather and rain happen – and Mickey's house is standing whole and unharmed, warming its owner with warmth, and Oscar's, for some reason, collapses and pours like sand! And now it's time for Oscar to go on an interesting and instructive adventure to find the cause of his troubles, and find out why the souls of their fairy-tale world have houses of life collapsing from the rain? How to distinguish good deeds from bad ones? What is the most important law in life? Why do they pay so little for good deeds? How can a fabulous soul find a reference point for life and build a reliable and eternal house of life?

# Содержание

Introduction.	5
Mickey and Oscar.	6
Oscar is building a veranda.	7
The Hurricane and the Rain in the Little Town.	9
Visiting Grandpa.	12
Friends visit a small factory and encounter a snake.	15
Mickey doesn't want to open his own shop.	19
Oscar opened a shop and new rains and a hurricane	21
An old story about grandpa and good and bad deeds.	24
Oscar starts doing good things.	32
The deception of Oscar.	35
A spoonful of tar in a barrel of honey.	37
Oscar Saves the World. Attack on the Snake Cave.	39
Evil begets only evil.	42
The secret of the rain is revealed.	44
The most important law at the fair of life.	47
How to distinguish bad deeds from good ones?	50
In my grandfather's wonderful garden.	53
Excursion to the grandfathered house.	63
Why do they pay so little for good deeds?	70
Sell or do things yourself at the life fair?	75
A landmark for life.	77

There are no better things among the good ones.

82

Oscar improves the fairy tale world.

84

# **Sergey Valerich**

## **The parable of good and bad deeds**

### **Introduction.**

Our entire life is an uninterrupted flow of deeds and actions. And by doing them, it's as if we weave the tapestry of our lives with the threads of our deeds and actions... or as if we build the house of our lives with bricks of deeds and actions. And no one wants to shiver from drafts in their leaky house of life... Just like our heroes, the fairy souls Mickey and Oscar, live and construct their houses of life in a magical world. But sometimes storms and rain come, and Mickey's house stands strong and intact, providing warmth to its owner, while for some reason, Oscar's house crumbles and collapses like sand! And so, the time has come for Oscar to embark on an interesting and enlightening adventure to find the cause of his troubles and discover why houses of life crumble from the rain. How to distinguish good deeds from bad? What is the most important law in life? Why do good deeds receive such little payment? How to find a guiding principle for life and build a reliable and everlasting house of life?...

# Mickey and Oscar.

Once upon a time, in a fairy and magical world, there were two souls named Mickey and Oscar. They were friends, enjoyed life, grew and learned, worked and rested. Together, on the same street, they built their houses with beautiful gardens in a cozy and beautiful town, surrounded by a wonderful forest and a small but beautiful lake. Mickey was kind-hearted, cheerful, and responsive, always ready to help others in any way he could. Oscar, on the other hand, didn't like to share or help much, and always seemed to be in a rush. But like Mickey, he often had fun and liked to play pranks. Mickey had a small but cozy house for living, which looked strong and beautiful. Around it was a well-tended, fruitful garden, where the friends often spent time in the shade, having fun and playing various games. Oscar, on the other hand, had a large but unimpressive house because he often had to rebuild and repair it after every bad weather. And Oscar often came to visit Mickey in his small but cozy kind house, to tell about the past day, drink tea with jam, play and have fun.

# Oscar is building a veranda.

One day, Oscar was returning home in the evening when he saw his friend tending to the flowers in the garden.

– Hello, Mickey! – said Oscar, – wait for me a little later today, let's rest and talk.

– Of course, Oscar, I'm always happy to see you! – Mickey joyfully replied.

– I worked hard today at the fair of deeds and accomplishments and received a big cart of bricks as a reward. I'll be building a veranda soon! – Oscar proudly announced.

– Great, my friend, I'll be waiting for you, – answered Mickey.

Oscar flew off to unload his reward – bricks for his house. He wanted to expand it by building a big veranda and fixing the holes that appeared after the last rain. Carefully unloading everything, he fulfilled his promise and flew to Mickey's house.

– So, how are things, Mickey? – asked Oscar, enjoying a delicious raspberry tea by the warm fireplace in Mickey's house.

– Excellent, Oscar, I did some work at the fair today, took on my favorite task, and was rewarded with a couple of bricks for my house. I'm saving them up for a new addition, – Mickey said proudly.

– Come on! Just two bricks! – Oscar exclaimed in surprise, – I wouldn't bother for just two. Today I started with a regular job and they gave me a few bricks. But then I switched to one I really

enjoy and got a whole cartload of bricks!

– Well done, a whole cartload? I never got that much in a week! – Mickey replied with admiration, – But usually I don't like the jobs and deeds that give you a lot of bricks right away. I don't know why, I just don't want to do them.

– Oh, come on, Mickey! Jobs are jobs, deeds are deeds, everyone does them at the fair of life. And you know, – Oscar whispered conspiratorially, – yesterday I saw some deeds on the list that could get you ten times as many bricks as I got today! But I'm afraid I might not be able to handle them and just waste my time.

– Yeah, there are those kinds of deeds sometimes, but never mind that. Let's talk about what you're planning to build, and I'll tell you about my ideas for improving my house and garden later, – Mickey said.

And the friends continued their conversation about their planned constructions and their deeds and actions at the fair. Oscar bragged again about his accomplishments and, of course, the bricks he received for them, for his large life house. As they talked, they sipped tea and then flew off to play and have fun.



# The Hurricane and the Rain in the Little Town.

Soon after Oscar built the veranda, he invited Mickey over. They praised the new construction, enjoying tea with jam on it until late in the evening, telling each other stories and having fun.

A few days passed, and suddenly a hurricane with rain swept over their cozy little town. The wind was tossing and turning everything in its path. The rain poured down like from a bucket, washing away all the dirt and filth from the roofs and walls of the houses, cleaning the streets, and watering the trees in the garden with much-needed water.

It was scary to go outside, and everyone sat in their homes, taking shelter from the bad weather. But Mickey, happy and satisfied with the rain, sat by the warm fireplace and read books. Finally, the rain would water his trees and flowers in the garden, and it would wash away the dust and dirt from the streets.

Suddenly, in the midst of the rain, someone knocked on the door, and there stood Oscar, soaked and shivering.

– This damn rain again! – he angrily hissed, – why is it coming down? What for? The wind blows through the walls of my house, and water is dripping in the corners. The dampness is everywhere, and half of my house is flooded. I can't even warm up by my huge fireplace! It's the same thing every time!

– Let's hurry and go to the sauna to warm up, – suggested Oscar, – I knew you would come, as usual, after such rain to warm up, and this time I was not mistaken. Then we'll have some tea with raspberry jam by the fireplace, – and the friends went to warm up in the sauna.

– And I don't understand, – mused Oscar, – you work and work like an ox, but the bricks crumble like sand after every rain.

– You can stay with me in warmth while we repair your house, – offered Mickey, – I'll give you some of my bricks to patch up the holes in your house.

– But don't you need them for your new addition? – Oscar asked in surprise.

– Yes, but I'm not in a rush, and you need them more now. Otherwise, where will you live? You'll get sick in your little house with all those holes, – suggested Mickey.

– Okay, thank you, my best friend! – thanked Oscar, – but something needs to change! – Oscar almost shouted, – let's think! I want a big, beautiful, and warm house to live in, and one that won't fall apart!

– Okay, let's fly to Grandpa's tomorrow, – Mickey came up with a plan, – we need to visit him anyway, and he'll be happy to see us. We'll ask him for advice on what to do about this problem.

– Yes! We're flying to grandpa's tomorrow! – happily replied Oscar. And the friends spent a long time drinking hot tea with jam, listening to the rustle of the rain and the crackle of the

fireplace, and having fun, they fell asleep in warmth and comfort.

Waking up in the morning, they inspected their properties. Mickey's place was in order, a couple of bricks had fallen off the bathhouse, but overall, everything was good, clean, and tidy. The lawn was cheerfully green, the trees in the garden rustled with joy, everything was happy with the rain, except for Oscar! He had one trouble after another, the roof was tilted, the walls of the house were like a sieve, everything was damp and in ruins...

– Again, I have to rebuild everything!!! What did I do to deserve this! But I'll manage, I'm strong! I'll build thick, sturdy walls, a fortress! And no rain will wash it away! – exclaimed Oscar, – but I need a lot, a lot of bricks, – he couldn't calm down on the way to grandpa's.

# Visiting Grandpa.

Grandpa welcomed Mickey and Oscar with joy and love. He had two houses on a large plot of land with a fruit orchard. One small house stood near the forest next to the lake, and a little further away was his second, large guest house. This house had a large beautiful living room with a huge warm fireplace and many rooms for his numerous friends and relatives. For himself, Grandpa had his small, but cozy and warm house by the lake.

– Oh, my beloved children! – greeted Grandpa his dear guests, – I'll give you food and drink now, so you'll have plenty of energy! Tell me, while I prepare tea with jam.

– My dear Grandpa, we need urgent help! – pleaded Oscar and told him about the recent bad weather and his destroyed house, about his insatiable desire to make things happen and to build a big and beautiful house as soon as possible.

– Your desire to make things happen and take action is very commendable, – said Grandpa and continued, – and what do you enjoy doing most, my children, at the fair of life?

– I, you see, – began Mickey, – took on a challenge yesterday – «always tell the truth», as well as «smile at passersby and help them find their way».

– But what kind of challenges are those? – laughed Oscar, – they only give you a couple of bricks each. Yesterday, I took on

the challenge of «misleading passersby and showing them the wrong way», and I immediately got 20 bricks!

– Oh, Oscar, – replied Mickey with regret, – how can you take on such challenges and do them at the fair? I don't understand... I don't like it.

– Oh, come on! It's fun, and I'll build my own house to live in faster! – Oscar laughed in response.

– Oh, my children, – Grandpa said kindly, pouring everyone tea, – I was young and hot-headed like you, and always in a rush, wanting to earn my bricks quickly at the fair of life, build my house, and show off to my friends! Oh, I suffered so much with it. Just a little rain or wind, and the walls crumbled like sand. I couldn't sleep at night, it was so noisy from the cracks, as if someone was crying, and water dripped from the ceiling like someone's tears. And in the morning, I would run again to the fair of challenges and deeds to earn my bricks and rebuild my house of life... I have a lot to tell you about, how to avoid my mistakes and failures. And most importantly, what I want to tell you now – of course, there is a way to earn a lot of bricks quickly at the fair of life, and at the same time, your house will always be strong and warm.

– Yes, grandpa, please tell us, don't keep us waiting! We want to hear the secret as soon as possible! – exclaimed Oscar eagerly.

– Alright, my dear children, – continued grandpa, – tomorrow morning, go to Sun Street. There's a magical factory there that produces bricks and distributes them to merchants at the fair of

deeds and actions. The merchants will give you these bricks in exchange for completing various tasks and actions. They receive their share of the sold bricks. Come back to me afterwards, and we'll continue our conversation. I'll tell you many more interesting things about what you can and cannot do, my dear children.

– Wow, so it turns out that you don't have to work yourself, but can sell deeds and actions to other souls at the fair of life and receive bricks for it? – asked Oscar with excitement and amazement.

– Yes, but there are many merchants and not many willing to work. There are also subtleties and wisdom to it. We'll discuss it all tomorrow, – replied grandpa.

– Okay, grandpa! – said Oscar happily and enthusiastically. The rest of the evening, Mickey and Oscar relaxed and had fun with grandpa, telling each other stories and sipping tea with delicious jam made from berries from grandpa's huge garden.

## **Friends visit a small factory and encounter a snake.**

Waking up early in the morning, the friends flew to the small factory on Sunny Street. There, they were greeted with kindness and smiles, and everyone told and showed them everything. They were given a list of tasks and deeds, as well as how many bricks were sold to the buyer and how many to the seller. After saying goodbye, the friends left the

factory, but suddenly a big and scary snake crawled out of the bushes and said to them:

– My dear and beloved children, did you like the factory? – he hissed.

– Yes, everything is good, – they replied, frightened.

– And did you like the prices? – the snake continued, circling and coiling around the friends.

– Yes, – said Mickey, but Oscar interrupted him:

– It's not enough, not nearly enough! What's the point of only giving two or three bricks for a deed, and the reward for the seller is nothing!

– You're right, it's nothing, – the satisfied snake slowly

hissed, – but I know where they give much more bricks to the sellers, my dear children...

– Where? – Oscar eagerly and interestedly asked.

– I will show you and tell you everything, – the snake hissed, – Follow me, my children! – and they flew to another street with a scary name, Cave Street. There was a cave in the ground, and they had to go down somewhere far. Mickey was scared:

– It's wet and cold down there! I'm afraid, and Grandpa didn't tell us anything about this place, it's some kind of bad!

– Don't be afraid! Everything will be okay, – said Oscar, and together with the snake, they flew down into the cave.

Mickey, frightened, didn't fly with them and instead waited outside, basking in the sun. As it turned out, they weren't the only guests here. Many flew into the cave and flew out, and the stream of visitors was constant, unlike the factory on Sun Street. But it was somewhat gloomy, and there was no joy around.

Soon Oscar returned, cold but satisfied, with a huge bag of gifts, jars of preserves, and dried fruits sticking out of his pockets.

– Now this is what I call service! They fed us, watered us, and gave us stuff to take with us, and the prices are just amazing! – Oscar exclaimed, overcome with emotion, – hooray, I found what I was looking for! Listen to this, I'm reading it: «for the deed of 'not forgiving an offense», they give 100 bricks to the performer, and as a seller, I'll get 50 bricks. I'm reading further – «for the deed of 'protest and impatience», 50 bricks, and I'll get 25!



– So many bricks? – Mickey was surprised, – for what? I don't like the sound of this business.

– What difference does it make what kind of business it is? I'm reading further, – and Oscar continued to read the list of deeds and actions from the cave, – for the deed of «disobeying adults» – 100 bricks, and I'll get 50! «Gloating over someone else's misfortune»– 150 bricks! «Deception for the sake of a joke» – 150 bricks! There's such a huge list here, many times larger than what they gave us on Sun Street!!! I haven't even seen many of these deeds and actions at our fair! This is a gold mine! That's it, now I'm going to open my own shop at the fair and sell these deeds, and I'll become rich and famous!

Mickey had nothing to say to his friend. He looked at the list of deeds and actions and felt sickened. For many of these deeds and actions, he hadn't even read or heard of them before. His head began to ache and he decided that he needed to leave this cave as soon as possible.

– How can you sell things like this? – Mickey asked on his way back, – I sometimes see similar things being sold at our fair, but I wouldn't even think of doing such deeds and actions, let alone receiving bricks for them!

– So what? It's not me who will be doing these deeds and actions. I just sold them and got my bricks for it. What's so bad about that?! – Oscar snatched the paper from him and said that he wouldn't be flying to grandpa's.

– But how can you not go? – objected Mickey, – Grandpa still

had a lot of interesting and useful things to tell us. Selling deeds is a difficult and responsible business. You'll only get into more trouble without grandpa's wise advice, – Mickey disapproved.

– I already know everything! I know what to do! – Oscar said proudly and quickly flew to the fair to open his shop of deeds and actions, eager to start trading. Mickey sadly watched his friend go and shouted that he would be happy to wait for him at grandpa's before flying back.

## **Mickey doesn't want to open his own shop.**

Grandpa, having met Mickey, fed him rich borscht, gave him tea with a delicious dessert and listened attentively to what had happened.

– Ah, that's not good, – Grandpa said, – those snakes are promoting their affairs again. But don't worry, everything will be fine. We can't help Oscar right now, he'll figure it out on his own. We'll meet up later, have some tea together and talk about it. In the meantime, let's look at the prices from the factory on Sun Street.

– We can do that, but I don't want to open my own shop, – Mickey said, – I'm happy with my house and garden. I've saved up a lot of bricks from my work and deeds, and I sometimes give them to those in need to rebuild their homes after the rain. But that's not enough for Oscar. He has a huge house with so many holes, you can't count them all!

– That's your choice, Mickey, and I like it, – Grandpa said, putting the list aside, – selling bricks is also a very responsible job. There was a time when I sold things and had my own shop. Business was good. But time passes, and I moved away from it. I have enough now. Let's put these papers aside until we meet

Oscar next time, – he said mysteriously.

– Yes, Grandpa, I have enough of them, and my little house of life doesn't crumble from the rain, – continued Mickey, – friends often come and ask me where I get such strong bricks and for what deeds and actions, they give them to me. And where? Just like everyone else – at the fair of life. Many are surprised that I always have extras – since they pay so few bricks for the deeds and actions that I advise them to do. And I don't know what to tell them, I just always have them and the rain doesn't wash them away and the hurricane doesn't carry them off. I tell them about the deeds I do, and then they come back and thank me for the advice. They say that now they also always have dry and warm houses, and there are still extra bricks left.

– Does Oscar listen to you? – asked Grandpa.

– He listens, but he doesn't do, he says yes – yes, but when he gets to the fair of deeds and actions, his mind is apparently clouded by temptation and greed. He forgets about my words and takes the deeds that give him more bricks...

– You're a good boy, Mickey, but everything will be alright with Oscar. We'll meet again and sit by the warm fireplace and chat, – Grandpa reassured him.

Mickey was happy to stay with his grandpa for a little longer and in a couple of days, he flew back home – he missed his deeds and actions – he was eager to fly to the fair and work hard.

## **Oscar opened a shop and new rains and a hurricane**

Time passed. Oscar opened his shop at the fair and started selling goods and deeds to the right and left. He always had a line of customers and business was going well. He only sold goods and deeds from the factory in the cave, and goods from Sunny Street were rarely taken. Everyone wanted more bricks for their deeds and actions. Soon, he had finished building his huge life house, made the walls many times thicker, and fortunately, now he had plenty of bricks. In this, the old man turned out to be right, and Oscar was happy about it. He often invited guests and had fun in his big life house, not forgetting about Mickey.

Time passed again, and here came another hurricane, rain pouring, and lightning flashing. Mickey sat and drank tea by the fireplace when his frozen and wet friend Oscar flew to him again.

– That damned rain again! I can't be at home, there's such a howling and creaking like it's coming from hell! Half of the walls fell off from the rain! Well, never mind, now I'll rest and tomorrow I'll get back to work! My house will be even bigger and stronger! – and after resting until morning, warming up and gaining strength, Oscar flew back to build his life house again.

Time passed, and after every rain, Mickey would warm up and give his friend Oscar tea with jam. And once Oscar regained

his strength, he would rush back to his shop to rebuild his home with the bricks that Mickey had given him. When the weather was dry, Oscar would host parties and gatherings in his big home, inviting friends and acquaintances to show off his grand house. But time flew by, and soon a strong hurricane and heavy rain swept through, leaving nothing of Oscar's home. Only a few old bricks remained, gifts from Mickey, and some bricks from the distant past.

As usual after such events, Oscar sat wet and angry in Mickey's little house, warming himself by the fireplace and crying, not knowing what to do, cursing the hurricane, rain, and everyone and everything around him.

– I'm tired, I can't do it anymore... I want more and more, but I have less and less. I'm alone in my crumbling castle, and no one wants to be with me in the cold and damp. And now I don't even have my home! Grandpa promised that the house would be strong and warm! What am I doing wrong? – said Oscar with indignation and surprise.

– But Grandpa warned us and wanted to tell us a lot, and you didn't listen and didn't go to him, – Mickey objected.

– What will he tell us? He's a thousand years old already! All his knowledge is outdated! Or do we not know everything about this life?! – Oscar asked sarcastically, – and how can I fly to him now? I'm ashamed that I didn't listen to him!

– Okay, don't worry, grandpa is always happy to see us. Let's

fly to him tomorrow, – Mickey suggested, – he said he's waiting for us and has something to tell us and teach us. Everything will be fine, Oscar.

– What's fine about it? Everything's bad! – Oscar cried, grumbling about the rain a little more before falling asleep quietly by the warm fireplace.

# **An old story about grandpa and good and bad deeds.**

In the morning, the friends flew to grandpa. He greeted them with joy as always and treated them to tea with delicious raspberry jam. Fortunately, there were enough rains and the garden was full of berries and fruits.

After listening to the kids, grandpa asked Oscar:

– What do you plan to do now?

– I don't know, – replied Oscar sadly, – I used to do things and make decisions on my own, but everything would fall apart. Now I sell things at the market, getting many more bricks, and everything falls apart again. And I keep endlessly repairing my broken house... My whole life will pass in endless fuss, and I won't even have time to sit with Mickey and drink tea with jam. These parties and social events are so fleeting, and all I get afterward is a headache. And the next morning after the rain, the dampness and dirt in the house are terrifying. When I become as old as you, Grandpa, and I don't have the strength to fly to the market of life to make decisions and do things, how will I repair the holes in my house? How will I restore it? Will I have to live in dampness and cold? And I won't have any friends, and I need their praise and respect so much! – Oscar burst into tears.

– Don't cry, Oscar, – his grandfather reassured him, – when I



was young, I too only took on the tasks that gave me more bricks, without considering the meaning behind them.

– Well, that's what I do too, whether I do the tasks myself or sell them in the shop, – Oscar interrupted his grandfather, – I don't pay attention to the name or meaning of the task, they're all the same at the fair, and people buy or do them for bricks. I don't look at the purpose, I just look at how many bricks I'll get for it! For example, there's a task at the fair to «embroider a beautiful picture from fabric and give it to a friend for their birthday», which earns you 5 bricks. And there's another task to «steal a beautiful picture from someone you know and give it to a friend for their birthday», which earns you 50 bricks! What's the difference if the result is the same? In the second case, you don't even have to work hard or learn to sew, you just take and give! Simple and quick! – Oscar said with a smug look.

– Well, I remember, – Mickey chimed in, – the older kids used to tell us not to do such things!

– I don't know, I don't believe it, but why can't I do it? What's the big deal? Everyone else is doing it, why can't I do something that the older generation advised against? Nonsense, I know everything myself! – Oscar sharply replied.

– Yes, Oscar, your outrage is understandable and your questions are valid, – replied grandfather, – and of course, we will find answers to them together.

– Yes, grandfather, we will find them! And you also promised us to tell us many interesting and useful things last time, and we

are ready, especially Oscar, to listen to you attentively, – Mickey said with a smile.

– No one listens more attentively than Oscar, – grumbled Oscar, settling comfortably with Mickey by the fireplace, and listened with interest to his grandfather's story:

– And in my youth, my children, – began grandfather, – I had the same problems as you, Oscar. The house was falling apart, friends were leaving because of the cold and dampness of my home. Even a huge and warm fireplace couldn't save us. And so, it went on for a long time. There were also calm dry times. I was happy with the drought, while others around me were sad – dust everywhere, which the rain wouldn't wash away, the grass wasn't green and the trees were drying up. But I was satisfied – my house was standing strong and welcoming guests. But one day, after a series of hurricanes and rains, my house crumbled and disappeared like sugar in a cup of tea... I couldn't take it, fell into complete despair and started looking for the reason. I remembered what the older generation taught me, looked at others and how they live, what deeds they do and how many bricks they get for them.

– Why does everyone have the same thing? – asked Oscar in surprise.

– Not everyone, – Mickey happily replied, – I'm doing just fine with my home!

– Yes, Mickey, you are different from many people, and you need to preserve your skill and pass it on to others, – grandfather

replied emotionally.

– Mickey gives advice to many people, – Oscar said, – and he often tells me, «Don't do this, it's better not to do that in the fair of life», but I rarely listen to him, and probably in vain.

– Yes, Oscar, it's good that you understand that, – grandfather said with a smile and took a sip of delicious tea. Settling comfortably in his armchair by the fireplace and covering himself with a warm blanket, he continued his story, – just like you, after the next rain, I flew to my beloved grandfather. I haven't seen him for a long time, and I was ashamed of it. And my shame only delayed my trip to him. But I gathered my strength and flew there. Grandfather was very, very happy, and after listening to me, he told me this ancient story: «Long, long ago, many years ago, in our little town, there was only one brick factory on Sunny Street. And everyone did things and made choices based on what that factory offered. Everything was fine, houses were built and didn't break down, only occasionally a brick would fall out, but even that was rare. Eternal homes, joy, and peace. The rains and storms didn't bother anyone, they only helped us live by washing the streets clean of dirt, and the roofs and walls of houses of dust. The grass was green, and the trees grew and bore fruit. There was plenty of time for work and play».

– What a wonderful time it was, – Oscar interrupted his grandfather, -What happened? Why are we struggling now? – he asked with interest.

– Yes, my dear children, someone is suffering, – said grandfather, taking another sip of his delicious tea, and continued the ancient story. «And everything was fine until they appeared – these snakes. They crawled out from somewhere underground and opened their own shop at the fair of deeds and actions, selling their bricks, but already for their own deeds and actions. They brought their bricks from this cave, where Oscar was. And they had their own list of deeds and actions, which was much longer. They paid a lot for the completion of their deeds and actions, so there was always a line to them. Then they stopped selling themselves and offered us to do it ourselves, for a huge reward of the same bricks. Time passed, and suddenly in our cozy town after every rain, ruined houses began to appear, and they became more and more. The houses were rebuilt again and again, but after the rains and hurricanes, everything collapsed again. Everyone tried to take as many bricks at the fair of life as possible and took any deeds and actions indiscriminately, just to quickly patch up the holes in their own houses. Time passed, and souls began to ponder what was the matter, as things seemed to be just things, and actions just actions. But soon they noticed that some actions gave solid bricks like stones, while others paid with bricks that crumbled after the rain. And if the bricks fell apart after the rain, then our ancestors started calling the actions and deeds for which they were received "bad" deeds. We are paid for them with bricks that seem normal and solid, but when the rain and bad weather comes, these bricks crumble and our life houses

collapse. And as it turned out, only snakes from their damp caves pay us with such "bad" bricks. On Sunny Street, they make bricks as hard as stone, and they do not crumble from either the sun or the rain, and with time they become stronger and stronger. And the deeds and actions that they offer to do for bricks from Sunny Street came to be called "good" deeds. The life houses made of these bricks are warm and strong, and living and sleeping in them is a real pleasure. And so, they began to live from then on. Those who were wiser tried to do only "good" deeds at the fair of life, and although they received fewer bricks, they lived in warm and cozy houses. Those who were in a hurry and wanted to build their life house as quickly as possible took "bad" deeds, and having received many bricks for them, but bad ones, they lived and suffered in their huge, but leaky houses». That's the story I was told a long time ago, – said Grandpa, finishing his delicious tea.

– Clearly, snakes are to blame for everything! – said Oscar decisively, – they sell bad deals, and that's why houses collapse... So, we just won't take their bad deals, simple as that! – Oscar continued, – as for me, I take or sell bad deals and receive their rotten bricks from the snakes, and my house constantly crumbles. It's clear... it's clear, – Oscar mused.

– Grandpa, – Mickey interrupted Oscar, – so I always take and do only good deeds and actions at the fair of life?

– Yes, that's right, since your house of life is so strong and good, – Grandpa kindly answered.

– But I didn't even know about this and didn't think about it. Why does it work out like that? – Mickey asked in surprise.

– From childhood, our parents and elders teach us what we can do and what we cannot do. Yes, elders rarely explain why we cannot do this or that. Everyone is in a hurry, they also need to do things and build their house of life. And so, from year to year, we listen and listen. But a time comes when we fly away from our parents and start our own life. And that's when it becomes apparent who listened well to their parents and elders, and who let everything go in one ear and out the other, – Grandpa explained.

– They always taught me not to do this or that too, – Oscar chimed in, – well, why not? – he asked, – «You'll understand when you grow up», our parents usually answered. So, we grew up, and we can't even build a proper house of life! And there's still no understanding!

– Take only what you like! – Mickey suggested, – That's what I usually do.

– Yes, that's what I do too, – Oscar replied, – yesterday at the fair, I picked up one of my favorite things to do called «not picking up my toys and telling Mom I did, then running outside to play». I like doing things like that! But where is my home in life? Nowhere! It crumbles like sand after rain from these actions and deeds! – Oscar laughed.

– You're right, Oscar, – his grandfather replied, – It's hard to determine whether something is good or bad based solely on whether you like it or not. We too used to chase after things

we liked in the past without considering their true value, and as a result – the porch collapses, the wall falls apart, and the unpleasant howling of the wind through the damp house...

– So, what should we do? – Oscar asked, – we could spend our whole lives living in a damp house, not understanding what's good or bad. What's good for one person may be bad for another! Grandma says, «have more jam», but Mom says, «no, you'll get a toothache»! One person says, «give me change», while another says, «let's talk about what happened, what the problem is, and forgive each other». As many people, as many opinions! I'm tired, my head hurts from all this moralizing! Let's go play in the field instead, the bright sun is shining, the birds are singing, let's relax and have some fun! – Oscar said.

Mickey and Oscar flew to Grandpa's garden to have fun and play, while guests arrived to visit Grandpa and they all started to have a fun evening together.

## Oscar starts doing good things.

The next day, Oscar said he understood everything and knew what to do. After saying goodbye to Grandpa, he and Mickey flew home. There, he took a piece of paper and a pencil and they flew to the Fair of Life shop, where his friend Mickey usually gets his deeds and actions. He asked him to write down all the deeds and actions that he loves to do on the paper. After that, they flew to his house to have tea with raspberry.

– I'll close my shop for now, I won't sell deeds that snakes offer. There's not much point in selling deeds from Sunny Street either, not many people buy them. I'll just waste time sitting in the shop doing nothing. I'll do deeds and actions from the list you wrote for me myself. If your house is strong, then these are good deeds. And then my house will also be warm and strong, – Oscar said decisively and began to study the list of deeds intently:

– So, not much here. But at least there's something to choose from, and that's good, – Oscar said with interest, trying to find something familiar on the list, – «To learn homework and get a good grade», – well, of course I'll try, – Oscar stretched out with a creak and continued to read on, – «Wash and feed a homeless kitten or puppy. Take them to a shelter or leave them at home», – ugh, they stink and shed so much, I won't be able to clean myself after that! – Oscar grumbled, – okay, let's keep reading.



«Help a friend solve a problem». Can't he do it himself? – Oscar objected, – Let him learn better! «Comfort and help someone who's crying». He brought it on himself, now he'll learn his lesson! And the deeds you choose, my friend, – Oscar exclaimed in surprise, – let's keep reading... «Give to a beggar on the street», another one! If they give him something, he'll just keep begging! «Learn all your lessons until your mom checks them. Only then go out to play with your friends». Yeah, who's going to wait for me to study while everyone else has fun and goes home... I usually take the action «lie, say I did everything and go out to play», – I get more bricks for that one...

– Well, where are your bricks? – Mickey asked.

– Yes, you're right, my friend... So, what else is there, something more serious? – Oscar continued listing the tasks and deeds from Mickey's list: – «to help mom clean the house», – well, okay, we'll help, my house is also home, – said Oscar and continued, – «the whole helping a friend fill barrels for watering the garden all day long». Hauling! This isn't even my garden, I have plenty of my own tasks! Usually, I pick the deed «refuse a friend's help, come up with something important». It's easy and promotes imagination! And they give you lots of bricks. Alright, next up is «make peace with an opponent», what kind of news is that!? – Oscar exclaimed, surprised and angry, – that's why they're an opponent, to argue with them! I don't know how to do these kinds of things. I've never done anything like it. And most importantly, why bother? A couple of bricks here, a handful

there. It won't make much difference. I need to build a house, I can't live with you forever! – Oscar finished grimly and set the list aside.

– Well, try it out. It doesn't have to take forever. Just one brick at a time, and before you know it, you'll have built a strong and cozy home for yourself, – his friend replied.

– Alright, my friend, but in that case, I'll stay with you for a while, if you don't mind? – Oscar asked.

– Of course not. You can sleep on my soft bed, and I'll take the couch by the fireplace. Everything will be fine! – Mickey answered joyfully.

And so, the friends decided. Oscar promised to only do tasks and deeds from Mickey's list. He worked diligently every day at the fair of life, from morning until late at night, not even having time for tea and jam, all while dreaming of a big house and noisy parties with friends in it.

# The deception of Oscar.

Time had passed. Oscar had just finished building his new small house, when another downpour came. Lightning flashed, and our friends sat by the fireplace in Mickey's warm house, sipping tea with jam. Mickey was happily reading a book, while Oscar kept fidgeting in his chair, unable to find his place.

– What's wrong, Oscar? What happened? – asked Mickey.

– Everything's fine! Don't worry, I'm okay. You know, dealing with all these tasks and actions on your list is not something everyone can handle! – nervously replied Oscar.

– Well, if anything, tell me. We'll discuss and solve all your problems, – said Mickey, looking at Oscar suspiciously.

After the rain stopped, Oscar immediately rushed outside without waiting for it to dry up. Mickey found it strange and followed him.

They were faced with an unpleasant sight... Oscar's house was in shambles again, with half of the bricks scattered by the rain and wind.

– You promised me that you wouldn't take on bad deals anymore, Oscar!? – exclaimed Mickey.

– Yes, I promised... – sadly replied Oscar, – but I thought everything would be okay. Yes, I took on deals that you didn't recommend, but they gave very few bricks. I thought these were insignificant bad deals, and maybe the bricks wouldn't fall apart

so quickly. And also, sometimes there were no actions and deeds from your list at the fair. I had to take what was there, at random, what seemed like a good deal by name... Well, what's the use of looking, let's fly to grandfather, we need his advice, – and with a sad wave of his hand towards his dilapidated house, Oscar, together with Mickey, gathered and flew to Grandfather.

# **A spoonful of tar in a barrel of honey.**

Once again, Grandfather welcomed his little ones with a kind smile and a jar of jam.

– Grandfather, – pleaded Oscar, – I worked every day, doing different things, both good and bad. And even more good than bad! And the bad ones I took were the cheapest and most insignificant! What's wrong with that? I did so many good deeds at the fair of life, but my house of life is still in a mess!

– Here, look children, – said Grandfather with a smile, – you have done many bad deeds and only one good one. What will remain of the walls in your house after a rain? Just a couple of bricks from all the walls, my children! And if you do half bad deeds and half good, what will remain of the walls? Half the house or even less. And can you live in such a house? Of course not. Do you want to live in this kind of house? And now you have done many good deeds and only one bad one and have built the walls of your house, what will happen after a storm? That's right, there will be a hole in the wall, and it won't be small... Even one bad deed will leave a hole, but you were given many bricks for that bad deed, and you used them all to build the walls of your life's house. Can you live in such a house? It will probably be uncomfortable for you and your friends...

– Well, that's going too far! How can we do without any bad deeds at all! That's impossible! – Oscar cried and wept.

– Fortunately, it is possible, – said Grandfather.

– What's fortunate about it!?! – Oscar wailed, but then he jumped up and shouted joyfully, – I understand it all now! We need to destroy the cave! We need to break their underground factory! Destroy everything, and make them forget the recipe for their holey bricks. If there's no brick factory, they won't sell their bad deeds. It's all about the cave! Tomorrow we'll fly there, sneak into the cave, find out what they make their bricks from, destroy all the documentation and equipment, and our world will be saved!

Grandpa wasn't very happy with this plan, but there was nothing he could do. Trying to persuade the youngsters with reasoning was useless against their plucky spirit. Grandpa still wanted to tell the kids a lot of useful and sensible things: about the snakes, and how to distinguish between good and bad deeds, but the kids didn't want to listen anymore. «So, it's not the right time yet», – Grandpa decided and gave them invisibility hats and a jar of jam to help. He advised them to stay at his house until morning and to gather their strength before their important adventure.

# **Oscar Saves the World.**

## **Attack on the Snake Cave.**

All evening, friends drew a map of the cave from Oscar's memory. He had been there before and seen a lot. They made plans for an invasion and the destruction of the factory in the cave. They drew diagrams of the capture and the retreat in case the operation failed. After training and suffering enough, but satisfied, they fell asleep right on the map. The next day they decided to practice some more and head to the cave closer to evening so they could do everything calmly at night, perhaps there would be no one there.

And so, wearing their invisibility hats, our friends set off on their adventure! By evening, there were already few visitors at the entrance to the cave, and the friends quickly flew inside and looked for a place to hide until nightfall, so that no one would see their riot. Looking around, they quickly found the factory where they made bricks. It was not very deep, closer to the exit, so as not to carry the bricks too far. Everything was simple, but terribly dirty, damp, and cold. Long pipes stretched from all the cracks in the cave towards the factory. They stretched far, far away, and it seemed that under all the earth and under their village there was a whole network of these pipes collecting rainwater. All the water flowed into a large basin where they added ordinary sand and

boiled bricks. Then they fired them and stacked them in boxes for shipping. Everything was simple. No chemistry or additives, only rainwater and sand.

– And anyone can do it, – said the disappointed Oscar, surprised by what he had seen, – and there's no need for a recipe, I can make as many of these bricks as I want. Alright, let's keep going, maybe there's something else interesting here, – and they continued exploring the cave.

Still trying to find something else, they stumbled upon a huge and powerful iron door. They didn't know how to open it. And finding nothing else interesting besides this huge iron door, they began to wait, admiring the huge and beautiful cave stalactites. Soon the door creaked, opened slightly, and they quickly flew into the opening. In the middle of the huge cave stood printing presses, continuously printing something. On the walls of the cave, from bottom to top and far into the depths, were stacks of leaflets. The friends immediately recognized these leaflets – they were lists of bad deeds and misdeeds. They were printed in this cave and then sent to shops to be sold.

– Wow, there are so many of them! And they just keep printing and printing! – said Mickey.

– Enough printing! – angrily shouted Oscar, and grabbing the printing press, he threw it onto the stone floor with a crash. The ink splattered and the machine's mechanisms scattered, producing a stunning impression on the present snakes. They couldn't see our friends because they were wearing invisibility



hats, and frightened, they flew out of the cave.

– Away with you, you cursed snakes! – Oscar cried out, and threw another press at them in pursuit.

The friends began to break and crush everything around them, trample the printing presses into crumbs, and pour ink onto the floor. Everything was flying apart and pouring onto the floor. After dealing with the presses, they began to think about what to do with the huge stacks of leaflets. The only solution was to pour water over everything and wash all the inscriptions off the leaflets, thankfully there were plenty of pipes with water. After opening all the taps and pouring water onto the leaflets, they flew out of the cave. Exhausted but satisfied, they looked at what was happening from afar – the snakes were urgently trying to save their leaflets, still not understanding why the presses suddenly began to fly in the air and the taps opened and poured water from the pipes... Smiling and happy with their successful deed, the friends flew back to their grandfather.

## **Evil begets only evil.**

– Well, my children, tell me about your adventures, – their grandfather greeted them kindly but excitedly.

– Well, it was a tough but fun operation! – Oscar said proudly, – we broke their printing presses and flooded their leaflets and their whole cave with water, – and they told their grandfather everything they saw and did.

– Well done, my heroes, now for a while the snakes will calm down and not sell their rotten bricks for their bad deeds at the fair of life. But they are cunning snakes, they will still come up with something and restore everything. They are earth creatures, and that's their home, you can't drive them out. In our time, we too have chased them into caves and flooded them with water, but it was all in vain, they kept coming back again and again. And surprisingly and sadly, many of us were happy to see them return – we could quickly build our huge houses of life and throw a party in them like no other! To the envy of everyone, until a hurricane with rain came. And then even a flood wouldn't stop them from trading at the fair of life again and again."

– Yes, grandfather, I understand. I too am in a hurry and grab onto all tasks, good and bad, without discrimination! – Oscar said.

– And as for our business with the snakes, smashing their cave is an evil and bad deed that will only generate an evil response

from them, – unexpectedly responded grandfather to his friends.

– Why is it evil? They started it and continue it! – protested Oscar.

– Yes, they started it and continue it, but that is their essence and nature – to sell evil, – sadly replied grandfather, – and the more we chase them, the more wicked deeds and actions they come up with. And they deceive us, disguising their dirty deeds as seemingly good ones. They are cunning and come up with new actions that we haven't done and don't know the consequences for our home of life. And it's hard to tell now where the good deeds end and the bad ones begin. And we, seeing a huge reward, eagerly take them on, hoping to quickly build our home of life! Evil begets only evil! – wisely said grandfather.

– Well, what can we do? Just sit and watch as they deceive us? – protested Oscar.

– Don't rush, Oscar, and I'll tell you what to do. The main thing is to listen and not to fly away to perform new feats... – grandfather said with a smile.

# The secret of the rain is revealed.

Grandfather settled himself comfortably in an armchair near the fireplace and continued his instructive speech, while the children listened with bated breath.

– By doing bad deeds and actions at the fair of life, we add even more evil to these bricks, filling them with new impurities. And then we carry them with us, building our house of life from them, – Grandpa began to explain, – but we are souls, heavenly creatures, and by nature, we are good and therefore, we detest evil. The magical rain and wind in our fairy-tale world, just like us heavenly creatures, also do not like any impurity and all that is bad. And seeing this on the walls of our houses and on our streets, they break down all that is bad and wash away all this impurity, sending it far away underground. And after the rain, our good heavenly sun shines brightly and rejoices in the cleanliness and absence of any impurity and evil.

– Well, now I understand why my house became leaky after every rain, – Oscar said, surprised but happy, – I did so many bad things at the fair and brought them in bricks to my house of life. Of course, they needed to be washed out of my house, I won't tolerate evil in my home! Rain, rain, thank you for this! – Oscar exclaimed joyfully, raising his hands to the sky.

– So, it turns out, – began Mickey, – that after the rain, those

who did good deeds continue to live happily in their strong and warm house of life, while those souls who did bad deeds start all over again, or patch up the holes in their flimsy house of life. And so, it goes on and on, until they understand what deeds they can do at the fair of life, and which ones to avoid and not do... – wisely concluded Mickey.

– Exactly, Mickey, that's right. And then, the rain washes away this impurity from the bricks underground, deeper and out of sight, – continued Grandpa, but he was interrupted by Oscar.

– Hooray! I figured it out! – exclaimed Oscar, – in the rainwater that collects through the pipes underground in the snake cave, there's impurity and evil from the destroyed bricks. They collect them after the rain and make their own bricks from them! And then they pay us with these bricks for bad deeds, and after the rain, everything returns to them in the cave. Those sneaky snakes! They tempt us with quick building of the house of life, and we ourselves are happy to be tempted! – excitedly concluded Oscar.

– Indeed, Oscar, you are right, – said the grandfather, – and over time we become more and more accustomed to quick results, even if they are temporary. And we can't stop because we can always quickly patch up holes or rebuild a destroyed house! And this illusion of wealth and success does not allow us to embark on the right path of good deeds and build an eternal,

reliable house of life. And we rush towards bad things, but end up spending even more time in our lives instead of resting and giving each other joy, all because of our impatience.

# **The most important law at the fair of life.**

Friends pondered and didn't know what to say. But it was not in their nature to be sad. They needed to come up with something urgently and find a formula for a happy and joyful life, even if the snakes would interfere by offering to do bad things and deeds.

– Well, what can we do now if we can't drive away the snakes? – asked Oscar, looking hopefully at his grandfather.

– It's simple, Oscar, just don't do bad things and deeds, but do good ones, – the grandfather said with a smile, – And your house of life will be strong and warm.

– But how? Snakes will mix their deeds with good ones, so how can we distinguish good deeds from bad ones? I don't know how to tell them apart, for me all deeds are the same. I don't want to keep patching up holes in my own house all the time! What should we do? – said Oscar.

– A good question, grandpa replied, – but before I answer it, let me ask you a question in return: would you like to experience the things you do to others on the fair of life, on yourself?

– Some things yes, and some things no, – Oscar grinned, – I don't want to be deceived, made fun of, or fight over petty things. I want people to help me in my troubles and hardships, and to make peace with me!

– Then why, Oscar, do you do to others what you don't want done to yourself, in your deeds and actions on the fair of life? – Grandpa asked sternly.

– I don't know, – Oscar murmured shamefully... – I just want to quickly build my house of life and show off to my friends. I don't realize that it's not me who experiences the bad consequences of my actions, and I don't think that I shouldn't do it.

– I don't blame you, Oscar, – Grandpa continued, – unfortunately, experience comes with time, but time and bad deeds cannot be undone. However, our wise ancestors long ago found the main law of the fair of life, and it sounds like this:

«Do unto others only what you wish done unto yourself».

– Interesting law, I like it, – said Mickey with a smile.

– This law can also be stated differently, – continued grandfather, – «Do not do unto others what you do not wish done unto yourself». It's important for you, my children, to understand it and remember it in both forms, as the meaning is the same.

– So, from this rule, it follows that we should only do good deeds? We only want good things for ourselves and not bad! – exclaimed Oscar in surprise.

– Yes, that's correct, – agreed grandfather, – but also remember something important. After doing a good deed for someone else, don't expect them to do the same for you in return. They may not have the time or ability to do so. And sometimes, even we ourselves may forget to respond with kindness or get



caught up in the busyness of life. But by setting a good example, it will stay in their memory and bring kindness back into our magical world, returning to all of us with happiness and love.

– Do unto others only what you would have done unto you, – said Mickey with a smile.

– Well done, Mickey, – replied Grandpa, – this law is the most important one at the fair of life, and if you adhere to it in choosing your actions and deeds, then the bricks of your life's house will be as strong as stone and hold warmth and comfort for all eternity. Oscar, you yourself said that you only desire good things for yourself. By doing good deeds at the fair of life, you receive good in return – strong and durable bricks from Sunny Street for your life's little home, – Grandpa wisely spoke.

# How to distinguish bad deeds from good ones?

Oscar and Mickey were very happy with the new interesting knowledge that helped them look at the meaning of actions and deeds in a new way, but they still had questions, and their heartfelt conversation with Grandpa continued.

– I understand, – Oscar said joyfully, – when I come to the fair of life, every action I want to take, I should first try it on myself. Do I want the same thing done to me? And if yes, then do the action or deed and receive good and sturdy bricks for it. My house will be strong, and no rain can destroy it. And if I don't want that action done to me – then don't do it. And so, we can distinguish between good and bad actions, and snakes won't be able to deceive us and slip in their rotten brick, right, Grandpa?

– Yes, my children, that's right, – said the satisfied grandfather, continuing, – for example, do you want to be deceived? No, then it's a bad action, and don't take it and don't deceive anyone. Do you want to be called names and insulted – no, then that's also a bad action, and don't do it, even if you really want to. And it doesn't matter who's on the other side of the action – a friend, a mother, or a kitten. You'll still get a bad brick for a bad deed! Even if you break a regular tree that did nothing to you and can't replace yourself, you'll still get a rotten

brick from the snakes. That's the fair of life, my little ones – the deed you do, the brick you get.

– Well, well! – exclaimed Oscar joyfully and surprised, – and why didn't I know about this before! And «stealing a painting and giving it to a friend» is a bad action? But I'll make my friend happy!

– Put yourself in the shoes of the person whose painting was stolen, Oscar – would they feel bad? Indeed, they would, – said Grandpa, – now imagine you're in your friend's position when they find out the painting was stolen – wouldn't they feel bad and awkward? Of course, they would. And you would also feel bad when everything comes to light... that's a triple bad deed. That's how easily we realize that it's a bad action, by simply putting ourselves in other people's shoes and applying the rule of «do not do to others what you do not wish done to yourself». And there's no need to wonder if the theft will be uncovered or not – the bad deed is done, and you've received a rotten brick as a result! And even in a good barn, you can't hide from the rain that falls from heaven.

– Grandfather, and for what and how, can you still use the rule «do to others what you want to yourself»? Mickey asked.

– It's only half the job to determine what action is proposed for you in the fair of life, – replied Grandpa, – It's good if you make the right choice, but it's far more important to do the right thing well! And to do that, apply our rule in this way – «do unto others AS you would have them do unto you»!

– This means, – Mickey continued the conversation, – if I took the task «help a friend weed his garden» at the fair of life, should I do it as if it were my own garden? Is that right, Grandpa?

– Yes, Mickey, that's right. Imagine that it's your own garden and do it in such a way that the result pleases you too! Help and weed all the weeds very carefully, so that it becomes the most beautiful garden!

– With such an approach, it will be a doubly good deed! And they'll probably give us more good bricks, – Oscar wisely concluded.

– But the most important thing is not to forget that it's someone else's little garden! – Mickey joked with a laugh.

And laughing, they all laughed together at Mickey's joke, all together, and then decided to stretch a little, relax and think about what was said.

# **In my grandfather's wonderful garden.**

The kids were glad to hear what they heard, but they were thinking seriously! Therefore, Grandpa decided to cheer up and entertain the kids after a long instructive conversation.

– Kids, let's fly to my wonderful garden, I'll tell you the story of how I created it and see a lot of interesting things!

And all three of us, our fabulous souls flew to the big and beautiful grandfather's garden. On one side it was surrounded by a forest with majestic pines and beautiful birches. And on the other side of the garden, there was a clear blue lake, with a beautiful rocky bottom and a shore of the purest white sand. In the garden itself there were many fruit trees and beautiful and fragrant flowerbeds with magnificent flowers. Mickey and Oscar adored Grandpa's garden and loved to fly in it, have fun and splash in the clear lake.

– Wonderful garden, Grandpa! I really like it, and I'll make myself one too! – Mickey said enthusiastically, circling around the fragrant and useful juniper.

– Of course, we will, and I will help you, – Oscar picked up and picked a couple of ripe apples from his grandfather's favorite apple tree.

– Everything will work out for you, my children, and I will also help in any way I can – grandpa offered his help to Mickey and enjoying the beautiful flowers and the smell of roses, flew

deep into the garden.

– Grandpa, tell me how you created such a beautiful garden, you probably have a talent! Mickey asked.

– I don't know, kids, whether I had a talent for beauty or gardening, but I remember for sure that I flew around my house in an empty field and didn't even know how and where apples and flowers come from, – grandfather laughed and continued, – but I definitely understood that I wanted a beautiful garden, and how I had no idea how to create it at all!

– Yes, grandfather, I'm just the same, every time after a rain or a hurricane, I circle around my ruins of the house of life, and I don't understand how to build it reliable! Oscar laughed.

– So, after asking the elders for advice, I started taking deeds and deeds about the garden and flower beds at the life fair. «To help my grandmother water flowers and trees», «weeding flower beds», «planting a tree» and many other interesting things I found at the fair on this topic, and took up their implementation, hoping to learn how to do everything myself and create my own magnificent garden.

– Did the snakes bother you, Grandpa? – Oscar asked.

– Even then I understood how to distinguish a good thing from a bad one and did not take cases like «trample the garden», «break a branch taking out an apple», «cheat that I watered the flowers, and fly away to play with friends myself»... I also saw all these bad deeds mixed up with good deeds and tried not to do them, as far as I had enough experience.

– Grandpa, what should I do if I realize that my action was bad, but I've already done it? – asked Oscar.

– Well, not always do we have time to think about our actions. Sometimes we act impulsively or hurry somewhere. It happens that we understand the consequences only when we see holes in our life's house or feel cold and dampness inside. But if we have done something wrong and then realized it, no matter how much time has passed, we should try to make it right. We should apologize for what we did, discuss it, make amends if we caused any losses, find a compromise, and try not to do it again, – replied the grandpa.

– And I didn't think about the garden near the house before, – said Mickey, – but when I accidentally took cases about the garden at the life fair, I liked it, and I got carried away, and now I often take them, and at the same time it helps me with my small but beautiful garden.

– Yes, Mickey, it happens that we do something, for example, at the request of our elders, and over time we get carried away and it becomes our hobby or life's work, but sometimes not, – grandpa replied and continued, – and so year after year, I learned a lot by doing things and deeds on the fair about the garden. Even when I opened my shop, I also started selling garden-themed cases and this helped me create my own magnificent garden. And now I often fly to the fair and do something interesting, and then I fly to my garden and repeat. And my garden is getting better and better every day.

Suddenly Oscar stopped, and looking down, asked Grandpa:

– Grandpa, what if there are no good deeds or actions at the fair? What should I do then? I can't just sit idle, and the hole in the house is letting in cold air, – Oscar asked.

Grandpa looked at Oscar mysteriously, and seeing his excitement, asked with a smile:

– And why did such a question arise?

– Well, Grandpa, answer my question first, please, and I'll tell you everything! Oscar said evasively.

– OK, Oscar, – said Grandpa and continued, – yes, there is not always time to think about your action. Sometimes we take on bad things in a hurry or hurry somewhere. It happens that out of anger and in a desire for revenge. And we dismiss the main law, and do not observe «do not do to another what you do not want to yourself», because we think that we will not get anything bad for it. But we realize the harm of our act only when we see holes in our house of life and freeze in it from cold and dampness. But if something bad has been done, but then an understanding of what happened came, and no matter how much time has passed, you need to go back and apologize for what you did. To discuss, to make amends, to compensate for the losses, if any, to find a compromise and not to do so anymore.

– OK, – Oscar replied and continued, – you can't hide anything from you, Grandpa, I accidentally broke a branch when I was picking apples from your favorite apple tree. I'm sorry, I won't do it again! Oscar said, looking down.



– It's okay, Oscar, it happens. The main thing is that you realized what you did wrong and apologized. And he did not hide what he had done, fearing punishment. An apology and an admission of guilt can exclude even the thought of punishing you! And we will heal the apple tree, and it will still give us many, many apples! Grandpa replied with a smile.

– Thank you, Grandpa, – Oscar said, hugging him, and together with Mickey and Grandpa they continued to enjoy the charm of Grandpa's garden.

High up in the blue sky, the magical radiant sun shone brightly. Many beautiful birds of paradise sang and flew from tree to tree. And even a beautiful peacock, proudly flew in front of the fascinated gazes of the kids, developing its beautiful, multi-faceted and multicolored tail! Everything was great and well maintained.

Having flown in plenty and gathered a basket full of apples, fruits and some flowers, they flew to a small house-bathhouse with a veranda near the lake. Grandpa stayed to cook dinner, and Mickey and Oscar flew to the lake. Having splashed and played enough in a clean and warm lake, having warmed up and dried off in the sun, our children flew back to the veranda to their grandfather, to the smell of something very tasty. Grandpa was already waiting for them there with dinner and fruit for dessert, with apples baked in the oven. Hungry after bathing, the children quickly settled down at the table and began to have a delicious dinner.

After thanking Grandpa for his delicious dinner and having eaten enough, Mickey and Oscar lay down on a soft sofa next to the fireplace. Oscar did not like idle lounging and flew to melt the bathhouse and bring firewood to the fireplace, but soon he suddenly returned with a question to his grandfather:

– Grandpa, what if there are no good deeds and deeds at the fair? Over. What should I do? I can't sit around doing nothing, and even if the hole in the house blows cold," Oscar asked, sensing that grandpa would not like his question, but not knowing the answer to it, he still took a chance.

– It's good that you, Oscar, can't sit around doing nothing, – Grandpa began approvingly and continued, – but, first of all, in my memory there has never been such a thing that there were no good things at the fair, we just don't bother with the desire to do them, and don't seem to notice them.

– And I don't remember this, – Mickey interrupted Grandpa and continued, – out, the actions «smile at passers-by» or «don't argue» always lie, but no one takes it, they probably cost cheap, – Mickey said thoughtfully and continued listening to grandpa.

– And secondly, – grandfather continued, – if it blows in the house, it means he did a bad thing. And what, again and again you want to do bad things, just to patch up the holes? – Grandpa asked sternly, but continued kindly, – Oscar, did you come to me for advice because there wasn't even a foundation left of your house, or because you didn't have any friends except Mickey, or sleep? And only worries and endless useless worries?

– Yes, Grandfather, you're right. I'm sorry for my question, but I'm like this and there's nothing I can do. And I can't sit around doing nothing," Oscar answered sadly, and looked hopefully at his grandfather.

– Nothing, Oscar, you're young and hot, we were all like that once, – Oscar's grandfather encouraged, – but it's better to do nothing than do useless things for your house of life over and over again and breed evil in our magical and beautiful world. Be patient, stay at home, read books by the fireplace. And if your house has collapsed or it's blowing cold – fly down to see your best friend or beloved grandfather," grandpa said with a smile, "and never take bad things at the fair. Better ask your friend Mickey or I have good bricks and fix a hole in the house. A friend will never refuse. And then you will repay him the debt, and also with good bricks! It's better than wasting time at the life fair on bad deeds and bringing evil into your home again and again.

– And where did Mickey get the bricks!? He probably, like me, invests everything in the house, in the bathhouse and garden without a trace? Oscar asked in surprise.

– That's how I always have bricks, – Mickey answered him, – and I put them aside just in case, they are lying and waiting for their use. I'm always happy to share with you, Oscar.

– And I, Oscar, have already accumulated a whole shed of good bricks, – said Grandpa, – and I still report and report – who knows what's ahead – they will be useful to us and my friends.

– Come on!?! – Oscar was surprised, – how do you manage to

save bricks? I don't have time to patch up my holes and restore the walls, but you still have! – said Oscar, putting wood in the fireplace, but after thinking continued, – well, now I understand why – you do good things and get strong bricks that do not collapse. Therefore, there are no holes in the house of life and nothing needs to be repaired. All new bricks go only to the construction of a new one and into the piggy bank. Of course, you need to be patient a little – you can't build a house quickly. But then, my good deeds will serve me for many, many years, in the strong bricks of my house of life.

– Well done, Oscar, you're right to reason – the grandfather said approvingly and continued, – and also, you don't need to put all the bricks into the business at once, suddenly you miscalculated and you won't have time to do everything before the rain. You'll get so wet without a roof over your head. It's better not to rush, put aside as much as you need, with a reserve, for a new building, and then do it – so that there is a roof over your head and stocks in the shed.

– It's hard for me to wait, – Oscar answered thoughtfully, but I heard your advice and I'll try to use it, – said Oscar and thinking over his grandfather's answer, flew on to heat the bathhouse.

All evening the kids had fun in the bathhouse by the lake, warmed up and steamed in the bathhouse, and then splashed in the lake. They told different stories and after drying out by the fireplace and drinking tea with dryers, they flew back to their grandfather's house. On the way back, flying through the

wonderful grandfather's garden, and admiring the evening sunset, the inquisitive Oscar asked grandfather with interest:

– I remembered here, there are actions not in relation to others, but to myself, and it is not at all clear whether this is a bad or a good act. For example, «do not brush your teeth before going to bed», or «do not exercise in the morning», I do this act to myself and it is not clear whether it is bad or good. I want that's all! How to be, how to understand if I'm doing bad or good?

– In such cases, when there is no understanding, the elders will help, – grandfather replied, – you can come to them for advice, they will definitely find an answer and explain. And also, reading books helps. Here's Mickey, he often sits and reads books, and you jump like a scalded one, he has no time for everything. And Mickey has a strong house, but you don't.

– Yes, Grandpa, I like to read books and learned a lot of useful things from them for myself, – Mickey said happily, – so they help me choose good deeds and deeds and avoid bad ones? Mickey asked Grandpa happily.

– That's right, Mickey, that's right, – Grandpa replied and continued, – and also, you always listened to your parents and elders. The elders have seen a lot in their lives and done a lot of different things. Will the elders give bad advice? And we've read a lot of books. Books, my children, tell about various deeds and deeds, and there is always an assessment of them. And we, being carried away by the plot, involuntarily remember what is good and what is bad. And when we come to the life fair, we

unconsciously select only good deeds, because we have already been given this hint in the books.

– I see, Grandfather. I will read books and listen to my elders, – Oscar said and, satisfied with the answer to his question, looked at the dark starry sky. They got to their grandfather's house and breathlessly admired nature. It was already dark outside and a soft mist, in thin trickles, crept in the garden along the treetops and over the mirrored surface of a quiet lake. The birds were no longer heard, and only the crickets cut through the silence with their sharp roll calls. In the dark, endless sky, the stars fell sparkling, giving a small, but still a chance to make the children their innermost wish. Our fabulous souls went to bed, and the quiet night life of distant and mysterious stars continued outside the window.

# Excursion to the grandfathered house.

Waking up and stretching, Mickey and Oscar peeked out the window. Everything around was singing and blooming. The sun was already shining brightly high above the horizon, filling the magical world with joy and warmth.

– Hello, Grandpa! – Mickey cheerfully shouted, seeing Grandpa flying towards his house.

– Good morning, little ones! I've already flown to the fair of life this morning, worked a bit, warmed up my body and soul, – Grandpa laughed.

– What interesting things did you do at the fair? – Oscar asked, rushing into the yard to do his morning exercises.

– I took on a serious task – «managing the construction of a house»! – Grandpa proudly replied.

– Now that's some warm-up! We're still far from that! We should first learn how to do the task 'hang a picture on the wall.' It's always something—a nail in the wrong wall or a blunt drill bit! – Oscar laughed.

– Indeed, my dear children, not every soul can handle management. It takes centuries of learning because you have to make the right decisions, delegate tasks properly, and make sure a chicken coop doesn't turn into a house! – Grandpa laughed and continued, – long, long ago, just like you, Oscar, I dreamed of

building a marvelous castle for myself. So, I began to engage in the affairs of the fair of life, related to construction and furnishing of a home. That's how I learned and got involved in this fascinating endeavor. Let's fly, and I'll show you my grand mansion!

– Let's go! – Mickey joyfully shouted, and they followed Grandpa into his grand house.

It wasn't just a house, it was a true small palace! With light blue walls, majestic white columns, and beautiful capitals. The windows, arranged in straight rows, were crowned with elegant arches, emphasizing the harmony of lines and forms of the palace. The massive main door made of red wood, adorned with carved figurines, beckoned one to step inside the splendid building. Near the entrance stood sculptures of heroes from their fairy-tale world, as if they had come to life, and a beautiful fountain adorned with reliefs, paintings, and intricate stone carvings splashed nearby.

Mickey and Oscar flew alongside Grandpa through the spacious and well-maintained rooms of his grand mansion. Inside, it turned out to be even more spacious and magnificent than it appeared from the outside.

– Grandpa, it seems even bigger, more beautiful, and sturdier from the inside! – Oscar exclaimed in astonishment as he flew through the magnificent hall with a fireplace, admiring the paintings on the walls.

– Yes, Oscar, – Grandpa replied, – not everything can be seen,



understood, and felt from the outside. Only by stepping inside the house of life can its beauty and grandeur fully unfold. Many souls in our magical world build their houses of life to appear dull from the outside, as a means of protection, while inside, everything is bright, intriguing, and warm. A soft couch provides comfort, and a wonderful fireplace warms a beloved guest with its heat. But there are castles that appear huge and beautiful on the outside, yet inside, they are empty and cold, with only the eerie howling of the wind throughout the damp halls...

– And I prefer to show off! The bigger and brighter on the outside, the better! – Oscar proudly declared and continued, – well, how else? If the house is big and beautiful, it means its owner is important and noble!

– He may indeed be important and noble, to his credit and praise, – Grandpa replied, – but he may also not be. Rain and storms will put everything in its place and answer the question of whether he is involved in good or bad deeds.

– Judging by the ruins of my castle, it's clear what kind of expert I am! – Oscar laughed and continued his journey through Grandpa's house.

There were no drafts or leaks on the beautiful walls of Grandpa's spacious rooms. It has stood for centuries, delighting its guests and enveloping them with warmth and coziness within its dependable and kind walls.

– Every brick of this house holds its own story, and there are hundreds, if not more, of good deeds behind them, – Grandpa

explained.

– Tell us, Grandpa! – Oscar pleaded, – so that I know, and the snakes don't fool me, as they usually do, with their tricks and treats!

– Well, these walls of the spacious living room were particularly challenging for me, – Grandpa said thoughtfully and continued, – I was still learning to build, and the snakes were already swirling around me, twisting and offering their vile schemes at the fair of life. They would suggest «covering up flaws since no one would notice anyway», or «taking construction materials for oneself since no one would count them», or «doing things differently from the instructions to earn more». In short, my dear children, snakes were pushing their own agendas and rotten bricks from all sides, but I managed. After struggling with the holes in my house, I learned and soon received only good bricks for my deeds. I understood that even the slightest bad deed would leave a hole in the wall, and not a small one!

– Yes, Grandpa, experience and steadfastness are crucial in such serious matters, – Mickey agreed, – and please, tell us another story! – he requested.

– Ah, right here, – Grandpa continued, – when we entered the large and cozy guest bedroom, there was a massive hole after a heavy rain! In the middle of the night, the rotten bricks were washed away, and the guests were drenched by the rain! – Grandpa smiled as he reminisced, – Oh, it was quite embarrassing! That's how my own bad actions let down dear

guests. It's funny, but my reputation was tarnished, quite literally, and it took a while for those important acquaintances of mine to visit me again.

– I understand you, – Oscar laughed, – I don't pay attention to them anymore! Well, let's find new acquaintances! Oscar said. But after our conversation and the new knowledge you shared with us, Grandpa, and the rule «do unto others as you would have them do unto you», I will think carefully whether it's worth bringing rotten bricks into my home and spoiling relationships with friends and guests.

– Yes, Oscar, think about it, – Grandpa replied and continued wisely, – many are invited, but few are chosen as true friends.

– And for what bad deed, Grandpa, did you receive rotten bricks? – Mickey asked.

– I pondered for a long time back then, – Grandpa thoughtfully replied, – I reviewed past deeds and actions and found a couple of questionable ones that those cursed snakes slipped in – «firing workers for their mistakes» and «cutting corners on expensive tools for work».

– What's wrong with that? – Oscar asked, – If they make mistakes and don't know how, let them go! We'll find new ones! And spending on expensive tools is just wasteful!

– And that's the whole story, – Grandpa said, – experience is needed in all matters to distinguish the good from the bad in each specific case, – Grandpa explained, – that's why we hire new workers, train them, and spend money if we have our own,

almost like family, trained workers. We just need to pay them more attention and, after thoroughly understanding the problem, teach them better. And our rule, «Do unto others as you would have them do unto you», will also help us. Oscar, if something didn't work for you, would you want someone to teach you or dismiss you as incompetent?

– Of course, I would want to be educated! And I would want my deeds to be celebrated! – Oscar cheerfully replied.

– And I'm helping you, Oscar, – Grandpa continued, – I'm teaching you to build your reliable home of life instead of dismissing the problem with «figure it out yourself»! But the most important thing is that you also want to learn and grow. Then the learning process will be faster and easier.

– Thank you, Grandpa, for not abandoning me and rescuing me from the clutches of the snakes! – Oscar warmly embraced Grandpa and replied.

Our magical souls continued their tour of the house and entered a small green room with a tiny fireplace. This little room was filled from floor to ceiling with bookshelves, and the count of books was countless, just like in a library. Grandpa took out a jar of delicious raspberry jam from the cupboard and poured everyone a wonderful cup of tea. Enjoying the tasty treats and sipping tea, Grandpa continued telling about his house:

– Now, this small green room is more interesting. It's an important room for me, and I often spend time here with guests, reading books, – Grandpa began, – to build it, I took on the task

at the fair of life, «helping with the construction of homes for the less fortunate and underprivileged».

– Do such people exist? Who are they? – Mickey asked.

– In our magical world, anything can happen. Perhaps these are souls that couldn't find themselves and their purpose at the fair of life. And some may be the result of constant devastation from rain and hurricanes, and the lack of understanding about why things turned out that way and what to do. Or maybe it's due to old age, when there is no longer the strength to fly to the fair and engage in deeds, and wisdom wasn't enough to gather the good eternal bricks for their life's home... This house will warm and restore them. It has helped many souls find the strength and knowledge to rebuild their sturdy and everlasting home of life.

– Oh, those snakes! They can drive any soul into poverty and ruin! It's good that there are people like you, Grandpa, who help in times of trouble and problems, – Oscar said, finishing his grandfather's tea and reclining on the soft, cozy couch in this small but kind green room.

## **Why do they pay so little for good deeds?**

Mickey examined the bookshelves with curiosity, trying to find something familiar but couldn't, which intrigued him even more. Meanwhile, Oscar continued to lie on the couch, seemingly comparing something thoughtfully and dissatisfied. It seemed he wanted to ask something important from his grandfather.

– Grandpa, why is the room so small? It seems like it was a good deed – helping many souls! Or was it a quick and simple task? Did they build a small house for the less fortunate? – Oscar suspiciously asked.

– My dear children, we built a magnificent, strong, and spacious house. Many souls from our magical world have visited there, and some still live there with joy and pleasure to this day. I flew to the fair for many years, took on tasks, and helped build it. It was an important and beneficial endeavor for our magical world, – Grandpa answered.

Mickey understood where Oscar was heading and what his question was, which often troubled him as well. Taking an interesting book from the shelf and sitting next to Oscar, he awaited his question to Grandpa, sipping on the sweet tea.

– Grandpa, but it seems like there's a discrepancy! – Oscar

suspiciously began, – the house for the less fortunate is big, yet the small green room, built from the bricks of this important and necessary task, is small! Something doesn't add up here! Why do we get paid so little for good deeds and actions at the fair of life? For example, «helping mom clean the floors» costs 2 bricks, but «making up an excuse and not helping mom» costs 20 bricks! Why do we receive fewer bricks for good deeds compared to bad ones? Good things can't be so cheap! – Oscar exclaimed, surprised and disappointed.

– Oh, you are such meticulous and curious detectives! Nothing can be hidden from you! – Grandpa replied with a smile, finishing his cup of tea.

– Of course, we have the right to know! – Oscar proudly responded and laughed.

Even the all-knowing Mickey looked at Grandpa questioningly. Tension filled the air. Everyone awaited an answer. But our grandpa just cleared his throat, stating that the tea had run out, and flew to the kitchen for a fresh batch.

– That's always the way, just when things get interesting, the tea runs out! – Oscar laughed and took advantage of the pause to examine the books on the shelves, choosing one for himself to read.

Having brewed the tea and grabbed a jar of apricot jam, Grandpa returned and settled in his favorite armchair by the fireplace, between the large bookshelves. He poured fresh tea into the children's cups. Meanwhile, Oscar tossed a couple of

logs into the beautiful fireplace, stoking the fire vigorously. Squinting from the sparks and smoke, he prepared himself to listen to Grandpa.

– Well, my dear children, – Grandpa began, – your question is very relevant and important, and the answer to it is quite simple despite its mysterious nature. Let me ask you, do you like my house, or rather, my two houses, and the big garden and the lake?

– Of course, we like them! We want something like that too! – Oscar replied, squinting again as he threw another log into the fire.

– So, you see, I am content, and my friends are content too. I have everything I need, and even more. Look, the shed is filled with good bricks, and the cellar is stocked with jars of jam for a whole year ahead. My house and garden have served me for many, many centuries, and I can't even remember how many centuries have passed. And nobody gifted me this or helped me, I did it all myself, using the bricks I earned at the fair of life for my deeds.

– Well, it's all true, Grandpa, but still, why do they pay so little for good deeds? – Oscar persistently asked, not understanding where Grandpa was leading.

– Tell me, Oscar, have you ever seen any holes in my house after the rain or storms? That's right, you haven't seen a single one. So, it turns out that my houses are built with good bricks that I earned through good deeds and actions, right? – Grandpa asked inquisitively.



– That's right, Grandpa, with good bricks, just like my little house, – Mickey answered in place of Oscar.

– And seeing all my wealth, seeing that I have everything and even more, and knowing that it is the result of my good deeds, answer me this simple question: Are we paid too little or is it enough for good deeds?

– Grandpa, well, then I agree, it's enough! – Oscar answered, surprised and joyful, – and maybe they even pay too much if there's no place to put all those good bricks in the full shed!

Mickey and Oscar looked at Grandpa in astonishment. They didn't expect such an answer and fell into deep thought.

– But why does it seem to us that we are paid too little for good deeds? – Mickey asked.

– You're absolutely right, Mickey, – Grandpa replied, finishing his cup of tea, – It's not that we are paid too little for good deeds, but rather that the snakes pay a lot for bad deeds! And as time goes on, they will keep raising their prices, tempting and seducing inexperienced souls.

– Tell me, Oscar, are you paid enough by your snakes for your bad deeds? Is it sufficient? – Grandpa asked.

– Well, enough already! Those snakes aren't mine! And I won't do bad deeds anymore! – Oscar replied with annoyance. He continued, – but what I don't have, that's true. The more they pay, the stronger the ruin!" Oscar answered and laughed bitterly.

– So, it turns out that even for bad deeds, they don't pay us enough if there's always a shortage of bricks! – Grandpa laughed

as well, – that's the answer to your question.

– Yes, it's really that simple, – Mickey said, – It means that on the magical sunny factory, we are given exactly as many bricks as we need, and even more. And I already have an excess in my little shed.

Our enchanted souls were very surprised but satisfied with such a simple answer from Grandpa. As they enjoyed the delicious apricot jam, they gazed thoughtfully and with delight at the beautiful flames dancing in Grandpa's fireplace.

## **Sell or do things yourself at the life fair?**

Curious Oscar couldn't contain himself with his questions, drinking cup after cup of tea and depleting the reserves of jam in Grandpa's cellar. After glancing at a book that caught his interest, he continued to ask Grandpa his pressing questions.

– Grandpa, what's better and more profitable, running your own shop or doing good deeds at the fair of life? – entrepreneurial Oscar inquired.

– Running your own shop is a costly but interesting endeavor. Unfortunately, there's a temptation to start trading in bad deeds, and you already understand the consequences for your little house of life, Oscar. And when the sale of good deeds is slow, one feels tempted to sell some misdeed from the snake's list after all, the house needs to be built! And the most important thing is that I won't be the one doing the bad deed! Let others think about who does it. I merely offered and exchanged bricks for it! Who knows, maybe there won't be any more rain! – Grandpa chuckled.

– Yes, I always hoped for that too! – Oscar laughed in response.

– It's very difficult to resist temptation, which is why many merchants at the fair mix their deeds together, – Grandpa

continued, – but I, my dear ones, understood this and simply discarded all the snake's pamphlets and only traded in good deeds. I also made sure my employees, the shopkeepers, didn't push anything bad and didn't use my name, hoping to quickly and abundantly receive their share of bricks. It was challenging at first, years went by, but gradually, more and more people started taking deeds and actions from my shop because they realized that rain wouldn't wash away my bricks, and their homes would always be warm and cozy.

– I can't wait for long, so I'd rather do good deeds myself and receive even if it's a small amount, but at least they'll be good and sturdy bricks, – Oscar said.

– Well done, Oscar, – Grandpa said and continued, – besides patience, you also need life experience to determine what you're trading, good deeds or bad, so that you don't get caught on the snake's hook and don't build yourself a sandcastle that will crumble at the first heavenly rain. Of course, we know that for good deeds, the merchant is also paid 'relatively little' in bricks, but they are eternal bricks.

Mickey and Oscar pondered over Grandpa's advice and decided that it was too early for them to open their own shop at the fair. They needed to gain experience first, and then they would see what the future held.

## **A landmark for life.**

After reading books in the green room and finishing all the tea, Mickey and Oscar continued their tour of the house. Grandpa showed them all the rooms and proudly displayed the beautiful paintings hanging in abundance on the walls of the rooms and corridors. They visited the lounge and, of course, the large, spacious, and bright kitchen where Grandpa prepared a delicious lunch for them.

– Grandpa, I've always thought, – Oscar began the conversation as he sat down at the large and beautiful dining table, – that those who have big houses live so well and splendidly! They have parties and balls! – Oscar said with envy and admiration.

– But you had a big castle, didn't you? What about that now? – Mickey asked, placing a spoonful of sour cream into his bowl of hearty borscht. However, Oscar only fell into thoughtful silence in response.

– You've raised an interesting topic, Oscar, – Grandpa said as he sat down at the table, praising his delicious borscht, – we are eternal souls, my children. I've lived for so many years, I can't even remember if it's a thousand or ten thousand years. It's just a matter of perception that it seems like celestial rains and hurricanes visit us frequently. In reality, it varies. We often have light and gentle showers that wash away the bricks and

point out the flaws in our house of life. And hurricanes, they may come once every fifty years, or maybe once every hundred years to our magical kingdom. No one knows when it will hit your town or when it will hit my lake. Souls forget about it and build their castles with bad deeds, just to show off and make other inexperienced souls in our magical world jealous. They ignore the showers that wash away the bricks from their life's castles, as if it's meant to be. And these adversities only motivate inexperienced souls to work even harder at the fair of life and earn even more rotten bricks for their bad deeds...

– Yes, Grandpa, you're absolutely right, – Oscar interrupted, – after a shower, all I feel is anger and the desire to fly to the fair of life as quickly as possible. It doesn't matter what tasks I take on, as long as they pay more bricks. I take on any deed without discrimination, just to quickly patch up the holes in my house!

– Yes, Oscar, many people act that way, doing whatever comes their way, without considering others. They disregard and dismiss the main law of «do not do unto others what you do not wish for yourself». They brush it off like an annoying fly, – Grandpa disapprovingly shook his head and continued, – but in reality, the holes in our house of life are a good reason to reflect. Are the deeds we do at the fair of life the right ones? Have we made the right choices in our actions? And the heavenly rain helps us understand by washing away the impurities from our homes.

– With each passing hour, I grow to love the rain more and

more, – Oscar joyfully said, asking Grandpa for another serving of delicious borscht.

– Yes, Oscar, the magical rain is our salvation, but not everyone understands this or pays attention. But when the celestial hurricane arrives, it's the final test for all our deeds and actions! No rotten brick can hide from it! Those souls in our magical world who have done good at the fair of life will continue their kind journey, and after the hurricane, they will be in their warm and cozy homes or grand castles. As for the rest, unfortunately, they remain amidst the ruins and start anew. And not just a hundred showers or a dozen hurricanes will pass in the infinite life of our enchanted souls before everyone understands and figures out what is good and what is bad for their house of life.

– So, it turns out that not all owners of big and beautiful castles deserve our envy, admiration, and emulation? – Oscar asked and eagerly began his second dish.

– Yes, Oscar, there are castles made of good bricks, and there are those made of sand. Take my guesthouse, for example. It's as grand as a palace, standing for centuries without being shaken by even a dozen hurricanes, – Grandpa modestly praised his home.

– Then we'll take you as our role model, Grandpa, and you'll be our guide at the fair of life! – Oscar and Mickey simultaneously exclaimed, bursting into laughter.

– That's wonderful, my dear children! I'm pleased with your choice, – Grandpa replied, joining their laughter. He

continued, – but remember, the most important thing is not for my palace and beautiful lake garden to be your guides in life, but rather my deeds and actions that have allowed me to possess all of this for centuries to serve.

– Agreed, Grandpa! – Oscar and Mickey replied in unison.

– Get to know the owners of your beloved castles of life more closely, – Grandpa continued, – learn about their deeds and actions. Find out what they do at the fair of life, and then you'll understand whether their castles are made of sand, merely tempting and seducing the inexperienced, or if they are built with good and everlasting bricks. The rain and the hurricane will come and put everyone in their rightful place, some in the puddle and others in the honorable dais, – Grandpa said with a smile.

– The puddle is my favorite spot! – Oscar laughed, – but now, don't expect me to be the butt of your jokes anymore!

– But not all doers of good deeds can be found in beautiful and grand houses like mine, – Grandpa continued, pouring tea for everyone and treating them to dessert, – some souls live their lives, bringing joy to themselves and others through their good deeds and actions, and yet they don't even bother to collect bricks for themselves. They live in ordinary and inconspicuous, yet cozy homes. Finding such souls and gaining their wisdom is not difficult, and we know how to do it—read more books, and there you will encounter them and understand the eternal wisdom of good bricks. Perhaps they will become your guides at the fair of life.



– We have you, Grandpa, – Oscar said, hinting at his reluctance to read books.

– Don't worry, Oscar. Books are fascinating. Once you get into them, you'll enjoy it! – Mickey replied with a smile.

– That's why you shouldn't be surprised or envious of others' castles, – Grandpa continued, – do good deeds, take your time, and everything will come to you as well.

– Grandpa, why didn't you tell us all this earlier? – Oscar asked, sounding a bit offended.

– Children, people have been telling you about these things since your early childhood, but you simply didn't want to listen, – Grandpa answered, – and one more question, Oscar: Have you truly understood everything, and will your own home be as strong and cozy as mine and Mickey's?

– Of course, it will, I'll do my best! – Oscar replied and laughed, – the most important thing is to have the right orientation in life, and then we won't be tempted by rotten sand castles!

## **There are no better things among the good ones.**

– Thank you, Grandpa, for your kind advice! We will remember them and put them into practice, – Oscar happily said. But after thinking for a moment, he unexpectedly asked, – but what should we do about the snakes? Earlier, you told us that evil only begets more evil and that we shouldn't respond to snakes in the same way. However, they won't leave us alone. They'll provoke us to do bad things and tempt us with something new, but bad.

– Nothing needs to be done about them, – Grandpa also unexpectedly replied, – we ourselves need to learn not to engage in bad deeds and not to blame others for pushing them onto us or making us do them. It all depends on us.

– Okay, Grandpa, we will learn! – Oscar said joyfully, – and we will only do the very, very best deeds!

– Oscar, you're always drawn to the superlatives. Whether it's the biggest castle or the best deeds, – Grandpa said with a smile and continued, – the point, my children, is not to seek some special, exceptional good deeds, the very best or the trendiest ones, as if they would overshadow our bad actions and patch up the holes in our house. The essence lies in the fact that any deed, action, or word that earns us good bricks is invaluable. So, Oscar,

how will you determine the very, very best deed?

– Well, if we're talking about all the good deeds, I guess the one that pays the most? – Oscar asked.

– Not necessarily, – Grandpa replied, – that's exactly how the snakes will catch you, by slipping in their rotten brick. They love those who want the very, very best and want it quickly! Many problems in the house of our lives stem from our impatience and the desire to quickly showcase ourselves in a special way to others. It's not a bad thing, and it's part of who we are, but what matters is the actions we take on the fairground of life to achieve that. Our impatience often leads us back to the snakes. All good deeds are equally good, and we are paid more or less equally for them.

– Okay, we won't rush and we'll be careful in choosing our deeds and actions, Grandpa! Now, I definitely understand everything, – Oscar exclaimed happily, – I will definitely learn and be able to choose only those deeds that will allow me to build a strong and reliable house of life. And even if it takes a long time, I will patiently work towards that day with my good deeds! Thank you, my beloved Grandpa, and from now on, I will always listen to the elders and read books!" Oscar embraced his grandpa, closing his eyes with delight, envisioning the wonderful, big, and secure house of life he would have.

# Oscar improves the fairy tale world.

Time passed. Oscar made an effort to do only good deeds because he now knew exactly how to choose them among the rest. In the evenings, he read books and increasingly listened to the advice of his elders. Furthermore, Oscar started keeping a journal of his deeds and actions. He carefully recorded everything he did on the fairground of life. And if ever the bricks in his house crumbled, he quickly found the reason in his journal and avoided doing those bad deeds again. Sometimes, he had to experience the consequences of his bad actions, but Oscar always tried to understand the reasons behind them. Most importantly, in such situations, he always applied the rule «Do not do unto others what you do not want done unto yourself». He consistently found solutions to problems and conflicts through good deeds, and everyone remained satisfied.

The energy of life, entrepreneurship, and restlessness of Oscar, combined with his desire and ability to do good deeds, unexpectedly benefited their town and the entire fairy tale world. Having completed the construction of his grand house of life, he didn't spend his time aimlessly indulging in amusements and entertainments like many others do. Our Oscar decided to rid the magical world of bad deeds! However, not with malice towards the snakes, as everyone used to do, but by following his grandfather's advice. After all, the snakes were not to blame for

being born that way. Oscar didn't banish the snakes, instead, he resolved to teach all the town's inhabitants, all the souls, how to distinguish good deeds from bad ones, just as his grandfather had taught him. Mickey provided him with support and interest since he had read so many books and could easily discern between good and bad. Oscar took to the squares, delivering lectures and visiting homes with advice, while Mickey helped him write speeches and articles. Together, they actively spread pamphlets containing good deeds and actions, providing reasoning, and sharing instructive stories.

The diligence and efforts of the friends were not in vain. Oscar and Mickey witnessed how the town became better and more beautiful, and its inhabitants became happier and more content. Many souls didn't understand why their houses of life were damp and cold, but upon learning the truth, they started doing only good deeds. Those who didn't believe or refused to listen, after struggling with their own mistakes, abandoned the bad deeds themselves. And as the souls began to engage in good deeds at the fair of life, it became less profitable to trade in bad deeds with the snakes in their town, and the snakes slithered away, out of sight. And if there were no snakes, then there were no pamphlets of bad deeds at the fair of life. And without pamphlets, there was no temptation. The thought of doing bad deeds didn't even occur to them. And life kept getting better and better for our heroes, Mickey and Oscar, and all the other fairy souls in their beautiful and magical world!