

A KITSCH TREE

Once upon a time, there was a woman. And as the story goes, she met a lovely man, married him and - by the end of two years – gave birth to a beautiful little girl. Together, they formed a lively and happy family in which every one enjoyed the company of the others. But the years passed by, the daughter grew and had to go to school; the father had to work in order to earn the daily money. The mother stayed at home and tried everything to keep the house tidy and the whole family neat.

One day, while taking a shower, she felt a knot in her breast. From this day onwards, her life changed radically. She was forced moved in a big hospital. Her husband had to work double as much in order to keep her there and to pay for the expenses. The daughter was sent to a boarding school, a place where someone could care for her every day. As she was not able to care for her house or her family any more, the mother had a lot of time to fill every day. Even though she was very ill, she started to put coloured glass pearls on wires, to twist them together. At every pearl she fixed, she made a wish for the futures of her daughter and of her husband. Day after day, the wires bound up and formed a beautiful tree, as green as life; a lively tree covered with shining fruits that seemed to have grown from the inner of a muscle, with all the time and depths they needed. When the first tree reached its final size, another came to be and joined the first, followed by a third tree, and a fourth... The health of the mother went up and down, but always she had many wishes to formulate for her small family. In no time, she had built an entire forest, that filled up one corner of her room.

The mother died.

The forest was shoved into a box together with the other things she had left behind. In grief, the father took the box at home but he did not dare to open it. And many years later, after the father and his second wife passed away, the daughter, a grown-up woman, found the box while emptying the house. She looked through all the objects of her parents and found the forest. But really she could not understand how her father could have kept something that was so kitsch.