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The Crane Wife

Long, long ago a poor young man saved a hurt crane. After it flew away, a beautiful young woman came to his house.

‘Please marry me,’ she said.

‘But I have no money,’ he said.

‘That’s okay,’ she said. ‘I have rice for us.’

The man and the woman lived happily together and the rice bag was always full.

One day the woman said, ‘Please build me a room. I will weave cloth there. But you must never look at me when I am weaving.’

Seven days later, the woman came out of the room. She had a beautiful white cloth. The man took it to the market to sell. He got a lot of money.

The woman went back into the room to weave some more cloth.

‘How does she make such beautiful cloth?’ the man wondered. He opened the door of the room. But inside he saw a crane. It was making the cloth from its feathers. His wife was the crane that he had saved.

‘You broke your promise!’ said the crane. ‘I can’t stay here.’ She flew away and the man never saw her again.

The End.

(191 words)

