

WHAT A SILLY THING LOVE IS.....

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“SHE told me that she would dance with me if I get her a red rose,” cried the young student, but in his entire garden there was no red rose.

From her nest in the oak tree the nightingale heard him and she looked out and felt sorry for the young student.

“Here is true lover”, said the nightingale. His hair is dark as the night, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire, but the passion has made his face pale ,and sorrow reflects clear and his eyes .

The school has a re-union party the next night, murmured the young student , and the beautiful girl i love will be there . If i get her a red rose she will dance with me till morning , she said , but there is no red rose in the garden . I shall seat lonely and she will pass by me dancing with everyone and my heart will ache.

Every night i sing love song , thought the nightingale , and wht i sing of , he suffers , what is joy to me is his pain . Surely love is beautiful thing , it cannot be purchased nor can be exchanged , love is worth missing life in love , but never miss love in life .

She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor . But she will not dance with me as I have no red rose to give her . He buried his face in his hand , and wept .

“Why is he weeping ?” asked everyone . “He is weeping for a red rose” , said the nightingale .

For red rose ,?they cried , how very stupid !

But nightingale understood the secret of student's sorrow , she decided to help him .

In the center of the garden was standing a beautiful rose tree, and when she saw flew over it .

“Give me a red rose” , she cried , “and i will sing you my sweetest song” .

But the tree replied , “my roses are as white as the snow on the mountain , but go to my brother who grows beneath the student's window , and surely he will give you what you want”

So the nightingale flew over the rose tree that was growing beneath the students window .

Give me a red rose , and i will sing you my sweetest song .

Tree replied , “my roses are red as blood , but the winter has chilled my veins , the frost has destroyed my buds , the storm has broken my branches , and I shall has no roses at all this year”

“One red rose all i want , is there no way by which i can get it,” cried the nightingale .

“There is a way , but its so terrible that i dare not tell you” said the tree .

“Tell me , I want a know” , said the nightingale .

“If you want a red rose , you must build it out of music with your own heart's blood . you must sing to me with your breast against a thorne and your blood must flow in to my veins , and become mine” said the tree.

“ Death is a great price to pay for a red rose , and life is dear to all” , said the nightingale. Yet love is better then life.

So for the one last time she spread her wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept like a shadow and sailed into her tree.

The young student was still crying. Be happy cried the nightingale, you will get your red rose. I will build it out of music and will coloured it with my own heart blood. All that i ask for you in return is that you will be a true lover.

The student looked up from the grass, and listened, but could not understand, was she said , as he only knows the things that are written down in books .

Oak tree felt sad and asked the nightingale to sing him her last song.

Finally in the moon light, she flew to the rose tree, and set her breast against the thorn .All night long she sang, with her breast again the thorn and moon leaned down and listened . All night long she sang the song and the thorn went deeper in to her breast, and her blood flowed out of her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart and on the top most branch of the rose tree there blossomed a marvellous rose . It was pale at first but tree cried to press closer against the thorn . So the nightingale pressed closer and thorn touch her heart , finally the rose became crimson but the but the fainter and fainter grew her voice .

“Look the rose is finished now,” cried the tree but the nightingale make no answer as she was lying dead on the long grass . As song of love that leaves even after that still echoed in the garden .

As student opened the window he saw a beautiful mesmerizing red rose . “AAAhhhh! What a piece of luck!” cried the student , he plucked the rose , put on his hat and ran to the beautiful girl’s house with the rose in the hand .

“You said you will dance with me if i will get you the red rose , here is the reddest rose ” said the student .

Girl replied,

“I m sorry , this want go with my dress and already that rich boy has brought me some jewels , and we all know jewels cost more then flowers .”

“You so greedy , and girls like you don’t deserve my love” said the student angrily , and threw the rose in the street , where it fell in to the gutter , and cart-wheel crushed it.

What a silly thing love is said the student and walked away to his room and began to read his book. LOVE ISNT ALWAYS WORTH DIEING FOR...