

*«Воробей»*

*“A sparrow”*

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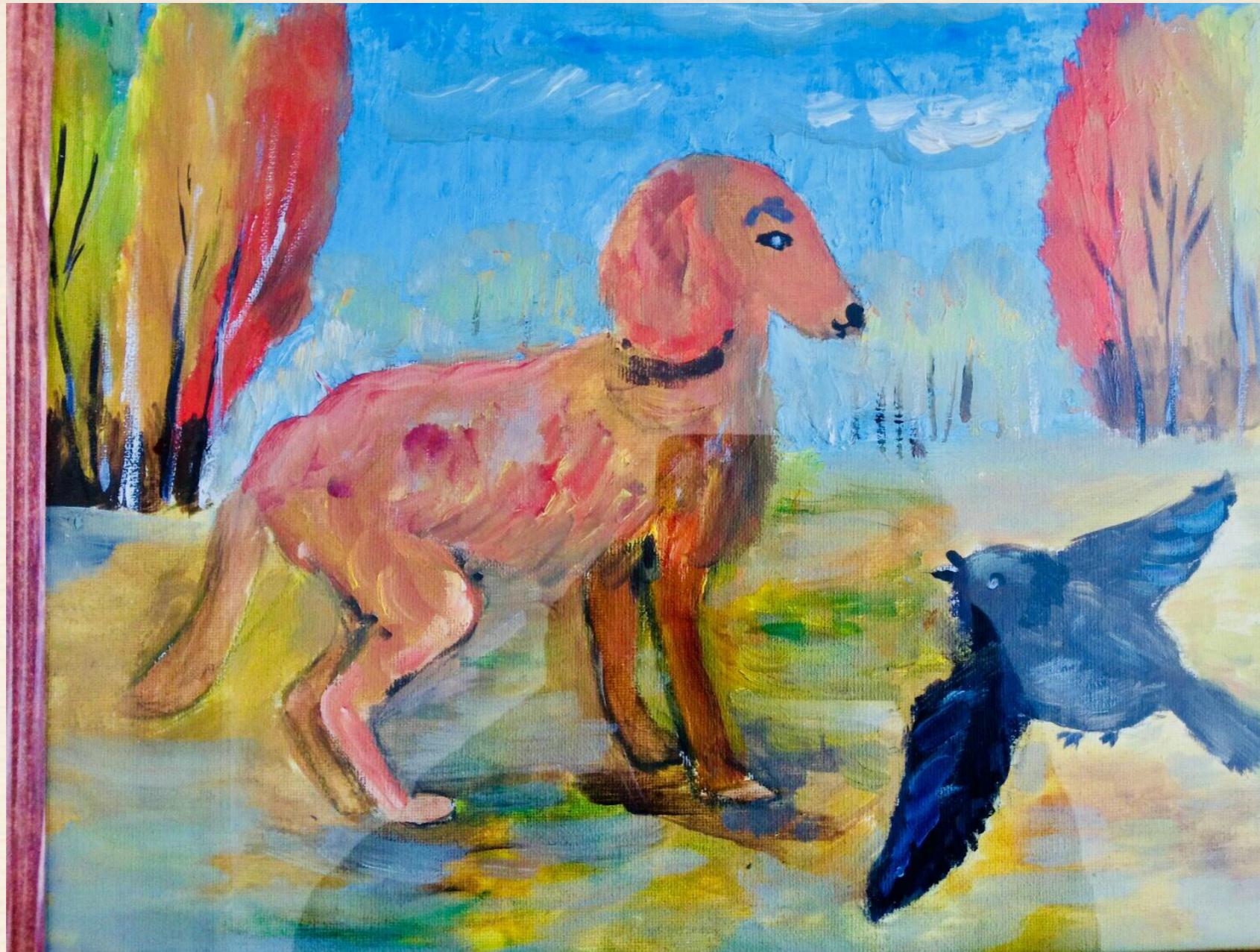
Turgenev



I was coming back from a hunt along a garden path. My dog Trezor was running in front of me.



Suddenly Trezor started creeping as if it had smelt some foul.



I cast a glance at the path and saw a sparrow chick, it had yellow spots around its tiny beak and a fluffy head. The young sparrow had fallen from the nest in a tall birch tree and was sitting still, helplessly spreading its tiny wings.



My dog was slowly approaching the frightened bird as, just out of the blue, an old black-breasted sparrow darted down in front of its muzzle. The ruffled bird was skipping desperately near the dog's open mouth.

I could hardly hear it chirping, it was trembling with fear, but nothing could stop that brave bird from sacrificing itself.

My dog stopped and moved back. It seemed to accept the power of the old bird.





I called Trezor and retreated worshipping this heroic tiny bird and its act for the sake of love.

Only then did I understand that Love is stronger than death.



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