

The dying king

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Once upon a time there was a dying king. He was a powerful king, but he was havily sick too heavy and in despair: 'How is it possible for such a powerful king to die? Why the royal magicians do not try to save me?

"But the magicians run away, from fear of getting off their head. Only one was left, an old magician, that no one gave him any importance, because it was rather quirky and maybe a little wacky. For many years the king did not asked his advice, but this time he called him to come.



-You can be saved, said the magician, but with a deal: for one day your will give throne to the man who is mostly alike to you. So he will die in your place.

Immediately the king sent his servants all over the kingdom: "Those that look like the king need to come to the Palace within twenty four hours, otherwise they will be punished." There were plenty of them that came but the magician rejected them all , finding always a slight little difference between the king and each man.



One night, as the king and the magician walked in the city streets, the magician shouted:

"-Look at the man who looks more than anyone else alike to you!" And he showed a beggar crippled, hunchback, half-blind, dirty and full of wounds.

-“ But how is it possible? He complained the king. There are countless differences between us.” said the king.



- -“One King dying”, the magician insisted, “looks only the poorest, the most hopeless man of city. Go on, change your clothes with him for a day, put him on the throne if you want to be saved.”
- But the king did not want in any way to admit that resembled to a beggar . He returned to the palace unhappy and miserable and the same night he died, with the crown on his head and the scepter tight in his palm .