

## The Craftsman

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It was another ordinary instant in the eternity of time when it happened. For some veiled reason, the blurry aged craftsman had kick-started tailoring a countless number of unusual pieces for the past days. It was his beating practice; each movement of his hand would caress the clay so tenderly that awe-stricken observers could not refrain from gaping. The long time shelved chisel and oval palette with its vast colorful array were back on the scene.

He was so full enthusiasm that it was contagious, his delicacy and dedication were profoundly rooted. He was beaming and this was reassuring. Needless to say, not everyone had ever witnessed his furtive adoration for the act of creating and that was undoubtedly what explained the crowded pews.

It was the sixth day after returning to his hobby that he announced his retirement. "I have something special in mind..." he uttered "you see... it's gonna be my masterpiece" and a sudden deafening murmur unfolded in the room. Even music was hushed and it was not until he encouraged them to move on delighting themselves in his chamber that the gleaming mass began toasting excitedly. They had seen his innovative models in the past, tailed creatures, legged creatures, flying creatures, crawling creatures, and he had meticulously picked each design surveying them about the outfit they dreamed to dress up in. Fur, scales, wings and several others filled the extensive wardrobe. But the artist made it plain that he had felt newly inspired and he would keep the wardrobe closed, for the time being.

His timeless character, alike the gazers, allowed him to concentrate so neatly that he could have managed to steal the gust from the entire Heaven tuned choirs. There is no exact log for the moment he engrossed in his creative universe to sculpt the awaited masterpiece, but it certainly felt like ages. The mastermind appeared to be steaming; every single nerve travelled through the air and fixed a new aspect in the receptive shape figure.

He did not once dismantle the piece, and his determination was remarkably peculiar. He deemed this one required to cut the ribbon of a new Era. A few details from the finishing touch, he paused his crafting and, in a joyous dance he spoiled the "almost finished" phase of his unwearisome strain. He was delighted.

Bright enthusiastic looks scrolled their eyes at the sight of the figure which they scrutinized from the head down. They stood marble like, and yet for some strange reason, were in awe of this new creation. Humbly beautiful or maybe just resembling his craftsman, the masterpiece was a decision ahead from being complete.

Beholders had left aside their duties and the splendid stage was at its best. This event would definitely change the course of it all and they knew it. They recognized it from the time their eyes had spotted those of the Master lovingly laid on the product of his muddy hands. They knew it instantaneously... and while the earth was spinning, animals exploring and

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heavens cheering, the Lord God hugged his masterpiece intensely and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man became a living being.