

**The Weight of Nothing**  
*as retold by Joseph Jaworski*

***“Tell me the weight of a snowflake,” a coal mouse asked a wild dove.***

***Nothing more than nothing,” was the answer.***

***“In that case, I must tell you a marvelous story,” the coal mouse said.***

***“I sat on the branch of a fir, close to its trunk, when it began to snow - not heavily, not in a raging blizzard - no, just like in a dream, without any wound and without any violence. Since I did not have anything better to do, I counted the snowflakes settling on the twigs and needles in my branch. Their number was exactly 3,714,952. When the 3,714,953<sup>rd</sup> dropped onto the branch, nothing more than nothing as you would say - the branch broke off. Having said that, the coal-mouse flew away.***

***The dove, since Noah’s time an authority on the matter, thought about the story for a while, and finally said to herself, “Perhaps there is only one person’s voice lacking for peace in the world.”***