Happiness — Text 2 of 2

Oh, how little Aril loved the boy May.
And May did not even know that little Aril existed in the world.
When May grew up, Aril went to the old witch and said to her:
-- What do you want in exchange for May being the smartest and knowing more than all other people?
-- What do I want? -- asked the old witch and laughed. -- I want your silky hair, your beautiful face, your slender waist, your youth, and I will give you an old face, a hunched back, and gray hair.
And the old witch showed her sparse gray hairs.
Aril cried and said:
-- All right, -- I will still have my eyes to see May.
And Aril became old, hunched, and gray, while May was young, cheerful, smart, and strong.
And everyone loved May, and May loved one girl; but the girl did not want to love May.
Then Aril went to the wicked witch and said:
-- What will you take in exchange for the girl loving May?
-- What will I take? -- I will take your eyes.
Aril cried and said:
-- I will never see May again, take my eyes.
And the wicked witch took her eyes and, in place of eyes, gave Aril a stick; and blind Aril went away, feeling her way with the stick...
And the girl loved May.
May was brave, but even he was afraid to fight the dragon.
Aril again went to the wicked witch and asked:
-- What will you take in exchange for May going to fight the dragon?
-- What will I take? I will take your heart and your mind, I will take your life, so that you no longer know anything about May.
And Aril laughed and said:
-- That is easier... Take my heart and life.
And Aril died.
And dead, she was young and beautiful again. She had her soft-as-silk hair again, and it seemed she had not died but only slept.
She sleeps and seems to listen, whether someone will tell her whether May defeated the dragon, and what May is doing now.