

JOLANTA POŻNIAK



THE SHORT STORY OF STONES

...because tomorrow will come and will be more beautiful than all the days ever seen...

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**Thank you for your blessings.
For faith, hope and strength.
For the angels I met on my way.
I bow sincerely.**

Anna

...because tomorrow will come and will be more beautiful than all the days already seen...

- Ania, do you know that whenever I think of you, I can hear the echo of one quote that you read in a poem when you were a teenager? It goes: *...because tomorrow will come and will be more beautiful than all the days already seen...* Whenever we meet and I complain that I feel lost because of some failure in my life, you smile and comfort me with these words. You give me strength and compassion. Thanks to you I trust that one day... Do you really believe it's possible?

- Yes, I do.

...because tomorrow will come and will be more beautiful than all the days already seen...

Translation: Oskar Mazgaj

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About the Author

Jolanta Pożniak is a writer, psychotraumatologist, and expert by experience holding an international EX-IN® certificate. She is also the founder of Trauma i Nadzieja (Trauma and Hope), a platform dedicated to supporting people facing trauma, emotional crises, and difficult life transitions.

In both her professional work and her writing, she accompanies people through loss, suffering, and profound turning points in their lives. With great sensitivity, she listens to what is fragile, hidden, and often left unspoken, giving words to experiences that can be difficult to express.

She is the author of three books, including *The Short Story of Stones*. She is currently preparing her fourth book for publication — a collection of short stories inspired by the true experiences of real people.

Her writing grows out of deep sensitivity and the belief that true hope is not the expectation of a life free from pain, but an inner strength that allows us to embrace life in all its truth. The strongest person is not the one who never loses hope, but the one who, even in the midst of darkness, is able to keep moving forward, preserving their humanity and finding meaning, light, and a path of their own.

...because tomorrow will come and will be more beautiful than all the days already seen...



The Cornerstone

Daddy is in a jolly mood today. He was playing some tricks on Mom. She didn't laugh, though. She went off somewhere. I guess she'd had enough of his mischief. Now he grabs me by my neck and tickles me. I get a quick kiss on my hair.

"Let's play, sweetheart!"

"Will it be a fun game, Daddy?"

I don't hear the answer. Dad scoops me up like a princess into his long, strong arms. I'm lying on the bed, waiting impatiently for some wonderful surprise. Will it be a crown with shining stones? Will we play kingdom?

Daddy covers me with himself like a duvet. His thick sweater is too rough to the touch. The strands of wool rasp my face. They itch my eyelids. Daddy's tummy presses into my nose.

What's this game Daddy has come up with? His frolics hurt me. He puts his pee-pee in my mouth and then takes it out. I feel like I had a mixer inside me. The one that mom uses to make cakes. She sets the speed knob to one, then two, then three, and when the dough is almost ready – four... I can barely breathe... I'm kicking and choking.

I don't like this game. I can't speak. My whole mouth is stuffed as if somebody was pushing a stone into it.

In the end, Daddy shoots some liquid on my face. It's disgusting. Even mint candies taste better than this slurry. Or the milk soup that Mom still feeds me. I hate it, but it's still better than this. I never ate anything so awful. It doesn't even taste like smooth raw dough, made at the highest speed, that I seek off Mom's pan.

Daddy rolls off me. I rush to him. I grab him by the legs of his pants. I don't want him to go yet. I need him to hug me. But he kicks me in my tummy. It whacks into my stomach like a stone. I'm lying on the floor, curled up. I feel smaller. To hell with such games.

I prefer spending time with Mrs. Alina, my nanny. Every day, she reads me some fascinating tales. I can still hear the echoes of yesterday's story.

By the fireside, on a warm summer night, good fairies caress a small girl. They take turns holding her. They explain to her that she's going to be kept by an evil wizard. They show her a large rock nearby. They good-naturedly explain to her that her heart will turn into such a rock. She must stop feeling. Stop remembering. Die while still alive. But only for some time. Then, she'll come back to the world. Richer, but slightly tarred by life.

Maybe Daddy needed me to warm him up like a frozen wanderer from the parables that my nanny reads?