**The 10th of Аugust**

“Go away, you dirty beast!” shouted my father, and the dog disappeared in the nearest bushes. This year it has settled near our house in the village Kinerma. The animal is big. It scares tourists and tries to get into the house. My dad worries about it. From time to time, he has nightmares about a horrible monster with many hands and many legs. This monster gets into his house and destroys everything around.

The old Karelian house is huge and half-ruined. My father does everything possible to restore his ancestral nest. Our family lives in Petrozavodsk. Kinerma is located 100 kilometers from the city. Therefore, father goes to the village only at weekends. Almost every time we gather in the house, he takes his favorite kantele out ‘a secret place’ and gives it to us to watch, touch and appreciate the beauty of the old Karelian musical instrument.

Father inherited the kantele from his grandfather Yevdokim Gavrilov. He was a rune-singer revered by all the villagers. A legend survived until today thanks to his runes, national songs of the Karelians. A long time ago, a warrior lost his cross. Local residents picked the cross up and brought it to the place, which was far away. The other day people saw the cross on the spot where it had been found earlier. It happened many times. People erected a chapel there.

Today this chapel is in the center of Kinerma. It was consecrated in honor of the icon of Smolenskaya Mother of God. The 10th of August is the day of the icon. On this day, the villagers celebrate the day of the village as well. The 10th of August is my grandfather’s birthday. Besides, my junior brother was born on the 10th of August.

 Last year Kinerma was declared one of the most beautiful villages in Russia. Since then more and more tourists have been visiting Kinerma, especially during holidays and celebrations.

It happened during one of such holidays.

“Tomorrow there will be many visitors in Kinerma,” said father. “Perhaps they will have a wish to watch the biggest building in the village – the house of the Gavrilovs. We should prepare everything for this event.”

The next day we got up early and hit the road. Dad was in a great mood. “I will show them the rooms and corridors, a barn, a cattle-shed and a Russian stove. They will watch the photo on the wall where my grandparents are sitting together, Yevdokim and Yevdokia Gavrilovy. I will tell them a story about the visit of the famous Sergey Konenkov, and the sculpture of my grandfather with his kantele, which was carved out of wood by ‘the Russian Rodin’. No doubts, I will show them the kantele.”

When we got to the place, father realized that the house was opened. Probably our neighbor opened the door to take bicycles for tourists. Father came in. The bicycles were in their usual place, but there was a bit of a mess. “That filthy dog,” grumbled dad. Then he went towards ‘the secret place’ and yelled. The kantele disappeared.

We went out of the house one by one. Father was the first, and the others followed him. Father was walking like an Indian, without a sound. Suddenly he pointed a finger.

“Look over there!” he cried. Two strangers were running along the road. One of them was holding a bag. In addition, the dog, *that very dog,* was running after them. Then the man threw the bag and the strangers continued running away. The dog picked the bag up and brought it to my father. Father looked inside and smiled. His precious kantele was there.

“Come here, my dear dirty dog!” whispered dad.

That was the second birth of the kantele. It was August 10.