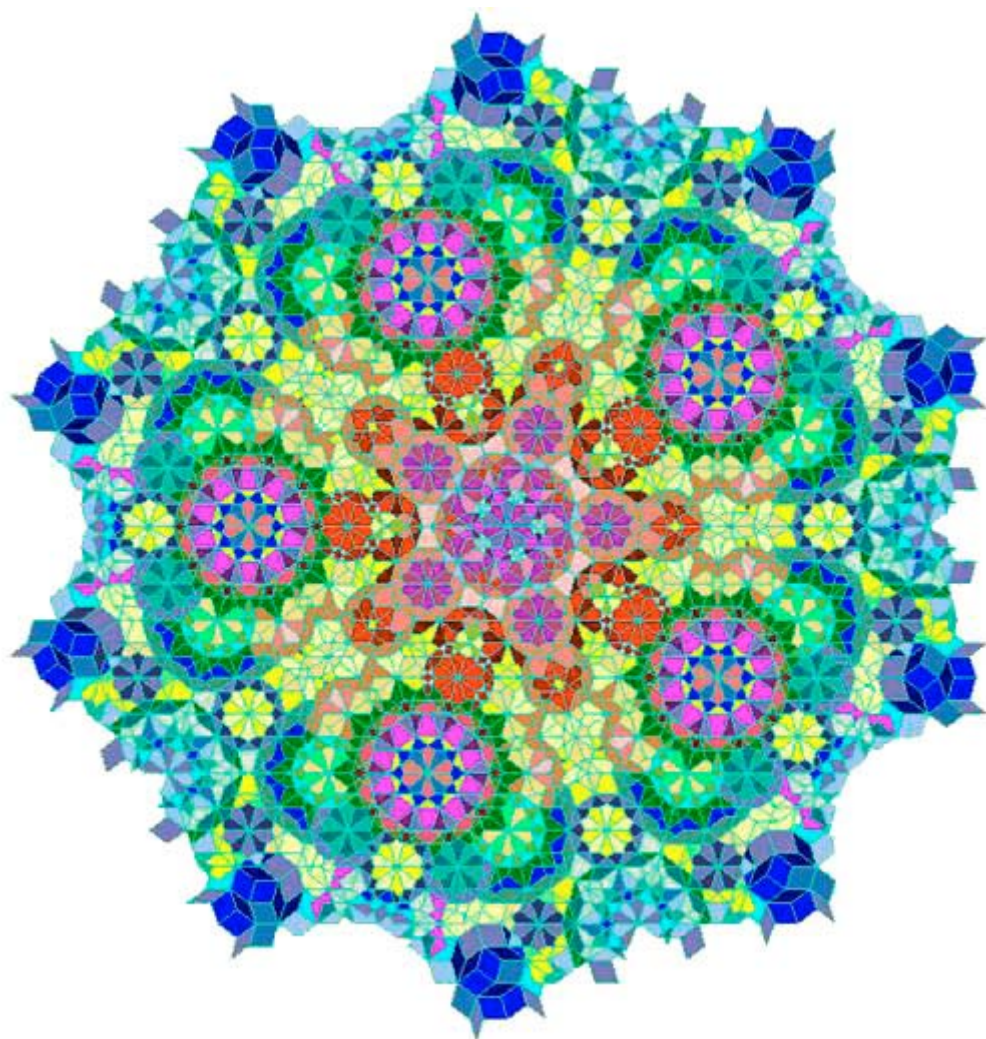


LILY WATER

LOVETALES



"If the love of power
interchanges with the power of love,
then you will have a new name:

God"

/Sri Chinmoy/

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Introduction

„Those who know the secret of love
will find that the world itself is full of universal love”
(Sri Ramana Maharsi)

Every single item of Lovetales is about love in some way.

I have written the book in a way that the readers can take part in the tales and together with this they can almost become a part of the book.

I would like to encourage the readers to think about the particular parts of the tales and before you read on, do create continuations, finish them as you like it best, I mean write your own tales by revitalizing my tales.

I wish you a good time and a nice dive into the world of myths and tales!

Lily Water

Tale about the fat pig

Once upon a time there was a prince. The prince lived in a palace made of alabaster and he hardly moved from there, only if he felt like taking a walk in the nearby forest.

He enjoyed walking there, sometimes he went to the hilltop and he observed the world from there because from there he could notice such things no one else have noticed before. Sometimes he took his bow and quiver but he was never was, he just observed the games of the forest and he listened to the songs of the birds.

Once when he was walking like this on a sunny afternoon he noticed a fat pig on a woody clearing.

The pig looked at him than almost run away but when it saw that the prince is smiling at it, it said:

„I greet you, prince, what made you come here? Would you please chat with me a little? I am so lonely.”

The prince was surprised when he heard the pig speaking but still he went to it and said:

„I am very glad to have met you during this walk of mine. Come and sit here, next to me.”

Then they were talking about all kinds of things, they enjoyed each other’s company so they didn’t notice as evening fell.

Suddenly, the pig went like this to the prince:

„Dear prince, now do hear my secret: I haven’t looked like this before, but an evil witch damned me so although being a princess, I have to be wandering in this forest in the shape of a fat pig as long as a bachelor saves me from the hex with his kiss.”

This speech surprised the prince very much and this was his reply to the fat pig:

„Don’t be angry with me, but I cannot kiss you, as you are so ugly.”

„But I turn beautiful if you love me!” – said the pig. The prince sighed deeply and the pig said sadly:

„Then I have to keep vegetating in this shape.”

The prince felt sorry for the pig and as he was charitable, he leant to her and kissed her.

And wonderfully, in this precise moment great ding-dong could be heard and the fat pig disappeared and instead of it there was a beautiful, smiling, gold-haired princess standing there and rendering thanks to the prince for saving her with his kiss.



Tale about the princess kidnapped by the dragon

Once upon a time in the castle of Don't Look For there lived a princess who was in the sad captivity of a gigantic dragon. The dragon guarded the princess by lying in front of her heavy metal door.

The adventurous princes came to save her one after the other, one braver than the other but none of them succeeded. Some of them got cold feet when catching sight of the frightening castle, some of them were set back by crossing the water-jump. Some prices got to the switchback corridors of the castle but these ones were frightened away by the horrendous size of the snoring dragon. The years passed and finally, the princess understood that nobody will set her free so she began to see the light and after making careful calculations, she dug a tunnel with ten years' hard work, escaped to the open air and lived happily ever after.



Song

Once upon a time there lived two souls. These two souls lived in the land of the beautiful and infinite Divine Meadows. They have lived in the timeless happiness of the Divine Meadows for a thousand years already and they loved each other very much. The Divine Meadows is a wonderful land! It is covered with water all along and in the water there are amazing lotuses as far as the eye can reach and further and these lotuses, one more beautiful than the other, never fade but they always smell sweet. The leaves of lotuses grow so high that one can wade

On the spacious meadows one can't hear anything but the sounds of heavenly music and the whisper of the lotus forest. This was the home of the two souls, they traveled a lot, but this was the place where they were the happiest. Often, they haven't say a word for days, they were just standing, hugging each other among the flowers on the water, they were listening to the Heavenly music and their hearts were beating together. The two souls were happy here because the closeness of God coated them with light. And if they felt like, they traveled far away, they roamed about the whole Milky Way through and through, they were hanging around on all kinds of planets. They found dreary, dark planet, a planet covered with blue mist where they haven't even seen their own noses, there were gentle planets and there were threatening ones. They were ranging over the interstellar mists and they were admiring the new suns being born. And when they got really tired, they returned to the timeless serenity of the Divine Meadows.

They were free souls!

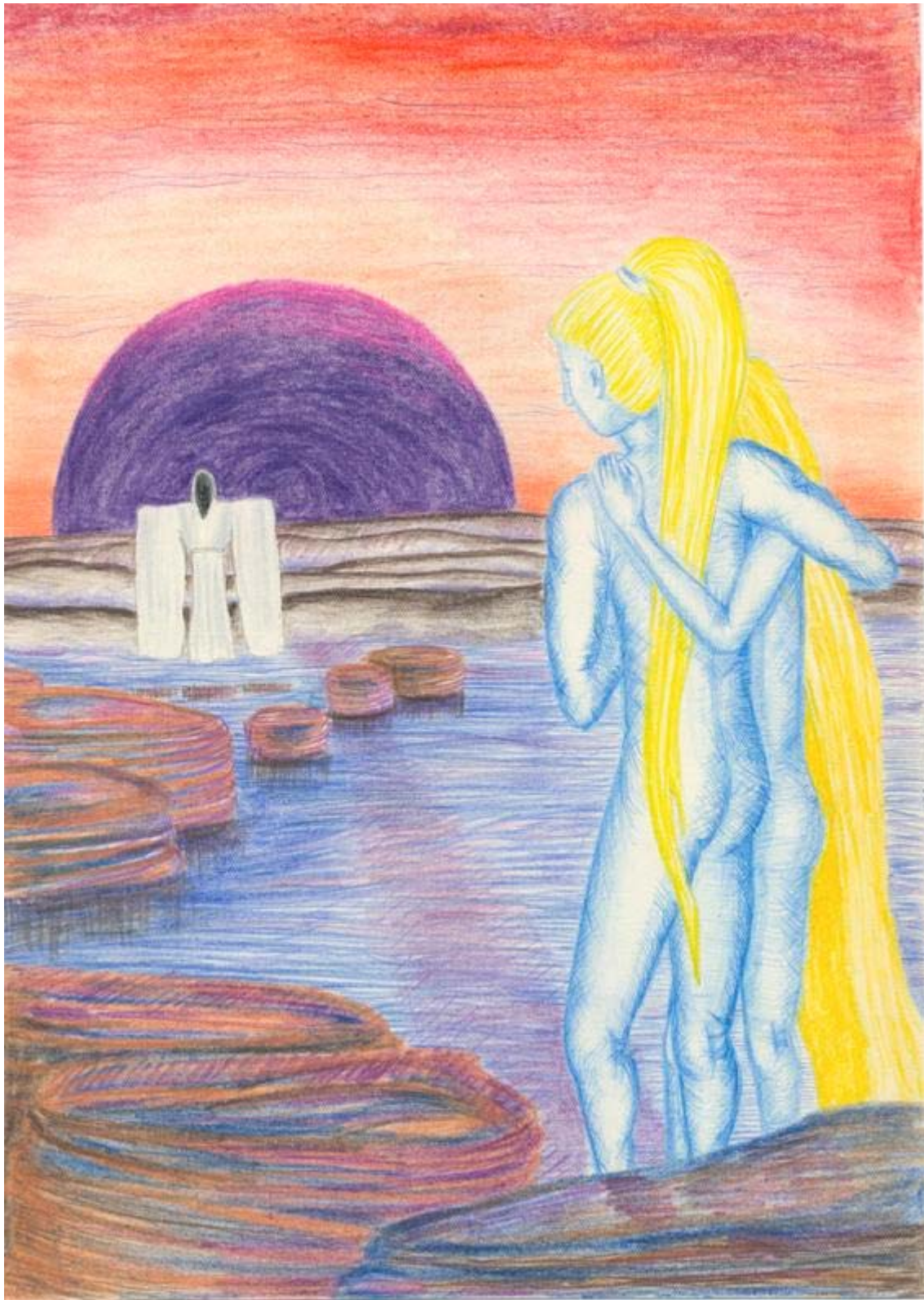


One day, when during one trips of their they happened to be watching the sunset next to an acid lake, they noticed a phantasm. They saw a figure wearing grey cloak and hood appearing from nothing and spreading its arms towards them. As the appearance of the figure filled their heart with restlessness, they turned and hurried back – faster than a thought – towards the lotus forest of their safe home. But when they arrived they noticed that the hooded figure followed them even here. There was no fear inside them because they knew God so they were never scared but they weren't glad about this unsettling phenomenon because they didn't know who he is and what he wants from them. The figure didn't say anything and came always closer to them. It was already visible that it is completely insubstantial as if its grey cloak were empty.

One of the souls who was a soul with great power tried to send the cloaked away and when she didn't succeed, she opened a light-whirl and tried to throw the figure into that.

She tried many things as she could defeat every demons and evil spirits so far, so she was very surprised to realize that she can get nowhere with this one. When she saw that every of her crafts are useless, she gave up fighting, came to a halt and addressed the figure: „Who are you and why am I not able to defeat you although I have power over every demons and evil spirits?”

„Because I am the Death. You can't defeat me, because I am the nothing. And now you must go!”



The two souls were not scared even now, as they were never scared but a thought hit them that they have to part now. They didn't protest any longer as they understood that they have to return to the service of God but it was still painful to think of their separation. The Death grabbed them and pushed both of them into a funnel made of light. The souls looked at each other and they remembered every happy moments lived through together in the fraction of a second and they shouted together, blaring over the whiz of the whirl: I will find you! I will find you! I will find you!" They couldn't say more because their eyes got closed and they were plunging down always faster as if they were diving down on a spider's string towards another world through the oblivion.

They didn't have the opportunity to tell that they are going to love each other for ever. But they have said it several times before when they visited a wonderful place or they were relaxing in each other's arms in their home: „I wish it lasted forever!"

„It depends only on us, whether it lasts forever. If we really want it, it can last forever, because God let it happen to us as he loves us and we serve him faithfully."

God is immeasurably good and he would have let them stay together for ever but it still happened in another way as there are things on this world that change and there are things that don't seem to change but they also change, it just happens slowly, because it is only God who is eternal.



Diversity features the world where they got to hence they had to put on new clothes and so they didn't take after each other so much as in the country of Divine Meadows.

One of them was born as woman, the other became a man and they forgot the happiness of the Divine Meadows.

The newborn baby was crying a lot as she felt that she misses something but she couldn't have said what it is. She was desperate, she was always cold and when she fell asleep finally, her soul found its way back to the Divine Meadows and the baby didn't want to wake up any more. She stopped breathing.

Then a strong and stout spirit came to her and asked her to stay here and she stayed here in the cold world of Diversity.



The years passed and the two people forgot that they are seeking for something. The veil of oblivion fell onto them, they didn't find the sound of their souls, they didn't hear the word of God and they didn't see the light, either. How did they meet even so? As a result of a set of coincidences that we can consider as the long, meticulous and immensely gracious acts of God.

So finally they happened to meet; as a result and award of their previous choices and decisions the loving hand of God led them to the same way. The two humans were talking cheerfully and loosely and the two souls were silent.

Suddenly, silence ensued and in the silence the two souls started talking, they called each other on their real name and the two humans were standing dumbly they felt each other's hot breath on their skins and hugged each other quietly. The boy leant to the girl and kissed her. In the moment of the magic, red light lighted up and covered them as mist and time stopped as the souls met and the moment was concentrated in the kiss what was the only one existing thing for them. The flashing remembrance covered them completely but when they opened their eyes they forgot everything, only one thought remained, that they uttered almost at once: „I wish it lasted forever!”

The two people told this to each other and they didn't know then that these are the words of their eternal souls.

They weren't clear enough to understand the Truth and to be able to say: „I found you! I found you! I found you! I found you!”



Orpheus and Eurydice

When Orpheus was standing in front of Persephone and Hades representing his request there and was singing about Eurydice, then Hades saw that this person knows something that he himself doesn't: he is able to love. Hades thought how good it would be if he himself felt the same towards Persephone, how good it would be if the sun shone on them and petals of cherry flowers fell onto their heads in the mild breeze, but here in the Underworld such things are not possible, one single spark of light can't get here.

Hades kept quiet.

Persephone was remembering the time when she arrived here. Everything was so different. Hades adored her and desired her and he was fighting for her with everyone... but he didn't really love her; and see, there is this man here – Orpheus – who loves his wife; it's not that he adores her, desires her and fight for her, he simply loves her. Here is the happiest man and the happiest wife! Persephone was in silence. She has been waiting for the love from Hades for a long time but she already realized that there is no light and no love here.

Persephone was thinking about how good it could have been...

She seized the hand of Hades and went like this: „Let them love each other, it's me who requests you to do this as the song of Orpheus touched my soul and moved me. Be gracious, Hades!”

Hades didn't answer because he was remembering the sunshine then addressed Eurydice soundlessly. Eurydice came to a stand at the throne silently, her eyes fell.

„Eurydice” – said Hades „your husband, Orpheus came for you hither, down the Underworld. I let you go, however it's not in use here to leave, but there is one condition: Orpheus leads the way, you walk behind him and he cannot turn and he cannot see you as far as you are out of here. Do you accept the condition?”

„Oh, Hades, thank you for the grace that you exercised towards me. Mistress Persephone, I will never forget you, we will never forget that we can thank our happiness to your intervention.”



Orpheus looked into the eyes of Persephone and saw that the mistress is smiling and this smile said this: „Be happy instead of me, as well, do love each other for ever. Orpheus, you gave me faith.” Orpheus knew that Hades let Eurydice go and he also knew that Eurydice is going to follow him. He was sure; there was no doubt in him, only faith, resolve and love.

He started off and heard the footfalls of Eurydice behind himself. They went past the wall of solaceless souls, no sound could be heard only the noise of their steps. Cerberus was leering and heaving maliciously but he was not able not to leer as he was born like this. Eventually they arrived at Styx where Caron rowed Orpheus over the river at first than Eurydice and he was surprised a bit about this newfangled. Caron’s paddle ... in the water and Orpheus betook, made two steps then stopped and listened whether Eurydice is following him.

He heard the steps behind his back and went on being reassured. He saw that here the ground is not so stony any more and there are some scraggy flowers, as well. As if also the rocks of the valley were lower and less threatening, but there was no light, just grey dust.

But the chop terminated abruptly and they arrived at a meadow enameled with flower, they could see woody hills in the distance – maybe an oil tree-grove –, they could smell the spicy odor of wild flowers and they could hear the noise of bugs and birds. Orpheus walked onto the meadow dazedly and he hardly realized that there are no pebbles creaking under his clam any more and at that time the sun darted its warming beams towards him.

“Orpheus, my love!” – said Eurydice behind him and he felt the touch of a fine hand on his arm.

He stopped and turned.



The escape of Persephone

„The eighth month also expires before long and then I have to go back.” – thought Persephone while standing at the door of the chancel. Around her, on some low tables there were the gifts from the occupants of the village:

flowers, girdles made of tree leaves, fresh cheese, pressed oil and wine. „How beautiful it is here. It is calm, warm, lively and colorful. Yes – kept she walking on the dusty path towards the oil trees – Hades asked only for four months, it can be borne in the cold lividness as Apollo also said, but it’s not true. The truth is that there is no love in my life, neither during that four month below, nor here. After all I realized what I miss, for although there is light, air, the touch of water, the buzz of plants, the blew of life here, I get this all, but there is no love waiting for me. Even Zeus cannot expect me to spend the long-long row of my immortal years without love. I have a husband who gives me everything that he can, except for love. But as to myself, the only thing I want is love. The song of Orpheus really touched me and opened my heart.”

„Persephone, you got fat!!! What did your mother feed you with? Nobody became like this from ambrosia! What happened to you? You get everything; here it is your palace, jewels, treasures. Am I not worthy enough to be your husband? At the request of my brother, Zeus, I even let you spend the three quarter part of the year with your mother on the Olympus. Nothing is enough for you?”

„Oh, Black-haired Hades, I know that you give everything for me that you just can” – replied Persephone and smiled at Hades, who happened not to wear his headpiece.



„Persephone, how do you look like?!“ – howled Hades in a painful voice. Persephone stood there with downcast eyes and tried to huddle herself up so as to seem smaller but she didn't really succeed as she weight already 120 kilograms which is a pretty achievement in case of a goddess. She could not see the twisted face, churning mouth and bulging black eyes of Hades as he just came from the throne room and was wearing his headpiece. – „What did you think? I would have you know that I am not going to live together with such a fat woman! Look at yourself! You have a mignon in the one hand and a piece of cake in the other, you are really disgusting. I bet that you had dinner at least three times every day.“

Hades was tearing about in the room while Persephone watched the floor and the teardrops on the cold granite and at the same time she could hear pillows thumping at the wall, broken dishes clattering and the table banging into the drinking fountain spinning. Persephone was standing inside the storm and hold onto the mignon and the rock-cake.

„Okay“ – blew Hades and he tried to quieten his anger by heaving deep sighs. „We go back to your mother right now.“ – said he in a suppressed voice then he didn't talk any more.

The gods were standing in a thunderstruck way all around; it was only Zeus who tried to be convivial.

„Ah, Hades, my dear brother, come right in!“

„Where is Demeter?“ – asked Hades angrily instead of greeting. „I brought Persephone back; I don't need her any more. I don't make a laughing-stock of myself with such a fat wife. You all hear it, I let her go, she can go wherever she wants to.“

„It' ok, it's ok“ – Zeus tried to appease him. „Sit down and help yourself to some abrosia, at least“.

„I don't“ – said Hades vehemently. „I am already fed up.“ – and he turned his coach without saying good bye and stormed away towards the Underworld.

Nobody found words, because it deeply shocked them that they have to see the most beautiful goddess like this. Only Eros talked: „Persephone, he is still within rifle range, should I shoot down him for you?“



The story of Hades

„Eros, what did you do?“ – cried Aphrodite fulminated.

„It was not me, mother, believe me! His heart opened of itself.“ – replied Eros, the little imp, this time with a serious and scared face.

„What happened, what is this noise?“ – walked Zeus into the hall.

„Nothing, just Hades went crazy.“ – said Hermes giggling.

Hephaestus hobbled in dragging chains and his hammer and shouted loudly:

„I think, you will need me again, now that Hades...”

„Enough!“ – thundered Zeus. „Someone tell me rationally what the reason of this bluster is.“ The buzz of a fly could have been heard in the sudden silence that followed his words.

„Here he comes!“ – said Hermes when an ornate chariot stopped at the door from which Hades jumped down just in a visible state, his black hair was flying behind him and it could be seen that he is ravaged. He hurried into the hall where everybody drew aside carefully so as to clear his way and nobody returned his glance. Only Hephaestus was rattling with his chains in the corner. Zeus didn't talk, he only looked questioningly at Hades.

„I stop doing this.“ – said Hades and looked around but nobody replied, every gods were watching the ground.

„It was enough, Zeus. Send there someone else, I don't want to be the king of the Underworld, I don't want to prevail over souls and umpiring, I stop doing this.”

„But my dear brother“ – tried Zeus confusedly, „think it over, wasn't that good for you there? Power, domination, riches and now you want to make ducks and drakes of all this?”

„Zeus, you just shut up. If it's so good go and be the king yourself!”

„Everybody has to do what he shouldered and you didn't have any problem so far. I don't see what happened to you. It's beyond my reach!”

„Zeus, 'everything that has a beginning, that has an end'. And this has its end right now.”

„But what do you want to do?”

„I love Persephone and I want to stay with her in the world of light.”

Zeus looked at Eros questioningly but Eros shook his head negatively and whispered: „It was not me.”

„He gouged me, as well, it may be his work, as well, just he is afraid to admit it! – cried Apollo.

„Try to do this with me you little bastard“ – shook his arch Artemis – „and I do something that...”

„Pipe down, Artemis!” – said Aphrodite – „and I would have you know that my son is not a bastard!”

Hephaestus jingled the chains angrily and stared at Aphrodite who smiled back at him.

„Be done! We have enough trouble without this.” – thundered Zeus.



Hades was standing calmly and said smilingly: „It was really not him.”

Zeus was watching his brother deep in thought; he has never seen him smiling before.

„Where is Persephone? Hermes, take her here immediately!” – said Zeus.

„It won’t be easy.” – grunted Hermes accidentally, but he regretted it in no time. He turned and scooted out in a panic.

The gods waited silently that Hermes get back with Persephone. They haven’t to wait for long, because after some minutes Hermes breathlessly fell through the gate:

„Here we are. Luckily, Persephone was a short way off, as she was visiting Demeter, who...”

„Thank you, Hermes, take a rest.” – interrupted Zeus.

Persephone came closer surprised and perplexedly. She didn’t know why Zeus called for her and the presence of Hades also surprised her. She tried to force a smile on her globular face embarrassedly.

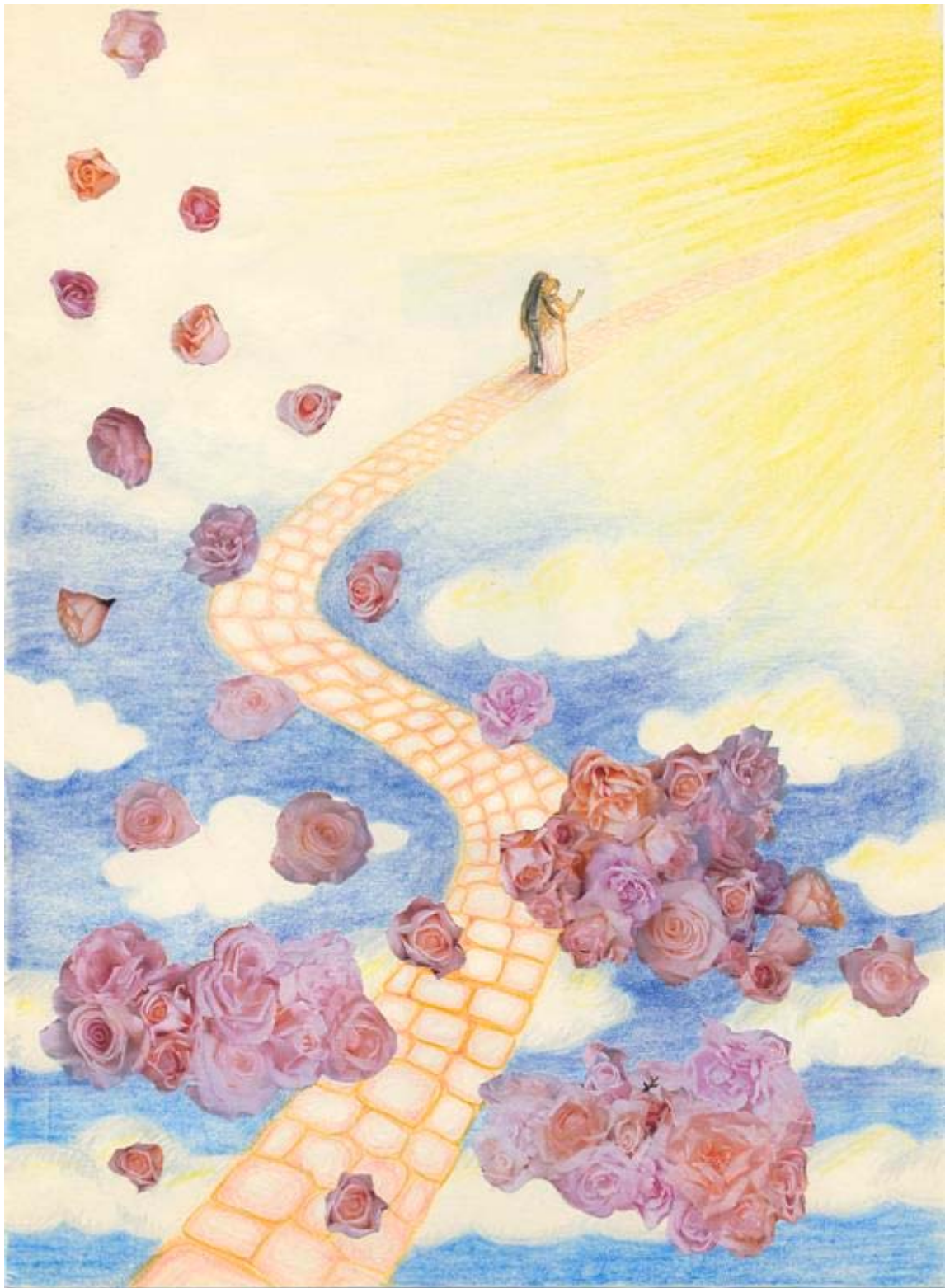
„Persephone” – smiled Hades at her – „I came here because I love you. I am not a king any more, I cannot provide you with riches, palace, treasures, power. I brought only my heart for you, Persephone. I can’t offer you anything else but my love and passion. Stay with me, Persephone!”

Persephone’s words were falling from her lips as crystal pearls and rolled jingling and glittering in every direction in the hall.

„Hades, I really, really, really...”

The gods were watching their two mates and they thought that here is the happiest god and the happiest goddess.

Only the high voice of Eros broke the silence: „Wasn’t me, honestly!”



The vampire

Once upon a time there was a vampire. This vampire lived in the Valley of Dreariness and was wandering with turned down head and fallen eyes all the time, even herself didn't know where.

In the lividness she saw her vampire mates going by dumbly and idling but she never thought that she should talk to them, and what's more, she has never thought of anything at all; she was made of stone. She didn't believe in anything, she only saw the bleak, dreary, grey world all the time.

But once, without any reason, as a raindrop drips down from a tree leaf, a word fell before him: „Why?“ „What why?“ Then she looked up at the sky and saw a leak being opened there. It surprised her and frightened her a bit, as well, she tried to remember when she saw something like this before but he couldn't remember. She watched the dumb vampires near her but none of them turned her face towards the sky. It was the first time that she observed them profusely and he noticed that these creatures desperately and sadly seek for something but that something is not on the earth.

„Look up to the sky!“ – she wanted to cry but no sound came from her throat; she was dumb. She wasn't able to move, as if chains had coiled around her and didn't let her go and she saw that she can't do anything. „Why?“ – the word was echoing inside her. He felt that she sees the answer but still the words didn't set together in her mind, suddenly she became empty and light and she started to elevate towards the leak.

She got into another world where she lived a life of ease for some time. This world attached and fascinated her, who had been living in the lightless lividness for such a long time, with its colours and shapes, but as time passed, she felt it more and more urgent to search seek for something. „Why?“

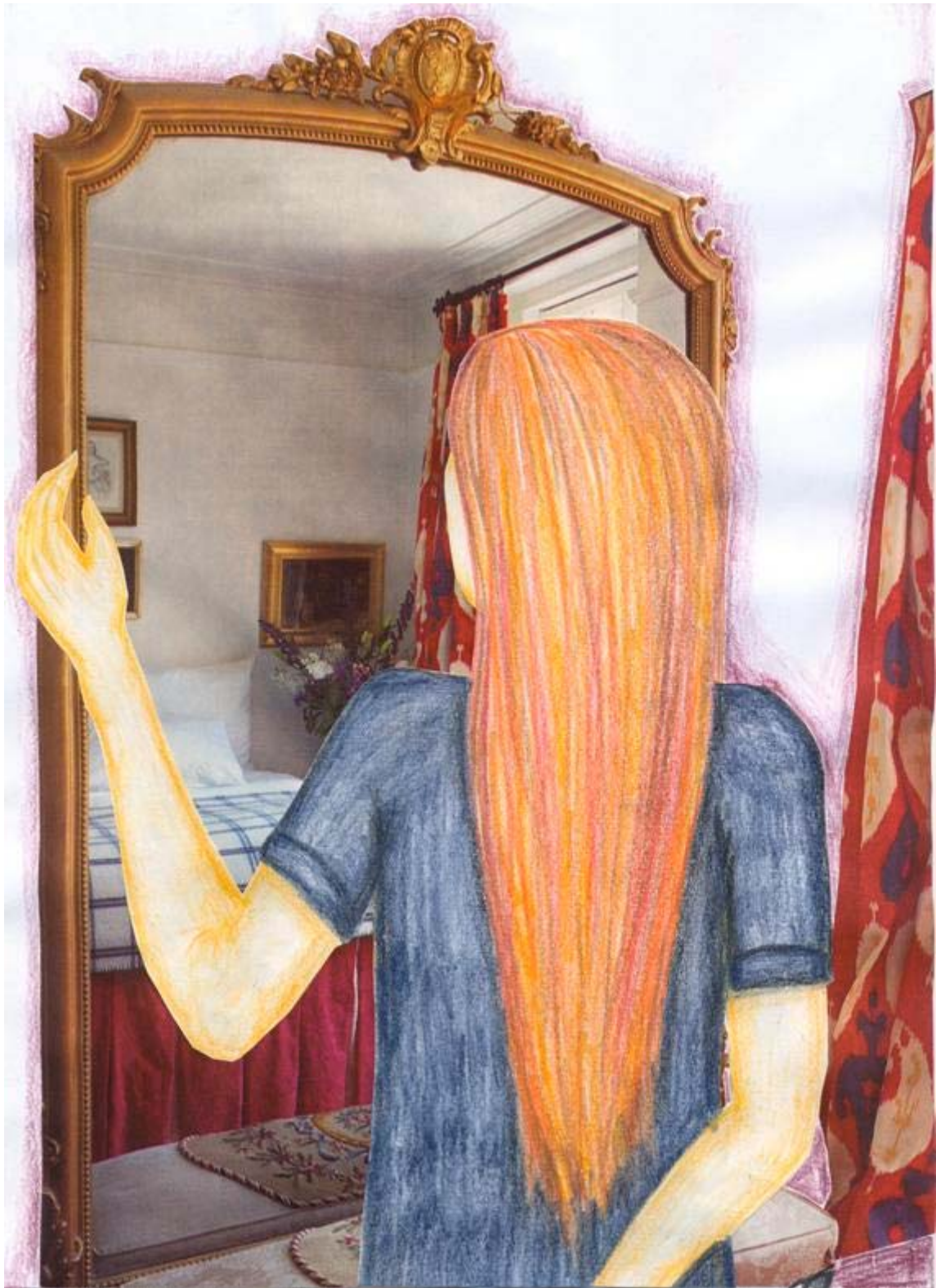
Once, a picture fell into her hands accidentally. She watched it and thought that it's so... so..... and she didn't find the word. She stepped in front of the mirror with the picture in her hand. She gazed the mirror for a long time in which she didn't see anything and the words set together in her mind: „Who am I?“ ... „Why?“

This was the first time when she thought of the light. Maybe the thing that she is seeking for is only visible in the light. This thought horrified her, she felt the fear in each parts of his body and the feel of powerlessness made her sob. She was shaking while her hands pressed the picture and she went like this to the picture: „It is you that I am searching for, but why?“

She watched the door over which the sun was shining with its warm beams. „What is there? What is going to happen? Am I going to get home? Am I going to find it? Am I going to die? Why?“ The ringing and scared thoughts were wantoning in her mind like this.

Suddenly, a smile appeared that occupied the place of the thoughts and brushed them off far away.

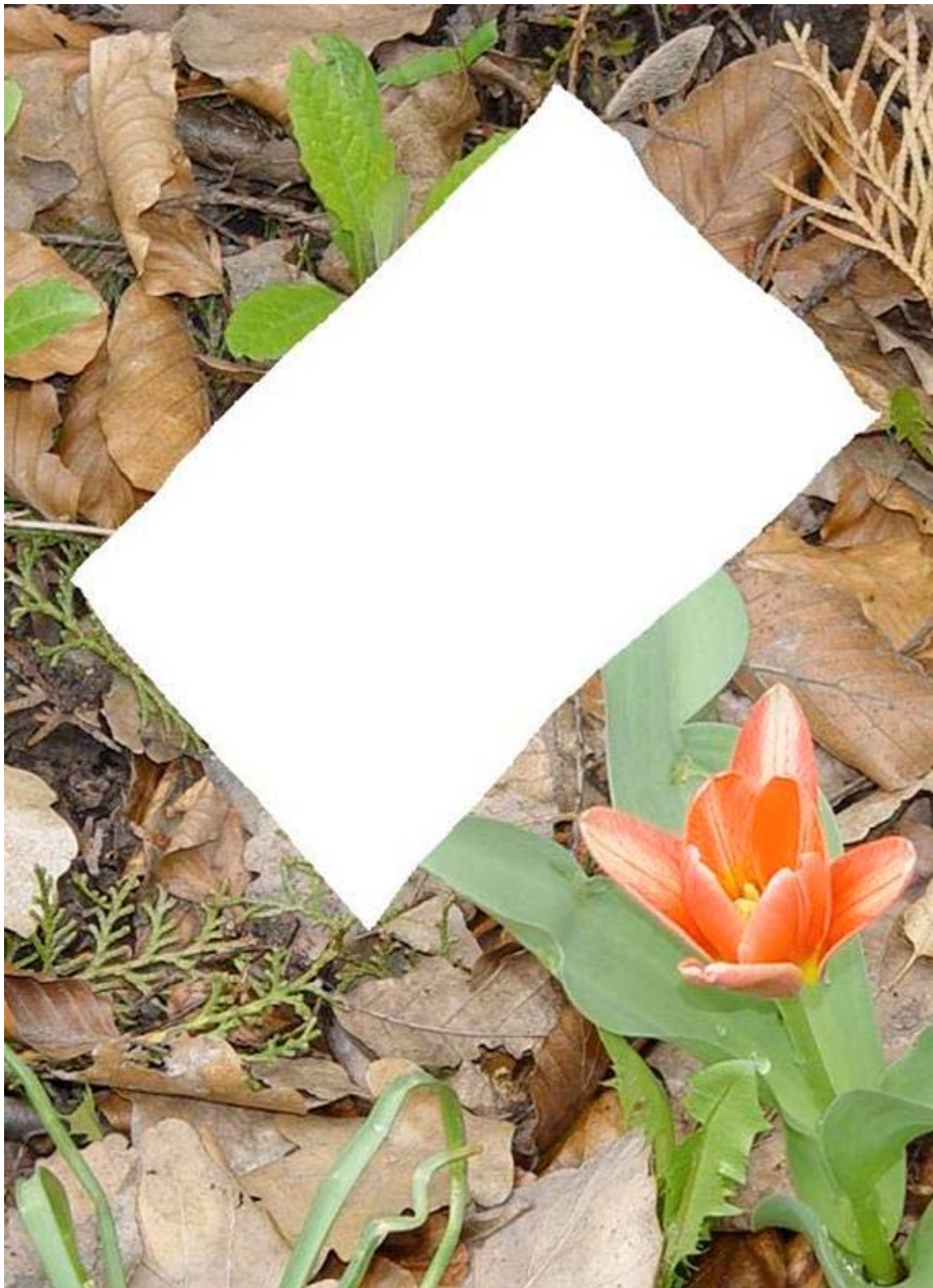
The vampire stepped out into the light.



She felt that the sun doesn't burn but strokes and warms her and that its warmth is not painful but just strange, because she haven't felt it for ages. She saw someone approaching and she also started towards her.



The picture fell out of her hand and fell on the ground. They stood in front of each other and looked at each other as if they looked into a mirror and they didn't see anything else but gold coloured light.



The man with hemp beard

„Once there was a man, his beard made of hemp,
his scrip made of sallow, his cap made of cow shit.
He climbed onto the tree, he fell down to the mud.
Two dogs hove him, the third one flayed him,
Dame Mari laughed at him, Dame Sári cried over him.”
(folk poetry)

Once upon a time there was a man, his beard made of hemp, his scrip made of sallow, his cap made of cow shit. One day he climbed on a tree. Originally, he wanted to get bird eggs, he climbed higher and higher then when he found the jackdaw's nest, he didn't touch it, but he kept watching the four spotty eggs lying on the dry hay in the rot and was listening to the silence. He was sitting motionlessly for a long time, he could smell the sunshine, hear the noise of the nestlings in the eggs, and he saw the smile of a cloud. He leant his back against the body of the tree and turned his head down to the rough cortex. The tree embraced him and the tinkling voice of the leaves called her by his name.

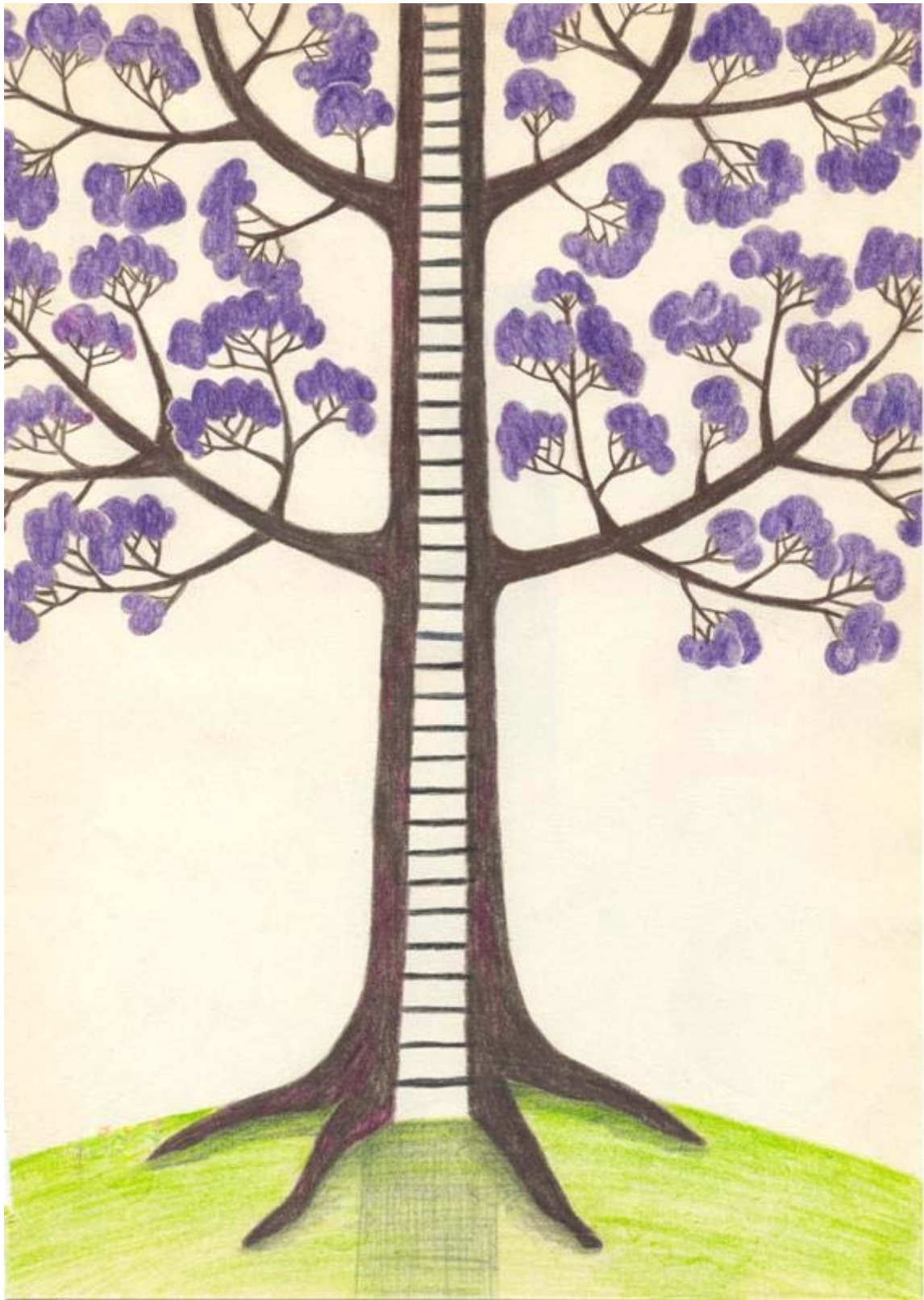
He was sitting on the tree wordlessly and free of care and he was watching admiringly how the starry sky overturns above him. The other day people were passing there and pointed at him laughingly: „See, the fool!”

The next night it was raining, the jackdaws were waiting for the dawn huddled together in the rot and tolerated the raindrops dripping into the rot from time to time. The wind was blowing, the tree stretched its branches happily towards the skies and took deep sips from the crisp air. The heavy rain covered the land as a cloak and the man could see that the tree touches the sky already.



„Sakes! Look, the hemp bearded is not on the tree any more!”

„He must have fallen into the mud” – laughed dame Mari.



The key of Heaven

Once upon a time, far, far away there lived a brother and a sister. One of them could sing in a very beautiful way and the other could listen in a very beautiful way.

„The key of Heaven is in your hand, nobody can hurt you.” – sang the boy and there girl were listening to his brother’s song and saw that flower petals are streaming at the beat of the music and the voices of the song were picked up by the wind as silvery stings of spider web. From this day on either she was happy or she was sad, the song were ringing in his ears and when nobody was listening, she was crooning it and when she had time she tried to imagine what is the person like who has the key of Heaven in the hand.

One day, when she was walking on the springlike meadow she reached a stream on that a bridge led through.

She crossed the bridge and on the other side, under a grey, sky-high tree an old man appeared and went like this:

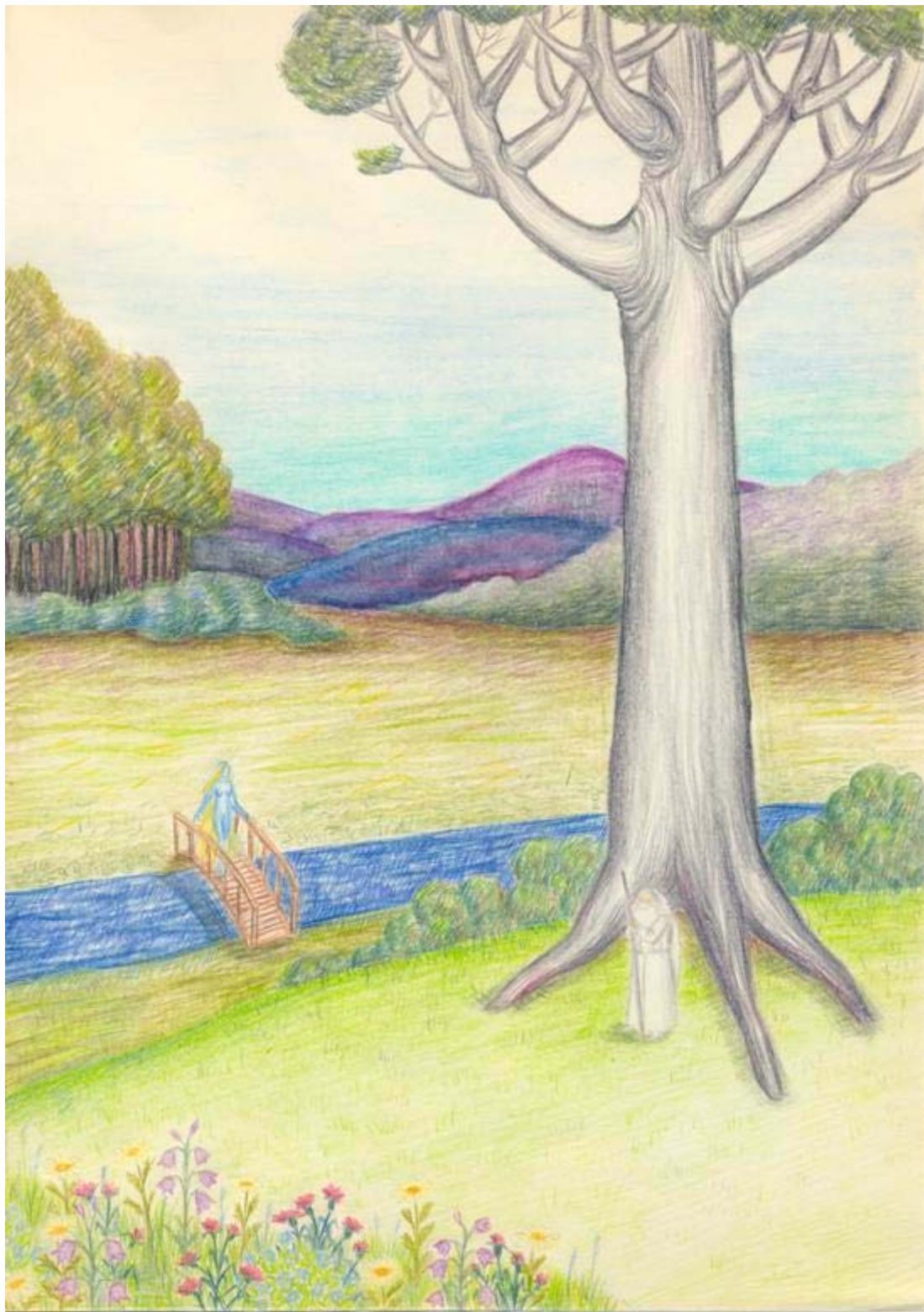
„Here you are, the key, it is that you came for, what you were seeking for, isn’t it?”

The girl was watching the key, the engravings, the diamonds, the emerald in the middle and asked:

„Do you give it to me?”

„I don’t give it to you, it was always yours, you’ve just forgot it already.”

The girl was standing quietly, holding the key in her hand and she didn’t dare to ask whether it is the key of Heaven, she just thanked warmly for the gift.



While walking home on the flowery meadow with the key in her hand, she thought that she is going to run to her brother right now and shows him.

„You see, the song is true, thank you very much that you told me that it is in my hand because you see, it is really here.” – the words were clanging in her mind like this.

She was very happy, because suddenly everything became clear for her, like an infinite sided crystal, but as she got closer the clang was fading and the crystal fell apart to sparks and words escaped from her.

She stood in front of her brother and all that she wanted to thank him, all that she wanted to give him in exchange, all that she wanted to tell about the world and that she wanted to wish him, turned into one single word, but she didn't uttered even that one word.



The Glazier

„I am the game of dice.”
(Bhagavad Gíta)

Once upon a time, a very long time ago there lived a glazier. This glazier could produce such glasses, dishes, chalices, sugar bowls, and flowerpots that people came to admire them from all around the world.

He liked these beautiful and useful items to do, he was satisfied with himself and was glad about people using his dishes happily. He tried to do his best in producing the most beautiful things hence he learned to handle the glass in many different ways. Finally, he became a master of glass-producing and there wasn't a better glazier even behind the beyond.

One day, as he was sitting in his workshop and had a silent half an hour, he looked on the items, one more beautiful than the other, most useful than the other, a thought appeared in his mind: „I wonder what I haven't produced yet.”

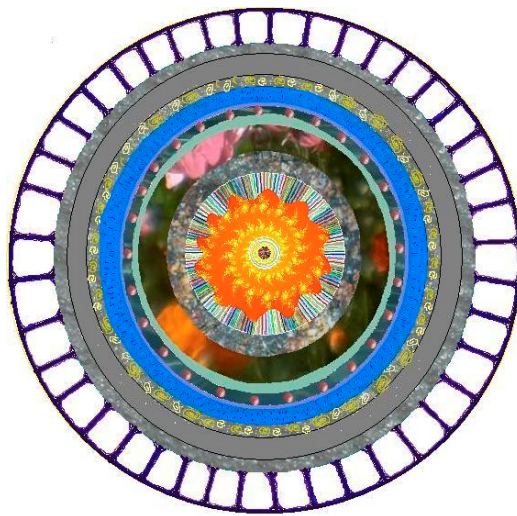
Then a thought was born inside him and this thought his heart completely. Suddenly he felt that he is going to create something extremely beautiful now, although he didn't see what it will be, as the thought in his heart was whirling and dancing wildly and he couldn't grab it in order to observe every colour of it.



He started working excitedly. He melted the glass dollop in the smelter, he brought out jars and boxes filled with colouring matters, every motion of his was simple and punctual.

It already seemed that he makes a sphere. This sphere consisted of several layers, all of them were transparent and every of them had another colour and shape. In one layer there were red dots, one was light green, one was grey from silvery filaments and there were rosy stains floating in another. Then there was a strange-surfaced layer with golden stripes and a layer whirling in the colours of the rainbow. These glass skins covered each other like onion scales and the sphere was growing. Into one water-clear peel he drew yellow and blue dots with great fussiness. There was a layer grey as smoke having no pattern but still being transparent.

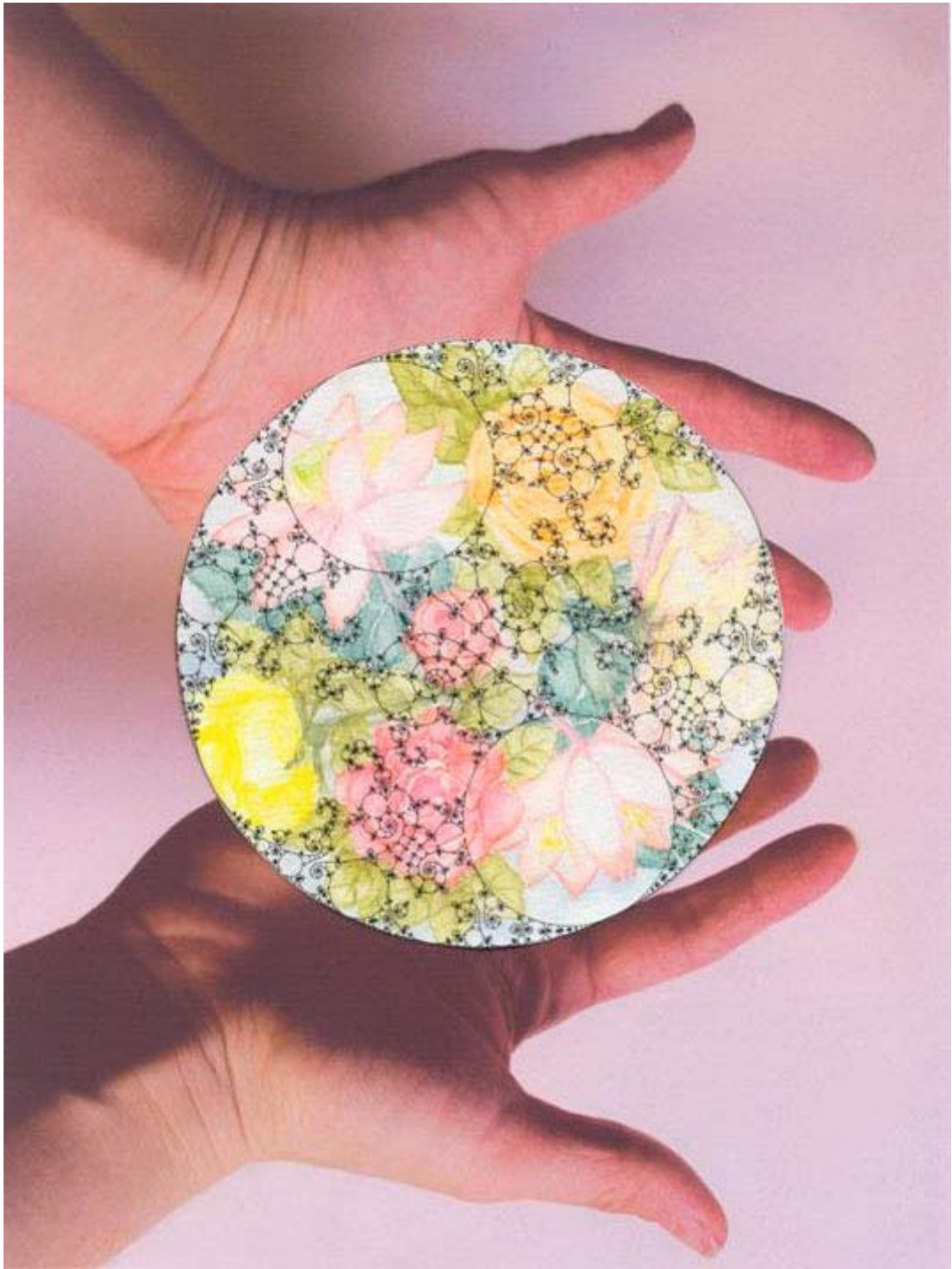
The one before the last layer was made of ice-glass and the last skin was a unicoloured deep purple one that he filigreed and so the sphere seemed to be floating in an external ball made of wispy lace.



He has been working for six days and six nights without a break. He sank into his work so much that he didn't feel hunger or thirst or tiredness. As he finished surfacing the lace-grass on the morning of the seventh day, he sat down and sighed deeply. He wiped his hands, put his apron and sleeve right and took this wonderful but completely useless thing that he was producing through six days and six nights in his hand.

He kept turning the sphere carefully on his two palms and watched as the shapes and colours are fluttering and sparkling inside it. In view of him the red dots turned to roses blowing on the summer meadow, the pink stains formed themselves into a lotus forest and the yellow spirals were whirling brightly, like a galaxy.

He was watching his creation and he was happy.



Queen Bori

„My grey locks are three thousand fathoms long,
the same length reaches my sorrow,
how autumnal hoar got into my glistening mirror,
I don't know. ”
(Li Taj Po)

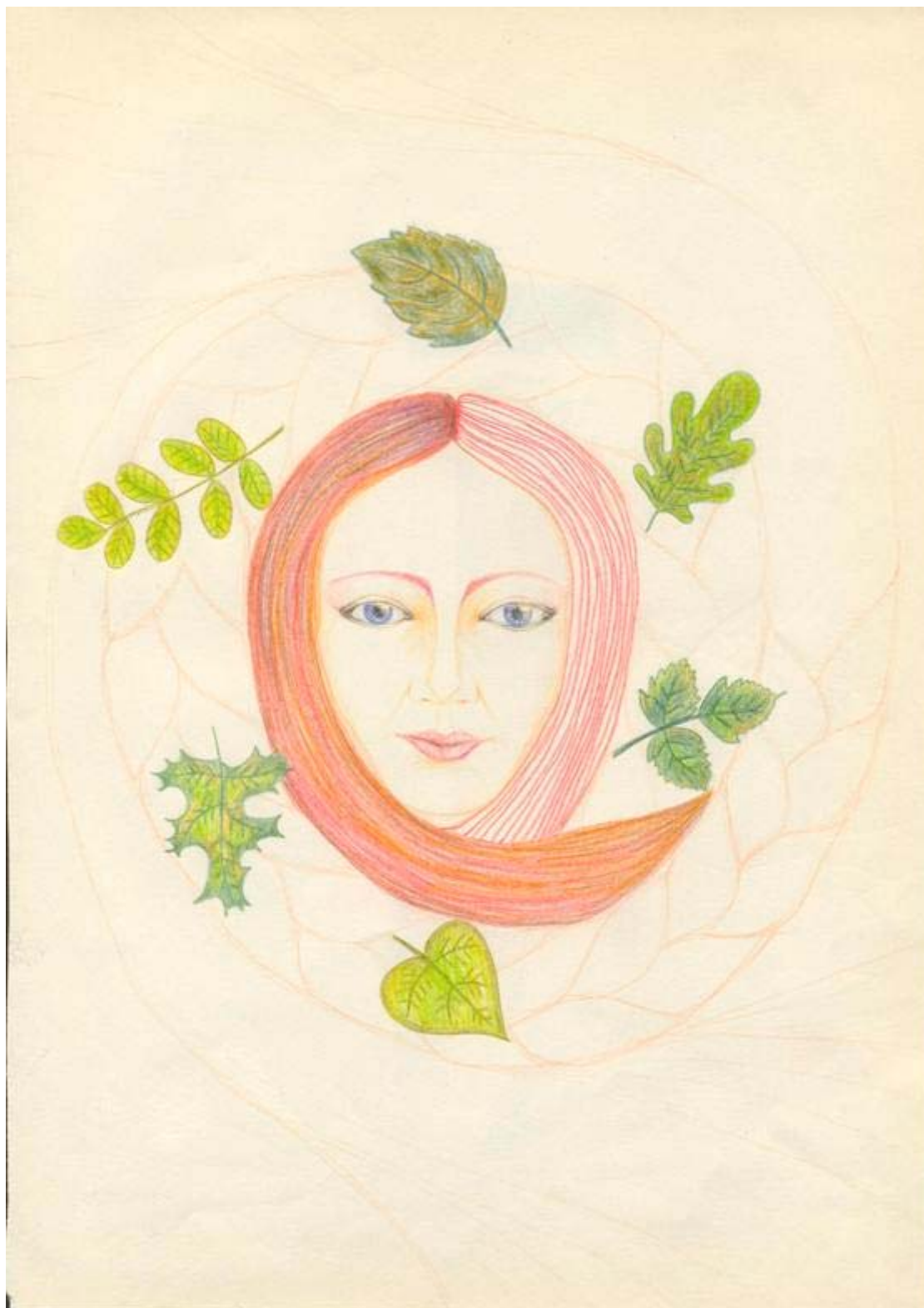
Once upon a time there lived a queen who was called Queen Bori. Queen Bori had been reigning over Gold-land for a long time, her dependents loved her, as she was a gracious and charitable ruler and the people fulfilled every of her orders because they believed that everything is going to be the best in the way she says. Queen Bori also loved her people and she always respected their needs. But beside of the fatiguing and full of responsibility hours of ruling Queen Bori had time to deal with things next her heart. Her favourite place was her garden, when she had the opportunity, she was walking there, she was weeding or nursing the flowers with as much love and attention as much she had about the fate of her country. When one of the lords or kings of foreign countries sent her any gifts, they never forgot to send her some flower bulbs and rare plants because everybody knew that these are the gifts those make her the happiest. If it was raining, Queen Bori was embroidering or painting next to the window.



One day she decided that she is not going to get her hair cut any more. At the beginning she didn't care that her hair is always longer, because it didn't disturb her in the every-day activities. During the day she was wearing a tight bun and at nights she made a loose braid. Her hair was just growing and growing, it already reached the ground and that was that caused the first problems because when she didn't pay attention, she stepped onto her as it was not possible to make a bun of it any more. Every morning it took long hours to braid her hair so she was late from the audience and when she was walking in the garden the branches of the bushes and trees in the garden caught it and tousled it.

Besides, this great quantity of hair was quite heavy, she had pains in her neck every evening but still she didn't cut her hair.

Time was passing and Queen Bori's hair was already 3000 fathoms long and was growing even longer. She couldn't walk in the garden any more as the tree leaves in the garden and the burr on the meadow stitched into the heavy mass of hair, she didn't have time to see her dependents in the morning any more as it took her long hours to braid the enormous hair cascade. And in the nights she couldn't take rest because her neck was aching. Her embroideries, canvases and paint tubes were covered by dust.



At a bright summer dawn full of birds singing as she sat down in front of the mirror dead tired, she looked into the mirror incidentally and was shocked to see someone. She hardly recognized herself; her face was pale instead of bathing in luster, the sunshine disappeared from her eyes. He happened to look at her hair that was already long enough to fill the room, it flew around the mirror and was almost choking her. He lifted the scissors from the table, grabbed the first mop of hair she could catch and snapped it off.

When she put it through, she put on her most beautiful trappings and run out into the garden like this. She was dancing and laughing and the silky, short mops were jumping chortling around her head. At the garden pond she kneeled down to the water, she plunged her hands into it and was laughing so much that her tears started to run.



The fay wearing pearl crown.

A long time ago in a forgotten land there lived a fay whose hair seemed to be made of pearls, this was her ornament and everybody called her „the one with pearl crown”. The fay with pearl crown liked to be walking, sitting or dancing near the waterfalls very much and when she was dancing, the wisps of her hair were sparkling and chiming like the drops of the waterfall and her lilac-coloured pearl cloth was flying around her like the water spray splashing over from the stones. She was jumping along the stones of the brook-bed airily and her foots haven't left a track even on the softest moss.

One day she noticed that the voice of the waterfall is lower, the rainbow disappeared from the water drops, the sun doesn't glow on the dew-drops of the moss carpet. She didn't know what could have happened so she went to ask it from one faymate of hers who lived nearby.

The other fay listened to her with both ears and went like this:

„I know the reason of you not hearing the whizz of the water, not seeing the rainbow and the beams of the sun. The Sorrow nestled itself into you.”

As she wanted to help the pearl crowned fay very much, she went like this:

„Come with me, I take you to the Light whirl. There you have to throw the Sorrow living inside you into the whirl and then you can get rid of it for ever and it won't disturb you any more, and you will see the rainbow and here the music of water again.”

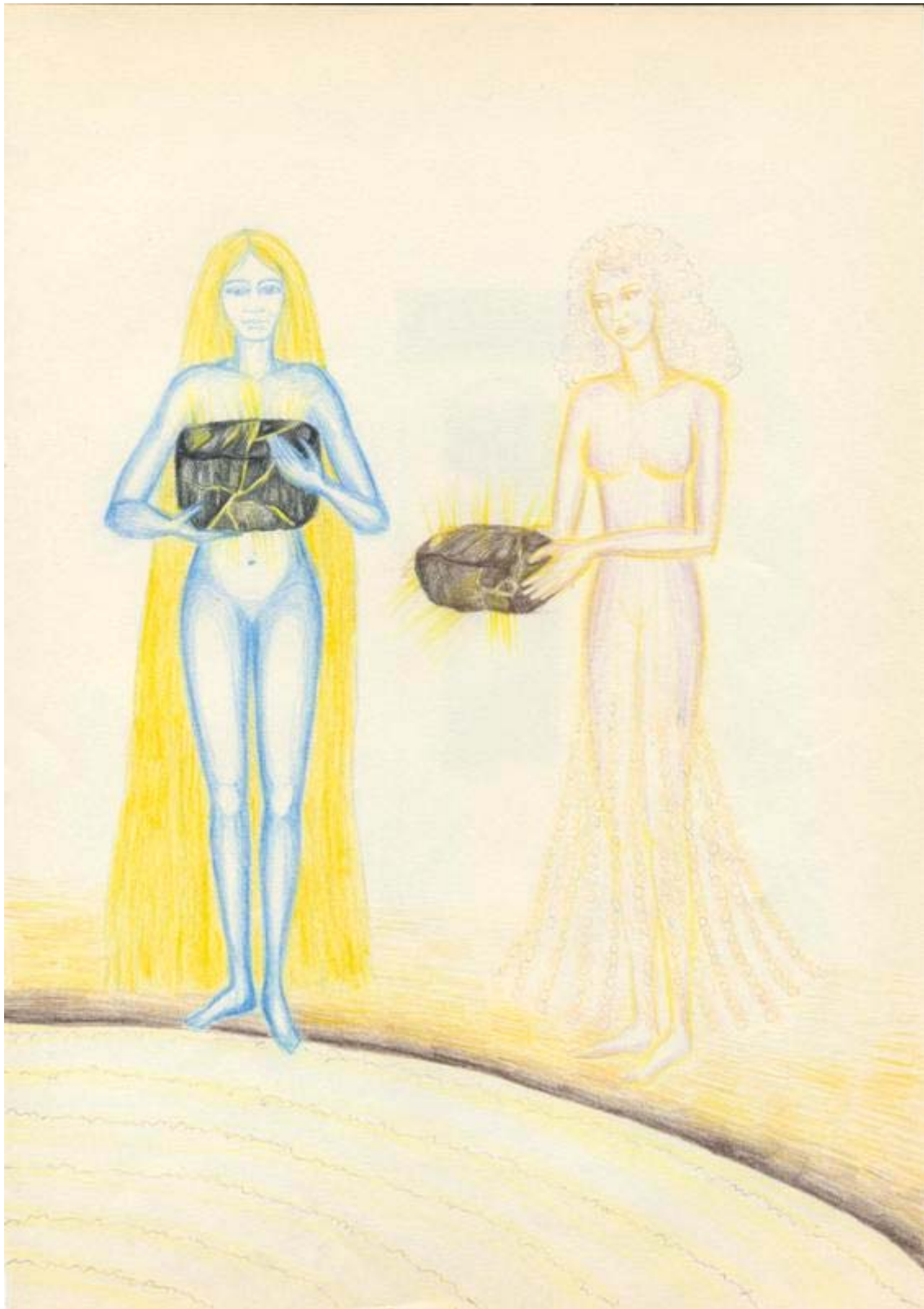
The Light whirl resembled to a churning and frothing fountain but its water was cool and balmy and as they reached its margin the Sorrow of the Pearl-crowned fay suddenly came out.

„Now put the Sorrow into your hands and throw it into the whirl!”

„I can't throw it!” – cried the Pearl-crowned fay in a scared way.

„You can, because you are able to do it” – That's what the other fay wanted to say but no voice could come from her throat as an ugly, slimy, slippery thing appeared in her hand at the precise moment.

Then she realized that there is a much bigger Sorrow nestling inside her, from a much longer time and she felt that it stick to her hands, slip into her arms and doesn't want to leave her. She saw the Pearl-crowned fay throwing her Sorrow into the Light whirl then bending to the water and washing her hands while some little flames of the water are stroking her hands welcoming; then she looked at the Pearl-crowned and smiled: „If she could do it, I may succeed, as well.” – she thought and her Sorrow fell into the whirling waves and she understood that the only creature she helped on that day was just herself.



The fire-hearted girl

A long time ago, far-far away there lived a girl whose heart was made of fire. Even in winter, when everybody was shaking with cold, she was walking playfully among the falling snowflakes because she didn't feel the touch of the ice-crystals. When she was walking in the forest, every game of the forest welcomed her and followed her. When she took a rest on the meadow, the games and birds gathered around her so as to warm at the fire of her heart.

The deers surrounded her and bent their heads on her shoulder, the rabbits jumped into her lap and the birds hid into her palms. And she smiled at each of them and listened to what they said and meanwhile she covered them with her warmth as with an eiderdown.

She forgot about being tired, hungry and thirsty and she just listened to the dispute and squabble of the birds as all of them wanted to get into her palm in order to warm themselves there. When the birds finished squirming and got quiet finally, she told fairy tales that rocked them into sleep like the burble of the sea. As she was telling the tales, the snow was melting around her; the flowers of the spring sprang forth wonderingly and turned their heads toward her. Whether she wanted it or no, the warmth kept flowing from her heart. The birds were sitting on her palm panting and she stroked them and they fell asleep happily in the soft warm.

The fire-hearted girl was sitting on the meadow in the middle of the snow-sea on this little green island and the games and birds were fast asleep. She smiled while she was watching the waving snowfield and she didn't ask why this all has to happen this way.

The fire-hearted girl behaved like this because she couldn't behave in another way.



The bird closed in ice

Once upon a time, far-far away there lived a beautiful bird. Its beak was as red as fire, its wings were as blue as sky and its eyes were as black as tufa. This bird built a sketchy nest from pieces of branches and green moss on the bald rocks of the shore. He didn't build it really carefully and he didn't really care about filling it with soft feathers and spider webs because he rarely inhabited it.

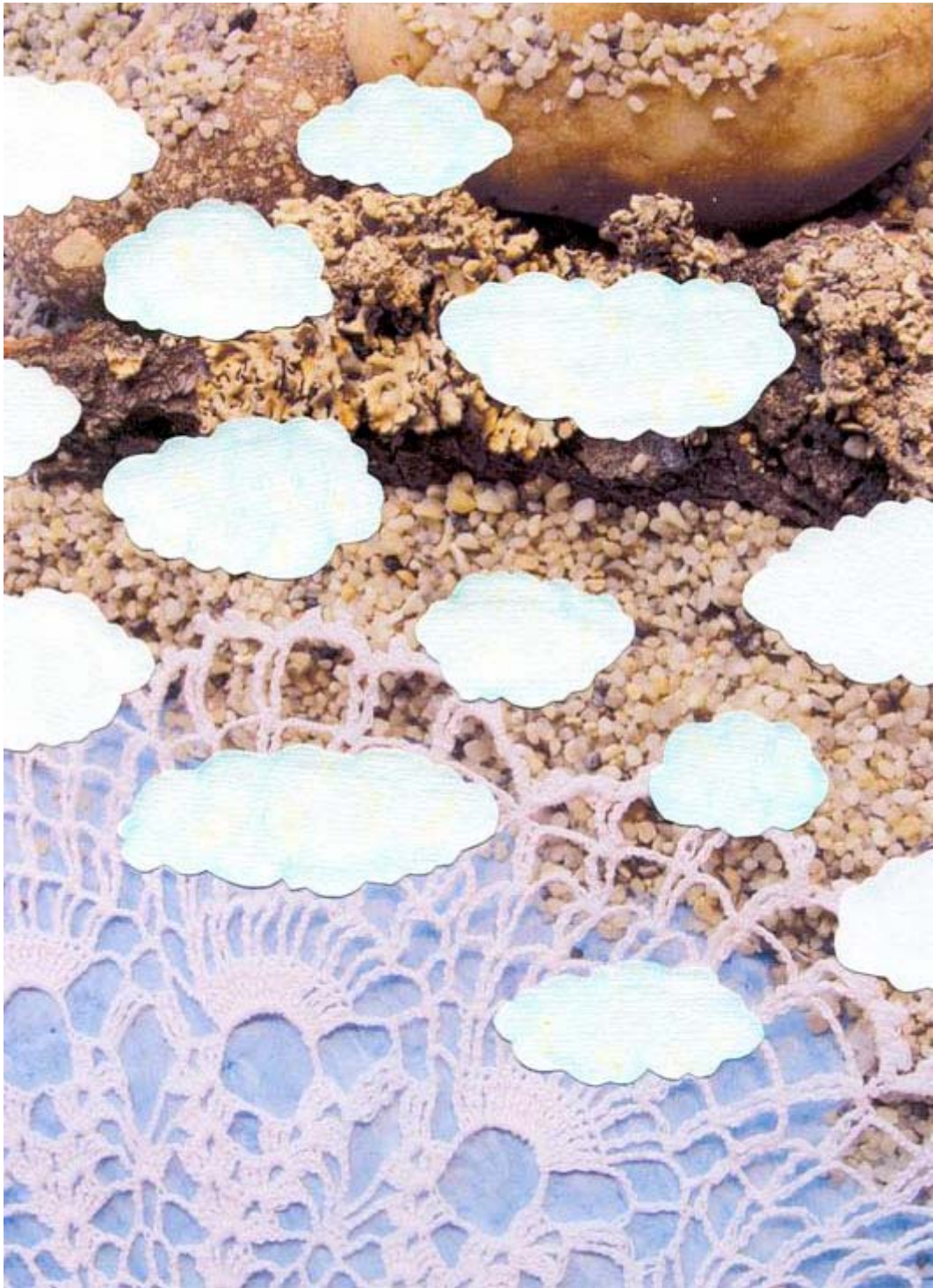
He liked flying the most. He was a little bird, light as a feather hence he easily lifted to the skies on the wings of the wind. When he flew up, he always looked at the far distance; he never looked down, at the stormy sea because he was interested only in what is higher and higher. He always stared the horizon or the starry sky with his black, bright eyes. Sometimes he took rest on the brink of a cloud and when he looked down from there, he saw the gigantic waves of the Operence sea as lace, the rugged rocks of the shore as unimportant pebble debris and the trees of the primeval pine-grove as lichen settlement. In fact, he felt home on the wavering surface of the drifts and the sparkling world of the ice-crystals on the high sky. These times he felt that only a wing-beat parts her from the skies, but he never performed this last win-beat.

One day, the Operence sea was extremely wild and it was beating the rocks furiously but the bird didn't really care that as he never paid attention to the ground. As always, he started his travel, but he didn't get far. The sky got dark in a short minute and black rain started to fall in big drops.

Being completely drenched and jaded, chilled with ice he squirmed back to his nest. It was the first time that he regretted not seeking for a sheltered haunt and not filling his nest with anything but dry twigs. Soaking wet and being cold he bet that as soon as the heavy, black hail ends, he will surely repair this bald nest but the storm didn't seem to calm, it even got always heavier.

The bird felt frozen, his cold feathers stick on his body and suddenly he felt that he cannot move any more.

And the storm kept blowing great guns, snowflakes and ice spills were whirling in the hurricane, the sea hove blackly and the wild waves were tearing the rocks of the shores with thousands of hands.



It got colder and colder and the water slowly froze on the beautiful feathering of the bird and surrounded him with an armour hard as stone.

The other day the sun started to shine and the bird closed in ice were sparking into the sunshine like a rainbow-coloured diamond.

It was a complete incident that the Water fay got there jiggling on the waves of the sea. As she got closer to the shore she caught sight of the strange sparkling and she ventured closer curiously.

„See, a bird made of ice!”

She wasn't thinking for a long time, she grabbed her silver mirror and directed the sun beams to the bird so as the sun can melt down the ice-skin with its warmth from her. The beams got into the black eyes of the bird, they blinded him and he tried to cry that may it be anyone, he or she should stop it, shouldn't blind him but he couldn't even move. The ice-skin started to melt. The Water-fay put the bird into her hands and told her:

„What did you do, my silly little bird? Why didn't you build yourself good, soft nest, maybe you don't know how to do it? Now I am going to show you!”

The bird wanted to say that he knows how to do it but he didn't want to do it but he thought it is better to stay silent. He panted sodden and peeped twice that the Water-fay interpreted that yes, the bird wants her to show how to build a nest.

The fay was spinning and stitching the spider webs and leaves and finally she fanned the whole with the silk band of her cloth. She gently put the bird into the ready nest then jumped down from the rock onto wavy foam and ran away while laughing.

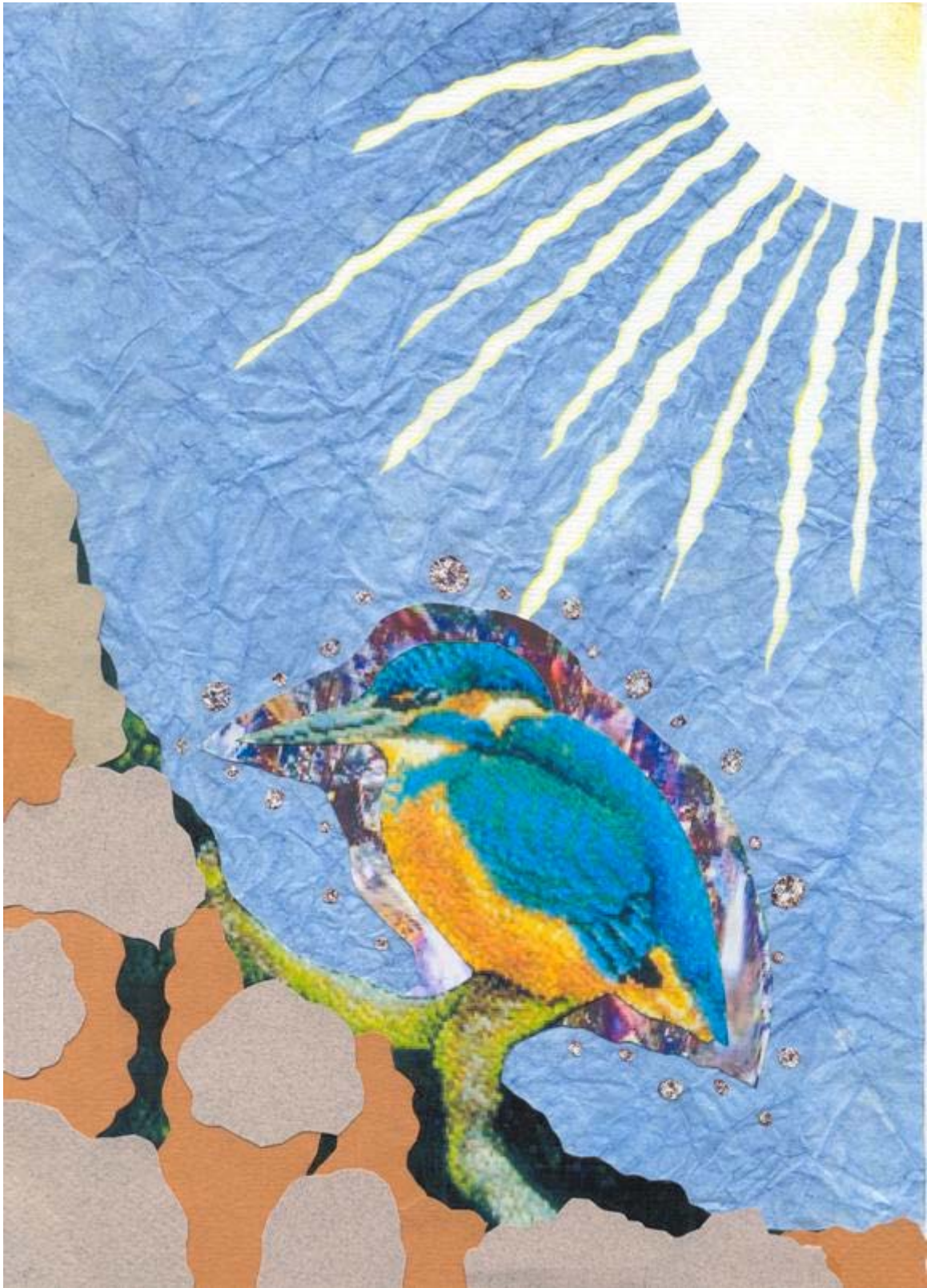
The bird was wiggling in the new nest and settling his feathers that started to dry.

He was very angry.

He was red with anger, he was huffing and tweeting furiously, he was in an awful bating about the silly, sot-headed fay and meanwhile he was stroked and warmed by the new nest. He was angry with the Water fay because she almost blinded him with her mirror and he felt his heart being pierced where the sunbeam kept shining on it. In him the deep anger he even forgot to think for a moment and in this precise, empty moment his feathering split all along and he was scared to see that the sun lights up in the place of his heart. He touched the sun on his heart and felt how profusely bright it is but he didn't dare to look at it as it was so beautiful. He took a deep breath, stroked his face with his hands and his eyes were seeking for the Water fay. He tried to chirp but he only could shout:

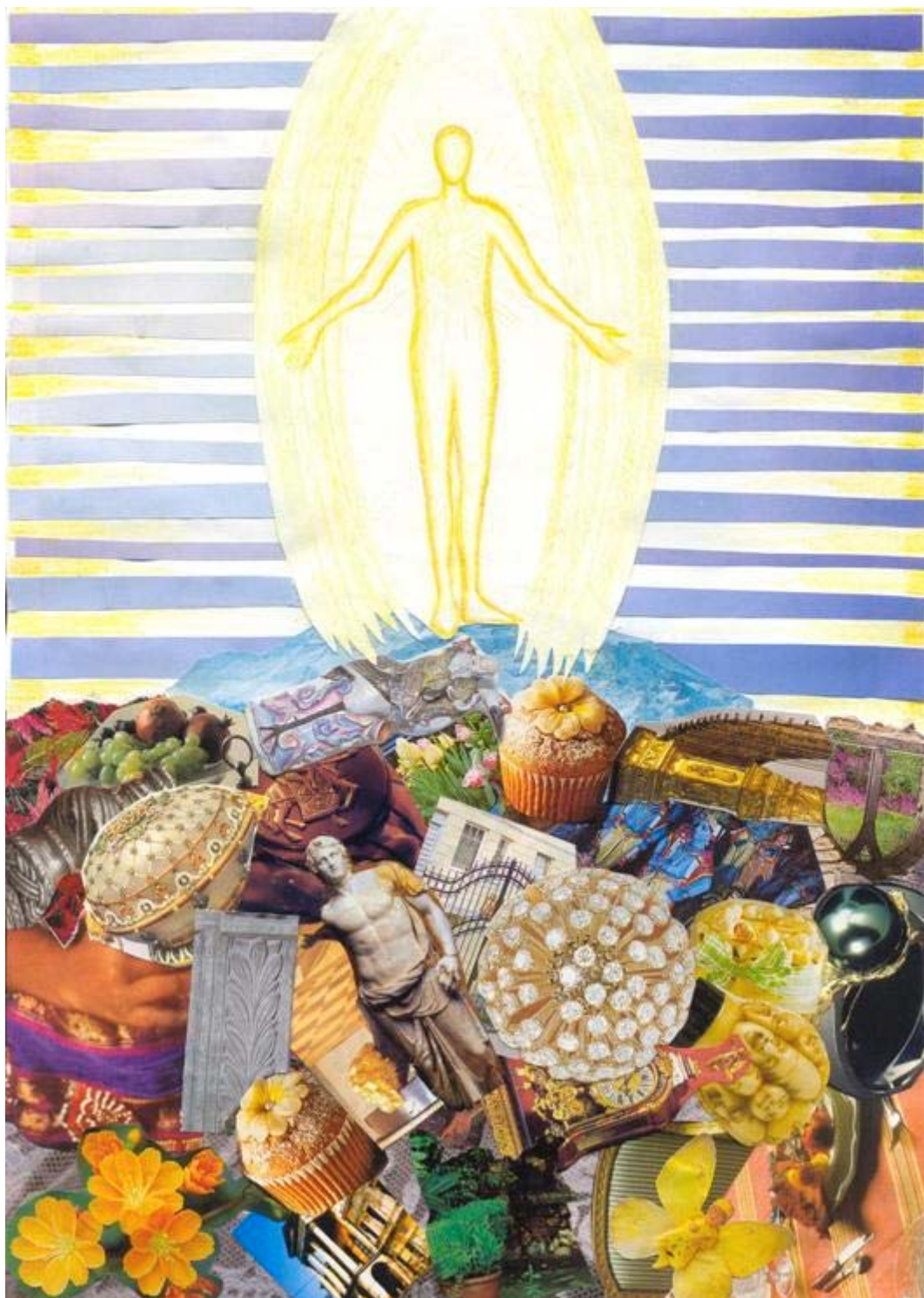
„Wait me!”

The fay turned back, waved to him and laughed.



The awakening of Buddha

Buddha got the light when he caught sight of a boat on the river in which a person was playing the violin. Buddha shouted out: „How ridiculously simple it is! If the string is strained, it snaps and if it is too loose, it won't sound.” Then he jumped up, left the dumbfounded ascetics who were just eating their usual bird droppings and he cheerfully ran to the river, washed down the grime of ascetics that have covered him from months then went to the shepherds, drank fresh goat milk, ate cheese and bread, made love with one shepherdess. They were watching the sunset together, smiling, then they had sweet dreams on the pieces of leather flung onto the hay. Next day at dawn he got up, as he has slept enough, he had a breakfast, thanked for the hospitality smilingly and left. Thereafter he did only such things that he felt as his own.



Csuang-ce's smile

„Music cleans people's feelings.
The invisible sound moves and unites the hearts of people.
The music is a bridge towards the invisible world.”
(Ji King)

Csuang-Ce came down from the mountain where he has been living for years. At the gate of the grange the janitors greeted the lord of the house with a deep bow. His wife ran for him when hearing the news, hugged him happily and led him into the salon while she instructed the servants with a wave of her hand to make a hot bath, bring him clean clothes, make lunch and aerate his old room as the lord of the house came home.

Csuang-ce was listening to her wife smiling, as she reported about the state of the economy, showed him the letters from the governor and the mandarin, opened the cupboards one after the other in which there were gifts from the respecters of the master: jade statues, landscape rolls, china tea-set. Chuang-ce didn't say a word, he just watched his wife, the cloud-hairdo, the little cherry-coloured lip and the sallow-leaf eyebrows. He tried to look into her eyes and he even talked to her in a dumb language. In the meantime the lunch got ready.

Chuang-ce didn't talk to anyone, he just smiled. The children brought their writing-books, their embroideries, their drawings and finally they asked him to go with them to float boats made of paper. They floated the boats at the brook till evening and they laughed when a boat stuck and they laughed when a boat moved on or turned around. When the last boat floated away and evening fell, Csuang-ce rounded up the children and they walked home. The old apartment was cleared already, incenses and candles were burning and crispy bedclothes – smelling like sun – covered the pillows last used a long time ago. The most beautiful roses of “Hopey” of the garden were spreading their sweet smell from the blue china dish. Csuang-ce sat on the veranda, brought out his flute and started to play. The sounds of the flute being heard so long ago made his wife come to him and sit next to him sighing: „God, how beautiful this song is. I remember that you have always been the master of this instrument but now, if its possible you play it even better than that time long ago when I got to know you. Do you remember what it was like?” Csuang-ce put down the flute.

The wife was explaining all night long how much she missed her husband and how much she waited him to return so as to be together with him again. Csuang-ce was listening to her, he was smiling and the women went to sleep with satisfaction.

At dawn Csuang-ce started back to the mountain without saying good bye to anyone. He came down from the mountain for his wife because he hoped that she would go with him and they could go on together. The gloom pressing his heart made his steps heavy in the dawn mist but then the sun pushed through and went like this: „Then next time!”

Csuang-ce brought out his flute and started to play.



Soul of Ré

Ré, the king of Atlantis stood in the silence of the sunrise and was watching the ocean. The sunbeams of the dawn spread out on the waves making it look like the sun poured blood over the foams. Ré was remembering. He had many children but the birth of his first daughter was the most significant for him, for he created her from light with the power of his will. He asked God for a higher spirit, and since God loved him, he sent him one of his obedient servants this way revarding both of them. With the Permission of God the girl stepped out of the ligt, she wasn't born from a mother. Ré named her 'Soul of Ré' ang God nodded with a smile 'let it be'. Soul of Ré wasn't the only light-child. Many spirits like her walked the surface of the earth back then. She wasn't extraordinary, she didn't think she was either.

'The world is changing now, Atlantis is over'- thought Ré. 'Why does it have to be like this? Maybe because we were too happy, too secluded?'. He asked God, and he said: 'You must go on.' 'Go on? Where to?'- and he couldn't hide the sadness from God that awoke in his heart because of loosing Atlantis. He tried to throw it into the glittering sea, but he couldn't throw it away, it stuck to his heands. 'Who could stop it?' – he asked, but he didn't hear God's response.

"Father! "- Soul of Ré adressed him softly, she floated to him and embraced him. They didn't need words to tell eachother how beautiful the dawn in Atlantis is, how do the cloud-blooms burst into flower and how they wither, and how the salty vapour sprinkles freshness onto their faces. The golden rays of the sun whirred around them and Ré's sadness ceased for a moment that seemed infinite. 'You keep something from me. You can tell me, you know that.' Soul of Ré smiled at him. 'I love you Father.' She didn't try to hide her heart nor give a name to the thing dancing in it by saying it out loud. She only sent a blooming rose to Ré.

"59 days more."

"Tomorrow I will go to the lake, because I would like to see it once more"

"It's pointless. It's already in your heart."

"Still I will go. We go at dawn"

Ré nodded 'all right'.



Soul of Ré and Strength of God ran down the path with soft steps. The forest pealed of the noises of birds and insects, the throb of the waterfall could be heard from the distance. They reached the verge of the forest together with the brook where the mountain broke away to the deepness. The water from the brook fall down rumbling, spreading mist over the valley. In the valley an eternal rainbow glittered in the sunshine. 'We survive, they die.' 'Soul of Ré look at me!'- Strength of God stepped closer to the girl. 'You don't have to be afraid of anything while you are with me. I will protect you, I won't let anybody do you any harm.' Soul of Ré wasn't afraid, his words washed away her fears. While she was listening to him she felt that the fearlessness overwhelmed her and flows over her face, shoulders and back. "It's beautiful, thank you."- she smiled at Strength of God. He took a deep breath and felt that he is immensely strong and enormous, like a glorious, delightful divine creature. They held each other's hands and jumped off the cliff. The vapour washed through their hearts, the wind combed their hair.

They swept through the rainbow and descended to the shore grabbing the golden web of the light. They took off their clothes that were damp of the vapour, throw them onto the grass and ran into the water chortling and splashing, than swam racing with each other. When they got exhausted they lay onto the surface of the water and watched the fish wordlessly. At this moment the thought of passing found them and patted them on the shoulder. They swam to the shore and lay on their backs on the grass. Strength of God embraced Soul of Ré and they stared at the sparkling blue sky.

„Waterflower, my love!”

„Silverlotus, my love! Well, I'm not your wife yet, you can't call me on my wifely name!”

„Waterflower, I will propose to you when we get back.”

„My father wouldn't approve, because then I won't go with him on his ship. He won't let that happen.”

Soul of Ré and Strenght of God looked at eachother, they both tried to smile. Soul of Ré sat up when she felt that the first teardrop ran out of her eyes. She curled up and started to cry loudly and unstoppeddly. Strength of God embraced her, pulled her close to himself, kissed her hair her hands and her face. „Don't cry, don't cry!”



They went home at night at fullmoon. The journey back required more preparaton because they had to ascent high. They sat meditating int he suitable position for four hours to get theit energy lines opened enough. At two o'clock in the morning when they saw the lifting-energy threads by the moonlight they started off. At first they floated slowly swaying above the ground for a few minutes and then lifted up getting faster and faster. They flew above the hillside and for a few minutes they were just looking at the landscape. They slowly turned around and descended onto the rugged pebbles of the hillside.

„This time would have been enough for us to climb up on foot.”

„Yes, but it's not the same.”

They smiled at eachother silently then went on hand in hand along the path. After one and a half hour's walk they arrived at the sanctuary of the god of the hill where after a short prayer and rendering thanks they fell asleep.

Soul of Ré sensed her father's call. She felt his impatience, anger, despair and she was frightened. She couldn't understand this message. She never saw him being impatient nor angry or desperate even when 273 days before the fist sign of devastation appeared. Soul of Ré ran like the storm, her dress was whirling after her. Her golden diadem slided down on her forehead and covered her eyes, but she tore it out of her hair and grabbed it in her hand. She arrived at the throne chamber in aglow, gasping, with her hair unbound. She put the diadem back in her matted hair with trembling hands. She saw Strenght of God standing in front of the throne. Her father sat ont the throne with his usual dignity, around him the judges, scientists and other respectabilitaties of Atlantis. Strenght of God looked at her smiling with rosy cheeks, his eyes gloing with happiness. „So you did it?” – „Waterflower!”. Soul of Ré looked around frightened. Ré frowned and looked angrily at Strenght of God. „I didn't give my blessings to you, how dare you give a name to a princess of Atlantis?” The girl felt that heart beat heavily, her mind went blank, only a xilophone played unbearably high notes in her head. The sound was born in her head and shivered through the whole. Ré said:

„Neither the time nor the place is suitable for a wedding. My decision is that we are going to deal with this question after we set foot on shore safely and foud a place to settle down at. Until then it's not good wasting time over this question. Soul of Ré is going to travel with me on my ship. It's decided, I don't want to hear a word more about it.”

Strenght of God bowed in front of Ré and left avoiding to look at anybody. Ré watched him leave and saw that his anger floates after him like a cloak. He saw as rose flew towards him from the hands of Soul of Ré: „Silverlotus!”



„I know what you are planning to do, who else would know it better than me, please don't do it, stay on my ship that way I won't worry. It will be very difficult to leave who knows what we should expect, don't make it even harder for the king by behaving in an irresponsible and foolish way.”

„Father, I love Strength of God.”

„It's foolish, try to understand it, the princess of Atlantis, who was born from the light can't run into the destiny so blindly. You were born to be a magic priest who cuts the karma.”

„I was born to leave and in a few days from now I won't be the princess of Atlantis.”

„Atlantis will always exist. It will leave on in our hearts. How can I hold you back?”

„Why didn't you let me marry him?”

„As soon as we are safe, you can marry him.”

„Father, if I won't see you again you must know that wherever I am, I am going to be happy because he is going to be beside me.”

Ré watched her turn around and run down the narrow ramp onto the shore and in the fog she rushes towards the further end of the port. Strength of God stood impatiently at the end of the ramp onto the shore. „Let's wait a bit more!” He stared at the fog with piercing eyes concentrating so hard that he couldn't even hear the hooters. Suddenly, a grey gown appeared from the fog flickering. „Waterflower!” „Silverlotus!” They ran up the ramp the anchor heaved with a creak and the waves slowly swung the ship towards the open seas.

„My love, I left without a blessing.”

„Your father loves you, you know that, don't you?”

„He didn't give us his blessing hence I can't be your wife.”

„But you can be my partner through foul or fair.”

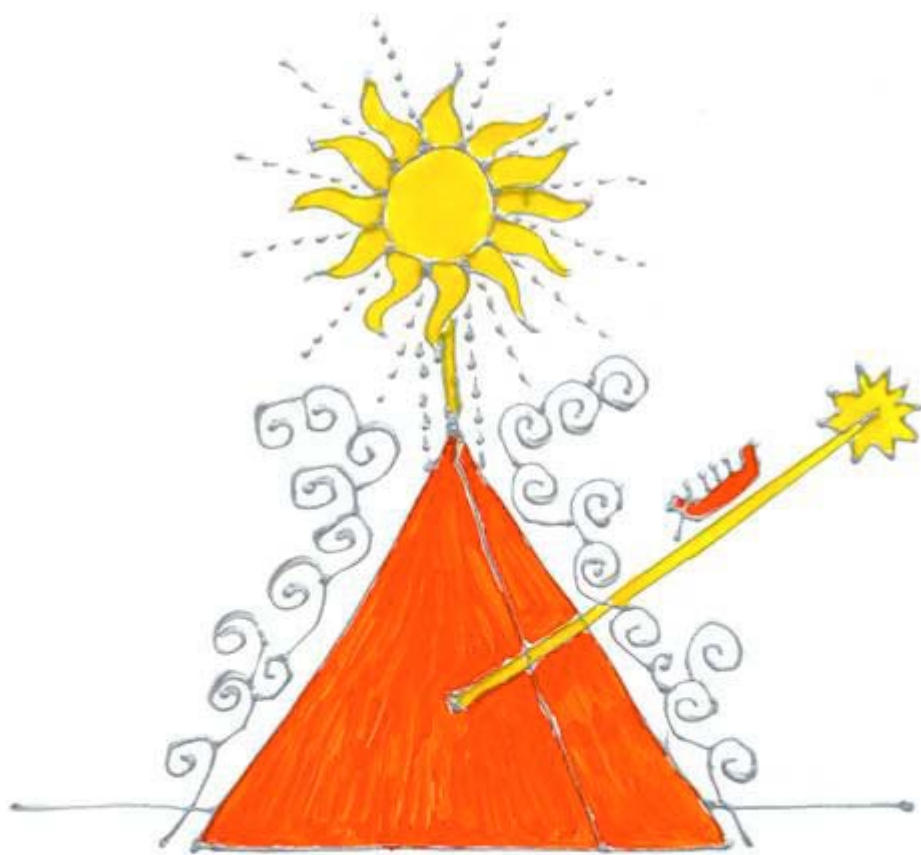
„Forever.”

„Let it be.”

The raging of the storm went on during the day as well the waves kept throwing sailing ship up and down. They fall down from the top of the mountain-high waves as if they were falling into a cleft. The salty water swept through the deck each time. Soul of Ré and Strength of God tied themselves to a railing near the steering wheel, where the railing gave them some kind of a shelter from the salty water. They were hugging each other soaked and exhausted. For hours they didn't talk only in the silent language. „Don't be afraid Waterflower!” „I am never afraid when I am by your side!” At that moment the pole broke in half, the ropes torn off with a wooshing, the ship tilted and the next wave crushed it on pieces. The roaring of the storm stopped, it wasn't raining any more, the air became warm their clothes didn't stick to their bodies like cold stone any more in fact they didn't even have clothes on. They opened their eyes and they saw that everything is illuminated by golden light, and in front of their feet magical lotuses bloomed as far as their eyes could see.



Ré stood at the top of the pyramid and remembered. He was 139 years old but he still could not forget the last scene, when Soul of Ré and Strenght of God faced the last wave sitting on the deck, smiling, embracing eachother without fear. He saw this picture, this last one every day and after all these years he couldn't forget his daughter's words: „In a few days from now I won't be the princess of Atlantis.” He understood it for a long time than, that he was arrogant and selfish, this way it was deeply a human deed to deny his blessings from them. He loved this memory with all of its bitterness and pain because this bitterness, pain and helpless anger, love worry and envy taught him that he is not a cosmic god any more only a mortal human.



The Speaking Book

“Seeking for happiness is a senseless search for Selfhood.
The guru does not induce the recognition of Selfhood,
He simply removes its obstacles.”
(Sri Ramana Maharsi)

Once upon a time there lived a damned girl whose fate was that she couldn't be happy. One day she decided to take the road so as to find out how this curse could expire from her. She kept going and suddenly she caught sight of a cottage in a forest and she went in. There was a gammer sitting inside, the girl greeted her politely and the gammer went like this: „Good evening, darling, but what brought you here, where there aren't even any birds?”

„Dear aunty, I am fed up with my damned life so I took the road to search the Curse so as to face it.”

„Oh, my dear, that's a big deal. Well, come and sit here, next to me, let me take a closer look at you. Your real problem is that your Hidden Treasure is in captivity, you have to search it and get it back. The way that you started on is a difficult and long one but so as you not to be alone, see, I give you this Speaking Book, if you have any trouble on this way just ask the book what to do, where to go on and you'll see, it is going to help you even in the most desperate situation! Now come and have a dinner with me then go to sleep, I will tell more tomorrow.”

So the girl had dinner with the gammer then laid down on the chimney corner onto a piece of leather, covered herself and fell asleep. At dawn she got up, boiled milk, toasted bread because she wanted to wait the gammer with a ready breakfast.

When the gammer got up she went like this: „I see you are a good-natured little thing. So, before you move on, I give you another piece of advice, don't forget it: the shine of one single candle is enough to dismiss the darkness but in the darkest place you have to light with the shine of your heart because then the Sun is going to light up in your heart and it is going to burn for you.” And now go on on this way until you reach a grange. My elder sister lives there, tell her that you are seeking for service and be her maid. Do your best in serving her faithfully, then you'll see you will get your reward! God be with you!”

The girl moved on, and reached the grange. In front of the house there stood a lady even much older than the previous one.

„I greet you, my dear gammer. Good afternoon!”

„I greet you, too, my dear daughter! What brought you here?”

„I am looking for service!”

„Well, you came to the right place! Come in, you can serve me. You can clean my house, you can weed out my garden.”

It happened so, the girl started to serve the gammer, she was cleaning, cooking, washing, hoeing, weeding all they long so the mistress was satisfied with her.



After three months the gammer went like this to the girl:

„You were working hard, you served me faithfully but now it's high time for you to move on. Here you are, I give you the reward of your service, a wand. This wand is of great worth, really! If you knock the ground with it once, the ground will open in that precise moment and will swallow even the greatest enemy. If you knock the ground twice with it, a door is going to open on the ground through which you can go wherever you want. Now you have to go on this road and search the Sky-high Tree and if you are lucky you are going to find the Old Wise next to the tree, he is going to help you to find your Hidden Treasure. Now go and have luck!”

The girl thanked for the gift politely and they said goodbye smilingly.

She went on through mountains and valleys, crossing seas and dry lands.

She kept wandering for two years like this and she became very tired and uncertain. Then the book came to her mind, she brought it out and went like this: „Where is the Sky-high Tree? Where can I find it?”

„You don't find it because you don't want to find it, as you don't have a decision about your fate yet, though you can choose freely, it is you yourself who has to decide about your fate. If you want to get on, you have to risk to give up the safe ground.”

„How could I have a decision about my fate?”

„Purify your heart!”

The girl didn't understand a single word from what the book said, she didn't understand how to purify her heart and why. She watched her heart and she kept watching it and suddenly she realized that there is something in there indeed: a rose. She looked at this rose but as she liked it very much, she left it in her heart and moved on together with it.

She has been wandering for another year and after the year has passed she brought out the Speaking Book again.

„I feel as if I haven't moved at all in the previous years, as if I stood in the same place stock-still.”

“The reason of the movelessness and stagnation is that the creative powers don't contact each other. The stagnation doesn't cease alone, a proper person is a must who is ready to stop it.”

„How could I become such a proper person?”

„Get to know yourself! Getting to know yourself does not consist of thinking about yourself idly but of observing the effects proceeding from you.”

„Tell me one more thing, Speaking Book! What is this thing that I am looking for actually, what is this Hidden Treasure and how does it look like?”

„In the heart the divine substantiveness is closed amongst natural aptitudes and affections and so it is in the danger of being lost in the crowd of desires and passions. Before you go on, take a look on your heart whether there is something in there that would be inconsistent with the will of God.”

The girl examined her heart again but there was only the rose in there. She had treasured this rose for a long time in her heart, she came to love it and she didn't want to part with it.

„Book, there is only my rose in my heart do you mean that I should throw it from there?”

„You can lose your treasure a thousand times but do not hunt it, you will find it on the seventh day.”

„You are evil!” – shouted the girl and without waiting for the answer she sank the book into her haversack.



She was very angry with the Speaking Book because that turned against the rose in her heart. She stirred her stump angrily on the path in the forest. Evening was already coming when she caught sight of a house having white walls and covered with shingle. There stood a gigantic, white tree in front the house. An old man was waiting in front of the house, his clothes covered with diamonds. Such beautifulness and light diffused from this old man that the girl involuntarily and deeply bowed while greeting him and she didn't dare to look at him as long as he went like this:

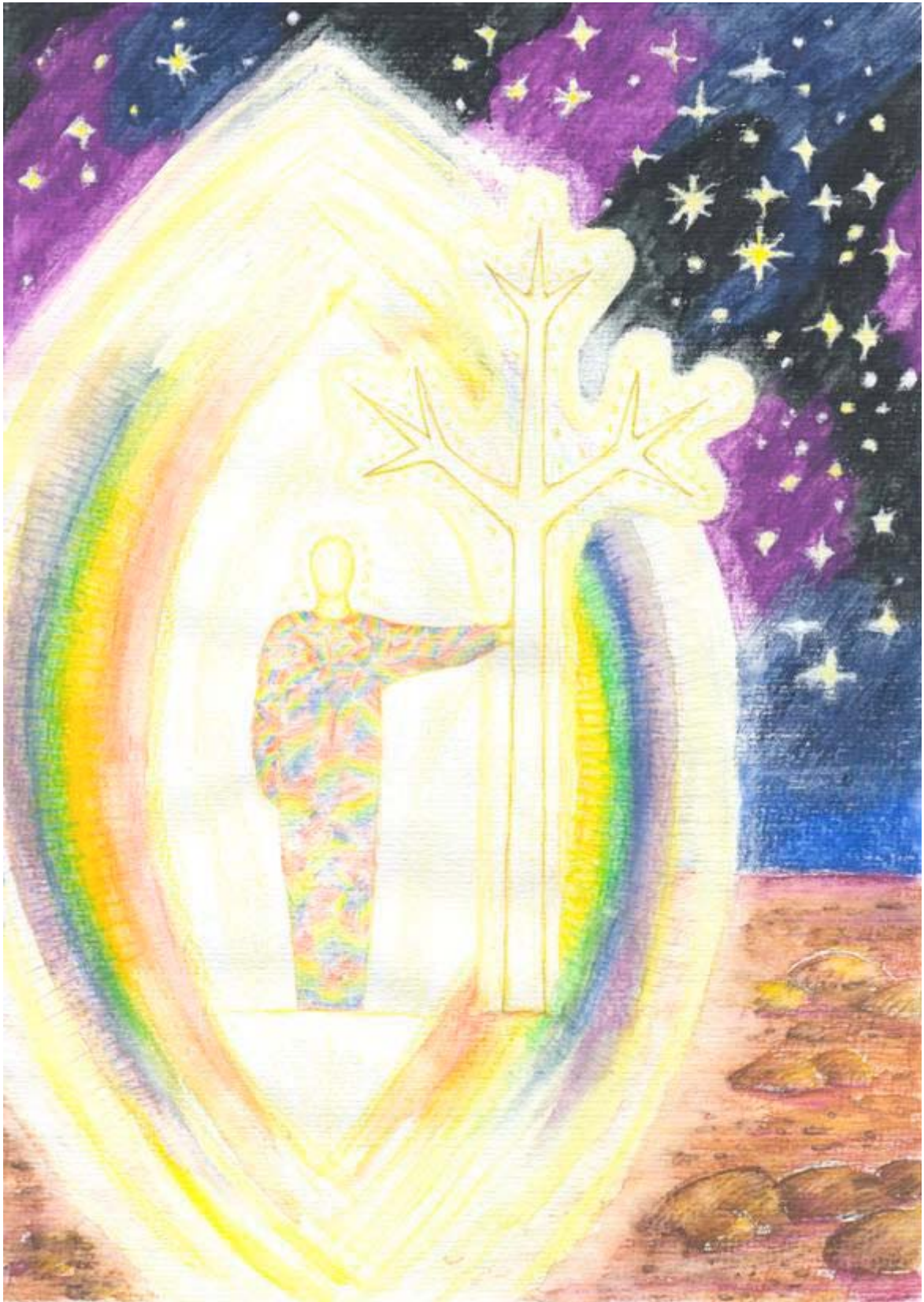
„I was waiting for you, my dear. A long way led you to my house but now do jubilate as your wandering is going to reach its end tomorrow. If you walk down on this meadow to the bottom of the hill there flows a brook, look for the bridge leading through it. On the other side of the bridge you can find the Sky-high Tree. ”

Now come and have a wash then take a rest because you have to start at dawn.

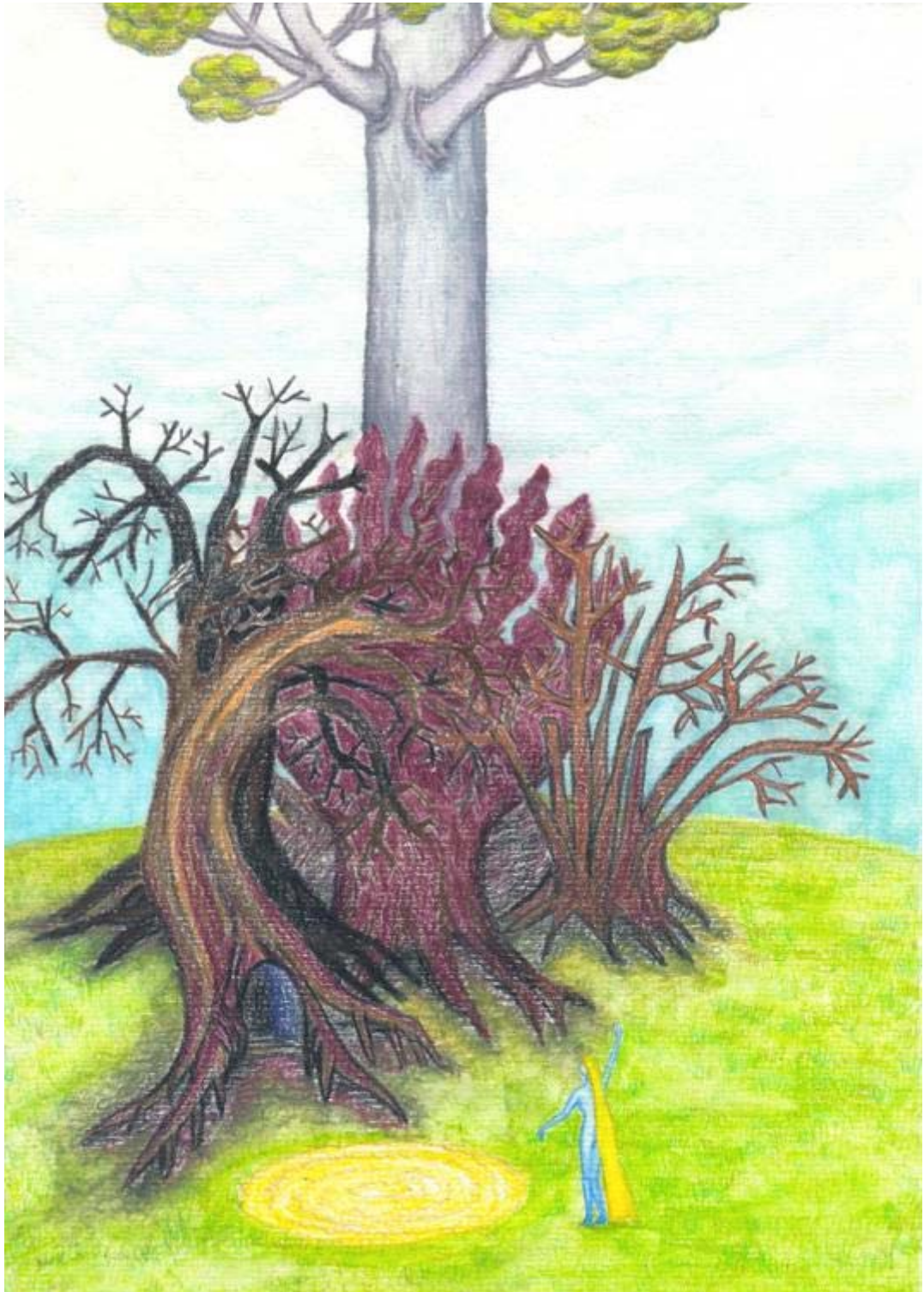
On the next day early in the morning she gathered herself together, thanked for the hospitality to the old man who went like this:

„If you happen to get in trouble at the Sky-high Tree, just think of me and shout this: „Guru, help me!” and I am going to help you. No move on!”

The girl wasn't able to say a word to thank for the goodness of the old man she just bowed deeply and started in the direction of the broom.



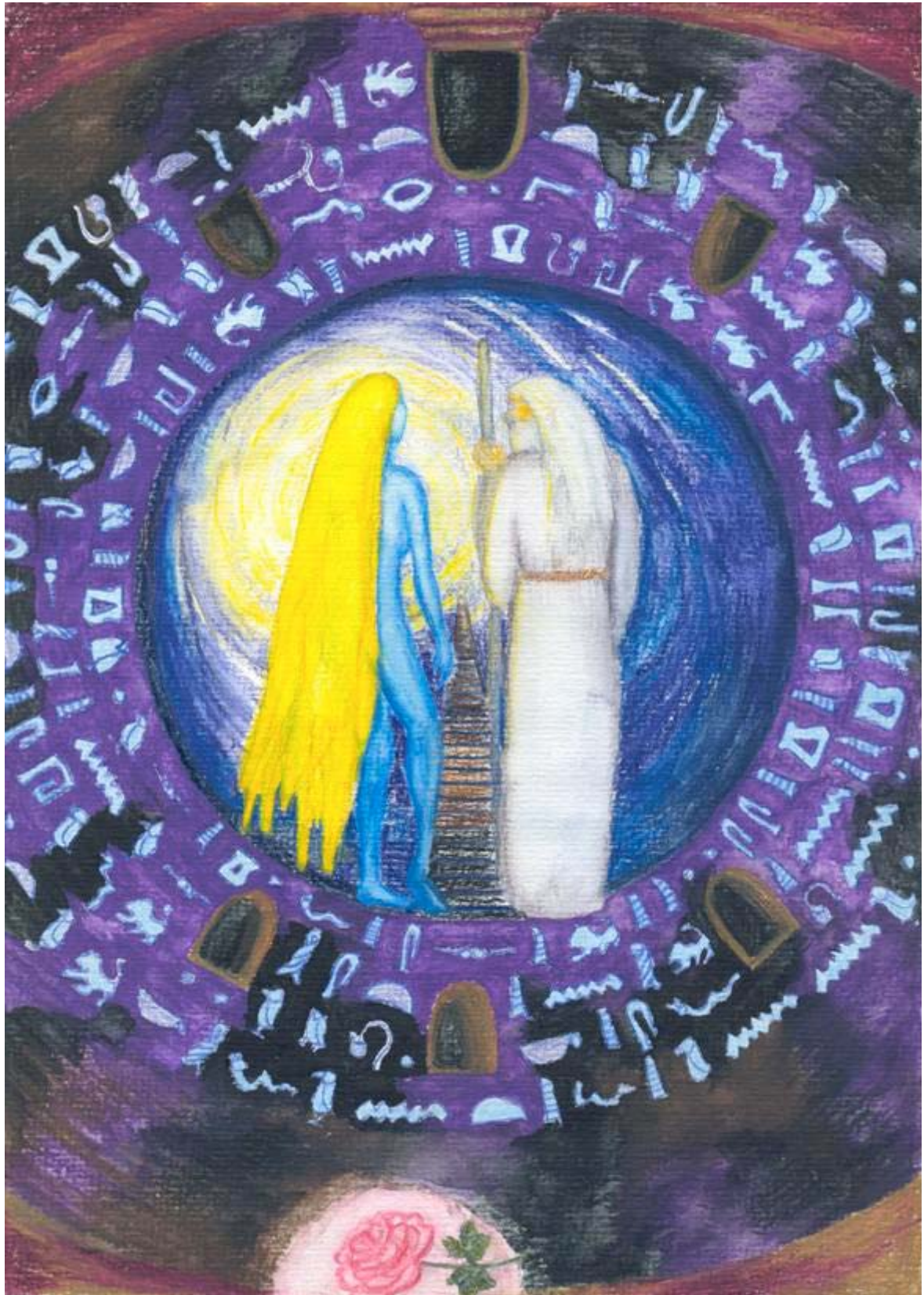
She noticed the severe wooden bridge from afar. When she had crossed the bridge, some pinny, dry trees frustrated his way. These trees were rolled together, they were ugly, sinister, threatening, dim black, their branches leant towards the ground unwisted. As she got closer to them she suddenly noticed the topping, silvery grey trunk of the tree, but she couldn't get to the tree as the dry trees frustrated his way sinisterly. He looked around, her eyes were looking for the Old Wise but didn't see him anywhere. The Sky-high Tree stood out from the dry, lifeless trees, its leaves had the alive green colour of spring, the wind fluttered its crown and the girl saw that it really reaches the sky. As she got closer to the group of the dry trees she saw that there is an entrance at the bottom of the closest one which lead to some chamber or cave, she couldn't see it exactly as it was dark as pitch inside. The girl knew that she could go inside but she felt this cave sinister and she didn't step in. She brought out her wand, knocked the ground and shouted: „Ground, open and swallow these dry, dead trees.” In that precise moment a crack opened from which light shot out and the dry trees fell into the crack one after the other clashing and the crack swallowed them leaving no tracks of them than closed. When all the dry trees disappeared, the girl could get to the Sky-high Tree. She went closer because as she saw, there was a figure with long, white beard wearing white clothes standing under the tree. That was the Old Wise. She went to the Wise, greeted him politely and was to say something in order to ask what to do when she saw that the tree turns around and see, there was a gate at the bottom of the Shy-high Tree, as well. The Old Wise didn't say a word but the girl knew even so that she has to go inside so she didn't hesitate to enter the gate and suddenly the wing of the gate slammed, darkness fell onto the place, she didn't see anything and she understood that she can't go out through that entrance so she has to find another way to get out. She was groping in the darkness in a clueless way but didn't find any door or crack. She didn't know what to do and finally she got very tired, she sat down, held her against the wall and fell asleep immediately. She was dreaming about the gammer who gave her the Speaking Book and she had a candle in her hand.



Next morning when she got up the dream came to her mind and she remembered the words of the gammer, as well and she understood that she has to light in the darkness because the light of a single candle is enough to dismiss the darkness but she hadn't got anything to light with but her heart so she had to light with that. She tried to light with the golden shine of her heart so as to see in the darkness but she didn't succeed because something hid the shine of her heart: the rose. So she took out the rose from her heart, she held it in her hand and then her heart started to shine as if the sun were shining on it and she was able to see in the darkness. She asked the Wise to come in because she knew that he can do that.

The Old Wise suddenly appeared next to the girl but he didn't do anything. The girl held the rose and in the silence she understood that she has to leave it off as she cannot hold it in her hand through the whole journey.

She looked around again; the place where she got in was small, the engraving of some writing could be seen on the wall and there were some chambers and there wasn't another door but the one she came in through but that was closed. She didn't read the writings, she wasn't interested in them, as they were not the thing that she came for. There was black packed soil there. She took a good look at the rose in her hand so as not to forget how it is then she let it fall onto the cool ground. She shouted out scared as she saw that her rose fell among a crowd of others. She was hit by a thought: how will she going to find her own and she was about bend down to grab it quickly but then the words of the Speaking Book came to her mind: „it is you who have to decide about your fate.” „Yes, to find the Hidden Treasure and go on is the most important thing now. My heart only lights if nothing hides its shine. So I leave here my rose, come what may. Come what God wants to happen.” The girl was going around the room again, she was touching all pieces of the wall, the letters of the writing and the breaks in the wall, she has been seeking for the way out for hours but she didn't find anything. She stood in the middle of the room in a clueless way, the Old Wise stood next to her motionlessly. Suddenly the old man came to her mind and she shouted: „Guru, help me!” She saw the space cambering and the ground rolling up. In that precise moment the she was left no legs to stand on and she fell back but she didn't fall onto the ground but she stayed floating above the ground and at that time she saw that there is a path inside the tree leading upside and she has to go on on that. She suddenly realized that she should have looked upside. She tried to lock out every thoughts from his head because she knew that the only method that makes her able to move on is to completely forget everything but this path laying before her. She stepped onto the path and started climbing up inside the tree. She tried not to think that it's not possible because then she would have fallen back. „What is dangerous about the sky is that it's impossible to climb it.” – remembered she the wisdom of the Book. „Yes – she recognized – because you don't have to climb or fly, you simply have to walk up there, but you can do this only if this is the most important thing in your life.” Her heart lighted up the trunk-corridor in which she was walking like on a ladder laid on the ground. She kept going. The Wise followed her silently.



She spread out her arms and her fingers touched the wall on both sides and then the trunk got covered with light gradually as she slid her hands on it. Finally she couldn't see anything else but light, but she persisted in going on. Finally she got out to the sky among the clouds. The fluffy drifts were floating next to her, their sides lighted by golden sunshine. The Sun was there, quite close, the road led there. The girl stepped into the Sun that was shining but didn't blind her. Inside the Sun there was silence and calm, the silence was like a glistening mist around her, it covered her and smiled at her. In the middle of the Sun there was the Moon, the Hidden Treasure. The Moon was glaring in a bluish colour like it does on the sky but it was a bit more blue as it was glittering inward. She grabbed the Moon and took it from the middle of the Sun. She wanted to take it but she couldn't. She wanted to put it into her belly but it didn't get through her skin. On her heart the Sun was shining, she succeeded in putting the Moon there. She was very surprised when she felt that the Moon remains there in the middle of the Sun being in her heart. She turned to the Wise and asked him: „Old Wise, I feel ashamed because of my lack of knowledge but I thought that the Moon's place is in my belly. Was I mistaken?”

„No” – answered the Old Wise smilingly „but the Moon sinks into the belly of a woman only if she is expecting a baby, other times its place is in the Sun shining in the heart. It is not hidden, you just didn't know that it is there. It has always been there because its place is there.”



The girl started back inside the tree and she didn't have any obstacles on her way back to the room below. A glass vase stood there filled with a whole of roses.

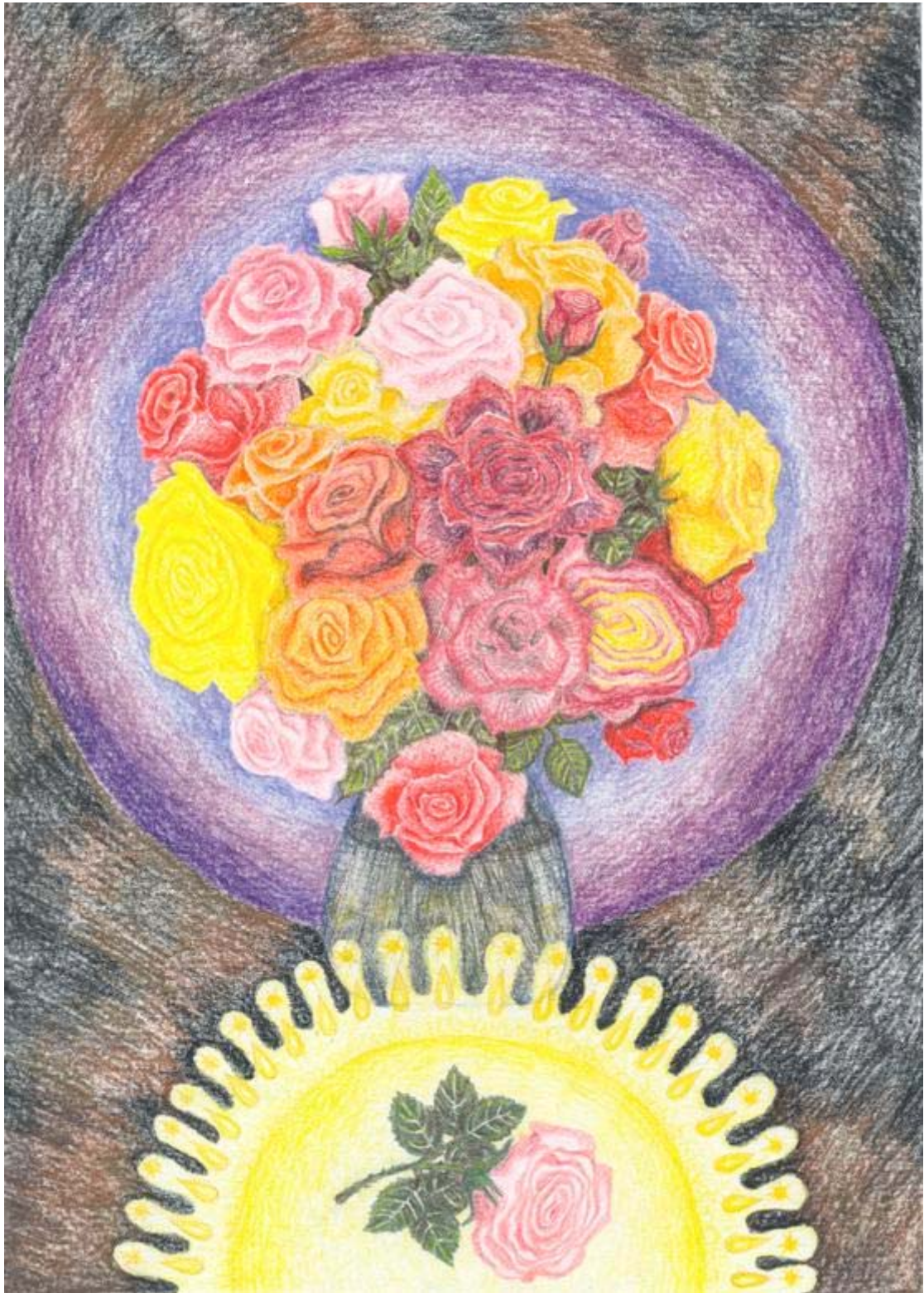
„Choose one if you want!“ – said the Wise. Find your own, the real one, choose one!”

The girl was standing in front of the vase full of roses and she decided to choose one, to try to find the one that she has left in the room. She was standing in front of the pile of roses and was thinking. She was seeking for hers. She found a similar one but when she took it from the vase, the rose started fading in her hand and finally it fell into dust. She took out another and the same thing happened. She realized that she is in trouble because if she doesn't pick the real one, the rose falls into dust. She felt that she doesn't have much time to stay here. She tried to choose with closed eyes, but she wasn't able to close her eyes so the next rose faded, as well.

She desperately asked the Old Wise to help her in finding her own rose. The Wise looked at her silently. Suddenly the heart of the girl flashed and at the shine of her heart she caught sight of a rose with short stalk on the ground. „Oh, that's mine!“ – shouted she out and without thinking she picked it up from the ground and plop!, she put it into her heart. The girl watched the Wise silently and smilingly: „It is the Real One, isn't it? You could not have given it into my hand because I had to choose freely, but you could put it onto the ground, I just had to find it. Oh, My Lord, how tricky you are!”

It was impossible to get out through the entrance door but the girl knew it even when the door have slammed. She brought out her wand, knocked the ground twice and shouted: „Take me where I want to be, under the Sky-high Tree!”

It was a sunny afternoon when they arrived. The spring-like meadow was buzzing and the wind was carrying the smell of wild flowers here and there. The girl bow down in front of the Wise and rendered thanks this way then started backwards.



She stopped at the house of the old man and knocked in so as to render thanks to him, as well. The old man came out and the girl went like this:

„I don't know how to thank that you have done for me!”

As she uttered this she noticed that her heart lights up and a beautiful flower is blowing inside; it was a lotus, its petals were made of liquid light and on the tops of the petals it was rosy blush. This was the most beautiful flower she has ever seen. She took it from her heart and gave it to the old man.

By evening she got to the house of the gammer who gave her the Speaking Book. After dinner when she has already finished telling everything inside out she asked:

“Tell me, dear old lady, why was I damned?”

„You was not damned, my dear, you just weren't blessed, either so you had to find your missing blessing in the Upper World, because that did remain in the Upper World. This Hidden Treasure that you took from the middle of the Sun was the blessing and now it is shining inside your heart where it keeps being.”

Bow down

Thank for the goodness of my masters!

Thank for the love of my friends!

Thank for the wickedness of my ill-wishers!



The witch

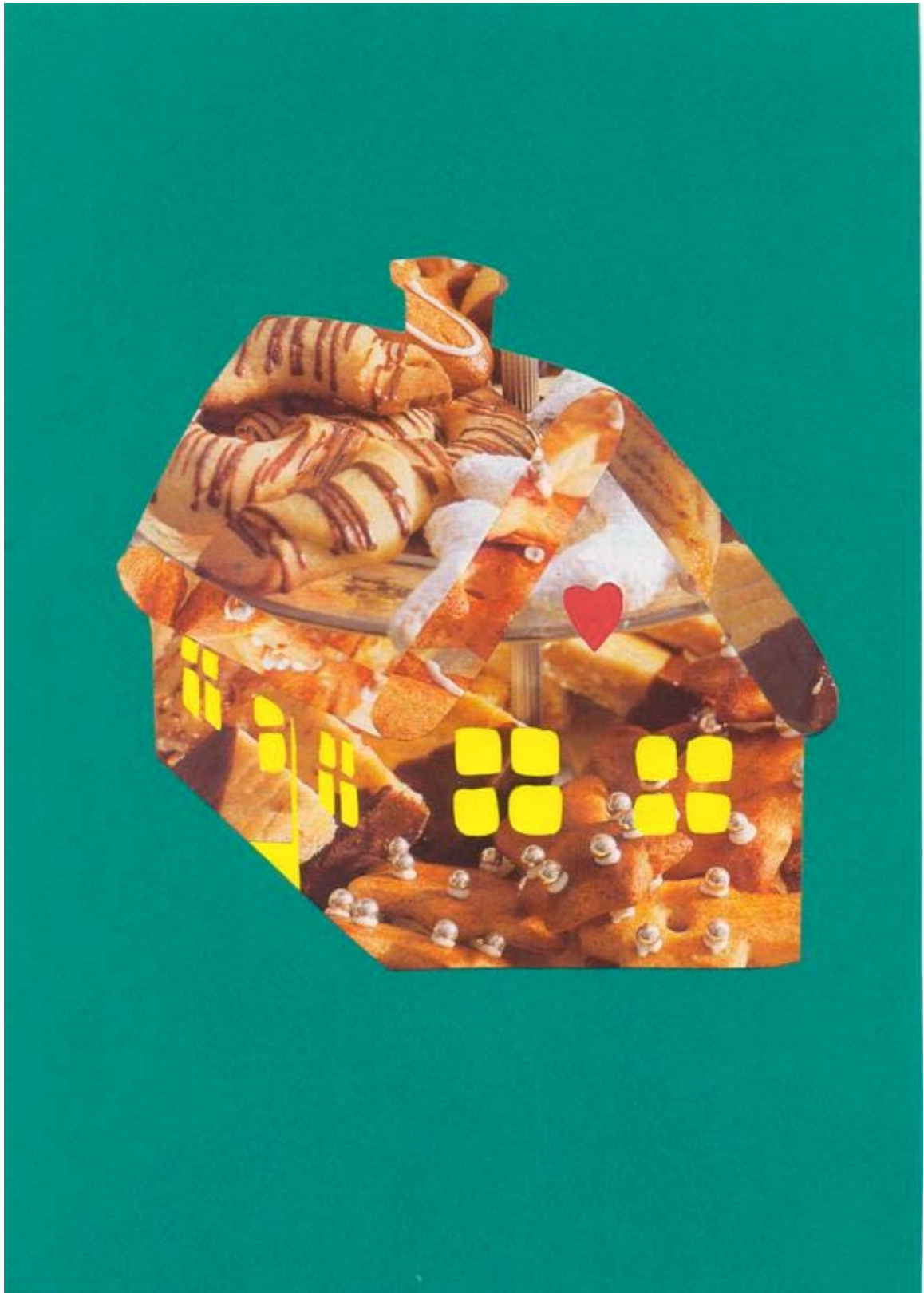
Once upon a time there lived an evil witch in the middle of a round forest in her honey-cake lodge. This witch was here all alone and in her loneliness she was thinking of her old offences all the time. Every morning she heated her furnace in the hope that somebody is going to happen along who she can bake and eat up but nobody was wandering there.

One morning the witch got up in a very bad mood, because she had an awful dream that night. She dreamt that two kids happened to get there and she captured them – as they were eating at her table. She made a servant from one of them and fattened up the other but instead of ending up in the furnace they did throw her into the fire on a peel, shoulder to shoulder. This dream made her low so she didn't do anything that morning she didn't even lay a fire, she was just loafing about in her garden among the marzipan garden gnomes and the meringue flowers. She broke down a piece of her caramel fence and started to chew it moodily. „I say! Who had ever seen such nasty children! How different it was in my time!” – she was sniffing like this.

It was the first time that it came to her mind that not all the things work in the way she wants them to work, that world can be different from what she expects it to be, and that the world might want something else than she.

„What an injustice! Could it be possible...?”

The nightmare depressed her undeniably.



There was a lukewarm, sleepy afternoon when the small golden bell of the chocolate gate started jingling. The crone looked out of the sugar-ice window carefully but she couldn't really make out who is standing there as she couldn't see well even when wearing her glasses. The steps of the visitor already blattered on the garden path covered with rock-candy. The visitor was coming towards the door with slow, convenient steps then knocked in. The sound of the knock was short and tubby on the door made of gingerbread. The crone didn't say a word, she might have had suspected something bad and the door got opened. There was a man standing on the threshold.

„Good afternoon! I am looking for the evil witch, is she at home?”

The witch came ahead leaning on his stick, crippling along unnaturally and she yammered in a wobbly, lamentable voice: „Alack! Good afternoon for you, too, come in, it is only me here, poor old women, I live here alone in this for...”

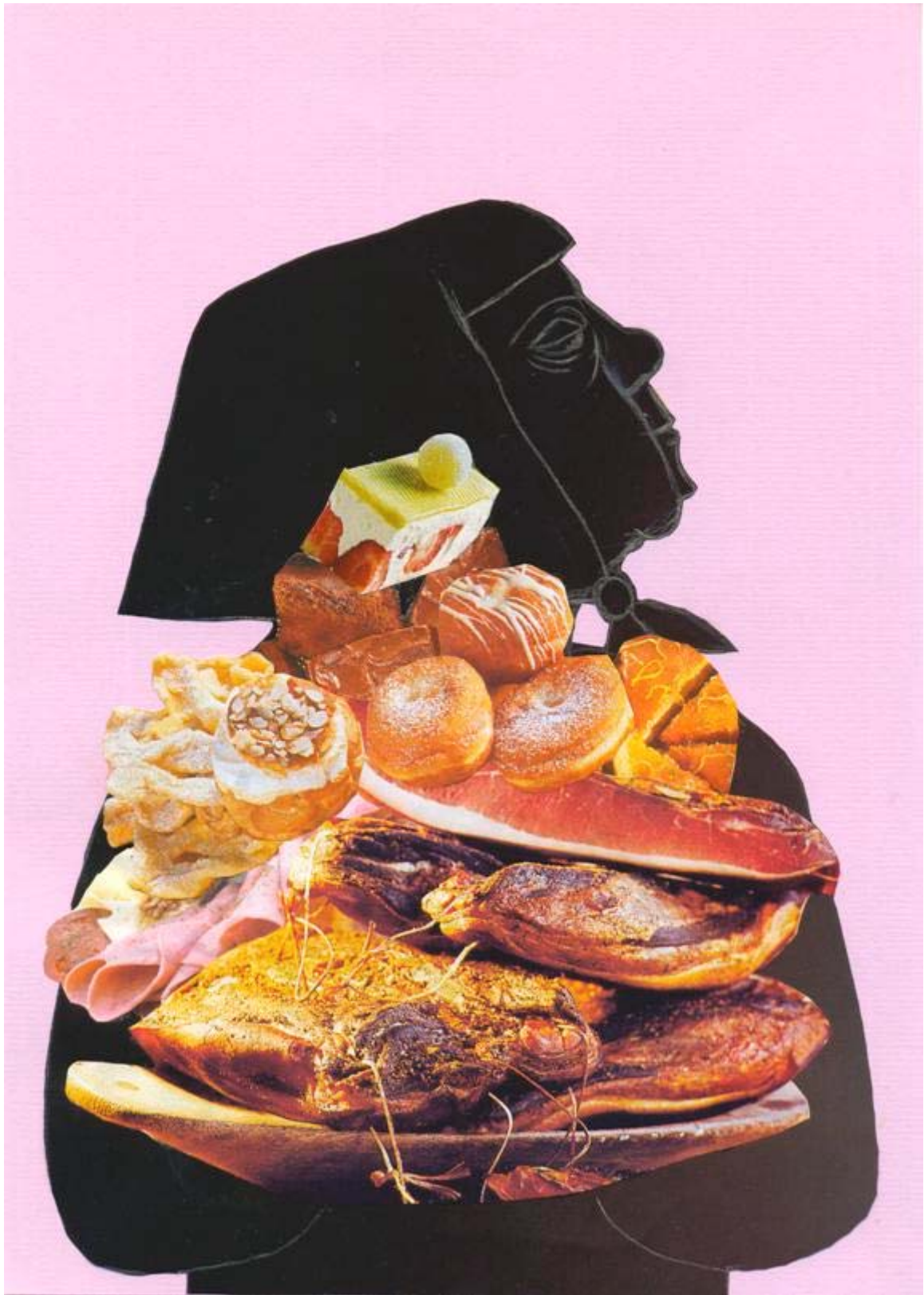
„Ah, so you are at home. Take away your stick, you don't need that and feel free to speak clearly. I know you well and I came to help you.”

When the crone stepped to the table and leant her stick against the armchair, a disturbed smile could be seen on her face and she went like this:

„Dear wanderer, you must be hungry, I bring you a roasted duck right now and I bring you some legs of pork, pâté, cider, blackberry pie and there is some...”

The wanderer lifted his hand smiling and interrupted the nice offerings.

„I don't accept anything from you because I know that your food is poisonous and you capture and eat up those who have a single bite from it. Please, sit down and listen to me for your own sake, this is your last chance before you meet your doom.”



The witch wanted to play the indignant at first, she thought she is going to clang a bit about having such an uninvited visitor who speaks evil of her table but as she looked into the diamond eyes of the wanderer, she found it better to keep quiet. She lumped down at the rim of the bench. She was confused from what these eyes told her, she felt that these eyes see through her, see all of her sins, all of her wasted life. What she saw in these eyes, threatened her, because all that she could see in them was grace.

The visitor broke the silence:

„Look here! Don't be sitting here lonely anymore, finish eating people, leave this whole, go away from here and leave these useless things.”

„But I have eaten so many people so far... ”

„This is not a reason for eating even more. And it doesn't matter what you have done what matters is what you are going to do in the future. Change your way!”

„Yes, but what about that great amount of sins that I have committed?”

„You have committed many deeds before and you are going to commit many more in the future. You haven't fulfilled the will of God, live your future life in a way in that you can fulfill it. If you have gone on wrong lines so far, that's not a reason for go on with this. Look at me, what do you see?”

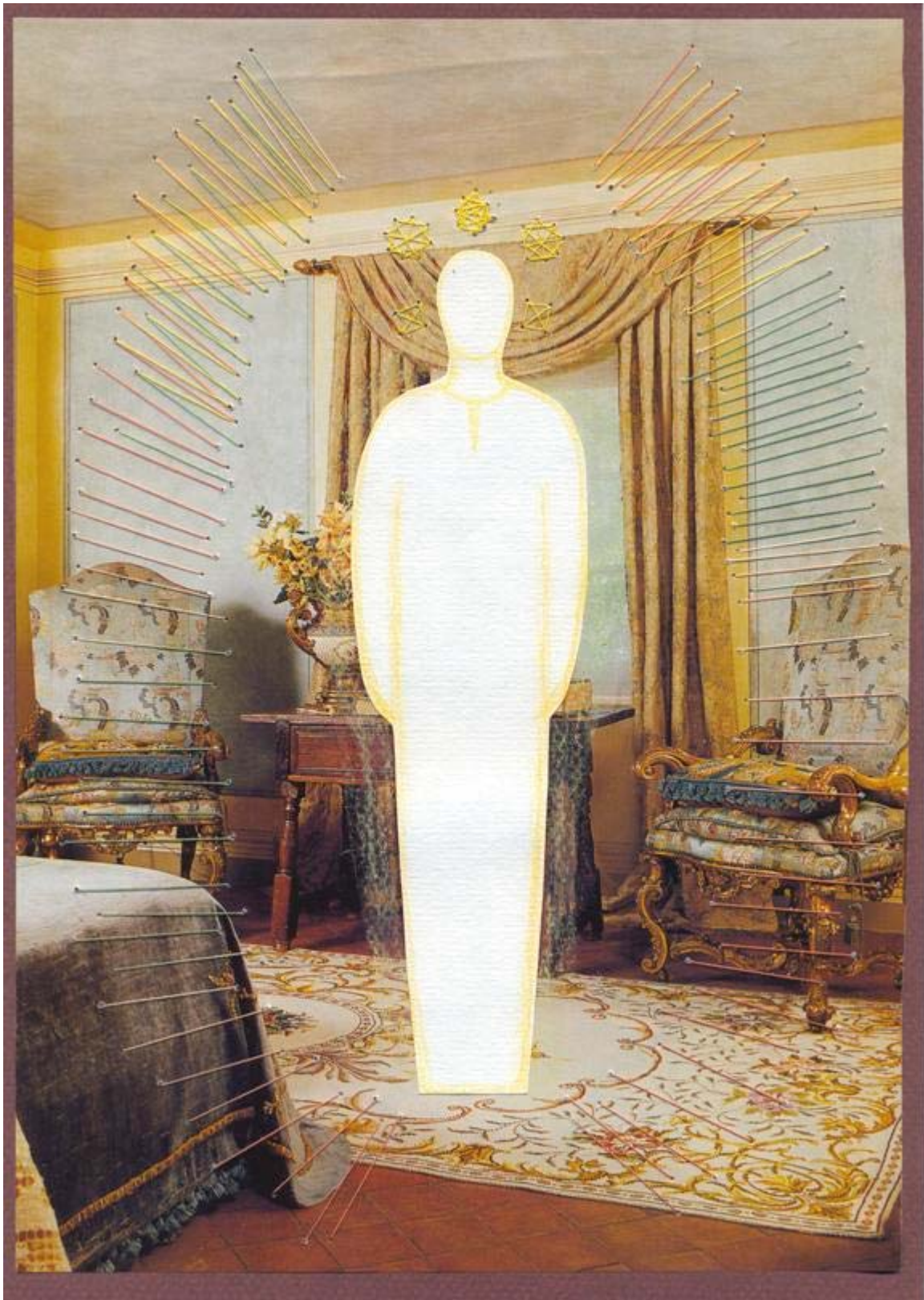
The witch strained her short-sighted eyes, she didn't say a word, just two teardrops rolled down on her face. „I See that you are beautiful” – this was what she thought.

„You look the same.”

„The reason why I am like this is that...”

„It doesn't matter, it was you who did it, the reason doesn't matter. You have had a choice, don't blame anybody else. Admit it, that's all. Change your way! Choose: you can go on or you can stay. God be with you!”

And the wanderer stood up, walked out and left the dumbfounded witch alone.



The crone went to the drawer of the sideboard, started to seek for a mirror because she wanted to watch herself but she didn't find it among the clattered, dusty gewgaws. She was standing in the middle of the room and she thought of her gingerbread house built up with great circumspection and of her candy garden.

„Onwards? But what could be more magnificent, more beautiful than this? Is it possible that there is something more delightful?”

At that night two little children arrived at the gingerbread house. It was very difficult for them to find the house as it was complete darkness inside. Even the fire of the furnace didn't light.

„What should we do, Hansel? There is nobody at home and the door is closed.”

„I don't know Gretel, but let's eat a bit gingerbread and caramel.”

The two kids were loitering on the threshold like this and they couldn't even imagine where the evil witch can be.



The Dragonkiller Princess

Once upon a time there was a princess. This princess had a reputation for not being saved from the dragon by any princes; instead she managed to escape on her own through a self-dug tunnel. One afternoon, as she was hoeing among the raspberry bushes the doorbell rang. An old man stood in the doorway.

“Good wishes daughter! Good morning!”

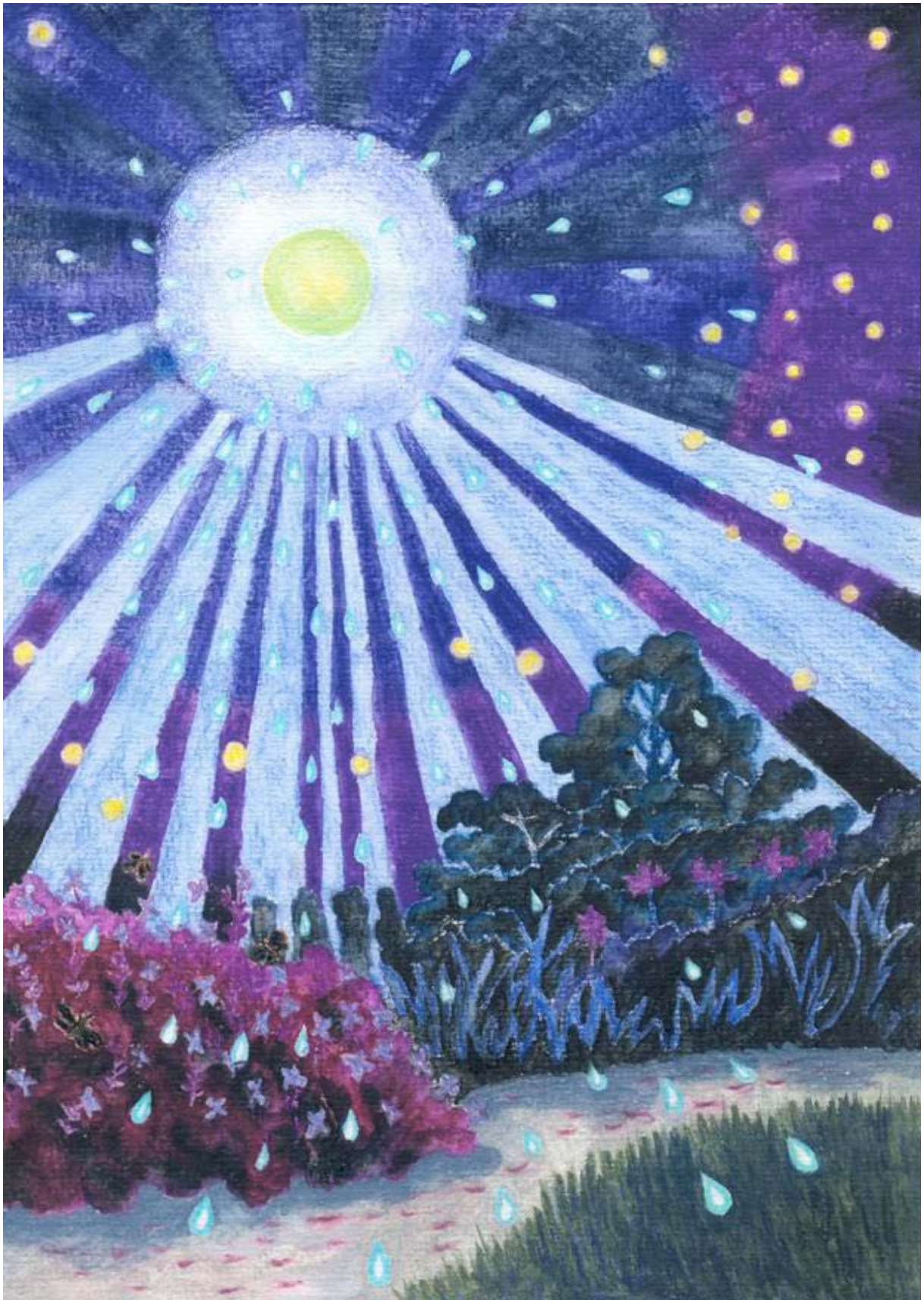
“Good wishes to you too, old man. Come in.”

The old man went in, and the girl immediately brought some cottage cheese, cheese, sour cream, honey and a fresh loaf, and fed the old wanderer well. He was grateful for the hospitality and he went like this:

“My Daughter, you have to face the Enemy. Here you are I give you this whistle. If you really need me, blow it, and I will immediately be there and help you.

The girl remained silent; the old man put the whistle on the table and stepped out to the porch. The girl followed the guest to the gate silently. She really wanted to ask why and how she has to face the Enemy and who her guest was, but she did not ask anything. The old man stopped at the gate, looked into her eyes and smiled at her. Silence settled between them, and the girl felt that through the old man’s eyes a different world looks back at her. The silence told her all the answers. She bowed wordlessly, and by the time she glanced up the old man disappeared as if he had never been there.

The girl was sitting on the porch all night looking at the stars. She tried to find Silence. The leaves of the apple tree were swishing in the wind; the moths flitted around the moonviolet bush. From the distance the whine of the shrew-mouse and the bark of a hunting fox was heard. Moonlight fell on the ground in soft drops. The next morning she closed the doors of her house and she left in order to find the Enemy.



She got accommodation in an inn for the night. There were not many people in the inn. Next to the furnace, at the farther table a bard sat; next to him his lyre lied on a bench. A crock pitcher and a wooden cup stood in front of him on the table. He himself held his back against the wall with his hood pulled into his face and he was resting on the bench pondering. Most of the tables were not occupied; still she went straight to the table of the wandering bard. Before she could speak the bard beckoned her to sit down. The girl sat down to the opposite chair and went like this:

“If you don’t mind I would have a question for you. How do you face the Enemy?”

“The meeting with the Enemy is never accidental.” – told the wanderer, then he took a ragged, yellow-edged book from his haversack and he opened it: “Here you are, read it!” The girl took the book. The bard lifted the lyre, strummed the strings, he strained one of them a bit and then he began to play. The tune started softly, was built up of little sequences, as a stream coming from a fountain becomes a pure-watered brook. The bard’s lyre was resounding, the girl was reading: “We cannot lose those things that truly belongs to us, even if we tried to throw them away. Through getting-back one gets rid of sins. The real aim is to get to the Enemy and not to face him.” The girl looked up from the book because she realized that is song is only for her now, and she heard the silence in the music.



She wandered on the next dawn in the ascending fog. It was dark night already when she arrived at a cleft. There was a narrow bridge over it, and at the other end of the bridge there was a huge dark castle. A cloaked shadow stood at the gate of the castle. It was easy to see the figure, for the sharp light that spread through the open gate drew his silhouette. As she was standing at the edge of the cleft she suddenly realized that she knew that place. She has already been here once, very long ago, but back then she got scared and did not cross the bridge.

As she stood there the memories of past were rushing through her mind. Back then she stood here exactly the same way. "Come here!" – shouted the cloaked figure. "I don't go, because I am scared!" "There is nothing to be scared of! It is only a repeated meeting with an old acquaintance." "I don't want to see you!" – She shouted back, then turned round and left the castle.

"Well, I returned! I am not scared anymore; I only want to know the Truth!" – She told him in a sonorous voice, and then she blew her whistle. The old man appeared immediately, and the girl went like this: "Please, come with me!" – And she began to walk through the bridge. As she stepped on it she noticed that the stone that seemed to be solid dissolves into nothing under her feet. But she didn't care; she kept staring at the gate and did not look down into the abyss. Oh, but as she was progressing she saw that the nothing-bridge was getting longer and longer as if it would never end. But it did not scare her either, instead she kept on going and the old man followed her. Suddenly a thick darkness descended on them, so thick she couldn't see a thing. Still she didn't stop; instead she trusted her legs and stepped out from the darkness. She felt the solid ground under her feet; she made it through the bridge. The dark figure stepped aside and let her go through the gate. The incomparable light shone on her and she felt as if her body would burst into flames and began to burn. She didn't feel fear or pain while the light was washing down her old self and was covering her with thin sparkling gold. "I only lost what didn't belong to me." – She thought. Over the light she found a new cleft from where she could see the Heaven consisting of grain of sand light-orbs, but it was too far and she couldn't reach it.



She turned to the old man who went like this:

“There’s another task waiting for you that you have to do. You have to find and free a Fire-warrior.”

“Fire-warrior? Who are these fire-warriors? I have never heard about them?”

“Fire-warriors are enormous and powerful creatures, the champions of truth. They fight for the truth in a world, where there is no truth. In this world there is lethal fight over possession. There is no other light there only the light of the endlessly blazing fire. Everything is either red or black, the land is ravaged; it groans and suffers, as if there was a constant earthquake there. The most extraordinary in a fire-warrior is that he is the weapon himself. If he needs claws, then they grow from his body, if he wants to fly wings grow on him, and if he needs a sword, his arm turns to a sword.”

The old man showed her the way then he disappeared. The girl headed towards that direction and in a few days’ time she arrived at a dreary grey place. The grey sky flowed into the grey soil and the whistling wind stirred such thick dust clouds that the girl couldn’t see a thing. Then she noticed the fire-warrior who stood motionless in front of her as if he had been bound by tons of weight. She was scared at first then she remembered the words she had read in the bard’s book: “We cannot lose those things that truly belong to us.” “So what could happen to me then? Nothing!” She smiled and instantly the feeling of being fearless flowed over her and light spread over the devastated land: the Sun began to shine. The fire-warrior looked at the girl who went like this:

“I brought a message from an old man who sent me here so that I can save you. You don’t have to stay here anymore, let’s get out of here.”



The golden sunlight glowed around the fire-warrior, but he did not move. The girl tried to tell him how beautiful the place where she had come from was, and she tried to persuade him to come with her, but the fire-warrior did not listen to her anymore neither he said anything. Finally the girl grabbed his hand and started to pull him, she tried to drag the huge fire-warrior, but still he remained motionless.

„How could I make you believe me? I showed you the way but it is you who have to go. You don't come because you don't believe me. You don't trust anyone, do you? But why? You must have been taken in by someone!”

“Why should I believe you?” – Resounded the voice of the fire-warrior

“Why shouldn't you believe me? Hm? Well, alright then.” – Sighed the girl. “Now I go, but I leave this light-vortex here for you. Should you change your mind, you can get out of here through this.” – And she poured the sunlight from her palm to the ground which accumulated into a puddle at the feet of the motionless fire-warrior. She left without saying goodbye, yet she turned back:

“Only those who never lie cannot be taken in. Those who want to get, first learn how to give!” – Then she left.



She wandered for days through mountains and valleys, moss was her pillow, dew was her drink, and the wind and the rippling brook was her company. One dawn when she woke up, believe it or not, she saw a golden-feathered bird walking nearby. The bird was breathtakingly wonderful, had a long peak, slim legs, and silky feathers. When the bird noticed that she had opened her eyes, it went like this:

“I know what you’re looking for, but if you want to get there, you have to go through the land of the Golden Clouds, which you won’t be able to do unless you’re as light as this feather fluff here or unless you know how to walk on clouds or fly over them. Since you can neither walk on clouds nor fly I’m going to take you over there. Pack up, sit on my back and let’s go.

“Dear Gold bird, please tell me why you’re helping me?”

“I am helping you now, but who knows; maybe next time you’ll help me!”

The girl mounted the bird and the bird flapped its wings and flew up high in the sky. They were flying higher and higher, beneath them the rivers wound like silver threads and the lakes sparkled as refined gems as the sun shone on them. The houses of the people whitened between chess boards of fields as scattered pearls. The night has come but the bird restlessly flew in the sky. The girl laid her head on its slim neck and fell asleep as if she was rocked in a cradle. She was woken up by the pale golden lights of dawn.

“Where are we?” – She asked and sat up rubbing her eyes.

“We are flying over the land of the Golden Clouds. The journey lasts for days, hold on steadily lest you fall off my back, because otherwise it is over for you.”

“What is underneath the clouds?”

“No one knows.”

In the land of the Golden Clouds the sun did not shine, the sky dawned in a brownish old gold colour, far beneath them yellow-gold clouds swirled. They reached Nowhere in a few days, where the Enemy was. The bird said goodbye:

“If you need me, just call me and I’ll come.” – And it flew away slowly flapping its wings without waiting for any replies.

“I wish I could return your help somehow!” – Shouted the girl.



She did not have too much time to ponder, because before she could find out what to do, the Enemy had come with terrifying crash. The earth quaked under its steps, stones crunched, the air whirled as it was rushing closer and closer. It blew a poisonous cloud round the girl, but it could not harm her, because her golden dress protected her. The monster opened its mouth and took a deep breath so that it could attack again, but the girl jumped next to it and before it could say anything she decapitated it. The enemy lied there dead, and the girl only realized now how big it was in fact. She sat down, leaned against a rock and she thought she would have some rest here. She enjoyed just simply being somewhere without having to do anything. She smiled when she thought of the bard, and she thought it would be great to tell him that he had been right: it was very easy to defeat the Enemy and the sword went through its scaly skin as easily as a knife goes through butter. She was wondering how odd it is that though she did not know him, still she knows everything about him.

She blew her whistle.



The seventh door

The quiet sound of the pips reverberated from the rock wall but otherwise there was a complete silence. The old man appeared, the girl was standing next to the remains of the defeated Enemy. The old man turned and passing by the long serpentine cadaver of the defeated Enemy he walked towards the rock wall with steady steps.

„Master” – ran out from the mouth of the princess.

The old man turned back: „Yes?” – and looked at the girl waiting. The thoughts accumulated in the girl’s mind but the old man understood her and answered like this:

„The Inner Truth is based on the truthfulness of its middle, and the clearness of the heart. The source of power resides in us and not in our connections with other people. Huge exultation and fatal sorrow is the fate of those who depend on the inner consonance with others. In order to intensify the power of the Inner Truth one has to turn to things above oneself, from which one can draw lucidity.”

The girl watched the old man and she saw as if he were made of glaring, silky light, the Sun shone at her, through him. „The window opening for God.” – this thought came to her mind.

„Look at me as if you looked into a mirror because You and Me are the same.”

„What do I have to do now?”

„Sometime one has to face with hidden enemies. With such incomprehensible influences that are hid in the most secret corners. If these uncontrollable influences get unveiled, they haven’t got any more power on us. This is the House of The Hidden Enemy” – said the old man and pointed at the door standing out at the bottom of the rock wall.

The door was a featureless, boorishly fabricated botch. It seemed as if it were the door of a forgotten shaft but there wasn’t any latch or lock at it.

„Do I have to go inside?”

„Yes, but do not bring anything else but love, this is going to be your new weapon.”



The metal corners of the door creaked displeasingly as the girl flung the door open. It was darkness when she entered, the room was as dark as a cave. The girl was only just thinking how she can fight with her love instead of her sword in need when she saw some movement before herself. The shape of a giant moth evolved from the brown mist of darkness. The elephant-sized creature blocked the way leading along. The girl was standing in front of the squirming animal and as she took a closer look at it, she saw that a huge pin is in the back of the creature and suddenly she understood that the moth is dying, it is going to de cease irreversibly and the despair and sorrow coming from the animal hit her. Then she said it loudly: „I love you, please stop being angry, the reason of your death is not the evilness. The reason of your death is the fear and stupidity. Believe me, I love you and I want to compensate that had happened to you, stop being angry, I want to straighten up this thing, I give you the love, take it with yourself instead of the despair and sorrow.”

She gave the love to the dying moth and then it freed the way and she could move on. She got deeper and deeper in the duct and at the next turn she noticed three skeletons. They were wearing black helmets and clapped their teeth. The girl sensed that they were killed in action, she even saw the ravaged battle field and heard the tramp of the berserk horses for a moment and she clearly sensed the bitterness coming from the soldiers. The words came to her mouth automatically: „I love you, please stop being angry, the reason of your death is not the evilness.” – than shouted in a clearly clinging voice: „The reason of your death is the fear and ineptitude. Those who killed you were full of love, as well, your death was a mistake.” The girl then sensed that the death of the soldiers was a senseless and pointless one and went like this:

„I would like you to remember only the love, don't insist on the aim of the war because that was a lie, wars are always aimless.” And then she threw the love onto the soldiers from her hands and the love was falling onto them like a small star cloud and then the skeletons stood aside and she moved on. She arrived at a room where a dying woman was lying. In the precise moment when she wanted to save her anyway, the girl understood that she can't be helped.

She stood desperately next to the bed and she kept repeating: „I love you, I love you...” One moment or even a whole life passed this way.



When she wakened, she found herself next to the old man. They were standing on the shore of a small light-pond and the old man went like this:

„Show me what you have in your hand, what you have collected in the cave.”

The girl lifted her hand and when she looked into her palm she saw shuddered that dirty, mucous mug covers her hand. The old man took the mud lumps from her hands and threw them into the light-pond.

„Master, what happened to me? What was this?”

Before the old man could answer, a huge, black, multi-armed creature had dashed out from nowhere. It had no form, only lots of pawing, grabbing hands. The girl got paralyzed by the sudden fear she felt and then one of the hands grabbed her up and crushed her. Small light-crumbs fell on the ground. The old man calmly went like this: „It cannot harm you, because you are invulnerable. It could crush you only because you believed that it is able to do so.”

Then the girl’s light-crumbs recollected themselves again and she jumped from the ground.

The old man looked at the monster and instantly a shining light-beam stroke the black, sticky mass-creature, which flinched and drew back swirling angrily. The old man sent a glistening arrow into the creature. Then the creature hardened into stone, the arrow broke through its skin that rived and as the crack was dilating, it could be seen that there is light inside. At the place where the arrow got under the creature’s skin a light orb started to grow and became bigger and bigger. The bigger the light orb became, the smaller the monster was. The orb became as big as a Sun and it filled the whole sky. The old man started speaking:

“What you have said was the Spirit of War. The Spirit of War is rolling above the world, it tries to grab people with its groping hands and wherever it goes, black drops are falling from it and filtering into the most hidden corners and infect people. The sure sign of infection is hate. If you find hate in yourself than you can be sure that you are infected. The Spirit of War never dies as it was never born, it doesn’t exist alone.

If someone finds hate inside oneself, then an arrow of love should be shot inside one and then the hate has to go, it is going to pack off, this is the only medicine of this infection.”

The orb hugely flashed and it radiated so dazzlingly that the girl couldn’t watch it any more. She turned to the old man:

“Master, what is it?”

“Watch it yourself!”

As the old man uttered it, the girl turned back to the light orb and gave a look at it again. There were stains floating on the orb and that wasn’t so dazzlingly white any more.

“But I know it! This is the Moon!”



Then the orb of the Moon decoupled in the middle, the two cracked sides unfolded like two flower petals and the Island of Happiness rose from the orb. The Island kept ascending as a mountain so the girl didn't see its top any more. Gods lived on the Island of Happiness who were sitting in their golden dorns or walking in the garden that covered the Island. Pearl strings were hanging from the trees, the lawn was soft like the most beautiful silk carpet.

"Master, could we take a closer look at it?" And the girl jumped onto the always growing Island without listening to the answer and the old man stood on his place silently and stock-still. On one dorn the girl noticed a door that led inside the mountain. She entered and much to her astonishment the mountain was completely empty inside. Then she noticed that the old man didn't accompany her so she jumped from the Island of Happiness and walked back to the old man.

"In the orb of the Moon you can find what you desire to find. You were seeking for the Island of Happiness and when you opened the orb, it rose from it. You should open the orb next time when there is going to be only love inside you. The Universe moves into you if you are filled only with love."

The girl was standing there and thought: "I wish I had only love inside me. But what is it in fact that is in me?" As she kept watching it, she noticed that there is something in her heart, indeed: a rose.

"I saw that the Island of Happiness is empty inside even with all that happy gods living on it, but it was only a phantasm and the Master knew it because he didn't come with me to watch it."

She has been thinking for a long time than took out the rose from her heart and went like this:

"Master, I offer you this rose you can do with it whatever you think is right to do. This rose is not a great price for the Truth."

The Old man took the rose from the girl's hand and threw it into the light-pond.

The girl took a deep breath and as se toke stock of the golden cave of her heart she saw the blue orb of the Moon there. She kept watching the orb, but she did not open it.



The Time

„I am a seven-year-old boy
I am my Master's choicest toy.”
(Sri Chinmoy)

There was a quiet, insistent knock on the Old Wise's door, then a shaggy, tressed head appeared in the opening door.

“Well, it's you again, my child. Come on in! You would like to ask something, wouldn't you?”

“Old Wise, I'm sorry, I would only like to know how time looks like.”

“Of course the time, well, that's very interesting, look here, I'll show you what it's like.”

Suddenly a point appeared from the nothing, and from that point threads of light came out just like the spouts of a fountain. Many light threads shot out one after another, then disappeared distance. These were the times. The child jumped on one of the strips which turned into a path under her feet.

She walked along the path in one of the directions. The path was entirely straight and stretched out into the infinite in both directions.

When she got bored of walking she jumped up in the air and slowly got further away from the path. When she looked back she was suprised to see that the light thread isn't straight, actually, it is a circle. He was walking along its circumference, it only seemed to be straight when she was standing on it. The child really liked her discovery and excitedly lumped back down onto the path. At first she started to run in one direction, than turned around and ran in the other direction, during it she was giggling happily and waved at the Old Wise, who smiled back at her as if she were saying: ‘I told you it was going to be interesting!’

“See? I can go wichever direction I want!- Shouted the child and laughed.”

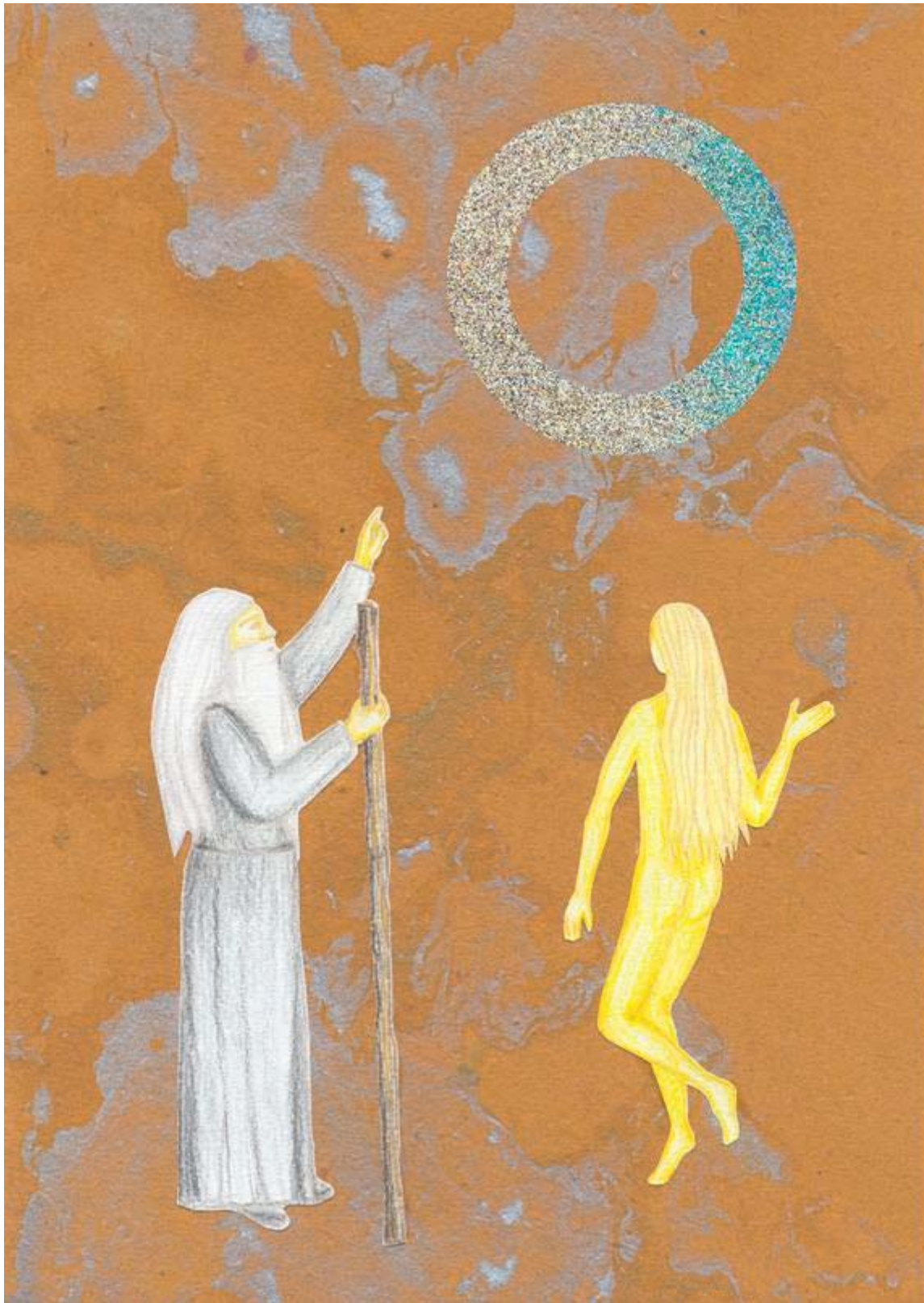
The Old Wise beckoned her and she obediently ran to him.

“Come, look here! There's a point on this circle, it is the beginning and the end as well, you cannot go through it from any of the directions, but you can wherever you want on the circle itself. You cannot go through the beginning point, that't law.”

“Why can't one go through it?”

“Because I invented it this way.”

The child fell her eyes, noddod and pretended to understand, but she wasn't really listening, because a new subject was on her brain.



She took a small piece of paper and with cramped handwriting she wrote on it: 't=' and showed it to the Old Wise.

"Please Old Wise tell me what is the formula of time, and how should you write it down?"

The Old Wise looked at the paper and started laugh so hard as if he was told the best joke ever. He laughed for minutes, even his tears ran out of his eyes, he had to sit down.

"Well my child" - he said when he had a little rest - "the last time when I laughed so much was when I dropped an apple on Newton's head. But he deserved that!" - and he continued seriously: "I can't write it down by the language of your mathematics, only by mine. Learn that!"

Seeing the child's expectant face the Old Wise sighed agreeingly:

"All right!"

The child saw that suddenly a writing appeared on her paper with moving and whirling light-letters but she couldn't read it because it moved too fast. She frowned and started shouting:

"It's a naughty thing to write with light, I can't see it properly, I can't read it, besides it's moving."

At this moment a golden pigeon flew over their heads and plopped a dropping onto the paper. There was an amorph blob on the paper now. 'Well at least I can see that' - thought the child. The Old Wise started to explain it patiently.

"A moment ago I showed you time as if it was a circle, so that you can understand it easier, but actually it's not a circle, but more like this blob. More or less an endlessly altering line, there is no 't=' on your language of mathematics, only on mine. But at least we had a good laugh, didn't we?"

"Old Wise, I'd like to find the beginning point!"

"Of course, go ahead, I'll wait here."

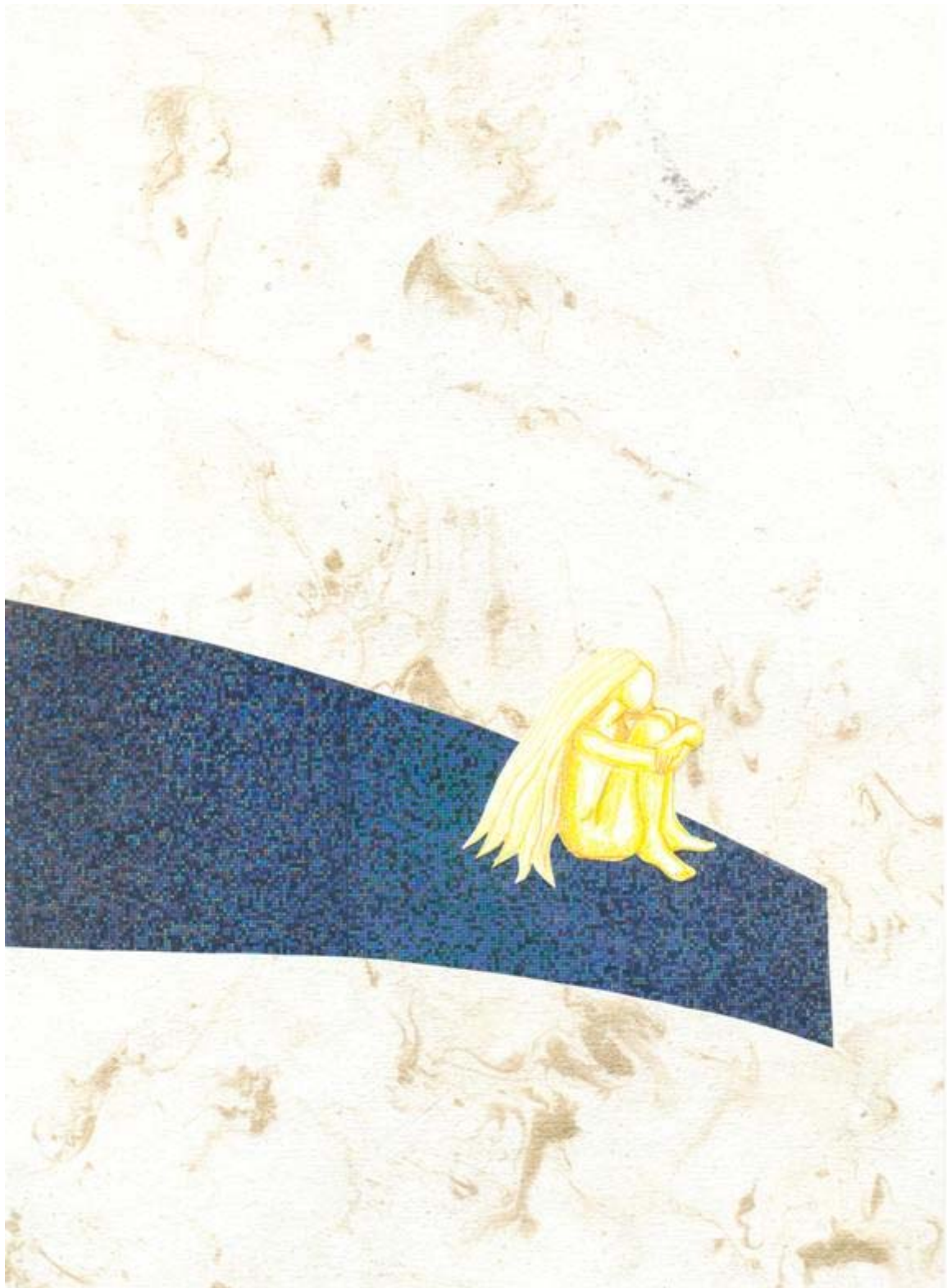
The child jumped on the time tape and headed towards the beginning. When she finally got there he looked around, and he was puzzled, because there wasn't any kind of a beginning point, only the path was over as if it had been cut. 'Flip-flop, let me be at Now again!' - she shouted and in a flicker of time she found herself standing right beside the Old Wise, who started to explain:

"From the beginning point you cannot see that it's the end as well, and from the end you cannot see that it's the beginning as well. How can you go through a point that you cannot see? When you are standing on time it's impossible to step over the mysterious beginning and end, because where would you step if you can't see anything there? The law of time is that it's real nature can only be seen from a distance. Now, curious child, what else would you like to know?"

"I can't think of any other question right now. If I have other questions may I bother you with them again?"

"Just come right to me, my child, whenever you want to. You don't bother me, but you know it perfectly well."

She waved from the door, smiling. It was only when she got home and started to look at the piece of paper that she realised, she forgot to thank it.



Espousal

“I am a seven-year-old girl
My Master’s smile all where
I hurl”
(Sri Chinmoy)

A girl walking home was thinking of what her master told her: “If you have nothing but love within you, then the whole universe will move into you.” The thought that once only love will take place in her heart, caught her imagination. She did not really care about the thing that the whole universe may move in too, but she really cared about love. Even before she fell asleep, she was wondering how love - which is very likely to move into her soon- can look like.

She dreamt that night: “She saw a newly built, square-shaped house, in which a colourful galaxy was swirling. The galaxy swirled, and its colours were changing just as the transparent glass patterns of a kaleidoscope. The girl asked herself how it was possible to live in a house which already had a galaxy in it. As an answer for the question, the dream started to change, and gradually the galaxy melted into the square with its swirling becoming slower and slower. A twisty-shaped corridor with a winter garden in the middle of it evolved in front of the girl’s eyes.” She woke up in a great mood and decided if she had a house, then it would look exactly the same as the house in her dream.

She eagerly wanted to know what the iridescent galaxy was, so the same day she went to the old philosopher to ask him.

- Old Wise, Old Wise! – she shouted from a distance – Guess what, OldWise! – she stumbled through the door wheezing – I saw a wonderful house in my dream.

- Oh well my kid, this is great news, but next time you shouldn’t run so fast. Now sit down, and tell me everything that happened.

The girl told every detail about the dream, and then asked what the Old Wise thought about the galaxy she had seen.

- The name of that galaxy is the “Whirling Fountain of Cosmic Love”.

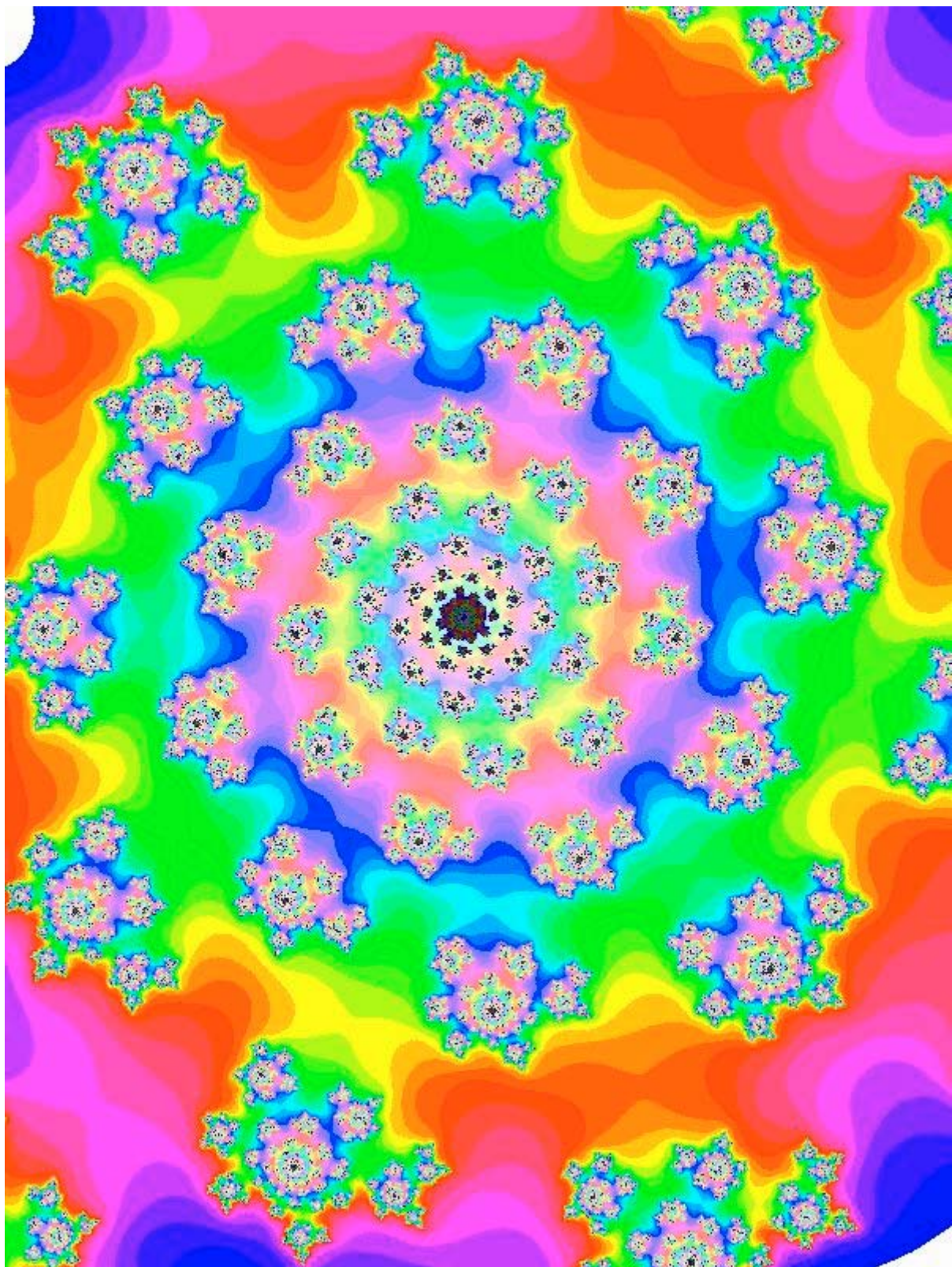
- Is that what love is like? Does love look like that?

- Yes. Do you like it?

The girl did not answer anything, but started nodding eagerly.

- If you purify your heart until it is like a sun, then you can put the Whirling Fountain of Cosmic Love into it. It will work as an energy source which supports and nourishes you and you will never be unhappy again. Then spreading from the heart, this love-vortex starts to whirl through your whole body, and then you will become totally rainbow-coloured and you will have nothing within you but love. Well, here you are, take it!

The girl was grateful for the Old Wise’s gift, and immediately put it into her heart. She watched the vortex with satisfaction as it started to whirl immediately, slowly covering her with rainbow-coloured patterns from top to toe. The girl said goodbye to the Old Wise and headed towards her master’s home.



She found the master at home, and with merry joy and a smile on her face, she showed him her heart which the Cosmic Love-vortex was whirling within just as a toy gyroscope.

“Master! Come, look what I’ve got!”

The master smiled at the girl, who started a cheerful dance. As she was spinning around, millions of colours were flying and swirling around her. When she stopped she realized that something had changed on her: she was wearing a rainbow-coloured love-dress, similar to the one that her master wore. She smiled at her master, and to express her gratitude she poured loads of light lotus-flowers in front of his feet.

In the next moment feathery golden wings started to grow on them and they began to ascend.

“Master! You don’t even need wings to fly!” – Laughed the girl, and suddenly their wings disappeared. They were flying up in a light-tunnel and they arrived to a world of stairways. The girl asked the master to hold her hand, and they walked on like that.

“Master, tell me! Where are we going?” – Asked the girl curiously. – “Are we going to my espousal?”

The master did not answer anything. Suddenly, the girl was wondering how this question crossed her mind. Jesus waited for them at one of the landings. The master and Jesus greeted each other as old friends. The girl was embarrassed and stayed quiet. She felt that the endless grace was surrounding them, but since Jesus and the master was looking at her in the most natural way, smiling, she began to feel comfortable and suddenly realized that the three of them standing there together is the most natural thing in the whole world. So she looked around. And as she looked around she realized that the Moon sphere is right in their sight watching it from where they were. She almost ran there but she realized that the others are not moving a step, so she stole back to the stairs.

Jesus led them on their way on. Over her shoulders, the girl looked warily back at the Moon sphere, and she saw the Galaxy of Cosmic Love sparkling in it. As they were walking behind each other the girl was wondering what if she tripped up and fell off. Nobody could tell where she fell down, because they were already walking so high that they could not make out the lowest steps anymore. While she was wondering she fell on her face. She was lying scared on the stairs and could barely stand up. When she recollected herself and stood up, the master took her by hand again and they went on like that. Finally they arrived to a huge, round, carved light-gate. Jesus and the master were standing solemnly in front of the Gates of Heaven. The girl turned around, looking as if she had been searching for someone.

“Where are Buddha, Krishna and Maharshi?” – She asked, but in the solemn silence nobody told her that seemingly neither of them is here. Finally a voice that filled the whole place talked to the girl: “It is amazing my child that nothing is enough for you!”



In this moment the gates were opened and Heaven was there. Jesus walked through the gates, and turning into a light orb, he flew from the doorstep to Heaven as a soap-bubble taken away by the spring breeze. The girl saw the master turning into an orb and flying away too. It was her turn now. She felt that she became an orb too and she started to fly. There were plenty of orbs and slowly floating and swirling they were flying down. Time has stopped for the girl. She was looking around, she saw the orbs, and she realized that all of them are like her. Then she thought: “Look, there is no espousal here, only the Heaven made of orb-grains of sand.” A little later another thought crossed her mind: “Or is it the espousal itself?” Then God talked to her: “My child, now you know the way. You can come here any time you want.”

She flew through the light orbs, like a little self-conscious drop in the bucket, and all the alike others were around her.

“My God, tell me now! What is this place where we are now? It is not part of the Created World, is it?”

“Why do you have to know everything?” – answered God, and he did not tell her what Heaven is actually.

The girl could not calm herself down and soon she asked God again.

“Heaven is “God’s body”, the only existing reality.”

“Can I really come here any time I want to?”

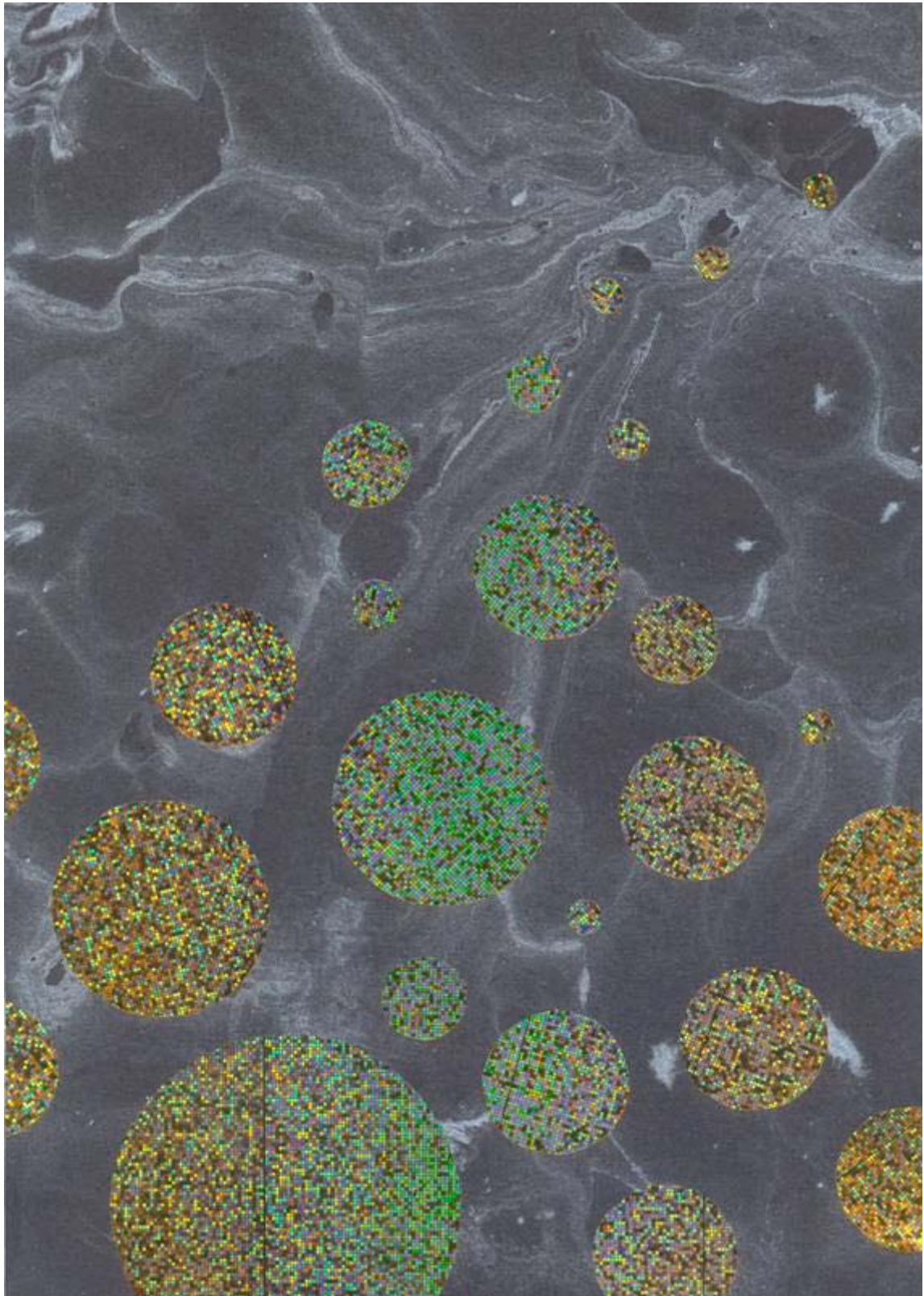
“In fact, you are always here.”

“Is everybody always here?”

“Yes!”

“Really? And then what is the Created World?”

God smiled a little, and answered something, but the girl could not hear that answer.



Greeting

Dance with me under the rainbow,
Dance with me in the middle of the Sun,
Dance with me on the bed of roses,
Until the night falls on us
And the silver Moon is rising
Till that moment, dance with me.

