

THE WISE MAN

by

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There was once a wise man who lived high on a mountain that crouched above a lake of crystal water. The lake was fed from snow that lay on the mount's great white head, and it was reputed that the snow was magical. And it was also whispered that the wise man had keys that unlocked universal knowledge. Thus it was that people would come from all the world to be taught by the wise man, and to partake of the magical crystal water.

A young neophyte in search of knowledge had heard of the wise man, and set off on a quest to the Crystal Lake.

After a long journey the young neophyte arrived at the mountain and was granted a visit with the wise man.

"What do you seek?"

"I seek the knowledge of the universe," answered the young neophyte.

"That is good - how badly do you desire this knowledge?"

"More than anything else in life, master."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Are you absolutely sure?"

"Yes master, I am."

"That is good," smiled the wise man. "Will you do what I request of you... without question or deviation?"

"Yes, master, I will."

"Good! Then return to the Crystal Lake at the foot of this mount; and when you arrive, disrobe, and enter the lake. Then keep walking until the waters cover your head by, at least, twelve inches."

"What do I do then, Master?"

The wise one lightly touched the young one's forehead, and said softly, "Do nothing... just wait... and the universe will unfold its secrets."

The young neophyte left the wise man, and journeyed to the lake's whispering edge. After divesting himself of his worldly garments, he entered the lake. The water was cool, and clear; and he felt his body surging with an unseen energy of cosmic proportions. As the water closed over his head, the young neophyte entered a euphoric state. All was still... as still as a tomb...

The surface of the lake exploded, and a retching, gasping, young neophyte broke through. His purple lips betrayed his need for oxygen, and his desperate lungs were screaming for air. He dragged his convulsing body from the lake, and collapsed beside the cairn of his clothes...

The young neophyte, with head bowed, trudged back up the mount.

"Master, I've failed..."

"What makes you say that?"

"I did all that you asked... I stayed under the lake until I thought my lungs would burst. I had great expectations... but, nothing happened."

"My son, the universe has shed great wisdom upon you this day."

"How is that so, master?"

"When you desire knowledge, as much as you desired air whilst in the lake... come and see me again."

End

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