

SEESAW

OR SAD STORY



HENRIQUE KOMATSU

“It is such a secret place, the land of tears”.


The Little Prince

Dedication



This is a book about
a child's sadness.



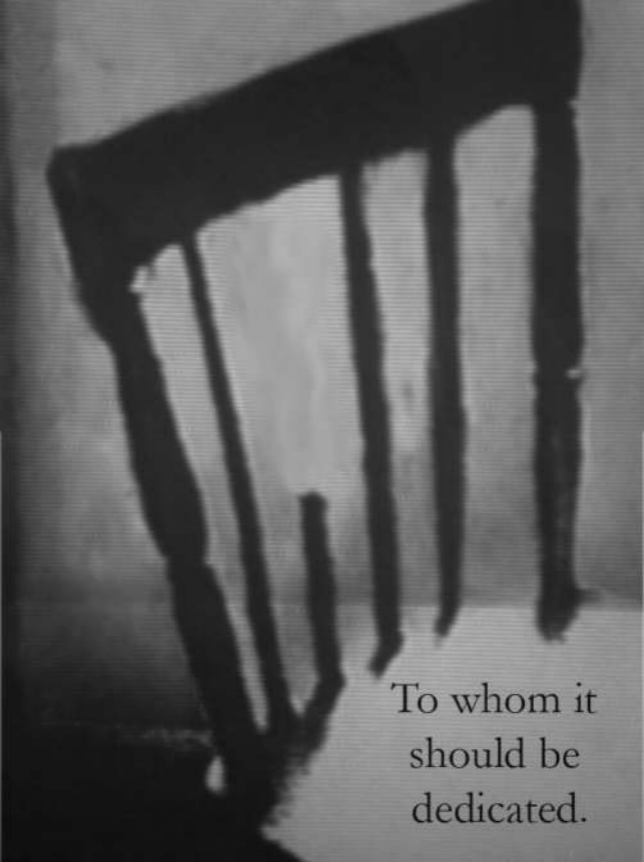


Thence


I do not

really

know



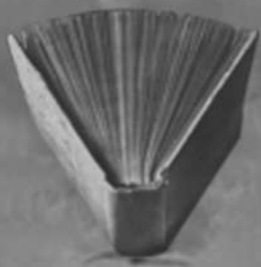
To whom it
should be
dedicated.




For dedicating
sadness is to
offer
someone
else's
sufferance.



And
one
must
never
be
so
Unkind.



This book
would come
to birth
without
a
dedication...



But one day
a boy with his
heart full of
sorrow

came
to talk
to me.

He wanted to read this story.



I AGREED.

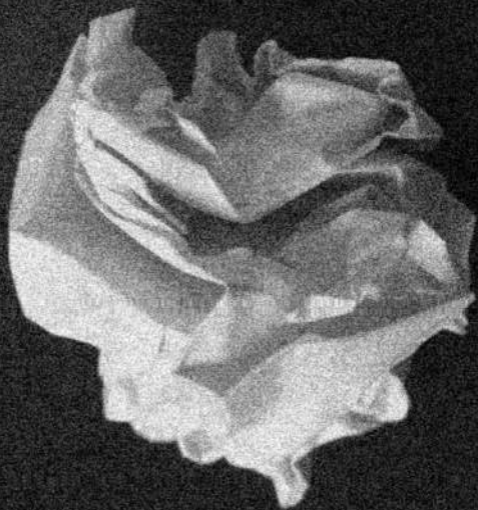
He finished quickly, after all this is not a long book, and told me:

“It is sad. To whom is it?”.

“To no one” - I replied.

“Why?”

“Because there is nothing good in sadness to give it to someone”



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The boy thought for a while and said:

“Each sadness is a joy that did not work. Each sadness is a joy that could have happened”.

“So what?” - I asked.

“Don’t you see? Behind each sadness lies a possible joy. And this is good”.

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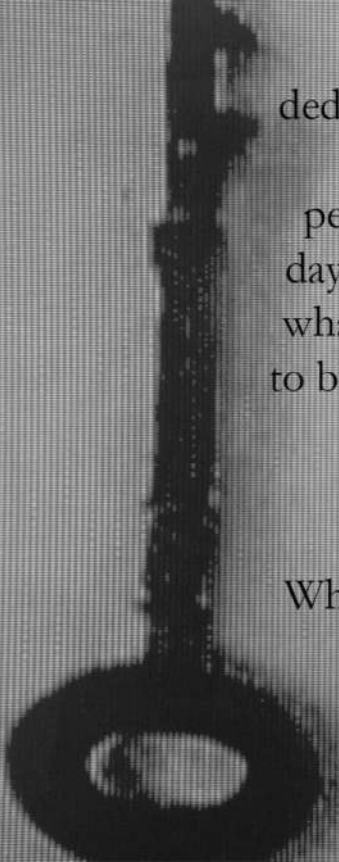
After this meeting I
found out to whom
should the book be
dedicated.

I dedicate this book
to the person who,
once, had the opportunity to
hurt someone's feelings.

I dedicate this
book to the boy or to the girl
who, once, could
laugh at a more
fragile child



and walk away.



So it shall be
dedicated because
these are the
people who, one
day, could choose
what would come
to birth in another
heart:

Whether the ache
of sadness, or
the breeze
of Joy.

This book is about
a child's sadness.
Look carefully and
you may find behind it
a work about joy.



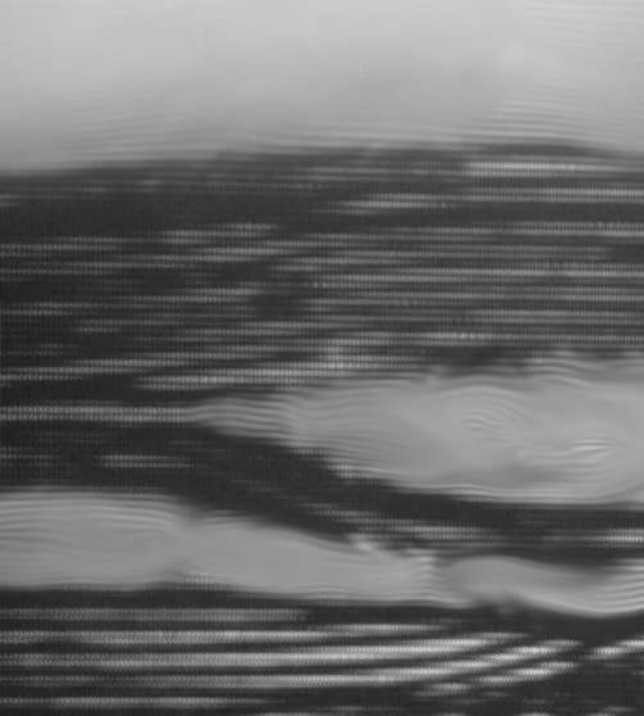
This book is an empty seesaw.




Paying close attention you may see two kids, one at each end, pushing the seesaw up and down.

SAD STORY
OR SEESAW

A small drop of water
fell in the river.



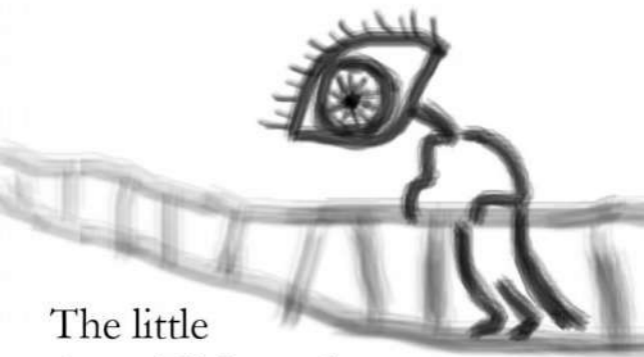


It was not a raindrop
for it did not
fall from
the sky

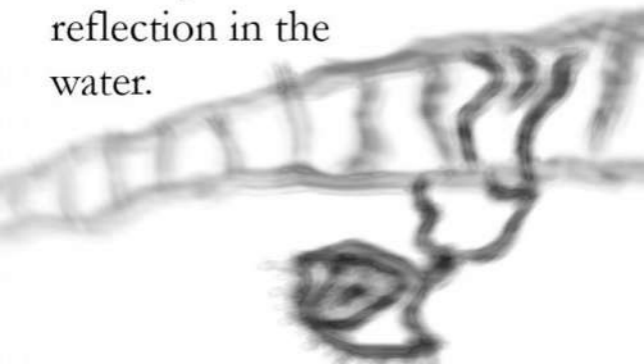
The sky was blue on that day.

The little drop fell from the
bridge that crossed the river.





The little
drop fell from the eye
of a boy who looked at his own
reflection in the
water.



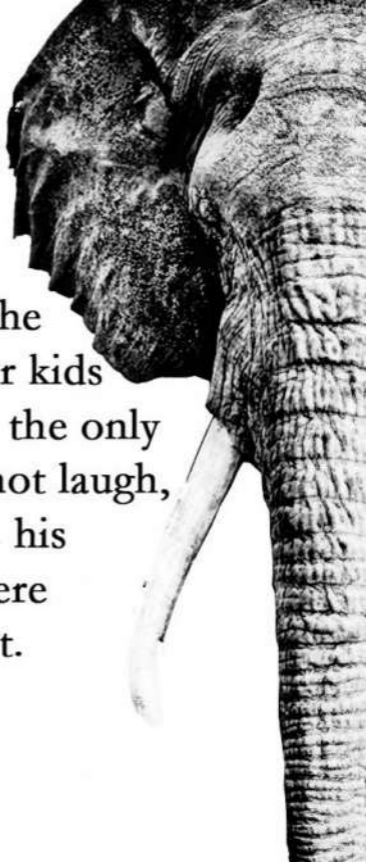
t
he
little
drop was
a tear. It was
a tear of sa
dness.

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A boy cried over the
bridge. He cried because
he could see
in the water the size
of his own ears.
He had big ears and
believed people did not
like him because
of them.

§

The little boy remembered the jokes the other kids made. He was the only one who did not laugh, because it was his ears people were laughing about.



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A small drop of water
fell in the river.

The little drop was salty.
The little drop was a tear.

It was a tear of sadness.

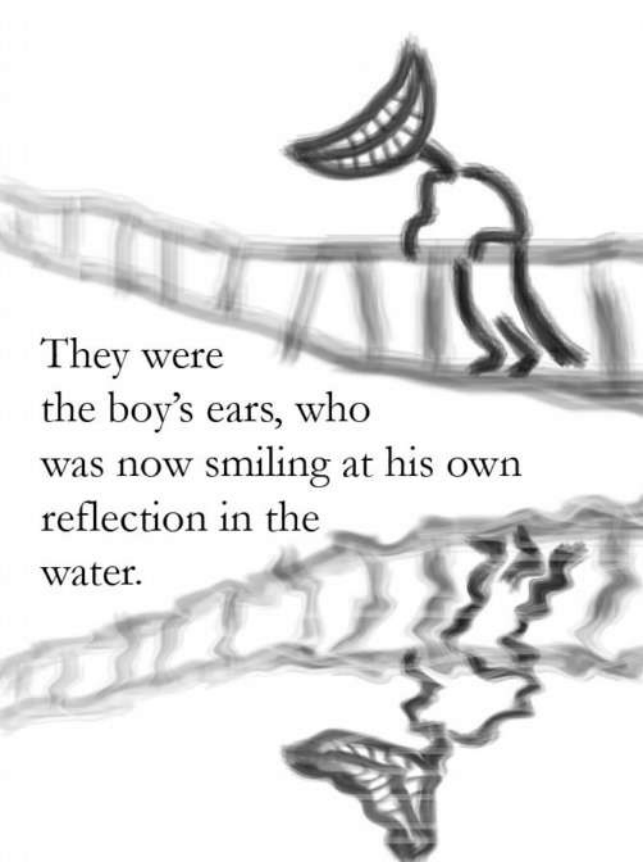
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The boy cried alone
over the bridge.



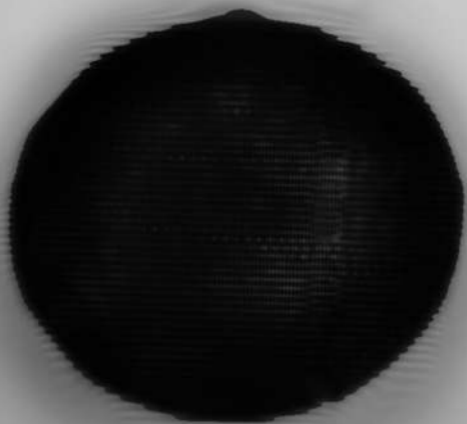
Then, suddenly, two ears
fell in the river.



A black and white illustration of a boy sitting on a boat. The boy is positioned on the right side of the boat, leaning forward and looking down at his reflection in the water. The boat is depicted with a simple, stylized structure, and the water is represented by wavy lines. The background is plain white.

They were
the boy's ears, who
was now smiling at his own
reflection in the
water.

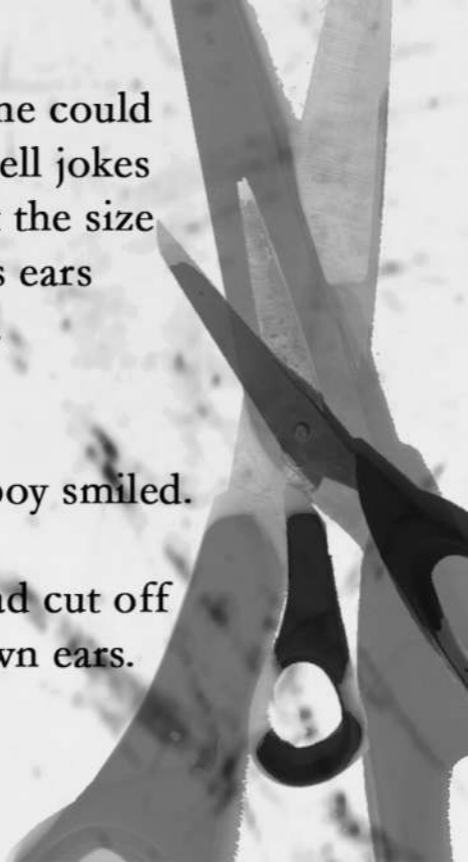
Instead of ears, he now
had a hole on each side
of his head.



No one could
ever tell jokes
about the size
of his ears
again.

The boy smiled.

He had cut off
his own ears.



It was then that his
schoolmates crossed the bridge.



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Children are not evil, they just do not seem to understand the world.

Noticing the boy without ears they all laughed and pointed at the two holes he had in his head.

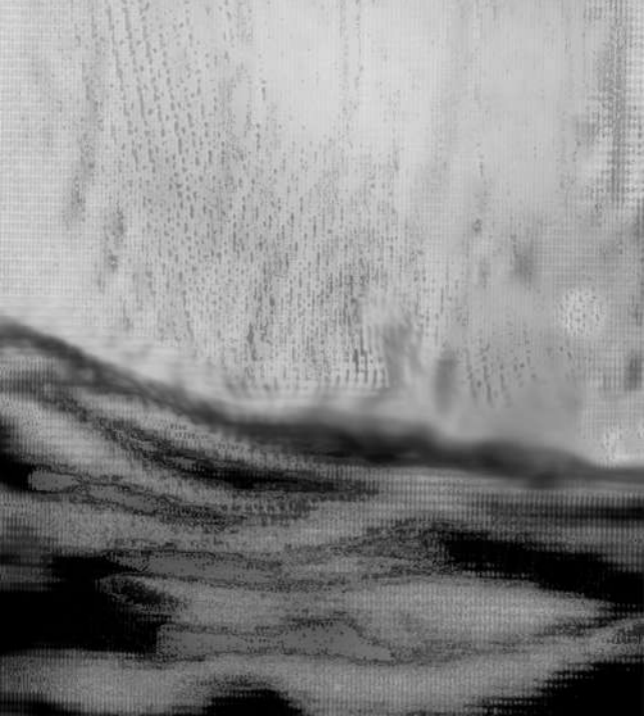
They pointed, they laughed and they left.

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*The boy
did not point
at anyone, he did
not laugh at anyone
and he was the only one
to remain on that bridge*

A small drop of water fell on the
river. It was a tear of sadness.



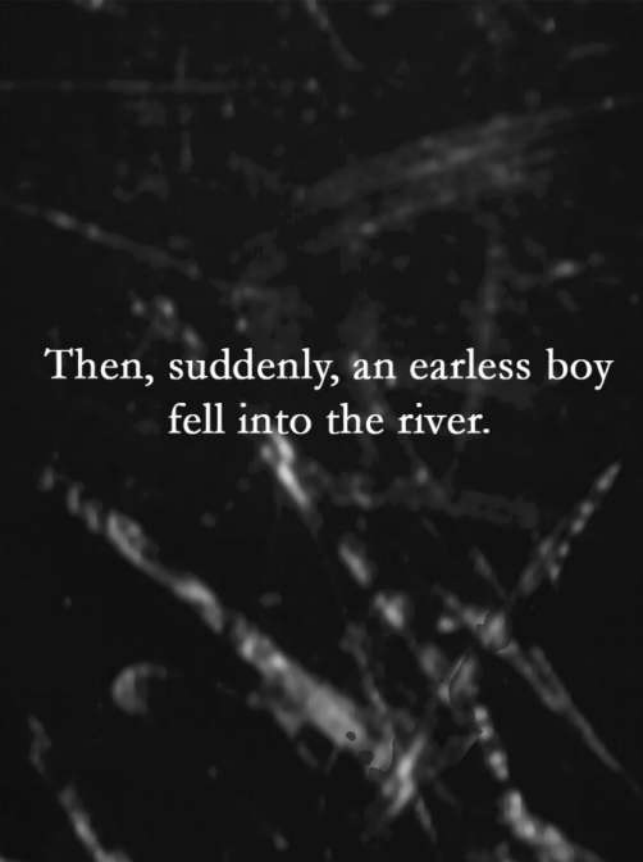
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The river reflected the image of an earless boy.

He cried because he did not understand whether the other kids liked his ears or not.

Why did they keep laughing if he no longer had them? He wondered if it had been of any use to have cut them off and thrown them in the river.

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The background is a dark, almost black, field filled with intricate, glowing patterns. These patterns resemble fibrous structures, possibly biological or mineral in nature, with thin, interconnected lines and some larger, more complex shapes. The overall effect is that of a microscopic view or a complex, organic network.

Then, suddenly, an earless boy
fell into the river.

§

The river was surprised with the impact of the plunge and asked: “What are you doing here?”

The boy did not answer.

“Did you come after your ears?”

“No”, answered the boy.

“Then what do you want?”

“I want my tears”.

“Your tears are not here. They do not fit in me”.

§

“It was only three little drops”.



In
each
tear one
can find the
entire soul of a
person. That is
why the tears
are not

stored
here. They are sent to
another place, a
bigger place.

“Would you like to go there
and search?”

The boy agreed and the
river took him to the sea.

“This is where all tears end.
You can check how salty
the water is”.



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Staring at the Ocean, the boy saw how enormous his soul was.

The river returned the boy's ears and he thanked with a smile, for he knew how great a soul he had - even greater than his ears.

A small drop fell in the sea.
The little drop was a tear.

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It was a tear of happiness.

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THE END