

# 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.



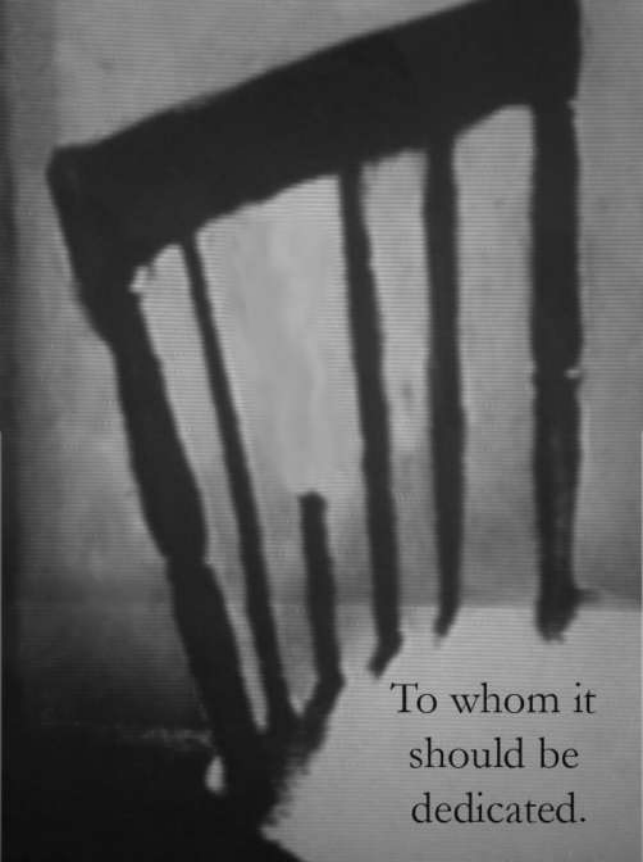


Thence


I do not

really

know



To whom it  
should be  
dedicated.

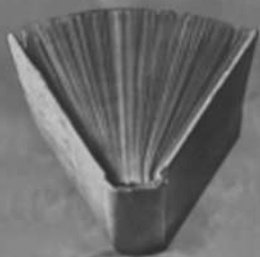


For dedicating  
sadness is to  
offer  
someone  
else's  
sufferance.




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.

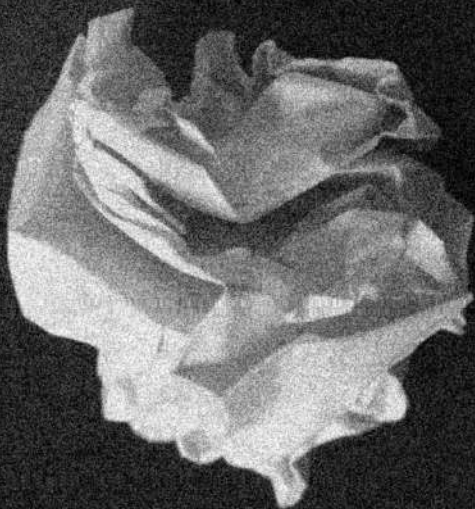
He finished quickly, after all  
this is not a long book, and  
told me:

“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”



## §


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”.

## §



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

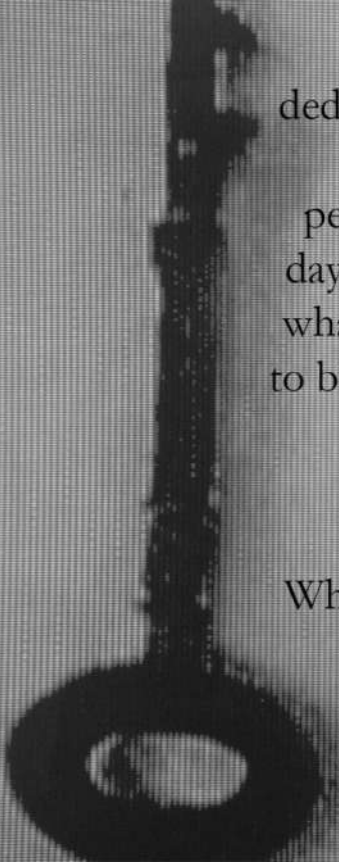
I dedicate this book  
to the person who,  
once, had the opportunity to  
hurt someone's feelings.



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.

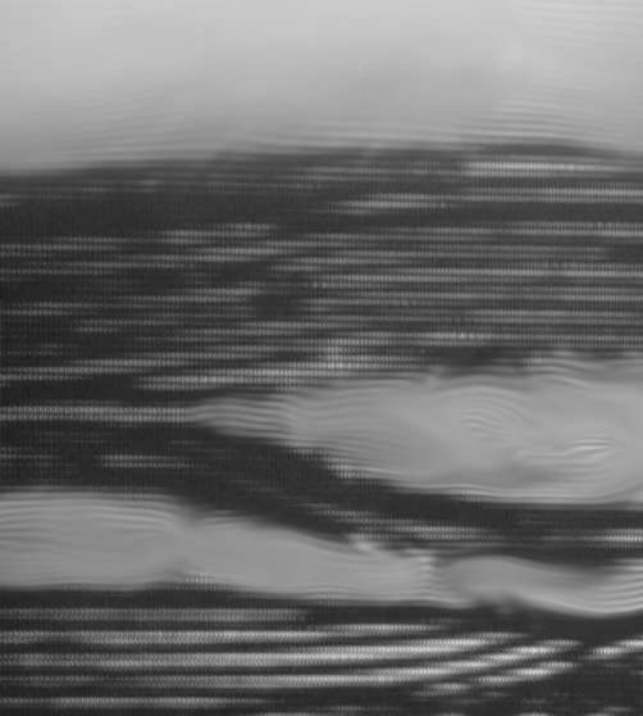



Paying close attention you may see two kids, one at each end, pushing the seesaw up and down.

# SAD STORY

OR SEESAW

A small drop of water  
fell in the river.





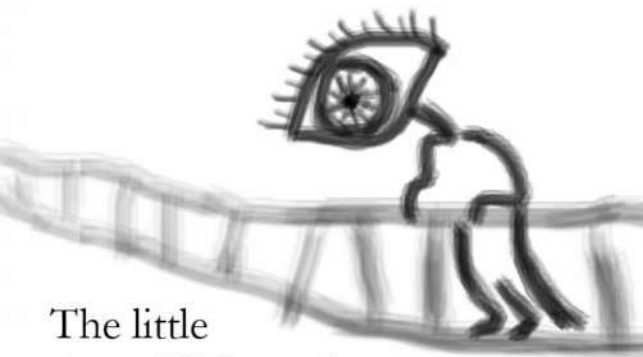
It was not a raindrop  
for it did not  
fall from  
the sky

The sky was blue on that day.

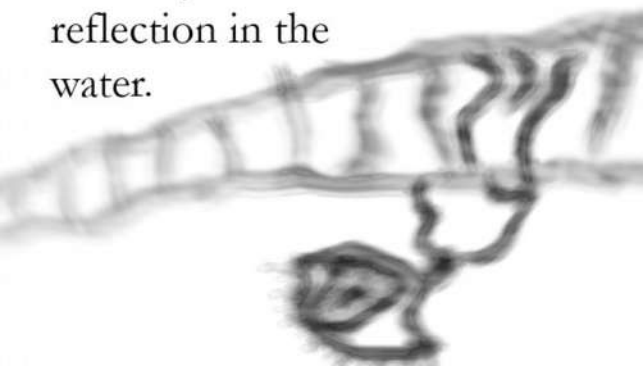
The little drop fell from the  
bridge that crossed the river.







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.

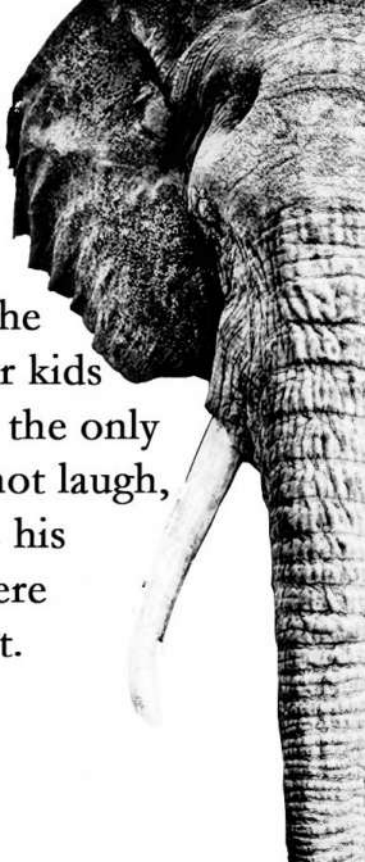
§

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.



§

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.

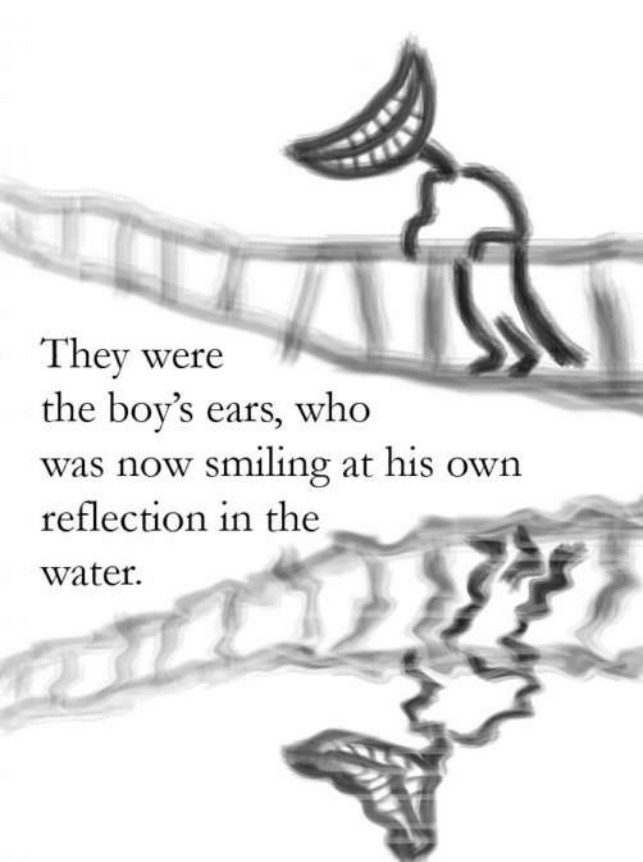
§

The boy cried alone  
over the bridge.



Then, suddenly, two ears  
fell in the river.

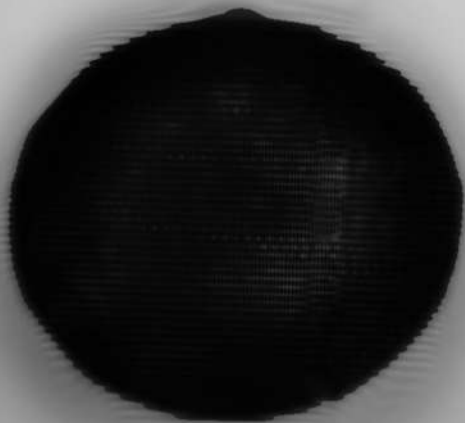


A black and white illustration. The top half shows a pair of large, dark, stylized ears with a grid-like pattern inside, perched on a horizontal line. Below this line, the bottom half of the image shows a distorted, wavy reflection of the ears and the line they sat on, suggesting a reflection in water. The text is centered in the middle of the image.

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



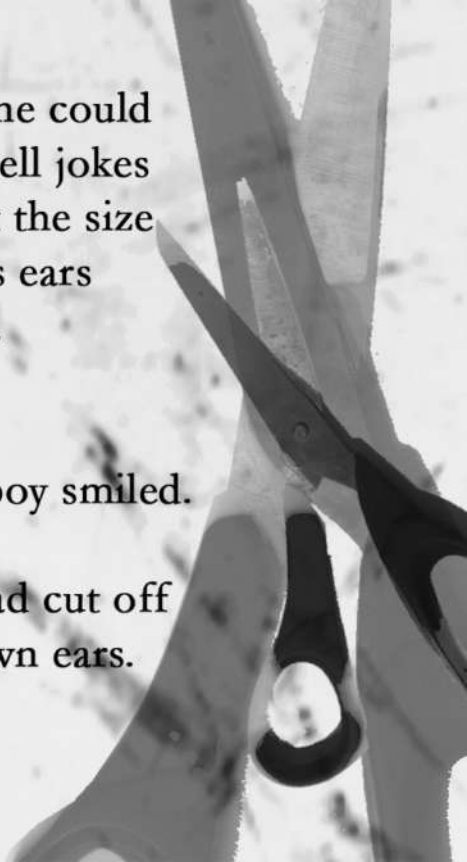
Instead of ears, he now  
had a hole on each side  
of his head.



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.



## §

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.

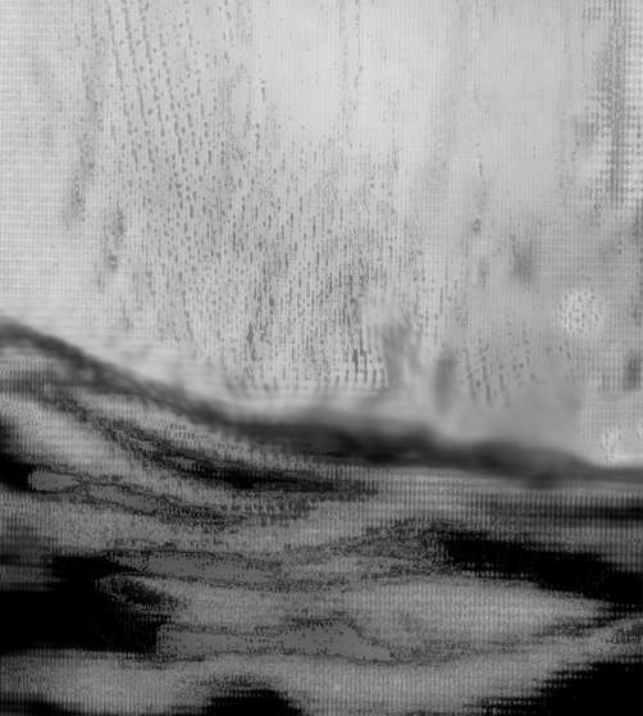
They pointed, they laughed and they left.

## §



*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.



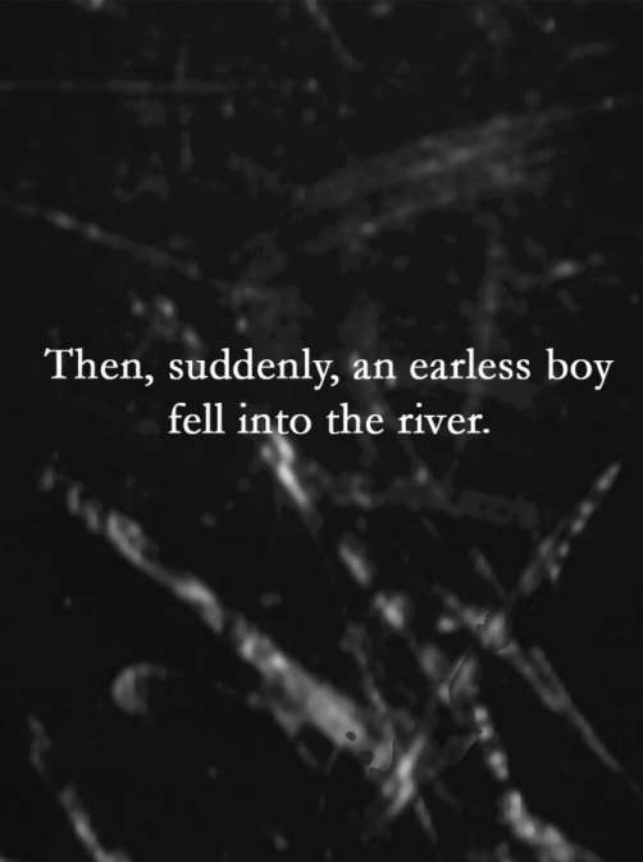
## §

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.

## §



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”.



## §

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.

## §

§

It was a tear of happiness.

§



THE END





This edition of this free ebook was  
brought to you by -

**<https://www.freekidsbooks.org>**

Preschool, early grades, picture books, learning to read,  
early chapter books, middle grade, young adult

***Always Free – Always will be!***

### **Copyright – Legal Notice**

This book has a standard copyright. The permission to publish this FKB version has been provided by the author or publisher to <https://www.FreeKidsBooks.org>. The book may not be re-posted online without the author's express permission.