“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.
The little drop was a tear. It was a tear of sadness.
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.
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 classmates 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