

The Riddle of the Real Fairy Tale

The monk didn't live in a castle or a manor or a cottage. He didn't go on a quest or battle the trolls. He wasn't hoping to become a king or a knight, a fairy prince or a wizard. He wasn't interested in the beautiful Princess or in wealth and riches.

The monk just sat and wasn't doing anything or going anywhere. He was like you, sitting and doing nothing, going nowhere. He was like you except that he wasn't reading this strange fairy tale that this time was honest enough not to claim to be true or real, in fact honest enough not even to exist.

A fairy tale that was just a mirror.

“For in the deluded mind we are but a fairy tale imagined unto ourselves,” said the monk.

“The body is more real than how you feel,” said the monk.

“Just sit. One day the real fairy tale will come and it will be more important than all the world,” said the monk.

This was the fairy tale to end all fairy tales.



Evaṃ

I offer this for your reflection.

Ajahn Kalyāno

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