



THE JOURNEY OF THE WISE MAN-  
a story of a Wise Man  
who found an amazing island

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The Wise Man had been travelling through lands and mountains. Having left behind thousands kilometres of sea, land and colourful skies now he was about to see an exciting piece of land. The piece of land turned out to be a coast. The coast looked as if it was full of new adventures.



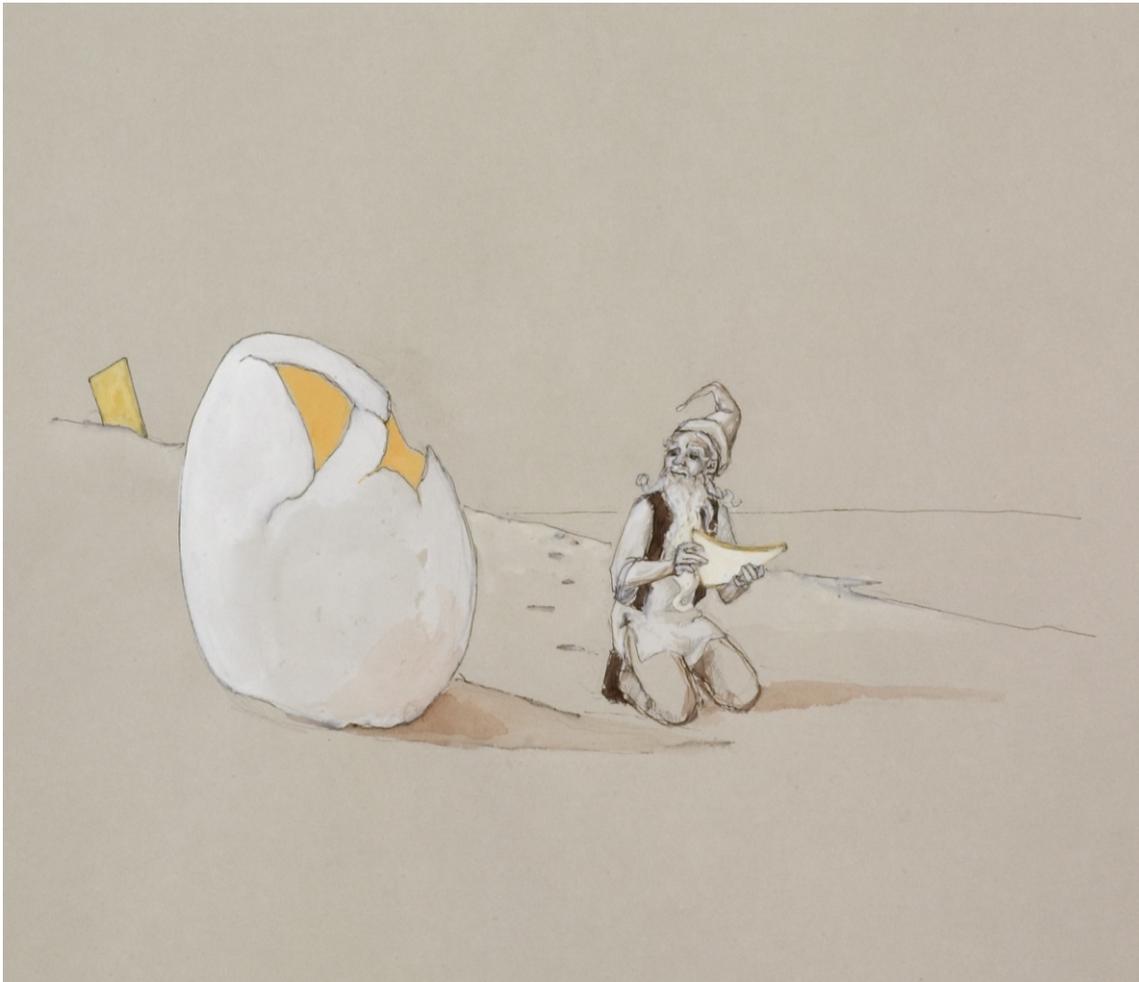
The Wise Man heard beautiful singing by the Sea Elf. So he could not hesitate to go forward. With his old wooden boat he headed towards this glistening white coast that was turning up more and more in the horizon.



The Wise Man slowly arrived on the strand and docked his boat with his own made robe to a piece of dark stone.



Having stepped on the earth The Wise Man was curiously looking around. He was thrilled and impressed what he was surrounded by. It was quiet and peaceful. The yellowy white landscape beautifully opened even further in front of him. In the sand, he saw an omen paintin.



He looked at the earth and saw something extremely interesting. He was approaching this objective with a hope and excitement. This shiny and bright, but delicate piece had been dropped from somewhere. He enthusiastically observed the piece and took it with him.

Suddenly, The Wise Man noticed that there was a bird's egg right next to him. It was the Egg of the Earth that was shining light and sparkles. He approached the Egg of the Earth with a respect. He looked, observed and thought. There were three tiny little holes on the Egg. Would the piece he was carrying fit to any of the holes?



Having thought about this for a little while he found the right place for the piece and he kindly put it in its place on the Egg. On the other side of the Egg he found yet another hole equipped with a hatch. He lifted the hatch and found a shining ball inside the Egg.



He grabbed the ball and threw it into the air. Magically he became a conductor orchestrating beautifully funny sounds with this ball. After awhile he put the ball back into the Egg's secret hole.



The Wise Man continued his journey until he saw yet another egg. This time it was a bigger one. It was the Egg of the Sun. The Egg was shining with its glitter. He was thrilled, but decided to go to the Egg. He enthusiastically went around it. He realised that the Egg was as if floating in the air. Under the Egg there was a huge hole.



He mindfully had a look into the hole - into the magic world of the Egg. The Wise Man felt drawn to the hole. So he decided to go in it.



Within the Egg he was faced with everything beautiful and interesting - colours, paintings and attractive scents. He was excited and he playfully popped out his head from the tiny holes.



The Wise Man returned on the warm earth. He went around the Egg for one more time and found an orange piece which had been painted the colours of the Sun. Would this colourful piece fit to the Egg of the Earth, he wondered. He decided to sort it out.



Exactly as he had thought this orange-yellow piece perfectly fitted to the second hole on the Egg of the Earth. He put it in its place on the Egg with a smile on his face.



For one more time The Wise Man looked at the Egg of the Sun and saw there was a white feather under it. He cautiously approached the Feather. He gently lifted it on his hand's pillow. The Wise Man felt again being playful so he softly blew the Feather in the air. The Feather loved flying and it obviously enjoyed the harmonic air waves. The Wise Man played with the Feather for a moment after which he lay down and kept looking at the darkening firmament.



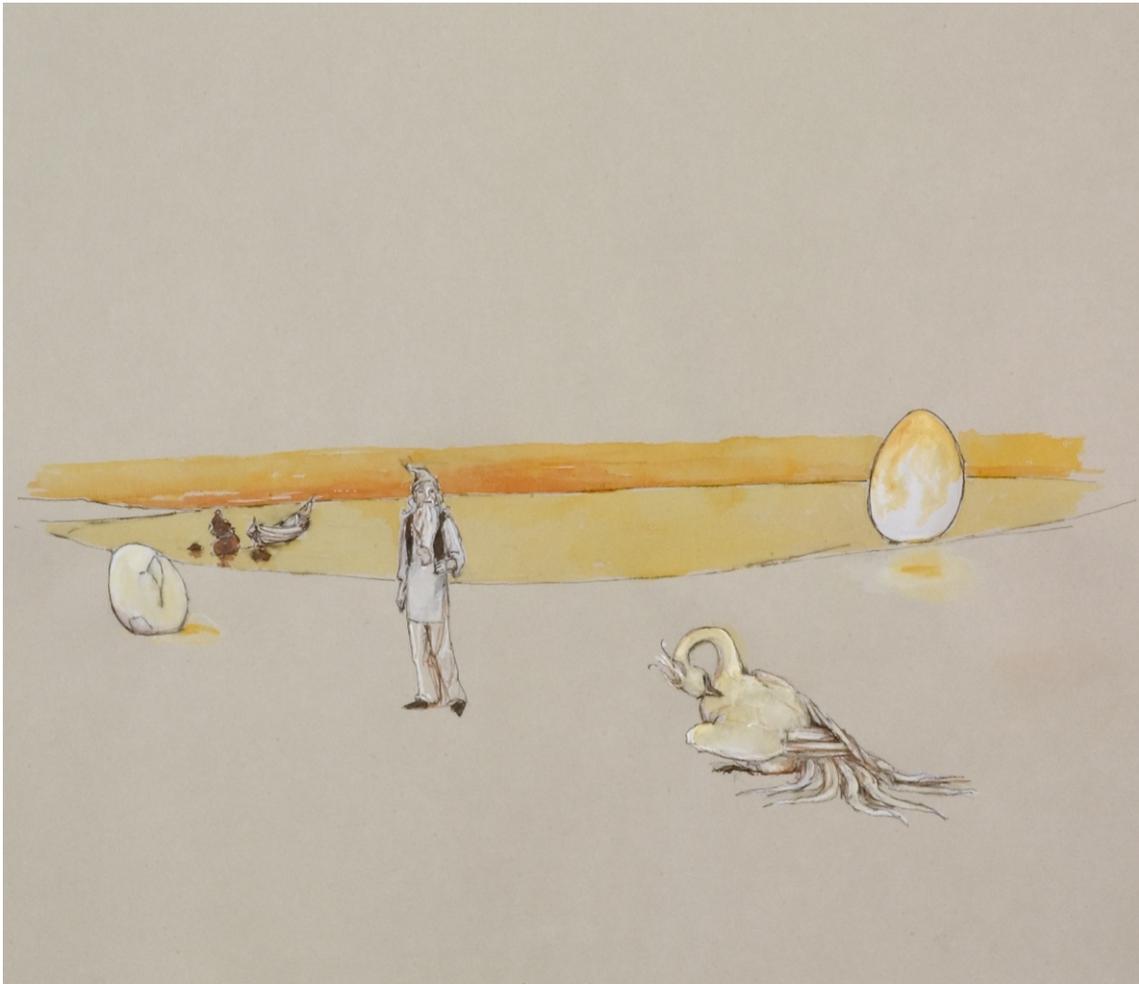
The Wise Man heard a very lovely and fascinating bird's singing from somewhere. He turned and saw a yellow bird behind him. He carefully looked at the Bird with a delight. He approached the Bird and bowed respectfully in front of it.



He started stroking the Bird's beak and beautifully shaped neck. The Wise Man saw that the Bird was carrying something on its back. The Bird lifted something that was sparkling and flashing. It was a piece of the Egg of the Earth which had been painted with the Moon and the Stars. In his mind The Wise Man asked from the Bird whether the piece would belong to the third hole of the Egg of the Earth.



The Bird read his mind and answered positively. He excitedly returned the piece to its right place seeing that the Egg of the Earth was totally unbroken, one entire egg again.



The sun had already set and the night had descended upon the sea. It was The Wise Man's time to continue his endless journey. For the last time he looked at the whole landscape keeping all this in his mind to the next generation. He said goodbye to the Egg, the Stone, the Feather as well as the Bird.



The Sea Elf's calm and serene singing lead The Wise Man's direction towards the blue sea.



He freed his old wooden boat from the embrace of the dark stone.



The Wise Man was again heading towards the blue firmaments - towards new and exciting adventures.



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