Stinky the Monk

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Stinky goes on a journey to the mountains to find peace. What he learns is invaluable

Published on
Booksie

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The way of the thousand trotters. Hyper oink super breath. Heavenly knuckle. Sty roll from Orion.

There are many more techniques for one to learn. This comes when the student is ready and the teacher is willing. The process to readiness is earned not won. Patience above all is the most powerful stance. This one learns very quickly yet masters very slowly.

High in the mountain tops there were stones and boulders dusted with snow, leaves were holding their breath till they turned auburn, and pigs graced its land with wise words and elegant fury. This was the home of the spiritual, the polished and learned pigs who have trained to reacha level of equilibrium others would never find. Teachings here were mostly non-verbal. Speech was for beginnersâ ¦ naturally.

So what does this story have to do with Stinky? Well it is nothing and everything at the same time. And once Stinky realises the meaning of being one with nothing and everything at the one time, he would have attained a level of zenhood others could only reach in their dreams.

As Stinky climbed the last of the steps, he was greeted by a fierce looking character. He wasnâ t the typical kind, he radiate an aura of strength and sturdiness.

â What brings you here?â he asked Stinky. His words were hesitant as though he had not spoken in eons.

Stinky wanted to reply, but he had left his breath along the course of the thousand or so steps he has crested. So he stood there, trying to regain enough wind to let out a few words.

â You have chosen not to speak and because of this we welcome you to our home. What I feel from you is much stronger than any words could muster. Follow meâ

And with that Stinky followed this monk and entered his home. He walked and was greeted by a sight unbeknownst to most others â the most beautiful gardens, quirky shaped houses elegantly built, the kindest yet quietest residents he had ever met. How do you count your blessings? What were the chances he would be out of breath long enough to not utter a word to the monk that greeted him? Maybe it was just meant to be.

This was his home for the next few months. Many of the things Stinky had learnt were too secret, so donâ t expect any detail in regards to what exactly he mastered. All we can tell you is that Stinky went in as just another ordinary character and came out as one who knew more about the world and more about life.

He started to make his way down the steps, back to the real world. He did not turn back or speak any words. He knew that his memory of this place would always be imprinted in his heart and that his farewells were already felt by those who had welcomed and cared for him. One of his biggest lessons was realising that love, above all, is much larger than the four letters that make up the word. And it is in those moments where you can feel love rather than hear love, that really makes the biggest and most memorable difference.

Stinky continued to walk. I wonder where he will end up next?

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