

Vadim Kanevsky

FAIRY TALES OF REINCARNATION

**(with the divine presence of the God Almighty
in every one of them)**

THE BIG THING

"How are you, oh my dear creature?"

"Oh My God, I'm unhappy. I'm suffering from the Big Trouble.

Oh God Almighty, give me the Big Thing,
to stop the Big Trouble.

"Here's the Big Thing for you."

"How are you, oh my dear creature?"

"Oh My God, I still can't be happy. Now I'm suffering from anxiety.

Of course, I've got the Big Thing, and my Big Trouble is stopped,
But now I'm too anxious to lose the Big Thing.

Oh God Almighty, give me the Big Instrument,
so I could myself make the Big Thing
for stopping the Big Trouble.

"Here's the Big Instrument for you."

"How are you, oh my dear creature?"

"Oh My God, I still can't be happy. Now I'm dying from boredom.

Certainly, I've got the Instrument,

and I can myself make the Big Thing for stopping the Big Trouble,
but now I have the big problem how to structure my time and energy.

Oh God Almighty, give me the Big Knowledge,
so I could myself find the Big Instrument

for making the Big Thing
that stops the Big Trouble.

"Here's the Knowledge for you."

"How are you, oh my dear creature?"

"Oh My God, I still can't be happy. Now I'm knocked down by the existential crisis.

Sure, I've got the Big Knowledge,

and I myself can find the Big Instrument for making the Big Thing that stops the Big
Trouble,

but with this I've lost the very capacity of wishing anything.

My life loses its meaning.

Oh God Almighty, give me the Big Disaster,

so I would wish to use the Big Knowledge,
and find the Big Instrument

for making the Big Thing
that stops the Big Trouble,

which is no longer big for me,
and by no means a trouble.

THE LITTLE THING

Once upon a time there lived a man who did not like being a man. He wanted to be a bird. Days and nights he spent on a mountain looking at birds flying in the sky. One day he got to know a bird that could speak. They became friends. The bird told the man it did not like being a bird.

"I envy you, human beings", it told to him, once, while they were chatting on a top of a big rock, "you've created so many beautiful things! I wish I'd rather be a man."

The man was very surprised:

"But we can't fly!"

"Well, you have so many other possibilities. And, in the final end, is it that important in which form we experience the Joy Of Living?"

"Oh, don't feed me with this Richard Bach stuff. I've been through that before."

Then he jumped down the rock, and his body became a mass of blood and flesh devoured by the sea. Presently he found himself in heaven talking to God.

God asked him:

"Well, son, what happened?"

"What do you mean", asked the man-who-wanted- to-be-a-bird."

"Why weren't you satisfied with the form I'd given to you? Why didn't you feel the Joy Of Living? Like all the decent beings?"

"Father, you've made a mistake having made me as a man. I'd rather be a bird flying free in the sky."

"Bist du sicher?" God was so excited he spoke German.

"Sicher".

Nothing to be done - God now put the soul of this man into the life form of a bird. And what do you think was the dream of this bird? Of course, to be a man. Because it has already forgotten about having this experience before.

One day the bird-who-was-before-a-man met a man. And guess what was the basic wish of that man? Of course to become a bird. They sometimes met on a top of a big rock and chatted. Once the man, in the attack of despair, flung himself down the rock and died. The bird became desperate too. It folded its wings, fell down and broke dead either.

Presently this soul that has already experienced both forms of living, man's and bird's, found himself in the Divine Presence of God.

"Well, what's now?" grugged Lord "Why were you again dissatisfied with the form I'd given to you? Why didn't you feel the Joy Of Living? Like all the decent beings?"

"M-m, father, I'm afraid there is a little thing in me, a small device, that really spoils the fun."

"What kind of thing?" God raised his eyebrows.

"The Conscious, father. Your own projection into my brain, the little God in me. If not for this, I'd be pretty happy like your other creatures, full of this Joy Of Living."

"M-m, I didn't realize that" God murmured astonishingly, "could you explain me a little more, how does it happen?"

And the soul-who-was-always-dissatisfied-with-its-form-of-being went on explaining eagerly:

"Well, this little thing - the Conscious - is just the awareness of not being the one I consider myself to be. In other words, it's the awareness of death. The Joy Of Living is possible only when one forgets he would die. But I can't. Because of that little thing."

God remained silent for a long time, contemplating over the idea. At last he offered agreeably:

"OK, my son, now I've got what you mean. Do you want me to remove it? To extract this little thing from you?"

Now it was the soul's turn to think silently. At last he said (not without a surprise to himself):

"Father, I'm not sure I want it. For it means to stop being myself. As a matter of fact it's you who's cared a damned lot about this Joy Of Living."

"Have you experienced another kind of Joy?"

"Yes, Lord. The joy of your Presence."

"Oh, interesting. And when?"

"Flying down the rock."

DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE

Once upon a time there lived an ugly girl. She was so ugly that no man loved her. She kept falling in love with one man after another but no one of them loved her. Well, all men she loved were beautiful. The idea of loving a man of an equal appearance and equal problems just did not seem interesting to her. No matter what friends or parents tried to advise her, she kept saying,

"No, no, no. I want to love a beautiful young man and be loved by him. Or to die."

And, since her dream did not work well, she preferred to die. She was very stubborn girl indeed. She committed suicide. Presently her soul found herself in God's Divine Presence.

"What happened, daughter, asked Lord, why were you not satisfied with the life I'd given to you"

"I don't call that life, daddy. It's anything but life!

"Why?"

"Are you crazy asking me like that? Look: all girls around are beautiful and are in love with beautiful guys.. And what about ME?!"

"OK, my child, now you'll be born as a very beautiful woman"

And she was born again, in another country, without any remembrance of who she had been before and how it had finished. Then, in not more than 18 years, she found herself a beautiful woman surrounded by admirers. There was an ugly guy among them, so ugly that the very thought of kissing him would make her laugh. One day he told her about his love. She laughed at him. Next day he killed himself.

The news of his death struck her, she came to his house and looked at him dead. Something in his face seemed her familiar. She went home trying to figure out what it was. In the night she could not sleep. Suddenly he remembered her last incarnation. The dead young man's face was exactly like the face that belonged to her when she was an ugly girl!

She wept the rest of that night. In the morning she realized she could not love anyone of her beautiful admirers. She felt disappointed in love itself, went into a monastery and became a monk.

In ten years she became the Mother Superior. The monastery prospered. There she lost all her beauty and became fat. She was satisfied with love and talked with her wards - girls, pale and ugly - about the love to God.

Then the First World War started. The monastery was bombed. With other female monks she started working in a hospital. There suddenly she came upon one of her former admirers, heavily wounded. Half of his face was burned, he was half blind, missed one leg and three fingers.

She fell in love with him, quit her monastery and loved with him unmarried. They had three children. When he got drunk he beat her. She was happy.

After she had died God asked her,

"Well, my child, how was it this time?"

"Great, daddy. At last I got to know what love is."

