

Paulo Coelho

*Stories for Parents,
Children
and Grandchildren*

Volume 1

2008

Paulo Coelho's website address is
www.paulocoelho.com
Paulo Coelho's blog address is
www.paulocoelhoblog.com

Copyright © Paulo Coelho 2005

The right of Paulo Coelho to be identified as the moral rights author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright Amendment (Moral Rights) Act 2000 (Cth).

ISBN 978-0-557-01295-4

Published by Lulu

True skill

The yogi Raman was a true master of the art of archery. One morning, he invited his favorite disciple to watch a display of his skill. The disciple had seen this more than a hundred times before, but he nevertheless obeyed his teacher.

They went into the wood beside the monastery and when they reached a magnificent oak tree, Raman took a flower which he had tucked in his collar and placed it on one of the branches.

He then opened his bag and took out three objects: his splendid bow made of precious wood, an arrow and a white handkerchief embroidered with lilacs.

The yogi positioned himself one hundred paces from the spot where he had placed the flower. Facing his target, he asked his disciple to

blindfold him with the embroidered handkerchief.

The disciple did as his teacher requested.

'How often have you seen me practice the noble and ancient sport of archery?' Raman asked him.

'Every day,' replied his disciple. 'And you have always managed to hit the rose from three hundred paces away.'

With his eyes covered by the handkerchief, the yogi Raman placed his feet firmly on the ground, drew back the bowstring with all his might - aiming at the rose placed on one of the branches of the oak tree - and then released the arrow.

The arrow whistled through the air, but it did not even hit the tree, missing the target by an embarrassingly wide margin.

'Did I hit it?' said Raman, removing the handkerchief from his eyes.

'No, you missed completely,' replied the disciple. 'I thought you were going to

demonstrate to me the power of thought and your ability to perform magic.'

'I have just taught you the most important lesson about the power of thought,' replied Raman. 'When you want something, concentrate only on that: *no one will ever hit a target they cannot see.*'

How to be remembered

In the monastery of Sceta, Abbot Lucas gathered the brothers together for a sermon.

'May you all be forgotten,' he said.

'But why?' one of the brothers asked. 'Does that mean that our example can never serve to help someone in need?'

'In the days when everyone was just, no one paid any attention to people who behaved in an exemplary manner,' replied the abbot. 'Everyone did their best, never thinking that by behaving thus they were doing their duty by their brother. They loved their neighbour because they understood that this was part of life and they were merely obeying a law of nature. They shared their possessions in order not to accumulate more than they could carry, for journeys lasted a whole lifetime. They lived together in freedom, giving and receiving,

making no demands on others and blaming no one. That is why their deeds were never spoken of and that is why they left no stories. If only we could achieve the same thing now: to make goodness such an ordinary thing that there would be no need to praise those who practice it.

Rebuilding the world

A father was trying to read the newspaper, but his little son kept pestering him. Finally, the father grew tired of this and, tearing a page from the newspaper - one that bore a map of the world - he cut it into several pieces and handed them to his son.

'Right, now you've got something to do. I've given you a map of the world and I want to see if you can put it back together correctly.'

He resumed his reading, knowing that the task would keep the child occupied for the rest of the day. However, a quarter of an hour later, the boy returned with the map.

'Has your mother been teaching you geography?' asked his father in astonishment.

'I don't even know what that is,' replied the boy. 'But there was a photo of a man on the other side of the page, so I put the man back

together and found I'd put the world back
together too.'