

The Young Man Who Found His Music

Once upon a time, there was a young man who was filled with music. From dawn until dusk, in his ears and his mouth, in his mind and his heart, he was filled with music.

But whenever the young man, bursting with music, would open his mouth to sing, nothing ever came out. The people around him would stare at him, puzzled. Music? They would say, what music? We do not hear any music. It must be in your head.

But the music haunted the young man until he could think of nothing else, and so he decided to go for a walk in the woods. After awhile, he sat to rest beneath the cedar boughs. As he began to drift off, the young man slowly became aware of a new and different kind of sound, coming to him softly through the trees. The young man would have been hard put to tell you exactly what he heard - a long-forgotten melody? A heartbeat? To this day, when you ask him, he will only say, it was my music.

The young man rose and bounded through the trees as nimble as a white-tailed deer. Faster and faster he ran, until the music drew him at last to a clearing in the woods. There, by a small pond, a building with glass walls and strange spiral roofs blazed with light. The young man gazed in delight. Here, at last, was his music, streaming out of every window and door, swirling and sparkling in the dazzling light. He clapped his hands and danced for joy. And as his music came shimmering to greet him, the young man held out his arms and opened his mouth and sang.

They say that there has never been a song quite like that, not before and not since. They say that the young man's song melted the stone heart of Mother Orford and was carried by every river and every stream to the deepest parts of the forest, beyond the reach of men. They say that if you go, even now, into the woods on the slopes of the mountain and sit very still under the cedar boughs, you will hear echoes of that young man's song still alive in the trees all around you.

And what of our hero? Well, legend has it that he went back to his village and sang often for his people, and they all marveled at the beauty of the song and at the story of the young man who found his music.