

The Swan Majesto

In the forest near Emmett's village, the frog and the swan shared their life together by the frog's little stream. The swan was so beautiful that one of the wise priests in town, who occasionally retreated to the stream to meditate, named him Majesto.

One day Majesto woke up from a dream that gave him a terrible fright. In the dream a charming and intelligent duck named Christa arrives by the stream. At the same time the frog now tells Majesto that he is no longer welcome in her home and that he has to leave, just like what she has done with her old friend, the duck.

Majesto was convinced that the frog would do to him exactly what she did with the duck years ago, that is, ask him to leave when someone else shows up at the stream. He became very nervous, watching anxiously day and night for Christa's arrival.

When the leaves had all fallen on the forest ground, he decided that it was time for him to find Christa and make sure that she did not destroy his life. He went up and down and around the forest. He went to Emmett's village and other villages nearby. He even flew around as far as he could in the sky, but he found no duck named Christa.

Meanwhile the frog felt more and more distant from Majesto because he was always away and even when he was not, he seemed emotionally distant. She tried to ask him if there was anything bothering him, but he always shook his head. She had this sense that he just wanted her to leave him alone.

When summer finally showed its face in the forest, the frog resigned herself to the fact that the only thing she could do was to wait for Majesto to "come back" to her. The days went by, growing hotter in the summer, cooler in the fall, eventually freezing after the snowflakes began to fly in the winter air, and the frog's hope for Majesto's emotional return grew smaller and smaller.

Meanwhile Majesto's search for Christa continued. His whole being was so involved in his worries about losing his wonderful life with the frog that he didn't even notice that the frog became sadder and sadder, and that they were so distant from each other that their life together had become simply a nostalgic memory.

When the ground turned green again in the next spring, Majesto suddenly thought to himself, "Perhaps Christa is not a duck." With this new realization he set out to find anyone with the name Christa. And this time, there were too many creatures with that name. There was a wolf cub with the name. Majesto talked her into moving to another forest far away. There was a rabbit named Christa, and when Majesto could not trick her into moving away, he led her to a mountain top one day and pushed her over the edge. Over the next few years, Majesto either killed or made every Christa go away from the region. Yet he knew no rest in his heart because his task of looking for the right Christa had found no end.

One day Majesto fell terribly ill and he had to stay home by the stream to rest. He had another dream then. In this dream, Christa, a duckling this time, is swimming adorably in the stream. The frog is watching her with such delight that Majesto felt his heart break.

When the frog went to see him the next morning, she found Majesto's cold dead body.

Although they were quite apart at heart in the last few years of their life together, the frog still felt very sad, mostly because she realized that Majesto would not have a chance to return to her, ever, after his death. She mourned deeply for that loss—the loss of hope.

At the memorial service, the frog ran into the priest who gave Majesto his name. "Do you have any idea why he was so distant over the last few years?" the frog asked the priest.

"He was so terribly worried about losing you that he set out to make sure it never happened," the priest went on explaining to the frog that he could not reveal the details to her, even after Majesto's death.

"I understand," the frog said, "otherwise, I wouldn't want to tell you my secrets either."

That night Majesto came to her dream and told her all about his terrible deeds, "Well, you see, I was so afraid of losing our life together that I chased away and killed everyone I found who could be a potential threat to my life with you. In the end it only destroyed me and our life together...."

The frog felt awful that her best friend realized this *only* after his death. She was also reminded that she told her friend, the little duck, that he had to leave, years ago, because the swan wanted to be alone with her, in the stream. She thought to herself: "He must have felt terrible. He was homeless and nameless. I promised him my friendship and my home and then I took back my word...."

She pondered on all this for a long while. Then she set out to find the duck and Christa, no matter how far away they were or how many of them there were....