



## The Stonecutter

### ***A Japanese story from The Treasure in your Heart by Sydney Solis***

Once there was a poor stonecutter, and every day he went to work at the base of a mountain, slinging his pickaxe into the rock.

One day, when he was exhausted, he said aloud, “Oh, I am just a poor stonecutter, working hard for my living. How I wish I were a rich man. Then all my problems would be solved and I would be so powerful. “

A fairy happened to listen in on this conversation, and she instantly granted the man his wish.

The poor stonecutter suddenly found that he was a wealthy man. He had delicious food and fine clothes and many servants. Over time, he grew used to this comfortable lifestyle and with so much power, he began to act bossy and mean.

One day, when the sun was shining harshly and making everybody miserable with its heat, the rich man thought, “Well, this sun has more power than I do. I can’t stand it that something has more power than I. I wish I were the sun! Then I would be the most powerful thing in the world!”

The fairy heard the man’s wish, and instantly it was granted.

“Haha!” cried the rich man. “Now I am the sun! I am so powerful! I can shine down on everybody and make their lives great or miserable!” and he blazed his heat down on the poor people below.

His triumph was short-lived, however. Soon a cloud moved in front of the sun and blocked its glaring rays. The sun was furious.

“Why, the cloud is more powerful than I am! I wish to be the cloud so that I can be the most powerful thing in the world.”

Of course, his wish was instantly granted by the nearby fairy. Unfortunately, as a cloud, the rich man was instantly blown away by the wind.

“Oh no! Make me the wind” he cried. “The wind is the most powerful thing in the world!” Once again his wish was granted.

As the wind, the rich man loved blowing over the people, making their lives miserable. He blew all sorts of things: clothes off the line, hats off their heads, roofs off of houses, but he



was not satisfied. He couldn't do anything to a mountain that stood before him, tall and unwavering. He blew and blew, but his wind had no effect.

“Oh! The mountain is more powerful than I! Make me the mountain!” he cried, and his wish was granted.

As a mountain, the rich man sat beaming with boastful pride at his power and strength. Then he heard a strange sound.

“Chink, chink, chink,” went the sound. “Chink, chink, chink,” the mountain thought, “What is that? What is that sound?” he looked down, and there was a poor stonecutter, cutting away at the mountainside.

“Oh no!” cried the mountain. “That stonecutter is more powerful than I! Eventually he will cut away the whole mountain! The stonecutter is the most powerful thing in the world! I want to be a stonecutter!” His wish was instantly granted. Once again, he was a poor stonecutter.

### **Questions to Reflect on the story**

- *What was the most beautiful thing in the story?*
- *If you were a doctor, how would you name the disease of the stone cutter?*
- *What kind of cure would you advise him?*
- *Are you ever like the stonecutter?*
- *Where do wishes for 'more' come from?*
- *Happiness = stopping wanting to have more, do you agree or not?*