

## The Fool Was None the Wiser

The stage lights were turned on. In the middle of the stage, three bodies on the floor. Lifeless. From above the stage, the crescent moon was descending. The clattering of the chains that were lowering the moon were echoing through the hall. Next, a sweet lullaby. Where did it come from? Look! Sitting on the crescent moon was the fool. He was singing with a smile on his face and his eyes closed. Swaying his body innocently, he reached the floor yet did not get off the crescent moon. The fool stopped singing. Silence filled the stage.

Suddenly, with a loud and fearless voice, the fool laughed. He shouted, 'My, my, why the long faces, my dear friends! Come on! Stand up! The show has begun!' Without hesitation, the once limp bodies began moving again. They stood up — 1, 2, 3! The fool smiled. 'My, my, you have to smile more, my dear friends! Come on! The audience is waiting!' Wide smiles adorned their faces. How satisfying! However, the fool knew better. 'My, my, have you forgotten what we practiced, my dear friends? Come on! Dance and sing!' Immediately, they began dancing and singing. The fool was clapping his hands rhythmically.

A spectacular show for ladies and gentlemen, for children and elderly! Everyone was smiling happily! The applause was deafening and the stage lights were blinding! The fool enjoyed the show the most! 'O, may this show never end! O, may this show go on forever!'

However, the fool's prayers were not answered. The show found its end. The stage lights turned off, revealing the audience seats. Empty. The applause stopped, and all the noise vanished. Silence. The actors finished their play, three dull thuds following after. Lifeless.

The fool, sitting on the crescent moon, wore an unreadable expression. His gaze wandered from the audience seats to the stage. The bodies on the floor, strings attached to them. Following the flow of the strings, they were leading to the hands of none other than the fool's. Letting go of the strings meant that the balloons would soar higher and higher, up into the sky and through the galaxy — forever out of reach.

A sigh escaped his lips. He was a fool, not a dunce. The absurdity of his reality was very clear to him. He was well aware of this fragile façade he created, but that was a price the fool was willing to pay. For his survival in this absurd world, the little boy cast himself away and abandoned reality.

Loud laughter filled the stage one more time. 'My, my, what a shame! The show is over! However, there are many more stories to tell! Please look forward to our next show!' Smiling, smiling, the fool ascended with the crescent moon, but do not let anyone know of the tear drop that fell onto the stage.