

THE MELODY FOR DESTINY

(A CHILDREN'S FABLE)

by

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For Day 13 of the 29 Plays Later Challenge: write something you don't want to see in the theatre, your theatrical nightmare, but make it the best it can be on its own terms from a position of understanding.

This is a moral fable for children inspired by Paulo Coelho's *The Alchemist*.

There could be an infinite number of chapters/lessons in this one. I had twenty-some sketched out, and wrote about ten. Try some yourself! At about midnight Alix Mortimer offered to help out and she contributed "The Englishman - The Melody For Fortitude" and "The Chocolatier - The Melody for Pleasure" and "The Yogi - The Melody for Peace of Mind"

Thanks, Alix!

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## INTRODUCTION

COSMO:

I'm sad today. I was sad yesterday. Sad and weary. I don't know what to do. My life doesn't seem to have direction. The days pass, and turn into weeks that turn into months, and the years slip by. I haven't any spark. I need to do something! Yes, I'll walk for a while, and try to empty my head. I walk, and the air is fresh and clean, and the grass is rich and green, but I'm still sad. I talk to a fellow on the road who tells me about the windmills that used to be all around here, which diverts me for a time, but still I'm sad. Bored of myself, I enter a bar, and get talking to a fellow from Egypt. He tells me about the Pyramids! The Pyramids are full of gold, he says. You should go and see the Pyramids! I always wanted to see the Pyramids. Are they really full of gold? I don't know why, but I feel the urge to go and see them, and to find out if they really are full of gold. Soon, I am on my way, and travelling. As I turn the pages of an old volume of stories, my mind starts to wander and I drift off to sleep. When I arrive in the sandy yellow desert land, I feel more excited than I have in years. Everything is so different! Louder, brighter, also dirtier, but full of mystery and wonder. But I'm still sad. I don't know why I've come to this strange desert land, or what I'm seeking.

## SANTIAGO - THE MELODY FOR DESTINY

COSMO: I hear music. What is this enchanting music? The melody is familiar and yet strange. Stranger, who are you and what is this strange music?

SANTIAGO: It is a magic melody.

COSMO: It's beautiful! What do you call this strange melody?

SANTIAGO: It is the Melody for Destiny. There are Magic Melodies that have strange powers, special powers to heal, to enamour, to love life, to relish the good times and endure the bad times. Melodies for prosperity and faith, for pleasure and laughter. You are just beginning on your Growth Quest, to find these magic melodies and enrich yourself.

COSMO: What is a Growth Quest?

SANTIAGO: Your Growth Quest is what you have always wanted to accomplish. Everyone, when they are young, knows what their Growth Quest is . . . when you want something, all the universe conspires in helping you to achieve it. Those who don't understand their Growth Quest will fail to comprehend its teachings. You must set out, and find yours! Find the magic melodies!

COSMO: Will you teach me?

SANTIAGO: I will teach you one melody, to sing on your way. This is the Melody for Destiny. If you sing it, you will know your destiny, and be on your way toward your Growth Quest.

THEY SING THE MELODY FOR DESTINY

COSMO: I feel Destiny before me! I know what to do! Thank you, Santiago.

THE MONK - THE MELODY FOR FAITH

COSMO:: I see a Monastery over there and a Church. There are beautiful frescoes and a choir singing a haunting hymn. What are these frescoes, Brother?

MONK: They are six identically proportioned frescoes depicting worldly scenes. The painter has included the men who built the Church and commissioned the art.

COSMO: They are strange!

MONK: They have a strange beauty, a terrifying beauty. They represent the Spiritual dimension of ordinary things. If you look at them for long enough you will find new levels within what you might before have considered fallen and uninteresting.

COSMO: What do the pictures in the frescoes show?

MONK: They show of the despising of all vanities of the world. Of the considering of the misery of mankind. What truth speaks from inside without the noise of words. Of the ordeal of a true lover. Of the different movements of nature and grace. Of the meditation on death.

COSMO: What is the Hymn that they sing?

MONK: The glory of the beauties of the world. Of the considering of the glories of mankind. What truth speaks from above without the noise of words. Of the triumphs of the true lover. Of the different movements of mankind and the body. Of the meditation on eternal life.

COSMO: It's beautiful.

MONK: It is the Melody for Faith. If you sing this Magic Melody you will have faith in yourself and in the deepening mystery of all things. It is the mystery that fills all things with purpose and wonder and vitality. These things are sent from Heaven.

COSMO: Will you teach me?

THEY SING THE MELODY FOR FAITH

COSMO: Brother, thank you!

MONK: God bless you.

COSMO: Now I must go on my way. I truly believe in my Growth Quest!

### THE GARDENER - THE MELODY FOR PATIENCE

COSMO: This Growth Quest is taking so long! I wish I could speed it up.

GARDENER: Ah, now, son. It's not speeding up you'll be wanting there, mark my words.

COSMO: Who are you?

GARDENER: I be the gardener of this here garden here, son. I planted all of this, shaped the boughs, fetched hither dangling apricots and haricots verts. Planted 'em all with these old hands, I did. Come rain, come shine, you'll always find me out in my garden with my plants and shrubs.

COSMO: But how can you stand it? It all takes so long!

GARDENER: I don't mind the time, son. I like to watch the day come up and go down again, and each seed turn into a root then a shoot then grow up, almost imperceptibly, day by day, month by month. Some o' them carrots grow too fast for my liking, I

don't like to rush things. Taking a bit of time over things reaps rewards, my boy. You wanna try it there. You might be a bit happier in yourself then to mark the way these shrubs live.

COSMO: But I'm so hungry for happiness, completeness, fulfilment, all the powers of the Magic Melodies for my Growth Quest.

GARDENER: Well there now, you might have hit upon something there. It makes me think, to my mind at least, that maybe you're not thinking about Growth in quite the right way. You see, growth takes time. It can't be rushed now. You don't just plant a nice rosemary and expect her to burst into bloom overnight now do you? She takes a bit of time, and cultivation, a bit of love and affection, and investment. But above all Time.

COSMO: It's all right for you, you're old and you've got your garden and your plants and shrubs to look after. What have I got?

GARDENER: You've got your Magic Melodies haven't you? Have you really listened to them?

COSMO: Of course! I know them by heart!

GARDENER: That's as all as is very well, but you don't quite apprehend my meaning. What I mean is, have you really listened to them? Have you sat down with one of them Magic Melodies and listened to what it has to say? Just sat and said nowt and waited for it to tell you what it wants to say? Have you not sat off and done that, son?

COSMO: Well, no. I was so busy rushing around trying to learn all the melodies that I...

GARDENER: That you never gave them a good, proper listen. Well m'lad, I can be teaching you another of them melodies, if you so wish.

COSMO: Oh, I'd love that! I'd love to slow down, to really listen to the Magic Melodies!

GARDENER: Well that's sounding like a good start right there, and no mistaking. Well, all right. Why don't we get comfortable and sit down under yon' elm? We can grab ourselves a couple of those Cox's pippins and have a bite to eat while we're about it.

COSMO: These are delicious!

GARDENER: And they're all fresh and homegrown, with no funny stuff, just a lot of love and care over a long time. Them pippins are good eating apples, they ain't your cider apples them. As much as I likes a nip of cider meself to quench my thirst on a hot summer's day after working with my plants and shrubs.

COSMO: I thought you were going to teach me a Melody!

GARDENER: Oh, there be plenty of time for that my lad. First I'd better be doing a bit of explaining about this old here melody. It's a rusty, crinkly thing. It's got itself a bit of a bend in the middle, but that's perfectly normal. It's a good strong Melody and it's

not without its fair square share of Magic too.

COSMO: I'd so love to hear it!

GARDENER: Hear it you will, and sing it too. It'll stand firm in the soil of your imagination during your cold winters, and it'll stay good during the blistering hot summers. You just have to give it a little bit of time. Would you like a seed whiles your a-waiting?

COSMO: Yes, please!

GARDENER: Well there ye go, eating all the seeds.

COSMO: But seeds are good and wholesome and tasty!

GARDENER: Aye lad, that they be. But seeds are much more. Without a little tiny seed, rather, I might correct myself and say, by way of example, without a little acorn, there wouldn't be that mighty big oak tree over there, would there? If I didn't plant them seeds in the earth, they wouldn't grow into nothing would they? If I went ahead and ate all them seeds just cos I was feeling a bit peckish, well then where would I be?

COSMO: I suppose you wouldn't have all this, this beautiful garden and all its plants and shrubs.

GARDENER: That's right. So you see, you have to plant the seeds and wait for them to grow and develop. Then one day, you'll walk into your garden and find yourself with all manner of

goodness, and it'll all make more! Your Cox's Pippins over there for your cider and your eating, your conkers for playing a good game in the afternoon, your herbs to spice up your lunch, your vegetables to keep yourself regular like, your strawberries and tomatoes. All of these things are as important as you are, because their life makes your life possible.

COSMO: I see! So by planting the seeds and waiting for them, then I can reap the rewards.

GARDENER: Well now young man, you don't exactly as such wanna be reaping before you've learned to sow now, do you?

COSMO: But I'm so eager to learn!

GARDENER: Sigh. I'll tell you what lad, I'll teach you the Melody of Patience, and you can go away and listen to its meaning, even if its meaning is a bit creaky and bends a bit in the middle. Maybe one day it'll grow into something you can really love and understand, but my point is this: in order for that to be happening, you'd best be giving it all of your love and understanding in the mean time. Now, if I can just remember it a-right.

### THEY SING THE MELODY FOR PATIENCE

COSMO: Thank you, Gardener. I will cultivate all that you've taught me, and not try to rush things before they're ready on my

Growth Quest.

GARDENER: That's right, lad. You'll grow into it.

THE MATHEMATICIAN - THE MELODY FOR  
PERFECTION

COSMO: My Growth Quest is faltering. I am singing the Melody for Destiny, but feel so imperfect and ignorant. I have walked for a day and seen nothing. Where am I? That looks like a school. I'll go in and see if I can find another Magic Melody to learn its power. Friend, what kind of man are you?

MATHEMATICIAN: I am a Mathematician. I love numbers and algorithms, and the beauty of mathematical forms. They explain the world in a beautiful way, with symmetries and an uncanny perfection that is all their own.

COSMO: I wish I could understand maths. It could help me understand my own imperfections.

MATH: You'd like to know the Melody of Perfection.

COSMO: Yes! The Melody of Perfection!

MATH: Think of a perfect circle.

COSMO: A perfect circle?

MATH: The line of a perfect circle is not perfection of the first order. The line of a perfect circle is perfect as a lie. But it is not perfect without limitations. It is not perfect as an unending line. It is not perfection of the first order. It is not the perfect line.

COSMO: But why? Is a perfect circle not eternal. Simple and beautiful?

MATH: Because it is the only perfection of the first order. Likewise its ray, the perfect-eternal ray, is perfection of the first order. The perfect-eternal ray is also 'the' perfect ray. For only it is as ray a perfection of the first order.

COSMO: So perfection can exist in the world!

MATH: Yes, but in the world nothing can be perfect. You seek after perfection, but you seek the wrong things. If you can change your understanding, and unthink what the nature of perfection is, then you will find it!

COSMO: Thank you!

THEY SING THE MELODY FOR PERFECTION

MELCHIZEDEK - THE MELODY FOR TAKING  
PRIDE

COSMO: At the highest point in Tarifa there is an old fort, built by the Moors. From the top of these walls, I can almost glimpse Africa! There's a man sitting on the wall of the Fort, with levanter blowing in his face. Who are you, sir?

MELCHIZEDEK: I am Melchizedek, King of Salem.

COSMO: What are you watching out there?

MELCHIZEDEK: I'm watching a small ship plowing its way out of the port. Why do you come to my Kingdom?

COSMO: I am seeking Magic Melodies for my Growth Quest.

MELCHIZEDEK: I know a rare Melody that I can teach you. Let me explain my Kingdom. The sheep fidget nearby, uneasy and excited, when all they want is food and water.

COSMO: They seem happy enough!

MELCHIZEDEK: Unlike the sheep, the gods should not have desires, because they don't have destinies. I hope that you will be successful in your Growth Quest.

COSMO: The gods and the sheep are different!

MELCHIZEDEK: But because I am King, I have to treat every sheep like a god. To have their desires for them, and to reach out for what they can't achieve. This is the greater good. And if you look out for the greater good, you have something in which you can take pride. I know it's the vanity of vanities, but an old King sometimes has to take pride in himself. I will teach you the Melody for Pride.

### THEY SING THE MELODY FOR PRIDE

COSMO: Thank you, King Melchizedek! I hope your Kingdom remains great!

MELCHIZEDEK: It's too bad he won't remember me. I should have repeated it for him. Then when he spoke about me and sang the Melody for Pride he would say that I am Melchizedek.

### THE SHOPKEEPER - THE MELODY FOR A FULL BELLY

COSMO:: My Growth Quest is long and I'm hungry. What's that smell, so sweet and delicious? Is it my imagination, borne of hunger? It's a shop! I'll go in and ask the shopkeeper for some food, and maybe he will know a Magic Melody too!

SHOPKEEPER: Hey there lad. You look like you could use putting some

meat on your bones, by putting some food in your mouth.

COSMO: Thank you. This is delicious! So sweet and juicy.

SHOPKEEPER: It's just a simple, humble recipe that has been handed down through the generations. It's a lamb casserole with a citrus tang with preserved lemons as an ingredient. Their salty-sour bite adds an important element to the recipe.

COSMO: It's a wonderful recipe!

SHOPKEEPER: But lad, it's not the ingredients or the preparation that makes you enjoy it so much. Your hunger makes it taste all the better!

COSMO: Yes, I was so hungry, and now I feel great!

SHOPKEEPER: The key to having a full belly and being content in your meals is to treat them sparingly, and enjoy every bite. Don't just wolf it down and satiate yourself. Enjoy it!

COSMO: I can hear a Magic Melody.

SHOPKEEPER: That's the Melody for a Full Belly.

COSMO: Will you teach me?

THEY SING THE MELODY FOR A FULL BELLY

COSMO: I feel full of life! Thank you, shopkeeper!

THE ENGLISHMAN - THE MELODY FOR  
FORTITUDE

COSMO: [sits down] How far have I travelled? It has been a long, long way. Days? Months? Years? I have learned so much! I have learned that I have a destiny in the world, and to have a faith in my destiny, and that the world in which I eke it out is perfect. These are the foremost things. I have also learnt the beginnings of pride - the beginning of earthly feeling - and then gluttonously, joyously, to take pleasure in a full belly. But much is still missing. I am so tired. Is this worth it? How much longer before I have learned all the songs I need to learn. I will rest here a while.

[He sleeps.]

ENGLISHMAN: I say, what what!

COSMO: [stirs] Yerwhat?

ENGLISHMAN: I say, what a splendid day it is!

COSMO: Is it really so splendid?

ENGLISHMAN: Good lord, I should say so!

COSMO: You just did.

ENGLISHMAN: What what?

COSMO: You said "I say!"

ENGLISHMAN: Well, that proves it!

COSMO: What?

ENGLISHMAN: What what?!

COSMO: [gives up] You seem to be an Englishman.

ENGLISHMAN: [breaks into chorus of "He remains an Englishman!"]

COSMO: Enough!

ENGLISHMAN: I say!

COSMO: Oh, not that again

ENGLISHMAN: I say, old fellow, you seem rather down!

COSMO: I am not old, I am very young. But I feel old, Englishman. I have learned that I have a destiny, I have learned to have faith, I have learned that the universe is perfect, that I should take a pride (in what is yet to be determined!) and I have learned the pleasures of a full belly. I am sated. And yet not

satisfied. What remains? Can you teach me anything?

ENGLISHMAN: Well, I was on the way to my club, but...

COSMO: Your club?

ENGLISHMAN: What what?!

COSMO: Are we in a John Le Carre novel?

ENGLISHMAN: Well, why not!

COSMO: Well, why not indeed, I suppose.

ENGLISHMAN: Listen here, old chap. You sound as if you're in a bit of a bind. A cleft stick. A bit of a pickle. A tight spot. Something of a to-do is there? Bit of a fracas? Bit of a palava afoot?

COSMO: You could say that, I hardly know any more.

ENGLISHMAN: Well, I've got just the ticket! [cheerful cockney musical music] When you're feeling a little blue, take a view. When your to-do list is too long, try a song! If it seems when looking round, that the road is long and... brown...

COSMO: Brown?

ENGLISHMAN: It rhymed.

COSMO: Almost.

ENGLISHMAN: ... And your eyes are on the ground, and all is wrong -  
REMEMBER, other men have gone before you!

COSMO: [aside] And women

ENGLISHMEN: And them. [music] AND they never let the journey get THEM  
down ! For FORTITUDE my friend, will see you to the end -  
and if you never reach the end, you STILL won't be down.

COSMO: ORLY?

ENGLISHMEN:: Resilience, my friend, that is the ticket! Looking failure in the  
face, and with some grace.

COSMO: At least that rhymed! And scanned.

ENGLISHMEN: Barely. FOR UP FROM THE ASHES, UP FROM THE  
ASHES, GROW THE ROSES OF SUCCESS!... And that is  
the Song for Fortitude, my friend. It will sustain you on the  
remainder of your quest, however long that is.

COSMO dances off.

THE CHOCOLATIER - THE MELODY FOR  
PLEASURE

COSMO [stumbles on]

The CHOCOLATIER is opening up her shop. She lets a striped blind roll up.

CHOCOLATIER:           Quickly then, monsieur, caramel ou cardamom?

COSMO: :                 What? I mean, quoi? That is, pardon?

CHOCOLATIER:           It will get cold, monsieur!

COSMO:                 What will get cold?

CHOCOLATIER:           Unexpected pleasure!

COSMO:                 Yes, please...

CHOCOLATIER:           Your hot chocolate, monsieur.

COSMO:                 But I didn't order any hot chocolate.

CHOCOLATIER:           Monsieur, with respect, nobody can order hot chocolate. It does what it will, it melds, it swirls, it swims in my little silver cups differently every day. Every morning the brass Turkish pot, my faithful old madam, she warms over the fire, and I know the chocolate she produces, it will have no equal. For every one of life's swift pleasures is distinct, it pours itself

over a moment that will never come again, a moment to be savoured, for its luxury, its joyous extravagance and above all, monsieur, its riotous resistance to order of any sort, so I ask you again, monsieur - should caramel or cardamom be infused in your hot chocolate this morning?

COSMO: Er... Cardamom, please?

CHOCOLATIER: An excellent choice! La caramel, she is perhaps too obvious, cardamom has a little more reserve, the smoke and spice of other worlds and other centuries, and the best way to take one's swift pleasures is with a pinch of the unexpected and unknown.

COSMO: So you can teach me the Melody of Pleasure?

CHOCOLATIER: Of unexpected pleasure, monsieur. Any old fool can have pleasure, it can be bought freely in our city centres, there are waiting lists for it in the elegant shops of the Rue St Honore, it reclines on yachts before the ice cream coloured houses of Portfino, and it slumps glassy-eyed before the telly in every town with a tub of indifferent iced product whose name I shall not mention - all these types of "pleasure", I tell you, are base and unimaginative, and one and the same but for money.

COSMO: Ha! But for money, indeed. I have learned enough to know that there is no melody for that.

CHOCOLATIER: Well, perhaps not. But the spirit of Unexpected Pleasure is

to remain open to surprise, so I commend you to keep an open mind, monsieur. Close your eyes and open your mouth.

COSMO does so. THE CHOCOLATIER pops a chocolate onto his tongue.

COSMO: It's... it's extraordinary!

CHOCOLATIER: It is unexpected.

COSMO: But what is in it? Not cardamom, something else. What?

CHOCOLATIER: Oh, it doesn't matter...

COSMO: It does! I have never tasted anything like it!

CHOCOLATIER: : And you never will again.

COSMO: : You can't mean that! I must buy it! However much it costs! Tell me how much they are and I will buy a box. With, with a purple ribbon! Then I shall spread them out over months and be kept in a state of suspended bliss until I can afford to buy more.

CHOCOLATIER: Monsieur, it does not work like that! Even if you were to buy a box of these inexpensive trifles and wolf them all down in a frenzy of consumption in front of Newsnight, those moments would never be the equal of the sudden, the unexpected moment that you just experienced. So now drink your hot

chocolate with cardamom and be content, and I will sing you a traditional Agenais song, the Chanson des Plaisirs Soudains.

COSMO: [drinks] Ah, this is very fine! I am content indeed. Contentment is a great thing, perhaps the human spirit cannot sustain pure ecstasy. What a shame though that I will never taste that taste again however many of those gaudy morsels I stuff into my mouth... What was in it, anyway?

CHOCOLATIER: : Pure molten gold, sir, mixed with the world's finest cocoa grown in one little grove below a perpetual raincloud by an undiscovered (by Europeans, that is) mountain in Chile. Garnished with gold leaf and with a cocoa bean kissed by the Pope affixed to the top with unicorn tears. Each chocolate is exquisitely delicious, gone in a moment, and without price. That's the unexpected for you.

### THE YOGI - THE MELODY FOR PEACE OF MIND

COSMO: Hello?

YOGI: A yogic bell will now ring, slowly, for five minutes. Each time it rings, focus your mind on the sound, nothing but the sound. Focus on it as it dies away, and then let the silence flow across your soul. Until the next bell.

[A BELL NOW RINGS, SLOWLY, FOR FIVE MINUTES, JUST AS THE YOGI

DESCRIBES. AT THE END OF THE FIVE MINUTES, A SMALL BELL CHIMES ONCE.]

YOGI: : And that is the Melody for Peace of Mind

THE WIZARD - THE MELODY FOR MAKING THE IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBLE

COSMO: I feel like I'm crawling down a long dark tunnel. There are starfish floating all around me, and a curious mist that forms into shapes of animals and people. There are lights and the ground seems to resonate with a strange music. There are lightning bolts flashing in the ceiling, and blue and green flames flickering. Where am I? My body is lengthening out. Where are my feet? My hands! How is this possible?

WIZARD: It's quite quite impossible my young friend! That's what's so wonderful about it!

COSMO: If all of this is impossible then how is it happening?

WIZARD: It's just a little Magic, a Hey and a Presto and a xyzzzy, plugh, and plover! Aajaye! Abracadabra! Aiji Majji la Tarajji! Alla Peanut Butter Sandwiches! Alakazam! Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo! By the Power of Grayskull, I HAVE THE POWER! Cei-u! Hocus pocus! Izzy wizzy, let's get busy! Jantar Mantar Jadu Mantar! Joshikazam! Klaatu barada nikto! Mecca lecca hi,

mecca hiney ho! Meeska, Mooska, Mickey  
Mouse!Persnippets Bongo Shavavoom! Oo ee oo ah ah ting  
tang walla walla bing bang! Open sesame! Presto chango!  
Sim Sala Bim! Shazam! Shemhamforash!  
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious! Walla Walla Washington!

COSMO: It's wonderful!

WIZARD: It's impossible!

COSMO: It's impossibly wonderful!

WIZARD: Possibly. How did you find your way into my Magorium  
Emporium?

COSMO: What's a Magorium Emporium?

WIZARD: A Magorium Emorium is an impossible place that only exists  
in your imagination! But it's the most important impossible  
place there is! Because it's here that your dreams come true!  
Roll up!

COSMO: But if the Magorium Emporium is impossible then it can't be  
real.

WIZARD: Then where the devil are you laddy? You can't possibly be  
anywhere other than where you are!

COSMO: I'm trying to find the Magic Melodies for my Growth Quest!

WIZARD: Got 'em in spades my boy! Magic spades! Impossible spades! Spades that dig themselves! That make holes in holes and can cut half a hole from a whole and still leave a whole hole!

COSMO: That's not magic.

WIZARD: Possibly. As impossible as it sounds, none of this is magic!

COSMO: It must be magic! It's impossible!

WIZARD: If it were impossible then how would it be happening?

COSMO: You said it was impossible!

WIZARD: It depends how you look at it.

COSMO: What's happening? Everything is turning inside out and upside down!

WIZARD: A little magic! You see lad, everything is magic! The most normal things are magic! You're magic! The chances of life happening are next to impossible! So everything that has ever happened has been impossible! The very universe itself sprang into being from Nothing. And that's impossible!

COSMO: It does sound unlikely. Is it not all just very very very very unlikely?

WIZARD: Hmm, it's unlikely to be unlikely, in fact I'd say it was impossible that it was unlikely because it's clearly impossible! But because impossible things happen all the time, anything is possible!

COSMO: Anything?

WIZARD: Everything!

COSMO: I'm on a Growth Quest. I'm trying to find all the Magic Melodies, to learn their powers.

WIZARD: But that's impossible, lad!

COSMO: That's what I fear.

WIZARD: Why would you fear the impossible? The impossible is all there is! So your Growth Quest is quite within the realm of the Possible by virtue of being quite Impossible!

COSMO: This is impossible to understand.

WIZARD: Now you're getting it! Lad, you're thinking too much about outcomes and not looking at the magic happening around you. You're stuck on the possible when you need to focus on the impossible! The impossible is what we aspire to, it's what a heaven is for! To try! To try to achieve the impossible! That's the only possible course for a young lad on a Growth Quest!

COSMO: Can you show me how to make the impossible possible?

WIZARD: Not possible, I'm afraid! Everything is possibly impossible! Possibly. I'm not sure, but I've got this Magic Melody you might like!

COSMO: Yes, please, but is that Impossible too?

WIZARD: It's the Melody for Making the Impossible Possible. It's an impossible melody, based on a reversible fugue by Bach, whose music is quite impossible. Let's do it!

COSMO: It sounds too hard!

WIZARD: Impossibly so! But we have to try for the impossible for anything at all to be possible!

THEY SING THE MELODY FOR MAKING THE  
IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBLE

COSMO: Thank you, Wizard! I feel imbued with possibility! I mean, impossibility!

WIZARD: Good lad! Now, try not to trip over the Moebius strips on the way out, I've got an insideless bag of Penrose triangles to conjure into rhyming couplets before my dinner. There's just one problem. I can't cook!

THE GHOST - THE MELODY FOR TREASURING  
LIFE

COSMO: The sun is setting, and it's cold. I feel a shiver in my bones, and I'm afraid of the dark. There are noises all around me, and I can't see six feet in front of me. Who's there? Is somebody there?

GHOST: Nobody is here!

COSMO: Someone must be here, or you wouldn't say there's nobody here.

GHOST: You mishear me. There is no body here! I am a ghost!

COSMO: A ghost! But I'm scared of ghosts!

GHOST: You needn't be scared of ghosts. We're all around you all the time. Everyone you ever loved, and who loved you, we're still there! You can't see us, but we're there, helping you out and loving you even though we've passed on.

COSMO: Where are you? Why can't I see you?

GHOST: Look into yourself, Cosmo. We're right there, in your mind. Looking out for you.

COSMO: You're with me all the time? So ghosts are real?

GHOST: We're real, for you. [THE GHOST SINGS A MELODY]

COSMO: What's that melody you sing? It's so haunting, and sad, but it also makes me happy.

GHOST: I'll teach you the Melody, and it will stay with you and keep you warm on cold winter nights like this, when you can't see six feet in front of you, and you're cold and feel like you're all alone in the world, this Magic Melody will comfort you and make you see that there is sadness in the world, and death comes to us all, yourself and everyone you love and who loves you.

COSMO: That makes me so sad!

GHOST: It's sad, but it's also joyous. Because when you sing the Melody you will realize that life is a glorious and wonderful gift that you must treasure while you have it, and you must treasure the life in those you love before they too pass away into shadow.

COSMO: Are you sad, being a Ghost?

GHOST: Death is sadness, being deprived of life. That's why life must be treasured.

COSMO: I will learn to treasure my life. Will you teach me?

GHOST: I will teach you the Melody for Treasuring Life.

THEY SING THE MELODY FOR TREASURING  
LIFE

COSMO: I still feel sad, but I feel richer inside to know that you're still there, surrounding me and within me. If you can't enjoy life, then I will enjoy it for you!

CONCLUSION: THE MUSICIAN

COSMO: I can hear a beautiful melody from across the way. Let me talk to the musician. What is that beautiful melody you play?

MUSICIAN: It's the Melody for Sharing. Would you like me to teach you? What's your name?

COSMO: I'd like that. My name is Cosmo.

THEY SING THE MELODY FOR SHARING

MUSICIAN: You seem sad.

COSMO: I've travelled far and wide. I've spoken to many wonderful and perplexing people. I've seen places I could never have

imagined. I've gathered many beautiful and strange melodies and my soul sings and rings with the tunes.

MUSICIAN: And yet you still don't feel complete?

COSMO: Yes. I can't understand it. With all the magic melodies within me now, I thought I'd feel happy, complete, and fulfilled. But I still feel sad.

MUSICIAN: I'll tell you why, Cosmo. You have gathered many beautiful melodies and gained much wisdom during your Growth Quest. It is truly wondrous! But there is a reason why you still feel sad.

COSMO: What is it? Why do I still feel sad?

MUSICIAN: I too have collected many beautiful melodies that have enriched my life and filled it full of music. This took a long time, but after I still felt sad too. That was when I learned to charm and enrapture my audiences with my melodies. You are sad because you haven't shared your melodies with anyone. You must go out, and share your magic melodies with everyone you meet. You have gained and grown, and now it is your turn to balance this out by playing the melodies back. Then you will feel happy and complete.

COSMO: Yes! I will go out and share my magic melodies with everyone!

MUSICIAN: One last thing. There are still many magic melodies to learn,

powers you can't yet dream of. Your melodies are yours. They are the ones you have learned, but everyone has their own melodies. There's still a wonderful world of melody out there, for you to both learn and sing!

THE END

BUT...

**HERE ARE ANOTHER BUNCH OF CHAPTERS THAT DIDN'T GET WRITTEN.  
THERE COULD BE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF THESE REALLY. HAVE A GO  
YOURSELF!**

THE GYPSY WOMAN - THE MELODY FOR  
ADVENTURE

FATIMA - THE MELODY TO ENAMOUR

THE GAMBLER - THE MELODY FOR TAKING  
CHANCES

THE NURSE - THE MELODY FOR HEALING

THE SCHOLAR - THE MELODY FOR INTELLECT

THE TWO-HEADED BEAST - THE MELODY FOR  
FRIENDSHIP

THE VINTNER - THE MELODY FOR THE  
CULTIVATION OF THE GOOD THINGS IN LIFE

THE PENGUIN - THE MELODY FOR LAUGHTER

THE THIEF - THE MELODY FOR CREATIVITY &  
CUNNING

THE PHOENIX - THE MELODY FOR RESILIENCE