

HYPOCRITE

This is a story about a man who's name was Hypocrite; this Mr. Hypocrite was a hard harsh man that few people could stand. You see, the story about Mr. Hypocrite really started when he was just a little boy called Sweet of Heart.

Little Sweet of Heart was at his fathers sawmill called "Self-Righteousness". He was there watching his father saw a great strong tree of iron called "Hate"

The old iron tree Hate was full of knots and twisted wood – everyone hated to saw them because they were so unpredictable and dangerous. The tree Hate would always dull the saw blade or just ruin it altogether.

Well the fast spinning saw blade hit a hard knot; which kicked the blade back knocking Sweet of Heart off his feet and at the same time a little piece of the tree Hate flew across the room hitting little Sweet of Heart in his right eye!

Little Sweet of Heart could not get up he just laid there and didn't move. His father ran and picked him up and rushed Sweet of Heart to the only doctor in the whole town.

Doctor Law, who was the family doctor since the family had moved too town to run the old sawmill Self-Righteousness; he said:

"I am sorry the boy may be blind in his right eye or perhaps worst, he could even die. The piece of Hate has lodged so deep in his right eye I cannot remove it without killing the little Sweet of Heart".

But little Sweet of Heart did survive to everyone's surprise! However, the wound from the piece of Hate was very great so that it left emotional scare tissue on his eye and his heart.

So because of this little Sweet of Heart name was changed to Hypocrite. You see, from day of his accident forward little Sweet of Heart always wore a mask to cover up the ugly hate in his right eye that scared his heart from the old saw mill " Self-Righteousness".

It was Hypocrite father who made him the mask so that no one could see his real face. However, over the years his father made many more mask to keep Hypocrite happy. Eventually Hypocrite had a mask for every day of the month of the year. So it was that no one knew the person behind his many masks, not even Hypocrite's parents; Hypocrite had become a great actor.

The piece of Hate from the old tree of iron, which had lodged deep into his right eye started to grow over the years; the pain was so harsh it affected Hypocrites personality more and more. And by the time he was twenty years of age the piece of Hate had grown into a small log of Hate!

Some times he would bump the log in his eye into the wall and fall over things. Sadly Doctor Law could do nothing to help him; accept saw the off the log Hate close to his eye – so at least Hypocrite could cover the Hate with one of his many masks.

Hypocrite had to keep getting larger and larger masks as his log grew, in order to hide the Hate in his right eye. The only comfort he could find for himself was in an old book Doctor Law had given him; called “Judgment by Rules”. Inside this huge book was found a powerful magnifying glass called “Faults of Others”.

With one good eye that Hypocrite had left he would comfort himself by finding fault with others using the powerful magnifying glass. In this manner no one could see all the hate in his own right eye.

As the years past by Hypocrite used the book Judgment by Rules more and more. However, at the same time, his fear was growing greater and greater. He feared the judgments of others; so he carefully studied each and every page of the great book, hour by hour, and day to day. Until finally he had memorized the entire book! He then became the most feared person in the whole town because you see; he was the master of the huge book of Judgment by Rules.

Mr. Hypocrite could expose the faults of others like no one else, and he could change face so fast that everyone called him the man with a thousands faces. The older Mr. Hypocrite got the blinder he was getting in both eyes; the pain from his right eye blinded his good eye. And at times during the day he was completely blind, at these times he could not find his rule book or the powerful magnifying glass called “Faults of Others” and just for a brief moment Hypocrites real face was exposed.

The older he got the worst the blindness got until Hypocrite was blinded for days. Hypocrite was absolutely miserable; he hated everything including himself; all he wanted was too die.

He had traveled the entire world in search of a doctor that could relieve his constant pain of Hate, but none could remove the log Hate without killing him. One day Mr. Hypocrite was so full of pain and hate from his right eye he bitterly broke down and wept, and wept, for his death; he had not wept since being a child. Hypocrite was forced to remove his mask to dry his tears; in that instant a young child voice gently said: “Please don’t cry – I love you, everything will be alright, just have faith.”

Hypocrite quickly grasped for his mask to cover up his face; he shouted: “Don’t look! Please don’t look! My face is so ugly, and scared with hate!”

But the young child said: “I see nothing, please Mr. Hypocrite, listen carefully to me. I once had a friend just like you he got help from a great physician.”

Mr. Hypocrite then said: “Please child where is he that I too may be healed from this ugly pain of hate?”

“Well, said the child, high a top that great mountain;” pointing the way.

Hypocrite slowly looked up to see an awesome mountain, he then turned to look at the young child, but he was gone?

So Mr. Hypocrite started the long climb up this great mountain as the child had instructed him to do so. But this was the hardest thing he had ever done in his entire life; at the end of 38-days he had thrown away all but two of his mask; he had been forced into it because of the extra weight.

But still is was unable to go on, he was a broken old man with no hope, he fill on his face and gave way to weeping bitterly. Suddenly he felt the a soft gentle touch on his shoulder... then a small voice of the same young child: “Please don’t cry, be strong, only two more days; humble your self and throw away the last two mask and your journey will be lighter.” then suddenly the child was gone?

Hypocrite drew much strengthen and encouragement from the child’s words, and by the end of two days he had thrown away the last mask; he was now crawling upon his knees. Mr. Hypocrite saw the great physician house, so he slowly crawled to the front door. He knocked and knocked and begged; “please let me in.”

Hypocrite could careless at this point that his face was fully exposed. On the verge of tears the door slowly creaked open, and there before him stood no physician, but a great and awesome king!

The king greeted him graciously with these words; “My name is King Love, what may I do for you?”

Hypocrite said: “Please I beg grant me favor and remove this ugly log Hate from my eye; the pain Hate has driven me crazy all my life.”

King Love said as he handed Hypocrite a huge bottle of pills: “take one of these every day and when they are gone you will be released from the torment of the log Hate. Come back and see me when they are gone; you will find your climb much easier and your load lighter.”

Seven years were to pass before the pills were gone, and just as King Love had said the great mountain was a joy to climb this time. When Hypocrite had reached the kings’ door the king was waiting to warmly greet him, the king said:

“I see your pills are gone”. “Yes, said Hypocrite, they have released me from the pain of Hate in my eye and heart, the log is gone! But please Sir tell me what are these pills; what wonderful thing can they be made of?”

King Love then said; “They are made of simple forgiveness; forgiveness is what released you from the log Hate in your right eye.”

Hypocrite then said: “Sir I fear that there is a speck of Hate in my eye, perhaps it will grow again into a log of Hate, I need more of your pills to stop the Hate.”

Now King Love eyes turned red with fire! He said: “Come! Kneel before me!” Hypocrite trembling in great fear, but quickly obeyed the Kings words. King Love reached out and touched his right eye removing the small speck of Hate; Hypocrite never felt a thing, he did not even blink.

Hypocrite then asked: “where is the young child that saved my worthless life, I must thank him for directing me too you?”

The King replied: “the young child Sweet of Heart died when he was hit in the eye from the log Hate at the old sawmill Self-righteousness. He was dead for many years, but now he lives!”

“Go your ways, said the Great King; be in peace you are free; clearly see how to remove the same from your brothers eye gently in love and peace.”

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