

The time when Buddha was child

A long, long time ago, There once lived a king and a queen one day the queen gave birth to a boy they called him: Prince Siddhartha the king and the queen were very happy.

As they had wished for a boy for so long. They invited a wise old fortuneteller to come to the kingdom to predict the child's fortune. "Please tell us!", Said the queen to the wise old man, "what will our son grow up to be?"

"Your son will be a special child!", He said.. "one day he will become a great king!" The father was overjoyed with happiness: "he will be a king like me." "But..", said the wise man "when the child grows up.. he might abandon the palace because he wants to help people."

"He will do no such thing!", yelled the king while he yanked the child away from the man: "he will be a great King, just like me!" And so the king watched over his son all the time. He made sure that his son always had the best of everything.

He wanted Siddhartha to enjoy his life as a prince. He wanted him to become king one day and when the prince turned seven years old his father called him and said to his son: "Siddhartha one day you will be King, it is time that you start preparing."

"There are many things you need to learn." "You are the best professors in the world! They will teach you everything you need to know!" "Thank you father. I will do my best.", Answered the prince. Siddhartha began his lessons.

And he was a great pupil. He did not learn to read and write, but rather how to ride a horse. How to wield a bow and arrow, how to fight and use a sword. These were the skills that a brave King might need. Siddhartha learned his lessons well. Just like his cousin, Devadatta, because both of the boys were of the same age.

And all the time the king always had an eye on his son.. "my son is so strong, so smart, such a quick learner.." "he will become a great and famous king one day." When the prince Siddhartha finished his lessons, she always liked to play in the garden of the palace.

There lived all kinds of animals: squirrels, rabbits, birds and deers. Siddhartha likes to watch them. He could sit and observe them so quietly and still that they were not afraid of getting close to him. Siddhartha liked playing near the lake.

And each year, a pain of beautiful white swans came to nest there. He watched them closely, crouching behind some trees. He wanted to know how many eggs there were in the nest, because he liked to watch the chicks learn how to swim.

One afternoon Siddhartha was at the lake. And suddenly, he heard a sound above him. He looked up. Three beautiful swans were flying above him. "More swans", thought Siddhartha, "I hope they nest in our lake".

But just at that moment one of the swans fell from the sky. "Oh no!" Souted Siddhartha, as he ran towards the swan which fell. "What happened?" There is an arrow in your wing", he said. "Someone has hurt you." "Siddhartha spoke to the bird very softly, so that it wouldn't be frightened.

He started caressing it sweetly. Very delicately he removed the arrow. He took his shirt off and wrapped it around the swan carefully. "You'll be just fine very soon,"he said. "I will see you later." At exactly the moment his cousin Devadatta ran up.

"That is my son," he shouted. "I hit it, so give it to me". "It doesn't belong to you," Said Siddhartha, "It is a wild swan". "I hit with my arrow, so it is mine, give it to me now". "No.", Said Siddhartha "it is wounded and we have to help it".

Two boys started arguing "stop.", Said Siddhartha "in our Kingdom, if people can't come to an agreement on something, they ask the king for help. " So let's go and look for him now." The two boys went out looking for the king. "Don't you see how busy we are? Play some place else."

"We haven't come to play, we have come to ask for your help" said Siddhartha. "Wait" exclaimed the king when he heard this. "Don't turn them away. They are within their right to ask for our help".

He was impressed that Siddhartha knew how to act in such a situation. "Let the boys tell us their story. We will listen and give them our verdict." First, Devadatta told his version of the story. "I heard the swan, it belongs to me."

The ministers nodded in agreement. That was the law of the kingdom. An animal or bird belonged to the person who managed to harm it. Then Siddhartha told his version of the story. "The swan is not dead."he argued.

"He is hurt, but he is still alive." The ministers were perplexed. Who did the swan belong to? I think I can help you," Said a voice. Everyone turned around and an old man walked through the door.

"If this swan could talk," said the old man, "it would tell us that it wants to fly and swim with the other wild swans. Nobody wants to feel pain and death. The same is felt by the swan. The swan wouldn't go with he who tried to kill it, he would go with he who tried to help it." The whole time Devadatta remained in silence.

He had never thought about animals like that, that animals had feelings, too. He was so sorry for having hurt the bird."devadatta, you can help me take care of the bird, if you'd like," said Siddhartha.

So that two boys cared for the swan until he was well again. And one day, when his wing healed completely he took into the river. It's time for us to part," said Siddhartha. And so Siddharth and devadatta watched as the swan swam towards deep waters.

At that moment they heard the sound of wings above them. "Look," said devadatta "the others have returned for her." The swan flew high into the sky and joined her friends.

Then they all flew over the lake one last time. "They are saying thank you," said Siddhartha as the swans faded into the mountains in the north.

Moral:-You see in life, for all of us, there comes the day when we are born the second time. The First time we are born is our physical birth, our greeting into this new world.. and the second time we are born, is when we find our place in our community, in our society.

In this moment Siddhartha showed his blessed soul. That he had compassion with every living being on this planet so if you are struggling to find Or to make sense of your life maybe you haven't been born the second time yet. Always remember: it is your life And you can make out of it want but be good to others, and others will be good to you in this life with this law of Karma.