



THE JADE
Stone

The *Earth School*

TALES

Humans have been telling and sharing tales from time immemorial. They provide a unique way to reflect and they access our subconscious mind.



HOW TO APPROACH A TALE

Read the tale for yourself and don't overthink it, just let the truth that comes from it enter your mind and your heart. Read it aloud once before reading it to others, the more fluent, the better for the listeners!



The Jade stone

Long ago in China there lived a stone carver named Chan Lo. Chan Lo spent his days carving birds and deer and water buffalo from the colored stones he found near the river.

"How do you know what to carve?" his young apprentice asked.

"I always listen to the stone," replied Chan Lo. "The stone tells me what it wants to be."

People came from near and far to buy Chan Lo's carvings.

So it happened that when the Great Emperor of All China was given a perfect piece of green-and-white jade stone, one of the advisers in the celestial Palace thought of Chan Lo.

the humble stone carver was brought before the Great Emperor of All China. Chan Lo bowed deeply.

"I want you to carve a dragon," the emperor commanded, "a dragon of wind and fire."

"I will do my best to please you," Chan Lo said.

The emperor's men carried the precious stone to Chan Lo's garden. Chan Lo had never seen such a perfect piece of jade.

He spoke to the stone: "Here I stand, O Noble Stone, to carve a creature of your own. Whisper signs and sounds from rock that I, your servant, may unlock."

Chan Lo bent down and put his ear to the stone. From deep inside came a gentle sound. "Pah-tah," it went. "Pah-tah, pah-tah."

"Do dragons make that sound?" Chan Lo wondered.

That evening Chan Lo ate his rice cake and thought about dragons. In his dreams he heard "Pah-tah, pah-tah."

The next morning, Chan Lo went to his garden. The stone was spring water-green in the morning light.





"Here I stand, O Noble Stone, to carve a creature of your own. Whisper signs and sounds from rock that I, your servant, may unlock."

Chan Lo put his ear to the stone. Softly the sound came. "Bub-bubb-bubble," he heard. "Bub-bubb-bubble."

"Do dragons make that sound?" Chan Lo asked himself. His heart grew heavy, for he had not heard the emperor's dragon. That evening when Chan Lo ate his rice and sipped his tea, he tried to think again about dragons.

In the middle of the night, Chan Lo awoke. He walked into the moonlight garden. The stone shone silvery-green in the moonlight.

He would listen one more time.

"Here I stand, O Noble Stone, to carve a creature of your own. Whisper signs and sounds from rock that I, your servant, may unlock."

He put his ear to the stone. Silence. Chan Lo ran his hands over the jade. His fingers felt a tiny ridge. "S-s-s-ah, S-s-s-s-s-ah, S-s-s-s-s-s-ah," went his fingers over the stone.

Chan Lo knew these small scales, those delicate ridges were NOT dragon scales. He could not carve what he did not hear, but he was afraid to disobey the emperor.

He worked slowly and carefully for a year and a day.

Finally, the carving was complete. Early in the morning, before the birds were awake, and set out for the Celestial Palace.

He placed the great stone on the table in the center of the room. Soon the emperor's advisors grew curious.

"No dragon," whispered the first one, softly.

"NO DRAGON" exclaimed the second.

"NO DRAGON!" shouted the third.





At that moment, the emperor himself was carried into the Great Hall.

"Show me my dragon of wind and fire!" the emperor ordered.

The advisers whisked the cloth away. "This is not my dragon," the emperor roared, his eyes dark with anger, his voice rolling like black thunder.

"PUNISH HIM! PUNISH HIM! PUNISH HIM!" the three advisers chanted.

"Oh mighty emperor there is no dragon of wind and fire," Chan Lo said, his knees shaking like ginkgo leaves in the wind. "I did not hear it. I heard these three carp fish swimming playfully in the reeds in the pool of the Celestial Palace."

"HEAR IT? You did not HEAR it! The emperor's words burned Chan Lo's ears.

"TAKE HIM AWAY!"

Chan Lo was lifted by two palace guards, then dragged down many flights of stairs and thrown into a black prison cell.

The emperor ordered that the jade stone be removed from the Celestial Palace. The carving was placed outside, near the reed of the reflecting pool.

"Chop off his head," said the first adviser.

"Boil him in oil," said the second.

"Cut him into a thousand pieces," said the third.

But the emperor was so angry, he could not decide. "I will let my dreams decide," he said.

That night, the emperor dreamed of fish playfully slapping their tails in green water. "Pah-tah, pah-tah."

In the morning, the emperor said "my dreams have not yet decided."





The next night, the emperor dreamed of fish gliding smoothly through the clear water. "Bub-bubb-buubb, bub- bubb-bubble."

In the morning the emperor said "my dreams have still not decided."

On the third night, the emperor did not dream. He awoke in the darkest hour of the night. A strange sound filled the room. "S-s-s-ah, S-s-s-s-s-ah, S-s-s-s-s-s-ah."

The emperor got out of bed and toward the sound. He hurried down the corridors and out into the moonlit garden.

There, by the reflecting pool, the stone carver's apprentice was running his fingers down the scale of the carp fish "S-s-s-ah, S-s-s-s-s-ah, S-s-s-s-s-s-ah."

The emperor sat near the pool, gazing at the jade stone until his advisers found him at sunrise.

"Bring Chan Lo before me," he said.

Chan Lo bowed deeply before the Great Emperor of All China, ready to receive his terrible punishment.

"You have disobeyed me, Chan Lo, but you are a brave man to defy the Great Emperor of All China," said the emperor. "You have carved the creatures that were in the stone. I, too, have heard them. These carp fish are dear to me than any dragon. What reward would you have?"

Chan Lo bowed lower still. "Great emperor, your happiness is my reward. I wish only to return to my village and carve what I hear."

"You will carve what you hear," said the emperor, "and return to your village in a way befitting the Master Carver to the Great Emperor of All China!".

