

Desert Man

This was a man who lived in a town, in some place of a big desert.

He lives in a poor town, with people asking for money on the streets, with delinquency, with water problems, street vendors, rubbish on the streets, and many people, to get out of them misery, they crossed the entire desert, because on the other side there was another town, a town better to live, without social problems, cleaner, nicer and everybody has richness.

Then, the man decided to go out one morning and started his travel to that wonderful town through the big desert.

He walked and walked through the sand dunes. He walked miles and miles, until a voice interrupted the desert silence.

– Pick up the rocks – the man heard. Confused, he looked around and saw a pair of big rocks buried in the sand. Then the man dug up and carried each one in each arm, and he continued his way.

He walked and walked, but this time, the desert turned out more rocky, and the man, a few miles later, dropped the big rocks he was carrying. Carried it tired him, and he continued his way.

In a moment the same voice as before interrupted the silence. – Pick up the rocks – the man heard again. But this time, he picked up a lot of rocks more smaller, to strive less.

The man kept walking miles and miles through the desert, but now, it turned out more rocky than before. But, the man didn't care the rocks that was carrying, and while he walked, he let it fall one by one.

It was getting dark, and the man didn't have rocks on his hands, so the voice was heard it again. – Pick up the rocks – and this time, the man didn't pick up any. – Why? It is very tired – he answered to that mysterious voice.

The man looked to the distance his destination, and the way turned out less rocky while he went enthusiastic.

But the man stopped one moment to think. He looked around. There were still some rocks on the way. There was a big rock buried, some less bigger around, but the men decided to pick up a pair of smaller rocks, and then he continued his way.

He arrived at night to that town, and heard the voice a last time. – Check your hands – and when he opened, he was surprised to see how the rocks were turned into gems, and a regret feeling invaded him.

– I should have picked up more rocks, I should have picked up bigger rocks – he said with regret.

The same pass in the life. The people say that you should pick up rocks, that you must do your best in the school, that you must work hard for what you are looking for. And don't give up, because in the end of the way, you will wish you had picked up more rocks, strived more, picked up a bigger rock.

Remember that every strive, always brings a reward.