

Prim and the Blessings of YISUN

Let me tell you now a story of when Prim was but a wee child and of a bitter lesson she might have learned back then. It happened on one of those days when Hansa's black house, made of iron nails, entertained many a guest. Back in those days, it was often the case that the house of Hansa was filled to the brim with visitors, for many had eager desire to speak to him. After all, Hansa was well-known to be YISUN's most ardent and wisest student. Hence, a ceaseless stream of travellers and monks and thinkers wished to query his thoughts and meditations, believing them deeper and more profound than their own. This amused Hansa greatly, for he knew better, yet he never spoke a single word of it. Instead, he quietly smoked his pipe and pondered the questions asked of him before sharing his thoughts and musings with smoke in his breath.

On such an occasion, once the hour had grown late and the night's weariness had crept up in her little bones, Hansa bade little Prim fetch more wine so the guests might refresh their bodies and their spirits and cloud their minds in the clarity of the spirit. But little Prim, worn from the long day and the hard work tending to her father and his visitors, had quite enough of quiet obedience and servitude. "No," she yelled, standing firm in the great hall with tall black pillars among gods and monks and other guests. She clenched her little fists and stomped her little feet. "I shall not," she declared, "I am tired, and I've done enough, and I've had enough." And she stomped her little feet again.

Some of the guests laughed and smirked amusedly at the little godling's tantrum, whispering jests in each other's ears. But Hansa did not, for he knew that denying guests their nourishment was a grave offence warranting severe punishment and recompense. Hence, he laid his smoking pipe on the great table before him and briskly took little Prim by her hand, pulling her into the kitchens and out of sight

of these guests of his, where servants still scuttled in busy toil. Hansa wordlessly waved them away, and away they scurried.

“Why do you disobey me, child?” he said sternly as he grabbed little Prim by her shoulders. “Did I not teach you that it is our duty and custom to welcome our guests and provide them with food and drink and smoke?”

“They’re no guests of mine,” little Prim said defiantly, “They’re here to see you.”

“They are guests to this house, which you live in. You must host and perform your duties as I must mine. You will obey me, and you will serve them, as I obey the old laws and observe the old customs.”

“I’m tired of serving,” said Prim. “I’ve served all day, and the day before, and the day before that just as well. I will serve no longer!”

“Serve no longer?” said Hansa, “What then, pray tell, would you rather do?”

“Anything!” said little Prim, “Play! Play and rest and sleep and eat sweets and leave this black house and wander the road to see the wonders of the Wheel!”

“Foolish child!” said Hansa, “What conceived that wretched thought in that vagabonding head of yours?”

“All your guests get to do it!” little Prim cried, “They all travel far and wide and visit houses and worlds and see the Wheel! And then they come here and eat and drink and feast and tell their stories! And all I do is scrub and clean and serve all day and night! No more, I say!”

“Do you not see, child, that they wander for they know not where to go?” Hansa said, “Do you not see that they wander for they know not how to stay the fires? They see the Wheel for they see not the truth nor the lie. Do you not understand that servitude is a prime blessing upon your life?”

“A blessing! A blessing!” cried little Prim, “Each day my hands and knees are scraped raw and bloody from the broom’s handle and the floor’s hardness!”

“A blessing indeed!” said Hansa. “Servitude is the second of YISUN’s blessings to

us. First, she gave us I. Then, he imbued us, one and all, with servitude; That is known to all who have learned to observe, which now I see I have not taught you properly yet. One and all is to serve; you are to serve me as I am to serve our guests. The electrons serve to hold matter together, just as the winds serve to carry smell and sound and souls, just as the Wheel serves to bear the weight of existence, and, just the same, we serve each other, and we serve YISUN. What should electrons do if they didn't serve their purpose? What should the winds do if they didn't serve their purpose? What should the Wheel do if it didn't serve its purpose? Ponder this truth, little Prim, and remember well: To serve is your blessing, and one and all is to serve."

Little Prim clenched her little fists again. "If that were so, whom does YISUN serve, then?" Prim said.

"All of us, of course," said Hansa.

"No, she doesn't," said Prim. "All she does is answer in riddles and stroll in her gardens."

"But she does, little one," said Hansa. "The riddle is the answer, and the answer is the riddle, and both are in our service as they guide our steps and direct our thoughts and gaze. It is by nought but the service of our Queen of Queens that we are and that we will be and that we won't be. It is by nought but the service of the King of Kings that there are electrons to hold matter together, winds to carry smell and sound and souls, and the Wheel to bear the weight of existence. The Lord of Lords serves us and always has and always will, for the Lord of Lords wills it so. You'd do well to learn from their example and obey and do as you are told and to will it so."

"To will it so! To will it so! Is that it, then? The reason I draw breath? Am I to be but a servant until the end of days and thereafter? And to will it so!"

"May you be so blessed!" said Hansa.

"But I don't want to!" cried little Prim, "I want not this curse nor these shackles! I want to be free! Free of this curse you call blessing!"

“Daft daughter of mine,” said Hansa, “freedom is the choice of shackles, not the absence of chains. All is blessed with servitude. How have you not seen this yet?”

“And where, pray tell, should I have seen that? The bristles of the brush or the handle of the broom? In the carafes of wine I pour into strangers’ cups or in their empty plates before I wash them in scalding waters?”

And Hansa, having reached the limits of his wisdom and patience, both of which were very finite, thereupon beat little Prim severely to discipline and educate the child. It is said that Hansa’s entire black house made of iron nails stood in still silence as little Prim’s cries and wails echoed through the halls. It is also said that thereafter little Prim did not throw a single tantrum, nor did she disobey her father until his death.