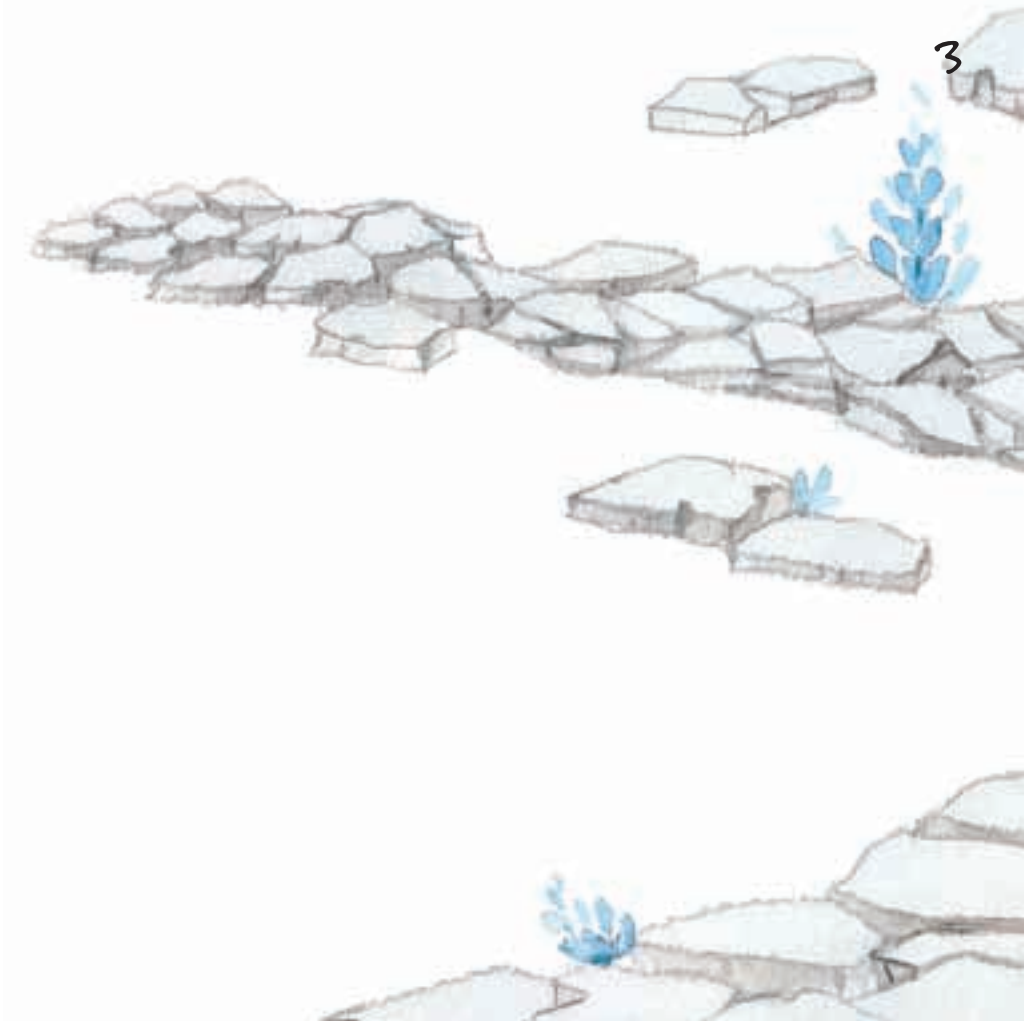


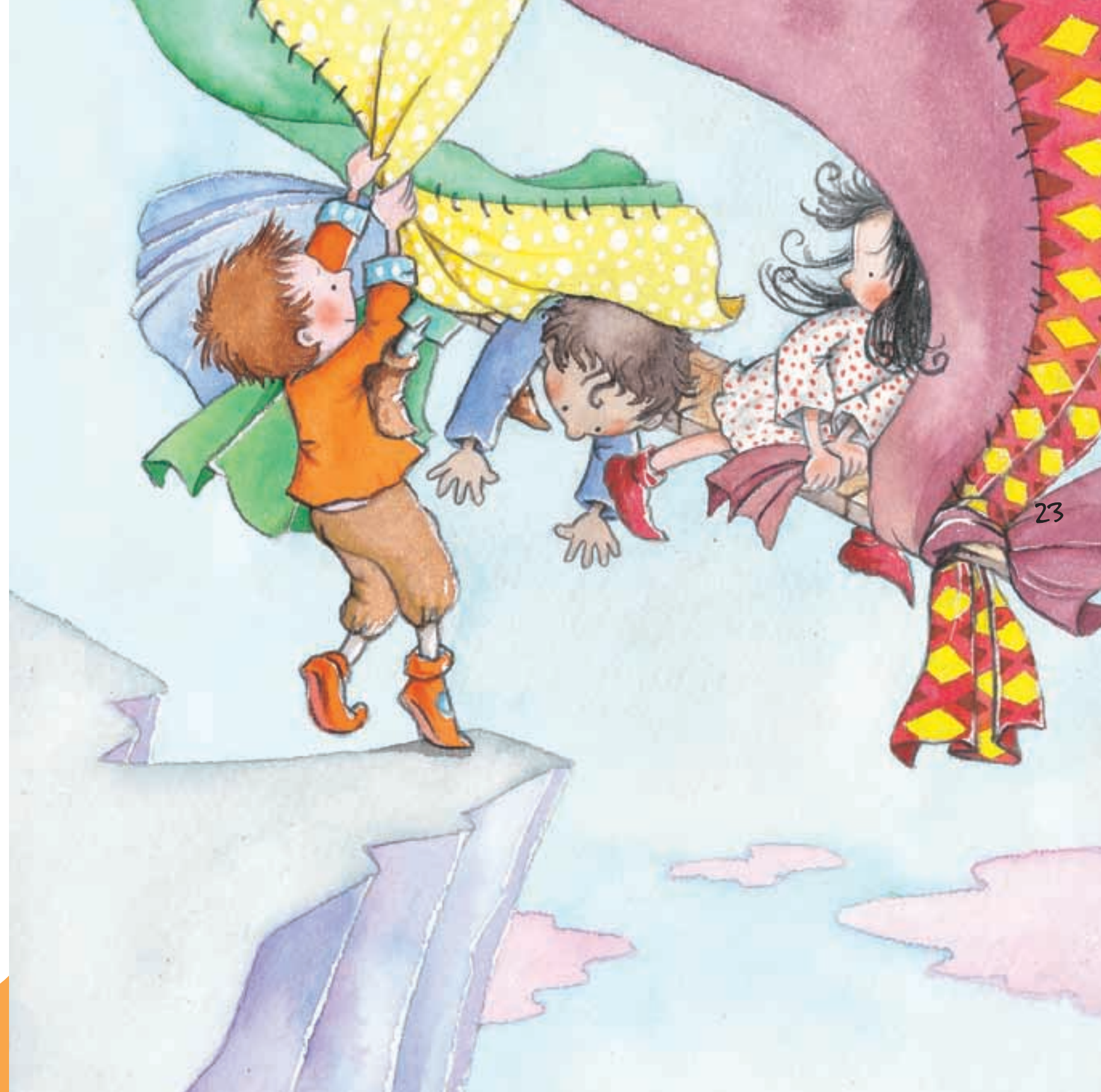


People were very rarely seen on the rocky path that climbed up the horn-shaped mountain to the Temple of the Oracle. But this time, three children from different villages coincided on the path and they wanted to achieve the same goal: Receive the knowledge of the wisest man.





None of the three realized that the air heated by the fire had been inflating the parachute. "It will blow away!" said Magnolia very worried. Then Tor tied his raft onto it to weigh it down, but it continued climbing upwards. "Let's get on!" suggested Narcissus.







“And now what will I see of you when I have to choose a disciple?” he asked the three of them together. “I won’t see anything, because I’m blind”, replied the wise man as he began to laugh. “But my heart can see further than my eyes and it tells me that the three of you deserve to be here, because you have learnt the first lesson.”

