The Alchemist by Paulo Choelo

Introduction: blue

Narrator: red

Santiago: Yellow

Melchezedick: Green

“I’m surprised,” “My friend bought all the other sheep immediately. He said that he had always dreamed of being a shepherd, and that it was a good omen.”

“That’s the way it always is,” “It’s called the principle of favorability. When you play cards the first time, you are almost sure to win. Beginner’s luck.”

“Why is that?”

 “Because there is a force that wants you to realize your Personal Legend; it whets your appetite with a taste of success.”

Introduction- On February 13, 2016 I watched not only my dad but my best friend take his last breath, six days after suffering a massive heart attack. He was scheduled to return home to Mississippi on February 10 2016 but those plans were suddenly changed after his heart attack. For many of us death and tragedy has no purpose, its cruel, and it makes no since. But is there more to life and these types of tragedies, then we expect. Santiago, in the book the Alchemist by Paulo Cholelo, realized there is more to life after he met King Melchezideck, who sent him on a journey, not of logic, but of following his heart and his life would never be the same.

“Where is the treasure?”

“It’s in Egypt, near the Pyramids.”

The Boy was startled. The old woman had said the same thing. But she hadn’t charged him anything.

“In order to find the treasure, you will have to follow the omens. God has prepared a path for everyone to follow. You just have to read the omens, that he left for you.”

Before the boy could reply, a butterfly appeared and fluttered between him and the old

man. He remembered something his grandfather had once told him: that butterflies were a

good omen. Like crickets, and like expectations; like lizards and four-leaf clovers.

"That's right," said the old man, able to read the boy's thoughts. "Just as your grandfather taught you. These are good omens."

“Take these,” said the old man, holding out a white stone and a black stone, that had been embedded at the center of the breastplate. “They are called Urim and Thummim. The black signifies ‘yes,’ and the white ‘no.’ When you are unable to read the omens, they will help you to do so. Always ask an objective question.

“But if you can try, to make your own decisions. The treasure is at the Pyramids; that you already knew. But I had to insist on the payment of six sheep, because I helped you to make your decisions.”

“Don’t forget that everything you deal with is only one thing and nothing else. And don’t forget the language of omens. And, above all, don’t forget to follow your Personal Legend through to its conclusion.

“But before I go, I want to tell you a little story.

“A certain shopkeeper sent his son to learn about the secret of happiness from the wisest man in the world. The lad wandered through the desert for forty days, and finally came upon a beautiful castle, high atop a mountain. It was there that the wise man lived.

“Rather than finding a saintly man, though our hero, on entering the main room of the castle, saw a hive of activity: tradesmen came and went, people were conversing in the corners, a small orchestra was playing soft music, and there was a table covered with platters of the most delicious food in that part of the world. The wise man conversed with everyone, and the boy had to wait for two hours before it was his turn to be given the man’s attention.

“The wise man listened attentively to the boy’s explanation of why he had come, but told him that he didn’t have time just then to explain the secret of happiness. He suggested that the boy look around the palace and return in two hours.

“Meanwhile, I want to ask you to do something,’ said the wise man, handing the boy a teaspoon that held two drops of oil. ‘As you wander around, carry this spoon with you without allowing the oil to spill.’

“The boy began climbing and descending the many stairways of the palace, keeping his eyes fixed on the spoon. After two hours, he returned to the room where the wise man was.

“Well,’ asked the wise man, ‘did you see the Persian tapestries that are hanging in my dining hall? Did you see the garden that it took the master Gardner ten years to create? Did you notice the beautiful parchments in my library?’

“The boy was embarrassed, and confessed that he had observed nothing. His only concern had been not to spill the oil that the wise man had entrusted to him.

“Then go back and observe the marvels of my world,’ said the wise man. ‘You cannot trust a man if you don’t know his house.’

“Relived, the boy picked up the spoon and returned to his exploration of the palace, this time observing all of the works of art on the ceilings and the walls. He saw the gardens, the mountains all around him, the beauty of the flowers, and the taste with which everything had been selected. Upon returning to the wise man, he related in detail everything he had seen.

“But where are the drops of oil I entrusted to you?’ asked the wise man.

“Looking down at the spoon he held, the boy saw that the oil was gone.

“Well, there is only one piece of advice I can give you.’ Said the wisest of wise men. ‘The secret of happiness is to see all the marvels of the world, and never to forget the drops of oil on the spoon.”