The Buddha in the Attic

The Buddha was found in the park where we had always played as children. We knew each other from kindergarten and learned how to swim from the school’s swimming pool. We never thought of the statue we had made as ours. But when the sculptor arrived one day, he offered us a bronze Buddha that we could keep. We were speechless, tears streaming down our faces, as we realized the Buddha belonged to us.

The Buddha was our friend, our mentor, our protector. We would gather around him, our hands clasped in prayer, our minds focused on the serene face before us. We would sit for hours, lost in thought, as we contemplated the Buddha’s wisdom.

One day, the sculptor told us that the Buddha would be moved to a museum. We were shocked and devastated. How could we give up our beloved statue? It was a part of our identity, our culture, our history.

We fought to keep the Buddha. We organized protests, marched in the streets, and called for his return. We knew we had to act quickly, as time was running out.

Finally, our prayers were answered. The Buddha was returned to us. We held a ceremony to welcome him back, and we vowed to cherish him for generations to come.

The Buddha is a symbol of our resilience and our determination. He reminds us that no matter what challenges we face, we can overcome them and find beauty and peace in the world.