

The Natural Garden



Educational Value

Nature care and environment friendly

Moral of the story

The balance of natural spaces can break very easily. Before acting on them and making any change we should study them in detail.

Story

There was once a King who had a great palace with wonderful gardens. In those gardens there lived thousands of creatures from hundreds of different species. They were of great variety and colour, and they turned that place into a kind of paradise that everyone could enjoy.

There was only one thing in those gardens that the King disliked: near the centre stood the remains of what had been, centuries ago, a huge tree, but that now was withered and dry, and detracted from the colour and beauty of its surroundings. This bothered the King so much that he finally ordered it to be cut down and replaced by a beautiful series of fountains.

Some time later, a wise noble was visiting the King at his palace. He whispered in the King's ear:

-“Majesty, you are the wisest of men. Everywhere one hears talk of the beauty of these gardens and the multitude of creatures that populate them. But during the time I've spent here, I've hardly seen anything other than this fountain and just a few small birds... What a deception!”

The King, who never tried to deceive anyone, found, to his horror, that what the noble had told him was true. They had spent so many months admiring the fountains that they hadn't realised that hardly any animals remained in the gardens. Without wasting time he sent for the court's experts and advisers. The King had to listen to many lies, inventions and assumptions, but nothing could explain what had happened. Not even the great reward offered by the King managed to recuperate the royal gardens' former splendour.

Many years later, a young man presented himself to the King, assuring him that he could explain what had happened, and how the animals could be returned.

-“What happened with your garden is that there just wasn't enough poo, your majesty. Particularly moth poo.”

All those present laughed at the young man's joke. The guards got ready to throw him out, but the King stopped them.

-“I want to hear what you have to say. From the thousand lies I've heard, none have begun like that.”

The young man continued, very serious, and started explaining how the gardens' big animals fed mainly on the little brightly-coloured birds, who owed their appearance to their own food, composed of colourful worms, who in turn fed on various rare species of plants and flowers that could only grown in that part of the World, just so long as there was enough moth poo for them... and so he continued, telling how the moths were the basis of much food for many other birds, whose poo encouraged the appearance of new species of plants that fed other insects and animals, and which were, in turn, vital to the existence of other species... And the young man would have kept speaking without pause if the King had not shouted.

-“Enough! And can you tell me how you know all these things, being so young?”

asked the King.

-“Well, because now all from your garden are at my house. Before I was born my father collected that old tree you had torn out from the middle of the garden, and he planted it in our garden. Since then, every spring, from out of that tree come thousands and thousands of moths. With time, the moths attracted the birds, and new plants and trees grew, providing food for other animals that, in turn, provided food for others... And now, my father's old place is filled with life and colour. All thanks to the moths from the big old tree.”

-“Excellent!”

exclaimed the King,

-“Now I’ll be able to recover my gardens. And you, I’ll make you rich. Rest assured that within a week everything will be ready. Use as many men as you like.”

-“Your Majesty, I’m afraid that cannot be,”

said the young man,

-“If you like I can try to recreate the gardens, but you will not live to see it. It will take many years for the natural balance to reestablish itself. With great good fortune perhaps I, when I'm old, will see it completed. Things like these do not depend on how many men work on them.”

The face of the old King was sad and pensive, understanding how delicate was the balance of nature, and how careless it had been to break it so happily. But he so loved those gardens and those creatures that he decided to build a huge palace next to the young man’s land. And with thousands of men working on the construction, he managed to see the palace finished in much less time than would have been necessary to reestablish the balance of nature of that garden in any other place.

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