

How To Master Anything (aka Listen To The Wind)



"I failed! I just can't do it!!" Ripley shouted.

He had been trying to learn a new skill and he was failing.

Just then, a sign popped out of the ground and read:
[To Master Anything, See The Master, Go This Way -->
]

Ripley read it and thought "**Finally, someone that can help me!**"

He turned to follow the arrow and tripped on his own feet. For he was never really good at balancing while he walked.

"*arg*", he groaned.

He continued down the road, scraping his knees on the ground as he tripped, walked, tripped.

Soon, a large dangerous mountain came into view and at the bottom was a very old looking figure with long white hair covering its face.

Reaching the old one, Ripley impatiently demanded "**Your sign says I can 'Master Anything', and I want you to teach me!**"

The figure did not respond to Ripley, but, turned slowly towards the mountain, and started walking up a very steep path.

"**Are you not going to answer me? You need to help me!**" Ripley shouted at the figure.

The old one continued up the path. Ripley was so mad, that he followed it, shouting at the white haired figure.



They both slowly went up the mountain. The old man easily staying on the path. Ripley was having a hard time, as he kept tripping on his own feet and receiving cuts on his hands, arms and legs.

The old one kept getting further away. Soon, Ripley could barely make out the figure moving ahead. This made him very angry, and he shouted **"No you don't! You owe it to me to show me how to master what I want!"**

Using his anger, Ripley sped up his pace. Each time he tripped, he got up quicker. Each new cut made his desire to catch up and yell at the old one stronger.

Soon, the path become less wide and sharp rocks appeared on both sides. That was the last straw for

Ripley's patience and he yelled **"No more! I don't care how dangerous this path gets, you are not getting away from me. You are going to give me what I deserve!"**

For hours, they continued up the mountain.

Near the end of the day, the old one arrived at the top and sat in a wooden chair. His face still unseen beneath the hair.

Ripley sped up quicker, as the old one sat in the chair ahead. He was running now, with no fear of path or rocks. A few moments later, he was next to the figure. Ripley stopped and breathed heavily. He couldn't wait to let the figure know how angry he was.

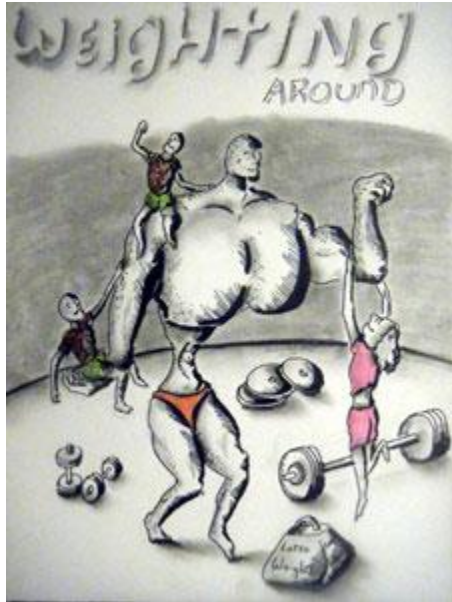
His body finally relaxing enough to speak, Ripley could finally get out **"Now! Old Man! You promised to teach me how to Master Anything"**.

The old figure's frail hand moved from its lap, into its pocket.

A moment later, out came the hand with a small piece of wood.

Ripley was confused and quickly stole the wood from the old man. *(If he couldn't be taught, he wasn't going to let the old one have anything either, Ripley thought)*

He looked back at the old one and Ripley saw that it was pointing a finger at the piece of wood.



Ripley told the figure **"You're not going to get this back. It is mine now!"**

"What is this anyway? Something personal I hope."
Ripley added.

It was then that Ripley raised the wood up and saw that it had letters burned into it. He read them.

After finishing, he was silent for a minute. Ripley then kindly handed the wood back to the old man. He smiled at the figure, thanked him, and then ran down the mountain path to his new future.

The figure faded into the wind.

On the bench, a small piece of wood read: **"On your own, YOU have just Mastered walking a dangerous path. Now go Master Anything."**

Some doodles I have done on this subject:

The Conjuror: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-611.htm>

Will Over Power: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-539.htm>

Weighting Around: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-506.htm>

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