

ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE



The Archives of Fudgemore

A History of Truth Seekers

Volume 2 Issue 5: Del Samara and the Bitter Sweet

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The Story of Del Samara and The Bitter Sweet

In which a candy maker teaches children how to lie
for the sake of seeking the truth.

In a small village not far from the Great River, there was a small and prosperous town. Travelers who came through on their camels and horses marveled at the great variety of merchandise, some of which was made locally and some of which came from all corners of the world. Lesser known to travelers for it was off on a little side street, was a store which sold candies and a variety of special sweets particular to the region. The owner of the shop was a truth seeker by the name of Del Samara. Like all truth seekers, he plied his craft with care and attention and strove to live as though each day was his last. Though his sweets could have been renowned throughout the world he was content with the modest income his craft supplied to him and his family, and he did what work needed to be done in a day. The rest of the time he made himself available for his family and friends.

Del Samara was particularly well known by the village children, for it happened very frequently that the children of the village would get lost on their way home from school. But when they accidentally found themselves in front of his shop, they felt comforted because they knew that he had a soft heart and would take pity on their distress, and would always set them on the correct path to home. Moreover, and perhaps even more importantly, he would supplicate their distress with whatever medicines he had in store, and these were invariably sweet and delicious. The more distress they might appear to be in, the more sweet medicine they were likely to procure. "This face of yours does not look so distressed," he might say "are you sure you really require some medicine?" On hearing this, the child would put all their energy into looking as distressed as possible, sometimes getting carried away, but sometimes achieving a great effect. Indeed, as time went on, some of them became masters at conjuring elaborate tales of the misadventures that led them there and how once again they were at his mercy to be healed and to be sent upon the right path to home.

The older children and adults of the village were terribly busy. They were occupied with pressing matters arising from the most fundamental forces of fear and desire. These forces, being powerfully encouraged by society, had a tendency to squeeze out the love and thus the very meaning of life. It was evident to Del Samara that they were in distress. True to his conscience which sought to relieve distress in others when he found it, Del Samara often thought of ways that he might make their lives more enjoyable and freer, if only for a short time, of the heavy obligations that consumed their vitality. He would arrange, for example,

some elaborate outings, or evening dinners. Many folk were invited, however there was a price to be paid. The price of coming was that What Occupied Time was to be a forbidden topic of conversation. Many people found this formality very strange, yet many came for the sweets that they knew would be there. Del Samara didn't mind as long as the rule was obeyed. And so, it was on many occasions there was an absolute loss of conversation, and an unusual silence would embrace the crowd. This discomfort itself made a deep impression on those that came. This silence, though empty of words was sometimes pregnant with feeling. And when this feeling became apparent, Del Samara would notice and smile and say to himself "it is worth the effort."

And so, throughout the town he was known to be a generous and kind man whose strange ways were yet accepted and admired, however little understood.

Now the reason for telling you this story has to do with the strangeness surrounding his death, and this is what happened.

Some days before his soul was to be rejoined with the great unknown, he sent word among the children that he had a special gift for them. They all came quickly and eagerly, and to each he said, "until now you have learned to act the part of distress for your own sake even though I always knew your insides were happy to see me. From now on, take all your acting skills and use them in this way. Act the part of generosity even when your insides are not feeling that way, and do this for the sake of others despite yourself. This is the way to genuine liberation and to becoming a grown-up human being. As this is the last time I shall see you, I have a special gift." And to each he held out his most precious candy wrapped in paper with gold foil. On seeing this most precious treat their eyes grew wide with excitement at receiving so beautiful and sure to be delicious treat. Then Del Samara continued: "This gift is not for you, but for you to give to the ones who care for you. For my sake and as payment for all the candy you stole from me with your play acting, you must put this special treat on the table of your home at the precise hour." Then he told them the precise hour and that was how he left them.

As for the elders and townspeople and the riff raff that attended his outings and dinners, it was his last wish that such friends as these should gather together to say their last goodbyes. And at this occasion which soon came to pass, he left them the following letter to be read aloud. And thus it read:

Dear friends,

I have known you and you have known me for a long time. Each of you is probably reflecting on the time we spent together and thinking such remorseful thoughts as befit those who have been entirely swept away by the momentum of life, and completely forgotten the most important things, such as the value and obligation that falls upon those who encounter the rare opportunities for genuine self-development and the search for truth and meaning.

I, being dead, have nothing whatsoever to personally gain by telling you the truth, a truth that I have held back for as many years as I have lived. And the truth is that you, with few exceptions,

have utterly failed not only me, but yourselves. And in so doing, you have failed the very cause of your existing at all. Call that God if you will. The great cause of all that is, put in you, not only a spark of self will to survive, but also a spark of love. And the blending of those two great gifts were yours to bring meaning and beauty into the world. And what have you made of such great gifts? What have you done? You have improved the arrangement of your kitchen, you have seen to your pension, you have even found a good social life if you were lucky. Night and day you worry about increasing your assets, doubling down on your pleasure excursions, tripling your means of self-defense. The pension you have sought secured your sleep and the social life you have is empty of truth seeking, it is comfort that you have settled for, not truth. Of two sparks given to you only one selfish fire burns, and consumes not only the beauty and meaning of your own life, but destroys with it the opportunity for future generations.

I am dead. While living, I cared about you for the sake of truth which you could yet embody in what remains of the precious gifts about which I have written. For now, go home, you who are neglectful of truth seeking, and are consumed by selfishness, and consider your obligation to the cause of your existence. Do not pretend to mourn me.

On hearing these uncharacteristic words the crowd was thrown into confusion and distress was written on every face. Such distress it was that no child in their pretend way could match the real expression. They turned away from each other in consternation and confusion and made a solemn march home. Arriving home and opening the door, upon every kitchen table, put there by their children was a small present, wrapped in paper and gold foil. And they knew it must be from Del Samara and must have some meaning. With distress still upon their faces, they unwrapped the precious gift which was left for them by Del Samara. Every one of them opened the present and beheld the most wonderous sweet that any creature had ever laid eyes upon. Unwrapping the gift, written on the inside of the paper they found these words:

“Welcome Home. May you become all that your gifts are meant to be. Thank you for being my friend.”

And from that day forward, home became for them a reminder of the preciousness of life and of all that held real value. This was the beginning, the spark and the shock, which caused some few of them to get serious about their lives, and to devote time and energy to seeking truth and cultivating self knowledge. Indeed there is a story about one such who became a truth seeker of some renown, and his name was Obifus the Liar. And about Obifus the Liar, and how he was able to stop a war, and about his strange methods of truth seeking, and how a pumpkin was involved, well, that is another story.

The End

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ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE

HISTORY OF TRUTHSEERS

Based on
The Philosophy of Meaning®

The Archives of Fudgemore contain hitherto unknown tales of heroic individuals from every corner of the earth, from every age, who have, sometimes accidentally but not without struggle, discovered certain truths about the meaning of life.

They also point out that meaning transcends all cultural and racial barriers, and has the potential to heal not only an individual heart, but the heart of human societies and of humanity as a whole.

The questions of meaning and truth, we come to understand are the most important questions we can face.

Del Samara and the Bitter Sweet tells the story of a candy maker and how he taught children to lie, and how his teaching became the cause of many people awakening from the selfish sleep which devoured the sense of meaning in their lives. It also says something about the work of a true friend.

For more information drop us a line or visit the website schoolfunusualarts.com and become a member.

DEL SAMARA