

Wednesday

MERCURY



I was so excited. In French class, we learned that Wednesday is Mercredi. It is named after the planet Mercury. Ancient Greeks were the first to discover Mercury. They associated the planet with Hermes, who was a winged messenger of truth. That is why Mercury is called the planet of communication.

“Have you ever played broken telephone?” Mr. Abraham asked. “Everyone sit in a circle. Onionhead, you begin. Whisper a truth that Hermes would want to tell the world.”

I thought for a second. I wanted it to be something important. I got it!

In the ear of the kid sitting next to me, I said, “Try not to lie.”

One by one, the kids whispered my phrase in the ear of the student next to them.

Mr. Abraham asked the last student, a girl named Della, “Now, what is the secret you heard?”

Della replied, “Fry up the rye!”

We all cracked up in laughter. “Fry up the rye?” I asked.

“What was the original sentence you started with, Onionhead?” Mr. Abraham asked.

Wednesday - Mercredi  
Mercury



“It was ‘Try not to lie!’ ”

“Wow! Not very good Mercurians here! People, we need to learn to communicate better than that!” Mr. Abraham laughed.

That night as I got into bed, my Mom started me on my countdown to sleep. I had a feeling I knew where I was going - that this trip would take me to Mercury. 26, 25, 24...

3, 2, 1...

blast off!

I could see something past the glare of the Sun. It was big and round, a planet for sure. This journey was different. I felt like I was flying. But flying straight for something really hot! All of a sudden I felt other wings around me and the cool breeze their flapping created. My landing was not at all graceful. A round body does not lend itself to flight, unless of course you are being pitched or tossed! I hit the ground and rolled for a while. When I finally stopped, I had dust in my eyes. I could barely make out these green things I saw in the distance. There were four of them, they were flying towards me. They, unlike me, landed gracefully a few feet away. I wondered if they were from the winged messenger, Hermes.

When the dust finally settled, standing in front of me were four glorious Green Owls. They twisted their heads all the way around, checking their surroundings.

“What are you looking for?” I asked.

“Truth only moves in one direction. We’re always on the watch for where falsehoods fly,” one of the Owls replied.

I stood up, extended my hand, gently trying to shake one of their wings, and said, “I’m Onionhead.”

“I’m Master Hil. This is Master Ari. That’s Master On and that’s Master Paul.”

“Is it always so hot here?” I asked, wiping the sweat from my brow.

“You landed near Hermes’ Temple of Truth. All lies get burned up there,” Master Ari answered.

“What does that mean?” I asked, scratching my head. This was a strange place and I was starting to feel uneasy.

“Lies leave a dark tear in the Universe,” Master Paul answered spinning his head. “We’ve got to keep an eye out for them because they can be tricky and sticky. Our job is to motivate others to get on the truth and sincerity track.”

I looked at him kind of sideways, clearly not understanding what he had said.

“To really explain everything to you, we will take you on a little trip,” Master On said.

“Oh, I don’t fly very well.”

“No worries, we’ll take care of you.”

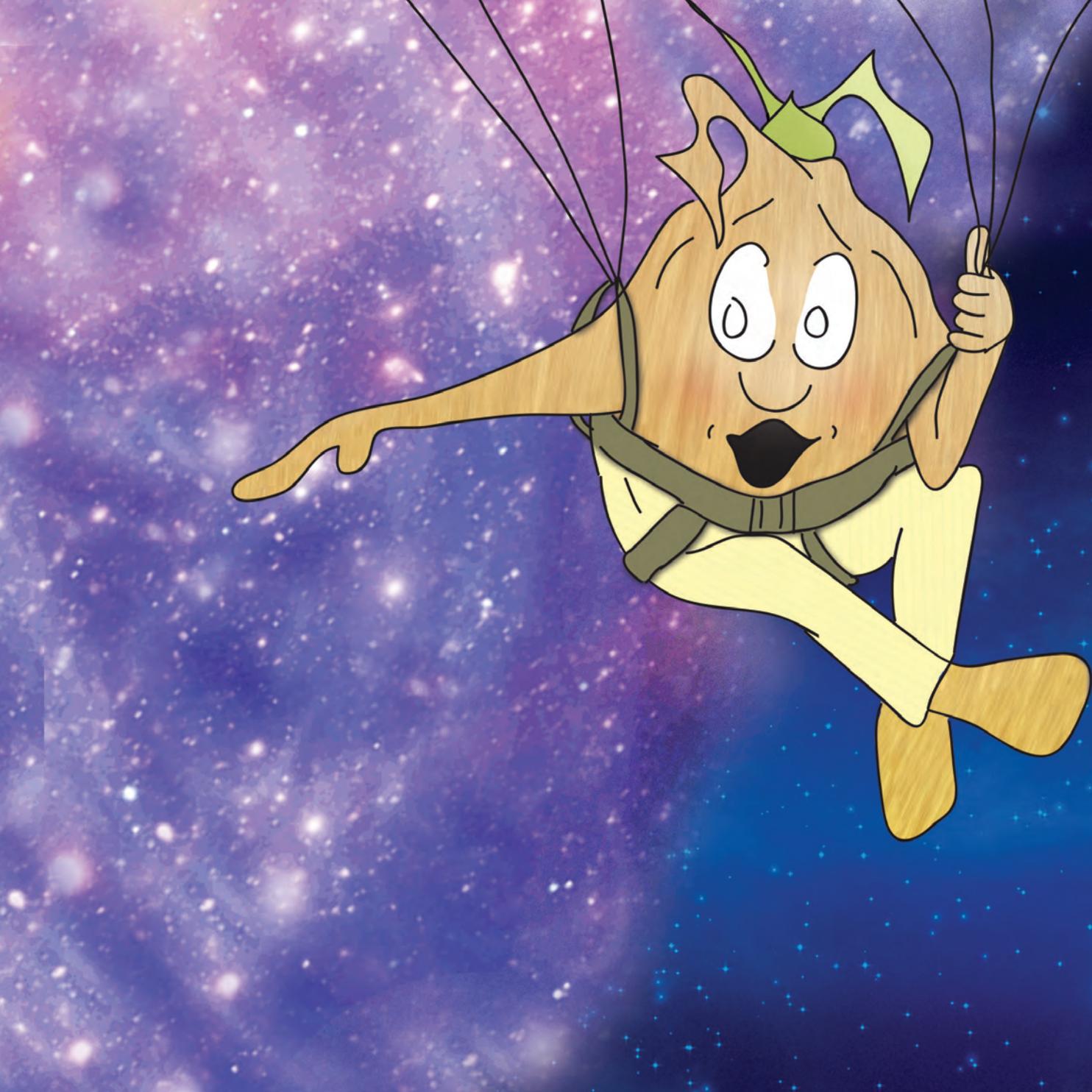
Master Hil and Master Ari strapped a harness around me. They tried to lock me in but struggled.

“You are a little round, I would say.”

Finally I took a deep breath and the harness locked shut.

Each of the four Master Owls took one strap and, before I could ask another question, we were in flight.





As we were gaining some speed, we banked a sharp left. What I saw was so magnificent, similar to what I saw when I wore Master Ayrom's glasses but on a much bigger scale. It was like a blanket woven out of pink light and it covered everything. It was the most glorious thing I had ever seen. I was so grateful that I was given the chance to view this splendor.

Master On said, "This is what truth really looks like. Each word spoken in truth makes a pure heaven for all of us."

I could barely catch my breath with the splendor. My mouth was open in awe when the Master Owls banked again, this time a hard right. As soon as they turned, I started to cough.

Within seconds the scenery changed drastically and my coughing got worse.

"Truth-tellers always have a hard time breathing in the land of lies." Master Ari noted.

The sky looked so dark. There were only bits and pieces of light that seemed to go on and off. The temperature changed drastically. It got very cold. Now I was really afraid.

Master Hil said, "The Universe is made up of glorious Light and this is what dishonesty does to it... it turns something pure into something really scary."

The Master Owls took us closer and all of a sudden, I realized that the lights I saw were billions of tiny fireflies. They were trying to repair the dark tears the lies had caused in the Universe. They were working so hard to sew back together the blanket of Light. They were working like a well organized army.

“Are those fireflies?” I asked.

“Kind of. They are called Raphaels. Their job is to repair the damage lying causes and to restore purity to the Universe,” Master Paul said.

“So this damage happens when the people of your planet lie?” I asked.

“No,” answered Master Paul. “This is what happens when anyone lies. We are simply the first to be affected by it because we are from the planet of truth. Usually lies are told to get ahead, to hide something we are ashamed of, or because we are afraid. No matter where you live or what planet you are from, the effect of a lie is the same.”

“But so many people lie. Are there enough Raphaels to repair all that harm and fix the blanket of Light?”

“Oh yes!” Master Hil said. “But they need the help of all of us. To really assist them, we must always stay committed to telling the truth, even when it is hard.”

I thought of all the times I had muddied the truth to get what I wanted. Never did I think of how my lie would affect myself, anyone else, let alone the whole Universe. I thought of how foolish my reasoning had been – the



unimportant things I used to convince myself that the lie was okay. I made a vow to be committed to telling the truth, no matter what. I prayed I could keep this promise because I will never forget the purity I felt from of the blanket of Light. I would never want to tear it or do it any harm.

Just then, as if the Master Owls heard my silent vow, my harness unclipped and I began to fall.

“Wait!” I yelled but the fall was more like floating.

I landed with a small thud in my bed. The clock was just turning 7:15am and I needed to get up and get ready for school. I was so grateful for my experience because I learned something really valuable. I grabbed my notebook and wrote ...

### **Lesson from Mercury**

Remember – purity comes from telling the truth, even when it is difficult. I also learned that thinking telling a lie is just a little thing ... is really a much bigger matter, as it affects the whole Universe.

