

ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE



**The Archives of Fudgemore**

A History of Truth Seekers

Volume 2 Issue 3: The Awakening of Earnesto

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Published by School of Unusual Arts

61 Adelaide Street, Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada

Schoolofunusualarts.com

ISSN 2816-2781 (Online Version)

ISSN 2816-2773 (Print)

First Edition

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Cover concepts: Bao Luo

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## The awakening of Ernesto

In which Sophia gives shelter to a fugitive  
who received enlightenment from a frog,  
and how he teaches her about the power of conscience  
which is inherent in all peoples of all cultures of all time.

Sophia was in the kitchen chopping carrots for chicken soup when a desperate knock came upon the back door. With an unusual degree of urgency, a voice outside was heard to say “ please, please let me in for I am being pursued by others for the love of a frog! Please help me kind people!” Peeping through the door window she saw outside a disheveled looking person whose face was fraught with worry. Seeing that he carried no weapon, nor had the look of one with mischievous intent, she opened the door. No sooner was the door ajar than the poor man nearly forced his way in, fell on his knees and began to cry. “ Behold, I am Earnesto. Thank you, oh thank you! May your kindness be repaid by earth and heaven and all that is truly just, and may the justice of men never pursue you as it does me.” On hearing these words, Sophia immediately drew him a bowl of chicken soup, bade him sit at the table and asked him “what kind of miscreant are you that others should want your skin?” Then he drank his broth and answered her question thus:

“As a child my love was taken by great nature. My time was spent with the bright green frogs, the iridescent beetles, as well as all manner of colorful fish. I also had knowledge of plants and their kin, and could distinguish an edible from a poisonous mushroom. My particular love of nature drew me close to the wonders of the world and set my heart’s desire in the direction of religion, where I thought to find community among people with a similar adoration for the mystery of creation and the beauty of it all. And so, after my first love abandoned me for wealth and status, I having neither the one nor the other, entered a place of worship, where, as I said, I thought to find communion with other likeminded souls. It was here in the institution of worship that my mind was opened to the great truths as understood by men. And these great truths, boiled down, taught me that all great mysteries of life and death could only be understood by the interpretation of two certain books, the one being bound in black and called the black book and the other being bound in white and called the white book.”

And what has this to do with your present condition? Asked Sophia

“I am coming to that!” said Earnesto, and he continued speaking.

“I was taught that the people who understood these Black and White books were to be held in high regard, and that we should abandon our prejudice in favor of whatever they had to say. Some of what they had to say was that peasants should toil in the fields and submit their produce to such men as understood the black and white books. Peasants should do this in order that they might receive the blessings of the authorities, and thereby secure a good seat at the eternal banquet that awaited them in the afterlife. The heavenly delights related to the eternal banquet were all elaborated in the White book so that ordinary people like myself might have a worthy goal in life, namely to forget the miseries of today and live for a heavenly tomorrow. In the Black book, on the other hand, was elaborated the teaching that earthly suffering and injustice was not what it seemed, a goodly portion of it being necessary. Apparently, those who are guided by a white and black book are thereby superior to both creatures as well as other people and for this reason have the right to exercise this superiority in creative ways including slavery, conquest and forced conversion. The inherent good, according to the white and black books, of action are to be made clear at the eternal banquet of which I have just spoken.

At this point it is important for you to know that my conscience day by day diminished and I became, as it were, a fearful man. And if it were not for the poor bright green frog, who’s life was sacrificed by me, I am afraid that my conscience would never again have awakened, and I should have lived every day between fear and desire.”

“What a strange tale indeed” interjected Sophia, and how did bright green frog awaken your conscience?”

“I am coming to that!” said Earnesto, and he continued speaking.

“All this stuff I was taught to believe, and I toiled in the fields and gave my all to the ones that taught me. My mind became fearful of disobeying such authorities, and I became concerned with the afterlife. I regarded neither the daisies nor the beetles, and I never thought to go down to the pond and say hello to the bright green frogs. My mind was instead occupied with an imaginary future of heavenly delights and the fear of disobedience. In my worry for the past and the morrow, I ceased to love my every moment of living, and the effect of this was that my youthful connection with the beauty of creation became blurry and I could no longer see things and love them in the same way. Now if it were not for the bright green frog who awakened my conscience, I should be still and every day becoming not what I was supposed to be, but a caricature of myself.”

“What a strange tale indeed” said Sophia for the second time. “Now how was your conscience awakened by a bright green frog?”

“I am coming to that!” said Earnesto, and he continued speaking.

“One day, while on my way to do my chores, my path was intruded upon by a frog. “How dare this lowly creature block my path.” I thought, and I kicked it with my sandal, and it struck the

stone wall which bordered the path. The poor creature struggled to get up, but was unable. Falling on its back with its bright green belly toward the sunlight, its outstretched hands lifted upwards as if were beckoning heaven, it cried a small cry, which pierced my heart as if it were a poison arrow. Then and there my heart broke and that same moment the poor creature breathed its last breath. Seeing what I had done, and feeling the force of conscience for the first time in a long time, I took up the cry of the frog and I raised my hands to heaven, and I wept most bitterly while my heart begged for forgiveness for having abandoned my childhood friends.

That was how my conscience was awakened by a frog” said Earnesto. “You have given me real food and shelter, and now I should not trouble you more but should be on my way and find a means of escape.”

“ I still do not understand your predicament, nor why you are being chased” said Sophia.

“I was coming to that!” said Earnesto, “but I am afraid it will have to wait until another time. When I am safe, I shall write to you. I have your address forever and indelibly imprinted on my mind and will surely repay your kindness one day. “ And with that he was off.

Sophia watched out the window as the fugitive ran in the direction of truth, and it was not a calm scene. He was running so fast that he nearly got ahead of his clothing and the whole scene that had just happened set her heart and mind astir. “I learned something important today” she thought. “ I learned that one moment of conscience is enough to turn a life in the direction of truth seeking. And I can see that conscience alone is common to all peoples of all places throughout the ages and throughout time. I can see clearly now where hope for myself and hope for the world resides. I shall never again abandon my childhood friends.” This aurora of understanding broke the spell she had been under, and a gratitude that is the birthright of every creature dawned in her heart. And with certain tears, she looked upward and blessed the day that Earnesto came in his hour of need. And that was the last she heard of Earnesto, until one year later to the day, when she received a certain letter sealed with green wax embossed with the image of a frog. But that is another story.

The End

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# ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE

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.

The Awakening of Earnesto is a tale about a man in search of truth, and how a frog becomes the cause of his great awakening, and how he is pursued by certain authorities, and confesses it all to Sophia.

The tale is continued in Earnesto and the Juggler.

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