

## The Savior

We swam in the ocean, all of us. Or all of us who could. We drew our life from the sea. Some of us were powerful swimmers who could swim the length and breadth of our island. Others were not so strong but they swam as well and as far as they could. A few, of course, could not swim at all. There were also the old, the diseased, and the crippled. But even these bathed each day at the shoreline.

One day a stranger appeared among us. No one knew where he had come from. He spoke of a land beyond the horizon, a land much more luxurious than the little mound of earth we inhabited in the middle of the sea. As we listened to the man relate the splendors of his homeland, we were suddenly made aware of our own poverty, of the many things we lacked. Almost everyone who heard the man speak wanted to go to this land on the other side of the ocean.

But how would they get there? Even the most powerful swimmers knew they could never swim such a distance. The proud few who actually tried were drowned. The weaker swimmers and those who could not swim at all despaired.

Then the stranger told us of a ship which would come to our island one day. Anyone who wanted to go to his land across the sea could accompany him. This made many people very happy. If a ship were to come to take them away, they would not have to swim. Others, however, were skeptical. How could we know that this magical land of the stranger's even existed? He spoke of a ship but who had actually seen it?

The people on our island were divided into two camps: those who believed in the stranger and those who did not.

As for myself, I never had much to do with either of them. I am content to live on this island, despite what everyone regards as its poverty and paleness. I will grow old and die here. In the meantime I continue each day to go swimming, something the others have now all but stopped.