

OSCAR'S ADVENTURE

Once upon a time there was a little boy called Oscar.

He was born in 1854 in a city called Dublin, in Ireland. He was a curious, intelligent child. In fact, he liked reading fantasy books.

One day his mother sent him to the greengrocer's to get some apples. But while he was leaving the shop, he saw a dazzling light in the forbidden forest. He followed the light but, at a certain point, he got lost in the wood. He was anxious and frightened. He explored the forest and found an old abandoned house. Oscar decided to go inside but it was very dusty and dark. Suddenly, he saw a golden door. First, he opened the door and saw a beautiful garden. *"It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang"*¹ sweet music and some children played with an enormous giant.

The giant was overweight and very tall; he had very big feet and hands and an enormous, round face with a nose like a potato and three hairs on top. The giant asked the child: "Who are you?" and the boy said: "I'm Oscar and I'm lost in this forest. I want to go home! Do you know the way to get back to town?" "Yes, I do!" said the giant and he explained the way back to him.

But when Oscar arrived, he realized that it wasn't his town. He saw a wonderful statue talking to a little swallow. Then the statue noticed the child and asked him: "Who are you?" And the boy answered: "I'm Oscar, and who are you?" "I'm The Happy Prince and this is my little friend the swallow" said the Prince. "Why are you unadorned?" "Because I gave all my precious stones to the poor people, but once *"I was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes I had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on my sword-hilt"*² said the Prince. Then the child said:

¹ O.Wilde *The Happy Prince and other stories*, HarperCollins Publishers, London 2015, p.18

² *Ivi*, p. 1

“You were very kind! Can you help me too? Can you show me the way to my town?”

“Yes, I can” said the Prince.

When the child arrived he saw another town but it wasn't his town so he decided to ask a little man where he was. He was working in his garden. He was short and very slim, he had short blond straight hair. There was an old man with a lot of wrinkles with him and he was known as the miller.

Oscar asked the little man: “Who are you?” And he responded: “I'm Hans and this is my devoted friend the miller; he is very wise! And who are you? Why are you here?” And Oscar said: “I'm Oscar and I'm here because an unadorned talking statue called the Happy Prince told me the way to go home but he sent me to another town. Do you know the way to my town?” “Yes I do!” said the miller “It's near here: go straight and then turn left and you have arrived.” He thanked them and set off on the way home.

While he was walking he saw a port; he became curious and decided to have a closer look.

And WHAT DID HE SEE?

He saw a fisherman talking to a beautiful mermaid. *“Her hair was as a wet fleece of gold, and each separate hair as a thread of fine gold in a cup of glass. Her body was as white ivory, and her tail was of silver and pearl. Silver and pearl was her tail, and the green weeds of the sea coiled round it; and like sea-shells were her ears, and her lips were like sea-coral. The cold waves dashed over her cold breasts, and the salt glistened upon her eyelids.”*³

When the mermaid saw Oscar, she asked him: “Are you lost little boy?” And Oscar answered: “No I'm not, I'm going home.” “Where do you live?” asked the fisherman. “I live in Dublin with my mum and my dad in a little house near the greengrocer's shop” responded Oscar. “ But this isn't the way to your town, you should have turned

³ *Ivi*, p.91

right!" said the fisherman. Oscar thanked the fisherman and the beautiful mermaid and said goodbye. He went back and this time he turned right.

But at one point while he was walking, a nightingale stopped in front of him and said: "Hi! I'm a nightingale and I want to find a red rose for a boy because he needs to give it to the girl he loves. But I can't find a rose garden with red roses. Do you know where I can find a red rose?" "No, I don't, because it's my first time here and I want to go home" said Oscar. The nightingale flew away and Oscar continued on his way home.

At long last he arrived home. He gave the apples to his mother and she asked: "Why did you take so long?" and Oscar said: "It's a long story!" Then he went to his room and began writing pages and pages of stories about all the characters he had met on his way. He wrote about the Selfish Giant and the children, the Happy Prince and the Swallow, Hans the little man and his devoted friend, the Fisherman and the Mermaid, the sweet Nightingale and his red rose and many other stories that made Oscar a world-renowned writer.

At the age of forty-six Oscar died and went to Paradise where he met all the characters who had shared the stories of their lives with him in the forbidden forest.