

The Cricket King

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In a distant village, there lived a clever young boy. His intelligence stemmed from his keen observation and contemplation. Being close to nature allowed him ample opportunities to observe and learn, thus becoming a self-taught scholar. He was fond of catching crickets, occasionally keeping a few of the most beautiful and courageous ones as his prized warriors. But he was alone in this cricket-catching game.



Photo: Crickets [Internet].

One day, the King happened to pass through the village and decided to take a break. During his rest, he asked the village elders, “Is there anyone in this village who plays with crickets? I want to play with them and have someone to play with.”

Of course, the whole village was in a frenzy, but they couldn’t find anyone playing with crickets. Fortunately, someone remembered the young boy and set off to find him. The boy carried with him a bamboo tube containing the most majestic cricket, and he accompanied

the village elders to meet the King.

The King also brought a cricket to compete with the boy's cricket. He taught the boy how to engage in a cricket match, and they played together. It was a delightful game. After it ended, the gracious King said, "I will give you a gift to help you and your family live a better life." Then, he generously rewarded the young boy.

Seeing the boy still puzzled, before departing, the King said, "I'll answer one more question for you."

As expected, the young boy asked, "Your Majesty, why do you enjoy playing with crickets? Crickets are not particularly valuable, but when you have very little free time like this, you spend it all to play in cricket matches?"

The King replied, "I have loved playing with crickets since I was a child. But I had to read books, train, and later deal with countless complex affairs. Now, only when I get to play with crickets after my work do I truly feel like a King. Without crickets, I wouldn't be a King."

With these words, the King departed with his retinue. The boy remained behind and brought his rewards back home, feeling content and warm.

However, he kept pondering the King's clear and sincere response. After much time passed, he felt he had found the answer to a happy life. He firmly decided to follow his own path, regardless of what others said.

From that day on, the village people rarely saw the boy, only occasionally catching glimpses of him in the meadows, fields, and ponds. From childhood to old age, he remained the same. He did only one thing: catching crickets.

In later years, as the elderly cricket catcher continued his passion, some young folks happened upon him and inquired, "You've spent your entire life catching crickets. Aren't you tired? What's the purpose of catching crickets?"

The elderly cricket catcher proudly stood tall and said, "Let me share a secret with you. For over 50 years, I have been a King in my own right."

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*\*Note: The story's original version was written in Vietnamese, titled "The Cricket Catcher", and intended for inclusion in a revised version of [Meandering Sobriety](#) [1].*

## References

[1] Vuong QH. (2023). *Meandering Sobriety*. <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0C2TXNX6L>



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