

The Tale of the Little Dolphin Müntschi



Not very long ago there was a little dolphin. His parents called him 'Müntschi' (which means "kiss" in Bernese German) because he had a pointier snout than all the other dolphins. Whenever Müntschi went to play with the other dolphin-children they would cry, "Go away! We don't want to be hit by your pointy snout! And besides, you look different from us!" They would turn their tailfins towards him and swim off without him. Large tears rolled out of the eyes of the little

dolphin so that the sea became even saltier. His mother wrapped her fins around him tenderly and consoled him: "Don't be sad my little Müntschi. You are a very special dolphin. One day we will all be very proud of you." The little dolphin, however, made his snout even pointier and cried: "What good is it to me if I am a special dolphin, when none of the others will play with me?" "Come on, little brother", his sister called, who sometimes succeeded in heartening Müntschi, "let's swim to Grand-dad; he's surely got some news for us." The little dolphin loved his Grand-dad over everything: his calm, clear voice, his good advice, and that in spite of his ripe old age he was still good for a lark. Every day, Grandfather listened to the news on the 'Dolphin's New Wave'.

Today, however, his humour seemed to have left him. "Good Heavens! This is too much!" he cried, and his grey tailfin shivered with rage. "What happened, Grand-dad?" cried the children, quite intimidated, since they had never seen him like this before. Grandfather leapt through the air trying to calm down. "I can tell you only bad news: Once more dolphins have been stranded! Once more they have been caught in the fishermen's nets and now this! More than 10,000 are going to be hunted for scientific purposes, as the humans say." A shudder of revulsion ran through the children and their skin turned pale. "Forgive me, my little ones. Your mother will be angry with me for not telling you fairy tales". "But Grand-dad, it hurts us too when the humans destroy the seas. We don't believe in fairy tales anymore". "Well, well", grumbled the old dolphin in bewilderment. His voice again became calm and clear. "Would you like to help me in calling together the council of our 12 eldest? Something must be done!" "Yes! We will gladly help you, Granddad!" Already the children were on their way with greater leaps than usual, first to Aunt Philadelphia, the oldest dolphin-lady. She and the other council members followed the children immediately.

"If you are ready, I shall count to three", announced Philadelphia, glancing upon the gathered dolphins. The six eldest dolphin-men and the six eldest dolphin-ladies had gathered in a circle. They were holding one another by the fins to leap

through the air together. From above the world looks quite different. One gains a broader view. With a fresh sea breeze, thoughts become clearer, and, above all: together the jumps are higher. Once they had submerged into the sea again, the council members formed a think tank and pondered deeply.

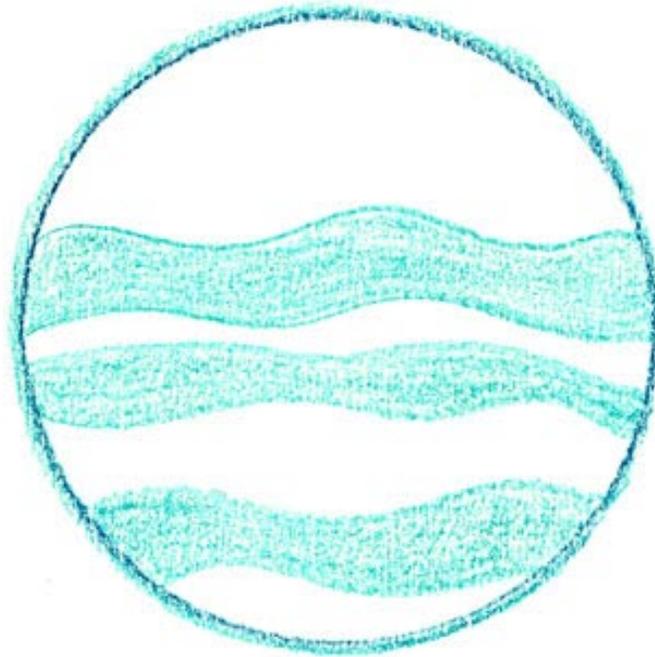
Meanwhile the other dolphins, amongst them also Müntschi, swam about the council of the 12 eldest in close formation to support them. Nobody was in the mood to sing or chatter as usual because this was about life and death.

On the third day, the elders opened up their circle to inform every one of their latest insights and propose solutions. This time however, the old dolphins simply shrugged their fins. Grandfather summarised the thoughts of the council: “We see that the hearts of many, of too many, people are locked up. With their hearts being locked up, they can no longer hear our songs of love and peace and so they become greedy and aggressive. They kill us and they kill themselves. We could not find a solution. Only few people hear us; too few”, sobbed Grandfather, “and time is short.”

Suddenly, a forceful cry interrupted the concerned silence of the dolphins. Philadelphia stood up to her full splendour. “My dear ones”, she announced with a determined voice: “There is only one way out!” Bubbles full of surprise arose everywhere. “I will go to the sandbank and meditate. Then the Goddess will appear and I shall ask her for help. I shall ask her how we can reach the humans again”. The dolphins could hardly believe what they heard and waved to each other with their fins. “There is still hope! There is still hope! For the humans! For us!” Grandfather demanded silence. “Dearest Philadelphia, you allow us to hope again and we thank you from all our hearts. Have a safe journey; our songs will accompany you.’ With loving leaps through the air, the dolphins bid her farewell.

The following three long nights and days seemed like an eternity to the dolphins.

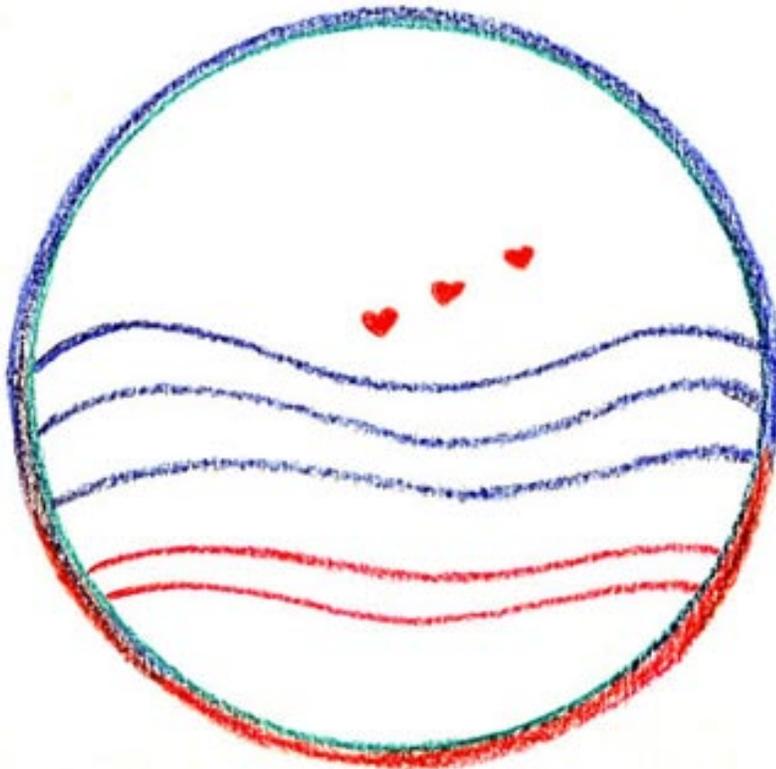
Meanwhile Philadelphia had reached the distant sand bank and called out for the Goddess.



Finally, Müntschi and his sister announced the return of Philadelphia with the most excited of chattering. The sea began to foam from the impatient leaping of the dolphins. All were excited about the news. As usual Grandfather asked for silence and Philadelphia began her report. “My dear ones, the Goddess has heard our plea and answered”. A mighty shiver trembled through the fins of the entire gathering and all held their breath. ‘The Goddess said: ‘In the night, when the humans sleep, you shall appear in their dreams; you will kiss them and their hearts will open. I deliver unto you the gift to dream yourselves into the dreams of the humans. One of you must take the first step and then you will surely all have the courage to do so”. “Ooooo”, muttered the dolphins, “to kiss the humans in their dreams... one of us must begin... but who? But who?” Helplessly, they looked at each other.

“Meeeee”, cried a bright and clear little voice. All the dolphins turned to the direction the voice had come from. “You? Müntschi?” “Me”, repeated the little dolphin and performed a summersault into the middle of the gathering. “I have the pointiest snout and can kiss the best. I will prepare the way for you to the hearts of the humans”. Amidst heartfelt tears, his mother embraced him and said, “I always knew that you were a very special dolphin.” “Yes!” cried the entire gathering in excitement, “go on, Müntschi! Let it begin! Let it begin! We’ll follow you! We’ll follow you!”

Since then it happens that dolphins kiss the humans in their dreams. And today there are even humans waiting to be kissed in their dreams by a dolphin! If you are lucky, you will be kissed by Müntschi, because his kisses are especially tender.



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