



# The Memory Machine and the Moon of Wisdom

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Inside a magnificent golden palace, King Malakor sits upon his throne, listening intently to a long royal decree. With a chillingly perfect accuracy, he recites every word back to his court, his eyes shining with a mechanical, cold precision.



Beside the King, a cunning Grand Minister strokes his long beard with a self-satisfied smirk, while a scrawny, sharp-eyed guard stands in the shadows. They are a trio of perfect recall: the guard remembers after one hearing, the minister after two, and the King after three, forming a flawless memory machine.



The King announces a grand 'Challenge of Wisdom,' promising ten thousand gold pieces to anyone who can read a text he cannot repeat. However, the trap is set: anyone who fails the challenge must forfeit their entire estate and all their worldly possessions to the crown.



A hopeful scholar stands before the throne, reading a complex and beautiful new poem he spent years composing. Before he can even finish, the scrawny guard steps forward and recites the entire poem perfectly, claiming he has known it since childhood.



The Grand Minister and the King follow suit, repeating the scholar's words with mocking ease to prove the work wasn't 'new.' The scholar watches in despair as royal guards seize his carriage full of gold and books, adding to the King's growing mountain of stolen wealth.



The kingdom falls into a dark era of silence and resentment, as the 'Memory Machine' continues to bankrupt the wise and the talented. The palace halls are filled with confiscated treasures, yet the atmosphere is heavy with the sorrow of a people cheated by their own ruler's cleverness.



One evening, a Zen master dressed in simple, tattered hemp robes walks calmly into the oppressive silence of the royal court. He carries no scrolls or gold, only a wooden staff and a peaceful expression that seems to unsettle the arrogant King.



The Zen master begins to chant a paradoxical verse about the nature of the mind, his voice echoing like a distant temple bell. As he speaks, glowing golden letters emerge from the air, swirling and dancing in a chaotic, shimmering matrix that defies any linear pattern or logical order.



The guard and the Minister clutch their heads in agony, their faces contorted as they try to record the shifting, non-linear wisdom that refuses to be stored. King Malakor pales and trembles, his crown slipping from his head as the mechanical logic of his mind shatters against the infinite depth of the master's words.



Years later, a humble man in plain clothes works joyfully in the village fields alongside his former subjects, having returned all the stolen riches. As the Zen master vanishes into the golden sunset, the former King looks up at the sky, finally understanding that while memory is a passing cloud, true wisdom is the bright, eternal moon.