

Let me introduce myself: I am the boy in the image who is steering the strange contraption. This drawing portrays a day – an unforgettable day – some years' ago now.

As a child, I was always a fan of fairy tales: there was something about the battles between good and bad that I loved, and of course, the happy endings. And it was those happy endings which got me thinking; I started wondering just how I could achieve a life like that. How could I live 'happily ever after'? This question began to consume me; it became a true obsession, occupying my thoughts. Before I knew it, I was constantly lost in my own thoughts.

After months of acting like this, something changed: a strange note appeared in our garden, instructing me to journey to the magical castle (the one across the sea where none of my people had ever ventured before) and there I would find the answer to my question. As I read the note, I knew I simply had to make the journey; however, I made the mistake of letting slip about it to my parents.

We argued and argued and argued. Finally, they relented, but on one condition: they, plus my brother, were to accompany me on my quest. Plans were put in place and preparations were made. Eventually, the big day arrived: the day when we were to journey to the mystical castle, in search of true happiness (or at least some clues about how to achieve it). Boarding the strange wooden mine cart (equipped with its own sail) trepidation flooded me; however, for my family, I showed nothing but confidence and excitement.

And that is the story behind the picture: a young boy's search for the truth about happiness. I'll leave you to wonder whether he ever found what he was looking for....