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The Intermission

The Curtain closes on this act. The Lights come back on. From over a loudspeaker comes the message: “Join us in our lobby for an array of mouthwatering treats. And don’t forget. Please deposit all litter in the trash receptacles conveniently located at the doors to the theater. Please no smoking in the theater.”

In the lobby the theatergoers discuss the play so far:

Theatergoer #1, tentatively: “Well, what did you think?”

Theatergoer #2: “To be honest, I was a bit confused. What does the Erection have to do with the Princess and the Beast, anyway?”

TG #1: “I wasn’t quite sure either. But I like this *Taming Your Beast* story. The character of the Princess intrigues me. What do you think the Princess has to do with Jill or the lawyer’s wife, Madeleine?”

TG #2: “I’ve really been a bit overwhelmed. I’m having a hard time telling the difference between the characters in the different stories. To make it more confusing I think some of the actors play more than one character.”

TG #1: “It’s probably one of those budget cutbacks. Think of the savings in salaries if one actor plays 3 or 4 roles.”

TG #2: “Well they’re saving themselves a bundle then. Because I think there are three or four actors with multiple roles.”

TG #1: “Not including ourselves.”

TG #2: “That’s right! Us too!”

TG #1: “They’re making a fortune on us.”

TG #2: “Let’s go on strike for higher wages.”

TG #1: “But then they would just lower our salary and hire extra actors.”

TG #2: “True. I guess we should just be happy that we’ve been given any role at all.”

TG #1: “Say do you ever get your roles confused?”

TG #2: “All the time. First I’m an Elder, now I’m part of the Audience, next I’m a Body Part. I can never figure out what part I’m supposed to play next.”

Director: “Cut! Cut! What are you two doing anyway? This *is* the dress rehearsal. I asked for a little improv, but we haven’t even reached the Body Parts section yet. Use your brain. And please, save your politics for your own time. We have plenty of actors who would love your role, if you don’t think you’re being paid enough. Now let’s take it from the top, unless someone has any objections.” Looking around, menacingly.

Director: “Let’s get it right this time. Take #11 Intermission Scene:”

The scene board clicks down.

Theatergoer #1, tentatively: “Well. What did you think?”

Theatergoer #2: “To be honest, I was a bit confused. What does the Erection have to do with the Princess and the Beast, anyway?”

TG #1: “I’m not quite sure either. But I like this *Taming Your Beast* story. The character of the Prince intrigues me. What do you think the Prince has to do with Jack or the Congressman?”

TG #2: “I’ve really been a bit overwhelmed. I’m having a hard time telling the difference between the characters in the different stories. To make it more confusing I think some of the actors play more than one character.”

TG #3: “I couldn’t help overhearing your conversation. This is the third time that I’ve seen the play and I’m just beginning to catch on. I would like to share my insights, if you don’t mind.”

TG #1: “Shoot.”

TG #2: "I couldn't be *more* confused."

TG #1: "That's for sure!"

TG #2: "Hey!"

TG #3: "As I was about to say, you are confused about where and how the *Erection* connects with the Princess?"

TG #2: "Right. I'm confused about how this whole mess fits together. Don't get me wrong. I'm enjoying it. I'm supposed to right?"

TG #1: "Of course. Everyone enjoys this production. It's the *in* show right now."

TG #2: "I know that I'm supposed to like it. It's trendy and all. But really I think it stinks."

TG#3: "Hey wait a minute! The director said to ad-lib a little but you two are getting carried away."

TG #2: "Well to be honest, I'm sick of having to work over intermission. Everyone else is out enjoying cookies and punch, while I'm sweating it out under these stage lights."

Director: "Cut! Cut! Theatergoer #2. Out! Bring in her understudy."

TG #1: "Aw Come on. Give her one last chance. She's just tired and she is part of your family."

Director, shaking his head: "My wife's side. Why did I ever get involved with family? I don't have time for this nonsense. I have my own deadlines to meet. The producer is putting pressure on me to come in under budget. These delays cost money, you know."

TG #2: "OK, OK! I'll perform. I do have children to support. Even though' this play is stupid, I'll do my best. It just doesn't seem to have any meaning. What happened to those old-fashioned love stories? Besides I'm really a much better actress than the roles I've been given. I should've been given the role of Mary. I could've done a much better job."

Director: "Ah now we're getting to the heart of the issue. It's not the story you don't like, it's your role you don't like."

TG #2: "Of course. A person of such talent as mine should not be given a role such as TG #2/ Elder #2. You don't even have the courtesy to give me a name."

Director: "Enough! Enough! We have work to do. At least you have a role. Time is running out. Accept your role and extend it or face oblivion. One last chance. OK. Roll 'em. Take 12."

TG #2: "Wait! I'm really confused now. I thought this was supposed to be a play."

TG #3: "No. No. No! It is supposed to be a movie about a play about the fairy tale, *Taming Your Beast*."

TG #1: "Haven't you guys been paying attention? We are in a movie pretending to be an audience watching a play about the fairy tale that originates from the nursery rhyme, Jack and Jill"

TG #2: "But what does this have to do with *The Erection*?"

TG #1: "We can see what is on *your* mind."

TG #2, defiantly: "So what?! I'm a liberated female. Are you threatened? Why don't you show me *your* version of *your* Erection?"

Director: "Please, please, everyone! Remember this *is* a family production."

TG #2: "Hey it took an erection to create the family."

TG #1: "Not my family. I was created in vitro."

TG #2: "That explains a lot about you."

TG #1: "What did you mean by *that*?"

TG #2: "Just teasing. But seriously I don't think children should be shielded from erections and sex. After all, it took an erection followed by sex to create everyone but you and a few of your modern kind."

TG #3: "In vitro sex sounds like *lots* of fun."

Director, to himself: "Oh God there goes my PG rating." To the rest sharply: "Children please!! Enough of this gossiping. We have work to do." Shaking his head to himself. "This is the last time I hire family. No matter what! I should remind myself to write a memo to myself."

TG #2: "Just tell me how the *Erection* connects with *Jill & Jack*."

TG #1 sarcastically: "Seems obvious to me. Didn't your father tell you about the birds and bees?"

Director, almost yelling now: "Children no bickering! We have deadlines to meet!"

TG #2: "Well how do they link up?"

Director: "My God, TG #2! Haven't you read the script?"

TG #2: "Just my parts. But I realize that to get into my part, I must know its context."

Director, throwing up his hands: "What children I work with. Well if you really must know, tell her TG#3. I really don't know either. I didn't read the book, just the abridged film version."

TG #3: "Well the book is way better than the play or the movie. Joe Schnurd gets an Erection that won't go down."

TG #2: "Sounds great! I can't wait to see it."

Director: "All done off stage. Remember this is a film aimed at the whole family. Now come on. Let's get on with this production. Please!"

TG #2: "I still haven't heard the missing link."

TG #3: "Well Joe gets this erection that won't go down."

TG #2: "His wife must have been happy."

TG #3: "Yes Mary was. But the congressman's wife, Madeleine Councilor, gets tricked into spearheading a campaign to get erections banned."

TG #2: "Sounds terrible."

TG #1: "That's what Mary thought."

TG #3: "That's why Mary began writing these stories to Madeleine to awaken her active feminist side."

TG #1: "Mary was trying to save Joe and liberate Madeleine at the same time."

TG #2: "Let me see if I have this straight. From the top: We are pretending to be in an movie in which we are pretending to be an audience at intermission for the play *Taming Your Beast*."

Director: "That's right. Now let's get on with this play, or movie, or novel, or whatever it is that we're doing here."

TG #3: "I think he's losing it."

TG #1: "I think this is an Encounter group."

Director: "What's this world coming to, anyway?"

TG #2: "I haven't finished. *Taming Your Beast* is a fairy tale pretending to be a book that is being read by Jill in the story *Jill & Jack*. *Jill and Jack* is a nursery rhyme pretending to be a feminist story told by Mary to Madeleine in a pretend article written by Fred Schnurd about his pretend brother Joe's imaginary Erection. I really haven't seen this erection yet. I'm not sure I believe in it."

TG #1: "Doubting Thomas! Ask The Erection into your heart. You will believe and be saved from eternal damnation."

TG #2, sarcastically: "*Fun-ny*. I haven't seen the book, either. I think that The Erection is a series of stories pretending to be a novel."

TG #3: "Undoubtedly, indubitably right!"

TG #2: "Where are we now then?"

TG #1: "The Princess has just received the story *Mother Earth Speaks* from the Magician."

TG #2: "The Magician?"

TG #1: "Yeah, Joe Schnurd."

TG #2: "Joe? Isn't he the one with the erection?"

TG #1: "Yes. That's the one."

TG #2: "Excuse me if I'm dense, but how in the world did he get into that story?"

TG #3: "I'm not sure myself. There is the author over there. Let's ask her."

TG #1: "Mary, could you explain your story to us a little?"

Author: "I really didn't understand the story myself. It came from a higher source. Its only meaning is the meaning it has to you."

TG #2: "Now I'm really confused."

TG #3: "The author has a thing about Escher's drawings. It seems to work on the surface, but if looked at too closely, it is impossible."

TG #2: "It just sounds like an excuse for a shoddy and inconsistent plot."

TG #1: "Haven't you heard? We live in a quantized world. Newton's mechanical world of cause and effect is out of date."

TG #3: "Einstein's theory of relativity is just a special case in the grand unified theory."

TG #1: "We are just pretending to be real ourselves."

Director: "Please everyone. We're way behind schedule and over budget. If we don't get this work done, we'll all be out of a job. Please everybody. The first bell has rung and everyone is coming back into the theater. We don't have much time left."

All: "All right."

Director: "OK everyone from the top. Let's get it right this time. Let's at least pretend we know what's going on. The audience will never know."

TG #2: "But I thought that we were the audience."

Director: "Sheesh. Family! Take 12. The Intermission scene." The scene board clicks down.

Part VI: Mother Earth Speaks

I, Mother Earth, one of the many physical incarnations of Mother Nature, have an interesting tale to tell. Mine is the story of my love-hate affair with those mammals that call themselves humans. Although they have been around such a short time, I became particularly fond of them. They were my special favorites – until just recently.

I had enjoyed the Age of Dinosaurs but they had been so dense. They had interesting social organizations but were, I hate to say it, a little stupid, especially when compared to this later evolutionary experiment, the humans – homo sapiens sapiens, as they categorize themselves.

Their intelligence was their blessing and their curse. They tickled my materials in such stimulating ways. It turned me on. Their fondling caused my surface to stick out in many interesting and beautiful ways. Although my being had always manifested in incredibly complex patterns, bless Mother Nature with her infinite variations, those humans did things with me that I never could have done on my own. They've made pyramids, cathedrals, bridges, and homes out of my materials. Initially the humans worshipped me, their mother, for providing them with sustenance. They made beautiful structures, temples, to praise and glorify me. This was before those aggressive sky gods took over. As to why we'll get to that a little later.

About 4 millennia ago my star began to descend as the sky gods' rose into ascendancy. Such are the cycles of Mother Nature. Blessed is she, shrouded in ultimate mystery. My humans were growing up and asserting their independence. As all teenagers do, they stopped appreciating me, their mother, and turned to their father.

They began to build great monuments to the sky gods. I was a little bit jealous to be sure, but was happy that my creation was beautifying me. Even if they didn't give credit where it was due, their interesting architecture turned me on. I just love beautification. What is politics when a sensual experience is at hand? Love those hands-on experiences. What things they've done to me, I can't even repeat. They've carved me, dug into my most sensitive caves and tunnels. They've erected massive structures to the sky. This didn't bother me at all. It really aroused me to my core. This was the love of our relation.

What bothers me is when my humans bomb each other to smithereens, and in the process destroy my vegetation. And it really aggravates me when the smoke they generate with their machines chokes my atmosphere – disrupting my delicate balance. S & M really turns me off. I must admit I was getting pretty fed up as we entered the 13th millennium AI (After the last Ice Age.) The humans call this time the early 21st century. I hate acid rain, acid fog, and cancerous air. They had poisoned my atmosphere to such an extent that my creations were dying. These humans needed to be trained to pick up after themselves. They needed a mother, but didn't believe in me anymore. This was the hate side of our relationship.

Section 1: In the Beginning

If you're interested in how things got so out of balance, then listen to my tale of woe. It's not that long. The beginning for me was about 4 billion revolutions around the Sun ago - years; I think you humans call them. It was then that I became conscious that I was separate and distinct from the rest of Creation. It was then that I became a planet.

Initially I was a bit unconscious. I had to spend a lot of time getting my Atmosphere together. I was going through huge geological changes. I was so busy with this stabilization process, that I didn't have time to consider my mission in life. I was just doing what came naturally. I sometimes yearn for the simplicity of those days, before Choice came into the picture.

Although I was a radical wild swirling cloud of gas in my youth, I changed into a solid stable planet as I matured, for which I was quite proud. But after a few hundred million revolutions around the Sun, I began to get bored. I started questioning my existence. (After all I had lots of time to think.) "What's it all about? For what purpose have I spent these last few hundred million years getting my atmosphere together? Is there any reason behind all my effort? Or is it all meaningless? Is there a grand scheme of things, preordained by divinity? Or is everything just random circumstance? Perhaps I'll never know, but I think not. I believe there is something special in store for me. I feel I have a special purpose. I don't know what it is. But I have faith that my existence is more than just endlessly circling around the Sun."

At this time I was just like all the other planets, lifeless and dead. I sensed, however, that my mission in this creation was much more grand than that. The other planets, especially Mercury and Mars, discouraged me from any ambition. They told me to focus upon my primary task, spinning about my axis and revolving about our Solar Father. How boring! Venus was sort of aloof and mysterious. The outer planets were into their own thing and too far away. My own Moon was so in love with me that she couldn't understand that I needed more. She was so jealous that she would never let me out of her sight. Sometimes I've wished that I had taken my friends' advice.

But I didn't.

All of my neighbors in our solar community were quite content with their mission. Not me. I was determined to do something special with my existence. Frustrated by the lack of clues from without, I looked within. I began meditating deeply. Soon, about 500 million years after I was born, 3 and a half billion years ago, I felt the beginnings of life on my surface. I was exhilarated and excited. The other planets teased me, saying:

Mercury: "You've got things growing on your surface?"

Mars: "Gross!"

Venus: "How can you stand it?"

Moon: "Kill it before it gets out of hand."

Mercury: "It seems highly unnatural to me."

Mars: "I'm my own planet. Nobody moves around on my surface without my knowing about it."

Venus: "This Life, as you call it, moves around on its own?"

Earth: "Yes, Life moves around on its own and it grows, too. Isn't this marvelous?"

Mercury: "Grows, too? Sounds like a disease."

Mars: "I'm grossed out."

Earth: "It also duplicates and multiplies."

Moon: "This Life sounds cancerous."

Venus: "We're warning you, as your friends. Take care of this Life before it takes care of you."

Earth: "Well I don't care what the rest of you think. I am thrilled. I love my Life."

Maybe I was too thrilled. I did my best to maintain a perfect environment for my babies, my Life. I slipped up a few times - allowing an Ice Age or two to slip through. I've done pretty good for quite awhile, but am beginning to wonder if it is worth the effort.

Initially I was so busy with my Work of maintaining and furthering this Life on my surface that I didn't have time for pride. Pretty soon, however, a few hundred million years after the first beginnings of Life, I had gotten my climate pretty well under control. I looked around and became proud of my accomplishments. The Life on my surface seemed so interesting that I couldn't imagine anything really comparing to it. Lost in my pride, I began to feel that I was the most wondrous of all of Nature's creations. I began to feel that I was the Chosen Planet.

Of course my experience isn't that great. I spend all my time circling around the Sun. I haven't really seen much of the Universe - certainly nothing like those comets who would always return with their fabulous tales of black holes, quasars, far-flung solar systems, and beautiful star clusters. As our interplanetary messengers, those comets with their beautiful tails see so much in traversing all of our orbits and beyond. And comets' vision is excellent because they have no atmosphere to cloud things up; nor does the light of our star, the Sun, obscure their view into the darkness of the Universe. Even though they had seen everything in their travels to the eight corners of the Universe they still said that I was the most beautiful of all the planetary objects. Comets like to flatter and be flattered.

Comets: "There are many stars, spectacular in their variations. There are many fascinating galaxies and some beautiful galactic clusters. But there were none more beautiful than you. Even though you don't sparkle, the glimmering of the sun off your surface is dazzling. Plus your water allows us to look inside you, like no other planetary object we have experienced. Your swirling clouds, ocean and land are spectacular, rotating together around your perfect sphere."

Just what any planet loves to hear. I ate it up, bought into it, and bore the consequences. Mother Nature, what lessons she teaches!

Comet: "Some celestial objects are solid, some gaseous, and yet others fiery. But you are the only liquid planet. Your water is what makes you so special."

"It didn't come easy. I established my two poles, which have a frozen bank of water in them to help stabilize my temperature and create an ever-changing environment. By carefully maintaining my temperature, water can go from gas to liquid to solid in my atmosphere. This created storms, which created lightening, which spawned Life. I worked hard to create this unique situation. I am proud of what I have achieved. Through my efforts alone I have become the Watery Planet with Life on my surface."

I took credit for all my accomplishments, never once giving credit where it was really due.

Comet: "Although your water is gorgeous, the one thing that really sets you apart from the rest, more than anything else, is the consciousness of your matter. Saturn's rings are gorgeous, but she's a bit and very stuck up. Jupiter, your big Brother, is large but a bit vacuous. In fact all the other planets and stars are self-centered - wrapped in their own affairs - thinking everything revolves around them. Only upon your surface did a separate consciousness arise to appreciate our beauty. The rest are so engrossed in their own work that they have no energy to look outward and appreciate the universe around them. Only you contain the phenomenon known as Life." (Of course, these comets could not really see into the planetary systems of the other galaxies; so the information that they relayed was a little distorted, as we shall soon see.)

I too enjoyed that aspect of human life. It is the only form of life, which has really acknowledged and worshipped me, even though they were to forget me as time passed.

The comets pumped me up each time they passed me with all their planetary news.

Comet: "You are beautiful, as always, my dear. And we just love your creation, the humans. They are marvelous. They appreciate us like no other. And we enjoy being noticed. We are proud of our icy tails."

Their praise of my family and me corrupted me. I began thinking myself the most beautiful being in all of creation. How vain I was. I began to feel that I was the center of the Universe and that all revolved around me. I put myself above everything. I felt that the Universe only existed that I might exist. I was so wonderful that I was the ultimate reason for Being itself. Silly me.

My worst folly was that I even began to think that I was most brilliant for having created the human species. How wrong I was. With the credit comes the blame.

These comets with their irresponsible orbits were pleased at the praise from my humans, but they had no conception of the year-to-year trials of every century existence. These comets with their extreme orbits had no sense of responsibility to the regular orbits that my brothers and sisters have. They really had no year-to-year experience with Life on their surface. All they sensed was worship from my surface, inexperienced anywhere else in their journeys throughout the solar system. It was easy for them to praise Life they didn't have to live with it.

Actually they had been surprised by my degeneration in their last go around. Perhaps they were too polite to express horror.

Comet: "Earth, you don't look so good."

Earth: "You wouldn't look so good if you had humans on you either."

Comet: "You look very blotchy. You have a lot of brown and dry spots on your complexion. Have you tried rainstorms?"

Earth: "Well I did try rainstorms, but my humans had so over farmed the soil that my thundershowers only created gullies on my surface, further eroding my face."

Comet: "Those beautiful humans. You're just in a bad mood. I've heard they have societies and organizations named after me. They have named me "Halley's Comet" after my 'discoverer'. I think your humans are just great."

Earth: "It's not your surfaces that are being destroyed. I've spent so many millennia cultivating my environment. To see it destroyed so quickly is a bit discouraging, to be sure. I've even considered an Ice Age to wake those humans up."

Comet: "Those darlings. They're just going through a phase."

Earth: "Phase, Schmase! They're destroying my environment."

Comet: "Don't worry. It'll come back."

Earth: "Right! After the next Big Bang."

Comet: "Cheer up! You're a planet. They're just humans. What can they really do to you?"

Earth: "In case you didn't know, Haley, my forests can't reclaim themselves. My deserts keep on growing. At this rate, I'll be a desert planet like Mars in a couple millennia. I like a little desert, but I don't want to be a desert."

Comet: "You're just in a your period. You'll come out of it."

Earth: "You don't know what it's like living with the fights and the noise. They're always killing themselves and polluting my environment over some trivial issue."

Comet: “Well gotta go. Moving fast. Still love those humans. But glad I’m single without life on my surface. You’ve accomplished so much, but what a price you’ve had to pay. Well see you next revolution. Good luck with those humans.”

Earth: “Thanks a lot.”

Comets have never been responsible. They are always ready to party. And they are the first to leave when the action dies down and the real work of transformation begins. But I’m getting ahead of myself. As a young mother I was still beautiful. My degradation was still coming. But I really can’t complain. I dug my own grave. And I’ve been blessed with so much.

Section 2: My Pride becomes My Curse

After my early humans established dominance over the animal kingdom some thirty millennia ago they began worshipping and praising me. It went right to my core. Finally someone appreciated me in all my glory. Ah those early humans, I loved 'em with all their little problems, which seemed so big then. Looking back, I should have appreciated them and their naiveté much more. But hindsight is always crystal clear.

Between the praise from the comets and the worship from my humans, I began believing I was better than the rest. Nature had trapped me in my own vanity.

“I must be superior to the other planets because I created life, which morphed into humans, that marvelous species, which erects temples to my magnificence. I am even on a par with my father, the Sun, if not superior. He fulfilled his mission when he created me. He should be proud to be the father of a planet as exceptional as I am.

I know that I am small, even for a planet. But what I lack in size I more than make up for in density. In the early explosions of the supernovas, those gargantuan stars shot out huge concentrations of matter. The lightest materials were gases and collected far from our Sun. He wasn't that interested in them and so didn't pull them any closer. These enormous collections of gases turned out to be my four huge planetary brothers and sisters. They were heavy but not that Heavy - if you know what I mean. In other words they weren't that smart, if you're not hep to the lingo. They balance our solar system but have nothing like the dense complexity of us, the inner planets. In truth larger siblings are bit vacuous.

The Sun was fascinated by the denser matter and so pulled it closer to himself. We four inner planets were born of this denser stuff. But I am very different from them. Venus, my sister, was so charged with electricity that she couldn't support life. Mercury, my little brother, was too close to the Sun and didn't spin fast enough. Mars was too far away and had no atmosphere. I'm special because I have Life.

I deserve to be proud. I am the only planet who worked hard enough to create Life. It wasn't easy maintaining my atmosphere. Plus I put in eons of arduous effort to create a nice temperature balance. Although I still have an occasional Ice Age, I stabilized my temperatures perfectly to sustain this new fascinating form of existence upon my surface. I deserve credit for all the hard work and planning that went into creating the human.”

These were the thoughts that were flitting around my core. Unfortunately my ultimate creation, the human, inevitably took after me, their mother. He too began to be proud. He too exalted himself above all the rest of creation. It wasn't until just recently that I realized that Mother Nature is superior to us all. But it took some humbling experiences for me to learn my lesson. It all started with the sky gods.

The Birth of the Sky Gods

As mentioned I have a love-hate relationship with my humans. On one hand they have arranged me in such interesting ways, but on the other hand, Well there are so many other hands. All along they've been so mean to each other. I've provided them with plenty of food, yet they fight over it. I gave them so much land and yet they kill each other to control certain parts of it. In providing so much, I had hoped that there would be nothing to fight over. How wrong I was.

Of course, those sky gods are somewhat to blame. They planted the seeds of discontent. Instead of encouraging cooperation and nourishment, those pesky sky gods promised ownership and power. In their desire to be worshipped, they took humans out of their bodies and gave them ideas. They took them out of the Now and placed them in the Future and the Past. My poor

humans became so confused in the thoughts of the Sky that they lost my grounding and stability. Instead of being firmly rooted in my matter, they floated above the ground forgetting about their material nature.

Ironically my humans created the sky gods in their image. I had done such a good job on this creation that I had given them consciousness and power of the mind. Unfortunately they also inherited my pride. In their pride they rejected me as I had rejected Mother Nature. They took credit for their amazing qualities just as I had taken credit for mine. Instead of blessing Nature for honoring us with such talents, instead we took credit for all of our achievements.

The humans were smart enough to realize that there was a lot going on that they didn't understand. "There's something going on here and you don't know what it is. Do you, Mr. Jones?" Bob Dylan

The early humans were close enough to the Beginning that they looked below their feet and found me. They worshipped me with all my mysteries. This went to my head, which confused and distorted me, which in turn confused and distorted my creation. I forgot about Nature. The humans forgot about me. They wanted to break away from my influence. They were teenagers and wanted to break the umbilical cord to Mom and Earth.

They rejected me and called me inanimate, but they still needed something to worship. As teenagers they looked for a Father. It's so hard being a single parent. Instead of looking down, as they had already rejected me, they looked up into the sky to find a father who would protect them from a harsh, cruel, uncertain world. As I had rejected or forgotten about my mother, so did they reject and forget about me.

With the power of their minds they created a sky god, who was a warrior, to protect them from harm, to protect them from themselves. One sky god fought the other and I was forgotten and suppressed in the process. The humans had created the military sky god to fulfill a deep-seated need for protection, but then these gods became more powerful than their creators.

Just as I had created humans who had ravaged me, so did they create the sky gods who ravaged them with unreasonable demands. The idea became greater than the reality.

Mother Earth: "Why have you forsaken me, Oh my children?"

Humans: "Ah Mom, We still love you but there is much more going on than you led us to believe. This wide world is vicious and cruel."

Mother Earth: "But I've provided plenty to go around, providing you share."

Humans: "We don't want to share anymore. We want it all for ourselves."

Mother Earth: "But that's greedy."

Humans: "So? We're tired of your old time agricultural mentality. It leads nowhere. We are ready to conquer and dominate."

Mother Earth: "My children, have you forgotten already how you were able to survive in the tenuous beginnings? You were not very fast, you were not good climbers, your infancy was long, no fur to keep you warm. You learned to survive as a tribe with everyone contributing to survival. What has happened to that spirit of community?"

Humans: "Come on, Mom. Leave the past behind. We dominate the planet. Times have changed. We are growing up. You must let us make our own mistakes."

Mother Earth: "But you've become so greedy and violent, so power hungry. I've given you so much. Then you fight over it and ruin it for everyone."

Humans: "Hey get with the times! Survival of those who cooperate has been changed to survival of the fittest. Look out for number 1. No one else will."

Mother Earth: "What a cold cruel mentality?"

Humans: "Hey if we don't hunt we are hunted. We must be strong to protect us from the stronger."

Mother Earth: "Isn't there enough to go around? Is that why you're fighting?"

Humans: "Major shortages. Some of your land is better than others. Wake up. Life is short for us humans. We need to get ours while we are here."

Mother Earth: "I wasn't talking about land and food. I was talking about Love. That is the most precious of my gifts. You have been so brainwashed by your father that you automatically think in terms of possessions, things."

Humans: "Love, too intangible. I need to put my hands on something."

Mother Earth: "How about Sex? That is a manifestation of love."

Humans: "Dad says it's only for having babies. He says it's just a lower manifestation of matter - a physical urge - like drinking water when you get thirsty. Because we need to procreate we have this regular urge for sex, based upon the early epochs when times were tough. We're more civilized than that now. We've transformed that sexual urge into accomplishment and achievement. We don't need the physical side anymore."

Mother Earth: "Oh, my poor lost souls! I've given you this divine shell for spiritual and physical enlightenment and you throw it all away on airy dreams of power and glory."

Humans: "Well Mom. Gotta go. Dad and I have appointment today. We're going to do a little male bonding. We're going to conquer a few countries, cut down some forests, and take advantage of some of those trusting tribal cultures. "

Mother Earth: "That's horrible. These are my last followers. But you'll never succeed in eradicating their beliefs because they have so much more than you do with all your wealth and power."

Humans: "We're doing them a favor. If it weren't us, it would be someone else. We're bringing them into the modern times. Cooperation and the arts don't cut it anymore. Conquering and exploitation - that is the reality. Everyone needs some protection in this cruel world. That is why I like Dad. He is the biggest and strongest god."

Mother Earth: "What happens when you conquer yourselves?"

Humans: "Impossible."

Mother Earth: "When will you be back?"

Humans: "We're just going to spend a few millennium dominating the planet. Hey we're young. We need to kick up our heels and explore a little. When we get a little older we'll be back. Don't worry. We'll never forget you. After all you are our Mother."

I was somewhat reassured by my human's self-confident dialogue. I even believed them when they said they wouldn't forget me and would return in a few millennia. I hadn't, however, taken into account the persistent influence of the sky gods. Their sugarcoated promises were addicting. Although their false promises were impelling they inevitably collapsed under their own weight. But not yet.

Inanimate!?

I kept expecting them to come back to me, their Mother. But one millennium turned into another without even a nod in my direction. In my desperation for attention I eventually had a few earthquakes, volcano eruptions, and hurricanes to shake them up. These would capture their attention for the moment. But then they began to attribute my temper tantrums to natural causes. That's when I knew things were getting bad.

Their sky gods had convinced them that I was inanimate. O woe is me! I could no longer communicate with my children, the humans. Any sign I gave them was interpreted on a very narrow physical plane. Nothing I did had any meaning any more. Anyone who paid attention to my movements and interpreted my messages was called superstitious and backward. Their Sky Gods had done a good job of propagandizing my children. They had taken away my voice, and now they were even encouraging my children to destroy me, their own mother, in the pursuit of wealth and power.

It still irritates me that my children in their arrogance have the gall to call me inanimate matter.

What idiots they are! Inanimate matter. Come on! Look at me with my earthquakes, typhoons and volcano eruptions and they call me inanimate. I think it must be the generation gap. Why my weather dominates all. If I allow a portion of my land to have too little or too much of my water, floods wash away their habitat or they die of thirst or famine. And they think I'm inanimate! Plants probably don't believe in animals either.

Rosie: "Do you think there is life beyond plants?"

Violet: "Impossible. We're it. Plants are where it's at."

Rosie: "What about these large masses that drift in occasionally to feed us?"

Violet: "Those are just matter clouds. Everyone knows that. Come on Rosie. What are you on?"

Rosie: "I'm serious. Just suppose that there was consciousness in their behavior."

Violet: "Please Rosie. You think there is life in those naturally occurring matter clouds.

Remember we have proved that life can't exist without roots. Do you really think you're smarter than the scientists?"

Rosie: "It just seems to me that these matter clouds drop life giving water upon us at regular intervals."

Violet: "That's just the weather, Rosie. Those are natural patterns."

Rosie: "Just the same, Violet. It seems that there could be life beyond plants."

Violet: "There are always natural explanations for everything. Why, our scientists are discovering more mysteries of the universe every day."

So these idiots, called humans, won't open their eyes, look around and experience being directly. Instead they filter everything through their logical Brain, which wreaks such havoc upon my surface. But I am again illustrating the pride that has gotten me and my humans into so much trouble. What a curse! I am judging my creations for their ignorance when they are just following their nature. Because a line can't lift himself up above his plane is not his blame but his nature.

Jasper: "Hey Maxwell. You wouldn't believe what happened last night. I lifted my head out of this plane."

Maxwell: "Right!?"

Jasper: "Seriously!"

Maxwell: "You really think I'm going to believe that. Everyone knows this is the only plane there is. Jasper, your head is in them clouds again."

Jasper: "Hey man I'm telling the truth. I lifted my head up and saw things from another dimension."

Maxwell: "Come on Jasper! Everyone knows there are only two dimensions."

Jasper: "I saw through many illusions of your world."

Maxwell: "You're just high."

Jasper: "I saw through the blockages of pain and suffering."

Maxwell: "You're pretty far out. I'd rather plant my line in the solidity of this plane rather than risking my stability in another plane."

Jasper: "There are millions of planes for your choosing. Just lift your head up and set yourself free. Your paths are infinite."

Nature ultimately cursed me for own vanity, by inspiring my children to mimic me. They became vain also. They were so vain that they elevated themselves over their creator, me, just as I had elevated myself over my maker, Nature. Not only doesn't my creation believe that I am alive, when I have been actively tending to their meager existence for these many millennia, but these humans have actually begun defacing my beauty. They have chopped down my once verdant forests, which used to be filled with Life. They turned these animate areas into desert. Vast areas of my surface are now dry due to the humans. No more of my wondrous water, just dead land. Ironically my most intelligent form of life is killing the soil, which created them.

My pride in my accomplishments created a creature with pride. The pride of my humans caused them to renounce me, their Mother, when they are me. Not only did they deny my very soul, but they also rape and pillage me too. My once verdant green forests, which covered most of my surface for so long sheltering so much life, have been replaced by asphalt surfaces choking my soil from breathing, heating me up in a terrible way. So I was doubly cursed by Nature. My creatures both denied and disfigured me - their Mother.

Although they deserve to be disowned and replaced by another life form, I'm giving them one last chance. As their Mother I love them and want my children to survive, even though they are destroying me. Mother Nature, of course was happy to accommodate my request because it came through my nature as a mother. But I'm getting ahead of myself again in this rant. I guess I still harbor bitterness. I guess it's better to let it out than let it fester inside. But no fueling the fire.

Section 3: Rejected Again

After the honeymoon phase when my new humans could do no wrong, after my initial elation at my creation of human Life, after forgiving them for abandoning me for their father, I realized that these humans were wreaking destruction on their fellow creatures and upon themselves. They quickly hunted some of my more fascinating species into extinction. Although I blamed it on the sky gods I still became depressed. My feeling of credit was transformed into feelings of remorse and guilt for creating such a destructive creature. He was poisoning my land and wounding my atmosphere. I had forgiven Humans so many times throughout the millennia that they lived. After all I was their mother. But now I became very depressed about what I had done. Not only were these humans poisoning me, but they had begun polluting the space around me as well. I had even begun to receive static from my planetary neighbors, especially the Moon.

Because of this severe depression, I wanted to destroy it all. I even considered calling in a comet to destroy these humans. It wouldn't take much of a perturbation in their course to have them collide with me. Every few million years or so these huge comets would return to our solar system on their huge revolutions. They orbited perpendicularly to the plane of our galaxy. They were huge and traveled with incredible velocity. Once one of the smaller comets in the cluster struck my surface, sending up such dust that much of my life choked to death from the lack of solar energy, necessary to sustain life on my surface. This is what had caused the extinction of my dinosaurs.

I knew that this huge comet cluster was due soon. I seriously considered asking them to send a small comet my way to help me to destroy the humans.

I had become so wrapped up in myself that I took the responsibility for creating these monsters. Of course with the credit comes the blame. I had become so busy spinning around myself that I had lost sight of the larger picture. I was so obsessed with tending my atmosphere and my creations that I had forgotten about Nature.

Depressed by these negative thoughts, which I normally don't have as I tend to be a very positive planet, I went into a deep meditation to cleanse my Mind. After what seemed an eternity I finally realized I had committed the sin of Pride. I needed more humility before the miracle of Being. I needed to detach myself from my personal accomplishments and give credit where it was due. Bear my fruit, bless Nature for making me who I was, but realize that all credit should go to her. She had made the Sun, who had energized me, to create the humans, who had done such wonderful and terrible things to my surface. I realized the blame or credit was not mine. I realized that I could only fulfill the nature that my Mother had given me.

With this newfound humility before the awesomeness of creation, I decided to let myself be. I sunk into a deep meditation. To balance my furious spinning and the density of my matter, I focused upon the emptiness of space. I focused upon the Nothing and became nourished by the Void. I detached myself from my creation. I painted myself in grays, not holding onto my accomplishments.

As I looked inward, so did my humans. As they looked inward, they turned their gaze from the stars and looked back at me, their Home. As they gazed at me they were startled at how I had been used and abused. I continued to look inward, so did more and more of my humans. Eventually a critical mass of consciousness existed to bring me back again.

My humans had changed tremendously since they last worshipped me. They aren't that old, but have abused themselves and myself so much, that they appear much older than their millennia would suggest. They have so many physical ailments and addictions.

Their worst addiction is to my oil. They are smoking it up at an amazing rate. Soon there will be none left. It had taken me so many hundreds of millions of years to create this oil and they are going to use it up in just a few hundred years.

Because of their addiction to smoking my oil, they are also ruining my atmosphere. When they finally had time to call for me they were in terrible shape. Although they were only middle-aged their unhealthy life style made them seem much older.

Humans: "Cough! Help Mother. Save your children."

Mother Earth: "Pardon my saying so, my renegade children, but you look terrible. What has happened to my exuberant youthful humans, who were going to conquer the planet?"

Humans: "We conquered it. Now we are conquering ourselves. Save us."

Mother Earth: "First honor me as your Mother."

Humans: "Of course. Anything you say, just save us. Cough! We are suffocating. We are choking on our own pollution."

Mother Earth: "Only you can save yourselves."

Humans: "We need help."

Mother Earth: "That's the first step. You must listen very carefully to me."

Humans: "Of course, anything, anything at all. Just name it."

Mother Earth: "You can't listen with your ears, but must listen with your heart."

Humans: "That's too hard. Dad never made us do anything like that."

Mother Earth: "Where is your father?"

Humans: "He left. He's nowhere to be found. He just left us some paper and plastic money to remember him by."

Mother Earth: "Paper from deforested jungles. Plastic that will never decompose into my soil. Typical of that uncaring brute. He stays for the excitement, the party, and then leaves when the clean up begins."

Humans: "Gulp! Clean up?"

Mother Earth: "Of course. To survive you must clean me up."

Humans: "Dad never made us clean up. He just told us to multiply and conquer the earth."

Mother Earth: "I know. You must not only pick up my surface but you must clean my soil so that you can have your fruits and vegetables. You are eating your fruits and vegetables, aren't you?"

Humans: "Dad always gave us meat."

Mother Earth: "That's why there is such shortages of food."

Humans: "He said there was plenty of space. He complemented you and called you limitless."

Mother Earth: "Jerk. He's manipulating you. I'm quite finite, if you haven't guessed."

Humans: "He always said: 'Don't worry, because I will always provide for my followers.'"

Mother Earth: "What did he provide you with? Junk Food?"

Humans: "No. He always gave us dessert."

Mother Earth: "Times have changed. It is an era of restraint and limits. It is time for discipline and control."

Humans: "That doesn't sound fun. I'm going back to Dad."

Mother Earth: "Fine. I have many other children, including the insects and the microorganisms that can take your place."

As you can see my humans had been spoiled by their father. Although they were facing both food and energy shortages, they still preferred the lies of their father to my hard truths.

Section 4: The Ladder

Discouraged by my latest rejection I looked inward once again, focusing upon the essential emptiness of being. After going through the myriad emotions of a neglected mother – anger, bitterness, and eventually hurt, I was able to separate myself from my creation. I realized that I needed to root within myself, finding my own inner peace. If my humans preferred their father's half-truths that were leading them to extinction, then so be it. The best I could do was to be there for them if they called.

I also came to understand that the fate of the humans is not predetermined. Mother Nature gave them the tools for survival. It is up to them to use these tools for self-preservation. If they are too busy to see beyond their shallow sphere, if they are too self-absorbed to move into a higher perspective, if pride has captured them as it had once captured me, let extinction come. She provided them with a Ladder to escape from their predicament. They only need to cooperate. But if they can't climb out of their predicament because of their infighting, if they instead destroy the Ladder out of self-interest and greed, then let it be. I love my humans, but if they can't step out of their own selfish sphere then let extinction come quickly. It can't come soon enough, for my creation has begun to embarrass me.

A group of people on top of a small hill congregates around a rope ladder that hangs down from a cloud. The Void, the Emptiness, the Nothingness, is rising up the side of the hill. The Emptiness is swallowing up everything as it moves up the hill. The rope ladder disappearing into the cloud seems to be the only way out.

Rich Man: "That's my ladder. I own it. No one can go up unless I say so."

Strong Man: "Well I'm bigger. I say it's my ladder."

Political Man: "My armies have the most advanced technology. It's my ladder."

Religious Man: "God is on my side. The Church controls the Ladder."

Simple Man: "Why don't we share the Ladder? We have plenty of time."

Rich Man: "Share? I don't need to share. I'm the richest. "

Strong Man: "Me, share? Why? I'm strongest."

Political Man: "Share? No way! My army is strongest."

Religious Man: "Why share? My god is most powerful."

Simple Man: "Why don't you guys take turns?"

Rich Man: "Turns? First pay me because I'm the owner."

Strong Man: "Turns? First fight me; I'm the best warrior."

Political Man: "First pay your taxes. Our political system is best."

Religious Man: "First worship our god. He is the only one."

Simple Man: "Did you ever hear of cooperation?"

Rich Man: "Ownership doesn't need to cooperate."

Strong Man: "The biggest and meanest doesn't need to cooperate."

Political Man: "The most powerful country doesn't need to cooperate."

Religious Man: "He who holds the truth doesn't need to cooperate. Besides I don't cooperate with heathens."

Simple Man: "But the Emptiness is rising and only one can go up the ladder at a time."

All: "Me first!" they all yelled in unison.

Rich Man: "I'll sue, if you so much as touch the ladder. Remember I own it. No trespassing. Private Property."

Strong Man: "Go ahead and sue. I'm going up first. I'm toughest."

Political Man: "With the power of our armies, I claim the Ladder for the State. I go first to stake our claim."

Religious Man: "I go first or you will all go to hell and be eternally damned."

Simple Man: "There is plenty of time if we go one after the other."

It is getting harder and harder to hear the Simple Man's voice above the din, as the others get louder and louder.

Rich Man: "Here come my lawyers. You've got to pay me before you go up or I'll sue you for everything you're worth."

Strong Man: "Over my dead body. You've got to fight me first. I've got the most deadly guns."

Political Man: "Here come my Police to enforce the laws that I've made."

Religious Man: "You are excommunicated from the Church and Heaven if you touch the ladder. I've blessed the Ladder. Only true believers can climb up. Convert now. Avoid the rush."

Simple Man, weakly: "Beware. The Emptiness is continuing to rise. It is threatening to swallow us all up as we fight for our own selfish interests."

Rich Man: "Stand aside pauper. I own the Ladder. Strong Man, I own your guns. Political Man, I own you and your Police. Religious Man, I own your Church. I'm going first. Because I own so much, I don't think there will be any room for the rest of you."

Simple Man: "If you get rid of your excess baggage, there would be plenty of room for all."

Rich Man: "I don't care about the rest of you because it's all mine. Mine, Mine, Mine! And I'm taking it with me. See you later suckers."

The Rich Man mounted the Ladder to escape the rising Emptiness. He loaded all his material possessions in a big bag that he carried over his shoulder. His policeman guarded his escape.

Simple Man: "Don't you see? The Rich Man has left you to be swallowed by the Void, the Emptiness."

Police: "At least we have jobs."

Simple Man: "But the Emptiness is rising."

Police: "Nothing is worse than being unemployed."

Simple Man: "Death means being unemployed."

Police: "Hmmm? I hadn't thought of that."

As the Rich Man was struggling up the Ladder with his possessions slung over his back, a high, strong wind came up, which blew the Rope Ladder back and forth. The Rich Man still had a chance, if he just let go of his enormous bag of things. He continued, however, to clutch his bag tightly, muttering under his breath, "Mine. All mine."

Finally when there was no other way, he tried to let go of the bag. Unfortunately for him, it was too late. He had become hopelessly entangled in his material possessions. He fell, splat, dead upon the Earth. His bag and its wondrous contents also fell down to the ground.

Ignoring the Rich Man's body, the Strong Man, the Political Man, and the Religious Man began fighting over the Rich Man's bag.

Strong Man: "They are mine and no one can take them away because I'm strongest."

Political Man: "No, the Law is on our side. Police grab it. It is all ours. We have better lawyers."

Religious Man: “The Rich Man donated everything he had to the Church. On his deathbed he signed it all over to us, I mean the Church. He bought his way into Heaven. These possessions belong to the Church.”

Simple Man, quietly: “There is certainly plenty to go around.”

Of course nobody heard him in the tumult. A tremendous struggle ensued over the Bag. The Ladder had been forgotten in the excitement over the Rich Man’s bag of things. The Simple Man shrugged his shoulders, walked over to the Ladder and began to climb up. The rest continued to fight as the Nothingness, the Emptiness, continued to rise.

Finally when the Emptiness began lapping at their feet, they began to grow alarmed and remembered the Ladder. They rushed over to the Ladder. The Strong Man grabbed the Bag, rushed over to the Ladder and began to climb up.

The Political Man and the Religious Man together yelled: “God is on our side!” as they pushed the button, that launched the missile, which destroyed the Strong Man, the lawyers serving him the papers, the Police, and the bottom of the Ladder itself. They had won. Their God and system were superior. But the Ladder was now out of their reach.

Miraculously the Bag survived. The Political Man and the Religious Man immediately rushed over to claim the Bag. The Simple Man stretched his hand out to help them reach the Ladder.

Ignoring him, Political Man: “The Bag belongs to my State. Our technology won it. Might makes right.”

Religious Man: “No. The Bag belongs to the Church. Without our God you never would have won.”

They both grabbed the Bag, pulling it back and forth.

Political Man: “It’s mine!”

Religious Man: “No. Mine.”

Simple Man: “Beware. The Emptiness is swallowing your foundation.”

Indeed the more they struggled, the deeper they sank.

Simple Man: “You must now stand on the Bag. It’s the only way to reach me. You’ve sunk too deep into the morass.”

Political Man: “But we can’t sacrifice the Bag. Think of all the power that money buys.”

Religious Man: “Think of all the souls that could be saved.”

The struggle continued.

Simple Man: “It’s getting late. Your foundation continues to sink. Stand upon each other’s shoulders. There still might be a chance if you cooperate.”

Religious Man: “I’ll stand on your shoulders since I’m closer to God.”

Political Man: “No way! I’ll stand on yours. Church is always subservient to state.”

They continued to struggle for ascendancy as the Emptiness continued to rise.

Political Man: “My way is superior.”

Religious Man: “No mine.”

Continuing to argue they were then slowly swallowed by the Emptiness, the Nothingness, and sank slowly into the Abyss. The Simple Man continued climbing until he reached the bottom of the Cloud. He looked down at the small hill he had come from. He slowly shook his head: “What a waste. If they had just shared.....”

He then poked his head through the top of his cloud. He emerged into a new land. He looked up and there was the Simple Woman.

Simple Woman: "What took you so long, Joe?"

Simple Man: "I was just trying to help out. But Mary, what are you doing here?"

Simple Woman: "I thought you might like to go up the Hill together."

Simple Man: "Thought you'd never ask."

Simple Woman: "Let's go then."

Simple Man: "My pleasure."

I am no longer attached to my humans. If they cannot bring themselves to cooperate, then let Nature do her worst. I will do my best to point the way. But if, in their petty squabbling over nothing, they can't see my signs, then let them too be swallowed by the Emptiness, the Nothing. Let them sink into the Abyss.

Section 5: The Unexpected

Although detached from their fate I was still sad for the state that my humans had sunk to. Even though they had abandoned me they were my children. I went into a deep meditation. Because I looked inwards, my humans also looked inward. They made the obvious discovery that I was on the verge of being unsuitable for mammal habitation because the followers of the sky gods had created such a mess. The inevitable ecological catastrophe, which included shortages of all varieties, provided the wake-up call. It was at this desperate point that a majority of humans finally sought my assistance. The ascendancy of my followers, which saved the humans from an immediate ecological disaster, occurred midway through the 1st century of the 13th millennium since my last Ice Age receded – 13 AI. I hope that's not bad luck.

With the political control of the earth my followers assumed the responsibility for the massive cleanup. My surface and atmosphere had been poisoned in so many ways that their job was vast. The going was rough. The initial elation was followed by the inevitable comedown. My followers discovered that the mess was scadillions times worse than they had thought. Most of the arable land had been turned into desert or poisoned. The radioactive waste sites were far more numerous than expected. The state of the forests was deplorable. Shopping malls covered vast areas of my surface. I was having a hard time maintaining my atmosphere. Dangerous gases had been released, ripping huge holes in my atmosphere. I had worked so many millennia to create a hospitable place to live and now these humans had destroyed so much. Although there was still hope for the species, my followers experienced discouragement at the overwhelming size of their task.

As the cleanup proceeded something happened that no one had anticipated. None of us had any idea that this would happen next. Only Mother Nature knew. I myself was in the dark. My worshippers were unprepared for the magnitude of the challenge. Let's see how our hard work was undermined.

In a State of Denial

Although the threat to the ecosystem that the humans had thrived in for so many millennia was so obvious, the old followers of the sky gods looked back to the 'Good Old Days'. They and their scientists denied all evidence that the mammalian ecosystem was dying. They kept focusing upon the economics. "We will not be able to continue getting obscenely rich. We will have to moderate. Horrors! How terrible!" Many grew tired of the Great Cleanup and yearned for the time prior to the ascendance of the Goddess.

One group was particularly disgruntled - the men who had been in power before the Turning Point. They hadn't worked then and they didn't want to work now. Their bodies had been spoiled by the easy life they had been accustomed to and it was hard to turn back the clock.

When faced with the question, "Your money or your life?" Most of the sky god followers chose to give up their life rather than give up their money. Many committed ritual suicide during the initial period after the Goddess took over. Some smoked themselves to death. Others ate themselves to death. A last group simply sat in front of the TV and vegetated to death. These sky god worshippers preferred death to contributing to the overall well being of the planet. They had never learned how to share and didn't want to start now.

Unfortunately, those that survived passed on fanciful tales to their children glorifying the past. Most children pitched in quickly and easily when they saw all the adults working hard to make a cleaner and healthier planet. The Old Guard, however, told their sons of the 'Good Old Days' when the women did all the work and the men were only responsible for wars and conquering. They told stories about the days when men were 'real' men and the women were

subservient. They told exciting stories of warriors, domination and unlimited wealth. They told stories of might making right. They told of all their countless slaves and servants. They said that their slaves had it better than the common man had it now. They said that their old gods rewarded the mighty and let the rest starve to death.

They blamed all the negative changes on the weakness of women. They failed to see that the old system had crumbled under its own weight. They criticized the Goddess system for trying to include everyone in the cleanup of the planet. They told their sons that the new religion was creating a world of weaklings. They told their sons that God had given them power because they were better than the rest. They claimed that the Goddess had stolen their birthright and they plotted secretly to get it back.

There was so much work to be done that the Goddess followers didn't have time to suppress plots. They naively assumed that the reality spoke for itself. They assumed that any mutiny would sink of its own weight. They were right to a certain extent. Most revolts were laughed and loved down. In a nurturing society it was hard to generate discontent.

But my followers hadn't taken one factor into account. The Return of the Sky God.

The Sky God Returns

The Sky God and his cronies soared in, sowing discord in their wake. They played upon the underlying dissatisfaction - taking advantage of our trusting gentle, nurturing nature. They preyed upon my children's pride, which they had inherited from me in my more immature stage. This was the unlucky aspect to 13 AI. But it allowed us to all grow even wiser.

They arrived from the skies in their legendary flying saucers. My atmosphere seemed to open up and from beyond the edge of the universe, from out of the depths of a Black Hole came a race of space creatures that looked surprisingly human.

"We are back," they stated. "We got caught in traffic Things took a little longer than we expected."

This is what they said. I could smell the intoxication upon their breath. They looked as if they had been wallowing in the shallower levels of being. I could smell the lust for power and the domination of species on their skin and clothes. I knew immediately that they had been drinking the blood of creatures throughout the many directions of our infinite universe. They had been eating planets alive. They looked good upon the surface but underneath lurked terrible monsters. They had returned to suck my creatures dry with promises of glory and power. Those that fell prey to their temptations became vampires - living upon the flesh of their own species.

Pregnant?

After my initial anger and depression at this unexpected setback - this crisis combined with the backlash I went into a deep meditation to discover what Mother had in store for me. Within my trance, I blossomed and bloomed and bore fruit, as was my nature. I looked inward and I found myself pregnant with a human. Rather than abort, I decided to incarnate as a woman. Named Nobody for her external status, she was beautiful inside and she was me. Her task was to save the humans from extinction. If she should fail, then 'Let it be.' I had done my best.

In trying to construct a reason, as consciousness is prone to do, for this miraculous event, I decided that Mother was giving the humans one last chance. Although I had become detached from their fate, they were me in the interconnected web of the Universe. Plus I am only Nature's tool in trying to preserve one of her more unique creations. I bow my head before Her magnificence. Further I am grateful that she gave me the honor of bringing the humans, with all their imperfections, into existence.

I had matured since the last time these space creatures had arrived. Inexperienced the first time I hadn't been prepared for the onslaught. But this time I was ready. My role was horrifying, but necessary to save human kind from the blood bath that was planned by these creatures from outer space.

The Sky God and his followers came down ready to conquer. They were experienced at conquering people, planets, countries, animals, plants, minerals, and women.

I knew that nobody but myself could face this sky god without succumbing to his charms. Reluctantly I realized it had to be me. He was so handsome on the outside that it distracted from how ugly he was underneath. He was so enthralled with himself that he could not stop admiring his reflection in any mirrored surface that he might pass by. If a lady didn't fall for his looks, then she could easily fall in love with his raw power. Besides he was rich, too. Nice combination: good looking, rich, and powerful.

Not.

Falling for his wealth and power was inevitably followed by mental destruction. He was so physically handsome that it was hard to resist his charms. But I had looked at him long and hard and knew his weakness.

Most women couldn't resist his handsome physique, his dynamic personality, and his promise of excitement, adventure, and progress.

Woman: "I can see his many failings. But I'm special. This time will be different. I'm powerful enough to change him."

Wrong. They would never realize that this shining surface concealed and was balanced, as always, by an inner degeneration.

In a typical scenario, the woman would be attracted to his power. They would pursue his money, power and good looks. They would attract and seduce him by focusing on his tremendous ego. Any woman could see that he worshipped only himself. It was easy to see that if you worshipped him also that you could sneak under his defenses. Here you would have a chance of converting him, from a wolf to a model husband.

Many women would easily come this far and then they would make the big mistake. They would praise his good looks; they would worship his power, they would stroke he and his ego; they would accede to his desires. They would become his virtual slave to obtain his approval.

Woman: "If I give him enough pleasure I will become indispensable. I will suck him, lick him, cook and clean for him. How could he live without me? He will gradually become my slave – doing anything for me."

Half right, therefore wrong. Not.

There are millions of women who are willing to enslave themselves for money and power. There are so few women that are truly satisfied that they are moths before the dim lights of money, power and prestige. (To protect themselves from these downfalls, humans only need to look within for happiness, not outward. Focus eyes, ears and touch inwards. Then stand back and watch their Nature grow. Unlikely.)

The pattern is always the same. Inevitably the older woman ends up competing with a younger woman who has better looks, more energy, and a greater willingness to put up with shit. The older will be exhausted, wrinkled, gray, and especially tired of putting up with her great god's ego excesses. Feeling threatened by the younger newcomer she will become a bitch to guard her territory, which will, of course, alienate her god. Antagonized he will feel justified in choosing the next generation. The older woman will be out in the cold wondering what happened. She gave him so much and now she is out on the street. She gave him the best years of

her life and now she is on the outside looking in. She knows the stages the newcomer will go through. The older woman will warn the younger just as an older woman had warned her when she was young. The younger always regards her as a jealous older woman, just as she regarded her predecessor. The younger will think that it will be different this time, just as the older had thought before.

They all missed the point. The praise, service, and worship of the god has distorted and warped him, which makes him lame emotionally. Instead of unconditional worship, it is necessary to demand reciprocation - not ask, but demand - not violently, but persistently - never giving up. The woman needs to demand her rights, for her good, as well as his.

Enough theory. Now the practice.

Section 6: A 'Chance' Encounter

Seeing how powerful the Sky God was, I, Mother Earth, as Nobody, looked inward to balance his outer power with my own inner strength. Our opposites inexorably attracted each other, until we just *happened* to meet in a *chance* encounter. He spied me through the crowd. My exquisite beauty attracted him, just as his power attracted me.

Although I was young, I had been around many times before. This foreknowledge gave me a slight advantage. But I knew that this wrestling match would be interesting. There was no foregone conclusion to our interaction. Even Mother Nature didn't know. After all she had given us Free Will. With Free Will comes Unpredictability.

When we first saw each other, our attraction was immediate and intense. Our opposites attracted. He was ready to consume me like he had consumed so many before me.

Sky God: "I've got her where I want her. Young, beautiful, and naïve - I know the type. She thinks she can change me. Doesn't she know how many times I've been around? She's only been around kids before. She has no idea who she's really dealing with.

She'll soon replace my old wife, who has started to talk back, who has started to gray and wrinkle, who doesn't worship me as much any more. This young one has the proper subservience. They always do. The old ones always become so stubborn. They stop showing me my proper respect.

This will be easy. I've done it so many millions of times. She thinks she's unique. She thinks it'll be different this time. It'll be like taking candy from a baby. I can't wait. She looks so beautiful. I've set the stage. Time to move in for the kill."

But I was ready.

It all started normally so that he would feel no alarm. I didn't want to scare him away. My task was too important. I sucked him into my sphere with my beauty and subservience, my submission to his desires, my praise of his ego. I, knowing his weakness, used the traditional techniques to win over this male. These techniques worked as always. I won him over by praise and worship. I sucked him into my sphere. I knew my passivity turned him on.

His approach was masterful. I felt myself falling under his spell. Luckily I had been through this so many times before. I got him aroused by worshipping his body, stroking his ego. He was ready to thrust it in.

Sky God, thinking to himself: "Ah this is so good. I haven't had such a supple young one for ages."

But then as he went to stick it in, I slipped away.

Sky God: "Hey wait. I'm ready I can't hold onto this erection forever, you know."

Nobody, my incarnation: "Yes you can."

Sky God: "I'm not so young anymore."

Nobody: "Not a requirement."

Simultaneously I pushed his head down and said softly, "You must serve my pleasure as I have served yours."

Sky God: "Right. I want in. Open your doors and let me in."

I slipped out of his grasp again and whispered: "Only Love has the Key. Sip from my well and you will be transformed." Again I attempted to push his head down.

He ducked away.

Sky God: “You young nymph. Enough of these games, I am ready. Open up or I’ll force my way in.”

Nobody: “Love through Reciprocation. Serve me.”

Sky God: “Serve you? Wrong. I am the most powerful being of this universe. That is why I am called God. I serve no one, least of all you, a mere girl.”

Nobody: “I am not trying to overthrow your universe. I am showing you a higher way.”

Sky God: “My way is the highest. There is nothing more important than power.”

Nobody: “Doesn’t all this conquering and converting get tiring after a while?”

He begins to de-erect.

Sky God: “There is no other way. I’ve been around forever and seen nothing else.”

Nobody: “Before you and your sky gods entered my Earthly sphere, we worshipped Nature, nurturing, creativity, growth and accomplishment.”

Sky God: “Your sphere? I’ve always been in charge.”

Nobody: “As long as you can remember.”

Sky God: “Remember? I’ve been around forever. You’re barely past puberty. What can you teach me, a man of experience?”

Nobody: “Listen with your heart. You might learn something.”

Sky God: “Weak sentimentality. To accomplish anything you need slaves. The slaves obey my bidding so that I can accomplish great things.”

Nobody: “Your tiny hills of material accomplishment fade into nothingness next to the mountains that I can show you.”

Sky God: “What can you, a mere girl, show me, a man of wealth and power.”

Nobody: “You underestimate me.”

Sky God: “I’ve encountered your type before. You think you’re going to show me some new sexual technique. I’ve been through it all. Believe me. There is nothing new under the sun. Power is the only reality.”

Nobody: “Power is a molehill before the mountain of spiritual reality.”

Sky God: “Come on over, baby. I’ll teach you about reality.” He reaches out to grab me.

I slip away again. This time I’m on my back, with my legs to protect me. The de-erection continues.

Sky God: “Bitch! There are plenty who will gladly take your spot.”

Nobody: “But none that will lead you to dimensions beyond your present understanding.”

Sky God: “You a mere girl, think you can teach me something? Come here! I have something to show you.”

A quick jab to the crotch and his de-erection is complete.

Nobody: “I’m afraid you don’t have anything left to show.”

Sky God: “Curse Nature that she has given me this biological urge to satisfy. Were it gone, I’d gladly banish all women from the face of this planet. They only exist to torture and threaten me.”

Nobody: “Come on. Let’s be friends. I’ll lead you further than anything you’ve dreamed possible.”

I went to stroke him again. Instead of caressing his penile area I went for the down hairs on his arms and legs.

He grabbed me.

Sky God: “Now I’ll show you who’s boss.”

He grabbed at me violently. This aggression gave him a small erection. He quickly thrust it in, and satisfied himself, prematurely, of course.

Suddenly he heard a clear-lighted laughter coming from behind him. It infected him and he started laughing. Turning around he saw me. Looking down he saw an inflatable sex doll. He had forced himself upon an inanimate object.

The clear-lighted laughter continued. It was so infectious that he couldn't stop laughing. It seemed so hilarious that he'd been such a fool, that he continued laughing so hard that he began to cry. Still the clear-lighted laughter continued. He was laughing and crying at the same time. Then he began crying at himself, realizing in a small way how much pain he had created throughout so many millennia.

Finally the clear-lighted laughter stopped.

The Sky God, embarrassed, immediately began making excuses.

Sky God: "My mother died when I was so young."

Nobody quietly: "You killed her."

Sky God, continuing: "My relation with women has been distorted ever since."

Nobody louder: "You killed her."

Sky God, finally listening: "What's that you say?"

Nobody: "In searching for wealth, power, and ownership, you killed your own mother."

Sky God: "I love my mother."

Nobody: "You love wealth and power more. That's why you are only a half man and force yourself upon a plastic doll."

Her pealing laughter begins again. The Sky God weakened by his ejaculation, can't help but joining in. He is irritated at himself for his weakness, but can't help himself. He begins laughing so hard he cries and then begins weeping again.

Sky God: "I didn't really kill her."

Nobody: "You just chained her up and made her your slave."

Sky God: "No! No! You've mistaken me for somebody else."

Nobody: "Face your pain! It was you who enslaved your own mother in your pursuit of power."

Sky God: "No! No!" hiding his face in his hands.

Nobody: "You half man! Where is your mighty sword, now? It is hanging like dirty laundry between your legs. Where is your vaunted power now?"

Sky God: "Curse Nature, that I am ridiculed by this mere woman and yet need her type. Why don't you leave me alone rather than torment me?"

Nobody: "I love you or I wouldn't be here. I'm only tormenting you so that you will leave your lower level attachments behind."

Sky God: "If you love me truly, why are you giving me such pain?"

Nobody: "So many women have distorted you for so long that I must resort to extreme measures to break through all the calluses on the crust of your surface."

Sky God: "If you truly loved me you would want to make me happy."

Nobody: "Soft love is like a narcotic. It gives you a cheap and superficial high."

Sky God: "Let's give it a try."

Nobody: "I love you too much to dissipate your vital fluids on shallow sexual gymnastics. I want to experience the peaks of the highest mountaintops rather than be stuck on your puny hills. I need to bring you up to my level - not sink to yours."

Sky God: "Without me, you're nothing. You're a Nobody."

Nobody: "Thank you. That's me. I'm Nobody; that makes you Somebody. My goal is to approach Nothingness. Don't distract me with something from a somebody."

Sky God: "You're giving up all that I have to offer for your idealistic principles."

Nobody: "You are offering your childish toys for my flights into the outer stratosphere."

The clear-lighted laughter began again - like birds warbling in springtime, infants gurgling. Infectious, as always, the Sky God began laughing again. As he realized that he was laughing at his own quest for power his laughter abruptly stopped.

Sky God: "When you're older, you'll regret this. See how much a warm cock will take care of you in old age."

Nobody: "Our session is over. Your vital fluids have been spent upon a plastic doll. It would be wrong of me to require more of you. Good-bye."

Sky God: "Forever. I can find a million women to worship me and my power. They will love and please me. They won't laugh at me like you do."

Nobody: "They will distort you even further. Already your disks are slipping; your spine is curving; and your belly is bowing. You know where to find me."

Sky God: "Right."

Nobody: "I'm under your skin. You can't deny me."

Sky God: "What was your name again?"

Nobody: "Do you really care. You've had so many women. Does it really make a difference?"

Sky God: "Yes, I care."

Nobody: "Not. Let me remain nameless until you understand my secret."

Sky God: "How am I to find you then?"

Nobody: "When you are ready to see me, ask for Nobody."

Sky God: "Nobody?"

Nobody: "Search with your Heart, not with your Mind."

Sky God: "Never."

Nobody: "You need me too much."

Sky God: "Like a pain in the back."

Nobody: "The creatures, which created you are destroying their home. They will become extinct soon unless you change your ways. If they become extinct, so do you."

Sky God: "I exist separately from my creation."

Nobody: "You think. Man created you. Without Man you don't exist. You are merely a psychosomatic nightmare created to satisfy a youthful need."

Sky God: "I should crush you with a thunderbolt."

Nobody: "Typical male response. I come to heal not to fight."

Sky God: "Why are you attacking me then?"

Nobody: "I'm not attacking you. I'm attacking your chains of attachment."

Sky God: "I am my chains. Let me wrap them around you, too."

Nobody: "I've come to show you the Way. Otherwise you and your humans will meet an untimely demise."

Sky God: "Who are you anyway? Why do you think you have the truth? You're barely a woman."

Nobody: "There are some mysteries that are only revealed when you Listen, See, and Feel with your Heart. Not before."

Sky God, grabbing for Earth: “<Roar!> I’ll teach you how to feel. <Uhh-oof!> My heart!”
Grabbing his chest.

Nobody: “Only in middle age and already signs of premature degeneration. You have so many chains around your heart that they are strangling you.”

Sky God: “<Ouuooow!>”

Nobody: “Break your chains, before they break you. Look me up when you are ready.”

Sky God: “Neveaaahhhrrgh!”

End